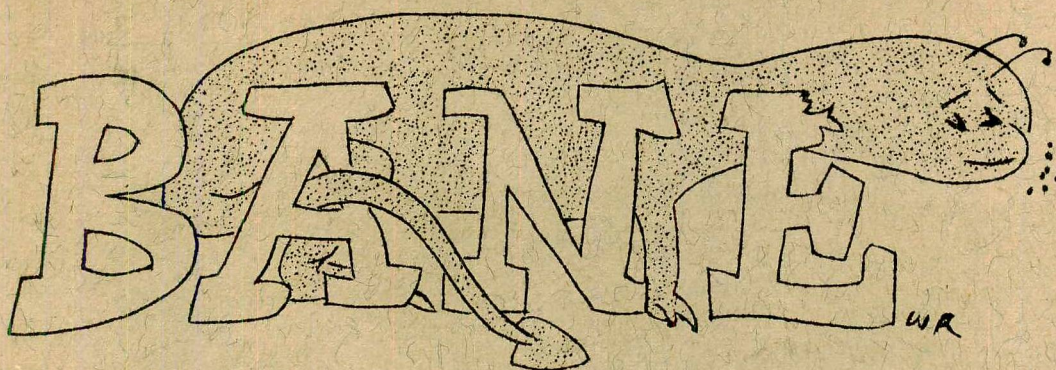




BANE





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"If I were faced today with the decision my ancestors faced -- become a Christian or die -- I would pick a church fast. There is nothing to offend me in the modern church. The minister gives a sermon on juvenile delinquency one week, reviews a movie next week, then everyone goes downstairs and plays bingo. The first part of a church they build nowadays is the kitchen. Five hundred years from now people will dig up these churches, find the steam tables and wonder what kind of sacrifices we performed."

- - - - - Harry Golden

YOUR LAST ISSUE: \_\_\_\_\_



A FASCIST A DAY FROM ALL OVER: Any fan editor becomes accustomed to receiving all sorts of odd materials with the letters that come his way, but some casual enclosures from Fred Calvin struck me as being particularly fascinating. Somewhere Fred came across some literature of the American National Party, an a-borning group with a not-so-novel Mission but a way of getting down to business that can best be described as "different." The ANP's actions revolve about the theme "Death to Communism," with the philosophy that Good Ends always justify their divergent Means.

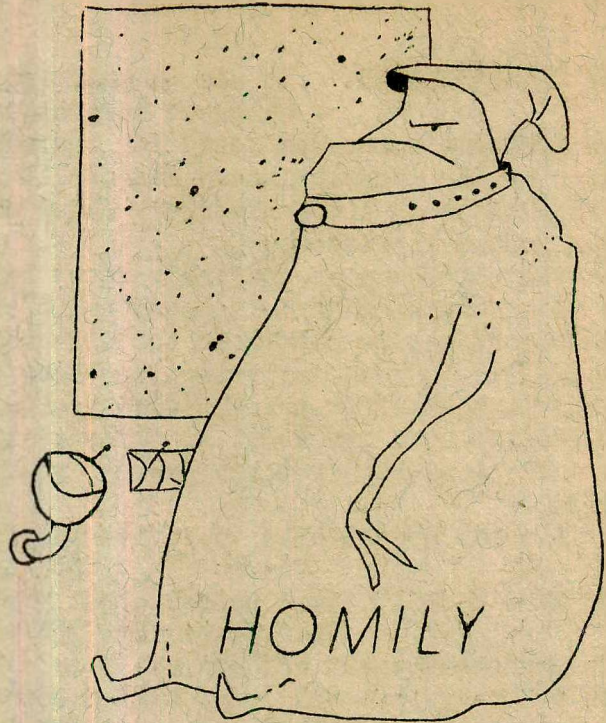
Just what does the ANP do? Some of its actions seem innocuous enough, such as the publication of an official organ, The Attack; street meetings to protest a rally on the part of the staff members of the Communist weekly, The Worker; protestations about foreign aid earmarked for Yugoslavia and Poland (picturing such aid as handing bullets to pistol-packers); and actions designed to save the HCUA and the McCarran Act. Their fervency is astonishing: they will speak on the streets of New York without regard for the weather; they will defend the HCUA without regard for the evidence.

Some of the ANP's actions are somewhat more surprising. One might judge from their literature that the OAS is America's only friend abroad. The party lobbies for the testing and building of bigger and "dirtier" bombs ("Are we afraid, when the time comes, we might kill too many Commie rats?"), an immediate naval blockade of Cuba, and a similarly prompt declaration of war against the Soviet Union. There must be an end to coexistence; we must fight while we can still win.

Now, I can hardly think of a more worthwhile cause than the defeat of Communism (with both a large and a small "c"), but I don't think I'll ever be lured into accepting a cure only slightly less noisome than the disease. As Larry McCombs points out in this issue's lettercolumn, such right-wing bravado is nothing more than a simple manifestation of a national fear. This is only too evident in the plea that we fight while we can still win; the modern achievements of the Soviet Union make it only too evident that we might not always have a monopoly on winning.

Fred has suggested that the initials might denote a connection with the American Nazi Party, since, in addition, there are strong similarities in tactics and even "emblems". This can't be ruled out; the word "Nazi" carries understandably repulsive connotations, while "National" is vague enough to apply to baseball, football and basketball leagues. Another suggestion put forth is that the Party's actions might be simple farce, the organization itself simple satire on the part of some radical group.

If only everything in the world were as clear-cut as the American National Party might conceivably lead one to believe! If only we were white and they black, with no stripes, no polka-dots, no grays. I'd certainly like to see a world with only "conscientious" neutrals, not those parasites who take the gifts of both camps, promising eventual commitment but never delivering. Such countries are often vital sources of materials necessary to us in both peace and war; we must "court" them. However, technology is a remarkable thing indeed; it holds the promise that synthetics may some day make us self-sufficient. A sharply divided world would be in better shape for compromise than a factionalized one.





JUST OLD-FASHIONED: It was a year ago that Tucker, writing in "Beard Mumbings," suggested that modern-day fandom, perhaps the most affluent ever, was ready for the comeback of a once dearly-beloved institution -- the congratulatory message. The fanzine of yesteryear was thought to be incomplete if the Anniversary Issue didn't sport at least a handful of messages from well-wishers.

The next Bane is the Anniversary Issue, and your contributions to aid in the reconstruction of this hoary relic are solicited. For paltry sums, proper communiques may be placed in the forthcoming issue. Ten cents entitles you to a half-line (boxed) declaring your love/hate/what-have-you for any individual or institution other than Mrs. Moskowitz; an additional nickel allows your thoughts to span the line. At three cents per word (rounded, for convenience, to the nearest nickel) you may express your heart-felt congratulations on the occasion.

A great opportunity to revive an old and dear con game.

SOME NEWS NOTES: This uproar about the Supreme Court's "prayer ruling" is rather startling. One might think that our highest tribunal had just condemned every newborn child to a life of agnosticism or atheism. It was just recently that the Court handed down the ruling in Baker vs. Carr, which ruled that the judiciary may intervene in state reapportionment if the state legislatures are lax in so doing. This has some obviously far-reaching ramifications, but the case received very little notice in the Northern press.

Beside this ruling -- one which delves rather deeply into the very substantive issue of Federalism -- a decision that merely upholds the meaning of the First Amendment to the Constitution seems paltry indeed. Some sort of vast movement of public indignation and congressional band-wagon-jumping has duped the American people into thinking this a vital issue of our times. It simply isn't. The ruling does not outlaw prayer in public schools, though it well might; it simply decided a simple case where a state administrative agency had created an "official" prayer. The decision has nothing to do with the motto "In God We Trust" that's stamped onto coins; just where this particular bit of nonsense started is vague, but it appears fairly wide-spread. And finally, it does not mean in itself that we are no longer a "religious nation," but rather that there are at least a few people who are both vigilant for transgression and tolerant of religious differences and indifferences.

Sweden's socialistic state -- as mentioned in the last two lettercolumns -- may be repugnant to me as a dyed-in-the-wool capitalist, but I'll certainly have to elevate my opinion of that country's national common sense if Mrs. Sherri Finkbine is granted permission for the abortion she desires. It's difficult these days to separate fact and fancy over the drug thalidomide, but one thing is clear: Mr. and Mrs. Finkbine have decided that the odds any child she might bear would have deformed limbs are so great that bringing any such child into the world is simply not worth the risk. This may or may not be sound reasoning, but the Finkbines are reasonable, mature adults who've apparently concurred completely on the matter. It's rather a black mark on the United States that Mrs. Finkbine can't have a therapeutic abortion here; apparently mental anguish isn't considered as dangerous a deterrent to a woman's pregnancy as an exceptionally small pelvis, or similar complications.

So, the people with the convictions and the resources go abroad, while here in the U.S. laws exist that allow unwilling people only two alternatives: the bearing of an unwanted child that'll never have the proper atmosphere of love and affection, or the payment of exorbitant fees for illegal abortions that are often fatal.



...AND A BOOK REVIEW: It's to Clifford Simak's credit that he's written a book which deals successfully with the exploration of the farthest worlds of the Universe, yet opens: "Finally there came a time when Man was ready to admit that he was barred from space." This is the tone of Time Is the Simplest Thing, which begins with this note of despair, injects immediately the exception that forms the crux of the book and concludes with cautious optimism. The book itself is very much like van Vogt's Slan; its protagonist is a character with abnormal powers -- yet he is hunted by his own; there is a race of persecuted and misunderstood humans who are normal in every way save some frightening psionic talent.

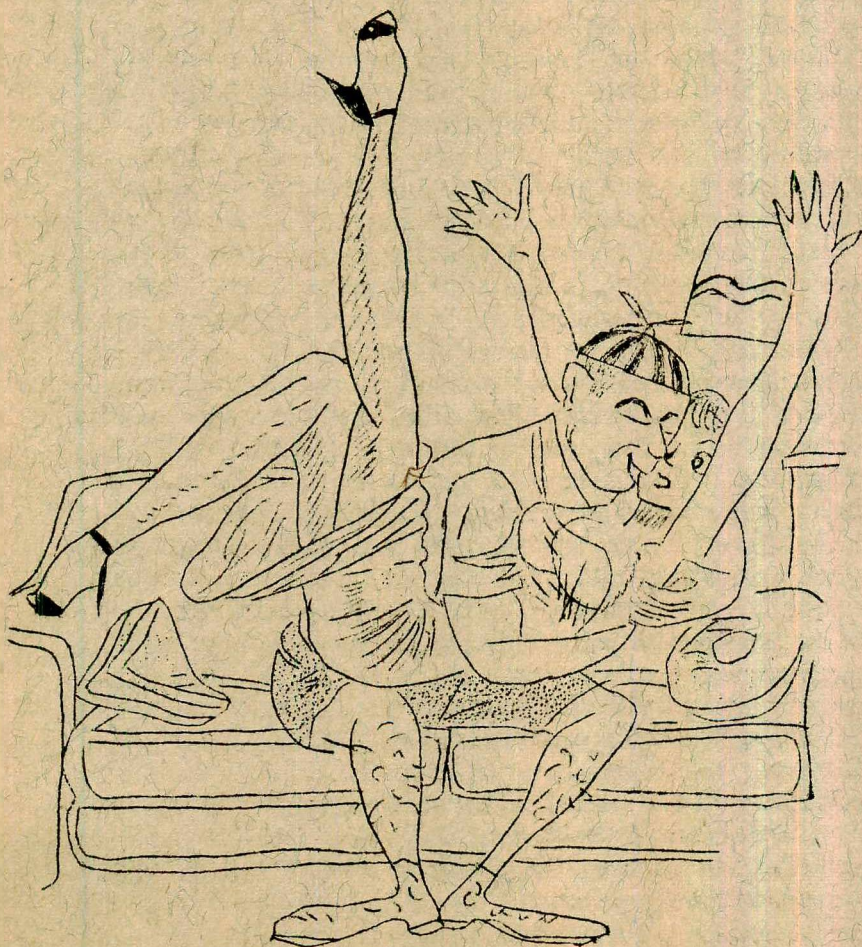
While Man apparently couldn't withstand the rigors of space, his mind could, and an organization dubbed "Fishhook" took advantage of this fact. The central character -- a man named Blaine -- is an employ of Fishhook, and a "parrie", or "paranormal". With the aid of an all-purpose exploratory device, his consciousness is projected to the corners of the Universe, where data is gathered, often leading to the marketing of alien products on Earth.

Despite the introduction of all sorts of beneficial products, Fishhook is feared by the general populace, since much of its activities must naturally be shrouded in secrecy. Thus when Blaine encounters an alien creature that "trades" minds with him, he finds that he must avoid both a world of superstitious Terrestrials and the agents of Fishhook who have discovered his "going alien". The presence of the alien fixtures in Blaine's mind is more a technical aid than a vital part of the story, but Simak's description of the "feeling" is superlative: "He sought for it again and he could not find it, but he did find traces of it; he found the spoor of it, tiny, muddy footprints that went across his brain; he found bits and pieces that it had left behind -- strange, chaotic memories and

straws of exotic, disconnected information that floated like flecks of jetsam in a frothy tide."

Time Is the Simplest Thing is a book with a modicum of annoying failures and a sampling of notable successes. The book abounds with secret agents who turn up only to direct the plot to those places to which it must turn; the goal of physical transportation to the stars comes ludicrously easily -- Blaine merely wishes to find a warm world in which he may escape the cold of Earth.

Yet the novel's speculations on the nature of time are worthwhile indeed: "This was the past and it was the dead past...there was no life here. Life must occupy but a single point in time, and as time moved forward, life moved with it. And so was gone...any dream that man might have had of visiting the past and living in the action and thought...of men who'd long been dust."



"Sure I love you, but damn it, Sturgeon's speaking downstairs!"



This year has been a slim one for major works of science fiction, so perhaps this novel will be considered among them. Popular or not, and accurate or not, it's a readable exercise that strays pleasantly from the normal convention and thought about the fourth dimension.

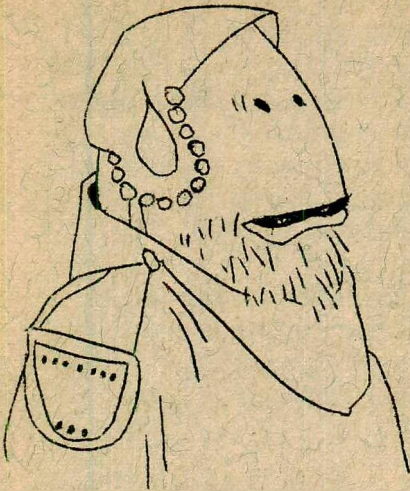
**WE'VE MADE NEW ARRAIGN-MENTS.** Certainly it's no novelty when a science fiction author speculates on a society which has computers to handle the function of judge and jury, but such theorizing from "competent" sources seems an astonishingly liberal action. Paul Bartholomew, a political science professor at Notre Dame, asserts in an article in the New York Bar Journal that leaving the decisions involved in criminal prosecutions to computers provides "complete objectivity...in the decision process as well as...consistency."

Bartholomew proposed this measure as a solution to those actions of the Supreme Court that've come under fire of late: highly arbitrary application of precedent (even though the Court has traditionally followed the doctrine of stare decisis), split decisions, and political alignments. The computer, he explained, would eliminate the factor of prejudice. Statutes, previous decisions and extenuating circumstances would be encoded and fed into a computer.

This strikes me as a wonderful idea--completely fair, yet efficient enough to free our judicial people from the drudgery of the minutae. Opposition to the use of a computer in clear-cut cases is likely to come from those who equate the "human element" with "mercy"; such people would feel that with a human judge in attendance there exists some remote chance for mercy. How could a society without a "me-first" orientation fail to seriously consider this proposal?

**ODDS AT ENDS:** Bob Tucker's column in this issue is respectfully dedicated to the cat fanciers in the crowd. The text itself has nothing to do with any feline beastie, but the physical aspects of that section of the magazine should warm the coronary cockles of those cat lovers. As many of you know, I loaned my mimeograph to Tucker this past winter, along with a goodly supply of paper. Bob stored the machine in the basement; unfortunately, his cats were incarcerated in the cellar, too--and when the call of nature came, they looked in vain for the newspapers they'd been trained to use. They accepted a reasonable substitute; hence, the distinctive watermark on the paper used in printing "Beard Mumblings." ## The Fanac Poll results aren't very secret anymore, so I'd like to publicly thank those fans who voted Bane into the top twenty on the basis of its first five issues. Thank youse, and congratulations to the winners. ## This issue is notable for two omissions. The first is the promised fanzine review column from Gregg Calkins, who was thoughtful enough to write well in advance and warn that the column wouldn't be forthcoming. "The next six or eight months are going to be worse than I expected...so I'm bowing out of fandom almost completely during that time," he explains. "I'm sorry to get us out so far on a limb before looking to see if it could bear the weight." No apologies are ever needed for fafia, Gregg -- and, believe me, no one regrets the absence of that column any more than I. ## The second omission is the Egopoll ballot, which some of you may have expected. Last year I circulated it with the fourth (August) issue, and included the results in the anniversary number. However, this year has seen one less Bane than the previous twelvemonth, so, since the poll coincides with neither the calendar nor fiscal years anyhow, I prefer to retain the practice of asking for a vote on every four issues' material, rather than continuing the August poll distribution. The next issue will still be the Annish, but the ballot will be included with it, the results to be published in the ninth issue. ## Some apologies to a couple of artists; the necessity of producing this issue before the Chicago convention made it imperative that I finish the stencilling of artwork and cartoons with those stencils at hand--some of which are well-suited to text but poorly equipped for sketching; the results show it, and I'm sorry. ## NBC Television's Aug. 4 presentation on Saturday Night at the Movies was The Day the Earth Stood Still, which must rank still as one of the best sf/fnal movies ever. Star Rennie delivered purple prose and compliments. ##





# FOR OUR GREAT FOLLY

## THE ETHICS OF FAN-EDITING

It's a real pity that a great many fans, eager to reap a share of all that supposed egoboo that awaits the fan editor, rush pell-mell into the production of a fan magazine and later suffer the consequences of their hurried actions. One might logically assume that these fields of egoboo were near exhaustion, from the way that newcomers break upon the field, snatch a stalk or two and then slink away, never to be seen again. This slap-dash publishing has its attractions, chief among them immediate fame and a degree of fortune; but in the process certain errors of tact and propriety are almost always made, and it is these errors that come back to haunt -- and perhaps to ruin -- the editor.

Had our hypothetical One Day Wonder ever been taken aside and instructed in some of the basic elements of fannish etiquette, this need never have happened. This is what I'd like to do: not so much deliver dictum after dictum about what the neophyte editor may or may not do, but to point out some common errors that beginners often make, and to illustrate some of the advantages inherent in a reasonably cautious beginning. I hope that I can offer some sound advice, with a measure of frankness and the admission that many of these "sins" are committed, day in and day out, by both the best and the worst of faneditors, often with little or no harm done. However, it's foolish for the youngster, unknown outside the N3F or his Nebraska fan club, to tempt fate and make a resoundingly bad impression at the onset of his publishing venture. Please note: I have no notions of starting another "let's clean up fandom" campaign; the inner machinations seem to work pretty well in this respect, and I share Alva Rogers' fears of a "security conscious" fandom.

By revealing (in Ibidem 9) the workings of a handful of magic tricks, Howard Lyons may have violated the "code of ethics" of professional prestidigitators-- but this has nothing more to do with what I mean by "ethics" than does the SAE philosophy that missing a mailing of that organization is "immoral." Similarly, I don't mean the old Websterism, "the basic principles of right action," which is a bit vague for our purposes. What I do mean is the simple consideration of fanning unto others as you would have them fan unto you -- and if you don't give a damn about the others, to expect a similar distaste in return.

No less competent an editor than Vernon McCain said that the most important relationship in fan magazine editing is that between the editor and the writer, and I'm sure most editors -- as well as writers -- would have to agree with this. There are three important considerations in your symbolic wining and dining of a potential contributor: whom to approach, how to approach those chosen few, and, once having solicited a contribution, how to satisfy the writer so that he may be tempted to either send his next work to you, or prepare something that he might not otherwise have done.



The top professionals, of course, must write for bread, and the best-known BNFs have commitments probably contracted before you entered fandom -- commitments they aren't likely to cast aside at your bidding. Soliciting contributions from such people is both haphazard and risky; about all one can do is to be persistent without being obnoxious, and wait: wait until your reputation is so settled that you are considered a "safe" risk, or wait until some chance remark might set that writer's wheels to turning, eventually producing something worthwhile. An area into which relatively few fan editors have delved is that of the lesser professionals -- those who write either as a diversion, or write so infrequently and for so little pay that the chance to write unpretentious and undemanding material might seem too good to pass up. Harry Warner found that such a professional was a fine source -- but this was in the era of Spaceways, better than a decade ago; perhaps the word rates of today make such a Leisure-time writer a virtual unknown.

The bulk of the good material which appears in fanzines is manufactured by the "average" fans: those who are reasonably well-known within the microcosmos, but haven't achieved what safely might be termed BNFdom. Here is your best source; these are the fans who write material which is rather uniform in quality and interest. However, there are two other "personal" sources that are often overlooked: a group that includes a loose conglomeration of mundane friends and fringe fans, and the professional who is called upon to make a speech at some fan gathering. The fringe fan is generally not a good writer, perhaps by lack of inclination, so don't expect one to turn out top-flight material on the subjects you name; however, give one free-reign with something that's of interest to him, and the effort may prove to be worthwhile. As to the notes from speeches made at conventions and other gatherings: here, as in most places, the old adage that the "early bird gets the worm" holds true. Be there firstest with the mostest -- and that "mostest" might well include a service for which many professionals might be grateful -- typing up their notes, letting them correct the manuscript as they see fit, and then printing this edited version. Witnesses before congressional investigating committees usually have this privilege of editing mistakes in grammar and continuity, and it might be wise if you offered it to pros you intend to so woo. However, this area may become a sterile one if subsequent major conventions follow Chicago's precedent of publishing the program offerings in a single volume, under the committee's auspices.

Other than these areas, there are the "impersonal" sources, such as the N3F manuscript bureau. The material is what you might expect: from fair to very poor. There is enough, however, to provide the text for a decent starting issue of someone's fanzine, providing he doesn't get the urge to publish everything that's tossed his way. Another, similar source was to be the Fanzine Material Pool, but apparently Dave Rike gave that up when he donned his Seven League Boots and set out for Moscow. Fan editors folding their magazines may send you the material in their files. The important consideration here is that the material be treated with all the deference that you would accord Heinlein's article or Bradbury's fiction; you may not have received the material directly, but in accepting it for publication, you accept the responsibility to see to it that the author is satisfied.

A fanzine editor deals in ideas. Should you have a brilliant idea for an article, comb through your address files and find that fan you believe could best handle the topic. One writes better with an idea in mind; half of a fan's reluctance to write for you is destroyed when you present him with a good idea -- one that tempts him to sit before his typewriter, and send the finished product to you. (We'll not mention that cad who takes the idea and writes it for someone else.) Dick Bergeron has quite ably illustrated a point I wanted to make about drawing a lesson from the past: Warhoon now carries two columns (Willis' "The Harp That Once or Twice" and Boggs' "File Thirteen") that have previously ap-

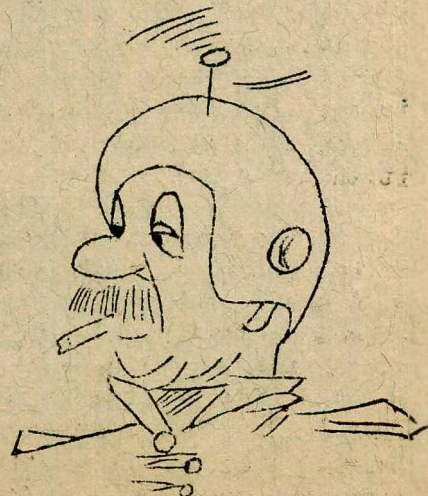


peared in now-defunct fanzines. It's to Dick's credit that he persuaded the columnists to renew their efforts -- and it'll be to yours if you can uncover similar opportunities among your fanzine relics.

Whether or not reprinting is a logical area for the acquisition of material is debatable. Redd Boggs would have you believe that there is no egoboo to be thus had, but I can't help but feel the practice has merit, under certain circumstances. Most of the material of the past is unworthy of reprinting, just as most of the stuff you publish or pen will be mere trash out of its time and place. However, with some precautions, there seems little wrong with picking interesting and undated material and re-offering it to an audience that isn't likely to have seen it. The most important consideration is that some good material may be covered by statutory copyright, and all is potentially copyrighted under common law. I'll return to these considerations later.

If the editor is willing to take the chance that reprint material won't be commented upon to any great extent, there are at least two areas worthy of exploration. The first is that of reprinting material in the various "Best of..." collections. This requires a good deal of co-operation from the fan editors involved in the process of selection -- and even the most innocuous of editors is likely to be affronted with an occasional accusation of dictatorial practices. The area is fertile, however, with the disappearance of Terwilleger from the field, and the likelihood that Terry Carr's professional work will cancel his anthologizing plans. If you don't mind gathering most of the material yourself -- and apparently most fans don't -- then the thought might be worthy of your consideration. A second area is that of the "digest" magazine -- a fanzine that would cull the best material from any given period of time and reprint it in a single volume, to aid the fan who finds that he cannot read all the fanzines that come to him. There's been a need for such a magazine for some time. The requirements? Such a magazine would have to be regular and reasonably frequent. The enterprising editor would have to secure signed statements of release from all faneditors whose magazines are potential sources. And, finally, the magazine would have to be completely readable -- there's little or no point in publishing a time-saving fanzine that necessitated such deciphering as to make it more a liability than an asset. The egoboo per issue might be slight, but a high finish in the Fanac Poll seems a very likely occurrence. (The only difficulty that I can visualize is that the individual editors might not receive as much comment, since the readers would realize that the material would be presented again.)

In all, there are only two commonly-held fallacies in the art of gathering material. The first is the assumption that any faneditor -- even one who turns out a consistently good product -- is by necessity a good writer. This simply isn't true; editing and gathering material are entirely different from sitting before a typewriter and pouring forth the wordage. The second fallacy is that anything by a big name or a professional has merit. Where the notion that the "name" is so godawful important ever started I couldn't say, though I suspect it was during an age that showed considerably greater interest in stfnal heroes. It seems to be a simple case of mixing cause and effect. The BNF doesn't write good material because he is a BNF; rather, he is a BNF possibly because he writes good material. Magazine editors would be the first to assure you that professionals write a goodly number of flops. In the final analysis, it's the material itself, not any high-fallutin' by-line, that's of greatest importance.





Certainly the most critical step in establishing a working editor-writer relationship is the initial contact. Here, as everywhere else, the value of first impressions is high. Pleas for material in the pages of your magazine are rarely of any appreciable worth; it's personal letters that garner the bulk of the good material that'll be committed to you, and learning to write a sensible letter is the means to the ends that you desire. The most important task is to convey to the writer that you have a certain modicum of intelligence, whether you do or not. Firmly convinced that you verbally rank somewhere above an imbecile, our hypothetical fanwriter will be more likely to trust to you his opus for editing and presentation.

It's equally important that you represent your case fairly. Sturgeon might be highly peeved if you request an article on recently-deceased Joe Pro, promising a stately memorial volume but coming out with your ordinary rag, instead. The pay involved in writing for fanzines is either nominal, or non-existent. This makes the other considerations of far greater importance; it is best that you detail what provisions you've made for egoboo, and what special concessions (such as a copyright) you're willing to make. Explain the magazine's policy, so that Bloch won't be embarrassed to see his humorous article "Who Do You Truss?" appearing in a strictly deadpan, stf-centered fanzine. Be as specific as to wants as you are able, and relate fairly your deadline. You may or may not praise the author's recent works, his fanzine or the way his wife makes love; this is a matter of personal taste. Most people like flattery, but few can stomach affectation. If you mean what you say, or can make it sound as though you do, then by all means do so.

Future Presidents might do well to comb fandom for that editor who is so diplomatic as to reject even the worst of material and yet persuade its writer to contribute once again; such a fan would be ideal for the foreign service. Rejecting is touchy business; fannish casuistry dictates that material be acknowledged as either accepted or rejected -- it can't be left alone. If you automatically accept all those manuscripts that come your way, then of course you'll have no problems of this sort. But almost everyone is exclusive to some degree or another, so the editor finds himself faced with the very real task of writing letters (rejection slips are obviously a slap) of rejection, sometimes to near-strangers and sometimes --oh sorrows -- to very good friends.

It's vital that the new editor set his standards early, and never lower them significantly. Minor dips are permissible, of course, especially where the rejection would hurt the editor-writer relationship more than would the printing of slightly inferior material. Some material, however, is just too bad to accept under any circumstances, and must be cast out. The only factor on the editor's side is that not all rejected material is bad, and not all good material can be accepted. Only the most semantically deficient fan can fail to find reason other than quality to reject some bit of material. It may not fit the magazine's policy; it may not be topical; and so on. A good deal of this may be true. All that you can do is to offer some reasonable excuses, beg forgiveness and offer some humble yet constructive suggestions.

A few fortunate editors find themselves faced with an entirely different sort of problem -- that of a huge backlog. In such a situation, should the editor accept new material, even if it's apparent that it may be many months before that material sees print? I think so, provisionally. Some fanzines take months to print material anyhow (this one not excluded) -- and no editor worth his salt will pass up good material that's been offered him in equally good faith. posthaste the editor should send a letter to the writer, explaining the situation; if the writer is still willing to carry through on the original submission, the editor should keep the material and consider himself fortunate.



One final word on rejecting: another editor may well publish a fanzine containing some material you've rejected, especially where the grounds for rejection were, in reality, other than quality. In such a case, you needn't gloat before the other editor; you may want to do so silently, but if the writer wanted the second editor to know the material's history, he would have told him -- in which case your comments are superfluous. If the writer didn't want that editor to know the material had been bouncing around from one fanzine to another, it's not your place to point out that fact.

Once you have the material, as a non-paying market it's your duty to grant the writer whatever special little wishes he might have. Writers are often like pregnant women -- and, figuratively speaking, since you made the girl the way she is, it's your duty to take care of her. The writer may wish to remain anonymous; fine and good, if his material is innocent enough; this is often the source of a good deal of interesting speculation. But don't tell anyone except your blood brothers who Anonymous is, and be careful then; blood brothers have been known to spill the beans. The writer may wish that copies of your magazine (or of his article) be sent to some of his friends that are not ordinarily on your mailing list; comply. He may wish either that the magazine be copyrighted in your name and the rights to his article reserved, or the article copyrighted under his name. Again, it's best to comply.

There are two forms of copyright: statutory and common law. A British fan may have his publication copyrighted merely by sending a copy or two to the British Museum. In America, however, the process is more financially painful, though not excessively so. Two copies of your magazine, a nominal fee and some completed forms secure for you or your writer statutory copyright for a period of 28 years, renewable for an additional 28. Fanzine material which can endure with interest for 56 years deserves to revert to the public domain. The second form of copyright is common law, and that's tricky business. Common law copyright is based upon the theory that the products of a man's labors are his to do with as he pleases. Material in "general publication" is excluded from this form of protection. Jack Speer has presented a very good case for the consideration of apa publications as "limited" in nature, since the amateur press associations all have membership restrictions. However, if the editor sells even one copy of his magazine, he supposedly forfeits the rights of "limited publication." It's difficult to say with any degree of certainty.

There are special cases to be heard for the handling of the material's presentation, too. You may wish to dummy the article and have it presented with justified margins, even though this is a ghastly waste of time; you may ask an artist friend to illustrate the work. You may be asked --or you may wish -- to split the material into several segments and present it serially. (The ultimate in this discontinuative process is publishing but one section of a major work -- such as Ron Bennett's TAFF report, which was split among a number of separate editorships.) This is entirely a matter between writer and editor -- but I advise you not to suggest any of these; writers generally have fertile imaginations and will come up with all sorts of ideas of this nature.

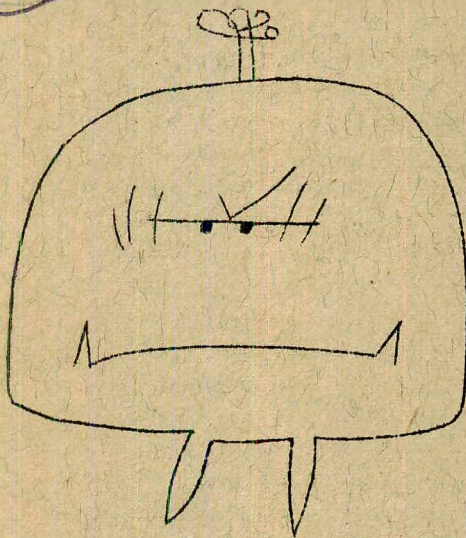
An entirely different sort of contributor, one who's often forgotten, is the letterhack. Most fanzines thrive more on egoboo than on hard cash, so it's obviously vital that the letter writer be kept at a certain optimum level of contentment, too. The letterhack, of course, sins, and sins often: he is sometimes a boor, foaming at the mouth over this or that. He may make excessive use of the shield afforded by DNQ. He may send letters to "Bane Publications" or other such juvenility, despite requests that he not do so. But he has his rights, too, even though the urge to withdraw them often seems too strong to bear. He should be told that his letters are subject to publication, so that he may either deny this right, or phrase himself appropriately. Even if he's a Loud-Mouthed



Jackass he's entitled to both a certain say and the privileges of DNQ and DNP. He may or may not deserve some egoboo; any bumpkin can scrawl a few lines on a tourist's postcard, but someone who composes a thoughtful and interesting missive should certainly be recognized in some way. He should be granted the right of anonymity, if he wishes; so should his address be withheld on wish.

Most important: if you allow him a certain say, do so fairly; this means quoting him exactly (or with minor changes in grammar and spelling) and in context, without interrupting his development of ideas, without the quasi-quote, and without the obvious editorial advantage, which allows the stenciller to have first word, last word, and any words inbetween. This last is obviously violated quite often. Fans go to great lengths to interrupt letters distinctively — GMCarr ~~used~~ a second typewriter for her comments, while others rely on less distinctive means of interrupting. Out-of-context quoting is employed by some, while most fail to give the writer his fair say if so doing involves printing page after page of blathering and inanity. This letter editing is partially responsible for the "open letters" that hit fandom every so often. The letterwriter may distribute his comments himself, or ask that you print them in their entirety. Boyd Raeburn published a very simple little item entitled "The Supplement to A Bas 8," which was nothing more than two pages of rambling and blathering from Peter Vorzimer. Vorzimer said, among other things, that he'd come to realize he was "far, far above the intelligentia of this clique called fandom." It makes interesting reading, but I'm inclined to think Raeburn wouldn't have printed it under ordinary circumstances.

The major consideration in editing a lettercolumn is just how far to go in supplying egoboo to your contributors. A column devoted only to disarmament may be deadly dull to the fan who had an article on birdcalls in your last issue, but a column filled with repitive egoboo would bore the average reader. My policy has been something of a compromise; anything interesting is automatically printed; then the redundancy is excluded by finding what I've been calling "majority letters" (though the term probably isn't mine) and letting those few stand for the general run of comments. Egoboo for writers is absolutely necessary, but to turn the column over to mutual backscratching and reader exchanges (as per Cry) is downright silly.



Young faneditors get all enthused over the prospects of comment on a letter section dealing with capital punishment, censorship, or armed forces rivalry. They assume such letters will draw further, interesting missives. They may, but there's certainly no reliable yardstick by which to judge. Bane's lettercolumn has featured subjects from the police state to fanspeak to lesbiana; from atomic war to the Fanac Poll to eugenics. I can testify that the

only safe prediction an editor can make is that his interests probably won't be shared, and that the letter writers will skip over foreign policy and light instead on every typo you managed to make.

Some editors show no more interest in a contributor after his work has been submitted than a fictional satyr shows for a prostitute of whom he's grown tired. Contributors are most definitely not to be cast aside when their immediate usefulness is gone; the editor still has obligations to fulfill and, if he's on the ball, he'll be thinking of a possible further contribution, in the future. The most important consideration in holding a contributor is keeping your word and doing what you've promised.



There are various other considerations. Columnists should always be allowed a freedom of topic (with the obvious exceptions, some of which will be detailed later and the rest of which your mother should have told you) with a certain immunity to rejection. It's better to print a somewhat subpar installment of a column than to endanger a working relationship and possibly lose a friend. On the other hand, extremely bad material is embarrassing to both columnist and editor, so the editorial prerogative should be exercised here, as anywhere else.

The layout and typography given an article will probably be important considerations in the mind of any contributor contemplating a second submission. Continued articles or stories are never very desirable, and they can be disastrous in fiction that depends upon a punchline. Otherwise, they have to be judged permissible, but never more than once for any given work. Typography is extremely important, too. A simple mistake can change the sense of an article, so a ready supply of correction fluid is as much a part of the fannish ethic as anything less obvious. Similarly, an illustration placed in the middle of a page of text can be annoying to both reader and contributor.

Providing the writer with egoboo is equivalent to sending the professional his check. The praise you deliver when you accept the material is the foundation; anything you accept should have some measure of your respect and defense. The greatest single reward for writing is viewing that portion of comment printed in the lettercolumn of subsequent issues of the magazine. Some editors may choose therefore to print all such material, which is pleasing to the writer whose work is being discussed. As I've said, however, I prefer printing just a reasonable portion of these comments, and clipping the rest from their respective letters, to forward them to the writers themselves. When I first heard of this practice of ensuring the writer that he'll see every comment on his work, the only fan practicing it was, I believe, Gregg Calkins. Since then a number of others, beside myself, have adopted it, and no doubt the simple mention will lead others to do so. A final source of egoboo is the personal poll, conducted by the editor. The Fanac Poll is pretty much out of your hands -- and even then, it rarely judges individual contributions as your writers would like to have them judged. Buck Coulson runs such an egoboo poll with Yandro, but as far as I can remember, he and I are the only ones currently doing so. No one likes to lose, but the poll provides not only a sense of having had good material published, but a feeling that this material was better than some stuff of a similar nature.

The author's personal reactions towards you, however, are likely to be chiefly dictated by the job you do of editing. The news of your performance will probably spread; if you're more a publisher than an editor, fans may shy away from your indiscriminatory policies. Similarly, if you're a second Jack the Ripper, no one is likely to trust his next gem to you. Your views of the editor-writer relationship are likely to be reasonably sound if you accept one basic principle: it's always easier for a writer to find another magazine to which to contribute, than it is for you to find a substitute contributor. There are a lot of good fanzines being published today, and hardly enough decent material to go around.

H.P. Sanderson said that "a good editor can always justify every change he makes," which certainly must be true. Sanderson suggested that two patent excuses might be compression and transposition; I'd agree with the former in obvious -- and unobtrusive -- cases, but not with the latter; the writer obviously is best qualified to judge the order in which his thoughts should be presented. I'd add to Sanderson's two excuses simple bowdlerizing for good taste, and corrections in grammar and spelling. However, there are cases where errors are obviously in the text for emphasis; "ain't" is a more emphatic verb than is the less startling "is not," and probably should stand.



Under no circumstances should the editor rewrite any outside material; it's the writer's task to develop his ideas, not the editor's to seize upon them. The material may be sent back to the author for revision, of course; some people no doubt find this a simple way of improving borderline material. I've never found it very satisfactory, however; the only person ever to make extensive changes in a manuscript at my request was Rod Frye, and I believe I've returned as many as four others for changes, major and minor, only to see them either dropped or published elsewhere in their original form. This is obviously a calculated risk; there's enough of a hunger among fanzine editors to ensure almost any manuscript an outlet for publication--and only a fan with a lot of perverse verance is going to take the time and effort to rewrite something for you, when Joe Lesserfan will take it, as is.

One of my earliest and most frequently reoccurring sins was the interrupting of material to add my own witticisms. Someone likened this sort of interrupting with bothering the speaker on the convention floor; some fans may do this, but I didn't like the too-cogent parallel, so I've abandoned the practice. This interrupting is almost always done as a gesture of editorial supremacy; but obviously any imbecile can read an article, finding minor points that have been forgotten or purposely omitted. The most noisome manifestation of this superiority is the (sic!) tag appended to mistakes in grammar, spelling, or logic. "Sic" means "strictly in context," and is added where the stenciller wishes to show how clever he was in noticing the error. The less said about this practice the better.

It isn't necessary to correct British spellings and terms such as "lift", "tube" or "tyre", since the meaning is usually obvious, and the American parallels are not necessarily any more valid. However, our friends across the sea use with astonishing regularity terms which might not be completely proper fare for American fanzines. An Englishman thinks nothing of "knocking so-and-so up for breakfast," but in American colloquialism this is just as suspicious as the affectionate little closing "keep your pecker up!" Ignorance may or may not be sufficient pardon -- and no doubt certain US slang phrases have slightly off-color connotations to the British.

The realities of libel are close at hand of late. It should be impressed upon the fledgling editor that he may be held responsible not only for his own remarks, but those others make in his magazine. Some fans overdue the "free speech" aspect of the fan press: witness the character is Tucker's "So Long, Joe," a young editor who printed a correspondent's opinion that such-and-such a magazine was on the rocks as news, only to be sued by the magazine, with the youngster's withdrawal from all further publishing ventures as part of the out-of-court settlement. In this same article, Tucker guessed that eventually fans may grow a "little weary" of degredating remarks, real or imagined. Al Ashley never took action against the Insurgents, despite their repeated attacks -- but Al didn't remain very active in fandom, either, and the fan you libel may want to. It all depends upon who is being libelled, and how vindictive that individual is. I wouldn't suggest that fandom adopt a "if you can't say something nice about someone, don't say anything at all" attitude, but rather that fans save their dirt for those times when they meet personally; after all, what else are conventions for, unless as an exercise of the theory that slander is more difficult to prove than is libel?

⚡ Concluded in the following issue, with the sections on the co-editor situation, the various considerations due the different types of material, feuding, post office relations, and similar goodies to make the impervious seoff and the uninitiated tremble, ⚡

- - - - - Vic Ryan



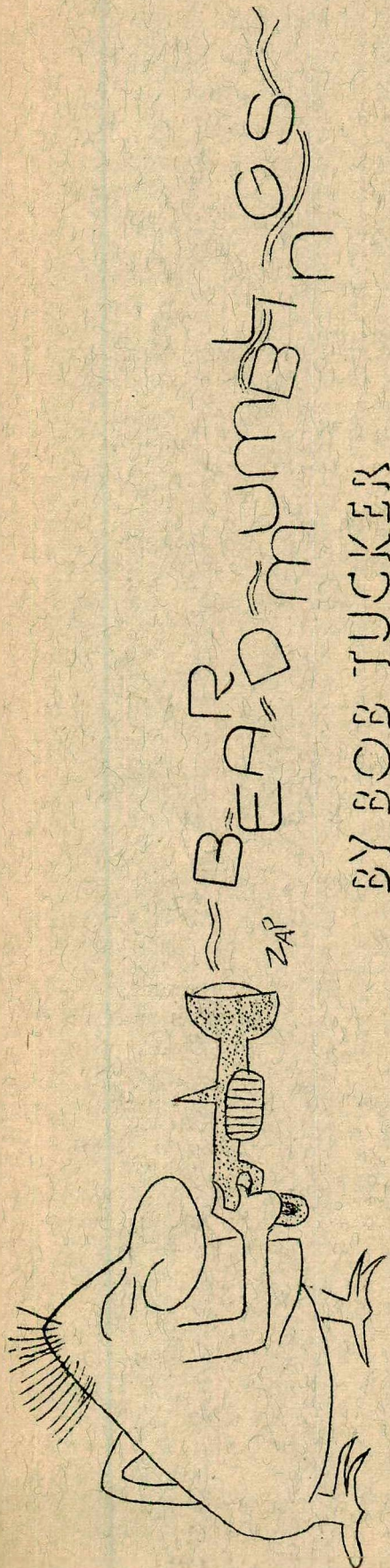
With the rest of the fannish peons slaving for a pittance in the workaday world, I'm sitting here mumbling and chuckling in my beard (that same long, grey one) at a recent letter received from a young fan nearby, David Williams of Normal, Illinois. With all the sweet innocence and genius of youth he casually invented a tag line of which any old and tired fan might be proud. Williams closed his letter with this soon-to-be immortal line:

"The world's only Normal fan."

Eureka, I said! I was struck numb with the possibilities and wished I had thought of it first; I would have moved out of Box 702 and into some similar Normal habitat much sooner than I did. What a proud and lonely thing to be: the world's only Normal fan. (Rubber-stamped slogans and stickers would have quickly flooded fandom!) After further, sober thought the second logical step suggested itself: let's empty the great cities of the fan cosmos and dump the inhabitants into the villages and small towns of the U.S., let's have a deluge of such slogans. Abandon New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and Berkeley! Let's move Ted White from Brooklyn to Keene, New Hampshire, so that he may be the world's only Keene fan; let's transfer Terry Carr to Brilliant, Alabama, and see how soon he sprouts a rubber stamp proclaiming himself the world's only Brilliant fan. And you know whom we can pack off to Mossyhead, Florida.

Grab a map or atlas of the United States, quick! Make out a list of fannish names and fit them to their proper villages and towns. I found forty fascinating places in less than half an hour's search. Employ a SAPS, FAPA or Cult membership list if you like and move the members about like so many chessmen; fit the phrase "The world's only ----- fan" around these names:

|                    |                 |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| Alfalfa (Ala.)     | Eclectic (Ala.) |
| Apache (Ariz.)     | Enigma (Ga.)    |
| Aztec (Ariz.)      | Gay (Ga.)       |
| Bantam (Conn.)     | Hardy (Ark.)    |
| Blue (Ariz.)       | Ideal (Ga.)     |
| Bumble Bee (Ariz.) | Joy (Ill.)      |
| Bath (Ill.)        | Lax (Ga.)       |
| Coy (Ala.)         | Mammoth (Ariz.) |
| Congress (Ariz.)   | Octagon (Ala.)  |
| Devine (Colo.)     | Pride (Ala.)    |









The girl in this picture, Mariette Hartley, is a rare jewel of a newcomer who is worth watching now because she will be thoroughly spoiled in two or three more pictures. Some beetle-brained producer will change her hair or slap a blonde wig on her, send her to the make-up and costume shops, and fill her pretty head with "Method" acting or some such, ruining the talent that already exists. Her portrayal of a bewildered bride is something to remember. The wedding takes place at the camp bordello with the madame as matron of honor and three or four whores as bridesmaids; a drunken piano player bangs out what he believes to be appropriate wedding music and the entire scene approaches classic comedy -- except that the bride slowly becomes aware of the steady approach of personal tragedy, as four or five men line up behind her husband to enjoy her.

Huzza for N.B.Stone, Jr.

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The August issue of Rogue is the fantasy and science fiction issue, which you may or may not find exciting, and the editors have carried the overall theme down to the nth degree: even the "Rogue About Town" department in the editorial pages is devoted to wining and dining about our solar system. Most of the subdepartments in this general section are pretty much the ordinary thing, the kind of fannish tour you've seen printed before in both fanzines and prozines. However, there is one outstanding column worth reading for its quiet wit and for its successful burlesque of itself.



A regular monthly subdepartment in Rogue is entitled "Records" and is just that: thumb-nail descriptions of a handful of records likely to interest men. In the August issue the columnist manages to burlesque (and, at times, satirize) himself and every other record column writer in the dreary business. He begins with a book of the future called "I Led Three Lives gor the Solar Bureau of Investigation" and

traces the strange path of that book through a musical comedy version, a movie version, and seven separate versions of the original score--the soundtrack version, the twist version, and so on. I thought the funniest bit was his report on an LP marketed by the Cretin company, featuring "Lance Thrust and his Lancers...aimed at the puberty market...called ' I Led Eight Twisted Lives.' "

In the folk song division the columnist reports a new LP by "The Newly Reorganized New Old Lost City Wanderers" who offer a "Songbook of Protest and Non-Violence". The columnist then comments on the chances the current Wanderers have of remaining out of jail. On the subject of non-musical recordings, the column reports a new technique "using both the time warp and the electron teleopic microphone." Craterside records offers "Sounds of a Super Nova", reproducing an explosion in the Horsehead Nebula some seventy billion years ago, and another of our own sun cracking up at some unknown date in the future. This last was unnerving to the columnist



however, for it included on the record as a sort of by-product the sound of the Earth cracking up, as well.

Finally, there is a comment on still another record which offers the sounds of the Vanderbilt Cup Races (year unknown to me because I'm not a car buff.) Anyway, the recording engineers get quite excited over this one, claiming that a certain "thunk" was the actual sound of a riding mechanic throwing a money wrench into the radiator of the car next behind him.

All good keen fun. I wish I knew who wrote the column.

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The closing stanza this time is a convention report for Buck Coulson, who loathes convention reports.

The Midwestcon this year was small, Buck. Hardly anyone was there, including you and Juanita. Refreshments were out in force, as usual (somebody in Washington, D.C. wants a Worldcon) but the drunks were notable for their absence. I didn't see a single poker game, not one, but bridge games were going strong all night. See how low fandom has fallen.

Despite the poor attendance that female we know so well was there, as usual, with the wolves trailing her, as usual. But it was poor pickings this time and the two (count 'em: 2) wolves were of such inferior quality they could be flung over the fence with one hand.

Tsk.

- - - - - Bob Tucker

- - - - -  
"And Tired," continued from page 25 .  
- - - - -

"No, I guess to you I can't be. The younger generation can never accept reality until it's thrust at them, the way it was thrust at me. I had to accept it because there was nothing else to do. You won't gafiate, my boy, I know you won't. I've seen others like you. Even if I advised you to gafiate, you wouldn't. So I'm not. I won't advise you to do anything."

He looked away, down the long convention hall. "I'd better go now; it was certainly nice meeting you, Dan. I hope to see you again, and I'll remember to send you those fanzines." Slowly he began to walk away down the tile floor, over to a group of BNFs who were arguing among each other.

Dan watched him go. He tried to turn his head from the scene but he couldn't. The copy of DASTARK dropped from his hands onto the floor. He leaned over as if about to retrieve it, then abruptly straightened up again. He looked down the hall and then averted his eyes with an effort. He began to walk the opposite direction.

He felt quite lonely now, and though he knew that the feeling wouldn't last long, the fact didn't comfort him. Loneliness can't always be cured by friendship, he told himself.

The discarded copy of DASTARK lay on the floor for hours, until one of the hotel staff, thinking it was scrap paper, tossed it, very unelegantly, into a wastebasket. - - - - - Mike Deckinger

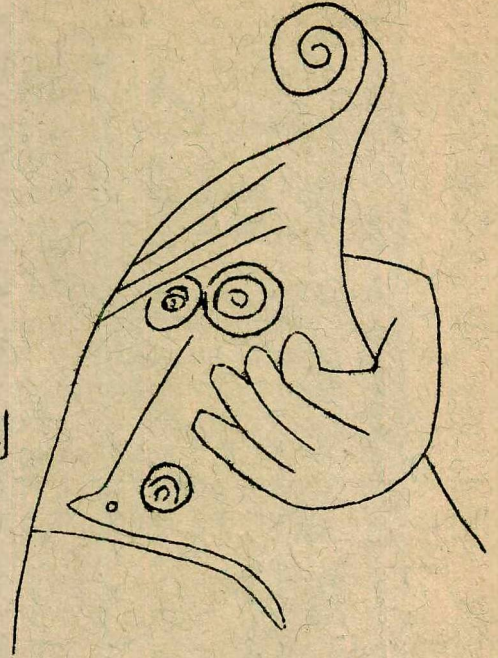


# NEWSPAPERMEN

## MEET SUCH—AHH— INTERESTING

### PEOPLE

BY DON THOMPSON



One of the more or less fascinating things about working for a paper such as the Cleveland Press is that everyone thinks you meet distinguished, interesting people. Well, you do, but they aren't really memorable. The ones that stick in your mind are those who have slipped over the thin borders between sanity and crackpottery.

Anyone who hangs around a newspaper office long enough is bound to meet a few nuts, some of whom work there. A few are funny, most are exasperating and a few are dangerous. One quiet gorilla sat in the sports department brooding over a slow horse in the fifth race, then let out a hell of a yell and leaped desks to cross the city room and attack an inoffensive copy editor. (An inoffensive copy editor is a rarity in itself, but never mind that.) He was subdued by half a dozen beefy colleagues (copy desk men run to fat), one of whom displayed his own insecurities by leaping about yelling "Stomp him! Stomp him! Stomp him!" all during the scuffle.

Few people come up to the office with grievances, no matter how nutty they are. They telephone. Oh, my sainted aunt, how they do telephone.

The bulk of these calls go to the copy boys and most of them come in at night. One, a waitress, is affectionately known as Mary, and her calls are awaited. She recites in a sort of sing-song, stream-of-consciousness fashion that, transcribed, looks like a rough draft of Ulysses and has far less point to it. She also plays the piano upon request and prays for the souls of the copy boys. All efforts to learn which restaurant employs her have been fruitless, so copy boys rarely eat out.

Some of them are obnoxious. There are the racial and religious bigots, one of whom calls up and delivers prepared speeches against Negroes, Catholics, Jews and Italians; the latter group comes in for a lot of abuse since Cleveland's mayor is Italian. Usually this woman pays no attention to interruptions, but one copy boy cut short a tirade against Jews by quietly asking the woman if it had ever occurred to her that she might be talking to a Jew. Pause. Click.



Invariably, when I talk or write about these people, I am accused of making sport of people who should be pitied. Hell, no. These people that I talk about are far happier than any sane person I've ever met. The average, drab Cleveland housewife, which is to say the average Cleveland housewife, leads a boring life built around her children, her husband, her TV set and her bridge club. Her big social events are bowling or the movies.

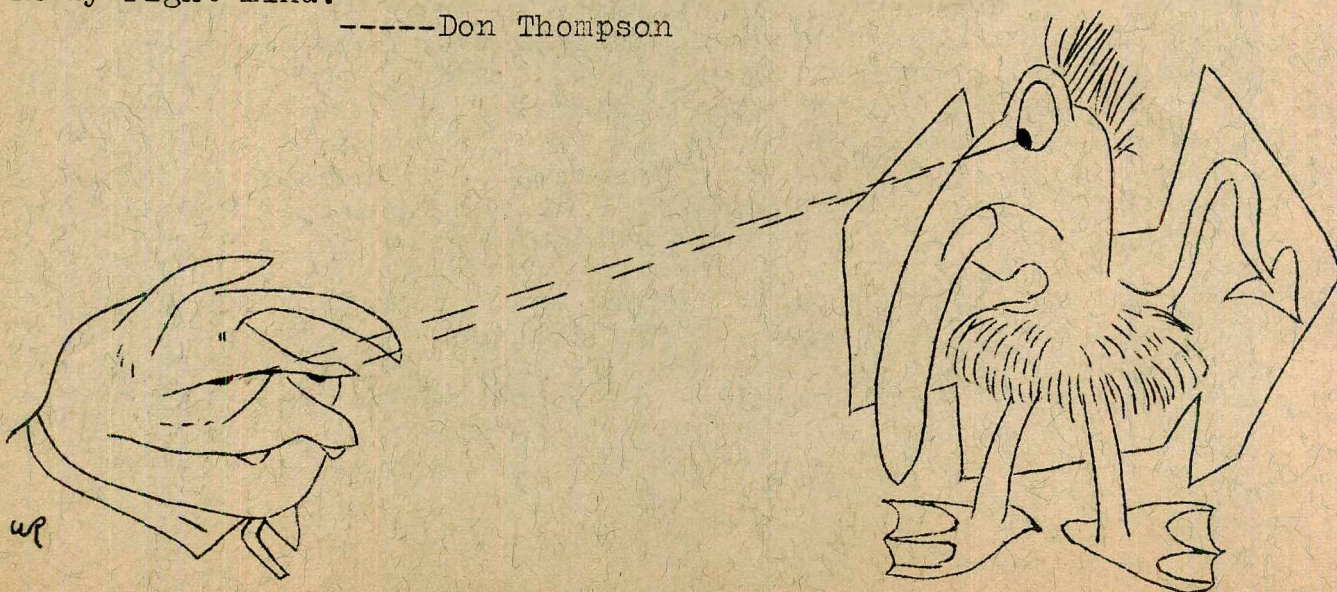
Do you think she's happier than the woman who calls to tell what she and Jackie Kennedy did that day in Pakistan? This woman leads a gay, butterfly type of social existence, going everywhere and doing everything, getting home each evening in time to call the Press with a full report of her busy, fun-filled day. I was as glad as she when it was announced that Princess Grace was coming back to make a movie. They haven't been together for ages, and they'll have so much to talk about.

Every time you get the feeling that you've heard everything, along comes a real winner. My personal favorite is the guy who accused the Press of printing all the editions dealing with Kennedy's inauguration on an inferior grade of paper out of spite because Nixon lost. Top that one.

My own collection of kooks, neatly labeled and pinned to the wall, includes: the woman who calls periodically to scream "It's an outrage, that's what it is!" and hang up; the shy homosexual who whispers his propositions at 3 a.m. ("Would you repeat that, sir? What? I'm sorry, I can't hear you, would you please speak up? You want what? What? Why, you son of a bitch!"); the drunks who call up to settle bets; the woman who calls to warn us of the microphones the Russians have planted in all the radio and TV sets; the drunks who call up to settle bets; the people who demand to speak to syndicated columnists and refuse to believe they're not at the office; and the drunks that call up to settle bets. They can't be brushed off, because the Press is a Scripps-Howard paper and bears the slogan: "The Newspaper That Serves Its Readers."

But all of this is behind me now. I'm a reporter in the financial department, with my own desk, my own telephone, my own typewriter and my own letter-opener. I couldn't be happier if I were in my right mind.

-----Don Thompson



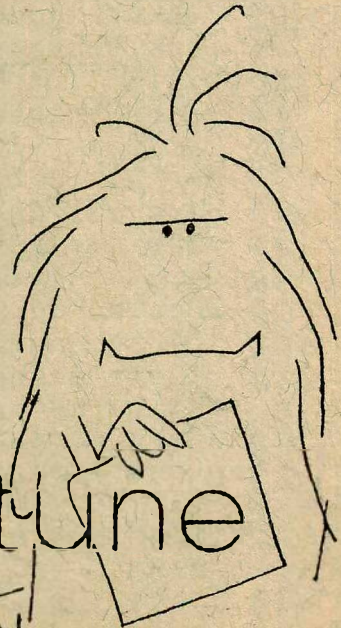


A couple of paperback publishers have, almost simultaneously, inaugurated their own "science series." From what I saw of the Signet series while checking a not-too-local newsstand, their series consists of reprints of their various earlier scientific books, this time in a uniformat. Somewhat over fifty per cent of the series at present appears to be by Irving Adler, though it also contains Isaac Asimov's The Wellsprings of Life, which might well prove of interest to fans, providing they don't own the earlier edition.

The Pyramid series is better integrated, as it was originally planned as a series. The first six books are reprints of previous hardcover publications; it is announced that future books in the series will include both reprints and original publications. Juanita and I gave the series a rather lengthy review in Yandro; for the benefit of the non-Yandroids among the Bane readership I'll mention that the books are Maya by Charles Gallenkamp, The Road to Man by Herbert Wendt, Chemistry Creates a New World by Bernard Jaffe, Nine Planets by Alan E. Nourse, Living Earth by Peter Farb and The Human Brain by John Pfeiffer. All of them are reasonably well-written, contain illustrations, indices and attractive covers, and all are worth acquiring for your permanent library. Nourse's speculations on what may be found by the explorers of our solar system, and his emphasis on how little we really know about the planets, should prove the most interesting to science fiction fans. Of the others, give Farb extra credit for an extremely interesting book, Gallenkamp a kudo for scientific objectivity, downgrade Wendt a bit for being interesting but not always accurate and Jaffe for being accurate but not always interesting. Living Earth is priced at 65¢; the others are 75¢ each.

Books by British science fiction authors seem to be all over the place lately. Berkeley has issued two books by J.G. Ballard: The Voices of Time and The Wind From Nowhere, at 50¢ apiece.

Some reviewers have complained that The Wind From Nowhere is unscientific, but I can't quite agree with this. Certainly the natural phenomena in the book are opposed to our present theories of meteorology, but it should not be forgotten that these are theories, not the Absolute Word. (Few people are more authoritative about their science -- with less reason -- than science fiction fans.) I do have an objection to the book, though--that the writing is painfully bad. The plot is melodramatic, the characters are cardboard, the scientific "explanation" is gobbledegook (Ballard would have done better to leave it unexplained), the villain is as flamboyant as one of Ian Fleming's and even less believable, and the ending is both impossibly melodramatic and completely unsupported by the rest of the book. The whole



wheel of fortune  
BUCK COULSON



thing reminds me of the junk that Howard Browne published in the old pulp Amazing after he'd lost what little enthusiasm he ever had for science fiction, or that Ray Palmer featured as lead novels in Other Worlds because he couldn't afford anything better. Actually, it appeared in New Worlds, which is mildly incredible; it isn't often that Carnell makes this sort of error.

The short stories in The Voices of Time also appeared originally in the Nova mags, and present a much better picture of Carnell's judgment. None of them are destined to become stf classics, but they're the sort of solid, dependable science fiction for which the British stf-mags are noted. This one is worth 50¢; The Wind from Nowhere isn't.

Ace has published The Super Barbarians, by John Brunner, at 35¢. This is a refreshing -- to me, anyway -- throwback to the sort of unabashed space opera that Planet Stories used to feature. It's hardly to be taken seriously (who could take a character with the name Pwill, Jr., seriously anyway) but it's relaxing and fast-paced and if the villains are defeated and everyone lives happily ever after -- why, that's what you expect from this sort of fairy tale. It's improbable, but fun.

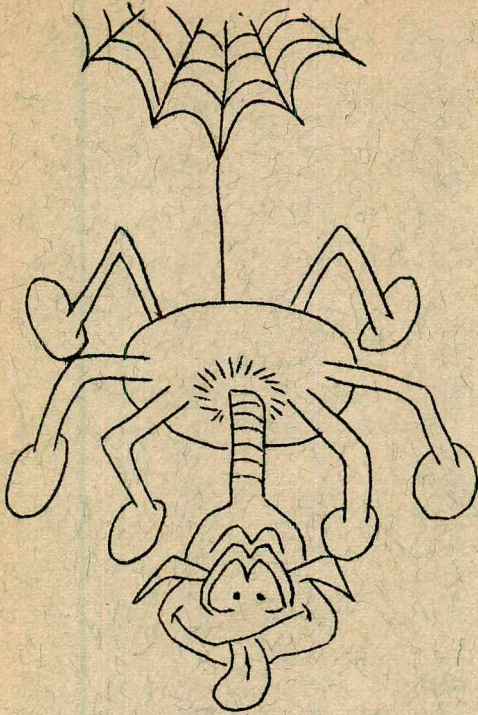
Ballantine has come out with a more respectable example of British stf, at a more respectable price; they want 50¢ for James White's Hospital Station. This is a collection of shorts and novellettes with a common background; that of "Sector General", a huge, space-floating hospital for all varieties of galactic citizens. The treatment of odd biological specimens forms the background of each story. (Read all at once, the different stories are so similar that they do tend to get a wee bit monotonous, but individually, at different sittings, they're quite good.)

Horror and fantasy titles continue to spew forth from the paperback industry like unto the aftermath of a Roman orgy, and with somewhat the same odor. Ballantine, never one for half measures, leads the way with Nine Horrors, an abridgment of Joseph Payne Brennan's Arkham House collection; Not Long for This World, an abridgment of August Derleth's Arkham House collection; The Clock Strikes Twelve, an abridgment of H.R. Wakefield's hardcover (Arkham House?) collection, Shadows with Eyes; a collection by Fritz Leiber and Alone by Night, an anthology edited by Michael and Don Congdon. All of these are priced at 35¢, which is more than some of them are worth.

Wakefield's book is simply unreadable. His tales of eldritch horror have all the emotional impact of a newspaper account of a bridge club meeting, and the book is simply too dull for any purpose other than putting the reader to sleep. Recommended to insomniacs. The Congdon anthology is the best of the lot; with eleven stories by ten authors, the Congdens were able to provide more variety in their moods and menaces, and escape the overwhelming monotony that marks the rest of the books. The Brennan and Leiber collections are worth the money if you really like horror stories, but they too get tiresome after a while.

Belmont has scrounged another volume of reprints from Bob Bloch's Arkham House collections, titled it More Nightmares and priced it at 50¢. This one is a bit of an improvement over the Ballantine selections. Bloch seldom tries to overawe the reader with a mood of overpowering terror; he's smart enough to know that you





can't do that with any but the veriest newcomers and some of the younger set. He uses the technique of being so damned gory that if the reader isn't terrified he's at least nauseated; there is always some emotional reaction to a Bloch story.

The outstanding horror collection this time is Men Without Bones, by Gerald Kersh, published by the Paperback Library and priced at 50¢. Kersh isn't just a horror story writer; he is a writer, and when he turns to the horror story, he puts some meat on it. Not all of the stories here are technically fantasy, but they are all "unusual." The title story is pretty much old-hat to old-timers, but Kersh gets better. Three of the stories-- "The Hack," "The Oxoxoco Bottle" and "The Epistle of Simple Simon" are by themselves worth the price of the book; the rest is gravy.

Pyramid has avoided the horror craze and presented us with a couple of classics of humorous fantasy, The Incomplete Enchanter and The Castle of Iron, by the team of L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt. They're priced at 40¢ each and well worth it if you don't already have the hardcover editions. Incidentally, while these are unreservedly recommended to everyone who doesn't have them already, they should have an extra charm for those literate souls who have a nodding acquaintance with Norse mythology, Spenser's Faerie Queene, Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, etc. Part of the humor lies in the injection of modern elements into these literary epics and noting the reaction.

Getting back to science fiction, Signet has reprinted the Heinlein collection, The Menace from Earth, with a 50¢ price tag. Publishers are beginning to scrape the bottom of the barrel for Heinlein stories, and this collection has a few splinters in it. The only "new" item for stf fans is likely to be "Water Is for Washing," originally published in a 1947 Argosy and reprinted in the Argosy Book of Adventure Stories. It's a good story, but not first-rate Heinlein. The best items here have been anthologized previously: "By His Bootstraps" in Adventures in Time and Space, "Goldfish Bowl" in an early hardcover (by Conklin?) which I don't seem to have, and "Year of the Jackpot" in the pb Shadow of Tomorrow. For the others, "Project Nightmare" is a second-rate story originally published in Amazing, "Sky Lift" came out in Imagination and is probably the poorest Heinlein story ever published, "The Menace from Earth" is a not-too-successful attempt at writing for teen-age girls which I suspect was originally intended for Girl's Life and ended up in F&SF, and "Columbus Was a Dope" is an unmemorable vignette from a 1947 Startling. If you don't have the first stories in any of their previous incarnations, this collection might be worth the price; otherwise, don't bother.

Ballantine has published three of Phil Farmer's novelettes as The Alley God, at 50¢. "The Alley Man," from F&SF, I regard as a stf classic; the others aren't anything extra, but they're at least competently written.

- - - - - Buck Coulson



FICTION BY MIKE DECKINGER

... AND TIRED

"Go ahead," urged Jim, "so what if he's a BNF; everyone says he's still a nice guy."

Dan swallowed hard. It was his first convention, and he didn't mind admitting that he was nervous being in the presence of all the other prominent fans. He, a neo who'd just begun to get fanzines, among BNFs who had been in fandom for years. The thought frightened him.

"Well," he said softly, "maybe I'll speak to him later."

"Oh, nonsense," Jim replied, gripping Dan's arm, tugging him over to a figure by the door.

"But...I don't feel right meeting him. I mean, his fanzine has consistently placed top in the FANAC Poll and everyone knows that Dean Crohne is a BNF and even Tucker said that..."

Jim let go of his arm and stopped. He stared impatiently at his companion. "Look," he said, "do you want to meet him or not? He won't bite you, and I'm sure he'll autograph the current issue of DASTARK for you."

"Yes, I...oh, let's go."

Dean Crohne was talking to Redd Boggs when the two neos approached. Guessing their obvious motive, he told Boggs he'd see him later, and turned to greet the youngsters. "Hello there," he said very politely, and shook hands with each in turn.

"Gee, Mr. Crohne," Dan began. "I'm sure glad to meet you. It's great to meet a man you've heard so much about."

Dean chuckled good-naturedly. "Yes, isn't it. I can remember my first con, and I was the same way. I don't believe I caught your name, though."

"Oh, I'm Dan, Dan Parkinson," he replied shyly. "I'm new to fandom."

"Parkinson, Dan Parkinson--let me see, didn't you have an ad somewhere recently, requesting old fanzines?"

Dan flushed. Imagine, being recognized by a BNF. "Yes, that's right, I did have that ad."

Dean thought to himself for a moment. "Well, it seems to me that I have a bunch of old fanzines up in my attic, duplicates of course, and if you'd like them, they're yours. I won't charge you anything for them, since I suppose I'd have thrown them out anyway."

Dan self-consciously scratched the back of his neck. "I'd sure like that, I really would."

"Well, then, I'll be glad to do it--and I tell you what, you're not on the DASTARK mailing list, are you?"

"No, I'm not. I've been meaning to write you about it, but I've just been too busy...I work all day and at night I have to care for the house and I just don't have the time that I'd like for..."

"That's quite all right," Dean said sympathetically, "when I first started out in fandom I was in the same predicament, always at work and little enough time at home as it was. But I managed, I managed. Well, as I was saying, I'll give you a copy of DASTARK now, I brought along some extras, and that way I'll put you down



on the mailing list too so there won't be any problem of requesting it."

As Dan watched, Dean took a copy of his fanzine from the top of the pile and handed it over. Dan carefully folded it, clutching it as tightly as if it were a great treasure--which it perhaps was, to him.

"So how do you like the con, Dan?" the BNF asked him.

"Oh, it's very nice, I suppose. I didn't realize that so many fans existed. It seems that everywhere I turn, I bump into some BNF. I guess," he laughed, "I'm the only neo here."

"The only one? No, there are others. Lots of others. They may not look like neos, but they are. Sometimes I think I'm one."

"You? Heck, every fan knows your name. You're as famous as, as," he tried a weak joke, "as Yngvi, I bet."

Dean laughed at that. "Perhaps I am, but I still feel that I'm a neo. When I see the others, running around here in such a carefree way, as if they firmly believed that fandom was just a goddamned hobby and that there would be no more cons after this one, then I get to thinking that maybe I'm the neo. Maybe I'm the one who's the outsider. You have to be in the group, really in it, Dan, to be a part of it. How I envy neos like you."

"Envy me?" Dan repeated puzzledly. "I don't understand."

"If you remain in fandom as long as I have, you will. Fandom does something to you. It makes you a part of it, but it also acts on you, draws you into a circle that may have difficulty in accepting you. People fail to realize that there must be a summit, a "peak of perfection" beyond which no fan can strive. When someone reaches that peak, as they say I have, then he's through, gone. Fandom doesn't hold the fatal fascination it once did. I've seen the laughing, starry, fright-filled eyes of neos like you and I've often wished I could feel the same way you do. I can't, you see--and I never will. I did once, but that's been so long ago I've forgotten. Now there's nothing left for me but my fanzine--and I don't really know why I continue to put that out."

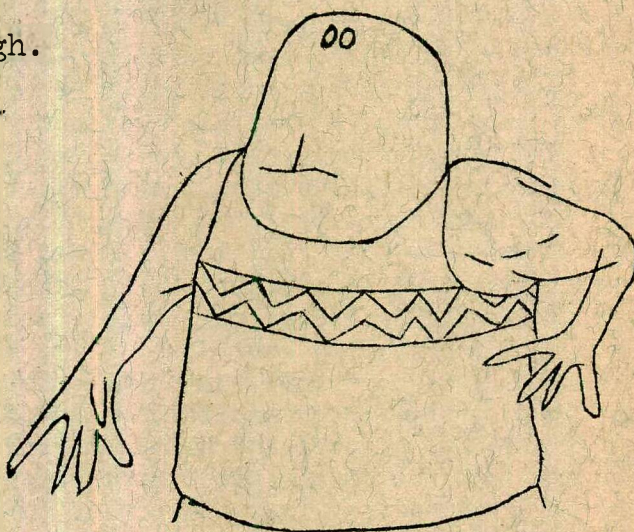
"But it's good, one of the best."

"It's all relative, son. I can tell; I've been in fandom long enough.

I suppose if I were younger, and felt the way I do now, I could gafiate. I've known others who did it, and at the time I felt that they were fuggheads, but now I don't.

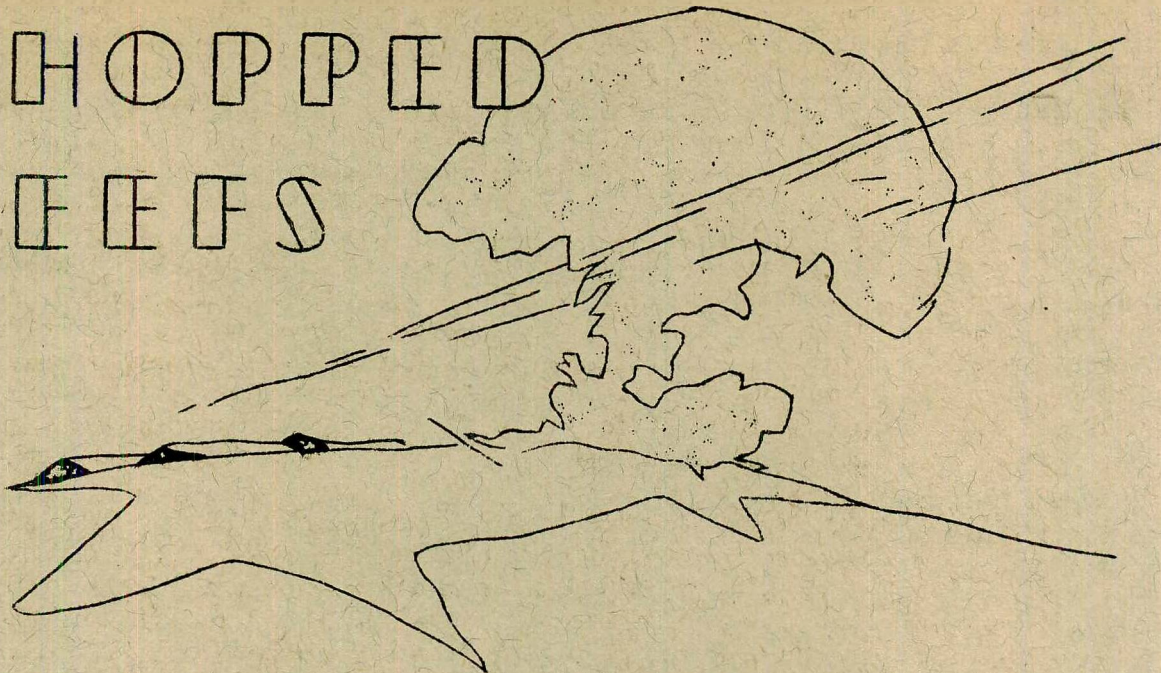
When you reach a certain limit, you find that even gafiation is impossible. At first you don't want to gafiate, you say to yourself you never will and pretty soon you get to believing it. Then something happens and your outlook changes, fandom doesn't seem the way it first did. And you begin to wonder if maybe gafiation is the right answer. And then, of course, it's too late. It's too late to do anything but hang around and wonder what's next and not really care."

Dan looked at him quizzedly. "You can't be serious?"





# CHOPPED BEETS



Larry McCombs: Walter Breen states that there is no official control over censors -- in part this is true, in that there is seldom an official channel through which one may appeal the decision of a censor. However, for the most part the decision of a censor is open to public appeal through the press (which has proven quite sympathetic to most victims of censorship) and to legal appeal, through the courts. I noted in a recent paper that the Supreme Court has just reversed the decision of the Post Office Censor, and ruled that it is quite legal to mail the various male homosexual magazines. The court ruled that the magazines themselves were not obscene, even though they deliberately appealed to a homosexual readership. And, there has been quite a bit of exposure recently of the sort of individuals who are doing the censoring. I have seen several articles and reports describing the personal characters of the movie censors in various cities, and discussing the nature of the material they have censored. For example, "Censorship" by Steward Haggerty in the November 28, 1961, issue of the short-lived Show Business Illustrated, and Donovan Bess' scathing "Miller's Tropic on Trial" in No. 23 of Evergreen Review. With the current interest in censorship it's becoming less and less possible for the local ladies' decency league to put quiet pressure on the book shop -- people are finding out about censorship, and usually going out of their way to read material which someone has tried to keep from them. Tropic of Cancer is a fine example of a book whose success was due almost entirely to its being banned in several places.

I fully agree that the answer to propaganda is not censorship, but education. However, such education (unless it is to be pure brainwashing such as is currently attempted in our public schools -- unthinking Americanism, etc.) must point out the faults of our society and our nation honestly. This is what most people are afraid to have done. If we are to honestly teach our children about communism, we must help them to see that the Communists have some valid points in their criticism of capitalism and of America. But if I brought this fact out in one of my classes and a student went home and mentioned it to his parents, my job would be on the block instantly. Our inability to admit any possible faults in ourselves is to me one of the most horrifying characteristics of modern America.

Walter touches on the crux of the problem -- that censorship is merely a result of our insecurity -- it is our fear that America may no longer be "number one" in the world that results in the jingoism of the Birchers and their likes. This underlying fear of honesty is what we need to overcome -- the cen-



sorship is only a symptom. For instance, I am expected as one of my chief teaching duties, to help students "socialize", to become "well-adjusted". Although it is never expressed in so many words, what is wanted is that I should get all my students to conform to the ideal of the well-adjusted, normal, modern American teenager. The goal of adolescence in this system is not self-realization, but conformity to the norm. You should spent a week with fourteen-year-olds, as I've been doing recently. These kids are frightened to open their mouths -- they just want the teacher to go away and leave them alone. They are embarrassed about their strange-sounding names, their skin blemishes, their lack or excess of physical development, their intelligence or lack thereof, and anything else that makes them a unique individual. They've been given a picture of the well-rounded teenager: competent but not too outstanding in schoolwork, competent in all sports and outstanding in at least one, charming and socially at ease, dating fairly frequently, attracted by and attractive to the opposite sex, etc., etc. Everytime on notes that his personality differs from this norm, he experiences feelings of inferiority or guilt. It would make you cry to see the results in stifled and inhibited children!

If I had my way, none of my students would be well-adjusted! I'd like to make them aware of themselves -- and disgusted with the system. If I taught them as I'd like to, they'd never be happy in this society -- they'd spend their lives fighting it. But do I have the right to do that to them? I don't know yet, but I suspect that I may not be able to keep a job as a teacher long if I decide to follow my conscience!

My personal experience has not included any information of cases where pornography has permanently harmed anyone (I have known a few males whose impressions of the "normal" female response to sex were rather distorted, but that is readily corrected by experience), but I have known several people whose lives have been made into a very real hell by the conflicts created when an elementary-school teacher brainwashed them with the your-sexual-desires-are-Evil philosophy.

I have been interested in the reaction to the recent Supreme Court action outlawing prayers in public schools. { 1 } I'd like to see them go even further and outlaw Christmas pageants and other socially-required observances of Christian festivals in schools. It's all very well to say that these are not required, but it is an exceptional fourth-grader who has the self-confidence and courage to refuse to participate. Discussion of religion and religious beliefs is one thing, but actual pageantry and worship is quite another. Many members of Congress and similar idiots have declared that the Court decision is a clearcut blow for communism and atheism (these two forces seem to be identical in their minds.)

Sylvia White made an interesting suggestion recently, one which is almost worth taking seriously: that persons under eighteen years of age should be permitted alcohol, sex, pornography and everything else now "forbidden" them, but should be banned from attending any sort of religious organization or service. I know of damned few people whose early religious indoctrination has been anything but a curse to them. It isn't until the late teen years that a person is ready to consider the basic concepts of religion -- before that it's just a weapon used by grownups to keep the kids out of their hair: "If you don't obey Mommy and Daddy you'll go to hell!"

Speaking of socialism in Canada, as Hayes and Nelson were doing, I was horrified by the news of Saskatchewan physicians closing their offices rather than participate in a socialized medicine program. I gather that the A.M.A. will do the same if we get such a program here. Much as they talk about their freedoms, I have the feeling that they don't want anybody else's fingers in their happy monopoly -- and I think they may feel that it will be harder to extort extravagant fees from the government. Doctors' high rates are generally justified by the high cost of education, but I've known few doctors or dentists who didn't own expensive homes and automobiles.

{ 1.: This is a commonly-held fallacy, equally shared by wishful thinkers and righteous do-gooders. Please see the editorial pages. }

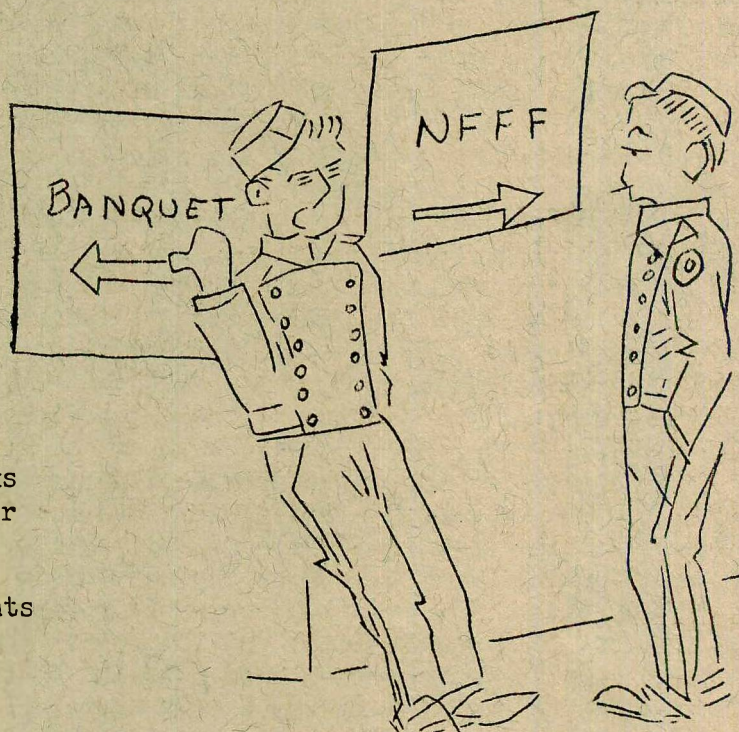


Brian Aldiss: You are probably right when you say that self-preservation, even if boisterously expressed, would not necessarily kill off our hypothetical starship group. But, it might, and that I still cling to. Consider the situation in Starship. The Nine Day Ague has broken out, decimating the ranks. Something like a mutiny is at hand. A bunch of toughs gets together, says they will hold the bows of the ship against all comers. They get in supplies of food, they take their women and children with them, they guard the approaches to their territory. What are they afraid of? Attack, certainly; and when an attack comes, they stave it off, and nurse devotedly one of their number, Rye Vikan, who was wounded in the foray. What else do they fear? Why, the Ague...which represents a different sort of fear. And when Rye's wife Pye goes down with it -- well, there's at least some talk about dumping her away down a side corridor so "the rest of us don't get it." All I'm saying is that self-preservation is liable to lead swiftly to anarchy in a confined environment.

If you'll allow me the luxury of arguing against my own opinions, I'd add that it is by no means established that the baddies always gain power over the good-ies. (That we now have a Tory government doesn't prove a thing!) I think the general tendency in recent sf is to assume that the baddies do always seize power -- at least until the statutory clear-up in the last chapter. This is most noticeably so in what I call Hsf, stories of post H-bomb times: Richard Foster's The Rest Must Die was an exception. In recent times, we have so often seen the baddies grasp power--but fortunately, there seems to be some sort of unwritten law that this is self-defeating; the power-graspers can't see ahead to anything other than grasping power, and fail eventually through a lack of constructive policy on which to follow through. (The question is, how long is eventually?) This unwritten law is really what undid Hitler to a large extent, particularly in the Eastern European countries he seized, where the taking up of arms against him was done rather reluctantly, because he left no alternative.

Iffley Church is little more than a serf's throw from me.

Charles Wells: Although Breen thinks that he is being fair to all three viewpoints, he is not. For one thing, he fails to present the Conservative and Moderate arguments as strongly as he could; it is not enough to present these arguments in the words usually used by their proponents. Breen uses statements like "An alert censorship program is the only way to protect citizens from insidious propaganda, which would give them the wrong ideas about our American Way of Life." (Underlining mine.) These words are loaded one way for the average American and another way for fans. I couldn't help thinking when I read them that Breen was satirizing the position, not stating it.



"A bunch of kooks, the lot of 'em. Now they're trying to get some character named "weak eyes" to jump from table to table."



If Walt wanted to present the argument as strongly as possible for the readership he knew he would have, he should have used different words. Something like: "The American political and social system depends for its existence upon what political scientists call a consensus: a general agreement among the people about certain values, certain methods of action. It is well-known that a lack of consensus can lead to disaster: this is illustrated by pre-Hitler Germany, and by France, then and now -- although DeGaulle is currently providing a unifying focus which partially overcomes France's lack of consensus. Now, modern motivational research provides some remarkable tools for changing people's minds, and the existence of such means almost implies that it will be used by people who wish to destroy the American consensus. This resulting disunity would be fertile ground for a Communist or other totalitarian takeover. It is for this reason that censorship of disruptive political, moral or social views is justified."

I don't happen to accept that argument, but I have stated it in a way that covers up as many holes as possible.

Some of Walter's arguments for the Liberal position are weak. For one thing, his attacks on the "robber barons" sound almost ludicrously like something written by a 1908 radical. A basically sound position is weakened here by his use of loaded words: in the first place, loaded words are not kosher at ANY time when you are trying to present a reasoned argument, and in the second place, words which are loaded for the wrong audience are positively disastrous to the argument.

Sid Birchby: You'll allow me not to share your admiration of Daniel Galouye?

I have always considered him a throwback to the bad old days of John Russell Fearn and Raymond Z. Gallum, and the loose-written, purple-patch school of writing. For me, "City of Force" was slop of the sort that Amazing used to print to loosen up a constipated contents page of Shaver mysteries and science fillos.

Whether or not socialism must nowadays mean neutralism, the practical result of Swedism socialism is that any political adventures would endanger its stability; therefore, neutralism is essential to the economy. To the Swede, as to the Swiss, everyone is a potential customer, and mustn't be offended. You may retort: "Switzerland isn't socialistic." True, but the two countries have much in common. They both have a history in which, having realized that their countries were liable to be clobbered by the big boys, they moved out, declared for neutralism and started the Second Solution way of life--turning the other cheek and selling everything to everybody for a living. For a time they even sold troops: Swedish and Swiss mercenaries used to be very highly thought of; the Vatican still uses them, I believe.

John Baxter: God, that man Coulson is insidious. First he takes over your book column, then "Chopped Beefs", and now he's even publishing Bane for you. You know what he has in mind, of course: complete domination. A year from now, you will be doing the book reviews, and Bane will be a Yandro rider.

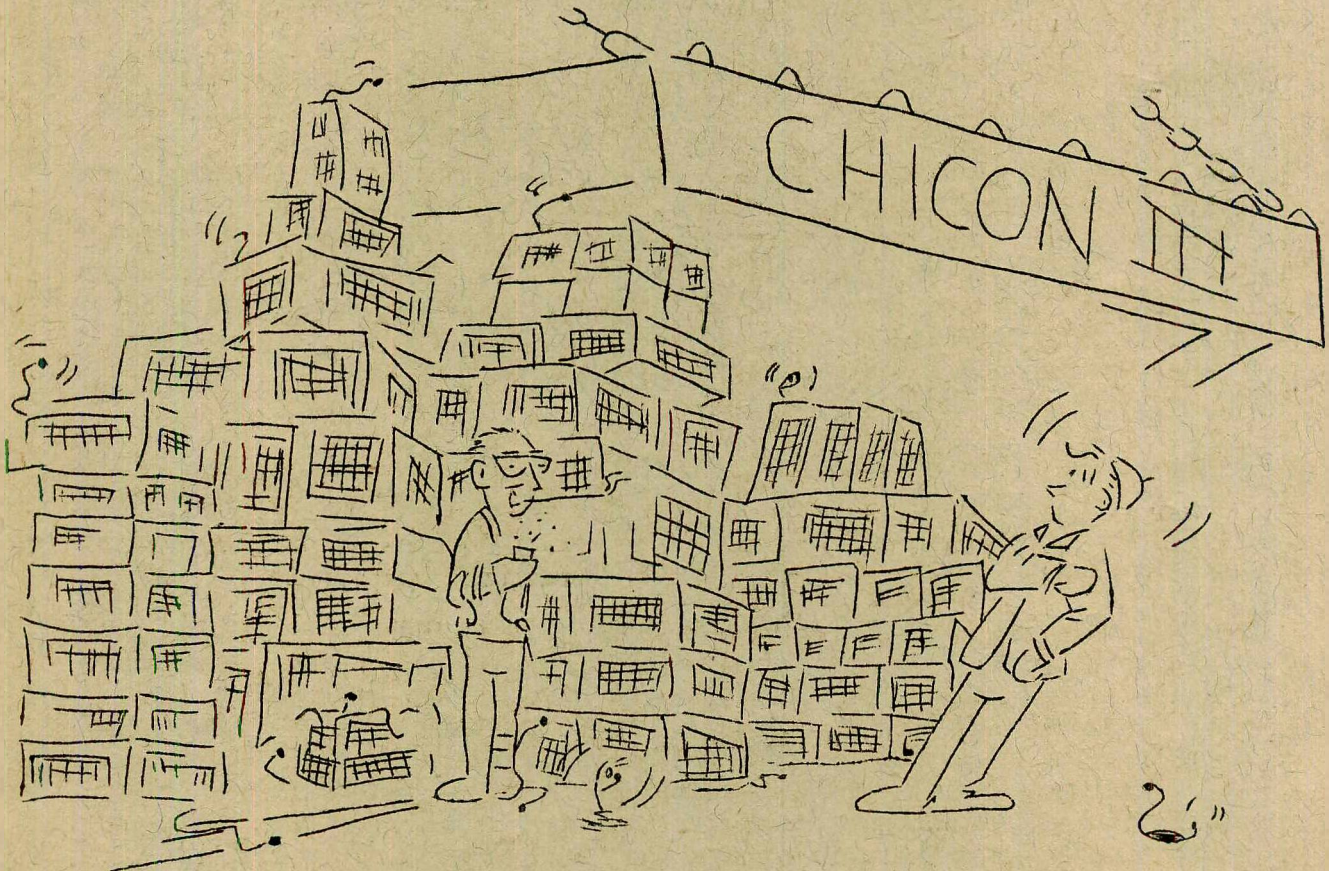
Breen's statement of the popular attitudes towards censorship, whilst well-done as far as it goes, is neither complete nor completely accurate. It assumes that, despite certain drawbacks, the "Liberal" attitude is far superior to either the "Moderate" or "Conservative". In fact, the very choice of nomenclature, which implies that those defending censorship are essentially "conservative" and reactionary, while the anti-censorship group is "liberal" and progressive, is an indication that the writer is taking sides from the start. It seems to me that Breen wasn't looking for the "real issues" after all, but really for a justification of his own viewpoint.

The resume of attitudes also leaves out certain arguments popularly used in the discussion of censorship. I was surprised to see an extremely strong one



dropped from the "Liberal" platform: that is that pornography is not actually harmful to anyone who reads it, and consequently there are no medical or sociological grounds for the strong discrimination against it. If Breen wanted to bolster the "Moderate" position, there are certainly better ways of doing it than weakening its competitors. Another point missing from the "Conservative" position--and probably its strongest--is this: there is a very strong body of opinion in literature which opposes erotism in the arts because it involves the graphic description of what is essentially a bestial and unattractive thing. (1) Sex undoubtedly should play a strong part in literature, but the better writers, unconnected with the realist style, generally feel that the currently popular method of flinging fornication onto paper with the minimum of euphemism does little to advance the cause of art. Sex, love, the reproductive drive--whatever you choose to call it--is an important force in the human mind. The sex act is only a part of it; it could be compared perhaps to the consummation of a rite, a climax that loses much of its meaning when taken out of context. There is more to love than coitus, and many writers feel, with some justification, that a detailed description of the sex act does not say everything that there is to be said for the matter. What better grounds to criticize a work of art than that it is useless and ugly?

Fanzines these days, while perhaps less plentiful than days of yore, are a lot better. The material appears to be better written, the presentation and reproduction superior to that around the 40's, and, in general, it seems that fanzines have been more worthwhile in 1962 than they have ever been. I've read or have in my collection a number of famous old fanzines from the last twenty years: Spaceways, SFAdvertiser, Inside, Quandry, Psychotic, Outre, Masque, Shaggy, Opsla! and so on--and so help me, I'd rather read Warhoon any day.



"It was tough work getting the last 200, but I got 'em this time!"



Vernon McCain -- that name brings back a lot of memories. One of the first Stateside fanzines I ever saw was Dick Geis' Psychotic, and the best thing in it was McCain's column "The Padded Cell." It sang. That column was written exactly as I would like to write. The ideas were put exactly as I would like to put them. McCain wrote so effortlessly that it was easy to think that I might have done as well. I couldn't, of course; that writing is hardest of all.

Has Rotsler ever drawn an innocent BEM? Why do his creatures look so evil, so depraved, so dissipated? (Artistic endeavor is an extension of the personality, we're told.)

Jack Speer: Surely anyone like Breen is aware of the two-valued fallacy; the more surprising is it, then, to find him embracing that fallacy in "a child too young to dig (pornography) will simply put it aside as a bore." Assuming that by "dig" he means "understand," this picture of the situation supposes that there is a sharp dividing line between understanding and not understanding. The same fallacy is present if "dig" is construed as "enjoy."

The two-valued fallacy appears again in "a person who is really strong in his faith is not too likely to be influenced." The real trouble here is that Breen is trying to make his views palatable to religious bigots, a hopeless task.

Walter certainly seems to have an optimistic idea of how to control marijuana. Legalizing it would take out the profit and end efforts to suck people into the habit. Just like tobacco, I suppose.

Actually, big advertisers hardly ever need to threaten to withdraw their advertising. It's obvious without their saying so, that a magazine friendly to business will have better luck attracting advertising than one of the liberal magazines. Speaking of which, there is an egregious omission in Breen's examples of "borderline publications like The Realist, The Californian, and The Independent" to which Freedom of the Press is now largely confined. He has left out all of the leading liberal magazines--perhaps he would sneer at them as lib-lab--which are very influential in Democratic administrations (indeed, articles in them sometimes seem to be addressed primarily to the one man in government who is in a position to do something about the matter discussed, and who, in all probability, reads the magazine.) These omissions, of course, are The Nation, The New Republic, The Progressive, and The Reporter, not to mention ADA World and the other house organs of liberal organizations.

There is no means of rational preparation which will enable any large number of draft-age young men to resist the highly sophisticated techniques now available for imposing Communist or other indoctrination upon them when they have, by fortunes of war, fallen under the enemy's physical control. It is better to recognize and accept this, than to try to develop an immunity, which would call for treatments as bad as the disease.

Tucker seems unable to get out of his mind the impression that Degler's stories of Cosmen in Newcastle are basically true. It appears, however, that the "street-brawling Cosmen and their willing feminine companions", along with the other juicy bits, existed hardly at all, save in Claude's imagination.

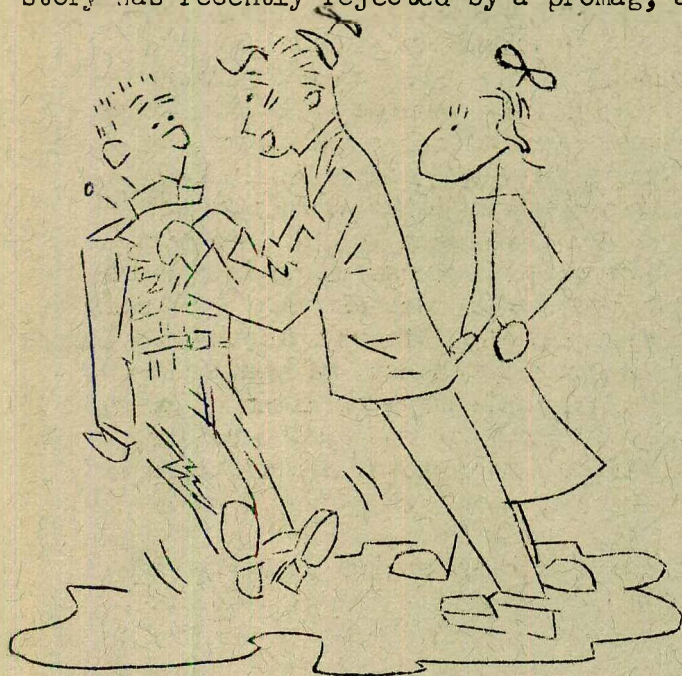
I don't agree that nagging women are the key to progress. I rather agree with Philip Wylie, who said that when man would have built highways across the continent and rockets to send to the moon, Mom made him construct griddle factories.

Colin Freeman: Breen says that it's best to teach the kids that you like the girl, and to tell them all about contraceptives so that nobody gets hurt and everybody lives happily ever after. Ain't it beautiful? Perhaps it would be, if it weren't for that old bug, human nature. Breen thinks that everyone has a balanced outlook and natural common sense will prevent one going far wrong if shown all the facts. Where does Walt live? Up a mountain?



Does Breen seriously believe that kids will exercise self-control if given free reign and all their fears removed? And surely sex without love is almost synonymous with prostitution, and therefore how different from the other perversions that Breen would like to eliminate? Perhaps Walter would simply shrug me off as being old-fashioned. I can only argue that in my experience, people who have denied themselves sexual experience altogether, rather than accept it without love, have appeared to be much happier than people who have tried sex for its own sake.

I'm grateful to Breen for ridding me of my inferiority complex. My first story was recently rejected by a promag, and I thought it was my lousy writing-- now I know it's due to censorship. I feel much happier about it.



"But there's got to be a way to the roof! Don't you realize that it's almost sunrise?!"

and what is intended just for entertainment. The former should be completely free of censorship, but the latter need not be.

In the argument that censorship of pornography is unsuccessful, it seems to be implied that there is nothing wrong with the American family life, because kids who have been exposed to pornography "still get married in the conventional manner and lead thereafter conventional sex lives." The assumption is not thoroughly justified; there is a great deal wrong with American family life, but whether licentious literature has anything to do with it or not is an open question. The suggestion that any harm results because "porno is black market stuff" is not very convincing. How much difference is there in this respect between black market pornography and the kind that can be picked up on the newsstand at the corner grocery?

The suggestion that "free love" be used to bribe juvenile delinquents away from violence is certainly a new one to me. On the practical side, something much different from the types of oral contraceptives now under development would be necessary to prevent a flood of illegitimate births, since these must be taken a day in advance, foresight not likely to be found in sufficient degree among the whites and other races in the strata of society where promiscuity is most common and illegitimate babies are least likely to find adoptive parents.

I'm sick of people criticizing the younger generation--they aren't the same as we were. I'd hoped to escape from these inane prejudices in fandom--but no, there's Bob Tucker, plugging away on the old theme in a light disguise. Fanzine production isn't like it used to be? I guess as good a writer as Tucker is in a position to say such things, but I'm still sorry to see him do it.

← Bob's argument was merely that there are less fanzines today than yesterday; no implications of cruddier quality or anything of the sort. →

June Bonifas: The article on censorship described one

"moderate" position, but it seems there could be another one. This would make a distinction between what is intended to explain or advocate ideas,

Terry Carr: Tucker's piece was fascinating for a fanhistory buff. I might mention that Dishabille, though published anonymously, was obviously the work of Jack Riggs, the same fellow who published Spicy Tellus. Dishabille was published about a year thereafter, and included a story about a fellow who crashlanded or something on the moon and was rescued by a beautiful, sexy female



who was nude save for her beautiful long wings; he asked for something to drink and she explained that there was no water on the moon and then offered him her breast, which he thought was just terrific. Heigh-ho.

It's a refreshing change to see some questioning of the straight line that Censorship is Baaad and Should Never Be Tolerated, after reading so much of the latter in so many fanzines recently. In our present society it isn't a clear-cut issue of that sort, as Walter ably points out.

A couple of comments, though: Walt says "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 the conventional instruction books..." I'm afraid that's just not true; almost all marriage manuals (to which I assume Walter's referring) stress the mutual-pleasure aspect of sex relations at great length. These are not obscure tomes on musty library shelves or under lock and key, but pocketbooks of which anyone can find three to ten at most any pb rack. Walter needn't have overstated his case here.

"Pious preachments about the sanctity of marriage and the holiness and beauty of sex must also go." I demur, but only because I think that's vaguely-enough worded that it might not be clear that what he means is that the pious preachments must go -- the sanctity of marriage must of course be up to the individuals involved in the marriage (and pious preachments are aimed at enforcing objective, all-inclusive standards upon individuals, which is why they must go), but I don't think Walter would argue that there is a great deal of beauty in sex and hence, for them as have that turn of mind, holiness too. After all, the parallels and connections between sexual and religious ecstasy are so numerous that I could write ten pages about them off the top of my head, and I'm sure Walter could write ten chapters.

Oh well...Euripides writes to you and Jackie Kennedy writes to Bergeron. I guess maybe next week we'll get a letter of comment on the latest Void from Seth Johnson.

Harry Warner, jr.: Buck Coulson's column brings to attention the fact that "horror" has just about replaced "weird" as the adjective for describing a certain type of fiction. There is no longer any real distinction between the type of stories described by the two words, although years ago, "weird" fiction contained an element of the supernatural, and "horror" was simply more mundane. I'm not sure that I like the change, because "horror" has acquired certain quite juvenile associations and because many weird stories are not horror stories at all.

I suspect that the number of fanzine titles in 1961 was slightly higher than Tucker estimates here, because of the fragmentation of fandom that makes it unlikely that everyone will receive all the publications from both mainstream fandom and such outposts as N3F members, monster and comic fans, and collecting fans. Of course, the recent trend to distribute apa publications outside the organizations fairly widely would make it hard to compare the present and past accurately. Most of the better apa publications circulate a substantial number of extras.

It's particularly gratifying to see Walter Breen saying at length and with emphasis a point that I've tried to make over and over, the near-unique status of fanzines in this nation as a medium for expression and distribution of opinions by persons not famous enough to have their non-fiction printed in professional magazines. Though I usually stare with scorn at Projects, I wonder if this situation wouldn't be grounds for an effort by fandom to lobby for its publications with members of Congress, in an effort to make distribution a trifle easier. The postal laws definitely discriminate against mimeographed materials.



There is no apparent reason for this difference in rates, so it must have become law years ago when some situation existed that made it advisable. If this is the situation, it might not be too hard to get the laws changed, perhaps to permit fanzine to be mailed in bulk at educational or non-profit organizational rates. We could probably get help in this respect from hobby groups that issue fanzine-like publications.

I'm sure I wouldn't judge a person by one first-time visit to his home, because even the best-regulated homes and families run into times when their occupants make a bad showing. In fanzine articles, the least that the writer could do is to inform his readers how much advance notice he'd given of his arrival, how many times he'd met the people before, and how long he was in their company. Fans have visited me without advance warning, and in some cases I think I managed to make a fairly good impression on them. but in one or two cases I must have acted like Agamemnon just before the bath water got hot.

Pat Kearney: Any form of censorship stinks. Whilst crud like The Virgin Harlot and Hank Janson Rides Again get through the censors, fine books by authors such as Henry Miller are banned. The same applies to the cinema. Stuff like The Fruit is Ripe and Naked as Nature Intended get shown completely unabridged at open-to-the-public movie houses. But when good stuff, directed by such as Bergman, von Stroheim, Milestone (All Quiet on the Western Front) and Pabst gets hacked to pieces by over-zealous and (we are told) public-minded censors, we may assume that the majority of the banned material is the best material.

I also have a gripe about the U.S. laws forbidding the portrayal of communism. I'm not a Communist, but laws like this are not so very far-removed from laws in the Middle Ages which forbade the practice of Protestantism. Freedom of ideology is essential in any society that wants to remain stable. I note with interest that fascism is not outlawed in the States. Now tell me, which is worse: communism or fascism?

Len Moffatt: As a reader and a writer, I'm all for the Freedom of the Press, and am most unhappy when a book or a newspaper or a magazine gets clobbered by the self-righteous would-be do-gooders. But I'm just as unhappy, for instance, when a newspaper disturbs its freedoms. We all know (or should know) how newspapers slant their reports, depending upon their politics, or on their "policy". All writings mirror the prejudices of their writers, to one degree or another, and there's nothing basically wrong in this--but when a paper purports to be "independent", yet deliberately slants its reports to favor one party or another, one wonders what has happened to the old maxim of reporting: who, what, when, where and how--all the facts, sans opinions, sans editorializing. The method is wrong because there are still a lot of people who believe everything they read, especially when it's in an "independent" paper.

I don't know whether or not suffering "purifies" people, as Aldiss says, but it can do one of two things, depending upon the circumstances: bring the people closer together; cause them to help each other, or make them revert to the actions of lower animals. (I always like to assume that mankind is a higher animal type.)

Don Melton: Perhaps Bob Tucker places a bit too much faith in Buck Coulson's estimates of the number of fanzines published during the last year? I'm sure Coulson wouldn't be the first to admit that he doesn't receive all the fanzines there are to receive, and even then he doesn't review all that he gets: he sometimes passes over the apa publications, and, of course, those magazines edited by persons who don't want reviews, possessing already too large a mailing list.

It's nice to forgive Ace for the crap they've added to his shelves,



It seems Baxter is drawing some rather ill-chosen parallels between the Fanac Poll and political elections. While I admit that the speechifying accompanying the latter is seldom of any worth, this or any other country would be in sad shape indeed if the voters walked into a booth, wrote a name on a piece of paper and thus cast their votes; it helps to know who the candidates are, and the same is all that's necessary for the Fanac Poll. No doubt Breen has ideas.

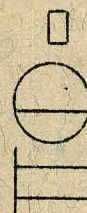
#### AND SOME SHORTER QUOTES:

Walter Breen: An alternative explanation for Aldiss' observation that "oppressive conditions do not necessarily breed revolt or cruelty" may be found in Eric Hoffer's The True Believer. The breeding ground for violent revolt is large minority groups far enough above the subsistence level to hope that revolt will bring up their lot. A classic instance of this is the a-borning Black Muslim movement. ++ May I point out that "light taking on mystical and theological implications", as in Dark Universe is just the reversal of the theme of Asimov's "Nightfall"? ## Arne Sjogren: I'm for eugenics. The natural weeding-out process is beginning to become neutralized because of modern medicine. We get more and more defective genes in every generation. Consumption was rather uncommon before insulin, because the victims simply died. Now they form a small but steadily growing percentage of the population. Personally I feel that man is slowly beginning to degenerate. ## Bob Tucker: Thank Ghod you are reasonably sane... ## Fred Norwood: It's a sad thing when one has to resort to old-time villains to get his kicks. Their independence and strength and unpredictability were their strong points, I know, but usually they were pretty poor excuses for people. While we can admire their differences, most of us could never be like them. ## Al Rudis: Maybe I can find some corrupted printer in Mexico that'll stoop that low. ## Bob Smith: Walter Breen's article was fine, although I must admit that whilst reading it I had to occasionally look out the window to convince myself that the world wasn't really as dark as he painted it. ## Phil Harrell: They never did find out unless they already knew like we did because by the time the red flashenscreamer came on they was leavink. ## Tom Dilley: There are, certainly, people in this country caught in an economic press about which they can do nothing. And I am all for a government that saves people from other people. But I most emphatically am against which saves people from themselves. ## Joe Hensley: The biggest boot for me was Tucker's note on his recent publicity. My local paper did that to me some years back, and I'm still trying to get rid of one prunehead who had a book published by the vanity press boys and I still get a weekly note inviting me to the Alcoholics Anonymous meetings. I guess anyone who writes that sort of stuff must be considered a drunk by AA. ++ And also to Brother Tucker--I remember Apollo--I'd hoped everyone else had forgotten. I showed Willick a copy once. Laugh! I thought his pants would never dry. I guess it was that line: "Dedicated to H.P. Lovecraft." ## Steve Schultheis: I had a normal, wholesome, conventional upbringing, and I found it quite painful to adjust to reality. I suppose most of us did. ++ Ol' Tuck may make Harry Warner look to his laurels if he keeps dipping into his bag of nostalgia like this. ## Robert Burns: Whare horn nor Bane daur unsettle... ## Fred Hunter: Why, it's whispered throughout fandom that Bane will soon become a f-c-l p--nt! ## Gerry de la Ree: Harry Warner states that "Manly Wade Wellman wrote a short story for TWS...in which all the characters were named for members of the Wildwood, N.J., Fanclub." Harry's memory is playing tricks. The club was the Solaroid Club of Westwood, N.J.--the story, "Space Chore" in the August, 1941 issue. The characters were Gates and Plotkank (Roderick Gaetz and Roy Plotkan of Sun Spots) Beeler (Charles Beling, Fan-Atic) Mudge (Harold Mutch) and Deleroy (yours truly.) ## Joe Sarno: You may look like an ass to other people, but at least you know you're a clever ass. ## Hector Pessina: The injustices of censorship are classic all over the world; but they are almost a plague in Latin America. Here you can see films with plenty of violence, sexed-up scenes, and everything against the so-called morality of good behavior that censors claim to uphold, but if any one of these films goes against the military clan that imposes its will or the



Church, that film is banned. The infallibility of censors is something that many take for granted, forgetting that those gentlemen are human and, as such, subject to all sorts of pressure. ## Lenny Kaye: Tucker took top honors...## Terry Jeeves : Eric Bentcliffe would like to hear from someone who can tell us when Triode first appeared...## Bill Plott: When I decided that I wanted very much to go to the Pittcon, I proposed that I be allowed to go if I could raise the necessary money myself. My father agreed. I could never have raised the money to go first class, so I began to look for cheaper methods--such as a car pool with --. My father nixed that because he felt that any adult who still read sf, attended cons, etc., was definitely homosexual or something equally vile. He sent me first class from Atlanta and financed my hotel expenses. ## Paul Williams: Waddaya got wits like Davidson and Tucker for, if not to give learned opinions?## Dr. Antonio Dupla: Bill Conner has apparently forgotten the growing cost and complexity of medical treatment. If all Americans are not millionaires, how can they afford one or more electroencephlograms, followed by the extirpation of a brain tumor? Or a complete study of their circulatory conditions, and afterwards an intervention with extracorporeal circulation plus all the things that employ a working staff of several well-trained specialists hours in a row only in the surgical act? The cost of medicine today is off-limits to the common man, even in the United States. Wealthiest you people may be, healthiest I don't know, but most advanced--in what? Color TV, of course. ## Dave Williams: Mr. Tucker, there may be a fanzine shortage today, but it took a whole day to read Warhoon front to back.

Thanks are also due: Ron Banks, Rich Bergeron, John Berry, Redd Boggs, Ed Bryant, Buck Coulson, Mike Deckinger, Gary Deindorfer, Jerry DeMuth, Dick Eney, Fred Galvin, Lynn Hickman, Bob Jennings, John Koning, Al Kracalik, Ralph Kristiansen, Dick Kuczek, Betty Kujawa, Mike Kurman, Bob Lichtman, Jinx McCombs, Frank Mattson, Raleigh Multog, Derek Nelson, Berndt Ruthstrom, Dick Schultz, Don Thompson, Bob Underwood, Frank Wilimczyk, Larry Williams and Don Wollheim.



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