

# dark star

number 1

Published for OMPA by Terry Carr







# DARK STAR number one

- 3 Mindrot, by yed
- 7 Speaking of Witchcraft...
- 8 Ompa Piaba, mc's by yed
- 19 Books yed has read
- 25 White Dwarf, mc's by Ted White

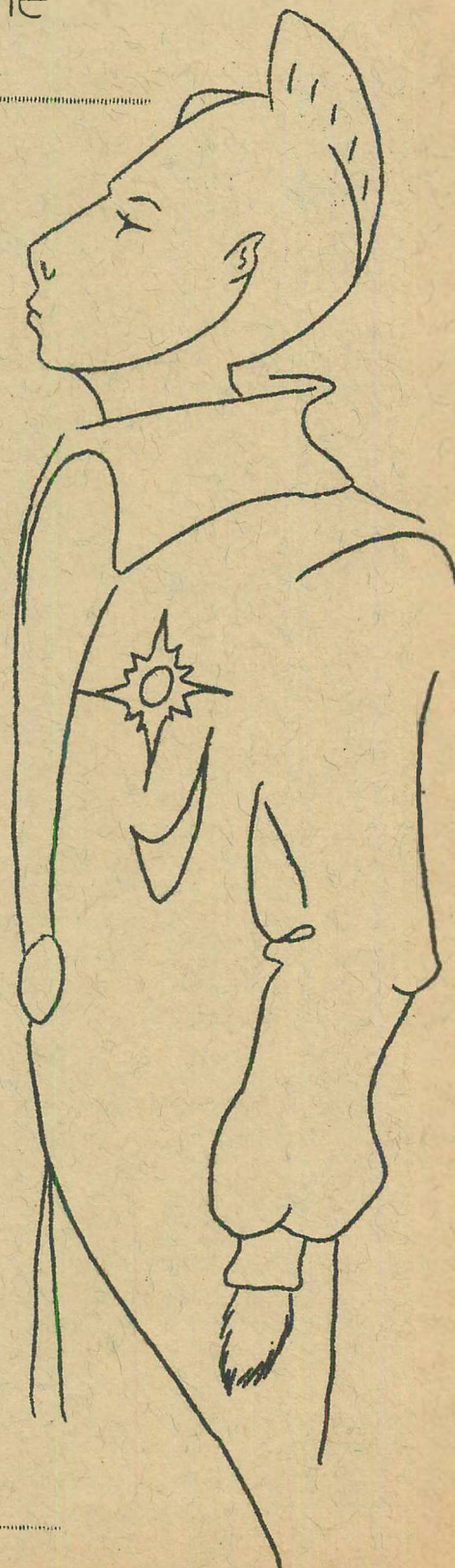
Cover by Arthur Thomson  
Bacover by Cynthia Goldstone

## Illos:

- 2 Anonymous GGFS member 1951
- 3 Andy Reiss
- 8 Denness Morton
- 9 Trina
- 10 Andy Reiss
- 11 George Metzger
- 12 Andy Reiss
- 13 Bill Rotsler
- 14 Ray Nelson
- 15 Bill Rotsler
- 16 Ray Nelson
- 17 Bill Rotsler
- 18 Bill Rotsler
- 19 Atom
- 25 George Metzger
- 26 Dave Rike
- 27 Alva Rogers
- 28 Bill Rotsler

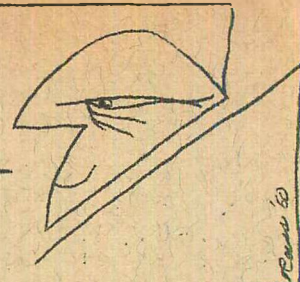
Initial letters, pp. 3, 4, 6,  
by TCarr 1952

DARK STAR is published irregularly for the Off-Trail Magazine Publishers' Association by Terry Carr, 56 Jane St., New York 14, New York, USA. A limited number of copies are available for trade, if anyone's interested. This is the June, 1962 issue, intended for OMPA mailing number 32, and the reproduction is by QWERTYUIOPress.





# MINDROT



HAVING BEEN IN OMPA FOR ABOUT TWO YEARS NOW, I'm beginning to feel sufficiently acclimated to air a gripe or two. It doesn't really matter in this context that I haven't contributed a helluva lot during those two years; the point is simply that I've read enough mailings to be sure that I'm not just jumping to conclusions on the basis of insufficient evidence.

One of the main things that bothers me about OMPA is the fact that so many of its members are apparently unaware of the difference between a comma and a period. Time and time again, while trying to read what is basically interesting and even well-written material in OMPazines, I have been brought to a grinding halt by examples of what Sid Coleman has designated (in Earl Kemp's SaFari) as Error No. 37X: the run-on sentence.

Now, to many of you grammar may not be a matter of concern. For my own part, I'm perfectly willing to overlook the usual quota of bad syntax caused by on-stencil composition: pronouns which don't agree in number ("There were a great many ways of putting an evil influence into motion, and most witches had their own favourite method..." --Bill Gray, VAGARY 15; "There's a third class, that repel me..." --Archie Mercer, AMBLE 9), sentence-fragments, and the like. When Walter Breen, in OLLA PODRIDA 1, writes, "I wonder how many beardlings are in OMPA? You and I, Terry Carr, Archie Mercer, Eney, formerly also Bruce Burn & Donaho (and maybe again), and who else?" I do not hit the ceiling just because he should have said "me" (though I was surprised to see Walter making such a mistake). I mean, what the hell...I've been reading fanzines long enough to know that they are not always completely polished works. And I make my own quota of fairly minor errors, I'm sure.

But every time I pick up an OMPA mailing my eyes are assailed by example after example of run-on sentences, and to me it is extremely irksome. Often, for instance, I have to struggle through Ethel Lindsay's natterings, being constantly derailed from her thoughtstream because her run-on sentences lead me onto dead-end sidings. I wouldn't bother to struggle through them at all if I weren't interested in what she had to say, but I certainly wish she would either learn to or take the care to express herself more coherently.

This is not merely a diatribe against Ethel. Let me hop through the mailing a bit and quote several examples:

"Individuals are the ones who should have rights, any delegation to higher authority should depend strictly on how that authority looks after the individual's rights." --Archie Mercer, AMBLE 9.

"Western-type perfumes are spirit based, why I don't know, unless it's the commercial angle - they are volatile." --John Roles, MORPH 26.



"Fancy putting the bricks in his dustbin, what he should have done is put the bricks in somebody else's dustbin." --Joe Patrizio, BINARY 1.

"Incidentally that book is well worth reading, it contains among other things one of the best arguments against a belief in God that I've ever seen." --Jim Groves, PACKRAT 4.

"Don't like spirit duper, tho' this TRIAL came out clear enough, they usually (the ones I've received) are too faint or smudged into unreadableness..." --Ken Cheslin, ENVOY 4.

"My, my, this bhoy has fake fmz on the brain, I look forward to the next ish of HAB from you, Ken." --Jim Linwood, THE SON OF THE FANALITIC EYE SQUINTS SIDEWAYS AT OIIPA.

"Once, when I had to go with a patient to this sanatorium I had been appalled at the noise, it sounded more like a zoo than a place where little children lived. The children's pent up spirits rapidly sent them wild, they learnt to use the tantrum as a weapon." --Ethel Lindsay, SCOTTISH 27.


There is a significant fact about those quotes: every one of them is from a British fan. We have a few 37X offenders in the States (Earl Kemp was the one about whom Sid Coleman originally complained), but by and large, even with the inadequacies of our school system, even the neofans over here know when to end a sentence with a period or join two sentences with a semicolon. This doesn't seem to be true even of the adults in England, and I wonder why. For awhile I thought perhaps a different sort of grammar is taught over there, but there are just enough British fans who avoid run-on sentences to convince me that that isn't the case. You don't find Walt Willis using them, nor Hal Ashworth. Nor, for that matter, does Bobbie Gray fall prey to them, and despite the fact that I quoted one example from John Roles he is an infrequent offender.

Perhaps also significantly, neither Bruce Burn nor John Baxter, who were as far as I know educated Down Under, have the 37X disease.

So what's the reason? Dave Rike several years ago advanced the theory that most English fans were from the lower middle class and hence not too well schooled, but since I know next to nothing about class structure in England (or anywhere else, come to that) I can't pursue this theory.

Instead, I'll throw the question out to the membership at large, particularly the English sector. Are you taught a different sort of sentence-structure than are we? Do the quotes above seem correct to you? Are they correct according to accepted British usage? If not, why do so many English fans make this mistake?

I'm quite sure that by now I sound like some sort of fanatic grammarian. I assure you that at worst I'm only a mild fanatic--but run-on sentences seriously bother me. Please answer my questions, won't you?



QUITE A LOT HAS HAPPENED since I last wrote anything about myself in OIIPA. At the time of the publication of DE-PENESTRATION 1, I was married to Miriam Carr, but as a lot of you probably know that's no longer the case. In June of 1961 we separated, and I moved to New York. I stayed with Pete Graham for a month or so until I could get myself set up; currently I'm living in an apartment in quaint ole Greenwich Village. (The rents here are particularly quaint: \$105 a month for



a 1½-room apartment. Of course, the fact that it's a newly-remodeled building with elevator and incinerator ups the tab quite a bit, but in general rents in the Village are high anyway.) I'm engaged again: her name is Carol and she's not a fan, though she's read s-f for years and is mildly interested in fanzines provided they're good.

And speaking of s-f, that's mostly what I'm writing these days. My sales in the field so far this year include four short stories to F&SF and a novel to Ace. I assure you that all of this delights me no end; s-f is an interesting field from the writer's side too and I find myself constantly thinking in terms of s-f ideas instead of fannish hilarity. I'm currently working two days a week, doing mostly typing and such at the National Advisory Committee on Farm Labor (a nonprofit outfit which agitates for better legislation for migrant farm workers, primarily) and spending the other three days of the week writing.

I suppose, since in DEFENESTRATION I wrote several pages of diaryesque notes on then-recent activities, that I should go on here and tell you a little of what life is like in New York. Well, let's see...

Night before last we called up Ted and Sylvia White and told them it was a beautiful evening and we should all go Do Something. So we talked of going to Coney Island, but Sylvia said she wasn't feeling well; eventually they said they'd come over and maybe by the time they got here we'd have thought up something clever. So awhile later the two of them showed up, and a few minutes after that Pete Graham dropped by with a can of soup. Pete lives over on the East Side and sometimes brings his dinner up here instead of going home; this was one such occasion. Anyhow, Pete sat there and slurped his potato soup and told us that he'd heard there was to be a Bach Party over near Washington Square. We set off in that direction, but as we passed the New York University students' building Pete suddenly changed his mind and led us calmly up to the deserted fifth floor, where a large, dark balcony overlooked all of Washington Square. We stood and looked down upon the barelimbed trees and out to the lights of Fifth Avenue leading into the distance, and were utterly gassed. Pete had bought a test-tube of Blackberry Brandy (it's the latest thing: you can slip it into your lapel pocket), and we each savoured a sip of this; on the fifth floor the noise of the city reached us somewhat more quietly than usual and it was as though we were nearer to the night sky, looking down on the city's nightstrollers.

After awhile we went down to the lobby and sat around in the lounge there watching the collegiate types. There's something very interesting about watching college-students when you're only shortly out of that group yourself: you can still understand the way they think and act, but your own context is so different that they seem like part of another world. It seemed there was a big dance being held that night, and the place was packed. I was bemused by the sign on the wall which said, "Occupation of this room by more than 992 persons is dangerous and unlawful"; on the west coast such signs appear only in elevators, but they're commonplace in New York.

Pete approached a guard and asked him where the dance was, and he was told that it was on the second floor and one got there by taking suchandsuch an elevator, but if one didn't want to pay to get in one went around to suchandsuch stairs. So we all went



around to suchandsuch stairs and found the dance in full swing. Shortly after we arrived a special show went on: a couple of Limbo Dancers went through their paces, mit der shaking und der wriggling under der pole and like that. It was interesting to watch, but perhaps even more interesting was the action which followed: a bunch of the college red-hots were called up to the stage to see if they could emulate the feats of the pros.

Perhaps I should explain, for the benefit of anyone who isn't familiar with the Limbo dance, that the pole bit consists of stepping rhythmically under a pole something like a high-jump bar. This is reasonably easy when the bar is five feet high, or even four feet, but when they lower it to three feet it's getting difficult: you have to go under without touching chest or chin on the bar and without touching hands or back upon the floor. One of the pros, I swear to Oogo, went under it at a height of one foot, without losing his balance and falling over backwards; he sort of moved like a snake, millimeters from the floor, one leg under, then another, then bending backward till his torso was flat above the floor and truckin' on through.

Well, the class officers and dance committee members did okay at the more reasonable heights -- they lacked the proper West Indian rhythm, but that's only to be expected -- but only one of them could make the three-foot bar, and he looked to be a Cuban anyway. But it amused us to see the red-hots showing off so ineptly: I never realized just how much I loathed college red-hots till I'd left college.

Pete Graham was in rare form; he wandered around looking terribly serious, calling, "Sally! Saaa-a-a-ally! I'm looking for my date; where is she? Saa-a-a-ally?" As Carol noted, Pete can pull this stuff off because he has a complete disdain for most people and hence goes through his schticks straight-faced, paying no attention to the stares he gets. After the Limbo dancing they held a raffle drawing, and Pete stood in the midst of the crowd shuffling his feet nervously and looking down at an imaginary ticket in his hand and waiting eagerly for the winning number to be called. When the number was announced he was crushed; he stared moodily at the floor and wandered disconsolately back to the rest of us, and suddenly took a card out of his wallet and threw it petulantly to the floor. Oh, he is a funny man, is Pete Graham; he fit right in.

At the end of the dance the announcer mentioned that the band we'd been hearing was that of Bob Stewart, and Pete's face was suddenly frozen into a mask of horror. Pete has known too many people named Bob Stewart in his life, it seems; he muttered, "Everywhere I go, he's there," and looked around wildly and ran out the door.

We followed him, and once outside decided to call it a night.



SINCE WRITING THE FIRST PAGE, I've talked to Walter Breen, who pointed out to me that the "error" of his that I pointed out on that page wasn't an error at all. Well, fine, I said: as I pointed out there, I'm no fanatic on grammar and I make my own share of mistakes. That particular goof can serve as an example. It's always best to give an example for a statement like that, and I seem to have provided an admirable one.

You needn't bother pointing out to me the two or three other errors of grammar in this zine. I've already noticed them, and if my corflu weren't so dried up I'd correct them.



## speaking of witchcraft...

"And here we come to the paradox inherent in the Church's entire relationship to Satan. For having cursed and outlawed him, the Church delivered the world into his hands. He made good use of it and we have already seen how his followers, persecuted and anathematized at every step, painfully, laid the foundation of the tremendous structure of modern science. Not only chemistry from the witch's cauldrons and the alchemist's retorts; not only medicine from the sorcerer's herbs; not only astronomy from the astrologist's magic pentacles; even mathematics had risen by the prohibited study of the devilish works of the Arabs and the Jews. But with the growth of science, thinking men came to realize that the Devil himself was no more than a figment of diseased imaginations. So it was left for the Clergy and the Church to remain Satan's only followers. Thus, in the trial of Charlotte Cadiere we witness the incredible spectacle of the Church proclaiming the power of the Fiend while the unbelievers, heretics -- all those who are supposed to be Satan's sons -- mock their supposed master. Satan triumphs in the monastery and the convent as he loses his grip on the secular world.

"By another irony, the scientists and doctors who had risen to command the natural world turned upon their humble origins, and it was their influence more than any lightnings hurled from the Vatican that caused the downfall of witchcraft and Satan's expulsion from the world of men.

"From the time of the French Revolution the Church's attitude towards Satanism has been ambivalent. It is no longer acceptable to proclaim the power of the Devil in the affairs of men, since science has banished the Fiend very effectively. And Canon Law -- which, by the way, still contains all the ancient statutes for the punishment of witches -- has been replaced by civil codes. But if one is to admit that Satan is a non-existent nightmare, one is tampering with the very basis of religious belief among the great Western sects. The pillars of heaven rest in hell. The problem is perhaps best summarized by Sir William Blackstone, the great English jurist. He stated: 'To deny the possibility, nay, the actual existence of witchcraft and sorcery is at once flatly to contradict the revealed word of God in various passages of both the Old and New Testaments.'

"The problem, ecclesiastically, seems incapable of solution."

"During those black centuries, Popes, Emperors, Kings, Nobles, Serfs, Inquisitors, Judges, and -- most importantly -- the millions of witches themselves -- all agreed on one article of faith: that they were each and every one of them being persecuted by Satan....

"Psychologists today classify this mass illusion as endemic persecutory mania. Society, suffering from mass paranoia, turns upon itself like a mad dog, biting and shredding its own flesh. The enemy who has maddened it may be as illusory as Satan in the Dark Ages -- or as pathetically real as the Jew in Nazi Germany only yesterday. And given social conditions as dreadful as those of the Middle Ages or of Germany between the wars, we may expect another outburst of this insanity at any time."

-both quotes from Robert Goldston, in Satan's Disciples  
(Ballantine F581; 50¢)

+++++ +++++ +++++ +++++ +++++ +++++ +++++ +++++ +++++ +++++ +++++ +++++

### Block That Metaphor:

"...being constantly derailed from her thoughtstream because her run-on sentences lead me onto dead-end sidings."



# OMPA PIABA

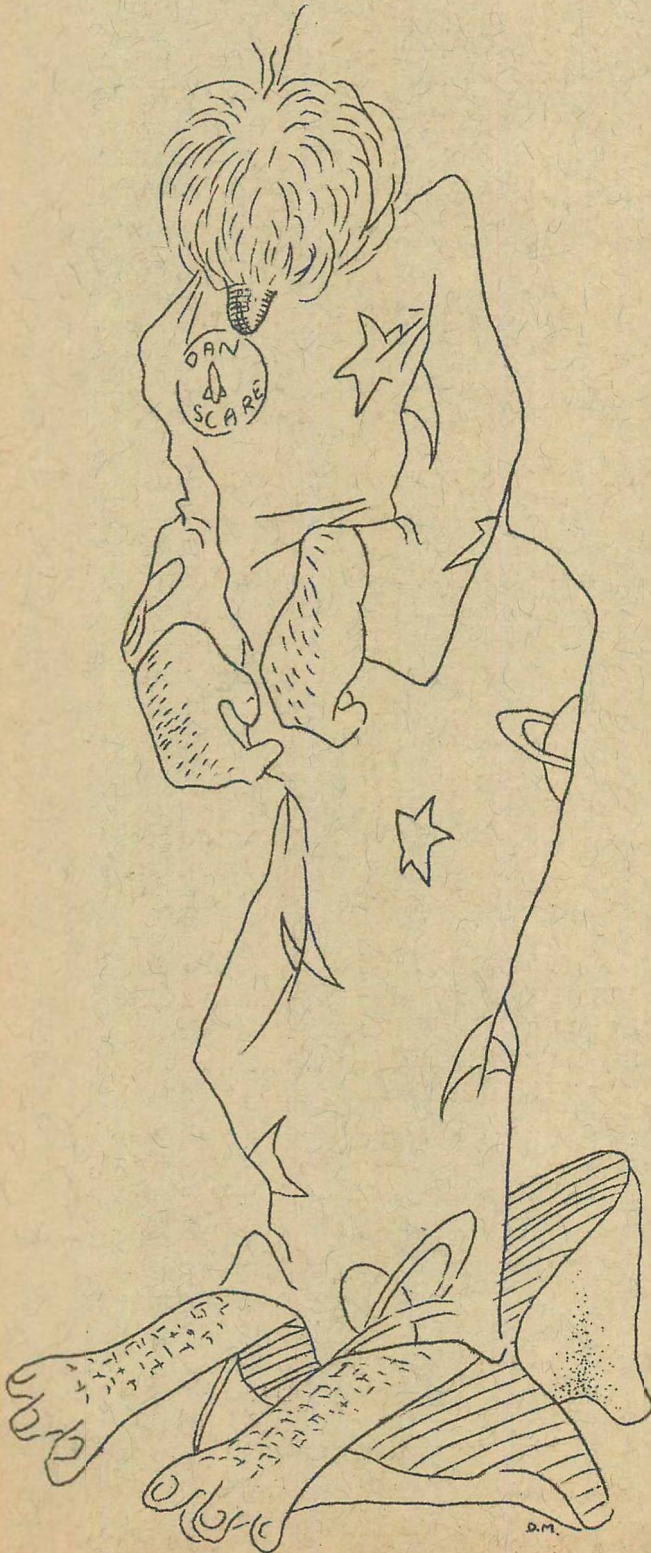
## SON OF THE FANALITIC EYE SQUINTS SIDEWAYS AT OMPA: Jhim Linwood

It's nice to see the words to "Joe Hill" in OMPA, but I'm sure you needn't have bothered printing them "for the benefit of Dick Ellington": the song is probably the best-known of all labor songs. But it reminds me of the shmoorging of "Joe Hill" and "Sam Hall" which was put together at some party or other in Berkeley by either Poul Anderson or me, I disremember which:

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night, alive as you or me.  
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead." "God damn your eyes," says he.

I read "Billy Liar" when it came out over here in paperback last year. I agree it's a good novel, but don't think it comes anywhere near "Catcher in the Rye" in any sense. Well, perhaps in one sense it's better: Waterhouse has Billy undergoing his upset during a typical several days in his life, whereas Holden Caulfield is off on an escapist spree during the Salinger book, so we get perhaps a clearer picture of Billy's life. On the other hand, Salinger's theme is people, not a particular environment or way of living; for that reason "Catcher" strikes closer to the heart of the matter than does "Billy Liar".

I saw "Too Late Blues," too, but my opinion of it isn't quite as high as yours. For one thing, its merit doesn't rest on its picturization of the jazz world (which I agree is pretty good), but rather on its larger theme of love and futility. I think it was an uneven production, but would have been interested in seeing more of Cassavetes' films; unfortunately he's broken with the studio and returned to New York. Cassavetes





claims he was contracted for a series of quality pictures to be distributed through the art houses, but the studio apparently thought better of the idea when they lost money on "Too Late Blues". A pity.

"...odd, how members of my generation grew up believing that war is a quite natural thing..." Yes, and it's an orientation that's frightening to look back on; reading Ray Nelson's "War Baby" in HABAKKUK, with its mentions of kids taking pride in being able to identify all sorts of fighter planes and bombers (Messerschmitt, Focke-Wulff, B-17, B-21, Spitfire, etc. etc.), brought back that feeling almost fully, and I was astounded at it. Occasionally I hear records from that period, and they bring back the feeling of the times too: "Comin' In On A Wing And A Prayer," "He'll Have To Cross The Atlantic" (to get to the Pacific...before he comes back to me), and, of course, "Then The Lights Go On Again, All Over The World".

Does anyone else remember seeing a film made during the war, called "Behind The Rising Sun"? It was totally lacking in the enemy-hatred that characterized films like "Guadalcanal Diary" and "Bataan," possibly because it was made early in the war. It portrayed the life of a Japanese family which loses its sons in the war, and did it so sympathetically that I came away from it feeling very sorry for them. For a few weeks thereafter I remember occasionally saying, "Aw, they're not so mean...it's just the rulers who are so bad," but I was quickly squelched on that.

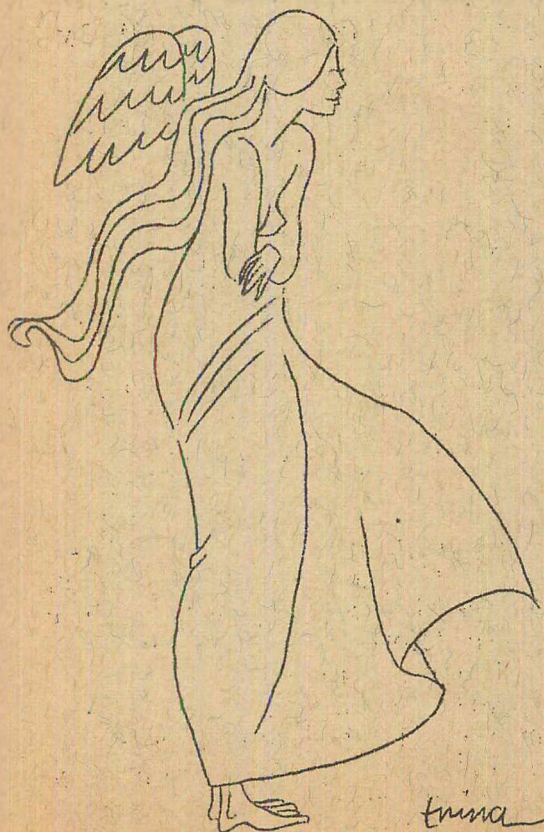
#### ENVOY 4: Ken Cheslin

I like the water-paint illumination of the cartoons; keep it up. Hope you go back to standard quarto soon, though.

"The nearest anyone has ever come to Time Travel so far is in the Archaeological world... 'digging up bits of History' as Sir Mortimer Wheeler puts it." Yes, and you can't imagine how near the past can come till you're face to face with its artifacts.

Several weeks ago Carol and I went to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where they were having a sale on "surplus Egyptian antiquities"--amulets, necklaces, pottery, and such of which the Museum had more than an adequate supply for its exhibits. We bought one of the necklaces for Carol, and have both been delighted with it; not only is it lovely (she gets compliments on it from people who don't know what it is), but it's four thousand years old. It's almost a direct link with the ancient world: for nearly four thousand years it lay underground in some tomb, and now it's being worn again. (You can't really get a complete idea of the time-span involved in artifacts from ancient Egypt until you consider that, for instance, when Alexander the Great was conquering most of the then-known world, this necklace had already lain underground for some 1,700 years.) In the month and a half since she got it, the necklace has begun to darken in color--due, I should imagine, either to oxidation from exposure to the air (it was probably kept in an airtight case at the Museum) or to the warmth of proximity to her skin.

"I wish we had won (the U.S.'s War for





Independence). A united North America, and the rest of the Commonwealth, would possibly PREVENTED the French and Russian Revolutions ...or at least the West would be in a stronger position now." The U. S. War for Independence was merely part of a pattern; although it to some extent inspired both the French and Russian Revolutions, they would probably have come in any case. You overlook the revolutionary wave which in a much more real sense was touched off by the U. S.'s successful campaign: the entire anti-colonial campaign in Central and South America. Had the U. S. not achieved independence, it's possible the European nations would still retain their New World colonies...a situation that might have strengthened the crowns of those countries sufficiently that Europe might still be ruled primarily by monarchs today, though undoubtedly some modifications of the powers of the throne would have come anyway.

Anyway, you missed a bet in not citing the Latin American revolutions: if we hadn't touched off the near-tradition of such revolutions in that area, we might not have the problem of Cuba today!

Old books are fascinating, all right, but sometimes disconcerting. Several years ago, when I was working in a branch of the San Francisco Public Library, we had a donation of a set of books on the histories of the various countries of the world; since the set was incomplete, the librarian turned it over to me to do with as I please, and I took it home. I got thoroughly absorbed in reading about ancient Egypt in those books, an avocation which continues to this day. Unfortunately, since the books

had been published around 1890, when scientific Egyptology was still in its infancy, about half of the information contained in them was wrong, including all of the chronology, and ever since I've been trying to get what I first learned about the subject out of my system.

But, of course, there were compensations even though the books were outdated. Present-day books on the subject are illustrated with photographs which are often quite beautiful, but I've yet to see any that had the sheer sense-of-wonder power of the detailed engravings in that set of books. At that time, for instance, the Sphinx hadn't yet been unearthed fully from the desert sands: the engraving there showed only the head protruding above the desert. It conveyed the age of the statue strikingly.

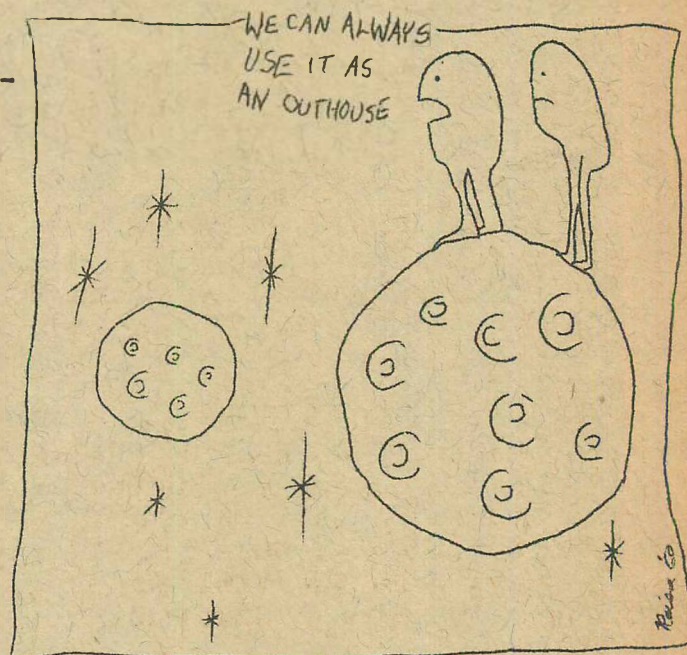
#### PACKRAT 4: Jim Groves

Your comments on population explosion and mass-production were interesting, and brought to mind the rather amusing corollary of mass-produced artificial contraceptives...which, of course, would be somewhat lower in quality than they might be, thereby contributing again to the population explosion. Oh, it's a mad world we live in.

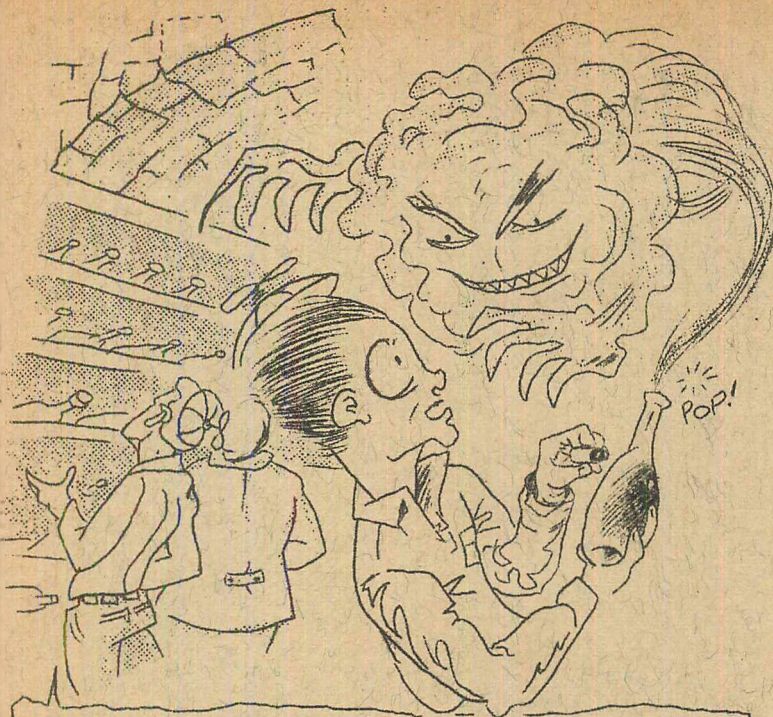
#### BINARY 1: Joe Patrizio

I'm not sure I'll ever be able to accept a Scot with a name like Patrizio, but oh well.

"Old Temple's Almanac" is quite similar in both idea and execution to the frequent installments of "Poor Pong's Almanac" which appeared







"You know, Count, I've heard it said that the flavour of fine wines is actually a matter of the impurities..."

in the early forties in LE ZOMBIE. Has Cliff Temple been reading his father's old fanzines?

CHICKEN-WAGON 1: Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon

Pretty good ramblings throughout. I know exactly how you feel about Books I Will Read Again Soon Ahahahaha (in fact, I have a lot of Books I Will Get Around To Reading For The First Time Soon Ahahahaha), but I disagree with you on "The Golden Ass of Apulieus": I found it amusing reading throughout. Try it again.

VAGARY 15: Bobbie Gray

I haven't read such an irritating fanzine since G. M. Carr was dropped from FAPA. Probably you mean to irritate us, in order to

provoke comments, but I'm afraid the tone of closed-mindedness which is evident throughout simply causes me to give up on you for the most part. A few matters seem to require comment, however.

Considering your remarks on "filthy literature" (a phrase which betrays you right at the start), I found it hilarious that you not only got out the black light to read the marked-out words in CONVERSATION 13 but also state blithely, "...if Gibbon won't translate those filthy footnotes in the Decline and Fall, I'll learn Greek and translate the damned stuff myself." Furthermore, in view of these revelations of your fascination with what you consider "filthy," I wonder at the curious note at the end of Bill's review of "The Purple Armchair": "NO SEX AND VIOLENCE." Do the caps betoken disappointment?

Bill's articles on witchcraft are so naive as to be insulting. He has cavemen sitting around eating "brontosaurus soup" (the dinosaurs died out during the Mesozoic era, which means Bill's chronology is off by a few million years or so), points out that the earliest practitioners of Black Magic "could scarcely pray to a good and kindly God to assist with a murder or other dark deed, so the Opposite Number had to be discovered or invented" (a statement that ignores or is ignorant of the fact that primitive religions did not encompass "good and kindly" gods), and descends (or perhaps continues) into a Rosicrucian vein in claiming that Amenhotep IV was a White Witch (oh, come now!). These are only a few of the examples of half- or quarter-truths, wishful thinking, fuzzy thinking, and non-thinking displayed here; the entire performance reminds me unmistakably of a less erudite Aleister Crowley, complete with the predilection for interpreting what facts there are only in the most convenient fashion, no matter how untenable.

Now then...will somebody please write an article on witchcraft?

For a fascinating theory as to the patrilineage of Jesus, see Robert Graves' "King Jesus".

Your remarks on the actions of the non-violent Christians after they were in power in Rome were quite interesting, but your conclusion that any non-violence movement would act thus once in power

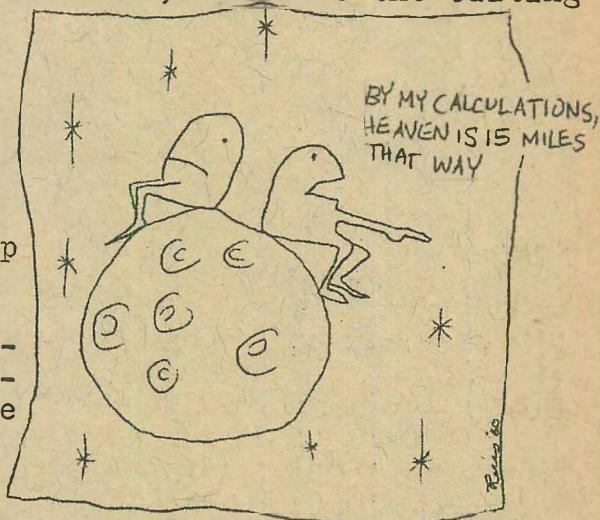


isn't necessarily valid. Nonviolence would certainly breed repressed hostilities in any case, of course, but a sufficiently enlightened and mature group could rechannel them if they really wanted to. Actually, all your example really proves is that religious pacifists tend to turn violent when in a position to do so. Personally, I think most religious faith is evidence of emotional debility anyway, and tend to think that people who profess nonviolence and pacifism on logical grounds instead would be more likely to control themselves when in power, but that's unprovable at the moment. At the very least, though, I think the actions of the early Christians suggest that the legal limitation of conscientious objection to warfare to people who object on religious grounds is open to question.

ZOUNDS! 7: Bob Lichtman

To answer your current poll:

1) The job I'd like most, were it practical, would be the editing of a professional magazine devoted to humor and satire. I do not mean a zine of the Mad ilk; the contents of this would be primarily written, with a fair amount of cartooning. There's a wealth of talent in fandom alone which would be tapped. Early last year Ray Nelson and I were playing with the idea; Ray came up with a magazine which might have been somewhat commercial, being aimed at the current interest in beatniks, nonconformism in general, the growing liberal movement on college campuses, etc. The title was to be La Boheme, and yes, that's where your cover girl came from. We went through parts of my fanzine-file looking for general-type humor which could have been reprinted for a start, and came up with a pretty good group: Burbee's "The Wingless Rooster" and "Not in Sin" (and some others of his), a batch of excerpts from Gerald C. Fitzgerald letters which appeared in MASQUE, Norm Clarke's "From A Novel in Progress," and others. (Bill Donaho's articles from INNUENDO, too.) Naturally, since this is a dream job, the magazine would be a slick with five-color printing and the rates for material would be high enough that the contributors could afford to work over their stuff; reprints, of course, would be paid for.



But that's all impractical, and failing that I think fiction-writing is my second choice; fortunately, I seem to be able to do reasonably well at that, so who's griping?

2) The question of what I'd do if I had a week (and the power, or preferably the franchise) to remake the world politically is too big to answer in full here. Briefly (and with the demurrer that some of these plans would be impractical without longer-term work), I'd set up a world-government under a benevolent dictatorship (me) with a built-in guarantee of free elections after a specified amount of time. The division of authority under me would be roughly in states corresponding to presently-existing ones, with five major areas over them corresponding roughly to continental areas; if the lines were redrawn at all they would be redrawn to correspond to ethnic groups, not political areas. Similar, the representation from these sub-areas would be on a basis of population, not area; the senatorial system ends up representing the big landowners rather than the people.

I'd revamp the entire school system on sensible, noncensorship lines which you can imagine for yourself. I would revamp the economic system so that there would be a standard economic level for all men



(yes, "taking from the rich and giving to the poor"); the growth of industry and automation would be pushed forward, but not in such a way that men would be left jobless--instead, the work-week would be cut about in half. (I think this is feasible right now. Incidentally, though the standard work-week on the west coast is now 40 hours, it's 35 hours on the east coast, with equal salaries.) I'd dismantle

all weapons above the man-to-man class (i.e., leaving sufficient striking power for hunting and such) and convert all heavy munitions factories to peacetime use.

And I'd do a whole lot of other stuff, too, you may be sure, but since all these things are not only impossible, but needed, I find the fantasy a bit depressing. Let's get back to our little world of fandom:

3) An attractive fanzine-format must first of all be functional; that is, the reader must be able to tell at a glance what is on the page. If it's a piece-meal type of thing like a lettercolumn or fanzine reviews or mailing comments each section should be set off from the rest and have a reasonably prominent heading. Secondly, a good layout is consistent; the typeface should be the same throughout except for special effects or special sections like the microelite VOID editorials and lettercolumn; if, for instance, nonstopparagraphing is used, it should be used throughout (personally, I think nonstopparagraphing looks lousy, but some

people like it); if any headings are letteringuided, they should all be letteringuided--don't mix typed, hand-lettered and letteringuided headings; much etc.

Artwork is preferable, if it's good and suitable to the process, but it's not absolutely necessary. Incidentally, the method of reproduction should be the same throughout, though photo-offset covers look okay on mimeoed mags--I just don't like mags that skip from ditto to mimeo to photo-offset and back again every three pages. If a color process is used, the color should be used tastefully: one of the prime failings of faneds who use dittoes is the tendency to use lots of colors for their own sake rather than for effect.

My own fanzines reflect my taste reasonably well, but not always. The mailing comment sections of this issue, for instance, have fillos on each page, while the editorial ramblings and book comments do not. If I had more illos and more time to stencil them I might correct that.

And that's quite enough for your poll, sir, you space-grabber you. There's something sort of pushy about artificial comment-hooks.

You speak against the pursuit of "money for its own sake," reminding me of the opposite syndrome which is a sour-grapes defense reaction of the poor: the idea that to get money you have inevitably to give up more important things like your integrity, your love-life, your health, or somesuch. Who was it who mentioned a couple of years ago (in FAPA, I think) that he'd been taking a private little poll in which he went around asking people, "Would you rather be rich and healthy or poor and sick?" and the answers were invariably that the interviewees would rather be poor and sick? They didn't even hear



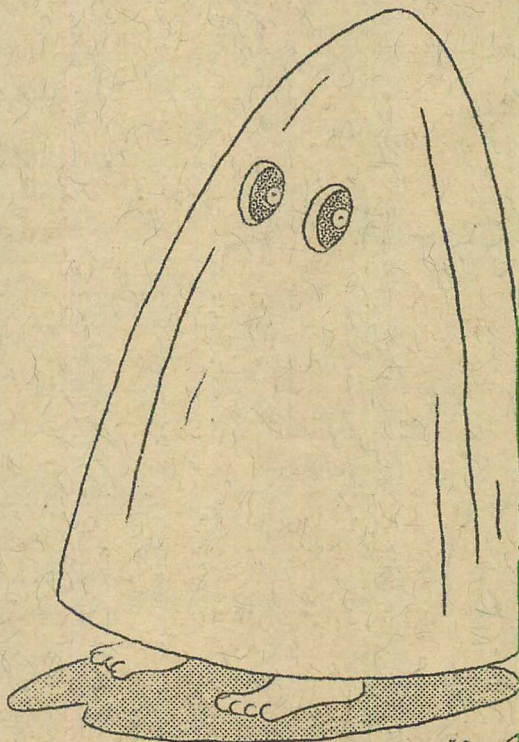
the question asked, so strong is the cliché that the rich man will have ulcers and such.

There's a very definite connection between The Catcher in the Rye and Franny and Zooey: the former is, by and large, a negative statement about people, as have been most all of Salinger's short stories, whereas the latter is an attempt at a positive statement. It's sort of as though somebody came up to Salinger and said, "All right, smarty, if you don't like the way things are, how would you have it?" I hope to go into this at somewhat greater length in the next LIGHTHOUSE--which, come to think of it, you will probably have read before this OMPA mailing reaches you.

QUARTERING 1: Don Fitch

The satire in VOID on Unicorn Productions' pleas for financial support was a collaboration between Ted White and me. Ted originally wrote it to a length of eight lines or so; when I used it as a filler on a page which I was stencilling I found I needed another six lines or so, so I rewrote and stretched it out a bit. It came out stronger than either of us would have liked, I suppose, since we each satirized the aspects of the "gimme" pleas which particularly grotched us. (Incidentally, Archie, we loved your similar takeoff, and intend to reprint it in a forthcoming VOID.)

Yes, the familiar essay is "a genre which particularly appeals to me" too. My affection for that form of writing is one of the reasons I so like the idea of editing a professional humorzine as described in the ZOUNDS! comments two pages back; it seems to me that the familiar (or personal) essay is a fine form for humor, but unfortunately for the current humor field you just about have to be a personality before you can sell such stuff. Newspaper columnists can get away with it; established humorists do it all the time. But unless you're lucky enough to get a regular column somewhere or already have a name, you can't use the first-person-singular and



*Ray Nelson*

fashions for the atomic age

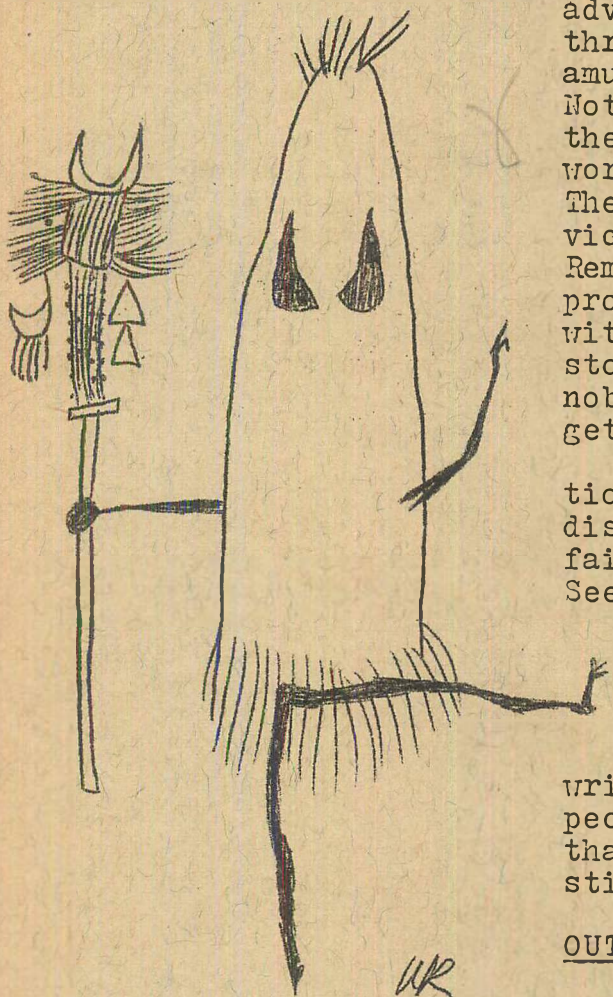


attendant straightforwardness in public prints. Phooey; the familiar essay used to be a respected form of writing, but no longer. Critics enthuse over the Collected Letters of famous people whether or not they were famous when they wrote the letters--but if Fitzgerald or Wolfe or any of the rest had tried to sell those casual remarks when they wrote them they'd have had damned little luck.

KIWIFAN was published by Roger Horrocks, not Mike Hinge.

OLLA PODRIDA 1: Walter Breen

You've completely missed the charm and fascination of the Oz books, I'm afraid, and since you like kids so much I think it's a pity. Briefly, Oz is a children's paradise: it is a land of pastoral beauty where nobody works--even Princess Ozma spends a great deal of time simply playing. You may argue that the purpose of this is simply to recreate the children's world in adulthood, and you may be right, but the appeal of it lies also in the availability of the adults (figures in authority, like Ozma and Glinda and such). It's no coincidence or lack of imagination that has so many of the adventures in Oz starting off with a picnic; essentially, all these



adventures are simply picnics or walks through the woods with exciting and amusing characters and adventures added. Note the emphasis placed on how much fun the various people in Oz are: the Patchwork Girl, the Scarecrow, and so on. The adventures are games, pure and simple; violence is not the important factor. Remember, nobody dies in Oz; the books provide action and adventure totally without guilt--not only are they simply stories with which to sublimate, but nobody really gets hurt in them, or can get hurt.

Why do you feel it is "no recommendation" that the Oz books were "the first distinctive attempt to construct a fairyland out of American materials"? Seems to me a perfectly worthwhile aim.

Re communication and high-quality fan-writing: Dick Bergeron made a lovely point when he said, in SAPS a couple of years ago, "Before you can communicate, you have to write interestingly enough to induce people to read what you say." I think that should be part of every apa's constitution.

OUTPOST 1: Fred Hunter

Poul Anderson wrote a very interesting article on the literary and historical background of "Hamlet" in Karen Anderson's SAPSzine, THE ZED, some years back. Maybe one of our current Berkeley members will borrow a copy and reprint it.

SIZAR 6: Bruce Burn

Sid Rogers is a she because it's short for Sidoney.

I didn't do any mailing comments while "The Wandering Ghu" was appearing, so I'll say now that I thought it was a remarkably fine trip-report which put most of the TAFFtrip reports to shame. More?



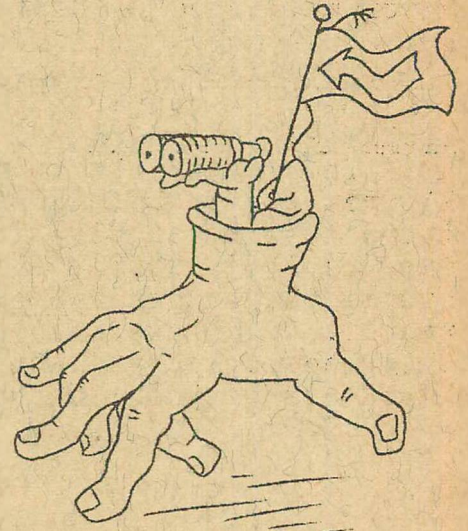
SCOTTISHE 27: Ethel Lindsay

Since you like a game called Cheat, you may be interested in a series of games we made up several years ago, all of which went by the generic name Cheat: Cheat Monopoly, Cheat Hearts, Cheat Poker, etc. Briefly, these games are exactly like Monopoly, Hearts, and Poker, except that any form of cheating is allowed if you can get away with it for one move or turn. In Cheat Monopoly, for instance, if you roll seven when you want eight, you can move your piece the eight spaces if you can count them off slickly enough that no one notices. You can steal money from another player provided he doesn't notice it before the next move. (The best play ever pulled in a game of Cheat Monopoly was Boob Stewart's removing Pete Graham's piece from the board; when Pete's turn came next he had no piece with which to play and was therefore forced out of the game.)

In Cheat Poker, cards-up-the-sleeve are perfectly fair provided you get away with it; after you've played the "illegal" cards you can acknowledge the fact and the play stands. In Cheat Hearts you can refuse to play the Queen of Spades when you should, provided nobody catches you at it at the end of the game. These are merely examples, of course: any form of cheating is allowed if you can get away with it; it is honorable and expected. It makes for hilarious games, particularly when everyone playing is sick of the game being played.

It's nice that you called Ken Cheslin on his spelling and such, but surely, Ethel, you ole s-f fan you, "you know perfectly well how to spell" Poul Anderson's name.

Another fine issue, Ethel.



DOLPHIN 1: Elinor Busby

I definitely do think "there is a much smaller percentage of pretty girls in fandom than in mundane". Furthermore, I think the attractive girls in fandom (married and unmarried) are overrated simply because of this; the latter is a syndrome which has at times particularly bugged me. Don Wollheim suggested that I write a novel about fandom, and specifically suggested a theme of the overimportance of femmefans in the microcosm because of their scarcity. I may write it, too; we'll see. I certainly know a lot about the subject.

UL 6: Norm Metcalf

I heard the story of Shapiro claiming that he would be dead within the year from cancer in a letter from Howard DeVore shortly after Shapiro left Detroit and before he visited the Vicks; Shapiro had apparently been spreading that story in Detroit.

MORPH 26: John Roles

Your liking for "Big Noise From Winnetka" isn't really an exception to your general dislike for drum solos: BNFW is a bass solo as much as a drum solo, and it has a melodic line of whistling. I dislike drum solos, too, but I like BNFW enough that I went out of my way to buy a 78 of the original performance.

SOUFFLE 2: John Baxter

"In the Roman Catholic church, Extreme Unction can be given up to about an hour after death - or at least apparent death - on the theory



that the essential mental processes may still continue long after the bodily functions, like breathing, have stopped." That seems a particularly debatable theory in view of the fact that the brain will black out if a person stops breathing for too many seconds, even if the person is alive.

I love your idea of a "world where being waited on was a perversion fancied by both sadists and masochists" because of the Common Man syndrome. May I use it in a story?

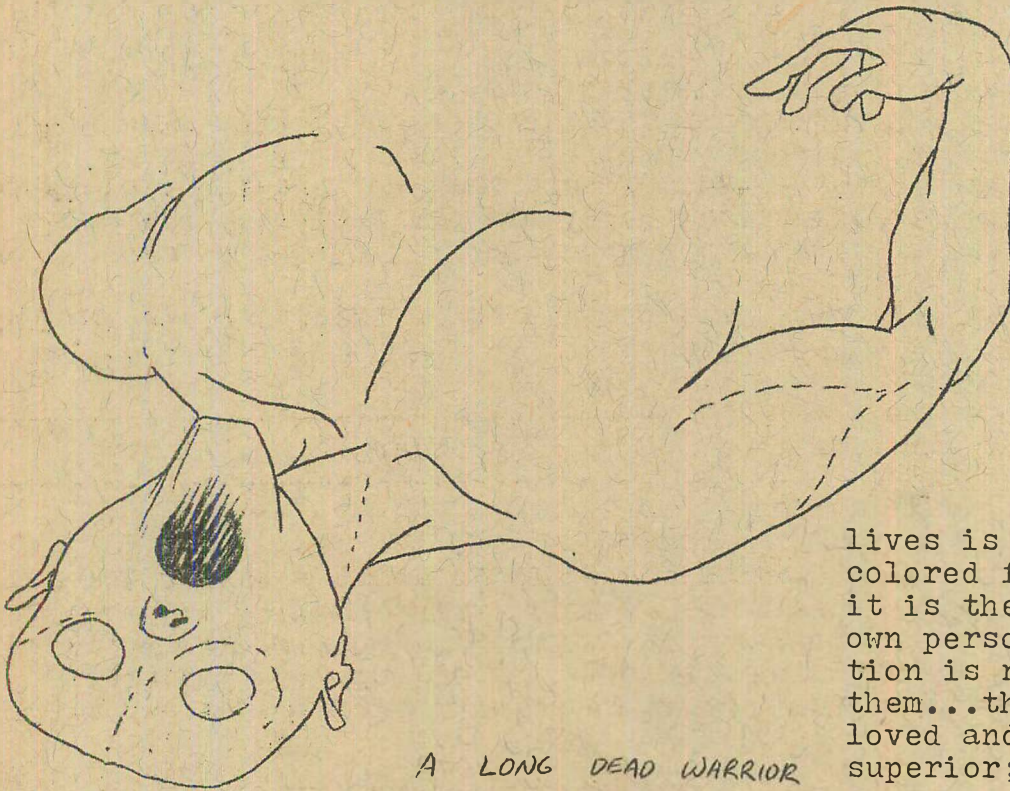
I took your s-f test, but I flunked. Do continue with more, tho.

POOKA 12: Don Ford

Your categorization of Negroes into four general types was enlightening, Don. Thought-provoking, too: it got me to thinking that there are, after all, four general types of whites. First there's the Educated white: these persons have had college training and many are lawyers, doctors, engineers and are quite intelligent and refined people. Then there are the Jitterbugs: usually the younger people, they seemingly haven't a brain in their head. This is the group that most of the winos and hop heads come from. Rock and Roll, musically

and physically seems to be the extent of their horizons. Third, there's the Professional Bigot: this person spends all his energy hating the Negroes, or being afraid he might have some Negro blood, himself. Everything bad in their

lives is the fault of the colored folks, when really it is the defect of their own personality. Segregation is not enough for them...they want to be loved and accepted as a superior; which will never come to pass.



A LONG DEAD WARRIOR

Finally, there is the Massa Don: the remnants of the old time southern patriarchal white. Now almost extinct, except in OMPA.

I was pleased to see you come out in favor of compulsory coat and tie for the Chicon III banquet. "Let the beats go to some greasy-spoon joint if they can't stand it." Bravo, Mr. Ford. In particular, let F. M. Busby eat at some goddam greasy-spoon joint; he may work as a technician for the government and I hear he even shaved his beard, but there's no getting around the fact that he's a filthy beatnik, since he has been so vehement in his opposition to coat and tie requirements at con-banquets. (Did you know that he saw to it that coat and tie would not be compulsory at the Seacon? When the beats start dictating to fandom it's indeed time to fight them, so good for you!)

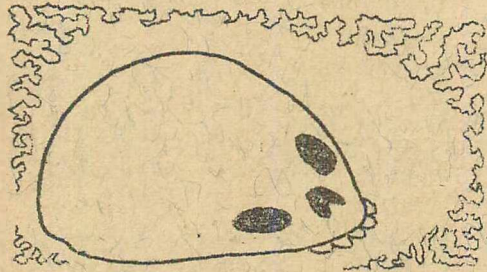
Gee, Don, I sure am glad we sent you to England as a representative of American fandom. I hear you gave them a little common-sense talk like this when you were there. By God, I'm proud, do you hear?--proud!



## DEPT. OF UNABASHED EGOBOO

I've taken up the practice in all my mailing comments recently of omitting most of the straight egoboo and saving it for an accounting at the end of the section, where I list my favorite items from the mailing. This is intended both for the gratification of those who like egoboo and for my own use in filling out later egoboo polls.

Here, then are my favorite items from the thirty-first OMPA mailing, listed in approximate order of preference:



- 1) Letters about Lolita, reprinted in MORPH 26.
- 2) "Warblings," by Walt Willis, in SCOTTISHE 27.
- 3) Atom's cover on SCOTTISHE 27.
- 4) O. Raymond Sowers' cover on CONVERSATION 17.
- 5) Gary Deindorfer's cartoon in CHICKEN-WAGON 1: "I thought you should know, Turtle, that you have a dirty word scribbled on your shell..."
- 6) "Department of \*Sniff\*," by Cal Demmon, in CHICKEN-WAGON 1.
- 7) MachiaVarley's column in SCOTTISHE 27.
- 8) "Training School Days" (in "Matterings"), by Ethel Lindsay, in SCOTTISHE 27.
- 9) "A Visit to the Oral Surgeon," by Cal Demmon, in CHICKEN-WAGON 1.
- 10) "Mercer the Soldier" (in "Oh Didn't He Ramble"), by Archie Mercer, in AMBLE 9.

I liked Walter Breen's mailing comments best. SCOTTISHE, of course, was the best zine in the mailing.

---

"A nation that fries bananas cannot long endure." -Will Cuppy

---

"'Remember Mama' is the proposed title of the next Tennessee Williams play (if he chooses to write it). It is about a fellow who has been having an affair with his mother, and everything has been going along fine and dandy until one night, quite by accident, he discovers that she isn't his mother after all, that he had been an adopted child. The shock upsets him so much he commits suicide, in the third act that is."

-Harry Golden, in The Carolina Israelite, Mar.-Apr. 1961

"Experimenting with drugs has come back into style again with a small section of the young writing group, mostly among the would-bes. They say that they are imitating Rimbaud, who sought through drugs to achieve a 'systematic disordering of the senses' and wrote an extraordinary body of poetry. Yet the genius of Rimbaud was not in drugs, and imitating him, while fun for a while, is no more likely to result in producing another Rimbaud than contracting tuberculosis will produce another Keats. Nobody is ever tempted to try the latter, I notice."

-John Knowles, in The N.Y. Times Book Review, April 8, 1962

"Armadillos make affectionate pets, if you need affection that much."

-Will Cuppy, in How To Get From January to December





## BOOKS I HAVE READ LATELY

The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody, by Will Cuppy. Dell D257; 223 pgs. 35¢.

This is a book of the fractured history sort, a la 1066 And All That, It All Started With Columbus, and so on. But Cuppy's humor is a bit more incisive than most; he does not content himself with merely scrambling history, nor even with making cynical comments about prominent figures of the past ("There was also a man named Socrates, who went around barefoot asking people to define their terms.") or famous institutions ("The Greek drama was based upon well-known stories, so that one always knew what was coming next, just as one does today." On Athenian democracy: "The very poorest citizens had a chance to become President, but somehow they didn't. It may have been just a coincidence."). Cuppy researched his books thoroughly, using an elaborate card-file index, and his Decline and Fall is loaded with obscure little facts which add to the fun of the book. Cuppy's research reading shows up in more than just his facts, too. After a typical Cuppyism ("I forget exactly why Rome fell. It was probably just one of those things."), he footnotes, "Gibbon has discussed the matter at sufficient length, to put it mildly," and that seems to exemplify his attitude toward historians (as opposed to history) pretty well.

But my favorite passage in the entire book is the first paragraph, which is a trenchant satire on every damned book on Egypt ever written: "Egypt has been called the Gift of the Nile. Once every year the river overflows its banks, depositing a layer of rich alluvial soil on the parched ground. Then it recedes and soon the whole countryside, as far as the eye can reach, is covered with Egyptologists."

The Nemesis from Terra, by Leigh Brackett. Half of Ace Double Novel F-123; 120 pgs. 40¢.

This is a reprint-and-retitling of "Shadow Over Mars," which appeared in a '45 or '46 Startling Stories; as such, it is hardly a proper subject for Elinor Busby's recent remark in CRY that Brackett has lost her touch since the days when she was probably the most popular space-opera writer in the field. As a matter of fact, this is the book which did the most to establish Brackett's reputation in the first place, and while I certainly don't think it can touch her later "Sea-Kings of Mars" I do think it's pretty good. Certainly her description of one of the ancient buildings of the Martian desert has all the magic that one expects of Brackett:

"Rick also noticed a low, carved railing, and in the centre of it, steps. They were wide enough to march an army down, and they descended majestically into blue shadows and -- sand!

"It choked the vast hall below, flowing around the waists of



sculptured figures, leaving here and there an impotent pleading hand or a half-smothered head where the statuary had been set lower. It crawled out from the high window, lapping at the steps.

"Rick became aware of a peculiar rustling sound, like the breathing of a sleeping giant, the rubbing of the desert against the outer walls.

"There are many levels below this," said Kyra. "When my father was a child he played here, and there was no sand."

On the other hand, the book does have one monstrous strike against it: Brackett's characters are all afraid to say hell or damn or, indeed, anything much like them. Thus on the very next page we find Rick Urquehart, her tough, brawling hero, exclaiming, "A blood debt! By golly, if they think they're going to sacrifice me, they're wrong!" And right during the climax, when the fate of Mars is being decided in what should be one of the most powerful scenes of the story, we get passages like:

"Rick jumped up. 'My stars!' he roared. 'What did you think I'd do? Who did all this anyway. Who was it sweated in these cursed mines, and took the beatings and the burnings and the kicks in the teeth?'"

And:

"By jumping jingoes, I've given too much, St. John," he said. "Blood and sweat and the fear of dying, while you were sitting on your hands, wishing."

It makes parts of the book rather difficult to take seriously, to say the least. But if you can just supply your own curses where they should have been supplied in the first place, and if you like Brackett-style space opera, you should like this one.

By the way, Wollheim agrees that The Nemesis from Terra is an awful title and that the original one was much better. It was just that Ace was also publishing Kline's The Swordsman of Mars that month. Oh well.

The Chinese Doll, by Wilson Tucker. Rinehart, 1946; 236 pgs. I bought this copy second-hand for 35¢.

By now everybody must know that Tucker's first book was an interesting, fast-paced murder mystery which was loaded with fans' names. I found it enjoyable for both reasons, but my remarks here will be confined to the use of fans' names in the book.

The fact that it was written over fifteen years ago makes the identification of the fans named sort of an exercise in fanhistory; it's easy to recognize Harry W. Evans as an amalgum of Harry Warner and E. Everett Evans, and Joquel Kennedy is of course Joe Kennedy and Art Joquel shmoorged together. But Don Thompson went right by me for a couple of pages; I immediately thought of the State College, Pennsylvania Don Thompson of current fandom and discarded that thought, only remembering the 1940's FAPA member D. B. Thompson later.

And certainly some of the material in the book would pass by anyone who wasn't too well-versed in fanhistory. For instance, you have to know something about Jack Wiedenbeck to get full amusement from this quote: "His name is Philip Wiedenbeck, and he's afraid of women. He's also an accomplished artist and he substitutes that for the real thing. He likes to draw pictures of girls, half-clad girls who are knockouts until you look at their faces. Every face is a thing of evil. That's his inner nature coming out, his revenge on them because he's afraid."

One character eluded me all the way through the book: Uncle Jack, the Negro porter who was Horne's inside-man at City Hall. For awhile I was wondering if there was any fan-reference there at all, but now I think I've got it pinned down: it's one of Tucker's best jokes of this sort. Uncle Jack, the Negro porter, is Jack Speer, who in the early 40's had written some pretty startling anti-Negro remarks in his FAPazine (Speer was from Oklahoma, remember), thereby touching off one



of the most heated blasts that Forry Ackerman ever contributed to the fan press, in a publication titled BLACK AND WHITE.

And by the way, I'm beginning to wonder what it was that brought out so many amalgums of fannish fiction and detective fiction in the 40's. Tucker's books are only a late-40's example; they had been preceded by Boucher's Rocket to the Morgue and, in the pages of the Burbee SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, F. Lee Baldwin's duology, "Crime Stalks the Fan World" and "The Girl with the Muddy Eyes". Perhaps significantly, Tucker himself wrote a satire on the latter story.

To Kill a Mockingbird, by Harper Lee. Popular Library M2000; 284 pgs. 60¢.

This is the book which has been on the best-seller lists for almost two years now; the winner of a Pulitzer Prize; "the only novel ever chosen by four major book clubs". The Saturday Review Syndicate called it "the best first novel of the year"; the New York Times called it, quite definitely, "the best of the year". Considering these recommendations, I bought the pocketbook and read it. After all, the Chicago Tribune said it had "strong contemporary national significance".

Well, I agree with the Tribune; it has contemporary significance, all right. It shows what a mess contemporary American letters are in.

Not that it's a bad book. It isn't. In fact, it's a good one, by and large. But if this is the best of any year, the book on which a Pulitzer Prize must fall, then the competition can't be much. To Kill a Mockingbird is a rambling, smoothly-written (mostly) account of a period of about a year in a young Southern girl's life, and of the events leading to, during, and following the trial of a Negro man for rape of one of the white women of the area. The young (nine or so) girl is the narrator; Atticus Finch, her father, is the defending attorney for the Negro. The theme of the book is Scout's (the girl's) encounters with and growing understanding of adults and their strange ways--particularly, racial prejudice.

The failing of the book is two-fold and interconnected. The technique of Wisdom From the Mouths of Babes is not only cliché; it is also overrated. Scout Finch's naivete strikes to the heart of the matter too consistently and too unerringly. When her grammar school class studies Current Events Scout is puzzled at the strong reaction against Hitler's persecution of the Jews, considering the attitudes toward Negroes; when the local Women's Organization sits around sobbing about the poor natives of Africa she is even more puzzled. Mr. Dolphus Raymond, who is a town scandal because he chooses to live with Negroes, says that only the children cry about "the simple hell people give other people--without even thinking. Cry about the hell white people give colored folks, without even stopping to think that they're people, too."

This is to some extent true. The false values of so much adult life can be very puzzling to children, and the sheer inconsistency of racists is a good case in point. But Miss Lee makes a truism of a cliché, or tries to, and ends up with a novel which walks a bit too cutely barefoot along the fence without falling into the maudlin.

I could go on at length about the similarities to Twain's Huckleberry Finn, but such a comparison would only downgrade Mockingbird unnecessarily, and would probably obscure the point that what Miss Lee has apparently attempted is a contemporary novel in the Finn tradition, and that that is a worthy enough aim. The pity is that it is not realized; Twain would never have ended such a book with the idealized father-figure stating bluntly and saccharinely, four lines from the end of the book, "Most people are real nice, Scout, when you finally see them."



Crimes That Shocked America, edited by Brant House. Ace Star K-142; 287 pgs. 50¢.

The Girl in Lover's Lane, by Charles Boswell and Lewis Thompson. Gold Medal d1187; 173 pgs. 50¢.

These recent readings reflect a reawakened and growing interest in true-crime reportage on my part. There is a fascinating air of the connoisseur about the best of such accounts; I understand it and agree with it, but I can't help being amused nonetheless by Anthony Boucher's introduction to Crimes That Shocked America, which begins:

"It is time for an American declaration of murderous independence.

"Too long have we supinely conceded that England and Scotland breed great murderers, and that British writers treat their cases admirably. This is true enough; but the fact should not blind us to the talents of our own artists. As we enjoy and esteem our native music and drama and fiction, so let us recognize the no less striking achievements of the American murderer."

The collection brings together many of the most interesting murder cases in American history, in a sort of introductory sampler. Most of the cases are treated briefly, but the Lizzie Borden trial, the Hall-Mills case, and the Lindbergh kidnapping get reasonably full coverage. I found the entire volume a goldmine, and learned a lot. Despite the famous doggerel-verse about Lizzie Borden, for instance, the lady was not found guilty of the well-known axe-murder; despite the fact that Charles A. Lindbergh's prestige is enormous in this country, the coverage of the kidnapping of his child in 1932 makes it quite clear that Lindbergh was an incompetent oaf throughout the investigations. (The article is titled, "Why the Lindbergh Case Was Never Solved": the answer is obvious.)

The Girl in Lover's Lane is a full-length study of the investigations and trial following the murder of the Reverend Edward Hall and his mistress, Mrs. Eleanor Mills. It's valuable not only because the case has so many fascinating aspects and characters that they deserve full coverage, but also because it was so complicated that a shorter account tends to give a significantly incomplete picture. From the 60-page account of the trial in Crimes That Shocked America, for instance, I couldn't quite understand why Mrs. Hall was acquitted; the longer work makes it clear that while she may have been guilty, the matter was definitely not proven in court and she was properly acquitted.

The Human Angle, by William Tenn. Ballantine Books 159; 152 pgs. 35¢.

This is hardly a new book, nor for that matter were many of the stories collected in it new to me. But re-reading those I knew already was as worthwhile as encountering the others for the first time. I remembered the title story from its original appearance in Famous Fantastic Mysteries as a powerful shocker; re-reading it here I find that it telegraphs its ending and my only excuse for being caught by it the first time was that I was twelve at the time. Conversely, "The Flat-Eyed Monster" so infuriated me when I read it in Galaxy that I immediately swore off the magazine and, indeed, haven't bought another issue to this day; on re-reading, I find the story is a clever and reasonably amusing satire whose punchline would be perhaps a classic in the field if Clive Jackson hadn't written "The Swordsman of Varnis" first.

Most of the stories are satires, for that matter, and most of them have at least some classic elements in them. I personally liked best "Project Hush," in which the U. S. Air Force sends a secret expedition to the moon only to find that the U. S. Navy has beaten them, but certainly "Party of the Two Parts" is a gay, mad romp through interstellar justice and problems of pornography. The book is a good light collection.



The Story of My Psychoanalysis, by John Knight. Pocket Book 866; 211 pgs. 25¢.

The Final Face of Eve, by Evelyn Lancaster with James Poling. Hillman Books 161; 191 pgs. 35¢. "An uncensored abridgement."

Both of these books are personal accounts of the results of psychoanalysis, written by the patients, but they are as unlike each other as a Hal Clement novel and a C. L. Moore romance. "Evelyn Lancaster" wrote her book because the subject-matter was of intrinsic interest: it is the most publicized and probably the most dramatic case of multiple personality on record. John Knight's case, on the other hand, is a reasonably typical one of repressed fears and aggressions leading to an ulcer; as such it would seem to be a suitable subject for a book explaining just what being in analysis is like, and that's just the kind of book he tried to write.

The books differ widely in quality too, however: where Eve's account is straightforward and smoothly-written, the Knight book is wordy, self-conscious, and preachy. "John Knight" (another pseudonym, of course) sounds merely smug: see, I have gone through the fire and emerged purified; I Am Healthy; are you sure you are? His explanations of psychoanalytic procedure are nothing short of starry-eyed; to him, his analyst could do no wrong, and the perfect creature who is writing the book is his monument. Unfortunately, I remain unconvinced that Mr. Knight has reached the sort of psychoanalytic nirvana which he claims: his chapter on his father paints the most damning picture of a man I've read in ages, and though Knight mentions in passing that "I finally came to understand the emotional problems which my father had had," it doesn't show in his attitude toward the man in his book.

The case of Eve is well-known to most of you, I'm sure: the case-study written by her analysts, The Three Faces of Eve, was a best-seller which led to a movie in which Joanne Woodward won an Oscar; Shirley Jackson wrote a novel based upon it, titled The Bird's Nest, and this too was made into a movie. ("Lizzie," starring Eleanor Parker.) Eve White was a young woman who suffered from severe headaches and blackouts during which she did things she could not remember afterward; after some time in analysis a second personality, Eve Black, made herself known to the doctor. Eve White was an intensely religious and repressed young woman; Eve Black thumbed her nose at morality and society. After more analysis, a third personality emerged: Jane, who was somehow an amalgum of the two Eves. The three women cohabited the same body thereafter, the two Eves losing strength gradually, until in an intensely cathartic session Jane remembered the catalytic incident in childhood which had triggered the psychic schism; after that session the two Eves disappeared and Jane found herself in full control of her being. There The Three Faces of Eve ended; this sequel carries the story further, through Jane's marriage and its failure, her attempted suicide, and the emergence of Evelyn, the final (at last count) personality, who supplanted Jane and who seemed to be a complete and viable human being at last. It's a fascinating story, told well, but I still have quibbles. Evelyn too seems to overrate her clear contact with reality: her account of Jane's actions seems terribly one-sided, for instance.

This point may not be valid, but it bothered me: the collaboration with a professional writer, it seems to me, merely puts a filter between the personality of Evelyn and the reader. It could be that, because I'm accustomed to reading fanzines and finding out fans' personalities from what they write and how they write, I'm too preoccupied with this point, but still it's hard for me to imagine that I'm really in contact with the ostensible authoress of the book in such passages as, for example, the statement that since Jane was an amalgum of Eve White and



Eve Black, then Jane should have chosen the surname Gray: "There are many shades of gray, however. There is the chill gray of a weathered log in the summer sunshine. Jane, I'm afraid, was icy gray, but she managed to keep the chilliness of her nature hidden for a long time." That's a bit too well put, it seems to me.

Well, it's a fascinating book anyway, and it removed the bad taste of the Knight book from my mouth.

Murder in Mesopotamia, by Agatha Christie. Dell D405; 223 pgs. 35¢.

There has been so much made of the parallels between science fiction and mystery writing and the overlap between the two fields that I've finally begun to investigate the mystery field. The list of science fiction writers who are also prominent in mystery writing is extensive: Tony Boucher, Avram Davidson (who just won an Edgar), Bob Tucker, and others, including recent first mystery novels by Isaac Asimov, Poul Anderson, and Jack Vance. A few years ago there was talk of forming a science fiction writers' group comparable to the Mystery Writers of America, but it was shelved when it became clear that almost all s-f writers were eligible for membership in MWA.

Well, I'm not about to issue any definite statements of opinion after reading only one mystery novel by Agatha Christie and a book by Tucker which was, after all, more of a detective story than a mystery story. However, a few points seem clear enough to be mentioned at least tentatively.

For one thing, each form derives a lot of its appeal from purely intellectual qualities: science fiction has its scientific extrapolation, its "what if--" elements, and the mystery story has the logical puzzle of whodunnit (or how'dhedoit, or what'sthemotive, etc.). These are very different from the western's adventurous appeal, or the mainstream story's emphasis on character, philosophy of life, and so forth. As a matter of fact, it's the intellectual appeal of the mystery story which distinguishes it from the detective story, which is primarily a story of adventure: the elements of detection in the detective story are parts of the plot, whereas in the mystery story they form a puzzle in which the reader shares.

Secondly, if Murder in Mesopotamia is any sort of fair example (and from what I've gathered here and there, it is) then another important element of the mystery's appeal is in the setting. After all, the classic mystery story is essentially a set piece: there is a murder (or a robbery, perhaps), the detective uncovers a set of clues in which the reader shares, and at the end the detective puts the pieces together to explain everything. This probably accounts in part for the element of the connoisseur which mysteries share with true-crime: since the mystery form is such a rigid one, the "extras" largely make or break the book. In Murder in Mesopotamia the setting is an archaeological dig in the Near East, and it makes an interesting and colorful background. (Unfortunately, it seems to me that ideally the background of a mystery should be intrinsic to the type of problem presented, just as the s-f story should be one which could not happen without the scientific element, but Miss Christie's book doesn't bear this out: the blunt instrument used for the murder happens to be an excavated quern, but it could as easily have been a baseball bat.)

I enjoyed the book quite well, but I'll offer no critique of it beyond the tentative one parenthesized above. But Ethel Lindsay may be interested to know that it's narrated by a British nurse who writes in a style which reminded me forcefully of Ethel's own. For me this added an extra dimension to the book: when Amy Leatheran, the nurse, referred to incidents in hospitals and sisters she had known, it was as though, from having read Ethel's autobiographical notes in SCOTTISHE, I knew perfectly well what she was talking about, and therefore knew the character better. You might look the book up, Ethel.



TED WHITE



# WHITE DWARF

## GUEST MAILING COMMENTS

It's been a while since I last did a set of mailing comments for OMPA, but some of you with long memories or access to the complete membership list in the mailing before last may recall that I was myself a member in poor standing in OMPA from the fall of 1955 until some time in 1958. I confess I never gave OMPA My All--or even a very large part. In fact, it seems to me that an issue of NOTED that I ran off for the organization was never mailed out, during those months before I shortly began my inconspicuous slip beneath the waves of time... I seem to remember that a year's dues also sank beneath the waves at that point, but at this late date I can hardly begrudge such a miniscule sum, particularly in light of my minimal contributions to the group in my last two years. Today I've hit upon an easier plan, which is a sort of symbiosis with Terry Carr. He loans me his SAPS and OMPA mailings, and I supply him with guest mailing comments. It's painless, free of obligations, and thus far, more fruitful.

Two brief items to clear away: 1. The title of this column will no doubt give succor to my enemies (few though I hope them to be), and is a last minute compromise which was not of my choosing. 2. I shall not attempt to comment on every zine in the mailing; not all of them inspired me to comment, and this issue at least my space is rationed. With that out of the way, then....

RACKHAMART: John Rackham

I'm sorry; I might have swallowed this collection of dreary renderings in silence but for your pronouncement on the relative worth of fan art and your intention to show us how it should be done here. I showed this collection to a non-fan professional artist, who said, simply: "He reveals absolutely no talent for art." My own opinion is that it takes something more than the simple rendering-on-stencil of overblown nudes from cheap men's mags to make presentable fanzine art. What's more, you have not contented yourself with a fairly lifelike sort of rendering but have shaded the figures with entirely the wrong sort of emphasis so that, for instance, the stomach of the cover girl looks like a huge misshapen tumor; and the women's pubes, apparently retouched into magazine sexlessness, are shaded as though for all the world you thought this is what they actually look like--you might at least have thrown them into deep shadow if you weren't prepared to restore their true nature. The sketches on the back page reveal a style which died out I think roughly c.1930, and looked quite dead even before that time. The anatomy of the standing nude in the center is also somewhat exaggerated. All in all I do not think this is what fandom has been so desperately needing.



DOLPHIN 1: Elinor Busby

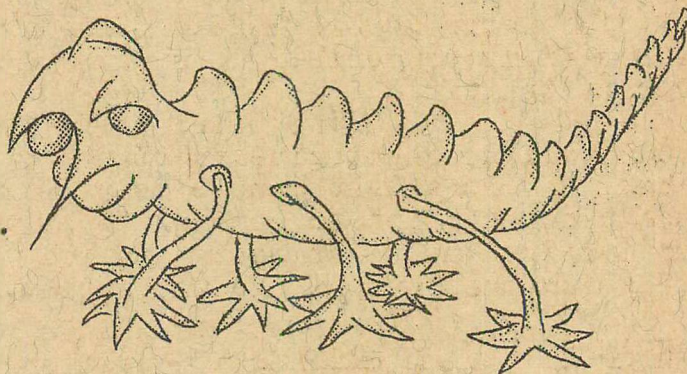
This is very Elinorish and very good, despite your inability to read which led you to decide that I'd written something by Andy Main...

Your statement that a "majority of the voters" like WKSF best leads me to wonder: how many participated in the final Hugo ballot, and how many were required to constitute a majority? It is my understanding that WKSF had a print run of less than a hundred--thirty or forty for SAPS and sixty or seventy for contributors (pros)--of which a good number of those who received it and were in the latter group would hardly have voted for it (on the grounds that they knew too little of the fanzine field). That leaves, at an optimum, somewhere between thirty and seventy qualified to vote for the publication. Is this a majority of the Hugo voters? If so, I'm amazed. For the record, I do not consider WKSF a fanzine any more than I do WIAF.

Any discussion of the American colonists should include the fact that they, like all first or second-generation colonists, were mavericks of some sort, and most likely to be at serious odds with their home country. Thus it was easier to "break the ties" as it were, particularly for the debtors in Georgia and the religious nuts in New England and Pennsylvania...

"Egad, mescaline is as bad as peyote?" Mescaline is the Active Ingredient in peyote, so to speak.

Oh, come now. Hearts is a Fun Game because it requires strategy. In the games I've played, the deuce of Spades counts half of the Queen of Spades (12 and 24, respectively), and are cards to avoid, while the Jack of Diamonds is 15 points in your favor and the Joker (a trump card only) counts 5 points for you. Thus, you can't simply play not to take tricks--you have to play to take certain cards without taking certain others. Vast Fun. At the old Elmwood, Harness, Castora, Burleson and I would play with the locals, often using several decks including Pinocle (sp?) decks along with one or two regular decks. With four Queens of Spades in circulation it made for a heady game.



I remember most of my first six or seven years of life, and if I bother to backtrack properly I can remember the broad outlines of the entirety of my life to the age of about three months. (I can remember isolated scenes which must date even earlier according to what my mother has told me in recent years.) Nevertheless it was Andy Main and not I who advanced the theory that most cannot remember early years--mainly because he can't. I always suspect a traumatic experience at around the cut-off date when someone says he can't remember his childhood.

AMBLE 9: Archie Mercer

Although the examples you give aren't enough to tell for sure, I'd guess that songs which attract you are those with vigor, either in the tune or the lyrics, and that you prefer emotionally compelling songs over those of subtler content. I've never cared much for Foster, but "Beautiful Dreamer" was his one song which I liked, and owned a record of, as a child. This may be because we were all overexposed to his other songs in school, while "Dreamer" was avoided in our singing classes. I thought it had a rather beautiful melody at the time--nowadays I don't know.

To be sure, "the middle of the last page" of Eney's CCON was "slight-



ly hilarious." It was also slightly untrue--not that I or any of the other witnesses--my "mouthpieces" all--can be believed, you understand.

Open doors on a subway/underground? Good grief! Surely you mean between the cars--not those facing out of the cars to the platform? What was to keep one from being pitched out by a sudden lurch or unexpected curve? Most of the trains here in New York keep the doors between cars open during the warm months, and the windows open too. This, plus the fans, usually is enough for adequate ventilation, although when the tunnels are hotter than the trains nothing is of much help.

Pencils without paint? Don't think I've ever seen one sold here, but as a kid I used to scrape the paint from wooden pencils with my fingernail. We'd write our names (or other clever messages) in ink on the bare wood. Once or twice I think I stripped a pencil bare. If painted pencils bug you still, try scraping the paint off, with a penknife if your nails feel dull...

MORPH 26: John Roles

The Lolita Letters are fascinating, despite the deductive reasoning required to fit them into a context by an American. I do question one choice of words on your part, though: I wouldn't say Olympia Press has published Miller's "more outre work;" rather that it (with Oblesque) has printed Henry Miller's best work, with The Rosy Crucifixion ranking high among 20th Century works...

OLLA PODRIDA 1: Walter Breen

For shame, Walter, for so thoroughly misunderstanding the Oz books. This is the sort of interpretation I expect of a Dr. Wertham, not of you. The Oz books were not written to "cash in on" the success of the first--at least not by Baum. (You should differentiate between the first twelve or so, by Baum, and the next thirty or so by Ruth Thompson, as well as the remainder written by various other authors.) Baum's Wizard was not his first "American fairy tale", nor his last non-Oz book written before it. Baum tried to write many more non-Oz books but his readers (whose letters appear in some of the earlier editions) and publishers demanded Oz. To that end he brought most (if not all) of his non-Oz characters eventually to Oz.

The Oz books were not aimed solely at girls. Nor are the Oz books very violent, since the only death is that of an evil witch or two, and none of our heroes can die. The violence exists in far milder doses than is most common to fairy stories, and is there largely to provide a modicum of conflict. There is, for example, for more real violence and terror in

Wind in the Willows, what with Toad in the dungeon, the revolt of the Wild Wood, the lost way in the blizzard, etc. For someone who claims strong empathy with children you betray a curious blind spot in regard to children's books. Beyond a doubt, Willows is far more appreciated by adults than children.

"The plight of the gifted" is not nearly so serious as is that of the mass of the populous. After





all, the "gifted" can at least cope with a world ever more demanding of their talents, while the limited ones are growing more obsolete with every year of increased automation. If the "gifted" are gifted, I think it is incumbent upon them to make use of themselves, exploit their own gifts, and prove that in some way they are superior to the masses you so despise. Cod-  
dling they do not need.

Kent Moomaw would've published an FR in the Cult except for lack of money. I traded positions with him because of this, and shortly thereafter he suicided.

Nonsense, "you're supposed to try to remember the original tune" while listening to jazz improvisation. You can if you want, or you can disregard it entirely and concentrate solely upon what the soloist is doing. Of course so many soloists simply noodle around the tune and its "changes" that you couldn't forget it if you wanted. Last night Bhub Stewart and I went to the Jazz Gallery after a Fanoclast meeting and were solidly bored by the Horace Silver Quintet. Nobody did anything but noodle out a string of old bob cliches on a set of dead "standards". Ugh.

Nearly every "tune" Mingus has written has been startlingly original, engagingly melodic, and memorable as all hell.

QUARTERING 1: Don Fitch

Why do you spell "show" as "shew"?

SCOTTISHE 27: Ethel Lindsay

"Feud stuff?" It seems to me that Andy Main has a reasonable right to deny the truth of a reported situation to which he was an eyewitness without this being labeled a "feud." Surely you don't mean that "even if provoked" by false statements a person (particularly, in this case, a bystander) should not endeavor to publish a correction...?

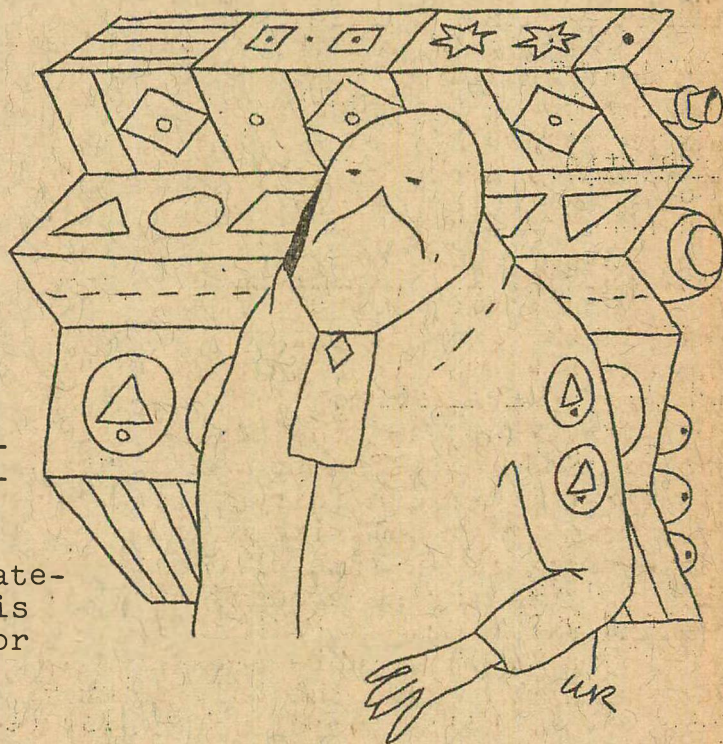
MachiaVarley is a gem.

The Fourth R was credited (if memory serves) to George O. Smith when published in this country, by Ballantine Books. Is Harold Mead his pseudonym or did someone mix the by-lines up?

POOKA 12: Don Ford

Hell, I'm not going to try to tell you that New York City is better or more inviting than Chicago, particularly to a stranger to both cities. I was quite intimidated by NYC myself when I first visited it in 1956. In both cases you have to get to know the city to like it; I do know NYC, and I like it. Chicago I have a barely nodding acquaintance with, and I neither like nor dislike it. But I don't think it has as much to offer as does NYC.

I'm sure you think you're being fair and honest with Negroes, but I wonder about this bit about "Professional Nigger...they want to be loved and accepted; which will never come to pass." This is a qualification for "professional nigger" (a term which turns me off, by the way)? In that case I guess I am one, and to tell the truth I'd never noticed how dark my skin was before... What's so horrible about wanting to be loved and accepted?





Oh goodgrief! Joe Sarno is/was one of Crowell-Collier's "special representatives? How many of us have gone through that particular swindle, I wonder...?

UL 6: Norm Metcalf

Actually, Shapiro seems to have first circulated the cancer story in Detroit as a cover for his following actions should they be uncovered. I think I first heard it from Gerber (who'd heard it from the Vicks), but I also heard it through various other sources. The idea was, soft-pedal Shapiro's "eccentricities"--he'll be dead soon anyway. I can't say I was terribly unhappy to hear it, after the crap he'd pulled on the Vicks (like trying to get Gerber to think the Vicks' marriage had busted up and Suzy was going off with Hal--that was vicious), but later reports denied the story that he had cancer anyway.

Hmmm. I have a Paco stereo amp with 20 watts on each channel and a provision for doubling this with a plug-in 40 watt power amp, plus a set of KLH 10's for speakers. I've been thinking of adding later a set of AR2a's. Tell me, Mr. Playboy Advisor, will I have to add that additional power amp to power both sets of speakers simultaneously?

Seriously, though, I rarely turn the loudness up over half way. The once I did, for the Bernstein stereo version of Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra, the impact was stunning. It was the evening after the Lunacon, and various fen were out here, including Walter Breen and Andy Main. Andy had been faunching to hear the stereo at full blast, and dug the Bartok, so I put the volume way up. It was a fantastic experience, although not one I'll repeat often. It requires complete concentration upon the music--demands it really--but is very rewarding.

ASP 1: Bill Donaho

Bill, you're kidding. You must be. "I'd say that about \$10,000.00 a year is the minimum needed to exist in any civilized fashion in N.Y." How do you define "civilized"?

I know what you mean about reading and rereading kids' books for nostalgic reasons. Recently (as I've mentioned in IPSO) I've read several Leo Edwards books as well as E. Nesbit's The Five Children. The Leo Edwards books particularly evoke a strong ersatz nostalgia in me--that is, a nostalgia for a world and time I never lived in.

I was raised on a farm which every year grew smaller not only because I was growing larger but also because the city encroached upon it from all directions (and, say! there was a children's book about that which I remember seeing when I was four or five...!), so that it seemed that the accelleration from rural to urban living was greater for me than for most of the country. We never moved, but the chickens, cows and horses disappeared, the woods shrank, the fields turned into housing developments, the old rusted relics of pre-depression automobiles disappeared from their vine-covered places on overgrown paths and former roads in the woods, and everywhere throughout my childhood there were the incessant bulldozers, wreaking havok on the land I loved. We children hated "the Contractors".

Leo Edwards created (or made use of, rather; Avram Davidson knows the name of the prototype) a small midwestern town in the mid-twenties or so (flagpole sitting was a fad in one of the books) which reminds me of the rural aspects of my youth in a slightly idealized fashion. I Can't Go Back, but sometimes I forget this when reading Edwards. Trouble is, his books date to that same era, and I can't go back for them either...

There were a lot of other zines which I wanted to comment on, but it was all I could do to con this fifth page from Terry.

-Ted White