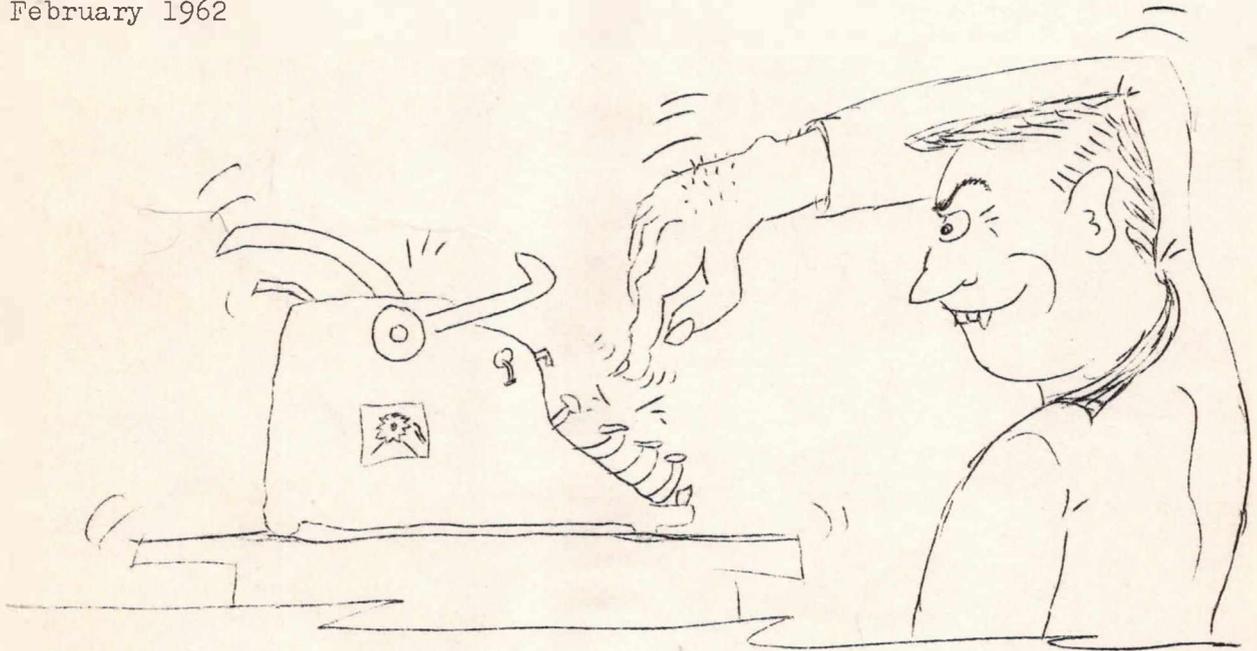


SERCON'S BANE

#9

FAPulous 22
for Mailing 98
February 1962



"... my credentials are enclosed, and my attorney, a Mister Scheizter of this city, is fully qualified to practice both in this state and in New York. So if you will please enter my name on the Waiting List, so I can start plugging for a treasury donation for my project..."

((This is what you call Coast-to-Coast Coverage.))

This would be Sercon's Bane #9, FAPulous Publication #22, by F. M. Busby, of 2852 14th Avenue West, Seattle 99, Washington. This publication is prepared for, and only for, the 98th FAPA mailing as scheduled for February 1962. It is not, to my knowledge, circulated to the patients or prospective patients of Doctor Christine Haycock; nonetheless I feel it incumbent upon me to affirm at the beginning of these pages that I have no reason whatsoever to believe otherwise than that Doctor Haycock is a competent and knowledgeable practitioner in her chosen field or fields within the medical profession, and that her character and behavior are exemplary in all aspects having any bearing whatsoever on her professional standing.

My attorney is Richard A Clark of Jones, Grey, Kehoe, Hooper, & Olsen, Colman Building, Seattle 4, Washington. ...well, I tried!

The FAPulous numbering is merely the total count of publications that Elinor and I have put into FAPA, between us. Maybe some day when I "have the time", I'll try to figure up an overall count such as Coswal's or Eney's; meanwhile this is our harmless little way of keeping track of one fanac-trail quantitatively. OK?

Further on in here (this is written after the MCs) I rack a grotch or two on Official Policy, its seeming laxness and dependence on precedent such that (like unto the Supreme Court) rulings are made post facto rather than preventatively. I do not see why the "Norris" case should set precedent such that the next pseudo who climbs the list is allowed to shift his purported identity back and forth to the S-T and get away with it. Our current S-T could very well lay down policy that any waiting-list slot becomes void upon discovery of falsification (or, you can pseudo the troops, but you level with the S-T or else!); other officials could similarly plug the void spots without resort to amendments. These rulings would hold until or unless changed by vote or by the official's successor. Sometimes it is not good to let a piece of paper or a process substitute for good immediate judgment and action within the rules. Come to think of it, Ronel could have cleared this Norris bit up at the moment the bhoys fed him the Simpson story. All he had to say was: "OK, it's Norris in the FA but I'M putting it as Simpson on my own records to be passed along to the next S-T". And the bhoys could have fished or cut bait, one. Of course this is hindsight speaking; Ron had no reason to expect them to lie in such outright fashion using a real live individual for a decoy, I guess.

Null*Fs 22 -23 and AXE 17-18 have given us a few things to think about, to say the least. Leaving aside the specific content of the issues involved in this series of actions, just for the moment, let's look at the General Case: when, if ever, is a member (or contributor, or reader) justified in calling legal action on the basis of material appearing in the mailings? How far can legal Gag Rule be carried (first we see "no further reference" laid-down by an attorney; then a FAPA member is brought to appeal to one and all to check in "before publishing anything whatsoever" about the brannigan)? Just what, if anything, should FAPA-the-organization consider doing in the way of intervention when the contents of its mailings are involved in legal action (or threat of same) against one or more of its members? O, it gives to think!

Getting down to identities (but not personalities), it must be noted that Christine Moskowitz is not a member of FAPA, based on the one and only valid criterion that she is not so listed in the latest Fantasy Amateur. She could have been, easily enough. Not only has she had material in the mailings, but the constitution lays no restrictions except marriage on "dual-memberships"; I see no valid grounds for denying the request of any FAPAN to have hiser spouse listed for dual membership. However, as of 11/97, neither Christine Moskowitz nor Poul Anderson nor Sheila Ashworth nor (oh, read the roster yourself!) are listed. Consequently, Mrs Moskowitz is acting in the capacity of a non-member who has contributed to the mailings and is privy to them for reading purposes. This paragraph is dedicated to disposing of the myth that the Lawsuit Problem would be solved if only we had a rule that if you sue your fellow-member you are automatically expelled from this august group. Actually that's not such an awfully bad idea, in itself: you file suit, you are OUT, and it takes a 33-member vote to reinstate you. Oh, they would think twice, I betcha-- but as I say, this is less than a panacea and does not apply in the current case.

As to the specific rights and wrongs of the state of affairs, last I heard, between chez White and chez Moskowitz, I insist on crying chickie with respect to the historical ramifications which include (but also precede) the WSFS, Inc beef; far as I'm concerned we simply consider null-f22 as one in a series of way-out blasts. So OK; Ted was bucking for a fat lip, as is not uncommon for many of us in this segment of the microcosm-- we get carried away at times, and occasionally (as when Lee Sapiro visited Ed Sigler by plane) it catches up with us. Ted got off some remarks that were bound to bring some fallout, though it was obvious that his cracks at the fanzine-articles on peyote/mescaline were just that, rather than being aimed at professionally-written material.

Now there are a number of ways to react to written material that you cannot let stand unrefuted. One way, which I personally prefer, is to see what you can do in the way of your own written rebuttal-- buttressing your attack with all the really-pertinent available facts you can prove, with a thorough reaming of all the holes in your opponent's argument, and with a few good blasts that will stand on their own merits, just for the hell of it. I don't say this is the easiest thing in the world to do effectively, but when done it is one of the most satisfying: I do say this from a reasonable degree of experience, I think...

Other reactions are to explode into irrelevant denunciation, chop off all communication, send a bomb, lapse into unconvincing and monotonous wrangling, or refer the entire matter to an attorney. Not much of a choice, really; all these alternatives are something less than what one would really like to accomplish. And worse: they put one in a much less favorable light than one could wish.

Consider the disputed-material in Null-F#22, not in relation to the real world but as a challenge to be refuted. Without any regard whatsoever to the actual personal characteristics of either party in the dispute, but considering only the printed word, I think Christine Moskowitz missed a beautiful chance to catch Ted with his neck sticking out (from the view of a dedicated opponent) and hacking the hell out of him under conditions that would do her credit in this league. I mean, assuming she was out to draw blood, playing free-for-all rules and the hell with facts. She could have said like:

"Considering the reports on the nationwide flabby state of our younger people I'm not too surprised that Ted concedes I'm in better physical condition than he is. But I was shocked that, admitting this, he still equates physical-trim with masculinity. If we'd only known, I'm sure we would not have embarrassed Ted by rubbing his nose in a deficiency that is obviously such a sore point with him. Disagreements aside, I'm really sorry about this, Ted."

You see? By going strictly on the printed word, Ted could have been hung in an utterly-untrue framework based entirely on his own words. Some of you may think I'm displaying an appalling cynicism with this demonstration, but I don't think so, at all-- after all, it's obvious from the public prints just what can be done with words around the world, so that only individual-and-group ethics lend any meaning to any written statements/arguments. My hypothetical blast, above, would have been as offbase as Ted's at Chris, or Sam's at Ted, or stop when you run out of back-issues; I frankly don't notice all that difference, in a sequence of this sort, even when there are certain aspects where I do have a clearcut idea of my preferences.

Such as I can't go for lawsuit-threats to cope with something that could have been handled with maybe six lines of semi-irresponsible (but true to the literal wording, mind you, of the offending material) backlash as demonstrated above, there. I don't blame Chris for being sore as a boil at the innuendo-bit; I do say that she did not demonstrate any compatibility with this microcosm by calling John Law rather than grappling it out by league-sanctioned custom. There is this one thing about PAPA: anytime anyone puts any sort of penalty or threat on return-comment, not only does that comment die out-- some folks prevent ulcers by refusing to read that which they can't comment-on freely. (Not me-- I must be a masochist at heart.)

So there it is. If it is the case that any of us who comment on this hassle are in legal danger, then I'm a very bad guesser and in the wrong apa at that. I do not think that any fan-communication group could survive under strictures that gave one-way privileges to the legally-represented few, in any case. So-- we'll see.

4 p m on Dec 17, 1961: it's been a sunny day of shirtsleeve weather (if you move around a little) here in Seattle. The sun has just this moment dipped below the opposite hillside and now it's time for some

concerning the 97th mailing.

A r g l e b a r g l e

Lighthouse 4: Pete, I'd like to see you do that survey, but doubt that more than a sizable minority of fans will fit your theory (that fans become fans from "alienation from real human relationships", etc).

I dug your JFK-end-of-world skit, but suspect I'd appreciate the humor much less if the US hadn't been moving away from a strictly "retaliatory deterrent" attitude for some years now. Very well-done piece, though.

Can't see your objections (or the vehemence thereof) to Chicon's IQ-test bit. It's handled anonymously, and as a gimmick to settle(?) the old arguments re the intelligence of fans. How well the instruments are chosen and handled is something else again, of course, and certainly other testings along the lines you suggest would also be of interest. But the project is certainly harmless, as outlined.

Possibly what is bugging you is an attitude sometimes displayed in fandom to the effect that "intelligence" is somehow a badge of merit-and-privilege rather than a tool to be utilized, much the same as any other attribute in that it has its own uses but cannot substitute for the lack of something else. In value to the person possessing it, intelligence must rank below a reasonably-comfortable degree of physical health. In value to the person's associates, his intelligence is much less important than his personal integrity and his motivations.

Matter of fact, Mensa is primarily devoted to the study of intelligence and its place in human relations. Accepting its members at an arbitrary test-cutoff point, it then surveys them on all sorts of subjects, seeking to determine in what ways the members' attitudes, etc, differ from the norm. Also appears to be quite a sociable bunch, on the British side where it's been going for enough years to have picked up a number of members in a given area. I took their test because I was curious; I joined because I was still curious, but am currently behind on reading the Correspondence (yes, a letterzine) and largely because of all that itty-bitty print they use (squiiiint!). There's some interesting stuff, some that interests me hardly at all, and some of the most grand and glorious fuggheads you ever saw.

I guess you could say that Mensa is the N3F of IQ-Fandom.

Terry: "Blind Clarinet" a good job and well-constructed, as mentioned in letter.

Chitterchatter can certainly be a fragile thing, as well as wonderful. Ever just see a fine freshly-launched cloud of chitterchatter shot down by a Plonking Remark from the inevitable joker who simply is not with it? I suspect that most fanclub meetings are littered with pitiful little wisps of chitterchatter that never had a chance to amount to anything.

Ted: Yup, the world would be better off without armies, but not with the USSR's and without ours. Your hypothetical 2 years in the Army is insurance against spending a lifetime under the Soviet system, which has been described as "it's like everyone is in the Army, only for life". OK, maybe you don't believe this; I do, though.

I think you could have made it OK in the services, except possibly for one thing-- you may have decided so strongly that you wouldn't be able to hack it, that you'd sheerly have to goof up in order to have been Right. But anyone who can keep in mind that Basic Training (which perhaps is deliberately designed to make anything that happens afterward an improvement) does not last forever, can make it.

No one likes to be jammed into a slot that uses his mediocrities rather than his true skills (even though he might not be doing much with them himself)((woops, that is not a slam at you there, buddy; I was more like reminiscing)). But any large operation is less than perfectly efficient. I recall running into a white-haired Tech/4th in the messhall on Amchitka Island, 1944-- fella by name of Dashiell Hammett-- he was a clerk at HQ, and wrote mystery-scripts for the island radio station on the side. Everybody called him Sam. A T/4 was the same pay as a 3-stripe buck sergeant but did not hold any chain-of-command authority, as a technician-grade.

I taught bayonet-training one spring, but still haven't killed anyone, somehow.

Null-F 22: Ted: It is a recurrent tragedy that one can not guess accurately at a girl's looks, from the rear view; time and again, there goes what appears to be an utter doll, until the face appears with an alligator jaw or squinchy eyes or perhaps just a nothing sort-of face in general. This problem distracted me while reading "The Fourth of June": that is, was this a fictitious device or did you personally find it possible to guess right? Otherwise the piece is fine except that the bits of background-color at beginning and end seem to be a little perfunctory rather than actually visualized. (That is, when the finale tends to repeat the beginning.)

No, I'm not convinced that legislative investigating committees are without value. We had one here purely at the state level a few years ago that cleaned out more than a few who had been quietly and successfully doing a job of recruiting for the CP under the guise of "academic freedom" at the University of Washington. This had not been possible earlier because as someone (Pete?) mentions, our legislature itself had been a bit Red-tinged (I doubt the CP had a majority as such, but what with the normal run of political alliances, camouflage, and doubletalk, the influence was considerable, according to later testimony); neither the FBI nor any Federal investigative committee were concerned at that level. Now I will grant you that some nonCommunist liberals got lumps out of this, too-- but by their own choice in taking a closed-ranks stand with the Communists, current and ex-but-still-sympathetic-- I still say these people have been suckered and sold a bill of goods; at least I can see no simpler reason why they should consistently take a course of action that will hurt themselves and will help no one excepting guess-who. OK, you won't agree...

So I will. I'll agree that "grok" has been overused and misused as a fad word. But (yeh, I said this in letter, but not onstencil yet) I took "Grok Around the Clock" as a title just a few days after BayCon & after reading "Stranger.." without having seen it used by anyone else. Seemed appropriate, too, for while "dig" may cover most of the meanings for "grok", it does not also imply or mean "to drink", a basic meaning of the newer word! Like, we did belt a few at BayCon.

I suspect that a considerable proportion of "water brothers" clowning is from folks who were somewhat disturbed by the book and joke from embarrassment.

Terry: lovely takeoff on the Shirley Jackson "..Peanuts"; beautiful punchline!

Walter: Fraternities vary greatly in atmosphere and attitudes, both from group to group on a single campus and from school to school. My own house at WashState was mostly a pretty good down-to-earth gang, though that might or might not hold true today. Any limited-membership group (and a fraternity must be limited-membership for operational reasons) is subject to snob-tendency pressure, I suppose.

I'll say, 30 present members (as you mention to MZB) don't have to drop to let in WLER#30. Not only will several of the upper-end WL join and drop-- roughly half of them will never join at all, as can be checked by nearly any old FA.

Heck, I don't "see Communists under every bush"; I see it more like this: if I were a collar-button, where would I have rolled to? That is, consider the spots where the Communists would find it advantageous to be able to exert undercover influence through an unsuspected operative-- schools, unions, various gov't activities-- since those people have made a science of revolution and have written texts on it, isn't it reasonable to assume that they will have made every attempt to slip ringers into as many slots as possible that could be of any help to them? It's their way of life, man, and unfortunately they seem to be sold on it as an export item. No, I'm not in favor of "witch hunts". But there seems to be an automatic reflex among many to label any digging-out of these jokers as a witch hunt. And I am very emphatically not in favor of that, either. There must be some sane middle ground...

Pete: Good Fanocblasting, and I hope your petition goes through OK .

Today New York and Berkeley; tomorrow the World!

Horizons 88: For heaven's sake, what's this? A FAPazine with only one editor???

Since a petition on a goof could hardly be expected to come in 15 days before the goof, it must be the next mailing, nicht wahr? (That's still not as loose as my personal-favorite passage: "Members not paying the assessment will not receive that mailing within a timelimit of six months".)

An 18-year-old kid's bloody suicide is naturally going to shock-up reaction more than the death-by-illness of a mature individual. I had seen only 2-3-4 Weir items, liked them, and so-commented to Mal, briefly.

Ah, but how well do I know that other side of the military/civilian picture! I was "in" for the last year of a NatGuard hitch, "out" for 2 years, back "in" by the fall of 1943 and through the end of WWII. Yep, I caught plenty of the sneers for awhile there, and I agree that they can get pretty bad. (I'd had 2 years of EE before getting hauled in with the Guards' mobilization, got out 5 months before Pearl Harbor, tried for Air Corps but gave up under shifting masses of redtape and decided to try to finish school first if possible, signed up with a Navy deal that goofed out due to a policy-change-- a long and fouled-up tale, that is.) Once it was Just Too Much; on a Spokane street, an obvious recruit on his first or second pass into town asked me "What's the matter with you, you 4-F sombidge?" So that did it; I told him that I was currently 2-A rather than 4-F, that one year previously I had been an infantry corporal and would dearly love to have had him in my squad for about two hours, and was there any other little thing he'd like to know. There was not, apparently; he went away, mumbling in rather distraught fashion. But mostly the slurs are trickier and less clearcut, not subject to challenge or refutation of any sort. Soldier-civilian (and veteran-nonveteran) antagonism has a number of sources, on both sides, and essential no different from the bases of other conflicts. Somebody resents some aspect of a difference in status or situation, and takes it out on somebody else regardless of fairness. Heck, believe it or not, our Guard outfit really resented the first contingent of draftees sent to join us, just as though our being hauled-in earlier gave us any special merit! (However, I must add in our defense that (1)we'd been left in leaky tents all winter, while the draftees weren't sent in until the barracks were ready, and (2)the antagonism evaporated immediately the poor guys actually showed up in person and proved to be just as human as anyone else.) One point should perhaps be emphasized-- while "4-F" was indeed used as a dirty word in the GI vocabulary, and quite unfairly, the actual onus was intended for phony exemptionists: the wiseguys, the cheaters, the guys with connections and angles and gimmicks and influence. The guys who had hit it lucky (perhaps by no deliberate intent) and had the bad judgment to brag and gloat about it to the GI's \$21-a-month chagrin. Neither side were plaster saints, no.

I never personally had to make it on \$21; at mobilization I was a pfc at \$36; 3 months later I made corporal and \$54 (just precisely 21 years ago today, as it happens). Upon re-entry, base-pay was \$50 and I drew a \$5 "fogey" to boot for the previous service. And my last GI duty in Anchorage, Alaska, late 1945, was at a T/5 rating plus rations-and-quarters money for living out in town, for a big fat total of \$234 a month! It is all much fatter now, of course, and a good thing, too.

I'd like to digress (even further, yes) for the benefit of one and all who are perturbed that military Basic Training might make killer-types of Our Youth. As an employee of the Army I see an awful lot of fellas come in for a hitch and mostly go away at the end of it, though a percentage stays on. The main effect of Basic that I notice on the new kids is that they^{are} so thoroughly pleased to be done with it-- oh, they figure it would come in handy if they ever hit combat, but meanwhile here they are in an outfit that has a sensible job for them to do; bloodthirsty they ain't.

As you might guess, I also know quite a few "career" soldiers. The mission of the Alaska Communication System is obvious from the title; no, I do not know any career bayonet-instructors; I know career operations people and technicians and personnel types and cashiers and supply-folk and "one-man stations" and at least one genuine Bull o' the Woods who can holler a hundred yards upwind. I know some characters who are unforgettable for reasons the Readers' Digest would never print, but mostly these date from older and wilder days, and have either gone-hence or have succumbed to civilizing influences in recent years. The typical career soldiers of my acquaintance in the communications field and its supporting activities are Good People-- their most obvious differences from their civilian neighbors would likely be a greater adaptability (from having had to cope with all sorts of improvisations and being moved around unexpectedly) and-- s'welp me, a sort of fannish streak!

Our branch recently received a letter from a high-striper now running a small and semi-isolated station in the interior of Alaska; except that the esotericisms are ACS-based rather than fandom-based, that letter would highlight any fanzine letter-column. Why, the ACS monthly bulletin (with columns from as many stations and HQ divisions as can be nudged to contribute)(for some years, non-contributors were listed in "The Cesspool") has strong similarities to an apa. Of course, no apa would let that damn hilarious Giz Powell get away with stealing the title I coined for the column I was running during 1952 before I switched jobs! The lowlife...

Now I wouldn't try to claim that the ACS is necessarily representative of the armed forces, overall. The jokers who transfer in after several years in some other part of the Army are a varied lot, mostly OK but occasionally running to the blah stereotype-- but I would guess that the proportion of perceptive and compatible types runs about equal to that among the general civilian population, at that. And I do know some real great ol' jokers on the longterm-GI side of the fence.

So I can hardly agree that either Basic or "career" service necessarily has any dehumanizing influence as has been claimed around these precincts. Granted that at one time I might have agreed thoroughly with this premise, mainly because I myself was not at all suited to the service at the time I was in it, and maybe not at all, and naturally it is easier to consider one's inadaptability as a sign of superiority rather than the reverse, isn't it though? (Actually I did OK so far as the Army was concerned-- minor promotions, no courts-martial, and lots of constructive work accomplished in the second hitch, with ACS-- but much unnecessary internal stress.)

Leastwise, I think that several ACS career-GIs could attend any Con and be considered a great improvement over the average clubfan or Joe-off-the-streets.

Before departing this digression, it is only fair to make noises like a target. So I will ask Gregg and Ron to explain howcome so many Marine noncoms give that air of having been not only dehumanized but depersonalized. Doubtless I'm generalizing from non-typical cases, so I'll cite. 1955, a barracks on Elmendorf AFB, Anchorage, Alaska. A herd of young Marines supervised by two sergeants and a corporal. The 3 noncoms were characterized by: dead eyes peering out from pinched features set in swollen doughlike flesh; exaggerated paunches on otherwise normal-looking frames; very stylized deadpan speech-patterns; no sign whatsoever of responsive facial expressions, regardless of what was being said or heard; a definite fear-reaction from all the younger Marines whenever any of the noncoms showed any signs of pointing attention in the kids' direction. I suppose it could have been a bunch of goofups being herded to a Brig, maybe; from what I've heard of those brigs, Eichmann wouldn't have had to hold himself down too much to run one (see? I told you I'd run up a good target). Anyhow, the payoff was the one sergeant telling of his new assignment. Seems he was going to be Brig Sergeant replacing a ten-year buddy who had goofed and become an inmate somehow. Someone (a Navy type, I think) asked him how he was going to feel, having to be warden to his old buddy. I can't reproduce here the utter creepiness of the tone of the reply, but it went about like this: "Maan, what that fella is gonna wi-ish, is, that he nevah evah heahd of me-ee, NOhow!" Like the gal said in the story, I've known some card-carrying sadists, BUT-

OK, Gregg, Ron; your move. (Obviously he could've just been showing off.)

You sneaky devils (we're back home, Harry!) who camouflage fiction as reports: I was well into the Charlotte story before you gave it away. Effective, anyhow, as well as humanly interesting.

CCon: (Dikini): I liked this in SAPS, and said so; redundancy is the thief of space.

I always liked Larry Stark, so hate to see him so down-and-out creebing; sort of spoils the Image, you know. Cheers, yourself, Larry; it's not all that bad.

Wull. I figured that since CPS have the first obvious reasons to oppose HUAC or any other anti-CP moves, & since there's some confusion, it'd be interesting to see who has been sold the antiAntiCommunist reflex in toto and who is rejecting it (HUAC) on its own possible demerits & acc't of having some better ideas anti-CPwise. I still think the CP is playing Tom Sawyer to a lot of otherwise-sharp folks on this bit, to get their fences painted. A guy can be utterly solid and still get carried away on a wave of popularly-accepted propaganda now and then; like, who doesn't?

9

((Dec 18, and it is time for our Poetry Break, tentatively entitled)):

My Water-Brother Was an Only Child!

I'm your mother's water-brother, from the good old days of yore;
I shared water with your daughter, which she'd never done before.
When your sister shares a vessel, it's the very very best,
And I sheerly love to nestle all the nestlings in your nest.
You're my good ol' water-brother, and I'll guard you with my life
As I gladly share your liquor and your money and your wife;
Sharing water with your daughter made me love her all the more--
What? You say that I'm a rotter? What're water-brothers for?

OK, OK. Back to business, kids. Life's not all play, you know...

Phlotsam 18: But Phyllis! 1968 would be only the 9th anniversary of the Berry Fund. Still, that shouldn't have stopped Elmer from doing Comments. ### It turned out that you were not living in an alternate universe after all. I was remembering an alternate universe, is the way it was. It went away when I took another drag...

ED COX! What are you doing in that zine? Don't you know we are all still there waiting for you to show up at the BayCon? Said hello at the desk, and you vanished.

Phyllis, you got part of the reaction Heinlein was after with that speech of his, anyhow, since you negated fiercely. Frankly, he had me puzzled for awhile there, because I was pretty doggone sure from correspondence that he believed no such a dadburn thing as that Gloomy Dilemma he was throwing just then. Finally it struck me that he must figure fandom as noodle-spined and in need of shock tactics to make 'em negate that double-doom picture and firm-up to the deliberately-omitted idea that we can stay tough enough to avoid surrender and still at the same time avoid Blowup. Later I asked some questions (not indicating just what I was after) and my guess turned out to be correct. One trouble with the speech was that RAH had come down with flu and was talking through 4 or 5 degrees of fever; he ruefully suspects that he repeated one sequence twice and skipped an important one entirely. If the rather complicated transcription-editing-and-publishing arrangements ever work out, we'll get a chance to see for ourselves in print. Incidentally, this explanation is not meant to put you down-- if that's how it hit you, then it did. Much better than the languid noodle-spine who kept saying (that evening) that "it wouldn't really be so bad if the Russians took us over, just so long as they didn't use violence"! (What they been using on their own people for 43 years now??!)

Not that I'd want you to think that the one incident dominated your fine live trip-report, any more than it dominated the experiences that went into it!

My vote is with you, for an FA filled with officers' reports that are entertaining, so long as FAPA continues to elect officers who can write 'em!

The only trouble with John Burbee's idea of the 12-year fast for children up to the age of 12 is that he covers it so thoroughly; no room for a capper, at all.

Day*Star: Marion, I suspect practically all of us will be crogged at your 140 or so commuting miles each day of attendance at H-SU. Hope it goes well.

Charles Wells' suggestion of waiting-listers being voted either directly into membership or (modified form, once proposed) up the line a way, is as unacceptable as ever. This would create more ill-feeling than all the feuds that ever came out of New York. The only thing that makes the long draggy waiting list at all tolerable is that it is just the same for everyone; no one can fudge, or curry favor, or get special breaks on account he has buddies. You go on the list when you put in for it, and you keep your standing by your own positive responses. And before anyone cites the unclear Johnstone-Norris situation, let me cite it-- without prejudice to the current case, does anyone doubt that area groups would vote their local chums first under Wells' plan? One other point: it might be just dandy and egoboostish for someone to be voted into FAPA over a number of heads-- at first, yes. But boy, it would not be at all chummy when some of those passed-over types eventually did join; consider their attitudes, for a moment. Like, arrggghhhh! And no, thanks! The role of Teacher's Pet has never been a really comfortable one, anywhere.

Walter, we've argued this draft-dodge bit at length in letters. For here, just a couple of points. 1. Since somewhere between 10% and 20% of wartime soldiers actually are in combat, the issue of cowardice or of unwillingness-to-kill hardly can be considered paramount in the average case. It is generally more a matter of being put at someone else's beck-&-call with attendant inconveniences and loss of privacy, leisure, and free-will. 2. Society's claim on the individual can in essence be no greater than the society's value (real or illusory) to the individual. This society has the positive value of not putting you down on the Siberian collective farm with a shovel in your hand if you dissent a li'l bit; if this aspect is of any value to you, then this society has just that much claim on you in its efforts to keep from being conquered by or absorbed into the Soviet society. This is of course just one example; the general case is left as an exercise for the student. Oh yes-- 3. It is all well and good to talk of non-violent resistance to violent attack, but (aside from "gimmick" distractions of belligerent drunks, etc) who in the crowd can give germane and successful examples from personal experience? I've seen a certain amount of violence (nothing phenomenal); observation would indicate that it usually beats the bloody hell out of passive resistance. Comments?

Mind you, I'm all in favor of finesse instead, anywhere it will work. But I feel somehow hesitant (and here we come to the point) about dropping the defenses that will keep the Soviets out, in favor of trusting our well-being to a bunch of folks who would prefer to try passive resistance on a successful invasion. Foop. And we can't be expected to buy the idea that it is OK for someone to get yanked into the service (no, you did not say this at any time; I'm just kicking a poor argument in the head before anyone starts it) so long as it is someone else.

The "true beat" who actually does withdraw from the society to the best of his ability, neither doing nor receiving any more favors from it than he can help-- that's his problem, and the society's, and I wish them both well of it; it is not in me to harrass any guy who really does try to go it all on his own. (er-- don't think I ever said we had to "forget" all evils in the face of the Communist threat; it is more that I was arguing about the relevant priorities.)

((yr card indicates yr home fm de Souf': when u & Ruth coming in town, hey?))
Epimetheus (Jack Speer, wherever you are): Speed has only magnitude (60mph) while velocity has both magnitude and direction (60mph/North). The kicker is that force is required to change either the rate or direction of motion, so that speed is a much less workable concept in physics, since it gives an incomplete description of the physical situation. Centripetal acceleration in uniform circular motion is a change of velocity while speed can be constant; centrifugal force is the reaction.

My objection to anti-discrimination laws relating to sale or rental of private housing was based on my general objection to governmental coercion applied to the individual's private affairs, not just "that you might get hauled into court". We differ greatly, you and I, on the place to draw the line between the general welfare and the rights of the individual, or perhaps between opposing "rights" of different individuals. In particular we differ on the wisdom of greater governmental control of personal activities; this is my major reason for leaning to the Republican side of the merry-go-round, but I'd've voted for Kennedy against Rockefeller, after the latter complained that the public "had not yet accepted the need for coercion" in connection with his proposed bill for compulsory/air-raid shelters.

Heck, I'm agreed with you that 90% of advertising is useless if not actually harmful. But your anti-Weyerhauser crack didn't carry enough back-reference, and so drew a blast as it stood. New argument sprung fullblown from the old one.

The Army-distributed proCommunist pamphlets carrying the ".20th Century Democracy" slogan were mainly plugs for "Russia, our Brave Ally" and appeared around the middle of 1944. Thinking back, this was roughly 8-9 months after Miz Roosevelt fixed it so that Communists could hold commissions in the services, which would have allowed them a reasonable time to kanoodle into as many as possible of the Public Information Officer slots; it figures. The first such blurb I saw was quite cagy: the slogan was the largest print on the cover, but was actually on a sign or banner extending all the way across a photograph of a group of people-- on the wall behind them at a banquet scene or something of the sort. Clever, hey?

Celephais 29: Always like your trip reports, Bill, especially when the trip has you coming through these parts. This time we have some roads in common: I've been up US101, and in Canada along the direct run from Lake Louise through Banff and Calgary on south to and through Glacier Park east-to-west (oops, out of Canada now, aren't we) over Going-to-the-Sun Highway. Hey, was that expensive hotel in Banff? Prices were quite low in town when I was there, though the fabulous Banff Springs Hotel a few miles out is FancyExpensive no end.

I think it was "one or two" Conreports that I said the average fan has in his system, of the fullfledged & detailed variety. For me, those were the Midwestcon of 1957, and Southgate. Since then I've written only rambling fragmentary comments (the '59 Westercon, fabled in song and story and Gemzine; BoiCon; PittCon; BayCon; SeaCom of course caught me a near-total loss for any sort of treatment at all). The difference lies in whether or not any sort of complete coverage is attempted.

Wraith 15 (legally 12; should this be Sercon's Bane 11 ((not counting oneshots but only "major" zines in a given mailing)) instead of 9??): Tsk, yet.

Yep, now that you've had the course, you've gotta go to Chicon for graduate study. I can just see us now, out in front of the hotel looking over at the lake. (As it happens, I see us having got halfway across Michigan Avenue during a lull in traffic; we have been stuck on this "safety" island for 45 minutes waiting for another lull; we are looking at the lake because we are getting thirsty((I jest))).

The trouble with TAFF is that we raise all this loot to get some guy over here and then he just turns around and goes back home. Or vice versa, I guess.

I wonder how an Aleutians blizzard compares to a North Dakota blizzard for real downright meanness? You have lower temperatures and the Aleutians have stronger winds. We had a pretty fair system of boardwalks made of planks nailed across telephone poles as anchor-timbers. But the powerhouse lay maybe 100 to 150 feet from the Operations Hut and this was around the curve of a roundish hill so that the walkway system wasn't practical. The path wasn't defined well enough to be of much help; you had to drift up the curving slope just a little bit but not much. If you missed the powerhouse, as I did a number of times, the way out was to head straight downhill until you landed up to your knees in icewater, turn right until you busted a shin on the intersecting boardwalk, and follow that to a building from which you could orient yourself and start over. No one got permanently lost...

I think I probably have something over 300 pages of my own stuff in CRY, plus (as of this mailing) appearances in 23 SAPSmailings, 11 FAPAN, 7 N'APA, 2 IPSO, 3 issues of POL, & minor miscellaneous items. Doubt I have anything like 1000 apa pages, but tonight's not the time for research and addition.

Reading the postPitt oneshot, I can practically re-live the writing of it-- so thank you kindly, Sir Wrai-- 'twas a braw bonny occasion (happily, one of a continuing series!) to say the least.

Bobolings 7: Being a car-buff myself, and also having a yen for fanhistory, I got the maximum kicks from your fan-car-history. Suspect this will tee many off into similar reminiscence; not too many though, as it is said.

I couldn't do too much with this. My first 15 used cars (1937-1950) ranged in age-at-purchase from 2 to 19 years, in price from \$1.50 to \$1,600, in tenure from 3 weeks to nearly 2½ years-- and never carried one active-at-the-time fan! Nor can Elinor's '48 Austin, my (first new purchase) '50 Stude Commander, nor the '48 Chrysler we had during our summer in Anchorage make any fannish claims. In fact, only our current Lark and the preceding '53 Commander have any such basis for fan remembrance. Between 'em they've carried maybe a dozen-plus FAPANS besides just ourselves. Oh, our cars have led stuffy starved mundane lives, though!

A girl-watching system that rates by cities rather than by individual points of merit is entirely too cold and statistical for your bug-eyed reporter, here. In fact, the only way I can see that you could fairly rate a city-as-a-unit would be to take the difference in blood-pressure as you entered and left the city, and divide this by the population of the place (multiplying all results by a suitable constant so as to place the numerical results on a 0-100 scale); science wins again.

Rambling Fap 28: Gregg, I'll admit to being a little bit confused by your quotations re home-brewing. I know that equipment-supplies-and-info are freely available in this state to the point of being advertised in the Yellow Pages, and if there is one thing I do not want to do, it is to louse up this lovely state of affairs by nitpicking at the opinions of some over-officious bureaucrat and possibly getting a solid adverse opinion out of the deal. But jes' between us moonshiners, it would seem that the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Internal Revenue branch of the Treasury Dep't is wholly concerned with the taxable sales of alcoholic beverages, and in short that the official who wrote the quoted letter all replete with "intent of Congress" and other resounding phrases, is one of the overly-officious jokers that give all gov't agencies a bad name whether they need it or not. And IntRev has a record of being the agency most dedicated to the proposition that you're guilty unless you can prove differently against the momentum of gov't firepower&inertia&BigBrotherishness.

Meanwhile I open another quart of the local healthful low-calorie anti-hangover product that contributed in no small measure to my survival thru the past year.

The OOPSLA! data-sheet croggled me; I had thought for sure that I'd seen many recurrent mentions of the zine in Merwin-Mines lettercols for 3-4 years before 1952! Mainly because I hadn't thought I'd paid that much attention to the lettercols in '52-3 while I was still at the residence where I read all that stuff. Oh well...

Your comments on DIFFERENT are the definitive comments; no others need apply. A fine example of how to demolish a position without splashing blood all over.

"Wha Hoppon to Effem this time around?" Wull, mainly he put he little zine in same packet with he little wifie's little zine only on the bottom, so he little zine were not mention in the FA and half the brilliant membership of this sterling group checks the map rather than the territory, so he little zine somewhat overlooked.OK?

Sure wish you would move on up here to U of W for next scholastic chores!

Phantasy Press 34: I'm still with you re Fidel, and wonder what his apologists will say to whitewash his recent "Red until I die" speech that confirmed what most of us had realized all along. (Including that he'd been Commie for years but covered-up).

I've never eaten bison and would very much like to try it. I've had some very fine caribou steaks-- much poorer samples of moose (subjected to the oldtime "cold storage" which is not at all comparable to modern deepfreeze) and venison (simply not processed correctly; it came out strong-and-stringy). Hey, Dan! If a local waterfront outfit can ship icepacked salmon all over the country (for past 25 or 30 years), why can't someone in your area set up to buy-and-freeze a bison and ship ice-packed chunks ranging maybe from one to five pounds, at a suitable rate? The gimmick is not that people order from out of town, but that the locals order the delicious product shipped to their friends or/and relatives. Very profitable, from a populated area. And now, doggonit, you have made me hungry; pause for intermission. And a Ry-Krisp with a little butter is not quite the same, somehow...

Karen, you're another reprinter from SAPS; I likewise reprint my appreciation; OK?

S-F Five-Yearly 3: It just goes to show. Here is this fine zine loaded with good material, and you know what sticks in my fine mind? "You have no idea... unless you happen to be me, which I doubt" is the line I find imperishable. So it goes.

CRY is Voice (..etc): Thankie, Ted. I have gotta admit that I did the first draft of a little over half of that article, though it's hard to pick out any specific parts now, after its translation into newspaperese. I gor-an-tee you, though, that I did not put in the Cartmill-Campbell-FBI bromide: in fact, when Janice called me about it, I pointed out that "Deadline" was a real dog as a story, but she didn't think that was quite what the city editor wanted. At any rate, the idea was to get some sort of decent writeup rather than the usual, & it came off pretty well, no?

The Times wanted shots of the group with the Hugo and at the Gestetner. You can't get six people into one shot too well (though a couple were taken that way) so we split into smaller groups for different shots; the Times used the one with the best "action" rather than any that were mere posed stills, so that's howcome Weber and Tosk and Elinor and I aren't in the spread. (Where'd you get that page?)

Le Moindre 24: Geez, I didn't know any dirty songs in my childhood, either. The Boy Scouts (I was a member for about a year) used to sing songs at or after patrol meetings, sometimes winding up with a really daring song that had "Hell" in it. I began learning dirty songs after I was through high-school and (especially) into the National Guard. Also at college. There is something about college and about the armed forces that absolutely requires a few dirty songs, and at one time I had memorized quite a collection. Doubt if I could recall a fourth of 'em by now... Come to think of it, our in-group in the Guards also originated a few of our own, and once gave a command performance for the batallion commander who had happened to overhear us at a bivouac area on maneuvers. (Battalion, dammit.)

H-1661 #10: Dunno where you got that number for us, Rusty; it's really AT2-5927, and was GA-5927 before Seattle went to 2-5 dialing in 1958 or so. Since you have the prefix right, this whole Directory can't be just a wild ploy with random digits designed to spur each of us to "correct" your listing. So wha hoppon?

Lark: Bill, probably you'll have the answer on why Jack Speer's speedometer went out on him (as he mentioned in Mlg97 and the answer eludes me). Of course, could be the flexible driving-shaft was simply in the last stages of wearing-out and finally did; the cold would have had nothing to do with it except possibly by semi-congealing the lubricant to where it could not maintain a film, hastening the wearing-out process. ### The odometer on our '60 Lark is calibrated for one tire-size larger than we have on the car; reads maybe 5% high or a little more; I'd think the speedometer and odometer would be calibrated the same, so assume I'm not going as fast at any given time as even the usual doctored speedo would indicate.

There will be no improvement in radio or TV until the listener can push a button and turn on the sprinkler system in the studio. Wanna bet?

Our own stuff: anyone else dig reading-about what he thought 3 months ago?

A Bird Turned an Eye: Several of these hook into one rather deeply.

Fothpatlaw 2: Your "don't cry, gentle child" (to Ronel) gives me a fine title for some UKfan to use on a Conreport next spring: Childe Ronalde to the Dark Tower came.

I am torn between admiration for the attractive typeface and the bugging small page-size (you too, there, TCarr). How about some plot-outlines of the French s-f overlooked by Gernsback and more representative of the field (not huge quantities, but a sample or two to give us some perspective on the matter)?

Thou Art God (but watch it, see; don't go getting carried away now): Now that Sandy Cutrell is moving down toward your area, be sure to hear his tape of "Teen-Age Jesus" to work into the "Pal..." script; it's priceless.

Guess I'll have to turn myself in for the reward; been reading Cultzines and without a license at that.

Ankus 2: OK, here's my vote and urge and nudge and petition for Bjo to carry on with "Duperman". On'y give it more margin next time so's my copy doesn't run off the top and side of the page, huh??? I do hate to miss part of the punchlines.

You have several quite nifty little arguments incubating, and I'd love to mix into several of them on either or both sides if I were feeling a little more gung-ho just now-- but I trust they'll still be as interesting next time around.

Melange (and it sure is, this time; you got more contributors than a New York and Berkeley fanzine. Oh where will it all. End?) 3: Elmer, it is too bad that car wasn't named the Placentia-- what a lovely bit of misused Freudiana. # Shills, yet!

Ruth's Genie-bit greatly tops the Feghootism. ### A Marine-trained coward? Nyet. # Edco, quit futzing around in all these fanzines and get back to the BayCon where you belong. Pretty soon we are going to get tired of waiting for you.

You people can't fool me: Walter Breen is just Santa Claus with Tintair.

And... sorry, but the last go-round on the subject convinced me that apa treasuries are strictly for apa (mailing-distribution) purposes. Hope the trophy that Elinor and I are sponsoring in lieu of support for this move (actually because we were predisposed for it and this just nudged us) covers any disappointment.

Grotesque: Let's watch that cotton-pickin single staple bit, shall we? Nuisance.

Ship, wheelchair, motorcycle, automobile-- you know, I am beginning to suspect that maybe you are hung up on the subject of transportation. welcome, though...

FA 97, ..Goofed, FA-plus, various ballots, etc: The point could be made that when S-T Elik asked as to the identity of Norris, officially and for action, and was told ^{by the present claimant and others} that Norris was Don Simpson, the claim of anyone other than Simpson was made void from that point onward. Otherwise Johnstone's claim is likely about 80% OK and maybe 20% fudge which is above average for this type balloon. But I've been tempted to send our current S-T a postcard, as follows:

"Please enter our names on the waiting-list. Our credentials are material that will be published and sent to you before the next mailing. We will let you know who we are after taking a club vote when we become eligible to join.

signed, Renfrew Pemberton, Pierpont Holocaust, and Lorence Garcone."

The point is that a hoax is only good so long as it can get by on its own-- once questioned officially, any outright lies should outlaw it when and if caught. I don't particularly blame Ted for playing-by-ear into a great Policy Vacuum on FAPA's part; I do say the hell with "precedent" on this point from here on; it is time for a declaration of policy to the effect that pseudonyms not cleared with the S-T will be dumped if and when exposed as such. Including ^{if it gets that far,} members, / like, foop! This could get to be a very messy thing indeed, if precedent is allowed to govern; hell, any area-group could maintain a couple WL slots for "deserving" neos...

Vandy 13: Right you are, Buck; there's no direct correlation between IQ and judgement (which is strongly based on experience and emotional stability). While we're here, though, I doubt that fans are worse than average on the latter score, either. But I wouldn't make much in the way of "above average" claims on those grounds...

See my earlier comments in here on our state version of an investigative committee, re HUAC. The whole deal may be a case of trying to do a job with very unsuitable tools because we don't have any suitable ones (has the FBI any mandate to go after the jokers who recruit the Rosenbergs and Coplons, etc?). I'll grant you that for effective legislation it would be much more important to have a few good lawyers with a knowledge of current events and a superb grasp of semantics, than to poop around shouting back and forth with bums who take the Fifth.

Don't take everything so damn personally. When Marg StClair said we're now raising too many kids incapable of love, she was talking of Lindner's psychopathic wave of clots utterly unable to maintain a compatible marriage. You're just an armadillo, no matter how much you try to look like another rock.

Re changing survival types, maybe you're overlooking the fact that times can change as radically in future as they have in past. The criterion does not lie wholly in being suited to the times, but in being able to cope if necessary with radically different circumstances. Ain't you read any postwar-survivor books?

"People aren't grown up until they spend more time worrying about their job than they do on their hobby"?? I skip the poor word-choice of "worry" (since worry is a neurotic bit all around as well as a waste of time) and will assume that you mean to compare time-effort-attention-motivation applied to job and to hobby (and maybe some more terms that I've omitted). So now that I've strengthened your argument, I'm still not sure that I can agree with it. If the job is satisfactory for pay & interest & circumstances, but the hobby comes up with more stimulation and unpredictable kicks-- well, the conclusion is pretty obvious, isn't it?

Was "Doom Tocsin" the jobbie with the invisible Venusians, maybe?

Juanita: Side-effects of your sinus remedies remind me of the gawdawful weird things that so-called "fever powders" did to me as a kid; medic would prescribe this nasty little paperfold of pink powder and I'd have nightmarish size-illusions of shrinking or expanding or (no kidding) both at the same time. All my mother's side of the family are violently allergic to penicillin, so I've never had any.

IQ: Boon or Bane? Title of an article I started to write but bogged down. Meanwhile you are doing fine on the subject as regards fans & people too. I was gonna hit this Normal Curve of Error bit and all that, but what the heck.

Subject Apology 1: (As a sidelight on Ger Steward's recent dateline difficulties, I note that this Toronto postmailing was postmarked Nov 6 & rec'd Nov 27.)

Your trip does sound fine, planned or no. State cops: these vary a lot from state to state-- in Washington the State Patrol has had a high-quality reputation for at least the past couple of decades-- but watch out for some of our county and small-town Law Boys! (Seattle police dep't has had benefit of some ten years of very good management, but reports of the New Regime are not too encouraging.)

My impression has been that Campbell graduated from Duke and then took some graduate study at MIT but did not earn an advanced degree there, leaving to take up the editorial job. Corrections are solicited in case I have this wrong.

When Elinor says she is "running out of reading material", she means that she is not inspired by anything on the solidly-filled 50 feet of bookshelves in this room (including the secondary stacks of pbs at the front of some of the deeper shelves), or the filing-cabinet and several stacks of fanzines, or the 20 feet of pbs in the utility room, or 100+ feet of zines and pbs in the FenDen-- or rather, that she is feeling too lazy to do any great amount of digging in order to come up with something that suits the mood. I sometimes have the same trouble...

Null-F 23: Your summary of the background of the beef (though expectedly onesided) was competently concise, without recourse to a lot of drawn-out he-saids & I-saids & she-saids. Now I wonder if Stanley Seitel will be on the w-1 in FA 98??

And that is all the MCs this time: begun Dec 17 and now ended on Dec 23. I've decided to take a chicken but firm stand on the Shadow mailings: I appreciate 'em no end, but wherever expression-of-appreciation is equivalent to operating in a FAPA-group with more than 65 memberships, that fine Shadow-gang is regrettably gonna be short-changed from here... damn if I'm going to run off extra copies, because then I'd only feel guilty because (as is our wont) we didn't ever get them mailed. I think Chauvenet is great, and will be pleased when people quit screwing up the w-1 and let him in. Chuck Hansen's SeaCon Report deserves and will very likely get a letter of comment&appreciation direct. Gerber's a good kid and already knows I like him, and Ruth Berman (even though I had to refuse at the SeaCon banquet to autograph her copy of "Stranger in a Strange Land") is indeed a jewel, also. Likewise other Shadows are all well and good in their own right. But this is still a 68-copy group, and so far as I'm concerned, that's plenty; I'm against any official or unofficial move to expand the size of FAPA whether legally or merely effectively. I'm lazy.

Yesterday's orgy was a moderate success. This was the "office Christmas party", of considerable notoriety in many, or at least several, past occasions... The thing was supposed to start at 2pm, but at 12:30 our friendly neighborhood Division Chief strolled through, saying "If any of you are working, which I doubt, knock it off. Everyone else jumped the gun, so let's get our blast on the road." So we did, too.

These parties traditionally get off to a slow start (people are a little bit embarrassed about boozing in the middle of the day) and wind up quite incandescent, with wild homeward-bound incidents ("Hambone, that cop would never have stopped us if you hadn't been wiggling your feet out the window!"), demure females climbing the walls, the Brass taking their annual moments-of-truth (from swacked&uninhibited subordinates) manfully-- oh, we have all the usual, and then some.

But this year it seemed subdued, somehow. Several of our most reliable extroverts were Up North adding zest to other parties no doubt. The kissing-games did not become universal, and the singing-und dancen was minimal. Oh, the atmosphere became thoroughly jovial-- no group puts away all that much good-grade liquor and fine delicious high-protein snack material without a great upsurge of bonhommie and esprit-- but somehow the deal did not seem to get off the ground, quite.

After eight drinks I left for home. Elinor had the car up on the Olympic Peninsula visiting her sister&family, so I took the bus and was caught in Christmastraffic for what seemed to be a very long time. At this end of the ride I found that it was not a good day for pedestrians; lucking out on a sheer hunch that one dopey driver most likely would drive right on through a stopsign without even slowing, I hung back for a moment and so was not run down by the idiot. Later Elinor got home OK and we went out for awhile and... well, this is all, for this time-- best wishes, etc-- Buz.

OK, so the pagecount didn't come out right and we now have some

M i s c e l l e a n i n g s :

Remember Judge Fightin' Bill Simmons? The State Supreme Court voted 8 to 1 to set aside his conviction for second-degree assault with attempt to rape; either he now gets a new trial or is home free, and it is very doubtful (now that he is off the bench) that there'll be another trial. This does not put Fightin' Bill on the bench again; he was ousted, a successor was named, and so she wrote; staytuned.

Awhile back someone was asking what I thought of the John Birch Society, and I said (truly) that all my info was so third-handish that I'd prefer to reserve my opinions for the time being. Being strongly opposed to Big-Brotherism in general and Communism (as practiced) in particular, I like to give any "anti-Communist" activity the benefit of the doubt wherever possible, realizing that any such activity is going to get the hell smeared out of it for obvious reasons in any case.

But the evidence now seems to indicate that the John Birch Society is effectively an irresponsible "hate" group-- many of its members may be and doubtless are sincere supporters of the ideals of freedom, but the outfit's higher echelons seem to be loaded with refugees from the Ku Klux Klan and Silver Shirts, etc, and I want no part of that brand of totalitarianism, either. For instance, I had kept an open mind on General Walker while he was the subject of controversy ending in his act of resigning his commission in order to "be able to speak freely". He spoke freely, all right, just the other day. His theme was that Dag Hammarsköld was "a Red Swede who took orders from Moscow". Now, with the banging of Krushchev's shoe still ringing in my ears from K's uncontrolled rage at that late lamented Swede's actions at the 1960 UN session, I can only attribute Walker's remarks to extreme ignorance or to extreme irresponsibility. In either case, while Walker may now and then say a thing or two that I agree with, he has tagged himself as a Lunatic Fringer whose word is not to be trusted for much of anything without firm independent corroboration. It is all rather saddening to me, that so many antiCommunist moves turn out to be loaded with (if not directed by) hatemongers and other kooks. I suppose it is partly that the prefix "anti-" brings out all the voodvork-crawlers. Also, I read the other day where the Commo wheels themselves are throwing a few ringers into all such groups to ensure that ludicrous and extreme positions will be taken by the group whether it wants to or not. It figures-- I mean, it's an obvious move and good tactics from their point of view, so why not give them credit for seeing the advantages, too? I dunno-- I'd really like to see an honest and sensible and dedicated group specifically devoted to opposition to Communist activity in this country, if only to balance the mushmouthed semi-aware cooperation that the Soviets are getting steadily from so many segments of leftist political thought-- but then, we've been through all that already, haven't we? (If the shoe fits, it's Niki's?) Naah, I realize that several shades of political thought can be thoroughly opposed to Soviet totalitarianism and yet be bunged into a blind alley where the defense of freedom turns out in practice to defend mostly the freedom of Communists to proceed with their throat-cutting plans for our eventual burial. Just as antiCommunists tend to wind up supporting a form of Fascism if they don't watch it pretty closely.

Perhaps the trick is to reserve individual right of dissent and avoid heavy involvement with organized groups, period, as concerns "ideologies". Stay loose...

I notice that some joker or several appear to be out once again to pressure a Con Committee in highly irresponsible fashion-- this time, it's to crowd DC in the choice of a Guest of Honor for '63. I hope that none of the present readership is involved in any such stupidity, because no Committee has any option but to dump any such pressurizers on their pointy heads as quickly as possible. Generally speaking, one of a Con's touchiest jobs is lining up a GofH: it has been said that "Hell hath no fury like a pro who suspects that he is second choice", and I have heard of one Con that eventually got a GofH on the eleventh try, because the first two or three tries didn't make it and the word leaked out. So you can see that any public push on this bit would be adding an intolerable burden to an already-tough situation. And I trust that you will one and all help clobber any such moves as may appear. :::