

THE BUG EYE

12



This is, believe it or not, THE BUG EYE No. 12, the only German English-language amateur-magazine distributed throughout the world this side of the Iron and Bamboo Curtains. In line with our Dirty Capitalist Principles it is not available for money but lavished instead on 200 specially selected fans in the hope of eliciting, in that order of preference, contributions, letters of comment, fanzines and enthusiastic reviews. Past record notwithstanding, this magazine is scheduled to appear every three months (sic), which is about as serious and grim as we are likely to become. Following our new policy of creating, now and then, a Semblance of Order, we shall make the following announcements:

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printer, collator, dispatch clerk and
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TBE 12

TABLE OF CONTENTS

July 1963

Editorial (and at 1 a.m. we are so tired
that we do not even apologize for the imagi-
native title) 2

SF, FANDOM, THE WORLD - AND I
by Rolf G. Caesar, R.A.P.E. 3

HOW TO INTERPRET ME
by Burkhard N. Blüm, R.A.P.E. 10

GENIUS, ANYBODY?
by Rolf C. Gindorf, R.A.P.E. 12

HAMMER
by you and Helmut Klemm 16

EDITORIAL

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"They're all yours", said Helmut happily, dumping a bundle of stencils into our lap. Interpreting our gasp correctly, he added slyly: "There's also that article of yours ... pity if it didn't get published." So you see we didn't have a chance: in no time at all Helmut had persuaded us that it was our Duty to carry on with THE BUG EYE, now that he had grown Old and Tired, and would be leaving the country anyway. Three years after we had written the first English article for the then all-German TBE, fate had finally caught up with us. In four days, on July 16, Helmut Klemm will board a plane in Brussels to go for one year as an exchange student to Columbus, Nebraska, leaving behind him any beatnik's dream pad that would make John Berry's infamous fan den look like the lounge of the Waldorf-Astoria in comparison, a vast pile of fanzines, and the first seventy-five pages of his magnum opus, "I was a Teenage Fellow-Traveller".

(cont. p. 9)

And now, folks, a new name in TBE's stable of talented writers ...

S/F FANDOM,

THE WORLD-AND I

A Shocking Revelation
by Rolf G. Caesar

The Industrial Counsellor stared at us. We sat, facing him, in his private office at an Embassy which we shall be careful not to specify, except by saying that its premises are located at 11 Hohenstaufenring, Köln.

His face was - ah, flushed. Positively. His lips were twisted in what we have no choice but to describe inadequately as an ugly sneer, and he slammed the brochure he had been reading down on the table with a viciousness that was as uncharacteristic of his dignified demeanour as momentary *chargé d'affaires* as it was probably indicative of his truer nature. His Excellency (as he permitted himself to be called by the Embassy staff) sent his left fist crashing down on the pamphlet with a sound that produced a distinctive frown on the face of the uniformed President framed on the wall. The latter, after thus expressing his disapproval of such undiplomatic behaviour, resumed his satisfied contemplation of the lavish furnishing of the room, which was in direct proportion to the economic aid his Underdeveloped and, oddly enough, Uncommitted Nation was getting from the Federal Republic of Germany as well as from the Union of the Socialist Soviet Republics.

The Counsellor, one of whose names was Mahgoub - and let us tell you that he looks every bit like it -, was rapidly nearing apoplexy. We had spent the entire morning in an atmosphere of unperturbed serenity, finalizing (a word which, although it is widely used in our circles, we have never succeeded in tracing in any of our better-class English dictionaries, and which we employ therefore with all proper reserves) a contract that en-

gaged us to supply 400 tons of brass strips to the Cousellor's Ministry of War for the manufacture of cartridge cases. It was only after lunch, when such questions as guarantee deposit, inspection, or delay penalties had long since been settled satisfactorily, that the subject of our conversation and his reading a brightly coloured brochure changed Mahgoub's mood with alarming swiftness, and brought him clear up to critical mass.

"You know", we said cautiously, "maybe he really enjoys it. Maybe this gives him just as many kicks, aside from the dough. After all ---"

"The hell it does!", exploded the Counsellor, and we must reflect sadly on the glaring inadequacy of the English language when it comes to conveying the burning passion expressed by so simple a word as 'kharra'. - "You just wait until I break this to Gamal!" He shot a quick glance at the framed President in a colonel's uniform and **beloved**, automatically.

"Why does he think we backed him all these past years!", he raged. "Why, if it hadn't been for us, he'd never have stood a chance of getting the Hugo for FANAC, and I'll be damned if we back him a third time for TAFF ... That louse, turning pro!"

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We are essentially an honest man. It pains us to have our words doubted, and we will therefore refrain from swearing that the above episode actually took place as recorded. It did, you know. But we had a more valid reason than mere authenticity for opening up with that spiel. We wished to illustrate that the first three phenomena enumerated in our article heading, which on the face of them have not much to do with each other, can and do have amazing points of contact. In fact, we propose to submit to our learned readers a study on the interplay of those factors, and on their effects upon shaping what we blushingly call our Personality.

Careful analysis has established beyond doubt that the latter, much as we hate to admit it, is to an amazing degree the result of early influences of science fiction and, what is worse, fandom. Likewise, our present attitudes towards our environment - our occupation, our family, our friends, in short, mundania - represent an intimate feed-back system with those two factors.

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For the purpose of this study, it may suffice to skip the earlier stages of our life (although there is little doubt that a closer scrutiny of our oral, anal, phallic, and latency phases would yield considerable material for speculation and merriment) and start right at our pre-genital phase which, frankly, was not altogether pre at the age of eleven. We will again surprise the gentle reader by the admission that we were rather a - ah, precocious child, strongly possessed by (among other things) a pronounced instinct of rebellion. It tended to direct itself usually

against what we had been taught were Good, and therefore Necessary, Things: Authority and Convention, between which we failed to discover any difference worth mentioning. As Dr. Robert Lindner, a psychiatrist of some standing whom we also happen to consider America's leading contemporary thinker (if there is such a thing at all), has since recognized such Spirit of Rebellion as the most important criterion for maturity, we will not comment further but note in passing that it can cause some inconvenience, if nothing worse.

Such were the prevailing conditions when we chanced upon Campbell's "Incredible Planet" and, shortly thereafter, "Orwell's 1984". At that time, we were more readily impressed (or, to be precise, awed) by the first book, since its publisher made a point of drawing a direct analogy between Campbell and Hegel, inasmuch as the former was supposed to have taken up the latter's 'Theory of the Objective Mind' and developed it to its ultimate consequence, viz. that of man creating his own universe. As can be seen from this first encounter, we were a sucker for the high-brow type of science fiction, and we are afraid we have been just that ever since.

Those two volumes were about all the English section of our school's library had to offer, and so - since we had become incurably addicted to it - we were compelled to look for other sources, whose principal requirement should be that they were cheap - a vital condition in those days. Ideally this meant that we should get the books for free, although we soon sunk every penny we could lay our hands on in American paperbacks obtained at the Wuppertal railway station news-stand. Our most valuable, since free, source, however, was the local British Centre Library, which by some curious and thoroughly unforgivable accident boasted some seventy science fiction volumes.

While whatever friends we had (and there were never any too many) were deeply engrossed in the pursuit of soccer or in the adventures of G-man Billy Jenkins, we merely smiled at such childish preoccupation with irrelevancies. Instead of identifying with the German equivalents of Hopalong Cassidy or Gene Autry (and we do hope that we have got the spelling of those gentlemen correct), we scornfully and, we must admit, proudly refused to conform, but instead projected ourselves into the positronic robots of a Dr. Asimov, or the Grosvenor of a van Vogt. What infinitely better examples of fulfilled living than the scum surrounding us!

It was thus equipped that we faced puberty, and the problems of adolescence. Oh, we were a bright kid all right, and the broad mental horizons we had acquired as science fiction enthusiasts led us to such diversiform interests as dialectical materialism (also known as the Pillar of Marxism) and, of all things, sex. Whereas the former was abandoned at a relatively early stage of our mental evolution, we still admit to a certain indulgence in the latter. Honesty, however, demands us to confess that the literary preoccupation, at the age of fourteen, with Freud, Moll, Krafft-Ebing, van de Velde, Kinsey, and quite

a few others was not to be followed by practical experiments until a considerable time later.-Thus it should be noted that, whether they like it or not, we hold science-fictional ideas and characters responsible for the greater part of our earlier behaviour and attitudes.

Of decisive influence in the shaping of those views was A.E. van Vogt. Among all the science fiction read at that time, we believe that his "Voyage of the Space Beagle" (the name of the vessel alone seemed terrific: a symbol of man's eternal evolution) and his short story, "Fulfilment", were of the greatest influence. The concepts of nexialism and the man-made thinking 'machine' reasoning with Cartesian logic struck us as uncomparably more identifiable landmarks of a future we wished to share, than the nauseating manifestations of a rotten christianity and the stench of a decaying conservative culture around us. It was those early encounters with SF, and particularly with van Vogt, that laid the foundation to what was to become our neo-positivistic, relativistic, scepticistic, and agnostic outlook on life. It was then that our deeply ingrained basic convictions were born: everything is changeable, and nothing is a priori impossible to man.

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In the past twelve years we have consumed, as a recent night of inspired calculation has revealed, a total of roughly fifty-five million words of Anglo-American science fiction. Far more than half of this had been absorbed when, in 1957, we found out that surprisingly we were not the only one to be thrilled by this type of literature. This realization came as a shock. Somehow we had managed to believe that all those wonderful stories had been written exclusively for our own edification, at least as far as this side of the atlantic was concerned. When, in an American anthology (Judith Merril, SF: The Year's Greatest, Dell B 103), we spotted a reference to a German magazine, and thus eventually came across a German club of science fiction enthusiasts, we could not make up our mind at first what to make of it. However, we decided to join the beginning fun, and if anybody has regretted this decision since it most assuredly was not us. True, we were to become involved in some hearty feuding over the issue of fannish fandom, which we had possessed the audacity to advocate, and had actually gone so far as to denounce the majority of Gerfandom as stilted and just plain fugg-headed (as a result of which we were promptly voted 'writer of best articles in Continental fandom', a fact which we never fail to mention for the interesting light it sheds on our fans' psyche). All this notwithstanding, we found fandom to be an ideal medium for expressing whatever views and opinions we chose to affect, and these have covered a relatively wide range, including some on so obscure a field as science fiction.

It is the ghoddamnedest hobby of its kind.

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What, now, is our reaction when we are confronted with the harsh reality of an outsider, a mundane type, becoming aware of either of these phenomena, sf or fandom --- and, more specifically, of our rôle in them? At this point we must discard all undue levity, for such a situation demands the summing of whatever ingenuity we have. Despite these bleak conditions, we pride ourselves of not having been altogether unsuccessful in coping with that nightmarish problem.

Whatever has been said, by parents, teachers, and priests, about our behaviour and mores during the earlier stages of our adolescence and our concurrent indoctrination with sf, it cannot be denied that, with all due modesty, we displayed an unusual amount of good sense by not telling anyone what exactly we were devouring at so alarming a rate. Even at that tender age, we realized that the Respectable People, the Forces of Authority and Convention as represented by the three pillars of society listed at the beginning of this paragraph, would not take too kindly to our absorbing ideas which, at best, had to be called decidedly unconventional. So we proceeded to inform anybody who asked us that we were just practising English, or - when their mastery of the language was sufficient to let them notice the astounding titles of the books - that these were a new type of American science text-books. Since the Americans were known to do the most ridiculous things, and do them successfully, we invariably got away with this. The same approach proved also effective with regard to our class-mates and other friends, once a few tentative probes had satisfied us that what was as good as established fact for us in 1952 (such as orbiting satellites, or the exploration of the nearer planets) was utter hogwash as far as they were concerned.

In short, ours was not the Messianic and chiliastic urge to spread the scientifi-fictional gospel. On the contrary, we were quite content with being the only one in our acquaintance to get such kicks out of the stuff, although at that time we would never have dreamed of using such language. But it cannot be denied that we bided our time, prepared to make the world pay for its ignorance and indifference. Here again it must be said that, if at all, we thought of it in slightly different terms then.

The opportunity took some time in arising. Although we set about it with all due speed, it was not until several years later that we had completed our formal education, had found a thoroughly satisfying position we loved (which is not the same thing as a 'job' in American terminology and philosophy), and had become, at rather a young age, reasonably successful as junior executive.

Slowly and oh, so subtly we could begin to unfold our Great Plan.

Looking back now, it was not really so difficult as it seems today, and we do not mind at all giving the gist of it to as qualified an audience as the one we are addressing. Our task, of course, was somewhat simplified by the fact that the term

'science fiction', let alone 'fandom', is unknown in this country to any but a tiny handful of aficionados, and surely no member of the Educated Class will be caught red-handed knowing what it means. However, such minor matters need not stand in the way, and we are convinced that anybody who has followed us thus far can muster sufficient technical know-how to adapt our method to their own specific requirements.

This is how we taught Them their Lesson.

Firmly based on the status we had acquired (for this very purpose, to be sure), we began to build up an Image of science fiction fandom that was calculated to fill our unsuspecting victims with Awe and Admiration, while at the same time giving us the time of our life.

We start, of course, quite unobtrusively at lunch or after a business conference, by casual references to some friends of ours who had been conducting ion-exchange experiments in the research laboratories of an American manufacturing concern that had just been mentioned in our discussion on the possibilities of the Yankees underquoting us for a certain project in the Far East. - This opening gambit is best followed by some eye-catching measures, among which we will only mention having the "American Journal of Orthopsychiatry" regularly delivered to our office, or having our office book shelves stacked with scientific volumes of incomprehensible, and thus awe-inspiring, titles, or letting ourselves be seen knitting our brows over a French edition of "Einstein et La Crise Spatio-Temporale", comparing it busily with a copy of Gamal Abdel Nasser's "Philosophy of the Revolution" in Arabic.

It does not take more than five weeks until the rumours have spread to the extent of making it imperative for our colleagues etc. to acknowledge, if reluctantly, that there must be something to it. At that point we permit ourselves to be overheard while asking the operator for a connection to the Max-Planck-Institut, or a person-to-person call with Werner Heisenberg, which we have to cancel immediately afterwards in view of urgent engagements. As an aside, we observe that this can be repeated several times with different audiences.

Some time later, we arrange for a suitable number of appropriate witnesses, and await the phone call of our friend Jürgen, who wants to tell us that he can't make it to the floor show tonight because he is broke. However, we boom a hearty "Hello, professor! Fancy that --- I'd been intending to call you this afternoon ..." into the speaker, and do not mind at all that our friend Jürgen has cradled the receiver with a vacant look and pale cheeks. We go on unperturbed:

"... now listen, Werner, you know as well as I do that this Unified Field Theory of yours isn't yet what it should be ... You just can't use it in its present shape in your new science fiction fanzine ... All right, all right ... We can talk it

over next weekend at my place ... regards to Emma ... hahaha ... it's Louise now, is it? ... hahaha ... 'Bye!'

We look apologetically at our colleagues from Accounting and Market Research and remark offhandedly, "Well, boys, we all got our hobbies ... science fiction fandom or bowling, what's the difference?"

And with that stunning blow we take our leave.

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It would be unfair not to issue a word of warning to anybody who want to adopt our method of dealing with mundane types. As rewarding and uplifting as our system is, it has, like all truly brilliant ideas, a slight snag. It can get out of control. So let us caution you against ever, under any circumstances, spilling to anybody in your wide-eyed audience anything even remotely like the real McCoy about this fandom business. And never, absolutely never, give them a fanzine to read.

The results will be disastrous.

We know. We did once, and now look where we are. Just re-read the opening of this article, and you'll realize what a mess we've made.

There we are, stranded with two bloody neo-fans as big-headed and egoboo-thirsty as they make 'em. And the worst of it is that Gamal is dead set on holding the 1967 World Con right in Cairo ...

ooOoo

EDITORIAL cont. from p. 2

In what little space remains us for this Undertaking we shall endeavour to expound our Policy. We hasten to make clear that the most notable innovation will be the application of the principles of economics to the production of this fanzine as well as to its distribution. Taking into account the new postal rates and a weight of 80 grs./m² for this high-grade paper, our slide rule decreed that future issues of TEE will either have 30 or 50 pages, depending on the available material. For maximum efficiency, either of these figures will be the exact number of pages. As for material, we are cordially inviting contributions of the faanish, satirical and preferably cynical type, although merely brilliant pieces would also be acceptable. To reassure Andrew K. Main, we would assume any reasonable guarantee that this magazine will not become sf-slanted, though we might not be above mentioning the subject now and then. - One of the highlights of TEE has been the truly international letter column, and we shall closely watch for the response to this issue which - heed us well - may influence us towards Cutting Down our mailing list. Publishing a regular fanzine with a circulation of 200 certainly is a wonderful thing, especially with electric gadgetry to help you, but it still does take time - and that is a rather high-priced commodity at our end. After all, we are also owners of two German-language amateur publications (KAEZZA and KOT D'AZUR, as if anyone cared), we like to lead a somewhat extended Private Life, and we tend to indulge in several intriguing, if somewhat trying pasttimes. Incidentally, we also work for a living.

Apart from the letters, all contributions thish are by Germans; all of them members of the new insurgent apa RARE, the only apa now on the continent. Sorry, Mike Deckinger: your article will appear nextish.* Best (in frenzied hurry), Rolf.

First article from Bébé with the original
"Errors Of The Pen"

how to interpret me

Not an article

Hel Klemm (after correcting the "clerical errors" in my last contribution:

"Sometimes I really understood what you wanted to say."

July 7th, 1962 - Skyrack:

It has been a long-standing generalisation that fandom and religion don't mix, but from California comes the news that The Church Of The Brotherhood Of The Way has been incorporated according to U.S. law. It aims to spread its Brotherhood to the entire human race, says Patriarch William L. Donaho who is supported by his Council of Elders, Dick Ellington and Danny Curran. This is a bona fide legal church ... etc.

July 8th, 1962 -

Burkhard nero Blüm

6844 Hofheim, 8-7-'62
Jakobstrasse 17
West Germany

Patriarch
William L. Donaho
1441 8th Street
Berkeley 10, Cal.
U S A

My patriarch,

just I received SKYRACK 44 and read about The True Faith, represented by The Church of the Brotherhood of The Way. It always has been my greatest desire to find The True Faith in fandom uniting The Whole Race of earth's highest developed animal, men, and lead it to its True Destination.

I am sure that Our Faith (I hope you will permit me to become a member and use the term 'Our') is The Only Right One and the basis of a new mankind, the basis of the happiness of the whole race.

The slogan Fans Are Slans will become true - fandom will be the fertile soil of The New Mankind. Fandom will rule the world and unify poor struggling mankind. It will lead mankind out of error and bring all men the Light Of Perception.

The True Faith will make active fandom's latent powers to serve humanity. It will demonstrate that fandom always had a destination. It will demonstrate that fandom overcame its teething troubles and ripened to maturity.

Please show me too the easiest way to Our True Destination, Tell me how to become a member of The Church Of The Brotherhood Of The Way.

I would like to establish a German branch of the Church and lead Germany to The Way.

Yours faithfully

sgn.

(A note aside: when I, some three weeks ago, received the letter of a girl-friend, who was in the usa for a year, and read "Allmählich wirst Du doch noch erwachsen und mature. Or aren't you 'ripe' yet?" ... I finally got the difference!"

July 22, 1962 - stencilling SFT 29 (free translation)

(after the translation of Ron's news to German) "... There is, at least in english-language fandom, a 'Unity of the Way' but nevertheless I can only interpret this as the greatest hoax of anglofandom, trying to mock the some 315 us-american sects and possibly also those fans who still hold the opinion, religious feeling a. sf resp. fandom are compatible. Hm ... no comment now. I wait for more details from Bill and will report about, if he replies."

(In the meantime: He did not do so.)

Time-travel to:

January 12, 1962 - Rolf C. Gindorf (very free translation)

If your remark "... " once again was one of your disturbing outbursts of irony, I have to admit with not-petty-humiliation that I understood this irony only with a certain effort and that it therefore - for me! - lacks the prickling-caustic-well-aimed that it--again:for me--ought to have. This, besides, I noticed already earlier: that for others (also for me) it's not always sound enough, when you want to be ironical; somehow then your punch line isn't understood ...

October 10, 1962 - reading Skyrack 46

Anyway, as a result of your announcement. I have been written into Coventry by Bruce Pelz and we have received a very far-out letter from a fan with stuff in it like 'The slogan Fans are Slans will become true -- fandom will be the fertile soil of the 'New Mankind' and 'I would like to establish a German branch and lead Germany to The Way.' Yes, well we have our troubles.

December 6, 1962 -- writing this thing

So do I.

October 6, 1962 - visiting Rolf U. Harder ...

I also mentioned this letter, but obviously Rolli Gindorf once again thought dirty things when he looked at me, because:

October 17, 1962 - Rolf C. Gindorf (too free translation)

And then you poor devil speak about "despairing ironical efforts"! O Burkhard --- that I'm not the only having difficulties to get you therewith lately proved Skyrack. Of course I speak about Bob Lichtman's letter reporting about the "Brotherhood of the Way" - and his indignation about the (fortunately un-named) German fan who has written him silly. I have no doubts that you've been the same person, and that poor Bob didn't get the - I quote you - "despairing ironical effort" you undoubtedly aimed at, but took it at its face value. O si taciisses ...

December 6, 1962, again -

Question: Did the two sentences Bob quoted contain that much mistakes that he knew me - or can one really not follow me?

yours truly,

Burkhard 'nobody ain't diggin' me' Blüm

GENIUS, anybody?

by Rolf C. Gindorf

Haven't you lately been told that you're a Real Genius? You have? Well, we suspected as much, and if we were you we'd sure as hell sue whoever said that for libel ...

But we're getting ahead of our story. To begin on an apologetic note, we feel compelled to confess that this article is dated. As a matter of fact, it was written one afternoon in August 1961, in answer to a request received from someone named, if we remember correctly, George C. Willick. Aside from netting us the promise of six consecutive issues of (we believe) PARSICKION, the only real good it ever seemed to have done was inducing Master George to discontinue publication, for which we frankly can't blame him.

"You can choose any subject you want", our editor-to-be had been a bit rash to assure us, and since he had made it perfectly clear in a previous letter that he highly cherished (aw hell, he just dug it, like!) serconism we'd had no doubt at all that he expected us to submit a Genuine Serious Constructive Article. Well, we trust we have a Reputation for just that; so instead of urging you to take whatever follows as serious as you can manage we'll just remark that it will cost us considerable effort and self-restraint to copy our original ~~work~~ oeuvre without passing some comments on that famed hangout of upper-class fans called MENSA. A friend (well ... an acquaintance, anyway ...) of ours is a Member, and we got some real inside dope --- But this will be another story.

Ever since Cled Degler announced that "Fans are Slans!" - and some time earlier still, we suspect -- an amazing number of fans have tended to regard themselves only very slightly, if indeed at all, below the genius level. Of course, one had learned to be suitably sophisticated about it and not to state the obvious too often, but casual remarks of the "but-then-my-IQ-is-a-mere-143" type were far from uncommon in fanzines. You may well imagine what shattering impact such stunning demonstrations of intellectual superiority were bound to have on ... well, let's be polite and call them simple ... types like us who knew perfectly well that never, never anybody in his right mind would dream of applying the label G*E*N*I*U*S to them!

This, then, purports to be a little inquiry into the nature of genius, written for and on behalf of that section of fandom which, like the seventy-five per cent. of an unselected American population analyzed by Wechsler (and the results of an analogous Stanford-Binet test closely correlate with the Wechs-

ler figures), fall within or below the average IQ-group of 90-109, on the admittedly rather remote chance that at least a few of you might take a personal interest.

While our American cousins have taken an unquestionable lead in psychology and quantitative psychometry (they tell us that today any American grade school kid with a copy of READERS' DIGEST can test his parents' Intelligence Quotient, Social Stability Factor, and General Sense of Togetherness), some rather interesting research into quantitative evaluations of certain phenomena and sets of phenomena have been done in Europe. In particular, the branch called pathography - the psychiatric analysis of famous men's lives as collected in the works of Lange-Eichbaum and Kretschmer - has shed light on one of the most intriguing problems of mankind since Socrates taught that madness was not necessarily injurious and destructive, but had brought about instead the greatest achievements in Hellas ---: the problem of Genius.

In an essay of this title, Gottfried Benn, distinguished German physician-philosopher-poet whose prose is on a par with Nietzsche's, clearly recognizes that there is no such thing as 'absolute' genius, or extraordinary creative capacity, as the nearest translation of the German term 'Genialität' is. Much as Benn's philosophical position is objectionable (e.g., his acceptance of metaphysics, or his - alas! - rhetorically brilliant attack on what he terms "the all but orgiastic finale of modern positivism's relativation of time and space"), we do agree with him when he describes the genius as a sociological phenomenon created by society --- and in most cases not contemporary society.

What, then, is a genius like?

Combining Benn's observations with those of Kretschmer, Lange-Eichbaum, Binder, and Birnbaum, we can have a look at a rather well defined group of some 150 men who have been raised to genius status by what our politicians like to refer to, on certain occasions, as the 'Christian Occident'. Subjecting their life histories to a little closer psychiatric scrutiny yields some highly interesting results:

suffering from pronounced clinical schizophrenia:	Tasso, Newton, Lenz, Hölderlin, Swedenborg, Panizza, van Gogh, Gogol, Strindbergh
from latent schizophrenia:	Kleist, Claude Lorrain
from paranoia:	Gutzkow, Rousseau, Pascal
from pathological melancholy:	Thorwaldsen, Weber, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, Rossini, Molière, Lichtenberg
from poisoning mania:	Mozart
from suicidal mania:	Raimund
from hysterical attacks:	Platen, Flaubert, Otto Ludwig, Molière
Died by paralysis:	Makart, Lenau, Donizetti, Manet, Maupassant, Schumann, Nietzsche, Jules Goncourt, Baudelaire, Smetana

of artereosclerotic idiocy:	Kant, Gottfried Keller, Stendhal, Linné, Böcklin, Faraday
of suicide:	Kleist, van Gogh, Raimund, Weininger, Garschin
homo(not bi-!)sexuals were:	forty
asexual all their lives:	Kant, Spinoza, Newton, Menzel
addicts to drugs were:	
(opium)	Shelley, Heine, Quincey, Coleridge, Poe
(absinth)	Musset, Wilde
(ether)	Maupassant (who was pathologically addicted to alcohol and opium as well)
(hashish)	Baudelaire, Gautier
(alcohol)	Alexander the Great (who died of his excesses), Socrates, Seneca, Cato, Alcibiades, Septimius Severus (who, alas, passed away while in delirium tremens), Caesar, Muhammad II, Steen, Rembrandt, Caracci, Barbatelli Poccetti, Li T'ai-po ("the great poet who drinks"), Burns (why, Alan!), Gluck, Schubart, Nerval, Tasso, Händel, Dussek, Gottfried Keller, Hoffmann, Poe, Musset, Verlaine, Lamb, Murger, Grabbe, Lenz, Jean Paul (the dipsomaniac par excellence), Scheffel, Reger, Beethoven (who died of alcoholic cirrhosis)

And this little schedule, mind you, is far from complete. Almost all of our geniuses were unmarried and childless. If they did have children, an abnormally high percentage of them were idiots. Only Schiller, Herder, and half a dozen musicians are known to have led happy married lives. Numerous geniuses were physically mis-shapen: Mozart had crippled atavistic ears, Scarron had no legs, Toulouse-Lautrec was paralysed from childhood, and many are the hydrocephalic geniuses, those sporting prognathic criminal jaws, neanderthaloid foreheads, and idiotic offspring. We are faced with a pandemonium of stigmatizations, paroxysms, sexual variants, anomalies, fetishisms, and what-have-you; with geniuses who died their hair green or cut off an ear in order to pay for a visit to a brothel; with army leaders and poorhouse inmates, adolescents and hermaphrodites ...

'Mens sana in corpore sano', indeed! Are there really any sane and healthy geniuses?

Of course not. There can't be.

The sad fact of the matter, supported by all the available mass of statistical evidence, is the painfully clear correlation between genius and degeneracy, or deterioration. Which inevitably led to what is known as the Two Fundamental Laws of Geniology:

- 1) 'Genius' is a specific form of pure degeneration coupled with productivity. This is shown conclusively by its hereditary position and its occurrence in the generation sequence at a time when quite clearly psychopathic-degenerative factors appear in the phenotypes.
- 2) 'Genius' is a psychological complex, of which the psychopathic element is a necessary factor.

Gentlemen, you might as well face it. GENIUS is synonymous with creative madness, with illness, with degeneracy! If that's what you are telling yourselves you have, you're welcome to it.

There isn't any reason for us mediocre brutes (a term for which we are gladly indebted to Ken Cheslin, as he will no doubt remember) to envy the slannish fans with their 140-plus IQ's, bristling with Intellectuality and Serious Constructivity, and wearing a wild look of Determination and Missionary Zeal on their oh, so sophisticated faces ... They're nothing but living torches, with a psychopathological inferno raging within them that would make Dante's place feel as cozy as kindergarten!

We at least, dumb though we may be, are sane and healthy! And that's the thing that counts ---

--- or is it?

Inge Hartmann, 34 Göttingen, von-Bar-Straße 19 (whom I had taken to task for her attitude towards 'politics' as expressed by her comments on that 'Nazi'-article of mine) wrote me to explain that her aversion against what she called 'politics' was due in part to certain personal circumstances. She then went on:

"Please don't think I'm as dumb and bigotted as it may seem from my comments in TBE. You of all my friends know well that I don't take life simple at all; it's just that so far I did not care about these things - which I'll admit was wrong. I know that your criticism is hard, but justified, and it made me think. I know that this is just what you intended, because you realized I couldn't keep silent about it. Right?

Maybe you can't imagine it, Rolf, but I just don't know the first thing about politics or any political views. Maybe I don't want to, either; I'm not sure myself. You know, basically I am of the ridiculously antiquated opinion that females should keep their hands off politics. Don't laugh; I know it's very old-fashioned, but just the same I don't think I'll ever take more than a cursory interest in these things.

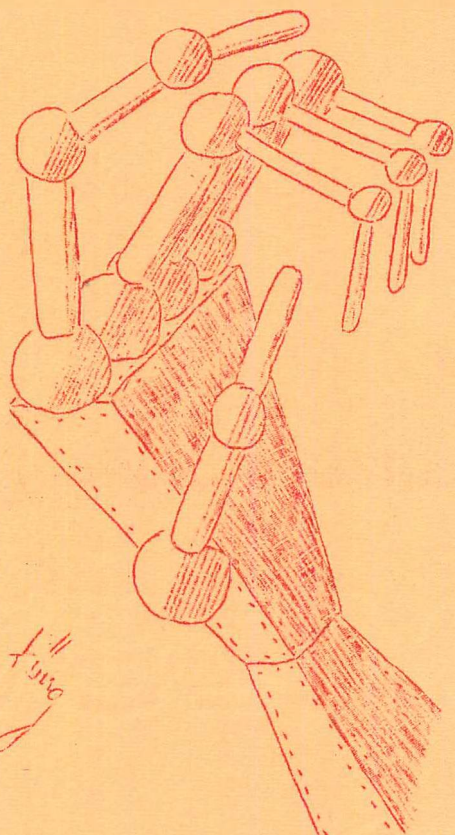
Since some time ago I am legally of age and a full citizen; at the next polls I am supposed to vote. Should I base my decision on who has the nicest campaign poster?

Tell me: what shall I do?

For the rest, I don't object to such topics as you wrote about being discussed in fanzines. But I would not like to see such matters dominate - which seemed to be the case in the previous issue ...

Could you possibly translate and publish part of my letter in the next issue of THE BUG EYE?"

-RCG-



a dozen times every hour for three or four weeks, I finally found a way to shut him up. I told him how D.H. Lawrence had called it the most pornographic poem ever written. I never did understand clearly Lawrence's reasoning but I must have sounded authoritative.

I think the letter that you quoted in this latest issue from me accidentally comments on the article by Thea Grade to some extent. Most of what she says is quite accurate, as far as I can determine, and I'm not going to quibble about small points, on the grounds that I'm not that deeply immersed in the subject matter. About half of the time, I feel as Wim Struyck does about governments. The rest of the time, I have more social consciousness, but still retain the knowledge that I'm not forceful enough in personality or brilliant enough in intelligence to be able to do or say anything of importance in the subject matter.

Mike Deckinger might have expanded his article considerably to cover elevators that have become famous in fandom. There was the one that got a half-nelson on the head of Mrs. G.M. Carr at the second Chicon and the one that had an operator who turned out to be an unknown but extremely energetic fan at another convention, the Nolacon I believe, and the most recent cases of the elevators at the third Chicon which

had to be ridden twice, first down and then up, to get from one room to another on the same floor under certain circumstances.

Your letter column was highlighted for me by the contribution from Biff Demmon. I turned back to it three or four times while I was reading the last few pages of the column and found it just as funny and as full of exactly right words for the context, every time I reread it. It was instructive to note the violence with which one or two of the American fans responded to your last issue, and the fact that their strong opinions obviously caused them to forsake their usual care as readers and critics. ((Hi there, Dick Luppoff.)) Betty Kujawa's had particular interest for its notes on the radio station sending war information to Germany. This is the first time I've seen anyone claim in many years that such a station existed in this country. But during World War Two I'll bet there wasn't a county in the entire nation where at least one family wasn't under suspicion. A dairy farmer back in the hills west of here was the local target for spying rumors. He had come to this country from Germany as a boy, still had a slight accent, and didn't mix very much with the neighbors. That was all the public needed to assume that he was guilty. There was nothing whatsoever to the charges but people haven't acted friendly to that family to this very day. I always assumed that there were none of these secret stations at all during the war, because of the difficulty of transmitting something as easy to monitor as the usual shortwave frequencies.

Otherwise, I'm struck by the complete internationalization

of fandom that's evident in your letter column, with Japanese fans contacting those in Europe and telling about it in an English-language fanzine published in Germany and read by persons in most parts of the world. A very good issue, all around.

A2C Richard W. Brown

Hi, there;

Ginsberg's Howl was a very good bit for a strictly minor poet; but American poetry is still waiting for somebody with the voice and power to tell us What It All Means. Robert Frost is Getting On In Years, to put it politely, and though possessing the inside of old age, and occasionally showing a bit of light on the human situation ("It Is Hard Not To Be King, When It Is In You, And In The Situation."), lacks the power to be a truly Major Poet. As a matter of fact, I can't think of a Major American poet; Poe was far too tinkertoyish with words, and Dickson said some memorable things in a memorable way but not with the strength they should have been, and Whitman slobbered; and after that there were so many Schools that claimed that theirs was The Only True Way that American poetry has become, virtually, a madhouse, where it should be a bulwark of sanity. Occasionally someone (but always Minor) stands up to say something, and say it well -- Sandburg or Marquis or Ginsberg or, even, sometimes, Patchen -- but their voices are soft, they don't carry very far, and they are lost in the madhouse babble. A Major Poet, a truly Major Poet, might change all that -- and, even if he didn't, he would be nice to have around, just for the sound and beauty.

But I started off to say something about Howl and ended up saying something about American poetry. My points were going to be two-fold: 1) Ginsberg could have legitimately used "freight wagons" which sounds a lot like your Frachtwagen except in the "w" sound. I expect he used boxcars because he liked the sound of it -- and, though it's a matter of tastes, I like it better that way myself. C'est la cotton-pickin' vie, as Bjo says. 2) While Howl was, itself, a fine poem, a brilliant protest, most of Ginsberg's other works have been, in a word, crud. (You certainly don't include America and At Apollinaire's Grave in that, do you? I liked America even better than Howl.)

To Thea Grade's article I would like to add one other sentence: "That, also, is how the United States got its start." Other wise I have no comment. Oops, just looking at it I thought it ended on page 6, but I see it went on as far as page 9 and I do have another comment. Understand, of course, that this comment is as an individual, not as a military representative of my country. Her comments about nationalism and the choice falling "on the most national minded party WITH a strong 'Führer' (nazism in Germany, fascism in Italy and Spain.)" prompt me to compare it (as I always, invariably do) to the U.S. Because I can almost see Kennedy in that light; I am still deeply bothered by his statement, "Think not what your country can do for you; think what you can do for your country," and the (to me) obvious fact that it's nothing more than a sugar-coated version of "The state owes nothing to the individual; the individual owes everything to the state," an old fascist doctrine. I tell you quite sincerely that I have no country-loyalty, I have in fact, only ideal-loyalty; and, bit by bitter bit, I see the U.S. slowly dropping these ideals and losing the freedoms that were once seen to be self-evident; so that, if I should ever feel that it has reached the point of no return, where no personal freedoms are any longer allowed, where the ideals are all words and no actions, I will (as calmly as I can, and as hurriedly) leave it all behind with no more qualms than that it was the hunk of a rock and dirt that it is, for without, the

ideals, the U.S. means nothing to me.

Not having seen Rolf's original article, I don't know where to place him. I tend to think, though, that it would be in the Right, since Inge Hartmann, who is against it, is wrong. The Truth is the Truth, and trying to pretend it isn't (or wasn't) there won't change it a hair-breadth. Germany was morally at fault during the war as were a good portion of the German people. (Where was their ironclad knowledge of Right and Wrong when the Jews were being taken away, even in ones and twos? An injustice to one man is an injustice to all.) As to what should be done about it now, the answer is simple: Nothing. Or nearly nothing. Very little can be done now, and nothing can be done to undo what has already been done -- even Eichmann couldn't die 6,000,000 times. And a whole generation of Germans have grown up since that time -- a generation that cannot, under any circumstances, be held responsible for or made to suffer for the sins of their fathers. (The bible says otherwise; but I don't place much stock in it.) I'm not saying Forget It -- because it's not the sort of thing a man of conscience can forget. But I really cannot help but think that injustices have occurred from the other side, and, screwiest of all, some of the injustice has been aimed at the side that enforced it (I'm thinking, particularly, of the Nuremburg trials, the fact that most of the men there got life or near-life sentences and that almost all of them have been released); and I cannot help but wonder if there is anything a German or the German peoples can do about this. What, I ask myself, if I had been born in Germany instead of the U.S. at the time I was? I was born in 1942; that would make me scarcely of kindergarten age by the time the war was over. What could I, personally, do about the situation which had gone before? What should I do? Should I do anything? Could I or should I be held morally responsible for what had happened? How much "penance" would I have to suffer before Americans and British realized that I was a human being, with a heart beating blood just as red as theirs, and a mind just as capable of wanting to live and striving to live and with the ability and worth continue to live? At what point would they realize, I might wonder, that they too possessed this thing they called a "Germanic trait" -- the British, in their attitude toward the Indians (and read Exodus if you're interested in finding out how the British, oh-so-distinctly different from the Germans (or so they claim) treated the Jews on Malta), and the Americans (many of them) with their attitudes toward the Negro's; and, given much the same situation, they would have reacted, despite their claims, in much the same way? I think there might be a great deal more understanding, if others would think of this.

Don Ford says a lot of things, and a lot of the things he says poorly. I agree with his statement, "The basic desire I have grown up & am accustomed to is the acquisition of things for myself & family...etc." and especially with the statement, "In a society which would provide these things for me, I wouldn't work at all unless they made me. I want something I can call my own." (But from the tone of other letters, I can see that he probably misinterpreted what you said.) The only difference between Don and I, I would say, is that he is sure he lives in the society where he is allowed to make this profit, and I'm not so sure. For not only do I see signs of Creeping Fascism in the U.S., but the sounds of Creeping Socialism as well. And both are just as evil to me. Today in the U.S., for instance, if a business man raises his prices he is a "greedy profiteer" (of course it's never mentioned that if the price is unjustified people should decide so and not buy it), if he keeps them the same he is "against progress" (and probably doing it so as not to pay his workers more), and if he lowers them he is "trying to create a monopoly and creating unfair competition" (the fact that



he might be able to do it better and cheaper doesn't seem to fall into consideration these days). In line with the "greedy profiteer" bit, it's amusing to me that unions, of course, are never considered to be so -- why, they're working "for the betterment of the people" ...and strangling the

business man, who provides work for these people, in the process.

I believe one should be tolerant and friendly to one's inferiors provided that one's inferiors are willing to be equally tolerant and friendly to you. Otherwise, incompetence and incompetents have sway over the ideas of genius, idiots can tell wisemen that the moon is green cheese and make it stick.

Yes, Les Nirenberg, yes! Well, nearly yes, anyway. As I've said, I'm patriotic to my ideals -- not to my country, except in and where it lives up to them.

Your attitude about Berlin is a confusing (croggling's another dandy word that comes to mind) one to me. West Berlin happens to be the blackest eye the Communists have; comparing East to West Berlin, the merits of the systems espoused by both sides, it's a glaring example of which is more profitable and the better way of life. Maybe I'm just a buffoon who has been duped by those Wall Street Lakeys I'm always hearing about, But I had always heard the we were in Berlin (specify West, mr brown; yes, West) because the West Berliners wanted us to be there. I think, however, the determination that is being shown, both by the Germans in West Berlin, West Germany and the U.S. is a good thing, or even a Good Thing. The common attitude back home is, "why should good, clean-cut All American Boys be sent out there to fight; why don't we just let them fight for themselves, and if they lose say to hell with them?" This, I think, is a Bad Attitude. And I'll even tell you why. Because, as proud as I am of my contry's accomplishments, I do not think it could put up much of a fight against all the rest of the world. And if we stand by, and let the Communists gobble up the world, piece by slow piece, that is exactly the situation which will ensue. I think the U.S. needs its allies as much (if not more?) as they need it -- "together we stand, divided we fall," etc. As to its being "easier to fight Communism in some 'underdeveloped country'" (I grok the dig, by the way -- 'underdeveloped country,' when actually Germany has the economy in Europe, even better than the U.S., in that there are more jobs than workers, yes?) ~~((yes))~~ you are quite wrong. It is easier not to fight at all; but sometimes not wise.

Jhim Linwood, in merry old England, talking about how it is "free" and "democratic" whereas France, Spain, Portugal and Turkey are not. All well and good, but he will have to define "free" and "democratic." I mean, every time ol' Bertie Russel makes one of his bomb protests, he gets thrown in jail in merry old England, that balwark of democracy and freedom. Right, Jhim?

I agree with Gary Deindorfer; German girls are...well...they're pretty utterly, tha's all I can say. Pretty damn utterly. //AF 19846261, 36th TransRon, APO 132, U.S. Forces//

ANDY MAIN born, 1820B Hearst Avenue, Berkeley 3, California, U.S.A.
Dear Helmut:

The Fansurgents sound quite a bit like the Fanoclasts. (RIP); I'm glad to hear of such a group existing in Germany, being the faaanish anti-sercon fan I am. And along the same lines, here (right here sitting in a chair typing a letter to Helmut Klemm, smelling the delicious stew that Bill Rickhardt (a Good Man) is cooking in the kitchen, and hoping that same Wm C R is finished with it soon) is one fan who doesn't look for more stf-slanted material in TBE. I like your zine the way it is, as a worthy successor to CACTUS, in my mind at least -- a foreign fanzine that is actually interesting, without all kinds of dull, boring crap about Science Fiction -- most stf-slanted writing in fanzines is real crap, and would be best left unpubbed, in my opinion. (←That may all be well and good, but I don't want to be considered a "worthy successor to Sture Sedolin. I don't want to have anything to do with that guy.→)

Tsk, tsk, Language Nationalism! I used to think that certain of the various languages I have some small acquaintance with were suited to particular things, ie one was good for singing and another good for technical writing and another good for poetry and Schitte like that, but after thinking sensibly about it all for a while, and reading some Mario Pei (well-known linguist, prof at Columbia, and one of my personal Ghods), I've come to the conclusion that such thot is rather pure Balderdash. Each and every language has potential beauty, and the ability to express in its own context a great range of emotion and especially imagery; languages cannot be compared in this respect, as there is simply no common ground on which to base a comparison. Who is to say that a certain expression in French does not evoke as much horror or any other kind of extreme reaction as the same expression in German, despite the relative differences in harshness or softness, flatness or sonority of sound? The Frenchman certainly wouldn't; he thinks in French, lives French, and has infinitely more association with a French word than with a German one, association which serves to build a context within which his reaction to the word is created. The difference isn't even on a linguistic level, but is more on a personal level -- because of unconscious associations, each word in every language means a different thing to each person using/hearing it. I think, live, interpret and react in English, so naturally the word "boxcars" is going to mean more to me than "Frachtwagen"; I dig the sound of "Frachtwagen;" but that is simply because I happen to get my kicks out of digging the sounds of languages -- and I find most of them equally interesting, depending upon my particular subjective reaction to the kinds of sounds I find in a language. It really makes very little difference where an artistic movement (such as the part of the "beat movement" you're undoubtedly referring to) has its genesis; poets will make good use of their language only to the extent that they're good at communicating in linguistic (either vocal or written) terms, irrespective of which language they happen to be using. All languages have an approximately equal potential (ruling out aboriginal grunts -- I'm speaking of languages advanced enough to have developed abstract expression, poetry and the like) for expression, since they're such a subjective thing anyway; poetry depends upon the poet's ability to transform his subjective impressions to the extent that they can be dug in a context common to a number of people. This is quite difficult to do, and even the best poetry probably doesn't communicate very much of the simon-pure, original thought of the poet; translations of poetry can be considered more the translator's work than anything else -- they're not the poet's work in any case, since he didn't think in the language he's translated into. Like, Ginsberg wrote "boxcars", not "Frachtwagen."

Hey, somebody ought to undertake to teach foreign fans about the Fine Art of the Use of Semi-colons ; The semicolon (;) isn't much used in other languages, but will appear often in correct English. Unless written by English fans; somehow it would seem that there is a general tendency toward run-on sentences (otherwise known as comma faults, or 37X) in England, at least judging from the amount of such mistakes that one sees in British fanzines. At any rate, be it here known: between two independent (i.e. able to stand on their own feet as whole sentences) clauses, one must have either a comma plus a conjunction, or a semicolon. Till exemple: from Thea Grade's article: "...me, I deeply suspect this benefit, in my opinion TBE would be far better off without me and my words!" Now, since "I ... benefit" and "in ... words!" are each independent clauses (they could be made into separate, grammatically correct sentences simply by changing the comma to a period and capitalizing the "in"), it is necessary either to add a conjunction ("since" or "as" would work fine in this case) after the comma, or change the comma to a semicolon. Hell, I didn't learn about this until the 11th (next to last) year of high school, and then it took me a long time to learn correct usage. I had to learn it, as my teacher was a real stickler on run-on sentences; so now I'm particularly sensitive to the mistake.

Another thing along the same lines: In English the exclamation mark is used much more sparingly than in German, peoples -- the great number of exclamations in such articles as Thea's lend an air of ridiculousness to an otherwise serious piece of writing; if an English-speaking person spoke in the way the article is written, other people would consider him rather a Loudmouth, because he'd be continuously shouting his head off, even about the most unimportant things.

So much for today's lesson in English syntax.

And how's this for some real nit picking: I should think it would be much more effective if you were to underline emphazied words rather than out-spacing them -- w e l c o m e looks a bit silly, esp. as compared with welcome.

I dare anybody to call me SerCon.

In this same context, I would do well to note that my English has become somewhat lax in the past year; I never was very careful with the grammar and syntax of my fannish writing, and after having been out of school for a year, I'm doing rather badly. In other words, don't do as I do -- do as I say.

Now for the content of Thea's piece (Oh, what I said!), since I've taken her English to pieces. (I'm not going to write in German until I get good at it, so don't look forward to being able to do me a similar disservice.) I'm told Hitler was elected by a plurality, rather than a clear majority, which fact (if true) would seem to indicate Something Or Other. Dammit, I had several pages of pretty good comments on Gindorf's piece, as I remember -- too bad they got stolen. Oooh...glurg...Thea, please look up "accept" and "except" in a dictionary and note the difference in meaning, which is considerable, despite the nearly identical pronunciation. Hey, wait a minute -- I rather doubt that it is necessarily true that "...a new kind of government VOTED into power will always be a totalitarian system." Of course, this depends upon what you mean by "new kind of government"; a parliamentary form of government could be voted into power present senatorial system, or our republic could be made into a democracy by peaceful means. But other than that, I dig what Thea says, and dig how she says it (although it leaves me with a feeling of having been yelled at for 5 minutes). I pretty well gave up on politics some time ago, having decided that nobody really gave much of a damn except those who stand to gain on a personal basis from the manipulation of people en masse, i.e. the politicians (I don't consider going out and getting myself killed without long-range effect to be "fighting"), I'll try to stay out of their way and live my own life.

Andy Main bem cont./

Rolf Gindorf, will you fix your shift-key? It seems a real sin to type out such a work as the Ginthologie with a faulty type-writer.

Wellsir, I just read completely through the issue, and find it quite good, better than I'd expected. In line with all the talk about Naziism, I would mention that a few years ago, through the auspices of the Santa Barbara Film Society, I saw a print of Triumph of the Will, the Leni Riefenstahl documentary about the 1932 Nürnberg Nazi Party Con, from which most of such pictures as "Mein Kampf" and like productions have been made. I must confess that although I was scared and revolted considerably by the whole thing, something in me was stirred by the tremendous power of the film, the complete identification of thousands of people with The Will, the uniformity and regimentation that, instead of subjugating the individual, gave each and every individual the feeling that he was The Will. I think it would be interesting if Triumph of the Will were released generally in place of such anti-nazi films as Mein Kampf; since the latter condemns the nazis wholesale without showing why they succeeded, and thus why they could succeed again, given the same or similar conditions to build upon. They're gradually working in their power in this country -- not the American Nazi Party, which is mostly a joke, though sometimes a painful one; but the counterparts of the same fools who accepted the Nazi movement in Germany -- here they're doing so not so much because of an economic depression plus inferiority complex, but because of a feeling of paranoia and the resulting isolationist tendencies -- the shortsighted in this country see Communism as a menace to their freedom, but fail to see how they are abridging that same freedom in their efforts to fight Communism. A particularly good example of this kind of thing is a proposition currently up to the vote in California -- the controversial proposition mc. 24, which would make it possible for any judge or court to declare an organization "Communist" and enact punitive legislation, and would also force all teachers to appear before the HUAC and answer all questions they may be asked; the logical extension of this would be a compulsory loyalty oath for all teachers. It is my opinion that when a government has to depend on a loyalty oath, which is a pointless thing anyway, since any really disloyal people can lie, it (the govt) is admitting a weakness which would seem to indicate that the only proper thing for the government to do would be to resign en masse and call new elections, in the manner of governments run on the parliamentary system. In other words, the government is baldly misusing the power granted it by the people in order to keep itself in office against the wishes of what seem to be, judging from the government's reaction, a sizable minority or maybe a majority. Another example of the trend toward Police-State type control is the candidacy of Richard M. Nixon for governor of this state; his platform publicly proclaims that if elected he will establish what amounts to a mild reign of terror against any and all who disagree with his rightist, regimentational point of view.

Tha may not altogether correct in claiming that economic pressures are exclusively to blame for revolutionary changes, but I would submit that there must be some which serves to excite the people in general before they can be moved. People will naturally take the easiest way out of everything, and that easiest way will always involve perpetuation of the status quo unless there is some extraneous circumstance, like a national inferiority complex, economic depression, or national paranoia having to do with some menace which must be real in the first place, even if considerably built up as the anti-Communist paranoia in this country is built up way out of proportion to the real menace. (I do not mean to say that Com-

Andy Main bem rides again/

munism is not a grave menace; only that those parts of Communism which most American rabid-anti-communists choose to fight are the parts which are bound to succeed no matter what happens, and that the way the fight the menace is extremely unrealistic and doomed to failure. We're pulling gradually out of the Middle Ages, so those who base their fight against Communism on the superstition and myth-riddled christian dogma that was just fine a few hundred years ago, but is being seen through by more and more people nowadays, are doomed to failure. Also those who choose to fight Communism by strengthening American bulwarks against the outside world, instead of fighting it on its own ground by appealing to the natural desire of poor and starving people to become rich and affluent, are doomed to failure.)

Rolf, I think, accomplishes considerably less in his article thish than he could have if he'd taken a different angle of attack on the problem. Attacking Inge and Jhim in this ad hominem fashion doesn't really prove any point -- it only serves to show them that they are in a minority of people so obviously dense that their points of view need not even be refuted, but only held up in the limelight for public ridicule. This is an excellent political tactic -- making those who disagree with you seem ridiculous, but it will not make them change their opinions, and it would seem better in this case to seek the latter objective. Frankly, I'm rather disappointed in Rolf for his treatment of these letters -- it shows rather less good sense than I thought he had. I will say again, however, as I said in the letter that was stolen, that I enjoyed Rolf's original article last issue quite a great deal, and agreed with all of it that I can remember.

Mike Deckinger is even more pointless than usual, although his style seems to be getting smoother. Now if he only had something to write about. I'm surprised to see him in a German fanzine, though; I remember his saying one time in n'apa that he hated "all Germans".

The "Letter to the Editor" I couldn't quite figure -- did it have a point to it, or not? (I dunno, obviously not) It was mildly amusing in places at least -- which is usually hard for somebody not writing in his native language.

Speaking of Hitler's speeches, I remember one scene in Triumph of the Will, wherein some thousands (maybe tens of thousands -- it looked like that) of people were standing in perfectly orderly rows in the seats and on the field of a stadium that looked larger than the Los Angeles coliseum (capacity: 100,000; it was strange to go there one day for a LA Dodger game and see over 60,000 people there -- my home city is only about 60,000). The stadium had at one end a tremendous nazi-eagle, all lit up and impressive looking, complete with Swastika; under the eagle, which must have been fifty feet high if it was a foot, was a large block of granite, between fifteen and twenty feet on an edge, at least. On the edge of this block were a few little microphones, on little stands. Herr Göbbels came out to the edge of the block, looked about at the thousands of straight, immobile people, raised his arm, and shouted, "Sieg...!" And thousands upon thousands of people answered, holding their arms rigid at exactly the same angle, "Heil!" He did this a few times, and then was replaced by the small man with the mustache, who was always photographed from below in the film, to give him the stature he naturally lacked (I am told). He proceeded to make a speech. The whole spectacle was rather overwhelming.

About nazis in Sweden: the only name I've heard connected with fandom is that of Georg Sjöberg, who, I am told, gafiated from Stockholm fandom upon being accused of being a nazi. Ray Nelson just came over, and said he is very much inclined to doubt that Sedolin would go into this thing for anything but a Lark (en lårka); Ray knows Sture rather well, and says that he mentioned these nazi

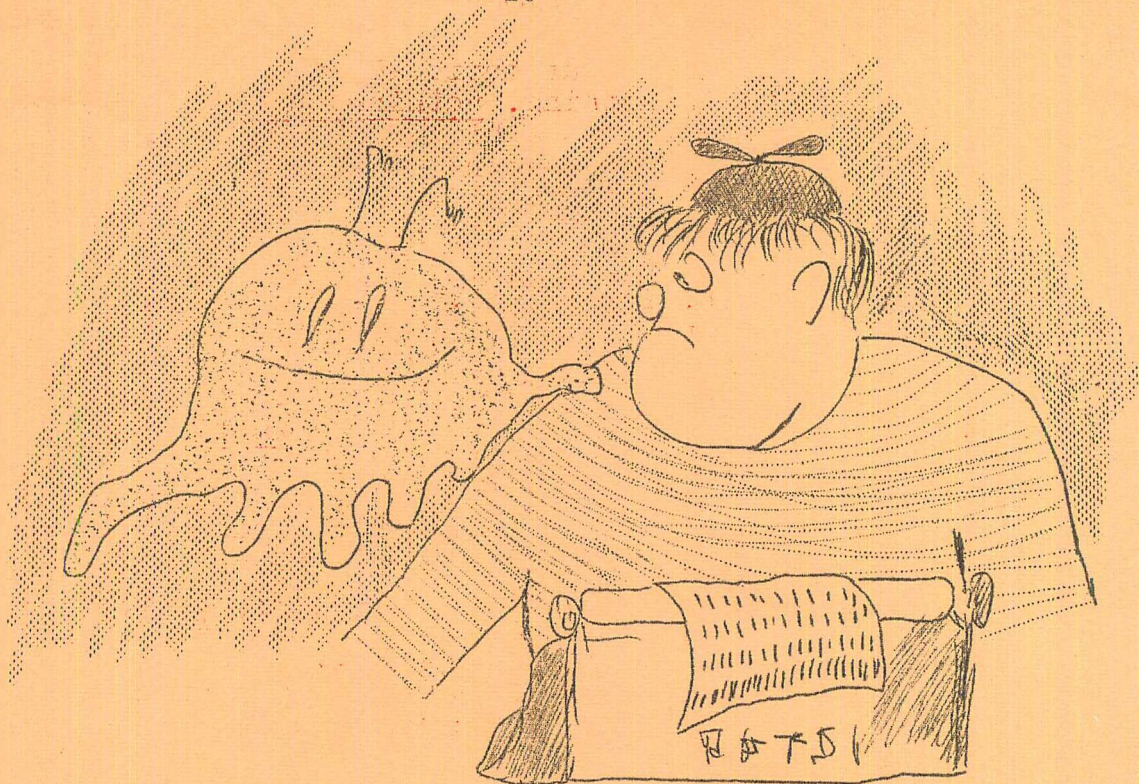
Andy Main bem cont./

affiliations to him at times, but obviously thought them to be a tremendous joke. ~~((There is nothing, nothing at all to joke about that!-hel))~~ I remember that I was a bit shocked to discover Sture's pro-nazi opinions back when I was corresponding with him (he was my earliest lengthy fannish correspondent -- some may note a connection between that fact and the syllable that has become appended to my name in fandom); but in the light of the fact that he was born, and partially raised, I gather, in Finland, as a Swedish Finn (the latter tend sometimes to be a little Way Out in various directions, I gather), I think his feelings are understandable, if a bit unrealistic.

I see Don Ford is again blathering away in typical right-wing fashion. Good Lord, to think that we sent that to England! While I basically agree with his point of view, or at least come closer to agreeing with him than to agreeing with the Communists, I take issue with the way in which he presents his opinions. He uses all the loaded words and phraseology of the standard Robert Welcher. Oh, faugh! It's been at least 175 years since any Americans, other than Negroes (ask Don about them sometime, and then stand back) ~~((...I just took your advice, and dug out an old copy of FOOKA...I MAY VOMIT!-hel))~~ were indentured servants or revolutionaries or any such thing. Rebelliousness is not a hereditary thing; the modern heirs of the treasured revolutionary American outlook are the people whom Ford and his ilk are trying ruthlessly to suppress right now -- i.e., the Socialists, Ban-The-Bombers, anarchists, IWW, Communists, and so forth. American Rugged Individualism was a great idea, but it's pretty well vanished in present day American society. Of course Ford didn't understand what you said; he's a member of a large and growing group of Americans who react like bulls to a red cape when they see the word "communism" -- ~~((especially if it's written with capital C.....-hel))~~ they have a programmed reaction, like a computer, that takes over despite any and all logic or sensible thought, and when they see the Evil Word, they start spouting ideas that they themselves do not understand, attacking something which they also do not understand. The only reason why we here in the USA do not build walls to keep our people in is because we happen to be the richest nation on earth, and practically nobody in his right mind would want to leave permanently (that 'practically' in there is to include people like me, who want to leave anyway); we have, however, a very effective set of walls to keep other people out.

Hear, hear, Buck Coulson! It seems that one would often find that the leaders of a political movement which appeals to people's sense of deprivation have never been themselves in the deprived situation they make such good use of. Then again, it is only natural that the leaders of a revolutionary movement would tend not to be Downtrodden Workers -- to be effective leaders they'd have to be smart enough not to remain downtrodden workers long, even if they started out that way. In fact, it is obvious that they don't remain workers -- they start living off them instead. So far as I've been able to tell, the only fans in Scandinavia are in Sweden, with one or two in Norway -- the Finnish edition of Galaxy didn't last very long, despite the fact that the US Ed kept the Finnish ed on its back cover for quite a while, along with a number of other defunct foreign editions (the English one is the only one still operative, I think). I'll have to widen my contacts in Finland and see what I can find. If anybody else knows about any fans in other Scandinavian countries beside Sweden, I'd like to be told about them.

About cats: I've never been much of a cat-lover, and indeed this is the first time I've ever lived with any cats. Bill has four of them around here -- Necco Sanban, Heathcliffe, Ha'nt, and Johann McSorley Bleep. The latter is currently occupying most of this chair, so that I cannot lean back in it without crushing a small kitten.



Andy Main bem still hard at it/

I don't know quite why, but these cats are the nicest cats I've ever had occasion to know, and I find myself liking them quite a bit, although I'm basically a dog man by nature.

Hell, Deckinger has always been pretty square, basically, Hel; where've you been all this time.

I rather doubt, as I have said, that there is such a great connection between fandom and fascism in Sweden as Linwood believes. And I don't know where he gets this stuff about fandom being allied with fascism before the war here in the USA; as I hear it, the Michellists were Communist-orientated more than anything else.

Deindorfer's comment to Locke is Classic.

Yeah, me too; I dig German girls. Hell, I was once in love with one, back in the 10th grade -- a naturalized US citizen, but German born and raised, one Gisela Steinhoff, daughter (I'm told) of Wernher von Braun's right hand man, both here in the USA, and back in Peenemünde days. Wow, is all I can say...

Yeah, I remember there was one funny little kid in my high school who was a Collector of Nazi Relics, and there were rumors around that he was a member of some small mildly neo-nazi group (probably mostly concerned with parading around in antique uniforms); this was not surprising in one of the strongest JBS areas in the country.

Wasco, California, seems to turn out a consistently good fan-nish product, and in amounts usually unheard-of for such a small, out of the way burg (being in the San Joaquin Valley is tantamount to being in the Midwest, and I wouldn't wish that on anybody); Kris Carey talks very well for such a young type (high school age, I assume).

Wim Struyck: Why don't you answer BHIS? Also, I rather doubt that the Dutch were in the same economic/social/psychological position as the Germans after the last war, so of course Hitler's rantings wouldn't move them much. I mean, there is no reason why a Dutchman should be moved by talk - or yelling - of German supremacy.

Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon's letter was the best, tho not up to vintage Demmon.

Larry Crilly: Agreed that wars and such are a matter of politics; it isn't sensible to hold grudges, because the whole thing is so pointless in the first place. It would be more sensible simply to refuse to fight when the Leaders tell one to do so.

COLIN FREEMAN, Ward 3, Scotton Banks Hospital, Ripley Road, Knares-
borough, Yorkshire, ENGLAND

Dear Hel,

I was most interested in the discussion resulting from Rolf Gindorf's article "The Germans, The Nazis, The Jews -- and I", although I felt more than a little frustrated because I had not received TBE 10 and had therefore not read the article itself. However, the comments by fen in your lettercolumn were so explicit that I was able to conjure up in my mind the main points of the article. This was confirmed a few weeks later when Panic Button arrived and - wonders upon wonders - there was printed Gindorf's original article.

I found the article an extremely interesting, objective, constructive, analytical piece of work. I certainly disagree with Jim Linwood's opinion that it was "a mixed-up guilt-complex loaded piece of self-justification" and I easily believe that he "didn't quite follow the meaning after reading it three times" as he admits. Perhaps he should have refrained from comment until he did manage to follow the meaning. I could discover no guilt-complex in Gindorf's article - and quite rightly so. I did detect such a complex in the letter written by Inge Hartmann, but perhaps this can be blamed onto immaturity on her part. I cannot possibly imagine why any young German should feel guilty about events that occurred when he (or she) was a baby or not even born. However, I do think it important that German youth should recognize and be able to face up to the guilt of Hitler and the Nazis, and the complicity (or at least apathy) of the majority of Germans during that period. Both as an Englishman and a Jew, I feel some relief, and hope, that Gindorf and yourself and many others are able to do this. I only hope that there are not too many like Inge Hartmann. She is playing at ostriches and it is just that game that landed us all in trouble the first time. The important thing now is to ensure that a similar thing does not occur again - and it is necessary to appreciate that this was a lesson for the whole world - and not just for Germans alone.

Congratulations to you all for dealing with the subject so objectively and unemotionally.

I feel that a little too much emotion has crept into Les Nirenberg's letter. As a fellow Jew I resent his implication that all good Jews are supposed to hate Gentiles. Admittedly there are a few such fanatics, but they are a small minority indeed. I appreciate that Les is a cynic but I feel that such remarks would be better not put into print. I also find it difficult to believe that many Canadians hate the Americans and British - not rational Canadians anyway. With my warped sense of humor those remarks by Les are such that I might have made as a joke - but not in the middle of a serious letter.

I think you misunderstood one of Wim Struyck's remarks. I believe he was saying that the pro-French Dutchmen rarely liked the Germans, whilst the pro-German Dutchmen rarely liked the French.

I place Communists into two distinct categories. Those who believe in the ideal of Communism and think that the Russian people are as good/bad as any other people. I can understand and sympathize with this type of Communist even though he has failed to realize that the Communist ideal is almost impossible in practice. The other type is anti-west and believes that Communist leaders can do no wrong. This latter type is dangerous. ((That may be; but on the other hand, the strong anti-Communist type who thinks west ~~dictators~~ leaders are always right is even more dangerous.-hel))

WIM STRUYCK, Willebrordusstr. 33 B, Rotterdam 11, HOLLAND
Hi Helmut,

Thanks for Bug Eye 11. Yes, I did enjoy it (again). Say, are you serious? You are NOT a Sc. F. reader? (Except for the (literary) 1984, Brave New World and such. Not On The Beach?). Of course I did

read those too, and many others of their class. How many Sc. F. did Mr. Wells write? I read them all. But apart from those "classy" ones, there's a lot to be read, before you arrive at Vargo Statten. As a matter of fact, one of the sorrows of my life is that I just haven't got time enough to read everything I want to read. As soon as it will be possible I'm gonna move to Mars. The days and years are longer there. On the other hand I never felt the urge to publish a fanzine or write articles. (Once I tried my hand at some stories. I still regret the time misspent on them).

Thea Grade says several things very nicely, just as I would have liked to say them. And I'm sure she says them much better. However, I still maintain the People in question and their character is very important and that different nations have different people. You remember I said that "der Führer" wouldn't have got a chance in Holland. (Maybe some religious fanatic would? No, I don't think so, either, but he'd get the Dutch at least sooner than a political Führer). You say, you didn't find any differences between our people. Because, of all things, you visit Venlo. (Venlo is Limburg.) Now don't you know that to every Dutchman a Limburger IS different. Even to his taste of music and humor. I worked in Venlo, (Carnival) and in other Limburg places. We actually have to change our repertoire (much more German music than we are used to play), but, and that's worse, we have always troubles in finding out what we will need, and how to get it. Because, what's popular in Venlo (and the rest of Limburg) is very often quite unknown in our parts. People here just don't like that kind of music. The same with Carnival. Nowhere is there Carnival in Holland, except in Limburg and a bit in Brabant (next to Limburg). The Limburgers say "the others", because they don't know how to enjoy themselves, are too stiff. Of course I can't agree with that. I practically make my living from all the parties given here. (As a musician of course ...) ((Ahahahahaha!)) But people here like a different kind of fun. Personally I never saw the fun of a Carnival. Neither one of my fellow musicians. To us, the whole thing looks crazy, and if we didn't get money for it, good money, we wouldn't think of participating. And please don't tell me now that Dutch people from other parts do go to Limburg during Carnival. Of course, there are exceptions. And besides, I'm afraid that many of those visitors do go with the hope on "easy loves". And not for the real Carnival idea

This is, of course, only one aspect of the difference between Limburgers and the rest. In its worst aspects, the two can't stand each other. Here you hear Limburg of ten spoken of as "the dark South", and what the Limburgers say of "those above the rivers", well ask them.

About those holiday goers I talked about, you didn't get me right. What I meant was: Dutchmen who like to go to France, generally don't like it very much in Germany, and Dutchmen who like it in Germany, generally don't like the French so much.

And as a parting shot:

What I always liked about fandom with its correspondence and even personal contacts, is the thought that it may help to see those differences between the nations, to learn, to understand them and respect each other's views. Everywhere there are good people and bad people. Let's try to find the good ones, eh?

BRUCE ROBBINS, 90 Stoneleigh Court, Rochester 18, New York, U.S.A.
Lieber Helmut!

I do want to comment on this Futura Fantasia thing. I don't know whether it is good or not, not having read it -- but I will say that a \$ 20 price tag doesn't guarantee quality. Bradbury is famous now (an understatement!), and there will always be someone who'll pay fantastic prices for his early, rare stuff. (good or no!) The best comparison I can think of is James Boswell, a 16th century English

writer, all of whose works in his original handwriting just cluttered an attic in England 50 years ago. His relatives were just as happy with burning them as giving them away, which they did. Even though only the highly specialized scholar finds any interest in the tedious things, a laundry slip with his signature would (and does) sell for \$ 3,000 to "collectors". If you ever read any Boswell you'll quickly see the fallacy in the argument supporting the idea money (high price) = quality.

BERNIE MORRIS, 420 Memorial Drive, Cambridge 39, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

Dear Hel,

"The English and French delegates did shit on the floor, and tearing the Treaty of Serville into strips with such merriment did wipe their backsides with it, seeing which the Spanish delegate withdrew from the conference."

Which is a pretty crude way of beginning a letter, especially in an international fanzine. Ahahahaha. But since you seem to like the Beat stuff I thot I'd give you some, this little beauty is from William Burroughs' "In Quest of Yage". There is some worse stuff by Your Hero Ginsberg, but I can't seem to find it at the moment. Rough. I too wish that the Beat movement had started in Germany, and stayed there! Like I mean for anyone who likes good poetry, me, it is offensive to the taste buds. Tho much of it is funny as hell it is bad literature. If you want some good modern poetry may I suggest: Peter Viereck, Randall Jarell, Richard Eberhart, John Ciardi, e.e. cummings, Kenneth Fearing, W.H. Auden, Dylan Thomas, and if you want to go further out try Ezra Pound and T.S. Eliot (but for ghodsake don't try The Waste Land).

Now that the John Birch member has stopped looking over my shoulder I can comment on the rest of your zine. So you went to a cell meeting. They certainly have a wonderful system, in theory. In reality tho, it is about as unworkable as Adam Smith's (I can hear Betty Kujawa screaming in the background). For that matter any pure system of government won't work in the Real World.

But everyone still thinks that life has Simple Answers. Especially some of your readers & contributors with their pat answers for Hitler's rise to power. Forgetting the obvious cranks like Inge Hartmann and Jim Linwood, most of the suggestions were not wrong, but none was wholly true. Guilt, hate, fear, oratory, Depression, the Leftist menace, the Rightist menace; add some water, stir, heat for seventeen years and wait. One time you get a Hitler, another an FDR, or maybe a benevolent dictator à la de Gaulle. And the living past is dead. And nothing is accomplished by an agonizing appraisal of The Bad Old Day, except maybe, just possibly, we'll learn this time. Learn why one country doesn't fold up and yell for a dictator during a bad depression while another does. Learn what gives Hitlers, Stalins, (and let's not forget Huey Long's) the power to wreck a country and damn near the world. Does this answer Inge? And the rest of you?

Thomas Schlück: So your school had an "Israeli-Week". How sweet. I have several other comments on this but they wouldn't get through the mails.

Buck Coulson: Yeah man, the Communist intellectuals are big on running off at the mouth when it comes to helping the downtrodden. Funny thing you mention it. In the latest (39) issue of the Realist William Worthy accuses the white liberals, that's you and me, of doing the same thing. And he's right dammit.

Les Nirenberg: You have hit the nail on the head. But...not all love is based on hate. There is a love of country that has nothing to do with the "I'm better than you are", jingoistic type of "patriotism" of Hearst and the bhoys. You can't live in a limbo forever.

Jhim Linwood: Wake up. There is damn little freedom in the world on either side. If you want all nations to observe the Jeffersonian ideal you're on the wrong planet.

Dept. of whimsey: I just remembered this little thing from the Twilight Zine 4, since I'm copying it verbatim please pardon the phoney accent. (I did not write it)

Pardon me Chancellor, are there any nazis left in Germany?

No, und I tell you why. Ve haf organized special groups who vatch all der people to make sure dat dey is not nazis. If dey tink dot someone is a nazi dey break into his haus und drag him off to special camps dot ve haf built. Den ve confiscate all his books and burn dem so is no possibility to spread der propaganda. No, der is no chance of naziism in Vest Germany. ((Thank you Bernie, thank you for this letter, and esp. for the little gem above. At least there are some Americans who clearly recognize the danger of Adenauer and his semi-dictatorial-government.--hel))

RICK SNEYARY (FOR TAFF), 2962 Santa Ana Street, South Gate, California, U.S.A.

Dear Helmut,

The article by Thea Grade is exalent. The views are very well expressed and certainly in agreement with what little I know. ---I am not a very good student of history, but I can't think of a revolution in a major country that has lead to democracy. The reason it would seem to me is that it requires a very strong leader to carry off a revolution, and run pretty dictatorally. And with the exception of Simon Bolivar, few leaders have ever thought the revolution was safe enough to relinquish power. (Bolivar did, but the men he trusted turned into tyrants too.) The American Revolution, was not really a revolution, as it wasn't started out as a fight for freedom, but for equal rights. They wanted the same democratic rights (few though they seem to us now) that the British had at home enjoyed..

It seems to me that the longer a form of government prevails in a country, the greater resistance there is to change, as long as it meets the needs of the people.. The feeling of the older generation of "that is the way we always did it."

Burkhard Blüm: Very few fans write this feeling up as an article, but I think a large majority of them feel it. In my own case most of my writing has been in the form of personal letters, but still I have felt the effect. I have learned a great deal about myself and my opinions, from re-reading my own letters. Explaining why you believe something to others, often helps one to organize and understand the reasons he does believe these things.....And of course fans and fandom make the ideal sounding board for expressing ideas and opinions.. They will listen to almost anything, with a fairly open mind, and then stomp your idea to fudge if they don't agree... --- I think the ability to grow, is one of the things that marks a real fan--and the help fandom gives, one of its best reasons for being.

Another advantage or reason for being for fandom, is the degree of understanding possible, as a result of free wheeling conversations. This understanding takes on a double importance when it relates to fans in different countries.. And this is the main reason why Inge Hartmann is wrong in not wanting to talk about the bad old days. Though I wouldn't want to dwell on the subject either. -- Jack Speer in his Westercon speech of last year, spoke in part of a fan's responsibility to the world.. At home he should use his higher awareness of the past and present to at least vote wisely.. Internationally though, he thought we should do what fans do best; make friends. Every contact we have with foreign fans, means just a little better understanding between people.. And, if we talk only about science fiction and fandom, we are limiting that understanding.