

A. MERRIT'S FANTASY MAGAZINE

SAPSZINE NO. 4

submitted to the January 15, 1962 mailing of the Spectator Amateur press society by Edmund R Meekys /// 723A, 45 St. /// Brooklyn 20 NY.

It's 11 PM, Friday, 29 September, 1961, and time for me to start worrying about my minac for this quarter.

I wonder, does any fan (who isn't a neo) have the time to do everything he wants to, fanwise, and keep up with the reading he wants to do too? Most letters I get start off with an apology for the lateness and shortness of the reply, and complain about a lack of time to do better. A number of my letters, and APazines, started off on the same note untill I realized that this must be as boring as hell to everybody concerned who reads it, and the space (and T*I*M*E!) could be put to much better use by just getting down to business. Most fan realize you are busy simply because they themselves are, and they ought to realize that the letter/fanzine they receive is the best that I can do under the circumstances. Ya know, there is one fan down south who wastes more than 50% of the wordage of his letters apologizing for his lack of time! For a person like him it might do to use a letter-substitute -- he could print up his apology in the time it would take to write 4 or 5, and since he is presumable writing more than 4 or 5 letters, he could use the time saved for lengthier messages or other vital projects.

I finished up my job at NASA 3 weeks ago today and so lost the fringe benefits of 2 electric typers, all my own, in my office. For a time I had only the Underwood Raphael which I'd used for my last SAPZINE, but then I added an IBM with an elite typeface to my collection! (This was a "scientific" typewriter with an unorthodox keyboard which the secretaries didn't like, so it was very rarely used and they had no objections to my taking it.) Then NASA got in an IBM Executive with a 14 Point "Directory" typeface, so I took that and gave back the Raphael. I liked the 14 point typeface very much, but that machine just can't cut stencils or even good Ditto masters -- I suppose the typeface is just too large. Ya know, I think that if they had a multilith on the premises (in stead of sending the work out to be done) I would have quit school and stayed on. I mean, like what more can you want? (The Exec cut good multi masters, too.)

Last time I mentioned the presence, among the students working there for the Summer, of fan Mark Walsted and fringe-fan Steve Marin. As some of you might have seen in Axe, Andy Young was around for a day to give a lecture on some research he did. Turns out one of the non-scientific people there had once met Ruth Berman. His name is Arthur Levine and he is rather active in the Baker Street Irregulars, and it is at a meeting here in NY that he met here. He doesn't read stef but day we were discussing the parallels of our fandoms during lunch and I was trying to explain some of the more sercon fmz to him. At the same

table was sitting Dr. A.G.S. Cameron, the Number Two Man at the Institute for Space Studies. He commented, yes, he knew about these fanzines. In the late '40s he had been a subscriber of Fantasy Commentator, Fantasy Times, and a few others. I later asked him whether he read any of the numerous or other non-sercon fanzines (not wording it thusly, of course) but he said that he was only interested in them for what he could learn of sf from them. Further questioning revealed that he had attended several worldcons (and perhaps regionals -- I don't remember) and a very few local club meetings. He said he never was near a local club so had attended only when traveling. I never got around to asking him whether he was still interested in sf and whether he still had his fanzine collection (assuming he kept the things after reading them). But when we first spoke of these things in the cafeteria I did drop the hint that I had often heard of the Fantasy Commentator and was most interested in seeing some copies -- and got no response. I did intend to try to talk to him once more to find out about his current interest or lack thereof in SF and drop further hints about wanting to see (and with luck, buy) his fanzine collection. But you just don't drop into his office to merely discuss sf, and my business just never took me in to see him. I'll have to see to it that a notice for BSFA's 1/2 day SF conference in March is sent to him and see what happens. And maybe I'll get a chance to talk to him when I go back there to listen to some seminar. (The theme of the BSFAcon will probably be "Contributions of fandom to SF -- both by fan becoming pros and in other ways". I don't think that there will be a Lunacon this year -- that is, April 1962 -- tho it won't be settled definitely for a few more months.)

Finally, there was one more person at the ISS who I simply must mention even tho she never was a fan nor read the stuff. Her name is Lois Steff! Can you imagine the time she would have explaining that the name is for real if she were to ever become a fan?

Dr. Cameron is the only person among the senior scientists that I ever spoke to about fandom, and him only because he happened to be sitting at the same table when I was talking with someone else. I never had the nerve to ask any of the others tho I did see some rather circumstantial evidence that Dr. Jastrow, the Number One Man, was interested in sf. Once I couldn't find a book I needed in the ISS library, so following standard procedure I got one of the secretaries to let me into Dr. Jastrow's office to look at his book-cases. There I saw paperback copies of Hoyle's Black Cloud (Steve Marin, fringe fan and Astronomy graduate student, told me that many astronomers who don't read sf bought that book because it was by Hoyle and because many of the characters were eminent astronomers) and Marjorie Nicholson's history of early sf, Voyages to the Noon (tho this could have been bought because of his interest in the moon per se and not in sf).

I found out that Mark was a fan about the 2nd day he was there tho I originally intended to say nothing of sf or fandom to anybody at the ISS. He, a 3rd grad student, and I were eating dinner at Columbia's cafeteria when he mentioned that he wanted to visit an artist with whom he'd corresponded and whose work he greatly admired -- Hannes Bok. That brot up the subject of SF, and since I knew he came from Seattle before he started at the University of Maryland a year ago, I asked about the nameless ones. Yes, he had been a member (and shortly thereafter he and his mother were mentioned by the Stupid Clod Of A Weber in Cry in the minutes. Now that he is in the vicinity, he said, he sometimes attends meetings of the Washington (DC) SFA. But he seemed most unwilling to talk about the clubs or the fans he had met there -- I knew as little of little of them as I did before meeting Mark.

I found Mark to be rather strange in several ways -- his taste in

ioned his admiration for Hanses Bok -- I soon found that this verged on fanaticism. During the summer he visited Bok several times (Bok lives only some 10 - 15 blocks from where we worked and where Mark had a room) and made a long list of paintings Bok had, and how much he wanted for them. After much soul-searching or whatnot and telling everybody who would listen all the gory details he finally chose 2 about the middle of the summer. For one he paid \$200 (!) -- it was about 12" x 18" and showed a woman of rather dark complexion standing in front of or sitting on a low wooden fence (I don't remember which) ~~with~~ with a large moon over her shoulder and holding a large white lily in her hand. The other had only a \$35 price tag on it, and Mark got it by trading a camera he no longer wanted for it. It was rather small -- about 7 x 10 -- and showed a womanish-bee holding a glass statuette of a woman. It was all in shades of orange and black, with a bit of yellow-orange here and there. Somehow the pedestal of the statuette seemed to have the wrong perspective. Mark said that this one was a very old painting, and it certainly isn't in Bok's usual style. It didn't have the usual (for him) effect half way between that of a stained glass window and wooden cut-outs with edges sanded round. When I last saw Mark he was saving up to buy one last painting for \$100 before returning to school. (He started at the institute a few weeks after I did and worked on one more week after I quit.)

Once he had the pictures he hung them over his desk in the office he shared with 2 other students working there for the summer. Then he dragged every one of the students in to see it, and I wouldn't be surprized if he even dragged in some of the senior personnel. He sort of bragged about the things and the amount of money he paid for them and came to be regarded as being rather odd -- both in his artistic "tastes" (or lack thereof) and the way he will throw money around. I suppose his bragging involved a kind of masochism many (if not most) collectors are prone to -- showing off your collection to an unsympathetic audience (whether it consist of 1 or more than 1 person) knowing that you will be regarded as odd for your trouble and yet somehow relishing in the scorn (which need not be expressed).

But this isn't enough for him. He is asking everybody he meets whether he knows of anybody who owns a Bok painting, and when he tracks that person who does down he wants to see the painting(s) and to buy them -- preferably cheap. He seems to want to collect a complete set of every painting Bok ever did! Now I think some of Bok's stuff isn't bad, not bad at all, but I certainly wasn't impressed by what Mark bought -- particularly when you consider the price he paid for it! And this almost faning desire to accumulate more and more Bok paintings (especially at those prices) is completely beyond my comprehension.

And then there is the matter of holding a conversation with Mark, or at least trying to. When there would be 4 or 5 people together, there would be no difficulty. Like, just try and stop him. For a time he was trying to get an argument started on one subject or another every day at lunch. And when he ran out of topics for argument, he would tell a tall tale (such as one about a railroad which wandered across Death Valley which he says he first heard from Bjo, or one about how he was robbed

when he had been living in Seattle. Once one of the senior scientists had given a seminar on "neutrino astronomy" and that day at lunch Mark, I and some four other students wound up sitting with him. We got into a most fascinating discussion of neutrinos and their detection (actually, he was answering our questions inspired by the seminar) and after twenty or thirty minutes of this Mark began to get restless. Several times he tried to break in with a lead in to one of his tall tales (the one about the "lake" of solid diamond in Alaska) but we managed to deflect him by asking the scientist more questions. But Mark finally got his way, told his story, and added the one about the fish story wiping out a family of Eskimos. This effectively stopped the neutrino conversation and we all went back upstairs.

On the other hand, if he is in the company of only one or two people he just sits there and glares at you, not saying a word. Often the two of us went to dinner together, for instance, and then he usually was most uncommunicative. Compared to the above, this is most strange. Admittedly, tho, towards the end of the Summer he did become a bit more communicative.

He once had a very large SF collection of which he had to dispose large parts when he moved. The rest went into storage, and is still in Seattle. However he has lately been replacing a number of his favorite items which had gone. From what I understand, he had kept most of his magazine collection (including a complete set of Astounding) and dumped most of his books keeping only some of the very rarest and most irreplaceable. Of the prozines today he buys only Analog and Galaxy and is just about ready to give up on Analog. In fact, during the Summer he read my copy of one ish and decided to not bother buying it, and thus broke his run of them.

But his greatest love is "Sword and Sorcery" type adventure fantasy. He's read Tolkien, Silverlock, and many others many times. In fact, while he wouldn't bother going to see The Time Machine because it was obviously unmitigated trash he goes to and enjoys Steve Neaves pictures! Glyarurghgh!

He is also a great admirer of Heinlein. During the two or so months since it first came out he read A Stranger In A Strange Land at least six times, maybe more. On the overall worth of the book tho I admit the good.

Mark Walsted is also quite interested in discussing religions and philosophies of life with people with Asiatic or other exotic origins. But apparently he feels strongly against Western formalized and organized religions. Asked one of the secretaries for a date and she was quite flustered on two grounds -- he was about fifteen years older than her (he hedged and wouldn't tell us when some of the other students had asked him, but from the evidence of the things he's done he's at least thirty, perhaps even over thirty-Jewish while she is. This last greatly upset him and he was still fretting over it some six weeks later. One day when I came down a bit late to lunch I found him spouting off about this and complaining that the Jews keep to themselves and don't want to mix with other peo-

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THROUGH TIME AND SPACE WITH "AROLD ZERG"OOT,

Zerg'oot and friend were golfing on the strangely constructed Saturn Falls Golf Course studded with lemon trees when said friend lobbed a golf ball into one of said trees. Friend----Curses, fouled again!

How will I ever come out par for the course?

Zerg'oot----I am shocked. Solving this problem is the fundamental concept of our British way of life.

Friend----How so, Zerg'oot?????

Zerg'oot----Surely you must know of par lemon tree procedure.



ple, etc. And he went on to say that the Jews, Catholics, etc., didn't want to intermarry with people of other faiths simply because they were afraid of being "exposed" to different viewpoints, etc., realizing that their religion(s) were full of hot air, and eventually leaving their faiths. Since he apparently had no strong set of beliefs himself (except in a negative sort of way) he seemed incapable of understanding the conflicts that would undoubtedly arise in a mixed family over such minor things as legislation of the spouse's church/etc on certain practices. In particular, I am thinking of the prohibition of Pork for the Jew and of any meat on certain days to the Catholic. For one partner to try to hold to it while the other doesn't, particularly if the one who doesn't does the cooking, would undoubtedly result in friction. And if such a minor thing would, what about basic differences of philosophies of life and different concepts of the "natural law," etc? Anyway he raved on about this for over an hour.



One more thing about Mark Walsted which comes to mind is an apparent tendency to jump to conclusions and misinterpret things on the basis of pre-conceived notions. He'd read Heinlein's Stranger In A Strange Land before I started it -- several times, in fact. (It was even my copy he read -- I knew I wouldn't have the time to start it for a few more weeks, so I lent it to him. He plowed thru the thing so many times and got his eyetracks all over it so much that by when he returned the thing it was almost ready to fall apart. I was a bit unhappy about this.) Since I read only thirty to 100 pages a night or weekend I would discuss what I'd read thus far with him as I went along. Well, about 1/3 of the way thru the book this woman helps the "Martian" escape from a hospital, takes him to the home of a friend where she doesn't expect the police will look, and gives him a bath before disguising him to smuggle him out of the city. Upon being dunked in water he goes into a state of shock and passes out simply because he IS a martian (by upbringing, if not birth), water is extremely scarce on Mars, and has deep "religious" significance to the Martians which the reader learns of much later in the book. But even this is hinted at at this point. Anyhow, we were discussing the book and I said I was up to the point where Smith, the Martian, went into a state of shock while being given a bath. Mark immediately pounced on me and accused me of flavo-

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THROUGH TIME AND SPACE WITH "AROLD ZERG'OOT"

"Arold Zerg'oot was the guest of that great extra-terrestrial anthropologist, Professor Hear, who was examining the strange culture of the people of the planet "Menthataway". The people called themselves the Roedslid. One day the professor ran to Zerg'oot shouting "Something dreadful has hepponed! My little son has followed one of the Roedslid out onto this vile planet. How will I ever find him?" Zerg'oot----Show me on the map where we are. Professor----We are here -- the desert is to the East and the Roedslid villiage is to the West. Zerg'oot----Go to the Roedslid villiage. (((((later)))))) Professor----I found him sitting cumforly in the house of a Roedslid. How did you know? Zerg'oot----It was simple. There are two Earth sayings which lead me to the solution. Professor----What are they? Zerg'oot----I was hoping you'd ask that. They are --- The son sits in the West and All Roedslid tour 'ome.

A MERRIT'S FANTASY MAGAZINE -- 6 /// ing my interpretation of what had happened with my personal prejudices and jumping to conclusions. He somehow thought I meant that Smith had fainted like some Victorian woman because the (to the Martian, non-existent) nudity taboo had been violated. What Mark had forgotten is that Smith did pass out -- from shock at being immersed in to him both rare and religiously significant water. Since much of the plot hinged on this incident I wonder just how thoroughly he had read that book the 3 or so times he did before that conversation. And then he went on to say that he considered that scene erotic! Ghod Ghod, if THE mere taking of a bath is erotic, what the hell did he think the closing chapters of the book were? And him always talking in a drooling way about "French novels" which he claims to avidly pursue -- just how...er, French can they be and what sort of a kick do they give him if he reacts that way to this scene. And him accusing ME of jumping to conclusions....

One more thing about Mark comes to mind. As most of you probably saw in Axe a while back, Andy Young gave a seminar about his work at the ISS one day. Afterwards Mark, Carl Frederick and I talked to him for a while before he flew back to Boston. When Mark found out Andy occasionally published fanzines, he immediately began to say things like "Don't you think it's about time you quit wasting your time on such trash and got down to serious work?" What, isn't a person to have any outside interests and is to spend all of his time on Astrophysics or some such? I don't see Mark giving up his stuff reading in order to follow his own advice. I'll answer with one of Mark's favorite expressions,..."Baaah!"

Val, das ist mein reaction to Mark Walsted after working with him for some three months this Summer. Buz, Dikini -- you among some other SAPS have gotten to know him. How does this stack up with your reactions?

Hmm, after re-reading the above I have come to have a few reservations about what I said. It is beginning to look like I have really painted a bad picture of him. Of course it is the points which one disagrees with that stand out most in somebody, and it is these which will be noticed and reported. I certainly have nothing against him and considered him to be a friend this Summer. But I wonder how he will consider ME if and when he reads the above. (Because of his distaste for fanzines, I don't know whether or not I will send him a copy of this.) Why he has even written an article about Stranger in A Strange Land for my next issue of Folnode. Hmm, if 2 paragraphs about Ted White in my last N'APazine inspired a three page letter of comment/rebuttal, I wonder what something like this would inspire!

This Summer I was down to Phila twice -- first just with Matt Chlupsa and then with both Matt and Carl. I wanted to attend sample meetings of the PSFA and get a bit of a look at the city, as did Matt and Carl. All three were supposed to go on both trips but a last minute hitch kept Carl from coming the first time.

First time we drove down on Friday, Aug 11, and hit town about 7. We had no trouble finding a place to park, but the only trouble was that every darn space had to be vacated by 8 AM Saturday, which meant getting up early the next morning. Anyhow, we left it under a railroad bridge at about 12th and Cherry, grabbed dinner at a place next to the Y, and went into the Arch St. Y looking for the meeting. Exactly as planned we arrived a half hour before the meeting was scheduled to start because we were more interested in meeting the members than in the program (I mean, like, if we want that there is ESFA right in Newark) tho I was interested in meeting and hearing Tom

THROUGH TIME AND SPACE WITH 'AROLD ZERG'OOT,

'Arold Zerg'oot was assisted by that infamous foned, Kimms Handkeys, to help stick address labels on 40,000 fanzines. As usual, Zerg'oot came up with a solution to this sticky problem.

Zerg'oot+++We must go to the bar with the paging system.

'Handkeys+++Why???

Zerg'oot+++Because we can use its pub licks-address system.

Purdom. However, the hall was locked and nobody was there. A short time later Les Sample arrived -- he too had come early in order to meet the members. About that time the first of the members arrived with a key to let us in and the room began to fill up. To my horror, the meeting started on time and quickly became embroiled with the final adoption of a new constitution reported out by some committee. But it was adopted rather quickly and with only a few minor changes.

When I had talked the trip over with Hal Lynch and gotten travel directions from him a few days earlier, he had warned me that after many years the PSFS had gotten around to doing something about its obsolete constitution and would be adopting a new one this month and he hoped it wouldn't be a long and drawn-out affair. However, at the meeting everyone was ready to adopt it as it stood after the first reading and it was HAL who kept asking "Are you sure about this point? Perhaps it isn't quite right." etc, which did result in a few changes. When I asked him "howcum" after the meeting he said he was on the committee and wanted to make sure that the thing was discussed despite the reluctance of the members so that someone couldn't later accuse the committee of railroading its version thru.

Other business included an appeal and collection for TAWF by Peggy McKnight and a discussion of whether or not to bid for the '63 Worldcon. No conclusion was reached, and it was decided to postpone it until after the 2 day Philiconf in November. I suppose that the Conference attendance and informal polling of individual attendees would have been the deciding factors in their final decision. However, Les Sample somehow mis-interpreted the proceedings and wrote Fanac that Phili decided not to bid in '63. Subsequent conversations with Hal revealed that they probably won't make an issue of it and will wait 'till '66. There might and there might not have also been a rapid election of officers -- I don't remember.

Then came what everybody was waiting for -- Tom Purdom's talk. (Tom had just gotten out of the army a week or so before, and I believe this was his first meeting as a free man.) He spoke for about 20 minutes on how he got the ideas for the gimmicks for 3 or 4 of his stories, how he hunted for and finally found the plots on which to hang them, and how he wrote the stories. I had my "Midgetape" in my briefcase and took it down for possible use in Polhode. It was pretty good, and I will make a typescript of it Real Soon Now. (I won't know whether it reads well, of course, until I do make the typescript. If it does, I will send a carbon to Tom for approval and possible revision -- if not, I'll scrap it. But first I gotta spend the several hours it will take to make the ~~##~~ typescript!)

The meeting then broke up and the members were heading to the Horn & Hardart's next door for coffee cum bull session when Matt & I excused ourselves for a few minutes to register at the Y for the night. When we arrived I was very disappointed to find that Tom Purdom had left, as had about half the members, for I wanted to talk to him. The session at the restaurant didn't last too long and little of interest occurred. When it broke up almost exactly at 11 I was rather disappointed and sort of wondered about a 20 minute Tom Purdom talk being worth the trip.

Everybody left except Les Sample and Peggy McKnight--he was staying over at the same Y as us and she was waiting for the 12:00 train home. Neither Matt, Les, nor I wanted to call it a night, and we speculated about some fans being at The Gilded Cage, their usual hangout. We were considering going there when Matt said he wanted to move the car first so that he wouldn't have to get up before 8, so we all walked

AVIATION'S FANTASY MAGAZINE -- 8 /// over to it. As we were piling into the old Merc Matt suggested that, since we had nothing else to do, why didn't we drive Peggy home? Investigation yielded the info that it was about a one hour ride which we decided wasn't unreasonable, so we were off.

Peggy and Les dominated the conversation. I no longer remember the order in which the various things came up (this page is being written on November 17th, and I will be leaving for the Philadelphia S.F. Conference in less than one hour) or even too much of what was said. However, at one point Les told of how he wound up in the Army and the friction that had been between him and his father before enlisting. Peggy remarked that she looked upon such stories with great wonder and almost found them hard to believe for she got on so well with her parents. Matt and I expressed agreement on this.

All the way out Peggy kept making jokingly insulting remarks to all of us (I don't know whether it was due to my imagination or not, but more than 1/3 did seem to be directed at me) and then apologizing for them and saying that she didn't know what had gotten into her that night. I don't know what she was apologizing about, however -- I'm certain that all of us did take them as jokes.

Among other things she mentioned that she was interested in coming to some NY meetings to see what they were like so I promised to have her put on the ESFA mailing list and suggested that she contact some member she knew -- such as Bob Silverberg -- about an invitation to a Lunarian meeting. (At that time I wasn't yet a member so I couldn't do anything myself.) She also talked quite a bit about various fen she knew and her reactions to them. Much of this was obviously DNQ tho I do suspect that her remarks re a certain giant rodent and TAFF were public. Another thing which somehow came up was the matter of rebuffing a person and making it clear that one is rebuffing and not teasing. I have admittedly had very little contact with the female of the (human?) species and found these opinions and outlooks, expressed with a (to me) remarkable lack of inhibitions, absolutely fascinating. I wonder just how universal or typical they are.

Her father returned from someplace just after we arrived, so we all stood around chattering for some 20 minutes before the 3 of us took off back for Philly. We stopped off for some coffee on the way and hit town about 2. Since we couldn't find a legal parking space close to the Y Matt let us off there and took the car to the Franklin Institute parking lot.

Next day Matt & I tried to locate Les in the Y but couldn't. Someone else was registered in the room we tho he told us was his, and nobody with a name like his was in the Y. Now the clerk was sort of hard of hearing and might have misunderstood us but he and several others were extremely cooperative in trying to help us. This remained the mystery of the weekend as far as we were concerned.

After breakfast we hit the stores we were interested in -- Matt the Army Surplus and I the book. (Picked up Carson's Pawn of Time for 78¢ and a locally published Finlay portfolio for \$2.) One store had a dozen or so fms from about 36-42 but

THROUGH TIME AND SPACE WITH "AROLD ZERG"OOT₂

"Arold was spending his vacation with that infamous playboy millionaire, Fred Blight, at his XXth century hunting lodge in the wilds of Canada. One day Fred was fortunate enough to shoot a magnificent stag and wanted to have it prepared for his trophy room. But instead of just having it stuffed and mounted he thought it would be nice to have it cremated and only have the antlers mounted. That way he could have the urn of ashes displayed on the fire-place under the antlers. He had no trouble getting the antlers mounted, but every crematory in Canada turned him down. In desperation he turned to Zerg'cot++++On tell me, what will I do now?+++the pleaded.
Zerg'cot++++Send it to America...they'll gladly cremate it there.
Blight++++But if nobody will do it here, why should they be so willing?
Zerg'cot++++You should know that they'll do anything to urn a buck.

wanted 50¢ each for them. Most were in poor condition and didn't look too interesting, and the price seemed kinda steep for old fms.

We got back to the car in front of the Franklin Institute about 3 and dumped our stuff into it. But it was so hot and we were so tired that we decided the heck with our plans to go into the Franklin Institute and took off for home.

When Matt & I discussed the trip we agreed that the meeting and shopping tour alone did not warrant the excursion but that the trip out to Lansdale was the finishing touch which did make it all worth while. To both of us the conversation was a high point of the weekend, even tho Matt didn't take a very active part so as to concentrate on the driving. We decided that we would go back in a few months to try one of the informal meetings.

ESFA is the oldest (some 16 years) and most conservative SF club in the NY area. And it is an actual science fiction club while the other two are social clubs of fans.

Untill one year ago I was the only member under 30 and, with Hal Lynch and Bob Sheridan, the only "fanzine fan." However we have lately acquired a fair amount of younger blood in the form of Lenny Kaye, Mike McInerney, Larry Crilly, Mike Deckinger Carl Frederick, and several others. The first 4 are fanzine fans and Carl is working on his first issue. Two other fanzine fans have recently rejoined after an absence of several years -- Belle Dietz and Seth Johnson.

In the last two years attendance has just about tripled from about a dozen to over 30 so, between this and the increased "fannishness", things are really looking up for the old club. (To a large extent this is due to a change in meeting quarters 1 1/2 years ago and publicity resulting from last March's Amazing con.)

But still it is a formal club with programs and the only opportunity for socializing is the hour before the meeting starts and the group dinner after the meeting. One thing that has always grotched me about the dinner was its short duration. Some 20 or 30 minutes after the last dishes would be cleared away one person would get up to go home and before you knew it there was a stampede for the door. About 10 months ago I tried to organize a nucleus (consisting of Matt Chlupsa, Carl Frederick, Hal Lynch and Da[m]n Blackburn [this was the last meeting before the louse gaffiated taking with him a zine that he was publishing for me -- Herpolhode]) to stay behind. But then Ted Engel came back to ask us whether we wanted our usual ride into NY, Carl asked how we would return, and I said "by bus." That nucleus dissolved fast enough to interest the AEC! (This was Matt's last meeting too, as he has little interest in SF -- see Pesky's 5.)

I felt a need for a place where fans could get together to talk informally. Of course there are two clubs in the NY area which are informal, but both are "by invitation only" type groups. There is a need for an open group which anyone can attend without first having to "know" somebody. For this reason I helped re-organize a short lived chapter of the IES -- hoping to subvert it into a fangroup. (More on this in Polhode 4, out Real Soon Now.)

Well, the Philly SFS gave me the idea of pushing for a 2nd, informal, monthly meeting for ESFA. I talked this over with several fans from the NY-NJ area, all of whom were enthusiastic and suggested that we meet somewhere in NY early in the evening of the 3rd Sunday of the month. (Early so that the members could get home at a decent time because of work the following day.) I was familiar with an inexpensive bar and delicatessen-type restaurant in the Union Square area from going there after "Film Group" meetings, so it was settled that the meetings would be at 7 PM at Smith's Sixth (6th Ave, just south of 14th St.)

But before bringing the matter up before the ESFA I wanted to see what one of Philly's informal meetings was like, so Matt, Carl & I drove down on Aug 25th -- only two weeks after the first trip. This meeting is held in a coffee house some 10 blocks from city hall and 12 from the Y -- "The Gilded Cage". We got there around 7:30, as had been recommended by Hal Lynch, but found only 2 or 3 fans and a few mundane types present. We went into the back room where eventually some 15 fans accumulated while the mundane types filled up the front. But around 9 a folk-singer comes around and the fans are kicked out of the back room. The bull-session starts

A. HERBERT'S FANTASY MAGAZINE -- 10 /// in back so that a new-comer can easily find the group and meet all of its members, and once it is together it can easily stay so when it moves out among the mundane types.

Hal had urged us too strongly to arrive early so as to be there before the shift occurred. We left NY with plenty of time to spare but were considerably delayed by a traffic foul up. Thus, to save time we didn't stop for dinner, and arrived very hungry to find few fen there.

Soon after we arrived Peggy had to get something a few blocks away and suggested I come along. Thinking this would be a good opportunity to get something decent to eat [the prices were high and the selection was meager at the Cage] I said something to Matt and Carl and the four of us wound up outside. However the others somehow wound up going off for food while I accompanied Peggy on her errand.

Back at the cage Carl was in his usual pungent form but I am blessed in that I only remember two of his remarks. "Why, that's bad enough to make Ejo tremble!" "He's a chess player whose checks don't bounce."

Tom Purdom chatted enthusiastically about the upcoming Phillyconference and said he had an idea for a panel to interview a yet-to-be-chosen author. In order to have a wide selection of viewpoints it was to consist of a professional (preferably an editor), an active fan, and a voluminous SF reader who was not interested in fandom. When he asked me if I'd take the fan slot I agreed rather reluctantly and only on condition I be given considerably advance warning as to who is to be interviewed. I wanted to read/rewind his works so as to be well prepared, and was reluctant because I really couldn't spare the time to do so. (A few weeks later I learned thru Harriett Kolchak at an ESFA meeting that a replacement had been found because of my reluctance, and that the interviewee was to be James Blish. So I relaxed until, as you undoubtedly heard, disaster overtook me at the Phillyconf.)

Peggy also mentioned that Les Sample had written her that he'd be at this meeting too, but he never did show up. While we were in the back room the conversation just sort of drifted and nothing of note occurred. When we moved up front a major discussion about politics, religion and lit..., or, Literature and ghu only knows what else developed. However I missed out on most of it and caught only brief snatches now and again because I had gotten into a conversation with Peggy. She spoke of her two meetings with Terry Carr [whom I did finally meet about Dec 22 when I visited Metropolitan Mimeo to find out something about electronic stencils]. Once had been in an art museum in NY and the other time at a WSFA meeting in Washington.

I was working on the lettercol for Polhode 4 at that time and had all of my LOCs with me. So as she read them we exchanged opinions of the various letterhacks and letters. We also spoke of our fanzines and what we planned to do next, and she waxed lyrical about some 6 foot rodent again. Oh, how she tried to get me to drop my impartiality in the TAPP race! And ya know, between her persuasiveness and the stuff in Shaggy I almost did. (At the last "Film Group" meeting I saw a pretty good cartoon from 41 or 42 called "Peace on Earth." This featured an old squirrel who looked a lot like OUR squirrel, complete with monstrous tail. Unfortunately it wasn't quite bushy enough. In this quite good 10 minute thing the old squirrel tells his grandchildren how all mankind destroyed itself in a great war and the animals inherited the Earth. Wonder if arrangements could be made to have it shown at a local con.)

Carl went off into a corner with someone and talked chess while Matt for the most part listened to the great discussion between Purdom and the others.

Round about 11 somebody suggested we leave. Even tho I had heard little of the still continuing discussion and again didn't get to know Tom I agreed to join them. When we got outside the eclipse of the moon had already started so we stood around for a while staring at that.

We then went the block to the car and spent the next hour or so dropping Harriett Kolchak off at her home, driving Peggy somewhere she had to go on another errand, and registering at the Y.

Then we were off for Lansdale. Matt, of course, was driving, Carl was up front, and Peggy & I were in back. Even tho we all got out several times for various reasons we wound up in the same places each time we got back in, for some strange rea-

A. MERRITT'S FANTASY MAGAZINE -- 11 /// son. (Actually it was because Carl always got to the car first and held the seat forward for us to crawl in back, and I automatically did so.)

We stopped off for something to eat near the edge of the city [at last!] and, as all but Carl ordered quite a bit and the service was slow, stayed there for about an hour. A remark of mine touched off a discussion between Peggy and Matt about religion and the restrictions imposed by some of the more organized churches. I felt that some of Matt's answers to her questions and remarks were too limited in that they were applicable to only a small number of cases (including his) but never got around to putting in my own 2¢ worth. This was due partly to my reluctance to discuss such matters and partly to a lack of answers to some really major problems. But even tho I don't have the "answers" I feel that Matt unintentionally made the viewpoint sound selfish and wish that I had said something and tried to set things at least a bit straighter.

Once we got going again Peggy did most of the talking. For a while she was in a funny mood and sort of dreamily talked of various things. The fact that she is some 8 or 9 years younger than me was brought sharply home to me when she started to talk about some stuffed toy she had and the importance to her it acquired over the years. But then again, this might be my inexperience with the female species showing up once more and such a thing might even be quite common among those who are much older than me. Come to think of it, I seem to remember such things kept by the various secretaries the Physics Department has had. And they were older. Anyhow, this incident made me feel something I had only known before.

She spoke at length of a child she baby-sat for. Among other things she mentioned that whenever someone did something he didn't like (such as disciplining him) he held his hand above his head in an odd limp way and said "bye" while waving his fingers (thus implying that the offending party should leave). This had caught her fancy and she took it up herself to some extent -- especially towards the end of the ride. She did it whenever Carl came out with one of his puns (and you can imagine how frequent THAT was!) or I made a jokingly-insulting remark to her. (She did this only after we left the restaurant.) And she almost threw Carl out of the car when he made a (fortunately forgotten) pun on "McKnight". [Later Carl thot of writing up this trip in The Martian Barnicles Strike Again and calling this portion "Bye of the Brainless" but thot better of it.]

She spoke of her involvement with "Junior Achievement" where small businesses are set up by people of her age under adult guidance, her plans for college and her upcoming trip to the Seacon. There was more -- much more -- but I can no longer remember it. All in all I found this trip to Lansdale just about as interesting as the last one. In both cases there was the pleasure of talking with an interesting and pleasant person and the interest in gaining knowledge about how an unfamiliar type of person things. But that latter aspect was somewhat different in the two cases. And I would say that I had the most sheer fun of just talking about things of common interest when we were in the Cage.

We finally left her off about three and got back around 4. Nothing of note happened on the return trip for Carl immediately passed out (as usual) and I dozed myself (which is VERY rare -- I suppose being out to a party with some people the previous night helped.) Matt had a bit of trouble himself for once I was wakened by a screech as he drove onto the gravel shoulder while maintaining a good speed. Ya know, it's at times like these that I'm glad I can't get a licence to drive.

We spent the "next" day exploring the Franklin Institute. Ghu, but that place is fascinating. We still had much to see when it closed, and as we relaxed on the low stone fence outside we decided to come down to the Philly conference and drop back in to the FI Saturday morning.

While still sitting there we somehow began to discuss Roman myths. They always struck me as being childrens stories akin to our own about how the giraffe got its long neck, etc. But Carl says that they were believed and that, in fact, great strife arose when a large portion of the intelligencia stopped believing. I don't know -- they don't strike me as gods at all, but as mere human beings with a few magic powers but all the same weaknesses, etc. I suppose that the very complex set of stor-

ies just grew over the millenia untill they became so unwieldy that they just collapsed

from their own weight.

After resting we ate and hit the road back to NY about 8. Again, Carl Frederick immediately passed out and didn't come too untill Matt threw us out at Times Square.

Well, those were our two trips to Philadelphia during the Summer, and Matt & I went back in November for the SF Conference. (Carl decided not to go at the last second.) I planned to write that up too, but you can relax out there in Yandro-land. It is getting late [today is Jan 8] and this zine is beginning to get a bit unwieldy. For the same reason the expansion of my remarks re Sworn and Sorcery and Lord of the Rings in the mimeographed section will have to wait untill some other time. (But Elinor, I can now see why you object to "Mordor in '64". In book one, when the Black Riders were chasing Frodo and Sam you really do get a feeling of intense evil about Mordor and its minions. But for some strange reason I didn't find this feeling in any of the other 5 books. Mordor became just another common enemy, like Russia today or Germany a few years ago.) The con report will undoubtedly be written, tho I don't yet know in which zine or APA I will put it.

Both Matt and I have enjoyed our trips down to Philly very much and we are thinking of going again. On the way back from the conference we tentatively scheduled a trip to the informal February meeting but now I don't think I will have the time to go. We still might make it then or in March but I now doubt that it will be before the Summer. April will be taken up on the luncheon on the 29th and May by the Disclave which I intend to make for once! (It was always too close to exams, but this year I'm just doing research and taking no courses.) So we issue this warning to the PSFS -- get into the fallout shelters, 'cause we'll probably be coming your way again on June 22nd!

Well, at the next ESFA meeting I brot up the matter of the informal meeting and (much to my surprize) I had no troubles getting it approved. I figured that some of the older members who wouldn't be interested in attending would fight it but they didn't. As of this writing three were held -- on Sept 17, Oct 15, & Dec 17, and the next will be on Jan 21. Attendance was 6, 7, and 2 (Les Mayer forgot to mention it on the meeting notice that month and it snowed that day so Charlie Brown & I were the only 2 to show up.) Thus far Charlie, Joe Casey, Matt Chlupsa, Carl Frederick, Seth Johnson, Hal Lynch, Julius & Naomi Postal and I have attended one or more meetings. About a half dozen who were enthusiastic about the idea when I had first mentioned it haven't been down yet, and I was disappointed to learn that several (such as Lenny Kaye, Mike McInerney & Larry Crilly) who I had in mind when I formed it will be able to make few, if any, meetings. I expect Norman Codner, Les Gerber, Andy Main and Jon White to be coming around for the first time this month, and hope that we can build up to an average attendance of 10. This number strikes me as sort of ideal for this type of group.

From the center of page 8 thru this point has been 2nd drafter, while that which precedes was composed on master. I wonder if there is any improvement on the latter pages, or if I should save myself the effort and go back to composing on master. One reason for the 2nd draft was the hunt for the right words in reporting some of the conversations. Some portions really came hard and had to be sweated over. Also, after I wrote them out several detailed descriptions seemed boring so I cut them down or out. All that follows is 1st or 1 1/2 draft, simply because everything up to and including page 30 is already printed. Page 31 will finish the lettercol, which there is no point to rough drafting, and I don't know how much or what will follow. I did hope for some MCs this time, but the chances look slim....

The next 10 pages are reprinted from my contribution to the 4th IPSO mailing, and the 7 after that from Peaky's 10 in the 11th N'APA mailing. Original material resumes on page 30. Onward!

Like most fans, I have read most of what Robert Heinlein has written. Of all his novels and collections only 3 remain unread -- The Menace From Earth, Space Cadet, and The Rolling Stones. Since I own copies of the first 2 I expect I will read them some time during the next year but I don't know when I will ever get to the third.

I think I'll start off by commenting on some of the stories I found to be particularly good or bad. As with just about any author's works, most of Mr. Heinlein's produce approximately the same subjective reaction [in regards to quality, of course, and not content] while a few stand out as considerably above or below average. The quality of this average varies, of course (again), from author to author and an author's exceptional stories vary from reader to reader. I found Gregg Calkins' bibliography in the 30th and (apparently) final issue of Oops! a great help by reminding me of just what I had read by RAH.

Of his fantasies I found the story of the sentient whirlwind, "Our Fair City", the most delightful and "They" poorest. (Apparently Waldo And Magic, Inc. and The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag [= 6 x H] contain all of his fantasies and 2 of his few borderlines -- "'All You Zombies'" & "'And He Built a Crooked House'" leaving "Lifeline", "The Year of the Jackpot", Stranger in a Strange Land, and perhaps Sixth Column [like, I mean, those conspirators had some real wild powers, tho really nothing unusual when compared with today's Anal-oh-gee...hum, has anyone tho about the racist implications of this business of the bloods of peoples of different races being different enuf for their gizmos to effect the conquerers selectively?].) ((Oh, ghu! How was THAT for a clumsy construction?)) But back to the point -- I don't care for the "the world exists only to deceive ME" type stories for the same reason I don't like "time trap" stories -- once you've read one you've read them all. Perhaps one is more skillfully written than another but they all say essentially the same thing in the same way. A bore.

As for what I suppose is his longest fantasy, "The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag", I first read it in a 2nd hand Unknown some 2 years ago. At that time I tho it dragged quite a bit and tho little of it. I bought the hardcover anthology for the other stories and the paperback reprint because I was then still trying to be a pb completist. (First the Galaxy/Beacon books, then the flood of re-reissues, and finally the recent flood of Beacon imitators killed that urge for completism.) I hadn't gotten around to reading either copy until this Summer, and I had intended to skip the "Hoag" story. However somebody at work (probably Mark Walsted) told me that RAH had tightened up this version by cutting it down somewhat, so that it read much better. It did.

Of the sf titles, I think I liked Tunnel in the Sky least. First of all it was a mundane "Robinson Crusoe"(sp?) type story with a stefnal beginning and end tacked on (it could just as well have taken place in a terrestrial jungle). A minor point which irritated me was the bit where he tried to arouse a feeling of anger towards news reporters towards the end of the story, just as he later tried to arouse the same feeling towards the "evial" army early in Starship Troopers. I don't like this "anger" analog of the "tear jerker" just as I don't like the "tear jerker". And the ending of Tunnel -- GLYARRRGH!!! Covered wagons pulled by...horses? oxen? rolling thru the matter-transmitter in order to colonize a new world! How corny, illogical, and sickening can you get?

A book that I enjoyed very much was Time For the Stars which was written just after the above. I think the thing which gave me the biggest kick was the scientists worries about instantaneous telepathy and what that did to the concepts of simultaneity and hence relativity. This showed that at least here Heinlein knew what he was talking about. Come to think of it, aren't these sequences in this book when they visit alien worlds very much like those in Methuselah's Children?

Another book that sort of grotched me was Starman Jones -- at least one aspect did. Now I might be misremembering things a long time after reading the book or I might have misinterpreted what I read, but as I remember it the hero's job was to carry a book of tables with him, get decimal system numbers shouted at him, look them

up in the book, and shout back the binary equivalents so that they can be put into the computer. Now RAH is right when he says that computers -- at least digital ones -- use binary numbers in calculating something BUT even as far back as when this book was written special sub-computers had been developed which would convert decimal into binary and vice-versa and it would have been a simple matter to extrapolate to today's situation where almost any computer can be fed decimal data and be relied upon to convert it to binary for itself. With the system RAH used, they might as well have done the calculations with desk-calculators for all the speed they were getting. And the hero's photographic memory which allowed him to do away with the book was a major plot gimmick of the story, if I remember.

There still remain his two latest books, which are the most commentable he has yet written. But back to them a bit further down....

Looking down the list of future history stories I see that they were not written in the order they are supposed to occur. And in some cases this is visible from the stories themselves. For instance "The Black Pits of Luna" appeared in the 10 Sep 48 ish of SatEvePost while "The Long Watch" appeared in the Dec 49 American Legion Magazine. Now since the latter story did appear in a minor publication it is possible that it was written before the former and ALM served as a "salvage market" for a story which could not be sold elsewhere for a long time. But in "Black Pits" the tourists went past the ruins of an old military base and the guide said that it was never learned why the stockpiled atomic weapons had blown up. However in the other story there IS radio contact between the base and earth when the (if I remember correctly) Technocratically minded crew took over, and they even went so far as to send a threatening radio message to earth. However the hero's didn't blow the place up, but just wrecked the bombs by ruining the plutonium parts' finely machined surfaces. Thus the parts couldn't be properly brot together to achieve effective critical mass, but in the process the heroes received fatal doses of radiation. Thus it appears that when RAH first plotted out the series he intended the heroes to blow up the base before the villains could even send their threats to earth, and wrote "Pits" accordingly but when he came to write the prequil he changed his mind and found it more convenient, dramatic, or something to do it the way he actually did. But I am puzzled that he hadn't revised "Pits" when he included it in The Green Hills of Earth -- only a very minor passage would have had to be deleted. I wonder if that is the only inconsistency present in the series -- it's the only one that I remember noticing when I first read the books almost 10 years ago.

Wonder what got Heinlein interested in reincarnation. If any of you remember the horrendous Amazing 30th Annish with its dozens of short articles about what the future will bring, you might remember that one was by RAH. One of the things he said there was that the "Birdy..., er, Bridy Murphy experiments" proved reincarnation. Now I don't remember any mention of reincarnation in Stranger in a Strange Land -- tho I do remember a rather unusual concept of life after death with the departed watching over earth and controlling things -- but at least one reviewer mentioned it. Oh down, I DO remember the scene now. Several characters in "heaven" were discussing how things were going back on earth, and one said that he would soon be going back in a new guise. This latter bit by itself means nothing of course. But taken in conjunction with the article [not listed by Gregg under "Articles, introductions, and prefaces", by the way -- you goofed, Gregg!] it indicates a continuing interest in, if not belief in, reincarnation. As I said, howcum?

And so I finish with all of my notes on RAH dealing with matters other than his last 2 books. I think the goof in the above paragraph indicates that I should have used a first draft instead of just notes. But then, I could just as well have remembered the scene while copieng the draft onto stencil, and I would have been faced with the same choise of corfluing 2 lines or leaving the goof stand. But anyhow my point wasn't weakened but in fact strengthened by this.

As I said above, Starship Troopers and Stranger in a Strange Land are the most

commentable of his books. However these aren't the only ones which push or propagandize some point. For instance, if I remember correctly Tunnel in the Sky pushed rather hard for physical fitness, exercise, and all that. Then RAH was at the March 58 ESFAcon (also referred to as "open meeting") which was a few months after Sputnik and the Vanguard fiasco (see Polhode #1). Tho it wasn't on the official program in any way many of the speakers touched on it, including Heinlein. Much of the talk was about the failure of the American educational system, and how the fiascos had waken us up, etc. (Also that perhaps it happened too late to do us any good, and we would never be able to catch up.) Heinlein spoke at length about what he had done locally in Colorado to beef up their educational system. Then a few months later (about '6) Have Space Suit, Will Travel was serialized in F&SF. And there in the early parts of the book was all sorts of propaganda about how "analytical geometry and even calculus can be fun", etc. Need I say more?

As for Starship Troopers itself, I suspect that what with all of the quires of stencils, pounds of ink, and reams of paper expended on this topic RAH helped a certain segment of American industry just by writing the book. I interpret his chief theories to be "be prepared for whatever may come" and "only someone who was willing to do something for his country for a certain minimum period of time and (preferably or was it neccessarily?) risk his skin while doing it is worthy of having a say in the running of the government. (Remember when the brat first enlisted and put down his preferences for type of service? He filled in every military aspect, including K-9 and infantry which he really didn't want on the grounds that they were preferable to non-military positions. I believe he also said he wouldn't go in if he couldn't get a military position.)

Now I kinda like this idea of doing something to get the vote (tho I'd probably be too lazy and selfish to qualify myself -- even thru some non-military part of the "service"). This I figure would tend to cut down the bureaucratic "something for nothing" welfare-statism so prevalent today simply because the demagogish politicians wouldn't be able to buy themselves votes like that and wouldn't be afraid to repeal already existing laws.

Digging into that Heinlein article in the Amazing annish I see some remarks which are particularly interesting when viewed together with what was later written in Troopers and the subsequent arguments in fanzines.

"But possibly the most important discovery we have made about ourselves is that Man is a Wild Animal. [This is written as a "looking back from 2001 AD article.] He cannot be tamed and remain Man; his genius is bound up in the very qualities which make him wild. With this self-knowledge, bleak, stern, and proud, goes the last hope of permanent peace on Earth; it makes world government unlikely and certainly unstable. Despite the fact that we are (as always) in a condition of marginal starvation, this fact makes all measures of population control futile--other than the ancient, grisly Four Horsemen, and even they are not effective; we finished World War III with a hundred million more people than when we started.

"Not even the H-bomb could change our inner nature. We have learned most bloodily that the H-bomb does nothing that the stone axe did not do--and neither weapon could tame us. Man can be chained but he cannot be domesticated, and eventually he always breaks his chains.

"Nor can we be 'improved' by genetic breeding; it is not in our nature to accept it. Someday we may be conquered by super-beings from elsewhere, then bred according to their notions--and become dogs, rather than wolves. (I'm betting that we will put up a fight!) But left to our own resources, improvements in our breed must come the hard way, through survival...and we will still remain wild animals.

"....

"On the physical side we can be certain that the speed-of-light barrier will be cracked this century. This makes it statistically likely that we will soon encounter races equal or superior to ourselves. This should be the most signif-

icant happening to mankind since the discovery of fire. It may degrade or destroy us, it may improve us; it cannot leave us unchanged."

Now while there is a good possibility that the author does not believe what the hero of his book believes (even the hero_{end-of-book}) the chances are good that he means just what he says in an article of this type (unless he says something just to shock his readers, and then he is usually trying to get them to believe something he believes in or to get them to temporarily believe something false [a favorite Campbell stunt] and then make them feel foolish by showing that it is nonsense. But the eventual point even then is to get the reader to believe or think as the author.) This seems to be rather heavy ammunition for the anti-Heinlein faction and I am surprized that nobody has yet made use of it.

Finally, there is Stranger in a Strange Land. This too is a book of propaganda-- for a rather unusual philosophy and way of life. Quite frankly, I am surprized it has raised this much of a stir in fandom simply because it has had only hard cover publication. I suppose that the SFBookClub edition, libraries, and the loan of copies by fans who did invest in them helped spread the book to a reasonable number. The last 2 are indicated by the fact that only now, some 6 months after the book became available, is the discussion reaching a fair spread.

Well, I read the thing soon after it was published (having picked up a copy at Steve Takacs' a few weeks before the official publication date). I liked the first $\frac{1}{3}$ very much, found the next $\frac{1}{2}$ not bad, but the last sixth was just awful. Now the book does explore a lot of ideas, and if ^{for} no other reason than to look those over again and get them straight I would like to someday re-read the book. But I didn't enjoy it as a story and keep putting off the re-reading. I sort of have the feeling that it is a distasteful job I will eventually have to get done. On the other hand I just finished reading Lord of the Rings 2 days ago and it is a temptation to start over again right now. Now there is a story which was just delightful to read and also had quite a bit of meat to it in order to make re-reading worthwhile. I will probably re-read Poul Anderson's Three Hearts and Three Lions which was (if possible) even more delightful per page than LOTR but was quite empty of meaning and so was little more than a simple story. (In fact, it is because of LOTR that I will have to again send this zine to the IPSO OA special delivery -- the stencil for the first page stood in the typer for almost an entire week during which time only some 4 lines were cut on it.)

I think James Blish did the definitive article on this book in the last issue of Warhoon and I don't see how I can add anything worthwhile to what he said. So I'll leave the topic by just noting that at the ESFA meeting devoted to the book Henry Moskowitz (who works for the Scott Merridith agency) said that it was cut by some 20% before any publisher would take it, and that many long passages went in toto. SaM then said that if it had been offered to her, Cele Goldsmith would probably have run it complete -- as a 6 part serial if need be. Wonder if she really would've, and how much was "if only if..." type chatter on her part and how much reading into and interpreting of her statements by SaM was involved.

And one last note on the whole fershluugginer topic of Heinlein before I drift on --looking again at the checklist in Oopsla! I note that after the "Hoag" story in the Oct '42 Unknown RAH had nothing published untill "The Green Hills of Earth" in the Feb 8 '47 SatEvePost -- a gap of 5 years. Now I know that he stopped writing in '42 because he went into the service at that time, but what the heck kept him from resuming before he did? What did he do in that interval? And what was he doing while IN the service that kept him SO busy that he couldn't write ANY sf? Finally, why (after his initial successes) did he abandon the lucrative slick field? Did he find the medium too restricted to be able to write what he wanted to write how he wanted to do it? (The pulp market has of course as many restrictions (and maybe more) but these are apparently ones which don't (or didn't) interfere with what he wanted to write.

Looking back into that same old Amazing annish I noticed the following from Hugo Gernsback among the notes of congratulations printed on the inside front cover:

(→ page 7 please→)



Ella Parker in action (victim: Ian Macaulay). "You.... you mean to say that my fanzine is THAT bad?" Actually a last parting shot as we left the ship.
Left: Jock Root, Ella, and Les Barber on the ship.



Randall Garrett, Arthur C. Clarke, and Sandy & Joy Sanderson

Left: meself, the SCOW, and Les Barber (taken by Jock Root in his apt. on the day of sailing)



Ella and Avram Davidson



Belle Blatz

Phyllis Macaulay



It isn't THAT bad Ella-- after all, isn't PAPA WORTH a 7 year wait?



James Blish



Ted Sturgeon



L. Sprague de Camp & Avram Davidson



Tom Purdon



David Fisher A.J. Budrys Roy Freed



Torry Ackerman



Peggy Ree
McKnight

Les Gerber

Harry Warner

tion. For those of you who are unfamiliar with the group, the members meet at a restaurant for dinner, walk to the home of one of the members ((usually Frank Dietz or George Nims Raybin)) where they have a 20 or so minute business meeting, and then an informal evening till things break up about 2 or 3. (A few leave as early as 11.)

Anyhow, it was at this party that I first got to talk to Ella to any real extent. We spent that time discussing (of all things) IPSO and its troubles. Also present were Arthur C. Clarke (in town for the American Rocket Society meetings the previous week), Hans Santesson, Avram Davidson, Randall Garrett & some woman he brot along, Ian & Phyllis Macauley, Geo. Raybin, Belle Dietz, Frank Dietz, & Harriett Kolchak. The Macauley's said they were going to Europe for a year or so and would be spending some time in England. Now if during that time Ian McAuley comes down from Belfast there should be considerable confusion among the fen. Incidentally, I don't know why but Ian looks much stouter in these photos than he really is.

Clarke was a fascinating person to meet, and spoke mostly of his skindiving adventures. Sharks, it seems, have definite times of the day when they eat, and are harmless unless threatened at other times. By carefull choise of time + persistance he has become quite friendly with one and is well on the way to taming it. But most fascinating was his discovery of a treasure. Somewhere off Ceylon (he carefully avoided being more specific) he found a ship which had been carrying a load of freshly minted silver ccins several hundred years ago. For some fortuitous reason (barnacles quickly covering them, if I remember) the silver had not decomposed and the coins remained in remarkably good shape. (He passed a few around -- they were about the size of a nickel.) But he said that he probably would get more in royalties on the book that he will write than for the coins themselves. (He'd given a large lump of stuck-together coins to the Smithsonian Institute.) On another topic, he mentioned that a British film producer had bought A Fall of Moondust, and that this producer has always filmed quickly everything he purchased. So things look good.... He also mentioned that a competant producer has recently taken over John Wyndham/Harris' Day of the Triffids so that might finally be filmed.

Some time during the evening I got to talking to Randy Garrett and asked him about Langart -- despite similarity of names and styles, he categorically denied being the other author too.

When the party broke up I thot I'd seen the SCOAW for the last time, but she surprized us by staying on in the US to make the Philiconference. Thus she had the nerve-shattering experience of running into me still one MORE time. I saw her around the con a number of times, but the longest must have been at the impromptu party at the Lupoffs' hotel room early Sunday morning, after Harriett's party had broken up and we happened to meet several people coming out of Pavlat's party. Other people present, aside from the SCOAW & the Lupoffs, were Les Gerber, Ted & Sylvia White, Bbob Stewart, Andy Main, Gary Deindorfer, and mebbe 1 or 2 others. But I've already written a 2 page report on the Philiccnf for SETimes and want to say more on it in SAPS where I have more room, if I have the time to do so, so I'll cut that off now.

A few days later the IPSO mailing came, so I phoned Ella at Jock Root's to let her know the details. While we were talking she said she'd be sailing early Friday afternoon, and asked me if I'd come up to help her get the stuff to the ship then. I arrived about noon to find her still in the early stages of packing, and Les Gerber showed up shortly thereafter. We gayly chattered away untill all was ready, and we took a cab to the ship. All along the principle line of joking had been about her not leaving now after she'd postponed it some 5 times already. Why the ESFAcon was less than 6 months away, and after that there would be an average of a con a month untill the ChiconIII rolled around. And it would be a nice thing if she stayed long enough to greet Willis upon his arrival and help make him feel at home.

Anyhow, we finally got to the ship (the Sylvania -- which I'd somehow typoed as Mauritania in my letter to Cry [and now watch this turn out to be an even bigger

These 10 pages have been written and published by Edmund R Meškys, 723A 45 St., Brooklyn 20 N.Y. for the 4th mailing of the International Publishers' Speculative Organization, to be distributed on 13 January, 1962. Copies will also be distributed on Jan. 15 as a part of my SAPSzine, A. Merritt's Fantasy Magazine, and the photosheet will be included as part of my N'APAzine for the 15 March 62 mailing, presumably Pesky's 11. -QWERTYUIOPress-

Last time the "topic of the quarter" was time travel. Like many of those who had anything to say on the subject, I would rather NOT make a 1 way trip into the past with no "gadgets". First of all I am most definitely not the adventurous type who would want to go looking for a more romantic era in the quest for excitement or a less developed or sophisticated era where one could hope to climb to "the top of the heap". (Again, I am not the "leader" type.) Then there is the matter of pure survival. Unless I could get my glasses replaced I'd be lost. (Without them I focus 2 1/2 inches away -- 1 inch beyond by nose. Also, from a detached retina some 10 years ago I have no sight at all in the left eye.) And I can't imagine a less athletic person than myself and am in no way fit for any rigors of a more primitive era. Finally, there is the matter of languages. I can only speak English and broken Lithuanian, am extremely untalented when it comes to trying to learn the $\Delta\pi\delta\gamma\pm$ things, and am sure I would never have the patience to learn one even if I were given the opportunity to do so before leaving.

On the other hand Brucifer's idea of "5 years in Marmalade" -- travel to a fantasy world -- does have greater possibilities. Presumably one would automatically acquire enough of the language and customs of the place to be able to get by, and hopefully be physically transformed too sufficiently for survival. Well, even then I don't think I'd want to go to a primitive era like that of The Incomplete Enchanter, Broken Sword, or Lord of the Rings -- I'm just too fondly attached to the comforts of home. But I would like to leave this world for one without the threat of atomic (or even "conventional") war, infringement and lessening of freedom, and the grifters and criminals preying on the weak. In short, I want an old fashioned utopia of the technological (as opposed to rural) kind, and of course this does fall into the class of pure fantasy. Now the Robert Krepps story from which Bruce Pelz took the title for the topic spoke only of a vacation in such a world, and not permanent residence therein. I think I would find a vacation in almost any fantasy world interesting to some extent, but a lot would depend on the point in "history" one would arrive at, and space too. It would not do to arrive in Middle Earth outside the gates of Minas Tirith at the height of the seige by the forces of Mordor, would it?

I think a logical extention for one of the topics for the 5th mailing would be a general discussion of imaginary-world type fantasy, such as LOTR, Broken Sword, the Peake books, which has recently attained such wide popularity in fandom. Or if it is too late for the 5th mailing, why not make it one of the 2 topics for the 6th. (And I do like the idea of having 2 topics to choose from -- long may it continue!)

Just that I'd mention that while I was disappointed somewhat in Broken Sword & Silverlock after the big build-up they'd gotten, LOTR lived up to everything I'd hoped for. I joined the "Fellowship of the Ring" by accident [and dammit Brucifer, my name is Edmund and NOT Edward as you put on the membership card!] but now I am an enthusiastic supporter. Perhaps I'll be able to do an article for I Palantir this Summer. (I don't care for the Conan stories, but Amra is one of my favorite fanzines. So I went to the FotR meeting at the Pittcon 'cause I heard there was to be a fmz and I wanted to sub to it. I found the meeting itself interesting so I stayed still without intention of joining. But somehow I wound up a member--I'm still not sure how.) I also tried to get other fmz on the subject, and the books themselves. JBStark was out of stock when I ordered, but I finally got them locally. After finishing them I dug out I Palantir, Nazgûl's Bane, the appropriate SAPSzines, and everything else I could find on the subject and re-read them. They then made a heck of a lot more sence, and were much more interesting than the first time around. PLEASE MEZB, can I have a copy of that FAPAzine which was about LOTR? And put me on the list for your Tolkien genzine?

L A I S K A I

The following are the LOC's received on my last generally circulated AMAZINE, Pesky's 9. Since that zine went thru N'APA, this will too; however Pesky's 10 will be very skimpy and will not have enough of general interest to be distributed to my trade/letterhack list. Therefore it will also be included as part of my SAPSzine which will be distributed outside the club. (As usual, any N'APER who wants a copy of the SAPSzine can have it for the asking. But Pesky's 10 will have very little more than this lettercol so it will only be sent to the represented letterhacks [probably one month late and in the same envelope as the SAPSzine] and one or two other people. Tho I will do an extra half dozen or so copies just in case some idiot asks for one...) But enuf of my foolishness -- on to the letters -->

Stephen F. Schultheis
511 Drexel Drive
Santa Barbara, Calif.

22 Oct 61

Dear Ed,

Thanks a lot for PESKY'S # 9. The professional chitter-chatter therein did much to restore my Sence of Wonder. The fact that I'm currently reading the April 1938 THRILLING WONDER STORIES has also helped. The only thing these two sources have in common is that they take science seriously ... well, then too, some of the language in each is purple...

Yours tryly,

Steve

7Garrk! And just which meaning of "purple" did you have in mind when referring to P'9?A

Ann Chamberlain
2440 W Pico Pl.
Los Angeles 6 Cal

Oct. 12, '61

To Ed Meškys...NEW YORK

Pesky's 9 came through today...thank you for giving me a try. A fanzine is a gentle thing...even though some people commit murder in it ...which is all the comment I think of at the moment. However, I have a letter from Art Wilson which OUGHT to be pubbed in your next letter col., --read it and see.

Like: Dear Ann, Maybe after all I should just give up and pretend that I never was a fakefan, since as everyone can easily see I no longer have time even for casual correspondence. After only one issue of SCATALOG, I am no longer a member of OMPA for lack of activity. Someday there will be another SCAT, but I don't know when. I simply spend all my time in Laos except for an odd one, two, or three days every three months or so. Received some very nice letters about SCAT #1, & wanted to print them in SCAT #2, but seems like too long ago now to have any bearing on the subject...what do you think?

Ah well, I keep telling myself that this Laos interlude cannot last forever, it nearly seems that way...like forever.

No doubt, some day, I shall have all the time I want to publish fanzines, comment on fanzines received and correspond at great length with all my friends. By then of course I'll be 65 and have nothing to write about! It's a great life.

I'm truly sorry it's taken me so long to write, and the same sad state of affairs applies to all my pen pals. All best regards to you.

Art Wilson c/o C.A.T. Kattak Airport Kowloon, Hongkong.
(Ed, why 'n't you get up a group letter for Art? You can see he is lonesome out there. Best...Ann)

Dear Ed,

I'm using the Bob Lichtman Method of replying to PESKY'S since there's a fair amount I want to say about the zine, and I'd prefer the context be preserved completely, or chopped completely.

In this, Ed, you make a number of statements about me, and situations I've been involved with, and you pass a number of value judgements concerning me and my actions.

The curious thing is that many of your criticisms of me ("...isn't he always going off in all directions half cocked and attacking anyone who gets in his way?") are directly applicable to yourself.

You seem to grab a bit of information, and without really comprehending it, you make a moral judgement on it, and start swinging. Okay, if this is the way you dig it, fine. But don't, please, criticise others on the same grounds. It doesn't work.

Let's take up these criticisms (or at least, to start with, the ones relating to me, since I'm most familiar with the circumstances there...) one at a time.

First, you're grotched about the offset on the pages I ran for you. You immediately jump to the conclusion that the offset occurred because I ran my machine too fast, and, further, I was just doing this to show off. Oh foop. The offset occurred, Ed, because of the way you typed your stencils, using an unusual typeface with a heavy line. The speed which I ran the machine at decreased the offset. The faster the machine runs, the less ink is actually transferred to the paper. Had I run it more slowly, there would have been more offset. Further, the speed dried the ink faster. I could have underinked, as Prieto does, and you'd have had less offset. But your letters would have had uninked spots, just as they do when Prieto runs that kind of stencils.

To blame me for the reproduction of your stencils printed on your paper is pretty silly.

As to whether I'd do the same on "mundane jobs", it would depend on whether the situations were the same. However, you're right: I might take more trouble--after all, the same job would have paid me better than twice as much if "mundane".

I run my own fanstuff, Wanshel's, Werner's, Gerber's, or anyone else's in exactly the same fashion, Ed. Any variety in the quality of results is usually due to external circumstances. Had you brought me other stencils, I would not have "pulled something similar."

But that's all very minor compared with the paragraph or two you devoted to me in the FANFARONADE review. Ed, I'm afraid you entirely missed the point of "I Had One Bitch But The Image Over There." Inasmuch as you didn't dig Jeff's editorials, I am not surprised, though. The article, I fear, went over your head. It was humor, Ed. Chitter-chatterish humor, and mostly poking fun at myself. I wasn't "bitching" about my image... I was joking about it. Your reaction was far afield (left field).

But inasmuch as you seized the opportunity to expose my iniquities, suppose I show you where you went "off in all directions, half-cocked."

Well, now, Earl Kemp and I are on good terms, so I shan't bring up old arguments, but any "bitcher job" I "did on Earl Kemp in re the worldcon site voting in Detention before (I) knew all the facts" is news to me. I full well knew the facts, which were that Earl, for motives not germane, placed a bid for the next year's con, even though out of order and out of rotation, purely for the political purpose of switching that bid later to a bid for support of Pittsburgh. This was compounded by the fact that he'd been supporting D.C. up till then, and in his change of support he stated that he was certain D.C. couldn't put on a con. This is what happened, Ed, and this is what I reported. I still maintain it was uncalled-for, and it appeared pretty dirty politics (although in line with the Pittsburgh campaign). What you don't know, Ed, is that after my "bitcher job" (a small section of my Detention report in VOID 20), Earl wrote me, in a DNP letter, and apologized. His motives had been pure, his information had been incorrect, and his desire had not been to create the effect he did create.

Now then, to my "sudden and unprovoked attack upon Chris (sic) Moskowitz in FAPA." This again was a minor item of less than half a page at the tailend of an article which had nothing to do with the Moskowitz family. In reporting on the various types and individuals who attended Hydra Club meetings, I arrived at Mrs. M. and reported my first meeting with her--at which she immediately began attacking a close friend. I reported the conversation nearly verbatim. If this be "unprovoked attack," make the best of it. But first I suggest you read the article in question ("Hydra County," in LIGHTHOUSE #2) before leaping to any conclusions of your own. It might be well to remember that in the just-previous FAPA mailing, Chris had made one of her typically know-nothing attacks upon FAPA in general. Her attitude towards fans and fandom has, from the beginning, been one of patronizing snobbery (collecting little elephants is so much more creative), and I have always found it irritating. I find her attitude of censure and narrow-minded attacks equally beerish, and the coup de grace for me was her article on Peyote a couple of years ago, in which she made more medical errors than would be humanly believable, all over the by-line of an M.D. My tolerance for such people is remarkably limited, I admit. (I should suppose it reached the breaking point, when, at the Season, Chris publicly stated that Sylvia--who had just said something about the contrast between our fandom and others--didn't know what she was talking about, and had never had experience to speak from. I mean, Sylvia did know what she was talking about, in direct opposition to ChrisMos, who always seems to shoot her mouth off without having the vaguest idea of her subject or audience.) Oh well, I'm touchy on that subject.

Oh yes, Chris has indeed said I wrote lies about her. But this merely indicates her own nature--the conversation she denies was overheard by others, and the others points she has tried to make against me were easily refuted. (See Walter Breen's Season report, for examples relatively unbiased.) I am very much bugged when someone's way of answering a charge is to brand it lies, when many know this not to be true--to shout "liar" is the way out of the shallow mind.

Sam's reply in FAPA? Clever, yes. To the point, no. Unless you think that citing Chris' softball scores, or charging that my wife supports me is somehow a rebuttal. Believe me, Ed, I was not "ripped to little

shreds," by Sam, and I doubt that any further proof of Chris' masculinity (Sam's idea--not mine) will be more successful. Good grief.

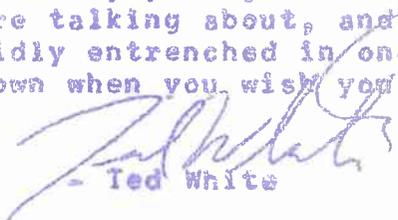
Now on your final item--"When asked why he started this, he is reported to have belligerently (sic) answered--"I have a right to say anything I want to, don't I? Why shouldn't I have written that?"--I'm afraid I'll have to call "foul!" You're not reporting this of your own knowledge, Ed. You're taking somebody's word for it, and lord knows how many times this "report" was handed from one to another. I don't recall ever making such a statement, although I may well have made one like it. I don't recall any belligerence, however, and I was probably a shade more outspoken.

My belief is this: Anyone has pretty much a right to say anything he chooses, and within this context he will have to put up with any reactions he gets. I wouldn't stop you from saying what you feel like saying--but if it irritates me I'll damn well write you back. Fair? I have no objection to Sam's right (or better Chris') to answer me back in any terms he desires. But, I don't intend to restrain myself overmuch in making known my opinion of the quality of Sam's answer. I reported what Chris said to me. I maintain I have that right. If she wants to call me a liar, she has that right. And, if I sit back and laugh at her for such a pointless trick, well, that's my prerogative. I don't believe in censoring areas of the fan press unless it goes afoul of the law. And I care a whole lot less for word-of-mouth rumor-mongering than I do for the sort of person who comes right out in print with his opinions and signs his name to them. Then, if I disagree, I know who to disagree with.

My fight, in fandom, has always been with the devious, the stupid, and the narrow-minded. I have rarely hesitated to speak my mind. Whenever I have honestly believed myself to be wrong, I have apologized--as I did to Sam, for incorrectly reporting his business relationship with Dick Ellington (LIGHTHOUSE #3). I don't lie to save face. My contempt for those who do is rather strong, and it lies behind much of my attitude towards Christine Moskowitz.

So... Don't stop putting down your opinions, Ed; I consider them the most interesting parts of your zine. But try to lay your groundwork a bit more firmly, make sure you know what you're talking about, and above all keep flexible. Don't become so rigidly entrenched in one position that it becomes impossible to back down when you wish you could.

And keep sending PESKY'S...



- Ted White

Taking things in the same order...

At the time those pages were run off for me I was rather distressed at seeing the sheets colliding in the air, getting all jumbled up, and falling to the floor. Then when I got home and found that about 1/2 of the copies had offset I concluded that this was because the pages were coming together almost as soon as they left the machine, and that if the machine had been run slower the ink would have had more time to dry-- particularly since the paper would then have fallen into

Reply to White +++

the tray before touching. (Oh, damnit! I thought I'd taken the school's pica typer so as to have some semblance of continuity of typeface, but this is elite. Sorry.) When I wrote that I did not think of the fact that less ink is deposited when the machine is run faster. And why didn't you make any remarks at the time about the stencils not being properly cut? (And the typeface was in no way unusual except that it had a rather rudimentary form of proportional spacing. You must be thinking of the large thick "Directory" typeface that I used on the one-pagers, "Martian Barnacles", which I included as a rider with some copies of Pesky's. That WAS underinked, but because Frank Prieto was having trouble with the inking mechanism and not intentionally. Some of the last copies of the run were almost unreadable.)

And speaking of cutting stencils -- I believe you advised me a long time ago to use both film and the celluloid backing sheet, but to leave out the wax paper "carbon cushion" so as to get a sharper copy. So I did this when I cut Polhode 3, and hoo boy! did me publisher bawl me out! Dan Blackburn said he had to run the mimeo (an ABDick 240) at the lowest possible speed and said he had very much difficulty even then. But the final result was excellent -- except for one illo with very much shading you'd think it was done on a rotary silk screen duplicator such as a Gestetner or Rex Rotary. Anyhow, the next time I cut stencils (for my first IPSO contribution) I had everything else as before but included the carbon cushion. He was happy then and the results were good. My next three mimeo'd zines were done the same way -- Tightbeam #8, my second IPSOzine and the SAPSzine you ran off. The first 2 came out ok (tho the pages run on white paper 'cause Frank Prieto didn't have any of my colored stuff had the dirty and spotted look usually associated with white paper) but as I said $\frac{1}{4}$ of the copies run off by you had offset. Apparently I will have to use the carbon cushion in zines I intend to have Frank run off, but leave it out for ones done close to an APA deadline which I will have you run off.

As for your prices, I always knew they were considerably under the going commercial rate but at the time that was written I did not know you had different fan and commercial rates. I did find out, tho (from Mike McInerney) before I got your "letter". And when Prieto runs something off for me, since he does it as a favor and free I certainly can't complain if something goes wrong -- but when I pay for it, I certainly felt I had the right to (tho I do now see that it might not have been your fault).

And now on to the matter of the review of Fanfaronade....

Tho I didn't care for the editorial I did read all of it, so if for no other reason I did know your article was supposed to be humorous. (Actually, I found it somewhat more so than the article you sent to Nyphen. Tho I have enjoyed much of what you have written I'm afraid I found that item a horrid bore. Perhaps this is why I look upon the raves for Willis and Nyphen with puzzlement. I find most features of the latter and writings of the former moderately enjoyable, but certainly nothing to go into ecstasy over. I found about half the items in The Willis Papers and much of The Harp Stateside to be quite above average and "The Spanish Main" in a recent Void to be truly superb. Since most of his (to me) better stuff was written long ago I had come to the conclusion that his present reputation was a holdover from the past and that the praise was some sort of cross between a cliché and conditioned reflex. But now that your item, which left me much colder than anything Willis ever wrote, and should not be subject to such a conditioned reflex, has received such praise in the fmz reviews of "..." I must conclude that the item in question and much of the modern Willis is something which I am almost unique in not digging. Perhaps the humor does go over my head for I find little, if anything, humorous in such chitter-chatter. But I wander from the point....) But whether the article in Fanfaronade is or is not intended as humor,

Reply to White (cont.) ***

It makes certain statements which have a basis in fact. Perhaps "bitching about being called bitching old Ted White" (I use quasiquotes because I don't have the original with me) is not the right phrase to use, but it just sounded too good to pass up! To a certain extent you do have that reputation, you expressed (admittedly in a humorous manner) displeasure about this "image", and I commented that it is not surprising that you have it.

As for the specifics of the Kemp case: The first I heard of it was in Earl Kemp's Safari Offshoot (dated April, 1950) which I had read almost two years ago and had not re-read until now. On pages 18 and 19 he gave his story of how he wanted to support Washington but they would not answer any of his letters until he was finally forced to conclude that most of the DC crowd really wasn't interested in the con. (In fact, a number still seem to be disinterested if one is to believe the report (In Fanac -- or was it Axe?) several months ago that the resolution to bid in '63 was carried by only one vote at a WSFA meeting.) Several months later I started to get Void and read your conreport and supplementary "boot" in what was essentially a back issue. I assumed then and still believe it was published and distributed before Safari Offshoot. Thus I remembered anger on the part of Earl and assumed (without checking back) that it was directed at you...however a check reveals that the anger for "short-sighted and know-nothing remarks" was directed at Bruce Peiz. In fact he nowhere mentions you directly (tho I believe some of the indirect references were at you) and he seems to be (er, to have been -- after all, this was written almost 2 years ago) rather apologetic towards Washington, with a tone of "I wanted to help you, but what else could I do when I got no co-operation?" This still seems to be rather at variance with your Voiditem and I am wondering when the two articles were written and when they were distributed.

But all this, including the remarks anent Pittsburgh and their then upcoming con program (which struck me as rather sour-grapesish), is ancient history and I don't think there is much more point in discussing it. I am not saying that I will cut out all future references too it -- in fact I promise to print any reasonable letter you might care to add to the discussion in rebuttal to my reply -- but I wonder just how interesting the readers will find this.

Finally the Moskowitz matter:

I only have almost complete copies of the Feb and May '61 FAPA mailings -- I didn't get around to ordering an Aug bundle from MEZB until it is too late and I won't be getting a November one from Burbee for another 2 months (and then only if someone above me on the WL doesn't take the last copy). Thus the only zine in this controversy that I possess is Lighthouse 2. (The article is rather strong as a whole and, as you said, only a small part is devoted to the Moskowitz'. The strongest comments seem to be directed towards Judy Merrill. The way I understand it, Chris denies making any such statements to you tho she admits the possibility of your overhearing some such remarks made by her to some other person. Now since you say that she walked up to you and told you this, there is a direct contradiction in the two statements. For obvious reasons I will not speculate as to which one might be the truer, correct statement.) Now I had SaM's reply read to me in part, and what I heard I thought very funny and demolishing at the time. I have never seen a copy and it is a long time since I heard the excerpts so I do not feel capable of commenting on your remarks. (Actually on a number of occasions SaM had promised to give me copies of Different

More Laišku

but he never did. Thus I have never seen a sample of his publication and for that reason I did not bother giving him a copy of Pesky's 9 which started all this fuss and don't expect to be giving him a copy of this publication.)

Finally, I admit I heard the bit about the "belligerent attitude" 2nd hand, and I haven't seen Lighthouse 3 because I don't have that, mailing but I will take your word on the statement.

Whew! Now to get back to the other letters!^

Mrs. Arthur G Archer
1453 Farnsdale Street
Pittsburgh 17, Penna

Oct. 8, 1961

Thanks for PESKY'S 9--a million thanks.
Foosh. Must have been feeling important the day I wrote that letter!

I used to get more purple on me, and the surrounding landscape, than where it should be while dittoing--and never did improve.

Like your stapling gimmick tremendously.

Thanks,

Dirce.

Ruth Berman
5620 Edgewater Blvd
Minneapolis 17 Minn

September 25, 1961

Dear Ed,

Whew! The variety of colors and type-faces in PESKY'S 9 is amusing, but a little hard on the legibility. Back in the dear old days when I had access to a ditto, I found that black masters gave much handsomer reproductions and were as easy to use as purple.

Sincerely,

Ruth Berman

*The grey masters I now have are useless because they are too sensitive and give fuzzy results. However, I have gotten quite good results with them in the past.^

Harriett Kolchak
2104 Brandywine St
Philladelphia 30 Pa

Oct. 26 / 61

Dear Ed;

Was reading Pesky's 9 again and wondering Why.

The copy I have was almost unreadable in most of its print. The only legible pages being in green ink. I do not particularly like the larger type either. It tends to make for scanning instead of reading and blurs way beyond call.

The added page was comical but not the type of stuff most fans go for. If it is eliminated I don't think it will be missed. *Harriett is referring to The Martian Barnacles, a punful 1-sheeter included with some copies.^ I do hope to see more interesting material on the cons in the next issue and perhaps a story and page of gossip.

Your friend,

Harriett.

I also heard from Mike Kurman (231 SW 51 Ct, Miami 44, Fla) who thot the Barnacles was dull but found Pesky's interesting. Vic Ryan (Box 92, 2305 Sheridan, Evanston, Ill), AND George G Willick (856 East Street, Madison, Indiana) who DNQ's his whole letter. He started off with "...You've about half way-pissed me off. 'Gripers like George Willick' ..thanks a lot." and went on from there. He DNQ'd it because he wants to conduct his arguments by letter, and it quite anxious to, but doesn't want them printed. Since I don't have the time for a lengthy correspondence I just dropped him a short note explaining that I was referring

A. MERRITT'S FANTASY MAGAZINE - - 30 !!! to his blast at Daz and the Season about the number of items nominated in each category before he found out about the very valid reasons for doing this. He that I was somehow referring to the fannish Zugo's he was pushing then, and let loose with a large number of full blasts in many directions on that topic. He invited me to quote him at length in my private correspondence in order to "liven [it] up." Well, I haven't simply because I do very little corresponding and I have no interest in feuding on that topic.

I received 3 more notes which came too late for use in the N'APA incarnation of this lettercol but (since this is the version which is to be generally distributed) are now presented. The first was from - -

George Wells
4410x U.E.
Cornell U.
Ithica, NY

Dear Ed,

Like to thank you, belatedly, for Pesky's, which I enjoyed reading. If you, or any other fan, are ever up this way drop in. I've been writing people today asking if they'd like to correspond by postcard, and you are certainly included. With a typer one can say quite a lot on them. My courses are English, Western Civilization, Calculus, + Chinese Language. I like Chinese and English best. No fan here but many readers. When are any come in the NY area and where is the next Worldcon? I'd like to go if I could make them. Hope to hear from you soon.

Your friend

George Wells

We'll be having the ESFAcon on the 2nd Sunday of March at the downtown Newark IM&WCA and the Lunacon at Adelphi Hall (5th Ave, near 13th St, NY) on the Sunday after Easter. As you must have heard by now, the Worldcon will be in Chicago. A

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Ave
Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Ed:

December 25, 1961.

I can't remember how fully I thanked you at the Philcon for that fat envelope full of fanzines. This letter may serve as a sort of supplement to complete as much of that duty as may have remained unfulfilled during the Philcon, which sticks out in my memory as the 36 hours in which I never got to talk to anyone nearly as much as I wanted.

One thing that I remember noting in one of these ayday publications was your mention of Stark and the Tolkien books. I think you would do better to deal with Ken Slater for anything published in England. As far as I gather, Stark simply buys from dealers over there at retail prices, then adds on a profit for himself, and the customers must pay the full cover price plus postage plus Stark's profit. Slater is a regular dealer who gets dealer's prices and makes his profit that way. He is advertising right now the boxed three-volume set of Lord of the Rings for three guineas. I can never remember the exact difference between the pound and the guinea, but I think it's only 10 per cent higher or thereabouts, and the pound is currently less than three American bucks.

I get the impression that Carl Frederick is a hoax, until you mention that he attended some fan meeting somewhere. The frequent brief mentions of him sound exactly like the innocent way in which hoax fans are usually introduced to the trusting public, anyway.

I've been wondering about the ethics and legal consequences involved if someone published from tapes a prompt and fairly comprehensive transcript of the things said during the convention programs. Most of the major talks are given to this or that fan for publication by the speaker. I suspect that they are in the public domain if any person in the audience was admitted without payment of dues or a ticket; if the audience was strictly restricted to those eligible to get in, it's possible that the talks would fall into the same privileged category as a meeting of the President's cabinet, for instance. Ethically, I don't think it's fair for a fan to grab a talk and then sit on it six months or so before publishing it.

The Institute for Space Studies sounds like a fine place to work. Just the same and the thought that a fan has a job there is enough to show that the future

Yrs., &c., Harry.

I'm afraid that I rather monopolized your time at the con, chatting away about various trivialities for quite a while.

I picked up the 1st 2 volumes of LoTR locally at a good price. Erad Day gives a 10% discount on everything you buy if you go over \$10 and, when he has some sort of sale on, higher cuts above higher minimum amounts. It turned out that I was just under one of these lines, and buying the books brought me over it causing me to pay only about \$6 for the 2 volumes over what I would have spent anyway. I got the 3rd from Dick Whitter at full price, and will get on Slaters mailing list to be able to take advantage of future bargains.

No, unfortunately Carl Frederick is all too real. He's a member of ESFA, was at the Pitcon and 1960 Phillycon, and met Andy Main, Walter Breen and Ted White at Metropolitan Mimeo about a week back. Therefore ~~his~~ his existence is well documented! But maybe if we can convince him that he is a hoax....A

Gary Deindorfer
11 De Cou Drive
Morrisville, Pa

Ed:

Thanks muchly for Peaky's #9; entertaining, especially the super-review of the Wanshel fanzines. I have but one small gripe, though, but one scil on the visior (or however the hell the saying goes), and that is, please, no more use of that giant typeface; it is the most illegible face I've ever seen. By the way, Lichtman's page was interesting (an amazing thing, considering the parochial quality of the subject matter). #It was nice meeting you at the Philcon; too bad, tho, that we didn't get to talk a bit more. By the way, I was surprised out of my wooden shoes to hear that you had assumed your Philcon panel shores on such incredibly short notice. I naturally assumed at the time that you had given long and careful preparation to your questions. #I note that you are a fellow Cult-lister. Skool, and all that.

Regards, Gary Deindorfer.

When I visited NASA (or NASFA, as Carl calls it) a few weeks ago, I was heart-broken to find that the Directory typer was no longer there, so no more of my fms will use it unless I go and buy one of my own. It did look cruddy when dittoed or mimed, but when it was used to type origioaal copy or multilith masters it was just beautiful -- or so I thot, anyhow. Emm, now...a typer like that would cost about \$800 to \$1000, and if I could save \$20 a week...and a multilith would cost....A



The photopages gave me so much trouble and came out so poorly that they just aren't worth it. First of all, a friend was going to offset them for me at work where he had access to a machine. I figured it would only take a few minutes to trim and paste up the pics I took, and started in -- it wound up taking quite a few hours. Then, just as I finished said friend went and got himself fired! (He hated his job as an actuary and did intend to quit in another 2 weeks, and he was only staying on in order to have access to the Davidson press for a project of his own.) I didn't want all that work to go to waste, so I took it down to a larger commercial printery in my neighborhood -- the @!&! thieves wanted \$30! (About \$12 for the plate and printing, \$26 for the screening.) Well, after I told him where he can go I took my Sheets down to Gestetner. Some character told me that screening is neccessary, and that they do it in their Yonkers office. They will also reduce the copy for me. However he wouldn't accept my paste-up because it had too many layers to be wrapable around the Gestafax drum. I asked if it was held flat when it was reduced and screened, he said yes, but still wouldn't accept it because it wouldn't bend around the drum. Are all Gestetner employees that dense?

Anyhow, I took it home and just about abandoned the project. But I decided to give Rex Rotary a try and phoned them. They said their screening is done for them by Metrotone one block away, and if he remembered correctly it cost \$2/page. Well, this WAS \$1 more than Gestetner charged but at least I was getting somewhere! How-

ever when I went down I found that, while they didn't charge extra for reduction, screening cost \$5.50/page. Again I hated to see all the work I had put in go to waste and I didn't have the time to shop around so I had them do it. When I picked them up the next day I decided to take them back to Gestetner because it was 50¢ a stencil cheaper there and because it was to be run on Ted White's Gestetner. (Once I'd had a stencil for a Rex Rotary machine Gestafaxed, and the stencil became wrinkled while being run because the holes didn't quite match the Rex Rotary pins, and I was afraid that the reverse would happen.) The same character as before was there, but nobody else was this time. He said they were all out sick, and that he didn't usually run the machines. He was doing some rush job and ruining many blank stencils trying, to some extent because the machines were somewhat out of adjustment. He showed me how to run a machine and invited me to try for myself. Six stencils and four hours later we both gave up, and I left with some of the supposedly no good stencils. I showed them to Ted White, he decided to try them out, and one wasn't bad. The results are the pictures of the Party & Ella's sailing. Next day I went down to Rex Rotary and (at Ted's suggestion, since he had an adapter for his machine) had a 4 hole standard US type stencil made. I got very good service there, and they made a number of trial runs on two scrap stencils (cutting a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch or so at different settings) and running a few copies off before they cut the final stencil. Unfortunately the machine got out of adjustment half way thru and started to skip every 50th line or so. But when I discovered this on running off the stencil, I just wasn't going to bother going back and let Ted run it as was. Ya know, I somehow doubt that I'll be running many more photopages.

* * * * *

Well, for the first time in several quarters I had the time to read an entire SAPS mailing. Its smaller size helped somewhat, as did my skipping some of the cruddier genzines. I was going to do MCs for a change, but I feel tired and want to send out the bundle today. I already have the first 30 pages run and collated, and Ghu but that's a thick pile. Hope I'll have no trouble sending them Educational Matter rate, or I'll go broke!

Some of you asked for inside dope on what's doing in the space race -- I'm afraid my job would have been a meager source of information simply because it was an institute for space science and not space travel. That is, none of the people there had any connection with the race for space whatsoever. All they did was try to learn about space itself, and the Earth, from the data sent back by the various probes. But I did discover Missiles and Rockets while there, and subscribed. This weekly had much interesting information and news which never gets into the papers. For instance on pg 21 of the Jan 8 issue they are talking about research being done on generating radiation with a wavelength between .001 and 0.1 millimeters for communications use. The item closes with "Thermal effects of a coherent nm-IR beam might also be used as a destructive beam for antimissile defense." Ghu! The heat ray!

Or project Gemini, launching 2-man expanded Mercury capsules about 2 years from now and using them to try to rendezvous with an Agena B. This is to test the feasibility of rendezvous for possible later use in lunar exploration. Or the 15 man space station which might be launched complete in 1975. Or project Orion where several hundred small atomic bombs might be used to launch a super-large ship into space. (Can you imagine the fallout from THAT?)

At the American Rocket Society meetings here in NY a few months ago one company put out a daily newspaper, like SFTimes did at the Pitcon, and I grabbed 50 copies to include with my SAPSzine. But the thing is double-lettersize, and printed on 4x lettersize paper, so I would have had to do some intricate folding. I still might do it for some future mailing, but will probably just throw them out. (I only took 50 copies of one issue, and of a one-shot of similar dimensions publicizing their plans for large solid rockets.)

Between I/R and the ARS meetings I have seen a lot of slobbering over the money the government will be spending and how, hoo-boy!, the companies will be getting a big cut of it. If I have the time I might do an article on this for a future SFTimes of mine. But it certainly strikes me as disgusting and makes me wonder just how much the companies are trying to do a good job and how much they are trying to sell

their own proposals regardless of intrinsic worth. Some of the past company projects pushed at the ARS exhibits struck me as pretty far-fetched.

RICHARD BERGERON -- you had an article in the last Warhoon in which you spoke of the decline of SAPS. On the basis of the mailing in which the article had appeared I am afraid that I must agree. Usually one could count on a number of fair to good zines, maybe 1 or 2 pieces of crud, and several really outstanding zines which made everything worth while. About a year ago the two really top zines were Here There Be Saps and Ragnarook, with several others (including your own) close behind. This mailing had a poor and slim Walting Street which is what HTBS degenerated to, no Ragnarook (don't have the mailing with me, and I hope I'm spelling it right) and only your own Warhoon. This issue surpassed by far your previous ones, and is one of the best fanzines I have ever read. I do hope that the rumor I heard at the Phillycon about your folding it after the issue in this mailing is false, for without it there would have been very little difference between this mailing and the September NAPA mailing. (Haven't yet looked into the December one, so I can't make a comparison with that.) As for what can be done about this, I don't know. Somehow I doubt that the imitation of FAPAs low activity requirements would help much. Our minac isn't THAT large and most of our drop-outs seem to be because of loss of interest and not sufficient time for minac. (After all, if someone talented has some mundane matter which keeps him busy for a while, and he must rely on minac, (as with Terry Carr recently) I am sure that the members won't mind. Now when someone like SaM tries to stretch out a membership in an organization he cares little for the members do have every right to be annoyed, and usually are.

The thing to do is try to keep the top members interested in the club itself, and how that can be done I don't know.

The Phillyconference was almost a full-fledged SAPS meeting. I met Lee Jacobs there for the first time, and saw again Dick Eney, Les Gerber, Andy Main, ..., or that's all I can think of now, but there must have been others. I got the 57th mailing with me, but left the C-O with the roster home. Oh, Kemp & O'Meara!

But there are still quite a few members I haven't met. Looking thru the zines present, I see Vic Ryan, Wrai Ballard, Coswel, Toskey, (Bob Lichtman -- I don't remember, were you at the Pittcon?), Bob Smith, Karen Anderson, Larry Anderson, Bergeron, Doreen, (damnit, I can't find your first name anywhere in the zine, MISS Jacobs!) & perhaps some of those people who didn't have zines in the mailing. Hmm, that's about 1/3 -- I'm not doing so well, am I? Well, maybe at the TriChiCon...

Tosk, a while back you asked about my use of weird symbols in a Sapszine. That wasn't done on my typer, but on a "mathematical" one owned by the Physics Department. It has none of the standard symbols except $?$, $/$, $-$, $+$, $=$, \neq , and $_$. In stead it had all sorts of things like half the Greek alphabet, partial derivatives, integrals, absolute value symbols, etc. And in stead of ordinary numbers, all were of subscript size and position. Some of the results are visible earlier in this zine when I couldn't get at an ordinary typer. I also have access to 2 ordinary elites (this is one) and a rather odd pica. (Forinstance, the $-$ in the e is slanted.) My own old pica is standard, except that it is missing the $+$, $=$ key, and I have recently purchased a 1948 "Black Model" IBM with a 20 inch carriage. That typer is missing the $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$ key and $*$ is replaced by "plus or minus". I bought 15 "typits" at \$3 each which contain one symbol each -- an integral sign, a summation sign, delta, partial derivative, gradient, $=$, pi, arrow, superscript 1, 2 and 3, and the v & upside down v shaped accent marks. It cost \$6.50 to modify my typer to take these, but I figure all this was worth it. (Each letter consists of a symbol at the end of a handle, and the whole thing is dropped into a slot installed just this side of the ribbon-carrier. Then you hit any key, it hits the gizmo, and the symbol is typed. The current catalog lists almost 400 symbols, and I hear a new one twice as long is coming out soon. It can be used quite rapidly, and it can be installed on almost any

typar except the "pancake portables".

One trouble with my new beast is that the pressure hasn't yet been properly adjusted. It types just a little too hard, even at the lowest pressure setting. I only tried typing one page without the ribbon (page 30) and then every second letter (even H) was punched out. I tried without the ribbon because the previous few pages I had typed on that machine had too thick letters, & I thot this might help. It sure helped!

Might as well mention for the records now (as some people seem to go in for this kind of thing) that most of the dittoed pages were typed using Ditto brand carbons and mastersheets, but pages 12 and 31-34 had "Fordigraph" carbons distributed by Rex Rotary. (They are long run carbons, supposedly good for 400 copies, and cost 2 1/4 ¢ less than Ditto. Mimeo stencils varied -- pg 13 was ABDick, 22 was Polychrome, and the rest ~~Mimeo~~ Thrift Quality (Speed-O-Print). Pp 1-10, 23-30, and the first 60 copies of pp 11-12 were run on Nekoosa 24# ditto paper, while the rest of the Ditto-ing and the photopage were run on brandless 70# offset paper. (Different standards are used here, and this is equivalent in weight to about 28# mimeo or ditto paper.) The 8 other pages were run on the standard 85¢/ream mimeo paper (20#) available at Pace. Dittoed pages run on ABDick Azograph using ABDick "Spirit Process Fluid", courtesy of St. John's School of Pharmacy."

With this ends A. Merrit's Fantasy Magazine, the 4th pamphlet produced for the Spectator Amateur Press Society by one Edmund R Meskys. This is not a magazine for by definition a magazine is a periodical, and I will never use this title for another publication and have never done so before this. The 5th in this series of pamphlets for SAPS will be titled Avon Science Fiction Reader, and will be published sometime in the next 6 months (in less than three, I hope!)

That's a wild statement which the new postal regulations require, isn't it? I can see where the fansine publishers will have a lot of fun untill they get used to it. Wonder why the PO did away with form 3547....

If you are neither in SAPS nor on its waiting list you are getting this pamphlet for one of the following reasons:

You wrote a letter of comment on Peaky's 9, which is reprinted herein from Peaky's 10 (P's 10 is then included in the same envelope)

You are a subscriber to Polhode, and this is to let you know that I am working on the next issue which ought to be ready Real Soon Now.

You are a reasonably faithful letterhack.

Sample. Future generally circulated APazines such as this are obtainable by either writing a letter of comment, reviewing it, or sending a trade zine. Because these are irregularly produced, when the whim strikes me, they are not available on a cash basis. Polhode, a somewhat more serious venture dedicated almost exclusively to articles about SF is published annually for 20¢, 3 for 50, trade. LOC etc. No subs for over 3 issues accepted.

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