

## SUPPLEMENT

To The Vinegar Worm,  
Vol. II, No. 9. For  
FAPA 117 exclusively,  
from Bob Leman.

My activity requirements are in the mail to the OR, so early that the name of the Worm should appear up near the top of the list, a distinction it has never before enjoyed. It has the further distinction of being (I think I am safe in saying) the only fanzine ever written, Gestetnered and packaged for mailing entirely in a motel room in Moundsville, West Virginia. You will probably want to keep that in mind when you are tucking away valuables to be preserved for your grandchildren.

My industry and foresight have made possible something which I have been considering ever since I joined FAPA: I am going to write some mailing comments. I am inexperienced in this line of work, and request your indulgence of errors of manners and procedure.

### BETE NOIRE - Boggs

"A symphony of Cookery" was a most happy inspiration, delightfully realized. The whole zine is a pleasure, in fact, except for the pink lemming aide, for which you will no doubt receive condign punishment in the hereafter.

### SYNAPSE - Speer

In your essay "Power as an Issue", try substituting "Trade Unionism" for "Catholicism" in each place it appears, and then decide whether you'd have cheered the victory. I've been watching the liberals carefully for years, and one of their more interesting and unendearing characteristics is their ability to switch their concern for minority rights on or off, depending on whether or not it's one of their minorities.

### BINX - Grennell

Have you taken your temperature? Any nausea? Headache? This hyperactivity is unlike you, and causes me some concern about your health and/or mental state. Southern California has of course long been noted for its unsalubrious climate, and we all know of many cases where removal to the purlieus of Disneyland has effected strange and frightening alterations in innocent citizens, but one hopes that you have a specific against whatever floats on the night air out there and will remain the same old lovable (have I got that right?) DAG.

### MINA\_C MEGILLAH - Main

My dear Andy: Please listen for a few minutes to your old uncle Bob, who has used up close to two-thirds of his allotted three-score and ten and has the scars, lumps and bruises that go with having run that far around the track. It seems to me that you are wrong, in your facts or your basic assumptions, in every single one of the "tireds" in your list, and I'll tell you why in a minute. But first, and speaking in general about your sourness and melancholy, I think that your state of mind stems from two things: first, that Andy Main's

life is being disrupted because the world is as it is; and, second, that you refuse to accept the fact that human beings are--by nature, instinct and, frequently training--sons of bitches. It's simply the nature of the critter, and he will not be perfected on this earth, no matter what political or economic panacea is applied. And one of the things that causes rage and resentment in many a heart (yours, I think, among them) is the fact that the human being simply declines to be recreated in your image or mine of what a non-son of a bitch is--which is to say, somebody who thinks exactly like you or me.

The world is not populated entirely by decent, altruistic vegetarians; we live surrounded by voracious carnivores, and they want to eat you, my decent, altruistic, vegetarian friend. Good will and non-violence mean nothing at all to the wolf pack; they want to eat, and it makes things much tidier for them if the meat submits quietly to mastication. The just cause and the pure heart are not, unfortunately, armor against the predator. Just how far do you think Ghandi would have got if he had been opposing the Russians or the Chinese? There would have been one swift crunch, and then a return to collectivization, with only a temporary stain left to mark the spot. To think good thoughts and to deplore villainy is of course commendable; but it avails little if you are dead or under the heel.

And dead or under the heel is what we will be if we're not willing to fight the totalitarian. Evidently he doesn't frighten you, but he frightens me. In 1945 I saw the Ohrdruf concentration camp within minutes of the time the keepers fled, and it was a sight whose memory shakes me to this very day. Now the record shows that the Communists, in a similar operation of extirpation, murdered more kulaks than the Nazis did Jews. In one case the butchery was done in the name of an insane racial doctrine and in the other in the name of an insane economic doctrine, but the people are equally dead. And this, my friend, frightens me. I don't want to be put into a concentration camp because I own two pairs of shoes, and I don't want my children to be put into one, and I don't want the generations that follow to live in a concentration camp world. But unless we defend ourselves, that is what we face. And that is why I feel an extreme revulsion at the whining from the left that the United States must needs be simon-pure and without stain or fault before it can defend itself against the Communists. One has the right to protect his life even though he is less than perfect.

You list yourself as being tired of seventeen things, and I see now that that's too many to cover in detail, but I would like to discuss some of them with you:

#1: "I am a tired American, sick of seeing the promise and vision with which this nation was founded perverted to a dogma which is used as a reason for oppression of social revolution all over the world."

You'll have to explain this one to me. What does "perverted to a dogma" mean? The big dictionary defines dogma thus: "That which is held as an established opinion; esp., a definite and authoritative tenet; also, a code or formulation of such tenets, as by a school of art or philosophy; as, pedagogical dogma. 2. A doctrine or body of doctrines of theology and religion formally stated and authoritatively proclaimed by a church or sect, esp. the Roman Catholic Church." The "vision and promise" you speak of are presumably the principles of the Declaration of Independence and The Federalist, which, yes, we do take to be an established opinion and a definite and authoritative

tenet, so I guess it's dogma, all right. But how "perverted"? And how "used as a reason for suppression of social revolution"? That makes no sense at all. "Opposition to Communist control" is perhaps the phrase you are seeking.

#2: "Tired of a nation whose only real friends in the world are present and former fascist dictatorships . . . and a white anglo-saxon ex-empire."

We have no real friends at all among the nations of the world; there is no such thing as friendship among sovereign nations. There are only nations on our side and nations on the other side, and alliances often make strange bedfellows. And after all, if we were able to stomach Stalin as an ally, we shouldn't have any trouble loving Franco. By the way, you seem to intend "white anglo-saxon" as a term of opprobrium. You shouldn't, you know. A man can't help the color of his skin or his ancestry.

#3: "Tired of those who cry to me that I shouldn't criticize 'my' government because it is kind enough to allow me a modicum of free speech. Freedom of speech is a right for which I won't thank anybody."

Well, you ought to thank the army and the navy and the air force. Be sure that without them you'd have exactly as much freedom of speech as a chinese coolie or a Russian peasant.

#7: "Tired of seeing the real and imagined evils of communism used as a red herring by the powers that run America, to keep the public eye off the injustices of the system they represent."

I believe the red herring is on the other foot, and goring a wholly different ox. You and your fellows have persuaded yourselves, by some process of thought that bears no resemblance whatever to reason, that the fact that injustice exists in these United States is somehow proof that Soviet and Chinese foreign policy does not aim at subjugation of all non-communist countries.

#8: Tired of a nation which lives by wasting 60% of the world's goods, but requires the poor of the world to kiss ass before giving them even the leavings from the table."

As in all of your "tireds" there are so many mistaken assumptions and false premises and such a total disregard of facts here that it would take pages to straighten out. (It's first-rate debating technique, though.) In refutation one would have first to ask for a definition of "the world's goods", and then point out that by any definition we do not possess--let alone waste--60% of them, and note that a certain amount of waste is inherent in a system which permits the freedom which makes possible these riches in a country which has less in the way of natural endowment than other countries (Russia, China, Brazil) and which started much later than those countries to own a civilization. One would have to ask you to cite examples of forcing a nation to "kiss ass". If this means that we sometimes refuse to feed the mouth that bites us, I can only observe that we don't do it nearly often enough. But as I say, it would take pages just to refute your unstated assumptions. You're talking a sort of private language, and your statements are meaningful only to those whose emotions are triggered by these stock phrases. You're thinking not only in clichés, but in the clichés of a group which, intentionally or not, is serving the interests of inimical foreign powers.

And that's enough of the "tireds". I do want to express my

regret that you find a seemly expression of the just aspirations of the people in the easy availability of LSD to high school students. The best medical opinion seems to be that LSD is likely to make its users candidates for the booby hatch. And I have a question: what do you mean by "vegetarian"? If the fact that you are one is grounds for avoiding military service, the term must imply more than simple abstinence from meat. No one will expect you to eat the Communist soldiers, just kill them.

THE JDM BIBLIOPHILE and SPIANE - Moffatt

Why, I thought everybody knew that SPIANE stands for Sometimes Publishing is a Necessary Evil. ++ An interesting and useful item for The Bibliophile would be the particulars of JIM's lawsuit or whatever it was with Kenneth Millar, over the John MacDonald name. You will remember that Millar, starting in 1949 with The Drowning Pool, and I believe before that in the magazines, published the Lew Archer mysteries under the name "John MacDonald." By one method or another, JDM obtained exclusive rights to his own name, and Millar used at first "John Ross MacDonald" and now just "Ross MacDonald." One hopes that the matter was settled amicably; they're really not competitors, and they both write highly enjoyable time-passers. I note that Hollywood, in filming Lew Archer, changed his name to Harper, and in fact used that name as a title for the film. Strange are their ways. I didn't see the picture, but I understand that it was reasonably faithful to the spirit of the Ross MacDonald books. Ross MacDonald takes Raymond Chandler as his master, and follows the master very well. JDM, on the other hand, is sui generis, although he now has his imitators. It may well be that a generation or two hence he will hold the position now held by Sax Rohmer--still remembered and even admired by some. I don't think there's any doubt that JDM is the best current practitioner of the thriller. An interesting feature of the Travis McGee books is the recurring theme of the therapeutic value of sexual intercourse. McGee will find a woman in poor mental health--a gobbling, twitching looney, in fact--and after he has bedded her a few times she returns to a mental condition as sound and well-adjusted as Durward Kirby's. And I, for one, would willingly forego the little homilies on tempora and mores that JDM sees fit to interpolate from time to time. But it's damned interesting stuff and, as always, I am looking forward to the next McGee book. ++ A note herein the Margin of Spiane says "Paper Dolls". I puzzled over this for a while before I remembered that it was a memo to myself to mention somewhere in this supplement a book that ought to be of interest to fans. The title is The Paper Dolls, and it's by one L.P. Davies. The edition I have is Signet # P3027. I note that Doubleday has authorized the paperback publication, which may mean that they published a hardcover edition which will reach me through the book club, and which I'll have to pay for because I'll forget to send it back. Anyhow, I hadn't heard of the book or its author before, and I found it well worth the sixty cents it cost. (Haven't paperback books increased in cost proportionately more than most other necessities?) This is an ESP story, with disruption of Earth's orbit as ~~is~~ the calamity to be averted, and it's science fiction as most of us define it, although the cover blurbs very carefully refrain from saying so.

The slant is toward the general public, rather than experienced fans--the characters spend quite a lot of time wondering Can Such Things Be and explaining matters to each other--and there's more than a touch of the Wyndham-Christopher flavor. In method and intent it is something like To Walk the Night and The Edge of Running Water, although it lacks the power of those books. You could do worse than to pick up a copy, if you see it on the stand.

HABAKKUK - Donaho

When something big and beautiful like this shows up in a mailing it exposes the rest of us for the indolent freeloaders we are, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself for causing this suffering. ++ I have a big red circle garnished with exclamation points around Sid Rogers' vignette of Harlan at the convention. I don't know when I've seen so much conveyed in a hundred and fifty words: a whole series of pointed character sketches done with great good humor and the utmost economy. Absolutely great. ++ Benford is very good here. It's high time somebody pointed out that Burroughs has no clothes on. Almost everything he's written is simply childish nonsense, made nasty by his personal tastes and habits. But now that he's achieved apotheosis by being interviewed by the Paris Review it's important that people with taste and sense cut him down to size. Benford is sound and restrained in language in his evaluation of Ballard, and I think he hits the nail pretty squarely. The same cannot be said for Locke. The gist of his longish essay is that Ballard is hopeless because he does not (Locke implies cannot) plot. Now I am as fond of a good, intricate plot as the next man (Vernon Blemish, Critical, Mass.), but it must be kept in mind that a plot is not a sine qua non of fiction, and you can't utterly damn an author solely on the grounds that his works lack plot. In any case, there's plenty more reason for spurning Ballard. A story can be without plot, but it cannot be without point or meaning, and on the whole, Ballard's work lacks point and meaning. Bradbury's work did not (usually) have this lack, and his superiority over Ballard lies in this, not in the simple circumstance of priority, as Locke seems to think.

DAYSTAR\*\*ALLERLEI - Breens

I'd like to comment on this, but your stern reservation of all rights makes me fear the consequences if I should inadvertently quote from the zine. I think I'll pass.

SAMBO!. - Martinez

We went to see "The Drunkard" when we lived in Tulsa, in '56 Or '57, but that must have been before you began to tread the boards. It's my recollection that we had two bottles of 3.2 beer allotted for the performance. Dry work, that. ++ It's not w easy to figure out just what Ron Parker is driving at, but he seems to be saying that people who are concerned with good writing--he cites Grennell, Bloch and White--are sensationalists, and despicable, whilst those who write pedestrian mailing comments only are "communicating", and hence are admirable. The logic of this wholly escapes me, and I would be glad of further explanation. I note that Parker says that when he actually met these people he liked them fine, so it would appear that his idea of the ideal fanzine is an ol' buddy letter, complete with news of the family and recipes for homemade completion soap. I've always thought that Grennell communicated more matter that I was interested in having communicated to me than the vast

majority of fanzine writers, in or out of FAPA, and pretty much the same thing is true of Bloch and White. Coslet and Wansborough may have had an urge to communicate, as Parker says, but by God, they communicated damn' little to me. Mailing comments are fine, and so are ol' buddy letters, but so also, and in spades, are Bete Noire and Habakkuk in this mailing. They communicate with me, and I like 'em. Is this sensationalism? ++ By the way, tell Parker to look up the word "flair".

DAMBALLA - Hansen

You really ought to write a story around the hypnotized wretch on the cover; he piques my curiosity. Why is he in a strait jacket? What is in the keg at which he stares so fixedly? How long has it been since he shaved, and why? These and many other questions deserve answers, and I hope you'll see to the matter. ++ I believe you were present at the gathering in Cleveland where the fellow was talking about epoxy glues. Do you know his name? I called him "Dutch" for an hour or so before I realized that his name was not Dutch Masters, and that what my bleary eyes had taken to be a name tag was, in fact, the top part of a cigar package protruding from the breast pocket of his jacket. By that time it would have been embarrassing to ask for his name, so I just called him "Uh--". For those of you who were not there, this chap worked with epoxys, or perhaps just knew somebody who did, and he had some fairly hair-raising stories. He told, for example, about a glue which can be added to tear gas. When the victim starts to rub his stinging eyes, his knuckles are glued to his eyelids, which most effectively takes him out of action. Some of these glues are apparently so powerful that if ~~xx~~ they are spilled on the hands, and hands or fingers come in contact, it requires surgery to effect a separation. Of course he may have been putting us on.

SERCON'S BANE - Busby

Your trouble getting a bacon and egg sandwich reminds me of something I read recently about some people who were ordering breakfast in a diner. (This is said to be true, and I believe it.) The menu said, "Eggs, any style, 50¢." Our hero and heroine ordered poached eggs. Back from the kitchen came the waitress. "The cook says we don't have poached eggs," she said. Our man said, "Well, what kind of eggs do you have?" She examined the menu. "Eggs any style," she said. "We'll have eggs any style," he said. She brought them fried eggs. ++ Please accept my commiserations on the death of Lisa. It's six years since the death of our Dolly, and I still feel a pang when I think of her. Tater, her successor, being of low birth and uncertain ancestry, show~~e~~very indication of being destined to live forever. We've given up trying to keep him pent or leashed, despite the necessity of keeping a running account with the dogcatcher, and the old vagabond frequently disappears for days at a time, exploring, I suppose, the pavements for a good many miles around. Sometimes we have to ransom him from the municipal government and sometimes he comes home by himself, announcing his return by a peremptory barking at the door. But if he hasn't been hit by a car by now, or shot by the irate owner of a pedigreed bitch in season, or poisoned by his habit of eating anything that can't talk, why I think he's likely to reach an age that will make him the Methuselah of the dog world.