

NEVER USE A SYLLABLE WHEN YOU CAN GET A PARAGRAPH IN # I THINK, THERE-
 FORE I AM A STATE OF MIND # YOU BASTARD, SAID AL ASHLEY # WHAT PRICE * *
 SCIENTOLOGY? # I DREAMED I WENT TO THE CRUCIFIXION IN MY MAIDENFORM *
 BRA # INDIVIDUALS--ASSERT YOURSELVES # SOMETHING HE DISAGREED WITH ATE
 HIM # ## # ECHHH#
 # YNGVI # INCONSISTENCY I' M AN ADHERENT * # LET US
 EATS IT! IS THE SPICE OF OF SOMETHINGWILL- PREY!#
 # PUCON IDIOCY # I BURIED TURNUPISM # LOOK JOAN W.
 WHOM? # HIM IN THE SAND -- OUT OR WE' LL CIVI- CARR #
 S&ERSOD PILE # THINK OUR * LIZE YOU! # TRY IN-- TAFF!!
 ♣ TAFF! *WAY OR WE WILL ** STANT JESUS IN THE* INCHMERY
 !!!!! # *BOMB YOU OUT (SAYS LARGE ECONOMY SIZE! GOBRAGH!
 GMC)! # # HOW COULD I EXPLAIN ANYTHING THAT' S FUN HAS A RIGHT
 IT TO MY PSYCHIATRIST? # .. * * * TO EXIST! # THE PUBLIC *
 THERE ARE ONLY 1000 S&Y #A BELIEVES WHAT IT THINKS
 BNF' S IN CALIFORNIA FOR BAS* IT SEES # CONCEIT IS * *
 # OUR FAN BAND HAS TAFF * LA * THE 2ND BEST POLICY
 THE ONLY SET OF * !!! BIERE! # EVERYONE HAS SOME
 TUNED BHEER KEGS IN THE USA # # J H +* SCAR TISSUE IN THE *
 I WONDER AS I SQUANDER # YOU 50 = LSG HAPPYVALLEY # IN
 ARE SO QUIETLY REPULSIVE ! ## 181?? # DIFFERENCE IS THE *
 GIVE THE AVERAGE MAN A * * * ? ? ? BEST POLICY # ONE * *
 TREADMILL & HE' LL AT ONCE * ? ? WAY TO BE CLEVER IS TO
 BOAST TO YOU THAT HE' S GOING LOOK LIKE AN IDIOT, BUT *
 PLACES # LET' S MAKE THE * YOU DON' T HAVE TO OVERDO IT #
 BEST OF BOTH WORLDS -- CRIME DOES NOT PAY UNION WAGES
 THE CRUDDY AND THE * * # ANALYZE ME FREUD, FOR I HAVE
 HYPERCRUDDY # EAT, WIL- A NEUROSIS # BERRY IS GHREAT ! #
 DRINK & BE MERRY, * LIS IS* # NEDMED # HUMANS OF THE WORLD
 FOR TOMORROW WE GHOD! ØLLED! # UNITE --YOU HAVE * * *
 GET HANGOVERS # # NOTHING TO LOSE BUT *
 WHAT ME WORRY ?? YOUR HEADS !! ## ## ##
 # I LOOK AT YOU & YOU MELTED IN MY ARMS--OY, WHAT A GOEY MESS YOU WERE!
 # THE UNIVERSE WAS CREATED BECAUSE GHOD NEEDED EGOBOO # HE MAJORED IN
 ANIMAL HUSBANDRY--UNTIL THEY CAUGHT HIM AT IT ONE DAY # MY FAVORITE * *
 KIND OF VERB IS THE COPULATIVE # THE GREATEST PHALLIC SYMBOL OF OUR TIME
 IS NOT THE ROCKET--IT' S THE BALLPOINT PEN--THE RETRACTABLE BALLPOINT *
 PEN! (S&Y) # SOME ARE BORN MAD, SOME ACHIEVE MADNESS, & SOME HAVE MAD--
 NESS THRUST UPON THEM # SO I TALK TO THE FIRE HYDRANT, ASKING "HAVE YOU
 BIGGER TEARS THAN I?" # WHY IS LIFE JUST ONE DAMN LITTER AFTER ANOTHER?
 #THE WORLD DOESN' T OWE YOU A LIVING--IT WAS HERE FIRST # I JUST SAID THAT
 BECAUSE I WANTED TO SOUND INTELLECTUAL # KURTZMAN IS MHAD! # DOWN WITH
 THE CULT OF THE MACHINE! THINGS WENT FROM HIDEOUS TO INDESCRIBABLE # # #

Yes, you've had it--
 this is
 Issue Number Two
 of

TESSERACT (March '60)

a new genzine edited & published by Walter Breen of 311 East 72 Street, New York City 21.

Consisting of

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TESSERACT is irregular but at least 4, probably 6, issues yearly will appear, depending on contributions received (hint!). Available for contribution, trade, comment or 20¢; free to a few close friends, and (thish only) to SAPS--I'll decide on my mc vehicle for the next mailing later on, as it looks as though TESSERACT is going to do the amoeba bit. WANTED--SHAGGY 42, 43; most old INSIDES; and (important) a booklist, proz list & fnz list of pieces on religious themes in sf/fsy (faanish ghods excepted)--for a contributor who is preparing an article. Also MAD #4, and most GRUES and HYPHENS.

You must have done something to deserve thish: like

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------|
|You CONTRIBUTED |You're mentioned within. |
|You traded. I hope you aren't sorry | Congrats, like. |
|You commented |I'd like to trade. OK? |
|You subbed. Goshwow, what an act of faith! |I'd like to print something |
|Review copy. Please? | by you. Interested? |
|You're a friend of mine |You're a BNF |
|You're a cool cat |You're JOHN BERRY |
|You're in SAPS |Sample copy |
|You're on the SAPS w.l. |Don't ask me |
|You're a faned reviewed here | |

Phone LEhigh 5-8516, day or night. Visiting Fen Welcome--let's put out a one-shot!

PUNDITRY

In case any of you vile completists are wondering why you are only beginning with TESSERACT 2, no, it isn't another PLOY; ish #1 was a postmailing to SAPS 49th mailing. Only 50 copies were printed, and those went to the SAPS mailing list, to those waiting listers who were known to have received the 49th mailing, and to a few friends. (Have I then created a rarity or do most SAPVEEPS save illegal postmailings as well as their regular mailings?) There may be enough seconds left to make up two or three more copies of T 1 if anyone is interested. But I warn you: the only SAPless stuff therein (besides similar editorial meanderings) was a serious, though I hope not sercon, piece ("Bradbury Browbeaten In Vain") taking off from RB's DANDELION VINE. I may perhaps reprint this thing in some future ish should there be any demand or other objective reason to do so.

This may better ~~introduce~~ sorry Tosk: introduce me to other nonSAPSical segments of fandom including and especially Young Fiendom, if that group has not been censored or comstocked out of existence (will the local link in the KTEIC chain, or the nearest chief hatchetman of the Certified Sex Maniacs please supply details?). If it has been done to death, let's revive it. In this idea I have no less than Philip Wylie as a colleague: in Opus 21 he has one of his characters recommend a return to phallic worship, and this seems like a vast improvement over Moneytheism. Anyway, in my SAPS mc's in T 1 I began, and shall hereinafter continue, to take whacks at various fuggheaded antiporno and churchly ideas, including those promulgated ex cathedra by that group's present OgrE. (Apropos of whom, a fannish psychologist friend of mine says that his, i.e. the OE's, antipornoism, preference of copies of Van Gogh etc. to originals, and even his kind of fiction, suggests a withdrawal from anything like really intense life, from being "with it." In short, a flight from reality: "Methinks the OE doth protest too much.")

TO THE PORNOPHILOUS ALL THINGS ARE PORNO.--Anon.

For the benefit of you lucky people out there who're seeing this for the first time and who haven't met me:

I am not a hoax, Marty Fleischman.

But I'll have to let you decide whether I am a rank neo or just an old fakefan from way back. (I just missed 5th fandom, being in a VA hospital but perhaps less nutty than many on the outside. I am not Leslie Nirenberg, either, even though Nirenberg = Breen + Grin.)

Age 29, white, 6'1", 185, nonathletic, hazel eyes, curly brown hair, size 16 shoes (and pornophiles may draw any conclusions they please from this last, but it's at their own risk!).

I haven't worn a necktie or a hat in the last 13 years.

I am not built like any gorilla I've seen, but I haven't seen them all.

I don't let my knuckles scrape the ground--it would hurt them. (I'm not concerned about what it would do to the ground.)

I will challenge AA 194 or JH+20 to a battle of tests or wits any time.

I like cats, dogs, kids, Peanuts, Pogo, Feiffer, Johann Sebastian, Ludwig, Gustav Mahler, Pavel Tchelitchev, Dylan Thomas, Allen Ginsberg, sex, Stapledon, Heinlein, Sturgeon, Lindner, John Berry, illos by Bjo, WR and ATom, Thorne Smith, limericks, high IQ people, Henry Miller, and sex--not necessarily in that order. If I thought about it for a few minutes I could come out with several hundred more items, but you get the picture anyway.

I hate fuggheadedness in any form, particularly conformist or theological kinds.

I do not think neofen are necessarily a nuisance. Sometimes neofan rhymes with new fun.

But enough of personal data for a while.

Those copies which go to SAPS will have SAPS mc's; those to N'APA if I decide to join the latter will have N'APA mc's. Copies with both will be freakish rarities, if any actually get by. Most of this printing will have neither set of mc's, but there should be enough of

genzine interest on hand to make this worth a trial sub. But I'd rather have contributions, trade or comment, in approximately that order.

This and all future T's will include a col or two of reviews, sometimes books (not necessarily sf or fantasy!), sometimes proz, sometimes fnz (so watch out!) to be called (with apologies to Nanshare) BITCHER KNIFE. (And don't ask who bit whose knife, Mr. Wallace Wastebasket Weber!) Any resemblances between these and damon knight's MICROTOME is purely coincidental and emulatory, I'm sure.

VOTE FOR SUMMERFIELD--HE'S SICK SICK SICK!

Since I don't yet need SAPS or any other apa page credits, I'll gradually expand this zine to include more and more contributions (I hope) by friends and fannish acquaintances. And I can flatter myself that ~~future~~ (what on earth was I thinking about?) future issues will be perhaps a little less neo than was T 1 or thish. As for the apas, mc's can supply ample page credits should I ever need any.

So on to ~~Right/ohh/~~ TESSERACT's first Special Feature:

introducing JOSH BRACKETT

Josh Brackett (and let me assure you that he's no hoax either) is perhaps a name nobody on this mailing's list ~~of victims/~~ has ever heard before, but I venture to predict that before the year's end he will be one of the most famous names in fandom, though a rank neo. This is because--well, more below.

Calling All Fenne--Calling All Fenne--this bhoy is 24, 6'6", and one of those Greek Ghod types. He graduated from Harvard (no less) in 1956, and has been since his undergraduate days more or less closely connected with Poets Theatre in Cambridge. For a while he worked in an advertising agency, but he rapidly got sick of it, and he is now again in Harvard, going for a master's degree in education--probably to teach creative writing and drama. Interested in stf since his early teens, Josh was even then a fannish type, even as now, but has only recently become aware of such a thing as fandom. His appearance in these pages marks his entry. But before you become nauseated at the dismal prospect of reading another dreary sercontribution from still another rank neo, trust me for about the 10 seconds slowpokes need to read the next sentence:

This bhoy writes the best notpoems since Art Rapp, and Rapp had better look to his laurels.

I hope to include a selection of his work in each ish from now on, so long as the supply holds out. I only wish I could do as well myself.

We might begin with one that hardly needs further comment.

CREATIVE IMMORALITY

Being bad is such a bore
When what you do's been done before.
Why not dare damnation in
Pursuit of an ORIGINAL sin?

The next one, "Your Contribution, Dr. Freud", should have been dedicated to Tosk, but unfortunately for that idea it was written some years before Josh ever heard of Tosk.

YOUR CONTRIBUTION, DR. FREUD

Our cocktail chat was once devoid
x Of psychiatric platitude;
You supplied us, Doctor Freud--
May I repress my gratitude?

Now everyone has you in mind,
And every symbol's a youknowwhat,
And every slip's a youknowwhat kind,
And life is just a bowlof smut.

The next one was, so far as I know, Josh's first effort. He did it ^(age 15) while in Milton Academy, and it achieved a fair-sized private circulation even then. I do not know if it has been printed elsewhere, though it obviously deserves it.

PHYSICS PROBLEM

In a vacuum
One fine day,
A weightless boy
Came out to play.
Gave motion to
A spheroid ball;
Erred in calculating
Fall.
Parabolically
He chased,
Sighting vertically
He raced.
Out on street
The missile dropped,
And having no inertia,
Stopped.
Street was public
Jurisdiction.
Came a truck
Which had no friction.
Truck lacked weight
And air resistance.
Came the boy
With swift persistence.
Mother watching
Did not flinch.
Find the impact
Per square inch.

Now do you believe me?

Hoaxes & Japes

This will be another continuing feature, I hope, though hardly a column (in any of the various dictionary meanings of that term). The exploits recorded here were selected, not because of any hypothetical relationship to stf, but because they are fannish, even though not necessarily perpetrated by actifen. I print them in the belief that they deserve to be remembered and even, Ghod knows, emulated. I wanted to include here the one in Bruce Pelz's SPELEOBEM 5 involving bat guano, the FSS and the justly hated ROTC, but there was no time to get his permission, and it will (I hope) be reprinted ~~xxx~~ for the benefit of nonSAPSical readers in some future ish.

But the ROTC did get it from a fannish friend of mine some years ago in NYU anyway. It seems that on this particular occasion Roscoe or some other Ghod arranged for the coincidence that (1) the ROTC held indoor drills and other quaint activities on the ground floor of a certain building; (2) there were chemistry labs on the sixth floor of the same building, and (3) one could look down from the sixth floor to the ROTC via a broad stairwell around which was a spiral staircase. In addition, (4) my fannish friend was then working with his chem prof on some obscure project involving the secretion of the Philippine skunk badger, which smells several million times worse than that of the American, Brazilian or South African polecat. So my friend, being a trufaan and an emulator of Horace Cole from way back, as well as a hater of the military in all forms, decided that the ROTC should have a little practical experience with chemical warfare. During a drill period he dropped a test tube full of the stuff down the stairwell. They say that the building was not used again for weeks.

WHEREVER YOU BE, LET YOUR WIND GO FREE--James Joyce

(Motto of the Society for the Preservation & Encouragement of Public Speakers)

This same trufaan was at one time going with a girl (nonfanne) who proved after a while to be somewhat fuggheaded. So before breaking up with her, he fooled her into believing that he was one of a pair of twin brothers, identical twins, and eventually he had her believing that both the twins were alternately making out with her. She was somewhat disturbed over being guilty of the next thing to bigamy, and at the end she refused to believe that he was only one person rather than one of a pair. My friend does not know to the present day whether she has ever become convinced that it was a hoax or no.

Teacher: Where was Polonius stabbed by Hamlet?

Fannish Pupil: In the arras.

(Much laughter, some groans and a loud THUD as the pupil lands out in the hallway.)

And during the same period as the ROTC episode above, NYU was afflicted with a Professor Stunkard (so help me, it was spelled that way, and it did pretty well express the general opinion about the man), among whose million peculiarities was that he could not lecture without making elaborate chalk diagrams on the blackboard; at hour's end he would have many square yards covered with his scrawls. Our Hero's fannish opportunity came once when Stunkard was scheduled to have two successive hour lectures, between which he stepped out for a few minutes. Stepping up to the blackboard during those few minutes, he sprayed pastel fixative on Stunkard's diagrams so that they could not be erased to make room for the new ones. The fixative dried before the professor returned. And his impotent rage was awesome to behold--the more so in that being a biologist and not a chemist, Stunkard did not know how to remove the stuff.

Too bad we couldn't have gotten Psalmanasar (see the current HORIZON), Ferdinand Demara or Marvin Hewitt into fandom.--Maybe it's still not too late for Demara or Hewitt.

from file X

PRACTICAL CAMPUS OPENINGS

(Compiled and submitted by an engineer friend, a crypto-fan who insists on anonymity for obvious reasons and who has used these various lines to advantage. I am passing it on for the benefit of what may be called the more broad-minded element of fandom.)

LINE NUMBER ONE

Classic: Where have you been all my life?

Basic modern: I wish I had met you many years ago. Or: I have always wanted to know someone like you.

Use: By men on girls (or vice versa) who like to be highly regarded, i.e. the majority. Most effective on first date with girls who think themselves beautiful but are of nearly average looks.

Follow up: Usually, a string of compliments, with or without LINE NUMBER TWO.

LINE NUMBER TWO

Classic: We were made for each other.

Basic Modern: We have so much in common that we ought to know each other better.

Use: By men this is a request for a date. By women--this is one of the danger signals (see below) and indicates a husband-hunter.

Follow up: By men--a more explicit request. By women--an enumeration of just how we were made for each other, etc., and a romantic mood.

LINE NUMBER THREE

Classic: Haven't I seen you someplace before?

Basic modern: Didn't I see (or meet) you at _____ (place should be complimentary, but not too unlikely)?

Use: Getting acquainted with someone who is obviously already fairly willing.

LINE NUMBER FOUR

Classic: Want a ride, baby?

Basic Modern: Miss--I'm new in this town. If you will tell me how to get to _____, I'll be glad to give you a ride to wherever you are going. Or: If you are waiting for a street-car you might as well give up. I passed an accident about half-a-mile back and the street-cars are tied up. Oh!! (sudden thought) I can give you a ride to where you can catch a

cab, or downtown, or wherever you are going. (There are many variations; the two quoted are among the most popular.)

Use: Mostly by men (in cars) who see an interesting girl waiting for a bus or trolley or walking down a country road, etc.

Follow up: What is there to do for fun in this town? or You know--this is something of a record. I've been here less than a week and already I've got the best looking girl I've seen in this town, right here in this car (or, if the girl is not so beautiful and seems to be the type that might object to this line, use "attractive" or "charming"). Or: I used to ride streetcars. I now look back at the idea in horror. Do they still keep people waiting as long as they used to? etc.

LINE NUMBER FIVE

Classic: What's a pretty girl like you doing in a place like this?

Basic modern: Well!! This place has improved since I was here last. Are you here after ___ o'clock? (or if the girl works there: When did you start working here?)

Use: Getting acquainted at the first meeting.

Follow up: (If NO)-- That's a shame. Where are you on Saturday evenings?
(If Yes) Good! let's get together then. Have you ever been to ___?

LINE NUMBER SIX

Classic: I can't get hooked.

Basic modern: I'm too young to get serious with a girl. I go on dates just to have fun.

Use: By, in effect, telling a girl "You can't trap me", this ~~line~~ line presents her with a challenge. It is one of the best ways of holding her interest, of keeping her from taking you for granted. Also used by women to lower the guard of the man they are trying to trap.

Follow up: Have fun.

LINE NUMBER SEVEN

Classic: I've never been kissed.

Basic modern: You know, I'm a bit new at this. Could you teach me (etc.)

Use: Almost exclusively by girls of limited experience who want to create the impression that they are even less experienced. An experienced girl would use this line only for a lark and with a fairly naive boy, because it is too easily seen through and once seen through has a negative effect.

LINE NUMBER EIGHT

Classic: Let's not waste time.

Basic modern: If a girl does not kiss on the first date, I never ask her out again.

Use: To see whether further acquaintance is worthwhile. The theory behind this line is most interesting. A girl is usually told this at the beginning of the date. Those that refuse a kiss are mostly one of the following types:

1. The girl who doesn't want a second date. This avoids useless phone calls.
2. The girl who thinks too much of herself. This type usually makes little or no effort to see that her escort enjoys the evening, and then reasons that her kiss is worth more than the \$5 or \$10 (or whatever) spent on her plus the several hours of making her feel at ease. There are good theoretical grounds for doubting that her kiss is worth the money and/or effort once it is obtained.
3. The girl who cannot adjust. She has Her Ways of doing things. When something different appears, she ignores it or avoids it. Same comment as to type 2.
4. The prude. This type thinks kissing is wicked, particularly kissing a boy she doesn't know. Good riddance.
5. The suspicious type. She reasons that this line is a trick of some kind and doesn't want to get fooled. In general she doesn't trust men and thinks that most of them are trying to seduce her. ((What an egotist!))

On the other hand the types that agree to a kiss on the first date are often:

- A. The good-looking sort that knows her way around and is presumably more experienced than she looks. If you can convince her that you will make a wonderful boyfriend but a bad husband you have a very desirable girlfriend. Congratulations.
- B. The not-so-goodlooking but highly affectionate and easy-to-please type. She will usually try to see that her boyfriends enjoy dating her. This type is likely to get married earlier than A above.

And finally, the girl that usually doesn't kiss on the first date but falls for this line: usually worthwhile, as she has proved that she can accept an idiosyncrasy in her escort. Probably worth developing.

LINE NUMBER NINE

Classic & Modern: It's too noisy in here. Let's go to a quieter place.

Use: Obvious.

Follow up: Make sure the grass isn't wet.

THE EIGHT DANGER SIGNALS--FOR DETECTING HUSBAND-HUNTING GIRLS IN TIME

1. "Do you like children?"

MARRY AND YOU'LL BE TAMED.--Spanish Proverb

2. "How about having dinner at my house?" (Not necessarily a danger signal by itself, but confirmatory when found with any of the others here mentioned.)

3. She talks about cooking, housewares, decorating, domestic problems generally.

4. "We have SO much in common." (Whether or not you actually do.)

5. She makes catty remarks about girls you seem interested in, e.g. "I like the way she dyes her hair." And to distract you from these girls, she introduces you to certain of her own--namely only those that are married, engaged, too young, or FUSS (fat, ugly, short and stupid).

BAIT: What makes the hook more palatable. The best kind is beauty. (A. Bierce)

6. "Tell me about some of your other girlfriends." (Usually a prelude to 5 above, or an alternative--in which case she wants to confer with them and get some information, or else warn them to keep away from you.)

7. "You ought to have your hair cut shorter," "You look better in brown." "The gentleman always walks on the outside." "Let me help pick out your new suit." This is best summarized by the old story of what the bride-to-be thinks of while walking towards the minister and the ring and the mealticket: "Aisle, altar, hymn."

8. She introduces you to happily married couples, and tries to maneuver you away from your bachelor friends who might clue you in on some of the dirty tricks she is pulling off behind your back, e.g. 6 above.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.--Vishau. (All right, clods, look him up in unabridged.)

ETCETERA

Also found in File X during my long hunt for material that would not be too offensive to the USPO is a list of some dramatic productions allegedly done by the legendary KTEIC PLAYERS, LTD. (I have been told that they have a nickname rhyming with Old Vic but for some reason it is rarely used in print.) The person who found this in their (?) archives seems to have had a bit of difficulty with some of the names, and the spellings, being archaic, may be unfamiliar. I append his comments, though they may seem a mite fuggheaded to some initiates.

THE KTEIC PLAYERS' SNAKESMEARE REPERTORY

TITUS ANDROGYNOUS (Who Rogynous was is now somewhat obscure.)

KING LEER (Pantomime, perhaps--like archaic vaudeville?)

JULIUS! SEIZE HER! (A melodrama about a runaway wife?)

A MERCHANT OF VENUS (Probably vintage science-fiction?)

KING'S JOHN: Or, La Chaise Percée (Variations on a theme of Harington)

Dry, or TWELFTH NIGHT (Fannish. Any con that lasts 12 nights will run out of bheer)

Wet, or MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (Probably about the rainy season in Belfast)

3", or MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING (This and the next 2 doubtless bheer-glass sizes)

8", or AS YOU LIKE IT (The only fannish trilogy?)

12", or TAMING OF THE SHREW (That much bheer would tame even G.M.Carr) ←?

Miscarriage, or LOVE'S LABOURS LOST (Doubtless tragedy--SAPS' OE loses the mailing?)

CORDIAL ANUS (Obscure, though ANUS is late Latin for an old woman or matron)

MasterBation, or ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL (About some obscure neofan, perhaps. But anyone who can identify young Bation is welcome to write in his own explanation.)

Rhyme-words (1st, 2nd & 5th lines) of limericks. I think I probably have the world's largest collection of the things--over 1,800 and I can prove it. Seeing that some SAPVEEPS expressed interest in them, mentioning "John's-swans-dons" in particular, I figured that some few readers might want to swap limericks with me. Some of these will doubtless be old favorites; others (including some by me) will be altogether new. Any you don't recognize in this list, write me about, preferably including at least one you don't find mentioned here. Some of these have been published in "Lusty Limericks & Bawdy Ballads", compiled & edited by one Dick Harde--occasionally available on the rare book market, or write for details. (Fine way to use up a stencil--I keep forgetting that this doesn't need page credits.)

H-1 nation P-1070 Hale P-402 Greece H-4 Khartoum P-1145 Cawnpore P-72 Grant
 delegation tail piece room whore plant
 depreciation Braille niece whom floor can't

H-8 pretty H-9 Gene C-446 Rheims H-11 Giles P-909 Wylde H-20 Baker P-502 Peru
 pity unclean dreams miles undefiled Quaker shoe
 city Sheen creams piles child maker true

"There are three kinds of limericks: those you tell to clergymen, those you tell to old ladies, and LIMERICKS."--Anon.

P-1325 McLean P-1246 Bombay P-275 Brienz H-26 Penzance H-28 Skye P-424 Priscilla
 machine clay immense trance shy vanilla
 clean away Coblenz pants tie gorilla

P-896 Sofia H-36 Harriage P-658 unsavory P-50 hotel H-43 Kildare P-917 Cape Horn
 desire disparage slavery hell! chair born
 higher? miscarriage aviary well air torn

P-160 Fla. H-54 Harrison P-1371 Baroda P-553 King's H-57 Shanghai P-6 Magruder
 borrowed 'er Saracen pagoda things shy Bermuda
 corridor comparison bestrode 'er springs All-Seeing Eye screwed 'er

To the pornophilous ALL things are porno.

P-584 Cape H-61 Fiske P-1218 Stamboul P-99 sore H-69 Green H-80 Siberia P32: fashion
 ape brisk tool more clean wearier passion
 shape disk fool 4 13 Superior ration

H-89 Shaw P-237 Maine H-93 McWidgeon H-95 Chichester H-98 Twilling P339 Ransom
 ma plain religion niches stir drilling hansom
 pa again Pigeon breeches stir filling Samson

H-105 Devizes H-108 Cod P823 Crewe P431 Stamboul P1287 Bland H114 Jones H116 Alice
 sizes rod through tool grand moans phallus
 prizes sod! glue fool hand zones Palace

H117 Clare H-127 Madrid P1588 tea H-137 ladder P-73 Natal P-91 Ringer H145 station
 bare kid be bade her gal singer relation
 prayer did me had her shall finger? reputation

P-657 Tupps H-149 Merkin P-194 McNamiter H-166 Paul P-622 Myrtle P-126 Adam
 cups gherkin diameter fall turtle madam
 pups workin' hexameter wall fertile had 'em

There'll be a page like this in every subsequent TESSERACT as long as I can keep it up.

P-1668 McGill H-180 Leeds P-210 outside H-183 Millay P-466 Fife P-322 Mayence
 ill seeds bride asplay wife defiance
 bill weeds ride May life science

P-1186 Kelly H-192 wench H-194 James H-205 bitch H-227 Peru H212 banker H234 detain us
 belly blench games which do chancre anus
 jelly french flames Fitch 6,902 thank her pain us

BY - BLOWS

Introducing a col of miscellany, some by me, some contributed, some frankly cribbed from mundane sources--anything & everything except what might even remotely be called sercon. (For the title, use your unabridged dictionary.)

STUFF THAT OUGHTA BE REVIVED Dept.: How many fen have ever heard of the British game known as "Hinky Pinkies"? Some of the Baltimore Jewish fen, ca. 1952, knew it as "Chubby Bubbies" for two reasons, one obvious to any reader of PLAYBOY, NUGGET or DUDE etc., the other one apparently from Yiddish--bubbe = grandmother. But name it as you will, this is the way the game works. One fan says "Hinky pinky" and cites some phrase which can serve as a definition for something. The one he is addressing is supposed to try to devise a rhyming phrase which will fit the definition. Success counts a point for the one making the rhyming phrase. If the person who gave the definition is challenged and cannot himself produce a rhyming phrase, a point is counterd against him. Likewise if his own phrase is inferior to that produced by the fan he had given the definition to. It's simpler than the above sounds, though--like:

"Hinky pinky: an impotent egghead?"

"ineffectual intellectual."

Or like this one: "H.p.: psychotic witch's Sunday clothes?"

--Mad hag's glad rags."

I suppose additional points might be counted for puns or highly complex rhymes. Obviously something like "H.p.: information about the Pontiff?" "Pope dope" or "H.p.: a flatulent wench?" "Gassy lassie" etc. has to be called elementary--while something like

"H.p.: New York bheer store?"

"Aha! KNICKERBOCKER LIQUOR-LOCKER!"

is breathtaking by comparison. But you get the idea. I'll be glad to print any good contributions to this genre. Particularly fannish or even kteic ones.

MY GOD! EARS! --James Blish. (Tumbrils 4; HYPHEN 17, p. 15.)

And how about Irregular Verbs? This was something started by (I believe) GBS with his famous "I am firm, you are stubborn, he is a pig-headed fool." Or "I am a free-thinker, you are an agnostic, he is a goddam unbeliever." Fannishly this might become something like "I'm a completist and have a few extras to trade, you sell your duplicates, he is a vile huckster." Or "I'm still young enough to retain my Sense of Wonder, you're somewhat inexperienced, he is a rank neofan." Or "I'm an individualist, you're eccentric, he's a fuggheaded screwball." Again, I'll be glad to print and acknowledge any additions. Maybe h.p.'s and i.v.'s will even make FANCY III someday.

YUGGOTH SHAVES!--Gillette Safety Razor Co.

Hey John Berry: There's a place called Miltown Malbay in County Clare. There's an American tranquilizing drug named Miltown. Any connection between them?

John, again: Have there been any more Gerard Hoffnung records? I know only the one, including "Concerto Popolare", Malcolm Arnold's "A Grand Grand Overture", Leopold Mozart et al. Concerto for Hosepipe & Orch. (Dennis Brain, soloist), etc. But I find it hard to believe that only one such disk has come out. Les Gerber and I fairly howled with laughter when we listened to the thing some weeks ago.

And then there was the kid at Cornell who, undressing for a bath, looked down at his swinging (First word on p. 28) and opined to his roommate: "Goshwow, Richie, look! I've got Fearful Symmetry. § And the same quimsical youth, post-date, undressing for bed: "Geez, Richie, all battle scarred!" One only hopes he wasn't also bottle scarred...

Connoisseurs of notpoems ought to dig Clarence Day's SCENES FROM THE MESOZOIC (Yale University Press, 1935) at their local library. Some of the things in that book are amazingly fannish. I am going to quote several of them, appending my own titles since Day gave none, and you will see what I mean. Yale should not raise a ny stink about my doing this; after all, I am giving them free advertising! (Or maybe you can get the authorities to see it this way if I can't, Es Adams.)

ON FUGGHEADED ORATORS (p. 14)

The earth is used to bores.
It heard for ages long
The saurians' complacent roars
And the halting birth of song.
These restless tongues! Their lust
For action never dies.
The noisiness of living dust
Astonishes the skies.

FOOTNOTE TO ALFRED BESTER (p. 57)

Why must every aged peeper
Think she is her sister's keeper?

ON FEN AND THEIR MUNDANE WIVES (p. 71)

When lovely woman weds a Tartar
And learns too late that love is grim,
How sedulously she plays the martyr
And meanwhile makes one out of him.

ON NEOFEN (p. 18)

In every age, the knowing air
Of witty youths is hard to bear.
In every age, the old and wise
Regard the young with baleful eyes.

YNGVI EATS IT

Apropos of fuggheaded orators, maybe you've heard the one about the sexton who found the preacher's typed sermon while cleaning the pulpit after Sunday services were over. Along the left margin were penciled instructions, like stage directions, such as "Pause here"--"Wipe brow here"--"Use angry gesture"--"Look upward." But the sexton really had his eyes opened by what the preacher had remarked next to a long paragraph of texts near the end. In large capital letters--"ARGUMENT WEAK HERE. YELL LIKE HELL!"

There are two kinds of people--the righteous and the unrighteous.

The classifying is done by the righteous.--Our Lady's Missionary, quoted in The Sign

Then there was the very young neofan who was, shall we say, careless about his personal effects. After a long Saturday evening of fanac, he went to bed without hanging up his clothes. When mama came in and saw the stuff strewn around, she asked "Wh@ didn't hang up his clothes when he went to bed?" Came the muffled voice under the covers: "Adam."

Someone you also will get a charge out of, if you haven't already become one of his fans, is Ambrose Bierce. I mention this because Bierce, like Clarence Day, often (particularly in his Devil's Dictionary) comes up with something remarkably fannish. But I haven't yet seen him mentioned in any fanzines, so maybe this is not out of place. Bierce as an epigrammatist (interlineation writer, clods!) deserves a place beside Nietzsche, GBS, Eric Hoffer (I'll give his The True Believer a review in another ish) and Bertrand Russell. I'll prove this by quoting a few that are perhaps a trifle too long to serve as pure interlineations. (Bierce himself did include interlineations, though.)

ACCIDENT: An inevitable occurrence due to the action of immutable natural laws.

AIR: A nutritious substance supplied by a bountiful Providence for the fattening of the poor.

ARREST: Formally to detain one accused of unusualness.

God made the world in 6 days and was arrested on the 7th. (A.B.)

BEARD: The hair that is commonly removed by those who justly execrate the Chinese custom of shaving the head.

BIGOT: One who is obstinately and zealously attached to an opinion that you do not entertain. ((No, he lived before Degler and GMCarr, so of course he couldn't have been talking about either of them.))

BORE: A person who talks when you wish him to listen.

DAWN: The time when men of reason go to bed. Certain old ~~logies~~ men prefer to rise at about that time, taking a cold bath and a long walk with an empty stomach, and otherwise mortifying the flesh. They then point with pride to these practices as the cause of their steady health and ripe years; the truth being that they are hearty and old, not because of their habits, but in spite of them. The reason we find only robust persons doing this thing is that it has killed all the others who have tried it.

"I Am Something"--Eric Frank Russell. ((Yes, but what?))

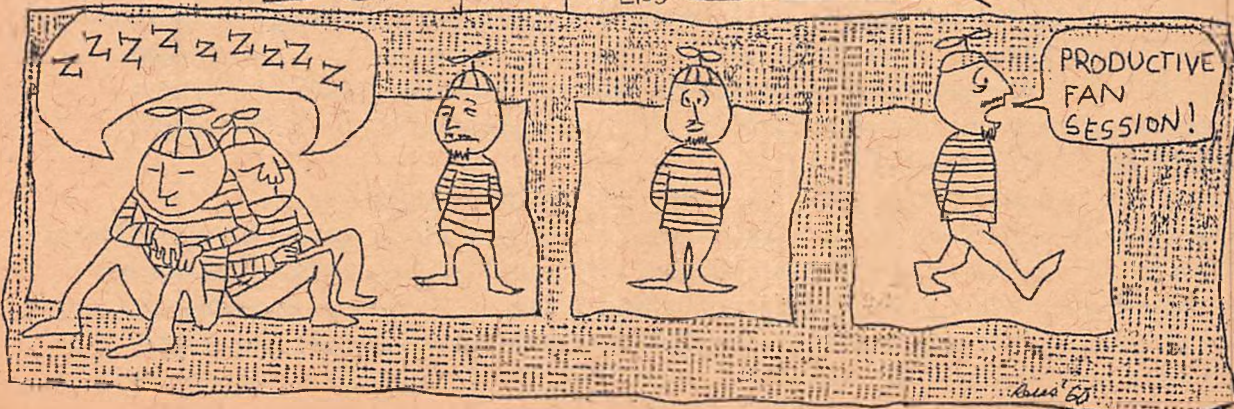
DOG: A kind of additional or subsidiary Deity designed to catch the overflow ~~of~~ and surplus of the world's worship. This Divine Being in some of his smaller and silkier incarnations takes, in the affection of Woman, the place to which there is no human male aspirant. The Dog is a survival--an anachronism. He toils not, neither does he spin, yet Solomon in all his glory never lay upon a doormat all day long, sun-soaked and fly-fed and fat, while his master ((?)) worked for the means wherewith to purchase an idle wag of the Solomonian tail, seasoned with a look of tolerant recognition. ((Bjo-- Ammunition for your side?))

JESUS SAVES! DO YOU? First National Bank, Intercourse, Pa.

PRUDE: A bawd hiding behind the back of her demeanour.

((A hyperprude is one who spells fruitcake -r-it-a-e.))

JONES by Andy REISS



in search of LAFanac

Partly because I thought this might be the easiest way to get to see those copies of CRY with the first few installments of TGGW which Fabulous Seattle Fandom failed to send me despite my paid sub, partly because I'd heard so many n*i*c*e* things about certain LASFans & fannes, but mainly because I had some mundane (ptui) business in LA--a coin-fandom con, at the Statler Hilton, Feb. 18-20--I suddenly decided to go do what Horace Greeley advised. So early that Wednesday morning I showed up at Idlewild Airport and boarded AA Jet Flight One (AA 708 this time, not AA 194!). Being allergic to early morning hours, I fell asleep as soon as I boarded the plane, and woke up when one of the vestal virgins adjusted my seat backrest so that the passenger behind me could set up his tray for lunch. About 10 minutes later I was awake enough to be hungry myself; about 45 minutes later the vestal virgin presented me with a child-size tray on which, using my magnifying glass, I could make out minute portions of pot roast, potato, peas, salad (which I don't eat anyway), some sort of fruit appetizer, some other sort of fruit dessert, plus tea. The teacup was the only adult-sized item in the assortment. After disposing of this sumptuous repast and waiting another half hour for the vv to take it away, I noticed that EVERYONE was gaping out the starboard windows. When I too found space at one of them, I could see why. For the unlucky fen reading this chitchat who have never passed over that region at 29,000 feet up, I can say that this is the ONLY way to see the Grand Canyon. It isn't at all like the Nat'l Geographic pix. It is beyond doubt the most awesome landscape on the continent--maybe on the planet. (And before you accuse me of being goshwowoboyoboy, go look yourself.) The colors are just as fantastic as the weirdly eroded shapes. Even at 670 mph (the captain announced this as our true ground speed) we took many minutes to pass over the whole area. I can only speculate how John Berry would have described it in TGGW...

The plane was over LA a half hour early, but had to waste most of that time in a holding pattern, circling slowly a few thousand feet up, usually over densely populated areas, and with enough bumpiness (turbulence from factories, I suppose, rather than fangabsessions) to make some passengers ring for the vv and beg for Dramamine. Too late--Dramamine takes 40 min. to work, and by then we were safely on the ground. So by high noon we were staring the LA Int'l Airport buildings in the face, they impersonally returning the compliment with interest.

On to downtown LA to try to recoup the \$127 the trip had cost, with some success. Later that afternoon I looked up an old friend named James Kepner. Having seen FANCY II (and if I haven't said so before, it's worth seeing. It's Eney's Fault. Advt.), I recalled seeing several mentions of a fapan & former LASFan of the same name, pubber of "Caustic Square Coordinator" (anti-Degler), so I wanted to ask Jim if he was the same person/. He was, and I am glad to report that he is still a fan (but that mundane matters have been oppressively time-consuming in late years) and that his period of gafia may be nearing its end. He gave me some old copies of his fapazine TOWARD TOMORROW and a newszine, WESTERN STAR. He tried to call up Elmer Perdue but as usual (said he) the Perdue phone was busy--and I can testify that it stayed busy for over an hour that afternoon. Later, after much trouble with the fuggheaded LA information operator (who could not believe that any name was actually spelled B-j-o!) I was finally able to get her on the phone. She displayed the trufaanish hospitality I had hardly dared hope for, and as a result I had a ~~bed~~ couch at 980 Fig~~leaf~~ Terrace--the local fan hostel, strategically located on one cheek of Fanny Hill, Bjo's establishment being on the other. Arriving at 980, I found Bruce Pelz busily running off the latest ProFANity on the LASFS Gestetner. We became friends--inevitably--and talked fannish matters far into the night, or at least till Bjo, Rotsler and various others showed up. Bjo looked far better than the photos in SPELEOBEM 6 (which Bruce kindly gave me) would suggest. I remember the double-take she made when she saw the title of my zine. I remember esoteric gags and

puns being flung around. I remember Bjo sitting on someone's lap--Rotsler's? I remember her leaving early--about 1:30 AM, I think--with someone. More than this I don't remember, except that sometime one of the visiting fen made the usual suggestion "Let's put out a one-shot" and wasn't even heard. I must have dropped off to sleep around 2 AM; my memories aren't too clear, because I'd had only 3 hours of sleep in the preceding 48--on the plane at that. For this reason (and because I didn't take notes, dammit) I can't be too precise about the chronology at 980. I'll give egoboo where it's due, though, and thank Bruce, Bjo, John Trimble and Ernie Wheatley for making pleasant the stay of this stranger at the gates. The only credentials I had to prove I was even a fan were a few copies of T 1, intended for any SAPS I might meet in LA. I remember that I was accepted just as though LAFandom had known me for years, nevertheless. Thank you all.

In the 980 library I saw, among other things, the TATTOOED DRAGON and WR QUOTEBOOK (which I would like to purchase if anyone has dups), the 3rd N'APA mailing--which contained a few fair items but some utterly fuggheaded stuff from GMC--, PSI-PHI 5, assorted other finz, a shelffull of SAPS migs. amassed by Bruce Pelz and hard-bound, and much more.

Thursday AM either John or Ernie, I forget which one (sorry! you were both hospitable), took me over to Bjo's. Despite her having been (by prearrangement) wakened by phone some hours earlier, she greeted us sleepy-eyed. She generously put a stack of SHAGGYs in my arms (thanks, Bjo!), served us tomato juice in place of the missing orange juice, and shared in a long fannish conversation, while her current cat-in-residence accepted me as a friend, knowing perhaps that I was the author of her mother's namesake....After much more yak, Bjo and friend dropped me off at the Statler Hilton while they went on to some outlying town for something relating to Bjo's new ceramics business. At sixish that evening, Bruce Pelz picked me up in his ancient (pre-Planned Obsolescence) car, and we proceeded to some local pizzeria a block or so away from LASFS HQ. I don't remember the place's name but I do recall that the food was good and that it was cheap enough so that I want to return there next time I'm in the neighborhood, with or without a LASFS meeting for an excuse.

During one of the bouts of fangab with BEP, I learned from him that the MAD slogan "It's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snidel" means (in British thieves' argot) "It's insane to give a policeman a bribe in counterfeit money!"

LASFS was well worth going to. Unfortunately SAPS was not well represented--I saw only BEP, Bjo, Taj, Scribe JH, Leej, but there might have been one or two more I didn't get introduced to. Since it was a weekday evening during the school year, neither Lichtman nor Durward nor Henstell (nor any of the other youngfen known to Les Gerber) showed up; nor did 4e, though he was "momentarily expected" all during the meeting. Besides the named SAPS, I did get introduced to many other members and visitors, but they were too many to list (I would be sure to goof and forget several anyway) except for those already mentioned or to be mentioned below for other reasons. Taj (armed with plonker and gavel) presided; JH+20 was sec'y, Rick Sneary treasurer. At one point a plonker fight between Taj and BEP was narrowly averted. I don't recall the business part of the meeting, being too much absorbed in the new SHAGGY, #48 (reviewed elsewhere thish). For a good while, after the SHAGGYs were distributed, the room (which was packed) looked for all the world like one of those ads "In P_hiladelphia nearly everybody reads the Bulletin."

Later on, WR was discussing the forthcoming LASFS movies. The biggest project (which would take several thousand but which, WR thought, would nevertheless be feasible) was for one to be based on THE LONG LOUD SILENCE. It sounded like a good idea. Some joker suggested that WR & Co. do another movie, to be based on "The ~~Empress's~~ Empress's New Clothes", doubtless with the idea of starring Bjo. This brought down the house. WR followed that up with some hilarious but (said he) factual remarks about how he had seen nudes photographed, outdoors in LA in the daytime, several times. One of them was on a beach at 11 AM, another was in one of those glass external elevators on Sunset Strip, a 3rd

was on a streetcorner bench while the photographer's car was waiting for a traffic light to change to green. Apparently timing is everything, the prearrangement having to be worked out to the last second. I supposed that the cameraman would have to take potluck on lighting conditions and exposure times, as it takes a second or more to read a Weston meter.

This particular meeting was not nearly as punny as some of the earlier ones described in SHAGGY, possibly because of the absence of 4e and some of the youngfen earlier named. Zeke was almost the only contributor to the puncan. Unfortunately his best ones came in the postmortem and they are absolutely unprintable. (Lhes--I couldn't get into the act; I had no opportunity to raise my voice at all in the meeting, let alone to get punny. Sorry to disappoint you.)

After the meeting ended, I decided to check up on that famous formula $JH + 20 = AA 194$. I had with me a British IQ test, Cattell III, which is the same one used by MENSA (the hIQ round table society in Britain, if any of you read the Village Voice), and which is the only test I know of that has a high enough top to measure an adult of IQ 200+. During the post-mortem, while those other LASFans who had not left were in the inevitable poker game, I brought the subject up with Scribe JH and heard from his own lips the orthodox Scientologist's claim that Scientology had increased his IQ from 124 to 174--the customary 50 points. I: "Then in the interests of science you should be able to make a comparable score on another test." JH: "OK, bring it on." Result: IQ 131. $JH+20 \neq AA 194(?) \neq LSG 181$ (NOT 93, Bruce!) Moral: What Price Scientology?

(Don't get offended, Jack. I'm not scoffing at you, only at the great god hubbard. And I still think you do fine illos, like those in VOID.)

Mundane business connected with the coin con prevented me from further fannish contacts that weekend (though Bjo did arrange for me to sleep on one of the couches at Jake's--unfortunately for that idea, I had other invitations and to refuse them would have offended the families involved; thanks anyway.). Nevertheless, I did recruit one brilliant young neo to fandom and before long you will be seeing him around meetings and--I hope--in the fnz. He is Paul Parham, 1030 Loma, Long Beach 4, Calif., for the benefit of any LASFans near that area.

After the coin convention died on Sunday I got a ride up to the SFBarea for more of the same. But having read Lhes's HERE THERE BE FEN in one of Bruce Pelz's (then) forthcoming zines, I was on the lookout for the fannish in all its disguises. And I found it, so help me Roscoe. Off Sepulveda, in the far northwest of the LArea, there is a ROSCOE Boulevard. (No, I haven't been able to find out whether any fen live there.)

Of course nobody understood in the car why I doubled up from laughter.

And all along Route 99 there are occasional signs marked ROADSIDE BUSINESS. Designated areas, maybe, for doigg one's business if one can't wait for the next service station?

And for the benefit of any dogs whose hour is near, LITTER CAN 1/4 MILE. (Quite a few of these along Route 99, too. The dog lovers should give the ~~Traffic~~ Traffic Commission a vote of thanks.)

Being a covert member of the League of Subway Artists (LSA), my impulse on seeing any peculiarly notable sign is== naturally--to make it even more memorable. Drawing mustaches is too obvious, even crude, like blackening eyes or teeth or adding huge appurtenances to cheesecake signs, etc. No, I prefer the rapier to the blunt instrument--it is more fannish. Like altering BELIEVE IT OR NOT to BELIEVE IT NOT AT ALL, or taking appropriate notice of the polyglot posters put out by the NY Bible Society (which say something like JESUS SAVES in fourteen languages, including Hebrew and other unchristian tongues) and make them read as by the NY BABEL SOCIETY, or--well, you get the idea. But roadside signs--which are what brought up this subject--are often a bit harder than subway posters, even weirdies like FAITH HOME ROAD and SANDY MUSH ROAD (both of which run east from Route 99). Having lately read Professor Morris Bishop's little verse essay THE ROADSIDE LITTERATEUR, I was of course eager to emulate this LSA master. I suppose

most fen have not seen the Bishop's emission, so I will reprint it here. It is from A BOWL OF BISHOP, Dial Press, 1954. (Buy it--it's ghreat, and Bishop should have been recruited to fandom long ago.)

THE ROADSIDE LETTERATEUR

There's a little old fellow and he has a little paintpot,
And a paucity of brushes is something which he ain't got,
And when he sees a road sign, the road sign he betters,
And expresses of himself by eliminating letters.

Thus THROUGH ROAD
Becomes ROUGH ROAD
And CURVES DANGEROUS
Is transformed to CURVES ANGER US
And 24-HOUR SERVICE
Turns into 24 HOUR VICES
And MEN AT WORK IN ENTRANCE
Is reduced to MEN AT WORK IN TRANCE
And SLOW DOWN BRIDGE ONE WAY
Is triumphantly condensed to
LOW DOWN BRIDE ON WAY

But the little old fellow feels a slight dissatisfaction
With the uninspiring process of pure subtraction.
The evidence would indicate he's chosen as his mission
The improvement of the road signs by the process of addition.

Thus TRAFFIC LIGHT AHEAD
Becomes TRAFFIC SLIGHT AHEAD
And GAS AND OIL
Is improved to GASP AND BOIL
And simple REST ROOMS
Appear as QUEEREST ROOMS
And UNDERPASS ONE WAY
Emerges as UNDERPASS GONE AWAY
And (perhaps his masterpiece)

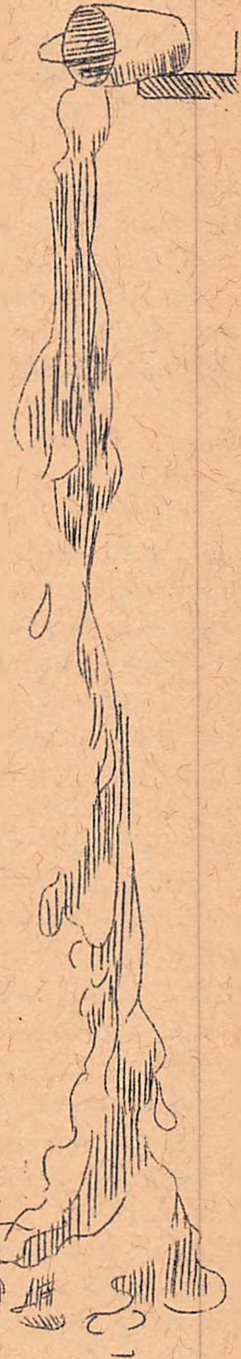
RIGHT
EAST BOUND
TUNNEL

Is elaborated to
FRIGHTENED
BEASTS ABOUND IN
TUNNEL

Thus we see how the critical mood
Becomes the creative attitude.

I was only sorry I couldn't add anything significant on my way to the Barea.

Nothing much to tell there; I spoke briefly to Kaeren Anderson on the phone but pressure of mundane business prevented me from getting to see her, much as I would have enjoyed the opportunity. Lhes had told me specifically to look up Ron Ellik, but this also proved impossible in the brief time available--Hey Ron, that reminds me. I just waw LIFE, March 7, 1960, p. B28, on the fannish exploits of a certain squirrel. When were you in the San



Diego 700 area??) Nor the Carrs, much as I would have enjoyed the chance.

So the only fan I had any chance to meet in SF was Edyth Short, whom some of you SFCon people might remember as a committee member; I am glad to report ther her gafia is likewise nearing its end, and she is raising her two boys as fen. (The older one, Geoffrey, 16, is a fencer, and I was going to make a pua on that, but I've been warned not to.

But there is a good chance I'll be back to both LA and SF in April, so maybe by the time some of you SAPVEEPS read this I'll be phoning you from one of those two places. And if we get together maybe, by ghod, a oneshot will come out of it after all...

FORMULA PIECE by eugene eagon

(Eugene Eagan is another temporarily gafiated fan of my acquaintance. Originally from "Humbug" (his name for Hamburg), N.Y., more recently from Miami, now of parts unknown. I hope to include in future issues some of his hilariously fannish Hell Wygan stories. The play is one of E²'s briefer efforts. I would put in more Eagan except that I have not much space left and I want to get to mc's on the SAPS mailing.)

SCENE: A bar. Barkeep behind. Two men (?) elbow-bending before it.

SAM: Howr things man?

HAIRY: Nauseous.

SAM: Tough.

HAIRY: Yah. (he signals to the barkeep) Ay, Chief!

BARKEEP^m: Ugh?

HAIRY: Another double vodka & coke.

BARKEEP: Willdo.

SAM: You still drinkin' those things?

HAIRY: Yo. (sips at the drink which the barkeep has just placed before him)

SAM: I just can't understand how any 200% redblooded, ad-reading, American, human-type being can possibly pour such an evil mixture into his system. Now here (he taps his own bubbling refreshment with the nail of his index finger): this is my drink--a mint julep with mescaline-flavoured ice cubes. (sips appreciatively)

HAIRY: It's all quite simple, really. You see, Sam, old son, I am not a 200% redblooded, ad-reading, American, human-type being.

SAM: Good Lord: You're a subversive! Raise the ghost of McCarthy!

HAIRY: No, no, no. I am not a subversive. I was referring to the human-type-being patt. I am but a prime specimen of Martian manhood.

SAM: A BEM?

HAIRY: Ah, pardon me, I thought you might be above the local superstition which equates humanity with terrestriality. (to the barkeep) Another one.

BARKEEP: Willdo.

SAM: Very well, but that still doesn't explain why you consume this evil brew.

HAIRY: Aside from the fact that I happen to like drinking, per se, as the expression goes, it is essential to the continued well-being of my physiology.

SAM: Yuh, yuh, granted, but how?

HAIRY: It's really quite simple. You see, in vodka there happens to be an element as yet undiscovered by your Wise Men. Amongst the Martian savants, though, it is known by the forbidding and awe-inspiring appellation of Qualoxatolhautothanphoogrrelit. Amongst the people it is known as Neverheardofit.

SAM: Do tell.

HAIRY: I am. Now then, in the seemingly innocuous beverage you call coke, there

is also an undiscovered element.

SAM: I might have known.

HAIRY: It is called by the comparatively brief term, Potrzebie. At any rate, when these two elements are combined, and the resulting compound--in our language, blog--is imbibed by a Martian, it has the cheerful attribute of imparting a feeling of happiness, contentment, aggressiveness--

SAM (interrupting): Get on with it!

HAIRY: --I must ask your pardon again: My encyclopaedic mind often finds it very difficult to resist digressing. As I was saying, aggressiveness towards members of the Opposite Sex. And, far from least, it has the added advantage of being what you might ~~call~~ term a longevity serum. In witness whereof, I am 2,978 years old.

SAM (Gaping): Yuh!?

HAIRY: Yuh, indeed, my friend. And, I might point out, those are MARTIAN years, which have the singular attribute of being all but twice as long as those of terrestrial manufacture.

SAM: Fordy! Barkeep!

BARKEEP: Uuh?

SAM: Give me one o' those things he's drinking.

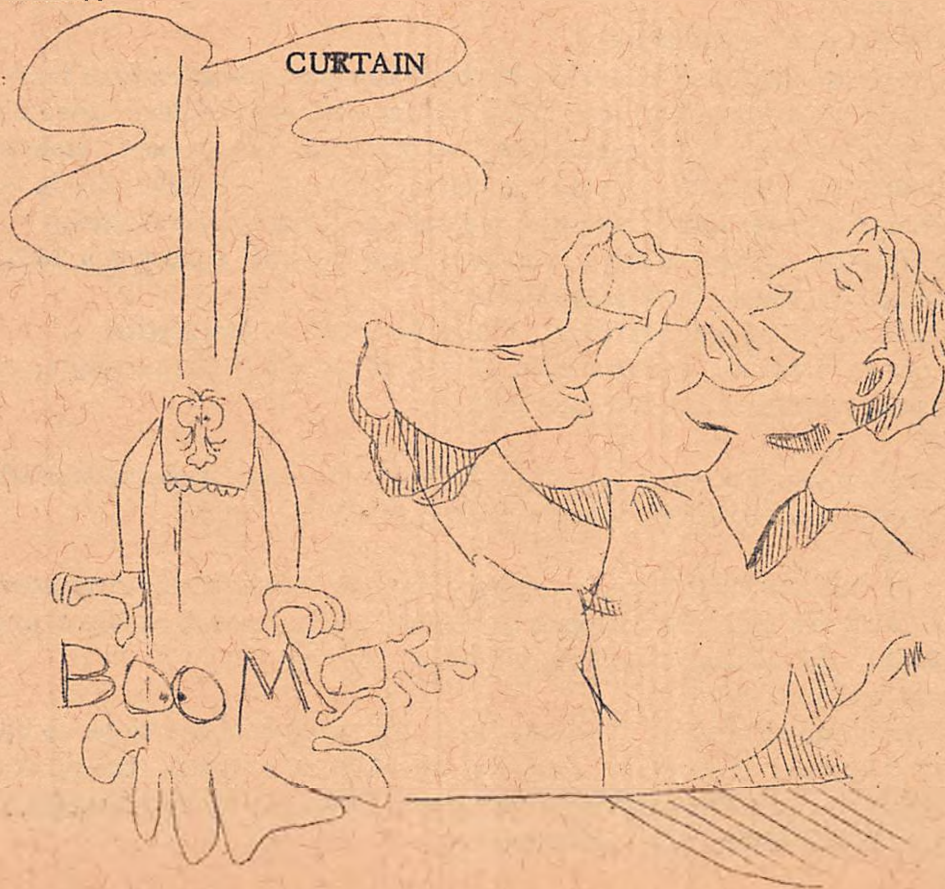
BARKEEP: Willdo.

HAIRY: I really ought to warn you that--

SAM (Interrupting): Never mind. (the drink arrives; Sam pours it down his gullet. He stiffens, falls to the floor, twitches violently a few times. Smoke pours out of his collar. In a moment he is a heap of dust.

HAIRY: --that the effects of blog on a system unused to its rigours are MOST untoward. Too bad. (To barkeep) One more.

~~BARKEEP~~ BARKEEP: Willdo.



controversy department:

'THE CASE OF JAMES BISH'S CONSCIENCE

(By rights, since I intend to discuss a book here, this should be in the BITCHER KNIFE col; but since the latter is already crowded with finz reviews, and since this book--despite its Hugð--is still controversial even in N3F, I think that my admittedly devil's advocate commentary belongs here.)

There is no need to begin this in the customary review fashion (which in the last analysis means recommending or warning away). I shall assume, instead, that most of my readers--those that still read sf anyway--have already encountered James Blish's A CASE OF CONSCIENCE, whether in IF (Sept. 1953) or in hard covers or paperback. I propose to discuss the book, its characterization, the philosophical issues it brings up, and some of JB's attitudes and performances concerning it, on this basis. And I shall have to be critical, since--as I propose to prove here--JB has raised some extremely important issues, and then failed to deal with them adequately.

One hopes that whoever voted ACOC the Hugo did so on the basis of the writing (which is excellent) rather than its themes; the church needs no such sop thrown to it, whether by a Protestant author or by some guilty-feeling nonchurchgoing fen. Particularly noteworthy as

"If a single factor accoðnts more than any other for Toynbee's popularity in the US, it is surely his concern with religion--not simply the fact of his concern, but above all the nature of his concern. In an age in which books become best-sellers because they seem to prove scientifically that the bible is right, Toynbee could hardly fail to be a popular writer."--W. Kaufmann, From Shakespeare to Existentialism, 363-4. For T read JB...?

writing is the description of the orgy at the Count's. One of the more convincing technical features contributing to the atmosphere is the Lithian language and the choice of names; JB has a good ear and a good wit. A psychoanalyst who knows French might have a field day with "Averoigne" (Avernus + aversion + eloigner, to alienate, banish, repudiate, etc.)* But Blish, like Homer, also sometimes nods. It is so amateurishly pat that a Cleaver should cut down the Message Tree. This can be an effective device in the hands of an Aristophanes, a Rabelais, a Dickens or a W. S. Gilbert, but it is hardly so here.

Now to the characterization. Rog Ebert's review col in PSI-PHI 5, pp. 24ff, justly condemns many Galaxy-type stories for the virtual disappearance of characterization and its replacement by The Gimmick. ACOC may appropriately be re-examined in this context. It does not fare too badly: Father Ruiz is a well-portrayed human being with understandable concerns and conflicts (given the jesuitry), a man distantly reminiscent of Father Naphta in Mann's MAGIC MOUNTAIN. Likewise most other characters are fairly convincing--even Egverchi, though it is asking quite a stretch of the imagination to accept him as a TV idol, even satirically. But once again observe the Cleaver. Sniff hard and you recognize the odor: it is that of C. S. Lewis. The Cleaver is not a man but a single-minded villain, an Iago, a simulacrum. That there is even one such in ACOC is calamitous. That he is the villain of the piece is worse. The motivation of a villain has to be more carefully handled than does that of a hero; it is easy to be on the Right Side, but far less easy to be on another side and make the reader understand why. A villain's motives must represent a legitimate and understandable point of view, granted his assumptions. This is basically the problem in Greek tragedy, and to a lesser extent that in Shakespeare. Even Shakespeare could not make Iago convincing; Blish's failure with the Cleaver is still more abject.

A brief digression is here necessary regarding tragedy, for ACOC seems (among other things) to be attempting to show on a level of high tragedy the conflict between a christian world-view and an alien one. Tragedy does not merely mean drama where the hero is

*See note at end of article.

defeated and the villain wins out. True, in Shakespeare (following Seneca) we are confronted with tragedy as the drama of the Hero with the Fatal Flaw; but more generally tragedy is the working out of a situation "in which one cannot act, nor refrain from acting, without incurring guilt...the theme of Oedipus Rex and Antigone, and of Hamlet too." (W. Kaufmann, Critique of Religion and Philosophy, 243-4.) This is the basic situation of Father Ruiz vis-a-vis Lithia, and it had outstanding possibilities which JB did not work out. Instead of facing the problem, he sidestepped it by taking refuge in christian doctrine. There is no christian tragedy, because even hell is a part of the divine comedy, and God wins out in the end: in ACOC, almost literally deus ex machina.

"You would agree with me, I think, that one of the basic assumptions of our common practice of fiction is that the deus ex machina is no longer a tolerable plot device."--'William Atheling Jr' (= James Blish) in SKYHOOK 17, Spring 1953, page 12.

This immediately leads into the main philosophical issues of ACOC. One thing I have not been able to resolve in my own mind is--why did JB write it to begin with? what was he trying to prove? The book clearly has some kind of hortatory purpose. Father Ruiz rejects the Lithians mainly because for him their Eden is too good to be believable. This implies that for JB's system, evil and suffering are somehow necessary for good, for growth; a planet whose population never had to contend with the problem of evil is automatically suspect. (And it suggests that JB is leaning towards the Philo Judaeus-Kierkegaard-Niebuhr line that everything material partakes of evil.) In Father Ruiz's terms, if there be no Adversary, then the Church as God's representative in the Struggle with Evil has no raison d'etre. Therefore (?) the Lithians cannot be what they seem to be. (But it is illegitimate to take god's existence for granted, and still more illegitimate to assume that an alien population's ruling principles must be of god or the devil.) So JB dissolves his ethical problem, rather than solving it, by the exorcism and the ambiguity whether it was Lord Godalmighty or some hinted-at atomic mishap that wrecked Lithia. This is known as the Gordian Knot technique.

But worse is to come.

Consider Egtverchi's inflammatory broadcast proclaiming a Gand program of passive resistance and civil disobedience or "satyagraha"--inspiring, of all things, planet-wide riots? Would JB condemn Gandhi? Would he ascribe the Gand society in AND THEN THERE WERE NONE to the devil? Blish certainly seems to believe that there is something evil about resistance to authority. The orthodox line, for which there is much biblical authority, does maintain that resistance to civil authority--no matter how unjust or tyrannous the latter--is in general sinful; and the church holds to this save when priests are exploited (but then the church condemns anything that would cost it money or souls, which amounts to the same thing). Or does JB think of satyagraha as a barbarian custom invented by fanatics in India, whose religion (being nonchristian) is of necessity of the devil? The fuggheadedness of this is clear enough.

"In My Father's House are many mansions."--Jesus Christ.

Blish tried to make it clear that one of his basic issues was whether evil can be a creative force. That it might is a position unacceptable to the church, as it smacks of Manichaeism and ultimately Zoroastrianism. Some of these sects did hold that Ahriman (= the Demiourgos = Satan) created the human body together with lower forms, or even matter generally. This notion is explored at length in Lovejoy's The Great Chain of Being, so I will not go into much detail about it here. To me it is a wrongly posed question and hardly a basic issue. But if one does make it a basic issue, then the implications are startling. Assuming for the sake of argument that some creative force other than man exists, there is no reason to make the further gratuitous assumption that there is only one, or that it is good or evil. There might be many--good, ethically neutral, or evil; or changeable; or good in the creative act and elsewhere not; or any of a number of other possibilities. In particular, if we assume that one

god created everything, then he is responsible for making the world full of agony and death, "red in fang and claw", long before man appeared on the scene. From this one could easily argue that this god is evil. (I here equate evil with what in human beings would be cruelty. This is both more precise and more operational than is Blish's implicit definition: evil = whatever is not allied to Jehovah.) Gerald Heard's argument for the existence of god (from poison fangs, scorpions' tails, jellyfish and similar highly-specialized pain-inflictors) points to exactly this kind of god, despite all Heard's squirming away from this conclusion. And in fact Epicurus's tetrachotomy does the same: "Either god is unable and unwilling to do anything about evil, or unable and willing, or able and unwilling, or able and willing. If unable and unwilling, he is no god. If unable and willing, he is impotent. If able and unwilling, he is evil. He cannot be both able and willing, otherwise he would have done something about it." Epicurus can be refuted only by assuming no god whatever, or an evil god (or one complaisant with evil, which amounts to the same thing). To assume an impotent god is no help--and is it worse to assume no god at all than to assume an evil one? To redefine "good" to cover such acts of god as the Agadir earthquake is to perpetrate nonsense. If "good" refers to one class of human actions, then it cannot simultaneously refer to a completely opposite class of actions merely because the latter are ascribed to god. In the case of the Agadir earthquake, it is also illegitimate to speak of it as punishment for sins, for the thousands of infants killed in the quake surely did not merit such punishment; and a god who would inflict it would have to be called evil anyway. Now back to ACOC. We have seen that "Might evil be creative?" has some unexpected implications--which cannot be answered in Father Ruiz's speculations without destroying his faith. Blish should have been able to perceive them. Either he did not, which is bad enough, or else he deliberately chose not to deal with them--which is worse. (Sp

"Failure to grapple thoroughly with the logical consequences of an idea is one of the most common flaws in science fiction, as it is in all writing."--"William Atheling Jr" in SKYHOOK 17, Spring 1953, page 14.

far as I know, only one story has tried to deal with the above assumptions in a sf frame of reference, and it is not too well known--FOR I AM A JEALOUS PEOPLE. A weak, pitiful start at it is also in Philip K. Dick's EYE IN THE SKY.)

We now come to one of the most paradoxical things about ACOC: not in the book itself, but in some of Blish's writings concerning it. Richard Bergeron, in WARHOON 6 (SAPS 50th mailing, or else available from RB at 110 Bank St., NYC 14; an excellent zine--send for it!) quotes SKYHOOK 19 and 20 (Autumn and Winter '53) anent Blish. It seems that JB, under his pseudonym of 'William Atheling Jr', flatteringly reviewed ACOC, making what seemed to be a few gentle caveats for objectivity's sake. Then, as Blish, he wrote an appreciative letter commenting on the review. (Here among other things we find an answer to why JB wrote ACOC--both as Atheling and as Blish he comments favorably on the trend to more consideration of religious themes in the proz, mentioning C. S. Lewis and half a dozen others.) The whole exchange is too long to quote here, but look it up in SKYHOOK and then see RB's comments in WARHOON. Without making any libelous remarks about Blish, one may nevertheless question his motives. Propaganda? Would a really good book need this? Why was Blish making an apologetic about his own book? Was he perhaps aware of some of the points I have brought up here? What was the state of his own conscience about the whole affair? How honest is it to pretend objectivity as a reviewer, while reviewing one's own book under cover of a pseudonym, particularly when using adjectives like "unique"?

As Bergeron put it: "How can you trust a man like that?"

*After writing the above, I learned that "Averoigne" is not original with JB after all; it is in Clark Ashton Smith's Ubbo-Sathla, one Gaspard du Nord of Averoigne being named as the translator of the Book of Eibon. This does not, however, invalidate my earlier remarks; the name, whatever its source, does contribute to the atmosphere.

BITCHER KNIFE

Fnz reviews-only, thish. I expect to make it a rule to review every fnz I receive between T deadlines--trivial oneshots and similar ephemera excepted. So if your zine is not mentioned here, either I got it too long ago, or the USPO did its usual job. The group here reviewed is of more than usual interest; there are no real lemons, and three outstanding zines. The order is alphabetical. Ratings from 1 (low) to 10 (extraordinary).

APORRHETA 15, H.P. "Sandy" Sanderson (FOR TAFF), 'Inchmery', 236 Queens Road, New Cross, London S.E. 14; mimeo, every month or two, 51 pp. (thish), 1/6 or 20¢ per copy or 6 copies for 8s or \$1, 12 for 15s or \$2.

This zine is hard to comment on without taxing the dictionary for superlatives which suddenly turn out to be ancient clichés so often applied to APÆ as no longer to mean anything. Any egoboo I can give S&y is just so much more frosting on the cake. I will simply say that (thanx to Lhes Gherber) I have read most of the earlier issues, that they were excellent from the start, but that beginning with about No. 10 or 11 they improved startlingly. APÆ as it is now is the main reason I am supporting S&y for TAFF, without prejudice to either of the other candidates. But to details:

George Spencer's story "The Patriarchs", though highly competently written (like just about every piece of fanfiction or faanfiction accepted by APÆ) gave me the horrors. (Probably a subjective reaction, and not one probably shared by other readers; but it was there. I kept thinking of the "Saturn, Bringer of Old Age" section from Holst's Planets while reading it.) Joy Clarke's chattercol is as always a delight, as is John Berry on duck fandom (cf. CRY 137). Andy Young's "What's Wrong with SF?" is as near to a definitive statement as I have yet seen; it crystallizes notions which probably many if not most fans who think about sf at all have had (more or less vaguely) in mind for years. I predict that it will eventually be reprinted. "Canny Flabby" has some pungent things to say which are both more accurate and more constructive than his ~~ear~~ earlier contribution, and which should be acted on. "Penny Fanny" should be voted some kind of award by LASFS. This column is always readable and sometimes top-grade. DAG's column, "The Badger that Now & Then", is thoughtprovoking as well as extremely funny. ATom has a cartoon series, "A to Z", which ought to be reprinted when complete, in which case it will go on the shelf beside the WR Quotebook and Tattoocd Dragon, Enchanted Duper, Harp Stateside, etc. "Inchmery Fan D'ary" serves as combination fanac record, lettercol, and fnz review; it is probably the most distinctive column in fandom. In general, APÆ is superb, both in content, repro, artwork--the ATom covers with Messrs. Rosen-crantz & Guildenstern or whatever they are called, in particular--and format. Rating 10, beyond any conceivable question. Let it be made clear here that a rating of 10 is something open-ended, like the rating of 10 for diamond on the Mohs hardness scale.

BEM,

BHISMI' LLAHI 1 & 2, Andy Main, 5668 Gato Ave., Goleta, Calif., irregular but probably will be 5 or 6 per year, these two being dated Jan. and March 1960; ditto, multicolor, 12 and 18 pp., trade (preferred), contribution (particularly artwork), comment or 15¢.

My friend &y is known to CRYreaders as the Original Dry Cereal Fan (see CRY 132, Fandom Harvest col.!!). This is his first zine and it is a quite impressive job, not nearly as neoish as one might expect, though of necessity slender in both material and art. The title is an Arabic swearword (with the fannish h), meaning "In the Name of Ghod!" #1 contains a tragicomic Gherber Factual Article, "Ret Me Alone!", a very brief fsy piece by one Gideon Q. Bumberton, and part 1 of "In Search of Fanac", on the 100+ -mile bike

trip by &y and another young fan, from Santa Barbara to LA for the LASFS New Years party. Repro is comparatively good and the quality of writing is distinctly above average. #2 tries to follow in the pattern of #1 but does not quite equal it. Bob Leonard has a piece explaining the hoax joke or "orange juice!" joke, which should make FANCY III; the expected and 6 1/2 page long final part of ISOF is quite entertaining, and this is followed by some fairly good fnz reviews. Mike Deckinger has a rather poor Ferdinand Fugghead story--really too bad, as he can do better than that. Dot Hartwell contributes an exiguous travel piece and indicates that she will do a regular col. There is a lettercol with something from Chas BURBEE himself, among other familiar and soon-to-be-familiar names, and a fnz wantlist--evidently &y is a completist. Repro is not quite so good as that on #1, and artwork is still scarce, but what there is in both issues is good and quite distinctive in style. I particularly liked the Neofan in #1 (by &y), and the cover portrait of Jeremiah Emanual (= annual emission?) Pussyfoot Kant Main, a real clown of a dhog, by &y's sister, artist but still nonfanne (Lichtman and other recruiters take note). A very pleasant and promising zine; recommended. Ratings 5 and 4+.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS 137, Box 92, 920 Third Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington, Gestetnered, monthly, 66 pp. (thish), 25¢ or 1/9, 5/\$1 or 7s, 12/\$2 or 14s; free to contributors including letterhacks.

This is probably THE outstanding US fanzine, only SHAGGY showing any promise of tying it in the foreseeable future. The big thing in thish as in the last few is, naturally, John Berry's THE GOON GOES WEST--in-big chunks, this one 31 pages of superlative writing. Lhes Gherber's "Be Prepared"--a parody of Tom Lehrer--is deft and well worth singing at the Pittcon, or at any fangab session. Mal Ashworth's "Take Me To Your Leader" is, one hopes, the last word on this ancient gag; it explains why the CRYhacks are backing him for TAFF. Wally Wastebasket Weber's minutes of the Nameless Ones are hilarious as always. "Parker Sheaffer" provides some fairly good notpoems. "Carl Marks" puts a finger on one faned fault--that of holding contributions till doomsday without so much as acknowledgment--though I question whether the practice is as common as he suggests. Les Nirenberg is in with a story, "The Gafiation of Lem Cole", which is probably his best writing to date, despite one small inconsistency which will probably be commented on by several dozen letterhacks: the story took place in the evening, presumably after sundown, and in that event wotthell was Lem doing in the closet? Terry Carr's col, "Fandom Harvest", is guffaw-filled as often, and well written as always. In thish, it is the best imaginable advertisement for "The Incompleat Burbee", a huge collection of humorous pieces by this fabulous stylist. "J Les Piper" (Les Nirenberg after Feiffer) contributes a cartoon strip which is funny but one cannot imagine Bjo (what other fanne artist has freckles and is in such great demand by faneds?) simply sitting there with a dopey expression. Elinor Busby's unnamed (or appropriately Nameless) col is a richly deserved tribute to Berry. The lettercol (19 pp. thish) is a highlight of CRY as always. Some issues have had more variety but the quality of thish is still high enough to rate 10.

13,
HOCUS/Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, N.J., 56pp. (thish--annish), mimeo, irregular, 15¢, contribution, trade or comment.

Very varied stuff of even more varied quality. Good Prosser illos, not so good ones by others. Fairly routine "modern" poems; reprint of Agberg's "The Perils of Completism", an amusing example of the "gigantism" technique (Aristophanes, Rabelais, James Joyce) which obtains humorous effects through preposterous hyperbole; 3 pp. of "Famous Faces" (cartoons--Chad Codliver, A.E. Van Vomit, damon flight, Robert Spaceline, Theodore Fleurg(e)on, etc.); Dave Miller's "Memoirs" (one of the better

examples of the so-called "long-lost (?) Sense of Wonder" to reach print; strongly recommended to recruiters); MZB's "Care and Feeding of Neofans" -- which is worth licking your chops over; Mike re-enters with a review of ON THE BEACH (film, not book); acutely perceptive and good work. Edward Ludwig (who he??) has a haunting, disturbing and mysterious story, into which many meanings can be read, but which falls just short of success even as fsy by failing to show how its protagonist's physical changes and deadly touch relate to his origin. Nevertheless, it is almost pro quality, and I would not be too surprised to see a revision of it in some prozine. Types and (in my copy at least) some wretchedly reproduced, almost illegible, lines nearly destroyed what would have been--I think--a hysterically funny piece by John Tucker on stereo. Arthur Sellings's reminiscences of Notting Hill read like a period piece meant for bibliophiles. B.M.Cook has a fairly good bit on L. Sprague de Camp's "Viagens Interplanetarias" stories; read it in context of de Camp's own article in NEW FRONTIERS #1 (see below). The 21-page lettercol is pleasantly studded with BNF's and begins to resemble that of PSI-PHI and CRY. Excellent potential; keep growing, Mike. This just missed 5; rating 4+, and will probably improve a lot after repro trouble is conquered.

METROFEN 2, 3, Leslie Steven Gerber, 201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn 26, NY, mimeo (B'n'F Press), 14 and 13 pp. (former legal size), irregular, trade or comment or 10¢ or 3/25¢.

This is the OO of the defunct (?) group of the same name. It sticks well to its avowed purpose of introducing fandom to neos, particularly young ones. So far as I know there is no other zine with this precise purpose, though Ghod knows there should be--in every recruiter's hands: something that will eventually get the neos to send in \$ for FANCY II, CRY, SHAGGY, Willis Papers, Compleat Faan, etc. #2 is distinguished by reprinting WAW's "Case of the Disappearing Fan"--footnoted for neos ("Thank Ghod" in the background). Meskys Mutterings add up to a fine col, in both issues--a col worthy of a zine with a far larger circulation than METROFEN. #3 reprints Berry's "Psychology of the Gafiate", which has a faint aroma of Stephen Potter; there are several pages of pointed and concise fnz reviews by Lhes, and some topical material about the--er--disintegration of Metrofen the group (probably not affecting Metrofen the zine). There is also a fairly trivial reminiscence piece by Harry Warner Jr. Covers by Reiss, who is improving all the time. Good repro, though the legal-size format of #2 counts against it. Mainly because of the quality of material, these will both rate close to 5.

NEW FRONTIERS 1, 2, "Dec, 1959, June 1960" (actually pubbed June 1959 and Jan. 1960; No. 2 is actually dated Jan. 1960 on cover, June inside!); "next issue out April 1960"--we'll call it irregular; Terra House, POBox 336, Berkeley 1, Calif. (copyright by Norm Metcalf), editorial address Box 35, Lowry AFB, Colorado, 32 & 40 pp., digest size, photo-offset, 30¢ or 2/6, 4 for \$1 or 8s, but probably obtainable by trade, as the envelope containing my copies was marked "trade?".

Sercon, leaning heavily on sf and fsy discussion articles; obviously imitating INSIDE, though without the latter's superb artwork (there are only cover illos by Roy Hunt and MSDollens, but an anonymous editorialist asks readers to send in the names of artists they would MOST like to see in NF, so perhaps we may see more artwork in future. I nominated ATom, Bjo, Bryer and Harness among fan artists, Emsh, Freas and Hannes Bok among pros.). #1 started with a rundown by L. Sprague de Camp on his "Krishna" space-operas, complete with map; that it was out-of-date when pubbed is excusable, but that it was not brought up-to-date, and that it did not inspire me to go out and read them is less excusable. One Mark Clifton provided an incredibly fuggheaded peptalk in the Uncle Hugo tradition. I won't insult my readers by quoting it or wasting much

time on it, but I feel I ought to refute a couple of MC's particularly bad points. "There have been no really new advances in mainstream fiction in 300 years; the ms writer is endlessly and pointlessly copying old masters." Despite Dostoevsky, Proust, Joyce, Nabokov? An art that can produce figures like these is surely not "a static design, conventionalized and no longer serving a creative function" !! And, "grouping sf & fcy together is like saying that since asters and morning glories both sometimes have blue flowers they must belong to the same botanical family." Read SaM's definition of sf in the current PEALS (seen in stencil but not received soon enough for review here) for a sufficient refutation; I shall also have an article on this before long. MC also tries to foist off on his readers the nonsensical notion that sf is transmogrified whodunit fiction, "the participation in an intellectual puzzle, whose keys depend on knowledge of certain scientific facts." This rubric is supposed to cover everything from "And Then There Were None" to "World Well Lost", not to mention Stapledon. Fout! There is more, but I forbear. But you have heard the worst. Robert Barbour Johnson's "Can We Live Without Fantasy Fiction?" is the best piece in this, and it is worth the price of the zine. Read it! I wish, though, that he had provided some evidence for his delightful squib about railroad agents; and I cannot buy the notion that FATE is "an excellent fact publication." But these and others are things that could have been edited out, and don't hurt very much even left in. EEEvans' Fangab report describes a closed-door pro party; fun, though, but slight. Anon's book reviews take after damon knight; too bad their author did not give his name, as he is in for some well-deserved egoboo. However, I suspect that the review of Berry's "Compleat Faan" may have been by another hand. I also question his evaluation of "The 4th R"--I found this very disappointing toward the end, falling off in theory, writing, and convergence of plot strands, not to mention the inherent conformism. The fnz reviews were not up to the quality of the book reviews and I am glad to see that they came in for criticism in the lettercol of #2. Poul Anderson's "Paper Spaceship" was the best thing in #2 and it ought to be read by every dirty pro and would-be pro who contemplates doing a sf story whose denouement depends more than trivially on science. I wonder if every NF will follow the pattern of the first two: one outstandingly good article, one fuggheaded piece, and varied-quality miscellany? Olsen's "My Motive for Writing SF" has details on early fandom which will interest FANCY II readers. The remainder is not much, though the lettercol has some good things, and the anon. book reviewer is about of his #1 quality and in even greater length (9 pp.), though again the review of FANCY II may have been by someone else. The fnz reviewer forgot to mention that Lichtman had something to do with PP 4. But let's not Terra House down...ooog, where's the corflu? Ratings 6 and 7 and would have been better but for the couple of crud articles. Excellent repro; keep up the ghood work!

PSI-PHI 4, 5, Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Ave., and Arv Underman, 5304 Sherbourne Drive, both Los Angeles 56, 36 and 42 pp. (latter the annish), irregular, dittoed and in #5 partly mimeo; 1/2¢ per page (see details in #5), trades, contributions or comments.

One of the best zines being put out by the younger element in fandom. Good artwork, fair to good repro, excellent material both new and reprinted--the reprinting is a valuable service to neos and some not-so-neo who just missed the old zines. #4 is marred by a squabble between the editors which seems to have been cleared up in #5; but to make up for this there is a weberish westerconreport by the WRR people (ghood for a few dozen laughs), a continuation of Ted Johnstone's rundown on a (Daughterly?) project, no less than filming "The Lord of the Rings", complete with casting and list of musical excerpts to be used as background, Len Moffatt's hilarious burlesque "Capsule Reviews of a New Fanzine", some excellent reviews by Ebert, a stupidly fuggheaded

piece on humor by Ted Pauls, a good parody ("Gestiltsfan") by Les Nirenberg, who has nevertheless done better, a Bheer Song by Art Rapp (good for singing at faanparties), and 9 pp. of lettercol which might as easily have been 20 pp. This lettercol is one of the astonishing things about PP; there are more BNF's and interesting LNF's here than anywhere else except CRY and HOCUS. #5, the annish, is first-rate. Miscellany includes some more Rapp notpoems, a page of Pelz Detention photos (which were also in SpeleobEM), another Detention report by Ted Johnstone, a brilliant but atypical Willis bit, a brief but delightful story on fossil-hunting by Jean Young, more exceptional proz reviews by Ebert, an atrocious Atrocious Story by Pelz, a hilarious Gherber Factual Article called (so help me Roscoe) "Root Beer, Fudgsicles & Budweiser", a slight Morocco travelogue (paradoxically labeled "Like Webster's Dictionary") by Alan Dodd, assorted fillers and illos, and another 10-pp. lettercol. First-rate zine and likely to continue improving, though it may appear less often after next fall, when its two editors go off to college. The ratings would have been higher but for the Ted Pauls piece in #4 and some of the repro in #5. As it is, they are 5+ and 7+ and likely to go higher. Good cover illos, that in #5 by Bjo.

QABAL 5, Nov. 1959, Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Ave., Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, 12 pp., mimeo, basically a FAPazine and looks like a one-shot (it was produced as one), but reviewed here because a friend and fellow Berry faan (take a bow, Lhes!) brought it over, and maybe the Good Man will have a few copies left for non-fapan admirers. Write him and see.

The title is Hebrew for "to receive"--don't believe any other etymologies you may see. Bjo has a first-rate group-portrait cover. The contents ^{mostly} represent the result of a one-shot session which developed when nine fen invaded the DAG household. Berry is represented by a fine piece of free-association about thinking (about thinking)ⁿ which eventually gets him onto his Favorite Subject (Jayne Mansfield, MM and similar specimens). Next bit is Eney's Fault, which includes a notpoem dubiously attributed to W. H. Auden, intituled "The Sun Never Sets on the GDA!" Ron Ellik began to describe how he and 8 others invaded DAG's place, but he fell asleep in mid- \mathcal{T} . Taj, Trimble, Jim Caughran, Bruce Pelz (interrupted by Scribe JH), Bjo, and an uncredited brief conreport follow, after which is more DAG including a wonderful story of how he "bagged a deer, out of season, sans license, with a gun not sanctioned for hunting in this state, within the city limits where discharging of firearms is verboten, in front of 100 or so witnesses including half a dozen police...and not only got off scot-free but was congratulated by the chief of detectives." This he calls a rotsler kind of thing. There are other trivia including one of the most horrendous puns I have ever endured, and some genuine Jean Young yobbers. No rating, but it's Ghreat!

SEXY DETECTIVE STORIES 1, Leslie Gerber & Andrew Reiss (for address see under METROFEN), 18 pp., mimeo (B'n'F Press), no frequency indicated but presumably irregular, 10¢ but probably available for trade or contributions (?).

Fiction, parodies, sketches, "moods" by the editors, imaginative but not connected with fandom; numerous illos by Reiss, who is an up & coming bhoi with a distinctive style, and who also did the majority of the written material. The couple of Gerber pieces in thish are more imbued with Social Consciousness and--to this reviewer at least--seem to suffer a little for it. There is definitely a place in fandom for a zine specializing in this kind of writing, and it deserves to be better known. Good potential even if only Gerber and Reiss contribute to it, but far better once there is a good backlog of nonfaan fiction and offbeat writing by others to balance these two, both of whom will almost certainly become dirty pros. No rating, but it's worth reading.

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES 48, (c/o Bjo) 980 1/2 White Knoll Drive, Los Angeles 12, Calif., Jan. 1960, sixweekly, 34 pp. (thish), Gestetnered, 20¢ or 6/\$1, contributions, trade or comment.

This is the OO of LASFS and it is Ghreat--artwise, articlewise, otherwise. Artwork by Bjo, WR, and others. A detailed review of thish or any other ish would take up many pages. SHAGGY is one of those reliable zines which will always get a rating of 8, 9 or 10. Generally--and thish no exception--it contains a wide variety of material, enough to appeal to local yokel or Wheel of IF, rank neo or Superblock or 4e. Some have criticized it as haphazardly organized, but I personally like the informal, lively, loose way the zine is made up. Bjo in thish initiates a col, "Fallen Angelenos", a sort of travelogue, lyric and hardly faanish, but fun. Bob Lichtman's competent and highly individualized col of fnz reviews is welcome. Ed Cox has a very witty parody, the 6th in a (one hopes unending) series "STForever". Ted Johnstone, (ex) sec'y justifies SHAGGY's title of OO by his col "Jest A Minute"--excerpts from the punnier minutes of meetings, inevitably recalling the weberish minutes in CRY. Ronel chimes in here with a col of reminiscences, called--inevitably--"The Squirrel Cage", dealing in thish partly with LASFS meeting 914, partly with R's departure from N3F. Coulson's sercon piece on TAFF I pass over with the comment that All Fen Are Not Created Equal. Harness, Sneary, Trimble, Lewis, and Taj (illo and lettering by Bjo) collaborate on still another conreport--14 pp., but ghood. This gives some idea of the variety, but little of the appeal, which heaven knows is ghreat indeed. Rating clearly 9.

SPECULATIVE REVIEW, Richard Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Road, Alexandria, Va., 12 pp., no frequency mentioned, mimeo (@cover lettering litho and almost letterpress quality), free on request but comment wanted.

OO(?) of the Washington, D.C., SFA, eventually a subzine; edited by Eney and written by him and Bill Evans. Almost entirely reviews of fsy and sf books, proz, etc. Eney lambastes in three closely-packed pages THWhite's wretched "The Once & Future King", convicting its highly respected author of the most stupendous fuggheadedness. Evans contributes companion definitions of sf and fsy, which are OK, but not entirely satisfactory for other purposes than his own. He then reviews Amazing SF Stories 2/60, Fantastic SF Stories 2/60, F&SF 3/60, Future SF 2/60, SF Stories 3/60. No lettercol (why?) or other departments; no indication in the brief Eneytorial whether there will be any. As with SEXY and METROFEN, there is a definite place in fandom for offbeat things like this, and Eney deserves encouragement in the project. No rating, but very ghood.

(Why don't Eney's zines show more than a few lines from that IBM Executive typer? See the mailing address side of SpecREV, titlepage of FANCY II.)

UMGLICK 2, Leslie Steven Gerber (for address see METROFEN), 24 pp., mimeo, irregular, contribution, trade, review or comment or 10¢.

I am reviewing this mainly as a stimulus to Lhes to put out #3, which has been due for months now. The zine is characterized by limited repro facilities (thic was before the days of the present B'n'F press) and fairly good material. There is a Berry story "The Full Cycle" which could hardly be more complimentary to LSG, despite its having been written long before the Berry Typer Fund succeeded; an editorial column, "LEStoil", with some ghood laughs; a reprinted story "The Visitors" (author's name suppressed because LSG is or at least was offering prizes to correct guessers)--first-rate, pro quality; part II of a 3-part serial by Marlin Frenzel, which isn't that good; a shortshort "Color Scheme" by one Mervyn Portnow who is extremely good, particularly for the young neofan he admits to being. About the two G.H.Wells pieces the less said the better. Lhes' own parody "My Gun Is Sick" had me rolling on the floor in the Insurgent manner. The

other fiction here is of less import but all contribute to the general impression that despite its gloomy title (UMGLICK means bad luck in Yiddish) this is going to be a rib-tickling zine--that is, if Lhes ever surmounts his (scholastic, etc.) obstacles and puts out any more issues. The rating would have been far lower but is pushed up by the high quality of some of the contributions. Despite the repro, rating 5 and likely to go higher.

VOID 19, Ted E. White, 107 Christopher St., NYC 14 (with Greg Benford, 10521 Allegheny Drive, Dallas, Texas), irregular, 23 1/2 pp., Gestetnered, "available for 25¢ or 1\$ trade or comment" (why do the British get it for slightly over half what it costs stateside fen??).

Excellent cover photo showing the late Kent Moomaw and others; fannish editorial meanderings mainly by Benford; an excellent article on circus fandom by that famous fantique Harry Warner Jr., and I hope the series of Other Fandoms continues. A light and inconsequential piece by Andre Norton on compiling anthologies is followed by some superb Terry Carr editorials from the (U. Cal., Berkeley) Barrington Bull--worth the price of a sub, and a handy Postal Guide for Faneds, which should be immediately copied and pasted up on the wall next to your duper. A page high "The PSYCHO path" by one robert bloch (who is Superb) is better imagined than described, and better read than either. Fairly interesting lettercol, not quite up to that in CRY or PSI-PHI. Beautiful, pro quality Gestetnering; first-rate illos by Jack Harness, who is good and steadily improving, if I haven't already said so. Rating 9.

I am aware that VOID 20 is out, but it was not received in time for review here.



divots & orchids

Being letters of comment on T 1. Fellow SAPS w.l.'er Bergeron sounded the warning in WARHOON--that postmailing editors are usually ignored--so I shall not be surprised to find little mention of T 1 in the regular SAPSazines. Particularly since this was a fairly late postmailing. Fortunately for the old ego, though, T 1 was not entirely ignored, and so I am printing the comments that did come in. Somebody out there reads me.

F. M. BUSBY: T #1 arrived after I had completed my MCs and turned the 40 copies into Tosk, but I hate to let a 30+ page zine go uncommented on, so herewith...

Got a kick out of your railing at "Toskey's" "publish-or-perish" requirements. The 6 pages in any period of consecutive mailings rule has been around for at least 7 or 8 years, with 6 pages for a new member's first mailing. Anyone who has anything at all to say to the group is going to exceed these requirements before he gets his secondwind, so I don't see where deadwood is being encouraged to write crud. Deadwood is being urged to come alive or make room for somebody else, more. ((Not having earlier seen any SAPS OOs, nor FANCY II, when I wrote that, I simply had to assume that the Omnipotent OE made that rule. But you missed my point: it is easy to write a 6-page crudzine to stay in, so if anything the situation would be improved by in some way tightening the requirements, especially by penalizing crud. Possibly a 12-page minimum might do it. "Pages of crud" alluded to the FAPA 8-page-a-year club; the more such people, the more crud and the more need for tighter requirements. We aren't really in disagreement here.))

I read somewhere, a few months ago, that human chromosomes don't number 48 after all, but 46 or 47 or 49 or some such. Can't place the reference, but supposedly it was a quite recent discovery. ((Heard of it after writing T 1; checked with a cytologist friend in Berkeley. Result--the alleged discovery is extremely controversial. It is not at all clear that the number is 46 or 48.))

Fandom mostly went ape ((?)) over Pogo about 1951-2, but some of us still like it. ((Good.))

MiGHOD you do refer an awful lot of people to an awful lot of books. This is a legit ploy ((Not intended as a ploy!)) in moderation, but aren't you overdoing it? If you're going to push an idea, you should at least outline the bare bones of it, and only cite your authorities for proof. ((Yes, and double the length of the zine several times over? And if it's a whole complex of ideas I am pushing? Actually, that's a tribute to the profundity of the issues some of you SAPVEEPS brought up.)) I haven't counted (and won't) the number of books ((about 30)) you tell various people to read, in this one zine, but it's too many for reasonable expectation that most will do so. ((I can dream, can't I?))

My views on ESP parallel yours quite a bit, though I have considerably less experience. ((...)) But the reluctance of the talent (?) to show on cue ((Except for people like my clairvoyant Columbia U student)), the business of emotion transmitting more easily than abstract symbols, &c--we see this about the same, I think. Seems to me that a lot of time and effort is wasted in trying to distinguish between TP, clairvoyance, precog, &c, in such deals as Rhine-card tests, instead of assuming that these are similar and overlapping manifestations of the same underlying phenomenon and digging for that. ((Agreed 100%--and this was precisely the point of the Warcollier, Ehrenwald and Bendit books I recommended to Rapp.)) I suppose the difficulty is finding a place to start...something like the 5-card expt you describe to Rapp might be a good beginning: keep running people through it, meanwhile measuring everything from electrostatic charge to blood-pressure, looking for correlations. ((This is being done on a small scale.))

Coming in "in the middle of the show", it's inevitable that you'd pick up a few misapprehensions of current discussions. For instance, I'm a prime exponent of the idea that \$1 in Federal aid eventually costs you \$2. ((Agree.)) Also, "Clayfeet Country" is the proud creation of one Pete Graham, who so titled a slightly libelous article on DCfen. ((Then Pete

Willis-Death-Hoax Graham deserves something at least for providing the title. (I don't sneer at serendipity.))

Right-or-left-handed/footed/eyed: well, I'm mostly ambi- on these, myself, except for over-the-years habits of "favoring" one side or the other for usage. Seems to be no advantage to either hand-&-eye combination in handgun-firing (or rifle, for that matter, except for slight awkwardness on the leftie-side because I was taught the other way). Perfectly interchangeable in the use of small tools, but the right hand is less knowledgeable with saw or hammer. I cannot throw righthanded, though I could as a child. Can't write lefthanded with any degree of ease--learned that way and then switched before starting school. The boxing deal was simply that the left-foot-forward stance was natural but the left was best for throwing a hard punch, and I'm not sure how much of the awkwardness of right-foot-forward might have been due to the difficulty of meeting the other guy's stance.

Both our parakeet (Bongo) and cockatiel (Brandy) chew up their bottom-of-cage paper, consistently. Yesterday I left Jim Caughran's FAPA-postmailing sitting within reach of Bongo's cage, and he ate off a corner of both sheets in an arc extending about 3 inches up the side and along the bottom, before I spotted him doing it. Bongo drops quite a few of the scraps into his water-dish, but we're not sure what he's trying to brew up, since eventually his water is changed and he has to start all over again.

Heck, I want a belt-with-pockets, or some such, because I'm not all the time sitting in one place, and it's a nuisance picking things up and carrying them around with me. Maybe I should hang my "appurtenances" on a string around my neck, or something. ((The nature of my work sometimes does require that I spend many consecutive hours at a typer, or under bright lights proofreading difficult technical copy. So I try to make myself as comfortable as possible.)) But shorts are a good thing in another way, too; hardly any furniture-surfaces are really comfortable to the bare rump: wood and plastics are particularly poor that way. ((How about upholstery, or a towel draped over the chair seat?))

"...an immunological argument against miscegenation..." sounds interesting. What's the scoop? Divergence in antibody-structures between the races, or something? With lowered efficiency when mixed? Hmmm, plant-hybrids are often considerably sturdier than the parent-stock---oops, that's the survivors; yes. Anyhow, spell this one out? ((You're VERY close, Buz. Human races over a period of over 200,000 years did ^{each} tend to stick to one general area, the geographical near-isolation (and, Sir Arthur Keith points out, the xenophobia) pretty well discouraging much mixing between any one racial stock and its neighbors. Now during this period each race had to adapt to a particular group of parasites: bacteria, rickettsiae, viruses, etc. Therefore, antibody structures did tend to diverge among the races, because the various germ strains differ geographically. In our own day we have seen the white race adapting to both TB and syphilis; both used to cause many deaths, now very few even in neglected cases; the nonresistive human strains have died off. Some immunologists say that every American has had TB--certainly everyone has been exposed to it--but only the people with lowered resistance show clinical signs, and there is a whole spectrum from complete immunity (natural) to quick surrender to the germs. Now conversely, the Negro race, particularly in Africa, is relatively unfamiliar with TB, these bacteria not being common in Africa, and therefore Negroes have not built up nearly the resistance that white people have, and the disease does a great deal more damage to them. But on the other hand, the exact opposite is true for malaria: white people usually suffer the agonies of the damned from it, while Negroes--again, particularly in Africa--have a much higher parasitemia rate but a much lower incidence of illness from it. They are better adapted to it than are we. Now this adaptation, this antibody structure, is inherited, being brought about through natural selection. (An exact analogy: the use of DDT and penicillin has brought about the rise of resistant strains of bacteria and insects.) Either the inheritance is polygenic, or it is a question of dominant and recessive genes. In either case, though, the offspring

of parents too divergent racially, i.e. adapted to too widely differing strains of germs, will be deprived of the immunological advantages of either parental stock at least in part, will be less well adapted to the germ-environment of either. This can be shown rigorously. (The "hybrid vigor" notion applies only to crosses between long-inbred stocks both of which have become homozygous for bad recessive genes. This is one reason why these hybrids do not keep their good qualities intact into succeeding generations, and why many kinds of hybrid plants have to be reproduced asexually. Applied to human beings it is completely irrelevant, as even Dobzhansky will admit when forced into a corner.) My clinical data on Negroes vs. whites come from Lewis's Biology of the Negro, a work which could not be called racist under any stretch of the imagination.))

Inconsistency: despite your Rebellion Kick, you recognize the existence and force of cultural pressure on gesture-of-protest mixed marriages and the offspring thereof. How then, with reference to the child-exploiting ((!)) homosexual, can you set up any such idiot-hypothesis as "making sure...that there were no guilt-feelings on either side"? What kind of Isolation Booth is this mismatched pair to hide out in? Look--the homosexual carries always the handicap of his deviation, always having to hide it or to defend it (both to himself ((?)) and his associates, if not to "outsiders"); this is a constant burden, carrying considerable stress, tension, or what have you, and diverting a lot of the deviant's efforts and energies, just the same as a physical handicap might. Since the entire Rebellion Kick is aimed squarely at the overwhelming pressure-to-conform exerted by our (or practically any) society, how can you justify a fouled-up adult trying to hook ((?)) an adolescent (who already has enough troubles) into behavior that is bound to increase his difficulties with culture-pressure--"no guilt feelings", for CRYSAKE! We are talking about the same parallel-universe, aren't we? ((This takes a lot of answering. MIGHOD, such rhetoric! Buz, you have made several tacit assumptions, which don't necessarily hold in the hypothetical case I alluded to in T 1, any more than they do in a couple of cases I had occasion to learn about on the outside. In the first place, as Bender and Blau pointed out in the American Journal of Orthopsychiatry, 1941, and as almost any psychiatrist will admit, this "exploitation" is very rarely the case--usually it is the adolescent who seduces the adult, the adolescent who had such ideas before he found someone with similar ones. An attempt at "exploitation" of a boy who genuinely doesn't want any part of it will presumably lead to a refusal and maybe to a beating or a threat of police action. My hypothetical case obviously did not allude to the latter. And secondly: such affairs do go on in private schools, both in Britain and New England, being sometimes an open secret among the students. One does not have to assume that the pair will set up housekeeping together, etc. I suppose they could carry on discreetly and not let the world know about it, the same way that some men maintain a mistress. I have known some gay people in the theatrical and art worlds, and never got the impression that they universally carried a burden, though of course some did. And perhaps some of the deviant sex behavior alluded to is itself a rebellion, though one carrying its own rewards (as well as its own special pitfalls), unlike some gestures of protest. If an individual really is committed to something of the kind, like William Burroughs, he is perhaps less likely to suffer guilts than is one who does not really know what is going on.))

Porno on the stands: I have nothing against straight-sexy stuff in print (understatement of the year, that). But I'm equally disgusted by the sadistic-masochistic pitch of the Men's Mags and the sick prurience of the Confession and Confidential crud; it's all Sick Sex ((I agree, so far)) and can't possibly have any but a demoralizing ((?)) effect influence on the readers. ((Define your terms. But whatever "demoralizing" means, let me suggest that it can ALSO have an emetic effect.)) The reason straight-sex in books is suppressed (I'm leaving the church vote on the sidelines, here) is that generally it's extramarital sex that's portrayed, and society has a vested interest in holding e-m sex down to a minimum (see your county-welfare board for financial details). ((Ghod, what an oversimplification.

Haven't you ever heard of contraceptives?) Whereas many red-blooded unmarried types oppose and resent this vested interest like crazy--naturally enough. But the moral code is society's problem, and welcome to it--it's the emphasis on sex-slayings, sex-kidnapings, torture-rapes, and all the other deliberate linkage of sex with violence and destructive behavior, that bugs me about the crud currently crowding everything else off the stands. Society would gain, I think, by completely eliminating the Sick Sex zines and presenting every high school child with a copy of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" instead. Not that I advocate LCL as part of the curriculum ((why not?)), but it would be an improvement, because the attitudes therein are basically favorable to life and love, anyway. ((Excellent. But I do not see that "eliminating the Sick Sex zines" would do it; that is censorship, like prohibition all over again. A better way might be re-educating the kids so that their attitudes would be healthy, and so that they would recognize the s.s.z.'s for the crud that they are. More: sexually satisfied people presumably have no need for the sex-cum-violence titillation, though they might well get a kick out of "Fanny Hill" or Luisa Sigea; it is sex-starved people who have recognized the hostility in themselves which arises with the sexual excitement (doomed to partial satisfaction or none), who go after the Sick Sex stuff in steady diets. Read Albert Ellis: Sex Without Guilt.))

Haven't figured out, as yet, whether you're a coin-dealer who does part-time social-work involving high-IQ kids, or whether you're a social-work (research?)er who dabbles in coins on the side, possibly at the semi-huckster level. ((Not quite either, Buz.)) Since you travel here and there (Fla., LA) to coin-bug conventions, obviously you are Rebellious more in print than in daily life, unless you have a pass on the railroads. ((I have to finance my fanatic in some way. Actually, I'm head of the Foundation for the Gifted Child, Inc., trying to establish a school for hIQ kids, to which I shall retire to teach. In coins, I do a little buying and selling, but basically I'm a sort of consultant, authenticating disputed rarities, and writing articles. One of these is in the 1961 (forthcoming that is) Encyclopedia Britannica. Oh, yes. I don't need a railroad pass. I go by plane--where maybe a propeller beanie would look less out of place.))

Yours is one of the most interesting ((Thanks!)) and opinionated new zines to appear in SAPS in years. Though you seem to be hanging on to the hatred-for-compromise pitch longer than usual, you've obviously outgrown any addiction to absolutes on the intellectual level, but emotionally things appear to be, if not in black-and-white, at least pretty well confined to primary colors, with you. ((Fando has helped, though, says my psychiatrist.)) You're still pretty well committed to Rebellion-in-thinking, with religion and sex-hypocrisy as primary targets. ((I hope so. I would really be sick if I got complacent about such things.)) But I imagine that in practice you conform where it would be just too damn inconvenient not to, or where you and society just happen to agree anyway, and nonconform where mass-disapproval won't have any concrete effects on you--just about like most of us who aren't especially sold on the way a lot of things are going but who don't feel like becoming fulltime Crusaders. ((I'm not sure you're right, but let's wait and see. I dig existentialism enough to know that if I espouse a philosophy I am going to have to live it--for as long as I am with it.))

While to my mind you seem to be a bit overboard on a few things, you also have a lot of ideas to throw into the pot. One thing I'm wondering, though, about all these strong opinions of yours--are they fixed or constantly evolving? If these are ideas that you adopted several years ago and are content to stick with all your life, you're in a rut. On the other hand, if you've spotted the gimmick that the only important thing about a system of ideas is to keep finding the holes in it and having a better understanding next week than you had last week, you'll do OK. I'm interested in seeing which way it is with you.

Yes, I liked "Dandelion Wine", possibly not as strongly as you did, but quite well. I agree that Bradbury has more to say outside of sf than he ever did in it. What bugged people about Bradbury is the way he hung around the fringes of the field in which he'd made his name.

writing slightly contemptuous-sounding sf to loud plaudits. I enjoyed his earlier terse style in PS and the Standard Twins, dug his strawberry-ice-cream period considerably less and his Playboy stuff hardly at all. This latest book indicates the direction in which he's likely to do the stuff he's really cut out to do; certainly there is no point in judging it in terms of being "by a former s-f writer".

OK...glad to see your zine. All this enthusiasm from the WL is a Good Thing (even though there may have to be some sort of New Setup dreamed up to handle it, since the way things are going, the 35-member limit doesn't mean very much, and there are reasons for it. In the past, non-members' material could be included in members' zines at the discretion of the member; there was no provision for including a non-member's zine in the mailing-bundle. Maybe you and Dick Bergeron and Les Gerber can work up a semi-official deal for an "OE" to collect and distribute WLers' zines separately, or something; that would be something new, at any rate. Well, all this is just off the top of the head...).

((What do you think, Dick Bergeron? Lhes?))

BOB LICHTMAN: Gardyloo! After I finished addressing the envelope to this, I pulled out a stamp as offering to the Ghod Summerfield and noted, with horror and dismay, that it's The Last One! Phoo--now all I can do after I finish this up is start in on my NIAPA offering for the 5th mailing. (Is Les trying to get you into that, too?) ((He's talked about it, but not shown me any mailings as yet. I'll probably look at the next one courtesy of their new OE, Belle Dietz.))

Actually, joining more than one apa is sado-masochism, unless you can work out a System to cope with it. I have--when the mailing arrives, as soon as possible I set out to read it through the first time for checkmarks and enjoyment. In the meantime I am preparing the mastersets for publication by putting on illos, headings, and page numbers. Then I set the apa bundle, all checkmarked (or enough so that I need not worry about running out of comment-ready zines), on the bed beside me, pull out the first ditto master and set to. In this manner I can do up a page in around 40 minutes on the average. For the ((51st)) SAPS mailing it took me about 18 hours to prepare 30 masters for publication, which was a pretty good clip. This includes illoing, lettering, composing, and correcting.

Yes, T 1 showed up and sat around for some 2 weeks before I had the time to read it, so tied up was I with other things. It's presently looming up in the closet atop the SAPS bundle, all checkmarked and daring me to comment. But I shall desist from doing so at present--my plans for the zine run along the lines of putting out a half-issue of HTBS to cover T 1 and various pieces of Insidious Eney Propaganda (which you are mercifully freed from getting, you lucky non-member!). Barring that, I'll stick the comments in a special section of--no, hell, I'll do it now and get it over with. This way I don't have to publish. So the cover was simple enough and I grudge in glee at page after page of Executive typeface, especially since I hadn't thought the stuff would cut a good stencil. Did you have to have the pressure up very high? ((No, about 6 only, with film tabs.))

Interesting comments on this matter of difference in typeface. It's all too true that one with an elite typeface can squeeze quite a few words onto a stencil (as much, I imagine, as you can with your pica Exec) while someone with wide-spaced pica (like NanGee, for inst) can get away with around 500 words to the unillustrated page. ((My Exec face is Heritage 61, which is smaller than their standard pica and a bit larger than their standard elite. I find that about the only normal (so-called) typewriter face that gets more words/page than mine is Ted White's micro-elite.)) And since NanGee is a real nut on illustration, she gets only some 250-300 words per page, on the average. That means when she does one of her big 75-page items, she's really only doing what Toskey or you or I could do in around 25 or so. Maybe there should be a rule--crud-writing members will do MinAct in pica type. But who would be conceited enough to set himself up as judge? ((Probably the OE for that time;

crud might be defined, for these purposes, as material offering the majority of other members no hooks for comment and rarely or never going above MinAct requirements. As I told Buz, I was thinking more of the FAPA 8-page-a-year club.))

I'm in apas for two reasons: 1) egoboo, and 2) entertainment. And not necessarily in that order. As you'll discover if you ever look into the other apas, they're all less mc-prone than SAPS is. OMPA, for instance, in its last mailing, only had 40 pages of MCs out of 179 pages of mailing. I don't get all the FAPA mailings, but the large percentage I do get comes out to about 1/3 mailing comment. And, just now running a check on the recently-arrived 4th N'apa mailing, I find that about 97 of the 242 pages therein are mc. And it should be noted that out of N'apa's 34 members in that mailing, 9 are in SAPS.

Fully intended to look up 'torchecul' but haven't had the time. What is it, pray tell, to save me much inconvenience and soul-searching? ((Soul-searching? Tha's a funny place to hunt for definitions. Anyway, it's French for toilet paper or newsprint, particularly the cheap cruddy kind that shows heavy fibers or wood chips. I was being facetious, of course.))

Our odd-duck physics teacher isn't as bad as you indicate, at least not bad enough to go as far as you think he would. ((I was building a hypothetical case. Anyway, you and DD were the ones who called him a creep.)) Really, he's harmless except for his odd mannerism. Like, suppose someone is having trouble figuring out something and he calls on the teacher for help. So kindly old teacher comes over and helps--while allatime maybe feeling all over student's neck and practically hugging him and all. ((This they call YMCA secretary disease--otherwise known as laying on of hands. I guess he's starved for affection or something.)) And during tests: one time I was sitting there concentrating on solving some problem or other and he comes up (I didn't notice him) and grabs me on the left breast, right dead center--and twists, hard! Ghod!

The plural of faaaan is faaaans--not feeen as it should be to remain consistent with fan and fen. Why should ^{we} be logical?

Lord, yes, fandom discovered Pogo and his swamp critturs long long ago, as anyone dating back to the old Quandry days could tell you. Quandry was "Fandom's Favorite Swampzine" and the greenish pulp paper it was mimeod on was affectionately called "Swamptone". Biggest present-day Pogo fans in fandom are Maggie Curtis and the Linards.

As for the Peanuts strip, my favorite character is Linus.

Glad to see we agree about "patriotism". To me, this business of pledging allegiance to a flag is the most ridiculous thing one can permit himself to do ((How about joining the American Legion?)), yet because of an idiotic State Law (!) we highschoolers (indeed, all school attendees) are forced to do so every school day at the beginning of third period. You'd think the fact that we will be paying taxes very soon ((aren't you already? or don't you smoke, drink, drive, take bus or train rides, etc.??)) to support the government would be enough of a sop to them. ((Not to mention the fact that most of us will have to endure some time in the army, possibly even dying for the said government.)) But no: like so many frightened children, afraid that our Big Dream will explode if we don't re-affirm our Faith to a Big Brother-like balloon (under the guise of 'patriotism'), we have to do it. Pah! The country is getting Rome-like when it starts this sort of nonsense. I figure that just about now will be the starting point for some future Gibbon's "Decline & Fall of the American 'Democracy'". Agree? If not, why? ((I would begin the story of the D & F somewhat earlier, say with the era of Jacksonian mobocracy and the Populist party. We really began to hit the toboggan when LMJs Comstock, Volstead and McCarthy came along./ But back to the pledge of allegiance: it is of course useless for proving anything, as a person who (like you) objects to it might well, in a crisis, do heroic deeds while his slogan-spouting classmate would turn traitor--or vice versa, or anything in between. Judging a person's verbally expressed (pretended?) intent, rather than his actions, is part of our Ghlorious Christian Heritage. Echhh. In other words, the pledge of allegiance is cut out of the same cloth as the loyalty

oath, and I already had something to say about this in my letteracomment in CRY 137.))

There's nothing wrong with 60% MCs (your comments to Jacobs): for those who are already members it's just a continuing delayed-action conversation, and some excellent essays are produced therein, but I imagine that for one (such as you) who is just coming in, it's a bit hard to follow. ((True. I was a bit hasty, judging by some extremely laconic --almost cryptic--comments in some SAPzines. But you will notice I awarded egoboo to some SAPS for the generally interesting quality of their mc's. Now that I've seen two mailings, I'm a bit more complacent about 60%-mc mailings.)) I know I felt somewhat the same way myself. Take the Cosmic Viewpoint, friend; ((ohod, let's not raise the ghost of Clod Degler!)) in a very short time you will know as much of what is going on as the rest of us do.

Our foreign exchange student this year at h.s. is from Norway and he corroborates wholeheartedly your Word on Scandinavian morals. Gee, just imagine the fun a sensitive fannish soul could have in countries like that! Hey, will have to write Sture Sedolin and see what's what. ((Let's hear what the Swedish Trufaan has to say about it, maybe in HTBS?))

But there's not 20+ million N' Yawkopolitans to evacuate. Mighod, the whole state doesn't have that many people in it (barring such a thing happening in the census shortly, of course). It's more like 10 million, no (counting fringe areas connected to the metropolitan area--including the slopover into NJ)? ((The actual number is between 10 and 20 million and I have seen it estimated as over 20, counting some outlying areas and transients-- I think it was in some anti-Hbomb crudsheet.))

S--- could be anything within the laws of chance. Something like 2600 possibilities: ${}_{26}C_3 = (26 \times 25 \times 24)/3! = 2600$. ((If you count all the unpronounceable combinations as possibilities, I suppose you're right. I was limiting it to possible fannish terms or abbrs.))

I always dream in color, too, except when on rare occasions I dream in half-tones with the main items in color. Can you duplicate that? ((Sorry--no Stenafax. But seriously, I never heard of anything like that; have any other SAPVEEPS?)) This would be a good place to go into dreams, but I'll try to refrain. ((No, do go into them! They're interesting and probably will provide several hundred handles for comments.)) On a stiffian subject, I recall that I used to dream that I was some kind of spaceman hero with a gun that would shoot out cobweb-like strands and get my opponents all tangled up. This might not be very practicable or practical in realife, but it worked amazingly well in dreams. ((Had you been studying spiders? Mighod, what a psychoanalyst would do with that dream!))

While croggling at your statement about planned obsolescence in dictionaries, I must mention that I usually manage to drive somebody crazy (my English teacher) by using "obsolete" words in essays. Or, barring that, just plain obscure words. Had her all shook up once with "essayical", which she was sure I'd made up until I dragged out the unabridged from the shelf and showed it to her. And always have it one-up on her when she marks such things off on essays--plonking explainer I. ((Lifemanship, new division: Wordsmanship; Potterians please copy. --Bob, you ought to dig the Charteris "Saint" stories--LC delights in the same kind of thing, as do I.))

If that parakeet prefers heavy paper stock, I wonder how he'd go for some 150-lb. glossy coated stuff I have lying around. (Same stuff as used on KTP #1 in the 4th N'apa mailing-- ask Les to show you his copy.)

Yes, second your praise of Feiffer--he has a weekly/irregular col in the local paper which keeps me uptodate on his cartooning, and of course I've laffed through both books.

On occasions (admittedly rare) I am not only able to get the desired dream to come back when I wake up and then go back to sleep again, but several times I was able to pick up on it the next evening! Talk about serials!

And more on dreams...When I was very young, I used to dream about going to the bathroom to urinate and would wake up with--you guessed it. Once dreamed about sitting for hours on a hard chair to wake up to find that my pillow had done fallen on the floor overnight and while my bed wasn't hard it's not pillow-soft either. ((Hmmm, that seems to put a dent into the Freudian theory that one purpose of a dream is to express wish-fulfillment and its basic function is to preserve sleep. I can corroborate your experience with my own dreams.)) As for fannish dreams, once I had a very interesting dream (back last Nov, or Dec. when I first discovered I was in OMPA) in which I conjured up an entire OMPA mailing, including covers and titles and various deathless lines. But it wasn't a very good guess, as I found out when I got the mailing. For one thing, the imagined mailing was over 400 pages, but the actual was only 179. And the zines were quite different. ((Maybe your dream referred to a mailing that hasn't come off yet. Did you write it down? I'll be interested to see how your dream compares with the first OMPA mailing to exceed 400 pages.)) Shall we go into feely dreams--no, I think not now... ((Too bad--they would have been more fun even than the fannish dreams.))

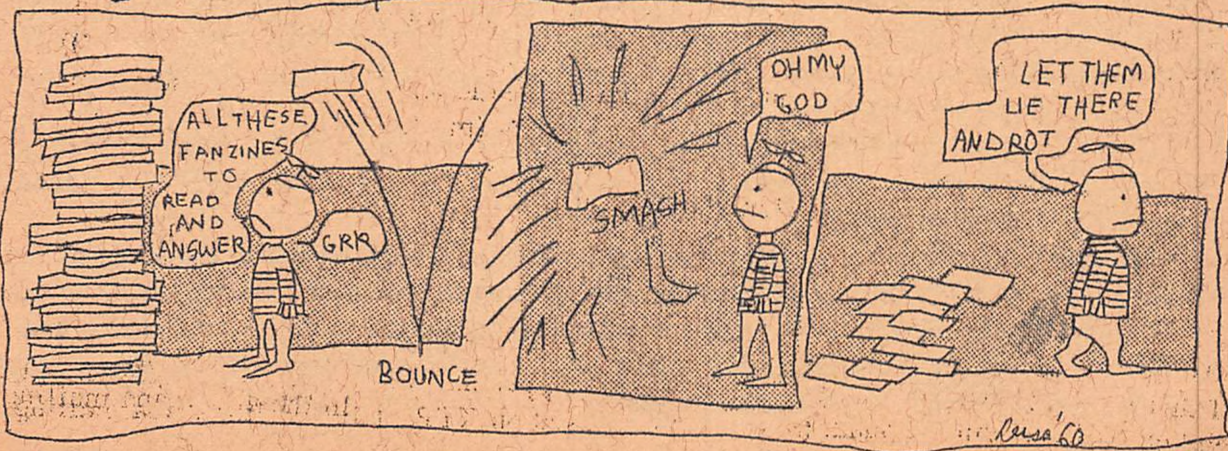
Oh: do you occasionally have this sudden feeling of everything collapsing from under you during a dream that may be but faintly related? Most annoying, and never fails to wake me up. ((No, but sometimes I will hear something like a doorbell or alarm bell in an unrelated dream, and wake up very abruptly, realizing that there was no actual bell. I don't have any data on either phenomenon, and they aren't mentioned in Kleitman's book either.))

Enjoyed your book-author talk but nothing provided a spark therein.

I will get the entire edition of T 2, won't I? ((Look and see.)) Ferghodsakes, don't leave out the general material. ((T will undergo fission in some future ish, one half becoming genzine, the other SAPS mczine, the former on--I hope--a 6/year basis.)) I doubt that Tosk would reject the zine, but might be a good idea (and bring favor from members who are beginning to grotch about wlers having zines in mailings) to contribute some \$ to the treasury to help cover postage on your offering. ((Or at worst postmail it.)) If your general section is going to run 30 pages, I imagine your mc's will run at least that and that taken all at once is a Big Fine. You could conceivably be the biggest producer in the mailing. Might suggest at least \$5 forked over to the OE if the zine runs 50 pages or more.

As for Toskey, he will be deposed after sending out this 51st mailing, and the new OE will be either Harness or Eney or MCarr or Kemp. I hope Eney, but wouldn't gripe at Harness or Carr especially. I would gripeat Kemp though--his views on SAPS (witness Frigid Faction) are too radical for me to want him in the OEasy-chair. ((I thought that any person who would run for OE had to be a masochist?))

JONES by ANDY REISS



special bonus

the new york fan seen

by Les Gerber, HFP

There seems to be a renaissance going on in New York fandom currently. Ted White is pubbing VOID regularly again (and it seems to have improved greatly), fakefan Andy Reiss has become hyper-active almost overnight, the editor of this rag has burst upon fandom ((gee, I hope you didn't get splattered!)), the Faircon committee is planning all sorts of projects, at least one of which I intend to carry out personally, and it seems that I'm the only one who hasn't suddenly started or increased production. But that's the way it goes. I guess I should have dropped out of fandom for a year or so, so that when I came back I might have made some impression. I mean, there must be someone who would have been glad to see me. But I'm always around, just lying here like a slug, turning out pages and pages of hack faan crud ((like f' rinstance the hoax FANAC?)) and "poorly mimeographed substandard Gerberzines" (courtesy of Tom Condit).

A couple of weeks ago, Andy and I were up at Walter's place. Andy had his drawing pen with him, and when he discovered that Walter had a huge bunch of crud paper, he grabbed a handful and started drawing cartoons like mad. ((And some are now in this.)) Some of them were pretty funny, too. I wrote the following mess as it was happening, on Walter's typer.

Reiss is drawing another damn cartoon. He's drawn a dozen so far this evening and shows no signs of letting up.

"Reiss," I said, "you're in a rut."

"Why?" he said. The fool!

"You're spending all your time drawing these damn cartoons. Why don't you do something really fannish, like going out and jumping off the Empire State Building?"

But he didn't answer. I don't think he appreciates my subtle wit.

Reiss made a fabulous announcement: "I have run out of ideas."

"Thank Ghod," I said.

"I'll get some more in a second," he replied, blowing his nose.

"Well, that's the way--blowing your nose."

"I shall now play the piano," announced Reiss. He doesn't know how to play the piano. He proceeded to prove it.

"In this corner," said Walter, "Andy Reiss. In the other corner, Chopin."

"Yeah, Reiss," I added, "stop chopin up the keyboard."

But nothing works. As I type, Reiss is still playing. And he still doesn't know how.

"I draw cartoons as a sex substitute," said Reiss. He thinks he's kidding, too.

When he saw me get up to type this, he said, "It's no use. I can turn out cartoons faster than you can write.....there! I've finished one!" ((He had and it was good.))

I don't care though. My writing will live forever. Reiss's cartoons won't. Sometime this evening I'm going to grab them and rip them to tiny bitty shreds!

But I didn't. He smuggled them out safely. I haven't yet seen any in print, but I suppose he'll eventually get them printed. That's why I had to include this--that and to prove that this sort of stuff really goes on.

###

Ted and Sylvia White went with me to the last Faircon Committee meeting. Ted had promised me that he would have no objection to a regional Faircon and would even lend his support, so he decided to make good his promise by attending a committee meeting. We had spent the afternoon at Walter's (the first time Ted and Sylvia had met Walter) and in the evening we travelled up to Belle's place.

It was my first Faircon Committee meeting, too (the Committee had voted to make me

a member at its first meeting) and I was expecting it to be pretty dull. I suppose Ted was, too. Boy, were we surprised. After all sorts of interesting chatter, we got down to business. Frank Dietz read the minutes, interspersing comments so smoothly that you could hardly tell they weren't written on the paper he was reading until you got the joke and started to laugh. Somebody protested that the secretary was inept, and he countered by saying that he hadn't wanted to be secretary and had declined the nomination, but he had been voted into the position unanimously anyway. Then Belle took over and steered the meeting. A steady stream of gags continued, but while laughing our guts out we still managed to get quite a bit accomplished. We decided that the Committee would incorporate by 1962 and specify on the incorporation certificate that we would dissolve in 1965. We would finance the incorporation by each paying a certain amount of money (as dues) to be refunded from the profits of the Faircon (if any). Also planned for fund raising was a series of fannish reprints. I had been planning a series of reprints anyway, but was postponing them until I could finance the project. The Faircon will support these reprints (and take in the profits, but I don't care about that.). We also planned to program fannish events.

This meeting, though, was just like my idea of a meeting of the Nameless Ones. I hope there will be another one soon.

Maybe the Faircon won't be so dull after all.

The Fourth Lunacon, held April 10, was more fun than the other two I'd seen. Not that they were dull, but this one was much livelier.

First of interest was my first meeting with Jeff Wanshel. Jeff is a very lively kid, and not only writes but also acts in a much more mature fashion than I've seen from anyone his age and most people of mine. ((12 and 16.)) We didn't get to talk as much as I would have liked, because there was so much to do, but I did enjoy what conversation we had very much. I'm looking forward to the next time Jeff's in New York. ((So am I.))

I also met George Wells again with his parents. I hadn't seen George since Xmas 1958, when I spent a most enjoyable week at his home in Riverhead. Again I didn't get a chance to talk much, but I enjoyed seeing George again. I think he's one of the most misunderstood people in fandom. He published the perennial crudzine, SICK ELEPHANT, but I can't understand why. He certainly has the imagination, talent and intelligence to do better. If George ever decides to make a comeback and puts a very good fanzine, I'll probably be the least surprised person in fandom.

I saw someone carrying two large bundles of fnz, and, deciding they were probably for sale, I descended on their owner. It was Marty Fleischman, and the fnz were indeed for sale. I bought most of them--about 15 lbs. of fnz, almost all of them good and some very rare--for \$2.50, probably the best \$2.50 I ever spent. I also talked to Marty. He said he had dropped out of SAPS after finally getting in for the second time. Too bad! But what surprised me most was his reason for dropping out. He couldn't be active in both SAPS and FAPA, so he chose FAPA. Nut! Owell, I'm one place up on the waiting list, anyway.

Finally, and just about on schedule, the con got going. Hans Santesson was MC.

The first items on the program were the Moskowitz Detention films. Chris narrated, missing lots of people and mentioning her friends a little too often. The films were fair; projection wasn't too good but it was still obvious that Frank Dietz's are better. Then Chris showed a film of her and SaM's wedding so we could see the fans in attendance. But it wasn't worth it, as audience comments seemed to indicate. This film was taken by Frank, and was better.

Then Ed Emsh, guest of honor, showed his film "The Big Vacation." We'd seen it at the last Lunacon, but nobody even thought of objecting. "TBV" is a marvelously funny film.

Hal Lynch talked for a few minutes on the Pittnik, a chartered bus trip from Philly to the Pittcon. Many of the audience, including me, were interested in this, but others were pretty

rude. I was pretty angry at that.

Hans introduced two speeches, from Randy Garrett and Judy Merrill. Randy spoke on Kingsley Amis's book 'New Maps of Hell', a critique of stf. Randy speaks well, but a little preparation usually helps a speech. Randy had none, and showed it. Still, he got in some good points and proved that Amis didn't know what he was writing about.

"Kingsley Amis or Amus or...that is an 'm'!"

Randy Garrett

Judy Merrill talked about meeting Randy for the first time ten years ago, and rambled about stf in general and her own forthcoming books in particular. She mentioned that in

"We're getting classier and classier ((with 'SF'))."

"You mean you're publishing more William Tenn?"

order to appeal to a wider audience the words 'science-fiction' wouldn't be on the cover of the next volume--it would be just 'SF'--and Bob Silverberg commented, "Why don't you leave the title off altogether and aim for an even wider audience?"

Then Randy, apparently not quite sure that we were convinced of Amis's stupidity, read a ¶ from NMOH on Cyril Kornbluth, saying that "CMK had been a hack adventure writer, and probably wrote only the adventure scenes in was was probably the best stf novel written so far, 'The Space Merchants', leaving the sociology to Fred Pohl." No comment necessary.

Hans introduced Garry Davis, world citizen, who did not speak (yet; anyway.). An auction was held, during which some items didn't sell but those that did brought good prices. SAM was quite persuasive once he got someone to bid. Then the intermission came, featuring coffee or tea (I had neither) and muffins (I had 3) and discussion with as many people as I could catch.

After the intermission, Hans introduced Frank Dietz for a speech on TAFF. Frank merely described TAFF, leaving the plugging of S&y to a large sign on the wall. Underneath the sign were TAFF ballots and a page from PEALS about S&y.

Then Hans introduced Silverberg, who presented Emsh with a plaque on behalf of the Lunarians. Ed made a short speech thanking the Lunarians and the audience.

Before Emsh's films were shown, Hans called for applause for the Lunacon's organizers, Frank and Belle Dietz. The audience showed their appreciation by roaring for about a minute. Frank and Belle deserved it. After all, they've put on the Lunacon almost single-handed for four years.

Then ChrisMos showed slides of four Emsh paintings, and the highlight of the program began. The first film, "Paintings by Ed Emshwiller," was another repeat from last year's program, but again nobody minded. It showed paintings in progress--how they are sketched and painted--and it was really astounding to see blobs of paint begin to look like things.

The next, "Seascape", starring the Crab Players, was a really funny surrealistic fantasy of a man walking along the beach and all sorts of weird things happening to him. It was black & white with a taped sound track ((piano improvisations)). The introduction was especially funny--a horseshoe crab slowly crawling along the beach with ballet music playing.((The crab reappeared at the end, this time on its back and thoroughly dead.))

The third film, "The Thing from the Back Issues," taken at a Milford stf writers' convention, was a very funny satire on The Puppet Masters and various old horror films. It had a thing, born out of a pile of old prozines, taking control of the writers and having them mass-produce stf at fantastic speed. Again, b&w with taped sound.

The fourth was the much-heralded "Dance Chromatic." I'm sure that those of us who were at the Detention didn't mind seeing it again. For the rest of us, it was a real experience. I can't really even attempt to describe the film, except to note that a fantastic amount of work must have gone into it, and I have rarely seen anything so beautiful. It was in color, and the sound track was an extraordinary piece of modern music. ((Lou Harrison's Canticle. I can best compare the film to a mescaline vision. A leotard-clad girl improvised

a solo dance to this music, by turns wildly exciting, terrifying and rejoicing, the while Emsh colors swirled around her, building themselves up into nameless shapes and backdrops and passageways in and out of which she darted. Sometimes these background colors--highly textured like much of Emsh's abstract painting--moved in different planes and curves, while she seemed to dance in an unreal space. At other times she was seen in double or even multiple exposure, dancing as though she were partners in some unearthly ballet. The whole spectacle was a wild emotional experience, unlike anything else I have seen in film, though I have heard of another fantasy-ballet film experiment, "Entr'Acte" (c. 1924). Not having seen the latter, I do not know whether Emsh's film is related to it; can any readers answer this one? Sorry for interrupting, Les.) The audience again showed its appreciation with a long and loud round of applause, ((and shouts of "Bravo!" Many were on their feet.)). I would like to see the film again. ((Wouldn't we all! This film ought to be shown at the Pittcon, and it is a shame that the pollsters didn't create a film category so that Dance Chromatic could be awarded a Hugo.))

Hans introduced Garry Davis again, and this time he spoke. He announced that he had just 30 minutes ago formed another world government, this time for Mars, and announced the charter members of the government (several convention attendees). He appointed Randall Garrett "Secretary of Extra-Solar Affairs" and invited any of the audience to join. I decided not to.

Another auction was held, during which most of the audience left. A Cartier drawing didn't even draw a bid, while SF Book Club selections went for a dollar. Crazy! I bought a stack of crudzines (with a few good ones) for 80¢. It was a fair buy, but nothing like the stack I'd gotten from Fleischman. ((This may be the appropriate place to recall that someone was having his trouble even giving away copies of Gemzine.))

After the auction, we held the last item on the program, a Gerber-conceived faneds' panel. It was originally supposed to consist of Ted White, Sylvia, Belle and me, but Jimmy Taurasi and Sidney Porcelain were added at the last moment. I could understand Jimmy being on the panel (and I was glad when he started to talk) but I still don't know why Porcelain was there. Hans was supposed to moderate the panel, but he just introduced it and gave me the microphone. I didn't know what to do. I was afraid of just repeating the questions asked at the Detention. Finally, I came up with an idea, and I asked whether the panel thought there was a possibility of a split between science-fiction fandom and fanzine fandom so that people interested in both would find themselves participating in two separate fandoms, and I cited NEW FRONTIERS and AMRA as examples. It was a pretty stupid question, and I knew it, but at least it brought discussion. Ken Beale, speaking from the floor, went into his old story about how today's fanzines were so much cruddier than the ones of his day, admitting that he saw only those fanzines that Dave MacDonald received (probably all fringe zines). Taurasi mentioned that he published a magazine on model trains, but he didn't call his a fanzine. ((Why not, if there's a model train fandom? Leeh pubs GARDYLOO, a fanzine of folk-song fandom.)) Porcelain said that fans should devote their fanzines to recruiting s-f fans. Sylvia mentioned that the Florida Speleological Society (a caving group at the University of Florida) had become an s-f club. Belle said that fans read and publish what they like. Ted demolished Beale, Porcelain and Taurasi. It was a lot of fun. Unfortunately, we ran out of time while we were still discussing the first question. I hope we'll get a chance to do it again; it was fun. ((Les, I think I've figured out why they put Porcelain in. Partly to give him recognition as a representative of Paleofandom--I think he said he was a fan in the 1920's--and partly for contrast; I wouldn't be surprised to hear that they thought of him as a foil to the rest of you.))

After that, there was lots of cleaning up to do, and saying of good-bye to George and Jeff. That I didn't enjoy. I also asked Jeff for some cartoons he'd been scrawling during the convention, but White already had them. I asked Andy for the cartoons he'd been doing to illustrate this report, but White had them too. Damn!

But the Lunacon was fun--much more fannish than last year's, and much more enjoyable.

And I got over seventeen pounds of fanzines!

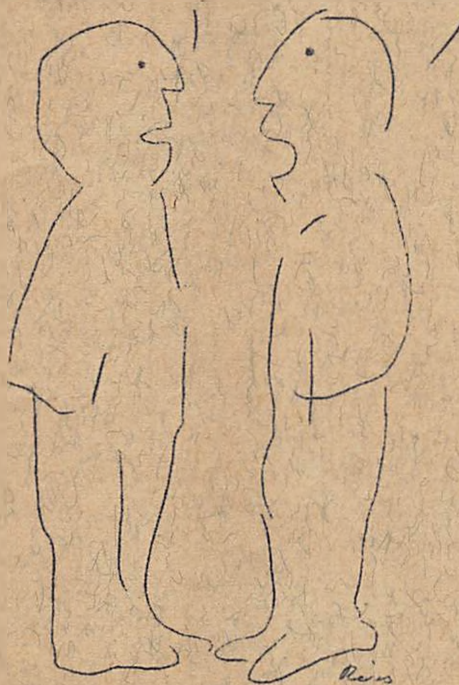
((I think Les has pretty well captured the spirit of the Lunacon. There isn't much I could add to the conreport except to mention that most of the audience didn't dig Judith Merrill nearly as much in person as in her anthologies. Hans repeatedly had to try to restore quiet in the back of the room, but it wasn't for 7th Fandom reasons--just that the Reiss and Wanshel cartoons were being passed around, almost like notes in a school-room, and were setting off gusts of laughter. I can appreciate Hans's position, but I can't help thinking that the cartoons were more interesting than some of the speeches. In turning the mike over to Les without giving him advance notice, Hans played a trick on him, but the boy acted as though nothing out of the common had occurred, as if it were all part of the prearranged plan. Very well and maturely done, Les.))

There's going to be a big session today to print TESSERACT. Ted, Walter, Andy and I will be at Ted's place. If anything happens, I'll write it up for the next issue. And something's bound to happen when you get four fans near a mimeograph...

lsg

SO WHAT
HAPPENED AT
THE
LUNACON?

WELL, ED EMMETT
SHOWED SOME
GOOD FILMS...





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