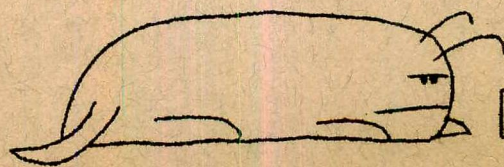




Atom



BANE 9

This is the ninth Bane, a science fiction fan magazine edited by Vic Ryan, who, after Sept. 20, will be at: Box 406, 2309 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Illinois. This issue costs you 50¢, but I hate to think what it'll cost me. Juanita Coulson is the publisher, sweet woman, and Bill Danner provided the SASCORT enclosures.

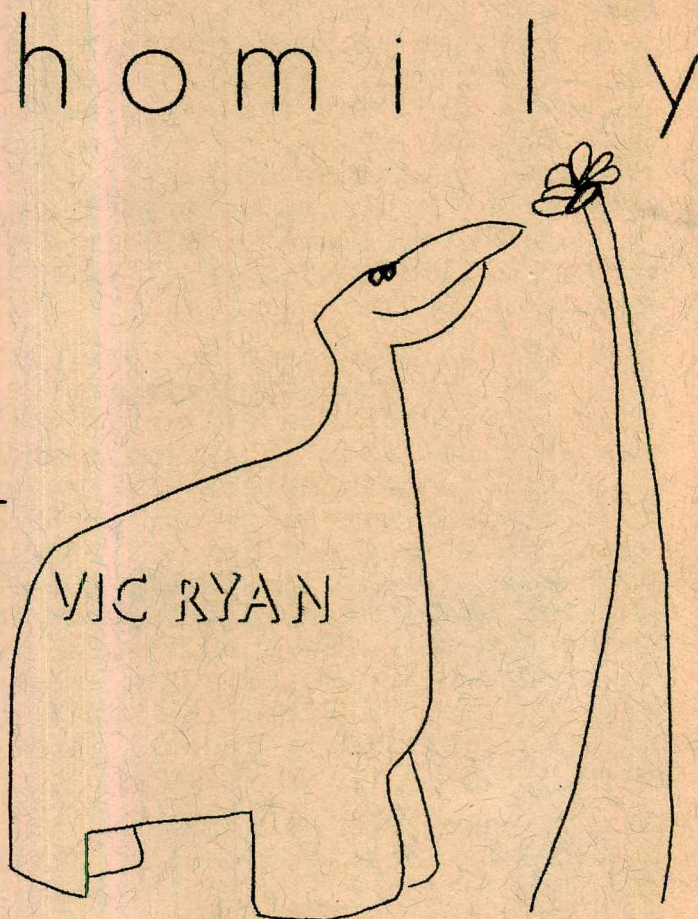
It's already been blabbed elsewhere that this is the last issue of Bane, as such. The thing has simply grown beyond me; publishing a fanzine this expensive and ambitious is about as much fun as mothering Philip Wylie. Only a few dollars in subscriptions were outstanding, making this a logical place to end it all, and those quarters and half-dollars have been returned, as has the artwork I was unable to use.

This might seem the obvious place for the most maudlin of reminiscences, but I'll spare them for the moment. There will be another issue, of sorts -- a supplement to this, with the letters received. I hope there are comments; not only because they were promised the contributors, but the letters which I receive will be from the people who'll make up my next mailing list. That isn't a threat, dire or otherwise, but it is a request.

WE RAN IT UP THE FLAGPOLE, BUT
IT'S STILL A HALF-MAST IDEA :

It seems unlikely that, in this day and age of Why Is a Fan? and the most penetrating of auto-analyses, you'd be able to find a fan who'd deny Fran Laney's remarkable honesty and candor. I certainly wouldn't, but I'm afraid that this one facet of the man's fan-life unjustly overshadows another talent fully as noteworthy: his absolute finality. Some of the oft-wounded members of the post-WWII LASFS may whimper their continued abuse at his hands, but if any such harrassment existed, it was probably as much a result of their continued fuggheadedness as any vindictiveness on Towner's part.

If Laney were still alive, and concerned enough about the stupidity inherent in the Neo Fan Fund, I'm sure he could have disposed of the matter with just the proper mixture of logic and sarcasm. I can't, partly because I'm not Laney, and partly because of Harriett Kolchak's startling chameleonism. Engaging this subject is made doubly difficult by the people who wondered why I bothered in the first place, but I'd still like to have another look at my personal millstone, the Fund, and my albatross -- in only the most figurative sense, of course -- Mrs. Kolchak.



Harriett was kind enough to send along her latest press release, a slim, dittoed pamphlet entitled, appropriately, "Neofund: 1962-1963." She was careful to pencil a note that "Its Hand Sewn too," which it was, but that impressed me about as much as it must have Eney when he wrote, in the second Fancyclopedia, that this sort of binding is characteristic of "the most primitive multi-page fanzine." The contents were at least as awe-inspiring as the stitching. "A lawyer," Harriett said in a private letter, "drew (the charter) up and he did not think it was funny." Not being bound by legal retainer, I did.

Much of the vagueness is gone, but the pretension and affectation are not. The committee members seem bound and determined to ruin their one good idea -- a sort of "traveller's aid," to announce seat-availability in carpools and such -- with their financial intrusion. The assumption that every convention committee will grant them program time remains, annoyingly. Now the relatively simple plans have expanded into a grandiose scheme for a fannish "ford foundation" -- to be named, one would suspect, the Studebaker Foundation. Still the ridiculous cant of the neofan; why, may I ask, is he supreme? The youngster is more likely to attend a convention only with proper funds; more likely to be able to wire his parents for return fare. The adult probably cannot, but, presumably, he is a less likely recruit to Harriett's army of obsequious acolytes.

"All loans shall be repaid to the Neofund," they insist, but somehow it all lacks conviction. There are specific deadlines set for repayment, and a "suitable gratuity" is expected, in lieu of interest charged. It seems unimportant, for I doubt that many will even bother repaying the principal.

Things are rolling right along. The Fund has some sixty dollars -- with thousands to come -- and Harriett's persistence at Cincinnati, for example, netted her \$7! Why, this may work yet! Dibs, Harriett.

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CONTENTS

Homily.....	Vic Ryan.....	2
Orphan with a Gun.....	Andrew Offutt.....	4
Beard Mumblings.....	Bob Tucker.....	16
A Fanzine Fable for Six-Year-Olds...	Redd Boggs.....	19
Wheel of Fortune.....	Buck Coulson.....	22
Those Damn Amendments.....	Charles Wells.....	25
The Mark of McCain.....	Vernon McCain.....	29
History in the Making.....	Harry Warner, jr.....	30
EgoPoll results.....	Voters.....	33
Viridiana.....	Jerry DeMuth.....	34
Chopped Beefs.....	Letterwriters.....	37

ART

COVER: ATom; Rotsler
 ATom -- 22;30;33
 Deindorfer -- 2;19
 Gilbert -- 24

Jeeves -- 18;40
 Kracalik -- 35
 Rotsler -- 16;29;34

Before beginning this treatise, the writer wishes to present his credentials.

He is not a Yale sophomore, a point very much in his favor. He is not a frustrated writer, a point very much in his favor. He is not and never has been connected with the Luce publications, a point very much in his favor. He is not a critic, but an evaluator, and eschews, even abhors, the very word critic, a point very much in his favor. He is possession of both of his testicles*, a point very much in his favor. He has read many but not enough of the reference sources cited in the works here examined, a point mildly in his favor, but not nearly so important as those credentials cited above. He has actually read all of the works here studied, including the notes, a very unusual phenomenon for a reviewer.

He is, in other words, an ignorant man writing about a genius. But, to be borne in mind are Vardis Fisher's words: "It's pretty damned childish to take any writer seriously when he speaks about another writer."

ANDREW OFFUTT ORPHAN WITH A GUN

"I found the reading of ... (these novels) worth the time of a busy person." -- Vardis Fisher (paraphrased.)

In writing a series of four autobiographical novels about a protagonist allegorically named Vridar Hunter, Vardis Fisher attempted to find the WHY of Vridar by examining his childhood under the merciless microscope of psychological study. He found that the man can't be found in the childhood; not in What Makes Sammy Run? or Look Homeward, Angel or in Stendhal's The Red and the Black, and not in the Vridar Hunter tetralogy. He isn't in his childhood, Fisher says, although "Beneath that superficial surface mind was the wide dark reach of all that he was...He's in his entire past. So I went back to see if I could find Vridar." He went back as far as a man can go, back to the slime, the trees, the caves, the "divided cell and the yearning for at-one-ment." He found "enough to make...Vridar and all of us rather terrifying things." He learned that "the reasons why children don't mature and become adult, as the children of all animals do...(are) in the religious systems which are essentially an idealization of the family relationship...'togetherness' in this country is being elevated to the status of a religion, because of fear."

His motives, his use of the term "orphan" have been misunderstood; frequently by those who do not wish to understand. An orphan is one deprived of one or both parents. Fisher points out what

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* A reviewer once said of one of Fisher's novels that it was too sexy; oddly enough, the novel in question was one of the less sexy ones. It was subsequently found that the learned and unbiased reviewer had just lost one of his testicles to cancer, which fact may have colored his review more than somewhat.

we all know but prefer to overlook: that this is quite possible even when the child lives with the parents.

Does Vardis Fisher consider himself an orphan? "Oh, definitely, and all my friends but two or three." These orphans symbolized again and again as the dying son, the crucified son, spend lifetimes, organize their societies around their mission: searching for the Father. There is a big one in Rome; "pope" is the American translation of the Italian words "Il Papa." There is always one in Washington; FDR was a prime example, JFK now fills the bill. There is a Father for some of your professors: I had one whose life was practically dedicated to Joyce, another to Wordsworth, another to Hardy, another to Freud. (And two of them served as Father images to me. Then I left college and found another, and another. And another. I'm fighting the paradox now: many people who have read Fisher's Vridar history realize that they've been there, too. And suddenly Fisher becomes Father!)

Part of what led Vardis Fisher to make this search stems from his childhood and strange manhood. Part of it stems from his thoughts about the search for the Father. Part of it stems from an early self-promise to attempt to keep one step ahead of the brilliant eighteenth century novelist Stendhal. And part of it stems from a high-school teacher (a Father) who presented him with a quotation from the author of The Golden Bough, Sir James George Frazer (a Father.) The teacher also quoted to the rapidly-becoming-lost Vridar the words of Huxley: "Follow humbly and to whatever abyss Nature leads, or you shall learn nothing." Then he handed him Frazer's words:

It is indeed a melancholy and in some respects thankless task to strike at the foundations of belief in which, as a strong tower, the hopes and aspirations of humanity through long ages have sought refuge from the storm and stress of life. Yet sooner or later it is inevitable that the battery of the comparative method should breach those venerable walls, mantled over with the ivy and moss and wild flowers of a thousand tender and sacred associations. At present we are only dragging the guns into position, they have hardly yet begun to speak. The task of building up into fairer and more enduring forms the old structures so rudely shattered is reserved for other hands, perhaps for other and happier ages. We cannot foresee, we can hardly even guess, the new forms into which society and thought will run in the future. Yet this certainty ought not to induce us, for any consideration of expediency or regard for antiquity, to spare the ancient moulds, however beautiful, when they are proven to be outworn. Whatever comes of it, wherever it leads, we must follow the truth alone. It is our guiding star.

Both statements became a sort of credo for the student. He posted the great scholar's words on his wall where he could see them every day, where he must see them every day. He did not, not ever, betray those words.

A short time ago a writer in the Lexington, Kentucky Leader

wrote what purported to be a review of a folk-play, "Home Is the Hunter." In it Daniel Boone is presented as what he was, a sort of wilderness bum who deserted his family again and again, returning occasionally to make a baby. Then he became enshrouded with the mists of time and folklore; became a great hero. The "reviewer" admitted that the playwright was "probably correct" (something I learned at the age of eighteen by reading a couple of books), but chided him for deviating from the tender and sacred image of Boone the Great Man, hunter, explorer, hero, etc.etc. This is as graphic proof as I can cite that we prefer Frazer's ivy- and moss-mantled walls to his battery of truth. This playwright, in following the guiding star of truth, fired a gun, and O! how the people did weep and cry out.

This has happened to Vardis Fisher. He has dragged up the guns, levelled them, fired them. And the guardians of the walls have howled. Another example of this can be found in the August and September 1963 issues of Playboy magazine. In the "Playboy Philosophy" publisher Hefner drags up and fires some guns loaded with truth, albeit rather unscholarly -- and receives a letter (September 1963, page fourteen) from an illiterate woman, a Vridaress who brags of raising a swarm of seven Vridars ... in, of course, the name of God and Christianity.

Some of the biggest cannon in religious scholarship have been fired in Vardis Fisher's Testament of Man, a series of twelve novels tracing man from the slime to the present. In this truly monumental work he follows his own credo: "I do not feel that the historical novelist is exempt from those disciplines and standards which apply to scholars and historians...if one pretends to be a historical novelist one should be historical. This he will not be if his work does not rest upon the findings of the best authorities in the field...departing from them in no matter on which they have spoken..."

His philosophy, then: a historical novelist is a reporter, not a writer of fiction, but of history in "palatable" form. That he means what he says, that he does not turn away from that guiding star of truth, is most easily verified in The Mothers. I have no interest in the history of the American West, but that novel spurred me to read George Stewart's Ordeal by Hunger, a factual account of the same Donner Party, based upon diaries, letters, newspaper accounts, numerous books, and Stewart's own observations, made while he personally examined the scene. When The Mothers was reviewed in a journal for librarians, the reviewer suggested that if the library already contained Stewart, Fisher's novel might not be "necessary." In all the reviews of Fisher's works I have studied in the library, this is the highest praise. This is the highest praise a novelist can receive; that his work is so accurate, it so duplicates the factual report, that a librarian might find it unnecessary if the work of the best factual reporter is on the shelf! With all due respect to Mr. Stewart, and with a couple of reservations as to the incompleteness of The Mothers, I might add that the corollary is also true.

Fisher's publishing history has been a constant struggle with publishers and reviewers. Finally he found himself without a publisher. Then Alan Swallow, Robin Welsh, began to publish the Testa-

ment series, and we find the beautiful dedication in Orphans in Gethsemane to Fisher's wife "who was like a candle when the night was deepest" and to Swallow "who was a haven when the home was lost." Swallow was "the one publisher in the entire country willing to take a share of the responsibility of bringing to modern man a new and better faith in himself." And then Pyramid Books began to publish his work in inexpensive paperback form. They have been sneered at for their cover illustrations and their blurbs; they have been cursed by others who bought the books because of those pictures and blurbs and received the shock of their lives. But this house, like Swallow's, deserves nothing but praise and success. I hope, plead, it is possible for them to continue, despite the further cursing they have received and are receiving from those self-appointed guardians of the walls.

The tetralogy cited at the beginning of this article has since become the one-volume Orphans in Gethsemane, the final volume of the Testament. It was necessary for Pyramid to split it once again, this time into two volumes, For Passion, For Heaven and The Great Confession. In this article Orphans will be referred to as one volume.

The Testament of Man begins with the beast-men, follows them through Cro-Magnon through Judaism through Christianity, culminating in our time with the Vridar story and the search for Father. Each work prepares the way for the next, although each stands alone. The first six works are pre-recorded history, the sixth dealing with Solomon. The next is again Judaic: the Maccabean Wars. The next two deal with the birth of Christianity, the eleventh with what Life magazine idiotically called "that time of singular sweetness," the Middle Ages and its Inquisition. The final volume begins just before 1900 and ends yesterday. (A list of the author's works is appended.) Out of context, the two Judaic books could be (and have been) called anti-Jewish, which they are not. The four Christian books, in the same manner, could be (and have been) called anti-Christian, anti-Catholic; they are not. As shown above, publisher after publisher shied away from them and reviewer after reviewer either ignored them (I assume in the hopes that they would go away) or tore into them with outraged venality, seeking to protect those venerable walls of which Frazer wrote.

In all of them Fisher's prodigious scholarship is apparent in each line of each page and reaffirmed in the overwhelming notes appended; notes which most of his reviewers apparently failed to read, or, at least, to understand. They attack Fisher for what he reports, which is akin to attacking a newspaper reporter for reporting a crime which outrages us, rather than examining his sources.

His very scholarship, his very knowledge of the times of which he wrote, forces one of the few criticisms I have for his work. Fisher has recorded -- on thousands of cards -- all the information accumulated through laborious and dedicated research, and is intent upon including it all. Every flower, every shrub, every food served, every custom, every perfume used; all are piled on. In discussing this with my wife (as she read The Valley of Vision, the Solomon work), I pointed out that this tends to put you there;

* From a letter by "Angele Hunter" in Orphans in Gethsemane.

you are so surrounded by the people and their customs and everything they see and feel and know and think that you, the reader, are there and can empathize. A psychological novel is of no value unless it takes you by the nose and shows you the society which produced the situation and the protagonist. Mrs. Offutt said in turn that this is very true, but that she had no idea what all that stuff was Solomon's wives were rubbing themselves with, and that it was unnecessary for Fisher to tell us not only how something looked now, but also how it would look next September or June and at the next festival...which is valid criticism from a reader of surpassing intelligence.

But for these very reasons I pay him the supreme compliment: his works should be owned and used as source material by anyone trying to write, that is if he is too lazy to read the sources themselves or afflicted with my debility: I am insufficiently grounded in German to read many of the untranslated Higher Critics.

A man named Le Gette Blythe who penned a thing called Hear Me, Pilate could have used some of Fisher's notes in his travesty of a historical novel. Blythe had found and used some fine descriptions of Rome and Jerusalem, but knew nothing of Romans and Jews. His primary reference source was apparently Luke. Naturally his novels have enjoyed a good measure of commercial success.

Another criticism of Fisher is that occasionally the reader flounders in a long passage of unattributed dialogue and must back-track to make certain he knows who is speaking. And both my wife and I found that time, great periods of time, passed while we weren't looking, without a reminder from the author. (My wife*, deep in Valley, interrupted me in the middle of Malinowski's Magic, Science and Religion with "Hey! Suddenly Solomon's an old man!") He was; Fisher had skipped over the months and years without taking her into his confidence. To continue in this vein, I felt that too much was left off each end of The Mothers. The actions and thoughts of some of the characters became much clearer when I learned WHY in Stewart's book. And the aftermath: it's very natural to demand to know what happened to the Party THEN? Perhaps this was intentionally omitted.

Schuyler Miller, in the April 1945 issue of what has since become Analogue, complains that the three great discoveries in The Golden Rooms could not possibly have been made in the short period covered in that novel. No, they weren't, and Mr. Miller misses the point; perhaps he would have preferred seventy or eighty pre-historical novels. Just as Solomon was a symbol of all the kings of Israel and Ahijah of all the prophets (and all the struggles between change and changelessness, Church and State, superstition and reason); as Hillel in My Holy Satan and Damon in A Goat for Azazel of all the enlightened men carrying torches in the darkness; as Vridar of all of us; so was Gode the Cro-Magnon a symbol of all his people, all the geniuses of prehistory. Other reviewers

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* These references to my personal Mother-image are based on the (fallacious) view that two heads are better than one. She and I have considered a visit to Fisher, but he has had so much of this I seriously doubt if he could withstand another, even from a couple of people who finally agree with him.

have missed the point with equal lack of understanding, many with sadistic malice. A reviewer -- anonymous, of course -- revealed his own asininity and his and his magazine's smallness and prejudices in the New Yorker review of Valley: "A macabre, but not diverting blend of Bible history in which the central figure is supposed to be King Solomon. Mr. Fisher, who writes with a terrible appetite, goes very deeply into the matter of Solomon's wives. He also brings forth the fact that the famous king was much interested in sewers." This is not an extract; it is the entire review! Others have been equally microscopic in their ignoring of the sources in favor of attacking the reporter. I showed the New Yorker review to my wife when she finished Valley. She didn't comment. She merely frowned.

Others have wondered why half the series was devoted to pre-history. Well, if we were to examine that point, we'd better object that too much space is devoted to later times. In A Guide to Earth History Richard Carrington asks us to visualize the entire history of our planet as being capsuled into one year. Not until the second week of December do the mammals appear. "Man as we know him would have strutted onto the stage at about 11:45 PM on December 31st, and the age of written history would have occupied little more than the last 60 seconds on the clock!"

In the October 1960 Si-Fan my friend Jerry Burge expressed a wish -- subsequently conveyed to Fisher in a letter -- that Fisher would carry the series on a couple of novels further, into the future. I can't conceive of this; I think he missed the point, too.* Another fellow who asked me to write an essay on Fisher suggested that I emphasize "as much as...possible the fantasy, occult themes." Since history is a history of religion and religion is a history of sex, fantasy, superstition and the occult, this has some small validity -- but not enough so that I paid him any mind.

I strongly regret that there could not be a long examination or perhaps a semi-explanation of Fisher's marvelous God or Caesar? The Writing of Fiction for Beginners. It is the source of the quoted review, as well as a few of Fisher's replies to reviewers and magazines, his almost Kentucky-style feud with the Luce Time-Life-Fortune-and-that-newspaper chain, and his views on writing, reviewers and reviews in general, among many, many other things. It is worth noting that E.W.Scripps said "When you find many people applauding you for what you do, and few condemning, you can be certain that you are on the wrong course because you're doing the things the fools approve."

Look. There exists in this country, in a very inexpensive and reasonably durable form (my Jesus Came Again just came apart as if struck by a cannonball), marred only by the -- among paperback publishers -- very necessary covers and blurbs, the works of a genius and a scholar. These books make an effort to understand, in a phrase, what makes you and me tick. Their scholarship is impec-

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* Although I would give a pretty for another Vridar novel concerned with, at long last, Vridar's being published by Robin Welsh and, perhaps, Obelisk Books, with his comments on the circumstances; and on the cover illustrations and blurbs of the latter, with subsequent letters. It would be interesting to know, too, who is reaping Caesar's rewards accruing from the sale of the paperbacks.

cable. They are controversial because, in the words of Angele Hunter, "you've brought up one of the guns." They are the result of not only the most scholarly research into thousands of sources, but of agonizing self-searching. Perhaps without knowing it, Fisher took Camus' advice: "If you want to be a philosopher, write novels."

They have an appeal to those of us interested in science fiction because (1) it is daily more obvious that the intelligence level and thinking capacity of the average science fiction reader far surpasses that of his fellows; and (2) because it is patently obvious that, since it is necessary for a writer to attempt to understand the past in order to write of the present, it is even more necessary for anyone who proposes to write of the future.

I suggested that my wife read Valley first, because it is in my opinion the best novel as a novel, aside from the final volume. The worst place to begin is with Island of the Innocent; it is somewhat boggy for one who is cutting his teeth. Obviously the ideal place to start is, with Alice's rabbit, at the beginning, and proceed until you reach the end, then stop. Nevertheless I recommend Valley, containing at least two very fine characterizations, or the final volume.

But with this goes a warning. You are hereby warned that if you cherish illusions as to, for instance, the true reasons for the choices of the dates of Christmas and Easter, or the choice of the lingam-and-yoni-in-union as a symbol of Christianity; if you prefer to go along with Emile Baumann (Saint Paul) rather than Ernest Renan or Charles Guignebert (see Appendix); if you have illusions or let us say strong feelings as to Mary and the Virgin concept; of Jesus becoming Christ; of the Trinity concept; of the huge borrowing of Christianity from its myriads of predecessors and contemporaries; if you can overlook the thousands of scholars consulted; if you adhere to a published list of what you should and should not read/see/think about; if you assume that God wrote the Bible; if you can believe that God created some 9×10^{16} suns and then took time out one day to eat mutton stew with Abraham and his wife; then by all means read no further than the fifth or sixth book of the series; you will enjoy those. Or, better still, skip the whole thing.

This is not to imply that Vardis Fisher is gospel. It is readily apparent that I share many of his views; may or may not share others after I've read and studied more. He has been criticized for writing the first five books as "guesses." This is true: educated guesses, yes, and a trifle more valid than the vintage Victor Mature thriller One-Million BC. Bear in mind that Fisher himself says very little; he collects evidence, weighs it thoroughly, and records, reports, that which he considers weightiest. And despite the fact that no pun was intended above, bear firmly in mind that neither are the Gospels gospel. I further ask that you remember that I am neither villain nor hero, neither pagan nor anti-christ, neither Jew nor humanist, neither atheist nor agnostic, nor whatever else, but a practicing Catholic, although an intelligent and questing one. The two can exist side-by-side, despite Mr. Henry Luce's seeming proof, and Mr. Fisher's opinion, to the contrary.

If the above proves frightening, we recommend Lloyd Douglas, Will Durant, Samuel Shellabarger, the aforecited Le Gette Blythe, Taylor Caldwell, any movie starring Charlton Heston, et al.

And a very merry Mithra's birthday to you!

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APPENDIX I:

The author, having seen too many asses at the blackboard-end of the classroom, is unimpressed by academic credentials. Nevertheless: Vardis Fisher was born, of Mormon parents, in 1895. His AB comes from the University of Utah; his MA and PhD from the University of Chicago, magna cum laude. For a few years he taught at the college level, then, unable to stomach it further, quit in 1933 to read and to write. He first appeared in Who's Who in the 1932-33 issue. He belongs to no particular political party, religious sect, club, or organization, with the exception of the Authors' Guild. It is somehow marvelous to me that the envelope in which a letter from Fisher arrived had a string of "M's" typed through the name of some company or other in the upperlefthand corner and "Fisher Hagerman Idaho" typed in below.

We all learned in college that only the basest sort of creature refers to a PhD as other than Doctor. But because I know what this appellation means to me, and have an idea of what it means to him, who has also seen too many asses at the wrong end of the classroom, I have done us both a favor and refrained from calling him Doctor Fisher. Nevertheless: being something of a Vridar, an Orphan myself, I have too much ingrained Father-respect to call a doctor "mister", so I have referred to him simply as Fisher.

APPENDIX II:

The works of Vardis Fisher are listed below in order of their first publication. Those available in Pyramid paperbacks are marked P, those few in Pocket Book Cardinal editions with a C; the Testament of Man books are marked with an asterisk.*Others are probably still available from Alan Swallow, publisher, 2679 South York, Denver 10, Colorado and from Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. A Swallow book of Fisher's essays was to have been published this September; it was not out at the time of this writing. Also of interest, also not out at the time of this writing, is the September, 1963, issue of the American Book Collector (William B. Thorsen, editor, 1822 School St., Chicago 13, Illinois: \$1). The August 7, 1960 issue of the Baltimore American carries a story by Clark Kinaird which, regrettably, I have not seen.

(* The Vridar Hunter tetralogy, now become Orphans in Gethsemane, are marked VH.)

1927 Sonnets to an Imaginary Madonna	1941 City of Illusion
1928 Toilers of the Hills	1943 Darkness and the Deep *P
1931 Dark Bridwell P: The Wild Ones	1943 The Mothers P
1932 In Tragic Life VH C	1944 The Golden Rooms *P
1934 Passions Spin the Plot VH C	1946 Intimations of Eve *P
1935 The Neurotic Nightingale	1947 Adam and the Serpent *P
1935 We Are Betrayed VH C	1948 The Divine Passion *P
1936 No Villain Need Be VH C	1951 Valley of Vision *P
1937 Odyssey of a Hero	1952 Island of the Innocent *P
1937 A Fable of Love	1952 God or Caesar? (Caxton)
1938 Forgive Us Our Virtues	1956 Pemmican
1939 Children of God (also Vaguard book)	1956 Jesus Came Again *P

(Continued next page)

1956 A Goat for Azazel *P	1959 Love and Death
1957 Peace Like a River *P (The Passion Within)	1960 Orphans in Gethsemane *P
1958 Tale of Valor	1962 Suicide or Murder? The Strange Death of Geo Meriwether Lewis
1958 My Holy Satan *P	1963 book of essays, title? -- Swallow

APPENDIX III:

The writer's impressions of those of Fisher's works he has read.

GOD OR CAESAR? Cannot be summed up; this delightful work is subject for an essay unto itself. Let me say merely that I have read numerous books on writing and have taken courses; they are generally as worthless as books and courses on salesmanship. This is not. It is subtitled "The Writing of Fiction for Beginners", but is far more and is thoroughly delightful reading for anyone, with the exception of Henry Luce. If I were forced to liquidate all my books save one, I'd be stupid enough to keep this.

THE MOTHERS: A narrative, adhering very strictly to fact, of the Donner Party, a group of some 87 emigrants of all ages who set out for California and were trapped in the Sierras in the winter of 1846-7. Extreme cold, snow to depths of 30-40 feet, inadequate clothing, lack of experience, personality conflicts, and lack of food led some to fantastic courage and endurance; others to cowardice and, even worse, ennui. A horrible and wonderful story which I feel needs (1) an appendix, telling what happened after, and (2) either a prologue or more thorough character analysis at the beginning to indicate some needed WHYS. For your own sake by all means completely ignore the Pyramid jacket blurbs...I spent the entire book waiting and realized I had passed the Unspeakable to which they referred! It is enough that the ladies on the cover are authentically clothed.

THE WILD ONES: A Pyramid reprinting and retitling of Dark Bridwell, already retitled by the original publisher (Fisher's title was Those Strange Bridwells). A novel of some pioneer-stock farm-folk Fisher knew, which some may find unbelievable; as a farm boy I both enjoyed and empathized with this and Orphans immensely: I've been there myself. If it's evr filmed it will star John Wayne or James Stewart, which will be a mistake.

DARKNESS AND THE DEEP: This first volume of the Testament of Man is dedicated to "Intelligence, quite naturally, this book that commemorates its humble beginnings." The work begins with "Backdrop," some 15,000 words of poetic prose describing the creation, covering millions of years to the time of the mammals and the one who came down from those antediluvian trees to walk reasonably erect...and "invents" the use of tools as weapons and the advantages of the group working together as a unit. Which was probably a mistake.

THE GOLDEN ROOMS: In two parts: part one's "hero" is the genius Harg, who finds strange footprints and there begins part two: the chronicle of a tall man, his head set back on his shoulders. This is Gode, a third genius, and a man, possessing a spear. The original title was The Grave and Its Ghost, a more descriptive one. Gode has fire, tames a wolf, and invents ghosts, thus laying the groundwork for religion. We must try to forgive him.

INTIMATIONS OF EVE: The further recognition of ghosts and souls, the recognition of moon as Mother (paving the way for further deities to come), with customs stemming from a neurotic obsession with fertility. From the veneration of the life-force, of motherhood, comes the ascendancy of woman over man, an impertinence for which we have never forgiven her.

ADAM AND THE SERPENT: A continuation of the foregoing. The oldest woman in the tribe, Rainmaker, possesses all magic, all power. Customs, clothing, etc., are still based upon the life-force, fertility, and the desperate need for protection from the densely-populated spirit-world. Another genius, a fellow named Dove, decides that the sun is superior to the moon, ergo the sun is Father of All, with man, not woman, his earthly representative. There naturally follows the beginning of man's ascendancy over woman. When I decide whether or not this was a mistake I'll let you know. Or my wife will.

THE DIVINE PASSION: Now we have reached a true religion with a full set of rites based upon a complete set of sun-mythos along with the ever-present worship of all things reproductive. Now man rules, in the person of the interestingly-named priest-god Rabi. There is also the forerunner of the Prophet. Other names in this, the first book of the series containing full-blown dialog, are interesting, too...among them a man named Adom, and the man Yescha who invents, in the most graphic and meaningful way, the concept of the goat for Azazel, the scapegoat sacrifice. Some of the characters' insufferable bragging about their sexual endowments and prowess remind me of several friends.

THE VALLEY OF VISION: Which to me stands as the strongest indictment of Fisher's attackers. It has been called anti-Semitic and unhistorical and unscholarly and vicious and unbiblical and Yah knows what else. I found it the most thoroughly enjoyable of the series, the easiest to read, and recommended it to my wife (leery of my calling Fisher a genius) as a sort of teething-ring for the series itself. The characterizations are superb. Solomon is an eminently human, very un-Yul Brynner sort, and possessed of the most marvelous wife a man could have, an Egyptian named Khate whom my wife persists in calling Katie and whom I interpret as a symbol of Hellenistic enlightenment, despite her nationality. Three wives, Solomon's Khate, Damon's, and Hunter's Angele stand out in this series as most marvelous women; wives worth having. Fisher admits that this is only digression from the opinions of scholars: he has made Solomon more of a man and a king than he apparently was. His conflict with Ahijah, the prophet, whom he should have fed to Moloch, is symbolic of the ever-since conflict between prophet and king, reason and superstition, church and state, Regrettably, the wrong side won.

ISLAND OF THE INNOCENT: This I found the least readable of the series; and probably the hardest to write. In this seventh volume of the Testament man has so refined his superstitions, his religion, that he is at last ready for that great mark of civilization: religious wars; in this case the Wars of the Maccabees in Israel in the second century BC. The conflict revolves around the ridiculous "old Jews" (whom we would now call super-Orthodox), and the "emancipated Jews," those who wish to temper their prayer-bound, custom-bound lives and travesty of a religion with the enlightened Reason of Hellenism. History shows the unfortunate fact that once again the wrong side won.

JESUS CAME AGAIN: (Which, to the best of my knowledge, Fisher intended to entitle Sing, Ye Heavens!) The story of Joshua-Jehoshua-Yeshua-Jesu-Jesus who travelled across most of the known world to the Holy City to witness the coming of the Messiah, the anointed one, the great (earthly) king Israel expected to destroy Rome, Greece, Egypt, Babylon, and everyone else, to raise Israel to its deserved supremacy in (what was left of) the world. ETA: any minute. Although I doubt the "accidental" birth of Christianity, this is more believable, and certainly less biased, than Luke. The protagonist did not find the messiah, but a lot of people did. Others are still waiting, in this year 5672.

A GOAT FOR AZAZEL: The odyssey of a highly intelligent and well-educated Greek, symbol of the Enlightened, Reasoning Man, and the birth of

Christianity. The work spans the first and second centuries, long enough for Damon to read all four Gospels, discuss the new sect with its leaders, and attempt in vain to learn How and Why. It can be objected that too much occurred within the lifetime of one man, but Damon, like Gode, is a symbol. Perhaps I'm inreading, but I find another beautiful symbol here: the marvelous and long-suffering wives of all geniuses and herein well-drawn in one woman. She is a woman second only to Khate and Angele. When the French historian Loisy chronicled a few of the truths and probabilities Fisher presents, he was probably excommunicated, an honor to which I am presently aspiring. If you do not like or agree with Fisher's prodigiously-documented birth of Christianity you won't like mine either. But it probably won't be published, anyhow.

THE PASSION WITHIN: (Fisher's title: Peace Like a River.) It is most difficult to overlook or overturn the 28 closely-printed pages of references and notes appended to back up the -- to use a mild word -- controversial and mind-troubling points in this book. Here we have what was maniacal in early Christianity: the active, Augustine-sanctioned quest for sainthood in the form of the most extreme ascetism. Woman, the cradle of sin, is rejected, abhorred. One becomes as filthy or as hungry or as thirsty or whatever-one-can-think-of-that-is-disgusting as possible, in order to find favor in the eyes of God. Woman is evil, Satan embodied. There is "an inordinate estimate of the virtue of celibacy." There are the well-documented cases of those who buried themselves in the sand, till their heads popped open in the sun, sat naked in a mosquito-infested swamp and collected bites like stars in a crown, lay with the best-looking and best-known harlots they could find without laying a ... hand on them to prove willpower (this one failed to work out as planned, occasionally), and other super-ascetic monstrosities, all for the love of God. Catalogued here are so many of those things which were -- and, amazingly and unfortunately, still are -- wrong with Christianity and Catholicism.

MY HOLY SATAN: (Again containing 26 pages of notes and commentary from the thousands of sources Fisher has consulted, again very controversial, because it takes place within the realm of "recorded" history.) The natural horrors of a hidebound, supreme religion reigning in darkness and ignorance: Medieval Christianity. This book may perhaps be considered an "anti-Christian" corollary to the "anti-Jewish" seventh volume. You may consider it pro-Jewish propaganda, too, if you are insistent upon tags; the nearest thing to its "hero" is a Jew, Hillel. Its villain is the Church. A most hideous indictment which is horribly true, the natural result of enforced "celibacy" and "Suffer not witch to live." A "continuation" of Peace Like a River; priestly evil, lust, and hypocrisy; heresy; injustice; persecution; torture; the Inquisition; all in the name of a just and kind God and his Prince of Peace. The work is beautifully dedicated to "Isidore H. Reiter, of those walking with Hillel."

ORPHANS IN GETHSEMANE: The final volume of the search: the study of the modern Orphan, searching for a Father, searching for a Mother: Vridar Hunter. Raised on an isolated farm in Idaho by parents who are too typical of all our parents, the awful by-product of Judeo-Christianity. The Bible is Good. Sex is Evil. Sex in the Bible was just not there until Vridar proved it to his parents; then it was put there by evil men. The body is evil. To look at it, to talk about it, to touch it, to think about it, even its natural stirrings...all are evil. The actual story in this huge work I will not capsule because (1) it won't capsule and (2) I don't like people who tell me the Butler did it before I read the book. It is listed by Swallow as "A novel of the Past and the Present" and "Darkness at noon -- the Orphan and his World;" by Pyramid as "A young man's tormented struggle with sin, sex and society" and "The emotional and sexual conflicts of a man in search of fulfillment." Aside from the content, and purely on a superficial level, I have referred to this as "instant erudition." It is packed

with quotations by and references to hundreds of persons, on hundreds of subjects, taken from the author's file of hundreds of thousands of quotes in his wisdom cards. As to what is there, what he dredges up from those psychological depths, I hardly need tell you ... if you look into yourself you will find them. It is somewhat more than one man's opinion that this is the finest work of fiction I've ever read; probably ever will read.

"I found the reading of...(these novels) worth the time of a busy person."
-- Vardis Fisher.

APPENDIX IV:

Appended to God or Caesar? is a list of fifty works which Fisher deems essential to anyone attempting to write. They range from Freud's Totem and Taboo through Havelock Ellis' Studies in the Psychology of Sex through Sumner's History of Witchcraft and Demonology to Loisy's Birth of the Christian Religion. Fisher has consulted and cited thousands of other works, including the monumental Catholic Encyclopedia. We recommend in addition to, or perhaps as a preface to this list the more-readily-available Renan's Life of Jesus (Modern Library), Cumont's Mysteries of Mithra (inexpensively available from Dover), B.Z. Goldberg's The Sacred Fire, (The Story of Sex in Religion), 288 profusely-illustrated pages (University Books, NY, 1958), Charles Guignebert's Jesus, 560 extremely scholarly and fantastically-footnoted pages (same publisher), Frazer's Attis, Adonis and Osiris (again University Books), and, just for fun, Burgo Partridge's A History of Orgies, 246 marred-by-lack-of-footnotes but interesting, enlightening and amusing pages (Bonanza Books, NY, 1960). It may seem strange that we further recommend the August and September issues of Playboy and the "Philosophy;" Hefner consults only a few sources and obviously hasn't read Fisher, but fires a fair gun nevertheless.

Also of great interest is the new Torah (without which one cannot hope to understand Christianity) translated by seven Jewish scholars and published by the Jewish Publication Society of America, this year. An example of the first truly scholarly translation of this conclusively-proven translation of the Third Commandment: "You shall not swear falsely by the name of the Lord your God; for the Lord will not clear one who swears falsely by his name." This indicates we have been laboring under a misapprehension for a very long time, and numerous Catholics have been unnecessarily confessing cussing/cursing: there is not and has never been a Mosaic injunction against it!

- - - - - Andrew Offutt

BOB TUCKER'S FEEBLE

beard mumblings



A YOUNG FAN, AND FIRED

It is nearly impossible for me to pick up a handful of ancient fanzines, merely to move them from one shelf to another, without stopping to read a line or a paragraph -- and then I am lost. I go on to read the remainder of the page, and then the entire fool magazine -- which is one reason why I accomplish so little. I'd be ahead of the game to stick them in the fireplace.

Recently, following an appeal from Harry Warner for information on prehistoric people and events for his forthcoming history, I volunteered to loan him my file of the Bloomington News Letter. He accepted, and I dug them out of a musty carpetbag hanging behind grandfather's long rifle and powder-horn. The first issue of the magazine, dated December 15, 1945, contained four long paragraphs of chitter-chatter on a single page. I made the mistake of pausing to read the first paragraph. I should have closed my eyes and hurriedly stuffed the stack into a jiffy bag and mailed it off post-haste -- but no! Sam Moskowitz' name caught my eye and I made that mistake again.

Reprinted below is the complete text of that first issue, minus only the masthead. Thirty fan names are mentioned, and at this late date I had to strain my tendrils mightily to remember them all. I'm curious to know how many of the names you recognize.

(Quote:)

- 1) Books: Sam Moskowitz plans book publication of History of Fandom after it finishes serialization in Searles' Fantasy Commentator. ++ Will Sykora printing the Krueger-Hadley-Grant books; sample page displays professional quality and workmanship. ++ Spencer and pal plan books for NFFF after their release from the army. ++ Rent and read (but don't buy) "Methinks the Lady..." by Guy Endore. He also wrote "Werewolf of Paris." Title sentence, if completed, would read "Methinks the lady is nuts." She is. Jekyll and Hyde stuff, with feminine angle, much sex, comedy, and debunking psychoanalysts.

2) Fanzines: Wheeler's fifth Rosebud in work. ++ Tarr and Tanner have fanzine in work. ++ Bloomington News Letter will publish erratically, go to exchange fanzine editors, and whoever else requests it. News paragraphs will be numbered consecutively, making it easier to refer back to them in times to come, if any. ++ Rusty Barron will do preliminary work on NFFF anthology of Chas. Hornig's Fantasy Fan. ++ Robinson and Tucker will publish (this winter) belated 1942 Yearbook of Science, Fantasy and Weird Fiction, not waiting for molasses Unger to get around to it. Price two-bits, free to fan editors who exchange. ++ Liebscher and Tucker to publish (this winter) index to 1943-44-45 fantasy and etc. books. ++ Tucker to issue another fanzine index.

3) Travel: (beg poddin, Speer.) Sgt Phil Schuman, former fan and editor back in the states after Alaskan war. To be stationed with WAC wife at Chanute Field, Ill., come Xmas. ++ Art Sehnert of Memphis to be at Champaign, Ill., only a few miles from him, at the same time. ++ Lt Dorothy Les Tina, recent spouse of Fred Pohl, will be home from the wars in time to spend Xmas in Florida with parents. ++ Marijane Nuttal vacationing in Nogales, Arizona. ++ Pfc Jack Riggs returned to Camp Edwards, Mass, after airplane hitchhike furlough home. ++ Mari Wheeler to be home for Xmas furlough. ++ Neil DeJack, Chicago fan, is reported homeward bound from Hawaiian island. ++ Navyman Robinson to be shipping out (of Chicago) after first of year. ++ Blakney in Tokyo.

4) Fan Mirror: NFFF election, closing Dec 10, will reveal startling results in some offices. Early tabulations show plenty of also-rans with a few votes each, including "famous" pro-editor and assistant. ++ NFFF Bored of Directors unanimously refuse money to Daugherty for his census project. ++ Tucker (that's me, folks) has quit the theatre job after 13 years, is now writing publicity and editing house organ for local advertising agency. Local wits wonder how soon they'll catch on to him. ++ Liebscher lands advertising agency job in Los Angeles, ghostwriting, copywriting, etc. (Will Bob Bloch quit his advertising job in disgust?) ++ Chicago fans mulling clubroom. ++ Sgt Dick Wilson, former NYC Futurian, returning to University of Chicago from Phillipine island, further study in mind. ++ Professional critics are almost unanimously condemning Wollheim's Novels of Science anthology.

We'll take up with number five next time, unless an atom splits.

(End quote.)

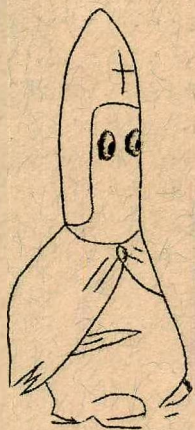
Do you begin to see what I mean? Great glutinous gobs of fascinating fan history were in the making there; actual shadows casting themselves before, and all that sort of thing. Of course, you have to wade through buckets of trivia to find them.

Item 1: old SaM's book got published, all right, again and again and again. Following that serial publication in Langley Searles' Commentator, it was published in two mimeographed-book editions and then in hardcover, undergoing revisions each time. SaM should be rich in royalties. But don't ask me what happened to the Sykora-Krueger-Grant publishing empire; I don't know. It would appear from later activity that each of the gents went his separate

way with his separate books. Krueger and Grant are still publishing infrequently, are they not? Paul Spencer, with or without his mysterious pal, did manage one book after leaving the army; in conjunction with the N3F they published a Doc Keller volume, The Sign of the Burning Hart. And Guy Endore managed to struggle along without me, of course.

Item 2: Mari Wheeler's fifth Rosebud did get work, as advertised, but then the fanzine faded into history even though its title did not. Dale Tarr and Charlie Tanner (the latter famous for his 1932 Amazing novelette, "Tumithak of the Corridors") also found work for their fanzine; there were two issues of Fan World in 1946. As for that self-promoting scandal sheet, the Bloomington News Letter, it can be dismissed with the notation that it lasted 29 issues and finally bit the dust in 1953, after stirring up a bit of excitement in the mundane world; Publisher's Weekly claimed that a News Letter columnist called for the ouster of John Campbell -- an odious piece of misrepresentation. Rusty Barron is with us again after a long absence from fandom; he is now in FAPA under his real name. But I've forgotten whatever I may have known about his projected N3F anthology; ask him. And Frank Robinson and myself were every bit as slow as Molasses Unger -- we didn't publish the 1942 Yearbook either; the Fanzine Index does not list anything for that year. I have no knowledge of a fantasy book index. Liebscher and myself did not publish it, although the fanzine indices were published for the next five years.

Item 3: Schuman, Sehnert and Les Tina have come and gone, but she did get a non-fiction book published last year. You know where Fred Pohl is and what he's doing. I read a brief mention of Marijane Nuttal in a fanzine only a few months ago; she's still there, deep in Southern California, and probably still farming. Where's Jack Riggs? Wheeler is still living in Los Angeles and turning up at some fan affairs there. Neil DeJack lives in Indiana, near Chicago, and manages to be seen every ten years or so at Chicago conventions. Frank Robinson is the Rogue man, of course, often buying fantasy from us hacks. Karl Blakney, who now has only the smallest interest in sf, is working at a Bloomington theatre.



Item 4: Perhaps the N3F historian can tell you (and me) what were those startling election results. I have no recollection of the details and even less interest, although I admit to a small curiosity concerning

the pro editor and his assistant said to be running for office. Who, for Hugo's sake? It seems to me that Daugherty went ahead with his fan census, minus N3F money, and actually published some results. The Fanzine Index lists nothing under the most likely titles, although Walt might have called it Starspinkle, or something. Tucker (that's still me, folks) hurried back to his theatre job in jig time, after having been fired by the advertising agency in something like three months. Liebscher left his agency job; Bloch quit his -- but for reasons other than disgust. I wonder if those Chicago fans ever found a clubroom? Dirty old Wollheim can sneer at the critics who sneered at his Novels of Science. He outlasted them

(Continued on back page...)

A FANZINE FABLE

FOR SIX-YEAR-OLDS

See the boy. He is a little boy. His name is Jak. He is six years old. He wears a blue blouse and a green cummerbund.

Jak rides in an aircab. The aircab has red wings. Jak's father and mother ride in the aircab too. His father wears a red cummerbund. His mother wears a polkadot cummerbund. (She also wears a pink blouse.)

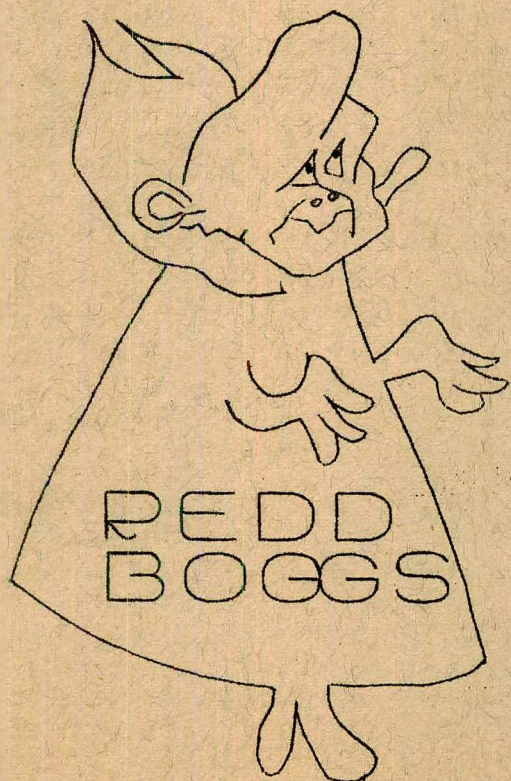
The aircab lands on the roof of a building. It is a big building. It is made of chrome and glass. The glass is colored many colors. Some glass is colored blue. Some glass is colored green. Some glass is colored red. Some glass is colored polkadot.

Jak gets out of the aircab. His mother gets out of the aircab. His father gets out of the aircab. His father takes some credit notes out of his cummerbund. He speaks to the aircab driver. The aircab driver speaks to father. Father snarls at the aircab driver. The aircab driver snarls at father. Father throws some credit notes at the aircab driver. Father walks away. Mother walks away. Jak walks away. The aircab driver pokes his middle finger in the air. That wasn't very nice of him, was it, boys and girls? Then he flies away.

Jak gets in an elevator. His father gets in the elevator. It is a fast elevator. It goes down very fast. It stops at the twentieth floor. But Jak and his father do not get out. They go back to the roof. The elevator stops. The door opens. Mother gets in. She speaks to father. Father speaks to mother. She snarls at father. Father snarls at mother. The elevator stops at the twentieth floor again. Jak gets out. Mother gets out. Father pokes his middle finger in the air behind mother's back. That wasn't very nice of him, was it, boys and girls? Then he gets out too.

Where are Jak and his parents going? Are they going to a feelie? Are they going to a museum? Are they going to Disneyland? They go into a room. It is a big room. There are many people in the room. There are also many statues in the room.

Look. There is a statue of Forrest J. Ackerman. Next to it is a statue of Claude Degler. In the center of the room stands a statue of Bjo Trimble. And over here is a statue of Buddha. No. That is not a statue of Buddha. It is a statue of Robert Bloch.



There are many exhibits in the room. The exhibits are life-size and they move. They look almost real. See. There is an exhibit of the New York convention hall. An almost real Sam Moskowitz is pushing an almost real Don Wollheim toward the exit. There is an exhibit of Bellefontaine. An almost real Jim Harmon is breaking down an almost real hotel door. There is an exhibit of the New Orleans hotel. Smoke is pouring out of Room 770. Jak almost coughs because the smoke is almost real.

Jak's father goes up to a robot attendant. The robot is dressed in uniform. The uniform is colored pomegranate and puce. (Try to find these colors in your crayon box, boys and girls.) Father says, "I want to look at a fanzine. It is an old fanzine. I want to look at a very old fanzine."

The robot says, "Yes sir. We have every science fiction fanzine ever issued. We have ever science fiction prozine ever issued. We have every science fiction book ever issued. We have every science fiction science fiction science fiction sci--"

Father hauls off and kicks the robot. The robot says "--ence fiction movie ever issued. We have every -- "

Father says, "I want to see Bane #9. It is a fanzine. It is an old fanzine. It is a very old fanzine."

The robot says, "Bane #9 is a fanzine. It is a very old fanzine. It is also a very popular fanzine. Many come to look at this fanzine. Then they go away. Later some of the childrens' fathers come back. Some fathers are limping. Some fathers are bleeding. Why is this?"

Father says, "I do not know. I do not know why this is. But I will tell you this. Yesterday my son's kite caught in a tree. It was a very big tree. I climbed up a ladder to reach the kite. When I reached the top Jak kicked the ladder out from under me. I was lucky I wasn't killed. I broke both legs and my neck. I spent three hours in the hospital getting well. Then Jak told me the story. The story was that he did it because of something he read in Bane #9."

Jak says, "Wait, father. I will confess. I will tell all. Let us go into this room. Let us go into this little room. I will whisper to you privately."

Father opens the door. He opens the door to the room. He steps into the little room. He disappears. Jak closes the door. Jak goes back to his mother. She is admiring a statue. She is admiring a statue of Redd Boggs.

Jak says, "Daddy just fell down the elevator shaft. It is a deep elevator shaft. It is 20 stories down. Let us go home. Let us go home and open the wall safe. Let us read Dad's will."

Mother looks at the elevator shaft. She pokes her middle finger in the air. That wasn't very nice of her, was it, boys and girls? Then she says, "Like, that sounds like fun, man!"

+ + +

This is just a story, boys and girls. It is just a dream. It is just a fable. Why is it just a fable? It is a fable because nobody in fandom is rich. Nobody in fandom has lots of money. Nobody

in fandom is rich and died and left his money to fandom.

People in other hobbies are rich. They are all very rich. They live in big houses. They ride in big cars. They can afford to spend 50 million dollars on their hobby. Some of them are big doctors. Some of them are big lawyers. Some of them are big gangsters.

But fans are not rich. They live in little houses. They ride in subways and buses. They can't afford to buy 50¢ prozines. Some of them are salesmen. Some are teachers. Some are dirty pros. Fans are slobs.

There was a science fiction foundation in the fable. It was a big Science Fiction Foundation. But it is just a dream. It is just a dream because fans aren't rich. We can't build that big building of glass and chrome. We can't fill it with statues of Bob Tucker, Dian Girard and Walter Breen. We can't set up exhibitions of Exclusion Acts, zap gun fights and oneshot sessions. We can't acquire a library of all the science fiction in the world. We can't do all these things till we find some rich fans.

Are your fathers rich, boys and girls? Does your father have lots of money? Does he spend it foolishly on big cars? Does he spend it foolishly on big houses? Does he spend it foolishly on ~~fast women~~ other luxuries?

He does? Well, then. Why don't you tell him about science fiction, boys and girls? Why don't you tell him about science fiction fandom? Tell him about all the doublepeachy fun fans have. Tell him he can become a BNF in fandom in no time at all if he will shell out a few thousand dollars for drinks at a con. Tell him being a BNF is better than being a millionaire.

Go ahead, boys and girls. Speak to him today. Maybe you can get him to subsidize needy fanzine editors. Maybe you can get him to remember fandom in his will. Maybe he will leave 20 million dollars to fandom to set up a Science Fiction Foundation. Go ahead and ask him, boys and girls. Maybe he will say no. Maybe he will say no and poke his middle finger in the air. But maybe he will say yes.

Have you gotten your father to put fandom in his will, boys and girls? You have? Fine. Now go outside. Go outside and fly your kite. Go fly your kite near a tree. Fly it near a big tree. Let your kite get caught. Let your kite get caught in the tree.

Now. Go find your daddy. Tell him to stop dallying with mother's personal maid. Tell him to bring out the ladder. Tell him to bring out the ladder and go climb the tree. Tell him to climb the tree and rescue your kite.

When your father has climbed to the top of the ladder, kick it out from under him. Crash! -- eh, children?

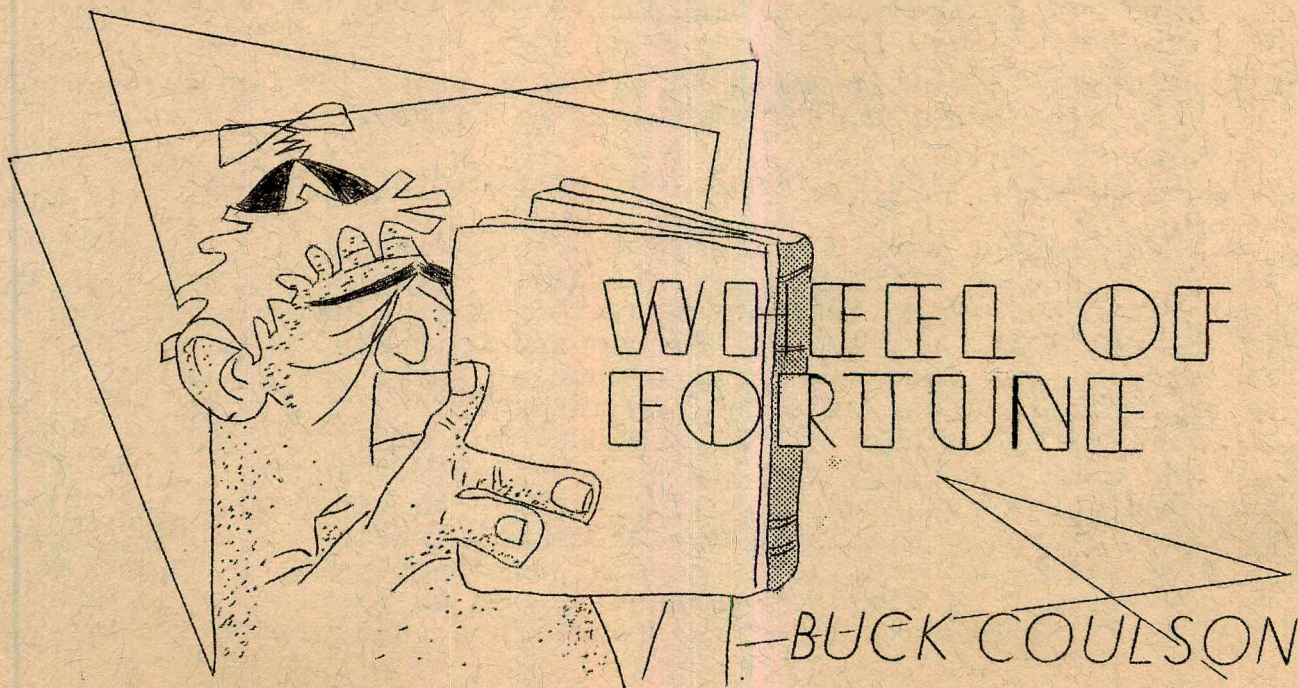
Fandom will thank you, boys and girls. Fandom will be grateful. When you do this, fandom can build a big Science Fiction Foundation. Then this story won't be a dream. It won't be just a fanzine fable for six-year-olds. It will be a prophecy of things to come. And Bane #9 will be remembered as the fanzine that made it all come true.

In the fourth issue of Bane I had a short symposium of paperback book editors, and a rating of the various paperback publishers. Vic suggested that it might be time to look over the ratings again, and see what changes had occurred during the intervening five issues. Since I have trouble finding topics anyhow, I never turn down suggestions, and my latest opinions of the comparative quality of the different paperback lines are below.

There have been quite a few changes since 1961. New publishers have appeared, old ones have dropped by the wayside, and the relative quality of the remainder has changed considerably. Several have not been rated, due to certain special circumstances. Tempo, the paperback line of Grosset and Dunlap, publishes only juvenile science fiction, frankly labelled as such, and it can hardly be rated against adult books. Various other publishers have put out so few stf books that it's hard to rate them fairly. Galaxy's first double-novel was a dud, but future ones might well be great. Air-mont (which I understand is the paperback version of Avalon) has issued two excellent books, but that's two small an output for a fair judgment. Vega has issued two horrible books, but the same applies. Regency and Paperback Library haven't issued many titles, while Popular Library and Pocket Books have never shown much interest in stf. Signet seems to have lost the little interest it did have. There are more and more high-priced stf paperbacks being issued by such outfits as Dover, Xanadu Library and Scribner's, but these are getting into the price range of hardcover books.

This leaves twelve publishers to rate, as follows:

1. Pyramid: Has increased output since 1961, picked up reprints of older titles unwanted by their original publishers, and kept up its high standards. I've read only one really bad stf book from Pyramid, and a lot of good.
2. Ace: The bulk of the output is still readable but unmemorable stf-adventure, but the good books are more frequent now than a couple of years ago, while the stinkers are fewer.



3. Avon and Bantam: Both companies have published quite a few of the Hugo contenders in the past few years, and both have published some of the worst crap to disgrace the name of science fiction. Recently, their good titles seem to be gaining on the bad ones.
5. Fawcett (Gold Medal and Crest) : A fairly small output, and that heavy with reprints. But the average is fairly good.
6. Ballantine: In the past couple of years, Ballantine's output seems to have consisted solely of second-rate horror anthologies, third-rate "sophisticated" stf, reprints of their earlier excellent works, and Burroughs. I don't know what's happened, but it hasn't been for the better. Even their Burroughs books are inferior in general makeup to the Ace line, and badly overpriced. They do publish Poul Anderson, so I'm grateful for small favors.
7. Dell: Have they put out anything but anthologies in the past year? They publish pretty good anthologies, but not so wonderful as to give the company a higher rating.
8. La_ncer: A new publisher that's put out a fine series of books, providing that you can get them second-hand for half-price. Only two titles -- the first two -- have been worth that 75¢ price tag; most of the others haven't come close.
9. Berkley: More anthologies -- this time at a reasonable price -- and some mediocre novels.
10. Collier: Possibly should be listed with the other high-priced publishers, but at 95¢ they're closer to Lancer than to Xanadu or Dover. Again, badly overpriced.
11. Monarch: Generally lurid titles and bad books. They've published a few books good enough to be called mediocre, but that's the best they've managed. (Poul Anderson's Thermonuclear Warfare is good, but not science fiction.)
12. Belmont: Probably worth an eleventh place tie; no worse than Monarch, but certainly no better.

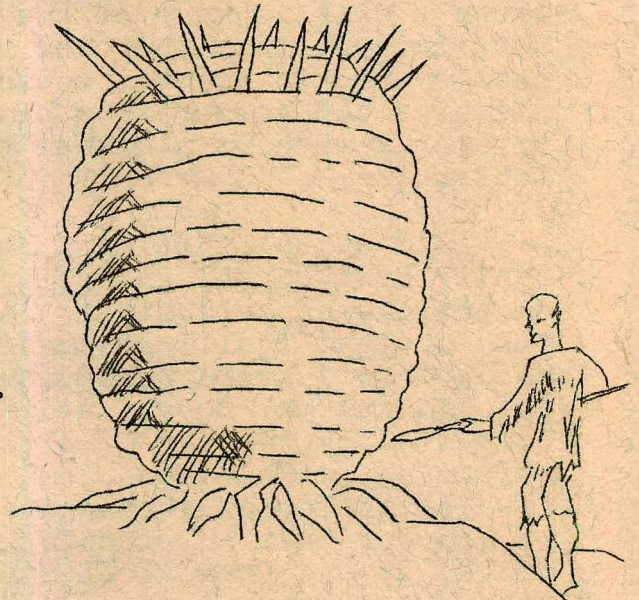
That's it, kiddies. Send your complaints to Ryan.

Some months back I happened to be in Minneapolis, where I picked up a copy of J.O.Bailey's classic Pilgrims Through Time and Space for 33¢, which is about what it's worth. This is, as noted in the subtitle, a study of "Trends and Patterns in Scientific and Utopian Fiction." A large number of books are dissected and their central ideas inspected. An index and bibliography are included for the assistance of the serious student of the genre. There are two main drawbacks to this book. First, it isn't well enough arranged for a researcher; divided into both categories and time periods, it makes difficult the ancestral tracing of a particular type of story. Second, it is deadly, abominably dull. I managed to get through it simply because I was on an airplane with nothing else to do. I haven't referred to it since, and probably never will.

The last volume of Heinlein's Future History series has at last been published. Unfortunately, it was published in England, by Gollancz, at a price of 13/6 (\$1.89). If you know any British fans or dealers, you're set; if not, I suppose the US specialist-dealers will be importing the book sooner or later, at inflated prices. The title is Orphans of the Sky and the book itself contains the two long novellettes "Universe" and its sequel "Common Sense." "Universe" is a science fiction classic; it's probably one of the ten best science fiction stories ever written. "Common Sense" is vastly inferior, but it does serve to complete the story, even though it does so rather improbably. The important point, however, is that the Future History series is now complete in hard covers; that's something I've been awaiting ever since I read "The Green Hills of Earth" and discovered science fiction.

As mentioned previously, the first Galaxy "Magabook" isn't a complete -- or even incomplete -- success. Both stories, "Badge of Infamy" and "The Sky Is Falling" are by Lester Del Ray, and both are reprints from second-rate magazines. Neither was worth reprinting.

Ace recently relaxed its onslaught of Burroughs novels enough to publish Otis Adelbert Kline's Planet of Peril. This is every bit as stupidly illogical as Burroughs at his worst, but for some unfathomable reason I rather like Kline's novels, ridiculous as they are, while I loathe most of Burroughs. I think the prime reason is that Kline doesn't pile on the idiotic adjectives like Burroughs does. His backgrounds are every bit as fantastic, his plots every bit as moldy, and his characters cut from the same hunk of beaverboard, but he refrains from attempting to convey an exotic aura with a torrent of meaningless verbiage. To the fans who like the redundantly purple prose of Burroughs, Merritt and Haggard, this lack of over-written description is a fault in an otherwise good writer. To me, it's the only endearing virtue of an otherwise mediocre hack.



Incidentally, the reprinting of the Tarzan novels by Ballantine and Ace has brought up the old argument: is the Tarzan series fantasy, science fiction, or simply adventure fiction? I've heard several fans sneer at it as having no connection with fantasy or stf. As far as I'm concerned, though, any book having as its central character a man who is raised from childhood by apes, has a "hereditary instinct" against cannibalism, knows how to kiss expertly because "no red-blooded man needs lessons," and learns to write stilted English by intent study of a child's primer is fantasy enough for me.

- - - - - Buck Coulson

← Editor's note: Early in 1961 Coulson rated the paperback lines as follows: Pyramid, Ballantine, Galaxy-Beacon, Ace, Dell, Fawcett, Bantam, Avon, Signet, Lion, Berkley, Pocket Books and a last place tie among Chariot, Zenith and Monarch. →

THOSE DAMN AMENDMENTS

CHARLES WELLS

Doomsaying and dismay at the alarming tack on which our good ship Union has lately been set have been characteristic of the conservatives in our midst, who have so long been denied the helm that they are in danger of becoming a loyal pettishness instead of a loyal opposition, but in the past few months the liberals too have shown a skittishness at the direction in which we are floundering; not, indeed, that they are upset by our journey into the Red, Red East -- no, to them it seems that our vessel is very likely to dissolve altogether as a block of salt dissolves in a stream, disappearing without a visual trace, but turning the water into a foul brine.

I'm actually talking about something very specific, but recently Redd Boggs, in Enclave, criticized Ted Pauls for beginning an article on an abstract level, and I'm darned if I'm going to pass up that challenge. Besides, it might earn the kindly editor -- notice how I avoid Asimovian capitals -- a letter from the eminent stylist Mr. Boggs, stiffly pointing out the stylistic errors committed by certain of his contributors. In any event, what I'm referring to are those damn constitutional amendments which various state legislatures have endorsed. Although there are actually four of them outstanding, the three which were recently approved by the Council of States (an entirely unofficial organization which seems to be controlled by right-wing elements) are the ones that have stirred up a furor recently, and they are the ones which concern me here. The fourth, the so-called Liberty Amendment, which would impose a 25% limit on the amount of personal income the Federal Government could take in income tax, has been around longer and is, in my mind, much less pernicious than the other three.

I have been unable to find an official version of the texts of these three amendments, but newspaper reports agree with remarkable unanimity on the gist of their contents, and I will simply repeat them here. One of them, which we may call the Reapportionment Amendment, exempts the question of reapportionment of state legislative and congressional districts from consideration by the courts. The so-called Court of the Union Amendment would establish another Federal court, composed of the fifty chief justices of the various state supreme courts, and having the power to overrule the U.S. Supreme Court when it deals with questions involving state sovereignty. The third amendment, which I dub the Amendments Amendment, would empower two-thirds of the states to propose, in identical language, an amendment to the Constitution, which could then be ratified by three-fourths of the legislatures, thus completely bypassing action on a Federal level.

The repercussions which would ensue if any of these amendments were actually passed are, I'm sure, quite clear. If all three were adopted then I'm sure a good case could be made for the assertion that the Federal Union would have been effectively dissolved

and replaced by a confederacy. For consider: the Reapportionment Amendment would enable the various states not only to perpetrate their present malapportionments, but to worsen them. It would be perfectly possible for a state to disenfranchise Negroes quite effectively by means of gerrymandered districts -- and the Supreme Court could not touch them. Just so long as everyone was allowed to vote, it would not matter how much or how little his vote counted under the system in use -- it would be constitutional.

The Amendments Amendment would have the pernicious effect of bypassing Congress entirely in the matter of adopting amendments. Two-thirds of the states -- and if they were the right two-thirds, they could collectively constitute only 15% of the population -- could propose amendments and three-fourths could adopt them. Since Congress is in a sense the United States represented as a nation rather than as a collection of states, we would in effect be saying that the nation as a nation has no proper role in the adoption of amendments to the nation's constitution. The effect of this amendment would of course be disastrously exacerbated if the anti-reapportionment action were taken as well.

The Court of the Union Amendment would, as I think is quite clear, have an adverse effect on our Republic. Such a court would probably not overturn the antisegregation decision of 1954, but it would certainly overturn further apportionment decisions, even in the absence of the Reapportionment Amendment. It would also have a tendency to favor the states over the national government -- after all, consider who appointed its members -- with the result that the federal government would be progressively weakened in its powers to deal with internal and external problems. Its effect on civil liberties is harder to judge, but I suspect it would be much more lenient towards state censorship laws, for example.

All told, it is quite obvious that anyone who passionately and patriotically supports the Union and the principles and ideals behind it will be opposed to these amendments.

Nevertheless, I hope their backers succeed in getting them through as many state legislatures as they can. Oh! you say. Charles Wells is a turncoat! A traitor in our midst! We are being kneed in the groin by mad dogs! Whither liberalism?

Well, hardly. You see, I have an ulterior motive; unbeknownst to the conservatives who I think have seen the true blue light, I have secret plans for their outwitting, or whatever. To see how this is, we must turn to the Constitution.

Most articles of the Constitution have become encrusted with a deep layer of interpretive court decisions. You can read the document itself until you are blue in the face, but you will learn a good deal more about the actual effect of its words if you read the court decisions instead. The Supreme Court has decided, for example, that religious classes may not be held in public schools, but that on the other hand publically-owned and paid-for school buses may transport children to parochial schools. Now, there is nothing in the bare, bald words of the First Amendment that would allow you to deduce that just exactly those two decisions are the

ones which carry out the letter and spirit of the Amendment, and not some other of the four combinations that are possible. You have to read the words of the Court on those cases, the arguments for and against, and the other cases to which the decisions refer; you have to gain an insight into modern thinking on civil liberties to understand why these decisions make sense and are consistent with one another -- why, in short, they are (as I think) right.

But in the case of the three proposed amendments, this situation does not hold. We are faced with a completely clear field here, since amazingly enough there have been no court decisions whatever on the part of the Constitution with which we are concerned. You see, the proposed amendments are being furthered in a rather peculiar form. Article V provides two ways in which amendments may be proposed (and two other ways in which they may be adopted -- don't get these confused). One way is by a two-thirds vote of each House of Congress, and the other is by a convention called on application by two-thirds of the state legislatures. The three amendments are being proposed by the second method. Each state which has approved one or more of them so far (there are fourteen which have approved the Reapportionment Amendment at last count) has couched its approval in the form of a resolution calling for a convention to be held for the purpose of proposing the given amendment pursuant to Article V. If two-thirds of the states approve such a resolution for one of the amendments, it will then be up to Congress to call such a convention.

And I'd be very pleased to see this happen. I believe that such an eventuality might produce results quite pleasing to the liberals, and could not possibly result in the passage of any one of the three proposed amendments. The pleasant thing about writing this article is that I have a completely free hand in interpreting Article V, for there have been no court decisions dealing with the convention mode of proposing amendments. (There have been a few concerned with the other method -- the one always used heretofore.) Thus I am free to use common sense and clear thinking -- and I don't have to do any messy research.

Let's suppose that two-thirds of the states passed a resolution calling for a convention to be held for the purpose of proposing the Reapportionment Amendment. Now Congress is supposed to call the convention. There is nothing that can make it do so, of course. Never in the history of the United States has any court forced the Congress to do something it was required to do by the Constitution. For example, Congress got away with not passing a reapportionment bill after the 1920 census, in direct opposition to Article I.2.3. It is a general principle that a constitution cannot make a legislature do anything -- as European countries such as Italy and France have discovered to their dismay, it being customary in those countries to include large chunks of verbiage requiring the legislature to perform various social and organizational tasks, a fault almost entirely lacking in our Constitution.

But, anyway, suppose it did call the convention. It is obvious from the wording of the Constitution that the resolutions calling the convention to consider an amendment cannot restrict it to considering just that one. The convention will be able to consider any amendments it wishes -- and will be able to propose them

to the states by a mere majority vote. (Three-fourths of the states would still have to pass them, though.) This is why I look with favor on the convention. For whether the convention is chosen on the basis of one member to a state or on the basis of population, it will undoubtedly have a liberal majority. The reason is simple. If it is one-to-a-state, it will have the same balance as the Senate, which has a liberal majority hamstrung by a conservative committee system and archaic rules. It is clear that in more than half the states, the city vote is big -- and liberal -- enough to ensure that in a straight statewide vote a moderate or a liberal will win over a conservative. But the convention will have neither the decrepit Southern aristocrats who, through their seniority, run the Senate's committees, nor those rules of the Senate. Thus it could, and very likely would, propose several amendments of a liberal nature which would never get through Congress in its present state of disarray.

Similar results would occur in case the convention were chosen on the basis of population. For you can be sure that the Supreme Court (to whom suit would certainly be brought) would use the Fourteenth Amendment to ensure that the big cities get their adequate representation. The fact that the convention would be considering an amendment to take away the Supreme Court's power to rule on reapportionment would of course have no effect on the Court's present powers in this area.

I suspect that the Supreme Court, ruling on the basis of the Fourteenth Amendment, would require that the convention be chosen on the basis of population. In either case, the liberals would have a majority. Certainly none of the three amendments would get past the convention; and even if it did nothing other than block their passage, such a convention would arouse public interest in Constitutional reform, which is badly needed.

There is one thing that may be bothering you. Suppose a conservative sweep hits the country and the convention chosen turns out to have a conservative majority? Well, in the first place, I don't think even a conservative majority would pass these amendments, since their bad effect is clear and their unfairness obvious. But even if the convention did approve them, they would still have many obstacles. It is still up to Congress, not to convention, to determine which of two modes of ratification is to be used. If the liberals, as is unlikely, have been so reduced in the Senate as to be unable to hold out for the convention method (the probable result would be congressional impasse with nothing being done), then it would be up to the state legislatures, and the Supreme Court may have something to say about malapportioned legislatures approving amendments. And I doubt very much that three-fourths of the states would approve any of those amendments in conventions, if the conventions were chosen by fair popular vote in equal districts.

There you have my reasoning, constructed entirely out of whole cloth in the absence of any court decisions on the wording of Article V. There aren't many such articles left. I hope not too many more editors decide to fold their fanzines and steal quietly away, or I'll run out of things to write for their final gala issues. After all, you wouldn't want me to have to do research, would you?

- - - - - Charles Wells

THE OF MCCAIN

MARK VERNON MCCAIN

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The May issue of the Oklahoma fanzine Nite Cry contained the following statement in its editorial: "The teenage fan is the very foundation of fandom. It is he, that with a couple of years of real activity, heads up and carries on fandom. Without these younger fen, fandom would be no more."

I question Chappel's view that the teenager is breathing life into fandom. It would be just as accurate to say that he breathes death into it...or perhaps you would call it a phoenix-like circle. Fandom, because of its adolescent air, attracts uncritical adolescents, rather than more intolerant adults. It seems to be attracting younger and younger fans. These fans in turn make it even more adolescent until, when they mature to a point where they can make a real contribution, they lose interest in fandom and move into college, marriage, or some other activity which curtails their time and tolerance for fandom. Thus fandom is continually feeding off of, and reproducing, its own weaknesses.

The reasons that the teenage fan exits as he approaches maturity are several. The time, of which he had so much during high school years, dwindles alarmingly as he goes to college or starts working for a living. He hasn't the time for intensive fanning, or perhaps there are ways he'd rather spend it. If he marries, an almost insuperable barrier is raised. Wives are notoriously intolerant of their husbands' spare-time activities in which they do not fully share. Until recently practically no women had any interest in fandom and even today the odds are against any teenage fan growing up and marrying a feminine opposite number. That is one reason teenagers depart. Their lives are unsettled.

Secondly, teenagers are still in a period of general impulsiveness. Perhaps a majority of all fads start during the teenage period. They are quick to pursue the new and different...and just as quick to drop it for something newer and different.

And, thirdly, time moves more rapidly as you grow older. This subjective phenomenon is explained on the basis that at the age of two, a year is half your whole life; at five it is only a fifth, and so on. By the time you are ninety it is approaching insignificance. It is necessary to put in several years in fandom to be a really worthwhile addition to the microcosmos; but to a fourteen-year-old that means devoting better than a quarter of his life. As an addition to this last clause, we should point out that the older fan is able to decide what he'll do with his spare time in the future; an adult knows his situation and thus doesn't enter fandom unless he has the spare time.

I think, through no fault of their own, teenagers are unable to contribute to fandom as much as they would like...and that because they predominate so heavily, we don't draw in the older fans. It is a vicious circle without an obvious answer.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

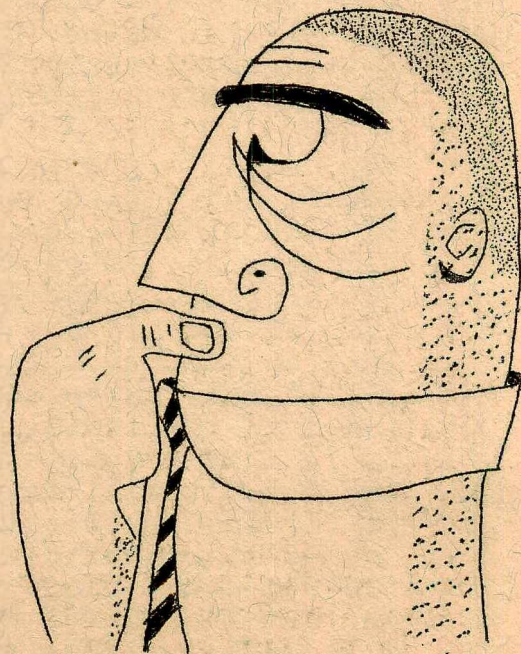
Nobody could be blamed for assuming that my fan history project is nothing but a hoax. It has provided an iron-clad alibi for almost anything I've done or left undone in fandom

for a long while. If a letter isn't answered for two years, or if five issues of a fanzine pile up without comment, I need only refer to the time which the history consumes, and nobody can prove that I'm lying.

But there is a fan history in the making. Contrary to popular impression, I'm not particularly behind schedule in work on it. When I decided to tackle the job, back in the middle of 1960, I announced that I thought it would take a couple of years to gather information before I began the writing, that I planned to begin the writing itself in 1962, and that I'd complete the manuscript as soon as possible thereafter. I wrote the first paragraphs of the history five hours before midnight on December 31, 1962, after two years of fact-gathering, and I'm completing it as rapidly as I can. If you think I've cheated to keep my word, you must remember that I didn't foresee, at the time of putting down that timetable, that I would suffer a couple of broken hips that would keep me hospitalized for a total of 21 weeks in a little less than three years.

I don't imagine that anyone else will be crazy enough to go to work on a general history of the field for many years. So, in the absence of any probability that any of you will learn empirically some of the problems, I might explain an assortment of difficulties that such a history involves.

Most serious of the problems is the absence of any large chunks of information in convenient form for use as a starting point. I'm concentrating on the periods in fandom before and after the years covered by The Immortal Storm, so that volume is of little help. Speer's history was confined to an even shorter chronological span. The Fancyclopedias are helpful in certain respects, but hardly comprehensive enough about any given topic to serve as a space station for easy hops into the outer space of fan events. I have **kept** together the publications that provide fairly large quantities of information, handily presented in one place, but the stack is not three inches tall: a few yearbooks, several slim volumes dealing with fandom's past in a given city or geographical area, the fanzine checklists, and a pitiful few other pamphlets. The



HARRY WARNER, JR.

person who sets out to write history about almost any other topic can find at least one or two books that devote their entire selves, or large sections, to the topic, serving as a framework upon which he can assemble his new findings. Moreover, almost any other kind of history has as personages a few individuals widely enough known to be represented in biographical sources. There's little in fandom to correspond to this assist for the general historian. And don't forget, the fan who drops out of fandom often becomes totally unfindable, so the historian must hunt people who once knew him and may themselves have disappeared.

How should the fan historian go about organizing and filing his notes? Obviously, I couldn't go through all the sources of information to collect facts about British fandom during World War II and then repeat the process for information on the Cosmic Circle. I'd have worn out my correspondents' patience and the pages of my fanzines with such repeated searchings. Instead, it was necessary, as I leafed through old fanzines, to take notes on everything that might prove useful, and to get in touch with people with good memories. By coincidence, I found that my working procedure is almost identical with that of John Gunther, when he works on an "Inside" volume. Just this past winter, I read Gunther's book on how the works in that series are produced, and I refer you to it for a detailed description of Harry Warner's processes, as well. There is only one major difference: I paste my notes onto looseleaf paper inserted into notebooks, instead of stuffing them into large envelopes. It should be superfluous to add that I don't have a secretary to do some of the work for me.

There are all sorts of difficulties involved in extracting useful information from old fanzines, the most obvious and extensive source for such a project. So many fanzines assume knowledge on the part of the reader and bewilder the individual who goes over them a decade later. It's remarkably hard to determine the year of publication for some issues, for instance. Sometimes there will be a fine report on a conference like the old Boskone or the contemporary Pacificon, with absolutely no clues about the year in which the event occurred. Time after time I've had to dig into a large pile of notes to find one that should be thrown away because the report was proved false and denied in a succeeding issue of the publication in which it first appeared.

By now, I'm pretty well into the task of writing the history, although I don't plan to release any of the text until I've completed a substantial amount in second-draft form; so far, it's all first-draft. So I'm encountering all manner of difficulties that I didn't think about when I was still taking notes. The first publication of the history will be in serial form: should I prepare the text so that each installment will be fairly complete in itself, with full names and place of residence given for each fan mentioned in the installment, even though he has already been mentioned in this complete manner in the preceding chapter? If I do it that way, it will mean much tedious changing to prepare a manuscript for book publication. Where should I stop when I encounter that vague line that divides fandom from prodom? Obviously I'll have to say some things about Palmer and Amazing when I treat the things that the Shaver Mystery did to fandom, but should I continue to tell the biographies of prominent fans through their pub-

lishing careers? Are the semi-pro publishing firms like Arkham House and Fantasy Press suitable for inclusion in a fan history? I must also try to keep legal matters in mind. Almost all the fanzine source material is in the public domain but I've already had several fairly stern requests to refrain from telling in too great detail past events about which the principals are now ashamed. How can I avoid reopening old wounds in fandom's past? I don't see how I can avoid telling the reason E.E. Evans withdrew for several years from NFFF activities, because this withdrawal and its nature had a very important effect on that organization and on fandom in general. I know all about Earl Singleton's activities since he staged that fake suicide; will he threaten a lawsuit if I rehash his hoax at a time when he is a quite solid and dignified citizen?

I've been scrupulous about noting the sources of all my notes, but what should be done about references when the history is published? Here again the situation is quite different from most projects of the type, because virtually all my information comes from unobtainable sources: out-of-print fanzines, private correspondence, and the like. If I take the trouble to put a dozen footnotes on every paragraph, what will be the benefit to the reader who won't be able to look up the references? I think that I'll leave out the references altogether, except for perhaps a brief list at the end of each chapter, and an offer to answer, through personal letter, any specific questions readers might have. And if you think that's an unscholarly way to act, you'll be even more horrified at another procedure that I've followed from the start. I haven't inserted elision dots wherever I've omitted something from a quotation, and I haven't hesitated to alter words in the quotations when this would avoid clumsy square brackets to show what was meant. In some instances I've calmly changed syntax or put a condensation into direct quotes. I've been such a misleading historian in this respect partly because it will save enormous amounts of space, partly because most of the sources were not written or spoken carefully at the outset, and it would be unfair to make permanent an obvious grammatical blunder or clumsy construction which the writer intended for an ephemeral, soon-forgotten day or two of life.

I haven't the slightest idea as yet about the probable total length of the fan history. I'm sure that it will be too long for publication as a single volume as originally intended, but I'm not worrying about the book version until some of it is in print serially. Contrary to a newszine report that it will first encounter the world via FAPA mailings, I still plan to turn it over to Norm Metcalf for New Frontiers. I know as well as anyone that there has been a lapse of several years since the last issue of that magazine; but Norm assures me that he will be able to resume publication in time to handle the history. Originally, I'd intended to cover events only through the Detroit convention, but time and events have persuaded me that I'd better keep it going until whatever present exists when I'm ready to write that final chapter.

Too many persons have assisted me up to now for acknowledgments to be published in this particular space. Let me sum it up by saying that by now I'm pretty well supplied with most of the information that I know I need. I'm still hungry for facts, and I

think there must be lots of them hidden away in correspondence to which I haven't had access. If you've saved old letters dealing with fandom's secret past, I pledge my discretion in their use. I'd also like to find Eldon K. Everett, who seems to have gone the way of Judge Crater and has taken with him several irreplaceable manuscripts dealing with fandom's past.

And now, if no more fanzine editors like Ryan ask me for articles, I'm going to return to that history.

- - - - Harry Warner, jr.

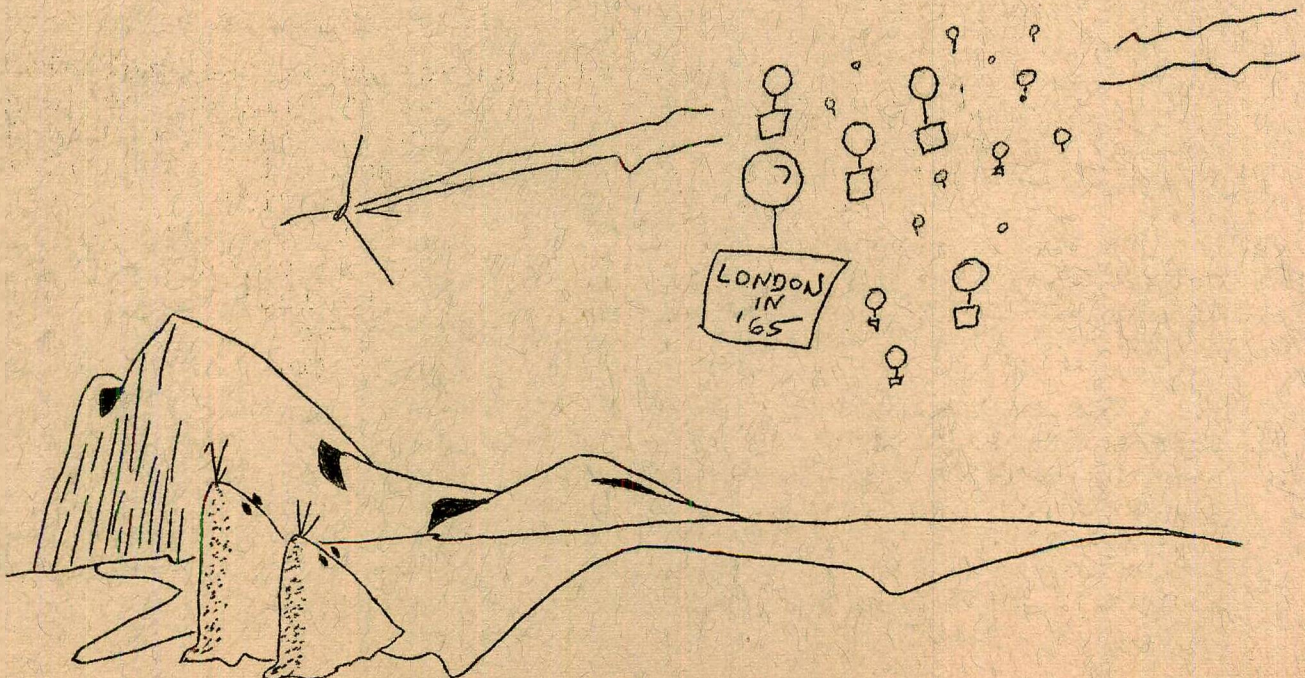
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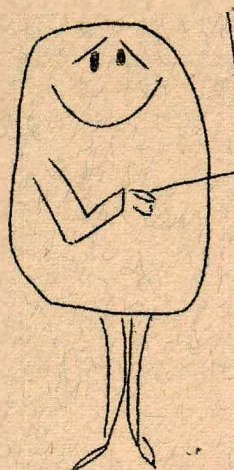
The Egopoll:

Voting were Sid Birchby, John Boardman, Bill Bowers, Walter Breen, Buck and Juanita Coulson, Mike Deckinger, Jerry DeMuth, Dr. Antonio Dupla, Gene Duplantier, Colin Freeman, Bob Greenberg, Mike Haggerty, Martin Helgesen, Rosemary Hickey, Lynn Hickman, Dave Hulan, Harvey Inman, Terry Jeeves, Lenny Kaye, Helmut Klemm, Harriett Kolchak, Al Kracalik, Betty Kujawa, Bob Lichtman, Ethel Lindsay, Dave Locke, Dick Lupoff, Frank Mattson, Gerald E. MacGruder, Len Moffatt, Bernard Morris, Derek Nelson, Ted Pauls, Phil Roberts, Al Rudis, your humble servant, Joe Sanders, Judi Beatty-Sephton, Arne Sjøgren, Bob Tucker, Charles Wells and Paul Williams. Thanks again.

Like the Hugo results in recent years, these were completely predictable. Breen's article was easily the most popular; if, through some accident it hadn't won, I would have said that it had, anyhow. Tucker as a columnist -- barely, again -- and ATom as an artist -- by .85 point over Rotsler -- won their categories, with letterwriters Warner, Wollheim, Bradley and Larry McCombs finishing in that order.

And "Communism" lost to "nuclear war" 12-6, with a handful of write-in votes for anything from "thought control (Mrs. Kolchak) to "Asian flu" (Gerry MacGruder).





JERRY DEMUTH
VIEWS

VIRIDIANA

Luis Bunuel's Viridiana, the official Spanish entry in the 1961 Cannes Film Festival, won the coveted Palme D'Or. Two days later the Spanish government banned the film, and ordered a press blackout on it. The Film Office director, who had approved the screen treatment, was fired.

Viridiana was the first work Bunuel had done in his native Spain in three decades. Unless the fascist government there goes, it will almost certainly be his last. Why he was ever permitted to make this film -- rumor says a rough treatment, mild in tone, was shown for official approval -- is a mystery; certainly, the Spanish government should be familiar with his brutal outspokenness.

Luis Bunuel is one of the most, if not the most visually powerful film director alive. His imagery, cutaways, and use of special effects for dream sequences contain a seldom-equalled emotional impact. Yet, for all their power, his films are seldom shown in this country. A few of his interesting, but lesser works, such as The Young One, are shown in some small theatres. Film societies show Un Chien Andalou, which was done with Salvador Dali. Children's matinees occasionally feature his beautiful Robinson Crusoe -- which the children enjoy, but which has even more to offer adults. And occasionally a theatre or film society shows his Los Olvidados (The Young and the Damned), a distressingly powerful and unsympathetic study of Mexico's juvenile delinquents.

But his other films are simply not shown. Even his previous Canne award winner, Nazarin, has not yet been commercially shown in the U.S. How wide a distribution Viridiana gets remains to be seen.

Bunuel, who usually writes or co-writes his scripts, approaches his subjects not as a judge; he never condones or condemns -- nor does he usually show any sympathy or feeling for his characters. He shows how things are, and rubs our noses in all of it, the good and the bad. We see everything, the causes and their outcomes; and though we may hate the outcome itself, knowing its cause at least allows us to understand, and perhaps to sympathize.

He often ridicules religion; yet, his overall attitude toward the subject is vague. It is even difficult to establish that Bunuel, like Bergman, is pro-religion, but anti-Church. In Robinson Crusoe, Crusoe tries to explain the existence of God to Friday. But, if God is so powerful, why doesn't He kill the Devil so that Man may be good? Friday asks. Crusoe then tries to explain that God wants evil to exist, but somehow he fails in his explanation. Finally he gives up in disgust, and as he walks off he remarks to his pet parrot, "You understand, don't you Polly?" Yet, one of the most powerful scenes in the film is that in which Crusoe, desperate to hear another voice, goes to echo point and movingly shouts the Twenty-Third Psalm, Nazarin, which concerns a priest who gives shelter to a prostitute, has both been hailed as a great atheistic statement, and given a Catholic award.

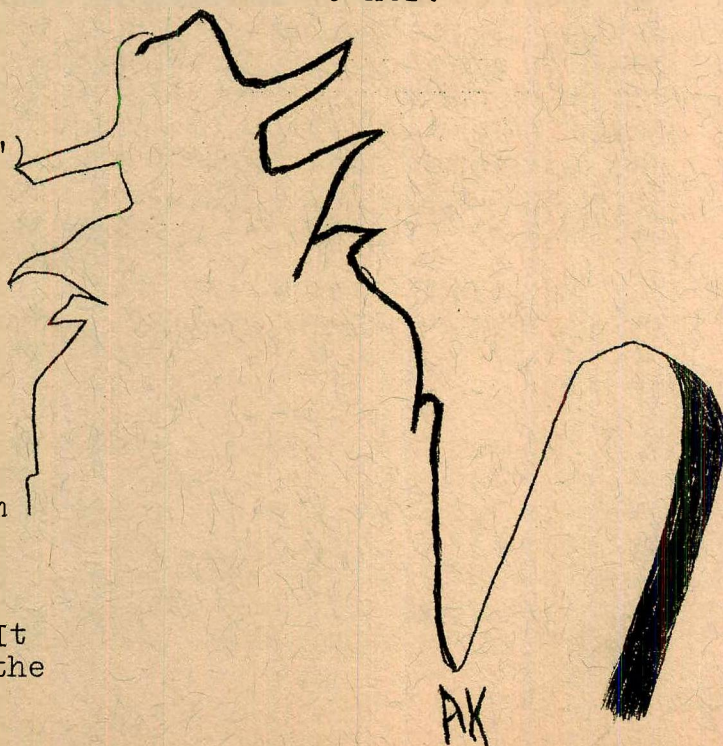
Viridiana is a young novice who wants to be seen by her uncle before she receives her vows. At the Mother Superior's insistence, she leaves the convent for a few days to stay with him. But her walk, her looks and her voice remind him of his wife -- who died in his arms, wearing her bridal gown, on their wedding night. The uncle persuades Viridiana to wear the gown, and then, after drugging her coffee, attempts to rape her -- but he can go no further than kissing her breasts. Guilt-stricken, he hangs himself the next day.

Viridiana, also out of guilt, decides not to return to the convent and to, instead, do what she can by herself to help others. She takes in beggars from off the street -- feeds them, clothes them, and attempts to get them to work and live peacefully with one another. They do some work, and some conflicts are kept under control, but this is due as much to the work of some among them as it is to Viridiana. Finally she, Jorge (the uncle's bastard son), the maid and her daughter are forced to leave for a day. While they are gone, the beggars break into the house and have an orgy. Before it is over, the four return unexpectedly to the house. Most of the beggars leave quietly; however, two attempt to rape Viridiana, who is saved only by Jorge bribing one to kill the other.

The film, which opened to Handel's "Halleluia Chorus," closes with a rock-and-roll tune ("Shake, Baby Doll, Shake") as Viridiana joins Jorge and the maid -- who has become his mistress -- in a card game.

Thus Viridiana, a failure at helping others from her own world, returns to the real world. Whether she will still try to help others is unimportant; what is, is that if she does again try, it will be from a different approach.

The religion displayed in this film is a distorted one. It is the conceited arrogance of the



Mother Superior. It is a knife which folds into a crucifix handle. It is an orgy and a vulgar dance to Handel's "Halleluia Chorus." And it is the Last Supper posed by beggars while the cock crows twice. The effect of this latter scene is powerful even when one expects it. Bunuel, in three brief, frozen shots, shows first the entire scene, then the apostle Peter, and finally Christ -- the bearded, blind beggar, his arms stretched in front of him, hands on the table, and head thrown back, with his one eye thrown open. The circumstances under which the scene takes place add to its power. The beggars pose briefly while their picture is taken by one of the women among them -- "with the 'camera' my dad gave me." First the three frozen shots, and then a shot of the woman, legs spread, leaning back. She lifts her skirt and everyone laughs at her "camera." Only Bunuel would add vulgarity to desecration.

One might say that Viridiana failed in her attempts because she tried to act outside the Church; but there is no sign that she would have accomplished any more within it. She failed because she tried to act outside as if she were in. But there is real hope that she will do something in the world she just enters as the film closes; even when man acts selfishly, he may, Bunuel shows, do some good for others.

Jorge, who seems concerned only with making a success out of his father's land, sees a dog tied to the underside of a wagon, exhausted from being forced to walk with it. He asks the owner to let the dog ride in the wagon. "That's only for people." Then at least untie him. "Then he would get run over." Jorge then buys the dog from the man, so that he can have his freedom. As he leads the dog away, another wagon passes unnoticed, also with a dog tied to it. Later Jorge criticizes Viridiana's work because she is only helping the few when she should be helping the many.

Thus, throughout this film there is a glimmer of hope, despite the overwhelming evil. There is a chance that things will become better as the characters, such as Viridiana, gain knowledge of the real world. They have each other to work with. Robinson Crusoe ends with Crusoe leaving the mutineers behind in the stockade on his island. They have his buildings, he points out, and his tools, and his farms and animals and grain -- all the things he did not have to begin with. But, most important, Crusoe and Friday have each other.

Whether we will work together, and work together from the same world, is Bunuel's unanswered question.

- - - - - Jerry DeMuth

CHOPPED BEEFS

LETTERS

SID BIRCHBY: It's too risky to write a topical article for a fanzine -- or, for that matter, for any publication at all -- as fast as events move nowadays, so perhaps it's better to resort to letters. I'd like to tell you what was happening in England during the Cuban crisis last year, since I think it illustrates some important things.

From Monday, October 22, to Sunday, October 28, I was in Manchester, where we had the usual protest marches and sit-down campaigns, much as in London and elsewhere; the exception was that the Manchester police quietly cut some of the demonstrators -- mostly juveniles -- down to size, simply by making their fathers come to fetch them.

The crisis finally did what the events of the last few years couldn't -- convinced me that I couldn't side with the neutralists. I was sure that Kennedy had acted rightly; this was the showdown -- the West had to stand up to Russia sometime, and this had to be it. The bluff had to be called, if it were a bluff, even though fireworks might have resulted. At the very same time as the Cuban crisis, the Chinese had attacked India, and, to me, this was the clinching argument against turning toward appeasement. Although most people -- and nations -- are friendly-disposed, there are those that are not; it takes only one which isn't to grab our throat some day.

To my dismay, I found very few people to agree with me. I am ashamed to say that the common attitude was one of resentment at Kennedy's actions and at the US in general. Some with whom I spoke were truly bitter about "that bleeding nit," "those trigger-happy Yanks," and so on. In short, "I'd rather be Red than Dead." These are harsh words, and I must admit to hesitating before writing them. You in the States are pardoned if you resent them -- but they have to be recorded. There's been a crisis of morale here, and something has to be done to air it.

There were, in my opinion, three reasons why these things were ever said:

- 1) Kennedy didn't consult with his allies, but merely told them what he intended to do. Dean Acheson was sent on a quick tour of London, Paris and Bonn, with the result that the British government, for one, was a shade miffed at the lack of consultation, and this attitude filtered down through the nation. The government pledged its support for Kennedy, but one Cabinet Minister was quoted as saying "We are not sure what this young man is up to."
- 2) A "Hands Off Cuba" poster campaign sprung up overnight, reflecting a widespread feeling that the US had long been itching to suppress the Cuban revolution, and that this is under no circumstances to be condoned, because every country has a right to be free. That means free to go to hell in a handbasket if it so chooses.
- 3) For years, Britain has been a forward base for missiles. When the bombs drop, we get ours first. We don't like the idea, and the strain of living with it explains a lot of the neutralist movement. It also means that many people saw no reason why Russia shouldn't have a similar forward missile base in Cuba; it was no use my saying that events have proved that Russia is the Baddie and the West is the Goodie, wherefore the wise man carrieth weapons. The English are always apt to believe the best of a man until it's almost too late, and the feeling is that Russia is not too bad a place nowadays. Some of us have even been there for a holiday.

So there we are. I am deeply disturbed at the reactions of my fellow-countrymen, and I am fairly sure that had the crisis not been resolved then, at some stage there would have been wide-spread demands for the government to declare neutrality. People were scared yellow. Some ran for the hills.

Incidentally, I don't demand that neutralists should die for their principles if they want my support, but it might help. The Guardian reported that two prominent members of the Committee of One-Hundred, Pat Arrowsmith and Wendy Butlin, had disappeared after the demonstrations outside the American and Russian embassies in London on the Tuesday night. On October 31st, a letter appeared from the two ladies, correcting the "misstatement that we were on holiday in Western Ireland during the crisis." They further said that at the time of the demonstrations it seemed almost inevitable that nuclear war would break out and that "nothing useful could be achieved by ordinary people within twenty-four hours to avert this event."

"We therefore decided," they continued, "to go as swiftly as possible to a place where we might conceivably survive a nuclear war...the west coast of Ireland...as the confrontation did not lead to war, we returned to London the Saturday morning after and joined in the action in Trafalgar Square that afternoon."

Well, sure, when it comes to the crunch, we look after Number One. The two ladies have already served jail sentences for their beliefs, so their faith is not in doubt. Maybe their nerve cracked. Maybe they deserved a rest in the Irish Free State. I daresay a lot of people's hearts -- and bowels -- were in the Free State that week. But I'll be damned if I will accept leadership from the coast of Donegal; with all its faults, Washington does at least act like it means business.

How did I feel during that week? I never once thought that there would be war. I felt that Russia didn't want it, nor did the US, and that the real worry was Castro. Giving him missiles with nuclear warheads was like handing a gun to a delinquent, and telling him to do as he pleased.

So, apart from bottling some home-brewed dandelion wine so that I might have some consolation when the bombs came down, I went my merry way, illustrating to perfection the old saying that in the midst of disputation, the wise man keepeth his own counsel, or, alternatively, that where there's no sense, there's no feeling.

The letters on pornography all seemed to say the same thing that Ben Jonson pointed out several hundred years ago: namely, that there's more to making love than four bare legs in a bed, which most of us knew already. I'm delighted to know that others besides me are sick of the sexy fanzines and lumpy nude covers that still filter through the mails occasionally. Really, is it little wonder that the postal rates do discriminate against mimeographed materials? Harry Warner is flogging a dead horse if he expects to get fanzines rated as educational material!

Some of your writers seem to take a long walk around the block every time they have an idea to put over -- Pournelle, for instance. After I'd read his article on censorship, I still didn't know if he were in favor of it or not. I found I'd skimmed through -- because, I suppose, it seemed a little like the type of article one does skim through.

Have you ever considered the phenomenon of reverse censorship? As we reckon it, censorship is usually imposed by Those Above on Those Below; but there is a certain sort that works in exactly the opposite fashion. In both instances, the object is the same: to conceal information.

I refer you to any group of working men and ask you to note their instinctive attitude toward their bosses. Anything at all which they feel should be concealed is referred to by another name. The first example which comes to mind is the multitude of names by which the Irish refer to whiskey, which obviously is not favored by the Boss. So we get "the hard stuff," "the cr'atur'" and so on.

Such an attitude seems, in England at least, to pervade most classes of society. A group of ditchdiggers will say to a bookie's runner, "Have you been over yet?" meaning, "Have you placed our bets yet?" A clerk in an office will not ask the office boy to go out on a personal errand for him; he will quietly hand him some money and say "Ten Woods" meaning "Will you get me a packet of Woodbine

cigarettes?" A company director will say to his best friends "Committee meeting tonight, Fred --OK?" meaning "Let's whoop it up at this new strip-joint, but not a word to Bessie."

I daresay when we get to Heaven, if we ever do, some character will come sidling up to us and tell us, in language so esoteric and rare that even the passing angels couldn't guess what was being discussed, how we could get out of harp practice. (Manchester, England)

WALT WILLIS: Bloch on anything is a joy, but Bloch on Heffner was intrinsically fascinating. British tv did a show on the Playboy clubs, but you have no idea how odd they looked against the background of the European Way of Life, since in America they seemed almost reasonable. For sheer incredibility, imagine one set down in France or Italy. It is simply impossible to imagine a Continental paying vast sums of money to be served food and drink by half-naked women whom he's not allowed to touch, either then or later. It's like a sort of eunuch's brothel.

I must say that Pournelle's lofty dismissal of liberal thought as lacking in absolute values hardly justifies something as philosophically unimposing as the old argument "people-will-do-it-anyway-so-let's-do-it-officially," but there's no doubt that what he says is convincing. So convincing, in fact, that it obviously should be applied to minority groups other than those which like to read unpopular books. It's obvious that people keep persecuting them, so the sensible thing for the government to do is to pick out every year a few hundred Negroes, Jews, Roman Catholics and science fiction fans and torture them to death in public. This is far more efficient and humane than having the same job done in holes and corners by pressure groups, and is in accord with the finest principles of democracy, as understood by Jerry Pournelle, Adolf Hitler and Nikita Khrushchev. These latter two represent, or represented, the will of the majority of their people (protected of course by a benevolent censorship) and only one of those ethically-relativist liberals ignorant of the "fundamental order of the Universe" would make a claim so self-evidently absurd as that the essence of a democracy is respect for minorities. (Belfast, Northern Ireland)

DON WOLLHEIM: Recently Ace published a new reprint edition of Guy Endore's famous Werewolf of Paris. It was done in the "Star" line, which is usually restricted to reprints of somewhat longer books than the standard Ace group. Before contracting, the book was read by at least four people on the editorial staff, none of whom had read it before, and all of whom approved it as a rather terrific piece of thrillerfiction. The book had been in paperback before, the last time being in an Avon edition of maybe a dozen or more years ago. As a hardcover book, it was originally published by Farrar and Rinehart in 1933, had gone through a number of printings and had, I think, even been filmed. In short, it was a classic of its kind, and Ace decided to publish it again.

In the course of production, an announcement of the forthcoming title was sent to the news media and various distributors. Almost at once, the chief of our distributing organization received a phonecall from a very influential individual in newsstand distribution. Our man was told that this book was viciously anti-Catholic, that the author was on the Hollywood blacklist, and that if we published it we would be antagonizing all sorts of sensitive people. Other publishers had, in the past, heeded this advice and given up the book. Two other paperback publishers were specifically named; one had paid a full advance and actually had printing plates finished and covers run off, when the project was abandoned at great financial loss. The other also had to forfeit an advance.

Queried as to the nature of the anti-Catholicism of the book, the caller pointed out that the werewolf was the (obviously) illegitimate offspring of a decadent priest and a prostitute. The fact that medieval lore concerning the

werewolf does consider that kind of thing due cause for such an evil offspring, that in fact it is a pro-Catholic warning to priests to uphold their vows, all this appears to be too subtle for our modern caller. The Church of a few hundred years ago could admit that a priest was capable of falling into sin; our modern adherent could not admit it. In any case, if Ace published the book, he could not be responsible for the difficulties that would occur.

This time the situation worked out differently. The various departments of our company, including circulation and sales, decided we wouldn't be pushed. The book was worth publishing, and that's exactly what we proceeded to do.

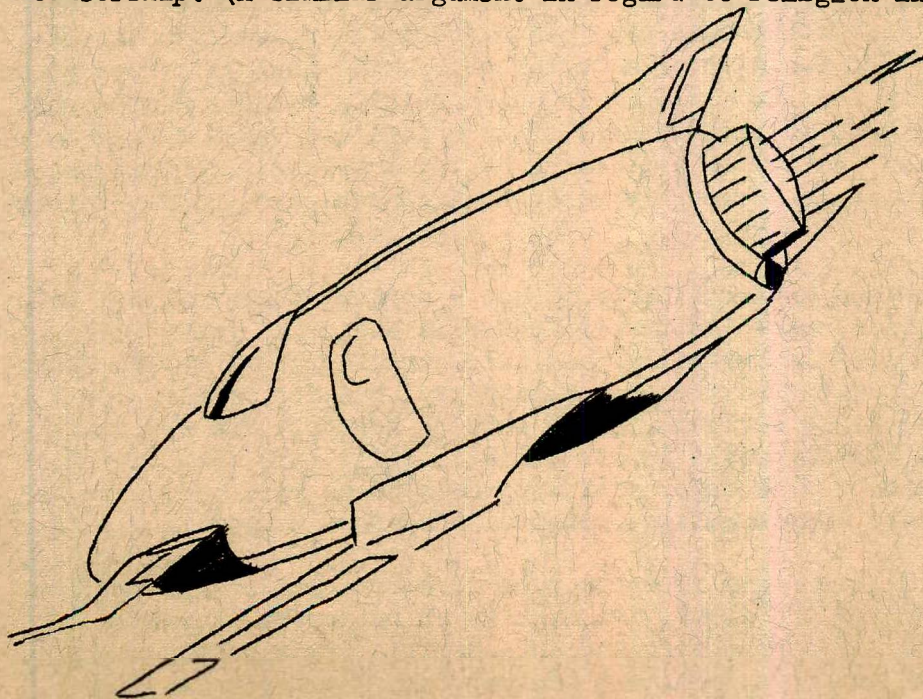
Nothing has happened. Sales apparently weren't hindered, and no one was hurt. True, the book made the NODL list, but so many do that it doesn't seem to mean much.

The point I'm making is not that we are heroes, but that two other, well-established, responsible and bigger publishers than ourselves did chicken out. That, as Cyril Ritchard said in Peter Pan, is where the canker g'naws.

JACK SPEER: Perhaps my approach is unduly hostile, but it seemed to me dishonest for Pournelle to go so far in his attempted analysis of censorship before he stated his own position. His stand was no surprise; even if he hadn't been the author of "The Grand Inquest of the Nation" and therefore predictably illeberal, he tipped his hand with the gingerly approach to something that calls for strong feeling, and such loaded words as "disgusted" to describe the state of mind of people brewing a pot of censorship. A franker outline would have stated at the beginning: "I'm in favor of some censorship. This is the way I try to reason it out. See what you think of it."

The chain of reasoning by which he argues that there should be censorship because there's a strong public demand for it is a little hard to untangle. He has made it vague by disowning a "mere majoritarian" basis for suppression. What does he mean by "a government which truly represents the feelings of nearly all citizens of a community" and "the genuine consensus of the community"? I suspect he means the considered judgment of all right-thinking people who have addressed themselves to the question and given it the proper amount of study. He and I would probably put different content into "right-thinking" and "proper" and come up with entirely different definitions.

At times he seems to make a purely pragmatic argument for censorship; it is better to yield than to break; censorship under law is better than vigilante censorship. (A similar argument in regard to religion in the schools has some



force.) At another place he makes passing reference to something that is probably fully developed in right-wing intellectual journals, when he would subsume under "aristocratic theorists" all those who say that "the people cannot have censorship, no matter how much they desire it." I know the new conservatives try to wrap the hem of Jefferson's garment around themselves, but it seems to me a suspiciously complex theory that would make Thomas Jefferson an aristocratic theorist.

Pournelle's predictable bias again shows itself in his preference for community over national censorship. I've discussed elsewhere what I consider the real basis of the Right's present preference for local autonomy, but I can entertain the idea that Pournelle has something when he says that local censorship is better than national. If this is so, however, it must be based on practical considerations and on a knowledge of what experience has shown; there is no theoretical reason for preferring local autonomy in such things. Neither his appeal to experience of "nations which enjoy a national censor" nor his deductive "A national censorship cannot, by its very nature, be responsive to the needs of individual communities, and must make rules and codes which fit the least common denominator" carries any force. On the contrary, intelligence and taste applied on a national level are likely to be higher than that applied in most localities. And why, indeed, should censorship be justifiable on a community basis when it is not justifiable nationally? Pournelle implies that one who doesn't like the community standard can move to another, freer community; but this involves the extreme penalty, in many instances, of forfeiting one's established livelihood. Freedom should be free from such economic penalties as well as from unavoidable prohibitions or criminal penalties such as fines.

I don't understand Pournelle's mystique about "community". Aside from my allegiance to the human race, I owe allegiance only to the United States; and I would hotly deny the citizens of my town to impose limitations on either my freedom, or that of a pander, such as Charles Beaumont or Everett Washington.

I don't agree with Coulson that "Brunner's handling of time paradoxes is as logical as time paradoxes are likely to be." There is a perfectly logical way to handle time-travel, and authors are feeling their way toward it, but with surprising slowness. Consider how long they wrestled with the Grandfather Argument, before they came up with the Branches of Time, Anachron and paratime. There is much talk in Brunner's novel about loops in time; but Doc Swisher showed twenty years ago that there can be no such things, when the matter is examined in sufficient detail. The most ridiculous aspect of Brunner's theory was the supposition that even "after" a crucial change in history had occurred, the people in the previously existent future would have a period of grace in which to try to rectify it; and, as a corollary, that after the period of grace, the change became irrevocable. Brunner does, finally, try to nail down this theory by saying: "Owing to the tangential relationship between elapsed past-time and elapsed present-time, the results of this deed had not echoed down to Don Miguel's own present," but the corollary still does not follow. Perhaps authors find it expedient to violate logic for the sake of a better story. The logical consequences of postulating time-travel lead to a plenum in which nothing matters because all possibilities exist. It's notable that authors often bridge over what should be abrupt transition from one reality to another by having a person's consciousness unaffected by the transition (a thoroughly unscientific procedure), or affected only gradually.

JOHN BOARDMAN: The American National Party is not a serious organization; it's a mixture of unreconstructed Yorkville Nazis and young racist punks. Its main strength lies in Yorkville, and it's strictly local to New York. It was at one time tied up with the American Nazi Party, but its leader, John Patler, broke because he thinks Rockwell is too soft on Negroes. The ANP wants to deport all Negroes to Africa, while in its bulletin Kill! the ANatP talks more in terms of gas chambers. Its major activity seems to be picketing liberal and leftist meetings, where they sometimes cause disturbances requiring police intervention.

The National States Rights Party is worth much more concern. Unlike the imported fascism of the ANP and the ANatP, the NSRP is an outgrowth of native American bigotry. In 1960 this anti-Negro and anti-Semitic organization nominated Governor Orval Faubus for President, and Admiral John Crommelin for Vice-

President. Faubus neither accepted nor repudiated the nomination. So as not to conflict with other conservative third-party tickets, the NSRP entered its candidates in only four or five southern states; yet, they pulled 214,000 votes! (In comparison, during the depths of the Depression the Communist Party got only 110,000.) The total right-wing vote in 1960 was 367,000...and this without candidates campaigning actively for election.

The NSRP has branches in over thirty states, including the east and north. In recent months its Thunderbolt has become thicker and better printed. They have headquarters in Alabama and Georgia, and are now recruiting an armed guard. Unquestionably their presidential candidate next year will be Edwin Walker, and he will campaign for the job as no overt racist has since Thurmond in 1948. Governor Barnett, Walker's ally at the battle of Oxford, has already announced that his state will support a third-party ticket.

Like the ANatP and other anti-Semitic groups, the NSRP regards Rockwell as a plant, financed by Jews, and part of a plot to pin the Nazi label on all conservatives. They disapprove of Goldwater, and regard the "respectable" conservatives of the National Review type as misguided men who fail to go to the heart of the problem.

Don't dismiss this pack of rebels too lightly. If Kennedy and Rockefeller are the major-party nominees in 1964, Walker on the NSRP ticket could get over a million votes and carry three or four states. And if a Depression were to come...

WAIT BREEN: You may force me to review The Child Buyer in sheer self-defense, though it shook me up like nothing since Dandelion Wine and makes reviewing difficult for that very reason. Hersey's refusal to describe "other technological advances" is almost certainly another way of saying, as Ted White pointed out in FAPA, that such advances will mostly be released at a rate necessary to render obsolete our present possessions without drawing screams of protest from dealers and distributors who still have similar items in stock; also, that Hersey believes U. Lympho and its hyper-1984 project are not too many years in the future. I would also like to say here what I have said to almost everyone to whom I've recommended this book: the characterization of Barry Rudd is the most convincing portrait of a young superbrain I've ever read anywhere; a genuine tour de force, either drawn from life, or, far less probably, from an extraordinary imagination. It makes Wilbur Shiras' crudities look even more jejune. You may yammer all you please about the so-called straw-men in educationism, the views that proper educational opportunity for the HIQ type is "undemocratic", etc. but as any number of fans can tell you from their own unfortunate experience, the "straw-men" preside at school board meetings in too many parts of the USA. I think also that you might have emphasized more the way in which U. Lympho is a deliberately overstated (for cloddish audiences) attack on IBM.

And now we have Jerry Pournelle writing what may or may not have been an answer into my own inquiry on censorship; writing, however, something that obscures issues where it does not simply treat in shallowness what deserves depth, or, in a few cases, paraphrasing things I said in my own article.

Sometimes the sense of his remarks, if any, escapes me: "a non-representative government is per se a government of limited powers" -- like those of Hitler, Stalin or Castro? Or where he hauls out worn-out shibboleths -- "the people are sovereign" -- to bolster questions he fondly believes to be rhetorical, but whose main connection with rhetoric is their bombastic tone ("And why may not a community suppress material which has been demonstrated (!) to be, through its power to inflame the passions (!), dangerous to peace and order?"). Is it a community that suppresses material, or is it petty bureaucrats, Women's Catholic Action Committees and American Legionnaires?

Even a limited knowledge of history shows that Pournelle's theories fail. Talk all you please of Athens sinning against philosophy by a fanatic-inflamed jury ordering Socrates to drink Hemlock, nevertheless most Greek city-states

were nearer to being communities in Pournelle's sense than anything later save possibly the New England town meetings, themselves no paragons of tolerance. In Greece censorship wasn't known until very late, then not imposed by any community but rather by tyrants fearful of their positions -- and imposed not on pornography but on material regarded as treasonable or blasphemous.

Pournelle would have us believe that Comstock and his imitators throughout history acted with community consent on a kind of scapegoat principle; whether this is meant as speculation or history is uncertain, but if as history it is out of line with facts, both in the Greek grounds cited earlier or in the known history of Comstock. And then this repeated talk of "expoliting the passions." Who decided that it was wrong to be a whoremaster? Does Pournelle believe that illegal actions are automatically immoral?

And his final sentence, vague as it is, seems to say that some kind of voluntary censorship is the only alternative to a much worse form imposed out of fear and hatred -- but this way lies Plato's Republic, or 1984, or some similarly unpleasant alternative; and it has already led to an "other-directed" society in which people fear to do or think or feel many things because they fear that others will disapprove.

There is much more that requires careful scrutiny: for instance, the repeated mentions of "natural law." If the term means anything at all, it is a description of regularities of behavior such as are found in physics, e.g., the basic gas law or the inverse square principle. In this sense it is completely irrelevant to Pournelle's context. I suspect, though, that he is using it in the Roman Catholic sense, in which the phrase is an intellectually dishonest way of claiming that some actions are "naturally" evil without even the pretense of biblical justification for such a position. If so, the implications of his article are even more sinister, and one may reflect on the consequences of the continued existence of the Catholic Church's Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office (which formerly directed inquisitorial activities) and its never-renounced claim to censorship powers extending even over non-believers.

There are also little bits like the use of the term "have a right to," without any pretense at defining "right," as though this term were completely obvious to the reader. This evasiveness is the kind of thing the astute Mr. Pournelle would not permit any debating opponent, so why should he be allowed it? If "right" means anything other than "legal entitlement" we are entitled to a definition, and preferably one not begging the question of the legitimacy of a particular political system or of the existence of some kind of absolute moral order, laid down by the Great God Jehovah and the Continental Congress forever and ever amen.

PAUL WILLIAMS: Let's face it. Nothing in fandom can rationally operate on the theory of "I'll pay you back later;" with gaffiation and general lack of money, it's far too risky a proposition. Furthermore, something like the NeoFan Fund would give fandom a responsibility, and that's a very good way to split it apart at the seams. With the uproar over the very few lawsuits we've had in the past, can you imagine the commotion and dissention when people start screaming that they want their money back?

I can remember very clearly Saturday morning at the Chicago convention, with Harriett Kolchak standing in the hall with an enormous pin that said "THE NEO-FUND" and a container in which to collect money. She was telling somebody or other that she was angry because she hadn't gotten much money yet. She bitched to him "I spent about nine dollars last night buying dinner for a bunch of neo-fans, and I haven't been reimbursed for it yet."

Suffice it to say this: look, folks, if you meet some poor young jerk at the Con who has hitchhiked all the way from Barsoom, and who hasn't eaten in two days, you could always take him out to dinner, at your own expense. And so could Harriett Kolchak, for that matter, if she really gave a damn. Kindness is a personal thing.

JERRY DEMUTH: Our lives more than ever depend upon our knowledge and contact with other persons, including our fellow Americans -- and the possibility for knowledge is large because of all the technological advancements made which affect the mass media. In the press, however, the truth is frequently kept hidden.

When the Ole Miss crisis flared and columnists and reporters asked why James Meredith would want to transfer from Jackson State his senior year, no one mentioned that this particular Negro college wasn't even accredited. (In fact, there is only one accredited Negro college in Mississippi -- Tougaloo, which has 480 students.) When bodies of Negroes were being fished out of the Mississippi River last fall, one every couple weeks, there was no mention of this. The Northern press is just as derelict -- depending on racist stringers in the South -- as the Southern press in reporting racial incidents. The Southern press purposely refrains from mentioning Negro civil rights activities so as not to stimulate other Negroes into acting to achieve the freedoms which are supposed to exist in this country, but seldom do, even in the North. Censorship is more than just a question of whether one can publish literature, whatever its contents, or whether Hugh Hefner can put pale nude blondes in his magazine, or whether some other publisher can run portfolios of greased-down males in their jocks. Certainly literary censorship is a hinderance to our freedom and our developing culture, but other censorship -- through cause or simply fear -- makes for a socially, psychologically and economically sick society.

JIM BLISH: Buck Coulson has me dead to rights on The Night Shapes. I'm tickled, though, to see that he missed a few in his list of cliches -- the Hidden Uranium Mine and the Mysterious Power of Juju. There aren't any plans for a Return of Ktendi in book form, but there's a possibility that TNS may be made into a movie, and if it is, there may well be sequels to that. For the movies, of course, the mine will become a Radium Mine. Hoo-boy. ++ LEN MOFFATT: I must agree that the set-up of the Neo Fan Fund is unwieldy and, I think, unworkable. No doubt there are fans who would consider the contribution a loan and would pay it back as soon as possible -- perhaps with interest. But, alas, there would also be those who would take the dough and probably never be heard of again. If such a fund is to be established, it must be on the basis of an outright contribution, with no expectations of getting the money back. ++ BOB BRINEY: You will note that I didn't fill out the poll sheet. Having seen only two issues of the magazine I didn't feel well enough informed to cast any votes...aspersions, yes...votes, no. ++ HARRY WARNER: Buck Coulson has done a remarkably good job on the sort of theme -- books specializing in debunking -- that makes me thankful all over again for the existence of fanzines. You simply couldn't find a literate and entertaining article on this particular topic in any readily obtainable professional publication. ++ DR. ANTONIO DUPLA: Some points on which I can't agree with Marion Zimmer Bradley: 1) A normal person can become a drug addict under prolonged drug treatment; 2) One who enjoys murdering or raping may not find in a drug's dreams strong enough ersatz; 3) The necessity of going to a doctor for coffee or ovaltine is not necessarily wrong; must live too, you know. (Granted that a person may become a drug addict quite without his consent -- but if it is medical accident rather than emotional necessity behind his problem, wouldn't his chances of cure be that much better?) By the way, your "For Our Great Folly" is speechlesslefting. ++ BOB TUCKER: We both know that I am a cad and a bounder. ++ MIKE DECKINGER: Hefner's Playboy Key Club opened in New York recently, and after some wrangling with the city over licensing, was declared open to the public, so that it loses all its exclusiveness. It has also been declared by other law officials to be "a glorified whorehouse..." ++ ROB WILLIAMS: Marion Bradley's observation about marijuana: "Irresponsible use could give it a bad name" is one of the drollest things I've seen in a long time. ++ DICK LUPOFF: I can add a pragmatic reason to your ethical one for sending copies of reviews to the reviewees; to wit, they sometimes reply. Otto Binder and Jim Blish are examples

of gentlemen mentioned in Xero, later to become contributors and good friends. This is one of those situations which make the moralizers so happy: the Good Man receives not only spiritual credit but earthy reward as well. ++ TOM DILLEY: While Jerry Pournelle thinks such statements as "censorship of any kind is ridiculous and lousy" or "it stinks" may reflect "the depth of thought" expended on the question, they may reflect more aptly the degree of contempt one might feel for censorship in any form. ++ HARRIETT KOLCHAK: Since drugs do not have any effect on me at all, I cannot tell you what state of mind the average addict and nonaddict would face. One thing I do know is that if a person is introduced to drugs through medical use and they find the experience a pleasant relief, they will try and find a way of using this in the future. + Glad to see you injecting humor into your editorials. Since I was the subject matter I trust you will send me a couple of extra copies. (Well, you're certainly a good sport about it, Harriett; now if you'd only take the Neo Fan Fund a little less seriously...) ++ CHARLES WELLS: I am surprised that you jumped so hard on Harriett Kolchak's remarkable Neo Fan Fund. Not because your criticism of it, though harsh, was unjust -- but because I didn't think anyone would take it that seriously. ++ BETTY KUJAWA: I was astounded by Ted Pauls' remark about a "he" hemophiliac marrying and breeding others, since the female carries the affliction, and gives it only to her male offspring. ++ ARNE SJOGREN: I may be dopey, but to me the prose in Bane isn't so good. (The poetry ain't much, either.) ++ DEREK NELSON: As far as I can see, Sweden is no more neutral than Norway, except for the formality of being a NATO member. Sweden is a free democracy (although it has become a socialist state in many ways) and hence is automatically opposed to Communism. Its armed forces are strong (backed by a magnificent civil defense system) and they face to the East. Probably the only reason that Sweden is not a member of NATO is the justifiable fear that the Soviets would (legally) occupy Finland if she joined the alliance. ++

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Beard Mumblings: continued from page 18.

and is richer to boot.

And some joker split an atom.

I'd better pack those dusty fanzines off to Warner before I become entangled in the other 28 issues.

- - - - - Bob Tucker