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EN GARDE



K.A.P.A.
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EN GARDE!

A FAPA PUBLICATION

WHOLE NUMBER IV.

Flippantly flung at their fellow Fapans by Al & Abby Lu Ashley,
of 86 Upton Avenue, Battle Creek, Michigan.

". where credit is due."



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\$\$\$\$\$ filthy stuff \$\$\$\$\$ we collect 'em \$\$\$\$\$ nasty, ain't we \$\$

EDITORIAL

That oft heard crack, "judge not that ye be not judged" could bear a lot of consideration by all of Fandom. Disregarding the particular case or cases that inspired this editorial, fans would do well to be more restrained in passing judgement on their fellow fans.

Fans, despite all their wishful thinking, are human beings. Often, they happen to be rather young humans. Due to their youth and inexperience, or to other well recognized human frailties, they frequently make mistakes and often show extremely poor judgement. Such is to be expected. Each of us has been guilty at some time in our life. When some particular fan slips in this respect, there is no call for the rest of fandom to advocate his complete ostracism, or to denounce him from the housetops.

Ready criticism is typical of the genus fan and it is a very healthful characteristic considering the good of Fandom as a whole. But dragging personalities into the criticism is distinctly otherwise. There should be an end to this sort of thing. It demonstrates a selfish and immature mentality on the part of the critic (which few fans would care to admit they possessed), does much to promote disunity in fandom, and usually results in a certain amount of injustice. Pointing out mistakes, and offering kindly suggestions for correction or improvement in print, even when names are mentioned, can be very helpful. But there is little excuse for the vicious attacks and tirades that have been so frequent in the past.

Experience is a great teacher, and most of us attend this school. But, unfortunately, some of us require more lessons than the rest. The fact that some particular fan has repeated on a number of occasions an act or error of judgement distasteful to the rest of fandom, is no reason for believing that he will never improve or develop into a good fan. Who are the rest of us to decide what motives lie behind his actions? Who are we to be so positive he is wrong, for that matter. Perhaps, we would find him quite right in his action were all the data available.

Let's make TOLERANCE one of the guiding precepts of fan activity. Let's cease being a bunch of juveniles, squabbling among themselves. Let's strive to acquire some of the characteristics of that advanced mentality to which we pretend!

BEYOND THE PORTAL

A friend of mine has confessed upon several occasions that within five or ten minutes of going to bed at night, he is sound asleep, and a complete hiatus of his consciousness follows, to be broken only by his awakening in the morning. The word "confessed" is used deliberately. At first consideration, such sound and undisturbed sleep would seem something to be sought diligently. To me it is otherwise, and its admission seems the confession of a lack or incompleteness somewhere in one's being. How frequently it has been deplored that man is doomed to waste one third of his life in slumber! But -- must that portion of life be WASTED?

Nightly, upon retiring, we face a mysterious portal. Beyond lies the world of Sleep, the realm of Dreams. Awaiting us as we cross the threshold is a land of thrilling romance, wondrous achievement, high adventure. Who among us could fail to enjoy such fascinating interludes in the humdrum of daily existence? Yet it appears there are many who seldom or never experience this pleasure.

Science informs us that all humans dream. It suggests that those who claim otherwise merely suffer an inability to remember, upon awakening, the events of a dream. It tells us that dreams are an activity of the subconscious mind, giving expression in often distorted fashion to our fears and inhibitions. Or, perhaps, the dream is only a rehash of some past experience that made a deep impression upon us. In any event, I fail to entirely agree. While such may be true in many cases, Science itself admits to the incompleteness of its knowledge of the subject.

During childhood, I experienced most of the usual types of dreams; repetitive dreams, dreams of levitation, of frustration, of embarrassment. I have often experienced death in my dreams from a variety of causes too numerous to mention. Such dreams are all too common. It was at the age of seventeen or eighteen that I first noticed an occasional realization of the fact that I was dreaming, even while still doing so. I also discovered that it was sometimes possible to awaken from a dream, then go back to sleep and take up the dream where I left off.

My curiosity was aroused. As time went on I experimented with these possibilities in a fumbling sort of way. Still, despite the fumbling, a facility for this sort of thing was slowly acquired. The consciousness of the fact that I was dreaming became more and more frequent, and eventually almost invariable. In step with this grew the ability to deliberately awaken from a dream, usually when it had taken an unpleasant turn, and upon returning to sleep, to resume the dream, starting it off in a more pleasant direction.

Parallel to all this, but eventually contributing to what dream-mastery has been achieved, was an ability to visualize. As with so many others, I found no better time to think about whatever intrigued me most at the moment, than that immediately preceding sleep. This time of relaxation and minimum distraction was very favorable to any attempt at prolonged visualization. In time it became possible to form a mental picture, walk around

it, consider it from all angles, and even to study one small detail after another without losing in any way the complete visualization. The picture could be manipulated, simplified, made more complex at will. Appropriate movement could be given to it and maintained without further conscious direction, if desired. Planning some device, course of action, or other thing became easier and faster to do mentally than with the aid of pencil and paper. It was all dependent on the ability for sustained visualization which grew amazingly with practice.

On continuing to engage in this entertaining and useful pastime, it became noticeable that sleep would often catch me in the midst of such a mental picture. Thereupon the visualization would merge with or even become the first part of a dream. I pounced on this discovery with delight and proceeded to investigate it fully. Here was an opening that might lead to an ability to dream what one wished. Experimenting with this possibility, I found that transition state between complete wakefulness, and sleep, to be the critical point. The prolongation and smoothing out of this half-awake state proved very important to the success of assuring that the ensuing dream would be of one's conscious selection. Practice made this state and its prolongation easy to achieve.

Just what I have finally succeeded in doing is hard to define. Perhaps it is some form of self-hypnosis in which the conscious mind is the operator and the subconscious mind is the subject. Perhaps, too, I have partially broken down the normal barrier between the conscious and the subconscious. But, speculation aside, as I slowly saunter through that portal opening into the realm of Dreams, my adventure is already determined. I bestow on my starting visualization a quality of natural and automatic movement. Slowly and smoothly the waking dream becomes one of sleep. Gradually I release my conscious control and let the subconscious with its typical irrationalities take over -- but never entirely. I have learned to follow the dream with a small thread of consciousness. By a slight prod here, or a little conscious change there, the dream-adventure can be, and is kept on the path chosen for it. No longer is it necessary to awaken and start the dream anew. Awareness of being asleep and dreaming, and the ability for conscious control are ever present and continuous. Normal deeply-grained inhibitions and notions of proper behavior no longer dominate, and may be changed to suit the fancy. Ever present is the realization that unpleasant consequences which might follow some act in waking life, need not obtain here, and one may act accordingly. Fears and frustrations no longer dominate my dreams. Dream-awareness makes former embarrassments susceptible to rationalization. That common dream of being pursued and finding one's flight constrained as though wading through molasses, never troubles now. The Dream-realm is entered expectantly and joyfully. I have come to look forward to it. Truly, I have discovered a New World.

The wasting of one third of life in sleep is indeed horrible. I don't waste it. I spend it in search for adventure that one is prevented from making when awake, by the necessity of earning a living. However, there probably are possibilities in dreams that have not come to my notice. Can any who read this offer further avenues of exploration? Or are you one of those who never dream? I wonder how many fans ever experimented with dreams, and with what results. Any data will be appreciated, new possibilities welcomed with open arms.

" with jaundiced eye"

LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORD: Propaganda! Still, one supposes that some sort of reply to the VanHouten attack is fair enough. As for us, we are unable to become enthusiastic over Technocracy until it gives promise of more functional practicality than is now the case.

BOBLIQUEP: Novel, but hardly worthwhile. A "first" having been achieved, may something more satisfactory follow. The rhymes are alright, but the rhythm exudes an execrable effluvium.

CERES: Quite enjoyable. Hope bigger and better issues will be forthcoming. Material was not outstanding, but we found it worth reading. Mineo work rather lousy. It is to be supposed, though, that this will improve.

SUPPLEMENT TO IMAGI-INDEX: This sort of thing is always needed and welcome. Much thanks to those energetic fans who tackle jobs like this so the rest of us may have such information at our fingertips.

ZIZZLE-POP: We rather deplore single-sheeters as a rule, but this one is an exception in that it was all interesting. We agree regarding the poet and the quality of his work. In writing either poetry or prose, the writer should produce the best of which he is capable, at that time. Of course, the purpose, or destination of the effort, or the time that can be allotted, may justifiably have a bearing on what could be considered acceptable. But there is far too much stuff written (often with revision intended), fallen in love with (that ol' parental complex), and after due rationalization, fondly passed along, as is, with the ego-satisfying belief that it really possesses a touch of immortality. No matter which of the arts one chooses, good work will never be forthcoming until one can blithely, repeatedly, and with no regrets, partially or completely destroy one's effort and start anew. Many times minor revision will suffice. More often some sort of major surgery is indicated. Until such an operation can be performed unhesitatingly, and without a qualm, "good work" will likely remain a distant future "possibility".

SCIENCE-FICTION GOO: Another interesting single-sheeter. What's the world coming to? Here's hoping Sam Russell has something in every mailing. Somehow we have a feeling that if he does, the mailing will be much better for including it.

MOONSHINE: Though you disclaim drinking "moonshine", your friend the Orator, apparently lacks your fine restraint. His column appears to exhibit the results of looking upon the moonshine when it gurgleth in a flask, and seareth the throat as caustic. Now, we have no wish to trespass on Koenig's preserves. But we find in this column, things that all our exploratory jaunts into the realms of the Dictionary failed to reveal. "Ascernd" startled us. "Nauseaus" certainly was, but could have been a typographical error. "Integritorial" rocked us on our base. But what set us gibbering at our mirrored reflection, and picking butterflies from the empty air, was: "I wonder in what light the new fan considers their constant friction? Surely not in the slightest dab of unctuousity; would probably consider them childishly lascivious."

A "pretense of maturity" may be admirable, at times, but a pretense of verbal perspicacity and erudition is a mockery. May we suggest that you entice friend Orator into your den, spread a dictionary on your desk, and labor with him, Len, labor with him!

YHOS: The leading article was one of the best we've ever read in a fanzine. We wonder just how successful a rebuttal will be forthcoming. For some reason the ideas therein expressed back up the disfavor (almost disgust) with which we view the various political squabbles in which fans have indulged in the past. No type of government, or culture, is perfect. One should always accept his choice with a slightly tentative attitude, and stand ready to change when something better comes along. New ideas to better, or completely replace the old, are not to be discouraged. That is the path of evolution. Yet, there is the practical side to consider. The possibility of selling a new culture to the people of any country is extremely slight. Should it ever be achieved, it would be by minute degrees, and spread over such a long period of time as to be considered merely a natural evolution of the old. Instead, to promote a radically new culture, one must first maneuver into a position of power. The population must then accept the new, willy-nilly. If it proves successful and possesses a high survival value, it will likely endure and come to be acclaimed by the majority. Considered from this standpoint, war becomes a natural thing. It is almost bound to follow any practical attempt to try out a new ideology, and helps to determine its fitness to survive under present conditions. Whether war is good or bad seems a little beside the point. In our present stage of social progress, war is undeniably present, thus becoming one of nature's evolutionary tools. War is just one of many things that a culture must survive at present, to be successful. On the other hand, small groups squabbling bitterly over ideologies they are unlikely, and have little or no real intention, to try out, seem rather silly. Intellectual discussion in this line can be fruitful when kept on a neutral plane. Let's indulge in copious discussion of improved types of government; of new cultures and ideologies. But partisan argument and grumbling over existing conditions are to be shunned. When you can change the world to fit yourself, that is well. Otherwise, or until then, you must fit yourself into IT. It is a case of "put up, or shut up". Man reached his present position through survival of the fittest. Adaptive capacity determines survival value. Adapt or die, fan! If you can adapt the world to yourself, more power to you, and you will find all the fighting your being craves, in the process. But if you fear to tackle such a job, don't try to satisfy your combative urge in futile quarrels with those who won't accept your particular beliefs.

Nice cover again. Hope Milty's Message continues to appear.

MUTANT: Still another single-sheeter! However, it gives promise of a good mag next time. We thoroughly agree with the idea of throwing away work of inferior quality and trying again later. Would that some others felt the same.

A TOUR OF THE 'EVANS: A well written fan travelogue. We found it very interesting, but it didn't make us at all jealous. No indeed! Not in the least. We should say not. But definitely. Swell art work too.

FANZINE SERVICE FOR FANS IN SERVICE: A greatly needed and welcome project, its sponsors are to be highly commended and should receive the wholehearted cooperation of all fan editors.

WAR LOCK: We apparently didn't get this one. How come, we ask ourselves?

THE NUCLEUS: This was very enjoyable. The dedicated quotations caused us to glee merrily in the approved Tucker fashion. We have only one plea regarding this mag -- please don't crowd so much on each page. At least a semblance of border is greatly to be desired.

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS: My ghod! It gives another single-sheeter. And it's another good 'un. How we envy Walt his knowledge of fantasy and science fiction books. Also his knack for finding bargains. We have a hunch this mag is going to become one of the most popular in the mailing.

HORIZONS: Ah! Mimeographed at last. But next time please put about four less lines to the page. Much neater and all that sorta thing. "Glancing Behind Us" was as usual nearly as interesting as the mags it commented upon. We envy you and some others your ability to write interesting comments. Review of Astounding was interesting, and On Dit was fascinating. Despite your warning, we are compelled to admit that we found Ark Of Fire an exceptional story, and feel quite delighted to hear that FFM will feature it in the near future.

SUSTAINING PROGRAM: Alpha and Beta is another of those excellent comment departments. One of the first things we look for in the mailing. None of us here have gotten over "The Poo is mightier than the yobber!" We called Walt Liebscher's attention to it when he was here, just before the last mailing went out, and he nearly went into hysterics. He has been muttering "Poo on the yobber" at five minute intervals ever since, accompanying it with a most peculiar giggle. Quoteworthy Quotes is most enjoyed from the standpoint of showing what most impressed you. That is one of the chief reasons we enjoy reading fanzines -- it is such a fascinating way to get acquainted with other fans. Perhaps that copy of Astounding you found was part of a special edition intended for JWC's professional scientist clientele. We were just barely able to read your page of fonetic spelling. When we went to school the old method of indicating pronunciation was still predominant. But now, with dictionaries leaning more and more to the fonetic method, it appears we'll have to buckle down and learn it.

Therewillbearingingofthebellsbellsbellsbellsbellsbellsbellsbellsb

When we were talking with Raymond A. Palmer recently, at his office, he announced that he was to be executed on Christmas day. We suddenly had visions of some fan carried away by the intensity of his prejudices and deciding he had been divinely appointed to perform the foul deed. Timidly, we asked RAP how it was to be done. He informed us he was to be strangled. Then he elucidated. He is to be married Christmas day. We were relieved, but noticed no change in him. Anyway, many happy retur.....er... congratulations RAP ol' boy. May you be very happy.

TRUCKIN' ON DOWN TO TUCKER'S

Oh Joy! Oh fun! We did it! The Ashleys finally went to visit the Tuckers. We'd been promising them a return visit ever since they were here last fall, but this and that always came up to prevent it. Finally we just up and ran away and did it. We had written that we would descend on them so they had the silver locked up, and the sugar and coffee in a safety deposit box.

After working all day and riding the trains until three A.M. to get there, we had visions of a short chat, then a soft downy mattress for about twelve hours with breakfast in bed when we awoke. Any of you who have been to Tucker's know how rudely our dreams were shattered. Al immediately joined the poker game while I casually ambled out to the kitchen to see what I could find to eat. Janie was there opening bottles with things in them. She told me if I was hungry I'd have to fix something for myself. I got out some bread and cheese, and started to toast a sandwich. As Janie went into the other room she said, "As long as you're at it you might as well fix enough for the rest of the gang. So I did, and the sandwiches disappeared as anything eatable does when one or more fans are gathered together.

The poker game went on and on. As one after another dropped out the crowd in Tucker's den upstairs increased. About seven A.M. somebody suggested an auction of some pic Campbell had sent for the Michiconference, and which had arrived too late. Tuck added a few of his own originals, but after they had been bought and paid for, he went very quietly around, gathered them all up and put them away again. I heard him whispering to Al that he had to get money somewhere to pay for what the fans ate.

Janie finally gave up about eight o'clock and lay down for awhile on the bed. Three of the Chicago boys appropriated Judy's (the five year old's) bed, and Walt grabbed the daybed. I pushed him over and made room so I could get in too. Finally we pulled it out and opened it up so there was more room to lay down. Tuck and Al then came along and crawled in with us. Just when we'd decided the bed was clear full, along came Bobby, the littlest Tucker. He had just got up and had been scrambling around on the floor eating cheese crackers that had been flung about during high moments of the poker game. Having eaten enough for his own breakfast, he wanted to be the perfect host and see that his guests also had breakfast. Seeing a baby, I decided fifteen minutes in bed was enough for anybody, so I got up to dress him and give him something more suitable than cheese crackers to eat.

We had only planned to stay about two days. But we developed a most enormous curiosity to see whether they ever did go to bed around there. We stayed nearly a week, finally coming to the conclusion that they didn't. We had always wondered why Janie went about with her eyes half-closed all the time. Now we know. She never gets a chance to close them all the way.

Walt Liebscher came back for Thanksgiving, and we had the traditional turkey with all the trimmings. Bob had to go to work at noon, as he always does on holidays. He was very unhappy about it -- at least that's what he said. Personally, we rather think he was hoping the mob would go home if ignored long enough.

Friday, we spent in Chicago with Walt, raiding the bookstores. Round and round the mulberry bush --- er--- excuse, please -- the Loop, we went. Big bookstores, little bookstores, old bookstores, new bookstores. Dark, dingy, dusty, scary looking places, and smart, elegantly outfitted, tile-floored bookstores. From ones where we expected some old crone or warlock with long scraggly grey hair and no teeth, to come out trying to sell you the Necromicon or De Vermis Mysteris, to neon lighted palaces where attendants in Prince Alberts and white gloves spoke in hushed voices of the Old Masters.

We walked and walked until my brain was a whirl of books, books, books, and my feet, in new shoes, were screaming to be let out to graze on the soft cool rugs of some room --- any room. I wish just the same that we could have spent more time there. The trouble was that we spent all our money the first day*there.

In the afternoon we did take time to go up to R.A.Palmer's office to meet him. Walt said, as we started out, "Oh yes, I know where his office is. I was up there once." So we headed for Michigan Blvd., and we walked and walked and walked. The wind was blowing a gale and we were cold and hungry and tired and thirsty and no Coca-Cola in sight, when Walt finally admitted that maybe he didn't know just where to go after all. Practically, it gave mayhem then and there. If we didn't loff heem so much he would now be a deader. After another block or so we found a drugstore. Hah, we cried in unison. Now we will find out. So into the drugstore we went, pickity, pickity, pickity. For the newstand we dove --- but lo and behold. No Amazing. No Fantastic Adventures. After looking at each other rather blankly for awhile, it finally dawned on us that the address could be found in the telephone book. We were only about six blocks too far out.

Getting out of the elevator, we found a door marked Ziff-Davis Receiving Room. We really didn't think they ran a hospital, so decided this must be where visitors were received. In we went only to fall over reams and reams of paper. The place bore a striking resemblance to the Ashley livingroom. Two young goofs looked up at us like they thought we were crazy, and we looked right back at them like we knew we were. Then we backed out. Down at the other end of the hall was the place we sought. A lovely young lady presided at the switchboard. She looked as though she thought us something strayed from one of the more harrowing stories, but she bravely directed us to Palmer's office.

Bill McGivern was in the office getting a check. I held out my hand too, but all RAP did was to shake it. He's a grand fellow though. I wish we lived closer so we could get better acquainted with him. He showed us the dummies for the new mags and I went into small ecstacies over the back cover for FANTASTIC ADVENTURES. Very quietly he went over to the other side of the room, dug out the original, and as calmly as if he were offering me a cigarette, asked, "Want it?" Did I? I nearly kissed the guy on the spot. It illustrates one of my favorite myths, Daedalus and Icarus. He finally shoved us out so he could go home. We went to a few more bookstores, then headed for home too. Now I wanna go back.

Oh yes. I finally made the grade. Tucker kissed me!

STRAIGHT FROM THE CANNON'S MOUTH

by Pfc. Weaver Wright

I understand a couple of fans who knew something about me personally gave a third fan the impression I'd been a pacifist who backed down on his principles when the show-down came. I resent that! And the adage that "silence gives consent", when I didn't get around to writing and denying the charge. Sometimes I think some folks tell untruths about me just to keep me busy refuting same so I'll have no time for constructive and original work! You who received the misinfo are a mem of FAPA, so I'll answer here, and kill about 47 other birds with one stone, excepting Morojo and myself, who already know better. *** Til 1941 AD (Advent of Duration) I was passively pacifistic in thot. I always had sposed that if invited to be inducted, the CO stand would be the one I chose. Charlie Hornig was the opposite, I guess Charlie had no idea of his inner conviction til the warclouds began to gather; then, when he examined himself -- as I know he did, lengthily, searchingly -- he found he could not be in accord with human killing. Me, I found to my surprise, that rather'h having the hard row to hoe of the CO, I'd go along docilely-with the draft if and when it ever caught up with me, because I had no objection to killing anybody who had intentions of bothering me. Reducing it to its simplest terms, I'd have no moral qualms about injuring anyone attempting to steal my property, or kill anyone with death in mind for me. The same principle is contained on a magnified scale, is it not, in the invasion of a country, the subjugation of a nation, the murder of a people? So I've gone to war in the capacity the local authorities seem to think I'm best fitted for; but I'm not proud of engaging in what Dr Stapledon described as "the most shattering and degrading of all human experiences". I just feel I've a dirty job to do, and I'm anxious the whole sickening affair should get a Widnerian "wiggle" on. I didn't want to "go to war" because I felt morally certain I could be of more use to humanity as a civilian, if left to my own devices; but I didn't feel like raising a fuss about it. Being in the army is a nuisance to me; that's all. I didn't fall back on any avowed principles. I hope I've made myself clear.

I thot, through the generosity of EN GARDE, I'd quote some of the correspondence I've received since entering the farmed 'orses -- I mean, armed forces. These excerpts will be given anonymously as I've had no time to contact their authors for permission to print, but I think I know my fan friends well enuf that they'd have no objections for publication in this form.

#1: "X tels me you don't like the Army. After a few weeks of it. I see your point. Personally, I'm taking it very well, but that's because I rid myself of all tender sensibilities before coming in. You have to live with a lot of jerks you may hate, and go through a lot of grief; if you are sensitive you get hurt. I'm not sensitive anymore." Comment: Maybe I've been lucky, I dunno, or maybe I'm just not so sensitive either, but I haven't had near the noisome experiences I'd anticipated. Come to think of it, there's an explanation: The Permanent Parties with whom I associate all have to have an Army Intelligence of at least 120, I believe the figure is. So those I companionate with are not completely morons, altho most of these big grown men seem to have

little to do with their spare time but read comic books (!), play pool, drink beer, ot ...er! I don't find much intellectual companionship around here, but, then, I don't especially require it; I've plenty to do with any time I may get to myself.

Here's one that killed me. From my dear Grandmother, and how typical of loving Grandmothers: "Take good care of your health, Blue Birdie, as you know you have never been very robust. Don't be too energetic and work harder than necessary." Received at a time I thot I was gonna drop dead at any second from exhaustion. And the Sergeant just laughed and laughed and laughed.....

A reaction to my War Lock letter: "Good for you!! Hurrah, hurrah!!! Mouse bites cat!!!! Weaver gets tough with carping fans!!!! ** We've been waiting for years for you to finally get sore at some of the mean, useless whining, fault-picking idiocy of some of that gang. Having once reached a boiling point you may get hep to a bunch of the rest of 'em."

Fan "B": "Just about time to answer your last two letters before I catch the bus for the club meeting. I guess that's cruel, tho, reminding you of something like that, when you're imprisoned in the equivalent of the fourth dimension -- the land of no shadow, no stf, no fantasy, no nuthin' -- for a guy like you. ** But on the other hand you gotta get a grip on yourself. I feel sorry for you, and no doubt I would feel just as sorry for myself, were I in your place, but you're there and I'm here, and you can't go on feeling sorry for yourself very long, or you'll get yourself into a bad psycho-mess. And I don't mean pork and beans. ** X felt rather tough for the first week or so, when he was put on the garbage detail, but he has perked up nicely, now, and seems to be becoming well-adjusted. And that is what you'll have to do." But I somehow feel a sorement against I know-not-what, that a fellow like my friend should be wasted on a garbage pail detail. It seems so useless and degrading, a stinking shame, and no pun meant. X is capable of such greater things. His hands are an artist's and his brain a scientist's and his heart a scientific-tionist's. It don't seem right, somehow ... "You don't have to be a flag-waver of a sycophant, but do the way I did in CCC. For the first three months or so -- I was the mostest miserablest critter in existense. Then one day I got to thinking, and I told myself: 'Looky here, Y, there's absolutely no sense of you battling upstream against this thing. Feeling resentment and self-pity every time you catch something disagreeable is just gonna make you more and more miserable until you crack. And that ain't good. ** And just drifting along with the current is still a negative attitude. Ya gotta get over on the positive side.' So I quit battling the whole army, which was a very sensible thing when I look back on it. So I drifted along with the current but I managed to put in a lick toward the shore on my own account, now and then. ** I realized that there must be something about the place which I could enjoy -- somebody I could make friends with. When you've got a friend, you're troubles seem to be halved. So I mixed in with the crowd, even tho their thinking ran 50% or more to plain filth, which was repellent to me. I entered a clique with five other guys, individualists all, yet we could cooperate enuf to keep our barracks pretty well under control. We weren't picked on by the non-coms, and the rest of the guys held us in as much respect as they did the sarge and the cor-

porals. It was not good to incur the displeasure of the 'Slimy Six'. Yet we were not at all disliked by anybody. Except the shavetail. But there wasn't much he could do about it. Give one KP, and he gave it to all six, and the work was done in no time. Give it to all six anyway, and the work was still done in no time. Give a member punishment equal to six men's work and he appealed to the Old Man, who could readily see the obvious injustice, and modify the sentence considerably. Of course, the shavetail was too proud to tell the Old Man that six privates were too much for him. ** But the lesson is the lesson of the ezwal. You may understand that better, because Van Vogt is a much better writer than I. ** Co-operate or Else!"

Understand one thing, fandom: I don't feel great hate toward the Gov't or the Draft Board what done me in, or anything like that. I feel I'm of less use to Life at Large here than left to my own resources on the outside. But I realize the war-machine couldn't take time to figure all that out, that everybody's gotta be grabbed more or less indiscriminately. So I'm doing what I can, under the circumstances: Specifically, I'm infiltrating stf with the other reading matter around here, at the 4 central places, and having the satisfaction of seeing it picked up and perused. I know every man who picks up a stf mag isn't going to be converted to a fan, or even a reader; but at least the opportunity is created. Heretofore they either didn't read much or chose what they wanted. Here they have to take what they can get. If an increasing percent of that is stf, well, they'll take it and--maybe -- like it!

"D": "The thing I'm wondering most about is whether you were able to convince the army officials that there's nothing but a J to your middle name." I've been astonished to discover the number of men with only initials for middle names, dealing with monickers all day as I do. Seems to me about one in 15 has only an initial. And, believe it or not, I ran across an F.J.Wackerman! "D" continues: "I'm certain that you'd better not try to think up puns without first looking in all directions for speeding jeeps." Yep, in the Army, life is jeep! Speaking of punning, some of you have been receiving copies of the Reception Center paper from me, containing corny cracks by "Ack-Ack". I haven't had time to explain about the fanames often appearing therein. I've been doing that just for fun. Nobody here knows the dif when I run in a phoney item about Art Winder, Harry Werner, Robert Tucker or Jo Moro, so I do so, in the hope not only will the gentry be entertained but some subtle amusement thus afforded certain sections of fandom. Nothing should be taken too seriously, including items accredited to Jack Erman, Joe Kerr & Co. An item some of you saw about Erman's chasing down a local pigeon who turned out to be only 13 years old, was based broadly on my looking up one Josephine Browne who had her name in Fantastic Adventures' Correspondence Column a couple issues ago. At an address only a mile from mine in L.A. I dropped her a line suggesting she attend the LASFS. She replied her Dad wouldn't let her, and in fact didn't like the idea of her writing to a soldier. I thot that was sorta silly for a 17 year old, sent back a tongue-in-cheek letter for her Dad's benefit, about how I was sure his daughter had only been doing her patriotic duty in writing to a soldier, etc, etc, etc, and it was too bad a girl of her intellect shouldn't be permitted to come to

come to our club and commingle with others of her intelligence; and I wound up by saying that, (in a separate PS) failing all else, when she was free, write and try to get in touch with me. She replied, confessing all: I'd have to wait til 1950, as she was only 13! ** Fan "D" concluded: "Within a year or eighteen months, I'd not be surprised to find fandom consist of EEEvans, Chauvenet, and Morojo -- unless she's not coverage for the WAACs or WAVEs ((or WATTs? And already Chauvenet's out -- a shock)). I think the government's been wise in keeping fans in various parts of the country, not letting them concentrate in any one camp. After all, with so much powder lying around, the temptation to build a rocket ship would be terrific."

One fan wrote volunteering to "Lay off" me til after the duration. Incidentally, anybody who goes spreading false reports about me while I'm in this warbegone condition, I'm just going to regard as a below-the-belt-hitter, 'cause I very likely shan't have the time to spike such rumors. SILENCE DOES NOT GIVE CONSENT, in my case, so remember that everybody, if you read something shady about me and I don't burst back with a refutation.

Finally, fan "E": "Just read your fine letter in FFF, and I cried too, Weaver, I can well appreciate just what such a thing has meant to you, and what a wrench it must have been to your ego-consciousness. Fortunately, you have enough of a cosmic outlook so that it won't permanently damage your mental workings, and I am sure you will come out of it stronger than ever -- even if only because it has made you stop and look at other angles of life for a time,"

Just before closing, an airmail letter from Art Widner: "Yhos is extremely happy to note U have adjusted yourself so well (or as well as U have) to army life. Incidentally, since you appear to be better satisfied with your lot, perhaps you would not like that first batch of Weaver's Wrightings to appear, written when you were so melancollie and disgruntled." But I said, Go Ahead, they are typical of a certain time; historic; the past can not be repudiated. And, anyway, I'm interested to see what I said!

You know, I was going to make this a period during which no photos of me appeared. Originally I intended that no visual record should be made of this distasteful time during my life. But the first leave I got, Freehafer confronted me with a camera, and relatives came over and wanted pix, and before I knew it I was being snapped all over the place, and everybody at the office and around town and then out of town wanted to see the results. ** Then, I was going to wear just exactly what the Gov't issued me, and not embellish my costume any. Came the conflict of doing what I could to look my best.

My training has been all toward thinking before acting. Army demands blind, instinctive obedience -- "You are warriors, trained not to think but to do, maybe -- to die!" Uh-uh, that ain't for Weaver. I've lived a life of logic, of fairness and justice, and it riles me to run up against a thing like this: Your bunk must be made in "a military manner." If whoever inspects it doesn't approve, he is empowered to tear it all to pieces and require me to do it over. I came in one night to find my bunk a fright. I'll

grant you it doesn't interest me a damn to make a bed in a military manner, but I done my best, and I didn't like the dictatorial treatment. I never had a chance. I couldn't possibly learn anything because it had not been pointed out to me what was wrong that caused my bunk to be dismantled. Maybe I'd made it perfectly but somebody had sat on it or put clothes on it and mussed it up during my absence. Who knows? Not I. But I got the blame and the brunt; and never even knew who passed judgement on me. I had no come-back. I was ham-strung. Things like that tend to make me unstrung.

Warning! Uncle Sam does not recognize green as a color, I guess. Not official, anyway. I had the misfortune to sign the payroll in my usual verdant, and got "red-lined" in consequence. My pay was held up 14 days. That kind of discipline does me NO GOOD. I'll remember, sure -- with resentment. Because it's entirely unnecessary. There's a wealth of tiny details a newcomer doesn't know about army regulations. I feel responsibility was entirely on the corporal or sergeant who was present when I signed. He simply should have said, "Oh, wait a minute, buddy; here, you'll have to sign that in blue-black." But you don't talk back or argue matters like that.

Well, here's how I feel about it all, 3 months after induction: Like a prisoner in a penitentiary, facing a long-term sentence for a crime I didn't commit. I'm constricted, cramped. If I laugh, it is so that I may not cry -- Lincoln's words that Tucker quotes, I believe. A free spirit, enslaved. The point, as I understand it, tho, is that this is a necessary temporary discomfort, that the rest of my life need not be so damned. ##

Mauditmauditmauditmauditmauditmauditmauditmauditmauditmauidi

Dorothy Tomkins, the Galactic Roamers' official V - 1, has become a member of the WAVES. Long may she! We are going to miss her sorely, too. There will now be no one to always vote NO. She has always been the Honorable Minority that prevented the monotony of unanimous approval. Our orbs are bedewed!

Drenchedanddrippingareouropticsdrenchedanddrippingareouropticsdre

Our most sincere congratulations to Pogo and Russ on their new Slan. But we haste to point out that the West Coast simply can't get ahead of the Galactic Roamers. Alan and Kay Becker have just become the proud immediate progenitors of a new Slanette! For those of you who came in late, Dr. Becker is the Chief Pilot of the Galactic Roamers, and lives in Jackson, Michigan. He is also Director of the Michigan Fantasy Fan Federation.

Allhailallhailforinjacksonmichigananewfanisborn,justlikethatallhail

In the Fantastic Adventures dummy we saw at Palmer's office, we spied a story by Harry Jenkins jr. He also had a write-up in the Meet The Author department. Good going Harry.

Clicketyclicketyclicketyclicketyclickety&anotherstoryhitsthesk.

We recently came across a new sea-going term, namely, Drizzle. In case you don't already know, a Drizzle is a Drip going steady.



I'm looking for a donor.
What type have YOU?

WIEDENBECK.