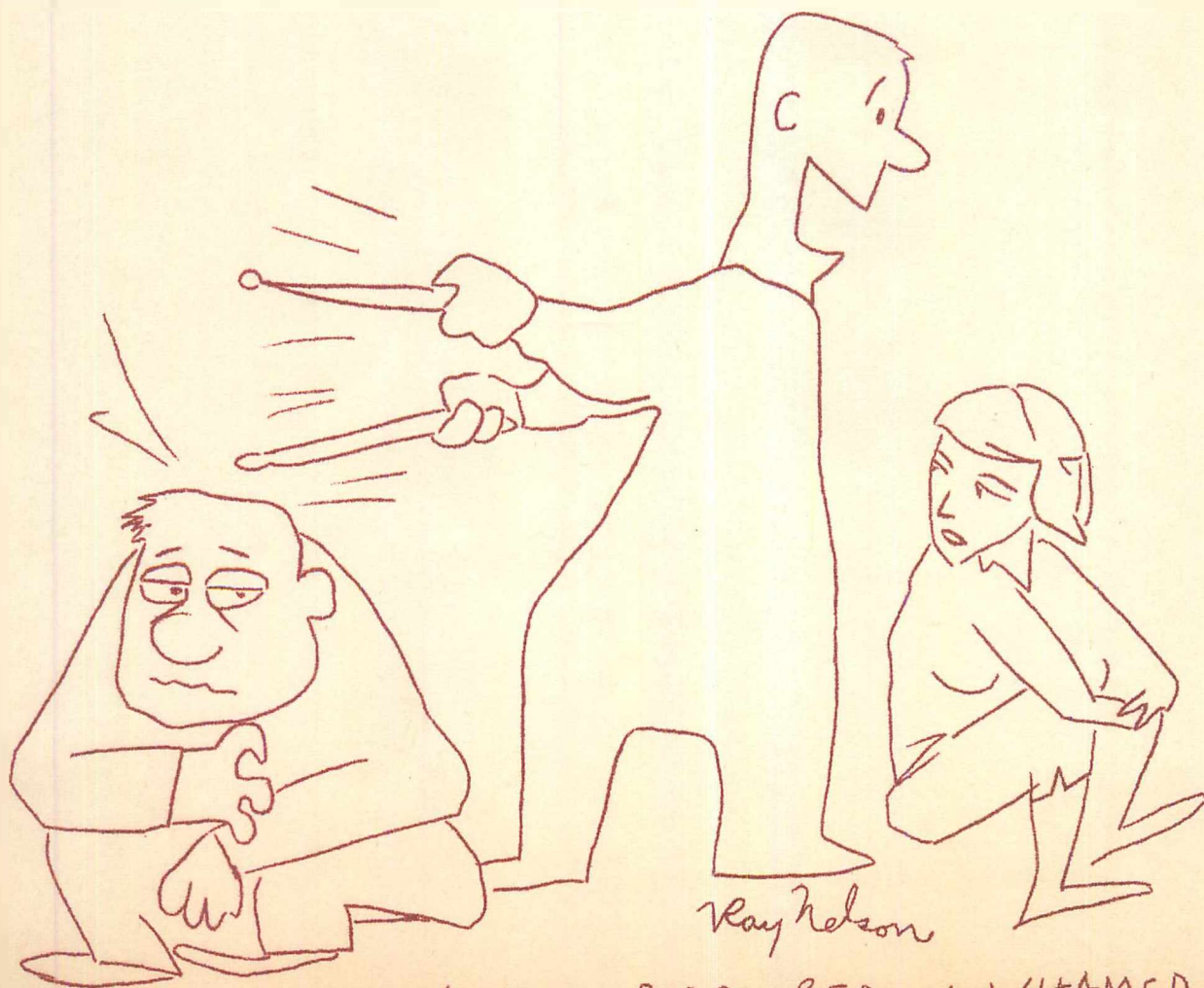


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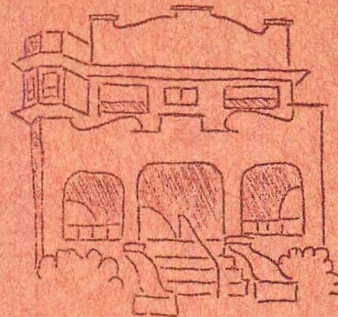


AND THEN OL' BABY DODDS REALLY WHAMED IT!

BIXEL

NUMBER 2

DEC '62



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BIXELANGSYNE ALVA ROGERS

Well. So here we are with the second issue of BIXEL. Publishing a fan-zine is not all as easy as I'd been lead to believe. My admiration for those fans who continue to publish on a regular monthly or bi-monthly schedule is unbounded. Again, my appreciation to Bill Donaho for his encouragement, advice, and help in producing this zine must be publicly acknowledged. Thanks, Bill.

WESTERCON XVI

As you all know from VIPER #6 and the flyer in the last mailing, Berkeley is hosting the 1963 Westercon, and Bill Donaho and I are on the con committee, along with Al haLevy (the chairman) and Ben Stark. This same quadrumvirate, incidentally, also constitutes the committee working to get the 1964 Worldcon for the Bay Area --- '64 FRISCO OR FIGHT! -- with Al haLevy and Ben Stark acting as co-chairmen.

Obviously, the first essential for a convention is to have a place to convene. Putting our minds and energies to work on this problem we finally came up with a convention site which we believe will make this one of the best Westerecons ever. The place we picked has a relaxed, congenial atmosphere, a cooperative management, is conveniently located for out of town visitors, and marvelous convention facilities. Westercon XVI, July 4-5-6-7, 1963, will be held at the Hyatt House near the San Francisco airport.

There is a bit of a story connected with our getting the Hyatt House which goes back to the Seacon. A few weeks ago Ben Stark called the Hyatt House to see if he could arrange for a meeting between the manager and the committee. He didn't talk with the manager, but got, instead, a lady who informed him that under no circumstances would the Hyatt House consider itself available to a science fiction fan convention. Why? asked a croggled Ben. Because, he was told, the World Con in Seattle had left the Hyatt House there in a shambles with several hundred dollars worth of property damage, and fans were persona non grata throughout the entire Hyatt House chain. This was shattering news, and so we continued looking elsewhere. In the meantime, both Ben and Bill called Busby who immediately checked with the Seattle Hyatt House to find out what the hell the score was, because this serious charge was news to the Seattle fans. It developed that this female had no authority (nor basis in fact) for making this preposterous statement, that she was the cateror at the Seacon, with whom that worthy committee had several run-ins, and that, on the contrary, Hyatt House was more than pleased with the Seacon and would welcome a fan gathering anytime at any of their hotels. They expressed their sincere apologies to Bus. for the slander levelled at fandom, promised to contact our committee and offer us their facilities, and assured him that the lady in question would be fired forthwith.

On October 20th we were invited to meet with the manager of the San Francisco

Hyatt House and were given the red carpet treatment. Everything we asked for was promised to us without hesitation, and the management even volunteered several gratis favors we hadn't thought to ask for. We were not required to guarantee either the number of rooms to be occupied by attendees nor the number of guests to be present at the banquet. We were offered private bar services whenever we wished, given assurance that every effort would be made to group the fans in one area, provided with ideal meeting and display rooms (for books and magazines and Project Art Show), promised a ballroom for a masquerade ball if we decide to have one, and given a con suite for party purposes that is out of this world. All this, and more, we have in writing.

The Hyatt House is a sprawling establishment of several two story buildings (No elevators!) connected by covered walks, has an elegant dining room, a twenty-four hour coffee shop, a large public bar with scantily clad waitresses, a beautiful private bar available to us at need, twenty-four hour room service, and a fabulous swimming pool. Anyone who can possibly make this con and then misses it is out of his mind. Pre-con registration is one dollar, and either Bill or I will happily accept your money.

SCOTLAND AND IRELAND FOREVER

For those of us in the BArea who were unable to attend Chicon III the visits of that wee Scottishe lassie, Ethel Lindsay, and those two stalwarts of Irish Pandom, Walt and Madeleine Willis, went a long way in helping to assuage our grief. Ethel was the first to hit town and a party was held at Donaho's in her honor Wednesday night. One's first impression of Ethel is how truly "a wee bonnie lassie" she is. Ethel delighted everyone with her unabashed and continuing enthusiasm for her trip to the States, her astounding stamina, and her accent. Conversation with Ethel was a little difficult because Donaho, wishing to make Ethel feel at home, insisted on playing an album of bagpipe music at full volume on his stereo. However, what little gabbing I was able to have with Ethel only made me wish there could have been much more. Unfortunately, Ethel had to leave fairly early in order to get some sleep before continuing her journeys; but before leaving she conned Ben Stark into plotting her course from the West Coast back to New York. Ethel wanted to go through Salt Lake City and other points of interest on the way East and still get to New York by the end of the week, but she was completely bewildered by the Greyhound bus schedule. Ben Stark, Ph.D., who daily copes with highly complex chemical and mathematical formulas, almost came a cropper with Greyhound's devilishly ingenious bus schedule; but after almost a half-hour of sweating he triumphantly presented Ethel with a satisfactory route plan.

We enjoyed your visit Ethel, but are only sorry it couldn't have been longer.

We had hardly recovered from the party for Ethel when the word went out that there was to be another bash at Donaho's the following Saturday night, this time for Walt and Madeleine Willis. When Sid and I walked in the door the first thing we noticed was the apparent presence of Fritz Leiber; but, of course, we immediately realized that it wasn't Fritz, but what seemed to be a junior model of a Fritz...Walt Willis. Before I had a chance to meet Walt Robbie Gibson came charging at me and I started to turn and run for my life, fearing that something I'd said in the Gibson-Rogers debate had so enraged her that she was intent on settling the issue in a femininely direct fashion. But instead of clouting me she threw her arms around me and kissed me with such hair curling fervor that I began to fear for my life from Joe. But as I kissed Robbie back in self defense I was relieved to see from the corner of my eye that Injun Joe was observing the whole thing with benign amusement.

Madeleine wasn't immediately present, having gone out for a bite to eat, but when she did make her appearance I could see the basis of Joe's comment to her when he first met her ("Y'know, I wish you had been on that bus rather than Walt, that first time!") — she's a charmer. Not that Walt isn't, but he ain't a pretty girl like Madeleine.

Walt, naturally, is a good talker, but he's also a good listener. Whenever a fan had anything to say to Walt he gave his undivided attention; and, of course, when Walt talked everyone gave him their undivided attention. Joe and I got Walt into a discussion of the IRA which was fascinating but unfortunately curtailed. Madeleine got beautifully and charmingly drunk (not really, but she thought she was), claiming that it was the first time in her life that she had done so, and appeared to be enjoying every single minute of it.

It was a raucous party--one of the best in a long time.

The week of Ethel's, Walt's, and Madeleine's visits to the Barea will be long and fondly remembered.

AND A VISIT FROM EVANS, TOO

In the excitement of the TAFF and LAWF visits I almost forgot the visit Bill Evans payed us a couple of weeks before the Chicon. Again, the visit was the occasion for another party at Donaho's (if one gets the impression that Bill lives in a party pad, the impression is correct) to which all FAPA and OMPA members were invited, which, with waiting listers, included most of Barea fandom. It was a quiet party devoted mostly to talk of the apa's, but with considerable discussion, also, on the problems of putting on a World convention which was extremely helpful to the Berkeley committeemen. Of course, anytime you get Evans to talking the talk sooner or later gets around to science fiction and fantasy--particularly of a vintage nature--and the magazines in which it appeared. Bill's bibliographical knowledge is impressive and the discussion on this subject provided a fitting climax to an enjoyable evening.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Fandom has been singularly blessed in recent weeks with two mammoth publications which, in their separate ways, bring the past vividly to life again. The first and largest (371, xvi pp.) is Eney's Fault, A SENSE OF FAPA, being selections from the FAPA mailings starting with The F.A.P.A. Fan, Number One, published by Wollheim in July 1937, and ending in the recent past. The most notable feature of the book is the reprinting in full of Francis T. Laney's disillusioned and sulfurous blast at fandom, Ah! Sweet Idiocy!, which takes up 2/5 of the book. Other outstanding items are: Speer's Full Length Article - Number Two: Up to Now, a history of fandom from its beginnings in the early thirties up to 1939; the various accounts of blitzkriegs--particularly Burbee's FAPA Forever; P. Schuyler Miller's classic Alicia in Blunderland; the speech, Mutation or Death, written by John B. Michel and delivered by Don Wollheim at the Third Eastern Science Fiction Convention in Philadelphia, October 1937, which launched the "Michelist" movement; Joe Kennedy's two part history of New York area fandom which covered roughly the same time span as Laney's ASI, and Redd Boggs' marvelous essay on the Skylark stories of E.E. Smith, Flight of the Skylark.

The second magnum opus is perhaps of more general interest than A SENSE OF FAPA, being selected reprints, arranged chronologically, from one of the greatest subzines of all time -- Harry Warner's SPACEWAYS. REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST, pub-

lished by Bill Evans, is only (only!) 181 pages long, but, ah! the memories each of those pages evoke! Much of the material in SPACEWAYS was devoted to the pro field, bibliographical data, and items of interest to collectors. There was also much fannish material by such luminaries as Hoy Ping Pong, SaM, and others. Also featured was better than average fiction by Amelia Reynolds Long, Robert W. Lowndes, Thomas P. Kelley, Fred Hurter and Damon Knight; poetry by Paul Freehafer, C.S. Youd, Earl Singleton, Damon Knight. Some of the more interesting items are the claims and counter-claims by RAP and JWC concerning the comparative circulation figures for their magazines; How to Write a Story, by "Lyle Mcmroe", and The Log of The Foo Foo Special, or, The Fantasy Boys Out West, by Art Widner, Jr., being an account of the trip by car taken by Art, John Bell, Julie Unger, and Milt Rothman from the east coast to the Denvention in 1941 and their return--a classic bit of fan trip reporting. The whole book is one massive hunk of nostalgia.

It has been said by Buck Coulson and others that nothing is so devoid of interest as last month's or last year's fanzine. Maybe so. But I found both these books, containing reprints from fanzines going back nearly thirty years, to be continually fascinating and anything but devoid of interest.

AND NOW FOR A BIT OF NOSTALGIA OF MY OWN.....

Much has been written about Tendril Towers in the past, some good, some bad, and in the first issue of this magazine a picture of it appeared on the cover. But for some reason little has been said about the chatelaine of this historic hostel.

Aunt Dee was every bit as colorful a personality as any fan who was ever her guest. Delta Wenrich was in her late fifties or early sixties at the time 628 South Bixel was transformed into Tendril Towers late in 1942. She was stocky of figure, with iron gray hair worn always in a bun at the back of her head, and strong Slavic features highlighted by twinkling eyes and a toothless smile--toothless, that is, except for one upper and one lower tooth directly in the center of her smile. Aunt Dee stoically suffered the agony of bunions and constantly shuffled around the house in old carpet slippers. With a babushka over her head Aunt Dee could have posed as the symbol of the noble peasant woman on any good proletarian poster.

Aunt Dee was that most improbable type--a tolerant and understanding landlady. Before fandom descended on her in the persons of Jimmy Kepner, Mel Brown, and myself, most of her tenants were nice middle-aged or elderly men and women, many of whom had been living there for years. Aunt Dee took an immediate personal interest in our wellbeing, worrying about us if we didn't appear to be eating regularly or properly, sweating out our job hunting periods with us, taking a vicarious interest in our fannish activity, and letting us cuff the rent occasionally if we were caught a little short. Like the time I was out of work and was home working on an oil painting of a lunar landscape complete with rocket ship and space suited figures; and the day I finished it I started down the stairs to go out when Aunt Dee stuck her head out her door and motioned to me to come into her apartment.

After closing the door carefully she turned to me and said, "Alva, you're two weeks behind in your rent, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know that painting you have? The one with the rocketship on the

moon? Well, my niece is getting married in a few weeks and I would just like to know if you would consider trading the painting for a month's rent. I'd like to give it to her for a wedding present."

I was both touched and amused. Touched because Aunt Dee was offering me a face saving and dignified way out of the dilemma of my over-due rent; and amused at the thought of my science fiction painting being given as a wedding present to a non-fan. Aunt Dee explained that she wasn't considering the subject matter of the painting, but, rather, was entranced by the colors used. In the hallowed tradition of all starving artists I quickly agreed to the barter confident that I was coming out ahead on the deal.

This gentle natured woman with the grandmotherly mein was considered in certain quarters to be a dangerous--if not criminal--person. For, you see, Aunt Dee was a charter member of the American Communist Party. For almost forty years she had been actively engaged in radical activities, never once losing faith in the eventual triumph of the working class over the bourgeoisie.

Her first taste of political action was with the suffragette movement, but this soon proved to be too tame and slow for her and she moved on to the industrial union movement and for many years carried a Wobbly card. However, it was really the Socialist Party that demanded her fullest allegiance and to this party she remained faithful until that historic day in 1919 when the Socialist Party split on the subject of the Soviet Union and the American Communist Party came into being. And on that day Aunt Dee became a card carrying Communist.

Aunt Dee's faith in the Communist cause sublime and unswerving, simple and unquestioning, a religious faith in every sense of the term. This idealistic woman never questioned the tenets of her faith, although, I've been told by Nieson Himmel, she began to have a few gnawing doubts towards her last days. To Aunt Dee the Communist Party was something almost holy. Once, when she was arrested and brought to trial during one of Los Angeles's periodic Red Raids during the thirties, she gave public testimony to this.

Aunt Dee was in the witness chair and the prosecutor climaxed his summation of the evidence against her by fixing her with a righteous glare and thundering: "Mrs. Wenrich, are you, or are you not, a member of the Communist Party?"

Aunt Dee, as equally righteous as her prosecutor, snapped right back, "Yes, by God! And I can prove it!"

This noble woman put up with a lot of crap from the fans who called her house their home--our sloppy housekeeping, our chronically late hours of gabbing, our drunken parties. If one of us had a woman in our room (don't laugh, Laney exaggerated somewhat) she might shake her head disapprovingly, but she wouldn't say anything.

I really don't know why Aunt Dee took such a shine to her Finnish tenants, unless it was because our lovable personalities just naturally aroused the maternal instinct in her. She always referred to Kepner, Brown, Nieson Himmel, Gus Wilmoth and me as "her boys", and I like to think that in spite of other fans who moved in later we four always remained "her boys."

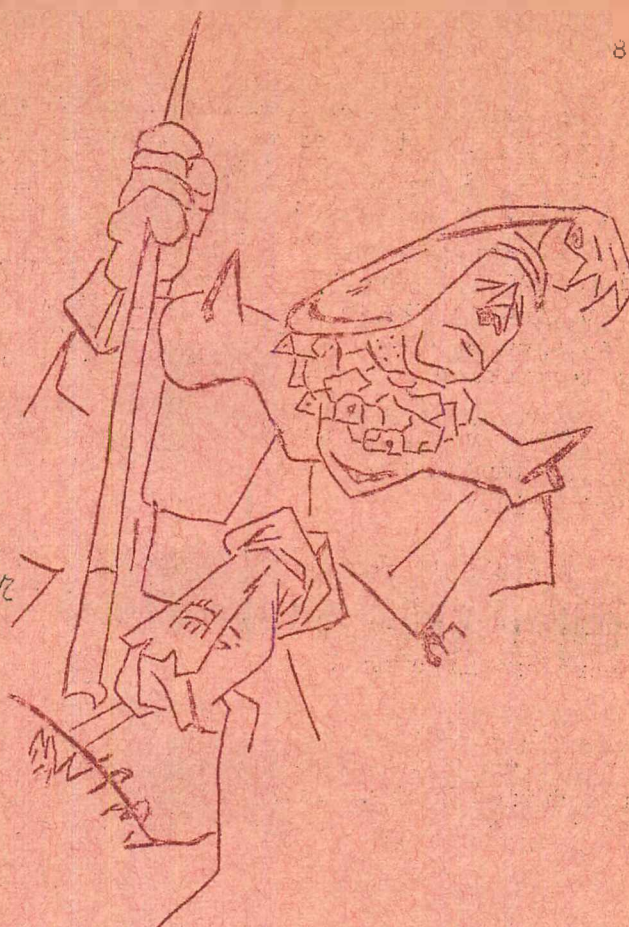
"Our love will last forever!" breathed Walter as he wedded Janet. They made it legal amid the applause and envy of all their friends, and then they found that it just seems like forever.

---Stuart Palmer

EMERGENCY

FLARE by

HARRY WARNER, Jr.



About the NFFT: I take it all back.

Late this summer, the newspaper for which I work found itself suddenly in severe need of a city editor. The fellow who held that post had threatened to quit at least once a year for the past dozen years and when the management changed, the new bosses took him seriously. So a few of us underlings were culled from the brawling frontier of the news room and shipped to a local hotel for interviews with a personnel specialist from Indiana.

I haven't read a newspaper for many years, know nothing of current world events, and sometimes have trouble remembering whether President ~~JFK~~ Kennedy is a Republican or Democrat. If the interview consisted of tests on awareness of the things in which newspapers are concerned, I knew that I might end up as the switchboard operator. Unfortunately, I didn't have much spare time before the interview and the only reference book that I could locate contained no useful information except the names of the Supreme Court Justices. I memorized half of them and prayed that I could switch the interview around to this topic.

Instead, the personnel man confined himself to finding out things about me, not how well I'm aware of my environment. I told him how much money I had in the bank, the things that make me angry, and whether I'd ever been engaged to a blond older than myself. Fandom seemed to come in useful at one point. He asked how long it had been since my last drink, and suddenly I recalled that Betty Kujawa had mentioned a while back that the owners of the Hagerstown newspapers, whose headquarters are in South Bend, are quite puritanical in outlook. So in this particular instance, I answered the question truthfully with the fact that I'm a teetotaler.

Then the interview began to veer around to questions whose import was quite clear. The personnel man was hunting for evidence of leadership. I thought fleetingly of the way in which I've survived all these years in Hagerstown, by avoiding service club membership, committee duties for citizens' groups, and fund drive leadership. All I could dredge up was the isolated instances where I'd gone onto an official job because nobody told me I'd been appointed. Membership

on the board of the Community Concert Association and a tenure on the anti-litter organization of the Chamber of Commerce just seemed to whet the man's enthusiasm for more. So I thought of fandom again. I told him about FAPA offices I'd held, as well as the interview of Jim Blish I'd helped conduct at the Philcon last fall. It all put a real gleam in his eye. But I'd run out of concrete fan-nish accomplishments. At least, I thought that I had until the ultimate statement occurred to me. I thrust it away from me with the firmness that Christ displayed to Satan on that mountaintop. But I don't possess a god's resistance to temptation. I told him the supreme thing of them all.

"Why are you muttering all of a sudden?" he asked me. "You don't have a speech impediment, do you? You talked perfectly well up to now. Repeat what you just said."

I couldn't raise my eyes to his, no matter how I tried, but I managed to make myself understood this time. "I'm a co-founder of the National Fantasy Fan Federation," I said, hesitated a moment, and added: "and a past chairman of the board of directors."

A week later, I was notified that I was the new city editor, with another promotion to the duties of news editor on schedule within about 18 months. The new duties kept me from filling that panel post at the Chicon. But don't you believe those people who claim that the NFFF is a useless organization.

-0-0-0-0-0-

It's just a year since Ella Parker came to visit me between busses and ended by staying two days and part of a third. I have only one regret about her visit, and this is one that I've not put previously into print. I failed to accomplish one matter involving her.

Next door to my house live the parents of a girl who is quite a good friend, the wife of the state's attorney for this county, and the mother of three lovely daughters of elementary school age. Ginny frequently takes her children to their grandparent's home for long summertime visits. I was quite sure that she would consent to a diversion for Ella, and I knew that the girls would be delighted to take part.

This was to be quite easy to arrange. It would consist simply of Ginny and her daughters entering my house shortly before Ella arrived for her visit. Ella would ring the bell, and I would not open the door for her. Instead, Ginny would open the door and fly into a tirade to the effect that this must be the woman to whom her husband had been writing altogether too many letters and worst of all, had partially financed her trip at a time when a storm door is needed for the back porch. At the moment when Ginny began to reach full hysteria, the three girls were to rush into the room, screaming loudly and doing their best to knee Ella in the groin. There are several points in my house from which I could have watched the entire performance, unobserved.

Unfortunately, Ella didn't get to Hagerstown until after school had reopened for the fall, so the children were not available for staging the performance soon after the arrival of the early afternoon bus from the west. Besides, Ella informed me that I would meet her at the bus terminal, and I didn't think it would be wise to attempt to stage this production in front of an audience. I canceled the entire performance and did not even retain a copy of the script. But I did wonder greatly about the results of such a performance. Ella is known

as a person of extreme ability to handle herself and those around her at all times, during a crises or even in the absence of a crises. I knew that she would have found the right action to take if involved in such a scene. So on her second day in Hagerstown, I described the abortive plot and asked her what she would have done. Ella didn't disappoint me. She figured out instantly her course of action.

"I," she told me, "would have run like hell."

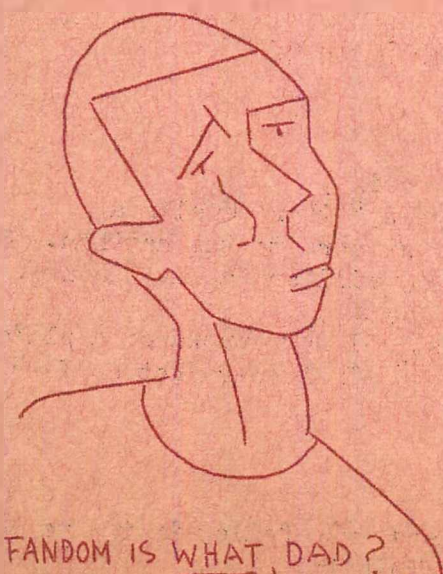
-O-O-O-O-O-

The 100th FAPPA mailing contained an obase issue of Bill Evans' REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST devoted to reprints from my old subscription fanzine, SPACEWAYS. Bill was kind enough to supply me with an extra copy for my old co-editor, Jim Avery. Jim suffered much the same misfortune as mine, soon after getting into fandom, by becoming a journalist. He now works for a Virginia newspaper, and is an old fan, and tired. But Jim is in a special situation. What happens when an old fan and tired has a young fan for a son?

Jim received this reprint anthology from SPACEWAYS with quite mixed emotions. He seemed to think that the Art Widner travelogue had held up remarkably well over the years, capturing the flavor of the period to perfection. In general, he thought that this old material made a pretty good showing in comparison with the fanzines his son is receiving.

His son, you see, has not come into fandom through his father, but rather through fans of his own generation. The son, who uses Red as his nickname, has serious thoughts about publishing a fanzine of his own. "I've just sent him off to military school," Jim told me. "Maybe he'll forget about publishing for awhile."

Anyway, it's a different situation, possibly a brand new one for fandom. The previous second generation fans known to me have dabbled in the field with either the enthusiastic backing or complete neutrality of the father or mother who is an old fan. Sam Martinez seems to have outlived already his son in fandom, after treating him more as an equal than as a youngster while both were active. Marion Bradley is encouraging her boy to read good fantasy stories and to join in the conversation on tapes to other fans. Peggy Rae McKnight practically dragged her mother back into fandom when she acquired an interest. The two-generation



FANDOM IS WHAT, DAD?

Curtises are equally enthusiastic. But I gather that Jim is shaded more toward disapproval than disinterest in Red's fan activities. I doubt that Jim would forbid his son to be an active fan but he doesn't sound particularly happy about this possibility. We've all heard of instances where a young fan engaged in fanac despite the scorn of parents who had never heard of the field before. What subterfuges would a teen-ager be forced to adopt if his father or mother went beyond Jim's stand, and was violently opposed to a fan career on the basis of old experiences in the field? How could a youth hide his mimeograph under the bed coverings to turn out his fanzines, if his parent knew the usual sources of mime-

eographs available to neofans, like the school and the church? What could the young fan say in reply to arguments from a parent who claimed on the basis of his own experiences that all forms of fanae are worthless and regretted in later life?

For that matter, I wonder if there may not be a few disguised former fans among the disapproving parents of today's younger fans? Name changes in fandom and prodom are so frequent that it's not impossible that Harry Schmarje or Louis Kuslan is making it hard for some son to remain active in fandom, after carefully destroying all traces of his own activities in the field around his home. So many old fans have reappeared on the scene, and those few who aren't yet accounted for might be reading their son's SAPS mailings at this very moment.

--Harry Warner, Jr.

"Because it's there!" pronounced alpinist Bosley when asked why he had to get to the top of Everest. A sudden storm and Bosley, companions, and six Sherpa guides slid into a crevasse and now are there, too.

--Stuart Palmer

O-O-O-O-O-O-

While idly browsing through some old fanzines the other evening I came across a crumbly (and perhaps, crumby) fanzine called PARNASSUS which wafted me on the gossamer wings of nostalgia into the past. Few have heard of, or will recall this magazine, but to me it has some significance. It was actually the first fanzine to which my name was associated as editor. It appeared once, in 1945, edited jointly by Art Saha, Alva Rogers, and James Kepner, and distributed through the Vanguard Amateur Press Association. Most of the contents was youthfully enthusiastic Marxist crap, but there was one item of a fannish nature which I think is interesting enough to reprint. Many of the allusions and characters may be obscure today, so I will try to clarify them as much as I can after all these years with footnotes which will be found at the end of the piece.

--Alva Rogers

THE GOSPEL

according to Saint James¹

CHAPTER I

1. And Wolheim² spake unto the Lowndes³ saying,
2. In Shangri-La⁴, in the land of the Angels,⁵ there dwells a young man whom I have chosen to carry my word to the heathen. Send thou therefore unto him, that he may know my will and do my bidding.
3. And Lowndes sent the word unto James saying,
4. In Vanguard's house are many mansions.⁶ I have prepared a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also. If it were not so I would not have told you about it.

CHAPTER II

1. And James said in his heart
2. In this land are many and great sinners, who follow in the way of Laney.⁸ that it is a vexation in the eyes of Wolheim.

3. Lo, the spirit of the Lord Wolheim is upon me and presseth me sore.
4. Hence, I will choose me twelve disciples, that we may bring the Holy light of Ghughu⁹ unto this land.
5. The stefnists that walk in darkness have seen a wonderous light; and they that dwell in the shadow of Daugherty,¹⁰ upon them hath the light shined.
6. The light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not.
7. And the evening and the morning were Monday.

CHAPTER III

1. And forthwith he went out into the highways and by-ways of Shangri-La, and called unto him twelve disciples, that they might bring the IASFS to the Lord Ghu.¹¹
2. He came unto Saha and showed him the word of the Lowndes, and said, Come, follow me.
3. And he took up his red star¹² and followed him.
4. And he came unto Merlin.¹³ mending his pants by the seam
5. And he straightway left his pants and followed him.
6. And the evening and the morning were Tuesday.

CHAPTER IV

1. They came unto Myrtle¹⁴ and Saint Bennie of Elmo's,¹⁵ tending their roses, and he delivered unto them the word of the Lord Ghu, but Saint Bennie murmured against the Lord, for he would fain leave the tender young buds.
2. But the Son of Ghu raised up his voice saying,
3. Let the rosebuds be.¹⁶ Come follow me.
4. And Myrtle the Douglas and Bennie of Elmo's left off tending their garden, and rose up and followed him.
5. Toward evening, Saha the Finn,¹⁷ and Merlin of the Trousers, saw their brothers Alva and Himmel¹⁸ afar off.
6. And they shouted unto them with mighty voices saying,
7. Come and see the Lord.
8. And Alva and Himmel of the Hatchets¹⁹ ran and fell at the feet of James the Son of Ghu, and worshiped him.
9. But James, being a just man would not that they should worship him.
10. And he spake unto them saying,
11. Minister thou not unto me, for I am but the Servant of the Most-High, He whose shoe latches I am not worthy to stoop down and unlace.
12. Rise up and serv the Lord.
13. And they rose up and also followed him.
14. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

CHAPTER V

1. And he went a day's journey unto the province of El Monte,²⁰ unto the house of a good man.
2. He called forth,
3. The Word of Wolheim is upon me, and I do his bidding.
4. Come thou forth and serve the Lord.
5. And from within the house came the voice of Joquel²¹ the sooth-sayer,
6. Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among stefnists.
7. And James said,
8. My soul doth magnify Wolheim

9. And my spirit hath rejoiced in Ghu, my savior.
10. For He hath regarded the low estate of His handservant; for behold from henceforth all nations shall call me blessed.
11. For He that is mighty hath done to me great things; and Gholy is His name.
12. He hath holpen His servant, Futuria,²² as He spake to our fathers, the Quadrumvirs,²³ and to his seed in the FuSIA²⁴ forever.
13. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

CHAPTER VI

1. And he came unto Samuel,²⁵ fishing in the Los Angeles River.²⁶
2. And James the Son of Ghu spake unto him saying,
3. Come, follow me, and I will make you a fisher of fen.
4. And as they walked by the River, they came unto Pismo²⁷ by the sea. And there was Andy the Centurian.²⁸
5. And he bade him to follow him.
6. But Andy the Centurian cried out with a loud voice,
7. My love hath died, and I must sit with the body. I will follow the Lord tomorrow.²⁹
8. And the Son of Ghu said,
9. Let Daugherty bury the dead. Come follow me.
10. He did.
11. He came unto Gerry,³⁰ the kid, and he would fain have followed him, but Bennie of Elmo's spake against him:
12. Beware of the Scribes and the Fascists.³¹ He who dribbleth in the soup with thee shall betray thee.
13. And they came unto him, one Clark, the Victor,³² and he followed him.
14. And in the place by the Westlake,³³ he saw Marta,³⁴ the daughter of Ham. And she spake unto him of the work of the Lord Ghu. And she did follow him.
15. And when they did sup, Himmel of the Hatchets did dribble in the soup with him.³⁵
16. And the traitor did sell him unto Hearst for a week's paycheck.³⁶
17. And the evening and morning were Friday.

CHAPTER VII

1. And on the seventh day, did James the Son of Ghu rest from his mighty labors.
2. And the mailbox opened, and the Word of Wolheim came unto James, saying
3. Well done, thou good and faithful servant.

.....WITH APOLOGIES TO THE KIDD³⁷

FOOTNOTES

1. James Kepner
2. One of the founders of VAPA
3. Another founder of VAPA
4. Los Angeles; also the LASFS
5. Los Angeles
6. A reference to Futurian House in New York
7. Jimmy Kepner, Mel Brown, Art Saha, and Alva Rogers were planning to emigrate from LA to New York and to stay at Futurian House
8. Francis T. Laney, one of the strongest critics of Wolheim and the

Futurians

9. A full description of this early day religion can be found in FANCYCLOPEDIA II, page 78
10. Walter J. Daugherty, a leader of the LASFS and foe of Futurianism
11. Wolheim
12. Saha was an enthusiastic admirer of the Soviet Union in those days
13. Merlin "Mel" Brown. Mel was always mending his own clothes
14. Myrtle R. Douglas, "Morogo," former desciple of Ackerman
15. Elmer Perdue, who used the Bonnie to stimulate religious ecstasy
16. A reference best explained by Bob Tucker or Walt Liebscher
17. Saha's parents came from Finland
18. Nieson Himmel, reporter for Hearst's Los Angeles Herald-Express
19. A reference to Hearst Hatchetmen
20. A suburb of Los angeles
21. Arthur Louis Joquel III, a dabbler in Black Magic
22. Futurianism, an outgrowth of Michelism
23. Possibly a reference to the advisory head of VAPA; but more likely refering to the denizens of Futurian House
24. Futurian Society of Los Angeles, the west coast branch of Futurianism
25. Samuel Davenport Russell
26. Obviously during floodtide--ordinarily the Los Angeles river is bone dry
27. Pismo Beach, a seacoast town between Los Angeles and San Francisco
28. Andy Anderson, publisher of the fanzine CENTAURUS
29. Apparently a reference to the so-called dead body of the LASFS
30. This refers, I believe, to Gerald Hewitt, a neo who soon faded from the scene
31. Meaning all non-Futurians
32. Victor Clark, a fringe fan
33. Westlake Park, a park located not far from the LASFS, and since renamed MacArthur Park after some General
34. Unremembered by me
35. An error in translation: The actual dribbler in the soup was Samuel Davenport Russell. Because his perfidy was not disclosed until the latter days, and his reputation was so spotless, it was only natural for the translator to attribute the foul deed to the Hearst Hatchetman
36. See above. The true dribbler acted for, and was paid by, the minions of Hoover the Jedar
37. Virginia Kidd Emden, later Mrs. James Blish

/This rare and exciting fragment of early Ghughuist Scripture (a find of scholastic value comparable to the finding of the Dead Sea Scrolls) is published here in the interests of fannish historical research, in the hope that it will shed some light on this dead and obscure sect as it was practiced on the shores of the Western Sea, far from the land of its origin, identify some of its followers, and remove the stain of betrayal from the brow of that most noble fan, Nieson Himmel.

--Alva Rogers 7

A ROSE

IS A ROSE

IS

A FILE FOLDER

by

CLEVE CARTMILL

Quote:

"It is almost impossible to make up a definition of science fiction. About the best I can do, I think, is to say that a science fiction story is a yarn lifted from the pages of a magazine of fifty, a hundred, or a thousand years from today. Its background is a new world based on a new technology and a greater development of science. Its conflicts remain man against his environment."

Quote:

"It's science fiction because that environment is unfamiliar to us, but completely familiar to the characters involved."

Quote:

"Fundamentally, that's the pattern of Bob's best stories. (Bob: Robert A. Heinlein -- ed.) It has not always been used in science fiction, but generally those stories which have not used that fundamental thesis have suffered for it."

Here's another quote:

"Like most of your stories, this one has a set-up that is not one I'd attempt at all. I wouldn't try writing it, with my style, mental background, philosophy, etc., so I can't possibly judge the darned thing from the skeleton alone. I've never been able to do that with your stuff."

"... I'd suggest you do the first couple of chapters of the story itself; until then, I can't judge at all. I could with one of Bob Heinlein's yarns, and to some extent I can with A.P.'s (Tony Boucher -- ed.), but your mental track is sufficiently far from mine to make it hard for me to extrapolate on your stuff."

Maybe you don't recognize him from these quotes lifted from my John W. Campbell file folder, but that's him.

And a more co-operative and helpful editor I've never met. I have a fat file on JWC, and except for the notes of rejection of numerable stories, all of the letters are sort of friendly and definitely designed to help me out of a story predicament.

I first met Campbell at the old Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles, long after I had quit writing for the field. To some extent the meeting resembled a gathering of the Manana Literary Society, of which more.

I am writing about him at the request of Alva Rogers, who edits this publication, and Tony Boucher, who suggested the MLS bit. I am not the most qualified writer on the subject of Campbell, because others know him much more intimately than I, but I did have contact with him and I will now put in my two bits on this

most controversial character.

The quotes from some of his letters, which I used above, are dated in the early 1940's. This period is regarded by s-f authorities as the Golden Age of science fiction. Along about this time John Campbell began pioneering in what science fiction has developed into: a history of the future.

There is no question in the minds of reasonable persons that Campbell was--and is--the greatest single force in the creation of the format of science fiction. It may be true that he goes overboard now and then on ideas that are controversial, but he explores them for their idea content--and publishes them without apology.

He wrote--and probably still writes--his writers at great length and in detail. If he got a cent a word for what he has written in an effort to help his writers out of literary difficulties, he'd be a rich man today. I have letters from him about story ideas that add up to wordage equal to the wordage of the finished stories. He knew what he wanted, and he milked my ideas of almost every dramatic possibility in outlining what he thought the story should say.

I didn't always follow his suggestions, but they helped me write an entertaining yarn.

He helped the Manana Literary Society.

This was a loosely-organized group that kept no membership records, no minutes of meetings, exacted no dues, paid no dividends, whose sole requirement for membership was the desire to write for loot.

The MLS had no officers. It had no official meeting place. It met at no stated intervals. It never convened in full strength.

It numbered among its unrecorded members such characters as Bob Heinlein, Tony Boucher, Ray Bradbury, Art Barnes, Edmond Hamilton, Ron Hubbard, L. Sprague de Camp, Bill Corson, Roby Wentz, W.F. McComas, Cameron Blake, Craig Rice, Stuart Palmer, Tod Ballard, Don Dwiggin, and a retinue of crap-shooters too numerous to list.

One meeting I remember started when Jack Williamson and I mooched up Look-out Mountain Road to Heinlein's and announced that one of us (Jack? Me?) had hit a snag on a story. The good guy kept wanting to act like a bastard.

Bob got on the phone and presently a number of members with beer started arriving. We stationed ourselves around Bob's 40-foot living room and started kicking around the story idea that got stuck. Presently we worked it out in an acceptable fashion, and Jack (I remember now) later finished "Backlash" and had it published in the August 1941, ASTOUNDING.

The Manana Literary Society also met in South Laguna when Hank Kuttner lived there. The late and always-to-be-mourned Kuttner, his wife Catherine (C.L. Moore --ed.), and my wife and I got together many times to gnaw, fight, thrash, or creep our way out of a so-called literary impasse.

Some of the members of MLS were extremely co-operative when the problems of others were concerned but didn't air their own. Maybe they didn't have any. Tony Boucher and Ray Bradbury were among these.

John W. Campbell held an ex-officio membership in the group, in that he influenced all our writing, even those who didn't write for him.

There were a few who just didn't see eye to eye with JWC. Ray Bradbury, for one. As I remember, he resented Campbell. Ray's doing all right, and perhaps some of those terrific things he has written that are called science fiction but maybe are not--perhaps they came off so well partly because of his resentment.

And the same with Jack Williamson, who also wrote as Will Stewart for JWC now and then; and Hank Kuttner, as Lewis Padgett.

Bob Heinlein probably exemplifies the results of Campbell's influence more than any other member of the Manana Literary Society. There is no question of Heinlein's stature in the field, and he hit the Golden Age of s-f like an H-Bomb, no pun intended.

Bob seemed to know how Campbell thought, something that always eluded me, and he turned out stories and serials that may be unsurpassed for excellence. And Campbell crowed and purred over Bob's stuff.

Campbell has been a controversial figure in the field for years, and will, I hope, continue to be for the next century or so. Many disagree with him on certain facets of philosophical thinking and prognostication and diognostical trivia, but he stands out.

No history of science fiction will omit John W. Campbell any more than it will omit H.G. Wells and Hugo Gernsback.

This piece doesn't seem to say what I had in mind, so I'll say it now: I think John Campbell is quite a guy.

--Cleve Cartmill

* * * * *

A palmist told Maloney that he would be lucky, come into money, and take a long trip. He found an \$85 revolver, pulled the Security Bank job, paid up his alimony and took a trip to San Quentin.

Mattson sold his soul to Satan, and tried to get out of paying by sprinkling some Holy Water on the Adversary, who retired in discomfiture. Mattson's rejoicing is tempered by the news that the playoff is next week.

---Stuart Palmer

These two stories--and the two elsewhere in these pages--were included in a letter from Stu with this explanation:

"Fred Brown has got me writing three-line short stories. He revived that ancient French writer's sport, and read me some, and I can do naught else at the moment....Wait, it'll get you too."

-0-0-0-0-0-

LETTERS

RON ELLIK

Daddy-o:

1825 Greenfield Ave.

Los Angeles 25, Calif.

The latest issue of your monthly fanzine just arrived, and I sure hope you don't go the way of HAB-
AKKUK, where some fellow in your geographical area (around the corner of the bay, up near the cement phallic symbol) started publish-
a fanzine I enjoyed reading and then he stopped because the post office wouldn't
cart it after the fifth issue or so. And you know, I don't read fanzines over
forty pages long--the way I see it, at least fifty per cent of any fanzine is
chitter-chatter (I used to publish a fanzine, and way more than fifty per cent of
it was chitter-chatter, so I know about people who publish fanzines) and more
than twenty pages of chitter-chatter is more than I can stand. So you keep it
~~brief~~ brief, and I bet you a dollar (which I will gladly send you if you keep on
publishing, so I can have a guarantee of reading it) that BIXEL is a fun fanzine.

Your convention report (disregard what uncle Buck Coulson has to say about
it--he's getting old) was the most enjoyable version of the Westercon XV I've
ever read... Doggone, sir, you write a better conrep than you do a speech; and I
just finished stencilling your speech for Shangai-L'Affaires, so I know about
people who write speeches--it was just as enjoyable reading as it was listening.

Your magazine is shock-full of funny stuff...I mean, like the E. Field thing
about spontaneous generation, and the problem that that fellow on the last page
is having with his yard. Has he ever tried mashing potatoes with it?

Keep it up, Dad. And write some stuff about Bixelstrasse while you're at
it--that's where you shine. Filially, Ron

ROBERT BLOCH

Dear Alva:

Studio City

California

I was delighted to receive BIXEL #1, and delighted, ..
too, with your motives for producing it and naming it. Nice of
Donaho to take a hand -- but then the biggest thing about Big Bill
Donaho is his heart. All in all, a most commendable production -- and as long as
you promise you won't forsake artwork entirely for print, I'd be most happy to
see you continue in the fanpub field. Again, many thanks for remembering me with
a copy, and all best wishes to you and for the success of this venture. Bob Bloch

JOHN TRIMBLE

Dear Alva:

5734 Parapet St.

Long Beach 8,

California

BIXEL #1 arrived shortly before the WorldCon, but
things were so miserably fouled up at the time (Bjo in the
hospital with an unflamed esophagus; plans being made, scrapped
and remade, etc.) that I only had time to skim it. Your West-
ercon report and trip report is one of the most touchingly funny things I've
read in a good long time; the wistful word-portrait of Bixel Street 15 years after
was touching, and that trip report was hilarious in parts ("You bastard, you've
killed my car") with the rest of it running the gamut between.

You've got a good magazine a-building there, Alva, and I hope that you con-
tinue it, and that we continue to receive it. All the best, John

RICK SNEARY

Welcome Alva, to the editing game. And that is a fine cover.

2932 Santa Ana St.

South Gate, Calif.

The Tower's was indeed a great old monster, and while I only
visited it a few times (the last time was about 1952 to pick
up some books from Bill Blackbeard, who still had the tower
room) I am very pleased that you have been bringing back the memory of the
good things in LA in the early 40's. I saw only the last of it as a goggle-eyed
neo-fan, and I thought it was wonderful. I've known that the stories told and

and retold by Laney and Burbee have created a false picture, in that it is mostly an incomplete picture. And all other voices of that time have been stilled. Now you have returned, and done a lot to put LASFS in the days you knew them, into proper perspective. I think your perspective of fandom is good and needed too. I hope you will feel like using the editorial part of Bixel to give these views wider coverage. I hadn't thought about the bust of Odd John in years. I wonder if Forry would have it. Most of the hair was gone the last I remember.

A very good article by Gartmill and I like his idea of comparing current problems to BEMs in writing stories. I don't think the advent of nuclear power or real space ships should put an end to the old style of scientific-gimic story. There is really more to be imaginative about, as the future uses of so many of the things just coming up could make good stories. (It seems to me writers are being either too lazy to keep up with the new theories in science, or are devoting all their time to bringing science-fiction into reality by working as scientist, engineers, or tech. writers. Some of our best talent seems to be too busy living a science fiction story, to write them. Which is fine by them, but cold comfort for us.) I also do not feel that the old adventure story is as out dated as some seem to insist. Jack Vance's THE DRAGON MASTER was old style adventure writing. And I say it was good.

Warner's column was good as Harry always is, but it didn't say anything to me. Nothing I can comment on.

It will be interesting to see what Calvin Denmon's reaction is to the story Eugene Field. It is a Biffable prize and sweat, but I doubt that Calvin ever read them. As I brake up over early Biffables anyway. I naturally enjoyed this. They make excellent filler, as they are like the MC's jokes between serious speakers.

I enjoyed your Westercon report greatly. Even though I spotted a few errors in it. The kind one makes when one reports on four days of activity that is much alike--and there is little sleep, mixing of times, forgetting events. In your case for example you did not see Moffatt Monday morning, as we left Sunday evening. -- Your account will probably also be the only one not to carry the Fabulous Al Lewis Adventure story ---- Let me say again that was a marvelous speech you made. But what is more it is the type of speech that goes over well. I've been thinking of why some talks at fan conventions are listened to intently, and praised afterward, and why others lose their listeners and often forgotten. And I think -- all other things being equal -- that the answer is personal involvement on the part of the audience. By that I mean when the speaker is talking about something the audience knows and which affects them. Your speech on Fandom being a way of life meant something to everyone, as most I'm sure were given to think how much this fitted their own case. (You also talk about old times and old fans, which is sure fire.) Speer, last year talk of a fan's place in society, and what he should do, which also touched everyone, whether they agreed or not. Bloch does it by insulting friends in the audience. I did it at the Fanquit by speaking about the degree of friendship I had with most of those there. There is nothing like mentioning names to fans, to get them to listen. -- I mention these thoughts in the hope they may prove useful when you try to get speakers for next year's Westercon. ----- One great part of the report was the great lines from Sid, who I think has the most colorful vocabulary this side of the old Pogo Comics. She's great.

The re-print is fun too. You read odd books too.... Rick

HARRY WARNER, JR. Dear Alva:
425 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Maryland

...It was surprising to find myself in such important company in your OMPA publication. I imagined that your writing would be a bedfellow of mine, but I'd hardly dared hope for Cleve

Cartmill and Eugene Field in the same issue. The only thing that I can find wrong with this issue is the fact that it's primarily for an ayjay group. It is so right in the size, format, balance of material, and most other important matters that it might do a lot of good as a model for other publishers to imitate, if it were a general circulation fanzine. It might be a good idea for a lot of other fans to wait 20 years before publishing for the first time, if results of this calibre are certain to ensue.

Journey to Shangri-la was an excellent report, although I read it at a most mixed-up time. The Dr. Bruce Berry thing arrived as I was halfway through it, and simultaneously I was wondering if I would get to the Chicon (a problem which still isn't resolved, even though August 30 has turned into August 31 while I've been writing this). So I kept comparing the fine time you had with the portentous things that may or may not occur in Chicago and my uncertainty whether I should be on hand there. (Briefly, the convention trip is complicated by two matters, the Civil War and an unexpected promotion. I'd reserved this week for my vacation back in January, before we knew that the celebration of the Antietam centennial would start so early and that two members of the staff quit almost simultaneously in early August. So we're badly short-handed, and to make things worse, just two weeks ago I was named either city editor or assistant editor--I've been told two variants of the event by different individuals with authority. So if anything happens to anyone either below or above me at the office, I'll have to change the vacation plans. I have the green light to go at this minute, but I have a horrible vision of me enduring that 14-hour bus ride and getting a long distance call on the first night of the convention to come back quick.)

If you had trouble with that pushbutton setup on the Mercury, you should imagine what I got mixed up with when I bought a 1959 Oldsmobile six months ago. The selector for the automatic gearshift is a lever on the Olds, not pushbuttons. An identical lever in size, feel and appearance controls the turn signal. If I ever use the wrong hand when I try to signal a turn, remarkable things are certain to occur. My old Olds, a 1947 model had its mechanism adjusted so that nothing happened if you accidentally shifted into low at high speeds and you had to lift the lever to put it into reverse. I haven't determined yet whether this one has the protection for low gear position but it definitely doesn't have any safeguard against the reverse gear. Fortunately, the starter is operated by turning the ignition key, not by the gear selector. Elsewhere in your report, I was glad to see those good words for Daugherty, an individual who seems to have been pretty sadly misjudged as far as I've been able to determine from re-reading old Los Angeles fanzines after the passage of all these years. Incidentally, I have a positive mania for doing in Hagerstown what you did with the Bixelstrasse structures. I have been photographing for many years all important buildings and even vacant lots where changes are scheduled to occur, either demolition or new structures going up. I have some vague idea that this might help me get around town if I ever buy a time machine and retreat into the past, but it's more likely some built-in nostalgia bubbling up ahead of its proper time.

I feel with Cleve Cartmill that stf. doesn't turn into mainstream techniques very well. I think it's a mistake to try to write stf. stories as great as mainstream fiction, for the inevitable reason that the writer can't possibly draw on his own experiences as consistently when he's turning out stf. I'd much rather see stf. ignored by the literary critics and television networks and restored to its former glory as entertaining material in a few magazines. (Amen!..ar)

Incidentally, I was very happy to find your Astounding series moving ahead so smoothly in the latest Donaho publication. I was talking with Bill Evans on his recent expedition to Hagerstown about the need for extending this kind of reminiscing and reviewing to cover all the major pulp magazines. He got an interested gleam in his eye and allowed as how he might be able to do it for some titles but

not for others. I Wouldn't mind taking a crack at Thrilling Wonder if I had six months' freedom from all other duties for re-reading purposes. There is the pro-zine that is almost forgotten today because it wasn't spectacular for any particular reason like Startling's review column or Amazing's Shaverism or Planet's letter column. But I can remember more stories with pleasure from it than any place except Astounding during the late '30's and early '40's. Yrs., &c., Harry

RON ELLIK Daddy-o:

Have you and that woman you are living with heard about my recent lapse of sanity? I mean, I suppose you have, because people in Berkeley are notoriously gossipy (I was in Berkeley for a while, and when I was in Berkeley I was notoriously gossipy, so I know about people in Berkeley) and I bet you that the Chicon III wasn't three days cold when somebody told you Ron Ellick had proposed to a girl.

But I thought you two would like to hear it from me, me having such a reputation for not knowing what to do with girls when I catch them, and all. I mean, I really did propose, and she did say yes, and we're going to be married next summer, and by Perdue's canonized neckties, sir, she is a fan.

But she'll outgrow that. Filially, Ron.

(Ron, the poor love sick lad, completely neglected to name the lucky girl in this letter, and notoriously gossipy Berkeley was not so gossipy in this instance, everybody figuring I already knew about it, so I had to wait for a couple of more days for AXE to inform me that Peggy Rae McKnight was the little gal who accepted my boy's proposal of marriage. Blessings on the both.)

STUART PALMER

Los Angeles, Calif. Dear Alvey:

I want to compliment you on the first edition of BIXEL which I read from cover to cover after I finally got the goddam staples out of it. Thank you for the various mentions of SP. I must hand it to you, son, you have damn near total-recall! How you ever remembered all of that....I bet Sid filled you in some, but even then!

My comments on the sheet would be picky, aimed at your spelling and proof reading. I don't know much about fan magazines, frankly, I haven't read them because I am strictly commercial and they don't pay. I will read yours, and even even contribute sometime if and when I get a bright idea, just out of fondness for the two of you.

I am ~~flattered~~ flattered by your invitation to volunteer my services for the next Westcon. Whaddymean "volunteer"? First thing I learned in the Army was to keep my feet dry, my bowels open, and never volunteer.

I don't see myself giving a talk as such. I don't think I'm a fan, I just read science fiction (and fantasy) for pure enjoyment. And have since I was seven or eight, and that is longer than anybody. But I would certainly be happy to be on a panel with Tony (Boucher, that is -- ed.) anywhere, anytime. I know Miriam A. DeFord only through her work, but that would be fine too. I'm not hot about a debate and I don't think we would get much with me debating Tony because we agree too completely on most important things. And who am I to argue with that dear guy--he'd snow me under! I was a high school and college debater, when we had to draw to see which team got the affirmative or negative, and I won all my debates because I was lucky and drew the popular side (such as prohibition, the Open Shop, and such like that.) But in this case I'd probably get the wrong

side.

If you or anybody can think of how a panel thing could be worked out, I'd be very flattered to be with you. You will appreciate my feelings on debating Tony. But I won't say an absolute "no" on that either.

Personally I think that science fiction is story first and last, and not a reserved, specialized field. Too many stories published today require the reader to have read damn near everything published in the field up to now, or so it seems. Hell, a good story is a good story. Too many sf writers write for each other's approval.

Put your little pointed heads together and maybe somebody will come up with an idea for the symposium or whatever.....

May I say in closing that my heart bled for you----your account of the business with the car on the trip down here. Jee-sus! I bleed more because I did a fool thing like that once. Melina (my then wife) and I were going to drive to California in an ancient Buick we had bought in New York. It was the last night in the apartment, with the bags and stuff packed, and we were to be off at dawn. So we couldn't sleep. At 1 AM we got up and piled everything into the heap and started out for the Far West. I hadn't studied any maps or anything, but I knew that first we had to cross the Hudson. I got lost somewhere in the wilds of Jersey and drove zig-zag back and forth. Finally the engine conked out or the transmission dropped out and nothing was open---and when dawn came we were still on view of the spires of Manhattan! Or at least within seventy five miles. No nice nearby parents either. Just the two of us and Jesus the silver persian in his cat-case, yowling his disapproval of the whole idea. Believe me, I would rather drive 700 miles by daylight than 200 after dark, on strange highways especially.

Hoping you are the same, Stu

-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-

A FEW EDITORIAL AFTERTHOUGHTS

I had hoped to have comments on the 33rd Mailing in this issue, but one delay and another brought me too near to deadline for me to do a proper job on them so I reluctantly gave it up.....The more perceptive fannish eye will already have detected that I have committed a most heinous/^{crime} in my stencilling of The Gospel According to Saint James--I left one l out of Wollheim's name throughout the entire thing. My apologies to Don.....In the poop on Westercon XVI I forgot to mention three very important facts: The Guest of Honor is Kris Neville, a fabulously talented and very funny man; the Fan Guests of Honor are FM and Elinor Busby, honored because of their Serious and Constructive interest in everything fannish; and lastly, as we said in our flyer, this is going to be a fan convention for fans--after all, fans and fandom deserve recognition as much as science fiction and prodrom, don't you think? Our choice of Guest of Honor should be significant. Kris is as much a fan as he is a pro, as he will be the first to insist.

