

BANE











Ya, Bane, a fan magazine with stfnal inclinations, edited frequently but published sporadically by Vic Ryan, at Box 92, 2305 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Illinois, U.S.A. This issue is being published (and quite reasonably, too) by Buck Coulson; whether he wants to undertake further, similar efforts is something that you'd best ask him, personally.

A FEW OF THE MORE OUTSTANDING CONTENTS:

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There are certain changes currently evolving in the editorial policy; chiefly, they take the form of trying to cut down (superfluous) readership, particularly now that I'm unable to print the magazine myself and have to turn to mercenary aid, albeit relatively painless. Ergo, from this moment on (though you may not have sensed the intricate mechanisms re-meshing) subscriptions are being emphasized to a greater degree. One issue costs 25¢; a year's subscription--four issues, the larger-than-usual annish included--are one dollar.

Letters are still acceptable payment, be they good; all printed letters are arbitrarily considered "good"; others by whim. Contributions and artwork, as always. Trades, of course, but the finances demand a re-evaluation in some cases--including in the favor of some other editors, in a few cases. (Next issue: about the first of April.)

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TWIXT THEN AND NOW: Come September, I bid fond adieu to a halycon summer of furniture-moving and hyperfanning, to enter college at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. Needless to say, there was the usual modicum of hand-shaking, stardust-shifting, and suppressed knee-quivering; the mimeograph and sixty pounds of stfmags were unloaded upon Tucker, a number of letters written and stencils produced, and divers obligations were either disposed of honorably or shamefacedly neglected, once and for all.

Any number of adjustments had to be made, of course, such as learning to sleep in a bed which seemed feet less in length than myself, or managing to read Machiavelli in the midst of a round-table discussion of the merits of the various sororities. After the first miserable week of convocations (each completely undistinguishable from the previous podium-pimping), things quieted down to a mild rat-race, and have been such, ever since.

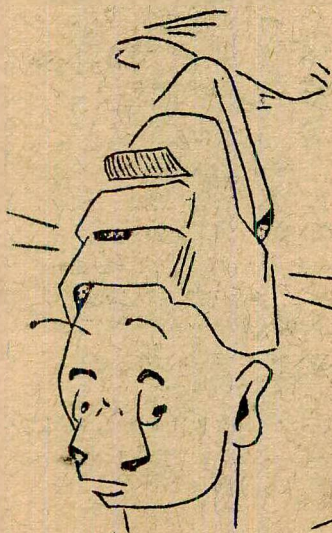
But Epicurus forbid the total dominance of academic pursuits; beyond a certain degree, a pox upon them. Collig social life is hardly overrated, suiting, as it does, the needs of nearly everyone. No matter what the time of the day or night, some slight pandemonium is close at hand, and thus time is fritted away with the No-Doz set. Of course, there's Chicago-area fandom, too, a completely variegated group of "old"--and new--acquaintances. The Kemps, Jim O'Meara, Joe Sarno and Jerry DeMuth I remembered from the Midwestcon, though my memory was hazy on details of who told me what, and about whom, and whether it was advisable to repeat such remarks, anyhow.

Then, I've met others, too: Marty Moore, an Asimovian giant with a heart of gold and an arsenal capable of defending it; Rosemary and Richard Hickey, fine people; Mark Irwin; and a number of other pleasurable locals. It wasn't long, of course, before I sought out Harlan Ellison. Harlan Ellison, Living Legend. We had had a brief telephone conversation, wherein he provided me with vague temporal and spatial co-ordinates for his offices; a few hastily contrived innovations (such as an office in an obscure wing of a local bank and a door reading "Blake Pharmaceuticals") proved worthless.

Now Harlan has departed, freelancing, and replacing him is A.J. Budrys, Lithuanian soldier and Editor Emeritus; he's an eminently personable fellow. The same, however, cannot be said for Unle Sam, who, in recent months, has seen fit to draft a sizable portion of

Chicago-area fandom and leave others trembling in their (still-civilian) boots. First Joe Sarno, who was expecting to be turned down; then Mark Irwin, who wasn't counting on anything but getting it over with; and, most recently, Jerry DeMuth, who's been fighting a running/losing battle with the Armed Forces over occupation whilst in uniform.

Not only is the turn of events unpleasant personally, but it's more than a small blow to a convention committee that was already overloading several (albeit willing) individuals. Whether or not



homily

EDITOR



it'll prove any compensation that I've come across a couple of proto-type fans within the past couple of months remains to be seen. Some of you, incidentally, will have had some contact with either of the chaps.

First was Ron Harris, a tall, quiet freshman from Peoria, Illinois; a casual remark he made concerning his dislike for literature in general but fondness for stf in particular, led me to spread the gospel. Al Rudis came next; physically he's slight of brawn and bone, but he's more than affable, and a capable enough writer to be a potentially fine fan. (Cause of connection: he spotted me reading Heinlein's Stranger in a Strange Land, a little IPSO homework.) Ron has appreciated the fanzines he's received, but as yet isn't sufficiently interested in working his arse off to continue getting them; Al, however, is interested. (Al Rudis, Box 97, 2305 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Illinois; I would guess that it'd be worth your time.)

Which, all things considered, brings us pretty well up-to-date. The parties have been too numerous to mention in any detail; such trivia as a listing of the various subjects in which I'm enrolled, when, and why, would be on an entertainment level somewhat akin to an index of the Hardy Boy adventures. It might be of interest to some of you, though, to know that my professor in Introduction to Literature is Bergan Evans, who moderates various television shows from time to time, and has authored, among other things, a lexicon (of sorts), detailing the origins of various words (some of which--such as "goose"--were picked up by Rogue and used as a "column") as well as The Natural History of Nonsense. His lectures are even more entertaining; the books covered have been, generally, worth more than minimum effort, which time often necessitates be devoted to other matters.

If'n only I was a passin'...

GALOUYE'S EARS: The little by Daniel Galouye that I've read has always impressed me tremendously. At a time when Galaxy was publishing the best novellas in the field, one in particular--"City of Force"--struck me as being more than memorable. The writing talent was obvious, of course, but most striking was the precise wonder of an environment such as Galouye vividly pictured.

Obviously it's a talent he's obviously able to cultivate with effort, and probably at will; Dark Universe graphically illustrates this. In "City of Force", Galouye's future metropolis, controlled by super-beings and subsisting on carefully molded "globs" of pure energy, was no more distinctive a mental panorama than this description of a society existing in darkness, far below the post-Atomiggedon surface.

It's annoying that a book should be so cohesively perfect; a reader of science fiction, by varying bits and degrees, comes to expect a certain, inevitable phoniness about the environment into which he is asked to step--for, after all, the writer may be technically proficient, but he's still writing about situations with which he is personally unacquainted. Galouye is no more cognizant of the post-Bomb world than any of a score of other writers who previously explored the theme, but he still creates a magnificent illusion of reality in his descriptions. For example, "light", a taken-for-granted entity in a sunlit world, takes on mystical and theological implications in a society which has never experienced it--and so on.



Not that the reader can delve deeply into Dark Universe and come up without objections; a number of complaints have more than passing validity. Galouye's characters tend to be overly adolescent in situations where an adult protagonist with an obvious air of maturity might better fit. The emphasis on craftsmanship of setting gives something of a vague feeling that he's "overdoing it." Much is too obvious from context but annoyingly unnamed in print. And so on.

Still, it's a fascinating book; a well-told story, complete with a near-perfect ethnology and interesting complications, and, perhaps, prophetic, even symbolic, value; only Galouye knows, for he doesn't command the interest and discussion prompted by a Heinlein or a Sturgeon.

And then there's Stranger...

AND COME LABOR DAY things will be going on in Chicago, as you may, by now, have realized. The World Science Fiction Convention (sub-20) will hold its debauch at the Pick-Congress Hotel in Chicago, Illinois, roughly from August 31st to September 3rd, 1962. It's advisable that you be there, of course, to listen to Sturgeon's speech, taste the wit of Bloch and Tucker (singly and collectively), take the I.Q. test, and have jolly good fun of that sort. (I trust there'll be partying again; at several previous conventions this informal facet of the proceedings has met with a certain degree of success.)

It's even more advisable, however, to send \$2 to the 20th World Science Fiction Convention, Box 4864, Chicago 80, Illinois, for your membership fee; checks and money orders payable to George Price, who's disgustingly trustworthy about such things. Do it NOW, so as to keep up with all the informational goodies which'll be sprouting up in forthcoming progress reports.

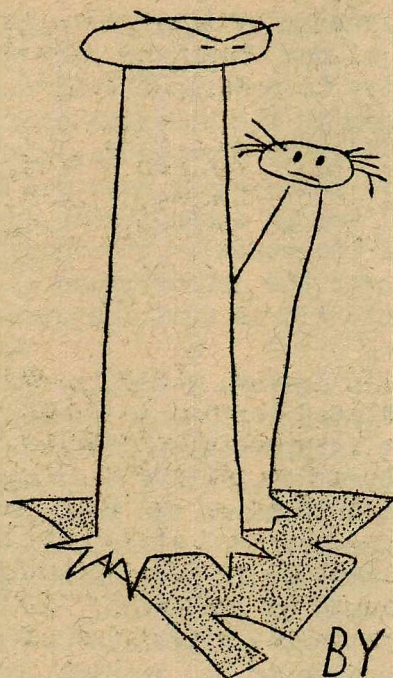
As I mentioned earlier, there's been a good deal of labor lost thanks to AFInduction, which has necessitated some re-evaluation of work-loads and re-assignment of various tasks. Personally, I'll be handling the "Retail Table", a vague position brought about by the fact that the convention has some fabulous auction material, but only a brief amount of program time in which to pass it on; ergo, only the very best items, such as the magnificent Emsh paintings (bring lotsa money!) will be offered at the auction itself; the magazines, fanzines, and various items of worth to fans will be available on the usual, capitalistic basis. In all likelihood, some of the items will be available before the convention, to assure those interested in any specific item that they'll get it; the only catch is that the committee will do no-repeat, no--mailing of such items; either the purchaser or some assigned agent will have to pick up the items. More of this, probably, in some future progress report.

Incidentally, deadline for the next progress report is 15 February; rates available on request from anyone who might be suspected to have the necessary information, myself included.

ODDS AT ENDS: First of all, Bane has added to its rolls a new columnist; specifically, a new fanzine reviewer. In the past year or so I've turned down a number of offers, two of which were tempting to a great degree, having been offered, as they were, by two fans of more than a little talent in such matters. Yet, in all instances, I declined, for lack of space. However, the most recent temptation proved too strong, and I acquiesced, though not unwillingly, under the circumstances. The new reviewer is Gregg Calkins, esq.

← Continued on page 20 →





# ~~CENSORSHIP~~

## THE REAL ISSUES

BY WALTER BREEN

DEDICATED TO MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY

Other than becoming actually embroiled in censorship as victim or abettor, the most important danger we readers face concerning it is that of falling into one of the common, oversimplified positions, to the detriment and discouragement of any subsequent thought on the subject.

These oversimplified positions, each with its own individual weaknesses and associated fallacies, are three:

(1) Conservative: "We have to keep people's minds from being corrupted by bad material whether in literature, movies, TV, radio, drama, or any other communications media. People tend to believe what they hear often enough or what they read in print. An alert censorship program is the only way to protect citizens from insidious propoganda, which would give them wrong ideas about our American Way of Life; to protect young children from pornography which would get them interested in harmful kinds of sexual experimentation and divert them from the true path of normal family life; to protect sick people from medical quackery which would raise their hopes by promising miracles if only they would buy Doctor Soandso's Patent Nostrum; to protect sincere religious people from offensive or blasphemous material which might disturb or destroy their faith; to keep technical information on murder and torture methods from would-be murderers and sadists--in short, to contribute to the preservation of public morality, public health, and political sanity."

(The above is the official government position, as well as the position espoused by the communists and the Church--strange bedfellows, these; but all are, note well, interested in preserving an indurated and embattled social order unchanged or, at most, with minimal, gradual changes. )

(2) Moderate: "Although adults can judge the desirability of material they see in print or come into contact with in the various mass media, we must nevertheless monitor what our children get exposed to in and out of school, as children can neither rebut communist or other propoganda, nor remain unaffected by pornographic or sadistic material."

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From the superficially sensible sound of this position, it is the one most often encountered in even the liberal grass roots as well as in more intellectual circles.

(3) Liberal: "Censorship is unequivocally bad. Freedom of the Press, guaranteed by the constitution of the United States, is a Good Thing and must be preserved against reactionaries and fascists who would try to destroy it. If we allow even the kind and extent of censorship as described in the Moderate program, where are we going to draw the line? Many adults can't rebut propaganda, either, and they are just as susceptible to pornography as are kids--maybe more so. Allow censors any power, however limited, and they will try to extend their domains without limit, just as has every other organ of the state or the church throughout history. Moreover, who is going to watch over the censors; who will prevent them from generalizing 'I don't like this' into 'It is evil for everyone else'?"

This position is common among intellectuals and in fandom. Actually, the three positions represent three common points on an almost continuous scale; there are individuals espousing almost any imaginable intermediate position. In order to escape the accusation of having set up straw men, I have made the three arguments as strong as possible, realizing that this makes the task of rebutting each one more difficult than it would otherwise be. And, after all, censorship is not a simple matter of Us versus Them, as many would have us believe; there are realities which can be pointed to by proponents of each side.

I will simplify matters first by disposing of the Conservative and Moderate positions, as the arguments against them are strong enough to be, I think, decisive.

There is more than a reasonable doubt that censorship programs have ever contributed materially to the preservation of a social order already accepted as worth keeping. Rather, they have been one of the numerous emergency tactics of embattled hierarchies, political or ecclesiastical. They have been a mark of fear, not of confidence that the Right Will Win Out. They have grown out of moralists' will to power.

Specifically: the classes of literature subjected to censorship are regularly three, with occasional additions. They are politics ("treasonable material", attacks on the rulers or their policies, and defenses of (or propaganda for) rival systems, rival nations, etc.; and, in more recent times, pacifist and anarchist materials have been included under this rubric), sex (pornography, erotic realism in the Kronhausen sense, erotic surrealism, "licentiousness", ribaldry (especially when directed at state or church higher-ups)), and religion (anticlerical, heretical or atheistic material). The exceptions generally are economic works (Marx, Babeuf, Blanc), material on magic or witchcraft (Roger Bacon, Agrippa, Cagliostro), violence (Sir Thomas Malory) or anti-semitism (Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, Dickens' Oliver Twist and the anonymous Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion.) But the vast majority of banned works has dealt with politics, sex or religion, with some overlapping (Boccaccio, Roger Williams, Diderot, Zola, Descartes.) Figures may be of some interest here.

Exclusive of hard-core pornography, the tabulation I arrived at of numbers of titles banned in these various categories since the fourth century B.C. (based in part on the Anne Lyon Haight study of banned books) gives:

Politics--263, plus some 2,665 Chinese works. (Includes all of Tolstoy, Jack London, Emil Ludwig, Upton Sinclair, Lion Feuchtwanger, etc.)

Sex, as above described--358 plus over 2,200 works merely described as "pornography". (Includes all of Boccaccio, Rabelais, Balzac, Zola, Faulkner and Steinbeck.)

Religion--1143, most of these being banned prior to the French Revolution but remaining on the Church's index of Forbidden Books. Among them are all of Descartes, Stendhal, Anatole France, Sartre.

Magic, witchcraft and sorcery--8



Anti-semitism--3

Libel--2

Crime, violence--1 (before the Comics Code Authority; this was Malory's redaction of the legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table!)

Miscellaneous--10 (including such instances as Alice in Wonderland being banned in Hunan Province, China, in 1931, on the grounds that animals should not be represented as using human language!)

If this tabulation proves anything, it proves that no category of book is safe indefinitely from the League of Frightened Censors; it proves that when the church had more power over men, its censorship activities also increased; it proves that, in particular, works honestly questioning the legitimacy of a church or political system are as subject to censorship as are lying propaganda screeds. Right here is the big weakness in the conservative position on censorship. It introduces another breakdown of the checks and balances system which ideally operates in any government (not only in the USA, though only there is it so explicitly described.) There is no control whatever over fallability, personal dislike, prejudice, or indigestion on the part of the censors, and, in most cases, no appeal over their decision at the time. There is no control over the selection of individuals to such important functions, no way of guaranteeing that they will act commensurately with the gigantic responsibilities that they are assuming, rather than merely taking the easy way out and using power as they please. The possible consequences of abuse of censorship power, no matter in whom vested, are so grave as to make one hesitate to agree to this power being used at all.

The specific claims made in the Conservative statement (and, by extension, the Moderate) may now be dealt with.

"People tend to believe what they hear often enough..." Naturally; the Big Lie tactic, known to Plato and put to use alike by Madison Avenue and Hitler and the succession of Soviet authorities (cf. the Major Mayer speech on Communist indoctrination, given before the Freedom Foundation in Searcy, Ark.) also parallels church and state activities throughout history, particularly if people are forbidden access to any alternative viewpoints. But this double-edged sword is precisely what conservatives would put in censors' hands, in the long run making likely the prevention of even thinking adults being exposed to anything but the official line. It is all too easy for even honest, dedicated censors (and what censors are not?) to be subjected, subtly, or even overtly, to pressure by government or church authorities. "We don't like it, therefore it is evil." Particularly, when said censors are appointed and paid by these same authorities.

"To protect citizens from insidious propaganda which would give them wrong ideas about our American Way of Life." This is, right now, one of the three strongest points at the conservative's disposal; I have to grant that there is a measure of truth to it. This is partly because, as Art Castillo has repeatedly pointed out, the Soviets are jesuitical past grand masters in the propaganda game, and partly because the educational system over there provides no means whatsoever to enable citizens to recognize the lies and half-truths and misused or distorted truths. Official American educationalist policy has been, for the most part, to ignore Communism, to protect kids from hearing about it in school, lest they be converted to it. The Big Lie Tactic, forbidding access to alternative viewpoints again...but one does not win a debate by ignoring one's opposition's arguments. The sensible thing would be not only to train children from the start in dialectics but also to give them a thorough background in comparative political systems, of which the Communist system would be only one of many--said background to include discussion of strengths and weaknesses. But lordy! what would the PTA and DAR say?

"To protect young children from pornography which would get them interested in harmful kinds of sexual experimentation and divert them from the true path of normal family life." This is a sitting duck, of course. But since this article may perhaps be read by such as Reverend C.M. Moorhead and Fred Hunter, I



suppose I might as well take the obvious pot shots. I shall begin with the first and third "bolts" from my letter in DISCORD 10, page nine. Bolt the First: "No matter whether it's anti-religious stuff, porno, or propoganda, a child too young to dig it will simply put it aside as a bore." And Bolt the Third: "There are plenty of psychiatrists who will privately admit (though few will publicly say so because of the very real danger of persecution) that reading porno is a less harmful outlet than getting some poor girl pregnant, and that the former is unlikely to lead to the latter--it's far more likely to lead to masturbation and no one getting hurt...The real sex crimes (rape, mutilation, murder) are usually committed by people who do little or no reading." Actually, these are slight oversimplifications, but this does not allow the Conservative position any added strength.

The vast majority of kids encounter privately-copied porno of various sorts, but such is the force of twenty-odd years of social pressure that they still get married in the conventional manner and lead thereafter conventional sex lives. In short, pornography hasn't made any difference in their Way of Life, unless perhaps to hint that sex can be for fun as well as for reproduction--something one doesn't learn from conventional instruction books or hygiene courses, and something some girls never find out. In fact, where else is a kid going to learn these things? Even Albert Ellis doesn't go far enough, which leaves only oral tradition and pornography. Initial experience, often delayed and ridden by guilt and anxiety, is seldom satisfactory.

The minority of children who turn towards homosexuality, or who find themselves limited to a restricted kind of substitute activity have been subjected to the same prolonged social pressure towards the common sexual mores. This is an extremely important point. Under the circumstances, it is rash to blame pornography (rather than early, disturbed relationships with parents, as any psychiatrist could tell you) for their deviation.

Many kids go through more or less transitory periods of sexual experimentation, though the majority end up convention, as earlier mentioned. It is absolutely unproved that pronography--rather than mere exhuberance and opportunity--bears any close relationship to this phase, or that this phase causes any long-run harm (barring possible contact with sadists.) Under the circumstances, censorship is exceeding scientific judgment.

Many conservatives have cited case histories to refute the above. But I ask: how many exceptions does it take to destroy a rule? And, in particular, how many youngsters have been exposed to the same sort of porno and not been affected by it? If the case against hard-core pornography is as weak as this, the case against erotic realism, erotic surrealism, ribaldry and magazines such as Playboy and Rogue then becomes vanishingly small, and can be immediately dismissed.

"To protect sick people from medical quackery..." Here is the second strong point, and it is one to which I cannot give a final answer at the moment. I will defer it until later, along with the closely related phenomenon of so-called health publications which are guilty of such poisonous nonsense as: "self-abuse will lead to sterility, impotence, blindness or insanity," or that try to persuade people to go on fantastic vitamin-deficient diets. This is one of the key points to be considered in rethinking the censorship problem.

"To protect sincere religious people from offensive or blasphemous material which might disturb or destroy their faith." I answered this partly in the above Bolt the First and partly in Bolt the Second: "A person who is really Strong in his Faith is not too likely to be influenced by one or several exposures to anti-religious stuff. A person whose faith is weak enough to be shaken by Elmer Gantry will doubtless encounter other things even in such journals as the Saturday Review (not to mention fanzines--if he's literate enough for either) which will shake him up even more; and who is to say that this is evil?" Actually what we have here is a combination of several sub-issues.

(1) The Holy Roman Catholic and Apolistic Church, Militant, when it was politically dominant, feared competition so much that it suppressed anything no matter how slightly deviating from the official line. That church still insists



on the right to continue such activity, and through Catholic War Veterans picket-lines, threatened boycotts on bookstores and theatres, and the huge and well-oiled lobbies staffed by representatives of the Legion of Decency and National Organization for Decent Literature, has managed to do quite a bit of unofficial censorship of works fancifully or otherwise mislabelled "pornography", as well as birth-control books and works in any way critical of Catholic dogmas or policies. Blanshard's anti-clerical works are hard to obtain in many cities; the film Martin Luther was banned in Quebec and was not shown in many states; Pennell's classic Population on the Loose has been almost unobtainable for years and is usually off-shelf in the public library if the latter has even been courageous enough to buy copies; and so forth. The whole dismal story of the Church's connection with the notorious Brown Bill (making it a matter of a \$10,000 fine for possessing any book or other item regarded as pornographic within the state of California) and similar outrageous matters has been told in a recent issue of the Californian (Bruce Wolfe, editor, San Francisco.)

(2) Many churches resent activities of any other denomination, which they feel to be competitive; but it is only when one of them obtains political power, or when several band together against others, that they can make censorship campaigns effective. Of course, this had its classical instances in the above-mentioned Catholic activities, in Calvin's regime in Geneva, and in the Puritan regime in New England--the persecution of the more liberal Roger Williams and the Quakers by Puritans is well known, and the witchcraft hysteria in Salem was originally a campaign against recrudescence of an extremely ancient, pre-Christian, religion.

(3) Churches usually arrogate to themselves the privilege (which they consider a "right") of limiting what their members can read. We see here in microcosm the technique I earlier referred to as the double-edged sword, of forbidding access to alternative viewpoints. The answer here is the same as there. The attitude one adopts will naturally differ depending on demonination, or lack of it.

But an important point is that only churches claiming universal truth, such as the Catholic, arrogate to themselves the "right" to dictate even to nonmembers what the latter may read or otherwise have access to. One's assent to this doctrine is, of course, entirely a matter of one's adherence to such a church. I will assume in what follows that my readers are not Catholics. (If they were, they probably would not be reading this.)

The basic issue is whether any such religious group is entitled to any such claim on the lives of nonmembers. With Catholics this is a matter of "Supernatural Faith", not of reason; it is familiar enough that to Catholics any divergence from the official line is error, and "error has no right to exist", therefore all measures to suppress it are legitimate and good. But this of course is exactly the line taken by secular censors, whether they pursue pornography ("sexual deviation has no right to exist") or political dissent ("communism/socialism/anarchism/etc. have no right to exist".) Clearly it is less a matter of logic here than of power politics.

There is also the issue that, supposedly, dissenters have no right to convert True Believers or wean them away from their previous beliefs. This issue immediately leads to the related one of "social freedom" in which groups such as churches or political parties are regarded as autonomous and their "right" to make converts is not to be infringed upon. Here we leave the censorship field altogether and enter that which can only be called the ecology of politics. The present official policy is that communism has no "right" to make converts, but that almost anything short of that, politically, is tolerable; whereas in the religious field, so long as churches still retain some of the charisma that they formerly had, it is dangerous to meddle with them, and that they had best be left to themselves. (In other words, superstition remains dominant.) It is, however, outside the scope of this present article. I will here say only that the sensible position would be to teach children comparative religion--including non-Western systems such as Vedanta, Mahayana Buddhism, Theravada Buddhism--so long as no one religion is emphasized to the exclusion of the rest; in this way they might be enabled to look on even their parental sect with some perspective, a view



explicitly excluded by the True Believers. True Believers have one fatal weakness: they are not able to view their own belief-system as a whole, in perspective, in relationship to the rest; they cannot shift their dogmatic canons when confronted with facts which would require such modifications--there is no possibility of corrective feedback in a rigidly dogmatic system. And it is this rigidity which can produce the censorship mentality, the unwillingness to allow members a look outside.

"To keep technical information on murder and torture methods from would-be murderers and sadists." Here is the third and last strong point on the conservative side. There is no question that sadists have taken advantage of such things as pre-Code comics (see Legman's Love and Death, Breaking Point Press, 1949), horror movies, detective fiction, sadistic literature, tabloids like the Boston Midtown Journal, National Enquirer and Justice Weekly. There is also no question whatever that many such screeds actually are slanted towards the fetishistic-flagellant crowd among whom are many sadists, and that probably some poor victims have been a little worse treated by those sadists than they might otherwise have been.

But this touches one of the most profound issues of all. Censoring this type of material because a few might be harmed is exactly parallel to denying citizens access to weapons (through exceedingly difficult and restrictive procedures necessary for obtaining permits), restricting access to drugs, etc. The pro-censorship forces argue that these things will inevitably be misused. But anything can be misused, and probably will be if someone finds enough profit accruing to him from doing so. And the restriction procedures--censorship, gun permits, anti-narcotics (and, since 1937, anti-marijuana), witchhunts, etc.--practically ensure the restricted items will be found principally among those who have a vested interest in misuse: sadists will get their torture information and instruments via the black market, guns are practically restricted (in New York and other states with Sullivan-type laws) to the underworld, pushers make a very large income from supplying addicts at extremely high prices and from recruiting new addicts. There is an easy answer only in the case of drugs--by supplying addicts free at clinics (though, to be sure, encouraging them to kick their habit) and legalizing marijuana, the pushers would be deprived of their profit motive. With the sadistic literature and weapons traffic there is no really simple answer, short of--perhaps--the radical one I outlined in "An Essay on Justice" in the August, 1961 DAY-STAR, which would mean an entire reconstruction of the social order. I will return to these points later.

The three strong points of the Conservative/Moderate side as they stand--weakened by the counter-arguments already presented--also constitute the most obvious rebuttal to the Liberal position, though of course the latter has its own less easily apparent weaknesses. Before going into them in detail, let me consider a few related points.

(1) Economic aspects of censorship. It has long been an open secret that many books, magazines, and photographs seized by customs, police or postal authorities eventually get into the black market at high prices. It follows that in some quarters a vested interest exists in the continuance of censorship. This is, right away, an argument against the perpetuation of the system; there is no justification possible for hypocrisy. It becomes appropriate to ask, about any restrictive legislation, "Who will gain by this, and what will they gain?" and to search for the parasites concealed in the system like so many lice on the body social. There are also other economic aspects. The American Medical Association clearly has a vested interest in censoring any publications (or preventing advertising) favoring medical heterodoxy. The role of vested interests in the long suppression of the works of Wilhelm Reich (see his recently issued paperback Collected Writings and the full account in KULCHUR 2) is appallingly clear-cut. The subject is ticklish enough, because medical vested interests are equally adamant against honest researchers such as Reich and venal quacks; against



against untried and controversial treatments such as Krebiozen and against obvious nonsense such as light boxes; and when so-called experts disagree, where is the untrained citizen to turn for truth? I can only recommend a healthy skepticism of orthodox and heterodox medicine alike.

(2) Open and hidden censorship. The advertisers' role in censorship has been kept pretty much quiet: but it is apparrent that big advertisers consciously wield an enormous weapon in threatening to withdraw their advertising from publications if the latter print certain articles or print rival advertising. There is no conceivable doubt that aids to stop smoking have been almost impossible to find advertised for this very reason, though they certainly do exist and in a few instances did get brief publicity before R.J.Reynolds or Geo. Washington Hill and the rest of the tobacco cartel got wind of it. I also have no doubt that if the Tucker '48 automobile had any merits whatever (as some who have seen prototypes claim that it did) that pressure from GM and Ford contributed to its suppression. Examples could be multiplied. This is censorship by advertisers, no matter what other name others might apply to it. In much the same way political, religious and minority pressure groups have wielded similar weapons. It is another open secret that tobacco and alcohol interests combined to get marijuana illegalized in 1937, and that they are even now trying to get peyote declared a narcotic, despite the clear-cut exoneration of marijuana in the classic La-Guardia Commisssion report on narcotics (1942) and the equally clear-cut exoneration of peyote and its active principle mescaline in the UN Bureau on Narcotics (1959). In the same way Bertrand Russell was removed from his professorship in New York by religious pressure groups; Blanshard has had difficulty finding speaking dates (and many bookshops dare not carry his books); Leo Koch was fired from his academic post at the University of Illinois, and opponents of the bomb-shelter program have considerable difficulty finding publications which dare to present their side, or radio or TV time for "objective" discussions. The only thing lacking is the names of the would-be manufacturers of bomb shelters.....Probably, if the truth were known, more censorship goes on quietly than ever gets the publicity of court trials.

An immediate corollary to this is self-censorship, otherwise known as the Don't Risk Offending Code, spelled out by Bloch in "Fandora's Box" in the Oct. 1958 Imagination; people with something to communicate often no longer even dare try to get it into print if they realize that it might offend, however unintentionally, advertisers, religions or racial groups, certain professions, etc. \*

(3) Educational and psychological aspects of censorship. It is, by now, almost a truism that the USA is by far the most moralistic nation on Earth. The prevalence of open and hidden censorship also indicates that the minds of masses (and, even more, of the religious and secular power elite) harbor chronic fear that exposure to alternative viewpoints, however few or brief, will wear the masses away from the regime in power. It is now easy to draw the conclusion that behind this fear is the half-formed notion that all is not as it ought to be in the system--that perhaps some of these forbidden alternatives actually might have something to offer, but that they dare not be allowed to receive public attention lest the power elite be left without their profitable positions. And so this fear on the rulers' part is passed down to the masses(though without more than the flimsiest rationalizing--the Conservative position as I outlined it earlier is in fact far, far stronger than the usual arguments you will hear in support of the status quo) via the educationalists. Margaret Mead's view that a child can in this culture receive love and approbation only conditionally (based on his being a "Good Boy", the conformity to spoken or unspoken parental wishes) with the permanent threat of withdrawl of affection, is doubtless relevant here. If there is only one straight and narrow path to continued affection, of course the child is going to be afraid of alternatives; and this fear, reinforced by current educationalist practices (in reaction from the excesses of the "progressive educators"), presumably contributes to the fear of alternatives in the adult which is at the heart of the censorship-must-be-continued mentality.



We are now in a position to examine further the strengths and weaknesses of the conventional liberal position on censorship.

"Freedom of the press...is a Good Thing and must be preserved against reactionaries who would try to destroy it." Originally, "freedom of the press" meant freedom of expression of opinion, when printing presses were relatively inexpensive and accessible, and almost any dissident or radical could distribute his opinions. Today the commercial press--due to the enormous volume of expensive advertising carried therein--becomes, in a large measure, a part of Big Business and, of necessity, ideologically allied with the latter. "Freedom of the Press" means, to that section of the power elite, minimal government interference with advertisers and with newspapers' and magazines' entitlement to print sensational matter which will sell more copies of their publications than their rivals'. Freedom of the Press in the old sense is now almost entirely confined to amateur press associations, some little magazines, fanzines, and a few borderline publications like The Realist, The Californian, and The Independent. Bloch's previously mentioned column is explicit on this point:

"Serious critics of American letters...complain about the lack of freedom available to writers today who seek publication in commercial media. ...The writer...is confronted on almost every hand with editorial taboos ... (not only) problems of 'good taste' or censorship, but of the myriad prohibitions based on commercial considerations (i.e., what I called "Hidden Censorship"--wb)--advertisers must not be offended, etc. And the so-called "little" or "literary" magazines which make a great show of disavowing such restrictions have elected, in turn, to set aesthetic canons of their own which in effect prohibit auctorial freedom in terms of form and viewpoint...It is an odd irony that while most readers are at least vaguely aware of certain "formulas" governing the production of short stories, few of them realize that even more rigid formulizations do exist to control so-called "factual" material. Even when a general magazine makes a great show of presenting a "controversial" article which purports to give both sides of a question (and it's odd, come to think of it, that most vital issues are supposed to have only two sides) you can usually depend on a definite bias being exhibited. Prevailing political, social, economic, legal and theological doctrines are seldom, if ever, contraverted... When the ordinary citizen may be polled or partially quoted in an "interview", his actual opinions seldom find a place in print. Even his letters to the editor are apt to be condensed, abbreviated, or eliminated...Only the "authority" or the celebrity seems to be given access to an expression of his viewpoint. Now just where does that leave the average citizen? It leaves him standing in the bar, exercising his much vaunted "freedom of speech" by sounding off to the bartender... When was the last time you read a book or article on religion which wasn't by a professional clergyman? When did you read an extended opinion on satellites, Sputniks, nuclear warfare, civilian defense or other projects which could, conceivably, effect the welfare of us all, which wasn't written by a government official, a high-ranking military man, or an "important" scientific "authority"? When did you get an extended opinion from the man on the street whose life is really concerned with these things --except, perhaps, in the form of a brief and partial quote, taken as a sample of a so-called "poll" by the "expert" who is writing the article and selling you a bill of goods? The answer, I'm afraid, is that you just haven't, and aren't likely to unless you read amateur press publications such as our own fanzines. In an age where everybody has an idea or project to sell and is anxious to find out "what people think", it's almost ludicrous to realize that nobody is willing to let the people express themselves freely and openly except in the obscure pages of obscure and privately-printed periodicals...If the time ever comes when nobody is ever allowed to talk except the "experts", God help us all..."



I submit that many so-called "liberals" have not thought through the implications of the term "freedom of the press" as it is understood today, and that this is one of the biggest unsuspected weaknesses in their position. It means, among other things, freedom for robber barons to continue their program of hidden censorship, earlier outlined, and freedom for the purveyors of sadistic literature and the quack health publications to continue with their exploitation of the warped, the gullible and the naïve. I have elsewhere indicated that the robber barons of Big Business, like those of Big Labor and Big Government--to whom I would now add police departments, postal censors, and Big Churches--represent local breakdowns in the checks and balances system of our government. Increasing the scope of Big Government to offset these is no answer, as every increase in the powers of government is a threat to individual freedom insofar as these governmental powers are enforced by police and similar agencies. Reducing the scope of Big Government is playing into the hands of the other Robber Barons. Again, I know no way out other than the radical proposals outlined in DAY-STAR, and I am not convinced that any other way out exists in the present world of opportunism, overpopulation and creeping ochlocracy.

Returning to the three major strong points of the Conservative position:

(1) Protection from propoganda. I submit that if we are to protect youngsters from diabolically clever communist propoganda, then such protection has to come about not through the negative way (censorship) but, more importantly, through the positive way of imparting a healthy skepticism to them as a necessary part of their education. If they don't get such education in their schools, they'll have to get it in other ways--at home, if their parents are alert enough; or through discussion groups; or through fanzines. One has also to consider what kind of adolescent is most likely to fall victim to Communist propoganda: if the Major Mayer speech is correct, and I have no reason to doubt that it is, on this point, it is the relatively uneducated or unorientated youth with no purpose in life and no strong attachments or loyalties (personal or ideological) who is most likely to swallow the Communist bait. Perhaps he has seen life from the underside and has made some half-hearted, tentative identification with the downtrodden; at any rate, he is not, and does not feel himself, a part of the classes with a vested interest in preserving things as they are. There is no way of preventing such people from getting into such a state, nor can we prevent them from growing more dissatisfied with the regime in power, nor from exposure to some propogandist or another; all we can try to do is identify such people and show them that there are other ways out.

I am thinking of a particularly tragic instance: a brilliant neo whom I had just barely recruited, Paul Parham, was out of contact with me (and the rest of fandom) for several months owing to a lack of money to subscribe to fanzines or to travel to club meetings or to continue voluminous correspondence. During this period he met and was vigorously pursued by a girl--his first really big affair; but she would not go out anywhere with him even after he got a job, unless he spent his other evenings with her and her family. They were devout Jehovah's Witnesses, and nightly battered down his objections with their monolithically dogmatic set of answers for everything. He wrote me in desperation; but there was only a limited number of questions he could put into letters (though my answers were satisfactory enough) and I was 3000 miles away and unable to rebut the JW's as they continued their intensive recruitment campaign on him. Having no other deep loyalties, no way of getting alternative viewpoints, and the powerful feminine incentive to stay around, he eventually capitulated and at last report is an enthusiastic JW. The parallel between this JW indoctrination and that used by Communists is very strong. But censorship or suppression is obviously not going to be a definite answer to anything like this. So far as I know, the only answer is education in skepticism and a thorough background in comparative religion and political systems.

(2) Protection from medical quackery. I don't know that there is any answer to the problem of quack cures. When orthodox medical science has reached limitations--as with the common cold, arthritis, some allergies, some psychosomatic



afflictions, impotence, cancer--some patients are certainly going to be desperate enough to try other methods; and it is these desperate people who enrich the ever-present quacks. But allowing the AMA censorship powers is, in effect, allowing them to say "what we dislike is therefore evil" and suppressing some drugs or techniques that might have some value. It is extremely rash to dismiss folk-medicine completely a priori, since such drugs as ephedrine (valuable in the treatment of asthma) and rauwolfia (parent of many of today's tranquilizers and anti-high blood pressure drugs) were in fact Asiatic folk-medicine remedies. As for quack diets, the problem here seems to lie partly in ignorance of nutrition (which is applied only to babies and obscured in the following years) and partly in commercial food becoming increasingly vitamin-robbled and tasteless from bad cooking practices and/or from packing with an eye to long shelf-life rather than quality; again, I see no alternative other than education in correct nutritional fundamentals. As for such abominations as health publications which recommend heavyweight training as a way of ridding one's self of wet dreams, or scaring impressionable kids with the notion that masturbation will lead to sterility, impotence, blindness, or insanity--it is difficult to restrain one's self from wishing to see the whole shipload of these things in one and the same bonfire.

(3) Withholding murder and torture methods from the Violence is a Way of Life Crowd. I think the problem here again is that anything whatever can be abused, and these people will use whatever methods are at hand; the only real cure is not censorship but the re-orientating of society towards sexual freedom and away from its currently popular substitute, violence; this must proceed on several simultaneous levels. For many JD types, violence is a substitute for sex, as indeed it is with many adults, and "successful" violence is all too often a status symbol, being identified with masculinity, with heroism in the continuing struggle with the square world of grown-ups. Organization, police and ubiquitous hypocrisy. As I hope to show in another article, there is no single answer to the problem of JD gangs, though several partial answers are available--infiltration of gangs by trained (and non-square) individuals, and individual "buddy" pairings where the older member is again a trained counselor who can provide the necessary ego-support, which was formerly only available in the gang, while pointing out other ways to prove one's maleness, and, that in the long run, proof isn't that necessary. (Valuable in this context are Paul Goodman's Growing Up Absurd and the Dick Ellington article on JD's in HABAKKUK 5.) On other levels, it would be necessary to somehow counter the church anti-sexual propaganda (perhaps the development of cheap, safe oral contraceptives would help) so that parents will be able to relax and perhaps lessen their till-now tight restriction on infantile sexuality, so that in turn when these kids grow up they will not need any such substitute outlet as sadism or violence or murder. Degman's Love and Death showed that violence is the legal substitute for sex; it might be possible then to implement the fairly recent penological and psychiatric insight that sex can be a substitute for violence, an adequate safety valve for frustrations. With fear of pregnancy lessened, perhaps the answer is in sight.

This in turn will, I think, pretty well eliminate the pornography problem. The problem itself is not so much that pornography exists, but that it can sometimes produce distortions of a fairly specific sort: inexperienced readers can get incorrect ideas about girls' feelings and sexual performances, as well as learn to dissociate tenderness from sexual activity (already a problem even in the absence of hard-core porno), and--sometimes--get inferiority feelings because they cannot match the prodigious performances in bed characteristic of heroes in pornographic stories. I am inclined to think that this is precisely because porno is black market stuff and erotic realism is seldom available so that these counterfeits can displace the truth. Once again, the answer is not in censorship but in education.

There are two classes of alternatives to censorship. One is the ideal or "If only we could" kind, and right now I fear that the wholesale educational changes earlier advocated must go into that category. The other is what we can



and must do here and now, until these educational changes become possible. In the first place, when we ourselves become parents, we shouldn't withhold information; the inadequate education our children will be getting will have to be supplemented--intensively--by home methods; "this is stuff they won't teach you in school because our higher-ups are afraid of the consequences." Nor should we allow our kids to get the idea that their bodies are anything to be ashamed of, or that sex is dirty. Pious preachments about the sanctity of marriage and the holiness and beauty of sex have also got to go. Better that children learn from us than from sources more likely to have distorted information or attitudes, that it's basically a fun thing, but that it's best when you really care about the girl, and when nobody gets pregnant or hurt in any way--but that one'll have to lead a double-life, as most people don't think this way.

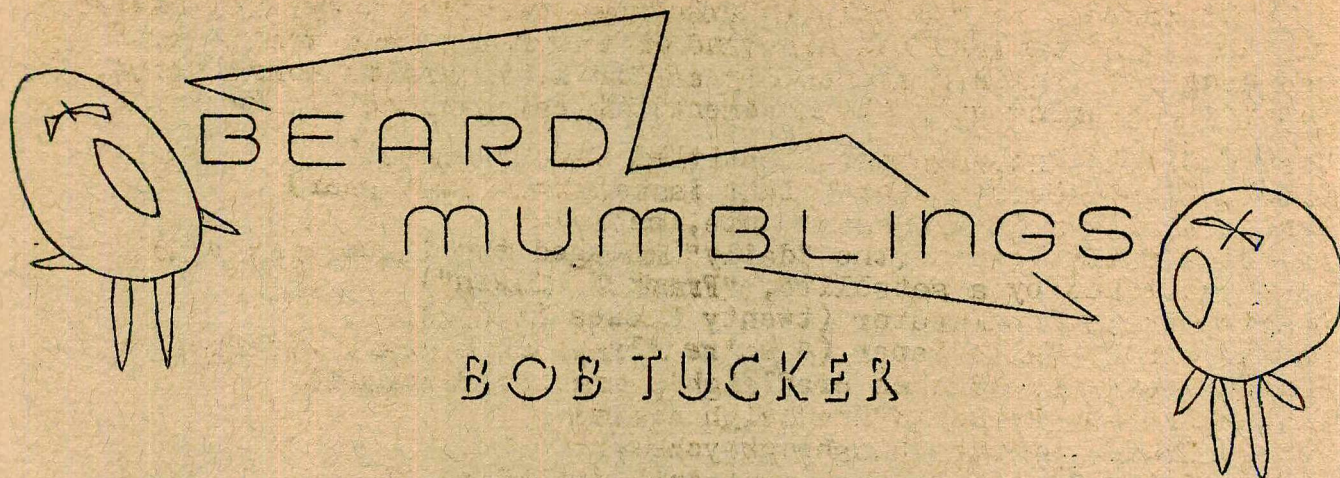
On the propoganda front, if the kids don't get the proper education in school, they'll have to get it from us, and fast; as to medical quackery, if the necessary health education is not forthcoming from the schools, we'll have to give it. We can also support anti-censorship movements in every way possible.

Unfortunately, I don't know what can be done by, or for, underage fans who might now or later suffer from Parent Trouble owing to material they have received in fanzines or on the outside. The worst part of this is that reasoning with such parents is frequently difficult or even impossible, and that the law will rarely support other views as against those of the parents. Boys can sometimes escape, though it sometimes is a frying-pan-into-the-fire move, as in Les Sample's case; but girls? Alas, poor Lee. We can only wait and hope that the brief contact with fandom or with liberal viewpoints elsewhere can prevent these unfortunates from being completely brainwashed, that they will remember that other views do exist, and that their subjection will be ended in a few years.

- - - - - Walter Breen

It's Ethel Lindsay!





I've been sitting here with a smug smile on my face (a smile carefully concealed beneath my beard, of course) wondering what has happened to the vaunted productivity of faaans? Oh, no--not the biological variety; everyone is aware of the results of the nocturnal activities of the Grennells, the Tuckers and the Shaws--but the other kind of slannish productivity, fanzine-spawning. You know, the Beanie Brigade, cranking their hot little dupers far into the night while we old and tired fans defiate. Fanzine production is down.

I can't locate the particular issue of Yandro in which the matter is mentioned, but Buck Coulson recently noted that something more than one hundred fanzine titles--generally excluding apa-magazines--had been reviewed there last year. Only a hundred plus, ranging from Amra to Xero. A shameful paucity. (And whatever happened to the zedzines of a former day? I haven't seen one since Zoop, Zorome, and Z Prime of nine years ago.) The present population of fandom is not known to me, but it seems reasonable to place the figure at more than the six hundred found in Bennett's 1960 Directory, a yet something less than a thousand. And for all of that, only a hundred plus fanzines. For shame. Fourth fandom had the present generation beat to hell and gone--a fan directory published in 1944 put the known population at about four hundred.

That same year, the Fanzine Index offered 106 individual titles running from Towner Laney's The Acolyte down to some fringe fan's Le Zombie. And I now suspect that the list would have been larger--much larger--if the editor hadn't taken the easy way out by omitting several items considered unimportant at the time. The following editorial note appears in the 1944 issue: "Miscellaneous postals, open letters and crud published by Walt Dunkleberger, Larry Shaw, F.T. Laney, J.M. Rosenblum, Gerry de la Ree, Ken Krueger, F.J. Ackerman, Walt Daugherty, T. Bruce Yerke, Al Ashley, Bill Watson, E.E. Evans, Bob Tucker and Raym Washington of Live Oak, Fla." If each of these characters had published but one crudsheet apiece (highly unlikely!) the total for the year would have soared to 120. It probably exceeded ~~that~~ figure.

The 1946 Fanzine Index offered this recap for preceding years:

81	titles	in	1941
61	"	"	1942
49	"	"	1943
106	"	"	1944
95	"	"	1945
104	"	"	1946



Of course, we had help in those gay, carefree days: The Cosman was abroad in the land and his band of futuremen (and women) were churning out fanzines as rapidly as Ron Ellick visits conventions. His record, beginning with the movement that catapulted him to fame:

Cosmic Circle Announcement (subtitled Cosmic Digest)  
Cosmic Circle Commentator (eight issues the first year)  
Fanews Analyzer (see special note, below)  
Futurian Daily Planet (the "daily" managed two issues per year)  
Ghu (published by a satellite, "Frank N. Stein")  
Cosmic Circle Commentator (twenty issues in 1944)  
Cosmic Circle White Paper ("we're clean, d'ya hear, clean!")  
Dixie Phoenix (by "Helen Bradleigh", an alleged consort)  
Fantasy Forum (by Helen Bradleigh again)  
Future Fandom Stories (Goshwowboyohboy)  
Futurian Advance (Helen was certainly prolific)  
Futurian Femme (Well, she boasted that she was)  
Futurian Letters (edited by Helen)  
Jody's Comic Courier (by another satellite, "Jodine Fear")  
National Futurian Weekly (even respectable Futurians hid)  
V...- (sweet Helen again, discovering telegraphic code)

Do you begin to realize how we made 95 and 106 titles in those years? But about that number of Fanews Analyzer, the following review appeared in the 56th issue of LeZ: "(The) title is a farce. (It) is chock full of immature, sometimes hysterical, almost always ludicrous and often disgusting "news" of questionable value and veracity about the doings of some Indiana nitwits. In these issues: a girl reveals her love for Rogers and the rivalry for his hand she found in a younger girl; an account of an alleged rape; report of a street fight and jailing of a group of small town Indiana "science fiction fans"; and dire predictions that these and other inconsequential matters would plunge all fandom into war." Immediately below that review was another of ~~the~~ Futurian Daily Planet which said: "More of the above bilge. This one prints a lengthy speech Rogers never delivered before the LASFS. These publications are extremely funny and extremely pitiable."

Two more brief mentions of the Boy Wonder and we'll go back to the business at hand. That same 65th issue of LeZ included this departmental note: "Len Marlow informs us that Rogers has acquired several copies of Infinite #2 (the Marlow fanzine), inserted new contents pages in them with himself as editor, and distributed the copies as new fanzines." Our boy played many angles, you perceive. But by 1946 the street-brawling Cosmen and their willing feminine companions were gone, bag and baggage, with all but the Founder himself blown out of fandom by the winds of change. He turned up briefly at the Portlad, Oregon convention in 1950, peddling books and magazines from a display table. It is said that many fans browsed the table, happily buying back several items which had mysteriously disappeared from their own bookshelves. That same year he published a few issues of Futurian Flash, but it was futile, he was done.

Fifteen to twenty years of ancient history vanish in the twinkling of a beery eye as one scans the fanzine indices of 1941-1946. Names long forgotten briefly rekindle memories, while still other names remain blank--now, who the hell was he? And how many of these individuals would now gladly pay blackmail to erase all mention of these:



Apollo Fanzine (Joe Hensley, a youngster from Indiana)  
Leprechaun (that dirty, vile old pro, Larry Shaw)  
Bay Area Le Fout (foutwas a new word to George Ebey)  
The Uninhibited Electrode (politician-to-be Jack Speer)  
Directory of Fandom (two, from Walt Daugherty)  
The Knavve (perhaps the first typo title, from T. Bruce Yerke)  
Fancyclopedia (the first one, from Speer and Ackerman)  
Rosebud (ah, rosebud! as pubbed by Mari Beth Wheeler)  
Shangri-L'Affaires (the glorious, by Burbee of course)  
Spicy Tellus (and itwas, from Jack Riggs)  
Terrifying Test-Tube Tales (that comedian, Joe Kennedy)  
Vertigo (that dirty, vile old pro Don Wollheim)  
Ack on His Back! (a one-shot by Burbee and Laney)  
Dishabille (by an anonymous publisher, for good reason)  
Ergerzerp! (my favorite fanzine title, from Ron Christensen)  
Her Scrap-Bag Fantasy (Mrs. Harold Anderson's recipies)  
Psycho (later, Bloch cribbed the title from Phil Schumann)  
S-F-Wap (what is it? from Ron Gaulin)  
A Men (null-A breaking out all over; Gaulin and Kennedy)  
The Bixel Factfinder (Burbee, fac-finding on somebody)  
Space Flight--When (Gerry de la Ree, wondering in 1945)  
Br-r-rack! (Manse Brackney giving it to somebody)  
ZZZZZzzzzz Goes the Rocket Gun (someone wanted to be last, and was,  
in future fanzineindices)

Two other titles are somewhat pertinent, for differing reasons. Sometime in 1945, I believe, the Army bounced its first radar signal off the lunar service and made headlines everywhere. Phil Schumann, an inventive fan, held a meeting with somebody and promptly issued a leaflet: Presenting, the first post radar contact with the moon con. During the past few months some of the newer fans have been excitedly tossing back and forth a new idea, the proposal to set up a permanent repository for their collections after they pass on to the Big Slan Shack in the Sky. Of course, more than fifteen years ago, as they know, Ackerman published a booklet, I Bequeath, in which he announced the foundation and the eventual transfer of his collection to the Fantasy Foundation. You have to get in early to think of them first.

There was another worldwide fad of those early years which has no counterpart today, possibly because fandom has grown so large that the particular medium will no longer adequately serve: the newspaper printed on a postcard. Long before Willis and Hoffman invented the pactsard, government postcards sold for a penny and many fans with duplicators capable of printing that small size took to the mails with news and propaganda cards. My overwhelming modesty causes me to blush as I admit this, but I introduced the newscard to the States after cribbing the idea from Ted Carnell. After me, the deluge. In 1939 when the war erupted in Europe, British fans were taken into service almost overnight, and British paper became more and more difficult to obtain. Realizing that he could no longer make a go of it, Ted Carnell folded New Worlds (the fanzine, not the prozine) and announced that henceforth he would issue a series of Postal Previews, as and when the news (fan and pro) occurred. The first was dated Oct. 21, 1939, and the twenty-second and final issue was dated Sept. 20, 1940. Of course, postcards were used for polls, announcements, propaganda and the taking of the census, but the idea of an American newscard didn't catch on until 1943. Fanewscard (sometimes with Daily or Weekly added to the title) went like this:

My midget press published the first twelve numbers in the summer and autumn of 1943. Tiring of the task, I unloaded on Frank Rob-



inson and Ed Connor, who issued numbers 13 through 52, which took them into July, 1944. They in turn grew weary and unloaded on Walt Dunkleberger. Walter was a stout man and carried on for a total of 198 issues. But then, he fudged. Somewhere along the line he became tired of the restricted postcard format and changed to standard-sized 8½x11 paper; he also branched out from fan news into hometown news and began sending the paper overseas to friends and neighbors at war. But Fanewscard caught the fickle fan fancy and six more appeared:

Detroit Slanewscard (Elsner & Bone, 6 issues, 1944)  
FFF Fanewscard (Julie Unger, at least one, 1945)  
Futurien Flash (Dear old Degler, 5 issues, 1950)  
QX The Cardzine (Kennedy and Krueger, 30 issues, 1944-1946)  
Shottle Bop Card (Walt Daugherty, 3 issues, 1944)  
Vulcan Newscard (Junior Smith, 9 issues, 1944)

And there it died--perhaps it was just as well. Next question: are there any regularly appearing fan or pro newspapers today beyond Taurasi's Times, Breen's Fanac, Bennett's Skyrack, and the Shaws' Axe? Only four? Shame--it is but another illustration of the laggard tendencies of fans; no guts, no civic spirit, no burning desire to serve or brainwash their fellow fan! We did it up brown in my day, son. Between 1938 and 1946 (where, alas, my available records end) there were about 45 newspapers being published. Some lasted only one or two issues, of course, but on the other hand Taurasi is still going strong. And you may omit the underlining on the following, Vic:

Australian Fan News, Bay Area News, Bloomington News Letter, Cosmic News Letter, Ember, Fantasy News, Fantasy Times, Fantasy Reporter, Fantasy War Bulletin, Fido, The Fan Record (phonograph recordings), Fantasy Fiction Field, Futurian Observer, Futurian Reporter, Futurian Spotlight, Ergerzerp!, Interplanetary, Lunarite, Le Vombiteur, Le Zombie, Midwest Fan News, Mercury, Melbourne Bulletin, Nebula, Nuz From Home, Nuz From Stfandom, Phan, PSFS Bulletin, PSFS News, Pacificon News, Profan, MFS Bulletin, Science Fiction News Letter, Science Fiction World, Science Fiction Tribune, Science Fantasy Review, Science Fiction Weekly, Stenews, Shangri-L'Affaires (it began as a gossip sheet), Shagri-La Record (another phonograph record), Telefan, and I wonder what I have omitted, lost, or forgotten? To these, add the newscards, and the Cosmic Circle "news" publications.

As I said when I came in, there is a fanzine shortage today.

- - - - - Bob Tucker

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↳ Concluded from page 5 ↳

Now that Gregg's Copsla! has folded, he's looking for an arrangement by which to continue to receive fanzines; since I'm always looking for good material, the deal seemed mutually satisfactory. The first installment will appear next time; fanzine for review to Gregg Calkins, 1484 East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah. ## Yes, I'm priming Tucker and Coulson for high positions in the Fanac Poll; why not? That's a proud papa's prerogative. ## Thanks to Bill Donaho and Eric Bentcliffe, who wrote missives which arrived too late for inclusion in the lettercolumn; and thanks to Baxter, Berman, Birchybee, Devine, Dupla, Foyster, Jeeves, Kurman, Lindsay (for TAFF), Mabey, Miller, Offutt, Sedolin and Tackett, for returning egoboo ballots too late for inclusion in the poll tabulation; really, I did appreciate!



may have forgotten Lemuria, but I remember Sixth Fandom. I remember Quandry, the Nolacon, and Out of This World Adventures. But, most of all,

SHELBY VICK

## REMEMBER WILLIS

It started with a harp that rang out once or twice yet strangely enough was heard quite often throughout the fannish world. In sympathetic resonance, its ringing was answered by peals of laughter, punctuated by groans as deeper meaning of some puns sank in. From there, I was led to recall a small Irish fanzine that I eyed askew as it was printed on a bit of a slope and its editor showed an inclination to look aslant at serious subjects. I recalled the striped ink that was used for its printed covers, which soon showed up on the covers of Quandry and led to Vicolor on Confusion covers.

Then there was the letter from Walter Alexander Willis in which he was trying to break it gently to a brash young southern fan that he was being too exuberant; a letter in which he expressed gratitude for the thought behind the effort to get him to the New Orleans convention, but still gallantly showed that he wasn't going to be at all hurt by the fact that the effort couldn't succeed. On looking back, it seems that Willis might have realized even then that such a drive would entail great effort and strain on his part, and perhaps he was trying to indicate that it would be better left undone. But this southern fan was never any good at taking hints, and blundered on, pulling Willis into a situation which led to many thousands on thousands of Willis words--and nearly as many puns--an ocean trip, Chicon II, and many harrowing experiences with the Greyhound Bus Company and enough sleepless nights and mental exhaustion to lead to pneumonia and much time in sickbed.

I remember Willis at the Chicon, reciting limerick after limerick, and someone--Mack Reynolds, I think--marvelling, "The man's a well, I tell you; a veritable well!"

I remember Willis soaking in the Gulf of Mexico and commenting that it was undoubtedly man's greatest invention.

I remember Willis commenting, as for the dozenth time we pushed the truck we were using for a conveyance (sometimes it only started with human motive urge behind it), "Truculent..."

I remember the sparkle in his eye, the ready grin that was at the same time subdued (maybe it was just tired?), the enormous vitality of the man. I also remember his intrigue when he found a few pages of an article by Vernon McCain dissecting the Willis personality for cf.--his intrigue, and his chagrin when he discovered that I had misplaced the original before I had finished stencilling the article. (To this day, I haven't found the rest of the item...)

Yes, I remember Willis. But still, my memory isn't the best in the world, and people do change over a ten-year period--and I've never met Madeleine. So I'm looking forward to seeing them again in 1962.

And you?

- - - - - Shelby Vick

( Hopefully, the first in a series.)



SIXTH

# WHEEL OF

While I was reading Storm Over Warlock by Andre Norton (Ace, 40¢), it occurred to me that in my occasional comments on the quality of the fiction Ace publishes I had been overlooking one large factor. This is the 16th Andre Norton novel to appear under the Ace imprint, and for the addition of these 16 novels to my library I can afford to forgive them for some of the other stuff they've added to it (like novels by Jerry Sohl, Jack Sharkey and David Grinnell). I've not heard much comment on Andre Norton in the fan world, and it's a shame. Is she being overlooked because she writes "juveniles"? All this means is that her heroes are young, and that there is no love interest in her stories; in plot, setting and characterization her work is superior to that of the majority of stf writers. Of course, as a writer of juveniles, she isn't interested in deep psychoanalysis of human behavior, strong symbolism, or pointing out the foibles of our present society. She is interested in writing entertaining adventure fiction, and she succeeds far better than most. Storm Over Warlock is not her best work; her writing is so even that no one of her books is perceptively better or worse than any other. Maybe none of them will become classics, but they're all good reading. While you're getting this one, you might also look for her recent back-to-back appearance in Ace: The Beast Master and Star Hunter.

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Since the noble editor brought the matter up, I might as well take a brief glance at the works of Sarban, as published by Ballantine: Ringstones, The Doll Maker and The Sound of His Horn. Only the latter can be remotely considered science fiction; the others are, according to the blurb writer, stories of mordant horror. (Whoever did the blurbs seemed fascinated by the term "mordant"). At any rate, both of the earlier books (Ballantine published the series more or less in reverse order) are good fantasies. One thing does bother me about Sarban, however; he seems to think all women are feeble-minded. His heroine in Ringstones is utterly dominated by a small boy--a rather unusual boy, to be sure, but still... And, in The Doll Maker, literally dozens of women fall under the evil spell of the villain and become his abject slaves; only the heroine has the mental strength to resist him, even briefly. In fact, Sarban's preoccupation with domination, well-written though it is, smacks slightly of the "Learn to Hypnotize" ads that you see now and then in the men's mags. I think The Sound of His Horn is his best book; the evil is equally overwhelming and considerably more plausible.



BUCK COULSON



I see that the success of horror movies and the dark fantastic t.v. shows has been noted by the pb publishers; the poor defenseless completist is being overwhelmed by a flood of horror and fantasy anthologies. One of the byproducts of this is quite commendable; the pb publishers have discovered the small specialist stf and fantasy houses that flourished during the stf boom. In recent weeks Ballantine has published Not Without Sorcery by Theodore Sturgeon (35¢), 9 stories from the Prime Press collection Without Sorcery; and Night's Black Agents by Fritz Leiber (35¢), 9 stories from the Arkham House publication of the same name. At the same time, Belmont Books has abridged Robert Bloch's Arkham House collection, Pleasant Dreams, and retitled it Nightmares (35¢) and Pyramid has come out with the relatively recent Gnome Press collection of Heinlein, The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag, retitling it, for some obscure reason, 6XH (Six Stories by Heinlein, 35¢). Despite the fact that Heinlein was never much at home in fantasy, reminiscent of the more recent novel by Philip Dick (The Cosmic Puppets in Ace Novels, A Glass of Darkness in Satellite) and equally moving. The short stories, except for the previously anthologized "And He Built A Crooked House", are inferior to the longer work, but readable enough.

The original publications of Without Sorcery and Night's Black Agents skimmed the cream of the writings of Sturgeon and Leiber; if you don't own the originals, the reprints are a must. Sturgeon's "It" is still one of the half-dozen best horror stories ever written. Nightmares features fairly typical Weird Tales type fiction; all the stories are capably, if not outstandingly, written. Two of them are examples of Bloch's particular trademark: the shaggy dog horror story. (Virgil Partch made a reputation by taking a literal translation of a common phrase and drawing a cartoon around it; Bloch takes a similar phrase and writes a horror story around it. The effect is fascinating.)

Along with reprints of their betters, the pb houses are producing original fantasy anthologies and occasionally locating an old hardcover anthology from a major publisher. Ballantine has concentrated on "theme" anthologies: Invisible Men, Deals With the Devil, Things With Claws, and their most recent effort, Tales of Love and Horror, edited by Don Congdon (35¢). Congdon showed his talents as a weird story anthologist earlier, in Dell's Stories For the Dead of Night; he leans heavily toward older stories by "name" authors, with a few more recent items by the fantasy specialists for variety. None of the stories in this book are particularly horrifying (or particularly lovable, if it comes to that) but they're pleasant, light reading. I particularly enjoyed "Clay-Shattered Doors" by Helen R. Hull, "The Sign of Scorpio" by Charles Mergendahl, and "The Love Letter", one of Jack Finney's nostalgia pieces.

Creeps by Night, edited by Dashiell Hammett (Belmont, 35¢) sticks to the old classics. The stories in it aren't particularly hard to locate in other books, but if you haven't located them, they're worth reading in this one. I was particularly pleased to acquire a copy of Stephen Vincent Benet's "The Kind of the Cats", which has been a favorite of mine for some time.



Several months ago, Ace brought out an anthology titled The Macabre Reader, edited by Don Wollheim. Apparently it was a success, for now we have More Macabre, also by Wollheim (Ace, 35¢). This one is in the classic horror line, akin to Creeps by Night (and even containing one of the same stories, "The Spider" by Hanns Ewer.) "Fungus Isle", by Philip Fisher, takes up a quarter of the book and is space well-spent; it's similar to the grisly little tales by William Hope Hodgson that I used to admire. Theodore Roscoe, in "The Curse Kiss", exhibits his infatuation for Lot's wife; I was a bit disappointed in this because his older tale on the same subject, "On Account of a Woman", was much better. In the other stories, "The Copper Bowl" by George Fielding Eliot, is particularly horrifying and "Mother by Protest" by Richard Matheson is particularly ridiculous. In general, though, it's a good anthology.

Matheson has a horror collection all to himself in Shock! (Dell, 35¢). Most of them are fantasy, which is all to the good. Matheson is one of the most inept science fiction writers around (in one of the few stories in the book containing typical stf trap-pings, "Death Ship", a crewman tests the atmosphere of a strange planet by taking off his helmet) but where there is no chance of misu sed science spoiling the effect he can be very readable. Most of the stories are recently written, but some are unfamiliar to the non-reader of men's magazines. How well you like it will depend on how well you like Matheson; if you have 35¢ left over after buying the other books mentioned here you might take a chance on this one.

Black Gods, Green Islands by Geoffrey Holder and Tom Harshman (Dolphin, 95¢) is not a horror collection--not, technically, even a fantasy collection. The five stories therein are, according to the blurb, based on the folk beliefs of Trinidad and Haiti. The longest story in the book, "Choucun" is not fantasy at all, though the story of an innocent girl caught in the Haitian revolt of 1791 is horrifying enough. The remaining stories mix Gods, mortals and supernatural beings in a type of fantasy that never yet appeared in the magazines and seldom enough in books. If you want something different, this is it.

- - - - - Buck Coulson

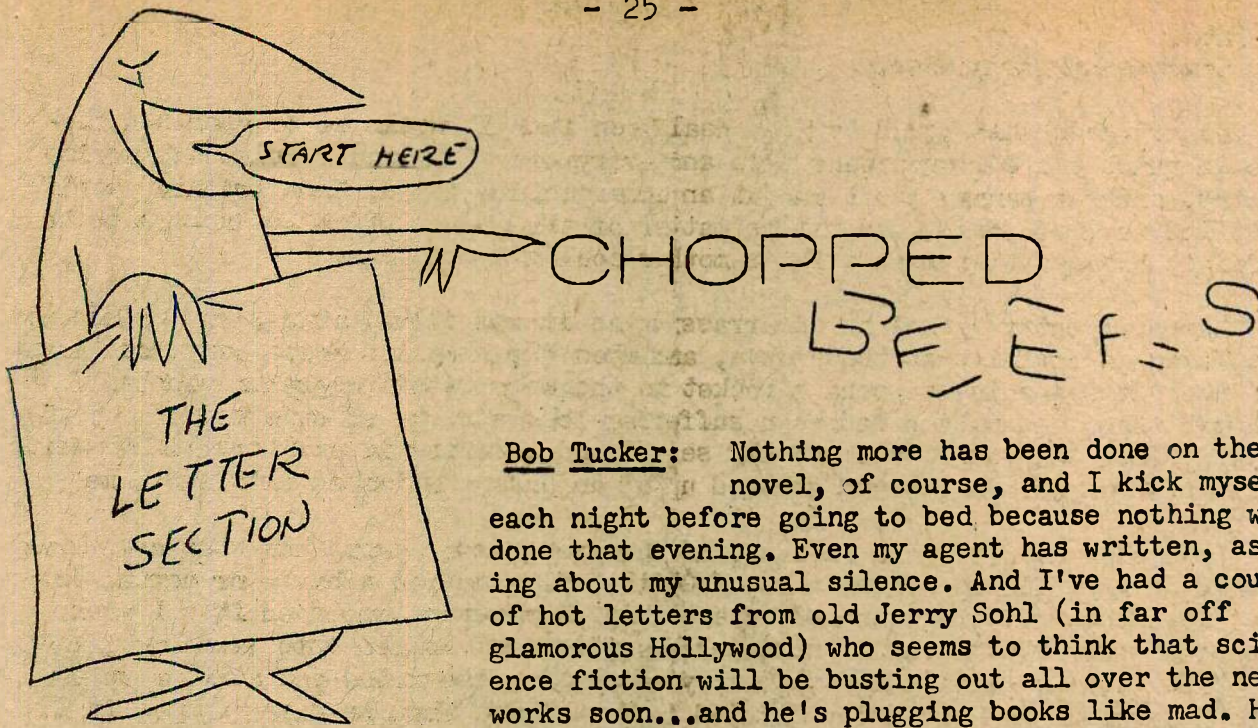
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"In New York one goes into the woods (having first dressed in red with 'No!' signs and like that) with three cartridges. One sits down, being careful no bush looms behind to resemble antlers, and by and by hordes of hunters rush madly past, thrashing their way through aldar thickets and sloshing through the fallen leaves and hurray-ing and halloo-ing and furiously smoking cigarettes and clinking coins in their pockets and generally making a godawful racket. As soon as they have disappeared from sight, a deer rises casually from behind a bush, and you shoot it through the heart. It bounds merrily away and you shoot it in the rear, and it falls down dead. It really does. You keep the third cartridge for the man who bounds casually from behind a tree, deer-tag in hand, in the direction of your deer.

It is all very exciting."

- - - - - Kirs, A Bas 10





Bob Tucker: Nothing more has been done on the novel, of course, and I kick myself each night before going to bed because nothing was done that evening. Even my agent has written, asking about my unusual silence. And I've had a couple of hot letters from old Jerry Sohl (in far off glamorous Hollywood) who seems to think that science fiction will be busting out all over the networks soon...and he's plugging books like mad. His first, then mine. It appears that two or three pro-

grams are suddenly interested in novels for hour-length shows and he managed to get in on the ground floor.

I refuse to get excited. I've been caught up in these Hollywood whirlwinds before and nothing happened, so I shall not rush out and order a new car or a houseful of furniture in anticipation. The cause of all this furore was the FCC stink raised some months ago, where the networks had the hell lambasted out of them for the bloody murder things they've been broadcasting. The networks are now shaking in their boots, so to speak, and the shaking has filtered down to the bottom--Hollywood. The bottom is thus trying to find something new to replace the bloody murder. They seem to think hour-long stf is the answer.

You may laugh now.

Incidentally, Ebert came over and took about two dozen pictures, copious notes, and departed. On the following Sunday his paper published three of the photographs and a rather long article on the Bard of Bloomington--all rather flattering and with no more than the usual inaccuracies. About a week after that, another reporter and her photographer came up from a Clinton paper to take still more photographs and copious notes. In due time, one of her pictures was published in Clinton, along with her story...which had been freely borrowed from Ebert (including the inaccuracies.) And, by Hugo, a week after that the picture and a re-write appeared in a Decatur paper (including, of course, the o.i.'s.) So I've been done in by three papers in as many weeks, and as a result of all that heady publicity I received three fan-letters.

You always get fan-letters,

The first was from a Decatur high school teacher who was an honest-to-gosh writer. He'd had one novel published by Ace, plus about ten plays brought out by one of those companies which specialize in high school plays. A pretty nice Joe.

The second letter was from a man in a small town near Decatur who was a would-be writer. He had completed one 100,000 word novel and it was being rejected everywhere. He wanted me to read it and give him advice on writing and selling. I backed away from that one with dignity and aplomb. (The novel was on the second-most-popular theme adopted by would-be-authors: a young preacher, unhappily married, falls in love with a tender young thing in his congregation.)

The third letter bore no return name or address. It was stuffed full of religious tracts and pamphlets, urging me to get right with God before it was



too late.

Someone has my number.

Do you know what would be fun? Real keen fun? It would be to create a fanzine in which the editor breaks each and every one of Marion's rules of fanzine editing, and yet manages to turn out an entertaining issue. Some trickery would be called for, of course, as in the matter of the nudes, which would have to be so deftly handled that even a fan's mother couldn't complain.

Warner's entry wasn't as embarrassing as it was illuminating. My trouble was that I was an optimist in those days, and when the Army Air Force announced about 1946 that it was going to send a rocket to the moon within eighteen months, I believed them. The nation had been suffering long strings of defeats, so any victory, real or imaginary, was quickly seized upon. Fantastic military claims were put forth from Washington and gobbled up by an unsophisticated citizenry, me among them.

Probably the first and greatest of the propoganda hoaxes was that one which claimed an Army flyboy by the name of Colin Kelly dropped a bomb (or aerial torpedo) down the smokestack of a Japanese ship. Newspapers splashed it all over page one, songs about Kelly were quickly written and rushed into jukeboxes, and even President Roosevelt did his bit by decorating the widow and setting up a deal whereby the son would be admitted to West Point when he came of age. As it turned out, of course, Kelly didn't drop his bomb down the stack. He wasn't even near the ship in question; it had been torpedoed by a sub.

My guess for the moon-shot, right now, is 1966. The only comforting thought is this: if Russia didn't exist, never existed, we would not be on the moon in this century.

And I still think Coulson's book-column is top dog.

Jerry DeMuth: Bill Conner makes a simple mistake of oversimplification when he speaks of government responsibility in some fields as being a restriction of economic freedom. Would he like to go back to the days when a person was completely dependent upon himself--when he had to raise his own crops and make his own clothes? Most of us no longer have to worry about about such things--thus we can develop ourselves further than we would be able to do otherwise; we can afford to take chances economically. That people would rather use this opportunity to simply increase their own safety and security is what is sick about this country--and the reasons are tied up in the American personality, not in the government's advance into certain fields. Social security--in the main--benefits those who are too old to support themselves. Would you, Mr. Conner, regularly put aside part of your paycheck for the time when you are too old to work?  
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"SerCon fans wouldn't be so bad if they weren't such bastards."--via Gerry Deindorfer

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Wait Willis: Some readers are dead stupid, you know. I know one who read three-quarters of a page of Tucker's article thinking it was still Marion Bradley talking, until she mentioned lolling on Brazilian beaches with a ravishing blonde. Just think...if I'd been just a little more stupid I would have written an article about Marion being a bearded lesbian and all fandom would have been plunged into war. And you would have done it all with your lettering guide.

I'm sorry I didn't fill in your egoboo poll, but my fanzine collection at the moment is in such a mess that after contemplating darkly the prospects of assembling the last three Bane's I hid the poll form guiltily away. At this rate I'll be as bad as Shelby Vick, who once apologized for writing me a handwritten letter because his fan room was in such a mess he couldn't find his typewriter.



Ted White: Marion Bradley speaks of how writers for fanzines should not abuse hospitality and I agree with her. However, I feel that there should be more than a dogmatic reason for this. Perhaps we might say that good hospitality should not be abused. In any case, the example Marion gives here happens to involve me. (I hate it when somebody alludes tantalizingly to an episode without mentioning any names.) She says: "I am thinking of a well-known younger fan who visited a well-known older fan and wrote a long article describind this fan's cruel subjection to his mother, and in a way calculated (even though the fan and his mother may have been just one step from the booby-hatch) to hold them both up to the cruellest ridicule."

For the younger fan, read Ted White; for the older fan and mother, Calvin Thomas Beck and Mother. I hate to see people left up in the air about these things.

On the other hand, I think it's stretching things a bit far to use this as an example, and to say that the article I wrote ("A Day with Thomas Calvin Beck"--Void 21) was "calculated to hold / anyone/ up to the cruellest ridicule."

Marion apparently read the article quickly. She overlooked the fact that I was not so much a guest of the Becks as I was their employee. In return for some rather bad food and lots of pre-stirred coffee, I helped Larry Ivie do layouts, pasteups and lettering for the Becks' prozine, The Journal of Frankenstein. I received no other remuneration for this 24 hours of drudgery than that bit of food and the pleasure I received from writing up the experience. What the Becks got was scab labor for a venture they fully expected to make money from; they were in a big hurry at the time, but the issue is yet to appear.

So much for the Becks' hospitality. As to my "cruel calculations"; well, I'm afraid I'm a better judge of what I may or may not have calculated in writing the article. Again, Marion is dead wrong.

If Marion felt tempted to ridicule the Becks, well, then, I guess I held them up to it, but this was not my express intention. I had heard a lot about the Becks from other sources, and I wanted to see what they were like for myself. This I did, and this I reported. I found a rather likable, if pitiable son in his mid-thirties, bound to the apron-strings of a woman who took all his college courses with him, thinks Greenwich villagers are "perverts", and will not allow her son any interest in the opposite sex. I wrote about Calvin with a certain degree of sympathy, and about his mother with at least an attempt at insight.

But, with the exception of what I discovered about Calvin's father, I imparted no new information in the article; Calvin, by Marion's admission, was well-known, and for stories about him and his mother I can refer you to The Harp Stateside as well as to less reputable sources.

Incidentally, don't you think that you should turn Tucker loose from that bedstead near the typer at least long enough for him to attend a few conventions?

Jim Knotts: Parents can be expected to criticize some of the activities of their charges, but they have no right to dominate the religious beliefs of a maturing teenager. If a person wishes to be a Holy Roller or an atheist, that's his business; parents should know that when a child becomes older, and finds something he believes in, their chances of changing his mind are small.

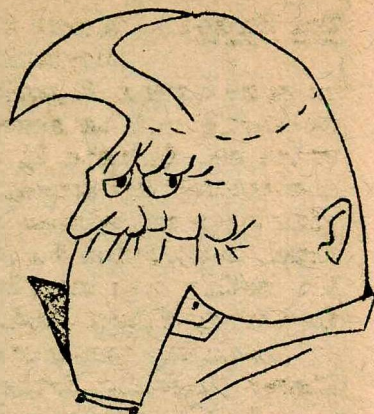
Unfortunately, in too many cases, parents inflict their prejudices on their children. This is one of the main reasons for the conflict over segregation. If children were brought up to accept negroes as members of the human race, instead of being taught to look upon them as inferiors, there would be a lot less trouble in the world. This goes for the attitude towards all races.

This sort of situation brings to mind a short story by Howard Fast, "The First Men" (F&SF) in which a group of children, mostly war-orphans, are raised by a group of people, as opposed to two parents, and educated in such a manner that they don't hate, but are open-minded towards everything. I have often wondered if such a system would work, in reality; it would certainly solve problems such as Les Sample's. The main drawback would seem to be the possibility of turning out stereotypes, or carbon copies.



Bill Rotsler: I know a number of lesbians, and 75% of them are strippers, figure models, and actresses. The ones I know (the 75%) are pretty, even beautiful. Many of the models you see in fashion magazines become lesbians. I guess this is because of the constant attention of men--this pressure hits some weakness in them and they become homosexual. Some permanently, some fleetingly.

Lesbianism I think most men can understand; they, too, like women. I was talking to one today--sexy, very pretty girl that is a coming actress and has been a figure model--fully lesbian now, makes no bones about it, and can joke about it with those "hip" enough to understand her and not draw any morals from it. I make a practice of bugging her (I hate to see a pretty girl defect to the "other side") with cartoons about it but she takes it in good humor and grace.



Tucker was as usual: good. (How dreary it must be to always be good.)

Dave English: One is understandably reluctant to accept doctrines odious to the majority, at least of one's peers. Socialism/communism/collectivism (I'll accept any of these labels) is everywhere characterized as ranging from Utopian custardheadedness to Manifest Evil. One doesn't like to be thought a fool. And there are all manner of hostile forces abroad--oh, committees on this and that, and the American Legion, and the Fat Boys' Institute. There is the matter of jobs, too; you can hardly blame the boss if he waxes hostile when he finds that you are out to get him. Is it any wonder that so many of this political hue look wistfully at the land across the sea?

A few pertinent works: The Rise of the Great American Fortunes, Gustavus Myers--a splendid and detailed work of the development of big capital in this country. Perhaps a little too personality-orientated, but certainly a good supplement to any reliable economic history of the U.S. # Sartre on Cuba--a revolution in progress is always subject to interpretation; this is one of many. Frankly, though, does the newspaper coverage on Cuba make sense to you? This, or some such, is the grain of salt such reporting has to be taken with. Mills' book is good, too.

But let's be opinionated, man; I for one am ready to consider impartially any damned lie and vicious misrepresentation the opposition cares to deliver. Try Nathaniel Weyl: Red Star Over Cuba, recently papar-backed by Hillman. He "proves" that Fidel has been a "trusted Soviet agent" for ages now. Frankly, I'm not at all alarmed, but our State Department ought to be. True, you give a dog a bad name in order to hang him, but if every progressive force in the underdeveloped regions of the world is labelled "Communism", Washington may yet find itself the Kremlin's most effective press agent. Then there will be congressional investigations and agonizing reprisals!

You could, if you're interested, inspect the platforms of the various socialist parties that participated in the last presidential election. (What? You didn't know that the various socialist parties made the scene? Well, they did. They even managed to wangle an hour or two of time over the idiot lantern. Perhaps they didn't succeed in making themselves heard between what one of them liked to call Tweedledee and Tweedledum.)

Avram Davidson: I haven't read Sarban's Ringstones nor yet The Sound of His Horn, but I did read most of his other book; it seemed to me draggy in style, repetitious in format, and--so far as I read--contributing



nothing new to the use of the gimmick, the same gimmick previously used by FitzJames O'Brien in his toyshop story, A. Merritt in Burn, Witch, Burn and many others (including Avram Davidson in his "Master Stilwell's Stage"; not an outstanding story, but at least short.)

Although I am not a fanzine editor, circumstances seemingly beyond my control have made me a fanzine reader; and, in this connection, I found Marion Bradley's "Ultimate Fanzine" very good, sapient, interesting, and I hope that all you little kiddies out there in fanzine land will take Note. In particular let me commend her comments on abusing the salt, i.e., accepting hospitality and then running to write smide things about the host(s). Some young people evidently have the idea that "reporting" not only licences such a thing, but indeed compells it. Not so. Not unless you announce yourself as a reporter and caution the host(s) that anything he/they says/say and does/do may be taken down in writing. The host-guest relationship ought to be, and by right is, a sacred one.

Les Sample's experience bears some of the marks of simple religious persecution, and the fact that his father was able to enlist the support of the police in coercing him is unpleasant, indeed. One thing, however--let us give Sample, Senior, credit for caring--caring what his son did, and wanting to save him from wrong and harmful associations. Most of us would disagree with Mr. Sample that Les was doing wrong, but if any of us had a son about whose associations and actions we were as worried as was Mr. Sample, we might well become as excited and act as foolishly.

Did Les at the time consult a Unitarian minister and/or a lawyer? If not, why not? A recent case where a father ordered his daughter out of the house when she refused to give up the Catholic religion, then sued for her custody, and lost, would seem to indicate that Les would have similar rights.

Betty Kujawa is slightly confused in saying that "as long as he's taking room and board from his parents, he does owe them obedience and some slight respect--if ONLY out of respect for the Moral (Mosaic) code on which our culture is based"; because a) on the basis of this code he owes them respect whether he takes room and board or not and b) Les has made it clear that he doesn't believe in this Mosaic Code; he believes in Bertrand Russell, instead.

I'm glad that "Ace is making money on sf", Don Wollheim. I always like to hear that publishers are making money. Sometimes a little of it trickles down to the writers, too.

(Does Tucker really have a beard? Is it long and white?)

Gerry de la Ree: The 1946 Poll resulted in comments from several persons to the effect that the question "In what year do you think the first successful flight to the Moon will be made?" was confusing. Did this mean manned or unmanned? So, in January, 1947, I repolled 32 persons, this time requesting separate dates. Participants included R.L.Farnsworth, A.E.VanVogt, John Campbell, Ray Palmer, Will F. Jenkins (Murray Leinster), Bob Tucker, Sam Noskowitz, Ralphn Milne Farley, Willy Ley, Richard Shaver, Manly Wade Wellman, Hugo Gernsback, L.Sprague deCamp, and others, including Harry Warner.

Here's the payoff on that poll: only one of the 32 participants gave a date later than 1960 for the first unmanned flight, and about half expected such a flight by 1950--only three years after the poll! Harry Warner was one of those picking 1950. The first Soviet moon-rocket hit the lunar surface on Sept. 14, 1959. As fate would have it, no one picked 1959. Ray Palmer, who had cast the lone negative vote before, reversed himself and chose 1948-50 for the unmanned and 1975 for the manned.

In 1953 I took a similar poll on an expanded scale. This time I managed to get contributions from 65 persons, including Wernher von Braun, Dr. Heinz Haber, Arthur C. Clarke, Prof. Fred Whipple, Dr. R.S.Richardson, and many others more or less involved in space ventures; from virtually every editor in the science



fiction field--Gold, Campbell, Boucher, Hamling, etc.; and from a flock of leading authors--Heinlein, Bradbury, Asimov, EESmith, Pratt, VanVogt, Brackett, Binder, Farmer, Bester, Bloch, Tucker, Hamilton, etc.

This was not a fan poll, of course. The results were published in a mimeographed booklet which has been out of print since a few months after it was brought out. The material from the poll I also used as the basis for an article which appeared in the August 22, 1953 issue of the weekend magazine of the Bergen (N.J.) Evening Record, for which I work. It was carried over the A.P. wire and received good treatment in various parts of the country.

The results are interesting in that Russia was given little chance of outstripping the U.S. in the space travel field. Of those polled, 71.4 % expected an unmanned trip by 1975; 73% the manned flight before 1990. That the U.S. would sponsor such a flight was believed by 54.7%.

Incidentally, this time only two, Whipple and Jack O'Sullivan of Planet Stories, picked 1959 as the date for the unmanned trip. For the manned flight, five contributors are already wrong, but quite a few are in the 1965-70 class and some should hit the nail on the head if the Russians or Americans come through.

John Baxter: Do you really think that pre-election discussion of the Fanac Poll nominations would make the awards any more indicative of true quality than they are now? No election is ever assisted by the speechifying that goes beforehand, because you can discount most of the claims, counter-claims, promises and statements as half-lies and half-misinterpretations of the facts. All quality in fandom is, after all, a matter of personal taste--in fact, this is much more true of fandom than for any part of the mundane world, probably because of the personalities which inevitably intrude into printed material. Ever thought, "It's a lousy 'zine, but Joe is such a nice guy..."? That sort of thing happens too often to be ignored.

True, some kind of clean-up is needed, but I think it should take the form of a) more overseas representation in the balloting and b) stricter limits on what should be included in the polling. The rules could specify that only mags which had had more than (say) six issues during the previous issue could be considered. Tough, maybe, but it'd do the field a helluva lot of good.

Coulson book reviews pfui!

Tucker's "Dialog for Three Hams" in Bane 3 is one of the funniest items I've read in a long time. And to think...he probably ran it off on a scrap of toilet paper during an unavoidable ten-minute period of inactivity between novels. Such is greatness...

Joining the army was an intelligent way for Les Sample to get around his parent problem, but from what I've heard about the US Armed Forces, it might have been more comfortable in reform school.

Brian Aldiss: The "starship" theme has always fascinated me. "Universe" is a story I often re-read; it was the inspiration for Nonstop (published as Starship stateside--ed.), not only because of its obvious merits but because of its obvious faults: notably (to me a pervasive Heinlein shortcoming) because his people are unchanged inwardly--sure, some of them have two heads--from twentieth century Americans. So I began with the premise that such a voyage would have resounding repercussions on the soul. (Here, let me add in parenthesis, that if I were writing the novel now, six years later, when I am much more sure of my capabilities/limitations, this theme would be of greater importance than the unravelling of a mystery.)

These repercussions on the soul would bring about a personal philosophy of avasion, hypocrisy, cowardice, braggadacio, and general two-facedness--best exemplified in the book by Marapper, the man best qualified to survive under the circumstances. They would bring about a political philosophy equivalent to the Middle Ages' manorial system: small units run by strong right arms and worked by



serfs -- as in the Green tribe. (Things were better in Forwards generally owing to the ameliorations introduced by outsiders like Zac Delight.)

As a natural check on the ruthlessness inherent in such personal and political philosophies would be the basic urge to survive as a group in such totally adverse conditions; and, at least, this general crampedness is drawn into the usual form of greeting, "Expansion to your ego!"

To fling this argument hard astern for the sake of polemics: any long-voyage novel which does not have this assumption (that below a certain level of existence group feelings tend to be very strong) straight-away invalidates itself. For, if self-preservation is given too high a priority, then everyone would be killed off, beginning with the weakest, such as women and children and young boys.

Following this up, you might reach the suspicion that in this respect Heinlein grossly and I hardly less grossly erred in the amount of cruelty we depicted in our closed systems. For, oppressive conditions do not necessarily breed revolt or cruelty. This is true, for instance, in the Jewish submission to Nazi persecution (where the Warsaw ghetto uprising was a minor, but well-publicized, incident.) It's possibly also true of the people of East Berlin, according to talks I have had with a reporter who was there just before the barriers went up; he stressed how much more kindly and gentle they seemed than their neighbors in the Western sector. Maybe there is something in this (to me repugnant) Christian idea that suffering purifies people.

Harry Warner, jr.: I'm entirely too much of a coward to risk my life for the sake of being first to the Moon. I could key myself up to a sufficiently high pitch to volunteer for the risky flight if it were somehow a desperately important matter and nobody but a handful of persons including myself could meet the requirements. But I'll be blessed if I possess any knowledge or physical characteristics that would be useful for the first space traveller and mere firstness in anything has never been particularly interesting to me. After all, we don't honor the unknown Viking that made the first trip to North America but Columbus, who was the first one to make the trip in such a way as to produce significant results. Frank Reade's adventures formed the first real prozine, but we give that honor today to Amazing Stories, that one which really inspired the existence of magazine science fiction on a lasting basis. (I almost wrote permanent basis, but maybe that's too dangerous an adjective to risk these days. The local library's children's room gave up this summer its annual reading club in favor of showing movies, which is a pretty good sign of the times, I think. Maybe comic-book fandom is arriving just in time, because of the danger that the next generation won't be able to read the old prozines.)

The tradition of special big anniversary issues traces back at least as far as the fourth anniversary issue of Fantasy Magazine, which looks surprisingly like some recent prozines for its dimensions and general appearance. Tucker fails to mention something else: the decline of the tradition of advertising in general in fanzines today. When I started in fandom it was traditional practice for fanzine editors to trade advertising space, in order to draw more attention to their publications than fanzine review columns ordinarily afforded. Now you can read fanzines for three months without finding a real advertisement, bought or traded.





Buck Coulson is wrong when he indicates that Rocket to the Morgue started the trend of using real people from the sf world in fiction. The Lovecraft circle did it all the time to one another, and Manly Wade Wellman wrote a short story for TWS, I believe, in which all the characters were named for members of the Wildwood, N.J., fan club.

It's still hard to believe that South Carolina will commit a teenager to an expensive reform school term without some genuine conviction for a specific crime on his record. All the poor white trash in the state would save money on meal bills by getting their kids out of the way in this manner, it would seem to me. Anyway, the fact that a man thinks that reform school inmates would be better company for his son than members of a church club is one to mull over at considerable length.

Art Hayes: The idea of a socialistic state is that while it allows the individual to have freedom and to prosper, he need not concern himself with the conditions affecting his earning power and basic needs of life, such as illness, worry about a proper education for his children, medical matters, and old age. The group, the nation, will handle these things for him.

The complaint against socialism, is that anything must have rules. Just as the insurance company with whom you have your car or home insured will have a lot of questions for you to answer, so will the government, should it run it. If these same questions are asked by the government, they are interpreted as taking away rights and freedoms.

A business that is nationalized will still charge for its services, a charge that is sufficient to cover its expenses but not to have a profit higher than is necessary to handle unexpected expenses. If, in one year, this business has a loss, the government will pay the bill--with money that the group finances through taxes. If the industry does go into the red, it is expected to try to make up the deficit; if it fails, but is still necessary, the government will continue to subsidize it. It does not have to make a profit to distribute to stockholders.

England has a socialistic organization in the Labour Party. So, when the non-socialistic party got back in power, it found it necessary (or best) not to tamper with the socialistic advances made by the other party in all but a very few large industries. What this means is that once a system is installed, it is difficult to change, even though the ones who did the installing have been swept away in the political tide.

Sid Birchby: Buck Coulson, in reviewing Heinlein's Stranger in a Strange Land, asks whether religion need be dignified or not. Well, I should wait until I've read the book, but I'll stick my neck out and hazard a guess that we might all define our terms for a start and settle what we're arguing about. There's religion and there's release, and in most Organized Cults the two are inextricably mixed. A man has his religious beliefs which concern his attitude toward his Maker and so forth, and he has some means of releasing his tensions. The first, I'd say, has yes to be dignified, but not the latter.

Floyd Zwicky asks who the men who invented the wheel, pulley, etc., were. Let me break it to him that the question is meaningless, since things never happened in that way. The truth is revealed in the ancient writings of the East, wherein we find that all the big breakthroughs were revealed to mortals by the Gods. And when you read closer it seems that they weren't man-gods but wimmin-gods. The very Goddess of discovery is a woman, Minerva.

This is only a high-flown way of saying that all the discoveries are made by men as a result of nagging women, e.g.:

"When are you going to do something about heating this cave?"; "Other women don't have rollers on the baby-carriage!"; and so on. Consequently, the answer to Floyd's despairing cry for more breakthroughs is more women to nag harder at us. (And I'll personally break the liver of the first man who opens his mouth.)



← And Sid enclosed a bulletin of the Former Students' Association of the College of Science and Technology at Manchester, a bulletin of which Sid is the editor. Apparently Birchby also did the editorializing, a nicely-crafted dissertation on the "dragging-heels" policy of the United Kingdom's space efforts. Enjoyed, Sid, and thanks.→

Derek Nelson: You probably never noticed, as it isn't important enough for US papers to mention, but Canada, the second last bastion of capitalism in the world, has been over-hauled and passed in the standard of living index by that socialist-permeated nation of Sweden. Sweden's government has done more good for the country than any capitalist government ever could do, yet the initiative of the individual is not stifled.

No one goes hungry in Sweden, no one lives in slums (now eliminated) and there is wide-spread opportunity for advancement. And there is one more telling point: Sweden is the only nation on Earth that is completely dug in and ready to survive a nuclear war (although Switzerland and Russia aren't too far behind). Socialism (outside Canada and Afro-Asia) doesn't mean neutralism, but rather anti-communism as determined, if not more so, than the capitalist system's.

I think that MZB should remember that not all homos are "nice people"; there are leeches, perverts and others who go after children, people in washrooms, and so on.

Don Wollheim: Sarban is a strange writer. He has a touch you are perhaps not fully aware of--he is a writer of not so much Lovecraftian horror as the sick attraction of deeply buried sexual psychotic perversion. His first book, The Sound of His Horn, was a loaded package of sexual symbols, and while Ringstones was a lot more oblique and subtler, the particular sex-fantasm there--the "pony-girl" sadism--can be found in the annals. It's present in full, historically authenticated detail in Alfred Duggan's novel of the Roman Emperor Helio-gabalus Family Favorites.

Helmut Klemm might like to know that The Seventh Day appeared originally in Germany, where the title was Keiner Kommt Davon.

Les Sample: It would be rather ridiculous to try to pretend that a series of events such as I experienced had no lasting emotional effect. When you're 17-18 years old, a year is a helluva long time; it's been over a year since I had all that trouble, but I guess I'm still as bitter as hell. The main effects upon me would seem to be a dislike and distrust in people in general, and especially in people who hold authority. At times I feel like openly flaunting authority, not for any good reason, but merely because I'm being told what to do.

← And somewhat briefer quotes, children of necessity...→

Terry Jeeves: "Wheel of Fortune" came as near to resuscitating that old "Sense of Wonder" at fanzines which actually had contact with pro s-f as any since the days of Wally Gillings' Scientifiction, way back in '38, which contained an article about Eric Frank Russell. ## Honey Wood: His speech, on the subject of witches, was very interesting. He spoke as though he knew some personally... ## Phil Farmer: Marion's right, of course, in saying that an interest in lesbians is not equivalent to an interest in pornography--although I can't really see that there's any harm in a scientific interest in pornography. Or, for that matter, reading pornography to get your jollies off. ## Alan Dodd: For Giovanni Scognamiglio's information, a Czech film company is currently filming The Adventures of Baron Munchausen. ## Roy Tackett: Personally, I find the most beautiful words in the English language are "Enclosed please find check..." ## Joe Zimny: Such is life... ← True. → ## Bob Lichtman: In my opinion, not only should the name and address of a faned and title and issue number of the fanzine appear in



some prominent place in the magazine, but there should also be the approximate date of publication (to aid future indexers and librarians, not to mention the fan himself, who in future years may be curious as to "Now when did I put that out?" & New address for Bob: 1510-A Hearst Street, Berkeley 3, California.) ##

Euripidies: His soul, vanquished at length by that fell Bane... ## Rosemary Hickey: If Flcyd Zwicky wants a solution to his quest for greater productive intelligence--meaning demonstrative brain work--it can be found in the writings of the greater educators. All of these men had that goal in mind. ## Redd Boggs: I notice that Tucker went hog-wild as soon as you turned your mimeo over to him and promptly issued a one-shot. You certainly should have had greater acumen than to pull such a trick. You wouldn't hand a box of matches to a child, would you? ## Dr. Antonio Dupla: In your legislature, as here, there are many points of irritation one usually tolerates, normally lacking the time and money for following any action, and the matter is dropped with only angry commentaries and a bad temper. ## Gary Deindorfer: You sound like you're one of the new trufans... ## Betty Kujawa: How about having Buck review Stewart's Earth Abides? ## Larry Williams: ...if not more. I find little else that can be added. ## John Foyster: The biggest fault of the N3F is its existence... ## Ruth Berman: Bob Tucker is a rather funny name... ## Sture Sedolin: Don't agree with Buck re Signet; a lot of good sf is in the Signet Classics line, the most outstanding being 1984. ## Joe Sanders: We passed a law setting the value of pi at 4.00. ## Peter Macey: It seems to me that the year a film should be assigned to (for the Hugo awards) ought to be the year of its copyright date. ## Russell Watkins: Tucker's item was quite quaint. ## Dave Locke: Marion Bradley says a contributor should have his uninterrupted say. This is true, but is he saying the same thing throughout his letter? No. Paragraph "A" concerns the Hawaiian Islands; "B" and "C" censorship, and so on. The editor certainly should be able to inject comment directly after paragraphs "A" and "C", for the reader has had his say--on that subject... ## Buck Coulson: Baxter is a disappointment. I enjoy occasionally prodding the readers by making comments that they won't agree with, but Baxter never agrees with anything, so where's the challenge? (And why wasn't I born in the days when mimeo paper was a nickel a ream?) ## Don Melton: It's hard to choose "beautiful" words if you're familiar with the meaning and, hence, connotation. To be entirely objective, one could only consider foreign words. ## Stan Serrner: ...you guys seem to be closer to the end of the world than I was... ## Len Moffatt: The trouble with our laws re minors is that they are based on chronological ages. It would seem to be the only practical way to have such laws, and such laws are needed if we are to have any laws at all. If all young people could be tested and graded as to their maturity, dependability, common sense, etc., and if the laws could be changed so that restrictions apply only to those who are immature...well.... (And Moffatt still loves Pong; platonically, of course.) ## Bob Parkinson: Mr. Zwicky, I'm reminded of an aSF serial, The Long Way Home, in which I've read the one and only justified argument for eugenics. Eugenics is not only justified, but imperative, WHEN you know precisely what you're doing and how to go about it. (Bob Tucker certainly mumbles nicely in his beard.) ## Dick Schultz: Bane is not prematurely senile; you are... ## Archie Mercer: I disagree with Marion Zimmer Bradley on one fundamental point. She says: "There is no excuse for anyone except a competent, experienced and skillful layout artist doing titles freehand on a stencil." I'd put it like this: "There is no excuse for anyone NOT doing freehand lettering on stencils." (Perhaps, though, not quite that categorically.) Lettering guides are the sworn foes of individuality; with them, everyone's zine looks like everyone else's. I certainly wish you wouldn't chop your beefs so much, either. ##

& And many thanks to the following... : Dick Lupoff, Lenny Kaye, Dave Prosser, Walt Breen, Ray Cummings, Bruce Palz, Larry Shaw, Arne Sjögren, Don Allen, Gregg Calkins, Don Francon, Ron Bennett, Rich Bergeron, Marv Bryer, Don Thompson, and Juniata Bonifas. One and all are appreciated, as always. Write soon.



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