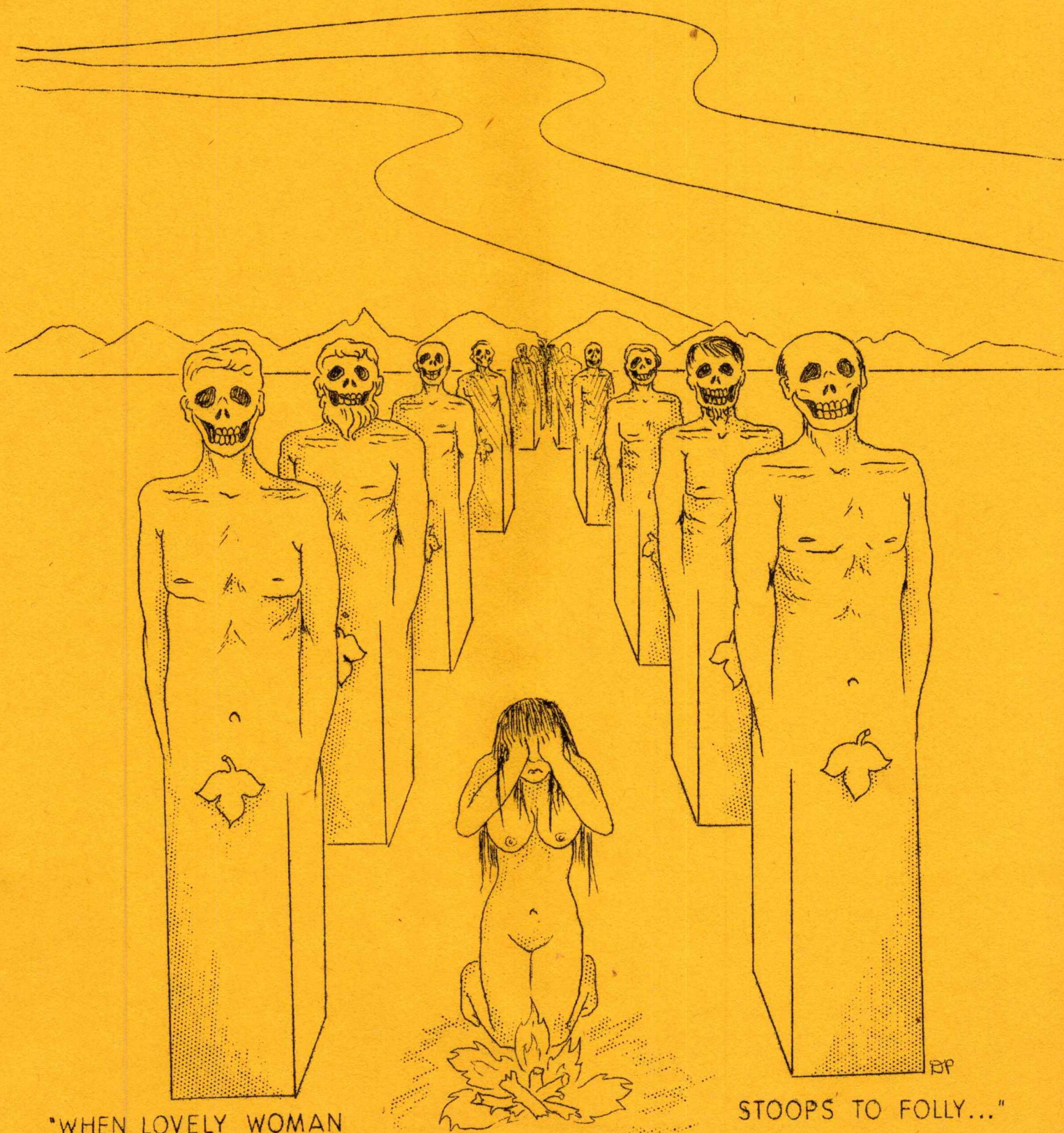


YEZIDEE 16



RP

"WHEN LOVELY WOMAN

STOOPS TO FOLLY..."

Yeziidee

July '66

Yes, here I am again with YEZIDEE. Good Heavens, this is my 16th issue, which means that I have been a SAP for four years. I know that doesn't seem like much to our Elder Ghods, but to me it's pretty mindcroggling! I've only been in fandom since June of 1961 (that was when I attended my first LASFS meeting) but I've seen a devil of a lot of fans come and go in that time. The lifespan of a fan seems to be either very short, or very, very long. Bruce agrees with me that the third year is the turning point for most of our neos. During the first year they collect like mad, contribute to zines, and saturate themselves in the fannish life. In the second year they join apas, and begin to be completist collectors. (The first-year neo is determined to collect only mailings and "good" zines.) By the time they reach the third year they are beginning to see the pettiness of some parts of fandom, and they begin to wonder where it is all getting them. Probably by this time too they have acquired at least one major feud of their own, and if they weather all of this, they may survive. Well, so much for run-on collophons. As I said before, this is YEZIDEE 16, and is published by Dian Pelz of 1231 12th St., #J, Santa Monica, Calif. 90404. Phone 451-4180 to make your threats. This is intended for SAPS 76.

281281281218218218218218218218218

errr...*[]*[]*[]*[]*[]*[]*[]*[]*[]*[]*

I certainly missed a lot of you at Westercon. You Seattle-ites, especially, were missed. I look forward to conventions because they are sort of fannish "Homecomings". This year I'm afraid that it was more of a neighborhood barbecue. Herself, however, seemed to enjoy it. She seldom gets so much attention - people cooing at her, and fussing over her, and acting like one-man-bands trying to amuse her. Sigh, me and my Trufan-nish Baby.

It was nice to see the Newyawkers, however, and I finally got to meet Lee Hoffman. Nice girl. Another nice girl is TEW's brand new wife. I think she must be good for him too - he even looked well-fed for a change. One of our local femmes, incidentally, was there with her latest paramour. One thing I must say about fan females; at least they aren't ashamed of their loveaffairs. I'm not sure, however, that such blatancy is exactly to be admired, especially when hubby seemed to be footing the bills for the entire squad. Oh well, "Shack-up a son goo", ya know.

Herself, incidentally, is rolling around in her playpen, grabbing at her toes, and talking to herself in strident tones that are about to drive me out of my gourd! I ought to bring out the taperecorder and record these gems for posterity.

I really ought to get on with my mailing comments, but it seems a shame to try and begin with the heading and everything in only ten lines. So just bear with me while I natter to fill up this page, and then we will get on with the comments.

I just heard on the news that Surveyor has responded to some commands sent by the Australian tracking station and now scientists are hopeful of getting more pictures of it. I feel all Sense-of-Wonderish about Surveyor, much more so than with the Gemini flights. I guess it is the actuality of having a man-made object sitting there on foreign soil, so incredibly far away from home. Surveyor is sort of a tenuous thread of mankind, reaching out to touch something man has yearned after for all of his existance.

Now then...

MAILING COMMENTS

WILD COLONIAL BOY (Foyster) We just heard about the fire. My God, I'm sorry! That's a terrible thing to have happen. // If I was sure where the emphasis was on that "young lady" I might come down & punch you right in the snoot. I fail to see how other members could have better qualifications for separate memberships. Some might have equal qualifications, I will grant. Right now I find myself a bit confused as to what "case in question" we are yammering about. As far as I can recall, the only time I have taken advantage of getting an advance look at the mailing was when Rich Brown took all of that time and energy to try and insult me. Had I not done so in that case, I would have put out an illegal post-mailing. As to getting the mailings out on time, SAPS mailings have almost always come out within a week of the deadline, which is more than you can say for either N'apa or Ompa. I usually do my mailing comments in about three hours, so I fail to see how you can be so strapped for time. If you are really feeling put-upon, please feel free to keep track of my activity now that Bruce is no longer OE. I would say that I think you are an ass, but that would imply some degree of proficiency, which I am certain you lack. Before you can criticize my moral code, please specify just what code you are using as a criteria. (I have never minded a good fight, but I will admit that you have confused me. I have the feeling that you have changed fights in the middle of the battle or something. I thought we were fighting over the fact that you objected to my having a separate membership. When you decide just what we are fighting about, please let me know. Love, Dian.) Oh yes, before I forget, my "advanced age" in fandom is five years - somewhat above the average, and my SAPS age is four years. Personally, I am 24, 5'5", brown hair and eyes, and distribute my 131 pounds over a 39-28-38 frame. I see you as a 4'7" hunchback with a warty face, carrotty hair, buck teeth, and an addiction to absinth. I'll bet you kick dogs too.

POTPOURRI (Berry) Thanks for the rundown on cricket. It sounds like an absolutely murderous game. I'd love to see a match sometime. The reprint was enjoyed too, as I had never seen the original.

FLOP (Clarke) Hi, there! Nice to see you here.

EXCELSIOR (Katz) Now that we have had a chance to reaffirm our engagement, and you have found out that Cindy and I are not a matched set of bookends, I promise not to tell Rich Brown what you told me about his sex life. Or do you remember what you said? You were pretty drunk. // Alan Lewis and I understand each other now, and I will always be happy to have him and his wife visit us. // Why don't you move out to fannish olf L.A. and join Trufandom? You and I could make beautiful fanzines together. (I won't even mention the oneshots!)

IF ANYONE RECEIVES AN ISSUE OF FOCAL POINT DATED JUNE 25, PLEASE DISREGARD. IT IS A FAKE PUBLISHED BY PERSON OR PERSONS UNKNOWN. This is a public service announcement. I will now proceed to inform you that all FANACs, RATATOSKs, and CRYs have been fakes too. Actually, all of fandom is a fake, created by a crosseyed rag-picker in west Bronx.

MURIAS(Berman) The chairs that you mention having seen at the art show are expressions of the Dada, or Rocking Horse School. These people believed in the chaos and meaningness of art and tried to express this by creating useless objects as artistic expression. One of my favorites is an iron with tacks glued neatly to the bottom. Other items of this nature are the mink lined cup and spoon, and the oldfashioned toilet, with plastic flowers in the bowl, which I saw down in Long Beach a few years ago. Dadaism appeals to the pixie in me somehow.

COLLECTOR(DeVore) I love your cover illo//I agree that people ought to have guns. I will admit that the riot conditions in LA had me a bit frightened, and I've decided that there is no point in sitting around defenceless when I could go out and buy a gun. Neither Bruce nor I are too anxious to have a hand gun as people have a tendency to pick them up too fast. Besides, the baby, when she get older, might manage to pot either of us or herself, It happens all the time. Bruce says a rifle would be best, but I sort of like the idea of a shotgun. I saw a nice little 12 gauge the other day, and a 410 that looked pretty. I haven't the vaguest idea what would really be best. Can any of you gun buffs help me?

PILLAR POLE(Jacobs) Sorry, I was not overly amused.

GOLIARD(Anderson) I like your entwined trees. Why don't you enter anything in the convention art shows anymore?// The story can stand by itself, but is a bit complicated. I have the feeling that it might make a rather excellent novel. You ought to consider the possibility. It does read like the middle of a story, unfortunately.

DINKY BIRD(Berman) I like your rhyme about the conductor very much. "Beren's Song" is also very much enjoyed. I'll take the time to tell you here, since I seldom read Apa L, and don't really contribute to it, that I was really hung up over your verse about the unicorns. It was such a delightful, and such a logical premise.// Jean's article sort of sounds like you had better learn to cook. Incidentally, I don't quite understand what the funereal theme of "The Emperor of Ice Cream" really has to do with the article.

MISSPELLED(Chalker) Your calligraphy stinks.

PORQUE!(Webbert)[Should I point out to Wrai that you've changed your title?] It certainly was nice talking to you on the phone. We're both sorry you people couldn't make the Westercon, but I know you were sort of busy. Congrats on the baby, while I'm at it. Is Cynthia Anne going to be a gun buff, a fanne, a librarian, or some strange combo of three? Gee, there certainly have been a lot of girls born within the first six months of this year - Rachael, Cecy, Melissa, and now Cynthia. Ardis Waters had a boy, Aaron, about three weeks ago (They were both at Westercon) and Criss & Henry Stine are supposed to be parents the first of next month. Jerry Pournelle's wife had a boy, I believe. He is just a trifle older than Cecy. Conventions had better start considering adding baby sitting services to their lists of attractions when they bid. The Westercon seemed pretty dull this year, without you people and the Browns. After all, 1965 had a pretty swinging Westercon. Please consider coming down to Los Angeles for the 1967 Westercon. Huh, Huh?

I feel rather incredibly lucky, I was never sick at all when I was pregnant. // Speaking of "biff", "POW", and like that, did you see the rerun of "Flash Gordon on Mars" the time they kept flashing "clever" captions on the screen. Actually, it was sort of fun.// The basic reason the Ellerns didn't go to Australia is that they couldn't sell their house for what they wanted. It has been sold now, I understand, but a little too late as I have it first hand that they are splitting.

STUMPIN(Webbert) I'm afraid that you'll have to see more of Jane's material when she gets into SAPS. I don't think we are speaking anymore, and I am just as glad.// "The King in Yellow" was written by Robert W. Chambers, so the one you've listed must be a misprint, as I refuse to believe that coincidence goes that far. // No, no. Cecy Alystra Pelz You know, "City and the Stars"?

SAPRISE (Van Arnam) Lacross sounds like a relative of Jai alai (which is undoubtedly spelled wrong) which, in case you don't know it, is played by whipping a small hard ball against a brick backstop and then catching it in a basket or cesta which is strapped to the arm. The ball gets up around 70 mph, and I have heard this called the fastest game in the world. Oh, hey, you're from Florida aren't you? I know they have Jai alai frontons in Tampa, so they must have them elsewhere in the state. // Ethnic phrases can get one into embarrassing situations. My mother's favorite phrase used to be "...your own black self", as in "Do it your own black self." She used it to a negro friend once... Then of course, there is "Nigger in the woodpile", etc. Do you know, I was about sixteen before I learned that Jew was an acceptable word and not an epithet.

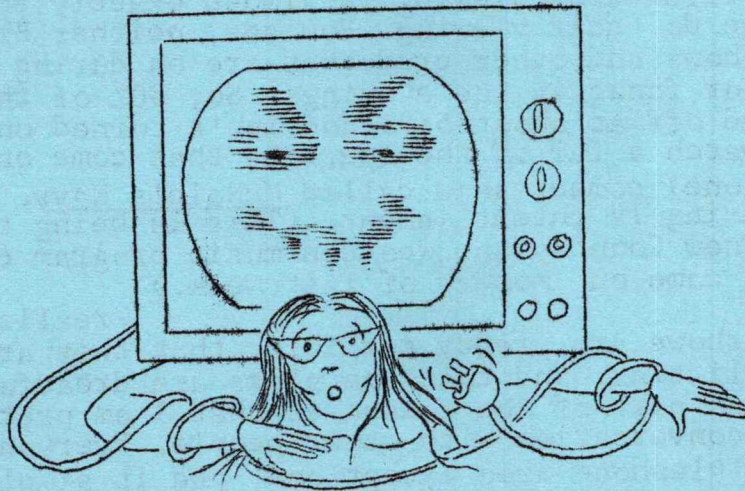
RETRO(Busby) I thought it was "Rotsee".

NIFLHEIM(Hulan) Aha! Your baby has shoebutton eyes too. I kept calling Cecy "buttons", but it was threatening to turn into a nickname and Bruce made me stop.

PLEASURE UNITS(Eklund) Reeves shot himself in a fit of despondancy which was one of the greatist person and professional tragedies I ever heard of. He was so thoroughly typecast that it was impossible for him to get out of the Superman role. Faced with being a slocky superhero for the rest of his life - with all of his training as an actor being totally wasted- he shot himself.// I've only read one Elsie Dinsmore book - the first one. It is about a namby-pamby little brat who is lovable, God-fearing, and gentle. She does things like fainting and falling off of a piano stool because her father said she had to sit there until she was willing to play the piano for his friends, and she just went on sitting because it was the Sabbath and one mustn't be frivilous on Sunday. Be glad you've never heard of her. "Billy W." reads like a section from "Catch 22", a strange perverse sort of humor hangs about it.

YOPGM(Mann) I don't notice that your own writing is so damned good that you can criticize what Jane writes. Jane Ellern was a productive and interesting member of SAPS long before you even thought of fandom. Remember this, and don't ever ask Bruce or I to do anything about running off or franking stuff for you because if I find any of your stencils around here I'll personally rip them up. You were a lousy damned cowbird once - taking up time Bruce and I needed ourselves.

Today, I guess, concentration on the jeopardy of the morning star in Paradise Bay for post office chainletter showdowns, says let's make a deal in swingin' country all the days of our lives while the doctors visit another world.



Much to my dismay, I seem to have a television on my back. It all started because, as my father says, I have to have noise in the house. I'm rather nervous by nature and if the place is too quiet, I Hear Things. I got in the habit, years ago, of having the radio or record player going when I am home alone. Then we bought a color television. I turned it on, first thing when I got up in the morning to listen to the morning news on CBS, channel 2. Then, after getting Bruce off to work I'd dial around idly for a while, listen to a few interview shows while I did the dishes, etc. Then, suddenly, I discovered the Today show, which not only had the news (in color, which CBS lacked) but had interviews too. Also, listening to the two hour Today show eliminated the mad lunge for the dial at 8:00 to avoid having to hear Captain Kangaroo. Now, my true problems arose from the fact that I developed a liking for a couple of the NBC shows. One, called Jeopardy is sort of a kingsized trivia contest in which the contestants have to come up with all sorts of wierd information. Then there was Let's Make a Deal, which is a giveaway show that Bruce and I would love to get on. Then finally there was another game show called Match Game. Unfortunately, Jeopardy comes on at 11:00, Let's Make a Deal at 12:00, and the Match Game at 2:00. As you can see, there is a lot of space in between them. I wasn't really listening to anything else anyway, so I got into the habit of leaving NBC on throughout the day the same way I used to play the record player or radio. Then, horror of horrors, I began to notice the other shows on the station. I began bringing my work into the livingroom so that I could watch the television at the same time. It didn't really matter too much because the game shows have no continuity from day to day and watching them or not watching them doesn't really matter. BUT, NBC also has soap operas. G*A*D! I caught myself, about a month ago, planning my day so that I could be home from the market in time to watch one of the afternoon serials. That was when I realized that, in common with thousands of other weakwilled housewives, I was addicted to television. Now, NBC would love me if I had

any influence on the ratings, because I never move the dial. They have managed to lose me at 4:00 though, because channel 7, ABC, has begun a gothic romance serial, and the genre sort of fascinates me. (This means that I have a free half-hour between 3:30 and 4:00. ABC has a serial called the Nurses that comes on just before that gothic horror...) Now, please realize that I don't sit glued in front of the boob-tube all day. We do, however, have a very small apartment, and I can hear quite well from anyplace in it, so, effectively, I am listening to it all the time. I'll bet the NBC people would be interested to know exactly why our television viewing is almost exactly the reverse of the way most people do their viewing. You see, neither Bruce nor I care for the comedy shows and other crud that are on during prime time, and we generally do our fanac in the evenings. So, 80% of the time, the television gets turned off at about 5:30 and isn't turned on again until the next morning. I watch a few of the specials that come on, and Bruce likes one (count it, one) comedy show called McHale's Navy. That's about the extent of our evening TV entertainment. (This is being typed, incidentally, during a new Country and Western music program called Swingin' Country that just came on Monday of last week.)

I realize that these soap operas and game shows are pretty terrible, that they are certainly not intellectually uplifting, and that the plots are dreadful, but I go on watching. I think part of the reason is that I am pretty isolated when it comes to conversation with other people. Everyone that I know lives in a toll telephone area except one, and it simply costs too much for me to yak on the phone to any great extent. (The one person I can reach is a dear girl, but we don't really have too much in common and I don't exactly know what to talk to her about.) The television is loaded with idiots who look out at you and smile, tell you what is going on in the world, and absolutely beg you to buy oodles of cruddy items. They at least pretend that they care, which is more than a record player can do, and they look at you almost as if they see you. In a strange way that I can't really explain, television is much more there than the radio is. It is still busy, of course, but I understand now why so many people watch it in the day time. (I don't know what is wrong with this typer, but the line spacing has gone haywire all of a sudden.) So much for justification. Television is still lousy and I am just proving that I have low taste and/or no self control. I must mention, in passing, that the television commercials affect me rather adversely. One kept yammering about their product being "so much better than that green stuff" for so long that I decided if anything would do the job it must be that "green stuff" they were campaigning against. Sure enough, "TOP JOB", which I am pretty sure is the "green stuff" in question, is one of the best cleaners I've found. (Their commercial, incidentally, is lousy. There are ads for hair colorings, floor cleaners, detergents, foods, and a multitude of other things. I hadn't really noticed before, but commercials seem to go in series too. Remember, about four years ago every other ad was for home permanents or used cars? I guess the market is low or something.)

I was going to give you a run down of the plots of those serials, and the rules for the game shows, but I seem to have gotten sidetracked somehow. Well, I guess this is as good a time as any. Perhaps next time I'll tell you how they all turned out. Actually I only see four serials these days, including Dark Shadows, that gothic horror. It still amazes me that the writers of these shows manage to come up with such strange complications. One of the best rules seems to be "When in doubt - Pregnancy!"

TODAY/ This show is two hours long and is hosted by Hugh Downs and Barbara Walters. They have the weather, news, interviews with authors of new books, occasional visits to interesting places, and a few art exhibitions. Color.

EYE GUESS/ This game show has a board with eight numbered squares and an unnumbered one in the center. All of the numbers conceal strange items that are the answers to questions that the MC will ask. These answers are revealed to the two contestants for 7 to 9 seconds and then concealed again. The contestants must attempt to remember what number conceals which answer and call out the correct one in response to the idiot questions that are asked. There is one answer behind the un-numbered square and it is not shown at the beginning of the show. This is called the "Eye Guess" square, and matches one of the questions too. The person who wins (getting 100 points before the other one) gets to call off numbers on a bonus board which contains all sorts of prizes like washers, freezers, cars, trips, etc. This is simply a matter of luck as the items are not revealed beforehand. Color

CONCENTRATION/ There are two contestants on this show too. They call off numbers on a board with about 35 squares, which first turn over to reveal certain prizes and, if the prizes behind two squares match, turn over again to reveal part of a rebus. The matched prizes, some zany and some valuable, are placed to the contestant's credit, but the real trick is figuring out the rebus. The winner of the rebus gets all of the prizes on his or her board, plus \$100.00 cash. The loser gets a set of luggage. The winner also comes back the next game/day to play another contestant. Black and white.

MORNING STAR/ This serial, which has since gone off the air, has as its heroine a young woman working for a snooty magazine in New York. Her boyfriend, one of the magazine photographers, has finally talked her into getting married, and her sister is pregnant by the son of the Fashion Editor of the magazine, whose husband tried to have her committed to an insane asylum so he could get control of her money. The son had just taken off for Europe, and our heroine had just found out about the baby when the show went off the air. Color.

PARADISE BAY/ Also defunct, this serial, unlike its partner above, managed to tie up all of its loose ends before going off the air. Mary's husband has gone to Nigeria to work for a new film company, and her neighbors, the Spauldings are having personal troubles. Mrs. Spaulding went on a drunk some 12 years ago and got picked up by a man, so one of the local people is blackmailing her into trying to make her son give up the Mexican girl he loves and go back to his gold digging daughter. The Mexican's are against their daughter, Rosita, going with the Spaulding boy, Duke, and her brother Carlos is going to knock his block off. Mrs Spaulding tries to shoot the blackmailer, Tells All to her husband, who fortuitously comes home just then, and they kick the louse out of the house. His gold digging daughter, incidentally, gets fed up and takes off for New York with all of his savings. Duke gets the hell beat out of him, the two families are reconciled, Duke and Rosita decide to go to the same college together and wait a while before getting married, and Mary gets a letter saying her husband is on his way home simply rolling in money. Color. (I'm sure Morning Star had as much warning as Paradise Bay, but they didn't bother to clean up before death.)

Boy was that last stencil crooked! Bruce may beat me - stay tuned.

JEPARDY/ This game is played by three contestants - one left over from the previous day and two challengers. The board has five categories with 5 squares each. The squares are worth money, beginning with 10 for the top squares on down to 50 for the last one. The squares conceal answers and the contestants must give answers that fit the questions. When that board is done they move to one that is worth double the money. If a wrong question is given, the amount of money allotted to the answer is deducted from the contestant's score. After the second board is finished there is one final question/answer given, and the contestants may wager as much of their total as they wish on it. Color.

POST OFFICE/ Zany letters were read off to three contestants who had to figure out from the puns and references enclosed whom the writer is supposed to be. The letters were worth money which decreased as more of the letter was read off. The "zip round" had five one sentence "telegrams" which were worth \$25 each. If a wrong answer was given in this final round the money was deducted from the final score. This program is now defunct. Color.

LET'S MAKE A DEAL/ This program is just an advertising gimmick. People are picked out of the audience and trade something (an old hat, a sign, a cake, etc.) for some item concealed behind a curtain or inside a box. Sometimes they get really valuable items, and sometimes they get "zonked" and wind up with things like sway-backed horses, matched sets of skunks, salamis, etc. The contestants usually get to trade two or three times in an attempt to better the deal. A lot of money is also given out in exchange for items people might have with them, such as a \$2 bill, a baby picture, anything that can be used to measure, anything that has polka-dots. Some of the contestants wind up with two to three thousand dollars worth of goods.

DAYS OF OUR LIVES/ The trials and tribulations of a doctor whose granddaughter is in love with a young fellow who used to be a no-goodnik but has now reformed, but who has gotten the granddaughter's best friend pregnant anyway. The doctor's eldest son is in love with the pregnant girl's mother who has just gotten a divorce from her husband, and the doctor's youngest daughter, having been deserted by her fiance on the day before her wedding, has married the guy's father, and is now pregnant by him. (Yeah, this is a real nutty one!)

THE DOCTORS/ Maggy, having married Matt after the untimely demise of her wealthy husband who was trying to get custody of their infant daughter, has just found out that she wasn't really married to the guy because he has a Samoan bride he never divorced. His sister has brought the girl, who has an infant son, to town and is attempting to get hold of the money that was going to go to Maggy's kid. Meanwhile Brock Hayden, everybody's friend, and a millionaire to boot has been killed by a gangster who was trying to keep Brock's friend Ben from hanging around his mistress, Jeanne. Also, Harold, the young intern, has just gotten a residency in the hospital and is being divorced by his beautiful, dumb young wife who comes from a rich family and just can't hack the life of an underpaid doctor's wife. (I figure the guy who played Brock left because he couldn't take any more.)

Oh dear, I've run out of room! Aren't you sad! See you next mailing.