



# THE CHARLOTTAN

ICE STATION

The pages you are now holding in your hand comprise CHARLOTTAN #1 (pun intentional) They stem from the typer of that bloody Clot and waitinglister Len Bailes of 1729 Lansdale Dr. Charlotte, NC. Never dreaming of the crud he was to unleash on SAFS Fred Patten franked it in. It owes its origin chiefly to the fact that I've just bought a new mimeograph and am d\*y\*i\*n\*g to try it out on something. It is ordained for the 67th mailing of SAFS and is Excelsior Press Publication #3, Bailesania 11. Too bad the whole mag couldn't be a colophon. They're so easy to write.

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EDITORIAL  
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I figured that if I typed the word editorial, sooner or later I'd have to think of an editorially thing to say being to lazy to reach for the corflu and erase it. My thanx to Bruce Pelz who offered (after I asked him) to run this thing, but now that I've got my own mimeo if I follow my policy of Less Work for Mother and OE's I couldn't put him to all that trouble. The machine, by the way is an AB Dick handcrank closed drum model which I picked up for \$50. I think I got a remarkably good buy on it. It looks like it's worth a hundred, easy. As to the quality of repro, you know better than I do at this moment.

PLUG DPT.

Together with Arnold Katz, I edit a Genzine called Excalibur. Those who have seen past issues may shudder at its very mention, but with the last issue, it has finally become, in my opinion at least, semi-respectable. I think that most of you SAFS are on the mailing list or an N'APA. Anyway, be it known that we desperately faunch for art and good articles and/or columns. We use fan fiction too, but lately I've been getting a fairly low opinion of same. So if you get a copy between your paws howzabout an LoC or contrib or something. (I hope this hasn't been a terribly vulgar plug on my part.)

I hope nobody minds a waitlister "butting in" as it were, but even from the vantage point of #8 on the wl, I still feel like a part of SAFS and have the urge to contribute my babblings. There, I guess that's enough self depracation for one editorial. Now I can get back to my arrogant loudmouthed, ~~bigheaded~~ (well, that too, probably) self.

I was, in case anyone cares, a New Yorker up until a month ago. Moving to North Carolina has had its good points AND bad ones. The good points are...are...wait a minute, there must be something good about it. Well, I was able to join SFPA... Er, maybe we'd better move on to the bad points, like being forced to live in a fannish wilderness and not being able to get any of the new pb books and leaving all the free paper and stencils I'd been procuring from my High School and things like that. The scenery and climate down here are nice anyway. Shoveling snow all winter can get to be a drag. Oh yes, and they have the Lensmen series in the library and all sorts of old stuff by Kline & Burroughs and all the old geezers that I've never read before. See, I knew I could think of one nice thing to say. (maybe the Chamber of Commerce will give me a medal)

IKZII IS COMING!

and so are the mailing commens

# 13 A 13 13 J. I. N. G. S

comments on the 66th Mailing

DIE WIS--(Schultz) Did you join the Cult before or after the Street-Car hit you? Maybe it was just retribution.

CONFIDERS--(Ballard) I have two suggestions for the symbol of the Diagon: A beer bottle surrounded by cigarette smoke or a copy of GOD comics. The latter I think is better; the former could symbolize almost any con. Tho it might sound square on my part, I'd like to see someone set up a no-liquor party at the next Worldcon. There are some fans (or at least one--me) who feel left out at some of the beer-drenched shindigs because they are the only ones left sober. I know what you mean about car accidents. On our way down here from New York we drove a stretch of about 100 miles over sheer ice. My mother kept muttering to my father to put on Snow tires or at least skid chains, but he ignored her. All of a sudden we were on a merry-go-round. The car spun around three times, right in the middle of U.S. 1. This was especially nice, as there was a huge moving van directly behind us. When I saw the beady little headlights bearing down on us I thought, "Well, this is the end of the string." but somehow, at the last minute, the thing managed to swerve and pass our top like spin without mishap, much to the regret of fandom in general and probably several apas in specific. So you see, it does pay to look over for those car gizmos, tho in this case it was better not to, as it has given me an excuse to waste a paragraph or two. Have any of you ever had the experience of the end floating right before your eyes? It's an unusual feeling to say the least. (see how cleverly I worked a comment hook in there)

MIRAGE--(Chalker) On the face of it your editorial SOUNDS logical, but just like JWC you've made several faulty basic assumptions. There are more types of "Fanatical Religionists" than you have enumerated. There is such a thing as one who believes wholeheartedly and yet still respects the rights and privileges of others. In fact, if one does believe wholeheartedly in one of the Judeochristian theologies as opposed to the Evangelistic Hippocrite one is at the opposite pole from what you call a "religious fanatic" The same goes for atheists. A perfect example is Forrest Ackerman. I would say that he is as devout a disbeliever as anybody yet again poles apart from your "Atheist fanatic" What you have done is attack the practices of some fanatics who use either point of view as a psychological plug for their mental dams. The portraits of the typical fanatic which you have painted do not equal the typical atheist or religionist (if such can be said to exist) Either doctrine is perfectly tenable on its own, and adherents to either may (and often do) "Know that they're right" without impinging on anyone. Agnosticism is not the glorious thing which you have made it out to be either. There may be some people who are earnestly seeking for truth with all their hearts and souls etc, and if they find peace or pleasure doing so than more power to them, but Joe Doakes isn't going to spend his life that way. He has to have some-

thing solid to believe in. Then there are other people who simply are more interested in finding out about us Mortals and as a result simply do not have the interest or time to pursue the eternal verities. I'm sort of an agnostic myself, but I try to keep skepticism and sarcasm out of my thinking on the subject as much as possible. As I've said elsewhere, I want to believe, but I'm not sure quite what I want to believe in. I suspect that you have heavy agnostic leanings yourself, and they show through what was obviously intended to be an objective appraisal. By the way, I enjoyed Mirage tremendously, especially the Keller and Quinn pieces, so let's part friends.

PLEASURE UNITS--(Eklund) Negro living conditions here in Charlotte don't seem to be that bad. Or at least not any worse than in Harlem. The Earthpeople also seem to take a fairly liberal point of view on the whole issue. There are no blatant displays of prejudice (or I haven't seen any at least) and I haven't seen any stores or Restaurants which exclude Negroes (Possibly the White Tower does, but I haven't been there, being a poor downtrodden student) Why did seeing all that injustice quench your freedom for all attitude? I'd think, if anything that it would make you madder.

That poem was written by James Whitcomb Riley, and the real title is "Little Orphant Annie" I could reprint the whole thing but I'm too lazy. If anyone wants it maybe next mailing...

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Gordon Eklund is a Dirty Breakfast Eater....  
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LOKI--(Hulan) Aaargh, Dave Hulan. You have put down my favorite hero. There's not much use in saying it again, but The Magician's Nephew should be read sixth, not first. There are several good reasons for this, the primary being that it is more enjoyable that way because you get the "So that's how it happened" feeling which the author intended when he wrote the book. It is not the characterizations which make Lewis's Children's Fantasies as delightful as they are but the power which he has to really call out emotion. I hereby go on record (and I'm not ashamed one whit) of going to the verge of tears every time I read the death of Aslan sequence in The Lion Witch & Wardrobe and of feeling joy after reading The Last Battle. Lewis has a way of not talking down to his audience and of achieving empathy. Some may object to the injection of the religious element in his stories, but I find him by far the most powerfully persuasive on a pure emotional level without bringing in blatant dogma. There have been incidentally, several excellent characterizations in the series. Puddle-glum is certainly memorable (or haven't you read THE SILVER CHAIR?) as is Reepicheep the Mouse. I could agree with you that literarywise they aren't the greatest books ever written, but I can't put Doctor Dolittle in near the same class. As Lewis's books struck a very deep chord in me which the Lofting series never did. Dr. Dolittle is light and fluffy so to speak; You read it and forget it. Edward Tager's books are far more humorous, in my opinion. I suppose a good deal depends on which you read first and what your background is when you read them. I never enjoyed the Winnie the Pooh series or the numerous fairytale volumes much. A series which you've left out altogether is the Mary Poppins books by Pamela Travers. Have you read them?

I'm sorry to see that you have dropped N'APA, we'll miss you.

MISTILY MEANDERING---(Patten) There is a book somewhere entitled 1001

Things You Can Get Fred. Were you by any chance the kind that always sent in the candy bar wrappers? I'll never forget the time I desperately wanted the Captain Video Rocket Ring. It wasn't like the Space Helmets or the Space Patrol Rocket with a hidden microfiche dossier or the Whistle only you can blow in that it didn't ask for money. I was in Kindergarten or 1st grade at the time, and the twofold attack of seeing the thing flaunted before me by several classmates (who were forming a secret society, natch) and being hollered at by that fat guy in the space uniform everyday (You remember, the one who used to stare out of the screen with a passionate expression during commercial and with great flourish unlock the secret cabinet) I almost went out of my mind. Every day he would stand there looking possessive and drooling a little bit and say Yummmmy yummm Power House candy bars offer FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY this (his voice would drop) s\*e\*c\*r\*e\*t Captain Video ring. He would then commence (after casting a furtive look over his shoulder) to reveal in depth the magnifying glass, the picture of the good Captain which glowed in the dark, the detachable keychain and all sorts of little gimmicks short of a portable beer opener. Why, you ask, didn't I immediately rush out to get one? My answer is my secret shame.

I Loathe Power House Candy Bars!

My mother had emphatically told me that I was not to buy them unless I ate them. Being conscientious and somewhat naive at the time I never considered buying them, throwing away the candy and PRETENDING I had eaten them. Finally the jeers of my classmates became too much to bear and I reluctantly bought the two Power House candy bars at the local Five and Dime. On the way home I ate one, and listening to the encouraging chatter of my companions (don't turn your head this way or I'll...) I ate half of the next. Finally one block from the house I stared at the remaining half of the candy bar. I searched my being for courage and recalled how much I wanted that ring.

I took another bite.

All of a sudden the ring was forgotten. Everyone ran in the other direction and I gave a performance the like of which has never been equalled. (or maybe only once; Ask Arnie Katz about the Spin-a-top at Freedomland sometime.)

The story has a happy ending anyway. Figuring I had earned the ring my mother allowed me to send for it. It lasted almost two whole days before it fell apart.

Oops! Hi Fred, that didn't have too much to do with MISTY did it? I agree with you that this year was a dud as far as novels go, and I would tend to favor Pyramid as "Best Publisher" Incidentally, what I meant by that mysterious mc was that Kent McDaniel also had the first initial of D. just to complicate the situation; thanx again for running them and helping inflict this little gem (no relation to GeM) on the membership.

MEZIDEE- (D. Pelz) Excellent conrep/trip rep (that isn't much of an mc but I did want to say how much I liked it) Shalar was entertaining as usual. The Elephant cartoons helped to enliven the issue. My favorite was on page 8 (don't jump for your mailings-- it was the one about putting the coke in the elephant)

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