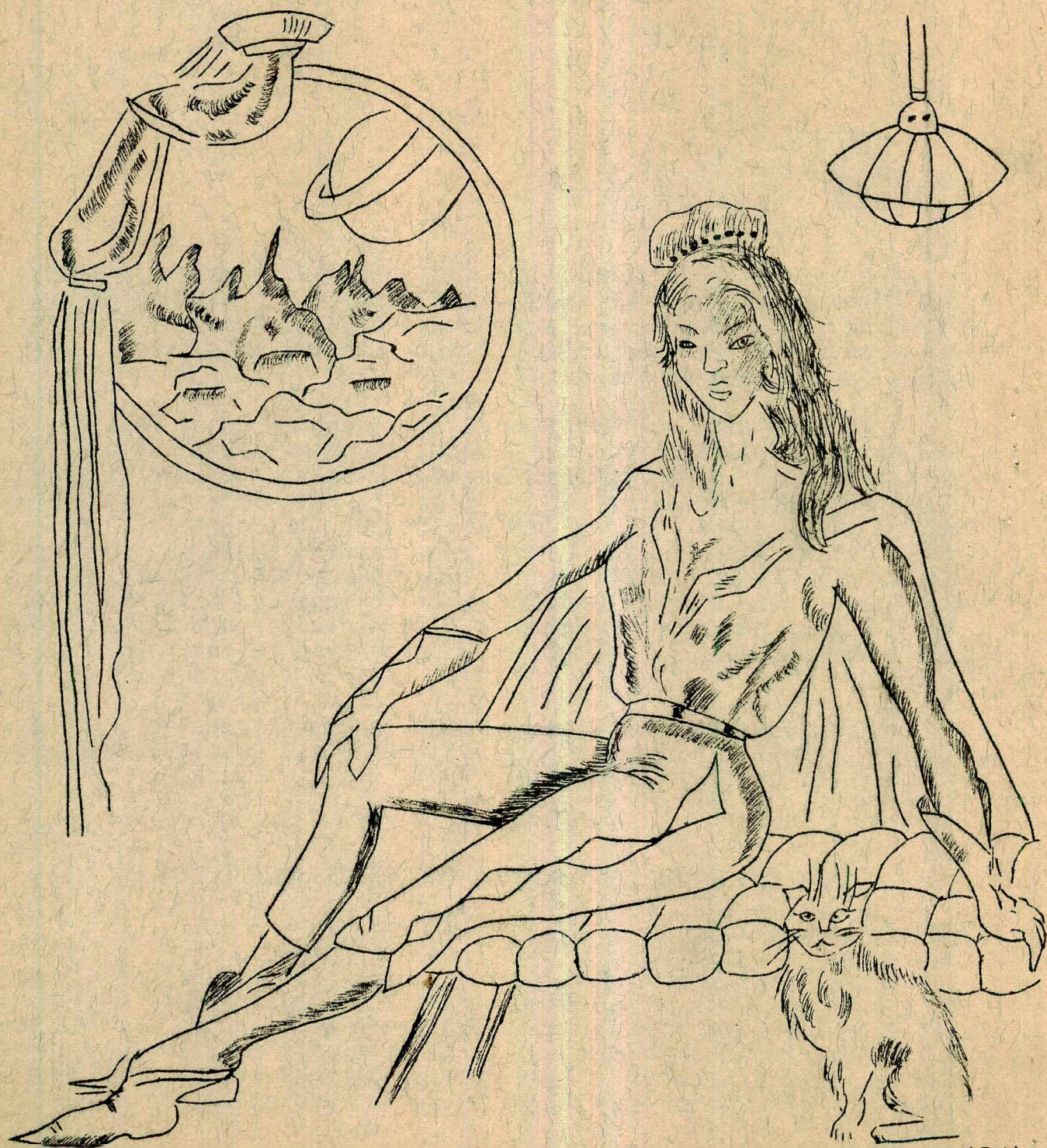


BANE 4





HOMELY

Bane is a science fiction fanzine published quarterly by Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Illinois, U.S.A. This is the fourth issue; for those who complained I omitted this information from issue #3, I can only retort that by stating this twice, this issue, I'm now back on schedule.

A shake-up of minor sorts is at hand, as far as my mailing list is concerned. Next issue is the Annish, and I'm only printing 150 copies of that for distribution. Therefore, unless there's some mark other than an ink smudge here _____ you'll have to return the enclosed egoboo ballot, if you want the issue. That's strict, certainly, but my contributors deserve some reward; there are procrastinators aplenty in fandom without compounding the situation. Ergo, unless you're one of fifty or so people to whom I'm irrevocably indebted, you'll have to respond with a completed or nearly-completed ballot. (Of course, I'd like some response even if your space is checked.)

I'm no longer taking subscriptions, and won't resume until I see what pressures college exerts. Bane is still available for comments, contributions, and trades.

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OPEN LETTER TO THE CHICAGO WORLDCON COMMITTEE

Dear Earl and Company,

You've got it, you know; your planning has paid off, and, barring Act of God, the World Convention will be returning to Chicago in 1962. (Beam says that Indianapolis isn't bidding, so that removes the last practical obstruction.) It'll be a good con, too--a fanish one, with Willis and a TAFF delegate, in addition to all the others. The reasonably centralized location portends good attendance.

But there's something I'd like to suggest in my humble, neo-faanish manner. You're the ones who work your arses off; you sweat the deposits and behavior of attendees. You do the corresponding

and handle financial matters. In short, since the work is delegated to you, so is the authority to make necessary decisions, as well it might be. You're to be given the green light to handle things as you see fit. But, if you'll pardon the intrusion, I'd like to bring a foetal suggestion to light, for discussion and, I hope, consideration.

Rog Ebert brought the matter up at the latest Midwestcon--how a certain fan deserved an equally certain honor which had never been bestowed upon him. He's been a fan for more than thirty years, and a pro for a number. In these thirty years he's enjoyed--and I really mean enjoyed--a state of near-gafrateless bliss. His contributions to the group have been varied and constant. He's written a good number of fine science fiction novels and short stories; one of the former has been reprinted in umpteen countries in divers languages, another is one of the very best sfinal stories ever written.

We unassumingly propose Bob Tucker as guest of honor at the Twentieth World Science Fiction Convention. Who could be better? As a fan, he's consistently been among the top writers, publishers, humorists, and fan faces; Le Zombie and his newsletters are fan-nishly valuable items today, as any collector of fan magazines has doubtlessly discovered. As a pro, Wilson wrote the much-reprinted Wild Talent and the superlatively realistic Long Loud Silence. Another novel, Time Bomb, is far above average, and the same can be said for most of the stuff he writes--and I do mean writes, rather than "hacks".

But yet, he's never been officially recognized for either his professional or faaanish accomplishments; there are a few in each field who deserve greater accolades; yet, there is no one who has contributed more collectively to both groups.

He's a real, true-to-life, goshwow faaan, the crowning touch to a fan-slanted worldcon. There's certainly nothing very wrong with the old professional standbys, such as JWC, jr., or the previous convention's Hugo winner, but why not something new, a well-known, well-liked, well-deserving person?

It wasn't my idea, but I heartily endorse it. Just who else feels the same? Well, Rog Ebert, who thunk it up; Juanita Coulson, Ed Gorman, Les Gerber, and Joe Sanders, who were willing to publish a one-shot, which (fortunately) never came into being. Others were willing to go along with the idea, including Larry Shaw and Bob Coulson, from among those I remember.

It'll probably be a good con no matter how you run it, in the long run, but I'd humbly suggest that you think about this proposal; it might make The Big Twenty a Great one.

See you there, in any event.

Mild mannerly,
Vic Ryan
Vic Ryan

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" 'I don't think of myself as an adult,' said Big Name solemnly, 'but rather -- as a faaan.' " -----Burbee, Masque 3

Anyone who doubts the corruption of government need look only as far as the stupidity and devious dealing which are carried on daily, in the open, by Our Public Servants. Here in Illinois the General Assembly (combined houses of the legislative branch) is constantly in a state of deadline turmoil that would turn even the most ulcer-hardened advertising executive ill. For months the members loaf around, reading comics, sipping milkshakes, bickering, bitching, partisoning, and generally wasting taxpayers' money. Comes the last few weeks in June, however, the place turns into a madhouse. Why, you ask?

All bills take effect the July 1st after they are passed.

It's as simple as that. Should the legislature extend sessions beyond the first day of July, it'd be close to a year before their annual pay-hikes (as well as less-important matters, such as educational appropriations and highway funds) would become law.

So, at 11:59, P.M., June 30, the clerk simply unplugs the clock on the wall, and time, for their purposes, ceases to move orderly along its path. Tempus no longer fugits.

In this manner, July 1st may not come along for hours or even days, as in the past; all bills passed on, say, July 3rd, are said to have been passed one minute before July 1st, and are effective as of that day. My mind is working; is this strictly legal?

I'd like to test it, and only a lack of funds and time prevents it; a lengthy court battle is something which isn't undertaken on the spur of the moment. Say the legislature passes a bill during their extended June 30th, and the governor (who, of course, sponsored the bill and saw to it that suitable monetary rewards were distributed to key personell) immediately signs it into law. To be specific, let's say the bill was passed on the morning of the third and signed before noon. Anticipating the passage of the bill, I would have broken the law the day before--July 2nd. The bill becomes retroactive--or, in a criminal case, ex post facto--as of July 1st, and I've committed a crime. My contention in court, of course, would be that I could hardly have broken a law which hadn't, in our ordinary time continuum (the judge would no doubt be impressed by my Gernsbackian manner) been passed, at the time.

Opinions?

* * * * *

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ARTWORK

Cover: Joni Cornell

Dave English: 21

Robert E. Gilbert: 7 - 12 - 19

Andrew J. Offutt: 23

Dick Schultz: 2 - 5 - 14 - 17

BEARD

MUMBLINGS

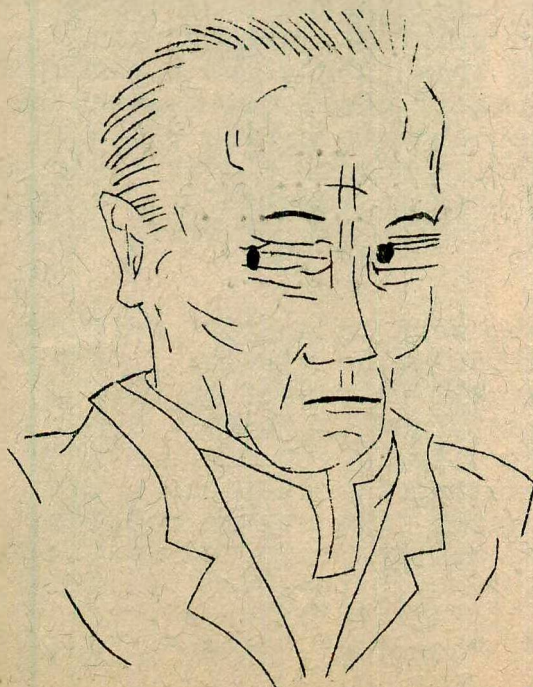
BOB TUCKER

I've been sitting here with a smug smile on my face (a smile carefully concealed beneath my beard, of course) watching the Seattle con-committee handle a hot potato. It is very probable that they do not realize it is hot, or even a potato, but the vegetable is bound to heat up sooner or later and I'm most curious to see what happens when it does.

George Locke approached the matter in Bane 3 without realizing that he may be plunging all fandom into war. He said: "I don't remember there being anything very inspiring in the list of Hugo nominations for the best film of 1959; however, there seems to be quite an interesting line-up forming for the 1960 awards. I suppose that one of the contenders will be On the Beach."

That's a potato, hot or not.

On the Beach was released in December, 1959 and should have been considered at the Pittsburgh convention last year. It was not; a television show won the award. But does the con committee realize that the picture is technically intelligible? Do the voters know it? As Sky Miller pointed out shortly before Pittsburgh, the picture did not get around to the majority of theatres--particularly the drive-ins--until sometime the following year, so voters may easily have been misled. What's a poor con committee to do?



Pious columnist Tucker

George mentioned two other films that he expected to be contenders for the award: Journey to the Center of The Earth and The Village of the Damned. Alas, both of these are also intelligible on the same technicality. Journey was released in December, 1959 and was a Christmas attraction in many theatres; opposingly, Village was released this year--February, 1961. (Always assuming, of course, that awards are made according to American release and not the variant dates in

other parts of the world. The British Isles often see an American picture before we do.)

If you are at all interested, these are the thirteen pictures actually released Stateside in 1960: The Amazing Transparent Man (July), The Angry Red Planet (Feb.), Battle in Outer Space (June), Beyond the Time Barrier (July), Caltiki (Sept.), Dinosaur! (July), The Electronic Monster (May--and this is Charles Eric Maine's The Man Who Couldn't Sleep), I Aim at the Stars (Oct.), The Last Woman on Earth (Aug.), The Lost World (July), The Time Machine (Aug.), Twelve to the Moon (June), and Visit to a Small Planet (April). Omitted from this list are various leach women, wasp women, killer shrews and similar giant offal. I won't gripe about the award, whatever the outcome, because I have a tremendous disinterest in any and all of the above, but I am guilty of a certain smug attitude while watching the committee pick their way through this maze. It will be the least of their headaches and may be safely regarded with some amusement.

(I suspect Time Machine will be chosen, with possibly I Aim at the Stars coming in second-best. Unless, of course, On the Beach sneaks in the back way.)

§ § § § § § § §

Words. I'm fascinated by supple, seductive words. Such as cosecant, canescence, and thrawn.

Several years ago, in Bloomington, a high school class was given a minor assignment concerning words--and they muffed it. Shortly afterwards I mentioned the matter in my FAPA magazine, hoping to stir up a bit of interest or even controversy around the subject but the Fapate were less responsive than the students. They successfully avoided the challenge by ignoring it.

The members of the class were asked to choose the most beautiful word in the English language, and the most ugly. Almost to a man (or girl) they chose "mother" as the most beautiful and "snake" as the ugliest. I grotched at that, knowing disappointment and feeling that they had fudged; it seemed painfully obvious that they had allowed their emotions to lead them astray and I wondered mildly why the instructor had ignored their shortcomings--why he had not pointed out that they had chosen objects having beautiful and ugly connotations, rather than choosing words. (Later, I tried this same problem on two adults and in both cases obtained "mother". That taught me not to put the students down as having "immature minds".)

It seemed obvious that the students were incapable of separating emotion from intellect--until I tried it on myself. I did not choose "mother" but instead found myself entrapped in beauty/object words like "beauty", "loveliness", and "scarlet". I now suspect that many people who have difficulty in choosing a truly beautiful word have difficulty in separating the emotional object from the word itself--or, as Van Vogt said, "The map is not the territory". I don't believe I could choose the most beautiful word in English, but several which I consider among the most beautiful are: "participal", "tractile", "thrive", "thrawn", "lace", "supple", "belle" (but not bell), "nebula", "bushing", "echo", "quadrisection", "mountebank".

I cannot conceive of the word "snake" being ugly, although the inclusion of the letter "k" pushes it towards the borderline for me. I would include among my ugliest: "ironmonger", "hybridize", "krypton", "kumquat", "welch", "scabbard", "cocky", "bazaar", "fetch", "trawl", "zircon", "blotch", "hake".

And the chances of any of these agreeing with any of yours are precisely zero.

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Don Wollheim's letter in the last issue caused me to wonder: why doesn't he commission novels to the exact lengths needed to fill his books? This, rather than choosing books from the open market and then whittling them down to size with the consequent outcries from wounded writers? Ace pays well, and if Wollheim wants novels ranging from 25,000 to 45,000 words in length, why not order just that? Of course the risk of commissioning a novel not worth publishing exists, but does this outweigh the advantages of obtaining a novel of precise size? It is obvious, of course, that the ideal way to back up a novel is with a collection of short stories, choosing only enough to fill the remaining space--but it's equally obvious that this cannot always be done. (Bloch's Shooting Star/Terror in the Night combo comes quickly to mind as the apparent ideal.) Of course, if I were an editor I'd probably learn quickly and unpleasantly the answers to these questions.

#

British joke:

The last woman in the world sat alone in a room.

Someone knocked her up.

- 30 -

"Another sketch was about a love-lorn comet that wandered the universe, seeking a lady comet he'd loved and lost 10 million years before, and all he had to remember her by was a piece of tail...."

-----Burbee, Fan-Dango 22.

CHANGE

It used to be that po'mes were
writ like this,
With word succeeding word, and
thought on thought.

But now...

...anything goes...

And when the poet runs out of words
...or thoughts...

...or rhyme...or reason...

He just uses lots...and lots...

...of dots...

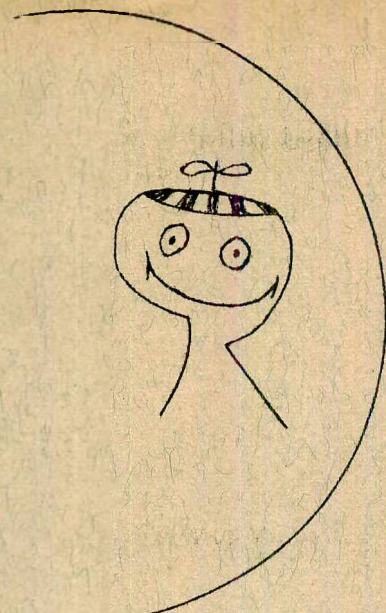
---Bill Danner, Stefantasy, Vol. 2, #2



REG

8
MÜNCCHAUSEN

ON THE



GIOVANNI SCOGN'M'LLLO

Around the second century, the Greek poet and moralist Lucianus (also known for his Dialogues of the Gods and Dialogues of the Dead) had thought to write something concerning a rather fascinating trip to the Moon, thus firmly inserting himself in the midst of the ranks of those few who can be considered stf's ancestors. Although interesting in every respect, his adventures are not to be considered in this article, but I wish to point out that in spite of his poetical innovations, Lucianus had chosen quite a common and natural way of transportation: during a storm near the Greek shores the boat in which he is travelling is projected high into the sky, and, after a week or so, lands on the moon.

After many a century, it is that same, and rather conventional, method that is chosen by Baron von Muncchausen for his astounding trip across space and to the Moon.

But before relating this fantastic journey, it'll be useful to briefly introduce to those who don't know him that legendary figure even-to-day cherished by continental youngsters.

Hieronymous-Karl-Friedrich von Muncchausen, born in 1720 in Bodenwerder on the Weser, was a German nobleman whose fantastic tales (which, in later years, entertained friends gathered around a good bottle and an assortment of pipes) had made him almost a mythical character. The Baron, an ex-soldier who died in 1797, was clearly inspired in his farcial and witty character and creations by the English humorists of the period, although his works also contained a special brand of humor and a large dose of grotesque and teutonic vulgarity all his own.

There are many versions of Muncchausen's adventures but the best known, if not the best, remains the one compiled in English by Erich Raspe, in 1786, and then translated, and considerably expanded, in German by Gottfried-Augustus Burger. (The Adventures of Baron Munchausen, published in the U.S., some time ago, by Illus. Edits.)

Muncchausen's tales involve a vast range of subjects (souvenirs of his experiences as a dashing soldier, a harem-raiding gallant lover, and a hunter) but, to us, the most interesting one remains Chapter XVIII of his adventures, entitled "Tenth Adventure on the Seas -- Second Journey to the Moon." Here the Baron, after briefly mentioning a previous visit, relates that during a trip on the South Seas, the boat in which he is travelling is taken by a storm of incredible violence and, after a six weeks' journey into space, transported directly onto the Moon.

The satellite, as seen through the Baron's eyes, is inhabited by a race of three-headed giants, mounted on huge vultures. Everything, says the Baron, is of amazing proportions: the flies are weird monsters; the mushrooms are so big that they are used as shields, the asparagus as arrows. More frightening are the creatures which live in Sirius--the "men of fire", with dogs' heads and eyes, so located under the nose that they are covered with the tongue when the creatures are sleeping. These twenty-foot-high monsters have an extremely practical manner of eating--they simply put the food directly into their stomachs through a well-devised, natural hole in their bellies.

Muncchausen's fantasy is ingenious, at times vulgar and grotesque but always full of descriptions of never-ending discoveries. According to this report, the Moon people originate from a very special kind of tree, each variety of the latter employed by a different type of person. Thus there are trees which give birth to soldiers, others to farmers, still others to philosophers, and so forth. Further strange creatures were discovered by the Baron: ones with only a single finger on each hand, others which carried their heads under their arms, and, when going on some particularly strenuous exercise, leave their burdens at home. There are times, we learn, during which the head alone parades the street while the body rests at home. In addition, there are men who carry their eyes in their hands, and, should one of the orbs be broken, they can promptly be replaced at a local store.

Obviously, this isn't stf at all, but rather an elaborate fantasy, both farcial and satirical; a fable. Still, if we accept that stf is nothing more than an up-dated and more mature approach to an ancient fairy tale or legend, Muncchausen's incredible adventures should be considered as a logical step in the transitional process. We are here confronted with the pure research of a fantastic effect, but, basically, the trip remains a trip to the Moon, to another world, strange and bewildering, in clear opposition to our own. Heads without bodies are incongruous specimens of alien life; still, stf has provided us with innumerable instances of identical originalities.

In Muncchausen, as in Lucianus and Cyrano, the fun is tremendous; yet, under the nonsensical amusement we may find, in part, the early fundamentals of both science fiction and fantasy, and allied branches of fantastic literature.

In November, 1960, I wrote all of the major paperback publishers (and some of the minor ones), asking several probably impertinent questions about the future of science fiction in their publications. The variety of the replies gave me absolutely nothing on which to base any calculations as to the publishing profits of stf paperbacks, but they might prove interesting in themselves.

Ruth A. Bronsteen, of Bantam Books, replied with the stirring information that Bantam would continue publishing science fiction (which I hadn't really doubted. Specific questions were ignored, presumably as being none of my business...a quite possibly correct surmise.

Vivian Grant, of Dell, answered a couple of months later than everyone else, but provided more information than Miss Bronsteen:

"Science fiction books generally sell to a specific, limited audience of s.f. fans. Therefore, although an individual title might be considered to have done quite well, we would not expect it to have a broader appeal, or higher sales record, than that of a successful mystery or historical novel. Further, because of the limited market, we prefer to issue a few good s.f. volumes each year, rather than a great number as with mysteries and general fiction."

She also stated that Dell had no intentions of investigating the "sexy SF" market (noting several imitations of the Galaxy-Beacon line, I made a point to query each publisher on this particular branch of the genre), and that stf publication would be subject to overall market trends rather than placed on a definite schedule.

Ian Ballantine, of Ballantine Books, replied: "we are publishing from one to two science fiction titles a month. As our competition has learned by now, paperbound science fiction publishing is a labor of love--entirely without monetary reward. But back-list titles like Space Merchants, Brain Wave, Fahrenheit 451, Of All Possible Worlds, Rebirth, More Than Human, Childhood's End--how could a publisher resist reissuing a "science fiction classics" series?

"And with authors like Fred Pohl writing new books like Drunkard's Walk, how can we stop publishing original novels?"

BUCK COULSON

Aside from a few doubts that any publisher, even Ballantine, would continue in a field entirely without monetary reward, he does have a point. Certainly Ballantine is the only pb publisher with enough good stf on hand to issue a science fiction classics series; even if I don't share his admiration of Pohl, I respect his taste in stf.

Knox Burger, editor of Gold Metal Books, stated an inability to give definite answers:

"Science fiction books generally sell somewhat more slowly in most areas than our other books; on the other hand, they do sell better in certain locations, such as college book-stores. I suppose that the "borderline" novel sells better than pure science fiction, particularly if the former has something going for it, i.e., a well-known author like Nevil Shute or George Orwell, or a richer, more novelistic approach to the theme than one sees in the average science fiction novel.

We do not have any particular plans in the science fiction field other than to print occasional books in the genre if we like them well enough. We have no set quota.

I am not well acquainted with the sexy science fiction that you mention. Is it like Martian girls with breasts on their backs?

You might be interested to know that The Sirens of Titan, by Kurt Vonnegut, a Dell "First Edition" paperback original of a year or so ago, is about to appear in hard-covers under the Houghton-Mifflin imprint. It is certainly among the two or three best novels in the field I have ever read, and we ourselves will be publishing a novel by Mr. Vonnegut in 1961."

I included the information about Vonnegut so Tucker could gloat (but Ted White and I still don't like the book, even if everyone else does.) I thought it was also interesting to note that Mr. Burger was the only editor who actually admitted to reading a competing publisher's output; at least some pb publishers avoid the Hollywood stereotype of cutthroat competition in the field.

Donald Wollheim, of Ace Books, sounds more like our Hollywood type publisher:

"If I tell the truth, maybe our competitors will get some benefit. If I don't, why answer?

Our sales of science fiction are satisfactory, and they hold a steady volume without much fluctuation.

We will continue to do a lot of it in the future. We will continue our doubles every month, and add a single almost every month. This is what we have been doing the past year and we hope to hold the line.

We have no plans to do any science fiction of the sexy sort as we don't think that's what people read stf for.

As before, we will do reprints when they are available, and where their lengths fit into our schedules, but mostly we will rely on originals, as before."

Don also countered my request for free review copies of Ace books with a request of his own for free copies of Yandro; you can tell he's a veteran fan, all right. So far we haven't found any mutually satisfactory trade agreement. (!)

Surprisingly, to me, the friendliest and most informative letter came from Donald R. Benson, managing editor of Almat Publishing Corporation, the publishers of Pyramid Books. Surprising, because I wasn't aware that Pyramid had any knowledge of fans whatsoever. Mr. Benson comments:

"It is very pleasant to see the fans showing such interest in Pyramid's science fiction; we've been trying to improve our line of these books, and seem to be succeeding. I'll be glad to answer your questions as well as I can.

In general, our science fiction books tend to sell better than our westerns and mysteries. A particular western title, on the other hand, can probably be reprinted two or three times over a period of years, and so sell a greater number of copies than a science fiction title which will probably reach its full market with one printing; but we will generally sell more of one printing with science fiction than with a western. Our science fiction sales have grown at a fairly steady rate for the past few years, which I put down to our having improved our distribution and acquired better books to distribute. An unusually good book such as Venus Plus X (which is getting ecstatic reviews, except in F&SF) cause a jump in sales, of course.

As for borderline sf as opposed to straight science fiction--straight sf is far and away the best seller.

We will probably, in the course of the next year, increase our output of science fiction. If we can find enough good books to publish, we might do one every month. We will, however, publish only what we feel to be very worthwhile; though it is difficult to get the readers favorably impressed by a publisher's line, I think it is possible, if, at least in one category, only outstanding books are used.

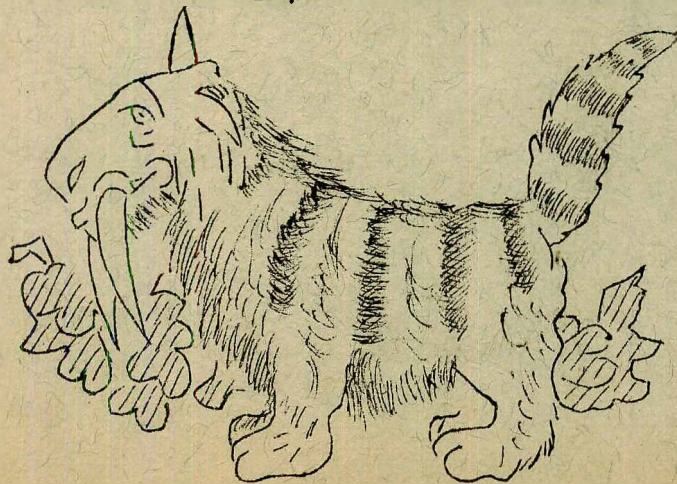
We have no specific plans to publish books combining science fiction and sex; as with Venus Plus X, that will have to depend on the interests of the authors. We will certainly be receptive to that kind of book, as well as any other readable science fiction.

We will probably continue to vary reprints with individual originals; we would, in a way, be better off with something people would not have read in magazine or hardcover editions, but the sale of these rights is such an important financial consideration that we will generally permit the authors these sales, even in books we have originated."

A rather special letter was sent to Galaxy. I would have enjoyed getting the reaction of the Beacon editors to the Galaxy-Beacon series, but Beacon thoughtfully omits any publishing address from their books. The reply came from publisher Robert M. Guinn:

"We both seem to share an interest in the future of science fiction. Mine is not too optimistic. Sales in science fiction magazines and paperbacks has been deteriorating since 1952 and especially since the day Sputnik took off.

We have tried many things to improve the sales picture, none of which I can say has been an outstanding success. But to get down



to your basic questions; "Has the association with Beacon books solved your distribution problems?" No, it hasn't solved them; it has helped to a certain degree. We have increased sales slightly, but not enough to make it what could be called a successful operation. The problem is still basically distribution, which is caused by small sales, which make the magazine uninteresting as a moneymaker to wholesalers and retailers alike.

It is the old theory that distribution hurts sales and bad sales hurt distribution. If either one is improved, the other will follow.

The next question, re "impurgating", is a tough one to answer. I can say this, that when there was no sex in the Galaxy Novels we ran at a heavy loss--so much so we were ready to give them up. When we "sexified" them we also changed to Beacon distribution and did improve our sales slightly. Which caused the increase, I don't know.

We still plan to publish ten or twelve books a year through Beacon and hope to get the sales up to the break-even point.

There does not seem to be enough of a science fiction readership to make a line of science fiction paperbacks pay unless there is an added interest; therefore, the sex angle."

And there you have it; a sort of baby symposium. Like most symposiums, it produced no agreement and several flat contradictions, but I hope it's been fun reading. No answers were received from Pocket Books, Signet, Avon, Berkley, or Lion; presumably these publishers don't give a damn for the opinion of fans. I couldn't find any address for Chariot Books and I haven't bought any of the Monarchline, so they weren't included.

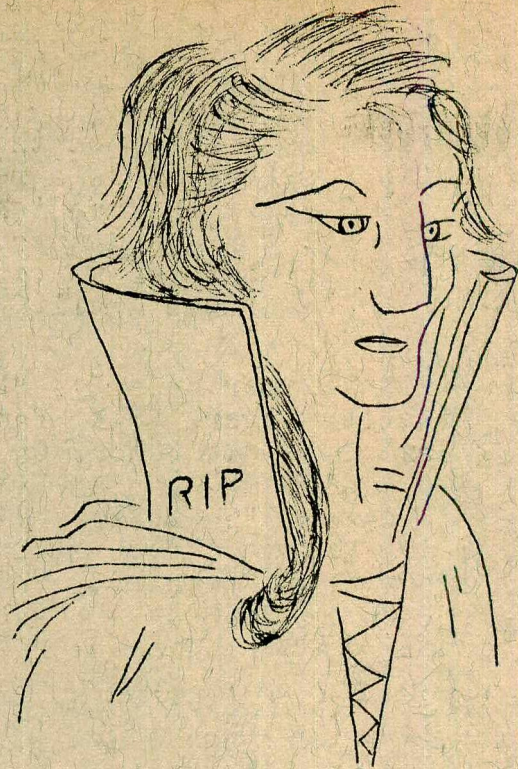
One interesting point was brought up by Don Benson--the idea of getting the readers interested in a publisher's entire output of books, rather than simply picking titles more or less at random. Certainly it should be an aid to the book-buying fan; where a new sf book appears on the stands, a knowledge of the past record of the publisher might be valuable in guiding the prospective purchaser. Ballantine and Ace seem to be the only well-recognized sf "lines", though I suspect that the distinctive format of each of these series has more to do with the recognition than the quality of books involved. Ace has pretty consistently presented mediocre to good sf-adventure stories--readable, worth your time and 35¢, and totally unmemorable. The quality of Ballantine books has varied widely, from Wyndham, Clarke, Sturgeon and Oliver through the varying styles of Pohl, Farmer and Duncan all the way down to Charles Eric Maine--and you can't hardly get no lower. (Only Signet, with authors like Horace Coon and Roger Lee Vernon, manage it with any regularity.) At any rate, the record of Pyramid during the past year or so should be a recommendation for any future publications.

With the much-maligned Galaxy-Beacon line, it seems to be a case of getting your sf mixed with sex, or not getting it. Personally I prefer their present output to none at all; they're putting out good books, sex or no sex. (So they published Pagan Passions; nobody's perfect, and Flesh was good enough to make up for it.)

Rating the professional magazines has become a popular pastime; using my own collection as reference I'll give rating to the present output of the paperback publishers a try.

1. Pyramid -- Their output has been small, but all of it has been good, and some has been excellent. Their average quality is the highest in the field.
2. Ballantine -- The top publishers a year ago, and still first in total quantity of good sf, but items like The Climacticon and recent uninspired anthologies have lowered the average quality.
3. Galaxy-Beacon -- Again a small output, but, with the exception of

Pagan Passions, a remarkably good one. (I've yet to see the recent The Male Response, but I've already heard the outraged screams.)



4. Ace -- A lot of readable stf, only rare stinkers; but, the really first-rate novels are as rare as the former.
5. Dell -- Not really much output to judge them by; the Merrill "Best" anthologies are about all they put out anymore. Items like The Once and Future King help.
6. Fawcett -- (Gold Metal and Crest) Actually, their average quality is about on a level with Ace; more books like Rogue Moon could move them up a couple of notches.
7. Bantam -- A surprisingly large output of stf, for a major pb publisher. (I count 53 Bantam books in my collection, as compared to 86 for Ace, the stf specialists.) Quality varies even more widely than Ballantine, from When the Kissing Had To Stop and A Canticle for Leibowitz all the way down to The Stars Are Too High and If the South Had Won the Civil War. Absolutely no way of telling whether a new book by Bantam will be outstanding or execrable.
8. Avon -- A sort of inferior version of Ace, with a higher proportion of bad books and a lower proportion of good ones.
9. Signet -- A sort of inferior Bantam, with the same wide variety, but fewer good books and more crud.
10. Lion -- A fair assortment in past years but little recently.
11. Berkley -- A company whose output consists almost entirely of reprint anthologies.
12. Pocket Books -- No company interest in sf; the occasional title is apt to be from a "popular" author and not very good.
13. Chariot, Zenith, Monarch, etc. -- Zenith published one good novel, Knight's The People Maker. The rest are minor, and seldom worth reading.

The publishers seem to fall into three groups: Pyramid and Ballantine; Beacon-Galaxy, Ace, Fawcett, Bantam and Dell; Avon, Signet, Lion and Berkley.

- - - Buck Coulson

EGOPOLL

As you might have noted on the first page of text, returning this ballot, in most cases, is a requisite to receiving the Annish; you take heed. Every voter has ten points which to bestow in each of the seven categories--that is, ten points for one item, five for each of two, or however you might choose. All I ask is that you consider your choices. Mailing instructions on back.

ARTICLES:

____ Marion Zimmer Bradley, "More Fandoms Than One"
 ____ Mike Deckinger, "Metrofandom Madness"
 ____ Alan Dodd, "You, Too, Can Be a Post-Office Robber"
 ____ Nick Falasca, "Harlan Ellison Expose"
 ____ Ed Gorman, "An Abstruse Angle"
 ____ Bob Lichtman, "Recruiting Problem"
 ____ Giovanni Scognamiglio, "Muncchausen on the Moon"
 ____ Bob Tucker, "From Bob Tucker"
 ____ Harry Warner, jr., "How To Go Where You Aren't Wanted"

ARTISTS: (* Indicates a cover artist; # of illos in parenthesis.)

____ *Dan Adkins (2)	____ Terry Jeeves (2)
____ Arthur Thomson (1)	____ Anna Moffatt (1)
____ *Rich Bergeron (1)	____ Len Moffatt (1)
____ Rus Bucholz (3)	____ Andy Offutt (3)
____ *Joni Cornell (2)	____ Bill Pearson (4)
____ Maggie Curtis (3)	____ *William Rotsler (21)
____ Mike Dominguez (1)	____ Dick Schultz (7)
____ Gene Duplantier (4)	____ Steve Stiles (4)
____ Dave English (2)	____ Trina Castillo (1)
____ Rod Frye (1)	____ Bob Warner (1)
____ Robert Gilbert (6)	____ Les Nirenberg (1)

COLUMNS: (Number in parenthesis designates number of appearances.)

____ 5 Buck Coulson, "Wheel of Fortune"
 ____ George Locke, "Tetanus"
 ____ 5 Bob Tucker, "Beard Mumblings"

FICTION:

____ Rod Frye, "Lonely One"
 ____ Archie Mercer, "The Prescription"
 ____ Bob Tucker, "Dialog for Three Hams"

LETTERHACKS: (Number in parenthesis indicates published letters.)

____ John Baxter(1)	____ Dick Ellington(1)	____ Derek Nelson (1)
____ Sid Birchby (1)	____ Harlan Ellison (1)	____ Les Nirenberg (1)
____ Redd Boggs (2)	____ Dave English (1)	____ Andy Offutt(1)
____ Marion Bradley (2)	____ Honey Graham (1)	____ Ella Parker (1)
____ Bill Conner (1)	____ Lynn Hickman (1)	____ Jan Penney (1)
____ Vern Coriell (1)	____ Alma Hill (1)	____ Art Rapp (2)
____ Buck Coulson (2)	____ Bob Jennings (1)	____ Les Sample (2)
____ Ed Cox (1)	____ John Koning (1)	____ Poul Shingleton (1)
____ Ray Cummings (1)	____ Bob Lichtman (2)	____ George Spencer (1)
____ Mike Deckinger (2)	____ Don Melton (1)	____ Roy Tackett (1)
____ Alan Dodd (1)	____ Norm Metcalf (1)	____ Bob Tucker (1)
____ Bill Donaho (1)	____ Len Moffatt (1)	____ Harry Warner (4)
		____ Don Wollheim (1)
		____ Floyd Zwicky
		____ Robert Bloch (1)

FAVORITE FEATURES:

____ Articles
____ Artwork
____ Columns
____ Editorials

____ Fiction
____ Interlineations
____ Letters
____ Poetry

BEST SINGLE ITEM: (Can be an installment of a column, a single article, one bit of artwork, a letter, etc. Vote for as many as you wish, but limit the awards to ten points, total.)

ANY COMMENTS YOU MIGHT HAVE:

(signed) _____

This ballot is marked as first class mail, and should be sent as such. Fold the ballot twice widthwise (best) or once lengthwise, and fasten with a staple, scotch tape, or chewing gum. Place stamp in required position, as per postal regulations.

Completists may have another copy of this ballot if they return the first and request the second.

Self-votes are allowed, but I reserve the right to publicize them. Act accordingly.

FROM:

4c

FIRST CLASS | TO =

Vic Ryan
2160 Sylvan Road
Springfield,
Illinois,
U.S.A.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY WILLIS FUND

Executive Committee:

Ted and Sylvia White: Co-chairmen	Les Gerber: Vice-Chairman
Larry Shaw: Treasurer	Noreen Shaw: Secretary
Forrest J. Ackerman: Los Angeles	Terry Carr: San Francisco
Bob and Juanita Coulson: Indiana	Arthur Thomson: Great Britain
Joe Sarno: Chicago (in 1962)	Bob Tucker: Illinois
Shelby Vick: Florida	

In 1952 the dream of a fan-supported fund to bring an overseas fan to an American convention was finally realized--the WAW With the Crew Fund was a success, and Walt Willis came to America. At that time Willis was probably the best-liked and most-admired fan (or BNF, as you will) in fandom, and fandom chose to honor him for it with the fund which brought him to Chicago in '52.

The years have passed and--the early flush of enthusiasm diminished--Willis is no longer the hyper-active fan he was in the early fifties. However, if sheer quantity of activity has fallen, ~~the~~ the quality of his contributions to fandom has not. The years which followed Willis' stateside excursion have witnessed not one, but two monumental works, The Enchanted Duplicator and The Harp Stateside, as well as the humorous Willis Discovers America and over twenty superlative issues of Hyphen.

Now, nearly ten years later, Willis' position in fandom remains unchallenged, and indeed entrenched by the years of superior contributions he has given to fannish legends. Now, once again, a group of fans have proposed the idea of bringing Walt--and, this time, his wife Madeline, as well--back to celebrate the tenth anniversary of his first visit to this country.

This idea, originally proposed by Les Gerber, and presented to fandom in the special Willish of Void, was enthusiastically endorsed, and it is no longer news that Walt and Madeline have accepted our invitation. The job now is simply to raise the money.

Because the Fund is not in competition with TAFF (indeed, Don Ford was among the many to give his emphatic approval to the Fund), we've tried to find a number of original money-raising ideas for the Fund. But, one essential fact remains: we must raise at least \$1000 by June of 1962 if we are to be able to bring Walt and Madeline to the 1962 Worldcon.

For this we need your support and help--the support and help of all fandom. The Fund needs your monetary contributions.

You can help put the Fund over the \$1000-mark by contributing cash, check or money-order now, and/or by pledging additional support in the months to come. The cash contribution needs no further explanation, but perhaps the pledge does...

In addition to simply pledging a certain sum to be paid at a certain time (which cannot be later than April 1, 1962), a method quite successful for the Berry Fund in 1959, you may pledge to contribute a small amount, regularly, to the Fund--say a dollar a week, or two or three dollars a month; however much you feel you can pledge without hurting--which may be a sizable, painless amount.

However you want to handle it, your money and/or pledge should be sent and made payable to (in the U.S.) Larry Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, New York, or, in sterling areas, to Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London S.W.2, England.

In order to help the Fund, Walt has sent us the last dozen copies of The Harp Stateside, the last several of Willis Discovers America, and the very last (copy #200) copy of The Enchanted Duplicator, for raffle and auction.

Ted Johnstone is finishing up the Willis Papers, and will contribute some of the proceeds from its sale to the Fund.

Shelby Vick is reviving Confusion--the fanzine in which the first Willis Fund was proposed and promoted--especially for the occasion. Of the 35¢ cover price, 25¢ will go to the Fund; your subscriptions should be sent directly to Larry Shaw.

Your ideas, your help, your encouragement--all are needed and gratefully accepted. This is a project for all fandom to share in. For exchange of information, etc., write Noreen Shaw, at the same Staten Island address. All contributions and pledges will be acknowledged immediately.

Enclosed find _____ toward the Tenth Anniversary Willis Fund;

or, I pledge _____ toward the Fund, to be paid _____.

(All pledges must be paid up by April 1, 1962.)

Address: _____

Signed: _____

We encourage all faneditors to reproduce this sheet and include it with their fanzines.

(Produced for inclusion with Bane 4, whose editorship heartily approves of the whole affair.)

chopped

beef

Marion Zimmer Bradley: If Phil Farmer really equates lesbiana and pornography, he is a more superficial thinker than I ever thought. I'm sorry, for I admire his work greatly, including his serious inquiries into alien sexology. What I am bugged about is the UNREAL sex-attitude of the average Beacon book (which I would exclude from the category of lesbiana if it were physically possible to do so without making moral distinctions, a task to which I am on principle opposed.) The lesbiana to which I am devoted to reviewing and classifying is that of the well-written novel with a realistic attitude toward the very real, and very prevalent problem of the homosexual in society, as seen by writers and average individuals. In many of these books--such as the very excellent Harper Prize Novel, Wasteland, by Jo Sinclair and Ruth Seid--there are absolutely no sexy adventures, no bedsport put in to titillate those who like to read in bed, in the hopes of a frisky dream; simply an honest and sincere appraisal of the way people behave.

The homosexual is just as numerous, and equally present in society, as the Big Executive, the Organization Man being beaten flat by society, or the beatnik. Yet, books dealing with other rebels against society are never tarred with the brush of all-inclusive pornography, even though I have read Beacon books dealing with the grey-flannel-suit situation. The difference is: in a good book, sex is put in honestly, as it occurs in life; in a Beacon book, sex must occur in every chapter and must be so graphically depicted that it will -- ahem; must I be gross about it? The Business Executive in a Beacon book, to put it mildly, is forever raping his secretaries, making love to his female-executive co-workers, shacking-up with his boss's wife, at least twice a day; if he drops to the level of one secretary a day, he consults a psychiatrist because the rat-race has begun to make him impotent! Well--there are books about homosexuals which paint them in the same light, incessant predatory nymphomaniacs or satyrs, according to whether they are male or female. The difference is this--the average reader KNOWS a couple of business executives, truck drivers, waitresses and possibly even rich widows; so when he reads a book called Grey Flannel Passions, or Desire in a Dump Truck, or Short Order Love, or Passion Hungry Widow, he can countermand the information with a memory of his own boss, who has a nice wife and six kids and who may sneak a peek at his secretary's nylons but knows that she is engaged, so he doesn't bother her; or the truck driver who occasionally locates a girl, but not on every run; or the hundreds of waitresses who lead quiet and sensible lives, regulating their love-life as well and as moderately as they do their hash; or his own widowed mother.

Now; the average reader knows many homosexuals, but the difference is that he doesn't know they are homosexuals, so he never connects these sexing-it-up "queers" in the books with the nice people

who lead much the same sort of sex life as the equivalent "normal" person, only with a different sex, and the handicap of having to do it much more privately. So he accepts this as a real view of homosexuals, which it is NOT!

Donald Melton: I understand Hoy Ping Pong has been dead for some time, so his appearance in the Tucker narrative was a pleasant surprise. I expected something more of a Fifth Fandomish nature, of necessity, but it seems Bob did a nice job of bringing things up to date with a few well-chosen words.

Coulson seems to have something of a misguided impression about the liking of the "average high-school senior" for erotic literature; I've always found that those most interested in the stuff are adults who have passed through both adolescence and early adulthood without any particular sexual satisfaction, while most teenagers haven't had an overabundance of opportunities that might lead to any intense frustration.

Perhaps you can be the first to corral Locke into writing about his Nairobi escapades?

It seemed strange to me that after reading Ed Gorman's article twice I was still unable to grasp the point--until I realized that it was startlingly obvious and I had been subconsciously disagreeing with his premise(s), rather than missing them. The simplest refutation of his statement that "sf is gaining respectability through its own demise" is the fact that other literary conveyances--including all but a few of the pulp magazines--died only to find public contempt lingered on, rather than a sudden launching for reprint anthologies from the RAP Amazing, etc. Does he expect objective criticism and sympathy, rather than scorn? At best, he'll get crocodile's tears.

From a strictly theoretical standpoint, Zwicky's attitudes about "selective breeding" are absolutely correct; the trouble is, though, that science fiction readers, particularly the devout fans, are so ingrained with the concept, from one form or another, that they can accept a selective society as one which doesn't necessarily subjugate all other freedoms--while the common clod is likely to believe this.

Never having attended a convention, I might not be qualified to answer Alma Hill's comments on the "in-group", but I can't help but feel her point is an entirely selfish one. The particular sort of group to which she refers is not in existence to freeze out the neofan; it is there for the pleasure it affords its "members". It would be downright ideal if faaans didn't form cliques, and everyone circulated freely during conventions--but, since time is limited, so is the ability to make new acquaintances, and many fans doubtlessly choose to renew a few old, deep-rooted friendships rather than make a score of more tenuous ones.

Dave English: My objection to Floyd Zwicky's letter centers around his off-hand use of the word "socialistic" as a stick to beat into line people who might disagree with him. "It is only a step from this attitude to the conventional socialistic idea..." In other words, get them ideas out of your head, boy: you don't want to be a socialist, do you--a pinko, a commie? This is one of the few countries in the world where that s---still goes over. Anyplace else, if you tell a man that an idea he is advocating is socialistic, he will probably answer you quite reasonably.

Furthermore, the notion of "dictators p of the proletariat" is anything but a "conventional" idea among socialists, and is, in any case, widely and wildly misunderstood--frequently deliberately

so by persons who should know better. After all, all socialist parties are not necessarily Marxist, and those that are vary greatly in the extent to which they emphasize this aspect of Marx's theory. He himself treats the question of "Comes the revolution--now what?" differently in different contexts. So it is with many a thinker who has built his theory over a lifetime--compare Freud, Jung, etc. "Dictatorship of the proletariat" is generally viewed as a transitional phase between the successful revolution and the establishment of the classless society; and, speaking practically, what it amounts to is the dictatorship of the revolutionary party on the behalf of the proletariat.

What has all this got to do with Atlas Shrugged and Floyd Zwicky? (I haven't read Atlas Shrugged, by the way, but I have read The Fountainhead, and I suppose that's enough to give anyone the right to talk all night about Ayn Rand and her philosophy.) Simply this: Floyd seems to identify socialism with the "glorification of mediocrity". This is not surprising; Rand's intellectual heroine makes the same mistake. In The Fountainhead Elbert Toohey patronizes certain vaguely delineated leftist groups as part of his campaign to destroy excellence everywhere.

This is nonsense. Miss Rand and her disciples are simply repeating the myth that "laissez faire" capitalism is the stronghold of freedom, individuality, the manly virtues and man's inherent creativity. That it is possible to believe this, of course, is another indication that the critter is dead. Of course, that's Miss Rand's complaint; as well as damning socialism and the inroads of heinous philosophy of altruism, she is keeing over the festering corpse of free enter rise.

I recall hearing two eo-fans discussing old-time sf. "They don't write stories like that anymore." "Nope," said the other, "they never did." The same might be said of this Eden of pre-trust busting capitalism. These sturdy, self-reliant early capitalists only wanted laissez faire when they had no union that needed crushing, when they hadn't their eyes on a rich handout from the public lands or funds, and when the particular capitalist queried felt himself in no special danger from a competitor. Much of the drive towards anti-trust legislation came, not from a much-abused populace (although their support was enlisted) but from the less powerful capitalists so menaced. Copeless in the face of the big trusts, they hurried to the government for aid and legislation. However, big capital succeeded in turning this legislation to its own advantage.



The Face of Mercy

But, understand me, what I'm defending here is neither mediocrity nor its glorification. What I would like to do is quash the lie that socialism, creeping or otherwise, is responsible for this phenomenon, and that capitalism fosters excellence and weeds out the unfit. Then one might proceed to extract whatever residue of truth there may be in the Rand-Zwicky conglomeration of falsehoods, myths, and cliches.

What sort of excellence is it, anyway, that capitalism favors?

First of all superior, almost preternatural greed--let us give this capitalist virtue its common name. Infant rats, deprived of their food by experimenters, grow up with an exacerbated hoarding "instinct". They stockpile more food than they can possibly eat and are frantic in their efforts to add to their "wealth". A human capitalist need not have personally experienced want; he has seen it in others, perhaps Dad's employees. Insecurity? Of course; this is an insecure world capitalism has created. The old, brutal struggle goes on, and to lose your wealth is to be deprived of your only defense against a harsh, cruel world. The fact that you have been instrumental in the creation of this world is of little consequence.

The superior intelligence boasted for successful capitalists (by those whom they have hired for that purpose)--well, it is to laugh. Slyness would be a better word for it, or cunning in the manner of maximizing profits, whose exercise is hampered by fewer scruples than most of us have.

But what of the capitalist's adventurous mind? This creativity that the system puts such a premium on? Sad, but true, that for the most part capitalists shamble down well-trodden paths--and this even in the fields of enterprise that are most concerned with the introduction of new products and means of production. Someone has said that the only basic research done in this country in the past twenty years was devoted to getting the stripes on toothpaste to line up. In Detroit, security measures around next year's design are the envy of the Pentagon, but what does this radical departure amount to anyhow? A slightly different twist to the bumper. After all, they don't want to really grandfather last year's trashmobile; that would knock the bottom out of the trade-in values and no one would be able to take this year's overstock off their hands.

If the American culture is mediocre, then, it is not because of the vitiating effect of socialism and altruism (Miss Rand equates them--and is correct in doing so). It is because capitalism has no need for excellence and not the slightest desire to elevate the masses, because it is not in the interest of the power elite to do so.

Consider our school system; it's pretty miserable, partly because it would take the expenditure of capitalist funds to improve it, partly because of the burden its subject matter imposes. Millions of child-hours are squandered in an effort to inculcate a patriotic disposition towards an economic system that by no means deserves it. American newspapers do nothing towards creating an informed, responsible citizenry. Mere propaganda under the guise of objective reporting, their pages are filled with the most pitiful silliness ever to affront a rational mind and confuse the thinking of the people with the illusion of debate and the images of violence.

"If humanity is to accomplish anything of consequence..." Floyd says. Here we enter the realm of value-judgments and ultimate ends. What is this humanity, that it must accomplish something consequential? Actually I just toss this in, as an attempt to reduce this discussion to proportional dimensions. Since the majority of people, when they think of it, seem to feel that mankind ought to be going somewhere, doing something, let's accept it as given of



But things of consequence are judged in terms of their consequence for human beings, are they not? Isn't that what we mean when we say that something is valuable or important? Great men are judged by what they have given to the human race, not what they have stolen from humanity in general. These men with "the most intelligence and skill" that Floyd speaks of, who now "run" the world--what is one to say of them? If our object were indeed to reduce this globe to radioactive ruin, these men would certainly deserve all the encouragement we could give them.

Do all our accomplishments necessarily come from a few "outstanding ones"? It would seem so, from the way bourgeois history is written. But I think it more realistic to view these great men as pivots on which history has elected to turn the course of the race. And certainly their accomplishments have been on the behalf of the race.

The misapprehensions of which this letter is an expression are deeply-rooted in our culture. Floyd can leap easily from one myth to another because these myths are familiar and will go down easily with the uncritical. He can be allusive because the great body of nonsense on which he draws is known to all. He can talk from the top of his head (not necessarily through his hat) and fail at every juncture to offer collaborative material, because that is the only way the argument can be presented; to speak in concrete terms renders it too transparent for the writer's purposes.

But I must build an argument from the ground up and speak in unfamiliar terms, to the majority of Americans. And then, too, since I have something of a case, why not put it on display?

(Editor's comments: First, to define our respective stands, Dave advocates socialism but not communism; I don't believe in either. However, the views make interesting if unconvincing reading, so they're presented here, for comment. As a parting shot, Dave, say that you're ever granted the power to bring about your social rejuvenations; how would you go about it?)

Harry Warner: The fact that Shaver is mixed up with the flying-saucer people seems to be the clincher to any doubts that he actually believes at least some of the things he has been claiming for years. I was always willing to give him the benefit of the doubt and assume that it was just an act to try to help build up interest in his stories.

It's odd to see Harlan complaining about people who recall things that occurred ten years ago, when he has just gotten into and out of trouble because of some weapons that he'd kept for equally pointless reasons for about as long.

Too bad that Floyd Zwicky's letter isn't in FAPA. It would probably attract there at least fifty pages of comment in the next mailing, about survival characteristics, how much chance today's cattle would have of surviving without the care of man, whether there might not be a tendency for the stronger to kill themselves off while the punier muddled through, and so on. I do know that statistics show that man is growing stronger and larger and longer-lived in most parts of the world since men and women have begun to choose their own mates rather than relying on the decision of their elders or priests.

(Then it's strictly co-incidence.)

Bob Jennings: I am just a trifle skeptical when the saucer magazines feature a series of articles by some character who has claimed to have been taken up into a flying saucer, ridden to the sun, thru it and back, in the company of tall, bronzed-neck Tarzan-like people who speak perfect, bell-toned English. At present there must be dozens of lost races from all parts of our solar system converging on this poor old green Earth for "observation" purposes. I've often wondered just what fascination our planet held for those ultra-modern cats from outer space, but apparently not many of the chosen few who have seen these people bother asking this question.

I've also wondered in my spare moments when I've had nothing better to do just exactly what would happen if, say, three or four of those vastly different races who are the sole rulers of Venus ever met on one of their numerous expeditions. Might prove interesting...

Buck Coulson's book reviews were a few sentences longer apiece, which I thought was a nice gesture.

Buck Coulson: Redd Boggs says "satire and lacon are hardly propaganda." You have your foot in your mouth again, Redd. My rather large dictionary defines propaganda as "any organization or concerted movement for propagating particular doctrines or principles." Aside from the fact that the "organization" part technically leaves out the works of any individual author, this does not have anything to do with "making people do something." Redd agrees that the books in question were "centered in the art of making people think". Well, dammit, propaganda is the art of making people think--in a certain way--and that is exactly what the books in question were designed to do. I've never yet read an author who was satisfied with making people think; if he aims at more than providing entertainment, he wants his readers to think his way.
(And as for Dark December--eh!)

As far as Zwicky's comments go, the "point" of Atlas Shrugged wasn't under consideration. Certainly the book had some virtue; but the "point" was made so ineptly that it might as well not have been made at all--one doesn't gain adherents by making one's taste seem ridiculous.

Baxter knows my opinion of his taste, but his mentioning of Sturgeon, Anderson and Silverberg in one breath, as it were, reinforces my feelings; it's comparable to making an encompassing statement about sirloin steak, Virginia ham, and bologna.

Some of your more perceptive readers will probably rake me over the coals for my review of the book The Manchurian Candidate. Sid Coleman took me to one side at the New Year's party and explained the book's satirical content in suitably unisyllabled words. Even after thinking it over, though, I'm not sure that it really was--at least it wasn't any good, should it have been.



MASCOT

Les Sample: In response to the people who commented on my letter in #2, I would like to say that, while I respect my parents, I hold several opinions which tend to get me in trouble with them quite frequently. Being born and raised in South Carolina, both my parents are white, Southern Baptist and segregationist, and somewhat intolerant of anyone who is not. I am a firm believer in integration, while at the same time displaying what my parents consider a horrifying lack of interest, and even hostility toward, organized religion. While still in high school I naturally gravitated toward people who felt the same way as myself. This was the cause of quite a bit of trouble in my household. At first, my parents asked me to "quit hanging around with those atheists and beatniks and find some decent friends." When I declined the invitation, they responded by beginning to use threats.

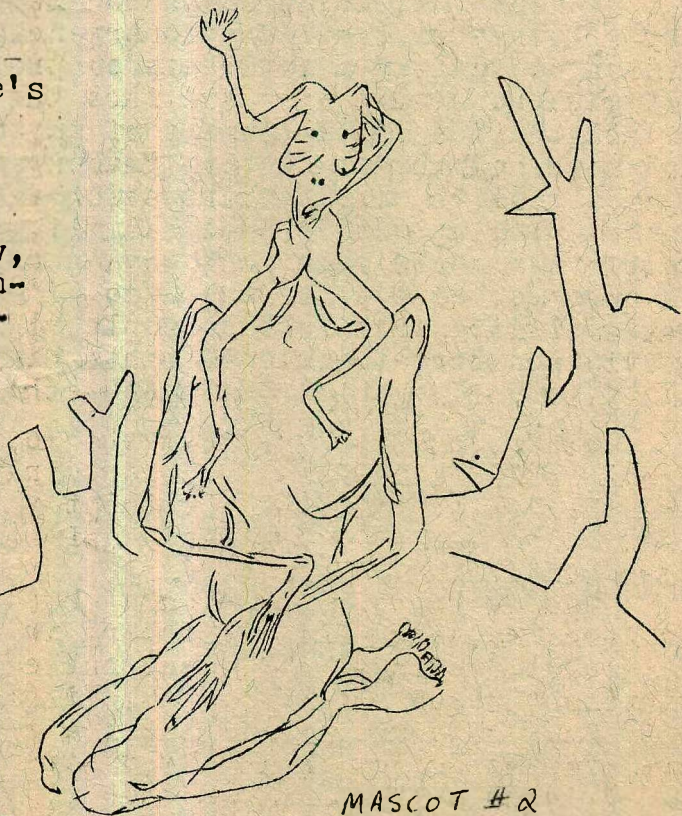
At one time, my father was seriously considering having me put in reform school because of my rebellion. In South Carolina, it is not necessary that a person commit a crime in order to be placed in such

a "school"; a kid's parents need only sign a complaint to the effect that their offspring is "unmanageable." He'll then be placed behind bars until he's 21.

One Sunday last May I was visiting a girl of whom I was rather fond. (My parents also violently disapproved of her; she's a Unitarian; Unitarians aren't Christian; therefore, Unitarians are atheists and Communists; I must not disgrace my family by associating with them.) Suddenly, for no reason whatsoever, a plainclothes detective from the Columbia Police Department entered her home and demanded that I accompany him to police headquarters; he wanted to "talk about something."

I politely informed the detective that I had not broken any law, and that if he had anything to say to me, he could say it right there, since I wasn't coming down to any police station.

About ten minutes later I was in the Columbia Police Station. Who was there but my dear ol' father? The next two and



MASCOT #2

a half hours were spent in trying to make me see the evil of my ways, along with various threats about what would happen if I did not repent.

John Koning: It's remarkable how much the mere existence of the Fanac Poll affects faneditorialish thinking. Personally, I had planned it so that the third of three better-than-usual issues of Dafoe would come out the month before the Poll so that the fanzine would be fresh in fannish minds. This is typical of many faneds, who, knowing that in a short time their compatriots will be making comparisons and summations for the Poll, work extra hard to produce a good issue about the first of the year, much as older faneds used to save up fine material for a big Christmas issue.

On the Beach did have a message, obviously--that atomic war must not come about. The trouble is, sf readers have seen this message so often that they ignore it, and mundane types accept it as a nice basis for a fictional treatment. There must be something significant about a people that can get incensed over a rape, but completely disregard atomageddon.

Roy Tackett: I get the strangest feeling that the end approaches--that sometime during the Sickening Sixties will occur the year of the jackpot, marking the end of fankind. Over the past year or so fandom has been gathering; the ancient fan have been quietly reappearing. In the past two months have come report that the two most dreaded names in fandom have returned--your report in Bane that Shaver is back, and the report in Parsection that Degler has returned. What do they fortell?

Tucker evoked a smile.

I wonder if Locke has found any fan among the Mau-Mau?

I question one of Gorman's statements--he comments that Gold has a love of illustrations. A quick glance at any of the alleged artwork in Galaxy should be proof enough that Gold actually hates illustrations.

Floyd Zwicky has some good points. An item in Japan Times reports on a "science fiction" story written by R.A. McConnel of the University of Pittsburgh and published in the American Institute of Biological Sciences' Bulletin which speculated on what results would have been forthcoming had the Russians, starting in 1946, selected 1000 of the most perfect, most intelligent of their women every year and, through artificial insemination, bred them with sperm from their most intelligent men. The result, presumably, would be a super-race. McConnel, according to the report, goes on to say that if one removes from history one thousand names in science, another thousand in the arts, and so on in literature, political leadership, and so forth, all that would remain would be only slightly removed from the neolithic both mentally and socially.

Lynn Hickman: I must disagree with Don Wollheim; Anderson isn't a better writer than Tucker--more prolific perhaps. There are many of Anderson's books that I enjoy, but I'm almost afraid to read a new one; he'll come up with a real interesting story, and then a real dud. He's up and down and I, for one, can't depend on him for a good story.

On the other hand, Tucker's The Long Loud Silence should have won both a Hugo and a place on the "Ten All-Time Best" List. His worst books were Man in My Grave and The Lincoln Hunters, and most writers would have been damn proud to have written either or both of them. You can count on Tucker to write a good story.

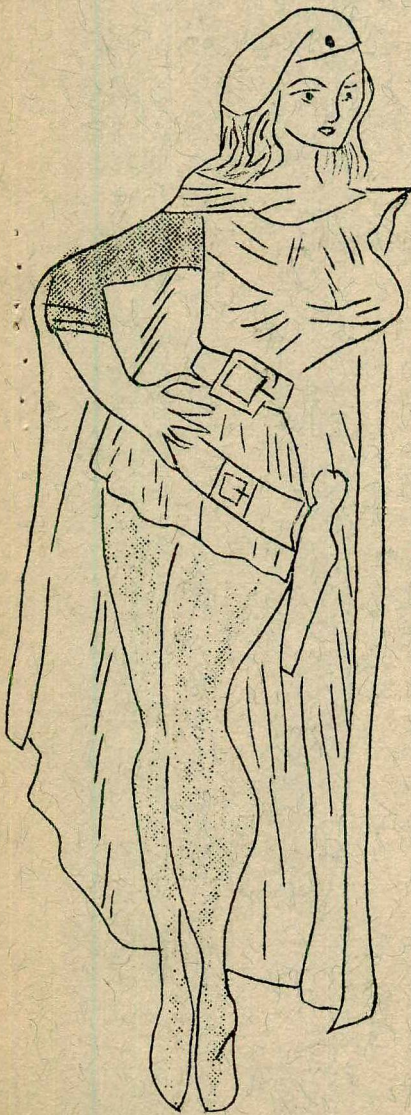
Derek Nelson: When 100 people can stand by and let four hoods kick a policeman senseless without raising a finger, as happened a year ago in this city, doesn't this show a public attitude toward the police? Just as long as they keep out of public affairs, legal or not, they're a Good Thing--but let them interfere, and indignant letters go out to the councilmen, mayors, and police commissioner. In North America the police are considered necessary evils, nothing more.

Harlan Ellison is always more colorful when others write about him than when he writes himself.

EDITOR HERE: I'm looking for help with a pamphlet I'll be publishing, detailing 1952 reactions to Walt Willis' first trip Stateside. If you met him, published a conreport by anyone who did, or recall a pertinent report, would you please let me know?

Terry Jeeves has a new address: 30, Thompson Road, Sheffield 11, England.

AND THE ILLUSTRIOUS NINETEEN:



"Whadda ya mean
ya thought Flash
Gordon was a man?"

George Willick: "Coulson is fandom's best book reviewer, for two reasons--he reads a lot, and he doesn't write books. The reverse is evident in his fanzine reviews."

Dick Schultz: "I don't remember much of interest, except that I was forever cleaning walls and changing sheets."

Ray Cummings: "Now in my day, when you got out of high school, you weren't considered a thinker unless you were a follower of Norman Thomas..."

Dotty Hartwell: "My sister stole the postmark."

Betty Kujawa: "There certainly were other short story writers who made their mark in 'lasting literature'--Runyon, O. Henry, and the master, DeMaupassant."

Billy Platt: "Funny ol' Bob Tucker made me snicker beneath my breath..."

Pete Singleton: "It's really quite a nice color except for the fact that I hate it so..."

Arl Hayes: "As for the return of Shaver, I shall do what I've always done in the past--ignore it and hope it'll go away. If that won't work, I'll still ignore it."

Peter Mabey: "I hasten to add that 'John Brunner' is the name of a loco belonging to the ICI!"

Gregg Calkins: "Bane found me in a receptive mood this time..."

Dick Ellington: "The stamp of the individual is becoming closer and closer to the mark of Cain in too many people's minds."

Joe Zimny, Rod Frye, Bob Tucker, Bob Warner, Lenny Kaye, Scott Neilsen, Don Thompson, Larry and Noreen Shaw, Len Moffatt, Marv Dryer, and Terry Jeeves -- thanks to all of you. If you're not mentioned here, your missive arrived after July 7.

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