

No introduction. Any intro. by a new member of himself should be humorous if anything. Something like Mal's MARBLE CRYPTS. But I got no inspiration. So to hell with it. And on with it:-

MAILING COMMENTS

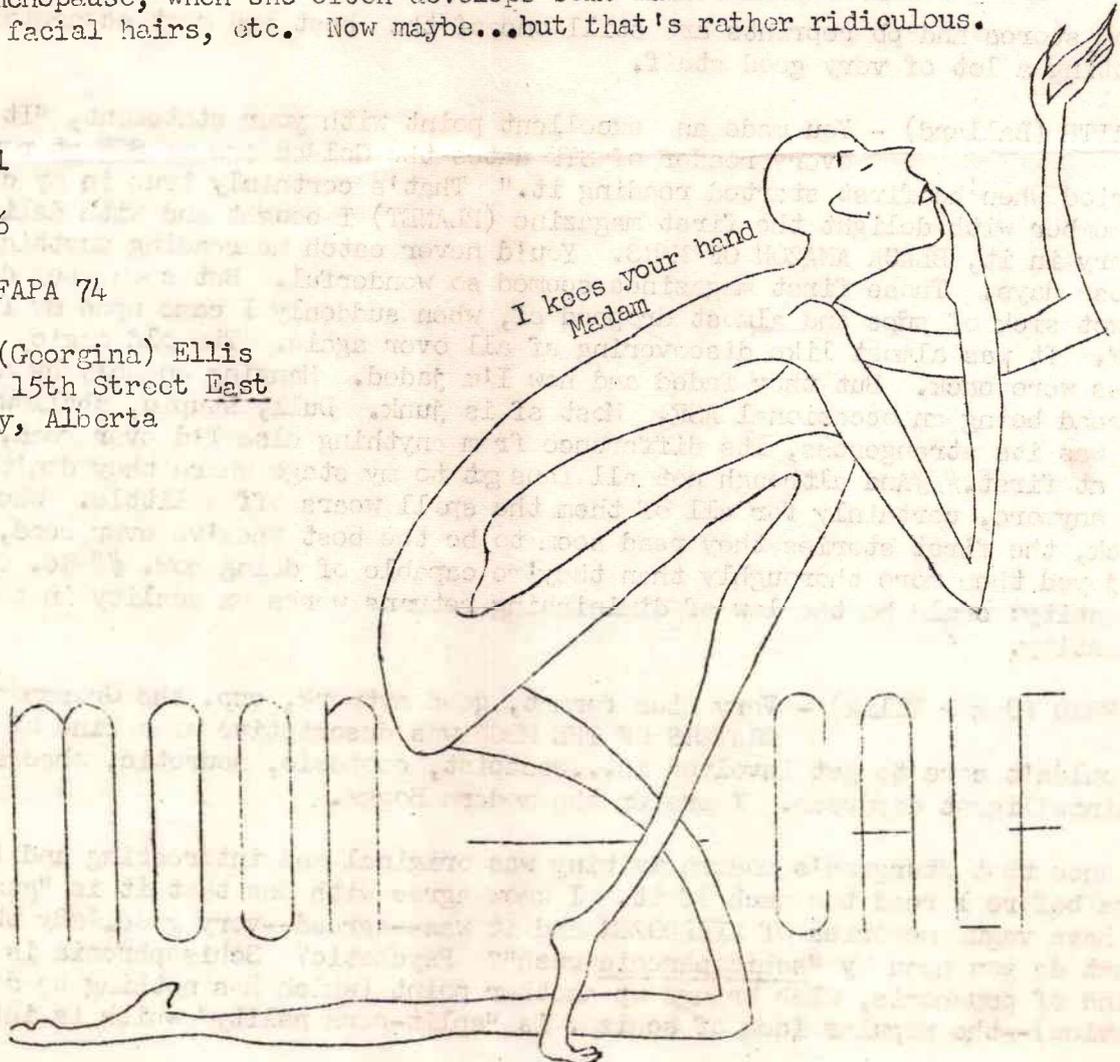
THUNDERSTORM (Wells) - I don't particularly care to overthrow communism. Make a decent bid for the friendship of the uncommitted countries, but for those already gone--live & let live.##Why do people always say that cats are so independent and dogs so slavish? I've encountered dogs with strong character who regarded people as a source of pleasant ear-scratching and left it at that, and cats that make perfect fools of themselves to be fondled.## ...phah! Marilyn Munroe looks beautiful and sexy to me, and I'm female. However, I don't think too much of Munroe. About the sexiest female I've ever seen (pictures of) is Eartha Kitt. Now there's a doll that almost makes me wish I were a man.. On the other hand, speaking as a (presumably) normally-sexed female, Liberace makes me giggle. I feel embarrassed for him making an ass of himself on the tv screen. He doesn't arouse in me any sexual feelings that I can detect. There's been a great deal of speculation over whether he's an invert, but it seems strange that a plump, feminine man would have so much appeal to middle-aged women (that seems to be the sort of women who go for him.) Unless--aha, an interesting theory. Read somewhere that men are more mature physically than women. Men go through a female-like stage somewhere around puberty, but grow out of it quickly into ideal male maturity. Whereas a woman is sort of halted in this female stage until menopause, when she often develops some male characteristics--deeper voice, a few facial hairs, etc. Now maybe...but that's rather ridiculous.

MOONCALF #1

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By: Dutch (Georgina) Ellis
1428 - 15th Street East
Calgary, Alberta
Canada



GRUE (Grennell) - Perhaps someone should start a series about modern "serial" characters. Nowadays, they're less fantastic (tho scarcely more believable) and appear in pocketbooks and cheap hardcovers. Some of them are old-timers, but since they are still around I term them "modern". Such characters as Mike Shayn, (let's leave Mike Hammer out of this--he's been trampled by such a variety of hob-nailed boots that the corpse is practically unrecognizable), Nero Wolfe, Ellery Queen, and that prime ass, Perry Mason. The series could be entitled THE STANDING PUNY.

IBIDEM (Lyons) - Pat's cover was splendid, magnificent, words fail me.

I like your

method of starting new paragraphs.

But limited profanity is permitted in Heavy Drama on the CBC and Rawhide has been known to get away with one or two mildly off-colour remarks.

I've tried several record clubs but am currently a member of only the Jazztone. Have tried quite a few of the Book Clubs but have dropped them except for the best. The Doubleday is a lousy outfit. It looked like a good deal--join & get at a bargain rate H. G. Wells' OUTLINE OF HISTORY, as well as GONE WITH THE WIND and AROUND THE WORLD IN PIX. From them I also got Wilmott's STRUGGLE FOR EUROPE. Little else. The outfit is rotten. Such crud as they advertise in their monthly bulletin--the blurbs sound like a thirteen-year-old's daydreams. The Reader's Book Service is very good, tho a lot off their stuff is too highbrow for me. The Book-of-the-Month Club often offers some pretty good stuff--JULYSSES (which I can't make anything of, unfortunately) and Dylan Thomas' QUITE EARLY ONE MORNING, and Fadiman's PARTY OF ONE.

But second-hand

book stores and pb reprints are still one of the best and most economical ways of getting a lot of very good stuff.

WRAITH (Ballard) - You made an excellent point with your statement, "It seems nearly every reader of STF dates the Golden age of STF at roughly the period when he first started reading it." That's certainly true in my case. I remember with delight the first magazine (PLANET) I bought and with delight the lead story in it, BLACK AMAZON OF MARS. You'd never catch me reading anything like that these days. Those first magazines seemed so wonderful. But soon they deteriorated. I got sick of pulps and almost dropped sf, when suddenly I came upon my first copy of ASF. It was almost like discovering sf all over again. The old magic, the strangeness were back. But they faded and now I'm jaded. Hanging on only by a thread--that thread being an occasional ASF. Most sf is junk. Dull, stupid, shallow. I think it was its strangeness, its difference from anything else I'd ever read, that drugged me at first.###And although not all fans get to my stage where they don't care for sf anymore, certainly for all of them the spell wears off a little. When they look back, the first stories they read seem to be the best they've ever read, because they enjoyed them more thoroughly than they're capable of doing now. ## Re. Quality & Quantity: could be the law of diminishing returns works on quality in too-great a quantity.

RAFHRD (Cox & Ellik) - Very nice format, good artwork, esp. the Grossman stuff. THE CRATERS OF THE MOON was descriptive of a kind of stfandom I shouldn't care to get involved in...escapist, esoteric, neurotic, obsessed with an unintelligent daydream. I prefer the modern Boggs.

I once thought Sturgeon's modern writing was original and interesting and fresh. That was before I read too much of it. I know agree with Des that it is "gush". However, I have vague memories of KILLDOZER and it was--agreed--very good.##By the way, Des, what do you mean by "schizophrenic gush"? Psychotic? Schizophrenia is a special kind of psychosis, which brings up another point (which has nothing to do with Des' review)--the popular idea of schizo. is "split-personality" which is interpreted by

the general public as "dual-personality", which it isn't at all. As I understand it (and I may be far off the track--you Fapans who know more about this than I may be able to correct me), a schizo. is shattered by an inability to choose between two or more choices. He is equally drawn toward all of them, and thus is mentally paralyzed. (An institution case may stand for hours before a chair trying to decide whether to sit down or walk away.) A real dual-personality is fascinating too. Used to be considered supernatural, but there would seem to be good psychological reasons for its occurrence..

LE MOINDRE (Raeburn) - After a little consideration I have come to the conclusion that your mention of me in your forward was a doubtful smidgeon of egoboo--what Terry Carr in OBLIQUE #5 termed Null-Egoboo. Now if, on the other hand, I'd been a Fapan when you printed that...

ARTICLE by Frank Coulter made me feel good. I agree whole-heartedly, I quarrel with nothing. I beam contentedly. This Frank Coulter, intelligent chap, shares my opinions. But it is things like this that make it difficult for me to wrench myself away from stubborn atheism to nice, innocuous agnosticism. Agnosticism is a much more logical stand, and it would be nice to be logical occasionally. Besides, being an agnostic keeps you out of trouble with rabid fellow-agnostics, who feel it their mission in life to bring Salvation to the poor be-nighted atheists.##Coulter was taking the atheistic stand, in my opinion. The agnostic stand is "I don't know and I don't give a damn and you atheists can't prove or disprove anything any more than the religionists." Perhaps no proof, but it looks to me as if we have the indications on our side.

Quote: "An experiment conducted recently by Miller should be mentioned here. Miller passed steam, ammonia, methane, and hydrogen....over an electric spark for one week. Examination showed that several different amino acids had formed." Congratulations, Howard! Jolly good show. Guess all that keeps you pretty busy, tho; is that why you had nothing in this mailing?

Coulter said: "...but I cannot believe that he (Jesus) was the son of God and a virgin..." Aha! So Jesus was supposed to be a virgin! I'd often wondered vaguely to myself in the more suppressed portion of my mind what sort of sex life, if any, Jesus had. But there was no information to be had on the subject. I supposed that he would be "pure" and all that, but Matthew & Co. didn't go into this. But you state here that he was supposed to be a virgin (sources?authority?), which mehhe clears up that little point. Takes after his mother, I guess.##Why can't you believe he actually was a virgin? Maybe all his noble thoughts and enthusiastic wanderings were sublimation of pent-up sexual frustration.##I personally rather like the idea of Buddhism. It seems, after the acceptance of its outrageous premises, a logical and sensible religion.

The only goddamn TV I've seen is a few hours of eye-torturing shadows at a neighbour's, featuring Liberace and Canadian variety shows with unfunny comedians, like Wayne & Shuster /The only faintly funny thing I remember them saying was: Wayne-That psychiatrist I went to really fixed me up fine; Shuster-Yeah?; Wayne-Yeah, why one year ago I wouldn't answer the telephone when it rang; Shuster-And now?; Wayne-Now I answer the phone whether it rings or not. And even that's not very funny./and amateur dancers who couldn't keep tog other (or aren't they supposed to?) There was a thing called EXPLORING MINDS, which was this particular night babbling about how women were trying to



imitate men's clothing, using glasses-frames as an example. Phi-pah. Standards have always been changing. Once men really were gentlemen (in the upper classes only, of course) and wore frills and silk and velvet and were so genteel and pretty and dainty. There is no one certain way of dressing that is universally and eternally feminine and another which is masculine. Often the men and women change sides.##A while ago, for instance, while girls' hair got shorter, the young bloods grew long hair. Not necessarily as a reaction but as an independent experiment. Girls wore all sorts of pants and shirts & variations thereof, whilst the boys sported brilliant color, baggy skirt-like pants, & so on. I even heard not too long ago that a group of English toughs (not homos) had taken to wearing earrings in one ear.##Anyway, the program was stupid, dull, long--I felt like sending the professor a copy of Haggy Mead's SEX & TEMPERAMENT just for kicks.##There was a little CBC Heavy Dramuh. Now this stuff is often very good on the radio. Years of experience, excellent performers... Lacio ~~Agnostic~~ Agostini's music on the stage series was magnificent (he's gone now). Poo to the people who complained that it drowned out the actors occasionally--often it was better than the play. But on the Sunday night stage series there were occasional magnificent productions. Some crud of course, but CBC has a good proportion of excellent drama. But the tv efforts were another thing--fuzzy, trailing...##However, that was a good while ago. Doubtlessly great strides forward have been made since then.

I'm talking Tucker into my heart

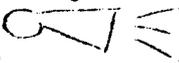
SAMBO (Martinez) - You were so interesting I forgot half-way down the first page that I was risking my eyesight on that brilliant purple. One thing that continued to annoy, however, was that fade-out at the top of each page. I dropped a few tears of frustration over these, which worsened the readability.

Your talk about the Qantas ad was fascinating. You forgot one thing, though. Speak up, man, why do they spell "Qantas" without a "u"??

Reminds me of a crazy ad I saw in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN a while ago. (There's a mag I intend to sub to someday when I'm rich. Fascinating stuff, but in brief, easily absorbed hunks. Perfect for the layman, and I'm as lay as can be. (Please do not take unintended meanings from that.)) Sometimes I wonder though why these big scientific outfits put in the expensive oh-so-scientific ads appealing to scientists and often asking for applications from eager young chaps with brand new degrees for positions. Surely scientists don't read this stuff? But then it's range is pretty catholic and this is the age of specialization. The specialist in one field might be as ignorant as I in others. Oh well.) To get to this ad (which is copied out on the opposite page -->). It was in quiet type and arrangement--as dignified and lofty-looking as the rest, which also sound the way they look. How I happened to read it, I don't know.##Could be QANTAS and SIGMA employ the same advertising outfit?

Sam Moskowitz exchanged letters with Albert Einstein? I say!##Re. Fred Hoyle. Some stodgy types have declared that Hoyle writes science-fiction. Not the sort we are accustomed to, but the sort that Velikovsky writes. However, when I was young and impressionable I heard his series THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE over CBC Wednesday Night and it had a tremendous impact on me. I read the book later and now even have a copy of my own. Not to say that I agree with some of his more non-conformist views, but they are interesting, and who am I to judge?##Enjoyed your article SaM.

PHLOTSAM (Economou) - Your question of using waste space on stencils was answered this same mailing by Bill Danner. He said he used letter-length stencils and used sarawrap to cover the rest of the ink-pad. Hmmm. Now if I wanted to surrender entirely to my cheaper impulses I would try chopping all my stencils off at letter length and patching them up to make other stencils and...ohwell.

Recent word in certain of our dignitaceous* monthly periodicals gives nick-
of-timely surcease to those indefatigable oracles of Eras, New Eras and Vast
New Eras; viz., largest machinery manufacturers have joined giants of elec-
tronics and given birth of a New Vast-New-Era:  toot toot;
The Automatic Production of Electronic Equipment.

Although as yet no printed material on specific applications is available
to the lay public, no time should be lost in devising a suitably architiptic
name for this Science which results from the wedding (shotgun--?) of Electronics
and Automation.

Thus, the Sigma CONTEST, in which the modesty of the prizes is far exceeded
by the wealth of satisfaction which will accrue to the winner from the know-
ledge of the importance of his contribution.

B I G S I G M A C O N T E S T

Rules

1. Entry must include name for Electronics combined with Automation, and
brief statement explaining reasons for choice.
Hints: Electromation? Elematics? Electautos? Mechelecs?
2. Judges agree to reach a final biased decision. Answers to inquiries
concerning individual entries cannot be guaranteed. All entries do
become the property of Sigma Instruments, Inc.
3. All entries must reach Boston by October 1, 1955.
4. Sigma Instruments, Inc., disclaims any liability resulting from patent
infringement, copyright violation or intra-industry squabbles.
5. If you have a state law prohibiting this contest we suggest that you
move.

Prizes # Prizes # Prizes

GRAND PRIZE One Sigma Type 72 Relay complete with Data Sheet (Excellent
mantelpiece ornament).

2ND PRIZE One Fisher-Pierce Photoelectronic Nitelighter (Start your col-
lection of people-built antiques).

3RD, 4TH AND 5TH PRIZES One Sigma Type 26F Relay with 1 year subscription
to Popular Electronics.

HONORABLE MENTION Certificate of Merit, suitable for framing, signed by
C. P. Fisher.

BOOBY PRIZE Picture of our founder.

* patent pending

S I G M A
SIGMA INSTRUMENTS, INC.
Contest Headquarters
931a Statler Building, Boston 16, Massachusetts

CHATTAHOOCHEE (Hoffman) - Spinsterhood & bachelorhood have only recently become comparable. Women never had opportunities to make money like men and often a spinster would be in a bad position unless she came from a well-to-do family. Also a bachelor was not expected to remain celibate, whereas the spinster was. And the bachelor had lots of friends and the pre-20th-century version of "outings with the boys", while the spinster's friends were usually other spinsters. Also it was considered that a woman's main (or only) purpose was to get in there and help produce fodder for The Great Soul-Mill Up Yonder and a childless woman was presumed (probably rightly) to be terribly frustrated.###However in this enlightened era, things have improved considerably.####But Mau-mau is in Kenya only. It's not the general Negro reaction to the white man's rule of Africa. And it's no solution.

LAGNIAPPE (Bloch via Grennell) - As erudite and intelligent as one could wish.

WSDACYOS (Cox) - Like you say, Hollywood movies are generally ground out via the "star" system. With wretched results.##As for Brando, as a late-comer all I would like to say is that I was very much impressed by his performance in WATERFRONT of a dull, slow, but well-meaning slob. An amazing job. Especially when contrasted with the sexy, sharp, well-dressed gambler in GUYS & DOLLS. Seemed like two different people, rather than the typical star with slightly altered lines.##Speaking of movies, GATE OF HELL, a Japanese pic, played here recently, and it was stupendous. Beautiful to look at--the coloring, the costumes, the fascinating faces. (Tho I didn't think much of the heroine--she had nice large dark eyes, but astonishingly sparse eyebrows and an itty-bitty mouth.) I thought the acting was very well done.

The subtitles were a bother. But it was most enlightening to sit for an hour or so and listen to Japanese dialogue. Soon I could recognize the names of the 3 main characters (Kesa, the wife; forget-who-now, her husband; and Moritoh, her would-be lover) when they were spoken, but the rest was just noise. Made me realize what a tenuous grasp we have on communication and how marvellous are the complexities of language.###The music was fabulous. This was the first time I'd heard more than a few seconds of Japanese music and it was an effective background to the movie--esp. the high-pitched keening, and that strange stringed instrument.

Idle thots: Noted a lot of Chinese in the audience during intermission. Well, praps they were Japanese, but there aren't very many Japanese around but lots of Chinese. Well, Mongolian faces, anyway. Chinese or Japanese, they probably came to see Ja..Mongolian actors. They must get frustrated sitting through pics with bloated white faces grimacing across the screen. Once read a book written in the first person, said first person being colored (no data available on the author), and this chap visited movies very seldom and didn't enjoy them when he did go because he saw nothing but white faces on the screen and luxurious settings, and the only colored faces he saw played the roles of servants or buffoons.

GEMZINE (Carr) - The more civilized the society the more painful and dangerous childbirth is considered. According to Doc Read ("Natural Childbirth") and others childbirth need not be so and, indeed, in the most primitive societies is not. And if that pain and danger were natural and necessary to childbirth, they would constitute a biological paradox.##Besides, in your reply to Phyllis you did not mention one thing which is very important--women usually want children (and are expected by all societies to want them--a post-atomic-war society should be no exception) enough to risk almost anything. I don't think I'm that noble or maternal.###People never act very logically anyway. Esp. not in considering future consequences of present action.

Perhaps I've come in late or didn't pay enough attention to what you said in previous Gemzines, but, Gem, I find it puzzling to see you investigating Catholicism (and pronouncing it "Good") in pages 1 & 2 and expressing pantheistic views later in the ish. As well as other opinions here & there of a distinctly unCatholic type. ...killing incurable criminals, tsk... (I agree, however.)

You're apparently advocating sex for procreation only, not recreation. Believe you said in a previous ish, to quote roughly, "If you don't want children, don't make them." And other things of that nature. ## But G.M., contraceptives are a wonderful thing and anyone who follows your method of birth control would have to be made of iron. Either that or be prepared for a Quebec-sized family. ## Unfortunately bountiful nature takes few chances. Just as each individual produces far more reproductive cells than can ever be developed, so the sex drive is more powerful & constant than is necessary to make a human to his/her part in perpetuating the species. ## You say that excess drive should be sublimated into nice, spiritual things. That's fine if A. The person has plenty of self-discipline and B. He/she hasn't much drive to sublimate. Any psychiatrist should tell you that a person with a well-adjusted sex life is a better worker and creator than a frustrated celibate. Sex releases frustration, renews a person. Read something along these lines the other day that I thought was well put. Diana Trilling (Now Partisan Reader): "(D. H.)Lawrence knewthat sex is life itself. And he knew that life must be lived, not solved; that sex is a primary experience and not merely a means to an end. He knew that life is destroyed by program-making."

Which came first--the yobber or the poo?

Also enjoyed the rest of the mailing, especially the words of Bob Tucker, Vern McCain (& Bill Morse), Bill Clyde, Harry Warner, Gregg Calkins...but am not inspired to comment further.

The following is lifted from the copyrighted contents of THE GRIFFIN, which is the monthly bulletin of The Readers' Subscription, Inc., and is dedicated to Bill Danner:

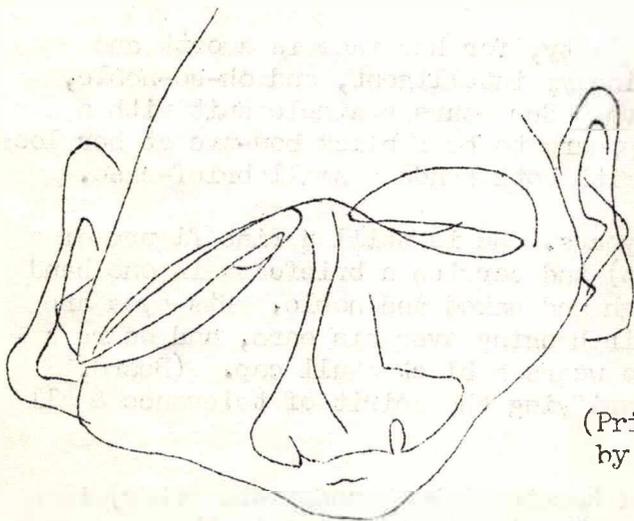
HERMIONE

Nay, Catriona, nuns are grown naughty.
At night, when all's asleep, the Abbess
Rises, and takes a pick and spade in hand.
Helped by her sisters, emulating moles,
They tunnel underground for leagues and leagues.
Come up at last i' the Bishop's cell
And ravish every friar.

CATRIONA

Is't so, Madam? Why, when
I've walked the meadows, I've remarked
How, underfoot, the ground springs up & down.
I'd not believe 'twas all athrob with nuns.

(Printed in THE GRIFFIN from "Cards of Identity"
by Nigel Dennis.)



CONFESSIONS OF A BIBLIOMANIAC

You can read a lot of things more harmful than the hogwash known as science fiction. Frinstance, there's that nasty stuff you've heard about called (sotto voce) "communist propoganda."

Only it isn't nasty at all; on the contrary, it's very amusing.

I have before me the latest (Dec.55) issue of the USSR ILLUSTRATED NEWS sent monthly, free of charge, from the kindly people in the Russian Embassy in Ottawa. They keep the people on their mailing list informed about doings in the Soviet Union in the daily SOVIET NEWS BULLETION (which features articles like GASIFICATION IN THE SOVIET UNION----which doesn't refer to propoganda or liquidation, but merely to the using of gas as a fuel----CULTURAL PROGRESS IN THE SOVIET UNION; FACTS & FIGURES, etc.) I seldom even open it now. The ILLOED NEWS has glossy paper & photos, and serves as a monthly supplement to the daily BULLETIN.

The cover on this ILLOED NEWS is tremendous. It's dripping sentiment all over the floor. It is a black&white reproduction of a painting entitled: "ELECTED REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PEOPLE--DEPUTIES TO THE SUPREME SOVIET OF THE USSR--IN THE KREMLIN, by S. K. Kirichenko, Ukrainian painter (USSR Agricultural Exhibition, Main Pavilion)."

In the background to the right in the hazy distance is an improbable skyscraper. At the middle & left are a lot of onion-towers. At the far left is a slab of concrete, representing, I presume, the House of Deputies or whatever they call it. Spread across the front are the deputies, coming out into the bright sun after a soul-satisfying session of parliament, or whatever they call it.

These deputies: From right to left (I know that's backwards, but it's the logical place to start on a pic composed as this is)--A military young man in a dark cap, a Stalin moustache, a tunic thing (a jacket with no cut down the front worn with a belt) dark pants--perhaps he's a Cossack? He has one hand in front of him gesturing as he talks with

A very tall, good-looking young man. If the pic were in colour, he'd have ruddy cheeks and dark blond hair. He's dressed in a light sportish suit with a tie. He could stroll down your street and you wouldn't give him a second glance. At least, if you're male.

Next is somebody's gramma. She's prob. only fifty, for her face is smooth and healthy, tho her hair is white. She looks kindly, intelligent, and oh-so-noble, with her deep-set eyes and her rimless glasses. She wears a simple suit with a fairly full skirt, a long jacket, and what appears to be a black bow-tie at her loose blouse-collar. She carries in front of her with both hands a small brief-case.

Next is a tall old man, full of dignity and years. He is still a fine figure of a man, tho a bit old-fashioned (he wears a vest) and carries a briefcase in one hand and a cane in the other. His forehead is high and naked and noble. His eyes are deep set. He has two long locks of white hair hanging over his ears, and wears a carefully trimmed short white beard. He also wears a black skull cap. (Beard, skull-cap...could he possibly be a rabbi, signifying the spirit of tolerance & all that in ye great USSR?)

Chatting with him (gesturing with one arm and tucking a book under the other) is a husky young woman who would look more at home pitching hay (or woo in the hay) on a collective farm. She is most unfashionably dressed and wears a heavy babushka. She

looks very noble and very jolly.

Behind her is a stray Mountie whose hat has been stomped on by his misbehaving horse. He gazes into the distance over his noble nose and his modified Stalin moustache.

Behind are a few other faces and pieces of faces. One good-looking (and strong) babe with her babushka knot tied at her nape gypsy-fashion. There's a stray US Admiral in full dress white with a chest full of medals. There's an earthy young lady, with straight, thick dark hair, a passionate strong face, no makeup. Looks like a refugee from an Italian film.

At the far left and lagging behind are some more specimens. Another admiral, but with only one medal. A different kind of officer (airforce?navy?spacepatrol?) in a dark suit. Some more emancipated (but not emaciated) young ladies from the provinces, and a well-dressed business man in an open overcoat and a tweedish suit.

All look very noble. And very improbable. Such an intelligent (mostly), healthy, well-adjusted mob would be a rarity coming out of the Chamber of government in any country, let alone ⁱⁿ Russia The Great Zombie Factory. (See, George, I'm not really a commie.)

NB - On page 3 there is a small photo of a portion of "The USSR Supreme Soviet in session." Most of the assorted faces are gazing off to the left, presumably at a speaker, and they look pretty glum. Whatzhammer, fellas, just vote yourself a reduction in consumer manufacturing? I cannot discern the noble expressions pictured on the cover. Right to left again: In the first row is somebody's gramma and this gramma must be 70. She prob. has greatgrandchildren in the Young Pioneers. Next is a doll with straight hair and a dull expression. Next a chap who looks like he'd be happier supervising a road-repair gang. Then a bald man with glasses and set lips. No outstanding faces, just the mundane average. Two chaps in the fourth row are conspiring, the man in the aisle seat of the third row stares morosely at nothing.

On page 8 is a photo of "Graduates of the Oil Institute visiting the USSR Agricultural Exhibition. (Enjoy Mr. Kirichenko's purty painting?) Some of the graduates are from other countries." We have a melange of students, strung out in a row, featuring the inevitable beaming Chinese faces, and the bushy native heads that show up in every picture. Either the men afflicted haven't the patience to stand in queue for hair-oil, or this is just a Russian characteristic. Their hair looks the way Joe Stalin's mane should have looked but never quite did. (Which reminds me--the other night in the local paper there was a pic of a Russian immigrant who once socked Joe on the jaw when they were both kids back in Georgia.)

Middle pages feature a spread of pix from "Soviet Armenia." Nothing much notable, except an Armenian astrophysicist and Deputy of the Sup. Soviet, etc., who looks like an Arab with bushy Russian hair, (send CARE packages of Wild Root to Russia today!) and an Armenian Barber-of-Seville who looks like Cornel Wilde.

Nothing much else in the mag. except a pick of a good-looking welder up a tower, some swimmers (2 of the 6 males pictured have hair problems), and misc. pix, including one from India of the flower-draped Bulganin-Khrushchev team.

What's that you say? The written material? Can't be bothered with it. But here are some of the titles: The Soviet Constitution. Educational Opportunities for Everyone. J. V. Stalin, Great Continuator of Lenin's Cause. In A Workers' Town. Letter Across the Ocean (from one of the touring farm experts). Theodore Dreiser and the Soviet Reader.

The stuff's absolutely unreadable.

(CONFESSIONS cont.)

K. P. TELESCOPE

The TELESCOPE is written & published by the inmates of the Kingston Penitentiary in Ontario.

The Nov. and Dec. issues each had a stf story. Not recommended for even the most fanatic of wild-eyed completists. Both by a chap called "David". One was called EXECUTION and relates the inmate's feelings just before he goes to "The Room" for his painless death for (I think) killing his wife with a ray blaster. The other is called THE GREAT INDEFINITENESS, wherein prisoners are put into suspended animation (but with their minds awake, apparently) because there isn't room or money enough to keep them in cells. I suppose poor David feels he's in suspended animation, moping around his cell all day.

There is one rather interesting article about the state of mind prisoners drift into after a time in prison--a sort of trance. "He explained to me that he figured this mental fog that some men got into was nature's protection to keep them from going insane....there are several contributing factors, and I think one of the most important is the long tedious hours a man spends in his cell. He does roughly eighteen hours a day in his drum. Then for the few short hours he is out he is under continuous direction by the officials. Never permitted to think or act for himself, he is like a checker board and is moved hither and yon having little or no say in the matter. Finally, there is the lack of incentive and in many cases where there is incentive it is killed by lack of proper tools to work with. Sooner or later most men doing long stretches become apathetic."

Just the same, you know, prison might be a good place to spend a couple of years of intense reading and perhaps trying a few correspondence courses.

There're sports features and women's features and other miscellanea, including some abominable poetry. The whole thing is below the level of readability.

PARTISAN REVIEW

Some time ago AVON books put out STORIES IN THE MODERN MANNER from the PR and a little later MORE STORIES ETC. Sometime later I picked up AVON MODERN WRITING NO. 2, which used previously unpublished stories selected by the PR editors. (I missed No. 1.) I very much liked all this stuff, so I sent off the coupon at the back of AMW#2 for a sub to the PR. Recently received the Fall 55 issue.

Very interesting stuff...including a BERLIN LETTER by someone named Ursual Brumm and a chap named Kaufmann jumping up and down on poor Toyabee and his "super-history."

About the most interesting feature to me was a discussion of Herman (THE CAINE MUTINY) Wouk and his latest book, MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR, by Isaac Rosenfeld, in an article entitled FOR GOD AND THE SUBURBS. I turned to this right off, first because the Bookclub sent me a copy of MM and I shall read it someday when I get the energy, and secondly because I once read something about an Isaac Rosenfeld who had an article in an American Jewish magazine called "COMMENTARY, published by a secular and on the whole conservative group, the American Jewish Committee, (which) has contained many profound critiques of capitalism.....These caused no trouble for anybody. But when the gifted novelist Isaac Rosenfeld wrote an article suggesting a psychoanalytic interpretation of Jewish dietary laws, noting a possibly sexual undertone in separating meat from milk, a violent storm broke out upon him and the magazine and it became necessary for the editors to print a disclaimer and apology." (David Riesman in

INDIVIDUALISM RECONSIDERED). I assumed that the I.R. in the P.R. would be the same person, and that, therefore, he would be an interesting and outspoken critic. He was.

Now a short time ago TIME had a feature on Wouk about his being Orthodox and how he often embarrasses his New York Jewish friends by insisting on following the dietary laws (in a later issue a chap I presume is Jewish named Cohen wrote an indignant letter saying he didn't like that crack and many Jews don't believe in those laws no more) and how generally high-moralized and right-thinking Mr. Wouk is. Most of the reviews I've read of MM interpret it & Wouk as being on the side of religion and God and All That Is Good.

Rosenfeld tears into Wouk and his MARJORIE and appears to have a lot of fun at it. He dismisses Wouk's attempts at profundity. "(The book) is much like the movies in its entertainment value, full of color and splash, with bits for the character actors." He says "...there is an extraordinary amount of faking in this novel." Wouk makes Marjorie's mother "a hallow, narrow, conventional woman, enemy of spirit, who fears life....Yet Mrs. Morgenstern (her name) is always right! Much of her credo is exposed to ridicule, but the alternative systems receive rougher treatment....(Wouk) takes a position right at Mrs. Morgenstern's side--not because she is right...but because it is such a cute thing to do. In this day and age, what more startling yet safer way is there to appear unconventional than by upholding the conventions?"

As for the religion: "The ideological overtones are just as phony. Wouk seems to come out strong for religion, chastity, the sanctity of marriage and the home, and against free thought, free love and Freudianism. But it is like writing on a window pane--turn your back and it is gone. Religion has no place in the story because no one is interested...." The atheist in the story, Marjorie's pursuer, Noel Airman, "covers the subject", whereas Marjorie, the symbol of Ultimate Good "has even less thought for God" and not even her upright mother seems to care much beyond the shallow ritual.

As for the character portrayal: The apparent intended villain, the sophisticated atheist Airman "is no doubt supposed to be the object lesson: this is the price one must pay for the pursuit of the pleasure principle....At the same time he is so dazzling and irresistible to women that he qualifies as an author's own wishfulfillment....All in all, he appears to be worthy of Marjorie's adoration, and sometimes even a little too good for her." Whereas Marjorie, who is eventually--after 417 pages--seduced by Airman "hasn't an idea in her head", and "Wouk is so careful to keep her a good Jewish girl, a 'Shirley', that he does not let her enjoy (her seduction)....Needless to say, the opposition of Marjorie & Noel fails to produce the anticipated clash of philosophies and values."

AND FURTHER:- "...Wouk has used his principles only for prestigious purposes, not even bothering to state, define, or fool them sharply; his object was to sound like a serious writer and make respectability respectable."

All in all it was great fun, and I'm looking forward to reading MM, strange as that may seem. I hope Rosenfeld is a regular contributor to PR.

Before I drop PR onto the pile and pick up something else, I'd like to quote a bit of newspaper blank verse (from PROBLEMS OF TRANSLATION: "ONEGIN" IN ENGLISH, by V. Nabokov) actually taken from a paper and used by the author of this article to demonstrate the fact that "English prose lapses quite naturally into iambic rhythm."

Nebraska city proud of jail:
Stromsburg, Nebraska (Associated Press).
They're mighty proud here of the city jail,
A building that provides both for incarceration
And entertainment. The brick structure houses
The police station and the jail. The second story
Has open sides and is used as a band stand.

#####The next item on the pile is a book called BE GLAD YOU'RE ~~COZY/INDY~~ NEUROTIC,
but the humorous bits in that didn't hold up on third reading, so I think I'll forget
it except for an interlineation:

"For the differences between psychosis, neurosis and genius, consult Chap. I."

QUOTE: "You women have dressed in clothes which bring on impure thoughts in the
minds of men. And you have done it deliberately. It's as bad as murder
to incite others to sin, entice them to immorality. May God have mercy
on your souls"

Billy Graham in Toronto
(gleaned from LIBERTY)

- "I belonged to 'Mad Dog' Earle..."

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