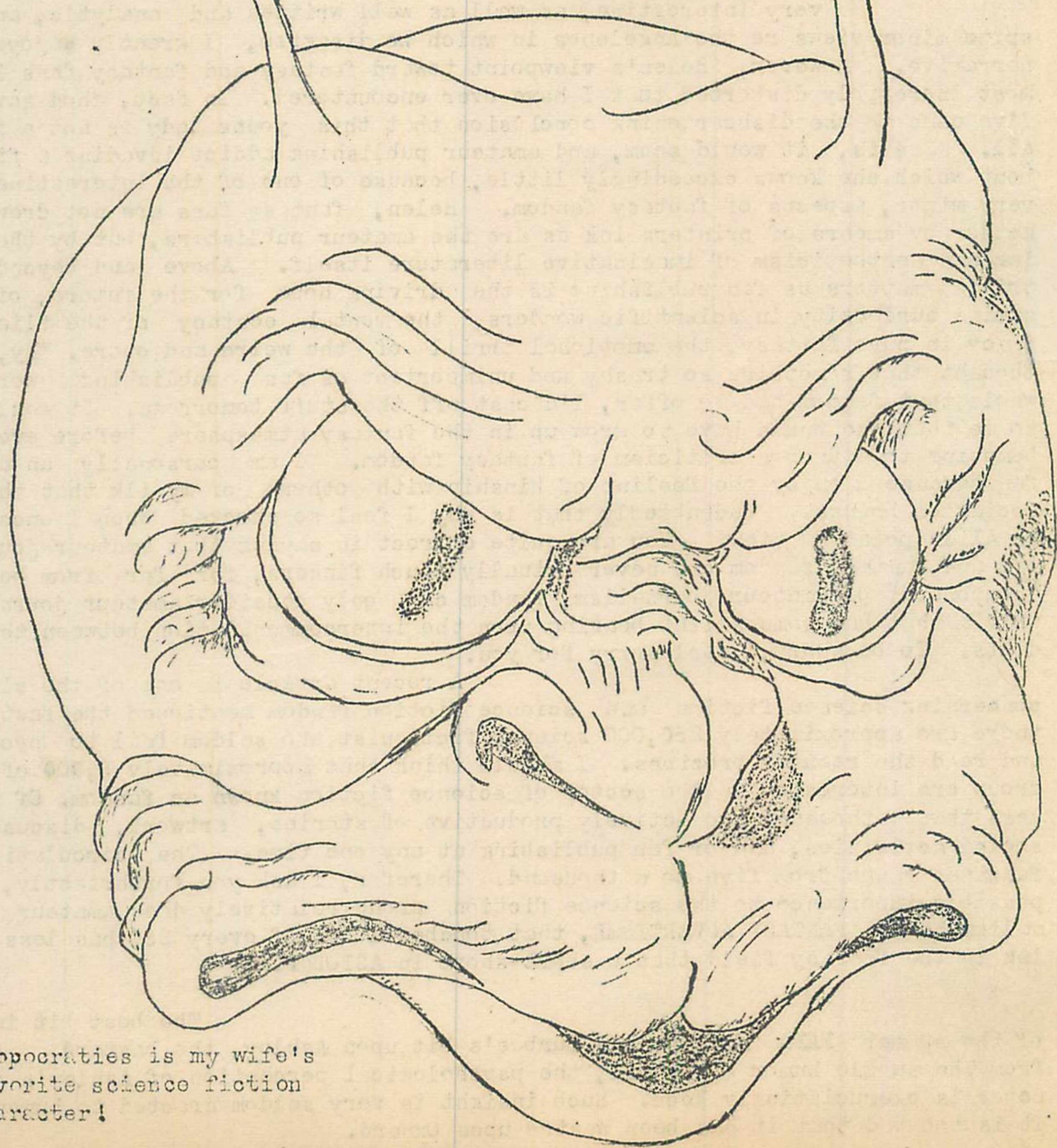


SLITHY TOVES

no. 2

FAPA



Hippocraties is my wife's
favorite science fiction
character!

SLITHY TOVES
number two

published to fulfill the requirements of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association by member Gus Willmorth from 628 South Bixel Street, Los Angeles 14, California. While I hope to keep the emphasis of this publication upon persons and books, it is noted that there actually seems to be a renaissance of ideas in the press fantastical, and despite my better judgement I feel that I am forced to remark upon some of the stuff brought to light.

Since last writing of this heading the proposed FAPazine publications from this address have declined to two (or three, if THE BINDER is counted as still existing), namely mine and Tripoli's. 'Tis a wonder how little darts of fan activity rise into being only to disappear before one can focus upon them. Alack-a-day and alas....

* "School books are like trees; their leaves turn fastest in the fall." *

EDITS AEDITS: I found Helen Wessons remarks re the group of Los Angeles fans very interesting, as well as well written and analytic, and despite minor views re the Angelenos in which we disagree, I greatly enjoyed the narrative. However, Helen's viewpoint toward fantasy and fantasy fans is the most incredibly distorted that I have ever encountered. In fact, god save us, I've come to the disheartening conclusion that this young lady is not a fan at all. She is, it would seem, and amateur publishing addict invading a field about which she knows exceedingly little, because of one of the interesting, but very minor, aspects of fantasy fandom. Helen, fantasy fans are not drawn together by smears of printers ink as are the amateur publishers, but by the feeling and aestheticism of imaginative literature itself. Above and beyond such trivial matters as fan publishing is the driving hope for the future, of consuming curiosity in scientific wonders, the mental ecstasy of the flight of fancy in pure fantasy, the emotional thrill of the weird and outre. Why, if I thought that something so trashy and unimportant as fan publishing were the whole that fandom had to offer, I'd cast off the stuff tomorrow. It would seem to me that one would have to grow up in the fantasy atmosphere before even attempting to launch a criticism of fantasy fandom. I am personally an active fan because I enjoy the feeling of kinship with others of my ilk that the association brings. Undoubtedly that is why I feel so shocked when I encounter an alien point of view. You are quite correct in saying that amateur journalism and fantasy fandom can never actually touch fingers, for far from being a "component" of amateur journalism, fandom can only consider amateur journalism trivia that has some slight bearing upon the intercommunication between the addicts. To be short, I feel sorry for you.

A recent article in one of the slicks concerning science fiction and science fiction fandom mentioned the fact that there are approximately 250,000 science fictionist who seldom fail to procure and read the regular prozines. I should think that approximately 5,000 of the group are interested in the sector of science fiction known as fandom. Of these less than a thousand are actively productive of stories, artwork, discussion, social activities, and/or fan publishing at any one time. The circulation of fanzines range from five to a thousand. Therefore, I ask you forthrightly, what possible importance to the science fiction group relatively does amateur journalism have? FANTASY ADVERTISER, that touches 1 out of every 250 has less meaning in the fantasy field than a short-short in ASTOUNDING.

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The best bit in all of the summer FAPA mailing was Burbee's bit upon Ashley, the bastard. Aside from the subtle humor of it all, the psychological perception of Ashley's character is excruciatingly keen. Such insight is very seldom granted to humanity. It is too bad that it has been wasted upon Oxnard.

In somewhat the same vein, I'd like to take exception to Cheney's statement that the so-called fall of Rome was a world catastrophe. It was nothing of the sort. The 'fall' of Rome was a gradual decline that took several hundred years---a matter of attrition rather than conquest on the part of the invaders. Further, most histories view the middle ages from the viewpoint of feudal western Europe. The Eastern section of the Roman Empire became the Byzantine Empire and that rose to glorious heights of splendour almost undiminished in Rome and whose civilization as such lasted until the fifteenth century, though attrition of attacks by the Mongol hordes, the Mohammedans and Turks, and from Western Europe had steadily weakened it. Some of the wonders of Roman days disappeared---Galley ships because sailing vessels could outstrip them due to technical advances. It is true that the Teutonic tribes were not exactly advanced in Mediterranean cultures, but they brought the bases of our own civilization with them---A certain type of parliamentary procedure, eventually, the nation-state system, common law, etc, etc. For a while there was undoubtedly considerable mix-up while the two diverse cultures were integrating, but all during the while commerce had not stopped, and while it grew especially difficult in Western Europe, the trade with the orient continued from the beginnings made by Alexander the Greek and others and grew into such phenomenal proportions that the United States was discovered. Contingent to the civilization of Constantinople, there grew up the Mohammedan states and empires. Men of letters, philosophers, doctors, inventors, etc, etc, etc, etc, swarmed through this world of great universities and teeming commercial interests. Little wonder that with such civilizations on its flanks that the feudal states of Europe eventually returned to the fold described as civilization. However, such states as Italy were never completely disrupted, elsewhere monasteries kept records of past glories, and while it was a unifying force Christianity was probably the best reason that scientific advance and such factors did not bring so-called civilization to Europe much, much sooner than it did arrive.

If atomic destruction does come, Hal, it will be infinitely worse than the slow decline of any one civilization. A good perusal of Spengler, the historical philosopher, will indicate how unimportant---comparison with historical ones---the rise and decline of any one bit of human sector in the overall scope of flux-flowing civilization. Atomic War would wipe out the humans encountering it. Europe, which is pretty well shot so far as historical significance goes any more, still has four hundred millions of people living in an area comparable to India. Wipe them out and see what chance that area has of again becoming a civilization for several hundreds of years---or several thousands for that matter. People cannot surge over obstacles when there are no people to surge.

Well, there is a lot of the mailing that calls for extended comment which I cannot account for here being an exceedingly busy fan at any time. However, such chance remarks as Speer's over childlessness as a divorce factor demand a full length article to cover satisfactorily, such things I hope to tackle under my section on matters of interest---just as I attempted to do with psychosomatics last issue.

 * "All women's dresses, in every age and country, are merely variations *
 * on the eternal struggle between the admitted desire to dress and the *
 * unadmitted desire to undress." Lin Yutang *

the second hangover//////////

How lives the labored Night
and tortuous, treacherous Day
that holds the heart of fright
but asks of no delay

Long we wait tomorrow
we who cannot live today
we who presume to borrow
another, a better way

Tomorrow is an unborn fetus
yesterday a shroud
we are left to live with
the present weeping cloud

Long is the Night and lonely
dark is the Day and wide
we who live know this - this only
we cannot -- we will not -- abide

Long we wait the dawning
the flush -- the redness glow
that we will greet with yawning
but we shall watch and know

Behold the star-light lamp
Ever flickering

That finds this plane
Ever bickering

And round and round the long
Long Flow

Of Time without end must
Forever so

While always the han-pack
Will spat and spate

And you must run with them
There is no escape