

The INSIDER

Vol. 1

#1

The INSIDER is published by Vernon L. McCain, c/o Western Union, Kall-Logg, Idaho, intended, after a manner of speaking for the 27th SAPS Mailing, but not really as I just wrote Wrai Ballard about an hour ago telling him to put me on the waiting list, and inasmuch as the waiting list is far healthier than the first time I joined SAPS I expect this will be reaching you several mailings later, along with various other issues produced in-between. As I said to Wrai, I am not one to be hampered by such mundane trivialities as waiting-lists so I shall proceed to start pubbing SAPSzines immediately even if SAPS does have some silly rule which prevents them from being circulated.

"The right to sell women is the right to be rich."

The SAPSish (and vice versa) Career of a Sapient Sap

So I became a fan. Don't ask me why, but I did. Sooner or later everyone commits an irrational act.

And, as time passed by, and my tenure mounted to almost a full year in fandom, I attended the NORWESCON. There I met one Walter Coslet. At this late date I hardly remember the details but he managed to convey the information that he was, at that time, simultaneously o.e. of both FAPA and SAPS; that FAPA was more hard up for members than at any time at its history and that an applicant could become a member after waiting just one mailing at most, probably immediately. And while FAPA was hard-up, SAPS was downright desperate. There was no question of perhaps having to wait one mailing there.

Well, being a timid shy soul at heart I was far too impressed with the majesty of FAPA (looking back I can't recall hearing anything particularly impressive about it up to that time but I was impressed anyway) to even consider thrusting myself upon that august body without knowing more about it than I did then. However, I was in the process of launching a subzine and, with visions of boundless time, felt after the first issue or so I'd be ready to take on both apas. Being considerably less impressed with SAPS I gave Coswal my name for it, on the spot, and said I'd probably apply for membership in FAPA later.

So it came to pass. My first SAPS mailing was the one distributed in October of 1950 and my first FAPA one was received in February of 1951. SAPS both enthused me and failed to impress me. I was anxious to get into the swim of SAPSpubbing but I was highly unimpressed by the typical SAPSzine. Meanwhile my subzine had run into difficulties. The Post Office didn't like a satire on dianetics written by a 60 year old grandmother (now a great-grandmother) named Rory Faulkner. This discouraged me tremendously and to all intents and purposes ended my career as a subzine publisher. I have since issued quite a few issues of various publications to be distributed in various ways but have yet to charge for any of them. Attempting to salvage.

some of my effort I deleted the offending item and circulated this first issue through SAPS.

Shortly thereafter I moved to Eugene, Oregon and, somewhat against my will was introduced to the delights of letterpress printing. My original intention was to print illustrations and a few special items of this issue and mimeo the rest. The issue would be distributed both through SAPS and FAPA and also, free to non-apans sufficiently interested to write in requesting it. But the lure of printing was too much. Other reproduction methods are a means to an end. Printing is an end in itself and I was soon so infatuated with the process that I abandoned all thoughts of mimeography.

But when you handset type it is a slow process and I did not have the next issue ready for the SAPS mailing. I did complete it for the FAPA mailing a month later but such circulation invalidated it for SAPS. After the heady thrill of printing I was no longer willing to return to mimeography and for various reasons it was impractical to produce another issue in time for the next SAPS mailing. Since the succeeding SAPS mailings impressed me even less than the first one and suffered all the more in comparison to FAPA I decided to let my membership lapse; inasmuch as it appeared about to, anyway, it wasn't a hard decision. As it turned out Eney overlooked expelling me for three months after he should but my interest had waned to the point where I no longer was particularly interested in remaining in SAPS.

However, I had sent the FAPA issue of the magazine to each SAP who had reviewed the first one, on the theory that this was the same as writing a letter. Thus Wrai Ballard received it. He was the only SAP who acknowledged receipt (by a review of it in his next SAPSzine, of all things) so he was the only SAP to also receive the third issue. That one brought no response but Ballard was already advanced from just the name of the proprietor of the NFFF's manuscript bureau, in my mind, to one of the people with whom I didn't correspond but who was worth sending sample copies of magazines to.

Thus came about a relationship which has proved most rewarding much of the time and a bit exasperating at the moment. About a year and a half ago I was forced to leave Eugene and thereupon started a magazine which was available only by trade. I offered to trade with SAPSzines and a number took me up on it, but as of the moment only G.M. Carr and Ballard remain on my trading list; all the rest dropped from SAPS or quit honoring the trading arrangement.

Ballard responded to the first issue, with a long letter, ahead of anyone else. I printed the letter almost in full and since then it has been a rare letter column which hasn't had some excerpt from Wrai's letters. I soon came to value Wrai's correspondence and friendship highly, but there was a mercenary side to it. Unlike my previous publications which had featured others as much as possible and where I had attempted to remain in the background, this magazine was 90% written by me. In his first letter Wrai said this fanzine reminded him very much of a typical SAPS-zine (which I courteously chose to ignore since he didn't seem to intend it as an insult) and suggested I rejoin SAPS. I replied

that SAPS no longer interested me, and that apparently ended that.

I say apparently because this wary Machiavellian character ~~was~~ from the open plains of North Dakota, like Winston Churchill, refuses to take 'No' for an answer. Sandwiched into spare parts of his long letters were plugs for SAPS and why he preferred it to FAPA. In OUTSIDERS, which I was receiving as an exchange, were similar pieces of propeganda. In order to break down my morale, he boasted openly of his previous conquests, of the many current SAPS whose membership was directly traceable to his persistence, some of whom had been persistently anti-SAPS at the start.

My emotions at this treatment, which stretched over a period of a year and a half, were, I'll admit, varied. There was amusement at his futile persistence; guilt at allowing him to expend so much effort needlessly; smugness, when viewing his disadvantage in trying to argue SAPS versus FAPA; even an occasional thought that sometime in three or four years when I was living in one place, had a good fast mimeo, and plenty of time, I might even rejoin, although this was just a passing fancy, one I never took seriously.

But even the ruggedest have weak spots and evidently my impenetrable (or apparently so) exterior was beginning to have a wearing-down effect on Wrai, himself. Finally he played his last desperate trump. With no advance warning he announced he was mailing me the next SAPS mailing in exchange for which I was to send him the FAPA mailings; he gave a long list of reasons why he was doing this but carefully omitted to mention any idea of trying to recruit me thus. The first mailing he sent me was the 25th mailing. I responded in a long letter pointing out, that while there was some improvement; this was still pretty much the same organization as in 1950 and while I was not averse to receiving and reading the mailings it simply wasn't worth the effort, for one of my present temperament and interests, to join. Not only was the return far less than that of FAPA but SAPS had an unholy topheavy set of arbitrary and unreasonably hampering rules which contrasted strongly with the happy anarchy typical of FAPA.

In fact, I dissected the mailing with a fine tooth comb showing him examples of what I'd been saying for the last year and a half, as to why SAPS offered so much less than FAPA. I must have gotten through to some sensitive points because I received an impassioned defense of SAPS (in a much more serious tone than anything he'd previously sent me) in the next letter. However, just a few days later came the 26th mailing.

And I was hooked.

After all my aversion about my lack of attraction to SAPS this swept me completely off my feet. Not the quantity angle. This is impressive, I admit, but leaves me sadly unimpressed. As I repeatedly told Wrai quantity is far less important than quality and the fact that the average SAI produces more material annually than the average FAPA signifies nothing. But for the first time I found myself gazing ~~upon~~ upon a SAPS which had both. I can't really believe Wrai planned it that way. Not being one of the SAPS prophets he could hardly have foreseen the quality of the 26th mailing or the tremendous impact its contrast with the 25th would make upon me. But, alibi though I try, I can't get away from the fact that he finally hooked me.

So now I'm in SAPS.

Well, I'm not actually in SAPS, not at this writing anyway (which is December 27, 1953) but I will be by the time you read this.

However, one thing bothers me about SAPS. It is difficult to pick up any SAPSzine and not find some sort of derogatory reference to FAPA in it. Let me hasten to explain that as a FAPA'n this doesn't bother me in the slightest. It's been going on ever since I was in SAPS and probably from the start (I believe SAPS was originally created as a protest against certain policies of FAPA) and has been continuing since as I saw in copies of SAPSzines that came my way. Having had a chance to examine both apa's and having chosen FAPA I don't take these attacks seriously, not even the perhaps 20% which are not disguised as humor. But as a newly returned member of SAPS I do take them seriously. And what I want to know is why does SAPS have such an inferiority complex?

I am reminded of a letter I received recently from a friend in the R.A.F. He was commenting on how few friends the British have in Europe; genuine friends, that is. He mentioned various countries and their various hatreds and resentments from previous time which they still harbour toward the British. My friend commented that it was more stimulating than otherwise....he knew as long as they felt that way that the lion hadn't lost its teeth and could still roar; that it put a spring in his step and "makes me 'be British'".

Or to draw a closer parallel we all know, have seen, or read of cases where you have two brothers; the older well balanced and adjusted, self-sufficient, and successful; the younger with different interests and talents, perhaps even more brilliant in his own way than the older, but resentful and unhappy, always trying to top his brother in the fields he is successful in, always unsure of himself, given to outbursts of criticism and attempts to tear down his brother in the eyes of others (in the better-run families, of course, it is all handled as a joke), and most of all, an inability to get off the subject of his brother; he is unable to ignore the one to whom he feels inferior, while his brother pays no more attention to him than would be normal, goes about his business without letting the younger brother worry him unduly.

To me, this seems a very close approximation of the relationship between FAPA and SAPS. As a FAPA'n it doesn't worry me. Why should it, FAPA long ago proved itself and is probably the most thoroughly entrenched and successful outgrowth of the entire movement of fandom. But as a member of SAPS it does bother me. It was perhaps understandable in the old days when SAPS still had fresh memories of the rebellion against FAPA and when there was such a huge difference between the quality of activity in the two groups. But much of that has vanished. During the last year or so FAPA has suffered a decrease in average quality; the best FAPAZines are just as good as ever. With the exception of F. Towner Laney, none of the old-standby inner circle have dropped out. A number of the better semi-active ones have and for some reason, unlike the sixth fandom period FAPA has been attracting all the young-inexperience kids who formerly tried their wings in SAPS first. In the meantime SAPS has taken tremendous strides. This 26th mailing is powerful evidence of the fact. Much of the gap between the two apa's has been close. I'll

still take FAPA first, in my choice, but it is no longer a foregone conclusion that that will be the automatic first reaction of anyone.

This constant anti-FAPA propaganda, even though most of it is supposed to be humorous, doesn't harm FAPA in the slightest; but it does hurt SAPS.

With the exception of a few biapans one seldom hears SAPS mentioned in FAPA, but everybody talks about FAPA in SAPS. Offhand in the past couple of years I can recall only two even partially derogatory comments made about SAPS in FAPA. One I made myself; there is a tendency among several biapans to constantly detail how much better they think SAPS is.....the chief idea presumably being to lure FAPAns into SAPS. When eventually this oleaginous flattery got thick enough to be nauseous I stuck in a brief and pungent comment on what had been my reaction to SAPS during my brief tenure. Since it caused a somewhat violent reaction from Richard Eney I think perhaps I'd just as well not repeat it at this time. The other came from Harry Warner about the same time who commented that since SAPS birth there had been recruiting efforts in FAPA and he wondered if they'd ever actually gotten anyone to join, that as far as he knew they'd been fruitless. Neither Harry nor I were going out of our way to slam SAPS, however; the statements were triggered by pro-SAPSians. The last example of really anti-SAPS reaction I can recall in FAPA occurred in the summer of 1951 when someone or other got the bright idea of merging the groups. As far as I could judge, most of FAPA didn't mind in the slightest if SAPS was absorbed by us (we weren't in the least worried about being absorbed). Only F. Towner Laney, then President, opposed it and he did so very strongly on grounds I don't remember now. While I was no longer in SAPS, I understand there was a far more violent reaction on this side.

I think perhaps SAPians can appreciate FAPAs viewpoint on the whole thing better if they consider there is now a third apa (or at least there is at the time of this writing. It may have folded by the time this appears). I know very little about this group but the very name of it gives some indication that a certain amount of envy and bitterness went into its formation. I think both FAPAns and SAPS will agree that there is no visible pressing need for another apa at this point. That being the case it wouldn't be at all surprising if there is a strong anti-Fapa/Saps movement within this third group. At the start it will undoubtedly take the form of bitter diatribes (all this is hypothetical, understand) and later be gradually converted to humorous asides about how horrible the other two groups are. In fact, I rather imagine SAPS will bear the heaviest fire; being a more direct competitor. Now if this should happen, would this actually bother you as a SAP? Ask yourself. I think the answer will be a shrug of the shoulders and a "Why should it; if they want to waste their time that way, let them. It certainly doesn't hurt us any." I hardly think your reaction will be to start including cracks at FAPA in any humorous sketches you may write. Well, that is FAPA's reaction to the fuss in SAPS.

You may think that since I am a FAPAn and writing this, that it has gotten under the skin of at least one FAPAn. But I would never have considered writing this for FAPA or a subzine as long as I was a non-SAPS. The problem didn't bother me in the slightest until I decided to rejoin SAPS. Then it started bothering me as an unheal-

thy sign.

SAPS definitely has advantages of its own. Just because I object to certain of SAPS rules and think the advantages they bring is overrated does not mean I am blind to the fact they are advantages.

SAPS is a more personal apa and the fact that people are required to produce more does have a salutary effect. Of course, as I pointed out to Ballard FAPA achieves a similar effect on a voluntary basis but that does not belong in this discussion.

At the moment biapans are at about the lowest point in history. This is a golden opportunity for SAPS to develop an individuality, a separateness ~~from~~ of personality from FAPA. SAPS has a number of extremely able and competent members who do not belong to FAPA. These peoples talents are exclusively used for SAPS....and several of the biapans are among FAPA's most valued members.

There is no longer any reason for SAPS to have an inferiority complex toward FAPA. And I, for one, think if SAPS would start worrying about just how good it can be, rather than how much worse FAPA is, SAPS might actually become better than FAPA.

In the meantime, I believe I am assuming a position left vacant since Redd Boggs exited SAPS: that of a SAP who admittedly prefers FAPA. The present list of biapans includes two outspoken SAPS-firsters, G.M. Carr and Richard Eney. I have never heard Art Rapp express an opinion but he has certainly been far more active in SAPS since I have on the scene simultaneously with his re-enlistment. Similarly Ed Cox, who entered the service about the same time, would of necessity have to have been more active in SAPS than he has been in FAPA to retain his membership. Nor have I heard Shapiro, or Coslet express their preferences. Peter Graham just got into SAPS so probably has no views at yet. The remaining biapans, Alger, Bergeron, Higgs, and McNeil aren't very active in either group.

It's true I prefer FAPA but I see no reason why that condition has to be permanent. It's not an ingrown prejudice and I stand ready to be converted any time SAPS improves sufficiently. And, meanwhile I shall do my best to help it do so. But it is only fair to warn in advance that my sapszines will be little, if any, different from my fapazines. I may adopt a slightly more personal approach since SAPS is a more personal group but that will be about all. I am not a natural humorist, and while I won't hesitate to include something along that line if I think it sufficiently good and amusing to others, I shall make no attempt to force my material into a humorous vein anyway, as too many SAPS do, one of my long-standing objections. While I will read and tremendously enjoy Lee Jacob's fan-satires and any other of a similarly high calibre, I shall continue to regard the vast majority of these as unspeakably dismal and certainly have no intention of writing any, myself.

During the recent past I have done pieces for FAPA on my horrified reactions upon discovering one of my admired friends in fandom was an ardent admirer of Senator McCarthy (which started a controversy still bubbling altho I dropped out of it some months ago, myself), on an involved system I use to buy a portion of my phonograph record collection, an even more involved plan I had devised

to set up along the lines of FAPA and SAPS, but instead of publishing magazines about the fantasy fandom field this group would have circulated recorded tapes containing material relating to jazz, and a piece analyzing just what a stuffed shirt is, why he is that way, and my conclusions that he was more admirable than otherwise.

I shall continue to do this sort of piece. If I feel in the mood to write an article on the freudian significance of Heinlein's heroines or the reason why every good fan should go right out and join the N3F, I shall write the article but it will appear in some subzine or in one of my subzine columns. Why waste in on an apa when the subzines can't find enough of this to keep them going? And when there is a dearth of amateur articles on other subjects which only the apa's can fill. I believe I said both in the beginning and at the close of the letter I wrote about the 25th mailing, that SAPS was just 'too damn fannish' for my taste. I recognize that others may appreciate this but I operate on the theory that the best policy is to write what one enjoys reading. Not that this sort of article is unknown in SAPS; far from it. But it has been in the majority in SAPS while dominant in FAPA.

I'm afraid you won't find ardent fannish lingo popping up in my magazines either; some fan-coined words make good linguistic sense -- BNF, neofan, space-opera,....all of these say briefly and with clarity something complex. But don't you honestly find it rather a bit exaggerated to carry fannish jargon so far as to put an extra 'l' into the word sip? Nor will you find any fannish god exalted in the pages of The INSIDER. I find "The Birchbark Bible" amusing in the extreme, but while I find ardent devotion to Ghu, Foo Foo, or Roscoe a trifle silly and definitely a waste of time I have no active animus toward them. But please don't expect me to join in... (if I were to pick a fannish god it would doubtless be Foo Foo, since he seems to be singularly lacking in worshippers today and I rather feel sorry for him).

Well, at the moment that seems to pretty well say it. I confidently look forward, after this article appears, to being the most cussed newcomer to SAPS since Gertrude Carr laid down the rules by which SAPSzines should be published in her first mag. (How'm I doin, Wrai....come now, don't tell me you're regretting that year and a half of effort, already!)

"I didn't know it was loaded."

THE 26th MAILING IN RETROSPECT

(I should explain here, as I recently did to FAPA, why I no longer review all magazines. I have decided there is no point in saying anything unless I have something to say. Therefore if your magazine is not mentioned it is for one of two reasons. Either I enjoyed your magazine but am inspired to make no comment on it or I didn't enjoy it but have no constructive suggestions to offer....and if I haven't why should I needlessly hurt your feelings. Sorry to deprive the rest of you of hard-earned egoboo but some magazines simply inspire me to no eloquence, whatsoever.)

ARCHIVES--I'm afraid I can't say I either 'hate' or like English cartoons. They've always impressed me, at best, as a way to break up an expanse of type and, at worst, as a waste of space. Since Thur-

ber's huge success, there has been a vogue for crude, unskilled drawings. However, it was the Thurber personality which shows through in these which made them so delightful, not their crudeness, and, alas, very few of us have a unique Thurber-type personality. That Lee Hoffman has a good deal of the same unique style in essence is the reason why her Thurber-styled drawings were so successful and why everyone's else (in fandom, that is) have been so notably dull.

BALLARD CHRONICLES--Definitely inferior to "Redd Boggs, Superfan" (I missed the first installment of this so can't compare to that) but tremendously enjoyable, nevertheless, although my enjoyment was tempered slightly by page 2 being blank.

THE BRONC--The story by James White in the Oct. ish is the product of the Belfast White. It's his second published story. First appeared in the very fine British mag, NEW WORLDS, which is better than any but three or four of the American magazines.....can't understand your reactions to Eastern scenery. After having been born and bred in the West my reactions upon first seeing the highly publicized scenery of the East was about that of a person who looks at a picture postcard after being used to the real thing. They've got everything done in miniature..

CREEP--A sad disappointment after that marvelous first issue but I guess it's expecting too much to ask for you to maintain that level all- the time, even if the Belfast Walter W. does.

DODO--By the time this appears, it will probably be a bit late, one way or the other, to influence proceedings, but inasmuch as you seem to definitely have very much a mind and personality of your own, Vee, I hope you don't drop out.....I agree with Nan that the statement that money will buy anyone, anything, anytime is not true. However, I would say the statement "Every man has his price." is true. But the price isn't always, or not even usually, money. Money doesn't mean much to lots of people. But there are other things that do.

GEM TONES--I must say, Gertrude, that I think Roger comes out with the best of it on your exchange. If we are to protest concentration camps, etc., in dictatorial countries it is nothing short of hypocritical to ignore the onslaught of tyranny in other countries just because these countries tend to be more admirable, on the whole, and our close friends. And make no doubt about it, censorship in any form is tyranny. The fact that we have it in this country, in some instances legalized, makes it no less so. It takes a mind peculiarly perverted toward the dogma of authoritarianism to advocate censorship, whether the material censored is pornography, birth control information, cleavage too deep in movies or television, or unpopular political ideas. It is one of the misfortunes of the human race that this is a particularly insidious and subtle part of totalitarianism and one that appeals to many otherwise good citizens who are sure that they know what is best for other people. When I was a small child two types of pulp magazines were barred from my list of allowable reading....love magazines because my parents considered them immoral (for a young child, anyway) and westerns because they decided these were the cause of my nightmares. But by the time I was 10 these bans were off and from then on I read absolutely anything I pleased. There were times when my parents disapproved of my choices but aside from an occasional disapproving cluck of the tongue they never did anything to stop me. Judging from my experience

I have concluded the best possible atmosphere for the development of a young mind is to be allowed to read absolutely anything that comes to hand, no matter how immoral, frivolous, communist tinged (or fantastic....my parents disapproved of the fairy tales I read in grade school), or whatever your pet hate may be, this material is. The trash was weeded out through natural selection fairly early. At twelve I was reading Shakespeare's plays with delight. Some members of my family found it ludicrous that I went from this to garish magazines with titles like ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION and THRILLING WONDER STORIES but this was because their own reading experience was more limited and they were unable to understand that in some respects the science fiction ~~was~~ in these unimpressive looking magazines was a step beyond Shakespeare in my reading experience. But getting back to Dard and the Australian customs, I agree we are in no position to criticize....not because it is not our place to criticize the laws and conduct of other countries but because we are living in a glass house vulnerable to return stones. When Hollywood has to film Somerset Maugham's classic "Rain" with Rev. Davidson as plain Mr. because nothing derogatory can be said about a minister in a film, then we are hardly in a position to complain about the censorship policies (also unofficial, like Hollywood's, according to Dard) which happen to be a trifle more severe than ours,

GNAUB--Personally I'm going not-so-quietly insane waiting for the second installment of that fascinating serial which started in SPACE SF last summer by a gentleman who I believe has a spouse scattered somewhere in this sterling organization. I predicted a few months back, to one of my correspondents, that if the second installment lived up to the first this would be the best novel of the year but if it is it has only four more days to appear. Looks like either "More than Human" or "Childhood's End" ~~xxxx~~ takes the palm by default.

IGNATZ--In case everyone else hasn't already discovered it you can read those comments Nancy deleted either by holding the sheet up to the light, or in difficult cases, by scraping the crayon off with your fingernail. I'm an old hand at this business of reading things people decide they don't want you to. Some of my correspondents, chiefly Wrai Ballard and Walt Willis, often have second thoughts and try to obliterate what they've just incautiously said. My curiosity is such that I always uncover it some way though.... me and the FBI.....Perhaps I've been misinformed all these years about just what serious, constructive fans and zines are like but it was always my impression that the serious, constructive element consists of earnest, eager, pollyannaish fans who think fandom has a 'Mission', fans are superior creatures, if not slans, Bradbury, Heinlein, etc. are the prophets of a new way of life, the N3F is the greatest boon ever conferred on fandom, and that the more people we can lure into fandom the better fandom will be....in other words diametrically opposite to the insurgent viewpoint...and FAPA is the last refuge of the insurgents? Fapa serious and constructive? Ye gods! It's true that everyone in FAPA doesn't labor under the delusion they are humorists....but on the other hand if one took a poll of fandom to find who is generally regarded as fandom's ~~xxx~~ most amusing writers, five people would emerge on top, Tucker, Willis, Hoffman, Burbee, and Bloch (this doesn't correspond with my own personal list of top humorists, I might add) and four of these five are FAPAns. These are serious and constructive people? And I can't think of any other less 'constructive' group than FAPA; most

FAPAns decided long ago there was nothing worth constructing in fandom. I doubt if you'll find half as much cynicism and disillusion ~~any~~ concentrated any place else in fandom as in FAPA. Of course, you may not like cynicism and disillusion. Personally I find it stimulating....at least, in this case. I certainly can't accuse SAPS of being serious and constructive ~~but~~ (I shouldn't be applying for membership if I did) but I would say it comes much closer than FAPA; part of what I had in mind when I told Ballard SAPS was 'too damn fannish'.

ONCE IS ENOUGH--Not necessarily.

SPACEWARP--You appreciate the Olivier Hamlet? I presume that telecast was the Academy Award winning film version; which bored me stiff. Of course the fact that I had about an 80% developed case of influenza at the time and shivered all through the picture may have distracted from my enjoyment (actually I'd~~de~~ have been in bed but I was driving through on a long trip and stopping overnight in Peapleton when I found out "Hamlet" was playing. It was a year and a half old then and I couldn't pass up what might be my only....and has since proven to be.....chance to see it). There was a noisy (pardon, noisy) high school crowd there that night too. But I found it dreadfully dull. And I am a Shakespeare enthusiast and more familiar with "Hamlet" than the general run of his plays. I have a theory, developed from this and other disappointing experiences....namely, Shakespeare wrote for the theatre and that is the proper medium for his work. A few years ago I had the pleasure of attending Ashland, Oregon's annual Shakespearean festival, a month long affair put on by a mixed group of amateurs, professionals, and semi-pros, originated and run by a College professor and Shakespearean expert who is one of the most brilliant actors I've ever seen. The plays are presented in an outdoor theatre in the city park which is a very close reproduction of the original theatre (the Globe? I've forgotten at the moment) on which they were performed. Before this I'd appreciated Shakespeare's plays for the writing, but not as dramas. On this practically sceneryless stage, so different from the proscenium ones we are used to the plays came startlingly alive. Most amazing to me was "A Midsummer Night's Dream". For some reason this play was the one invariably chosen for us to 'do' whenever we studied Shakespeare from the fifth grade on. I'd read it a couple of times independently and probably know it better than any other of WS's plays. I knew, in an abstract manner, that it was one of Shakespeare's 'comedies' and our teachers took great pains to point out to us the various jokes and humorous passages. I could admire the intricacy of the plot devices but it never actually impressed me as being 'funny'; not funny in the sense that "Charlie's Aunt" is, or "Arsenic and Old Lace". But what is dead, outdated Elizabethan prose on a printed page transforms into the funniest play I have ever seen when it is performed on stage. The director of the group (I can't remember his name right now) was an inspired Bottom....he also managed to be almost equally as good as Iago and Sir Toby Belch....a highly assorted trio, I think you'll agree. Seeing the Olivier "Hamlet" about six months later confirmed my views that Shakespeare is as unadaptable to the screen (probably television, too) as he is to print, although I would like to see the earlier "Henry V" and Orson Welles extremely controversial and suppressed "Othello" which came out of retirement for a special two-day engagement in Spokane recently. I understand this picture has done fine business every place it has played but has never been

put into general release because the critics slaughtered it. But then I don't always agree with the critics. They've been slaughtering Charlie Chaplin in recent years, who I consider to be perhaps the only thoroughly authenticated genius, in the field, around todaycertainly the most outstanding individual talent among current living members of the theatre. Most surprising of all is that his genius has not suffered, through advancing years, as the critics claim and as so often happens. He's merely diverted it into new and unfamiliar channels. His "Monsieur Verdoux", widely criticized and a financial flop almost solely through the offices of Hedda Hopper, was one of the most imaginative and provocative films I have ever seen. No telling whether I'll even get a chance to view "Limelight" which has encountered similar difficulties. I think the critics are letting political prejudices dim their vision when they view Chaplin. It is tragic that political viewpoint can be confused with talent.....the one is so transient and unimportant in the long view, the other so immortal..... but, 'twas ever thus.Did you make up those Willie quatrains yourself or are the salvaged from the hundreds of gems about the lad written some years ago when he was a vogue?.....the only reason this Stefan doesn't admit to owning a dog is because I think it criminal to keep a dog locked up all day and have been able to figure out no satisfactory method for taking care of him while he is young and untrained during the days when I have to go to work...about the only two things I can remember wanting longer than I've wanted my own dog (which I've never actually had due to some always impossible circumstance), a cocker spaniel, was my earliest desire for a baby brother (which I never got although I had big brothers and sisters galore....six of them in fact, and the next persistent one the idea that I should be a writer (that's never materialized, either). Looks like I'm not very good at making wishes come true.....or perhaps I only remember the unfulfilled ones. Oh, yes, I never got the monopoly set which headed my Christmas list year after years as a child, either.on looking over some of those Willie deals I see you had to write them. My suspicions were started by Nangy Share's comment about reading one of them elsewhere.

Chemistry took Willie's fancy
 Poured boiling oil on sister Nancy
 Compared his own skin with his sisters
 Said "It does produce big blisters.

SPECTATOR--Since when does FAPA operate on the basis of 'a page is a page'? I'll have you know when I was producing the half-size WASTEBASKET I got only half-credit for each page. In fact one time, (I think Coswal was o.e. at the time....they quibbled so much as to remove an extra eight or quarter inch from the credit I was allowed on each page because I'd trimmed the edges....altho all that was trimmed off was margin.)

God Damn!!! If it hadn't been for SPACEWARP I'd have ended these reviews on the preceeding page. As it is, I have another page and a part, to fill. Rapp, why do you inspire me to such loquacity???

Does anybody have R. Flaviexx Carson's address. For some months I've been holding a check for him, chock-full of endorsements on the back. It's too full to sign and forward to anybody else but I haven't Carson's address nor has it shown up in the meantime. I think he's been inactive since Fifth Fandom.

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF WILLIE

Willie, with joyful abandon
Dropped baby sister in Grand Canyon.
Mother said, extremely vexed,
"Willie, what'll you do next?"

Willie brought in two toy axes -
"Wait'll Uncle George relaxes;
Gonna chop his wooden leg.
That'll take him down a peg."

You should have heard our Susie scream
When Willie drenched her with scalding steam.
Willie chortled, in childish glee
"It's the heat, not the humidity."

Willie took us by surprise,
Gauged out both of sister's eyes,
Mother muttered, "Sakes alive,
But after all, he's only five."

Sometimes Willie just sees red.
Once he chopped off Daddy's head.
Mother fixed our little sinner,
Sent him to bed without any dinner.

Willie begged for dynamite
To use on kindergarten that night.
Mother said, "Now don't you tease.
Anyway, you must say 'Please'."

Grandma slipped, fell, and deceased
On steps that Willie had well-greased.
Father snapped, "You got no sense?
Just think of all the funeral expense!"

Willie went out in the rain,
Derailed the engine of a train.
Said Mother without much elation,
"Well, that's progressive education."

Sorry, Art, if I'm intruding on your pet idea but I needed something to fill these pages and it has been so many years since I last encountered Willie that nostalgia for the little darling overswept me and I couldn't resist.

Correction to SPACEWARP review: The suppressed Orson Welles picture was not "Othello," which he made independently in Europe and which has just been released, but "Macbeth" a picture he made in this country for Republic which saw limited release in 1948.