



with a good piece of fan-art. Then maybe we can get up a series of the things, using different artists, one deck every two or three years, whatever the traffic will bear.

FLIEG: That which enhances the ability to perceive in one person may very well work the opposite with another person. I can think of a number of instances where Romantic Love (your suggested enhancer) merely clouded the person's perception -- though, of course, he himself thought he could see things much clearer.

TED WHITE: True, "any artist of real talent and ability, who obtains decent exposure, will very quickly make it into an Artists' Top Ten." However, my point in the article on establishment of fannish names was that (1) it is difficult to get decent exposure, and (2) although the Top Ten may be easily obtained, try getting into the top 5 or so! Though I guess there are only maybe three permanently ensconced at the top... .

Cartier's "Red Dragon" also appeared in at least one issue of Red Dragon Comics.

It will be interesting to see if anyone's list of BNFs includes someone who entered fandom after he himself did.

HILDA HOFFMAN: In case you haven't figured out the chemical compound yet, it is just what it says: Brucezine (or, more properly spelled, Brucine.)

I do not have any lucky numbers, by the way; I'll propitiate my luck without help of special numbers.

TOM GILBERT: Okay, so where are the materials for the Ellik TAFF Report that you got, along with \$5 from LASFS, last May? As it appears you will not do the report, please return the additional page of MS, together with either the \$5 or the stencils, and we'll try to find someone who'll do what he says he will. First, your excuse was inability to get the illos from Bjo; so Al and Fred offered to do that when the text was typed. Then you were going to run the stencils at Fred's over the weekend of Oct. 2nd, since you had to go there anyway to pick up some old stencils Fred would otherwise throw out; you did not get there, and Fred threw out the stencils. Then you told Fred you would bring the stencils to the Movie Club meeting on 8 October; you were there, but the stencils weren't. Enough is enough, I think. (As for the various indexes you kept promising, I guess we were lucky to get 2/3 of an APA L Index and one Cult Cycle index out of you -- the rest of the APA L 1-11 Index & Indexes to the other Cycles you (at my suggestion, I admit) borrowed to Index will just be considered as Experience.

JAYN: You can't be Resident Bitch of Los Angeles -- you aren't even resident in Los Angeles! How would you like to be Resident Bitch of Pasadena? Fine. Dian is the Resident Bitch of Santa Monica. We will now open nominations for Resident Bitch of Los Angeles... . Other posts will be filled later.

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Dear Bob Pavlat: Congratulations on the results of your election.

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-- Bluce  
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DON FITCH: I tend to look at you and Harness as examples of How Long Can One Minac and Not Gafiate. I'll watch a while longer...

# The Way of Life 2

BY EDWARD J. DEAN

"Where's Len?" asked Leo as the older woman pulled a stool up to the bar and sat down.

"He'll be here tomorrow," she replied. "Harold and I thought he'd better miss the first evening session, till we see how drunk it gets. After all, this is our first Con, Non- or otherwise, and Len's only seventeen. And considering what he got into before..." her voice went trailing off, but she lifted an eyebrow and smirked prettily at Leo to show she was only talking socially.

Leo knew very well what she meant. It had only been a little over three months since Nina Cosgrove had stromed into a meeting of the Biscayne Fantasts and threatened them all with arrest for contributing to the delinquency of a minor, and it had taken Leo several hours to calm her down, and convince her that the club had had nothing to do with the ether-sniffing party that had landed her son Len in the local jail. At least it hadn't anything to do with it officially. Certainly some of the members had been involved, but even now Leo had no idea who they were -- Len Cosgrove had been the only fish netted by the raid. About a dozen members of the club had keys to Corky Stanton's summer house, since they kept the club mimeo there, and any one of about seven of them might have taken advantage of the fact that Corky was in England last May to hold the "party." There was little use in trying to pin the blame on anyone, so he had eventually talked Mrs. Cosgrove out of calling the law on the club. In fact, by the time he got done talking, she was actively interested in the club, and in fandom, and she had been coming to meetings fairly regularly ever since, dragging her large but very quiet husband Harold with her.

Nina accepted the gimlet Leo made for her and glanced around the room. Harold, as usual, was talking politics with Ray Trisko -- or rather Ray was talking, and Harold was listening. That would go on for hours; Ray never tired of talking politics to anyone who'd even pretend to listen. Ray's wife Tema was sitting talking to a young girl Nina hadn't seen before, while Bob Grieger hung around the two of them as solicitously as he could manage without being told to go away for being a nuisance. Several others showed up, including George and Anna Parker, and George headed for the card table in the next room. Anna drifted toward the Tema trio, and Nina turned her attention to Leo once more. A very attractive person, she thought, if a bit young.

Leo was thinking much the same thing, though he had Corky Stanton in mind. At 28, he thought 20 years made a girl just barely legal. Of course, in another year or two...he snapped his attention back to his immediate surroundings as Nina handed her glass over for a refill. He made this one even lighter than the first, which wasn't easy to do. Mustn't let parents get the wrong idea about fan parties by allowing them to get drunk themselves.

Nina chose to open the Occupation Gambit. "I don't think you ever told me what you do for a living," she remarked. "Do you teach?"

"No, I'm a tour agent with the Largo Agency downtown. Nothing too great, but something between a white-collar worker and a beach bum. And how about you?"

"I teach -- actually, I'm at the University. Physics Department," She laughed, a bit forcedly, and Leo looked at her in a new light. A woman who is a success in her career -- a career usually reserved for men -- and she's ashamed of it. Must think she's unfeminine...not bad looking...wonder how old she is... He poured himself a drink this time.

(TO BE CONTINUED SOME MORE)