

FAPA - 75th MAILING

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BAITBOX

Our Lady's Rosary (Article)

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EPISTLES & EGOBOO

MR. CARR SAYS:

UNASKED OPINION

Pen Name Poems

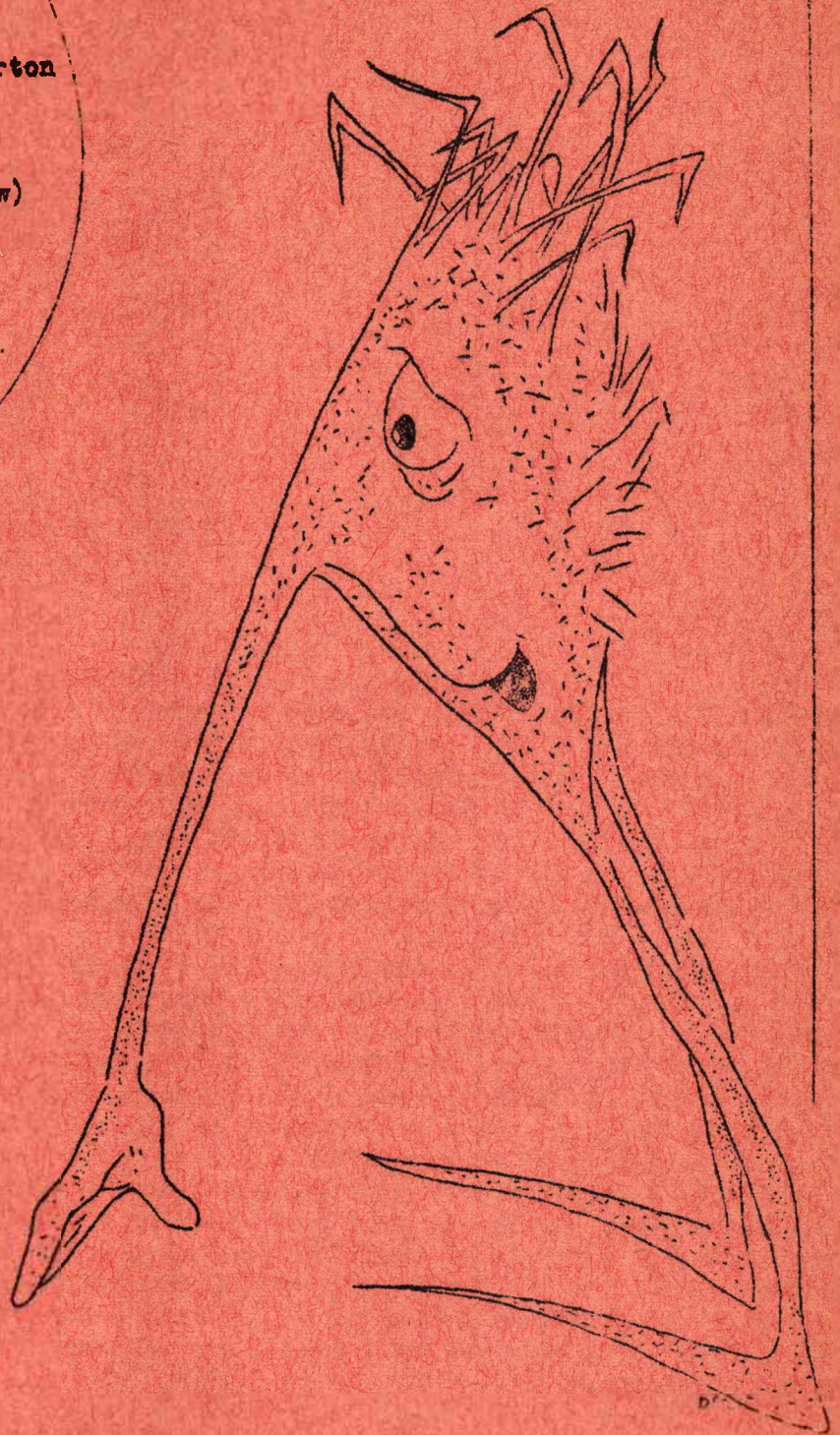
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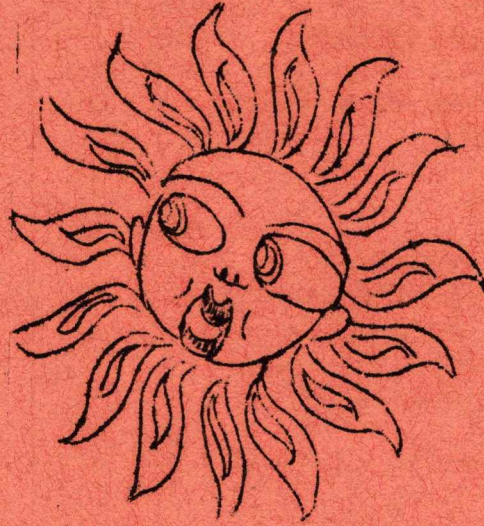
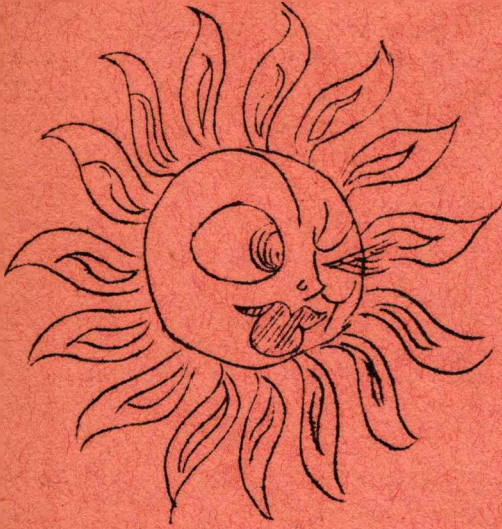
RETURN ADDRESS: G.M. Carr

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Seattle 7, Wash. USA



GEMZINE 4/11



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This page is typed on some old bits of stencil glued together with correction fluid. As Phillis Economou remarked in a recent mailing, I too have lots of odd bits of stencil saved from the bottoms of used pages. I use them for patching and for repairs on partly spoiled stencils — but this time I am trying them out for entire sheets. Two more in addition to this one, and perhaps you can spot them. If not, it will be proof that they can be used. If it works out OK, it could be quite a saving, because the bottoms from three average stencils will make one patched stencil — thus giving a twenty-five percent return from the discards. Not bad — if it works.

Well, into the comments for the mailing: So Leeh won the 1956 TAFF Campaign. I am glad she did, and I hope she has had a chance to attend the conference in London and is back again with lots of news and con reports, as mentioned elsewhere in this f z, there is reason to believe that Leeh might have turned it into a Honeymoon as well — but since I have no official word on the subject, all I can say is that I hope she did go to London; hope she had a wonderful time; and, if she is already married — it is time — or just engaged to be married — I wish her every happiness. In case the news was in error, I will amend my wish to hope that the wishes may be applicable at no great future date. I like to hear about engagements and weddings. I have a high appreciation for the joys of courtship and marriage — and I wish that every woman here could experience them in their most optimum conditions. Unfortunately, that is not always possible, but when I hear of engagements I can't help hoping that it will be one of those lucky ones — where everything goes well and the mating brings the highest possible happiness.

I suppose by this time, all the details of TAFF are general knowledge, but just in case someone still is wondering how it all came out, here is Don Ford's own summary:

"Dear G.M.:

February 24, 1956

I've got \$182.00 in cash for TAFF.

Ballets received were 181 before the deadline & 4 after the deadline. All told, 29 came from various points overseas.

At last letter received from Walt Willis, he said he had about \$80.00 over there. It will probably have gone up a few bucks since then. So, I assume the total collected will be between \$260-275.00.

Most U.S. fans sent more than the required 50¢ minimum. Mainly, I think because \$1 is easier to mail. However, should we have set the minimum at \$1.00, I think a lot of fans would not have voted who did.

You know, of course, that Walt Willis is resigning from TAFF & turning his end of it over to Ken Bulmer? He is not withdrawing support or anything like that, but is getting out of the active part of it. From other sources I've been told that Madeline was feeling rather poorly before the birth of their son, very recently. Thus, Walt had a lot of help to do around the house & that combined with the fact that he wants to crusade that a fan is best defined as one who publishes a fanzine, or writes for one, led him to resign his official position.

He felt that if he should express a personal opinion, many would feel that this would represent the official TAFF position, which might not necessarily co-incide. Thus, Walt will be around very definitely; but will be free to help TAFF & at the same time be free to do a bit of personal crusading.

Sincerely yours,  
/s/ DON FORD"

It has come to my attention that there was some speculation (by at least one fan) as to the identity of the third name I submitted for the TAFF candidacy. I had mentioned in GZ 4/9, you remember, that I hurriedly sent "three" names to Don Ford, but when the ballot arrived, there were only two GMC-sponsored candidates listed. The names I submitted were Lee Hoffman, Wally Weber and Eva Firestone — but Eva declined the nomination and her name was not shown on the ballot. For that matter, none of the nominees who declined the nomination were mentioned — although Don told me that Bloch, Tucker, Smith, Madle, Moskowitz and Mallinger also declined.

Curiosity as to the third name, I did not mind — after all, it was a discrepancy. But I must admit I was thoroughly disgusted to hear that at least one fan thought I had entered my own name as the third candidate, using sponsor 'Elinor Pusby' either as a pseudonym or as a fakefan front. (The line of reasoning being that anyone who would vote for hiser own fanzine in a FAPA poll was capable of every kind of underhandedness.) To such petty-mindedness, there is no answer except to say that only a mind capable of such a thing him/her own self would think of imputing it to someone else. And as for Elinor Busby, she is no pseudonym for me or anyone else — in fact, she has her own pseudonym in fandom — and is a genuine, active fan who attends club meetings, writes for and co-publishes fanzines, and in other ways indulges in trufan crifanac. I concede that she is not well know outside of our local Nameless territory (wherein she and husband F.M. Busby are pillars of strength); and that the fanzines in which her activity is centered are not too generally known throughout fandom (since SINISTERRA and THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS are clubzines of little interest to anyone except Nameless Ones) but for all of that she does exist and she actually did send in my name (unbeknownst to me) along with a platform she thought up and wrote all by herself (her husband was in Alaska at the time). She campaigned for both Wally Weber and me here in Seattle, and her status as a genuine fan is in no way lessened because some fannish refugee from gafia never happened to hear of her. And that brings up another topic:

#### WHAT IS A FAN

According to Don's letter, reprinted above, Walt Willis is thinking of a crusade to establish the definition of a 'fan' as a person who "publishes a fanzine, or writes for one." I agree that our present formula, "anyone who reads and enjoys Science Fiction" is not sufficient, but I think that any attempt to set up a fence of exclusiveness around any group — more for the purpose of keeping out the 'lesser' than from a genuine desire to define the 'greater' — is a defeat in itself. It is a form of snobbishness which has little excuse in any stratum of society, and certainly none at all in so tenuous a group as 'fandom'.

I am in favor of establishing some formula of identification whereby a fan may be distinguished from the casual reader who merely buys a copy of a science fiction pulpzine along with his Western and Detective pulps, but there is a wide category of fans who do more than merely 'read and enjoy' the stuff who do not publish fanzines nor have the ability to write for them.

Vernon L. McCain touched on one aspect of this group in BIRDSMITH, wherein he referred to them as "convention-going fans" and sneered, "for all practical purposes these fans are illiterate; they exhibit no ability to either read or write..." and further suggested that "active fandom" (presumably the fans who publish and/or write for fanzines) should refuse to support TAFF so long as they are in it. I think that is a very small-minded attitude to take. I cannot see why the vote of a "fringe fan" as he categorized them, should be of less importance than that of the most active am-pubber. It seems to me that any fan who feels sufficiently interested in fandom to spend 50¢ for the privilege of voting to send someone else to a convention, certainly should be encouraged rather than sneered at. Particularly by someone who, by his own admission, was not fannishly altruistic enough to spend 50¢ himself for that purpose.

Walt Coslet's ABHARTI covers listed a group of these "convention-going fans" who had printed up an invitation to hold a Convention in New York. These ~~listed~~ "convention going fans" (that Vernon called, 'illiterate') included professional writers and well-known BNFs, but there are others who, as far as I know, have never done anything along that line. That does not mean they are 'not bona-fide fans. Take Jean Carrol, for instance -- as far as I know she has neither published nor written for fanzines, but any person who has remained as actively interested in fandom for five years certainly has a right to be considered a 'fan' whether the particular type of activity happens to be fanzine publishing or not! I mention Jean because I welcomed her into NFFF about five years ago. At that time she was a professional singer and for all I know she still may be. So what? Does that make her 'for all practical purposes... illiterate'? How snobbish can you get?

This cliqueish talk about limiting fans only to ampubbers, also ignores the entire field of fans whose major interest in fanning is their local fanclub. Our Seattle club, The Nameless Ones, has been in existence for nearly seven years. During that time certain of our members have come regularly to the meetings, primed with copies of the latest stf and ready to discuss science, science fiction, fiction and/or anything else of stfnal nature -- even including fanzines. Some of them have encyclopedic memories and stf-collections that would put most of us ampubbers to shame -- but they don't particularly care to publish a fanzine themselves, nor do they care to write for one. Does that mean they are no 'fans'? Some of them were probably reading and enjoying science fiction while Walt Willis was still collecting pickle bottles for a free pass to the movies -- but since their interest in fandom doesn't coincide with his, Walt would have them declared ineligible to participate with him as a "fan". That seems to me both egotistical and shortsighted. Egotistical for assuming that his particular sphere of interest is the defining limits for a fan; and shortsighted because it limits all fannish activity to the two or three hundred who happen to fall into the same orbit with WAW.

If it were successful, such a short-sighted policy would be disastrous for TAFF. There are seldom more than 200 fanzines being published at any time in fandom, and the stable of writers and illustrators for these fanzines is scarcely more than an additional 100, if that, because the ampubbers usually overlap as writers and illustrators for each other's fanzines. Furthermore, not all amateur publishers are unanimously behind TAFF. Redd Boggs, for instance, gained himself some sort of publicity by refusing -- on principle -- to participate in the rash of Willish's during the first TAFF program. And in this present one, both Coslet and McCain have repudiated the idea of contributing. Indeed, Vernon went so far as to urge others not to participate.

But even if there were a 100% cooperation, it is no secret that the majority of amateur publishers spend so much on their hobby that they are in no position to be of much financial aid in any money-raising project. In fact, it is a standing joke that they are usually broke from the cost of supporting a fanzine! TAFF, in order to be effective, must reach a far wider source of revenue than the few hundred impoverished publishers in fandom. In order to be anything more than the skeletal movement it has been so far, it will have to reach into the wider fandom and tap the latent interest of the local fans as well as the uncoordinated enthusiasm of the "convention-goers".

For this, the two or three hundred fanzine producers/writers could provide the coordinating media. Those fans whose interest reaches out beyond their local fanclub far enough to sub to a fanzine could thus bring the atmosphere of the wider fanworld to their own group -- as indeed they do anyway -- but until TAFF is willing to exert itself to interest these local-minded fans in TAFF activity, there is not much chance of getting their money. And make no mistake, TAFF needs their money! It is mere foolishness to think we can send a fan to London on a \$275 budget! If we are to chop off everybody else except ourselves from this fannish endeavor, we are going to find we merely chopped off our pocketbook to spite our sagging egos!

In summary, I suggest that if we must define a "fan" -- let's be sensible and face the situation as it is, not merely as we wish it to be. Phooey on this business of sneering at "fringe fans" ... We are none of us so damn important that we can afford to look down our noses at the rest of fandom. And that even goes for Ghod Himself!

Re F.A.P. Poll: Since I have already touched on the subject, I might as well open discussion on this, too. There is -- as we all know -- a very nice and hefty hunk of ego-boo attached to a high listing on the F.A.P. Poll. The purpose of such annual poll, as I understand it, is to make an objective evaluation of the fanzines of the preceding year, listing in order of excellence the fmz, authors, editors, etc. according to the categories given.

Obviously, we do not all of us follow the same procedure in arriving at our vote. I note that Racy Higgs mentioned giving Harry Warner's HORIZONS a high rating although he, Racy, did not particularly care for Harry's style or format. Which would indicate to me that factors other than personal preference often are taken into consideration. My own method of procedure is usually to spread the four mailings out on a bench or table and make a physical comparison. Naturally, I do not take time to re-read the entire year's output, but depend rather on my recollection of the contents. If, as sometimes happens, I think that my own GEMZINE takes a high rating in certain categories by comparison with the others, I do not hesitate to give it. I see no reason for disqualifying my own fanzine just because it is mine.

However, I am aware that some members seem to feel there is something reprehensible about such an attitude, and occasionally give vent to snide remarks about "voting for yourself". I suppose some of this is a hangover from Coslet's expressed disapprobation at the time I voted myself a straight top place throughout one entire S.A.P.S. Poll. (At least, I assume so -- because as far as I know, the results of a Poll are known only to the Teller so that only two persons know for sure how any particular member voted.) At the time, I thought it was a good joke on their pompousness -- but evidently Coslet didn't see anything funny in it.

But that is beside the point. What I am interested in discussing is your attitude and procedure in voting. I am aware that about only half of the members take the trouble to vote. What seems to be the reason why the rest of you do not? Is there something in the way the categories are listed that makes it difficult to attempt an evaluation? Would there be a more general interest in voting if the categories were changed? Or is this lack of response due to lack of a definite plan for making comparison? I think it might be well to get an idea just how to go about judging: whether to judge on the basis of appearance, of the interest the contents held for you, or on the basis of how well you like the member who submitted it... Whatever the basis for judging, the result is egoboo for someone. But with only half the members voting, each vote can mean a disproportionate emphasis. That might be good -- it might be bad -- I don't know. But I suspect that we might have a heavier vote if we came to some sort of general agreement about what to do and how to do it.

For instance, how do you vote with regard to your own fanzine? It is possible that some members refrain from voting because they would like to vote for their own fanzine in the category they feel it deserves, but hesitate to do so for fear of censure. Of course, the members who submit the bare minimum -- and crud at that -- would not have this problem. Only the most egregious vanity could expect them to vote for themselves, and it would be only logical that they would ignore their own contributions and concentrate on the rest. But what about those members who consistently submit material of as high quality as they can? Should DAG and Warner be expected to vote for other fanzines exclusively and ignore their own? They aren't blind -- they can see as well as the rest of FAPA if their material is good. In cases such as theirs, it makes little difference whether they vote for themselves or not, because material so outstanding would probably take first place no matter what they did. But what about the borderline material. The material which is genuinely comparable in value to the second best, and possibly better than most? In a tie, or in a close race for position, should the member be expected to slight his own fanzine in favor of material not noticeably better -- thus giving the vote to someone who deserved it no more than himself, and quite possibly not as much? How far should a member be expected to lean backwards with regards to his/her own material?

There is a difference between genuine modesty and a hypocritical false-modesty. It would seem to me to be a form of dishonesty to permit oneself to be pressured into voting contrary to your real opinion merely out of fear that someone might find out about it and say something unpleasant. They shouldn't, of course, since the voting is supposed to be confidential. But there is a legitimate apprehension in view of the attitudes often expressed in this regard. Also, there is the very real possibility that some members refrain from voting for this very reason. They have good reason to feel that their own material is pretty good and they would like to vote for it in the category they think it deserves, but hesitate to. Therefore, they do not vote at all rather than send in a false rating. Come to think of it, why not examine the reason YOU didn't vote -- if you didn't. If you did vote, how did you rate you own fanzine?

Perhaps if we clarified our thinking with regard to the FAPA Poll, we might get a wider response and a more accurate picture. Personally, I think Greg Calkins' instructions for voting as outlined in OOPSLA #14 for the poll he conducted in 1954, were as fair as any I've seen and could well be adopted by FAPA. In case you don't remember, I'll reprint the pertinent portions:

"...In voting, please avoid ties where possible. When they cannot be avoided, please indicate that they are ties. INCLUDE YOUR VOTE FOR YOUR OWN FANZINE IN THE PLACE YOU FEEL IS APPROPRIATE. Do not hesitate to place your own fanzine in the place where you feel it belongs as all votes are confidential and none will be individually revealed. Vote in terms of quality, contents, legibility, contribution to fandom, and the general effect the fanzines have upon you. Votes should be as accurate as possible and as complete as you can make them..... It would be appreciated, although it is not vital, if you would sign your card...so I can be assured..that all the voters are qualified.

re FOREIGN POLICY;& POLITICS GENERALLY: I despise hypocrisy -- the pompousness which says one thing and does the other, not even realizing that it is the opposite of what it supposedly stands for. For instance, the other day I heard a radio announcer prattling away about what a wonderful thing it is in this country that we are allowed to "vote as we please" instead of living in a country where there is only one candidate. Here, he boasted, we "have a choice -- we can elect the man we want". What a lie! you know -- if you've ever bothered to look at the truth -- that the average citizen in this country has absolutely no chance of voting "as he pleases" -- unless he happens to "please" to vote for the man who was picked out by a group of politicians and set up there for him to "chogse". Suppose someone wanted to vote for McCarthy for President -- what chance has he got? About like a snowflake in a smelter... The Republicans will have a chance to vote for Eisenhower. Period. The Democrats are a little bit better off -- the Party Heads haven't quite decided yet between Kefauver, Stevenson or maybe a dark horse candidate -- but once their 'smoke-filled' sessions are over, the general public will be faced with make the best of two arbitrary alternatives. That is, I suppose, technically 'a choice' -- but the citizens of this country might as well face the truth that our elections are nothing but a farce. Just as much a farce as the elections in the so-called 'Iron Curtain' countries. The only difference is that they are given only one man to vote for -- we are allowed a choice between two. Two candidates so evenly matched for innocuousness that about the only preference possible is on the basis of the color of their hair, if any. The Iron Curtain Country at least has this advantage; the political grafters are all on the same side so that the citizens are supporting only one set of political bureaucrats instead of a duplicate set to be replenished from our taxes every few years!

And yet our citizens go around bragging about "free elections". Phooey! Why can't we be honest with ourselves and admit that there is no such thing as a "free" election on the national level? Even our Primaries are not "free" -- even here the potential candidates are carefully weeded down to a few men. Of these few, we may graciously make a spontaneous "choice".

The only way there could ever be a Free Election in this nation would be to let the people vote directly for the man they want for President -- any man they want -- by write-in vote. The man who got the most votes would be the man who got the job, even if it turned out to be the latest Academy Award-winning movie star! Or, if that were too far-fetched, let the write-ins be limited to certain qualifications: say a Senator or Representative, a Governor or some Government official. Let every man who wants the job speak up and say so. If he's been in the public eye right along by virtue of his official position, he won't have to indulge in pre-election shennanigans. Or if he does, at least it will be openly done -- not behind closed door in secret caucus.

I don't know that I advocate seriously any such change in our presidential elections (although I do think our present system stinks), but I most certainly DO advocate that we Americans stop fooling ourselves and make asses of ourselves sneering at the limitations of elections in other countries when, if we will only face it, we aren't so damn much better off than they are! Myself, I fail to see that there is enough difference between giving your assent to one arbitrary choice or splitting the votes between two arbitrary choices, that it gives us any right to boast that "here in this country we are free to vote as we please...." Bullshit! The Republicans of this nation have no more chance of putting up another republican candidate beside Eisenhower than the people of Russia have of electing another Tzar!

Why can't we at least be honest with ourselves?

And furthermore -- take the subject of Foreign Policy. Especially the United Nations. Now maybe the United Nations are a good thing, and maybe it isn't -- but we in this country don't even know what the United Nations is supposed to do or be!

As I see it, there are two ways of looking at the United Nations. One, the idea of "One World" with the UN as The Governing Body of the entire planet with all other National Governments merely administrative groups to carry out its directives; or Two, the United Nations would be merely a sort of Umpire, a disinterested third party to which disputes could be referred. Such a referee would have no jurisdiction of its own, but merely arbitrate between governments lest they come to blows. There is evidence to indicate the UN itself does not know which of these two functions they want.

I don't know which of these two possibilities would work out best. There are so many factors involved that it would require a much better intellect than mine to evaluate all the probabilities. But I do resent the naive political outlook of our own Governmental 'do-gooders' who have involved us in a program of lifting the entire people of the world by our own weak bootstraps whether they wish to be lifted or not. This governmental attitude seems to indicate that they expect the UN to evolve along the former lines, with UN Headquarters (very conveniently located in the United States) as the ruling Capitol of the World. It is a frame of mind which stems, I think, from the excessively 'missionary minded' activities of the protestant churches during the past century. The protestant missionaries, unlike the Catholic, were not content merely to build churches and missions to their own Faith; endeavoring to integrate the principles of Christianity into the thinking of the alien culture they sought to convert to a new concept of God, but on the contrary expended great effort to build schools and hospitals and educational systems for the purpose of changing the culture itself. All too often the Protestant teachers confused Christianity with Cleanliness, or the ability to read; they assumed that the distinguishing marks of Christian convert were cast-off American clothes and pigeon English. Whereas the Catholics made little, if any, effort to change the cultural pattern in matters that did not touch on the teachings of the Church itself, the Protestant missionaries made every possible effort to change over the entire cultural pattern of life for their converts. To them, it seems, Christianity was as much a social system as it was a standard of spiritual values. This attitude is now reflected in a political state of mind which seems to assume that America has been divinely appointed to teach the world a planet-wide social system of indoor-plumbing and Coca-Cola; of jukeboxes and TV sets, of Vitamins and the 8-hr day. It seems we are determined to put shoes on every foot, a chicken in every pot, and two automobiles beside every dwelling -- whether that dwelling be a grass hut in the South Seas or an igloo on an iceberg in the Arctic... for that matter, we seem determined to wipe out the igloo and substitute a Quonset; to replace the obsolete grass hut with a prefabricated bungalow according to the latest specifications!

Furthermore, the intensity with which the UN is advocated in some quarters goes far beyond the enthusiasm which might be felt for a neutral referee...the intrigues and chicanery, the pressure of propaganda and the glare of ceaseless publicity on every move, would indicate that the UN is regarded as something far more authoritative than merely a Court of Last Resort. The intensity with which the World Powers are endeavoring to gain control of this body indicates all too clearly that they have much more to hope than merely a chance to secure judgements favorable to themselves in any future dispute. It is all too clear that, in this country at least, it is believed that whatever cultural system should gain control of the UN would also gain control of every last little rice paddy or corner drugstore.... There is no question at all, as far as I can see, of permitting the world to do as it pleases in matters of food and dress and marriage relations; to expect each culture to mind its own customs and keep 'hands off' of the customs of the rest of the world.

Personally, I agree that we should have some central authority to insist on reasonable settlements of disputes between conflicting ideologies. But I certainly do not feel that the world is so small we cannot live on it in peace unless everybody sees the same movies, wears the same fashions, drives the same kind of auto and votes in the same political bandwagon. Most especially I do not believe we have to melt our individual racial origins into one vast puddle of mongrelism, and abandon our cultural taboos into a scrapheap of arbitrary values established by a central UN-Dictatorship!



Re: MODERN ART. I don't know how Seattle rates among the various cities of these United States for 'culture', but we have three museums, two art galleries and a Zoo plus a couple of art galleries in conjunction with the larger department stores. The latter are open only on weekdays. I like art galleries and museums. My idea of a real jolly afternoon is a tour of one or the other of these local attractions. The art galleries, especially, are interesting because they change their exhibits and usually feature local craftsmen and artists.

Yesterday, (being Sunday and my day off from the office) I dashed off to the U o W while my husband was sleeping off his Saturday night dance job. (He is, believe it or not, a professional musician in addition to owning a refrigeration business and being the author of a textbook on Coppersmithing.) I arrived a little early so I whiled away the time until opening hours by strolling across the Campus. Boy! Was it Cold! The wind was blowing so hard that a nesting pigeon had to make two attempts at landing on one of the pseudo-gothic excrescences atop the Library Bldg. It was more by accident than design that I strolled first through the Washington State Museum before going on to the exhibit of Modern Crafts at the Henry Art Gallery. But it was a fortuitous accident, in that it served to point out something I had not analyzed before.

Our Washington State Museum is comparatively old, as buildings go in Washington. However, in spite of the dark and dingy interior, it houses a very fine collection of Northwest Indian artifacts and is well worth a tour. I've gone through it countless times, and always find something new and interesting in the same old items...dirty and dusty as they are. It is almost as interesting to see which items disappear from time to time as it is to see those that are left... I note that practically all corpses have been removed. The only one remaining presently is a little mummy which was donated (together with a sarcophagus which doesn't fit because it was made for someone else) about 1902 or thereabouts. Evidently the curators have not been able to find any excuse for bestowing a dignified seclusion upon that little cadaver yet, although they have taken away the petrified Eskimo baby that used to be in a back room and removed the gaunt occupant of the Burial Canoe (together with his canoe) that used to be atop one of the glass cases. There were two such burial canoes but only one remains. It's occupant is merely a wrapped up bundle so it is difficult to know whether it is the original or just a dummy.

Aside from the morbid curiosities such as bones and the broken artifacts which are the debris of long-past cultures, it is an awesome thing to realize that these museum treasures, now protected by glass and mothballs against further ravages of time, represent the skill and hopes and dreams of people essentially the same as we. They were undoubtedly nothing but stinking savages as far as appearance goes, and they had no better tools to work with than rocks and beaver's teeth and fire-hardened sticks. But the artifacts they left behind displayed the creative effort of minds and personalities no less worthy of respect than our own present day peoples. In fact, in some ways I suspect they were more worthy of respect than modern-day craftsmen.

For instance, the statuettes carved from wood, with their distorted anatomy and conventionalized features, reflect the maker's concepts of beauty as well as his ignorance of perspective. The craftsmanship was marvelously intricate. Likewise, the items of jewelry and ceremonial miscellanea -- polished wood and bone, carved horn and abalone shell. The materials were primitive as well as the tools that worked it and minds that conceived it and the techniques that gave it form. The style was rigid and limited because of the narrowness of the tradition behind it, and the lack of knowledge which went beyond the person to person word of mouth instruction available.

According to modern-day standards they were but a step above animals. These people were dirty because they had no means for keeping clean and no reason why they should even want to.... They were

ignorant of everything beyond the scope of their own perception because they had no written culture that could transmit knowledge over a gap in time or space. All their instruction and understanding must be transmitted from person to person, by word of mouth. Thus, all the skills and craftsmanship displayed in these artifacts summed up the total knowledge of one man -- or at the most, of one tribe. The elaborately carved horn ceremonial spoon, for instance, was not a product of an assembly-line, but more likely of one individual who was responsible for all stages of its manufacture and might even possibly have retrieved the original horn from his own kill. The copper ornament -- intricately beaten into shape and incised with formal design -- might well be the product of the man who found the raw copper. Certainly, we know he did not buy it from wholesaler as it came from a foundry or rolling mill... Some of the items could represent the labor of an entire family or clan -- as, for instance, the ceremonial robes of woven goat's wool. Obviously both men and women could have participated in this, the men hunting down the wild mountain goats from which the wool was obtained, and the women working together to card and process it. Possibly more than one person might have taken part in the actual weaving... but it was the product of a closely integrated group from start to finish and the only guide in its manufacture was handed-down tradition.

The stylized and almost sophisticated formality of many of these artifacts was all the more startling in view of the primitive cultures from which they originated. I stopped at a couple of cases where the summer and winter encampments of the San Poil Indians of Eastern Washington were depicted. The summer clothes were a belt of woven bark -- the winter clothing tailored buckskin, elaborately trimmed with porcupine quill beads. The only laundry facilities were the open river or a woven bark basket; the only bathhouse the ceremonial steam hut. But out of this life of nakedness, flies, dirt, disease and stench from smoked fish -- out of the stone age culture itself -- came beauty and a stylized conception of art.

It was with these reflections that I walked over to the Henry Art Gallery to see that day's featured artifacts: The very last word in hand-woven textiles, hand spun pottery, and individually produced modern jewelry.

I came first to the textiles... In all the plethora of materials from all over the world; nubby silk and natural linen, bits of fur and plastic; in all the mixtures of techniques -- of stripes and plaids and rough, uneven weaving -- there was nothing which held the exquisite formality of the hand-plaited baskets woven of roots which the Indian women made to carry berries or clams. For all the expensive materials, the intricacies of the purchased looms, the designs were nothing but re-arrangements of ideas that other people had produced. Second-hand designs were woven with fabrics other people had made on machinery which other people had manufactured. Handicraft and skill were present, it is true, but original, creative design was not.

Even worse was the jewelry exhibit -- because I know a little about jewelry-making and come from a family of metal-smiths. I know some of the technical problems which go into the making of metal artifacts and have seen enough to recognize craftsmanship when I see it. Here in this exhibit -- spotlighted and awarded prizes -- were rough, lumpy bracelets and awkward necklaces, impossible to wear; junky twists of wire and unsymmetrical hunks of flat metal dangling as 'earrings'. Compared with the aboriginal jewelry I had just looked at, it was laughable. Compared with Cellini or Paul Revere it was both monstrous and pathetic. These people had everything to work with -- the stored up knowledge of the centuries; the facilities and aids to production of seven thousand years of artisans. But what they considered 'art' wasn't even as good as the product of a naked redskin, crouching in a bark hut over a clamshell with a sharpened stick! They call this 'progress'!

The pottery was even more depressing. Lumpy jugs, thick and clumsy platters, lopsided serving dishes smeared or splattered with colored glaze. And then the attempts at statuary! When a modern-day student of art, who has at finger-tip the accumulated knowledge of all human history and achievement -- from the faultless perfection of the early Greeks, through the lavish intricacy of detail of the Renaissance, into the balanced rhythm of our present knowledge of balance and design; with a wealth of materials to choose from, everything from the most lucent plastics to the roughest granite; with power tools and electricity and kilns and delicate precision hand tools: when such a student of "art" with everything at hand by which to express the inner beauty of creative desire -- and has the entire world's knowledge of how best to express that beauty -- turns out a lumpish monstrosity, is that 'progress'? One of the featured exhibits consisted of a squarish hunk of pink composition, about the general size and shape of a misshapen piggy bank that a six-year old tired of half-way through with three excrescences at one end to indicate ears and nose, and two circles with a dot in the middle to indicate eyes. It was titled "Bear". If this had been the work of a caveman, trying to batter out the image of what he had observed with rocks and sticks and shells, it would have been laudable. He would deserve no condemnation because of the lack of perspective, balance, or detail. We would credit him with doing the best he could with what he had to work with, and would applaud the vision which could imagine and endow the rock with his imagination. But I cannot say the same for any person of the 20th Century who is an "Art Student" in a modern University.

Perhaps it was the immediateness of the contrast which showed up the decadence of our so-called 'Modern' art. It was disgusting and depressing to realize that all the beauty the world has envisioned and produced in all its centuries to date, has now become an ugly lumpishness which strives to achieve distortion instead of loveliness. If that was what Hitler meant by condemning 'modernism', he had much to be said on his side.

And while on the subject of modern art forms, let's say a few words  
Re TV: As some of you know, I've been reviewing the TV STF Theatre for NFFF during 1955 (until I couldn't take it any more). It seems that the series terminated about the time I stopped reviewing, because I notice that they started showing the same ones over again at a different time instead of producing new ones. As Bob Tucker pointed out, some of these plots were putrid -- and I thought the characterizations were even worse. I never saw so many immature females behaving so brattishly in all my life as those portrayed in that series. For a fuller account of my impressions (in case anyone is interested) John Murdock has an article on the subject which he'll probably publish in the next VAGABOND. All of which is merely mentioned in response to Phyllis Economou's plaint that she is being steadily discouraged from investing in a TV set. My own advice would be that if she can afford it easily and if she does not expect too much return for her money, it is a nice thing to have around. Every once in a while there is an occasional tidbit -- the trouble is, there is just no way of knowing what to look for or where to look for it. Even the TV guides, which supposedly list in detail the forthcoming programs, are not reliable. Some of the most unexpected things turn out to be the most delightful. For instance, "Skin of Our Teeth" (which was considered such a highbrow Broadway stage play that it couldn't be anything but a flop on TV) turned out to be one of the cutests bits of stf I've seen in a long time. I also enjoy the British Films which are shown out here on Sunday evenings. Most of them, it is true, I have already seen -- but that sometimes is an added pleasure. There is one drawback -- they have to cut so much in order to fit it into the time allotted that frequently some of the best bits are omitted. Myself, I enjoy Dragnet. The acting and characterizations are so stilted and stylized that it is actually restful -- you always know what is coming next, but somehow you don't mind. I do not like the person-to-person programs, the contests, musicals, and other novelty items such as 'You Are There' or 'You Asked For It'. However, even these occasionally come up with something good.

For instance, one Sunday in February the person-to-person program took us to the home of an electronics engineer who had been fooling around with electrical devices since he was 14. He sounded like typical stf-calibre potential-fan and his house was the most elaborately wired dwelling that I ever heard of. It was like something out of ASTOUNDING -- he had a hi-fi setup which not only filled the house with music from hidden speakers, but reflected patterns of light from the soundwaves. Reminded me of the stfnal concept of 'dancing screens'.... He had many useful gadgets (and some which seemed more 'gadget' than 'useful'), ranging from a television eye which showed who was ringing the doorbell to a device for lifting the cover from the dog's food when they were not at home. I would have enjoyed a much longer program than the few minutes we had, but even that was worth while. We can't get the Omnibus programs too well, but I did see and enjoy "The Turn Of The Screw". However, finding enjoyable programs, particularly stf, is like hunting for Uranium without a geiger counter. If you find it, it's just an accident...or luck.

Re: DOGS, CATS & HUMANS. Phyllis' comments about liking animals and people remind me that, as Greg Calkins so neatly put it, "It's not really that I hate people; it's merely that I don't like them..." There is an interesting line of demarcation here between the distaste for people and the absense of affection for people indiscriminately. I, personally, prefer my human companionship in very small groups rather than in large mobs or protracted tete-a-tete visits. I can sympathize with people, have compassion on their troubles, take a genuine pleasure in their triumphs, and feel a warm sense of personal friendship toward them, without wanting them underfoot all the time. I like people best at a distance -- and I suspect that we in FAPA belong to the same category in that respect. One reason we can derive such satisfaction from the exchange of ideas on paper is because we do not find that same satisfaction in direct verbal contact. Too close or too intimate a personal contact is wearying and ends up in annoyance. On the other hand, the interaction of ideas in a group is more impersonal; the demands on one's attention are less demanding -- less clinging -- than in a 'palsy-walsy' personal friendship. In a group there is more wide-spread play of ideas, a greater interaction of personalities. However, this is true only in a small group -- when the group becomes so great that the personalities are not able to impinge on all members, it is no longer a group but becomes a 'mob'. I think that is the difference between a small town and a big city. Phyllis expressed the opinion that only in a big city can a person find complete expression. I think the opposite. According to her theory, the greatest and most complete manifestation of expression could be obtained where there is no one to demand conformity. But personality does not develop in a vacuum. There must be some human exchange of ideas, emotions, reactions, etc...even some conformity -- either the involuntary conformity of fear, or the voluntary conformity of regard for others. I suspect that the extreme of eccentricity which occurs in a city -- and which Phyllis cited as evidence of freedom of expression -- is in fact quite the opposite. It is the desperate attempt of an underdeveloped ego to attract the attention which it needs in order to grow. It is the result of the loneliness of being in a group too large for individual attention. In a large city many people are ignored. Either they submit to the psychic loneliness or they develop eccentricities so that they will be noticed, either for praise or blame. Psychologists, in the study of children, found that children learned most quickly when praised, almost as quickly when scolded, but did very poorly when ignored. Praise or blame mattered little -- they merely needed to be noticed.

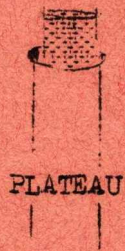
Animals, on the other hand, like to be noticed but they do not exhibit the same degree of psychic need for recognition. Consequently they are more comfortable to have around. I like animals, cats or dogs -- it makes no difference. Animals like me -- and so do children. Mostly, I think, because I recognize their presence and then leave them alone. It is very rarely that one can do this with adults. Especially in single contacts. Humans DO demand recognition -- however when in a social group this attention can be scattered without becoming too painfully clinging. Unless, of course, the tete-a-tete is so mutually agreeable as to eliminate any question of outsiders.....but that's something else again.

Well -- that's enough of that! Let's have something in a lighter vein... Here's an interesting item I ran across in a "Beauty Column" in the newspaper and I'm reprinting it for the benefit of all fenne and those male fans who might like a little psychological insight into the unpredictable vagaries of their feminine companions... If you want the real lowdown on the girlfriend's character, take a sneak at their lipstick!:

"LIPSTICK...KEY TO TALENTS?"

(Reprinted from Seattle Post Intelligencer)

"Do you have a secret yen to be a fashion designer? Secretary to a big business tycoon? A kindergarten teacher? Oddly enough, a glance at your lipstick tube might tell why you have these longings, and whether you'd be good in the role if you had the chance. Psychologists, consulted by the Tone Company, makers of Viv lipstick, agree that the way you unconsciously wear down your lipstick reveals a great deal of your character. The lipstick analysis won't replace an aptitude test, but it may help show where your special talents lie. Just for fun, take one of your 'broken in' lipsticks and compare it with their analysis.



THE PLATEAU shows ambition, perseverance, disdain of trivia, extreme competence, and a tendency towards abruptness. These are the characteristics of a brilliant surgeon or editor, but not a nurse or primary school teacher.

AN OVAL shows you're intelligent, practical, have a good sense of proportion, but are just a bit distant. These qualities are a help in law and journalism but a hindrance to novelists and children's writers.



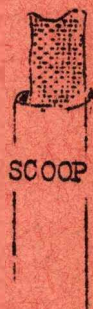
A ROUNDED end means you're orderly, patient, cheerful and considerate, have well defined goals which you're confident of achieving. Because you're also thrifty and energetic, you'd make a fine secretary or banker -- only a so-so artist.

A POINT shows you cherish accuracy, neatness and the dramatic. You like chic clothes and surroundings, never hurry yourself into shoddy workmanship. Ideal outlets are photography and interior decorating, but steer clear of public contact and deadlines.



THE SLANT shows you're versatile, creative, effervescent, but moody and somewhat unrealistic. You're the true artistic type but might find bookkeeping or secretarial work baffling.

A SCOOPED end shows obvious thrift, but less apparent are your sensitivity, affection, love of travel, and preference for 'doing' rather than watching. Lucky the child who has you for a teacher or the drama group you coach, but woe to an office where you're chained to a desk.



WAGON TRACKS (unillustrated) show a complex personality. You like to appear perpetually lighthearted, but your inner self is serious, creative, intellectual. You're temperamentally fitted to be a great ballerina or a film star, but your strong likes and dislikes would make you a formidable critic. A ROUNDED PLATEAU (also unillustrated) means you're adaptable, witty, even-tempered, hate gossip, and sympathize with both sides of an issue. Such qualities are sure signs of success for nurses and social workers, but tend to hemper fashion designers and advertising people.

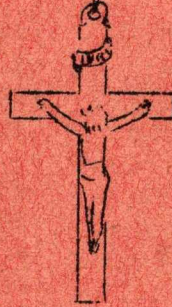
(In case anyone wonders, my lipsticks are pure PLATEAU, with maybe a wee tendency towards a SLANT once in a while....)

"By the way, can GMC or anyone explain the ridiculous ceremony radio stations are always broadcasting around here? The priest rattles off something that begins, "Hail Mary, full of grace..." and ends "...and blessed be the fruit of thy womb, Jesus."

LARK, V. 3 No. 2  
(William Danner)

OUR  
LADY'S  
ROSARY

*EM Carr*



"Rosary" is a term used by Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, and a few other branches of Christianity to refer equally to a group of prayers and to the beads upon which they are said. The word 'rosary' actually means 'a garland of roses' and the present application of this term supposedly springs from an old legend to the effect that a young monk was seen praying in a chapel and as he uttered prayers, they fell from his lips in the form of roses. The Blessed Lady, the Virgin Mary, was seen to stand beside him and take the roses as they fell from his lips and weave them into a garland, which she placed on his head like a crown.

The rosary consists of a number of beads on a cord or chain, grouped in the order of the prayers which they represent. There are many types of rosaries and many arrangements of beads, but the most usual arrangement is that which is called the 'Dominican Rosary'. It consists of 6 large beads and 53 small beads (very crudely drawn above) a medal and a crucifix. The small beads represent the prayers known as the "Hail Mary" (from the salutation of the Angel Gabriel at the moment of Annunciation) and the large beads represent the 'Our Father' and the 'Glory Be To The Father...'

The arrangement consists of five groups of 10 Hail Marys separated by a large bead between four of the groups, and a medal joining the other ends. From this medal hangs a short pendant consisting of two large beads separated by three small beads and ending in the Crucifix. This arrangement represents the 15 'Mysteries' of the Gospel and the complete 'rosary' consists of three times around, ie, 153 Hail Marys, 16 Our Fathers, 16 Glorias, the Credo and the final 'Hail, Holy Queen'. The usual practice, however, is once around this chain of beads plus the six introductory prayers and the final prayer. The other arrangements are more properly called 'Chaplets' and vary from the tiny five-bead devotions to The Infant of Prague up to the elaborate fourteen groups of 3 Hail Marys separated by 14 medals depicting the Stations of the Cross. There is, to my knowledge, at least, no official compilation of all the different rosaries and chaplets which have been used in the various devotions. There are about 29 or 30 different chaplets currently in use and possibly others which are not known on this continent.

The use of the rosary as a devotional aid was not prevalent among Christians until about the 13th or 14th century, when legend attributes its introduction as a popular devotion by St. Dominic. This Saint was supposed to have been deeply concerned by the indifference of the people and the spread of heretical notions among the populace. He had a vision while at prayer about this problem, that the Virgin Mary came and handed him a rosary. She instructed him in its use and recommended that he introduce it to the world in general, stating that if he did so, devotion to the Church would increase and heresy would no longer make such inroads. According to legend, St. Dominic did introduce the rosary to the laity and it became a very popular devotion and has remained so ever since. However, the history of the rosary goes back much farther than that.

The use of beads on a cord to keep track of the number of prayers has been found as far back as recorded history goes. The earliest account shows they were in use as a regular form of prayer in ancient Ninevah, and the inference is that since it was a common practice at that time, it probably was in use even earlier. Many different religions have made use of this device for keeping track of their prayers; Buddhists still use a form of prayer bead similar to the Catholic rosary. It has been used by the Hindus in the practice of their religion, and although its greatest present use among Christians is among the Catholics, it is used by other sects also and there is reason to believe that its use is spreading rather than decreasing.

There is a sound psychological reason for this, because the use of beads on a cord promotes greater concentration in prayer. Many different devices have been used as timing devices and for counting the number of prayers said and the length of time spent in prayer. Some hermits used to transfer a known number of pebbles from one pile to another; some used to tie or untie knots on a cord. But counting off beads on a string was simple and readily available, besides being convenient to handle, and besides its value as a mechanical counter, it had other advantages. The use of a rosary is not an integral part of the Catholic method of worship, in spite of its widespread use and lengthy history. It is a 'permitted' devotional aid, and although its use is not only 'permitted' but even widely encouraged, still it is possible that the custom could fall away and go out of use. Other forms of devotion, very widespread in the past, have fallen into disuse and it is entirely possible that this one could, too -- but at the present time there is no indication of it.

The reason the rosary is called a "devotional aid" is because it acts as a focal point for concentration. It has also been referred to as a "tool" for concentration, and the term is correctly applied because it does help people pray more efficiently. We usually assume that people can only hold one thought at a time in their mind, but actually we all know that is not so. Musicians, for instance, can read musical notes, play them on their instruments, listen to the rest of the band, correcting their own playing to suit the others, follow the notions of the orchestra leader, and still have room in their minds to wonder whether or not the concert will be over in time to slip over to 'Joe's Place' for a quick one before closing time.... This business of thinking on three or more levels of consciousness has occurred to practically all of us at one time or another, and really the whole problem of concentration is merely the problem of bringing all these levels of thought together and centering them on one idea. That is the purpose of the rosary -- it is a tool for enabling all layers of attention to be focussed on one idea. By using this simple device, fingers can be counting off the number of beads, lips can be saying the verbal formula, the surface attention can be pondering the strange events connected with whichever 'mystery' the beads represent, and the deeper levels of consciousness can be free of distraction while reaching down into the subconscious to dredge up the worries and cares or whatever deep emotional problem-solving the soul is bringing to God via prayer. It is a practical, psychological device which promotes a greater depth of prayer and helps to eliminate the distractions which so often interrupt meditations.

The rosary also has the further advantage of serving as a focal point for conditioning. It enables the user to penetrate right into an attitude of prayer without the need for preliminary ritual. Inasmuch as prayer is a specific emotional attitude, as, indeed, all worship is, it has been found necessary to develop rituals which can serve to "warm up" the individual, so to speak, and get him in the proper frame of mind. In public worship, or in group worship, this can be readily achieved by ritual. The ritual, of course, acts as stimuli for conditioned responses which, in turn, serve to effect the necessary frame of mind. However, in solitary worship it is somewhat difficult to achieve a satisfactory preliminary ritual. Among Protestants, especially, this business of 'coming in cold' to a private devotion is distracting. Since the Protestant worship ritual makes more use of hymns and gregarious activity, the solitary worshipper is somewhat handicapped. Even the standard Protestant stand-by, the Bible reading, sometimes fails to trigger off the necessary emotional conditioning. There is nothing wrong with hymns and Bible-reading as forms of devotion -- far from it. But good as they are, they frequently fail to induce the proper mood for prayer quickly enough to make the maximum use of the allotted time. For Catholics, the use of the rosary eliminates this "warming-up period". It serves as a trigger-stimulus just as effectively and it has the further advantage of being unobtrusive.

The rosary, in my opinion, is most effective for private devotions, although it can be used by any number of persons -- from two or three to any number. The prayers are divided so that they can be said antiphonally, with one or more persons leading and the rest answering. Sometimes the groups switch over on alternate decades (groups of 10 Hail Marys preceded by one 'Our Father' and followed by one 'Gloria') so that they take turns at the leading and response. Of course, if a person is using the rosary alone in a solitary meditation, he says both parts...unless, as sometimes happens in a deep meditation, there is another voice present to give the responses. This has happened to me and I do not know whether the other voice is merely an eidetic memory, a sub-conscious trick of my mind -- some personal 'Bridie Murphy' -- or some spiritual being making contact for the moment. All I know is that it happens to me so I assume it happens to other people, too, during a deeply concentrated prayer session.

For group recitation, the Dominican Rosary is the most frequently used. There are numerous variations of the basic formula, with specific 'intentions' often added. For instance, there is the rosary said for the dead; or the prayers for assistance in the 'Mother of Perpetual Help' devotions. Whatever the purpose for saying the rosary, or whichever type of rosary is being said, will make some variation on the formula of prayers. But the basic prayers in all types of rosaries or chaplets are the three most common prayers in Christianity, plus the introductory and closing prayers.

The Rosary opens with the Credo: (Said on the Crucifix)

A: "I believe in God the Father almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only son, Our Lord, who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died and was buried. He descended into Hell, the third day he rose again/and ascended into Heaven, where he sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty, from whence he shall come to judge the living and the dead.

R: I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body and life everlasting. Amen"

Continues with the Lord's Prayer: (Said on the first large bead)



A: "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

R: Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us and lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. Amen"

Then repeats the Hail Mary according to the number of beads indicated:

A: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

R: Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and in the hour of our death. Amen"

The large bead following the smaller ones holds the Gloria,

A: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

R: As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end, Amen."

The Medal has no particular significance in the rosary itself, but usually represents Jesus on one side and Mary on the other. However, in specific devotions the crucifix is sometimes replaced by a medal depicting the Saint to whom the devotion is dedicated. In the Dominican rosary, the medal is considered the same as a large bead. It is the beginning of the rosary proper, and represents the first Mystery as well as the Our Father. The large beads, therefore, represent three prayers: The Lord's Prayer at the beginning of the decade, the Gloria at the ending of the decade, and the particular mystery which the decade represents. The mysteries are as follows:

JOYFUL: 1 Annunciation; 2 Visitation; 3 Nativity; 4 Presentation; 5 Finding in Temple.

SORROWFUL: 1. Agony in Garden; 2 Scourging; 3 Crown of Thorns; 4 Carrying of Cross; 5 Crucifixion and Death.

GLORIOUS: 1 Resurrection; 2 Ascension; 3 Pentecost; 4 Assumption; 5 Coronation of the Virgin Mary.

The final prayer, said the last time around on the medal, is said by all:

Mother of Mercy,  
"Hail, Holy Queen/ our life, our sweetness and our hope. To Thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve. To thee do we send up our sighs, weeping and mourning in this valley of tears. Turn then, Oh most gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy toward us, and after this our exile show unto us the Blessed Fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O loving, O clement, O sweet Virgin Mary

A: Pray for us, O Holy Mother of God.

R: That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ. Amen"

A complete circuit of the entire 15 mysteries has covered the life and passion and resurrection of Christ, and has summed up the entire Gospel story. It is thus roughly equivalent to reading an entire book of the Gospel in the Bible. It also forms a basis for meditating on the life of Christ, which is, of course, the object of most Christian devotion.

Other specific devotions have other 'Mysteries': as for instance the chaplet of the Seven Dolours (Sorrows). This consists of 7 groups of 7 beads, separated by medals representing the seven great sorrows of The Blessed Virgin Mary. A circuit of these mysteries covers her relationship with Jesus from his birth to his burial.

Aside from the rosary and the chaplets dedicated to devotions toward the life of Christ and his mother, there are many chaplets and specific devotions dedicated toward individual Saints for the purpose of asking these Saints to intercede with God on the behalf of the worshipper. Some Saints are particularly supposed to be helpful for some certain aspect of assistance: For instance, St. Jude is called "the Saint of the Impossible" and so-called 'hopeless cases' are referred to him. St. Christopher is supposed to help travellers, etc.

I have noticed a very interesting disparity in attitude on the part of the Church with regard to these chaplet devotions to the Saints. It is my opinion that this is a ticklish subject where the actions of the people are so far out of line with the official teaching of the Church, that the latter is hesitant to tackle the subject for the purpose of getting it straightened out. If the use of chaplets as a form of devotion should ever be discouraged, I suspect it would probably begin with these devotions to the Saints. For instance, the official attitude of the Catholic Church toward devotions to the Saints is that such devotions are merely for the purpose of asking intercession with God on the behalf of the supplicant. The line of reasoning is evidently based on centuries of experience with court intrigue, wherein a busy King (or Pope) is so isolated from the common people that he cannot readily be reached by a petitioner. Therefore, it was advisable to bribe a Courtier to drop a word in the King's ear, or otherwise call the petition to his attention. This line of thought was carried over into the life of the church, and the individual worshippers were encouraged to turn to some 'friend of God' in the hope that by speaking a good word for the worshipper, God would grant the petition. The official attitude of the Church is that only God can perform miracles and grant (or withhold) prayer requests.

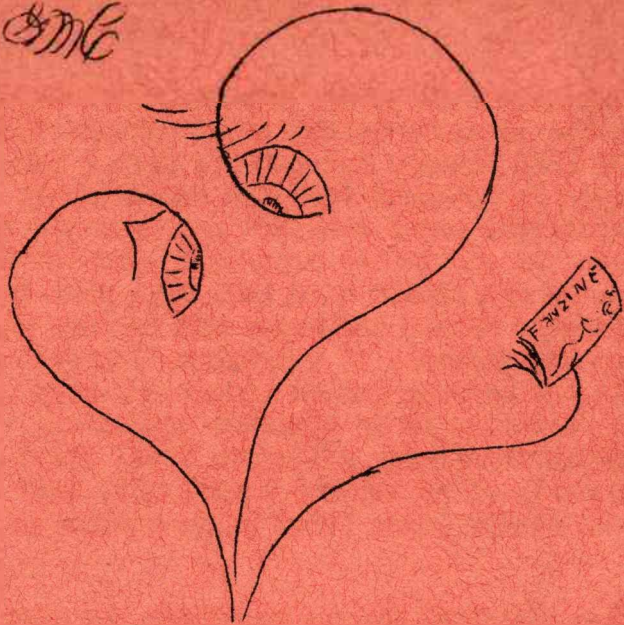
However, the actual form of the devotion itself in many cases, and the language employed by many persons who use these devotions, often implies that the purpose of the devotion is to obtain help from the Saint himself. Likewise, although the official attitude of the Church is very strongly outspoken with regard to worship, and the Church vehemently declares that worship is due only to God, it is blasphemous to worship any human personality since worship is a prerogative only of God the Trinity, still, the language employed in the 'veneration' of some of these saints comes very close to worship. So much so, that to an outsider there is no distinction.

Personally, I think there is strong reason to suspect that the official teaching of the church in this regard and the actual practice on the part of the laity are quite different. The Church expects an intelligent distinction on the part of the worshipper between asking a Saint to call God's attention to a petition, and between asking the Saint to grant the petition himself. However, judging from the language employed, it is my opinion that this intelligent distinction is seldom made, and the Church hesitates to try and enforce it because of the ignorance and lack of intelligence on the part of the people who tend to misuse these devotions. That is only my opinion, however. I haven't gone into this angle very deeply yet.

In summary, I should point out that an intelligent use of the rosary is an excellent aid to concentration in prayer. I recommend its use to anyone, of any religion, who is troubled with distractions and inability to reach more than a superficial type of meditation on religious matters. I suggest, however, that it be an intelligent use --- because it can very easily degenerate into a superstitious attempt at magic. If the rosary is used as a tool for achieving a deeper concentration of prayer, it is an extremely effective device. But if it is regarded as a sort of magical talisman for obtaining supernatural favors (and there is reason to suspect, from the language at least, that some people do regard it so) there is little to say. No defense exists against stupidity --- in the field of religion as well as anywhere else.

F I N I S

EMC



# MONSOON

ALPHA, Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Bergerhout, Belgium. also stapled on (upside-down and backwards) is another ALPHA by a non-FAPAN, Dave Vendelmans. Anyone tempted to send for these had better ask for the previous issue, too, because the most challenging item is a continuation of discussion started in the earlier ish, on the subject of SATANISM. In ALPHA, Vol. 2 #2, Jan had an article "Hold a Candle To The Devil" by Anton Ragatzy. I read it but shrugged it off as merely a rehash of the familiar gobbledegook which has its recurrent rages among the would-be 'devil-worshippers' who spring up from time to time in the best of cultures. England seems to have been particularly plagued with these cults. I

saw nothing to comment about -- it was merely the same old stuff familiar to anyone who has studied comparative religion, and its only value to persons unfamiliar with the ideas expressed, lay in the fact that it presented the 'other side' of the battle of good vs evil; an apology for Evil as an end in itself. However, this current ish contains a couple of "don't-you-DARE-send-me-any-more-of-your-nasty-fanzines" letters from shocked readers, which Jan printed anonymously. I think it would have been better, since he published them at all, to have included the names of the writers: not so much to show who wrote them, as to absolve those who did not but might be suspected of it. As it is, the mother of every young male fan who admits to being born instead of hatched from an egg, will be suspected of the first letter; and every fan of either sex who has ever said a good word for religion will be suspected of the other.

Probably the thing which shocked the two writers mentioned above was the realization that Satanism is not an obsolete catchphrase left over from the Dark Ages, but as active now as ever. Modern thought tends to minimize the existence of Evil as an active Force, and to relegate it to a sort of passive "absence of good". This article brought out the fact that Evil is more than merely the "absence of good" -- it is the epitome of that absence; the apotheosis of the very opposite of everything Good. The vast majority of people (including many of those intellectual pagans who consider themselves 'agnostic' or 'athiestic' merely because they have never come face to face with the problem of Good and Evil, and therefore have no understanding of what is involved) drift along without any conscious choice "Good" and "Evil". They abstain from overt wickedness from motives of enlightened self-interest: laziness, lack of opportunity, fear of punishment and/or social embarrassment serve to keep them in the socially accepted 'straight and narrow', but they have no real principles to restrain them from the safe little sins they can indulge in without fear of detection. It is this class of person (who wears the outward appearance of morality without any particular inner conviction regarding it) that gives the name of 'hypocrite' to so much of religion. These people are not really 'religionists' in that they choose good rather than evil for religious reasons. They are, in most cases, merely following the line of least resistance for them. They are 'good' because, although they might prefer to do otherwise if they could get away with it, they lack the courage to flout convention openly. To them, religion consists merely in doing what is considered 'moral' -- whatever the mores of their particular society may be -- and they do not even realize that there is anything more to religion than merely social conformity.

Actually, there is a great deal more to religion than merely outward conformity. Religion consists of an inner conviction as to the relative values of "Good" and "Bad" with reference to some definite Standards. For that reason, SATANISM is also a religion -- a religion wherein the Standard of Values is reversed from the conventional so that, for them, immorality becomes the conventional moral standard and flouting the conventions becomes their conventional behavior. It should not come as a surprise to anyone to be reminded that Evil is attractive. We all should know full well that it is... It is far easier to submit to the emotions of hatred and anger and revenge when faced with a frustration, than it is to develop the emotions of tolerance, compassion, and forgiveness. It is much more satisfying to the average ego to figure out ways and means of "getting even" than it is to accept a criticism or an apparent injustice. It is ever so much easier to yield to the physical appetites, gluttony, lust, greed, and impatience than it is to curb them.... In fact, if we will be honest with ourselves, we will admit that usually doing Evil is merely doing 'what comes naturally' without regard to its effect on others.

One of the basic concepts of Christianity -- Original Sin -- is merely the name given to this built-in attraction which the normal human being feels toward Evil; it is merely a recognition of the fact that the normal tendency of the human animal is to satisfy his bodily urges indiscriminately, no matter what the harm to others -- or to himself. Other religions have other names; the terminology differs but the basic facts are the same. Religion consists not in a passive conformity with conventional "Good", but a positive rejection of "Evil": the positive mental and spiritual choice which rejects one course of action in order to accept another. It is far from being a matter of passivity. Quite the contrary. Since it is easier and more natural to do evil, choosing to do good requires an active, positive effort. Christianity and the other major religions, deliberately chooses Good out of love of God. Satanism deliberately chooses to do Evil -- out of what distorted motivations I cannot guess. But at least it IS a deliberate choice. It is the unacknowledged pagans, the "Christians" by default, so to speak, because they have no other acknowledged religion (just as any person who is not a Catholic or Jew is automatically a 'Protestant' when filling out application blanks) who drift passively following the line of least resistance, ready to shed their mantle of virtue at the first safe opportunity. If they do "Good" it is more by accident than choice; if they do evil it is not deliberately from choice, but rather because they have no real reason for not indulging themselves when they get a chance.

Anton Ragatzy, the writer of the article on Satanism, quite evidently is as aware of the problem of "Good" vs "Evil" as any other religionist. Unlike the thoughtless persons who do evil without perceiving that it is evil (and fandom is full of them -- prating loudly about their 'athiestic', 'agnostic' and/or 'broadminded' ideas) Ragatzy advocated doing evil deliberately. That is probably what was so shocking to the readers who objected to the article. We are so accustomed to a world in which evil is merely the everyday compromise of a soul which has made no choice for Good, that when we run across an ACTIVE evil, a malignant force which openly chooses villainess and flaunts that avidity which is hidden deep in the subconscious and which convention has decreed must be suppressed for the protection of the group -- it shocks and depresses. Most people would much rather think of "evil" as merely the gray absence of good than be compelled to recognize what it really is: They would much rather think of it as merely the negligence of the soul, rather than as the Enemy of it.

As Ragatzy pointed out, Evil is no tittering myth -- no comfortably hypothetical theory. It is, as the Bible puts it, "...a raging lion, seeking whom he may devour.." As Mr. Ragatzy further pointed out, there are many souls perfectly willing to destroy themselves in order to provide him with a meal -- if, by so doing, they can pander to their own secret lusts.

FLOY #5, Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England. Very colorful - green, pink, white, yellow and tan -- paper, that is. For the lead articles (see Ron's letter in EPISTLES & EGOBOO), a couple of teenagers discuss religion with typical teenage understanding of the subject: a policeman probably old enough to know better prattles about budgerigars (Lovebirds to us here in the US) and a letter column I would have enjoyed more had I known what they were talking about. Neat mineography. Nice drawings. Ron wants to start an annual poll in England to award recognition to the best fanwriters of any particular year. (See BAITBOX re Poll) Well, let's hope he gets a better response over there than we do over here....

GRUNT, Georgina Ellis, 1428-15th St. East, Calgary, Alberta, Canada. I find myself inadequate to review this. (I keep busting out in giggles -- most unbecoming in a 'busty' person like myself!) It seems to be a compilation of interlineations just looking for cards to be quoted on.

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This is what is known as a stean-of-conscientiousness fanzine.  
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OOPSLA, Gregg Calkins -- Perfect, as usual. Have mislaid my copy so can't comment.

WAD II, Curtis Janke, 1612 S. 7th St., Sheboygan, Wisc. As I have already mentioned to Janke, this is a tremendous improvement over WAD I. However, just as WAD I so thoroughly reflected the influence of crudzines-in-general that I mistook it for a deliberate satire on the genre (inflicting an unintentional ego-laceration on CJ thereby), so this one reflects with mirror-like accuracy the Bloch-Tucker-Hoffwoman-Grennell characteristics. It does credit to its models, and if you enjoy the Bloch-Tucker-Hoffwoman-Grennell fanzines, you will certainly enjoy WAD II. Moreover, it provokes a mild curiosity as to which fmz WAD III will resemble -- if and when. (CDJ must have a personality like a chameleon to make such swift changeovers.)

OBLIQUE #6, Clifford Gould, 1559 Cable Street, San Diego 7, Calif. I'd been running across reviews praising this zine long before I saw a copy, but at first glance I was somewhat disappointed. Looks just like the average crudzine. However, it does have the property of being re-readable. The second or even third reading still yields interest -- trouble is, who wants to read a fanzine three times in order to find it interesting? Cruddy appearance belies the good material inside.

HODGE PODGE, Nancy Share, PO Box 31, Denville, Pa. I hope all you FAPAns et al got a copy because this is one 'Share-the-wealth' plan I enjoy. There's truly a wealth of witticisms plus enough solid material to provide ballast...also, it's one of the few places MZB appears. We don't see nearly enough of her in FAPA that we can afford to miss her comments in HP. A mention of radio & TV commercials brings to mind the reverse-effect I call 'Backfired Commercials' when I hear them: I mean the little jingles that lend themselves so readily to parody that they tend to destroy their value as a sales-promotion. For instance: "You wonder where the enamel went  
When you brush your teeth with Pepsodent..

"Smoke a pack and you'll soon learn

They give your lungs a third-degree burn.."

"It combs your hair

While it cleans your feet...." ??

CANFAN, published by GASbeward, 166 McRoberts Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Lots of sercon material in this (edited by Bill Grant) but the only thing I feel impelled to comment on is GAS's review of Claude Hall's MUZZY. (Since Hall won't see this, (not being, as far as I know, on the FAPA W-L) I can safely comment without fear of being accused of trying to curry a good review out of him.) I cannot speak for the accuracy of the assumption that Hall bases his reviews of other fmz on the review

MUZZY gets in them, but if GAS follows the same principle there really must have been some humdingers in their respective review columns! This one simply sizzles... One of the charming facets of review columns in general is that one reviewer's meat is another's poison, so to speak, and it is the variation in response which makes for interest. If everyone praised and panned the same as everyone else, it would be as dull as the prozine review columns -- and just as meaningless. I personally happen to enjoy MUZZY -- at least the few I've seen recently. Although Claude's humor is pungent to the point of stench occasionally, I find more intrinsic entertainment in it than in the GASTeward fmz (which may in part explain why GAS pours on the bitterness in his reviews). Fan fiction -- like olives -- is a matter of acquired taste and those who don't care for it are merely wasting words by their objections. Might as well expect the olive-growers to go out of business because of one person's palate as to expect the fans to stop writing and/or publishing fanfiction because of the fan who don't care for their efforts.

ABAS #8, Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada. This 'zine has certainly come a long way from the V.O #0 first ish -- the improvement is all the more marked in that it is a general improvement and expansion of qualities which existed right from the beginning. The humor has shifted from scatology to satire and the format from pamphlet to standard subsine size, but the innate whackiness has lost nothing in the process. The "Derelicti Derogation" continues to be its outstanding contribution to the annals of fanpubbing and the rest of the contents are rapidly catching up.

ISM #4, Sandy Rosin, 163 West College Street, Oberlin, Ohio. At CHICON II, otherwise known as TASFIC, in Chicago in 1952 I met -- among the 1500 or so fans who attended -- a young fanne named Sue Rosen, or so I understood the name, who made a very favorable impression. She was lively, good looking, and I expected to hear a great deal from her during the coming years in fandom. But she did have one handicap -- she was very young, in her early teens, and that may have been one reason why she made a brief 'flash in the pan' appearance with one short story (which simultaneously showed in a prozine with a different author) "To Serve Man" and then vanished. The reason I mention the girl I met at Chicago is because I wonder if it is the same girl. The age is about right, the name could be a variant or nickname, and the general rambling style reminds me of the girl I met as "Sue Rosen". ISM itself isn't worth mentioning as a fmz -- although it says #4 it looks like a typical #1 by someone who isn't too sure what it's all about. But then how much do you want for nuthin' -- if a gal's got youth and good looks, you expect brains, too?

NANDU 13, SAPS 35 - Nan Gerding, Box 484 Roseville, Ill. Judging from this, it appears that Nan is endeavoring (without much success) to introduce a sort of SAPS Salon, a verbal discussion group wherein lofty philosophical matters may be batted around. The discussion so far is excellent -- but only a couple of SAPS participated. The heavy thinking came from non-SAPS (which probably explains why they were non-SAPS). I found this particularly significant in view of the prolific discussions -- on all levels -- which FAPans indulge in (to the dismay of the OE and Treasurer). Probably this is the most important difference between SAPS and FAPA, not the size nor 'insurgence' nor even the age level -- but the fact that FAPans can and do maintain discussions on everything from sports cars to the nature of God, whereas SAPS doesn't seem able to discuss anything except each other. Another thing of note this fmz brought to mind: ie, the importance of a review column which is intelligible to someone who has not seen the fanzines reviewed.... Sorry, Nan, but this one isn't. On the whole, a fanzine of this type belongs in FAPA rather than in SAPS, because the ideas expressed therein would have a better chance of being comprehended.

WENDIGO #10 - Georgina Ellis. Thanks for your remarks about these panegyrics on Bullfighting. It's time somebody said it. To take pleasure in the sight of physical suffering, whether human OR animal, is a form of that disgusting perversion typified by the Marquis de Sade, no matter what rhapsodical rationalizations are advanced in excuse.

# THE SAUCERIAN REVIEW

A REPORT ON FLYING SAUCERS

Edited by GRAY BARKER

(Reviewed by G.M.Carr)

My interest in Flying Saucers is about on a par with my interest in the Navy's new atomic-powered submarine "NAUTILUS"...that is, I hear that it exists, I understand that it represents a tremendous advance in technology, I accept the theory that it opens up a vast new field of scientific possibility -- but beyond that I merely shrug my shoulders and murmur, "so what?" However, inasmuch as Mr. Barker did me the compliment of sending me a copy of this booklet for review, I can only repay the compliment by reviewing it.....

THE SAUCERIAN REVIEW consists of a 100 page booklet, photo-offset to half size, amply and tastefully illustrated, with printed covers. It is neat, legible in spite of being reduced by half from typewriter face, attractive in appearance and the text is conveniently indexed in a Table of Contents. The material is a compilation of the news events of 1955 as published quarterly in "THE SAUCERIAN", and the editor proposes to make such a compilation annually if this one is successful. (The editor also announces the forthcoming publication of his flying saucer book "THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS" to be sold for \$3.50, published by University Books.)

One decided advantage in the use of photo-offset is the flexibility it offers in the matter of illustrations, and the editor made good use of this fact. The illustrations consist largely of photographs of Flying Saucers and other inexplicable phenomena, plus drawings and diagrams of same. There were quite a few pen-and-ink illos such as are often used to decorate fanzines, plus several really excellent cartoons reprinted from such sources as PUNCH.

The contents cover not only Flying Saucers, but also such phenomena as a broken plate-glass window which sealed itself; burrowing water hoses; poltergeists; sea-serpents; clergy opinions on religion on other planets; General MacArthur; and the search for Bridey Murphy. For the most part it pertains to flying saucers and the persons who are most actively interested in them, but the inclusion of so much Fortean data--material extraneous to the subject of Flying Saucers -- weakens the effectiveness of the presentation of whatever facts there may be regarding these airborne objects.

The treatment is fairly objective in that it appears to have made an attempt to report news items without too heavy a slanting toward credulity, and certainly the nature of the items is intriguing. However, in my opinion this attempt at objectivity is over-balanced by the excessive enthusiasm of the proponents of the various theories offered, and the element of quackery which continually seeps into these theories. It is unfortunate, but true nevertheless, that a perusal of these various theories, opinions, 'explanations', 'secret reports', etc., leaves the distinct impression that they have been propounded by a bunch of screwballs. There is more evidence of wishful thinking than of intelligent reasoning, and as a result of the emotional attitude of the 'reporters' toward their news items, whatever needles of fact they might have gathered are apt to be lost in the haystacks of mysticism and hopeful daydreaming.

In summary, I should say that there is less actual information offered than there is of guesswork; and what information is advanced, is so shrouded with opinions and so clouded by lack of positive data, that it is difficult to evaluate. In fact, I rather gather that the editor himself is baffled by it, and is alternately inclined to believe the material and to laugh at it.

(THE SAUCERIAN REVIEW, % Gray Barker, Box 2228, Clarksburg, W. Va. \$1.50)

# EPISTLES & EGGOBOO

Box 702, Bloomingdale  
Feb. 20, 1956

Dear Gertrude,

A vote of solid thanks for publishing the George Wetzel letters. I refuse to write him, for fear of becoming entangled in a correspondence I don't want, but I'm pleased that you printed them. They tell me much more about Wetzel than I gleaned from all his various writings in other fanzines. I'm looking forward to the next mailing!

Re 'Re: Catastrophe.' I've revised some of my opinions on what might happen in the U.S. and A. in the event of a bombing, especially those opinions reflected in "Long Loud Silence." Several months ago you convinced me that a woman (or in the book, the woman) would hoard food rather than jewels, and now that I've moved to a small town I've learned still more things.

If this village can be called typical, we were both in error. Here, electricity and running water will be available for as little as a week, or as much as a month, all depending on the stockpile of diesel fuel at the city plant. The generators and water pumps are diesel operated, and so the amount of fuel on hand at the moment of bombing will determine the outcome. Diesel oil is trucked in from Peoria, so I assume that would instantly be cut off. Similarly, the weekly newspaper has a fair supply of newsprint on hand and I imagine the paper would continue to publish as long as the electricity lasted. After that, if the printer and his wife had the gumption, he could crank out two-pagers on one sheet of paper on his flatbed proof press as long as the paper and ink lasted. I would think, everything considered, that water, electricity and newspaper would outlast the food supply.

All the stores in this village depend on imported foodstuffs. Bread and milk are trucked in daily, so those items would vanish quickly. Perishables in the fruit and vegetable line come in about three times a week; the supply on hand at the time of the bombing would likely be the last. Canned goods are another matter, depending on the size of the store and their inventory habits. Trucks arrive almost daily toting some certain brand, or line, but generally speaking I would guess that small stores might have a week's normal supply on hand, while the larger (or richer) ones might hold out for two weeks to a month. Also assuming that cool heads would prevail and instantly clamp on a tight rationing system.

I don't know what percentage of the villagers have gardens -- well over fifty percent I would guess, but the produce from those gardens would most likely be kept by the owners. If the bomb fell in the summer or fall, the outlook would be slightly more favorable than a winter or spring catastrophe. City-type commuters, or newcomers like ourselves, would just be out of luck in the immediate future. Our garden, planned but not planted, could not feed us before June or July. And everyone with a garden would have to sit up nights with a shotgun until the crop matured and was moved indoors.

I am convinced that meat would be available the longest. Scores of farmers around here own thousands of pigs, cattle and some horses. I have never heard of a farmer who did not know how to butcher, whether or not he makes a practice of it. Some of his stock would be stolen, much of it would be butchered and sold, and the remainder (other than what he kept for himself) would perhaps be confiscated and distributed by some surviving bureaucrat.



Still sticking to the basic ideas of the book, I think the first winter would wipe out a tremendous number of the survivors, and the following years would reduce the lot still more until only those who could successfully live off the land would remain. (All this is on the assumption that no outside agency, such as a friendly or enemy government came to the rescue.) I am not at all optimistic of my own chances in such a situation.

The two trades I practice would vanish ... or at least be so useless as to not rate rations. And after three or four summers of child-labor, I am still the nation's number one non-farmer.

On this happy note I leave you.

Bob Tucker

PS: had a letter last week from Larry Shaw and Hoffwoman. They announce their engagement. No, I'm not hoaxing, and I don't think they are.

(GMC: I had in mind a much smaller village than you describe -- the 'wide-spot-in-the-road' type of country store, wherein the surrounding countryside was very close, perhaps only a generation away, to self-subsistence. For thickly populated areas such as you describe, I agree with your conclusions. I have received quite a few letters from fapans and non-fapans thanking me for publishing the Wetzel papers on the same grounds as your thanks. I even got a letter from George himself threatening me with Court action for violating (as he put it) 'the common law protection that reside in uncopyrighted and unpublish letters of their original writer'. Unfortunately, in his ire he forgot that he had asked to have them published, which rather takes the wind out of his threats... but it is a highly interesting sidelight on his character. Congratulations to Leeh & Larry -- maybe they can spend their Honeymoon in London? I hear that, by now, they are already married...)

214 East 11th St.,  
Kansas City 6, Mo.  
March 2, 1956

Dear Gem:

First, thanks for GEMZINE, which, as usual, I enjoyed reading. If the color of 4:10 is dedicated to Andy Young, then it must have a jobber cast?

\*Pl to you, also!

Let us go basic. All arguements on religion come from one nucleus. Whether or not you believe in God or a Creator of all things, I say religious arguments are stupid. You can either believe or you don't. There we shall let it rest.

George Wetzel shows occasional flashes of ethics and common sense. I believe that a number of fans look upon these two itens with contempt. Either they are lacking these qualities to begin with, or they have forsaken them to gain popularity or they, despite their intelligence, fail to recognize them as desirable.

Now I, like George, am inclined to become offended when ethics and common sense are treated with contempt. As a result, I also, have become somewhat unpopular with a handful of fans. (Humph! not that I was ever liked! HA!)...It is no secret that as far as -- well, shall we say for lack of better defination -- fanatic fannishness goes, I do not like but about 1% of it. The rest I consider a waste of time, energy and money. However, I have no intention of leading a crusade to drive this element out of fandom and for this very simple reason: If fans enjoy this, who am I to deprive them of something they like? They are not hurting me any, so why fuss about it?...

If you desire, you may publish this letter. I hope that George will see me still as a friend and will not think I have turned against him. I've tried very hard to get George to desist in provoking his antagonists farther, but to no avail.

In his letter (Geo.) I take exception to the statement that C.A. Smith 'imitates' Lovecraft. He may use a mythos as Lovecraft did but to me this isn't much of an imitation. Smith developed his own from a basis of HPL's. Smith's style is far different than HPL's.

Lovecraft is easy to imitate. I could do it myself, poor as I am at writing. Myself, I'd rather work out my own style.

All for now

Yours,  
/s/ John Murdock

(GMC: Considering the way George gets his material, it is inevitable that occasionally there should be, as you put it, "flashes of ethics and common sense" -- just as there are bound to be traces of the original owner on anything secondhand....)

Clifford Gould  
1559 Cable St.  
San Diego 7, Cal.

Miz Caaaaah:

You were worrying yourself, a bit, about WhatToDoWithThatGodawfulWaitinglist...you told of your efforts in that direction...of how you were sending GMX to poor lil' waitin'-listers like me...(right neighborly of ya' ma'm)...if I don't assume to much of an assuming attitude I'd like to present you with the answer to the hul problem (if ya' don't mind that is...

Well, first of all, it seems to me that a pre-apa wouldn't be desireable in the least! From my observations there is enough crud floating around FAPA to just about drive anyone to mayhem....now the crud in a mailing is balanced out by the good shtuff, and instead of leaving a bitter taste in your mouth it is just forgotten.

BUT a concentration of crud (and you said yourself that one of the best reasons for such an apa would be to thin out the crudzines) is enough to drive anyone to dispair! Arrrrrrrgahhhhhhhhhhh! The thought of an apa for only waiting listers....ah tell you ma'm its enough to....

(GMC: Why assume it would be a concentration of crud? Surely not all the waitinglisters are like you.)

Well now: to get back to your kind offer of space in your letter column for w-listers comments. This is my proposal...instead of a pre-apa, why not have all of the waiting listers send at least eight pages per year to you, for stencilization and mimeoing, you could include these in your zine and thus get the rest of fapa acquainted with the up-and-comers. Of course, if one of the w-lers felt particularly ambitious he could send you articles and commentary and whatnot exceeding eight pages per year, and you would go on and finish up with the stenciling and etc. (like that). This would also be helpful upon the eyes of fapa members for your mimeography is legible whereas that of some of the w-lers might not be.

(GMC: Well, if anyone wants to, it's OK with me. My charge is \$1.25 per hour plus the cost of the materials used, the latter payable in advance at the rate of 20¢ per stencil and \$1.50 per ~~ream~~ of paper estimated on the number of pages times the number of copies desired. I'll send a bill for the labor when the job is completed.)

Of course this idea could be carried even further with all of the members of fapa writing up their articles and whatnot and sending it on to you for inclusion in GMZ, this would lead to less confusion around deadline time; it would eliminate some of the confusing procedures; and eliminate the need for any officers, as you (with the aid of Mr. Carr, as in my plan he would be made co-ed of GMZ to relieve you of some of the burden and thus eliminate all possibilities of mafia) would be taking care of everything.

② (GMC: Suggestions for improving FAPA are the prerogative of every member... but isn't it a little premature to start changing the rules while you are still only #24 on the waitinglist? It's a pity you didn't receive a copy of REVIEW. McCain had some very pertinent remarks on this subject.)  
The only trouble would be in securing staples long enough for the stapling of the equivalent of an entire mailing. I'm sure you'd be able to think of something, though. (good luck)

I can see the reason that you printed Wetzel's wanderings. First of all you have just about enough bitchiness in you to want to hang George with his own rope from his own tree, with his own consent; and second of all you seem to be sincere in your offer of space in your zine for the comments of w-lers.

② (GMC: You are so right -- especially about the 'hang himself with his own rope' part. It seems to work very well, too -- and not only on George.)  
Well....actually you should not have printed that WHOLE mess! It would have been appreciated (at least by me) if you had done some cutting, at least to the extent of cutting out his mass of repetitions...but then if you had done that you would not have printed any of the letters..as he has said the same elsewhere...countless times, you would have ended up 'cutting' the whole letter.

The first thought that crossed my mind when I first read of GW (not in GMZ) was "Ghod this kid must be ribbing someone, or at least parodying a racial bigot..." I sat back and said nothing. When after a few months I again had the misfortune to read of him (in his "defense" against Mason's comments in Wendy) I goggled a bit...could this be true?

I found my self a hot bed of indignation and seething emotion. I wrote a heated letter to Gina cursing the name and the "philosophies" of Wetzel from here to Calgary. But now, no such font of emotion is forthcoming...I only feel sorry for Wetzel...I can say nothing else but that the boy IS insane. There could be no other excuse for such I-am-being-persecuted-I-hate-being-persecuted-because-I'm-soooooo-good-inside-some-one-please-persecute-me RAVINGS.

② (GMC: The technical term is Paranoia; Persecution Complex. Difficult to detect until the patient loses contact with reality to a noticeable extent.)  
I cannot stomach his references to the Good and Clean Living (southern) American Attitude Toward Negroes...about how he actually treated a couple of negro girls politely...as if he were doing them a favor (as if they didn't deserve to be treated in the same manner of good white folks).

② (GMC: Well, after all -- you have to give George full credit for his behavior in this instance. It isn't every Good and Clean Living (southern) American who would have done the same -- in fact, I understand from people who have been there that the customary treatment is to run them down and rape them when they catch'em. That's where the saying came from, "She's too young for me -- she can run too fast.")

Also, as I happen to be Jewish, I hate to accuse him of anti-semitism but from my experience it seems that the "Jew-hater" the bigot, usually likes to cover up his feelings, especially when in a group which does not See The Light in accordance with his Discriminating Tastes.

② (GMC: What do the "Gentile-haters" do -- cover up their feelings, too?)

At any rate, the typical bigot says "Why you must be crazy...me dislike Jews...why I'll have you know that SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE JEWS. Why when I was a boy we lived right next door to a Jewish family, and we were good friends with them, and all. And it just so happens that my mother's sisters husband's niece is married to a Jewish boy, and well that ought to prove that I'm not prejudiced, ought it not too?"

So, although I have no really valid proof as to Georgies feelings in this "matter", one way or the other, I'd say from what HE SAYS, that more than likely he is an anti-semite...Anyways if he weren't I'd sort of feel left out, I mean as long as George is doing something as distaste-ful (to him) as treating negros courteously, I might as well be in his "good graces" to. I mean it is the trend, is it not?

(GMC: Well, that depends on what you mean by 'trend'. For that matter, it might also depend on what you mean by 'anti-semitic', too. If you consider that George's feuds are strictly along racial lines, you are definitely mistaken! George is feuding with anybody and everybody that will take the trouble to notice him, regardless of race, color or creed.... On the other hand, if you mean that persons who dislike George's type of mind usually display certain attitudes and characteristics which are to be found especially preponderant among a certain class of Jews -- and that this antipathy is mutual -- I suppose you could say that George is "anti-semitic". Unfortunately he is "anti-semitic" towards Swedes, Irish, French, Canadian, English, 100% red-blooded Good and Clean Living (northern) Americans, too, if they happen to display the cultural and intellectual attitudes that he dislikes.)

I hope that you don't feel that my opinion of George is being colored by the fact that I'm a Jew...I've been told to "Go back to Palestine" too many times to let the mere fact that there may be an anti-semite lurking around fandom bother me...too much anyway.

(GMC: Why should you worry about what I feel? The real question is, "IS your opinion of George -- of fandom -- of the world in general -- colored by the fact that you're a Jew?" If so, what color? -- the color of self-pity? Why?) Thanks alot for GEMZINE, found your comments interesting, and await the next issue, with glee, in order to find your answer to this question.

Do you really raise cabbages in your back yard as a sideline?

(GMC: Tsk...tski..... Hadn't you heard? I am a Very Respectable Person.)

LOVE KISSES AND ALL LIKE THAT,  
/s/ Cliff

13 Serviss Ave.  
New Brunswick (R-9)  
New Jersey  
Wednesday, 7 February, '56  
2200 Hours

Dear Mrs. Carr,

Thank you very much for the pile of back GEMZINEs recently received. as a former subscriber to SKYHOOK and SPACESHIP, I'm certainly not unfamiliar either with your name or your reputation: in fact, though I've by no means finished reading all issues, many of the thumbing-sessions have disclosed "the other sides" of what I remember as lively debates. I've discovered you to be by no means as awesome an old fire-eater as I might assume from reading your opponents alone. Naturally we couldn't agree in everything, but so far I've found myself much more agreeable than I might have expected. (GMC: The Waiting List was so much bigger than I allowed for, that I had to send back issues to the last few names on the list or slight them altogether. I figured they'd get a kick out of a glimpse at FAPA's past even though it did not contain the present situation -- besides, it was a good way to unload extras.)

I do regret, however, that you couldn't spare a copy of 4:10. Like any other fannish egotist, I enjoy reading my own name, and FAPAns have told me there is a rather lengthy discussion in this issue of me, or my opinions, or something. In fact, two close friends have gone so far as to suggest that a suit for libel or slander might be in order against George Wetzel.

I don't believe I could be or should be quite so concerned. True, a few quoted sentences seem a little startling. But I don't think I need fear any pernicious effects of Mr. Wetzel's twisted logic, nor his lies. My friends in fandom know me better either to believe them or to allow others to be taken in by them. And, even were it necessary to defend my reputation alone, I feel certain Mr. Wetzel's past performances, his own reputation, and the excited and exaggerated manner of his own statements would be found more in my favor than in his. Neither his logic nor his attacks against others of his "enemies" have impressed me much in the past; I cannot believe that they will fool anyone else now...

I've been asked to reply at length, advised to sue on grounds of slander and libel. I thank them for their concern, their eagerness to help; but I should not have to fight with a mud-slinging neurotic; I should not need to prove myself so pure, as they suggest. Wetzel is only a mistaken fool, and I should not have to answer his lies and his confusion in order to live at peace in fandom.

But what of the friends not yet made? What can FAPA consider me, if at the first time I have my name connected with the organization I also engage in a public pig-sty brawl? How can I expect ever to find the relaxation that FAPA membership represents to me, if I refuse to clear my name of silly charges? What opinion must you now have of me, when I am forced in my first letter to you to defend myself from obscure attacks of Red subversion and Ghod knows what else? How may I ever convince you, or the rest of FAPA, that I've been the target of a diseased imagination?

(GMC: Don't worry, son, you don't have to convince FAPA of that -- GW did a good job of convincing FAPA of that latter point, himself.)

In all seriousness, Mrs. Carr, I ask you to withhold judgement until someone other than Mr. Wetzel attempts to explain my being pulled into this controversy; as for my own defense, if after reading the attack I feel it necessary to make one, I shall take Ted White's offer of space to do so. If there must be a brawl, I should prefer not staining your pages by it if that can be prevented.

(GMC: My pages are pretty well 'stained' already, but I appreciate not having to type up any more stencils re GW. I do hope that if you do send a rebuttal in ZIP, that Ted sends it through FAPA. I'd like to see it.)

Thanks again for the magazines; I hope you will continue to send them whenever extra copies are available. If you have no objections, I should like to make comment on them later, once I have digested them all, and once my mind is less unsettled.

Cheers,

/s/ Larry Stark, 3rd

(GMC: I'll try to make enough copies to go around, but it's difficult to guess & keep up with the burgeoning Waiting List... 30 extras wasn't enough last time, and goodness only knows how many I'll need this time...)

1612 S. 7th St.,  
Sheboygan, Wisc.  
March 7, 1956

Dear Ermintrude;

I received the most recent Gemzine a few days ago, and while I do not have it here to comment upon rigorously, I'm swiping the time to say a few words because I can't possibly let it go by in silence.

The motivating spirit behind WAD is an editorial policy of complete outrageousness, but I'm afraid you went me one better with that crack about the poor dupe buzzing about the gal in the Bikini in the sanitary napkin ad. Gertie, I didn't think you had it in you! (No pun intended there, - I'm a respectable-type SOB.) However, I'm just mean enough to let a little air out of the balloon by saying that if the guy is anything like one or two of the characters I know, phases of the moon would be no protection.

My election, so far, for Things I Wish I Had Said First, is your little dig at Sinatra. Not only moral, but humorous - where have you been all our lives? As a musician, I have the greatest possible respect for Sinatra AS A MUSICIAN, but as a molder of youth he doesn't get my vote either.

About Liberace - I doubt that the Great American Male-Fan would object to true goodness and beauty in any man, even though he'd be too embarrassed to admit it in public - but to judge by my own reactions, I'd say that the objection to ol' Libby is that his goodness is phony - an all too obvious act. And poorly done, at that. Any, by the way, men are not alone in their dislike - I know several youngish women who can't stand the fellow, either. The feeling does not amount to a pathological hatred, as you seem to think, but varies, with the person, from mild amusement to a sort of projective embarrassment on behalf of the fellow's fakery. True goodness is not that blatantly self-advertised, would be the computation here. Not that I'm looking for an argument on a subject already worn to rags - I'm merely trying to give you what I feel to be the truer slant on the reactions of those of us who don't care for the fellow. (Fellow???)

(GHC: I'll go along with that explanation. Since I find myself alternately-attracted/repelled according to the amount of credence possible. If I could believe that he was actually as naively good as his press-agents and adoring public insist, then I suppose I would like him. But because I, too, cannot believe that any human being could be that full of "sweetness and light" outside of a monastery -- much less in such a toughly competitive business as showbusiness -- I find myself unable to put much faith in his performance. In other words, he turns my stomach if I have to look at him too long.)

A good issue, this one, and not so heavy that I couldn't digest and enjoy it. In fact, either I am becoming less critical, or more full of the joy of living, or else fanzines are improving mightily. Many times, upon picking up the mail and finding fanzines, I would shudder and wade through them as a chore and duty I owed to their editors for having gone to the trouble of pubbing and mailing them - this is a feeling that is becoming rarer - I actually enjoy the majority of those that have come in during the past several weeks.

Curtis Janke

7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate,  
Yorkshire, England. 24 Feb 56

Dear Gem,

Sorry to keep you waiting so long for a reply, but I've never been in such a position before. Most of my evenings are taken up with extra-fannish activities, whilst being in digs in Liverpool has meant (and will mean) that my spare evenings are either spent a) in the cold at the typer b) with a book by the fire. Which would you choose. Exactly! I've been reading the Bob Tucker tec books and a few of Fredric Brown's. Now that I'm back home for a week, and have just got FLOY 5 on stencil I can get down to writing.

Many thanks for the bulky GEMZINE 4:9. Much of it was of course way above my head, and even Cecil who is taller than I am, couldn't help here, not being a member of FAPA and getting all those fanzines referred to. However, all in all, it looks as though I'm in for a goodly amount of fun, when I finally get up that waiting list and enter the Marble Crypts.

Baitbox was a mixed bag of interested, thoughtout ramblings. I think you'll like FLOY 5, which has a couple of religious articles in; you can get your teeth into them very nicely, and I'm hoping they'll stir up a lot of comment.

Although it's way past polling day, I dunno the result of TAFF, but for what it's worth (free egoboo? free fanzines? Beer? Cash?) you got a vote from these parts and also a Big one from Continental fandom.

Yes, twas my letter you ran. Thanks. Two of the 27 kids have departed to ployge (hell, that's the first time I've ever used that one -well,well) other long-suffering teachers -and they haven't Fandom to help them out. And I must take acceptation (GMC: What was that Freud said about these subconscious errors?) to your statement, side-line though it may be, that "even Englishmen can be sneered at." Never, anywhere have I read such a stupid generalisation. Madam, the doubt that someone, somewhere, may not sneer at me, has caused me many sleepless nights.

Thanks, anyway for sending the mag. Long may you turn GEMZINE out. Long may you send me copies.

Like the paper? If Mal Ashworth can do it, why can't I? True, his came from Ketterling.... This comes from Liverpool!

Regards,

/s/ Ron (Bennett)

(GMC: This came typed on a paper napkin about the consistency of coarse toilet paper. I hope that's one fannish fad that fails to sweep fandom!)

Fred Smith, 613 Great Western Road, Glasgow W.2.

28th March, '56

Dear Gem (if one may be so familiar, ma'am),

I received the issues of GEMZINE you sent me and wish to let you know that, first, I appreciate getting them and the extra work entailed in running off so many extra copies, and, second, I enjoyed the mags for their own sake. You're certainly an interesting, if controversial, writer. It may (or may not) surprise you, incidentally, to learn that this isn't the first time I've seen your zines. One or two copies of your GEMTONES (Sapsine, wasn't it?) have somehow or other reached me in the past - probably through Ethel Lindsay, by way of Eva Firestone! So your stuff gets around more than you think. On the other hand chances are you've never heard of me, so maybe I should fill you in a little.

(GMC: I'm 'filled in' plenty, thanks, but I'd enjoy hearing anything about you that you care to mention. Fortunately, I don't get fatter from reading..) I've been hanging around the fringe of fandom for the past four years, subbing to some fanmags here and scrounging free copies of others there and dipping into the melee occasionally with the odd letter but I've always been prevented in the past from plunging in by an acute lack of spare time owing to the fact that I'm trying to wrest a couple of diplomas from the Royal College of Music and the Royal Academy of Music. However ~~(GMC: Another bit of enthusiast in our midst?? Aren't there enough owdiddy yet?)~~ the ~~end at last~~ appears to be in sight and by the time I get into FAPA I expect to be a fully qualified music teacher, which should leave me with plenty of spare time to publish a fairly substantial mag. A couple of years ago I did manage to put out the first issue of a subzine, HATMO-GOBLIN, and just recently there I got out the second ish! I've also been in OMPA since it started and have managed to hit all seven mailings so far (sorry, except the last one). I wish I had a copy of the last GOBLIN left to send you but I only did a short run of it, for various reasons, and they're all gone now. However I'll certainly add you to the list for future issues and I expect to get back to pubbing again about July. My Diploma exams are coming up very soon now and then I've got to get into the training college here. So if you don't hear from me for a while don't think I'm dead!

GEMZINE 4:10 strikes a personal note where you give your "pre-apa" idea. Of course I can only speak for myself but being in OMPA gives me a good idea of what to expect and I've also got quite a lot of Fapazines to judge by. A number of the other

waiting listers are also in either OMPA or SAPS, so maybe a pre-APA isn't such a good idea, after all. Although you signed up "blindly", I think the current crop of waiting listers will have a pretty fair idea of what they're getting into. And if they don't OMPA and SAPS already exist, so there's not much point in creating what would be virtually a new apa. In OMPA's case, at least, there are only two waiting listers so

(GMC: Well, there's this much point to it -- the FAPA Waiting List is already bigger than SAPS even if the latter were willing to absorb them. I don't know about OMPA, but I imagine the situation is similar. What's more -- they've probably got their own Waiting List -- or if they haven't, trying to accomodate impatient pre-FAPAs would soon give them one!)

entry would be fairly quick for anyone wanting to gain the experience. However, I see what you mean: you want to make it compulsory to gain the experience so that deadwood will be eliminated in advance. I think the new amendment about new members contributing to their second mailing is sufficient to protect FAPA in that respect. As regards the "rough edges" I can only spot one "rough" customer on the list and I don't think he'll ever wear smooth no matter how much he publishes. There are a few

(GMC: If you mean who I think you mean, I don't think he'll remain out of the booby-hatch long enough to get into FAPA.)  
names I don't know, of course, and these are possibly neos, but it hardly seems wathwhile setting up a new apa just for those few.

What a load of repetitive fuggheaded crud that letter of George Wetzel's is. I wish I had the time to take it to pieces in detail but doubtless there'll be plenty of others will do that for me. I rather pity George but I wish I could be in at the slaughter just the same in view of his remarks about Dean Grennell (at least I presume it's Dean and not David Grinnell he means). I haven't seen Dean's letter in WENDIGO but I've read a lot of his stuff and have yet to see him use foul language anywhere. Whatever it was he said in WENDIGO I'm certain that (a) it wasn't foul and (b) it was intended (and taken on Georgina's part) as a joke. Come to that does "animal excrement" constitute foul language? (GMC: Maybe 'Fowl' language, depending on the type of excrement...) Or "trollope" for that matter? Surely the word "trollope" is virtually obsolete now and only used in jest. Do you suppose George is paranoiac? (GMC: Yes. See BAITBOX for my opinion.) He certainly sounds like he has an awful persecution complex. I see I should have said "two rough customers" in the last paragraph, since Wetzel is also on the waiting list! See you next time? Best,

/s/ Fred Smith  
613 Great Western Rd  
Glasgow W2, Scotland

Terry Carr, 134 Cambridge St., San Francisco 24, Calif. 3 April 1956

Dear Gen:

You're welcome for the cover, and I'm glad you liked it. The material was part of a whole batch of drawings Denness sent me two or three years ago, and which you've seen on VULCAN, OMEGA, and various other things. I'd planned to collect 20 of them in a one-shot to be called OF MONSTERS AND BEMS, which you no doubt saw bally-hooded once or twice. When that became impractical due to lack of finances, I started passing them around to various people, mainly Coswal, who is running "Of Monsters & Bems" as the title of the series in his FAPAZines (I put them on master for him). More recently I felt that they still weren't getting printed fast enough, so I stencilled up four or five of them and sent them around. You were one of the regularly publishing Faps who is not an artist and who I figured would welcome a cover. Vernon McCain was another, and you saw his cover in this FAPA mailing. Marion Bradley has one for DAY STAR and Ed Cox has one for FAFHRD, too. I think that's all in FAPA, the Mark Schulzinger has one for his non-FAPA generalzine, SCINTILLATION.

It wasn't exactly such a wonderful gesture--more prompted by pangs from my conscience for having them for so long without printing them. (GMC: Well, 'wonderful-gesture' or not, I certainly appreciated both your time and skill in cutting the stencil and the thoughtfulness of noticing that I could use a good cover for a change.)



Idle thot: wonder if Denness Morton will show up on this year's Best Artist poll?

I've been gafiating a bit, but if I'd had money for a DIASPAR this time I'd have had it in the mailing, since the whole issue is written and dunned, and a couple of pages on stencil. I did get out a short DI for postmailing, which you no doubt received, but the next full-sized DI will no doubt be considerably delayed, since I just got the money together for INNUENDO #1 (non-FAPA) and still have a Cultzine to get out in about a month. Don't look for DI in the May mailing, tho I may get mlg comments done in time.

Latest GEMZINE was one of your best...especially enjoyed the Wetzler letters. Let Mr. Carr have his say more often, too. More detailed comments in FAPA if I get the money, and I'm sorry that my review of GEMZINE the last was so derogatory in last DI...the reviews were pruned to the salient parts, and egoboo doesn't make very good reading, except for the recipient.

Cerely,

/s/ Terry

Carl Brandon, 541 Diamond, San Francisco, Calif.

April 4, 1956

Dear G. M. --

Just a note to thank you for sending all those issues of GEMZINE, which just reached me a few days ago, since I have moved. It seems to be an interesting mag, from what I have seen, and doubly valuable because "Boob" Stewart says that most of the discussions in FAPA turn up in GEMZINE, too.

So thank you very much for sending them -- I really appreciate it. If you send future issues I'll try to comment, but there is too much in these issues to comment on.

Sincerely,

/s/ Carl Brandon.

NOTE: This seems as good a place as any to announce a change in policy on future GEMZINES. Since the Waiting List has grown to bi-span proportions, it is just too much to try and keep up with it by sending a complimentary copy to everyone on it. The whole purpose of restricting trades to the FAPA waiting list was to cut down on the number of copies required -- but with more members on the Waiting List than in the whole of SAPS, I'm no better off than I would have been by staying in the latter. So, as Sid Caesar says,

N O W   H E A R   T H I S !

IF YOU WANT GEMZINES, please send a postcard listing your name, address, and whether or not you have a fanzine to trade for it. Naturally, I would prefer a fanzine in return, but if you do not have any to trade I will be glad to send you a GZ anyway if you want one. I would appreciate a brief comment, but it is not mandatory nor a condition of receiving GZ. Likewise, I will be glad to publish any reasonable amount of material a Waiting Lister may wish to disseminate through FAPA, but no more of these 12 page Journals-Of-Grud ala Wetzler, if you please. Unless otherwise stated, I reserve the right to shorten or otherwise edit letters in the Letter Column. After all, I'm doing the typing and paying for the stencils used, and although I'm willing to conserve the spirit of the letter, I have to exercise judgement in the quantity. Of course, if you send your letter already on the stencil, it will be reasonably safe from editing (hint, hint...) IN SUMMARY: Unless I get a definite request from you to be kept on the mailing list, this is the last GZ you'll see, for free, to you from me -- See? FURTHERMORE, I am getting damn

sick of one GEORGE WETZEL and this is probably just as good a place as any to set a few matters straight: Ever since publishing those 12 pages of crud in GZ 4:10 - which I did at GW's insistence and as a courtesy in recognition of his status as a Waiting Lister - I have found myself involved in a typical GW "smear campaign". Of course, all you who received GZ and bothered to read the letters found them self-explanatory, but non-FAPAs who had no connection with them or with FAPA, and consequently had no access to that issue of GZ were naturally surprised and bewildered when GW started writing madly around for "aid" in his "war against Carr" who, says GW, "treacherously used my private correspondence to hurt me." Considering what a lying fugghead George is, I was somewhat surprised that anyone would believe anything thing he said, even to the extent of writing to find out what it was all about. It was a further nuisance to have to explain that since George himself was the one to explode into a sudden rage and insist that he didn't want any further fnz from me, I took him at his word and sent the copy which had been intended for him to one of the other Waiting Listers. To make matters worse, I ran short on that particular issue -- not even enough to go around to everyone on the Waiting List so, as mentioned previously, some of the names on the bottom of the list got backissues instead. Consequently, when these bewildered queries came in, requesting a copy of the GZ in question so they could see for themselves (as if it were any of their business to begin with) I was unable to give them one. I got tired of writing back explaining: "A) I published only letters that George asked me to publish. B) George himself requested that I NOT send any fnz. and C) There aren't any left to send you...." Every fan who has had any contact with George Wetzel knows that you cannot treat him like a rational person. But I do not believe that it is generally realized in fandom the extent of what ails George.

My knowledge of mental illness is limited to a couple of courses on Abnormal Psychology and the personal observation of a mental breakdown in an office where I worked. It occurred at the time I was studying these courses, and I was not sure that what I was seeing was the real thing. Furthermore, like all laymen when faced with mental deterioration, I did not know what to do or to whom to call attention to what was happening. In these cases, the individual's friends and relatives, who should be first to notice something wrong are usually the last to recognize what is happening. Strangers, therefore, are handicapped because they cannot walk up to a parent and say, "My friend, your child is becoming insane, better get him to a psychiatrist as soon as you can." Neither can an outsider report mere observations to any lawful authority until the patient makes some overt blunder which calls for official notice. Many mental cases never do receive official attention in time to do them any good because they never quite lose contact with reality to the extent that they cannot take care of themselves. After all, we can put up with an awful lot of "eccentricity" without suspecting that it is really a mental deterioration.

I am no Psychiatrist and I have never met George, much less examined him. Neither am I qualified to make a legal pronouncement on his mental condition. I cannot, therefore, make an unequivocal statement that George Wetzel is insane. But I DO say that George Wetzel exhibits, on paper at least, the symptoms typical of Paranoia with delusions of persecution. He displays the typical distorted interpretations, the typical swings between grovelling self-pity and arrogant boasting, the characteristic "projection" (ie, the suspicious accusations against others of the things he is doing himself) and the rambling incoherence which accompanies mental disorientation. The extent of his derangement is the problem.

However, even if fandom were aware that George is obviously not mentally responsible for his actions, we still are faced with the problem of what to do with him. His verbal vomitings create a stench which permeates every fanzine he

touches, and until each editor has discovered, by sad experience, what corresponding with George will do to him, fandom is faced with the unpleasantness George causes. There are still a great many ampublers on both sides of the Atlantic who do not yet know what to expect, so George could go on indefinitely just skirting the edges of tolerance and making a damn nuisance of himself.

Most fans, once they discover his condition, endeavor to ignore him. This at least has the virtue that GW finally tires of silence and turns his attention elsewhere. But in the meantime, fans who do not know his condition attempt to debate with him as though he were sane, with consequences similar to mine. I did not realize, until after I'd published his 12 pages of crud, that George was as far gone in his mania as he is.

Actually, I don't know what to do about him. I don't think it is safe to permit a maniac with delusions of persacution to run around loose but I don't know what anybody can do about it until he sends a home made bomb or a box of poisoned candy through the mail, or shows in person with a hatchet to "protect himself" against the "Marxish conspiracy in fandom and SF--" Unless some fan actually has evidence of tangible nature against George which can be turned over to the authorities, there isn't much that can be done. I understand, however, that George has been sending anonymous letters through the mail. If that is true, and any fan who reads this has some of said anonymous letters in his possession, all I can suggest is that one way to rid fandom of George Wetzel and his ravings would be to turn the letters over to the Postal Inspectors. I understand it is illegal to send obscene or threatening material through the mail. Knowing George's letters, anything he wrote anonymously would be quite apt to fall into either or both categories, and might result in his mental condition being brought to the proper attention. If, as I suspect, he is in need of hospitalization that might be one way of seeing that he gets it. If he is merely a borderline case, he might be prevented from further deterioration by prompt psychiatric attention. But whatever is done with George, I wash my hands of him.

7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue  
Harrogate, Yorkshire (England)  
27 March 56

Dear Gen,

Thanks for GEMZINE 4:10. This numbering you keep up is somewhat confusing at times, but don't let that suffer you any loss of sleep as Cecil is working on it and should come up with a solution any week now.

(GMC: For explanation of numbering system, see cover GZ 4:9)

Your ramblings are so widely varied and so lengthy that it would take pages and pages to comment on them all and Jinx wants to go to the pictures. This is the trouble with non-fan wives -- they find other things to do. Liberace for example brings to mind that I consider him to be sickly and conceited, but a showman for all that. Yes, I do prefer Jimmy Durante.

Incidentally, GEM, the note on page 4 about how you gained FAPA waiting-listship brings to mind a rule which states somewhere something about credentials in the fan-field. What were yours? I'm not being rude, merely curious. This is something I just don't know. Did you pub a fnz, or did you write for someone else's?

(GMC: Editor/publisher THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS, co-editor/publisher SINISTERRA; both fnz in connection with The Nameless Ones, a fanclub of which I was then Secretary. Said club is still in existence and still publishing THE CRY and SINISTERRA, both of which have had many editors and publishers since then.)

I'll forgive you the omission of PLOY in MONSOON and say that I liked Mr. Carr's item. Let's have more. (This is a fiendish Bennett thin-end-of-the-hedge to get you turfed out and the mag lawned to your spouse).

(GMC: Mr. Carr thanks you and elsewhere in this mag you'll find another installment of "Mr. Carr Says:" -- which maybe YOU think is a Bennett-originated 'fiendish plot' but which merely goes to show that you underestimate the fiendishness of wives....)

Wetzel's remarks that he'd like to call off the feuding with you are the most sensible things I've ever heard from him. (GMC: See above for further developments on THAT statement!) But is he now thinking of turning his rev-gun at me, I wonder? Anyway, serious feuds have no ployce around here; I much prefer the Benny-allen, Crosby-Hope stuff and have been trying to get into such a brawl with Mal Ashworth for over a year now. Trouble is, he takes everything so damn seriously.

And so does Wetzel, but ployse don't class Mal and Wetz together. Spelling mistakes are sheer laziness, not having the strength of will to reach down on the floor and pick up a dictionary (well, have you seen this room right now?) Well, he's welcome to his views. I wonder what a psychoanalyst would make of them? Er, let's see -- Silverberg said I was a naughty boy, but did I gripe? Not big strong handsome me... etc. etc.

Of course, he could be a Liberace fan....

Give me Groucho Marx. (GMC: Better not, it might be part of a 'Marxish plot')

Enough. Sorry, Gertrude, but I must shave and away. YE BLACKBOARDE JUNGLEY is callinge.

Thanks again for GEMZINE. May your bedsocks never wear through. Cheers.

Added 29 March 56.

Ron and Cecil

It dawned on me this morning, Gem, that there was something in GEMZINE worth a short mention and on which I hadn't commented. Just before Xmas I got a chain letter from one certain Canadian femme-fan. I have it here. It says, "The original of this letter comes from the Netherlands. The Luck of it has been sent to you. It has been around the world four times (sent by U.S. Officers). The one who breaks these chains will have bad luck.

"Please copy this and see what happens to you in four days after you receive it. DO NOT SEND MONEY & DO NOT KEEP THE COPY. Send it and 4 others to whomever you wish good luck. It must leave your home 24 hours after you receive it.

"General Austen received \$6,000 only to lose it after breaking the chain ((What did Napoleon get?)). You are to have good luck four days after receiving it.

This is no joke. You will receive it by mail.

Insert your name at the bottom of the list and remove the top..."

It was then signed by 10 people, two of whom are fen resident in Belgium and the last name of course is our Canadianne. I wrote her about this nauseating mess and said that I hadn't passed on the letter and had no intention of doing so, also that I was surprised at her for passing the thing on. She said that she'd done it out of mere curiosity -- to see what would happen if and when she passed it on. Why the heck she didn't satisfy her curiosity by keeping the thing and also showing that she had some guts, I'll never know.

As for me, I simply kept it. (GMC: Until now, that is, because in the end you DID pass it on -- to me. Didn't you?) I was annoyed. The "This is no joke" piece makes you wonder; all depends on which way you look at it, I suppose. But, I must away again. Am packing for Kettering tomorrow. Coming? Cheers, Ron and Cecil.

## MR. CARR SAYS:

As many of you older FAPAns might have guessed, I am in the refrigeration business. We specialize in marine installations. We install anything from a small household type job to refrigerating a complete hold. The hold on the average trawler or schooner type fishboat is approximately 16' long, 15' wide, 7' deep. These are, most of them, wood construction boats approximately 75' length.

During installation of refrigeration in a partial hold, I got into a discussion with the Skipper. I asked him about his planned charter trip he was making. He explained that the boat and crew were chartered for six month trip by the Fish and Wildlife Commission, U.S. Government. They have charted a course which will take a full six months of travel through Alaska, the Aleutians to the very edge of Russia and Japan, through some of the Southern Pacific waters and return. They have plotted on their course stops for each day of travel. At these stops they will lay out a net and attempt to find salmon. If they find salmon, they take at the most ten specimens, cutting the tail off immediately as they are removed from the water; draining the blood into containers, sealing them immediately, put them in the freezer. At the earliest possible time they fly these specimens to their laboratories in Seattle, where the specimen is analyzed. The rest of the carcass is put into a sealed cellophane container and laid in the freezer for collection throughout the whole trip. If, however, it is blowing too hard to make a set at any one of their planned stops, they continue on to the next stop and of course if it is blowing then again they continue. The important thing seems to be to obtain specimens from as many spots as possible.

The carcass of the fish at the return to Seattle is taken immediately to the laboratory where the technicians start their dissecting work. First the fish is X-rayed. Then the technical work of dissecting -- which, as I understand, includes counting the bones and study the structure of bones and scales; colors, type of skin, etc. etc.

The purpose of this trip is to gather enough information to stand up in the World Court beyond any reasonable doubt which country these fish came from regardless of where they were caught. It has already been established to the satisfaction of the scientists employed on the boat the recognition of the different fish. The Russian fish, the Japanese fish, the American fish can be positively established even if caught in the middle of the ocean.

There have been disputes between Americans, Japanese and others about the fishing on the high seas, and taking fish indiscriminately throughout the whole year. The Americans claim that fish taken in certain waters are spawned in our rivers in Alaska, Washington, Oregon and also Canada. They also claim that if some curb is not made on the harvest of these fish, they will eventually be depleted. The Russians are also in the picture from the same standpoint. They are looking at it the same as we.

The two scientists going on the cruise are Japanese-Americans. One of these scientists has been given full credit for this complete undertaking. The crew members consist of the Skipper and six men, including the two scientists. The Skipper of the boat said that he has never sailed with anyone as pleasant and all-around gentlemanly as these Japanese-Americans. They work right with the crew on anything that has to be done on the boat, including assisting the cook with the dishes and a couple times a week the two Japanese prepare Japanese dishes for the entire crew which the Skipper says is really enjoyable.

The Skipper mentioned that during the trip far up into the north they run into schools of fine big Alaska herring. He told me if I bring a keg aboard the ship (which I intend to do today) he will fill it up for me when they get into the schools. No matter what the outcome of the scientific nature of the trip, about six months from now I'll be waiting impatiently for a keg of salted Alaska herring!

Reprinted Poems by G. M. CARR under the pseudonym of

SPACEBLUES #1: Autumn

You'll never know, you'll never guess  
The beauty and the loneliness  
Of fallen leaves and branches bare -  
Of rainswept skies and dampfilled air -  
Of sodden soil whose promise sleeps  
Until the Planet southward sweeps...  
Unless, spacebound, you've watched Earth fall  
Into a distant, blue-green ball,  
And tasted but the tropic air  
The spacecans hold, knowing that there  
Will be - for you - no more at all  
Of the somber charm of Terra's "Fall".  
(SINISTERRA, Summer 1950)

SPACEBLUES #2: Young Philosopher

Honor is better than kisses, but who  
Is old enough to know that, are you?  
Virtue is better than passion, they say,  
Who fold their hands and kneel and pray.  
Honor and Virtue are decent and right,  
But kisses are sweet and passion, delight.  
In the cold night my honor may guard me  
from harm,  
But Virtue's too chilly to help me keep warm!  
(SINISTERRA, Summer 1950)

SPACEBLUES #3: Bitter Dreaming

Life is a searing wave of anger  
That flings the weary soul from isle to isle  
Of lust or greed or fleeting hunger  
Where it may find forgetfulness a while.

Life is a bitter hour of restless turning  
With sleepless eyes and heart that longs in  
vain  
For peace; for some surcease from learning  
That all its joys are apt to end in pain...

Death is the dark and barren shore edge  
Whereon those acid waves of life have cast  
The outworn shells; and on some dry ledge  
Have left them empty, undisturbed at last.  
(SINISTERRA, Autumn 1950)

SPACEBLUES #4: Christmas on Mars

The gentle Jesus of my baby Christmas days  
Was only God of Planet Three of Sol...  
But could the God of this land's alien ways  
Be also Offspring of The Father of us all?

AUGUST  
ADELUNO

SPACEBLUES #5: Spring Fever

Springtime comes green on Tellus 3  
It bursts out blue on Mars  
On Mercury, just a cloud of dust -  
(It has no Spring like ours).  
From Jupiter 5 to Neptune 8  
The orbits swing so long  
They seldom have a vernal state  
To celebrate in song.  
But every time a planet rolls  
Itself upon its axis,  
Someplace, somewhere, some creature  
thinks  
Of unpaid income taxes!  
(SINISTERRA, 1951)

'POLICE ACTION' CHRISTMAS

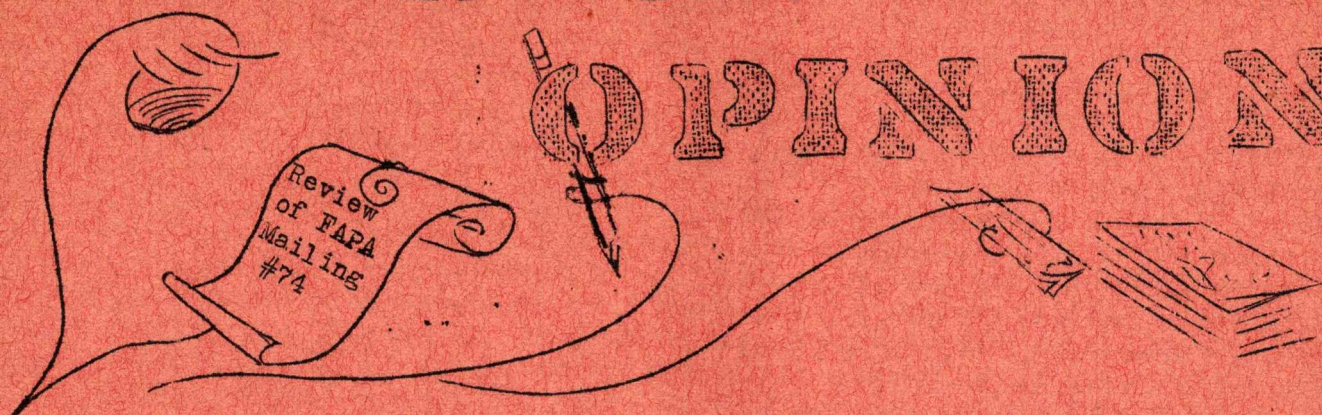
Christmas bells o'er cold Korea  
Peal a chilly song of cheer  
Over frozen eyes and eardrums  
(Silent, for they cannot hear...)

Gala Christmas trees back home now  
Send back their reflected lights;  
Choirs sing out - of candles glowing -  
Kids squeal, too, of their delight...

Look, the empty chair is filled with  
Christmas presents so they spill...  
(But the heart of all this Christmas  
Lies dead on a "heartbreak hill".)  
(GEM TONES, Apatite)

# UNASKED

# OPINION



With 38 stencils already cut and the assembling deadline only three weeks away, it looks like I'll have to pare down UNASKED OPINION from the 12 pages of material into a mere summary. Tsk, tsk...that's what I get for being so gabby! Well -- I'll start off and see how far I get before time (and patience) runs out....

LIGHT, Les Crutch. I think you tend to overlook a very important part of human psychology, Les, when you state that 'organized churchliness' is unnecessary. You forget that people tend to associate worship with a place -- a tendency which is as old as worship itself. Archaeology shows abundant proof that people placed a great importance upon a place of worship: they made altars and returned to them again and again; they went up into "a high place" to offer their worship, or into "a grove"... probably because these places were most conducive to a feeling of awe and solemnity. It is as true today as it was when the first apelike ancestor of man looked up from his grubbing among roots and saw the heavens and was filled with a sense of awe that certain conditions of environment are more conducive to worship than others. Also, there is the additional factor of conditioned response; ritual serves the purpose of reinforcing religious stimuli so that the individual worshipper is able to penetrate more quickly and thoroughly into an attitude of worship. People who scorn organized religion and prefer to "commune with nature" are merely expressing the obvious: Sure, one can worship 'just as well' out in the open -- the fields, hills and groves were the first worship spots and are still natural settings for worship. But hasn't it occurred to you that if every single individual in the world had to go out and find his own spot for "communing with nature" there wouldn't be many left? Likewise, hasn't it occurred to you what it costs to build and maintain a private chapel -- to say nothing of the cost of maintaining all the other aids to devotion which people need to encourage and reinforce their religious experience? Only the most iconoclastic soul is strong enough to devise and maintain a solitary religion: the majority of human beings require the companionship of other humans in the exercise of their religion. The only way most people can find the necessary place of worship and means to maintain it is by 'organized churchliness'. How else COULD they? You know, I get a kick out of these people who gripe and grumble at being expected to 'support the Church'. They are as unreasonable as children -- they expect somebody else to pay for building and maintaining a place for them to go when they happen to feel in the mood for it, and it never occurs to them that a church building has to be heated and painted and wired for electricity just like any other building. If these grumblers had to pack up a tent and packtrack up into the mountains to "commune with nature", they'd soon discover it costs them more for one single trip than for an entire 52 Sundays of regular church-contributions! But then, as I've said before, there is no defense against stupidity.... (not you, Les, just stupid grumbling in general).

(This is typed in as a last-minute thought to explain that not all FAPazines are reviewed in this UO -- comments that promised to be too lengthy were handled by direct letter to the persons concerned, likewise, you'll find comments scattered anywhere from BAITBOX to MONSOON wherever they seemed appropriate.)

FIENDETTA, Charles Wells. Georgina Ellis mentioned in her fnz that she found it inconsistent that I should consider Catholicism a 'good' system of worship and yet express ideas contrary to its ideals, and Charles commented much the same -- with the added thought that Catholicism requires a certain attitude of mind in order to follow the reasonings behind it. He is quite right. Catholicism is in itself a frame of reference to certain rigid values which must be fully entered into in order to be appreciated. People who are able to comprehend the line of reasoning and are able to enter into the system of values, can live full and rich lives -- complete in every respect. That is why, to Georgina's surprise, I think Catholicism is a 'good' religion. Once the initial postulations are accepted, every possible contingency that could arise in human experience is covered. The spiritual values are outlined and a deep and rich spiritual purpose is attached to every necessary restriction encountered. In fact, it makes more sense and more consistent sense, than any of the splinter offshoots now known as Protestantism. However, there is an element of all-inclusiveness (which is unescapable in any religion because unless the basic premise is that THIS is the ONLY religion, there can be no confidence in it) which is especially marked in Catholicism. It amounts, actually, to compulsion in that it requires persons to identify themselves with this line of reasoning whether they can live up to it or not. Persons who, for one reason or another, are unable to live up to the basic ideas of upon which the minutiae of regulations are based, are subjected to terrible personal conflicts to an extent which is seldom encountered among Protestants. For instance, in Protestant Christianity the idea of a personal religion is almost entirely voluntary. It is supposed to be a matter for the individual conscience, and if a protestant child decides to shrug off the family religion when he shrugs off the apron strings, it can be done in most cases without any perceptible psychic trauma. But in Catholicism the religion is not a matter of choice; it is as much a matter of heredity as the parents' nationality. A child born in a Catholic home and reared there has no more chance of shrugging off his religion than a negro has of shrugging off his skin. Whether this compulsion is in itself "good" or "bad" I have not yet fully made up my mind, but it does make for a strongly-felt faith and therefore is 'good' for the individual from a pragmatic standpoint.

LEE HOFFMANzines. 119 pages of material, not counting the blank sides of covers, should certainly evoke some remarks but the material for which Leeh particularly asked comment does not spark anything from me. Probably because I rather felt as though I were reading an assignment of homework -- (and the subject matter was sufficiently biographical to lend verity to the feeling, since it was full of names and dates like an outside-reading reference) -- so that I was continually assailed with the impulse to pull out a pencil and start making notes. I forgot I was supposed to be enjoying myself. It's beautifully mimeographed, of course, but then Leeh always does good work, even when she isn't particularly trying. And when she does try...it's marvelous.

TARGET FAPA, Richard Eney. Richard, your arguments are becoming wilder and wilder... as though you feel cornered and are lashing out blindly at random. How come? Is it so terrible to find that you and I hold identical attitudes regarding certain things? Must you stoop to actual dishonesty -- such as attributing fugged quotations to me when you know very well that I never said any such thing (if I had, you would have been quick to give the reference as well as the quote) -- rather than admit I could be right? Strange that you are completely unable to recognize that you and I hold identical attitudes toward incorrigible criminals. I wouldn't be surprised if we hold similar ideas toward religion, too, if you could face what you actually believe. So far, this much difference is apparent: I have an open mind on the subject -- you have a closed one. I assume that where so many people have reported evidence in favor of the religion they practice, that such evidence should be considered. You, on the other hand, assume that since it is apparently contradictory, it should be rejected. I



investigate the possibility that all forms of worship might have an equally valid basis -- you assume that no form of worship can be valid because it contradicts some other form, a sort of 'all or nothing at all' in reverse. But what makes you so sure? Speaking of God, you say, "Now there can hardly be reasonable doubt that no such individual exists." Why can't there? The doubt whether or not such an individual exists is the primary basis of all conversion to religion. If the doubt is resolved in favor of belief in the existence of God, the doubter accepts the line of reasoning which dissolved it: if the doubt is resolved against the existence of God, the doubter usually proclaims himself to be an "athiest". But the entire category of "agnostic" (which I understand you claim for yourself) is one of a state of just exactly that -- ie, a state of "reasonable doubt" as to whether or not such an individual might exist. In fact, your further statement, "..as simple as the situation is, I can't understand why people have been arguing about it all these centuries" shows that you haven't the slightest idea of what it is they have been discussing. Your attitude is that of a kid who, having successfully added 2 and 4 and got an answer of 6, now sneers at his brother for struggling over an assignment of algebra....

BURLINGS, Charles Burbee. I'm glad to see this -- all that OEship kind of cut down on the fabulous fannish contributions for a while and it's nice to have them back again. Only hope that this doesn't start a wave of animal husbandry in fandom. Burbee discussing goldfish, and the Britifen going in for buderigars, we may find ourselves abandoning hi-fi and stock cars for exotic household livestock.....dogs, cats, horses have already paved the way.

LE MOINDRE, Boyd Raeburn. "Snow occurs in Australia..in Winter, same as any other place, or so I am informed." This could be the fugeheaded remark of the year, Boyd, if you are actually saying what it appears you are saying. Since Eney's original remarks had to do with the French system of numbering the months of the year according to the type of weather encountered in France at that time (the post-revolutionary era) your above statement would indicate you think that Australia has snow at the same time France does....Do you actually believe that "Winter" occurs at the same time on all parts of the planet?

ISOMER, Peter Graham. Well, heaven only knows what Pete's status is by this time, with some officials saying he's out and others that he's in... but I'll add my two cents worth and say that I think it is unfair to toss Peter out after having allowed him to remain and make up his activity. If he'd been dropped for inactivity at the time he became delinquent, that would have been one thing: but to take him back in and let him do a good job of indicating that possibly he might continue in active status, well, I think it was a doggone dirty trick! Toss out the deadwood -- sure! But don't carry deadwood until it finally sprouts a healthy new shoot and then lop off the new growth!

GROTESQUETTE, Ed Martin. This single-sheeter disproves the protests against my suggestion that no matter what emergency arises to prevent participation on a fuller scale in a FAPA Mailing, it should be possible to dash off a letter of explanation containing a summary of that emergency. In Ed's case, I think he did a swell job, and I enjoyed a description of his appendectomy. Probably the reason there are so many jokes about "Let me tell you about my operation..." is because people DO like to tell and hear the gruesome details...

NOTED and WEAMMY, on the other hand, were that blithering type of One Shot which served no good purpose and merely cluttered up the mailing. Ted White could just as well have included them in his NULL F #2 if he wanted the page credit.

NULL F #2, Ted White. "The current run of juvenile delinquency can be traced directly to the world situation, to the fears and unrest, to the 'live for today--won't be no tomorrow' philosophy that has grown up. In other words, to eliminate the causes for crime, you must create a practical utopia, and condition the total population of the world to accept it." (Underlining mine). I do not think it is the world situation which causes the fears and unrest so much as the type of philosophy you mention. There has always been fear and unrest in the world, and the individuals have always been faced with the necessity of making a personal adjustment to it. I think the trouble lies in the fact that a whole generation of parents has forgotten to condition their children to accept the world as it is, relying on themselves rather than on the environment. A satisfactory personal adjustment to a social system -- no matter how unsatisfactory the social system may be -- is most usually achieved by a full integration into the structure of whatever religion happens to be current at the time. If this type of conditioning is lacking, the individual has nothing with which to orient his own desires in a world of frustration, fears and unrest. Consequently, he tends to develop attitudes of despair and antisocial behavior. Frustration is basic to group living: from the first time a baby is spanked for messing his pants to the day he dies in the electric chair for messing up his neighbor beyond repair, his life is one series of adjustments to group living, which adjustments are nothing but planned and necessary frustrations. Without some way of adjusting to frustration, humans could never have achieved social orders and group living. The answer, of course, is 'sublimation' and very early in human progress the various techniques for effecting the most beneficial adjustments to the frustrations of group life were evolved. Since in the earliest economies all government was religious, these techniques were identified with religion -- and were modified along with the social economy they served. When any group neglects religious instruction of the young, the society deteriorates. That is what has happened to produce our wave of "Juvenile Delinquency". It is only when religion is missing from the social life of a people that one can see how important it really is in the community, and this "Back to Religion" movement the world is now undergoing -- via the Billy Grahams, Bishop Sheens and Oral Roberts of the world -- is a very necessary thing. Even Russia has had to recognize that a nation cannot exist without socially-integrated citizens, and the technique of social integration is religion. (Have you read about the shrines to Lenin set up in the major cities?)

HELEN'S FANTASIA, Helen Wesson. Seems a shame, since Helen writes so interestingly, that she does so little of it for FAPA. If it is the difficulty of mimeographing the material and shipping it over that is holding her back, the only thing I can say is that I, personally, would rather have mimeographed 12 pages of her fascinating comments than the 12 pages of Wetzel crud....(By the way, my name isn't Fitzgerald, but I read that page anyway. Who was Harris. Somebody we should have known about from our Historybooks?)

GRUE, DAGrennell. What's this Chuck Derry which is suddenly occupying the limelight? Spaceport Sketches by Arthur M. Thompson were delightful. Nothing to gripe about in this, so I guess I'll just have to sit in the corner and try to be "naturally contemptuous" of it, as Ted White suggests.....

KER, Jack Spear. "In the oldstyle comment addressed to GMC, aren't you overlooking the probability that her vulgarity is a result of common upbringing, and is as unavoidable for her as grammatical errors in a backwoodsman?" At first glance, that looks like a typical snide remark tossed into the mailing for the sole purpose of drawing blood (and for all I know, that may have been Jack's idea -- after all, I've certainly taken enough digs at Jack that it shouldn't be at all surprising if he tries to dig back) but however intended, it called to my attention something that I had not particularly paid any mind to before.... It is true, I do have a "common upbringing" whether the word is used in the sense of "ordinary" or in the sense of "lacking in

refinement. I was reared in a small community, attended the public school with all the rest of the children in that community, went to the same little church (the only one in town) and my social behavior was typical of a small country town. Since I came from a middle-class family which was completely plebian, it is not at all surprising that the result would be completely plebian -- there were no private schools to mold "refinement", nor elegant drawing rooms to provide the social graces. But it is with a sensation of startled amazement that one stops to think of such a thing, because human beings seldom question the manners and attitudes of their own immediate environment. Although we realize there are other environmental strata -- even in this country of supposed social "equality" -- still it seldom occurs to us that the particular social strata in which we were reared could be considered less than any other. However, now that Jack mentions it, it would be very interesting to know what kind of upbringing Jack had, that would make my attitudes seem vulgar to him -- and what kind of upbringing is responsible for those FAPAns who find my attitudes almost unbearably prudish? What factors of social background could take the same remarks and interpret them as both vulgarity and prudishness? A case of "Honi soit qui mal y pense?"

MOON CALF & WENDIGO, Georgina Ellis. "You're apparently advocating sex for procreation only, not recreation" -- no, Georgina, it's the other way around: I'm advocating that the procreative function of sex be recognized, rather than using it for recreation only... God only knows where this silly idea came from that a recognition of the procreative function of sex necessarily precludes any enjoyment from the sex act. Quite the contrary. The fullest and most complete sexual pleasure is possible only when there is a full and complete acceptance of all the implications of the sex act. Fear of possible pregnancy is probably the greatest cause of frigidity and impotence, and probably the worst paradox of all the miserable paradoxes humanity has gotten itself into with regard to sex. My contention is, and always has been, that human beings should not confuse a cheap and shoddy eroticism with the permanent and lasting satisfactions of marriage. There is no happiness nor fulfillment in life quite so deeply satisfying as a strong and secure love between a man and a woman when there is no artificial barrier or frustration to prevent the fullest expression of it. Probably the worst and most frustrating of all such artificial barriers is the foolish notion that eroticism is an end in itself, and that love between the sexes is a form of recreation. It is the latter line of reasoning which gives rise to human maladjustments and sex perversions: eroticism pursued as end in itself is the basis of all ugly and disgusting perversions which have plagued human relationships. (Sorry, had a half page of comments on Theodore Sturgeon's writing, but guess I'd better stop.)

CONTOUR, Bob Pavlat. Hmm...more of this Chuck Derry. Plus mention of John Berry & Arthur M. Thompson. Looks as though Derry, Berry, & Thompson are overseas ENFs being eased into US fandom via FAPA...or am I wrong? Well, I suppose neos have to start somewhere, but it is somewhat surprising to find them starting in at the top!

REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT, Martin Alger. Thanks, pal. I was getting sooo tired of those Remington Roller Blocks... The kidnapping escapade sounded highly exciting, especially the part about "drifting off into a terrified slumber..." Nice trick if you can do it.... Enjoyed the interview with Hoy Ping Pong and congratulations on your sale. What do you hear from Hal and Nancy Shapiro, don't they live nearby? How about an interview with them...I kind of miss Hal from FAPA.

Dave Rike

BHANG #3./ These continual references to 'Carr this' and 'Carr that' without the designatory prefixes of JoCarr, TCarr or GMCarr have a decidedly schizophrenic effect on me..

WRAITH, Wrai Ballard. Yes, I know -- but you must remember their subject matter was interesting to begin with.

DRIFTWOOD, Sally Dunn. This is another example of the need for some way of pruning out the useless suckers before they bleed the organization for a year and then put out nothing but a feeble leaf or two... Maybe a preAPA or FAPAP are not the answer, but it certainly would have improved this contributor to have simmered for a year or two as an active ampubber before letting her into FAPA to take up room and do nothing.

NULL F #3, Ted White. Oh, boy! What a BEAUTIFUL cover! Must be that yellow ink which gives the explosive effect. Really, the whole mag is a beautiful job of ampublishing, but it must have worn you out in the process...what happened to you, boy? What makes you so grouchy lately? You've been snapping around like an angry turtle -- and not only to me. Sure, I know there is some quality in my writing which at first attracts then later repels the steady reader -- I view the phenomenon with the detached incomprehension which I suppose an apple tree might feel at seeing the same person who yesterday so eagerly gobbled the early apple crop, today view it with pained distaste.... If my ideas come faster than you can digest 'em, I don't see what I can do about it. Maybe you ought to cook 'em a little longer before you try to make something out of them....re H.L. Gold: Who was it that said women are the ones who like to gossip?

SAMBO, Sam Martinez. Re a negro in FAPA...why not? I should think it would be an excellent idea. A negro sufficiently literate to be eligible for FAPA ought to be able to introduce an entirely new viewpoint and add considerable interest to our FAPish bull sessions. Re Traffic: Only an idealistic fool would deny that punitive measures are more effective in dealing with the public than mere 'education' as far as enforcing arbitrary behavior patterns is concerned, and I, whose opinion of the general public is not too high at best with regard to the general level of understanding on the part of John Q. Public, would never argue that point. But what I advocate is honest thinking on the problem of traffic. Instead of this endless round of traffic laws to curb traffic offenders and traffic cops to catch traffic offenders and traffic fines to punish traffic offenders, why not get rid of the traffic offenders? Fines are merely punishment for something already done. I say, prevent the offense, instead of merely charge for it! Instead of removing money from the offender's pocket, remove the offender from the traffic; take away the driver's license and impound any car he drives without one. When the right to drive depends on careful driving, accidents from careless driving will suddenly become nil. This stupid guff about not depriving a man of his Driver's license if his 'livelihood depends on it' is the craziest thing I ever heard! If a man is an unsafe driver he certainly shouldn't be driving for a livelihood! A man who drives as part of his profession should, of all persons, be the most cautious -- since he drives so much more of the time. Re "Freedom of the Press:" It would seem, Sam, that you are willing to condone any type of harm to this nation merely to defend a cliché -- because 'Freedom of the Press' is just as much a cliché as 'Breaking the Law' is. If the Pfess (actually, the printing industry) does not value it's theoretical 'Freedom' (actually, permission to publish without Government control) sufficiently to refrain from abusing the public confidence, isn't that abuse itself a violation of this "Freedom of the Press"? The publishing industry has no inherent right to be irresponsible: If the law can prohibit malicious slander (which it does) why should it not prohibit other material which is harmful? That particular class of 'Comics' which brought up this censorship furor WAS proved to be harmful -- so why should it be condoned because of a slogan? Ted White screams, "There is no one qualified to dictate the reading matter of others!" which is as juvenile a reaction as any because teachers and educators are expected to do just that. They not only 'dictate' what children should read, but what they should learn and how they should learn it -- and if they are qualified to say what children SHOULD read, they are also qualified to say what they should NOT read. Furthermore, this FAPish refusal to recognize that some people are smarter than others and have a branch of knowledge which others may not happen to have, is merely childishness.

Why not admit that there are people qualified to say what children should not read and quite possibly what some adults would be better off not to read. Why this insistent insistence on the right to wallow in words? FAPAns do not insist that all Health Inspectors be taken off the city payroll, in order that restaurants may serve any kind of slop they want; or that Food Inspection be discontinued in order that dishonest dealers can make a few bucks selling rotten meat and contaminated groceries. Why then insist on the integrity of a group of publishers that have already proved they would steal the candy-money out of a little kid's fist if they have to resort to salaciousness in order to do it? The whole thing boils down, Sam, whether you want to admit it or not, to the immature reaction of a few selfish individuals who would rather destroy the youth of the nation than permit any curb on their own desires.

TERRY CARR(Diaspar) OK - have it your own way. If it makes you happy to think of GMC as a nasty old Jew-baiting, nigger-hating, race-prejudiced meanie -- go ahead and think so. I have expressed myself in this regard and if you don't think I know my own mind -- go ahead and analyze it for me. Of course, that won't change my attitude any, but it will make you feel intellectual as hell....

ELMURMURINGS, Elmer Purdue. Well, looks as though our yapping has done some good -- Elmer didn't wait until the deadline this time, but has contributed the equivalent of three pages of solid typing with elite type. (Just for the ducks of it, I copied those ninepages of double spacing just to see how much material it really was without padding...) I enjoyed the little skit about Esperanto and hope that Elmer gets into the habit of typing up an occasional memoir and sending it in without the urging of a Damoclean Deadline.

PENINK, Racy Higgs -- Oh, God! Racy -- when I think of all those eager artists waiting in vain for the TNEFF that never came, and wondering what happened to the covers they had so carefully stencilled for it.... no wonder NEFF has such a bad name in fandom! I don't know how you've got the guts to run a stencil after hiding them that many years. But then I guess it ties in with your policy of "Better late than never" -- even if it is 7 years late! Still, it's a beautiful job of publishing.

FANALYSIS, Ray Schaffer, Well, Ray, no matter what you say, it is the female rat that will cross the electric wire to get to the male, and not the other way around.... Re the Bill of Rights: Bah, that's a laugh. The only way 'all men are born equal' is that they are all born as babies, and not some fully adult. I don't believe all of 'em are born equal because the fact is that they are not. Some babies are strong, some are feeble, some have hereditary or congenital defects, and some might as well have, considering the environment they are born into. But when you attempt to translate a bit of high-flown poesy into the cold facts, you are bound to run into difficulty. Our poetic forefathers (not mine, unfortunately -- since at that time my 'forefathers'(all 16 of them)were, as far as I know, busily occupied somewhere on the Scandinavian peninsula) were uttering an act of faith rather than stating a pragmatic fact. The act of faith I will subscribe to -- but I am not so naive as to expect to apply it in real life.

BU 8798 R. Ed Cox. "How long did it take to just put that "binding" on GEMZINE?" Oh, a couple of seconds more or less -- it doesn't take long to snip off a length of gummed tape, run it over a sponge and slap it on the back, pressing it into place as I pile the completed 'zine with the others. And it certainly does help keep the pages from tearing loose from the staples -- besides, I think it looks kind of neat, don't you?

Well, FAPs, I guess that's about all for this time. I left out about 5 pages of rough draft and condensed these reviews to the bone (you should have seen 'em before I started cutting!) in order to cut down the total wordage. GZ will run over 40 pp thick as is, and I've left out a bit of fiction, 2 more pages of poetry and Ghu only knows how much Daitbox... So long, be seeing you in the Mailing!

Printed Poems by G. M. CARR under the pseudonym of

KINDERGARTEN QUESTIONS  
ON INTERSTELLAR NAVIGATION

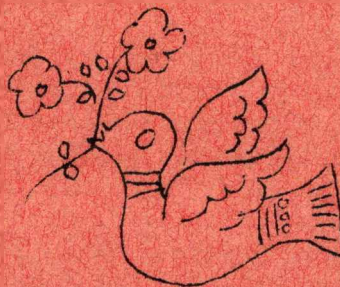
How far away are the planets?  
How many light years apart?  
Safely to land in one's old age,  
At what youthful age must one start?

Galaxies, - are they expanding?  
Can we pass outside our own?  
How many stars in a cluster?  
How many an orbit be shown?

Distance - (too great now to measure  
Less than in lifetimes of years) -  
Will it be conquered for pleasure  
Or to prove Man more than fears?

When all these questions are answered  
Would it not be rather odd  
If they proved our great Solar System  
Is only a Molecule of God!  
(SINISTERRA, Summer 1950)

MARTIN  
WALL



FOG MAIDEN

The Morning mist lies in the curve of the Meadow  
As lovers entwine in a sleeping embrace  
and with stubborn insistence she clings to his bosom  
Till the heat of the day drives her forth from her place  
Then each night she creeps back, soft and cool, to her  
love  
Fills the arms of the Meadow and kisses his face.  
(SINISTERRA, Autumn 1950)

UTOPIAN CHRISTMAS

Santa's sleigh would jingle  
When his pockets held hard cash,  
But now there's not a tinkle,  
Labor Credits make no clash!

Children shouldn't listen  
For the sound of Santa's Chariot,  
For he's the last lone Capitalist,  
In a world that's Proletariat!  
(SINISTERRA, Winter 1950)

