

BANE

5

THE BANISH



GOOD FOR YOU SE: BOB TUCKER

BRADLEY COULSON ROTSLEK WARNER

You're the winners in the Bane Egoboo Poll. The readers who were so gracious as to vote were: Ed Bryant, Gregg Calkins, Jack Chalker, Bill Conner, Buck Coulson, Mike Domina, Dick Eney, Rod Frye, Les Gerber, Emile Greenleaf, Phil Harrell, Lynn Hickman, Bob Jennings, Lenny Kaye, Betty Kujawa, Peggy Rae McKnight, Bill Mollardi, Archie Mercer, Len Moffatt, Scott Neilsen, Derek Nelson, Ted Pauls, Vic Ryan, Les Sample, Joe Sanders, Steve Schultheis, Dick Schultz, Al Swettman, Bob Warner, Don Wollheim, Honey Wood, and Joe Zimny. Harlan Ellison returned a blank ballot; two others offered satisfactory excuses. There were undoubtedly others who took the time to vote, but the last accepted and recorded ballots were received Aug. 18.

Articles were the second favorite features of this magazine, and Harry Warner's "How to Go Where You Aren't Wanted" was voted the best of the lot, with 67 points. Tucker and Falasca tied for second with 65 points each, and Marion Bradley and Alan Dodd followed. Everyone received at least seven points.

Rotsler was far and away thought to be the most valuable artist, with Cornell and Bergeron tying for second. Adkins, Thomson, Duplantier, Gilbert, Offutt, Stiles and Schultz also received quite a few points each.

Tucker's column edged Coulson's in that category, which proved the most popular feature. Locke was third--and last--but only because fate dictated that one of the three fine writers had to be in that seemingly lowly position. He still received some sixty points.

Walking away with fiction was Tucker's "Dialog for Three Hams". Frye was next, and Mercer third; in general, the fiction didn't prove at all popular.

Marion Zimmer Bradley was the most popular letterhack, accumulating 46 points to Harry Warner's 35. Sample and Boggs tied for the next position, with Tucker finishing fifth. Ellison, English and Wollheim all received large numbers of votes. Naturally, only one of the Top Eight appears in this issue's lettercolumn.

The most popular item of the year was the fourth "Wheel of Fortune" Column, undoubtedly Coulson's best. It amassed 47 points, far ahead of Dodd's "You, Too, Can Be A Post Office Robber" (31), Tucker's first "Beard Mumblings" (29) and the items by Falasca and Warner. Tucker on marketing novels--Psycho and "Dialog" also received a number of points. Archie Mercer cast ten points for Giovanni Scognamiglio's name.

Tucker was undeniably the favorite contributor to Bane during its first year. In five categories he received something in excess of 450 points, or one out of every four cast.

Certain doubts must be placed upon the validity of these results. Ballots which have not, as yet, arrived might change the entire complexion of all matters but the "total-winner". A number of people received only a portion of the issues and were compelled to vote accordingly. Overseas response, understandably, was small. Some individuals managed to misunderstand the voting system, and I had to calculate their favoritism accordingly. (In my magazine, bub, I'm Ghod.) Some fans plumped for friends or regular contributors to their own magazines; others voted on a writer's (or artist's) general contributions to the field, rather than his or her work in Bane.

AN EDITORIAL

Good thinking; this is the First Anniversary Issue of Bane, a science fiction fanzine edited and published by Vic Ryan, ~~2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Illinois, U.S.A.~~ Use the above address for immediate correspondence; shortly, I'll be circulating a change-of-address flyer, giving pertinent information on my new location. The Sylvan Road niche will be good until that time; the editor himself makes no such rash promises.

Box 92
2305
Sheridan
Evanston

Available for letters and trades, but no new subscriptions. This issue, though not spectacularly large, is credited in my books as two; ergo, two issues' credit has been removed from your "account", unless you returned the egoboo ballot, which is substituted for one. The last issue due you is recorded on the bacover.

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I've never resented divers readers' comments in which they reveal they've thought me older than my true chronological age; after all, this is pleasing news to an adolescent. If people desire to dub me "old", as did one femme, I have not the least objection. But I do object to being thought of as "tired".

Maybe the whole affair had its seed in the early days of this magazine, when a quarterly issue was a rarity. Some people, like George Willick, assumed I was either lazy or anemic, or perhaps both. I would be perfectly willing--nay, anxious--to pass off my publishing irregularity as the result of "iron-poor blood" if such a dilemma did indeed exist. This problem, however, has been temporarily displaced.

You see, I don't have any enthusiasm.

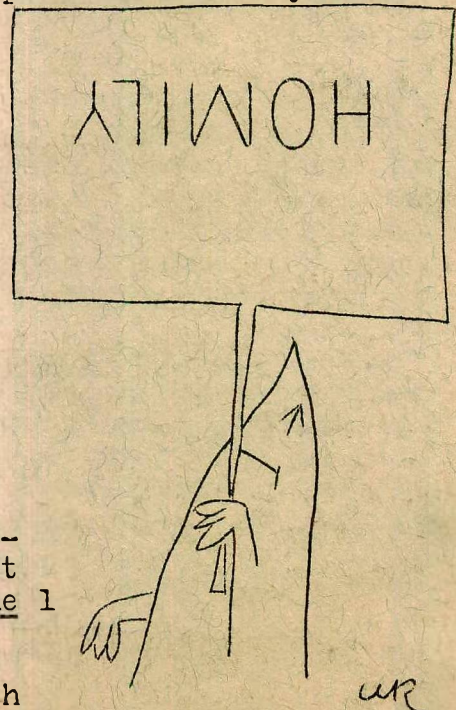
At least, that's what Peggy Rae McKnight contends. In commenting on Bane as she returned her egoboo ballot, she first made mention of the quality of the magazine, then quickly followed her compliment with a shock-line: "---but perhaps a little of your initial enthusiasm is lacking?"

Initial enthusiasm?

Sigh...

Perhaps this young Pennsylvania girl is a pillar of pure energy, a la "City of Force"; writing, contributing, publishing fanzines at the drop of a hormone. Perhaps she is mindful of we elders, fans who need prodding to carry out the simplest of fannish tasks, and generally act unmindful of schedules or readers' clamoring.

Her suggestion might have bothered me at one time, but the beginnings of a pseudo-immunity were brought about by Tucker, about a year ago. Not long after I had mailed Bane I received a letter from him -- a letter which I haven't kept, unfortunately, and therefore cannot use for a quote -- in which



he quizzed me on my feelings as of⁴ that momentous moment at which I consigned my brainchild to the womb of the local postal substation.

"Isn't it a good feeling?" was his question; I shot back -- perhaps prematurely-- that no, it wasn't, but only --well, pleasant, relieved, not a violent orgasm or anything akin.

And, that still holds true, even today. No one facet of fanzine publishing is reward enough, in itself, but when all the component parts are mentally assimilated, a critical mass of enjoyment is produced, and I dig into the work needed for forthcoming issues. To me, a fanzine is the method by which I can contact the most personable people with a maximum of what I can offer combined with what I believe is, on the average, a minimum of time. I can present to a full readership the ideas and contributions which interest me.

But, the simple fact is, I have no spell of ecstasy when that first copy is collated, or when all have been mailed. There is relief at getting that out of the way. Anticipation of the comments to come. A "challenge" which lies in wait for those who try to outbid competitors for top-grade material.

All this, and more.

Obviously I must have been enthusiastic about this business at one time; four previous issues, averaging 29 pages and something in excess of 200 copies must bear this out. What, then, is lacking? Should I revert to a goshwow syndrome, and continually harp on what a superb magazine you're receiving through my benevolent graces? Or should I continue to leave this up to you?

In fact, I'll leave the entire matter up to you. Is Bane prematurely senile? Let me know.

I'll be lying here, waiting for your answers.

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Pannish indifference is a cruel and oft-terrifying thing. It's rare when an individual is ostracized or ignored by the group as a whole; books, however, are another matter indeed. Often certain volumes are ignored in order that they might have the opportunity to pass quietly from ken. Others are ignored because of a gaudy cover or ludicrous blurbs which fortell a concentration of crud. Others are ignored for a number of God-only-knows-why reasons.

Such a book is Ringstones, by "Sarban". Ballantine Books are generally reviewed fairly comprehensively, but this seems to have been an exception. Perhaps the general sentiment is that such a book, by an author who is probably a relative newcomer (else he'd use his own, established name, despite a divergence in style), would hardly live up to the usual Lovecraftian standards.

Well, it didn't.

In my prejudiced eye, it surpassed them.

"Sarban" is truthfully a master of the phrase, much as a Poe or Nabakov; he (or she) has a talent not of clearly and lucidly describing an object or visual panorama so comprehensively that the reader understands exactly what setting he is being introduced to, but of using symbols and half-shadowed ideas which suggest, rather than command, the surroundings at hand. The reader becomes subjectively engrossed, and a part of the surroundings. I've never read a book in which I've found association with the surroundings and events--if not the central character (a young member of the incomprehensible female sex)--so easy; witnessed by the fact that I'm a conscious "page-watcher", marking my progress by observing those meaningless figures on the outside corners of the pages--here, however, over fifty pages flew by without my coming up for air, or pausing in the slightest--fifty pages devoured in less than fifteen minutes.

In truth, this book--the story of a young British girl who is entrusted with the job of governess-companion to three strange children somewhere in the moors of Anglo-land--does have its faults. "Sarban" might have been hoping for a motion picture sale by adding certain characters and a corny denouement; this, however, can be ignored if the reader so desires. Perhaps the allusions are too numerous; if one cares nothing for the atmosphere of Stonehenge, Cretian bull-baiting or satyrs, then this might be true. Personally, I found them fascinating.

It's hardly a "tale of dark and mordant horror", but it is an engrossing narrative of an unimaginative Earthling thrust into an un-Earthly set of circumstances, and acting correspondingly stupified.

No long editorial this time, since I've already monopolized five pages of the issue with my faaanfiction. Next issue: probably about on quarterly schedule, depending on college demands.

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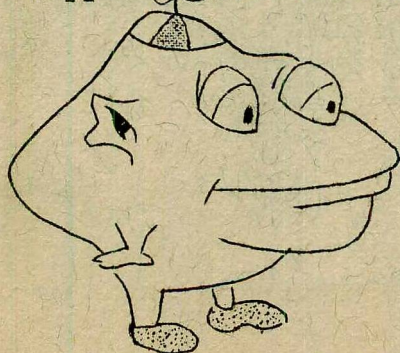
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-- Art --

COVER: David Prosser Terry Jeeves: 5, 25, 27
 Dave English: 20, 22, 24 P. Nym: 14
 Robert Gilbert: 8, 19, 29 Rotsler: 3, 10, 13, 17

← And I might add that I need filler art, a cover or two, and material. No, I wasn't speaking to you, but now that I think about it, you might fill the bill. →



MARION BRADLEY

It ought to be clearly understood that I am not, from a Lofty Eminence, setting up standards of Good and Bad for all time. I am simply outlining one group of criteria for fanzines -- the one I employ, more or less, in my first look at a fanzine I am reviewing.

Some people will pounce on this as a mere list of personal peeves. They will be perfectly right. In reviewing fanzines in "Crying in the Sink", I am required by my own conscience to be impartial, and to give fair treatment to all fanzines by their own standards, not by mine. So it is a distinct relief, for once, to say what I think of fanzines, not as an objective reviewer, but as a simple reader -- prejudiced, unfair, partial and subjective as all hell.

THE ULTIMATE FANZINE- REVISITED

Way back in 1952 I wrote for Stan Mullen's fanzine, Gorgon, an article entitled "The Ultimate Fanzine." In it, I described what the "perfect" fanzine would be like.

Well, times have changed, fanzines have changed, and not least, I've changed. I don't even remember what I thought the "ultimate" in fanzines would be like, except that I stipulated it should be mailed in an envelope.

In the course of reading those hundreds and hundreds of fanzines since that day, I no longer have any notion that there could be such a thing as THE perfect fanzine; but I still have very definite and certain notions of what a fanzine should NOT be. In fact, I have a whole handful of notions on that subject; and as a long-time reviewer, reader and helplessly addicted fanzine publisher-writer-contributor, I'm about ready to state them.

Let us start with the cover. What should it be like? I do not presume to say. It may be as varied as the editor's skill and finances permit. I have seen beautiful fanzines produced with lithographed Bok or Prosser covers; I have seen equally good covers produced with hekto ink or the typewritten name of the fanzine. But I DO presume to say what a fanzine cover should NOT be.

It should NOT be adorned with indecorous nudes. Postal inspectors are the most narrow-minded breed possible; don't judge them by your own intelligent standards. Young fans also have mothers. Your text, and the nudes on the inside, may be as sportive as the law allows; but on the cover, if nudes you must have, they should be

circumspect enough to be hung in a church vestry.

Second: your cover should NOT display rudely scrawled freehand lettering parading tipsily up and down the page. I am rabid about this. If the fanzine publisher is too poor for commercial lettering guides and stylii, three courses are open to him: for ten or twenty-five cents he can purchase a plastic ruler with a simple alphabet cut through; for about a quarter he can find, in any artstore or variety store, a "stencil" set which will allow him to make neat letters; or else he can borrow, from his public library, a book on show-card lettering and, with the aid of a ruler and a couple of cheap ball-point pens, learn to do very neat and precise lettering on stencil. If he is too shaky-handed for any of these, there are always the typewriter keys. There is NO excuse for anyone except a competent, experienced and skillful layout artist doing titles freehand on a stencil.

A cover, in the simplest terms, is there to cover the zine. If a fanzine is published on twenty-pound colored paper it should not have a thin, flimsy cover done on white hekto paper. In general, it should be of darker, heavier paper than the remainder of the zine, or the same.

Leaving the cover, and going inside: the first requirement for the contents of any fanzine is a statement of who edits it. Now, I do NOT presume to state that it should have any specific latitude and longitude inside the zine. But it should NOT be hidden at the bottom of page four along with the second half of the editorial, three poems and a Prosser cartoon.

Some fanzine editors, knowing that they must put their return address on the mailing wrapper, and wanting to save paper, put their name and address--and the title of the fanzine--on that wrapper, and nowhere else at all. Then the mailing wrapper comes off, and I have an item on my desk whose origin is as mysterious to me as the Doom of Lost Atlantis.

There is nothing sercon about a simple notice, in some conspicuous position of the contents page or the first page of text, stating that this is the first, or fifty-first issue of Greeble, published by Joe Fann on 777 Peculiar Street, Podunk, Kansas. It takes up, perhaps, one line of type. And oh, the trouble it saves!

But probably only a fanzine reviewer could fully realize the extent to which fanzine editors trouble themselves to avoid this simple and sensible practice. They conceal their names and addresses with the same desperate secrecy as the formula for a Russian nerve gas or the mysteries of the Rosicrucians.

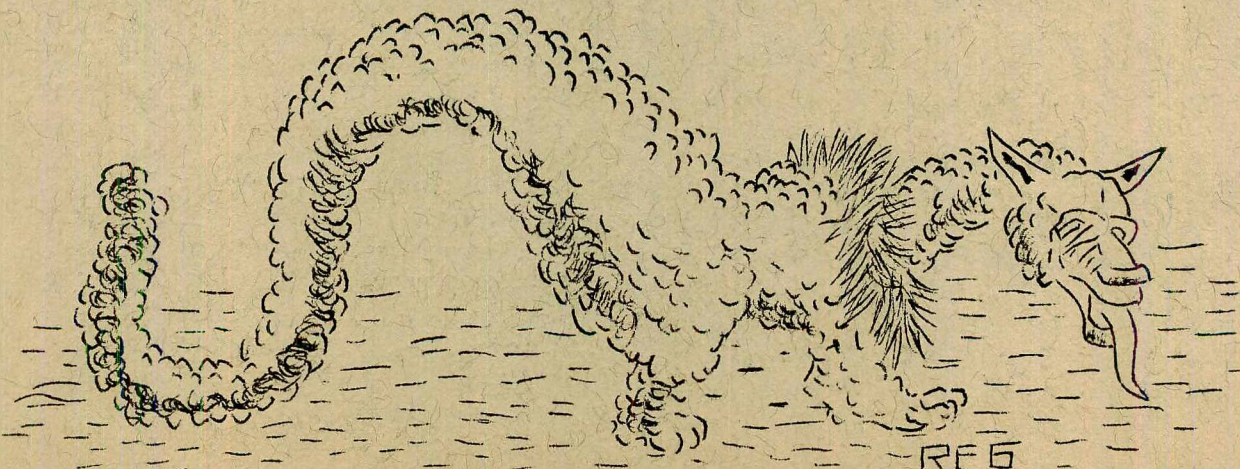
I make no attempt to judge what a fan editor should say in his editorial. He may plead for material, and even get it. He may attack his rivals by any means short of the libellous (in fact, he may use the libellous, for all I care; slander is entertaining, and he, not I, will have to go to jail if the fan thus attacked chooses to take him to court!) He may tell us about his love life, his Siamese kitten, his fanzine collection or his love for walking by moonlight; or give his views on Detroit cars and the situation in Laos; after all, most of those who discuss these things don't know much about them, either. But I DO know what should NOT be in his editorial.

First of all, he should NOT start by telling us what a miserable piece of crud his fanzine is. If it is as poor as that, he should withdraw it from circulation until he can publish something that is not crud. But this "forgive-this-wretched-crudzine" approach is seldom a genuine apology. Sometimes an editor is trying to fish for praise by an exaggeratedly defensive, I-know-it's-awful-so-don't-bother-criticizing approach.

More often, a young editor starts out, full of enthusiasm, with some material which seems good to him; but by the time he has struggled with unfamiliar equipment, mastered the messy printing process at great wastage of paper and tears, and eventually managed to wrest a few inept and messy copies forth, he is appalled at the difference between the fanzine of his hopes and the stack of wretchedly amateurish pages waiting to be collated and stapled; so he rushes to the typewriter and pours forth his disillusionment and apology, even though he is unwilling to waste the effort he has already made. Through this kind of editorial one may clearly discern the true tragedy: his fairy gold has turned, in the clear sunlight, into a handful of dead leaves. And since everyone who has edited a fanzine has one like it, somewhere in his past, some indulgence may be given.

Also, in general, the editorial should NOT contain (1) a chatty account of how you twisted someone's arm for a column, (2) hilarious details of how the stencil kept tearing and you borrowed your mother's nail polish to repair it and (3) descriptions of every broken key on the typewriter. Such matters as these belong to those who can make them into witty little articles. If they stretch into an editor's dreary recital of woes, well--it's the difference between --on the one hand--a slapstick farce about a hospital misadventure with Alec Guinness as the misused patient, and, on the other extreme, some dreary old man droning forth an account of how they removed a couple of nonessential organs, with harrowing details of every hypodermic, stitch and bedpan.

Contents of the fanzine? I do not presume to say. I will not even lay interdicts on pastiches of Lovecraft, Japanese haiku or Ferdinand Peghoo stories, although I must say it's a temptation. In general, however, very few people are interested in prolonged attacks on individuals or organizations with which the editor is feuding. No one of taste will indulge himself in the type of person article which I call "betraying the salt." In convention reports, and accounts of fannish meetings, it is good fun, sanctioned by custom, to make hi-



larious copy out of personal foibles; to poke fun at a pathetic bore, tell how some boor intruded at a crucial moment in your love life, or whatever. But this sort of thing should stop short of an abuse of personal hospitality. Fortunately it is rare in fandom, but now and then a fan who has visited under the family roof of someone else who entertained him in good faith makes a good fanzine story of detailing the wacky ways of the household; without mentioning names, in this instance I am thinking of a well-known younger fan who visited a well-known older fan and wrote a long article describing this fan's cruel subjection to his mother, in a way calculated (even though the fan and his mother may have both been just one step from the booby-hatch) to hold them both up to the cruellest ridicule.

If you have been the guest under a fan's roof, you are under no obligation to write anything praising the cooking or lauding the entertainment; but hospitality, even in these latter days of rudeness, is sacred. If you have eaten a fan's salt, you may not shed his blood without placing yourself on the level of the nosiest of New England gossips. If his children slop milk on your best dress, you need not praise their manners; if his wife kisses you, you need not laud her chastity; if his mother obviously has a broomstick and black cat in waiting, you need not imply that she is Whistler's mother. But a guest cannot in courtesy call a spade a spade. His utmost resource is to leave the toolshed unmentioned. Even a fan's home is his castle.

Aside from making obnoxious interjections in fanzine articles, a fan's leeway is unlimited.

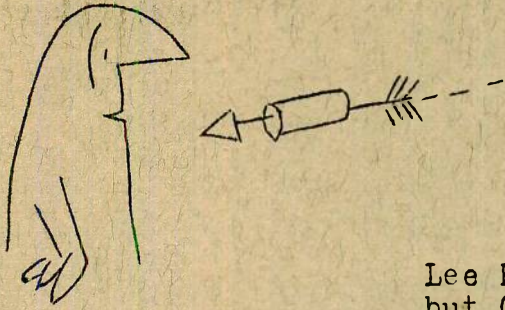
But when it comes to the letter column, while again I do not presume to say what SHOULD be included, I know, with emphasis and violence, what should NOT be done.

The editor should not interrupt his letter-writers in the middle of a sentence or a paragraph, if this can possibly be avoided. And, if interrupt he must, he should not set off his comments by some punctuation marks which could be the letter-writer's own. Quite a number of fannish editors interpolate their comments, setting them off only by a couple of dashes --sez you-- or by ellipsis...sez you... or by simple parenthesis or virgules: (sez you) or //sez you//. How is the reader to know which is part of the letter, and which is mere editorial comment? A double parenthesis or some odd typography ((sez you)) or / sez you / is a little better, but not much, for some letter-writers use a double parenthesis habitually, and the latter could simply be a strike-over.

I personally have always had the feeling that the best editorial practice is to wait for the end of the letter, and put comments there. After all, the editor has the last word; he can afford to let his contributors have their uninterrupted say.

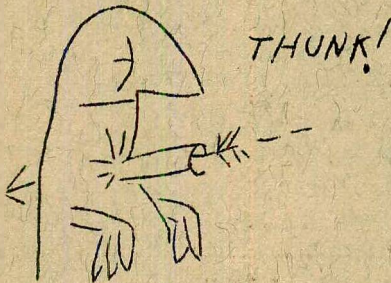
Gertrude Carr has a system which, although it allows her to interrupt in the middle of a paragraph or even a sentence, at least makes it easy to discern between letter and editorial comment. She stencils the letter in elite, and her comments in a distinctive variant. If this is beyond the fanzine editor's means, then he should work out some punctuation arrangement NEVER encountered in ordinary typewritten matter.

(Concluded, p. 15)



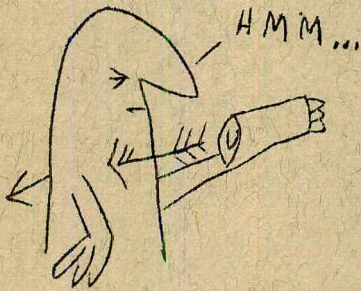
I've been sitting here with a smug smile on my face (a smile carefully concealed beneath my beard, of course) contemplating the new order of fanzine editor and the slipshod manner in which he handles his anniversary issues. Annishes are popping up all around: the recent 100th Yandro, the upcoming Science Fiction Five-Yearly, and this here now Bane.

Lee Hoffman is old enough to know better, but Coulson and Ryan -- bah! Plodding upstarts, both. Whatever happened to the old-fashioned way of publishing an annish? To the best of my knowledge, each of these above editors actually paid for their own annishes, and that certainly wasn't the old-fashioned way of doing things.

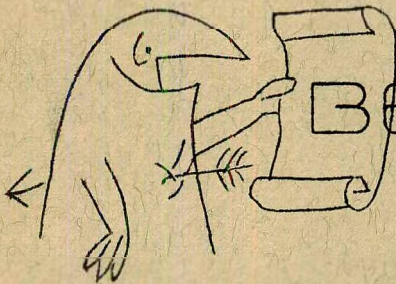


In the old days, lad, we conned fandom into paying for them.

I don't remember where nor when the racket began, nor do I recall the name of the devilishly clever genius who originated the idea, but twenty years and more ago we fanzine editors were working a slick con game to get our annishes published at little or no cost to ourselves. We sold space in our pages for congratulatory messages, called booster ads, at five, ten and twenty cents a throw, and sometimes we accumulated enough money for giant issues, lithographed covers and inserts -- or else we absconded with the loot and later sent back picturesque postcards from Brazil, where we were lolling on the beaches with a ravishing blonde.



Let Harry Warner serve as an example (no, he didn't go to Brazil although he was caught reading a travel folder on Pago-Pago)



BEARD MUMBLIN'S

BOB TUCKER

with these words from the editorial in the September 1940 issue of Spaceways:

"The issue after next will be the Second Anniversary Issue of Spaceways. On the occasion of the first anniversary we didn't do much, if any celebrating, because we've never felt it particularly inspiring that a fan mag should survive twelve months. But when you get twenty-four months out of the way, and are still going strong as Spaceways will be come November, it's a little unusual in the fan field. Thus, the Second Anniversary Issue will be larger than usual, with the help of you readers. The AnnIssue (as it shall henceforth be known; it's the influence of Mr. Ackerman, but we'll not do it anymore, Mr. Koenig!) solicits booster and congratulatory advertisements from all the fans. They're available at the following rates: a dime brings you seven half-lines -- lines half-way across the page, that is, which will be plenty of room for expressing your felicitations."

And there you have the secret of making money from fandom. Loads of money. You can laugh gleefully all the way to the bank.

Warner's "AnnIssue" was new coinage two decades ago, and his peculiar reference to Ackerman and Koenig in that editorial paragraph suggests to me now that he may have been the first to use that particular variation -- although common usage shortened it to "annish" later. Sample boosters from the AnnIssue follow:

Thanks, <u>Spaceways</u> , for publishing some of the best fan poetry of the past year in addition to your other accomplishments. I look to your future. Dale Tarr	Congratulations to <u>Spaceways</u> from Phil Bronson and <u>Scienti-Comics</u>
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The Second AnnIssue was a little late but it appeared dated December 1940, and of course contained many more advertisements than the dime booster variety; people with money to spend on riotous living took quarter-pages, half-pages, and even three full pages at \$1 each. Fans who could so loosely throw dollars around in 1940 were riotous livers! Ackerman was among those taking a full page and he used the upper two-third of it to say this:

THIS IS A FULL PAGE PAID AD

Congrats!

Spaceways is my favorite fanmag and to add a little weight to that statement just lemme noe your LIFE-SUB price (if it's under \$ 10 U're gypping yourself, pal!) & I'll t a k e one of same.

4e

Visions of that ten dollars danced through Harry's head like sugar-plum fairies cavorting at the bottom of Willis' garden but in the end (that is, on the lower third of that same page) he rejected it:

Dear Forrie:

Honestly, I'm overwhelmed by the ad and the offer. But while I'd like to sell life-subs at \$10 or so per, I'm afraid it

can't be done.

Trouble is, there might be legal complications. You see, at some time in the future Spaceways will become a weekly magazine. Just when, and under what circumstances, I know not. All I know is what I read in the magazines; see some of the Lancelot Biggs stories in Fantastic Adventures for some hints about Spaceways Weekly. Nelson S. Bond is evidently the only one who knows what will happen, and he won't tell.

Thus, if I'd sella life subscription to Spaceways, what will happen to it when S turns into a weekly? I haven't time to put out a seven-daily, so I suppose it'll be sold. I might forget to tell the buyers about the life-sub, and when they found out about it I might be thrown into jail and forced to read Captain Future. Of course the money tempts me now; I could leave the country and take up residence in Pago-Pago, but they might find me even there.

So -- thanks just the same!

Yours,
Harry

But the money rolled in, in bucketsful, and Harry increased his usual page-count of 24 up to 42 for that issue.

Do you, Victor, and do you other modern editors begin to see what you are missing? Do you comprehend the enormous amount of loot you are passing by? Do you ever realize, in your hasty rush to leave the fandom of old behind, that you are not only discarding a treasured way of life but a beautiful con-game as well? Aren't you aware that all those well-heeled people out there in fan-land are eagerly looking for holes into which they may throw their money? Dimes, gentlemen, dimes! Those booster ads brought in dimes and dollars as well as extravagant offers of lifetime subscriptions. Can you imagine the tremendous amount of money the Coulsons would have now if only they had filled their one-hundredth issue with booster-ads? Why, Buck could even afford to buy all the Ace Books, instead of bargaining with Wollheim for them!

But it must be said that it can be overdone; even fandom was getting wise to the congame a few years after Warner published his second annish. I was planning a third annish for LeZombie for January 1942 and must have sensed the unrest for I took the precaution of publishing this paragraph in the previous number:

"H. Warner, Esq. (in the latest Spaceways) states that booster ads in every fanzine anniversary issue would soon cause a glutted market. Fued! We disagree (in addition to misspelling feud), for a recent survey of the fanzine field undertaken by us and some other fans shows that one 'zine in ten lives to see a first anniversary! Therefore, our booster ads roll merrily along. Remember--all it costs is 5¢ to place a booster in our THIRD ANNIVERSARY ISSUE. When you send the ad, you are to send along the name (or names) of the fan you love most. The ad will then appear thusly: "Joe Fann -- I love you -- Egbert Fann." Same will be neatly boxed."

It worked, possibly because I cut the going price in half, or possibly because fandom admired my gaul in charging a nickel to do something they could scrawl on a fence for nothing. At five cents a love (higher prices for larger loves), the anniversary issue carried nearly fifty boosters such as these:

Len Moffatt -- loves --	Pong	Graph Waldeyer --loves--	BEM
Joe Fortier --- loves---	Hedy	LR Chauvenet --loves--	Youd
Abby Lu Ashley	--loves--		Tucker

I probably picked up three dollars and a half, plus or minus a dime, from this device, and the annish appeared in three sections to reveal what I did with the money. Section one was the regular fanzine of eighteen pages, section two was the 1941 Fanzine Yearbook listing eighty-one titles that had been published that year, while the last section was a lithographed calendar for 1942. I kept the remainder of the \$3.50 for myself, spending it in riotous living.

To revert to my original question: whatever happened to the old-fashioned way of publishing annishes?

Be sure to attend this theater next Saturday afternoon when the next thrilling installment of this serial continues the exploration of the fascinating (to me) subject of fanzines, then and now. I'm particularly amazed at some absolutely insignificant information turned up during the long hours of research that went into this installment: the number of fanzines published two decades ago versus the number being published today.

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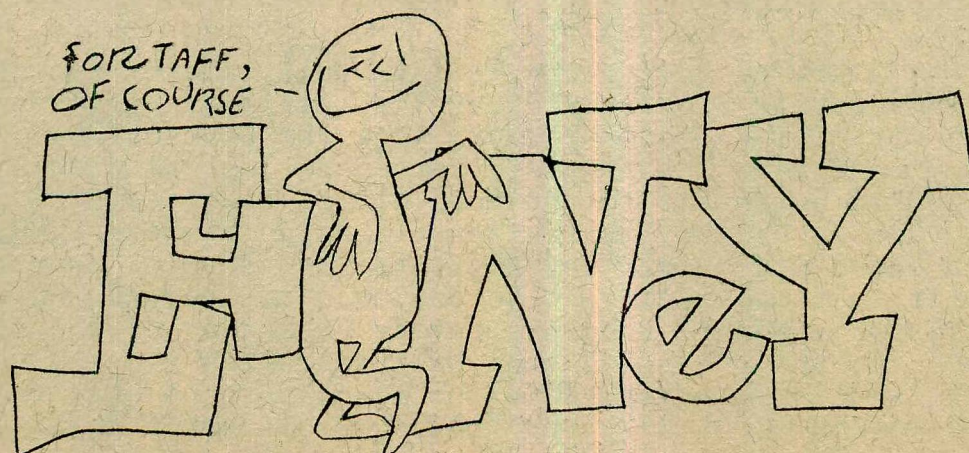
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A closing note, spotlighting a dabble of romance found in one of Doc Smith's novels:

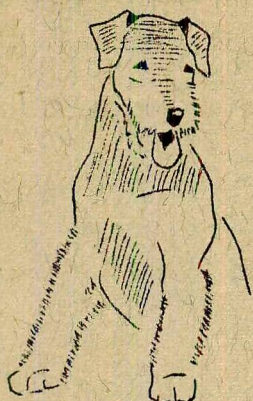
"It sure was all of that, Dottie mine, little bride of an hour. It gets down to where a fellow lives -- I've got a lump in my throat right now that's so big it hurts me to think." ---Skylark.

What the hell is he doing thinking with his throat if he's been married only an hour?

- - - - - Bob Tucker



HARRY WARNER



the little dog
laughed

If science fiction fans are a breed apart, who see more clearly into the future than the common herd, they've done a terrible job on the first severe test of that distinctiveness.

In fact, it might be that I've found the reason why fans are so blase and say so little about the current tentative flights into the beginnings of outer space. Maybe a number remember what they said some years back, when they prophesized on the question of the coming of space travel.

Gerry de la Ree is a semi-forgotten fan today; he bobs up in a fanzine about once a year with a letter of comment. But he was a super-active fan during the middle and early forties, publishing a fanzine called Sun Spots, which improved until it became one of the best. Gerry also put out an occasional extra publication and sometimes attracted attention in other ways, such as staging polls.

In the middle of 1946, he polled fandom and part of prodom on two questions: when will the successful flight to the moon occur, and would you be willing to go along on that first attempt, knowing that you had only a fifty per cent chance of returning? The latter half of the poll doesn't mean too much yet, although I can tell you that slightly more than half of those participants would be willing to make the trip under those conditions; what is educational is to see how poorly fans guessed on the first part of the poll, about the date of the first lunar flight. Already, more than half of them have been proven wrong.

To give a bit of background to this poll, please remember that this was immediately after World War Two. Military people were playing around with the captured rockets that the Germans had developed during that conflict. The Army Air Force had just announced that it planned to send a missile to the moon within eighteen months. It was the first time in history that science fiction readers could genuinely take heart from world developments when seeking support for their belief that man would get to the moon and beyond. Only a few years earlier, G. Edward Pendray, former President of the American Rocket Society, had predicted that his generation and the generation of his children would never go to the moon; perhaps **his** grandchildren's generation might make the trip, but he wasn't saying for sure.

Altogether, 68 fans and pros answered the poll. One of them--Raymond Palmer--declared flatly that man would never reach the moon. The other 67 predicted dates ranging in time from 1948 to 2145.

Many of these individuals are completely forgotten by now. But enough remain in the realm of familiar names to permit me to yield to temptation and embarrass some good friends. Here are some samples: John Campbell, Forrest Ackerman, Bob Tucker: 1950
Rick Sneary, 1951; Sam Moskowitz, 1952; Jack Speer, 1955
Ralph Milne Farley, 1956; Ted Sturgeon, 1957
Willy Ley, Shaver, Bill Evans, Doc Barrett, Walter Coslet: 1960
(It should be noted that "1960" was a good, round figure, and was attractive to sixteen of these prognosticators. No one chose 1961 or 1962.)

Unfortunately, all the fans whose forecasts seem particularly likely to prove accurate are gaffiated or very nearly so. Two fans, Lionel Inman and Ron Christensen, said 1963. Don E. Thompson, not the currently active fan but a long-gone Midwesterner, chose 1965. Ron Maddox picked on 1969. For a while, my own chances looked good. But now it seems quite possible that the first men will reach the moon before my choice, 1970. I'll be in pretty good company if I erred on the pessimistic side, however:
Hugo Gernsback, 1972 (this is significant; the only known occasion on which Moskowitz and Gernsback disagreed)
L. Sprague de Camp, Otto Binder, Manly Wade Wellman, 1975
Fran Laney, 1976; Langley Searles and R. D. Swisher, 2000
Darrell Richardson, a one-time bigshot as collector, was the individual who thought it would take two centuries to get to the moon.

The most prophetic thing that I've found in connection with this poll is a letter from R.L.Farnsworth, president of the United States Rocket Society, a group not favored by scientests but on the fringes of fandom. He wrote:

"I do not like to be cynical but I am afraid that none of the rocket enthusiasts and idealists are going to be among the ones to first step upon the alien ash of the moon. It will no doubt be an army officer ... who has hooted down in derision any mention of the possibilities of interplaetary travel."

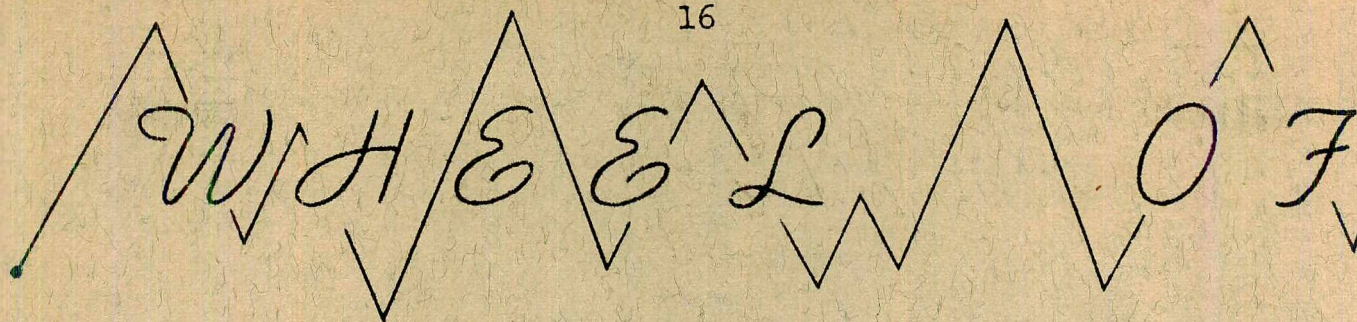
- - - - - Harry Warner, jr.

(Contd. from page 9)

Last and most important of the Thall Shall Not's for fanzine editors: an editor should NEVER write me a personal letter in the margins or on the cover of his fanzine. I've been called to the window of the P.O. and been required to pay first class postage on any number of fanzines because the editor, begrudging the cost of a postcard, felt he simply had to scribble me a little personal note on the margin. Postal people are very lenient about check-marks and the like; but when people write "Dear Marion, ..." on the cover, quite plainly in view, they are justified in collecting the remainder of the necessary first class postage from me. If my view of their fanzine is somewhat jaundiced by having to pay out 28¢ in first class postage for them, they have only themselves to blame.

A fanzine which followed all these rules might not be the perfect fanzine; but, at least, it would be in the running. And no fanzine which breaks them is going to get my vote.

- - - - - Marion Zimmer Bradley



Stranger in a Strange Land by Robert A. Heinlein (Putnam, \$4.50; Doubleday Book Club, \$1.90) Reading the jacket blurb gives me the feeling that Putnam was pleased with the uproar created by Starship Trooper and has set out to duplicate (or, preferably, increase) it. The book is called "a completely freewheeling look at contemporary culture", "Cabellesque satire", and "deliberately annoying." Well, I read it and found nothing particularly outrageous. It is certainly one of Heinlein's best novels; perhaps the best novel so far. It's full of his opinions of mankind, which are quite close to those of Ayn Rand. (The main difference being that Heinlein is easily twice as good a writer as Rand, and his opinions are presented much more logically and forcefully.) That is, Heinlein believes that the intelligent individual should be unrestrained; that he will automatically work for the betterment of mankind from the purely selfish desire to better his own lot. Jubal Harshaw, the central character during the first part of the novel, is the epitome of the crusty old character who goes his own way irregardless of outside opinion. His life is presented very favorably (wouldn't I love to live like that? Hoo, boy!) About midway in the book Mike Smith, the Man from Mars, takes over, and for all intents and purposes the book becomes a discussion of religion. The outcome will possibly raise howls from fundamentalists, atheists and possibly Episcopalians, but as a long-standing agnostic I found nothing to quarrel with. Heinlein's notions on reincarnation, touched upon briefly in Beyond This Horizon, are expanded and a few other ideas are introduced. Why, for example, should religion be dignified? What has dignity got to do with saving souls? Who can prove that the Bible-pounding evangelists and the backwoods "religious orgies" that we've been reading about (and seeing in movies) don't do more good than the most respectable orthodox church? A memorable chapter in Charles E. S. Wood's Heavenly Discourse sneers at Billy Sunday and his "monkey heaven"; Heinlein takes the opposing position: that this sort of hustling, go-getting evangelist is just as apt to be one of the policy-makers in the next life.

Possibly a few items are intended to be deliberately annoying, such as the scene where the assembled characters reverently sit down to commemorate the greatness of their departed friend by eating him. But it's all presented so logically and quietly that I confess I will look askance at those who are offended by it. Perhaps a few will feel that the parallels to the life of Jesus are too close and a bit too grotesque. But again... Heinlein is so blasted believable.

The plot? Oh, there's plenty of action; 400 pages of it. And some great characters, none of whom turn out to be just what you thought they'd be. The hero is sort of a superior version of Odd John and -- oh, go read it. It's great.

BOOK REVIEWS BY

F O R T U N E

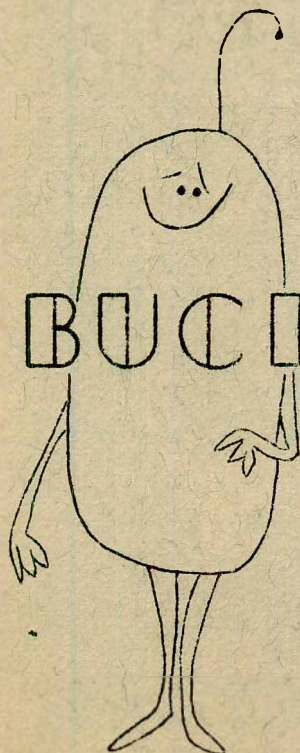
The Male Response by Brian Aldiss (Beacon-Galaxy, 35¢) This is, I understand, the next-to-the-last book in the Galaxy Novel's series. I'm sorry to see it go; the series diluted some good stf novels with unnecessary sex, but it also produced some excellent originals, and this is one of them.

I've heard several howls in regard to it; the major one seems to be that "it isn't science fiction." Well, no, it isn't. However, since I don't know of anyone who refuses to read anything except science fiction, I advise you to cast a small curse on the idiot publishers who mislabelled it stf and go ahead and read it. It's the best and funniest parody of the "African novel" that I've ever read. All the clichés, from Haggard to Hemingway, are presented, and each one gets its tail twisted expertly. I can report that George Scithers opened the book at random, read several paragraphs, and collapsed on our living room couch, chortling delightedly. It's that kind of book--if you don't start it with the preconceived notion that it is supposed to be serious science fiction.

When Vic inquired if I was going to do something special for Bane's annish, I gave him a suitably blank look and said "Hah?" Fortunately he gave me a little time to think things over and come up with something a bit different. Instead of reviewing books that you all read last month, I'll review a few that you either read 10 years ago or probably didn't read at all. These aren't forgotten classics, by any means, but the sort of books you'll see in a dealer's list or at the bottom of a stack in a second hand book store.

Half-Gods by Murray Sheehan. An oddball fantasy, published in 1927. A centaur is born to the mare of a Southern "poor white" family. The rather slow-paced novel details his experiences with his incredulous and antagonistic family and neighbors.

BUCK COULSON



The author is more interested in saying something about the relations of people, about intolerance and the human desire for acceptance, than he is in writing about centaurs. He could just as easily have used a young, innocent Negro, or a young, innocent Yankee for his central character; the book isn't particularly good fantasy. It is, however, a pretty fair novel.

Murder in Millenium VI by Curme Gray. A fairly recent novel (Shasta, 1951) but I've seen little reference to it in fandom. The blurb--for once--is right in calling it "science fiction in an intellectual key." It is intellectual in the same manner as a chess problem; in fact, it is written in the manner of a literary chess problem. The blurb also calls it a "future mystery", which it is. But it is not a murder mystery, as I originally assumed. Oh, there is a murder, and other trappings of a detective novel; clues, false accusation and the final Confronting. But this isn't the true Mystery. The reader has no chance whatsoever to spot the clues and solve the murder ahead of the author'd revelation and he's wasting his time trying. The Mystery is nothing less--than the nature of the society in which the murder is committed! The jacket blurb tells us that it is a future society, nothing else. Chapter one opens and we are in that society. We are not treated to a couple of chapters of background which relates how the book's society is related to ours; we are treated to exactly no background at all.

There are some clues--tantalizing ones. Mention of the Domes-tics and other definite physical types means that some sort of selective breeding is in operation. Element is a form of telepathy; mention of other communication methods shows that various types are used according to social precedent--a nice, realistic touch. But a few of the clues, unlike these, are baffling. How about the escalator which suddenly turns into either a flying saucer or a phone booth? (No, I don't know which, dammit!) Or "communion", which begins as a method of mentally reliving the past and ends as a mental murder weapon? One of these days I'm going to read the book again and see if I can't figure it out; the impression is given that the clues are all there if the reader is just intelligent enough to fit them all together. I thought it was a great book, but it's not light reading. (Incidentally, one of the virtues the book develops is a certain skepticism towards those stories in which our hero time-travels from 1961 to 9161 and immediately becomes the Warlord of Bablefootz, adjusting to the changed customs with less trouble than if he'd moved from the United States to England.)

The Well of the Unicorn by George U. Fletcher (otherwise known as Fletcher Pratt). If you like sword and sorcery novels, this is for you. There are considerably more swords than sorcery, but enough incantations and spells afloat to qualify the novel as fantasy. (An incidental advantage; put out by William Sloan Associates in 1948, it's a beautifully bound book.)

It narrates the adventures of Airar Alvarson, peasant, outlaw, revolutionist and eventual ruler in the days of the Empire and the House of Argimenes. The events themselves bear a close resemblance to the Saxon revolt led by Hereward the Wake against William the Conqueror in A.D. 1070; Airar isn't just a fictionalized version of hereward, but the latter was obviously used by Pratt as a prototype. Next to The Lord of the Rings, this is probably my favorite fantasy novel.

Rocket to the Morgue by Anthony Boucher. This one has seen at least one hardcover and two Dell editions (the earlier editions listing "H.H. Holmes" as the author.) This is a straight murder mystery and not a science fiction novel. But the murder is committed in the midst of the Manana Literary Society--a group of science fiction authors--and the book exhibits the first stirrings of the "Tucker syndrome"; the cast of characters includes Don Stuart and Cleve Cartmill. Quite a bit of stflnal talk.

The Naked and the Damned by Robert Shafer. I have the Popular Library edition; the hardcover was entitled The Conquered Place. This is one of the US-under-the-heel-of-the-dictator school that produced Not This August and served as a background for The Long Loud Silence. The U.S. has been invaded from the Atlantic side and now the armies are holding a line along the Mississippi River. A secret agent is sent into occupied territory to arrange for a badly-needed scientest to be smuggled out, and for the area to be atom-bombed immediately afterward. The fact that the scientest is a cold-blooded bastard and the people of the area who are going to get it in the neck are mostly decent individuals serves to complicate matters a bit. The book is overly balanced with intrigue--everybody is plotting against everybody else--but it's a fair thriller with a melodramatic but not improbable ending. It's nowhere near the quality of The Long Loud Silence but it's competent stf-adventure.



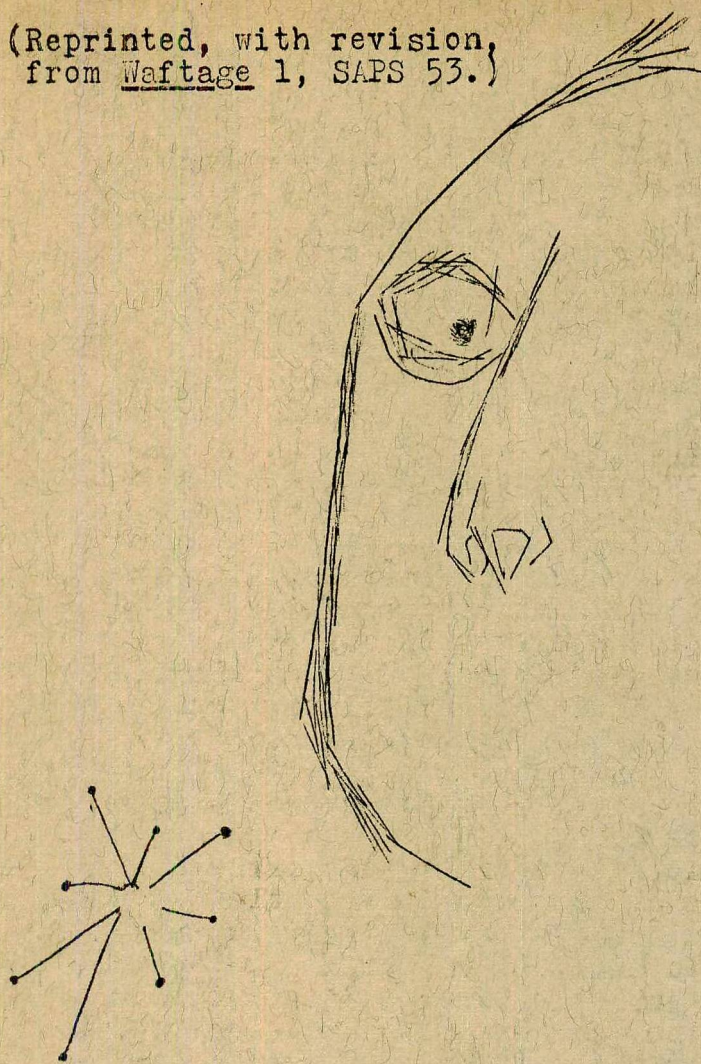
I Am Thinking of My Darling by Vincent McHugh. This was published by Simon and Schuster in 1943 and Signet in 1950. It's touted as an "adventure story"; the cover would be suitable for a Beacon-Galaxy Novel, but oddly enough this is science fiction, and biology at that. (Farmer wasn't the first to write the stuff.)

An epidemic sweeps New York; the effects are not fatal but make the individual completely irresponsible. This sort of plot, of course, is made to order for divers orgies (I can imagine what Beacon would have done with it.) As it is, the author handles the sex aspect, but spends more time on the idea of what a complete breakdown of service would do to the residents of a big city. The hero, of course, is one of the few who try to keep things going, in the face of the general apathy and some organized opposition from those who are quite happy wandering around doing what they please and are intelligent enough to know that "getting cured" will mean going back to their normal, dull existence. In general, it's a lightweight, amusing story, but written with a slick competence that the average stf author would sell his right arm to possess, and it is convincing.

I might also mention Summer in Three Thousand, by Peter Martin--a typical Man-From-Today-In-The-World-of-the-Future plot which would possibly have become a "classic" had it been published in 1930; it had the misfortune of being published in London in 1946, however, so it's merely a quaint throwback to the stf of an earlier day. Robert Heinlein's Universe has been collected in at least one anthology, I believe, but my copy was one of Dell's ill-fated series of "Dell 10¢ Books" from 1951 or thereabouts. It's a little 64 page paperback which might be as common as dirt, but it's certainly "must" reading.

- - - - - Buck Coulson

THE TELL-TALE DUPLICATOR



Above all I must impress upon you that the lack of continuity in my narrative mirrors only my nervousness at having to bring to mind those horrible events that led to the circumstances in which I now find myself. My faith in you, my fan readership, is near limitless; I know you will harken to my words because of your personal affiliations. To answer the questions that are, no doubt, crossing your minds: no, you probably have heard nothing of me previously; my name appeared only in divers locations during Eighth Transition, and only under the most sporadic of circumstances. Almost invariably my appearances would be brought about by Dunnen and -- oh! You know Dunnen, I see! The few of us who were so mishandled by chance to know him well realized the true personality that dwelt beneath the "fannish"

BY VIC RYAN

superficialities. Even now I find it difficult to relate the inconceivable facets of a heinous personality, for I know what mortal horror this narrative must lead me to relate. It is a tribute to my sanity, I believe, that I am sufficiently composed, under these conditions, to tell of what has happened.

"The idle rich" is the term applied to those shallow souls so unfortunate as to approximate Dunnen's position. His life was so utterly misshapen and his attempts at being a "playboy" so unequivocally disastrous, he had turned to fandom as an area where money might bring him recognition--recognition he so desperately needed, and, to hear him tell it (as we often were compelled to do) deserved. Fred Drake was responsible for burdening fandom with his presence; Drake, the instigator, paid for his shortcomings of judgment, but, dear reader, so did I, the bystander!

In Lure, his distribution 700 one-shot, he asseverated: "I'll pay five cents per word for written material and .1 per square inch for artwork, on acceptance." Drake testified to his sincerity in cold purple print, and, undoubtedly, in blue typer ribbon to his

personal correspondents. So innocuous it seems in retrospect! Indeed it would seem so, and many were thus misled--myself included, for Drake persuaded me to enter into Dunnen's employ. The column bylined "Bill Terry" was my doing, a labor of love in those halycon days, but one met with financial reimbursement to heighten my enjoyment. How well I remember the times when I would pensively sit before that Smith-Corona machine, preparing mentally to start a new column segment or to revise some humor; in those days, my every thought sprang from a desire to meet the high standard Dunnen required. How burdened my mind in those days, burdened with the then unconscious hatred of Dunnen--Charlie, the self-appointed BNF. Now I am unburdened; I can coherently, concisely and rationally relate the happenings whose results were so long kept secret.

Yes, Dunnen was a success; how, pray tell, could he help but be? Material and artwork began to pour in; some, of course, was pure inflated crud, of the basest nature, written on the spur of the moment so as to indulge one's portends of wealth. But a substantial quantity was meretorious, and dutifully accepted, to be put onto master by some subservient college pupil employed for that purpose alone. The fanzine would be subsequently dittoed (Dunnen demanded color work without the complexity of multilith; you'll remember he prided himself on the fact that he ran off some portion of every issue--usually about ten copies of one page, cranked off haphazardly while I stood anxiously by) by whomever was free at the moment. How often 'twould be me!

Even in my status as a semi-active fan (this was perhaps an asset) I could discern the effects of this lucrative outlet on fandom. Fanwriters turned their talents almost exclusively to Dunnen, channelling all their best works to him. Other fanzines began to feel the dearth of good material, and even average material, due to an acute shortage of writing time, shrunk steadily in volume. Soon, a mere fifteen or twenty fanzines existed on even the most irregular of schedules; Lucre appeared monthly, averaging some fifty pages of high quality material, presented in an extremely attractive manner. (Even in my most despairing moments following the physical violence I could still draw a morsel of self-satisfaction from the manner in which I had operated the ditto machine, achieving results far superior to those ever achieved by either Sata or Likewise.)

The excruciatingly egoboostic letters Dunnen would receive from time to time--letters designed to keep the crawly creature on the encompassing mailing list--began to have a cumulative effect on him. His manner became increasingly sequestered; his editorials lost all vestiges of pleasing personality, reverting to alternating bitching and threats to wayward letter writers. One day the weeks of torment and embarrassment, inflicted upon me by God Dunnen, came to a head.

I had been printing some of the earlier pages of the eleventh issue, particularly enjoying the manner in which the latter copies of any page were retaining the brightness of the less durable greens and browns, providing the handle was cranked slowly enough. He glanced over my shoulder at the work I had thusfar accomplished, reflected, it seemed, on the quality of the work; he then dropped his thumb and index finger from his chin, lost the contemplative air, and summoned the rest of the staff to assemble about us. Marcia Hoffman left her circulation files, Drake his stylus work, and the clerical work their petty mastering, and all assembled about us in the corner, where the distracting machine had been so located as to least offend Dunnen's sensitive auditory centers.

Suddenly my cheeks flushed in anticipation of what was to come. I was seldom wrong about Dunnen, and this incident was no exception. The magnitude of the person insult came as a shock even to myself, though similar insults in past months had hardened me.

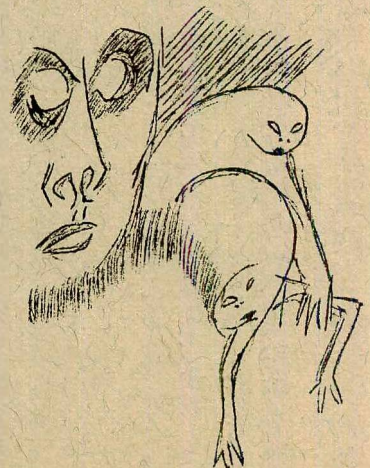
"Here I buy the finest ditto made so all ya gotta do is turn the crank and get good results and he's done only these pages in..." He glanced at the clock, knowing already what figure he'd be stating, "two hours." Suddenly he grinned, then broke out in a hideous laugh; the others joined in, although their sympathies lay with me. They had been similarly persecuted on other occasions, but neither so often nor so viciously. They laughed, and Dunnen laughed, and it seemed they would never stop, as the minutes dragged slowly by. God! Would they never stop? But...that was the least of my humiliation, for that duplicator--that darned duplicator--lay there, silently laughing, piercing my soul with its amusement--not laughter, but the radiance of contemptuous hatred.

As calmly as I was able--I became more rational as time passed--I strode from the room, vowing never to return. But the idleness that followed during the rest of the morning and early afternoon only allowed me time to think, think of how I hated Dunnen, how I detested his duplicator, the embodiment of all that he stood for, all that he was doing to a clan that had, alas, become so infatuated over its own prosaic aptitudes that it had, almost collectively, entered far too deeply to retreat.

With intense foresight I conceived a plan of vengeance, a plan not of a lunatic, as some have hinted, for a madman rushes to commit his foul deed without stopping either to plan or to garner the fullest enjoyment that can be obtained through his revenge, but the plan of one with a purpose, an unflinching goal.

About eight o'clock--I had planned far ahead--I drove to a location some blocks from Dunnen's home, again demonstrating my cool-headedness, and walked the remainder of the way, to wait in some bushes near the farden until the help had departed after their deadline work. My patience seemed infinite, as the long minutes after their departure were whiled away with thoughts of crumbling machinery, of useless wheels and cogs, rollers and containers. The last light--the one in Dunnen's downstairs bedroom--went out about half an hour later, but I waited on. After some two hours, I stole from my position, moving more slowly than does the minute hand of the clock! Deliberate purpose lent a sense of null-anxiety to my motions. I reached the front door and, with precise caution, slid the key into the lock, successfully repressing a triumphant chuckle. Dunnen had given us all keys, so we could admit ourselves in the morning, should he choose to sleep late. He had assumed I'd return the key when I swallowed my pride sufficiently to come for separation wages; that mistake--and mistake it was, for it was going to cost him his duper--was the result of an uncanny evaluation of my character, an evaluation filled with the surmises and assumptions of a madman, assumptions I would never make.

Fifteen minutes were spent in the manipulation of the lock, followed by an agonizingly long period of time during which my only occupation was with silently crossing the front room, through the house, and into the darkened farden. I used no lights, and walked carefully--



so as to upset no furniture which might have been moved in my absence--over to the desk near the duper. The heinous machinery was staring at me, exhibiting its own fiendish personality, glaring with an intense hatred second in force to my aroused dignity. I raised the desk-chair above my head, and brought it down with a fury that still amazes my sensibilities, as I remember these incidents. Again and again I smashed it against the machine, destroying it as finally and unrepairingly as it was in my power to bring about.

Suddenly I was aware that the lights had been switched on, and that Dunnen was saying something, speaking gibberish that fell upon nearly mute ears. "...crazy! I'm going to call the police!" Without a moment's hesitation--yet I did not act on glandular or mental impulse alone--I swung the chair sideways, from right to left, attempting to bludgeon his head. He either anticipated or foresaw the blow, and partially curbed its violence with his elbow. His guard dropped; with little backswing I brought the chair back from the left side, this time catching his skull below the ear. His body crumpled to the floor, where I beat it as mercilessly --you agree he deserved no mercy?--as I had his hated machinery.

Still I panicked not, as would a madman or incompetent impulsive. I calmly carried his body to the bathroom, where I dispatched it systematically, catching the blood in the tub (an undeniably clever stroke!). I then pried up several boards in the fanden, placing first the dismembered and de-blooded corpse, then the smashed duplicator, in its crevasse. The boards were quickly replaced, covered with a rug; then a chair was placed over both, sealing the cohorts effectively.

I checked several times to confirm that I had left no evidence, removed all fingerprints not left in the normal course of work (a madman might have been tempted to remove all his fingerprints, but I realized the suspicious nature of such a move) and left as I had entered, walking calmly to my car and travelling home, a great burden removed from my spirit.

Despite the fact that there were no outward appearances of physical violence, the police still deemed Dunnen's disappearance sufficiently bothersome as to pursue an investigation of the subject's whereabouts. I was picked up, asked to enter a squadcar; after we had passed but a few blocks, however, the driver received a call, turned from our previous path, and pulled up at Dunnen's house some fifteen minutes later! How devilishly clever! A trap, designed to heighten the pangs of conscience of anyone involved in his disappearance, no doubt! The supposed mundanity of law enforcement officers gave way to new feelings of admiration for their sagacity, cleverness which approached--but did not equal or exceed--my own.

I was the calmest of the lot assembled, even though I was questioned first, my riddle of the previous day apparently making me the most likely "suspect". I answered rationally, denied any knowledge of the Master's presence, offered to help in any way possible, and left to sit down until further questioning, should it become necessary.

I walked into the fanden, where I was to wait. My arrival must have been most unexpected, for I chanced upon some of the staff and investigating officers manipulating chairs so as to make the only available seat that over Dunnen's grave. I suspected a snare, and would have foiled their plans, would not standing have appeared to be a sign of nervousness, so I calmly took a seat.

The others were engaged in idle speculation as to Dunnen's presence, apparently oblivious to my existence. I listened carefully,

though apparently unconcernedly, anxious to pick up any morsel that might suggest a staging for my benefit. My hearing became so acute that I could actually hear the heartbeat of someone nearby. But...wait! No heartbeat ever sounded like that, like a drum far off in a breeze-blown Bahaman night! Faint it was yet growing in volume. I grew suddenly pale as the realization of identity of the object making the sound swept over me---Dunnen's damned duplicator, it's crank being rotated in defiance of my mortal powers! A supernatural hand was now at its helm, flaunting and tearing at my rationality.

Perhaps the others didn't hear it, I thought, forcing myself to be calm. But as the sound grew in crescendo I attracted unnecessary attention by prodding myself to speak in a high tone, prattling on about nothing, trying to divert their eardrums.

They knew! Certainly they knew, and they were acting, trying to force a confession from me, for they certainly must hear the duper!

Unable to stand the chicanery any longer, I sprang upright, my actions no longer controlled by my rational brain but by an animal instinct that I had foolishly allowed to get the better of me. I repeatedly beat the floor, smashed at the concealing boards, trying to stop the sound, to still the unearthly powers that monitored its existence...

It was later that Detective Heisler came to visit me in my detention cell, where I was being held prior to removal to a mental hospital. (I had successfully avoided the electric chair by appearing mad before a psychiatrist.)

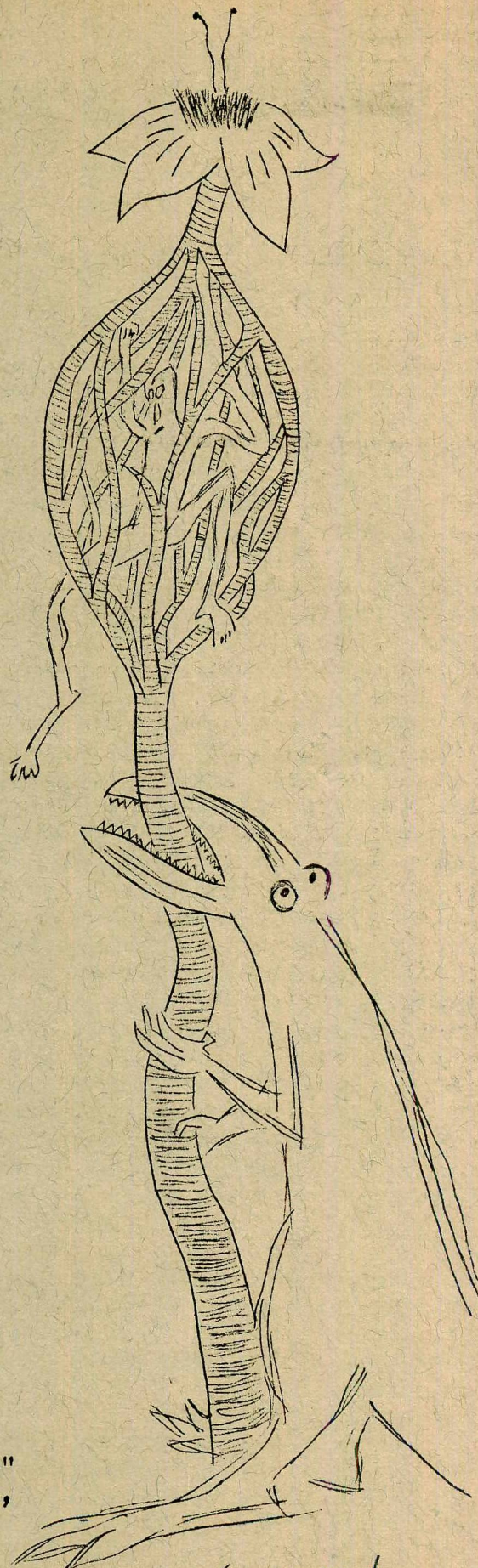
"It must have been your conscience," he asserted for the time infinite, still curious as to what had robbed me of my faculties and led to my confession.

"No," I said calmly, "I did hear that duper, as clearly as I now hear you."

He looked at me for a puzzled moment, then inquired how that could be.

"I had made the mistake of forgetting the damnable machine was a spirit duplicator!"

(-30-)



chopped

25

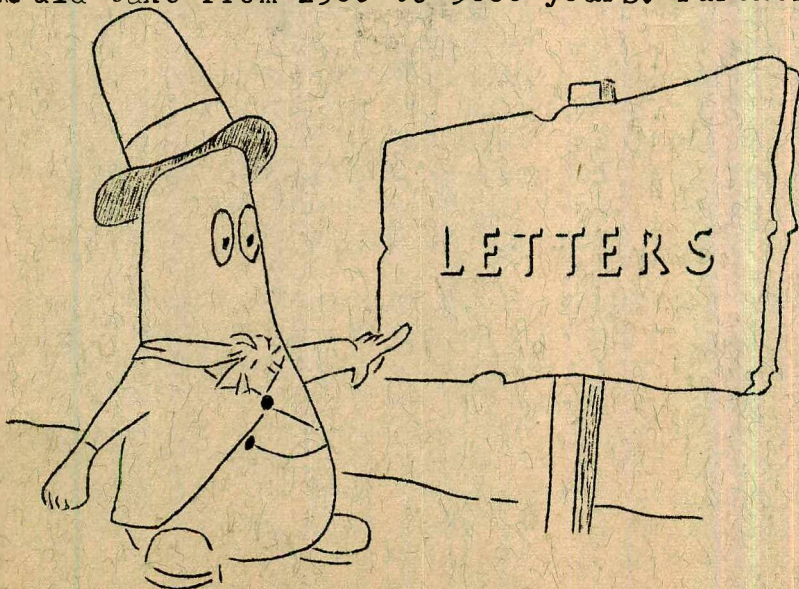
Floyd Zwicky : Dave English's reaction to the term "socialistic" is that of the person who is trying to espouse a cause that he knows he can't justify by logic. I used the word to describe the silly, hackneyed, misdefined expression "dictatorship of the proletariat", and if that expression is not socialistic, what in the name of reason is it?

In any case, I did not take the book Atlas Shrugged as a political treatise, as some people, including the critics, have done. I took it rather as an argument for brains and ability instead of less valuable qualities. More important than any political system is the question of whether or not humanity needs people with brains and ability rather than sheer numbers. Strangely enough, you will hear both sides of this question argued. I have been told that quotations are helpful in this sort of discussion, so I offer one by Anne Freemantle from her book, The Age of Belief: "Man, we know, invented the wheel, the pulley, the arch, the internal combustion engine, the airplane. Yet who or what was this 'man'? Very, very few men have invented or discovered anything; most men, through all the ages, and still today, are dwarfs who couldn't even figure out how to set an egg up straight or how to light a fire by rubbing sticks together, unless borne aloft on the shoulders of the giants."

All right, we need more of these giants, but where are we going to get them? Some will say that we need to breed them, and if this is true, let's see if we can do it. We know we can breed animals for physical qualities, as witness the dairy cow, and we are told we can also breed animals for intelligence, as in the case of the Weimaraner dog. So let's assume that we can do the same for man. In the case of the cow, it took probably fifty or a hundred generations to get our modern high producers from the original scrubs. If intelligence can be raised at the same rate, and allowing the usual thirty years for a human generation, then the project would take from 1500 to 3000 years. Further allowing for mankind's

normal perversity, it hardly seems possible we could do it, even if our patience did hold out. Yet, is there any other way to increase the general intelligence? Or shall we continue to hope for a miracle?

It is also maintained that we do not have enough brilliant and talented people to run everything well that needs to be run if we can locate and train them all. Here again



I'm afraid we had better not wait for a miracle. It is up to us then to seek out those rare individuals who are the hope of humanity and train them properly. But let us also bear in mind that we are on Earth and not in Heaven and that we are dealing with human beings rather than angels, something the proponents of exotic social and political systems often overlook. Human beings are not naturally logical or altruistic. When they occupy positions of power they tend to abuse them more or less and we can't fairly criticize them for that as long as each of us tries his darndest to use his own "connections" to get it wholesale. So we absolutely must introduce human nature into our ideals, and when we do, it usually raises hell with that ideal. This is probably a good thing, because it makes us try to determine what man is capable of, instead of expecting him to match an impossible standard as most theological systems do.

All right, what is Man and what is his destiny, if such destiny is the result of anything other than sheer accident? You may choose one of the more complicated metaphysical explanations if you wish, but if you want to argue the subject you'll have to stick to what you see and leave the guesswork out. Mankind is the highest form of life in the universe, as far as we know. In that case he owes it to himself to act in accordance with it. Anything that de-means the race demeans the individual, and vice versa. And since progress upward is through any individual rather than through sheer numbers, it would seem quality counts more than quantity. In the latter case, we are excelled by both the mosquito and the codfish.

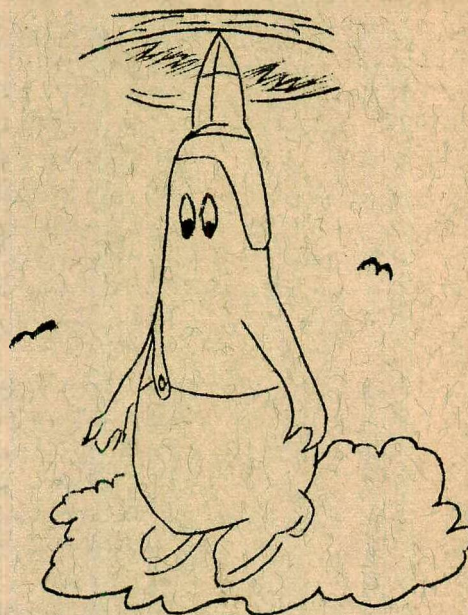
Political note: in our country we have arrived at a system that gives the greatest good to the greatest number of any system yet tried, and I am with the majority of Americans in not wishing to trade this for unproven theories, no matter how glamorous they may sound. And when a better system is found, as I hope it will be, I sincerely hope we have the wits to adopt it. In the meantime, let us not hope too much of Man; that way lies frustration.

A last word in defense of Man. Some gifted individuals are making true efforts to improve our lot, and only the most critical would refuse to admit that we are not better off than we were a hundred or more years ago. The individual citizen is more and more comfortable; he can earn his living with less effort and have time for intellectual and recreational pursuits if he so wishes. "You can lead a horse to water but..." We are more and more concerned with our fellow man, both at home and abroad. Man does indeed seem to have a goal, if his path towards it resembles the track of a drunken snake. Of course he has not reached perfection in any direction but he has made progress. But--as urged before--let's not expect too much. Particularly let us be careful not to accept fine words on the subject of social order as facts until we have facts to bear them out. We can accept new theories as hypothesis to be examined, of course, but the very fact that they are hypothesis ought to tone down considerably our tendency to argue about them.

Don Wollheim : Bob Tucker is too innocent in his wondering at why I don't commission novels to order. Of course I do, but most stf writers are aiming at more than I pay (which initially works out to 2¢ per word, or maybe 2 3/4). Why doesn't Bob Tucker write directly for me? Answer is that he has a high-power agency run by women who are only vaguely aware of Ace's existence even if they do make occasional sales to us. Then again, most of the pro-hacks are counting on magazine sales first, then hard covers, and then paperbacks. This raises hob with their lengths and styles.

But Bob knows perfectly well that anytime he wants to write directly for me, I'll contract his whole output, up to five novels per year.

Buck Coulson is another too-innocent. He praises Knox Burger for his "non-Hollywood" evaluation of a competitor while ignorant of the fact that the Vonnegut novel was bought and published by Knox while he was editor of Dell! So Knox is only boosting Knox. Personally I think our competitors publish some terrific novels, and I only wish that I could afford to outbid them. However, they do themselves no real favors for, as you can see, they claim to be losing money or maybe breaking even. Ace is making money on sf. So much for sound business policies.



Les Sample : I've been wondering just how many people might have received a bad impression of me from my previous letters; it's not that I'm a chronic juvenile delinquent. So, I hope this will clarify matters:

It happens that, in May of 1960, I was perilously close to spending some three years in reform school.

I had recently been elected to the vice-presidency of the local chapter of the Liberal Religious Youth. During the months that I was a member, the LRY, an international organization sponsored by the Unitarian Church, had proved to be the source of many hours of entertainment and enlightenment. The meetings, held every other week, consisted of listening to music, playing bridge or Canasta, and discussing such subjects as the feasibility of the abolition of capital punishment in the U.S. Innocent enough, hmmm?

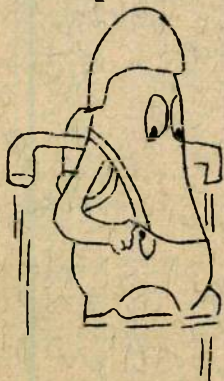
Not so to my parents! To them the LRY was subversive and communistic, because 1) it is sponsored by the Unitarian Church; 2) the Unitarian doctrine does not preach that Christ was the son of God, or that the Holy Bible is the indisputable Word of God; 3) therefore, the Unitarian Church, and everything and everyone affiliated with it in any way whatsoever, is communistic and atheistic.

My father added, as an afterthought, that one of our counselors was a member of the NAACP, yet further grounds for declaring him a subversive.

I was told, point-blank by my father, either to get out of the LRY or to get out of his house. I protested on the grounds that he had no right to force me to make such a decision.

Followed a visit to the nearest Southern Baptist minister, who spent 2½ hours telling me that I was going straight to Hell if I didn't repent, and do as my father said. Although it may have been socially improper, I merely sat and grinned at him throughout the entire "sermon". At the end of the brainwashing session both of my parents, as well as the good Reverend, were quite shocked to learn that I had no intention of mending my ways, and coming over to the side of law and order and God.

On Saturday, May 14, 1960 (the exact date has been indelibly printed on my memory, for obvious reasons) I left my home, with no intention of ever returning. At 11:00 A.M. the following day, while visiting a young lady of my acquaintance, I was picked up by a detective and amid protests that I had broken no law I was forced to accompany him to the Station.



It was there, with the detective and my father, that I spent the most miserable, disillusioning hours of my life.

The detective began by telling me that anything that went on would be completely off the record, in order to save me possible future embarrassment. This was possible, I was informed, only because my father was a close friend of the Chief of Police. And, in any event, I could not be guaranteed the same lucky treatment should I ever get into trouble again, despite my father's influence.

The next several hours were spent, alternately, in condemning me for my association with known subversives and in trying to cajole (or frighten) me into admitting that I was actively opposing Law and Order.

The detective who was questioning me began by producing a police file on the LRY. This file contained, among other things, a large file of information on the case of a 14 year-old boy who committed suicide while still a member. The boy had elected to take a large dose of potassium cyanide; to my father, this was undeniable evidence that the LRY was subversive, though I've as yet to make the connection.

This case deserves a bit of explanation. The boy, whom I'll call Joe, was a quite brilliant youngster who admittedly hated his parents and his school for the restrictions they placed upon him. He was an atheist; all this information was in the hands of the police, along with a highly personal letter Joe had written to a girl of his age in Texas. Possession of these letters must surely have constituted an invasion of privacy.

Also included in the file was a statement Joe had prepared prior to killing himself. This consisted of half a dozen typewritten pages about the origin of the Universe, and a time machine that Joe and one of his friends (who also attempted suicide) had constructed. If this last was meant to be taken seriously, it is conclusive proof that Joe was a highly disturbed, possibly psychotic, individual. How this points to his being subversive, I don't know.

The last item in the file was a police report of Joe's suicide, complete with photographs taken from various angles. For some time the detective and my father reiterated that Joe's demise could be traced to the fact that the LRY "confused" him; I would wind up the same way unless I severed my ties with them. All for some "stupid communists..."

They then played their trump card. In the state of South Carolina, it is not necessary for a minor to transgress a law in order to be jailed. All his parents need do is go to the police station and sign a statement that the child is "unmanageable." He would then be put in reform school until he reached the age of 21. This my father said he didn't want to do, but would if it became necessary.

There were other effects of my membership. My father demanded that I drop all of my friends, whether they were associated with the LRY or not. He burned fifty or sixty of my books because he didn't like the titles. He swore to "get" Bill, our counselor and member of the NAACP; some time later, Bill lost his job and left the state.

A number of violent arguments followed, culminating in my leaving home and joining the U.S. Army last August.

It may be argued that I might have avoided all the unpleasantness had I only obeyed my parents in every particular. My reply to such statements is to quote Bertrand Russell: "There is no greater reason for children to honor parents than for parents to honor children, except that while the children are young, the parents are stronger..."

Jerry DeMuth : The fact that the movie version of Psycho lacked a central character, as Rod Frye says, is what increased the impact of the film. It is not so much the lack of such a character, but rather that there was a switch. At the beginning of the film the central character is Janet Leigh. Then she is murdered--something which we tell ourselves simply cannot happen and yet it does and thus the murder makes a greater impact on us than it would have otherwise. Janet Leigh, our lovely heroine, the woman we have gotten to know and sympathize with, is murdered in an ugly, brutal, mindless manner which involves us as subjectively as possible. It is so brilliantly conceived and edited that we never realize--at least at first--that we never see the blade near Janet Leigh's (no, Marli Renfro's) flesh. Anyway, there goes our central character, and so Hitchcock introduces her boyfriend (John Gavin) as her replacement.

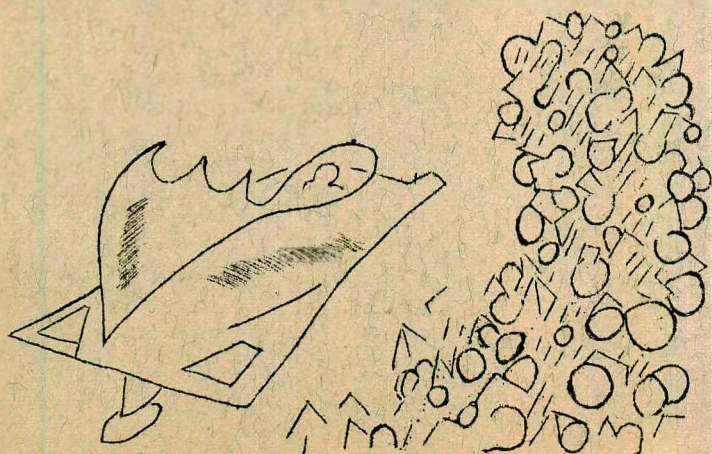
Bill Conner : Socialism lost its chance in the U.S. way back in the early 1900's when William Jennings Bryan, Teddy Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson saw that there were certain changes which had to be made in our society in order to make it more democratic. Big business and reactionary elements were gradually edged out of power.

Dave English is very mistaken in thinking it possible for anyone to bring back the days of old predatory dog-eat-dog capitalism. Perhaps the chief reason for this is that the capitalists themselves don't want the old system back. They prefer the present system, where competition is quite mild and the emphasis is on the security of the whole group.

I find the outcry against creeping collectivization and socialistic ideas comes not from big businessmen but from little businessmen, in general. Also, families with inherited wealth tend to be quite conservative. I myself am conservative, but I don't wish to be identified with mythical people who want to return to the old days of "a dollar a day and a full dinner pail!" Certainly Barry Goldwater makes some rather extreme statements about social security, among other things, in Conscience of a Conservative; I doubt that anyone would agree that there is much chance of doing away with the system, as he seems to think. It is a great pity, a basic commentary on U.S. humanity, and a restriction of economic freedom that a compulsory social security system has been instituted in our country. But as long as people want to be freed of thinking for themselves, there will be people in government who will be glad to rid them of the task. Because people are so financially irresponsible, they need Social Security. Because the medical profession doesn't give

the people the service they demand at reasonable rates and with high ethical standards, I well realize that socialized medicine may be just around the corner.

However, this does not mean that socialism is just around the corner. True, these are socialistic institutions, but the U.S. is a long way from public ownership of the means of transportation. I believe



that the idea of a cradle-to-grave Big Brother state is still quite repulsive to most Americans. Most Americans realize that under our present system we are the healthiest, wealthiest and most advanced country in the world (including Russia, which has created a false impression of great technological advances by concentrating on spectacular space achievements.)

I am not the least bit worried about socialism taking over in the U.S. From the viewpoint of our ivory tower intellectuals, our society may be sadly mediocre, our "mass culture" to be deplored; but these people miss the point that any culture, when judged by its "average" is mediocre inherently. But even when looking at the culture of Mr. Average American, the unescapable fact is that he's the most advanced average man in the world.

Pat Kearney : I started work at half past eight this morning, and at about half past nine this evening, mother rang up and in an excited and breathless voice proclaimed that I had been sent a 30 page letter by Bob Tucker. She was disappointed to hear that it was only Bane, with a Tucker column.

The Guards and the old Prussian Army were notorious for the amount of homosexuality in their ranks. Not so with the Foreign Legion. Why? Because medically supervised brothels were kept at the far-flung Legion outposts. Each soldier would receive a token with his pay--more if he were an officer--which would entitle him to one visit, free; subsequent trips he had to pay for. The Legion was not completely devoid of homos, but the situation was better than elsewhere. Consequently the assumption that correctly supervised brothels should be supplied to Army and Air Force bases hundreds of miles from anywhere is, to my mind, a perfectly reasonable one.

Sid Birchby : It's hard to say what would happen were Shaver to return to fandom. My guess is: nothing. Most fen are so sick of having psi, the Dean Drive and other jolly jol-de-rols flung at them they would scarcely fall for the Shaver myths again.

Why, compared to some of the skimmed milk and water stories we've had since Shaver's day, his stuff reads like good red-blooded action fiction. I always did have a sneaky admiration for the heroes. Like dear DuQuesne, the villains seem to have more fun than anyone else.

As a question of reader identification, which would fellow fen choose to be, if they had to:

1) A worried 1961-type hero, knee-deep in apported chamber-pots because he's a psionic genius but doesn't know it or

2) A moustache-twirling dero, due to get his come-uppance in the last chapter, but meanwhile chasing the women, ribbing the hero, and generally horsing around?

Buck Coulson : Probably a majority of the published material on lesbians is pornography, or at least the sort of "commercial pornography" that sells to the lip-movers who buy cheap paperbacks. A majority of the published material on any sexual situation falls into this class. But you can't put all homosexual books in one class any more than you can equate Jack Woodward and Shakespeare merely because the latter wrote a scene wherein Hamlet propositions Ophelia.

Most of the big issues of fanzines during the early part of the year can probably be traced as much to extra time over the Christmas holidays as to any desire to publish a super-keen issue before the Fanac Poll.

Les Gerber : The edition of The Adventures of Baron Munchausen I read seemed quite confident that Erich Raspe had written the adventures himself, making fun of the real Munchausen's grossly exaggerated tales of his own exploits, and that Munchausen nearly died of apoplexy when he read Raspe's book. Raspe apparently wrote chapters two through seven of what is found in modern editions, the rest having been added anonymously during the book's history.

Not that I believe it's any more possible to convince an ardent supporter of our present society that it is a vast corruption of human values than it is to convince the average American that his views towards sex are warped and perverted; both attitudes are far too basic. I am not really much of a socialist, since I believe capitalism is theoretically capable of as much as socialism; but socialism would represent something less than the opposite extreme of our present society. The greatest inherent danger in socialism is that it might lead to a more tyrannical form of government, but I'm almost ready to take the risk. Totalitarian dictatorships never last forever; there is some danger attitudes might.

Betty Kujawa : As long as Les Sample is under-age in the eyes of his state, and as long as he's taking room and board from his parents, he does owe them obedience and some slight respect---if ONLY out of respect for the Moral (Mosaic) code on which our culture is based. But, believe me, I don't minimize the hellishness of what he's facing. I told some of my visiting friends about his problem the other night--University instructors, PHD's, and Roman Catholic priests --thus beginning a rousing debate.

And we'll have to call it quits there, after six and a half pages of adulterated comments--and a number of interesting remarks were left unprinted, sad to relate. Sorry that the Anniversary Issue necessitated such space limitations, all around.

This column closed Friday, August 11th, some two weeks before I'll be able to get the issue in the mails; a lot of printing has to be done before some relatives arrive for a short visit.

As a final reminder--all letters to this publication are subject to publication unless otherwise specified. Editor. *

SAY, I'M SORRY,

Lynn Hickman: You might tell Coulson that Lion Books went out of business some years ago. :: Bob Tucker: Hey... :: Wrai Ballard: You may be warping my life and causing all sorts of psychological maladjustments. :: Helmut Klemm: In almost any fanzine recently I see reviews of Hanns Helmut Kirst's The Seventh Day, but it appears the book has never been published in Germany... :: Bob Warner: You may be a bit confused... :: Ed Bryant: Is there any rule that the "Best Dramatic Presentation" has to be science fiction? If there is, I Aim at the Stars is definitely ineligible for a Hugo. :: Jae Gibson: Your big crudzine is... :: Don Anderson: Of course, words are nothing but a way to vocalize thoughts in order to communicate them, and the success of this system makes it tough to think of words in any other context. :: Brian Aldiss: I bet I'm the only human writing you from a bath in a horizontal submerged position while wearing dark glasses and drinking health-giving black-currant juice. :: Russell Watkins: It seems Harlan can't live down the antics of his former days... :: Bob Jennings: Buck Coulson snarls at everyone, so somehow I get the impression of a large, nasty tempered dog surrounded by phantom fans; he hardly knows where to turn. Steve Schultheis wrote a long and interesting letter that space prohibits; the prohibition extends to Larry Williams, Dick Schultz, Harry Warner, Robert Bloch, George Willick, Earl Kemp, Lenny Kaye, Marion Bradley, Don Franson, Dick Bergeron and a few ballot returners.

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