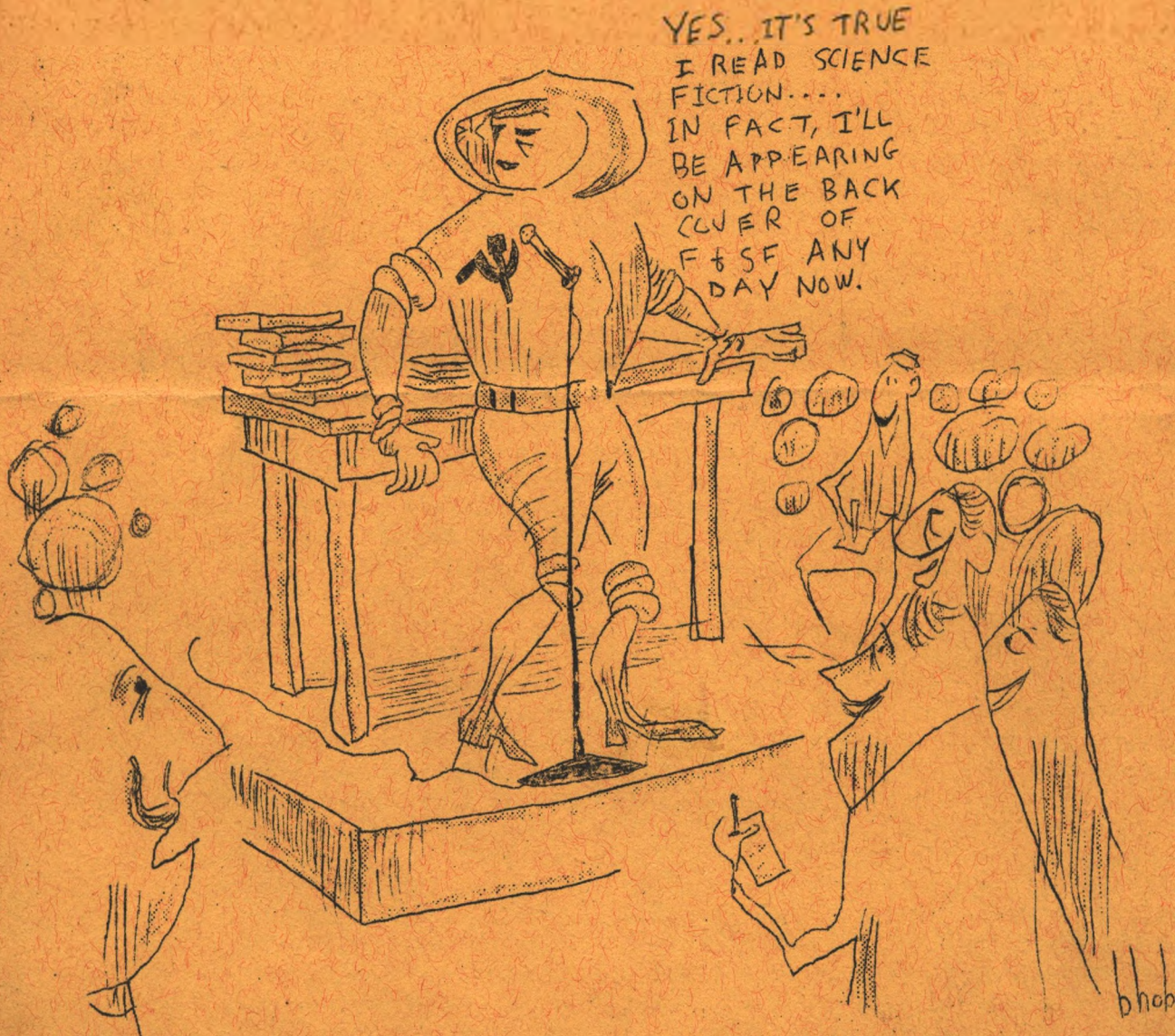


NEWS ITEM: Questioned by European reporters, Yuri Gagarin revealed that he is an avid reader of science fiction.

FANAC #79



Edited and pubbed twice a month from now on (we hope) by Walter Breen, formerly from 1205 Peralta Ave., Berkeley 6, Cal. The new address will be 2402 Grove St., Berkeley 4, Cal., effective Oct. 12 barring accidents. You can get FANAC at 4 issues for 50¢, or 10 for \$1; the FANNISH will be part of your regular sub. We accept certain trades; free also to contributors and commenters. Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd., N. Hykeham, Lincoln, England, accepts subs at 6 for 4s, 18 @ 10s. Cartoons: Stewart, Nelson, Rike.

TWO FAMOUS FANNISH LANDMARKS VANISH: The Fan Hillton, former home of LASFS, is being torn down to be replaced by a mundane office building. The Society's new address is in COA. An unwelcome consequence: certain residents have had to move elsewhere; meetings (Oct. 5, 12,...) must end at midnight. "Fan Hillton is dead; long live Mathom House!" § The other landmark was the lovely old house at 1906 Grove St. in Berkeley, at various times home of Poul & Karen Anderson, Miriam Carr, Trina, and Art Castillo; it was demolished Sept. 21-22. I had spotted it in seeking new quarters, and while hunting the owner found next day that the building (which was in fine shape) had been torn down. Sic transit Moria or something...



FANS ACROSS NATION AND OCEAN AGREE: IT'S ELIK TWO TO ONE! Counting last minute British votes (which

could not appreciably change the final outcome), Don Ford reports, the tally ran: Americans--Elik 98, Eney 49; Britishers--Elik 35, Eney 25 (a little surprisingly because of longterm known British affection for Eney); total 131 to 74. FANAC's congratulations join those of the rest of fandom, and we hope the Britishers have something you'll like almost as well as A&W! \$ Don Ford also tells me that thanks to a \$200 donation from the Seacon (plus an extra \$106: \$94 net from the Auction Bloch, \$10 from the St. Fantony costume made by Richardson for Dave Kyle, and \$2 from a couple of ATom Anthologies) there is not only enough to give the Squirrel a two-way whirl in style, there is nearly enough to bring a British fan over here to join Willis at the Chincon. Already nominated for TAFF are Ethel Lindsay (HAVERINGS, SCOTTISHE, etc.) and artist Eddie Jones, KtSF, familiar from covers of BASTION and other British zines; both are Good People. Nominations close Oct. 31, so hurry up if you have someone in mind; vote period 1 Nov--31 May.

THE APA CORNER: FAPA: Lee Hoffman is apparently out because her dues weren't in by the deadline. (One would guess that a petition is, or shortly will be, making the rounds.) BT quotes Leeh as saying that she still intends to pub S-F Five Yearly as announced. (And by the way, Leeh, did you ever pick up the AndYoung contribution to SF5Y? If not, it still awaits you at 163A W.10.)

Shadow FAPA: The 60-page 5th mailing is notable this time for some brighteyed ~~the~~ ~~bits~~ bits masquerading as mc's from Ruth Berman; a one-sheet W'BASKET #1 from Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, consisting of the light~~hearted~~ ~~hearted~~ hearted & croggling kind of doubletake nattering coming to be known as Demmonisms--"fandom", says MZB, "in the Joe Kennedy--Lee Hoffman tradition, and it's wonderful." (KIPPIE 17); a thick LURKING SHADOW with cartoons by Walker (the same one, Terry, who did the other Sherlock Holmes cartoon you wanted for the FANTHOLOGY) and a hilarious piece in praise of a certain well-known circular muscle; Metcalf's IDLE HANDS has added a Lichtman col; Charles Wells's PIPSIS-SE'A #1, the only one except Gal's which is less than half mc's (copies are available, on pink paper, on request, and I recommend the zine; Charles Wells, 190 Elm St., Oberlin, O.); fapans will appreciate Jerry Page's fable, and everyone will appreciate the hilariously fuggheaded female. Entries for the next SHAPA mailing: 105 copies, not later than Nov. 15, to Les Gerber. Though his home is at 201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn, NY 26, I earlier suggested that zines be sent to him c/o White at 163A W. 10, NYC 14, because of return of a number of fms from 201 marked "Refused".

SAPS: Members and waitlisters, be sure to see COA for the OE's new address.

CULT: Rike's FR 100, with the wonderful title of HOT AIR, was highlighted by a reprint of Clif Bennett's "Resistance in Prison", from the rare privately printed "Prison Etiquette" (by WW2 conscientious objectors), evidently this choice inspired by recent summerfieldish squabbles, though as yet there have been no repercussions. Last we heard, Andy Main's FR 101 was nearly ready, somewhat delayed by Andy's sprained ankle. (Get well soon!)

N'APA: The 247-pp. 10th mailing included a Baycon program booklet (well, one can't just throw them away, I guess) and a Westercan XV progress report. Actually, it was about the best yet for this apa, and the highlights so far seem to be (not in order) Don Anderson's CRY OF THE WILD MOOSE, TAJ's HIPPICALORIC, Larry (GAUL/3) McCombs's MEGALOSCOPE, Fred Patten's FOOFARAI and Jeff Wanshel's GRIBBLE; Don Franson is in for the first time with something called NEPTERVENESCENT, though it isn't equal to his best work, and the 11-page GERZINE is remarkable for the inside bacover consisting of an offset photo of GMC, in black tights, jitterbugging with Jack Harness at the Seacon costume party! The new constitution was adopted 13-3; new requirements: 46 copies of zines, 6pp at least every other mailing; of the membership limit of 40 there are 36 plus a w-1 of 2, and thus room for a couple more (Alma Hill was dropped for inactivity, and Jeff Wanshel made noises about resigning, though the apa needs him, and if the next mlg is as much better than this as this one was better than earlier ones, he may be sorry he left). Happens: Be sure and see COA for your OE's new address.

EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO DA ACT Dept.: The Int'l SF Correspondence Club (ISFCC--for details see Penford's True Incredible Story in VOID 26), via Clay Hamlin, prez, announces formation of an apa, title & OE not named, though



completists and other interested parties can probably find out from him at 28 Earle Ave., Bangor, Maine. Hamlin writes me that the requirements are 5 pp per quarterly mailing, of which not more than 25% can be mc's; number of copies necessary not stated. "Apa members need not be ISFCC members, though the naming of the OE and financial control remain with the ISFCC. In the yearly egoboo poll, the member named as 'having contributed most to the group' ((I guess this means other than sheer quantity)) gets a free renewal of membership. Promising waitlisters can be balloted into the group ahead of turn. Fans lacking dupers can still participate by contributing material to be run in others' fmz." We'll believe this one when we see a mailing; some of these proposals are familiar enough and sound, others seem likely to become troublemakers.

SFPA: There are reports that the first mailing of the Southern Fandom apa has been already distributed, but no details. LDBroyles--where are you?

RON & CINDY SMITH (famous for INSIDE) are emigrating to Australia. If a cancellation arises, they will leave by boat on Jan. 23, otherwise Feb. 11. They expect to stay 2 to 5 years, possibly longer. The legendary GALAXY parody issue of INSIDE (three years in the making) is with their Australian printer, John Cummings, and present plans are to continue on a much more frequent basis. However, the new INSIDES after the one now in press will be as much political satire as stf--inspired by THE REALIST, THE CALIFORNIAN, HABAKKUK, etc. Date of the going-away party will be announced. § Cindy expects a new little Smith in March; our congratulations to both of you, especially after your long wait.

SEACON FOOTNOTES: The "Highline Times" news (?) coverage of the con, Sept. 7, was pretty ghodawful. The clips Buz sent consisted of (1) A gossip-column bit, referring to "mustaches out to here, beards down to here, dark glasses, and silver-headed canes. # Barbara Patton, checkroom gal, thought they were a swinging bunch until some one asked her to check his sandals." (2) The photo of Doc Smith and me, headed "They Came from Planet X." The wording below identified us as at "the World Convention of Science-Fiction Writers." (3) An almost 2-page spread of the costume ball, stupidly captioned, e.g. Stu Hoffman and "It's what's up front that counts"; "obvious standouts" under five well-endowed femmefans, the center being Karen Anderson, flanked by Sylv and Joni Cornell; and "Well, I don't know, someone called & said 'Just come as you are'." under Joni, Karen, Ernie Wheatley and the Priest of Mota. # It's almost impossible to get all details right in a conreport, and I might as well correct a few errors that crept into mine. Pelz says it was Harlan Ellison who was asking Heinlein about "Year of the Jackpot"; Buz swears that he didn't see any beard on either himself or rich brown (tho' I'm still unsure of the latter, or was I seeing them as before last May?), and that it was James Aloysius Farby who originated the crack quoted by Rayburn about the Soviet of Washington. Art Rapp was only attending Nan at the judging of the costumes, not taking a judging role himself--but this is an understandable goof since there was no public identification of the judges; the "hotel band" cost the con committee \$104, and the combo sulked & fumed because their prize vocalist (tho had shown up anyway despite being told that no vocal numbers were wanted) was sent home. And despite Buz's immense amount of work, he disclaimed credit and referred to the committee as "Wally Weber, chairman, and the rest of us." The unidentified woman on page 14 turned out to have been Mickey Frazier of Walla Walla. Evans was on the fan panel not as a replacement for Speer but as a lastminute addition suggested by Pavlat. # The Art Show suffered 2 casualties: a shipment, airmailed a week ahead, containing two sculptures and a group of paintings by Don Studebaker including a controversial portrait of Heinlein, got lost enroute. Don has since filed an insurance claim, and we hope he collects every cent possible. # I reported that Barr's "Star Fisher" got the Popular Award. Bjo adds that second award went to Barbi Johnson's illos for "The Enchanted Forest", and tied for third place were Barr's "Lopers" and Bjo's own "Incunebulust". A total of \$432.55 worth of artwork was sold at the con, netting Project Art Show \$64.84 in commissions. There will be further details in forthcoming issues of PAS-TELL (quarterly mag & bulletins), \$1.50/year from Bjo, address in COA, and promises to be worth it if you are interested in art. (No trades or locopies, though; the Art Show people need the \$ to put on the displays at the Chicon.)



EX-FAN DON WEGARS (founding member of The Cult, 1954) was expelled from Univ. of Cal. at Berkeley, and barred from reapplying till next February, because of an unusually satirical--even Cultish--though perfectly mailable issue of The Pelican, Cal humor-mag. The entire Pelly editorial staff was booted from the mag by order of irate University authorities, though we don't know if any were dropped from the student body other than Wegars. The items found offensive by the officials were the following two (among nine similar ones) in Wegars's "Pelican Primer--being a Comprehensive & Interesting Guide to the Teaching of Spelling, Grammar, & English, May 1961":

THE MAN who Looks like a Scholar is President of the University. He is a Liberal because TIME Said So.\* He was Planning to be Secretary of Labor but will Probably be Governor instead. He used to Tattle on the University to the State Committee on Communism and he Got his Just Rewards. He Knows Who Pays the Bills, little children. ((\* TIME had run a cover story on prexy Clark Kerr last year.))

THESE PEOPLE ARE ROTC instructors, little children. Most of them Do Not Like it Here because it is One Mile to a Bar.\* They are Military Men because they Do Not Like to Work. In the Second World War they Distinguished Themselves by raping Old Women and Small Girls. If any of them Say Things to you, little children, Knee Them in the Groin. ((\* Some state law requires bars to locate no closer to Cal than one mile away.))

The "knee them..." ref is certainly reminiscent of a certain Harlan Ellison line about the dogs of 7th Fandom. # Does misery love company, Les?

BERKELEY FANDOM has gotten back to its usual partyish character. There was a Little Man picnic at Tilden Park Sept. 17, attended by most of the Golden Gate Futurians as well as the IM; chief attraction was Karen Anderson's fine clam chowder, followed by fangab and cards. Among others present: Anthony Boucher, Foul & Karen Anderson, Alva & Sid Rogers; a fun time. # Donaho's paella dinner Sat. Sept. 23 raised \$6.50 for the Willis Fund; another meeting attended by Little Men and Futurians followed, with Ed Clinton scheduled to talk about Heinlein's speech. His talk turned out to be a fullsize conreport, including some details I'd missed; the whole thing was gratifyingly graphic--Ed has a knack of making people see things he describes. (His material on the Heinlein speech will be found further on this; it is being run here rather than in Alva Rogers's OMPazine because Ed wished both prompt publication and wide distribution, and it fits in well and topically with the report on Heinlein's speech lastish. Thanks, Ed.) The question period following Ed's talk eventually degenerated into a typical Berkeley fangab session followed by another of those poker games. Dues taken in at this meeting also went to the Willis Fund. "Paella, paella! Arroz by any other name..."

LA 6-7378

RAY NELSON (333 Ramona, El Cerrito, Calif.) is scheduled to have a birthday party at his home during the evening of October 8, though the actual birthday was the 3rd. Much appreciated would be good wishes, games, books on the Beat Generation and related topics, subs to certain of the better "little magazines", repairs on the Rambler, etc.,...but mainly good wishes. And he deserves them. Many, many happy returns.

TED JOHNSTONE is one of 9 San Diego State College students in charge of the college's FM station, KEBS (89.5 mc; the EBS probably means Educational ~~Broadcasting~~ Broadcasting System). Among his duties--wouldn't you guess it?--is Public Relations, which means among other things that he has to make press releases for local newspapers, handle mailing lists, write advertising copy, get publicity for Big Events, etc.; he has a staff of ten ~~lower~~ lower-division student assistants. One guesses that the fan-type skills Ted had to develop in his period as LASFS Director would have to pay off sometime... # Ted is also involved in local radio/TV technical operations, getting practical experience as cameraman, lightman, ~~producer~~ announcer/engineer. And they call all this part of a Speech Arts major... some people have all the luck.



ED EMSHWILLER'S FILM "The Time of the Heathen" will be shown this season in NY by Cinema 16, which has also handled his award-winning "Dance Chromatic." It will be shown on Program 3 (along with Robert "Pull My Daisy" Frank's "The Sin of Jesus") Sundays Dec. 3 and 10, and Wednesday Dec. 13 at the Beekman and Murray Hill Theatres and at Fashion Industries Auditorium, all in NYC. Free brochure and further information available from Cinema 16, 175 Lexington Ave., NYC 16, or phone MU9-7288.

THEODORE STURGEON'S NEW PB "Not Without Sorcery" (a dreadfully expurgated reprint of his "Without Sorcery"--even the Bradbury preface is chopped; emphatically, do NOT buy it if you can locate a copy of the hc original) has a dedication to sf fandom "without whom this book could not have been printed".

HOW DO THEY GET AWAY WITH IT? While FV and BRILLIG got banned, and Cultzines got investigated by federal snoops, a crudsheet called "Popular Advertiser" (not to mention the inferior sort of mensmags and the Nat'l Enquirer & Boston Midtown Journal) and Toronto Justice Weekly) runs advts for private photos of the advertiser's "cute teenaged sister", "Broadminded Big Mail Plus Sources and your name listed (nude exchanger)", "Mag of Fads & Fancies, Femmes & Fashions, Dominant Damsels, Domestic Discipline &c.", and wantads for physique photos, nude or seminude...ecch. Apparently since money is involved there, probably enough to retain lawyers, these purveyors of sickness can get away with much that fandom can't. All of which leads up to one very unpleasant announcement: The Brown bill has been signed into law. This means that anyone possessing, showing, viewing or handling any kind of matter designated as "obscene" in the state of California is subject to a fine of \$10,000 for the first offense, \$25,000 for the second. Who decides what is "obscene" is not specified, but unless some enlightened judge throws cases out of court, there may be prosecutions even for having books like "Catcher in the Rye", which is banned in parts of New England (not Boston) even now, not to mention Steinbeck, Hemingway, Caldwell, Miller, and most of the avant-garde. This law is by far the severest ever to be passed since Comstock started his crusade, and its passing is a result of power politics and pressure from two Scripps & Hearst newspapers that needed some kind of campaign to pull up falling sales. The Catholic NODL is established as behind much of the pressure. Probably until the scene once again becomes cool, it may be necessary to go easy on the Prosser illos and the four-letter words. Inflamed Catholic housewives on juries aren't going to listen to a judge's explanation of the Supreme Court ruling about obscene intent; though you and I know fandom is not a porno club, they may not.

## BEANIE

BY RAY NELSON





# heinlein revisited

EY ED  
CLINTON

(Verbatim text of speech given 23 Sept. 1961 before Little Men & GGFS. Ill. Rike, Nelson)  
I wanted to comment separately on Robert Heinlein's speech, because I think it was an important speech: important both because of what he said and what he did not say. And because somewhere along the line that speech is going to appear in print. It made a tremendous impression on most of his audience. It contained some pretty explosive ideas. Incidentally, I understand that the speech, when it is printed, will be revised. Well, that's another document. What's important is that a certain group of people heard certain words, thoughts which they may very well think strongly about and pass on to others. So regardless of what the words in the printed speech are, the other words had their effect and do exist in time. Heinlein talked about the Orwellian aspects of Russian society today; does this mean he delivered an unspeech at the Seacon?) At any rate, I feel strongly that his speech should not go uncommented upon, and that it should be challenged where indicated.

First, let's consider Heinlein as a personality and a speaker, because believe me, that's a part of it. Heinlein is of a little more than average height, mustached, with close-cropped grey hair and utterly opaque brown eyes. Your glance bounces from them. (Does anybody know if he wears contact lenses, by chance?) He is husky, trim, with a bearing that betrays his professional military training. For a man who, on the basis of his remarks, must be in his middle or late fifties, he is in spectacular physical condition--doesn't look the years at all. My wife says he is handsome. This I leave for the judgment of women.

I think the word for Heinlein is TOUGH. Tough-minded. Tough in the literal sense of the word. In the party in his room, he was the perfect host, garrulous, friendly, careful to say a few words to everybody who came in, relishing with pleasant arrogance the lionizing he was receiving. He moved and talked with absolute confidence at all times. Jubal Harshaw, ~~maybe~~, as a younger man.

He does not have an ideal speaking voice. It's a little harsh, a little edgy. But he uses it well--loudly, with emphatic certainty in every line, dramatically. He spoke without any notes whatsoever.

He uses his entire body to great effect. An elevated platform was provided behind the banquet table in the Satellite Room, and he mounted this so that he was visible everywhere in that too-long room. He used no microphone. And he was wearing a peach-colored suit. Really. On him it was magnificent--center stage, Heinlein talking and moving; it imposed concentration. Most of all, he used his arms and hands, in big, sweeping gestures--elevating them, spreading them, touching his hands together, illustrating key words and ideas with vivid patterns. All big gestures. None of this can really convey to you what he looked like, but I think you get the general idea. It is the description of a born speaker relishing every moment of his performance, a master crowd pleaser, a natural convincer. I am afraid that the word demagogue also comes to my mind, but that's a hard word and I hesitate to use it. He spoke with power and conviction, believing in what he said, challenging the audience, daring it to disagree with him. It was a great performance, one which I shall never forget.



I've gone to this length in presenting Heinlein to you because, as I said, it's an integral part of the speech, really. He called his speech, as you probably know, THE FUTURE REVISITED. Twenty years ago at Denver his subject had been THE DISCOVERY OF THE FUTURE, so this new title was almost unavoidable.

In basic elements the speech itself was predictable. At least, I was not surprised at his subject matter. After all, there are some unpleasantly suggestive parallels between his 1941 appearance and this year. In 1941, we were on the verge of war, and Heinlein concluded his talk then with the remark that "things shaping up the way they are, I'll probably have other things (than writing) that I'll have to do....A lot of us here will have other things that we're going to have to do, whether we like it or not...." Well, here we are again, and look at the world situation--and Heinlein is for the first time since Guest of Honor, and his subject is THE FUTURE REVISITED.

So it was actually a political speech. He stood up and made a couple of pleasantries, and then he spread those arms in a big, warning gesture, and told us that was the end of the pleasantness, that from here on it was going to be gloomy, "and anyone who didn't want to hear gloomy things had better leave the room right now--that side door there," he said, pointing. Nobody left, naturally. Then he started talking about communism, and told us that before long one third of us would be dead. (Like this: counting to three among the audience, and then saying, "Too bad, Felice.") He was out to shock us, and he did.

Though his speech lasted well over an hour, it consisted of three essential points, elaborated and emphasized in the most dramatic fashion:

One--that the communists, i.e. the soviet citizens, are not villains, but devoted, dedicated, convinced people.

Two--that the future holds great problems and looks dismal.

Three--that life must be lived to the fullest, each minute taken and savored for what it is.

To say that none of these is an original idea does not mean that they don't bear restating. They plainly do, for various reasons, among them Heinlein's. The first, that communists are not villains but rather are dedicated individuals who Believe, should be obvious but unfortunately isn't. It isn't, because the fact is obscured by the press and the righteous gibberish of super-americans who do not, or don't wish to, understand individual freedom. It is good that Heinlein pointed out the fact, and underlined it with his own personal experiences in Russia and the satellite countries--and he was deep into Russia, by the way.

The second thesis, that the future is ominous, is--or should be--equally obvious. Heinlein restated it in these terms: The possible futures can be treated in two categories, the 10% which must be included because they are possible, and the 90% which includes most of the likely possibilities. In the 10% category he throws such things as the sun becoming a nova, the communists suddenly seeing the western light, and so forth--however unlikely, "all possibilities"(to quote him) "which must be considered." In the 90% group he includes an atomic war and communist takeover of the world through nonwar means--in short all of our worst immediately sensed fears.

Item three, that life must be lived to the fullest, relished in its every moment--this too is simple and obvious, and important. With varying degrees of success, depending on the many psychological factors affecting us individuals, we individually attempt to do this. Not, perhaps, so consciously as Heinlein seems to, however.

Heinlein's emphasis is that in this way we also make the most of ourselves and of life, that this is being a Man, capital M. He illustrated this with a powerful example from his own experience, which I shall relate.

Fifty years ago, Heinlein as a child witnessed a human tragedy. A woman and her husband were walking across some railroad tracks in a lonely area. The woman's foot became stuck in



the switch. No train in sight. Her husband struggled to free her foot. Shortly another man, a stranger to them both, appeared and helped the husband in his struggle. Still no train. Now a train appeared. The two men struggled mightily, never giving up, until the train struck and killed them all. (The husband lived long enough to say that the other man was a complete stranger to them. Heinlein's point was that, while it was the husband's duty and privilege to die with his woman, the stranger was not so obligated to die.)

I wish I would tell this as well as Heinlein. The stranger had chosen this course, the course of courage. "This," said Heinlein, "is how a man dies. This"--and spreading his arms in a vast gesture that was a kind of benediction--"this," he said, "this is how a MAN Lives!"

This postulate, this view of man at grips with life in this particular way, provided Heinlein with a focus for the three premises of his speech, transformed into the situation of man in the world today:

One--They are the enemy, people like ourselves, and like ourselves determined, dedicated, believing.

Two--The future is ominous and dark for us because of them.

Three--In the midst of life, under these conditions, we live out our life to the fullest and live as men by coming to grips with this future in the only way open to us, with courage and determination, even though disaster is rushing in upon us.

These are my words, and he never spelled it out that way, but it is what he meant.

Now Heinlein indicated at several points in his speech that he doesn't personally believe there will be an atomic war. But he sees no way out of increasing social decay, the inroads of communism, and the ultimate division of society into an active underground--active guerrilla war--and those who in one way or another will co-operate with the communists. Everybody will have to make the decision. But he advised those who decide to co-operate--who decide not to go underground--to be prepared to face the consequences. For in a world where you are either in the underground or you are not, you must face the consequences of your choice.

"Arm yourselves," he said. "Do not register your guns if the state requires you to do this, because registered weapons are easy to locate. And if you decide against the underground--well, remember, somebody is going to slit your throat, sooner or later." (Illustrated, again and again, with an insidious gesture as of a knife being sharpened and drawn across a throat.)

"Don't tell me your decision," he said. "But whatever you do, be prepared for the consequences." (Using the throat-slitting gesture again.)

He recommended, at this point, several books on guerrilla warfare including Che Guevara's "The War of the Guerrillas." ((The other titles are mentioned in my conrep.))

Heinlein turned for a few minutes to Bertrand Russell. (Incidentally, he did this most ingeniously, using the most effective device available for cutting down an opponent: he gave him all credit, he shot off all the opponent's -- Russell's -- guns for him; by doing this you discharge the enemy's weapons: then you can move in. Heinlein did both.

SINCE WE'VE HAD DIS-  
ARMAMENT FIGHTING'S  
BEEN NO FUN ANYMORE







"Congratulations, gentlemen; You have finished your military service & you now re-join Society as Voting Citizens and Leaders of your community..."

He characterized Russell as one of the great minds of this century. He professed great admiration for the workings of this mind. Given his basic premise (said Heinlein), Russell's logic is irrefutable. Given Russell's premise, the rejection of violence is a correct position. "But," said Heinlein, "I do not agree with his basic premise. I reject his basic premise. Our two views"--and this was his exact term--"are unarguable."

Heinlein spoke out strongly against any aspect of slavery as tolerable. "Conscription," said he, "is a form of slavery --therefore I am opposed to conscription. Any nation which must resort to conscription does not deserve to survive." What

he meant, of course, was that the true citizen fights, like the stranger at the railroad track, -- fights for life, without having to be forced to do so.

\* \* \* \* \*

I would now like to make some general and specific comments. In this respect, I'm going to make reference to Heinlein's latest novel, Stranger in a Strange Land. These remarks are completely apart from any critical judgment of the book per se: that's another matter. In Stranger Heinlein makes his philosophical points, sells his message, not by showing the reader, but by telling him, as loudly and categorically as possible, that if he disagrees with Robert Heinlein it is because he, the reader, is an old fuddy-duddy, a prude, a puritan. This is an insidious device by which the means of possible refutation are de facto defined as inapplicable. For a man who once professed great enthusiasm for non-aristotelian logic, for example in his Denver speech, this is a pretty blatant application of aristotelian either-or, excluded-middle methods.

Well, you see, he's done the same thing in THE FUTURE REVISITED. He has by the structure of his argument precluded any attempts at objective evaluation by the other side, the side that's against him. This is clever. It is effective.

I also think it is dangerous.

We were told about the ninety and ten percent group. We were told that we'd be either in the underground or one of them: and just when does this division, this dichotomous separation of the population take place? Am I, now, to expect a slit throat as I walk out of here tonight? No time, no character of circumstances was specified. The implication was clear: it starts whenever the self-appointed underground begins worrying.

But more--we were told we were either for Heinlein or we were for Russell.

Like the Russians whose dedication he so much admires, Heinlein is a dedicated, single-minded dichotomist.

The train-track tragedy is, in point of fact, susceptible of further examination. It is an analogy, but it is a true event. "This is how a MAN"--emphasizing MAN loudly--Lives!" And of course he is right. Partly. But he has left out something, and that something may just be the most important thing of all.

James Gould Cozzens, who says things better than Heinlein, in Guard of Honor: "This death or glory stuff is all bushwah," comments the air force officer who has seen much war, "except with nuts: and those you don't want. An outfit of smart guys, always trying to figure out the opposition before the opposition figures them; they can take, any time, any day, an outfit of nuts



wound up to crash their planes into something. That just isn't smart; and the smart guy wins."

For a man is not merely an animal, consigned to bend humbly before his environment. Heinlein knows that. I know it. You know it. He is a little more than an animal. An important little more. How a man--the full and complete man--lives is not just in the manifestation of such noble courage as that stranger by the track most surely had. He has something up here to think with. Maybe those men were being less than what men can be, for all their bravery. Maybe they were kind of stupid.

There's a point here. We're like the two men, struggling at the track. I think maybe they were kind of stupid, because the man in them, the man-with-a-brain-to-think-with, the kind of man Heinlein talked about in his Denver speech twenty years ago--I have a copy of it here if you'd like to look at it--that kind of man would have run like hell down the track. There were two of them. There was no train yet. One in each direction, tearing his shirt off and flagging like hell any train that might come along. They had courage, yes, which is a part of manhood, but they were gripped in the hysterical dichotomy of fear--either we get her loose or she dies. Not necessarily true.

We face many problems. Overpopulation. The rising Right, men who would emasculate liberty to save the eunuch they thereby create. Our increasing subservience to machines becoming our masters rather than our tools. None of these, or countless others, is separable from the rest. I don't know about Heinlein, but I would put these and their fellows into the 90% group of possible futures. This means that they must be attended to. And attending to them might mean finding other paths than the two that Heinlein makes available.

There are some good things in the world. The biological sciences are on the edge of remaking the world--this is our great, neglected, unused weapon. This is in the 90% package, too. It needs tending. Tending to these things, too, is part of relishing each moment, of making the most of life for oneself and for life itself. Am I asking for a slit throat to suggest that this is as much a part of the battle as reading a book on guerrilla warfare?

Heinlein closed on one hopeful, almost incongruously hopeful, note. "Let us take comfort," he said, "in the knowledge that we are living in the century when men the world over learned to read and write."

\*\*\*\*\*

It was a tremendous experience for me, that speech. I'm sorry if I've run on here, but I had to get these things off my chest. I suppose, when the dividing into sides takes place, well, I know where this puts me in Heinlein's list. It doesn't scare me. And it was still one of the biggest thrills of my life to shake hands with Robert Heinlein. I remember too much too sweetly not to have relished that moment.

We grow older, all of us; we think, we try to understand life a little bit. There are many roads.

But always more than two.

Berkeley, California  
September 23, 1961



"Hell, no--I think it takes more courage to run when Heinlein's underground is watching."



EXILE THE IES? One of White's rejected orphanchildren, the long-flourishing International  
Protection Society is reported to be in financial straits.

nal in one year, almost no money in the kitty despite a large number of paid subscribers (partly because Hans paid his friend Ivan T. Sanderson pro rates, partly because the printing costs are extremely high), and a pending \$820 lawsuit from a printer. There has been some objection because of Hans Santesson's use of press releases from the Soviet Embassy; it seems some members are afraid that this will affect their own clearances (but would they be afraid if they saw the same items in their daily newspaper?). Worse, there has been increasing objection to the kind of material even other than Soviet press releases appearing in the Journal. Part of the above has already appeared in MONDAY EVENING GHOST, and more details are coming. As a member of IES I would hate to see the group break up, but its survival for another year is doubtful.

D280  
LASFS finally bought its new RexRotary/electric. As long as it has both the new RR and its old handcranked Gestetner, it will do dupeing for fans (with ANY kind of stencils, not just the outsize Gestencils) at apparently the old rates: 10¢/page minimum up to 150 copies; \$1.50/ream for 20# paper, plus 1¢ for ink for every 6 sheets. Color changes probably extra but rates not announced. The machine is being financed by syndication (the old Gestetner Association members buying shares, etc.); The Gestetner is for sale; if you're interested, write Bjo (address in COA).

OH GHOD! DEPT., CONT'D. BT sends in a clipping to the effect that a suburban Berkeley (no, it's a suburb of ~~LA~~ Chicago) couple have been ordered to attend church regularly for the next 2 years, because they showed home movies described as "obscene" by four plainclothed fuzz who attended a session. § The following advt. is being placed in advertising journals: "Your name placed on our prayer list for whatever your desires are ((!)) for one month. Send us \$1 freewill offering for our church. If it doesn't help, it certainly won't hurt. Try one time & see. Prayer Society of 10 & 4, 1118 Corinth St., Jackson, Miss." § Suzy Vick reports that she's harboring a young neo hard at work on something called "The Fleegle-glaff Gazette", supposed to be 42 pp and to have a mailing list of 500; rufannish save that he prefers strawberry pop to rhoot bheer ((maybe they don't have A&W down in Lynn Haven, Suzy)) --and he's saving S&H green stamps to buy a hekto. Name Donald Brooke, she says. I don't think I'd be inclined to believe in any neofan by the name of Donnie Brooke--it's too much like a DAG penname (remember Luke Wasmother?)# Was ist das Fleegleglaff? (Gleefully spotted in THE SOUTHERN FAN, July 1961.)

TED WHITE got a commission to do a book, "This Is Jazz," for Regency Books. It will consist of views, comments, sketches, etc., by personalities connected with jazz whether as musicians, critics, record reviewers, collectors, etc. The commission came just before he & Sylvia left for the Season.

AMONG THE FMZ...BASTION 2 (Eric Bentcliffe, 47, Alldis St., Gt. Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England; with Norm Shorrocks and H\*A\*R\*R\*I\*S\*O\*N; for the Liverpool Group) could be considered an opening salvo in Eddie Jones's TAFF campaign, to judge by the lavish use of his illos. Thish has not suffered by its long delay; both the Avram Davidson speech, the Doc Weir paper on pre-Gernsback stf (much little-known and much of excellence, these classes overlapping), and the "Hurstmonceaux & Faversham" story about The Great Man are timeless. It's anyone's guess, though, what this British Superfan will do now that his archenemy Neumann is dead...or will Neumann pull a Moriarity? Tune in nextish and see. This is one of the best of the British zines and is likely to give HYPHEN and ORION a run for their money in the long-term view. § THE BUG EYE 8 (annish) (Heimut Klemm, 16 Uhlandstrasse, Urfort/Eick/Krs. Moers W. Germany) has turned from a stf-centered zine into a fannish one, entirely in English, reaching a fair-sized Anglo-American circulation but only a small minority of Gerfandom. Outstanding this time is an exchange of open letters between Jack Chalker & Rolf Gindorf; and in this Gindorf seems to have the better argument. Berry & Deckinger are here, as just about everywhere



and Chris Miller provides a Munchausenesque story about a pet kangaroo. Alan Burns is unusually convincing on witchcraft (the Old Religion, not the demon-cult alleged by Christians). Recommended. § COMIC ART 2 (Don Thompson, rm. 36, 3518 Prospect Ave., Cleveland 15, with Maggie Curtis; 20¢ or the usual methods) features a Buck Coulson anti-comicbook blast, apparently calculated to stimulate reader reaction and rationale (if any, other than sheer nostalgia), and a rather routine Dick Lupoff piece comparing the overlapping classes of superpower & odd-costume comic heroes. There are some surprising names in the lettercol, and the whole zine is modestly but imaginatively laid out, but the thing that shouts itself at the reader is that the editors desperately need top-grade material. Still highly recommended & worth encouraging. § FANTASMAGORIQUE 3 (later issues will probably be called FANTASQUE; Scott Neilsen, 731 Brookridge Drive, Webster Groves 19, Mo.; 15¢ or the usual methods) is worth having for one splendid item: an "Early & Late History of Webster Groves" by Avram Davidson. The rest is pretty much stf-oriented and goes from mediocre to fairly decent; one tends to forget the editor's age and think instead of the material. The presence of Avram's improvisation should attract other good material; worth watching. § GUMBIE 3 (Schultheises, 511 Drexel Drive, Santa Barbara, Calif.; usual methods) consists of the Lynch-Schultheis Pittcon production of the Galactic Gaieties, a hilarious skit which though topical (dealing with Eric Bentcliffe's TAFF trip) has not lost anything by its later publication--in fact there are subtleties in it which might have escaped some who saw the original production. If you get any kick out of faanishslapsick, and you haven't gotten GUMBIE, send for it. § HARBINGER 3 (Don Thompson, address above) is--he says, through lack of contributions--becoming a fine individzine, full of memorable lines and sharp judgments. I have only one fear for the zine: if too many people send in contribs, Don may write less himself, which would be a terrible shame. Highly recommended. § JOURNAL OF THE IES vln2 (\$5/year payable to Interplanetary Exploration Society Inc., 37 Wall St., NYC 5) is disappointing despite the Big Names--del Rey, Geo. Fielding Eliot, Ivan T. Sanderson, Asimov (who is having name trouble again--on the contents page), Wenzell Brown; Hannes Bok's lumbering cutenesses should be passed over quickly. There are actually two fine thoughtworthy items--del Rey's thesis, that the selection of astronauts to colonize Mars can have an important effect on future human evolution, and Sanderson's "Space Hazards", on meteorites and related cosmic junk. The only one of the three Soviet press releases with anything new is Cherednichenko's "Time Machine", which explores some consequences of the time-dilation effect of speeds near that of light, and refers to one Kozyrev's discovery that time can change into energy. § KIPPLE 17 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Md.; 15¢ or usual methods) adds to the usual and uniformly good Quotes & Notes and MZB fanzine reviews the first of a series of diverse treatments of the old "Lion & Mouse" fable--we wonder if Ted (or Bill Bowers, who started them) ever heard of Queneau's "Exercises in Style" which are about the last word in this sort of thing. § LES SPINGE 6 alias HYPHEN 31/29 (Ken Cheslin; future issues from Dave Hale, 12 Belmont Road, Stourbridge, Worcs., England)--but a hoax HYPHEN only on the covers, the interior being unmistakably Worcestershire sauce, with just about the same number of ingredients. Not bad. § MON. EVENING GHOST (later issues to be called FADAWAY; Bob Jennings, 3819 Chambers Dr., Nashville, Tenn.; 15¢ or usual methods) features an excellent Midwescon report by Emile Greenleaf and a "New Trend" editorial which veers between sercon in the better sense and whimsical; the stfsy readers will find Tipton's indexed rundown on the legendary Street & Smith "Thrill Book" worthwhile. This zine has shown an astonishing amount of improvement in the last year, both in text, layout and artwork. Recommended. § OOPSLA 30 but I hope not last (Gregg Calkins, 1484 E. 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah) will make the Top Ten on the basis of this one issue: Willis, DAG, Bloch (with a bibliography of his pro work), Warner, Tucker, and Calkins's own bibliography of Heinlein; illos by Adkins, Bergeron, Harness, Rotsler and ATom, and Barr covers. There is no use trying to single out any one item; all are superb. INN 10 may have been the finest of all faanish fmz ever to come out, but OOPS 30 will go down in history as maybe the finest of all stf-centered zines. It would be difficult indeed to imagine any issue after this one that would not be anticlimactic. As though realizing this, Gregg closes with an index to the 30 issues. \*Sigh\* §



come embodiments of Ruth's Sense of Wonder. I particularly enjoyed her Season report in #18. § PARSECTION 17/18 (George Chrysophallic Willick, as Avram Davidson calls him; 856 East St., Madison, Indiana) now 6 times/year, usual methods or 6/\$1), though gaudily decorative, is tantalizing. Possibly to leave room for 8 pp of fullpage illos in color, Willick cuts off his editorial ("Whither the Axe Job?", making the intriguing point that fandom is livelier and therefore better because of feuds) just when it began to get exciting; he omits the charts and bibliography documenting the Rosemary Hickey study (allegedly an unprecedentedly large-scale survey) on various types of fans which would have, perhaps, fit in beautifully with the Kemp-O'Meara researches--hey, George, for crissakes please put those charts and biblio refs into the next issue, will you?? the point of the Hickey summary was obscured for lack of them. "Intended columns" are also missing, and--ostensibly because the Fan Awards are definitely going to be a reality at the Chicon--George has deleted loc material on them. The illos for which all these things were sacrificed vary from fair to good; the first (unsigned but evidently by Mike Johnson), in something vaguely like vicolor, shows Uncle Sam making a certain gesture, and positively cries out loud for the caption UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU! I'll be waiting to see GCW fire the opening salvos of his promised faud--sounds like fun. § THE REALIST 28, Aug. 1961 (35¢ or 10/\$3, 20/\$5, 10/year; Paul Krassner, 225 Lafayette St., NYC 12) continues very much in the vein of the last few issues reviewed here--"freethought criticism and satire", exemplified in a phrase by the hoax cover story announcement: "Exclusive Expose--Playtex Living Bra Dies of Malnutrition". Andy Reiss's beatnik cartoon is quite effective, and the informal editorial and miscellany-type material will be both familiar and welcome to the fans who enjoy HABAKKUK. Highly recommended. § RETRIBUTION 17 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belmont 4, N.Ireland; trades or locs) is, says John, "the first of...many New-Look RETs"--featuring illos by the British Masters. Nothing this time in the GDA mythos, but four superb items: Willis's "Starship Stoopers" (a Nebula reprint), which is one of those WAW-at-his-best pieces even though without a single pun; Bob Shaw's "Purple Writers of the Sage", 100% Fanthology material (and one wonders that the Science Fiction Crusade hasn't made any attempt to contact the Calgary writers group BoSh so neatly pillories...); a self-contained chapter 2 of Berry's Bloggins Saga, really detective fiction having some incidental connection with fanpubbing; and a longish Berry story, intended for APZ, notable for the digs at the British missile security precautions. Keep up the good work, John. § SAM 4 (Steve Stiles, 1809 2nd Ave., NYC 28; trades or locs, and I suspect Steve prefers the latter) is another slim zine strong on personality, which this time comes out quite appealingly via New Trendish (along with fannish & sometimes stfnal) chitterchatter, and cartoons which are beginning to show some Bhub Stewart influence. I didn't laugh out loud this time the way I (and MZB) did at #3, but I did get plenty of smiles and a warm feeling...Recommended. § THE SCENE vol 5 (Bob Shea, 150 Bennett Ave., NYC 40) consists mainly of a devastating political satire in the form of a play for taperecorder, "The Democrats are Dirty Rats", by Bob Shea and Joyce Hurley. Beautifully done, and recommended to those fans who dig WARHOON--as well as those who prefer VINEGAR WORM. § SO WHAT 3 (Fred Norwood, addr in COA; usual methods or 25¢) presents a basically stf-oriented zine playing around with faanishness but still uncertain in its editorial policy. There is everything from amateur stf--one piece amusingly providing a possible fate for a putatively successful Dean Drive, to a Gerber piece (bet you thought it'd never get published, Les?) on how to keep a fenden in order, to a prizewinning essay providing what seems to be the first really satisfactory definition of an epic (I immediately drew the conclusion, correct according to the essay's final definition, that the Tolkien books constitute an epic in the true sense)--and, so help me Castillo, even a parody of HABAKKUK. Ironically, the four pages of the parody are by far the best looking in the issue, and contain one of the funniest and one of the best-written items Norwood has yet printed. Worth watching; thish worth having principally for the essay on the epic. § VOID 26 incorporating INNUENDO (and no puns about INN being swallowed up into a void, etc.; The NY Syndicate, headed by Ted



White, 107 Christopher St. #15, NYC 14; usual methods or 25¢) is a paradox. One would expect a zine the size of this one, shared among four (4) coeditors, to suffer from the too many cooks disease; but for some reason it doesn't; the 7 1/2 pp of editorial chitterchatter reads smoothly and wittily, even though in all honesty the only things I could remember five minutes afterwards were Pete Graham's preposterous (but apparently true) story of how he got one of a bunch of squares (enticed to a Fanoclast meeting) to hold up the ceiling, and extracted free beers from them on top of that, and Benford's croggling putdown of the ISFCC. Andy Reiss's deadly little item is a suitable antidote for those who don't dig chitterchatter. I have saved the best for later, though; WAW's "Mike Hammer at the Clevention" is a thing of beauty, puncturing alike the monotony of style and action in Spillane, and the utter emptiness and unreality of most faaanfiction; Warner's "All Our Yesterdays" installment on AH SWEET IDIOCY! is top-grade Warner, even though (I think) he seems to have overestimated the alleged disappointingness of some of the famous fan items of the past; the Stewart 3-pp. cover--possibly one reason why the zine sold out and had to be rerun--delivers a razorsharp thrust at the Prosser/Willick Fan Awards statuette; Nirenberg's takeoff on Steinberg cartoons is equal to any of his parodies and better than most... in short, the New Yorkers are doing an exceedingly good job of proving that faanish fandom is not dead, as was rumored. Highly recommended, though I hope there will be a little more meat in the editorials nextish. § VORPAL GLASS 2 & 3 (Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, Cal.; 25¢ or usable loc only--best sub to be safe, it's too good to risk missing), though announced as a GGFS publication, is not a clubzine in the SHAGGY or CRY or TWILIGHT ZINE or RHO DIGEST tradition (there is no club news, etc.), but an exquisitely done--yes, that's the adverb I want--genzine, into which Karen is channeling the energies formerly lavished on the all-too-limited-circulation DIE ZEITSCHRIFT (her SAPSzine). If each issue contained nothing of value other than Poul Anderson's column "Beermutterings" (let's not forget it when we vote on Best Column next Poll), it would be worth the sub price. I also predict that this column, already famous, will be frequently imitated...it is one of those deceptively simple-looking things (like much of Willis at his best), seemingly improvised, outrageous Modest Proposal (beautifully rationalized) following upon warm reminiscence and rapier thrust and natter about reverse English, and never a letdown. But #2 has, in addition to Poul's column, a first-rate Ed Clinton speech on science-fiction (every bit as good as the speech presented here), and a fine little story by Karen; and #3 reprints Leiber's Baycon speech ("one of the finest damned speeches I've ever heard at a con" ...Terry Carr), which alone would make whatever fmz it appeared in worth stubbing to, and Margaret St.Clair's speech, which while not nearly in a class with Leiber's, will probably provide someone with a few story plots. There are other goodies in both issues, in and out of the lettercols, but they are so much gravy. Highly recommended--it goes without saying. § XERO 6, the Willish (\$1 to TAWF, Larry Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, NY; subsequent issues 35¢ from Dick & Pat Lupoff, 215 E 73, NYC 21)--resplendent with a cover portrait of WAW by Bhob, on day-glo impregnated paper yet!, is crammed with goodies. There are those that think \$1 is too much to pay for a fmz unless it's something old and rare; these should consider the \$1 a donation to the Willis Fund, then, with XERO 6 as a sort of lagniappe. There is stuff here to please the inveterate stf-lover and the comics fan and the connoisseur of faanish chitterchatter; there is WAW and Avram Davidson and Dick Ellington and Tucker and Larry Harris and Coulson and Blish and Budrys and Boucher and...well, you get the idea; send for it if you haven't already, and don't let the typos bug you. (This means you too, Don Fitch.) § YANDRO 104 (Coulsons, Rte. 3, Wabash, Indiana; 20¢ or 12/\$2 or limited trades) is worth getting for a guffawsome parody of Tarzan (movies more than books, I suspect), "A Jungle Tale" by "Edgar Rice Crispies" (a DAG by any other name...). The rest is fairly standard for YANDRO, in other words good but not outstanding; DAG is--well, DAG, and the applause and laughter should be heard from the Ivory Birdbath to Panama City, Seattle and San Diego. § CRY 153 (25¢ or published loc; \$ to Elinor Busby, Box 92, 507 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Washington) reprints Poul's Seacon speech on "The Rituals of SF"; Terry's reminiscences and Elinor's and Buz's columns this time, for me, add up to an issue of CRY in which the lettercol is not the tail wagging the dog. Good, say I.



adds that **Ellik** was ahead in the British TAFF race since mid-Sept., in being anyone's game until then, but Americans were overwhelmingly for the Squirrel since February. He supplies the names of the nominators in the new campaign: Bjo & Lynn Hickman for fanartist Eddie Jones, Harry Warner and Rick Sneary for Ethel Lindsay. # Merger, anyone? LASFS became a member of the GGFS and vice versa; and at their 14 Sept. meeting LASFS offered an honorary membership to the SFCOL(ondon) in return for being granted such hon. membership in the London club. Listening, Little Men, Fanoclasts, WSFA, PSFS? # ATTENTION, ETHEL LINDSAY--You're right about Jeff Wanshel not being 13 years old--mainly because he just had his 14th birthday. Many happy returns, Jeff. (6 Beverly Pl., Larchmont, NY) # FROM DER WOODWORK OUDT, cont'd.: Oldtime fan Ray Ramsay, letterhack and Neffer in the early 1940's, is once again interested in fmz fandom (principally New Trend and fantasy-centered stuff) and can be reached at 1705 Derby St., Berkeley 3, Calif. # RED FACE DEPT. It's Geo. Scithers, not Madle, who is chairman of Washington's efforts to get the 1963 con, and who will be con chairman. (Box 9006, Rosslyn, Arlington 9, Va.) Much wanted right now is a good name, as the suggestions till now--Capicon, Discon, etc.--leave something to be desired. (Potomacon?) Tho' with Scithers's being an army officer, we'll probably end up with the discovery that the con hotel is being renamed, for the occasion, the Pentacon Bldg....oog. Anyway, now that Philly has withdrawn, it's pretty clearly DC in 63, whatever the name. Send your suggestions and support to Scithers or Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Md. # Passing up scholarships seems to be the fannish thing to do of late. After Andy Main came to NY, leaving behind some \$540 in scholarships at Cal, STEVE STILES (safely ensconced in the Visual Arts school) was notified that he had won a NY Regents Scholarship Sept. 16, and declined it as he had no intention of leaving Visual Arts for any of the usual colleges. # NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN DEPT.: "Gosh, do you think Marion Bradley and the rest will soon be griping about fanzines filled with talk of comic strips instead of jazz and sportscars?" ...Terry Carr, in WEEKEND SHACKUP, FR52, Oct. 22, 1958. # FORRY ACKERMAN reported at the Aug 24 LASFS meeting that Peter Sellers was starring as Dr. Lao in a movie to be made out of Finney's CIRCUS OF DR. LAO....We'll believe it when we see it (I wonder who in the name of Rotsler is going to be the satyr? And will it have Lassie as the Hound of the Hedges?) Also, Wm Castle (who he?) is supposed to be making a film based on Karig's ZOTZ!. This, if it comes out, should be the best thing in humorous sfilms since THE MOUSE THAT ROARED. (And maybe thereafter someone will rediscover the Gallagher and Papa Schimmelhorn stories. And to think that Kingsley Amis was yammering about how humor and sf don't mix...) # CBS has apparently settled its lawsuit with RAY BRADBURY, out of court; other details not available yet, but one hopes Ray made out all right. # The LUPOFF baby is named Kenneth Bruce, though we doubt that there was any intention to honor either Bulmer or Felz. # EARL KEMP wired BOB TUCKER ~~for~~ ~~to~~ to ask if the next worldcon could be held in South Bloomington...but apparently the high-walled estate wasn't quite big enough after all. # BOB FARNHAM is convalescing from a broken lower left rib. Fmz, best wishes & all that to 506 2nd Ave., Dalton, Ga. # ISOBEL BURBEE finally got out of hospital where she had been undergoing treatment for hernia. We suppose young Johnny is also out, though there's been no specific notification. Stay well, both of you. # CLARK ASHTON SMITH died right after finishing the 3000-word cover story for FANTASTIC, written around the Barr cover Cele Goldsmith bought on Bjo's recommendation. Norwell W. Page, author of "But Without Horns" (UNKNOWN) died the same day; credit Forry, MENACE OF LASFS, Aug. 17 meeting. # Write GEORGE HEAP, PSFS Sec'y, 513 Glen Echo Road, Philadelphia 19, Pa., for further details about the Philcon, scheduled to be held in the Hall of Flags, Penn Sheraton Hotel, Philadelphia, 18-19 Nov. # If you're in NY area & unoccupied on the evening of the 3rd Sun. of any month, you might take in the informal ESFA gettogether at "Smith's 6th Inc.", delicatessen at 14th & 6th Ave., NYC; early arrivals congregate at the bar, then all move into the Dining Room Annex (food served till 12, open till 2 AM). Bring a prozine or fanzine for identification if you're a stranger. 'Formal' (less fannish, more sf-oriented) meetings: 1st Sun. of each month, 3 PM, Downtown Newark Y, 600 Broad St., across from Military Park and 1 block from Public Service bus terminal; for further info write Les Mayer, 33 Stein Ave., Wallington, NJ. # All those having info not already published, or opinions based on fact (this means you, Buz), anent the Dean Drive, are requested to write them to Harry Nelson, 44 Spruce St., Haverhill, Mass.; pub "Dean Drive Info" on the envelope.



CHANGES OF ADDRESS (Fandom is a ghoddam trailer camp or something):

Jim Caughran, 601 Pughan, 2050 Durand, Berkeley 4, Calif.

Sid Coleman, Norman Bridge Lab, Cal Tech, Pasadena, Calif. (That doesn't rate a free issue, Sid, I said newsitems.)

Sandy Cutrell, 4915 SE 39th Ave., Portland 2, Oregon

Jack Harness, 222 S. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, Cal. (One M, Trimble, AXE.)

Sgt. Martin Helgesen, FR 12505323, 340th MP Co., Ft. Dix, N.J.

John R. Isaac, 5314 South Albany Ave., Chicago, Ill. 29

Jane Jacobs, 738 S. Mariposa, apt. 103, Los Angeles 5, Cal.

John Koning, 10912 Carnegie Ave., apt. 28, Cleveland 6, Ohio.

Kevin Langdon, 823 Idylberry Rd., San Rafael, Calif. (Attn., Little Men, GGFS.)

Pat Hoggard, 2600 Ridge Road, Berkeley 9, Calif. (Attn., Little Men.)

IASFS, 222 S. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, Cal. DU9-0619

Bob Ieman, 257 Santa Fe Drive, Bethel Park, Pa. ("this being a suburb of (God help us) Pittsburgh, to which my company has transferred me.")

Larry McCombs, 147 Bradley St., New Haven, Conn.

Mike McInerney, room 219, New Haven Hall, Univ of Conn., Storrs, Conn.

MENACE OF THE IASFS, 222 S. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, Cal.

NAPA, 222 S. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, Calif.

Frederick Norwood, 290 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge 39, Mass.

Bruce Pelz, 738 S. Mariposa, apt. 107, Los Angeles 5, Cal.

Ray Ramsay, 1705 Derby St., Berkeley 3, Calif.

Vic Ryan, Box 92, 2305 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Ill.

Pfc Wm Leslie Sample, RA14737569, Box 893, Med. Det. (3416) Valley Forge Gen Hosp, Phoenixville, Pa. (PO boxes lately issued to enlisted men--not a move, this.)

SAPS, 738 S. Mariposa, apt. 107, Los Angeles 5, Calif.

Randy Scott, 3248 Porter Lane, Ventura, Calif.

SHAGGY, 222 S. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, Calif.

Bob Smith, 1 Amenities Unit, Victoria Barracks, Sydney, NSW, Australia

Don Studebaker (ltrs and fmz only) c/o Miss Elizabeth Cullen, 7966 West Beach Drive NW, Washington 12, D.C.

Ed Trimble, 222 S. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, Calif.

Arv Underman, Box 6641, Stanford Univ., Stanford, Calif.

Ernie Wheatley, 222 S. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, Calif.

White Knoll Co., 222 S. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, Calif.

Don & Mary Wilson, 1643 Wailuku Drive, Hilo, Hawaii.

Walter Breen & FANAC, 2402 Grove St., Berkeley 4, Calif.

STOP DUPER - The price for THE GOON GOES WEST is \$1.25 mailed; the \$1 was only for personal Season delivery, the difference is for postage, handling & strong manila envelope. Sorry; this wasn't made clear at Season. Check to Buz or Elinor, 2852 14th W., Seattle 99.

# The new editor of SHAGGY will be Fred Patten, 5156 Chesley Ave., Los Angeles 43.

Tom Condit, c/o

DeForest, 235 E 2,

NYC 3.

FANAC 79, from

Walter Breen

2402 Grove St.

Berkeley 4, Calif.

Ed Meskys t

723A 45th St.

Brooklyn 20, NY

Illos stenciled by Lichtman

Mimeo by Rike Gestner

Irreverent Publication #20

