

G Published Quarterly, for the most part, for the Fantasy Amateur  
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N ON THE N. F. F. F.

B A letter from E. E. Evans, dated June 24th, reads thusly.  
I Dear Doc -- Read with considerable interest your article in THE  
T WORKS (The article was "How Now, Fanatics", appearing in John B.  
E Michel's magazine, The Works, in the summer mailing. RWL) in the  
recent FAPA. Naturally, however, I disagree with you in many of  
the particulars, while agreeing perfectly with some of the others.

For instance, I agree that the stories today are not, in the  
main, as great as those of former years. And I miss those old  
greats as well as you. (But have you reread any of the old mags  
lately? Do you remember all the stinkers that accompanied those  
few great stories we remember and cherish? You'd be surprised!)

F Now I wonder if you are as well acquainted with the newer  
I fans coming into fandom as I am? Not saying you aren't, but I  
just wonder. Because I am in contact with lots of them, and I  
have found that they are quite as up-to-date, as enthusiastic, and  
as filled with the ideals as our former great fans. This is an-  
other point where I think you'd be surprised. And these new fans  
N DO know the old stories -- through purchases and/or trades they  
W get these mags and read the old classics -- without wading through  
the crud we had to absorb.

I I'd like to issue you a challenge. Since you appear to be-  
T lieve that the NFFF is a dead duck, that it is not growing, and  
that it cannot perform the duties such a national organization  
should perform, I would like to have you send me a list of the  
actual things you think should be the main projects of such an  
organization. I don't want generalities; I'm not asking for a  
statement of ideals. I want a series of concrete projects of the  
type you think such an organization should engage in.

I I promise you that they will be presented to the Directorate,  
and that I, personally, will do everything in my power to bring  
them into being, if they are at all practical, (and I have such a  
high opinion of your mental abilities and your love of fandom that  
I am sure they will be sensible and practical projects.)

Do you accept this challenge? I will be anxious to hear from  
you -- not only on this matter, but on all such matters. -- EEE

\* Dear EEE(and NFFF): I'm afraid my "love of fandom" is a  
\* thing of the past; not that I hold anything against it, or am  
\* basically unsympathetic to it (the fact that I cannot endure the  
\* company of so-called "fans" today is no reflection upon my atti-  
\* tude toward sf-fantasy, and its followers as a whole) but that it  
\* holds no interest to me as an entity any more.

\* One might ask: then why am I still in FAPA; the answer is,  
\* that I still enjoy amateur journalism, and find the FAPA papers  
\* interesting for the most part, and enjoy putting out Agenbite  
\* quarterly.

\* So I can't meet your challenge head on; yet, since your  
\* letter does merit an answer, I'll give with some conclusions to  
which I've come after having been in sf and fandom for a decade.

A nation-wide fan club, or organization, can really serve science fiction (and, frankly, I cannot see any sense in such an organization's existence unless that be the primary aim) by way of three continuous projects.

(1) Getting the really fine science fiction novels and stories which have been published since April, 1926, into the hands of persons who, otherwise, would have no opportunity of obtaining them. Subsidiarily, arousing interest in these works by constant articles, information, and appreciations of them in the various publications issued by the several members of the organization.

This would entail the building a numerous science-fiction lending libraries in various parts of the country, to consist of carefully selected excerpts (home-bound would do) of the master works. It would entail expense and work on the part of the fans who collected and bound the volumes; it would entail research on the part of those who undertook to find which stories had indeed stood the test of time and make out master lists for the various unit-libraries. And it would entail much secretarial work on the part of whoever was in charge of each section library. Inasmuch as you would undoubtedly run into some deadheads, and some persons who either lost and/or purloined volumes, a number of copies of each item would have to be on hand. But, in the long run, you would be rendering a real service to science fiction, by educating the "new fans" as to what science fiction has been at its best, so that they can see how shoddy the material, for the most part, is today.

(2) A continuous drive to improve the standards of all existing professional magazines. This could be effected, and effective, only by constant communications to the editors. Well thought-out, constructive criticism of each issue, and repeated requests for the type of reading matter fans want. A constantly-growing circle of readers writing regularly -- not the type of letter which makes editors disgusted, but I don't have to explain that; you know what I mean. In time, and with constantly growing pressure, this could show results. And, irrespective of how long it takes to obtain the smallest results, they would be something that you fans were actually doing for science fiction.

(3) Unceasing effort upon the part of the organization, or members thereof, to have more science fiction books published. There are many fine novels which have never been put into book form. If an organization such as your could satisfy any book publisher that the market exists, then they might take the chance. And, any results would be to the good.

Trying to recruit fans directly, as a major project, is to my way of thinking a specious waste of time and energy. If you are a live, science fiction organization, you have more important things to do. And no club in fandom's history -- or for that matter, all the clubs lumped together -- converted as many new readers as did a single issue of any science fiction magazine.

As for such things as conventions, etc -- they're fun, but they are hardly important enough by themselves to insure the successful continuation of a national fantasy fan federation. And in this regard, another thought comes to me. Fans have been just too damn bowtowing to the various stf editors -- or too indifferent. They've been afraid, as a body, to condemn magazines which were a stench in the nostrils of the body stf-politic, because the editors were always



generous with handouts to the conventioners, or fanzines. And, equally free with insults, and frank statements to the effect that they considered stf fans little better than drooling idiots, and had no intention of paying any attention to their opinions upon the fiction they published. On the other hand, several fans who became stf editors, hoping to give their fellow fans a break for once -- as much as possible under the limitations of business necessities -- were greeted with a riot of indifference from fandom as a whole. (Whereat the editors who always considered stf fans as high-grade morons at best must have chuckled heartily.)

To sum it up, EEE: I think that if the NFFF takes the attitude that its first duty is to science fiction, it may amount to something. Otherwise -- well, I shan't miss it!

WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT

Comments on the Summer Mailing

So Saari

You have me there, pal; so far as I can see, the most any one person can say about a given musical piece is that "I do" or "I don't" like it, except that as you hear more and more music, the reasons behind this do or don't become increasingly complex. And, when you've become immersed with a given work, the "do" or "don't" is often as not a commentary upon the interpretation or playing of the orchestra in regard to a given performance rather than a reaction to the composition itself. Beethoven's symphonies never made much of any impression on me until I had heard them in some of the fine readings recorded. The mighty 5th hit me really hard, for the first time, only this year when I obtained Furtwangler's recording of it, then again when I duplicated it with Toscanini's. Now my opinion is: I don't particularly care for the first two movements as Toscanini does them, but I love them a la Furtwangler. I'm extremely fond of the final two movements a la Furtwangler, but go into real ecstasies over Toscanini's superb reading of them. So it goes.

A Tale of the Evans

But, pard: I distinctly stated that the Mengelberg reading of Les Preludes was not new. It's probably the oldest one now available. And, while I haven't heard Ormandy's, his probably has much better reproduction. But I stand by Mengelberg as being unassailably hair-raising. On La Valse, Koussevitsky's old recording for Victor is very fine, but the best for my money is the new job by Pierre Monteux and the San Francisco Orchestra. It is better reproduced, and manages to convey much more the macabre tone of the score, even than Sergei's (I mean Serge's) better-played version of over ten years ago. And speaking further of fantastic music, have you heard Berlioz's Symphonie Fantastique. It's an amazing bit of work; hard to believe that it was written three years after the death of Beethoven. Best recording now available is that of Bruno Walter with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra, on Victor. Rodzinski's new set for Columbia has more superficial excitement, but the softer-focussed Walter reading grows on you with repeated hearings, and is an exquisite recording, while the reproduction on the Columbia (Rodzinski) set is somewhat coarse, and the reading leans to the hysterical side.

Black and White

My respect for Ackerman has gone up several notches since reading this publication. And, incidentally, I might add parenthetically, that, from what I've been able to see of the fracas in LA over the past few years, while he may be considerably less than perfect, he still stands head and shoulders over his detractors. Taking it all and all, Ackerman has been a constructive force in the fan field, despite the Ackermanese, the Vomaidans, and a number of other things which many, including the Futurians, have looked upon with less than liking. Yerke, for example, is more of the intellectual but his influence has always been destructive; he's been able to put the finger on a lot of idbocy along the line, but he's never come forward with anything better than that which he condemned, or that at which he sneered. Publications such as "The Damn Thing" are amusing; no doubt about it. But Ackerman has done much to serve science fiction, which, after all, is the core of fan activity; Yerke has done nothing of the kind. So, popular or unpopular, as he may be at a given moment, he still gets my vote as, if not top, dang near number one fan.

Degler Stuff

I didn't read it; frankly, life is too short to waste eyesight on publications as difficult to peruse as the vast majority of the CC handouts. However, that is neither here nor there. This is as good an occasion as any to clarify my own personal stand on Claude, as well as my official stand as Prexy.

The ballot returns show that the vote for the suspension of Degler's privileges was considerably short of a majority. Therefore, he is a member in good standing, and entitled to all rights and privileges connected therewith, whether I, or any other member likes it or not. And if I or any other member do not like his material -- well, I don't have to read it. Should the proposed Article 13 pass, as I hope it will, then FAPA will be protected against unmailable matter emanating from Newcastle, or any other place. I freely admit that, in the past, I've circulated material which might be regarded by the Lord High Executioners as questionable; so have many other members. However, seeing how the wind blows these days, we can take steps.

My personal feeling on the petition in regard to Degler was that there was no immediate urgency in passing it, and that, in its present form this manner of dealing with persons in FAPA whom other persons do not like, distinctly unfair. Under the present setup, any FAPA member against whom a small clique in the organization held a grudge, could be frozen out by a surreptitiously circulated petition (a majority being bamboozled into signing) without the subject's having a chance to defend himself, or without his knowledge that such action was being taken. Whether or not such a thing would actually happen is beside the point; the point is that, as the constitution now reads, such a thing could happen, and would be entirely legal.

The proposed revision of Article 12 retains the actionable feature of the original article, but provides for fair play to the member or officer who is to be frozen out or impeached.

And as for Claude -- should the majority at any time feel that he is undesirable as a member, they can easily deal with him. Offhand, perhaps the simplest and least nasty manner would simply be to suspend his privilege of renewing membership.

Incidentally, actions of this kind, unless a time limit is stated in the petition, are indefinite, and stand to be altered only by the passage of another petition to rescind or amend the action passed.



# TRIGGER-TALK AT GREEN GUNA or Buck Wollheim Rides Tonight

## Chapter Four: We'll Meet 'Em At The Pass

### Pushin' Up Daises

Solitaire Johnny	One-Beer Kornbluth	Seven-Year Willie
Skull Baumgardt	Deputy Robbins	Jimmy the Bull
Short-Grass Gillespie	Applejack Kyle	Down-East Azimov
Sheep-Dip Cohen	Spineless Sam	T-T-Thompson
Honest Dan Burford	Dogface Damon	Long-Ears Martin
	Two-Bit Hahn	

(While normal chaos and bloodshed continue at the Green Guna, wide-open Futuria's main honkey-tonk, Cornhole Colcord and Killer Kubilius are out in the night, riding on the trail of Drygulch Doc.)

"DANG IT", muttered Cornhole Colcord as he slipped off his horse accidentally and fell with a ploosh into the mud, "that son hasn't left us eny sign a tall. What'll we do now, Killer?"

Killer Kubilius drew rein as Cornhole wearily climbed back atop his swayback. He lit a reefer and closed his eyes dreamily. "Mebbe they cn tell us somethin' at thuh Comet spread."

The pair took the next fork in the road, which led to Man Mountain Marconette's headquarters at the Comet. "Seems like somebody shoulda put out Drygulch's light afore now. Aint he never met no one face tuh face? Aint no ranny ever called him?"

Kubilius bit off a hunk of tobacco and swallowed it thoughtfully. "Can't say's how I ever heered of it, exceptin thuh time he n Silver Kid Ford had a sixgun argyment."

Colcord almost fell off his horse again. "Thuh Silver Kid! Gawd, yuh don't mean tuh say Drygulch Doc ran in with him!"

"Sure did. Yep. Solo Strant -- that's the Kid's handle -- told me about it. Says it's thuh only time any hombre ever matched his draw."

"Cripest!" breathed Colcord. "What happened?"

"Seems that heither of 'em could get thuh advantage. They both shot six times, simultaneous, an they wuz both aimin' fer thuh same targets on tother each time. So natcherly, each time thuh bullets hit each other in mid-air and plumb fell to thuh ground harmless. They wuz both so gol-danged surprised about it they fergot what they wuz argying about and parted real friednly-like."

Kubilius caught Colcord just in time, as Cornhole's cavuse stumbled and kicked a rattlesnake out of the road, snorting. "An yuh mean that Drygulch didn't let thuh Kid have it in the back soon's he turned away?"

"Yup. Drygulch wuz so danged impressed with the Silver Kid that thuh idear never entered his head until Strant was plumb away. Reckon he must hold a healthy respect fer that hombre."

The ranchouse of the Comet spread loomed ahead of the pair; a light was burning in the front room. "Reckon Man Mountain's still up; waitin' fer his hands tuh report."

"What about?" asked Kubilius.

"Rustler Wilsey's been snakin' away the Comet's cows somethin' fearful in thuh past month. Man Mountain has a full crew on guard every night, but they c'n never find hide nor hair of 'im. An Buck Wollheim says he's danged if he'll waste his time on rumours. Thinks it's just

Star-Stung

Having a volume of poetry dedicated to one is like suddenly being presented with a baby dinosaur. The thought is appreciated, and the little tyke looks amiable enough, but what are you going to do with it?

The introduction was highly amusing; one sentence strikes a responsive chord in me: "He believes that the most customary and expected things -- such as night falling, leaves skittering across a pavement -- are inspiration enough for good fantasy, or semi-fantasy verse." My sentiments exactly: in the genre of "fantastic poetry", I believe that those poems which endure, will be those based upon completely commonplace, human, understandable things, which form the springboard to transcendancy. When one poetises of vampires, ghouls, werewolves, etc per se, one is writing what I'll term for lack of something better secondary poetry. Poetry wherein the subject matter is all-important, and this particular subject-matter is one for which the prospective writer has to have acquired a taste, unless her or she is imbued with the "sense of fantasy". Much of the poetry of Clark Ashton Smith, for example, is beyond a large number of genuine poetry lovers for this reason, superlative work that it is. But look at the few poems which have been selected for inclusion in anthologies of the top stuff. They have all the beauty of his more esoteric stuff, but their base is simple, commonplace, even though the phrases transcend reality and carry the reader into a magic world.

Offhand, an example of what I'm talking about might be made with my own "Demi-World", though I offer no comment as to its value as a poem.

DEMI- WORLD

Into the circling mists and rain,  
With heart at peace I stroll again;  
The world dissolves like walls of sand  
Touched by the sea's encroaching hand.

Here all the flasks of memory  
Are sealed and stored away for me;  
Here every recollection glows  
Eternally in soft tableaux.

Then slowly forms before my eyes  
The kingdom of my dreams, which lies  
Beyond -- of all fair lands the queen.

Where rows of stately colonnades  
Brood by the sea, and crystal glades  
Enchant. My land of Samucene.

Of the selections in this volume, I liked "Chaos", "Rime", "Wonder Question", "November Morn", and "Ruins of Avalon" best, with "Rime" coming out as favorite. The sonnets are particularly well done, and contain some fine phrases, but did not move me as much as these mentioned above.

Taking it all in all, I'm by no means displeased at this first volume of verse to be dedicated to me. Eeey, I take it, is still rather young. That being the case, this philosophy of which the interlocutor speaks, may well undergo alterations, revisions, and evolutions in time to come. But I hope George keeps on writing!



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as likely that the Comet Crew are sellin' 'em on the sly, an he's keepin' an eye on 'em. But I happen tuh know it's Wilsey."

"Why doncha tell thuh sheriff, then?"

Colcord spat. "Aint no hide offn me if the Comet spread's rustled blind. Besides, I cotton more tuh Rustler Wilsey than that bunch anyhow. They wuz always two-an-two with Seven Year Willie and his Bar-QSFL hellions. An' that breed Juff who's ramroddin' the Comet spread orta been hung long ago."

"What's Juff up to?" asked Kubilius.

"Nothin'. Jus thuh way he talks. Always shootin' off his mouth about N----s an white supremacy. Huh, he should talk! He aint no white man, full of Chocktaw like he is. If'n folks took all this stuff serious, he'd be run out or strung up just as fast as any hombre whose only offense was havin'a black skin."

THE TWO dismounted and made their way into the Comet headquarters. A fire was burning, and a solitary character sat with his feet smack against the blazing logs. He had a face like a woodchuck and looked as if he hadn't been rained on in months. As Colcord and Kubilius entered, the character turned suddenly with a sixshooter in each hand.

"Freeze, gents," he drawled.

"Hold on," objected Kubilius. "We come right peaceable tuh talk with Man Mountain Marconette. Where's he at?"

"Dunno," replied the character by the fire. "Aint nobody here exceptin' me. Been waitin' couple days for someone t'show up; been gettin' sort of lonesome." He looked suspiciously at Colcord. "Don't like yore looks," he said quietly and snapped a shot at Colcord's chest -- Cornhole folded up over a table, coughing.

"Why'd yuh do that?" asked Kubilius. "He warnt reachin' for his gun. That was plumb murder."

"Shore", grinned the other, blowing down the barrel of one gun as he kept the other trained on the tall Killer, "but he just didn't look tuh me as ifn he had a cosmic mind. Now you, mister, mobbe yore all right. What's yore handle?"

"I'm Killer Kubilius and what in hell are you blattin' about?"

"Just you set down peaceable," replied the character, "an I'll be explainin' to yuh. Thuh time's come fer this here country to be cleaned out, an I've been chosen tuh do thuh cleanin' -- that is, with thuh able help of thuh Circle. Aint no more room fer outworn idears around here, Killer; if'n yuh want, yuh can join me." He gestured with his smokepole. "Just chuck yore hardware an uncock yore ears."

"Who are yuh?" asked Kubilius, obeying, "and who chose yuh an' this here Circle thing tuh meddle in other people's affairs?"

"Aint important who I am, or what my name is. Yuh can call me Father Claude; there's some who know me as Dagger Rogers, but that aint pertinent. I seen a vision I have; I learned what it means tuh have a cosmic mind, an I seen a great vision of a tremendous new country right here for them who's got the brains to make it. Right now I'm a'go'in' around, findin' those who got cosmic minds, too, an' we're formin' thuh Circle. We're goin' tuh get together and run out all the scum -- like the Bar-QSFL, an the N-FFF; I'm atryin' to make the Flyin' Fapa see th' lights, likewise Futuria, but ifn they don't, then we clean them up, too. Them as aint got cosmic minds is dead on their feet anyhow, an' thuh sooner they get planted thuh better."

"Yeah?" asked Kubilius. "An' how can yuh tell if'n a gent has or hasn't got this here cosmic mind thing yer mouthin' about?"



FAN TODS

Wage-slavery is essential to capitalist economy, as we have known it up to now, because it is essentially an economy of scarcity. I don't see how your first point follows, except in the minds of employers, perhaps. However, in regard to your second point: unless all the manufacturers within a given industry take an enlightened attitude toward their employees, then (other things being equal) the industrialist with the lowest costs (and labor is regarded merely as an item in the overhead) will be able to undersell and eventually freeze out the one who treats his employees like human beings. However, there does exist the possibility of the economy of the United States being made one of abundance, which would entail compulsory minimum standards for the working man -- standards much higher than today, except in individual cases.

It would not be socialism, because the ownership of industry would still be in private hands, even though the procedures were regulated in the interest of the common man. That is the basic economic difference between capitalist and socialist economy; in the former, irrespective of how it operates, or what regulations or lack of regulations ensue, the ownership of industry and utility, banks, railroads, etc are in private hands; the latter is where there is no private ownership of business or utility, transportation, etc; they are owned by the people as a whole, whose instrument for regulation thereof is the state and government.

In "state capitalism" (read fascism); the government has vast holdings in various fields, but the basic industries are owned by a small clique. Free enterprise does not exist there; it is strict monopoly. (I might add that the term "free enterprise", as bruited about in the papers these days does not mean, in the minds of those bruited it about, what it says. They say "free enterprise", but they mean "free monopoly"; Big Business without any regulation or restriction from anyone. Which would mean, as in a fascist state, that the small business man would quickly be destroyed, frozen out by the overwhelming power of the big moneyed interest.

In the USSR we see "socialism"; no private ownership of industry, means of production, etc. But outside of that one factor, there is no law to force any other nation which should take that basic economic step to modeling their social framework after the USSR. It is entirely possible for two socialist nations to be so dissimilar on the surface (political and social customs) that one would hardly suspect they were both the same economically.

Fantasy Amateur

The reason I am not following the suggestion to abolish the Chief Critic's post is this. An official critic serves to insure some comment upon every publication in the mailing. Now I'll grant you that, in the past, some critics have been derelict in their duty. However, I am appointing Wellheim Critic with the understanding that there will be no "no comment" upon any item, large or small.

If ye official editor wishes to add his criticisms he is perfectly free to do so; however, he is not required to comment upon everything, while the official critic is.

The rest of what I have to say in official capacity can be found in ye Proxy's Message -- as if you didn't know.

PS -- It's still a little hard to believe that I've been elected!



Father Claude looked mysterious. Then he said softly "I can tell. I got the vision, an' I can see if'n a gent's got what it takes. Some times yuh can tell by his actions; sometimes by what he says, an' then some times yuh look at a hombre an yuh just know he's got a cosmic mind an is'ripe fer thuh Circle."

Kubilius nodded lazily. "How much of a bunch have yuh got so far?"

Dagger Rogers (Father Claude) shrugged. "Mebbe a hundred, hundred-fifty. The Circle's gettin' bigger all thuh time. Pretty soon there won't be anybody of importance who aint a member. An' thuh Circle will be the steppin' stone tuh a bigger and better life for all of us."

Kubilius smiled. "If yuh got as big a bunch as yuh say, Rogers, it orta be right interestin'. Seems like I know some gents who might not have cosmic minds. Never knew why I didn't like 'em, an' I hate tuh burn a man down withoutin a reason, but now you've suggested thuh defect. An', as I recall it, a lot of those gents work for this here spread. Mebbe, if'n yuh lemme have my guns back, we could sorta separate thuh wheat from thuh chaff like the Book says."

"I aint holdin' with no Book, Kubilius; I got a vision. An yuh can call me Rogers when we're private like, but I'm Father Claude when anyone else's around. If'n yuh know where thuh Comet crew's at, mebbe we can go out an meet 'em."

Rogers nodded and indicated for Kubilius to don his guns again. A sound of hooves was heard outside and a moment later, a red-headed half-pint with a quirk in his lip swaggered in.

"Man Mountain here?" he asked.

"Nope," replied Kubilius, his hands ready for gun-action. "Who are yuh an what d'yuh want?"

"Too bad," grinned the newcomer. "I got his crew bottled up in the pass an' they're hollerin' tuh beat thuh band. Rolled boulders down around 'em while they wuz chasin' me. Juff is madder'n a nest o hornets."

"Reckon yuh must be Rustler Wilsey" said Kubilius.

"That's me. Sorry Man Mountain aint in; wanted tuh break thuh news to him."

"Son," said Rogers mystically, "have you ever had a vision?"

"You bet. Right now I got a vision of the Comet crew stuck in the pass. An on top o' that, I got me a vision of the N-FFF spread; they got a lot more cows than they can use, an' I sorta feel it's my duty tuh relieve them o' some of that awful burden."

Rogers smiled beneficently. "I can see that yours is a cosmic mind, young feller. Good luck to yuh; hope t'be talkin' tuh yuh again."

Wilsey jumped out the window onto his horse and was gone.

Kubilius turned to Rogers. "Heard what he said? The Comet crew is all bottled up in thuh canyon. We can meet 'em there at thuh pass, an' yuh can sort of find out which of 'em have cosmic minds -- after I take care of a few I know aint got cosmic minds."

"Let's go!" exclaimed Rogers. "It's the opportunity of a lifetime. The Circle needs new blood."

"Some of 'em will be plenty bloody" promised Kubilius. He paused as a thought struck him. "Say -- Cornhole an me come here tuh ask Man Mountain somethin'. Yuh shouldn't have shot him so quick, Dagger; I'm sure he coulda developed a cosmic mind if'n yuh'd give him a chance tuh do it. But I wanted tuh find out if'n he knew anythin' about thuh whereabouts of Drygulch Doc. Now --"

A shot rang out and Dagger Rogers fell like a tree.

"I can see that thuh question's answered", said Kubilius.

Elmurmurings

Thanks for the kind words anent "Trigger Talk". Apologies to all Western fans for having omitted an installment last time; just when I was about half way through the issue, my typer fell grievously ill; there was no time to do any more stencils upon its recovery, were I going to get the issue into the mailing.

Blitherings

If my comments upon the "High Tension Thinker" read as if I were attacking him as an entity, I gave the wrong impression. I've nothing against them; what I was attacking was the attitude of awe surrounding these persons, which has always irritated me. I've known one or two of them (directly or indirectly) and my opinion of these probably entered into my remarks on the subject.

Fan Slants

Better read my words again, pard. I never stated or implied that all pacifists were either Nazis, or secret sympathizers thereof. I did state, and repeat, that regardless of the purity of the individual pacifist's motives, pacifist propaganda at this time can serve only one purpose: to aid the enemy. It's just the sort of thing Adolf would like all Americans to think.

I appreciated your article on the BBC, because I'm a classical record collector, and some of my most cherished items are played by the BBC orchestra.

Fan-Dango

Degler again. Well, in regard to a specific club, or any set of circumstances wherein personal and physical contact with the guy is concerned, I agree with Laney 100%. However, FAPA is slightly different; there is no FAPA clubroom for Claude, or any other, to louse up; no official property for him, or any other, to misuse or damage.

I should like to point out to Brother Laney that Degler, obnoxious as he may be to some, is by no means as dangerous to FAPA, or any other fan organization, as Speer, with his vicious, Nazi-helping propaganda of race hatred and "racist" theories. Yet I have never heard any suggestions that Jackie either be restrained from this un-American activity, at least so far as FAPA is concerned, or be suspended.

All considered, I'm afraid I can't get into a lather over the issue of Claude.

Caliban

Excuse me while I take an hour off just to sit back and think loving thoughts of all the members of voted for me, and particularly to such elite humans as Shaw who endorsed Lowndes in the last mailing.

One Hour Later (Tempus Fugit)

Banshee #3

Congrats on the utterly classic "Superfan's Perfect Day". Any coincidences, we assume were just as they should be.

Arcadia

Tsk, tsk, Watson. Wuzzat nice -- to infiltrate a guy's magazine just because you were publishing it for him. Consider yourself admonished, suh. (Hoarty laughter.)