

# GEMZINE 4/17

PRODUCED FOR FAPA MAILING NUMBER 81

By G. M. Carr

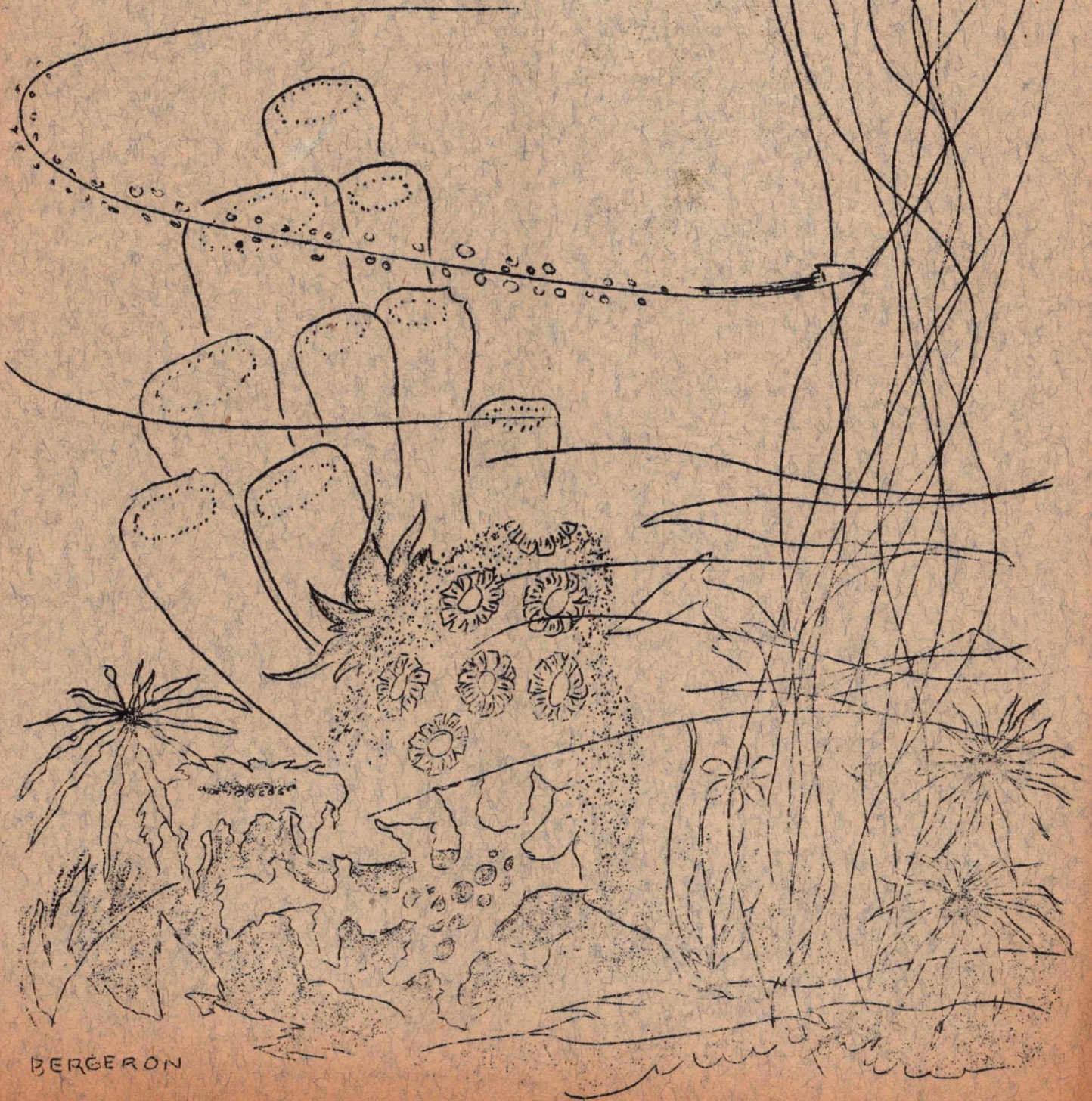
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GMC



# BAITBOX

GMC



"WHAT MAKES GMC SO OBNOXIOUS"

SEEMS TO BE PRODUCING SOME INTERESTING REMARKS. MOST OF THEM SHARE ONE VERY BAD FAILING -- THEY MERELY GENERALIZE WITH NO SPECIFIC EXAMPLES GIVEN. NATURALLY, SINCE THEY REFER TO SUPPOSED ATTITUDES ON MY PART (OR TO THE IMPRES-

SION CREATED -- WHICH AMOUNTS TO THE SAME THING) WITHOUT SOMETHING SPECIFIC TO GO ON, I CANNOT VERY WELL BE EXPECTED TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IT IS THEY MEAN. HOWEVER, JACK SPEER DID COME UP WITH A VERY GOOD POINT WHEN HE SAID, "IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW... I'LL TRY TO HELP CLEAR IT UP. BUT FIRST, I SHOULD POINT OUT WHY WE CARE ABOUT YOUR BEING OBNOXIOUS. IF YOU WERE A WETZEL, WE COULD JUST DISMISS THE WHOLE BUSINESS. BUT INSTEAD YOU SHOW FROM TIME TO TIME SOME ABILITY TO SEE INTO THINGS, AND DISPLAY SOME FRIENDLINESS TOWARD THE TYPICAL FAPATE AND SHARE HIS APPROACH TO QUESTIONS. IT IS THE FREQUENT FORMING AND BREAKING OF AFFINITY WHICH MAKES YOU IRRITATING." (UNDERLINING MINE.)

THIS IS SOMETHING I CAN SEE AND UNDERSTAND, BECAUSE IT IS THE VERY THING WHICH HAS PUZZLED ME. THINGS WILL BE GOING ALONG NICELY, APPARENTLY A GOOD RAPPORT ESTABLISHED BETWEEN ME AND THE REST OF FAPA, WHEN SUDDENLY "BANG!" A FRIENDLY INTERCHANGE OF IDEAS HAS EXPLODED IN MY FACE LIKE A TRICK CIGAR AT A FORMAL BANQUET. IF WE COULD FIND OUT JUST WHAT CAUSES THIS "FREQUENT FORMING AND BREAKING OF AFFINITY", POSSIBLY WE WOULD HAVE THE ANSWER ALSO TO A LOT OF THE OTHER SUGGESTIONS, AS WELL.

FOR INSTANCE, TAKE THIS CHARGE OF "INCONSISTENT": -- IT COULD POSSIBLY BE THIS "FORMING AND BREAKING OF AFFINITY" WHICH GIVES RISE TO THE FEELING OF INCONSISTENCY RATHER THAN ANY WAVERING OF SIDES IN THE ARGUMENTS THEMSELVES. IT SEEMS TO ME THAT MY ARGUMENTS (LACKING ANY SPECIFIC EXAMPLES TO THE CONTRARY) REMAIN AS CONSISTENT IN ATTITUDE AS IS POSSIBLE IN THE FLUCTUATING MENTAL CLIMATE OF A DISCUSSION GROUP. INDEED, IT IS THIS VERY CONSISTENCY WHICH SEEMS TO GIVE RISE TO THE OPPOSITE COMPLAINT THAT I NEVER LET ANYBODY ELSE "WIN"... I'VE BEEN GENUINELY UNABLE TO UNDERSTAND HOW I COULD BE BOTH "INCONSISTENT" IN MY ARGUMENTS AND STUBBORNLY CLINGING TO THEM AT THE SAME TIME!

JACK GOES ON TO GIVE HIS IMPRESSION OF WHAT IT IS THAT CAUSES THIS BREAKING OF AFFINITY AND SAYS, "NOW, AS TO WHAT WE FIND OBNOXIOUS: IN A WORD, IT'S CONCEIT. THIS SHOWS UP EVEN IN THE PARAGRAPH WHERE YOU ASK WHAT MAKES GMC SO OBNOXIOUS. YOU ASSUME THAT YOUR OPINIONS ARE RIGHT, AND PROCEED FROM A BASIS INCLUDING THAT PREMISE, TO SEEK AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION. OH, YOU PAY LIP SERVICE TO THE IDEA THAT YOU MAY BE WRONG, AS I HAVE HERETOFORE POINTED OUT, BUT YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE IT... THAT YOU GET PERSONAL THERE IS NO DENYING, BUT I DON'T THINK THAT WOULD BE ESPECIALLY ANNOYING WERE IT NOT FOR THE BASIS OF CONCEIT."

NATURALLY, IF IT IS TRUE THAT I AM CONCEITED, I WOULD BE THE LAST PERSON IN THE WORLD TO BE ABLE TO JUDGE IT. PRESUMABLY THERE IS A LINE DRAWN SOMEWHERE BETWEEN CONCEIT AND SELF-CONFIDENCE, JUST AS THERE UNDOUBTEDLY MUST BE A LINE BETWEEN HUMILITY AND AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX. BUT THE INDIVIDUAL WHO SUFFERS FROM EITHER EXCESS WOULD BE UNABLE TO RECOGNIZE WHERE THAT LINE SHOULD FALL. OBVIOUSLY, I THINK MY OPINIONS ARE RIGHT. IF I DID NOT THINK SO, I CERTAINLY WOULD NOT HOLD THEM. FOR THE SAME REASON, I BELIEVE THE INFORMATION ON WHICH



I BASE THEM TO BE TRUE. I RECOGNIZE THE POSSIBILITY THAT I COULD BE MISINFORMED AND THEREFORE THE CONCLUSIONS COULD BE INCORRECT -- BUT SURELY IT MUST BE OBVIOUS THAT UNTIL I HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT THE ACCURACY, I DO NOT DISBELIEVE IT.

BUT THAT BRINGS UP AN INTERESTING POINT IN ITSELF. WHAT IS WRONG WITH BELIEVING IN ONESELF? DON'T WE ALL? HOW MANY OF YOU, FOR INSTANCE, CLING TO OPINIONS YOU DO NOT REALLY BELIEVE? HOW MANY OF YOU BOTHER TO DEFEND CONCLUSIONS THAT YOU DO NOT REALLY TRUST? HOW MANY OF YOU RELY ON INFORMATION OF WHICH YOU ARE SECRETLY SKEPTICAL? I WOULD LIKE TO HEAR A FEW IDEAS ON THIS; JUST HOW DOES ONE DRAW THE LINE BETWEEN A JUSTIFIED SELF-CONFIDENCE AND AN UNJUSTIFIED CONCEIT?

RE SOCIAL STRUCTURES: IN ERE ALAN DODD'S NEWSCLIPPINGS BROUGHT UP AN IDEA OF QUITE A BIT OF SIGNIFICANCE IN UK - US RELATIONS, NAMELY, THE DIFFERENCE IN OUR CONCEPT OF SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS. I THINK THIS DIFFERENCE CAN BEST BE SEEN IN THE DIFFERENT WAY WE REGARD "PRIVILEGE". IN EUROPE AND THE UK, THE TERM "PRIVILEGED CLASSES" IS USED TO REFER TO THOSE INDIVIDUALS WHO HAVE SOME ADVANTAGE OF BIRTH OR WEALTH WHICH RAISES THEM ECONOMICALLY ABOVE THE AVERAGE NORM OF THE POPULATION. BUT HERE IN THIS COUNTRY, THE TERM IS USED ONLY IN CONNECTION WITH THE "UNDER-PRIVILEGED", IE, THOSE INDIVIDUALS WHO HAVE SOME DISADVANTAGE OF HEALTH OR EDUCATION WHICH PREVENTS THEM FROM ENJOYING THE PRIVILEGES COMMON TO THE AVERAGE NORM. IN OTHER WORDS, FOR US IT IS THE AVERAGE CITIZEN WHO IS THE "PRIVILEGED" -- WHEREAS IN THE UK IT IS THE SO-CALLED "UPPER CRUST".

I THINK THIS IS PROBABLY PART OF THE PRESENT TAFF DIFFICULTY BETWEEN THE US AND THE UK. IT IS APPARENTLY INCONCEIVABLE TO THE UK FANDOM THAT THERE IS NO DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE 'HAVES' AND THE 'HAVE NOTS'; TO THE US FANS, IT IS EQUALLY INCONCEIVABLE THAT ANYONE WHO IS ABLE TO PARTICIPATE, SHOULD BE REFUSED. PERSONALLY, I THINK THE ONLY SOLUTION THAT WILL PROVE ACCEPTABLE TO BOTH SIDES WILL TURN OUT TO BE ONE THAT ACHIEVES BOTH DISTINCTIONS -- IE, A RULING THAT PERMITS ONLY THE FANNISH ELITE TO BE CHOSEN AS CANDIDATES, BUT AT THE SAME TIME DOES NOT IN ANY WAY PREVENT EVEN THE MOST FAR-FLUNG FRINGEFAN FROM PARTICIPATING TO THE FULLEST EXTENT OF HIS INTEREST AND ABILITY. (ACTUALLY, I THINK THIS CAN EASILY BE ACHIEVED BY THE SUGGESTION THAT THE HOST-COUNTRY DO THE NOMINATING.)

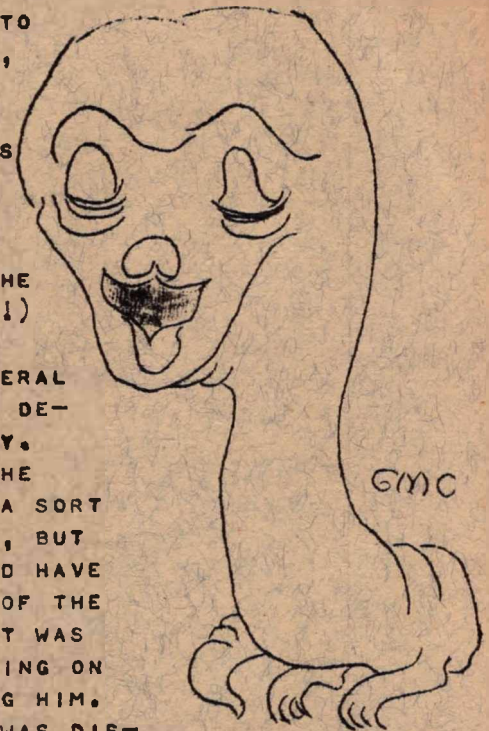
BUT WHILE ON THE SUBJECT OF "SOCIETY" -- RIGHT NOW THE QUEEN HAS OCCUPIED HEADLINES IN OUR NEWSPAPERS BY HER VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY. UNLIKE THE BRITISH NEWSPAPERS, OUR US PRESS SPEAKS VERY HIGHLY OF PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING BRITISH. AT LEAST THE NEWSPAPERS THAT I SEE ARE MOST FRIENDLY IN TENOR, AND THE "HUMAN INTEREST" ITEMS THEM REPORT ARE USUALLY OF SUCH A NATURE AS TO EVOKE ADMIRING CHUCKLES. BUT THE REPORTS OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT PRODUCES MORE THAN CHUCKLES -- SOME OF THEM ARE SUCH THAT THEY EVOKE DOWNRIGHT BELLYLAUGHS. NOT AT THE QUEEN, OR HER CONSORT -- HEAVENS, NO! BUT AT THE SPECTACLE OUR WOULD-BE "UPPER CRUST" IS MAKING OF ITSELF IN ITS EFFORTS TO LIVE UP TO THE EUROPEAN CONCEPT OF "SOCIETY". ONE SUCH CLIPPING, FOR INSTANCE, MENTIONED A LUNCHEON WHEREIN THE JEWELS OF THE HOSTESS ALMOST ECLIPSED THOSE OF THE QUEEN -- WITH THE ADDED NOTATION THAT THE QUEEN WAS ONLY WEARING HER SECOND BEST JEWELS, HOWEVER, BECAUSE IT WASN'T A FORMAL STATE AFFAIR...



DODD'S CLIPPING'S MENTION OF SEATTLE AS "STRIDENTLY EGALITARIAN" TICKLED ME VERY MUCH -- AND ESPECIALLY THE COMPLAINT OF THE LADY FROM KENT WHOSE DOMESTIC HELP RODE TO WORK IN HER OWN CAR AND CALLED HER BY HER FIRST NAME... ALTHOUGH THE UNITED STATES HAS NO OF-



FICIAL "PRIVILEGED CLASS", IT DOES NOT BY ANY MEANS FOLLOW THAT WE DO NOT HAVE OUR FULL MEASURE OF SOCIAL CLIMBERS WHO WOULD LIKE TO ESTABLISH THEMSELVES AS SUCH. EVEN HERE IN SEATTLE, "STRIDENTLY EGALITARIAN" THOUGH WE ARE, THERE ARE THOSE WHO WOULD DEARLY LOVE TO SET UP A "HIGH SOCIETY" CIRCLE. THESE SOCIALLY AMBITIOUS DIE-HARDS PROVIDE ENDLESS AMUSEMENT TO THE REST OF THE CITY, VIA THE "SOCIETY COLUMNS" OF THE NEWSPAPERS, AND IT IS PROBABLY THE LINGERING ECHOES OF SOME OF THE LOUDER GUFFAWS AT THEIR EXPENSE THAT GAVE RISE TO THE DESCRIPTION "STRIDENTLY EGALITARIAN". (I LOVE THAT!)



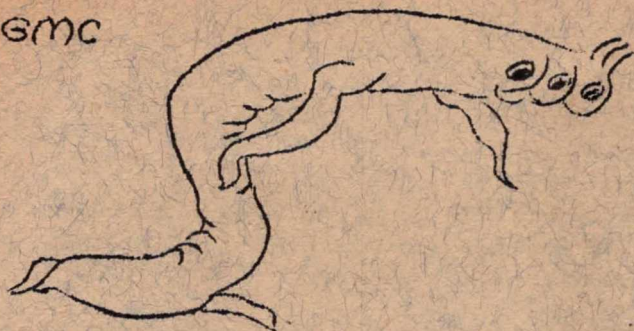
I RECALL A COUPLE SUCH INCIDENTS OFFHAND: SEVERAL YEARS AGO THE LEADING LIGHTS IN THE MUSICAL CIRCLES DECIDED TO IMPORT A CONDUCTOR FOR THE SEATTLE SYMPHONY. THE OSTENSIBLE REASON WAS TO PUT A LITTLE LIFE IN THE ORGANIZATION, WHICH HAS BEEN STRUGGLING ALONG WITH A SORT OF N3F-TYPE HALF LIFE; NEVER QUITE DYING ALTOGETHER, BUT NEVER REALLY ABLE TO ACHIEVE THE POTENTIAL IT SHOULD HAVE IN A CITY OF THIS SIZE. BUT ACTUALLY, THE WELFARE OF THE SYMPHONY WAS A SECONDARY MATTER -- THIS PARIS IMPORT WAS MORE OF A FOCAL POINT FOR SOCIAL FUNCTIONS AND PUTTING ON THE DOG BY THOSE LUCKY MATRONS WHO WERE ABLE TO SNAG HIM. SEATTLE WAS HAVING A REAL SOCIAL WHING-DING WHEN IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT THE LADY HE HAD BEEN INTRODUCING AS HIS "WIFE" WASN'T HIS WIFE AT ALL, BUT HIS MISTRESS. SEATTLE SOCIALITES WERE SHOCKED TO THE CORE. SOME WERE THRILLED AND TITILLATED AT THIS NAUGHTY DISCOVERY, BUT THE STUFFED SHIRTS WERE HORRIFIED. IMAGINE, INTRODUCING THIS LOW WOMAN INTO THE VERY BEST DRAWING ROOMS!! QUEEN VICTORIA COULD HAVE BEEN NO LESS AMUSED! THE RESULTING SCANDAL ROCKED THE ENTIRE NATION, WITH THE DISGRUNTLED CONDUCTOR RETIRING WITH HIS LADY BACK TO PARIS, GRUMBLING ABOUT "BACKWOODS BOURGEOISIERIE"... BUT THE REST OF SEATTLE MERELY ROCKED WITH LAUGHTER AT THESE DISCOMFITED SNOBS.

ANNUAL AGAIN, SEATTLE SOCIETY GOT THE SWELLED HEAD AND ATTEMPTED TO INTRODUCE AN /DEBUTANTE'S "COMING OUT BALL" WHEREBY THE DAUGHTERS OF THE WEALTHY ELITE COULD BE "INTRODUCED TO SOCIETY" IN A SORT OF SELECTIVE EXTRAVAGANZA THAT WOULD SORT OUT THE SOCIAL SHEEP FROM THE GOATS. UNFORTUNATELY, THE IDEA CAUGHT ON WITH A BANG -- FAR IN EXCESS OF THEIR EXPECTATIONS. THE DEPARTMENT STORES STARTED SHOWING "DEBUTANTE DRESSES" ON EVERY FLOOR IN THE SHOP -- INCLUDING THE BARGAIN BASEMENT. AFTER THE INITIAL PHOTOGRAPH APPEARED IN THE NEWSPAPERS, DEPICTING THESE DEBUTANTES IN ALL THEIR SPLENDOR OF FLOUNCES AND FRILLS, EVERY LITTLE NEIGHBORHOOD GROUP IN TOWN SENT IN THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS OF THEIR DEBUTANTES AS WELL. FINALLY, IT GOT SO BIG IT TOOK UP A DOUBLE SPREAD OF JUST NOTHING BUT PHOTOGRAPHS OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN BALLGOWNS -- APPARENTLY IDENTICAL IN APPEARANCE AND EVEN APPARENTLY THE SAME DRESSES! BUT WHAT REALLY GOT SEATTLE TO RORING WITH LAUGHTER WAS WHEN THE PAPERS PRINTED THE "DEBUTANTE BALL" FROM JACKSON STREET, OUR LOCAL COLORED SECTION ('NIGGERTOWN' TO THE DEEP SOUTH) AND GAVE IT THE SAME DEADPAN TREATMENT THAT ALL THE REST RECEIVED. NO REASON WHY NOT -- AFTER ALL, THEY WERE "COMING OUT" JUST AS MUCH AS THE BELLES FROM BROADMOOR (OUR WEALTHY RESIDENTIAL SECTION). BUT IT REALLY TAKES AN AWFULLY INGRAINED SNOB TO OVERCOME A BLOW LIKE THAT... SOMEHOW, AFTER THAT, THE IDEA JUST SORT OF FIZZLED AWAY.

HERE IN SEATTLE WE RECOGNIZE THAT SOME PEOPLE HAVE MORE MONEY THAN OTHERS AND THAT SOME RESIDENTIAL SECTIONS REFLECT A HIGHER INCOME BRACKET THAN OTHERS, BUT NO MATTER HOW MUCH THEY TRY, NOBODY HAS REALLY BEEN ABLE TO ESTABLISH ANY SENSE OF "CLASS"... IN FACT, THE VERY RICHEST SEEM TO BE THE MOST POPULAR IN SEATTLE BECAUSE IT IS THEY WHO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR THE REST OF US TO ENJOY



GMC



THE ANNUAL GOLD CUP RACES — (SPEEDBOAT RACES ON LAKE WASHINGTON) — AND EMIL SICK, WHO MADE A FORTUNE OUT OF SICK'S BEER (WHAT A NAME!) BUILT A STADIUM AND STARTED UP A PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL TEAM FOR SEATTLE. THEY NEED THE SPECTATORS, WE ENJOY THE SPORTS, SO THERE IS A MUTUAL GOODWILL WHICH DISREGARDS INCOMES...

OH, YES, SPEAKING OF QUEEN ELIZABETH (AS I WAS, A FEW PAGES BACK) IT'S PRACTICALLY OLD STUFF NOW, BUT I GOT A BIG KICK OUT OF ONE INCIDENT THAT OCCURRED DURING THE LATE HASSEL OVER LORD ALTRINGCHAM'S CRITICISM OF THE QUEEN'S SPEAKING VOICE. I REFER TO THE BEAUTIFULLY ROUNABOUT COUP DE ETAT BY WHICH THE DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY LAID OUT HER AUDACIOUS GRANDSON WITH A HAYMAKER THAT OBVIOUSLY LEFT HIM REELING... WITHOUT EVEN MENTIONING THE CAUSE OF COMBAT, SHE CUT THE GROUND OUT FROM UNDER HIM WITH ALL THE DEVIOUS DIRECTNESS OF GMC LAYING OUT A NEO... I CHUCKLED OVER THAT INCIDENT MORE THAN ONCE... I'LL BET THE DOWAGER COULD HAVE HANDLED THE ENTIRE FEUD SINGLE-HANDED IF SHE'D HAD THE CHANCE. EVEN AT 84 SHE HAD MORE ON THE BALL THAN THE ENTIRE OPPOSITION. TOO BAD THEY DIDN'T SEND SOMEBODY LIKE THAT TO BERCHTESGADEN TO DEAL WITH HITLER INSTEAD OF THE MAN WITH THE UMBRELLA. MIGHT HAVE SAVED THE WORLD A LOT OF TROUBLE.

AND WHILE ON THE SUBJECT OF GRANDMOTHERS, I'D LIKE TO ASK OUR ENGLISH MEMBERS WHAT IT IS ABOUT THE MENTION OF "GRANDMOTHER" THAT IS SO FUNNY? I HAVE THE "CORONATION CONCERT" BY BURL IVES WHICH WAS TAPED RIGHT IN THE CONCERT HALL WHILE HE WAS PERFORMING, AND I NOTICE THAT IN ONE SONG HE REFERS TO HIS "DEAR OLD GRANDMOTHER". EVERY TIME HE SPEAKS OF HIS "DEAR OLD GRANDMOTHER" THE AUDIENCE BREAKS INTO SPASMS OF LAUGHTER — AS THOUGH HE HAS JUST SAID THE FUNNIEST KIND OF JOKE! WHAT GIVES? WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT A DEAR OLD GRANDMOTHER?

RE PHONOGRAPH RECORDS: I'VE JUST MADE THE HORRIFYING DISCOVERY THAT THE PHONOGRAPH RECORD INDUSTRY HAS PULLED ANOTHER SWITCH ON THE LONG-SUFFERING PUBLIC AND NOW HAVE DISCONTINUED MAKING 78s. ALL THEIR POP RECORDINGS ARE NOW COMING OUT ON THE LITTLE 7" 45s. THIS IS A LOW BLOW FROM WHICH I'M AFRAID MY POCKETBOOK NEVER WILL RECOVER. I SUFFERED FROM THE SWITCHOVER TO 33-1/3 RPM AND MANAGED TO ENDURE HAVING TO CHANGE MY FILING SYSTEM FROM 10" TO 12" WHEN THEY CUT DOWN ON THE FORMER, BUT I'LL BE DAD-BLASTED IF I'LL BUY ANOTHER MACHINE AND ANOTHER CABINET IN ORDER TO ACCOMMODATE 45s! IT'S ALREADY AN INSUFFERABLE NUISANCE TO SWITCH FROM 78 TO 33-1/3 AND BACK IF I WANT TO LISTEN TO MY RECORDS IN SOME PARTICULAR SEQUENCE, BUT INASMUCH AS MOST OF MY PRESENT POP RECORDINGS OF NOVELTY NUMBERS ARE ON 78 RPM, HAVING TO START ANOTHER TYPE OF RECORDER FOR THE CURRENT NOVELTY ITEMS IS JUST TOO DAMN MUCH TROUBLE! I WENT TO PURCHASE "HULA LOVE" AND "IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ISLAND" RECENTLY AND FOUND I COULD NOT GET THEM ANYWHERE UNLESS I ORDERED THEM IN ADVANCE. PHOOEY! LOOKS AS THOUGH I'LL EITHER HAVE TO STOP LISTENING TO NEW MUSIC AND REMAIN CONTENT WITH WHAT I HAVE, OR ELSE FIND SOME WAY TO TAPE ALL MY PRESENT RECORDINGS AND THEN TAPE THE NEW ONES I LIKE AS THEY COME ALONG. FRANKLY, I DOUBT THAT IT'S WORTH THE TROUBLE. I'M ABOUT AS MECHANICAL MINDED AS A THREE-TOED SLOTH AND NEVER COULD MAKE HEADS NOR TAILS OF THE VARIOUS ARTICLES THAT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ON THE SUBJECT SO I DOUBT VERY MUCH THAT I'LL EVER GET AROUND TO DOING ANYTHING ABOUT IT EXCEPT GRIPE. DAD BLAST THESE RECORD COMPANIES, ANYWAY! THE MERCENARY OLD GOATS!



GMC



SEEMS THAT NEWSPAPER EXERPTS ARE COMING IN FOR UNDUE ATTENTION IN THISH  
GZ, WHAT WITH COMMENTS SCATTERED FROM BAITBOX TO UNASKED OPINION, BUT HERE'S  
ONE I COULD NOT RESIST:

DAS ROCKS-IN-HEDDEN  
AIR FORCERS MAKEN  
MIT LAUDENBOOMERS

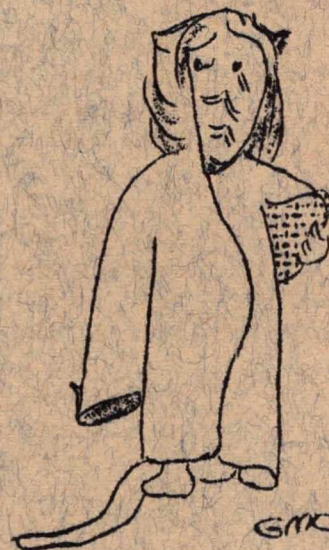
BY ASSOCIATED PRESS BY ASSOCIATED PRESS  
BALTIMORE, Aug. 21.-- THE GERMAN INFLUENCE IN BUILDING ROCKETS AND  
GUIDED MISSILES HAS INSPIRED A SPECIAL LANGUAGE FOR PERSONNEL OF THE  
AIR FORCE'S AIR RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT COMMAND HERE.

HERE ARE SOME TERMS FROM AN UNOFFICIAL "ENGLISH-GERMAN GLOSSARY"  
BEING CIRCULATED -- UNDER SEPARATE COVER -- FOR USE WITH TECHNICAL  
LITERATURE.

GUIDED MISSILE -- DAS SIENTIFIKER GESCHTENWERKES FIRENKRAKKER.  
LIQUID ROCKET -- DAS SKWIRTEN JUGENKIND FIRENSCHPITTER  
ROCKET ENGINE -- DAS FIRENSCHPITTER MIT SMOKEN-UND-SCHNORTEN.  
GUIDANCE SYSTEM --- DAS SCHTEERENWERKE.  
CELESTIAL GUIDANCE -- DAS SCHRUBALLISCHE SCHTAR-  
GAZEN PEEPENGLASSER MIT KOMPUTERATTACHEN  
SCHTEERENWERKE.  
PRESET GUIDANCE -- DAS SENDEN OFFEN MIT EIN  
PATTENBACKER UND FINGER GEKRESSEN SCHTEEREN-  
WERKE.  
CONTROL SYSTEM -- DAS PULLEN-AND-SCHOVEN WERKE  
WARHEAD -- DAS LAUDENBOOMER  
NUCLEAR WARHEAD -- DAS EARGESCHPLITTEN  
LAUDENBOOMER  
HYDROGEN DEVICE -- DAS EARGESCHPLITTEN LAUDEN-  
BOOMER MIT EIN GROSSE HOLENGRAUND UND ALLES  
KAPUT

RESPONSIBILITIES FOR THE ABOVE REST WITH MANAGEMENT  
"DAS ULTZERENBALDEN GRUPE" AND THE FOLLOWING DEPART-  
MENTS:

ENGINEERING -- DAS AUFQUEFEN GRUPE  
PROJECT ENGINEER -- DAS SCHWETTENOUETER  
WIND TUNNEL -- DAS HUFFENPUFFEN GRUPE  
COMPUTING -- DAS SCHLIDENRULER GRUPE  
STRUCTURAL TEST -- DAS PULLENPARTEN GRUPE  
SECURITY -- DAS SCHNOOPEN BUNCHE  
CONTRACT ADMINISTRATOR -- DAS TABLEGEPAUNDER GRUPE  
PLANNING -- DAS SCHEMEN GRUPE  
NUCLEAR RESEARCH -- DAS WHIZKIDDEN GRUPE  
FACILITIES -- DAS DESKGESCHOVEN BUNCHE  
SUPPORT EQUIPMENT -- DAS GARTERBELTEN GRUPE.



MODERN ART: WELL, I FINALLY FOUND SOME MODERN ART THAT I CAN APPRECIATE.  
THIS YEAR AT THE STATE FAIR THERE WAS AN EXHIBIT OF TECHNICAL ILLUSTRATIONS,  
AND I SAW THAT THE ART OF DEPICTING GRAPHICALLY AND ACCURATELY HAS NOT BEEN EN-  
TIRELY LOST AS I FEARED. SOME OF THESE TECHNICAL ILLUSTRATIONS WERE REPRESENTA-  
TIONS OF THINGS THAT EXIST, AS, FOR INSTANCE, AN ILLUSTRATION OF A CHINESE  
LANTERN PLANT, SHOWING THE SEED PODS, LEAVES, BLOSSOM, ETC., AND OF THINGS THAT  
DO NOT EXIST EXCEPT IN THE MIND OF THE ARTIST -- AS, FOR INSTANCE, THE ILLUS-  
TRATION OF A PROPOSED PYLON MONUMENT. THIS WAS REALLY TWO PICTURES, ONE SHOW-  
ING A DAYLIGHT AND THE OTHER AN ILLUMINATED EVENING LIGHTING. IT WAS TRULY A  
BEAUTIFUL PICTURE IN ITSELF.





# EPISTLES & EGOS

Fred Smith, 613 Great Western Rd, Glasgow W2  
Scotland. 17-6-57

Dear Gem,

Many thanks for Gemzine 4:15 and for the second copy of 4:14! Yep, you had already sent me one, which I got after I'd posted my letter, so I'm returning the spare copy in case you have another worthy recipient for it. Thanks for the thought anyway.

Also enclosed is a copy of HAEMOGoblin #3 which may or may not amuse you. I should be very interested to have your reactions, of course, either via letter or in GEMZINE.

(GMC: Well, the most noticeable thing, of course, was that vivid chartreuse and black cover... a beautiful job indeed, even if it did resemble a swatch of modernistic upholstery fabric. Your difficulties with your musical exams were self-explanatory, as were your OMPA Mailing Comments, and left little room for remarks so I presume it must have been your philosophical speculations on Euphoria and your description of your seduction by Rosemary and her girl friend to which you wish my reaction... Well, to tell the truth, the writing was excellent, but I rather wonder that you'd care to report an episode in which you showed to such little advantage. Actually, I thought you looked like pretty much of a dope letting the girls take all the burden of the buildup, but then I guess they knew what they wanted and figured you for an easy pigeon that wouldn't give them any trouble.... Still, a guy that just sits there and waits for things to happen to him doesn't really sound like a very live prospect for an evening of lovemaking. ~~Not/Not/Not/Not/Not/Not~~ But then, maybe men are scarcer in Scotland and Rosemary had to make do with whatever was available, so who am I to carp? It was vivid reporting, even if I can't figure out why you'd want to brag about it....)

Your printing of my letter was an unexpected shot of egoboo. However, I don't think your argument that Fascism, Nazism, etc. "formed a containing wall against Communism" says very much in their favour. The suppression of the Hungarian revolt, sickening and brutal as it was, doesn't begin to compare with the calculated extermination of the Jews in Belsen, Buchenwald, etc.

(GMC: Doesn't "begin to compare" with the planned extermination of their own flesh and blood, the Russian peasants who were deliberately starved to death when they refused to fall in with the Communist land reforms, either...)

No, I think we're much better off with only one major opposing ideology to worry about. Damme, but you get some peculiar notions at times. Don't you realise that but for the U.S. British invasion of Europe, Russia would have rolled over the Germans and probably the whole of the European continent would now be Communist controlled. So much for your 'containing wall'!

(GMC: No, I don't 'realise' it -- and neither does anyone else, for certain. In fact, since it took, as I remember it, a hell of a lot of good old American Lend-Lease, plus the combined strength of the US, British, and Russian forces to hold Hitler out of Russia, it looks much more probable that if the US and Allies had kept "hands off" and let Hitler have his "Drang Noch Osten" at Russia's expense, we'd have saved ourselves a lot of trouble later on. There is not one pin to choose between



Communist Russia or Nazi Germany when it comes to cold, calculated and viciously brutal cruelty, and it is my belief that if we had left them alone to fight it out between themselves we'd have been in a lot better position to protect ourselves against the victor. As it was, we only killed the rattlesnake in order to turn a cobra loose....)

Actually, politics and religion are subjects I don't usually discuss, since you can go round and round forever without getting anywhere. I think you would be advised to back pedal on these topics for a while. However, its your mag and you obviously enjoy these battles.

(GMC: Now that you're in FAPA, Fred, I'm afraid you're stuck with a lot of politics and religion on your hands... I'm not the only FAPA that enjoys these battles.)

Till the next round, then,

Best, /s/ Fred

Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon,  
Herts., England. 16 Aug. 1957

Dear Gem,

Thankee kindly for Gemzine and for the review of CAMBER which was much appreciated. As you see - stiff covers agin this issue.

Had a letter from Marty Fleischman this week on an interesting subject brought up when I sent him a clipping from a British newspaper on the subject of calling his neighbourhood, "the Bronx, a less prosperous New York residential area". He mentioned that you had once said that if anyone in European fandom wanted to read of the actual conditions in the U.S. they would do well to study magazines like TIME, LOOK, etc rather than magazines not indicative of the U.S. way of life.

(GMC: I offered a boxful of SATURDAY EVENING POSTS to anyone that would read them. The SATEVEPOST gives the most honest and objective picture of the US (the US as I know it, at any rate) of any magazine I know on the market. They show good and bad, rich and poor, and as close to both sides of any political question as is possible for a conservative, Republican, 100% red-blooded American publication.)

Probably you had CONFIDENTIAL or some such mags in mind, but I think you'll find such mags do have a comparatively small circulation here. Admittedly LIFE etc. doesn't have almost any circulation here due to currency laws - but the other kind are too rare to do anything really harmful. It's in the columns of British papers that we really read our U.S. information. You know, I know almost nothing of city life in a dominion of our (sic) like Australia - but I'll bet I could tell you just who got injured in the last Brooklyn gang fight! Best part of these reports is of course that I cut them out and send them to someone who lives in the actual locality to see if there is anything in them.

(GMC: So that's where these bulky envelopes of newspaper clippings are coming from! I wondered who it was that was sending this vicious trash in such careful anonymity!)

Buck Coulson in Indiana gets "Indiana Preacher Shoots Bank Robber", Guy Terwilleger in Boise gets "Lizard Causes Car Crash in Boise" and Marty gets "Paralysed boy killed in gunfight". If there's anything from Seattle way any time -- ye shall have it to make your own comments on.

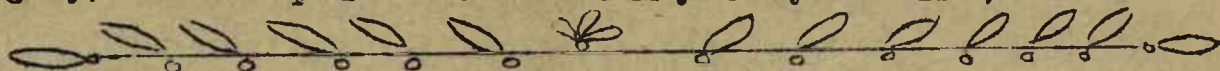
Dodderingly, /s/ Alan



(GMC: Seattle is relatively clean as far as the type of crime news your paper seems to batten on is concerned -- although you should probably be getting something on Dave Beck by now... Those newspaper clippings you sent me are highly interesting. We have almost eradicated the scandal-mongering type of "Yellow Journalism" from our newspapers, particularly in the smaller towns, so it is very surprising to see that the British newspapers which have such a reputation for conservatism, are featuring slanted and distorted reporting which any reputable American editor would blue-pencil to pieces. Take for instance one of those clippings you sent me:

"A twenty-one-years-old English girl I know was packing to go on a holiday with an American girl when her friend said: 'Bring your birth certificate' They were bound for New Jersey. After trouble with teenagers drinking too much, all bartenders there refuse drinks to young people unless they produce a birth certificate."

This clipping is a typical example of the Yellow-Journalist type. It relates a truthful incident, but distorts and slants the facts -- even adding false interpretation to them -- in such a way that the resulting half-truth is more vicious than an outright lie. What this clipping did NOT say, is that it is illegal for any bartender in the United States to sell liquor to a minor. If the young lady in question was not noticeably over the age of 21, it would be necessary for her to produce a proof of her majority if she expected to enter a public bar. This is nothing recent and certainly has NO relation to "trouble with teenagers drinking too much", since it has been in effect as far back as I can remember and probably even longer than that. One of my earliest memories is the time I asked my Father (we were on our way to the movies) why that swinging door had a sign on it preventing anybody from coming in if they worked in a mine.... I was just learning to read, and showing off to my father. I guess it was that same evening that I discovered that Onions didn't really have suits, but it was quite some time later before I realized that Union Suits didn't necessarily have anything to do with belonging to a Union... but I digress! The real truth behind this clipping is that it is more difficult for a teenager to go into any public tavern or Cocktail Lounge and buy a drink, than it is for him/her to get an adult to buy liquor for him. Any bartender who sells liquor to a minor, no matter HOW well-behaved, is in danger of losing his license, facing a stiff fine, or even having the place of business padlocked. It is up to the bartender to require proof of the customer's age, and it is up to the customer to supply this proof if he expects to buy a drink in the United States. But the way this clipping was slanted, it implied that in the US the teenagers are habitually frequenting taverns and bars, rolling in the gutters in drunken stupor, and lapping up liquor legally. Believe me, they aren't!! Teenagers drink, yes. But NOT legally, and NOT in public bars... New Jersey or anywhere else!)



RICHARD GEIS, 1525 N.E. Ainsworth, Portland 11, Oregon. Aug. 28, 1957

Dear Gertrude:

Your tromping of McCain and Eney was something to read! And the points you make are devastating, especially the "spirit of FAPA" part. I quite agree with you on this, as on the mailing of Myers material which doesn't qualify under the rules. I suppose I haven't much business making noises about the matter since I'm not a member, but I was once, and having been a long time in fandom, I sort of feel included.

It is curious how we seem to agree so much on matters fannish, but diverge in matters politic and economic. Tsk.

(GMC: Too true. Makes one wish for telepathic communication in order to find out just how these divergences could come about in persons of otherwise similar tastes and attitudes.)



As waiting-lister #14, tho, I'd like to wonder aloud about the reason I have to wait so long to get into FAPA. (GMC: Because you were foolish enough not to stay in while you had the chance, that's why!) For the past two or three years there have been thirty or more on the list of waiters who wait and wait and wait. I submit the astounding proposition that fandom has grown, and that FAPA should enlarge. And I cannot think of a good reason why it should not. (GMC: Well, I can. Paper costs dough, and 68 copies of a fmz is expensive enough as it is, as well as being almost overwhelming to try and review 65 members each time!) What, after all, is the reason for FAPA? Is it an organization devoted to the hobby of amateur publishing with the accent on opinion, or is it an exclusive "club"? (GMC: I say it's a club with no responsibility to fandom in general that we have to admit everybody just because they want to get in.) Why, exactly, should people who are faunching to enjoy the atmosphere and fun of the apa of their choice be made to wait YEARS before they can do so? WHY? (GMC: Why not?) Is the object to let as many people as possible enjoy FAPA, or is it to keep it a place for the "elite"? (GMC: Neither. It is just a small group of ayjay fans enjoying themselves. It has no duty to the rest of fandom to make way for them, neither is it particularly interested in snobbish exclusiveness. In fact, I can recall when it went begging for members...)

How will my arguments be answered? Will it be said that to let in 34 new members would necessitate an increase, a large one, of the dues? Could it go to \$5 a year? Is this too much? Will it be said that it puts too much of a strain on the OE? Then why not TWO Official Editors? Why not have half the membership send zines to one, the other half to the other? Will it be said that FAPA is not a public utility, and is under no obligation to accomodate anyone who wants in? (even tho he qualifies). No legal obligation, perhaps, but I submit there is a moral obligation; a basic obligation to follow the golden rule.

(GMC: Seems to me I've heard that argument before... It used to be a favorite of young amorists trying to get a little something without waiting for the legal preliminaries.... FAPA doesn't owe anybody ANYTHING when it comes to "moral obligations" -- any more than a young girl 'owes' a boy a pitch of woo merely because he wants it!)

If it is possible to let others of like interest and enthusiasm share in enjoying FAPA why not let them in? Really, now, why not? Is the number 65 a sacred number that must not be changed? (GMC: No, it is merely a convenient number to handle -- or used to be, before the mailings got so big. Now it is actually more than we can conveniently handle -- both as to reviews and postage, and we may have to raise the dues just to take care of these 65.) Will the world fall apart if 100 people are members of FAPA instead of 65? (GMC: No, but FAPA might, if instead of being a pleasant hobby it gets to be an interminable chore trying to keep up with so many!) Are waiting-listers supposed to "prove" their desirability by waiting for years on end? (GMC: Not at all, they are merely a backlog of prospective members as far as FAPA is concerned. They can all drop out and be replaced with no tears - or even much interest - from FAPA.) Is it a test of their enthusiasm, of their endurance? (GMC: I guess it is, to them.)

And if, for technical reasons an increase to 100 is impossible or severely impracticable, why not an increase to the practicle (sic) limit? (GMC: Don't you mean a 'decrease to the practical limit'? We're already straining at the seams, maybe a reduction to the top 50 might be more to the point!)

FAPA: WHERE WAITING-LISTERS GO TO DIE...THEY'RE TOO OLD BY THEN FOR ANYTHING ELSE.

I am a male, Gertrude, and I am yelling MORAL JUDGEMENT! at you. Scream Elvis Presley at me or Liberache all you wish. I shall merely point to the paragraph above in GZ, your comment on Horizons, in which you deplore advertising's 'morally objectionable'



practices. (GMC: You mean where I said, "It seems to me there is a moral problem involved in the deliberate exploitation of such human failings as pride and avarice, and that the automotive industry, particularly in the advertising branch, is guilty of a morally unjustifiable breach of public trust in cynically cashing in on Veblen's observations"? Why are you so afraid of Moral Judgements, Dick? That was one of the loudest screams against McCarthy, ie, that he made a 'moral judgement' of the right or wrong of behavior, and that he dared to denounce a man because that man was doing something which he (McCarthy) believed to be wrong. Why does it seem to you to be so offensive a thing that people should believe in "right" and "wrong"? In fact, haven't you realized that the very fact that you DO resent these moral judgements is because you, yourself, have judged them to be "wrong"? It is not possible to exist without some standard of values, Dick, and every time you hold this yardstick up as a measure, you are thereby making a moral judgement whether you realize it or not.)

And tak on you for generalizing from a few comments by Calkins re Presley and Liberache to the conclusion that all men are motivated as you think he is. (GMC: Have you a better explanation for this nearly-universal male phenomenon than the explanation Calkins gave? If so, what is it?) Would you like a male to draw a conclusion about all women from say a reading of a few remarks by a prostitute? Not that Calkins is comparable to a prostitute, but he is certainly not "typical" or "normal" or "representative" of all men. Who is? Who could be?

I'm inclined to believe that if the "Have you kissed your wife this morning" were carried too far, like in the morning paper and on the radio and tv, men would feel it was nobody's goddam business whether they kissed their wife or not, would resent the interference and presumptuousness of the "well-intentioned" reminders, and give their wives a kick instead.

(GMC: I doubt it. As I cast a cynical eye at the human male's pushover reaction to propaganda in general and advertising in particular (and the human female's as well), I am inclined to think that if there were as much advertising pressure and propaganda suggestion aimed at promoting marital smooching at the breakfast table as there is, say, at promoting upswept hairdo or fenders, the divorce rate in this nation would take a sharp drop. And if they worked at promoting marital felicity with the same degree of persistence that they apply to selling automobiles, I bet divorce would probably disappear altogether!)

\*\*\*\*\*  
"Good morning, folks. Have you done your duty this morning? First we hear a record..  
\*\*\*\*\*

Glug. You observe a psychological something in yourself and assume it is true for everyone. (GMC: Why not? What better guinea pig could I find?) I imagine some people could actually handle a million dollars successfully, contrary to what the plot requirements of a tv show demand in characterization.

Well, if our culture results in an overly large proportion of low I.Q. mentalities, then natural selection will eliminate them in one way or another. I happen to believe that the survival of the fittest is a law that simply cannot be avoided. If morons are born and grow up, the chances are they'll kill themselves off some way or other. Perhaps by eating the wrong foods too often, and thus dying of cancer and heart diseases in droves, or even, if there are a really lot of them, by electing a fellow moron or psychopath, and getting us all wiped out via the Bomb. Messy and inefficient, but there's always more where we came from and time is long.

(GMC: Exactly. Survival of the fittest doesn't always mean on the individual level, and if human intelligence has degenerated to the point where humanity is wiped out by the Bomb, whatever type of being replaces us will merely prove it.) There are beneficial aspects to the highway slaughter, I suppose, looking at it objectively.



Most fans are neurotic? Not really? I wonder how Fleischman will take the news that most people in all walks of life are neurotic? This is news? I also know that most people have two arms and two legs. Amazing, isn't it? (GMC: Does that statement mean that you consider neuroticism to be the standard, normal equipment of a human being? Like arms and legs are part of the normal physical equipment?) But what bothers me is how Marty can know (offhand) of three or four individuals in fandom who couldn't live without it and who consider it a dream world in which each person does what he wants. He has given these people depth interviews? He knows their psychanalyst personally? Or is he just jabbering (offhand) to feel superior to these poor dependent creatures he has set up? (GMC: Are you sure, Richard, that YOU aren't just "jabbering (offhand) to feel superior to" Marty? Hmmm?)

John Trimble thinks the UN would evolve into a good "world government" if we'd let it? Ah..who is "we"? The citizens of the United States and those who we could influence with our power? He thinks the middle-east countries would give up nationalism? He thinks we would? He thinks the Russians would?

I submit that any magazine that is dependent on huge quantities of advertising and is aimed at pleasing as many people as possible, CANNOT by its very nature give a TRUE picture of American life. I don't think the POST is dirty enough, greedy enough, selfish enough, stupid enough, to give a true picture. It is a mirror, of course, but a highly selective one.

(GMC: I don't get this "greedy enough, selfish enough, stupid enough" business. Since reading the objections to using the POST as a reflection of the US, I have looked through it very carefully to try and see what they meant. But the more I scrutinize the SATEVEPOST, the more I am surprised to see how faithfully it DOES mirror the America I know. Even the fiction, which I tend to discredit as being just too, too slickly pat, does center around problems which are typically American. The suburban, middle-class problems of middle-class, suburban Americans who can get just awfully baffled by the vagaries of courtship, adolescent children, keeping up with the Joneses, and Getting Ahead In The World... Even the advertisements tend toward merchandise I know and use. The articles report with fairly objective honesty the problems this country faces -- with photograph illustrations ranging from the barefoot parents of a Medal of Honor winner in their one-room, bare-board mountain shack, to the palatial homes of millionaires. It pulls no punches in reporting graft in government or juvenile delinquency in the slums, and when it reports on something I know personally -- as, for instance, Seattle's waterfront and yacht basins -- they report it truthfully and without any slanted distortions that I could find. In short, the SATEVEPOST reflects the America that I know and live in. What mag reflects the America you know?)

Thanks for GEMZINE 4/16. Toodle. (GMC: You're welcome.)/s/ Dick

Jim Harmon, 427 East 8th Street, Mt. Carmel, Illinois. August 30, 1957

At last, G.M..

We agree completely on something-- Bob Silverberg.

Thanks for the half page on me in your Con Report. I'm sorry (as hell!) to say however that I have sold only about 1/3 as many stories as Bob or Harlan, according to the last count. It's picking up but I'll probably never sell as much as they do -- writing, they say, is effortless with them and with me it is little short of psychic torture. Hence my word rate is shallower.

To risk letting my inferiority complex peep through, I suspect your seeing in Bob's and my not-completely-dissimilar attitude such a variance -- from Bob's "serene confidence" to my "indolence" is merely a matter of your liking him and disliking me.



(GMC: "Dislike" is the wrong word, Jim. For some reason, we did not see much of each other, and the brief moments we did speak were somewhat marred... After all, slighting remarks about My Hero McCarthy are not exactly the best way of attracting my attention!! Even though I realized you were just kidding me, it didn't exactly create the best impression.... Then, too, there was that stupid befuddlement on my part which kept confusing you with Jack Harness... But 'dislike' - uh, uh! I was having too much fun to feel anything but intense cordiality for every one I met. I even would have felt cordial to Moomaw if he had dared to step up and identify himself -- but, of course, he couldn't know that! No, Jim, there was no 'dislike' -- just no 'Muy Sympatico' between us...)

I know that my -- and maybe just possibly Bob's -- attitude is merely a mask for painful shyness. (GMC: I should be very surprised if Bob's is.. he seemed too indifferent to public opinion to have any shyness toward people. How about it, Bob?) It's easier to seem too lazy to be very gregarious than to reveal that you're too scared to talk to people. I, for instance, would like to have gotten to know you better. I expect we could have some lovely -- ah, discussions.

(GMC: Gee -- I didn't dream you cared! But, no kidding, I would have enjoyed a good gab-fest with you. I certainly enjoyed those with Ted White and Ray Shaffer. Hi, fellas...)

I'm afraid at the time I thought your getting me mixed with a certain celebrated illustrator and Scientologist was your approach to "fanmanship" -- "oneupmanship" or maybe to strain the definition "being catty". You know, like when Doc says "I'm Smith" somebody says "Hello George". Or when Shaw asks "What did you think of the latest Infinity?" and the reply is "I like that new grade of cover stock you're using" But I guess I'll have to face the fact that while distinguished "Jim Harmon" as a name isn't easily distinguishable. It ranks just above Jack Smith, Joe Johnson and John Doe.

I might say, that to me, as many others, you came as a pleasant surprise. I thought I had seen you at N3F meeting at the Chicon however many years ago that was but, ironically, somebody had pointed out the wrong femme. I think I know who she must have been and believe me, you were, as I say, therefore a very pleasant surprise.

(GMC: Thanks, Jim. I suppose I must have upset as many mental images of what I should be like as were upset for me in finding other fans weren't what I expected.)

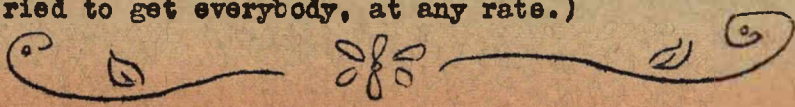
But enough of such indolent phrase -- I disagree with so much of what you write, Gertrude, that I'm undecided as to whether or not I would defend to the death your right to say it.

(GMC: That's fair enough -- I never did see much sense in Voltaire's famous phrase (it was Voltaire, wasn't it?) I think the whole proposition could stand analysing. After all, what purpose would there be in getting oneself killed just so that somebody else could go around spreading ideas you don't believe in?)

Now I think I'll go take a mid-morning nap.

/s/ Jim

(GMC: I might note at this time that Jim was acknowledging receipt of a Con Report I sent him. This report appeared in THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS, and Toskey gave me some extra copies he ran off for me -- which was very sweet of him -- which I distributed through SAPS and FAPA and as far as it would go on the W/L. Since there weren't enough to go all the way, I checked the roster of THE CRY and tried to avoid sending out duplicate copies to persons who received the original publication. So if you did not receive a copy, I'm sorry. There just weren't enough. However, I think everybody in FAPA and SAPS had a chance to read it -- I tried to get everybody, at any rate.)





Dr. 166 E. Lane Ave., Columbus 1, Ohio. Sept. 17, 1957

G.M.

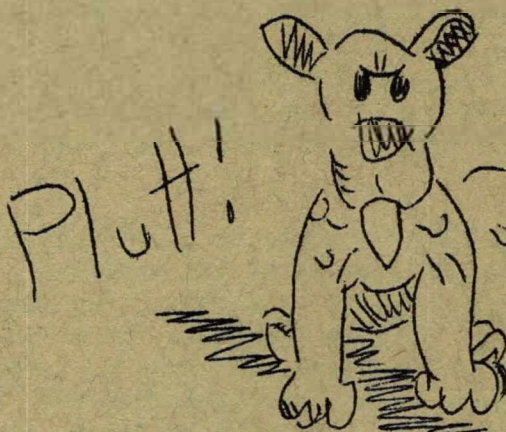
Thanks for the copy of the Midwestcon Report. Found it most interesting - I don't know what happened at the con but I enjoyed reading your impressions. Liked the photos too. These fans look just like people -- Something reassuring, especially after reading some of the material which appears in Fapa. See you there.

/s/ Dick

(GMC: Well, outside of giving a blow-by-blow accounts of my movements, there really wasn't any way I could tell you what happened -- actually, nothing did happen, outside of enjoying ourselves and meeting each other... Just laughing and talking and drinking each others' liquor and hunting up a place to eat when we got hungry enough...)

Eugene, Oregon. Sept. 18, 1957. 2:30 PM

Gee. Emm. Carr  
5319 Ballard Ave.  
Seattle 7, Wash



(GMC: The expression is familiar, but I don't seem to recognize the face...)

Chick Derry, 1814-62nd Ave., Cheverly Md. Sept 9, 1957

Dear G.M. Hooray. at last we agree on something! I argued until I was blue in the face with the powers in Fapa that all this furore and fizz was a bit undemocratic, and that you just don't ban legit members simply because you don't approve of what they put into a mailing. And as you point out, changing the constitution is definitely 1984ish, and snacks of history rewriting. Not being a member, yet, I'm in no position to say yah or nay, but I sure dislike the idea on principle. I enjoyed the bulk (and glad I was that the bulk was smaller) of Gemzine, and you are goading me into taking a flier into My opinion of religion, but another time, another place. For Now I appreciate the Gemzine very much, which is why I'm writing this hurried (and it IS) card. Many thanks for the zine, G.M., Good to see it again.

naturally, /s/ Chick Derry

(GMC: Thanks for the moral support, Chick, even though it doesn't carry much voting power...)

MAFleischman, 1247 Grant Avenue, Bronx 56, New York. Sept. 20, 1957

Dear Gem: many thanks for the current Gemzine which. unfortunately, I lack the time to comment on. Agree with most of what you had to say in Baitbox and, gal, your knowledge of jazz surprises me!!! Honest. \*\*Loved that answer to me re GMC and arguments. You know, that's a Good Point.

Yours, /s/ Marty



A. Mercer, 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln, Eng. 19 Sept. 1957 TWG (???)

Dear GMC.

I suppose this'll beat you home. I'm sorry I had to miss you, and the rest of them, at London. I'm back at work now, anyway.

(GMC: I'm sorry, too...all the more so because I didn't get there, either!!)

But this is prompted by the receipt a couple of days ago of your Midwestcon report.... for which thanks. I'm not quite sure how you come to single out ARCHIVE 12 as having an "international flavor" out of all the sundry zines that come from abroad - just because it had a letter from a Swede about his language, maybe?

(GMC: Not having that particular issue at hand, Archie, I can't remember off-hand just what it was that sparked the comment. Didn't you have letters or reviews of fmz from fans in the British Isles, on the Continent, and from the US as well as the Scandinavian peninsula? Seems to me I recall representation from practically every known fan-habitat.) But he appears elsewhere often enough, surely to goodness. Anyway, I don't suppose it'll matter.

Re the Conrep, to start with the photos on the front, the one in the top left hand corner looks like another good reason for regretting my absence from London at the critical time! As for the worthy FC, to my mind it doesn't look like a halo, but more like a sort of Indian feathered headdress.

(GMC: Good! It'll be a lot easier living with a mere Big-Chief-Brush-on-the-Hood than with a be-halced husband! I'll make sure to call your comment to his attention so he'll know he's been demoted.)

And the Report itself. Well, I wouldn't have tended to call it so much a report on the Midwestcon as a report on the FANS WHO WERE AT the Midwestcon. Nothing actually wrong in this, and it reads interestingly, like all good conreps. In other words, it is/was much appreciated, and thank you again.

(GMC: You're welcome. But actually, thanks are not due to me so much as to local fan Burnett Toskey, who ran off almost a hundred extra copies of the report for me. His idea, too. I didn't even think of it. The article was probably as much his as mine, since I just turned over to him a batch of assembled notes and let him do the best he could with them...)

Page 7 - about 3/4 down the page - you mention Chas DeVet's "Growing Up on Big Muddy" in the August Astounding. Which seems distinctly odd, because I have here the BRE Galaxy No 54 containing just that story - which, having written this letter, it is my intention to read tonight. The BRE Galaxy has been known to include filler material from the Ziff-Davis zines, but not from Astounding, surely? That's handled by a different publisher this side, anyway. I guess you've simply dropped a clanger, and I probably won't be the first to spot it, either.

(GMC: Oh, no!.....(sound of hollow groan and redfaced confusion).. Not a bone-headed booboo like that! And I even looked up the spelling to make sure I had the name right!!! It wasn't the August ASTOUNDING -- it was the JULY GALAXY!!!! Well, at least you're the first person to mention it!)

Which is as good an excuse as any for ending the letter and starting my nightly reading sesh, I think. No?

Mercatorially as ever

/s/ Archie



Jean Linard, 24, Rue Petit, Vesoul (Hte-Sne) France. 20 Sep. 1957

Dear Sir,

I like noodles, I am very fond of noodles; I am always keen on eating some; any moment. Not that I be an expert. I don't want them within fancy culinary recipes nor especially adorned with fancy display, and I am by no means a specialist on them: I just like them, can eat plenty of them anywhen, I have got a mere good taste, ever ready for them.

I could eat noodles four-five times a week, this for years along, as long as there would be some slight variations in their preparation, say, each three-four-time on each other, or such. Generally I eat them with crisp tiny wee bits of fresh Swiss cheese on it, cheese warmed then near to mellifluous melting. Or else, with only fresh butter and salt, or with tomato sauce, or still hardly prepared at all, just with ham or meat: I am not an expert, I say. Besides, I do not think I could stand with too much expertness in their cooking. No. I simply like them for themselves.

There are few things I can like more than noodles; and yet... it still depends on which moments. At certain times, even, there is nothing that could compete. For instance, when I am busy eating some of them noodles, to say but one example. I do not go that much for any other sort of food, anyway, in the line of steadily repeated main dishes.

Vermicelli, also, I used to like a lot, quite a while back, until he learnt how to evade the spoon and got accustomed to my strategic ruses. Above all I was, then, loving the high sense of regularity accompanying his presence right on each and every evening in the potage. It was really something I can't forget nor keep from regretting. When I am to publish TONONZINTLA ((my fanzine through Papa in case there is no World War meanwhile)), I'd like to write longer and deeply about vermicelli.

As for now--those past five years, I am quite content with noodles. I eat them either slowly, or rushingly, and with plenty of bread. Sometimes I drink plenty, also, during eating them. Which tends to give me some aerophagia. But I like the cigarette I have afterward, remembering noodles. And it does not bother me the slightest to have another dish of noodles next meal, although my mother finds it all unreasonably monotonous to cook.

Next to noodles, I like cakes the best, even better than modern art, jazz, politics, and paper-bags around fanzines. I like also to go in the country strolling, being that way pretty hungry for meals. But when I go to the country, then I have got to bring my cigarettes with me because they don't sell my habitual brand over there.

But still my greatest of all pleasure consists of eating noodles, stretching my legs after the meal, laying my heels on the next stool; my mother is against it, pretending things like it is all to make me getting old before my age; nevertheless it's good, and I keep doing it just the same.

Some would think I am getting pretty thick with eating so much noodles, and drinking plenty with it, and dreaming in my sleep. Not at all, not at all. I weight hardly 114 pounds.

Naked.

YOUR SAMEST,  
/s/ Jean Linard

(GMC: I guess he likes noodles....)



John Champion, 1301 E. California St., Pasadena, Calif. Sept. 21, 1957

Dear Gem,

I'm leaving tomorrow for college--note the new address above and in the enclosed letterzine--so this will be shorter than previous comments on GEMZINES I've received. But maybe it's better that way; saves time all around.

Haabab, Yeah, I think I notice some of the subtle humor that appears in GEMZINE. Such as Paragraph 1, Page 1. Of course meeting you may have helped me recognize it. Just think, if I'd not made the NullCon I might read that paragraph and think, "Gosh-wow, GMC sure is falling back into old habits again--I'd better take it easy."

Re Loverboynik: as a sort-of-student of music, I think he's a pretty good piano player. When you dislike a person for various personal-type reasons, it's easy to say, "...and he can't sing/play the piano/write either." As for me, I think Liberace is doing the smart thing. No piano player, no matter how good, is going to earn too terribly much money in the USA on his musical talents alone. So it may be that Liberace's teeth and candelabra are what make him all the money, but I don't feel jealous of him for it. Now if he couldn't play the piano well (in my opinion) it might be a different matter--but as with Elvis, I'd still be inclined to be more grotched at all the people who pay for such goings-on than the performer himself, who is only a person who knows a good thing when he sees it.

Re your jazz comments to McCain--goshwow, GM, you'll be branded a moldy fig now for sure. In fact, people like Janke and Raeburn will probably consider you a moldy fig to end all m-f's. But have you never heard of progressive/modern jazz (as will no doubt be brought out next FAPA mailing)? It's true that with Dixieland (or what you term "true jazz") the musicians made up just about everything; however, the really progressive groups today use the scores only as a base from which to take off on their extrapolations. They may follow the tune from time to time, but you'll get a lot more original spontaneous playing, I think. Of course one difference is that modern jazz is mostly "cool"; not quite as exciting as far as physical stimulation goes. The "wild abandon" is gone, true; progressive jazz is more polished, but much of it is just as original/unrehearsed.

(GM/for 'Moldy-fig'/C: So that's what "cool" means... I suspect that Vernon and I may have been talking about two different things. I am talking about Jazz as it actually was; ie, the wide-spread popular music as played during the decade of the Twenties. Apparently Vernon was talking about the mythos which has been built up about it in the three decades since, including the changes which have taken place during that time -- the 'progressive jazz' you mention. Jazz as it is now played, this 'progressive' stuff, has practically nothing in common with Jazz as it was played in the Twenties. The Big Name Jazzmen, now revered as 'early leaders in the field' were not particularly considered 'leaders' at the time. This venerable halo is strictly retro-active and a very recent bestowal... At the time, most of these men were merely musicians among a lot of other jazz musicians, and there were probably hundreds of other men just as highly regarded (if not more so) than they. They were just able to hang on longer in the game and got their kudos more for durability than ability. Time and distance have done an Orwell on history, with a typical 1984 re-write job with a result that the men who managed to keep their name before the public are the ones who got the credit. Maybe they are 'leaders in the field' now, but then they weren't... They were just musicians. Take Coleman Hawkins, for instance. I understand he is supposed to be quite an exponent of this "cool" progressive jazz... Well, the albums I've heard of his stuff would have been jeered off the stand during the twenties. So would most of the rest of the 'modern' jazzmen -- the ones I've heard, at any rate. I should think the difference would be apparent to anyone who would bother to compare one of the early Jazz platters with this latter-day 'jazz'. The entire feel is different: the entire orientation is changed... to say nothing of the style of playing. I know that the jazzmusicians I heard could appreciate pure



tone and produce it when they needed it. Many times they produced a deliberately distorted tone. But one difference between present-day 'jazz' and the real stuff as I heard it, is that invariably one man carried the clear, sweet, pure melody while the rest noodled around and produced the cacophonous effects. They all changed off, first one man then another took the lead, but the thread of pure melody was never completely omitted as it is today. I can see there is no use arguing with Vernon or White or Raeburn, et al, because they are talking about some mythological 'theory of Jazz' whereas I am talking about the stuff that was actually played during the Twenties.... Nevertheless, I can't help protesting this arbitrary halo that is being conferred on certain musicians who are picked out and labeled with 'leadership'. It is this retro-active business that I object to: I say that if these men were noticeably so much better than the prevailing norm of musicians, the halo should have been visible at that time and we should have seen it. Another thing, I protest the assumption that this modern jazz is the same as the early jazz. It isn't. My impression is that the present-day jazz compares with the popular music of the Twenties in about the same way that the present-day 'modern art' compares with the early French 'cubists' and 'impressionists'... It is strictly a derivation and, in my opinion at least, a derivation not for the better..)

Re comments to Janke; reminds me of something that popped up in a George O. Smith story in ASTOUNDING back in the late '40s-- since a man is "innocent till proven guilty", then all arrests are false arrests. You can't arrest an innocent man legally... but it's done. A nice semantic paradox. Of course it stems from the statement "innocent until proven guilty"--actually that should be "presumed innocent..." Sticking to the letter of the law can sometimes cause a lot of trouble.

Your asking Jerry Greene who Mike Wallace is is sort of amusing to me--the Mike Wallace he mentioned is a teeves interviewer who has a program on which he asks rather needling questions to famous people on controversial subjects--too many adjectives there; maybe the phrase "he puts them on the hot seat" would be better. However, it happens that there is also another Mike Wallace, this one English, who is a fan! Altho he's gaffiated now apparently, he used to be rather active in English fandom.

Re eggheads: I can see how a person might have knowledge that did him no good, but I don't see how it could harm him. I think I understand what you say, but I'd like an example or two just the same--because I've never run up against any of these people.

(GMC: OK, John -- next time one opens his yap, I'll point him out to you.)

I'll admit some of the things I said about cons sound silly in retrospect, but I still think there are neos who are just as valuable at cons as some trufans.

(GMC: Well, John, you just go on dreaming... Maybe someday you'll attend a Con somewhere where the fans leave the BNFs and Pros standing around neglected while they all go flocking around some newly-discovered Neo. But when you do, be sure and let me know right away because THIS I GOTTA SEE!!!)

However,  
there seems to be no way to make use of this fact...if fact it is.

(GMC: John, are you sure you know the difference between "opinion" and "fact"?)

Really, I don't think think the present system works too badly--at least you don't often hear of a person getting grotched because some fans snubbed him at a con. (GMC: Oh? Well, not often...)



Incidentally, you're using loaded phrases again...and I think this is the main reason why GMC is so obnoxious. Now that I've seen a few issues of GEMZINE, it's easier to figure out. You know, it's possible to say the same thing in a way that is entirely innocuous, and the other way phrased such that the person to whom it's directed immediately gets mad. So...

Best, /s/ John

(GMC: Well, I admit it's possible to say the same thing two (or more) ways -- the only trouble seems to be that no matter which way I say it,, the person immediately gets mad...)

Richard Bergeron, 213 E 77, New York 21, NY Sept. 21, 1957

Hi!

Redd Boggs passed your address on to me at my request. I'm more or less back in the fanart game again and am wondering if you can use any. (GMC: And HOW!!!) I'd like to submit stuff for your FAPAazine -- and see a copy again. Let me know if you're interested. I've a backlog accumulate of about 60 covers -- but don't know anyone to submit them to. "Redd Boggs is the only publisher I have left in fandom."

/s/ Rich

(GMC: Now don't all rush at once! I dibs first choice --- I saw him first! Unless I miss my guess, those 60 covers won't last any longer than a snow-fall in Hades.... FAPA may have changed somewhat in the past couple of years, but not so much that any Bergeron Artwork will go begging for long! Welcome home, Richard.)

Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England. Undated, rec'd Oct. 29, 1957

Dear Gem,

A few examples of European newspaper reporting that I thought maybe might interest you vaguely. A couple even mention Seattle -- the rest America from the British Press' viewpoint or England from the English viewpoint. The other mags are merely to give a further insight to facets of our life which might or might not interest you personally. Anyway, Marty Fleischman's remark to me on your reports in GEMZINE of mistaken impressions by the press brought this on in case I never explained more fully before.

Dodderingly,

/s/ Alan

(GMC: The above was enclosed in a huge bundle of newspapers/clippings. Since I don't know what Marty could have said to bring this on, naturally my first reaction is bewilderment. However, I do find several things of interest: First, surprise at the almost universal tenor of sneering that these clippings contain. Nothing that I have seen so far is reported in a favorable manner -- not even, apparently, in a neutral one. Everything seems to be slanted with a faint (or not so faint) sneer, as though whatever it is were too, too utterly uncouth for words. For instance, "I had tea with Rosemary Clooney at her English-styled house, by her American-styled swimming pool (fenced in to keep her children out)..." (as though there were something reprehensible about trying to prevent toddlers from accidentally drowning in the family swimming pool -- or maybe it was the idea of anyone being rich enough to afford a fairly swimming pool that was reprehensible?) Then, too, I am surprised to find such peculiar tidbits of Americana reported -- especially peculiar in that although they were of enough human-interest to rate space in English newspapers, they were new to me. For instance, anything so wildly out of character for our figure-conscious and snappily independent Western women as this following newsnote, would certainly have seemed to rate a mention



in our local papers, but I never saw anything about it although we subscribe to both Seattle papers. I quote: "From Seattle, USA, comes the story of Alvin Battle, who told a divorce-court judge that he refused to live with his wife until she was "buxom and cuddly." Desperately his wife had tried to regain his affection by taking a course of fattening foods, but had not put on enough weight in the right places." (!!!!) Frankly -- that doesn't sound like Seattle, to me! However, screwier things have happened, so I'm not saying that this one didn't. But it certainly isn't representative.... Another thing I noted, was the intense resentment against the American GIs stationed in England. No matter what they tried to do to please the people, they just wouldn't be pleased.... For instance, "Two hundred and fifty American airmen stationed at Lakenheath, Suffolk, have each given one Pound to help buy a new bell for the parish church at Eriswell." Just the bare mention -- no word of thanks for the gift. But article after article, huge paragraphs of complaint and recrimination, against the GIs for everything from the raise in their illegitimate birth rate to the broken windows around the airfields! True, it must be horribly annoying to have the American soldiers stationed there -- even in this country there is plenty of griping by townsfolk with regard to U.S. Army installations and the uninhibited behavior of the boys on leave. But there seems to be an undercurrent of resentment that amounts practically to hatred in some of these clippings. On the other hand, at least one of these papers carried what appeared to be an honest attempt to equate behavior patterns between England and the US: A reporter named Charles Curran, "just back after four and a half months in the U.S." (and, presumably, who knows everything there is to know about it on the strength of a 4½ month tour) mentioned one facet of life which impressed him; "The whole atmosphere of the country is hostile to any idea of privilege or social superiority. There is a fierce, universal insistence that everybody must be 'just folks.' ...I remember meeting in Seattle - a stridently egalitarian city where you hear sulphuric complaints about the power of the trade unions - a woman from Kensington who told me: 'I can't stand America because there are no ladies and gentlemen here. Why, my cleaning woman comes to work in her own car and calls me by my Christian name.'" That description of Seattle - "a stridently egalitarian city where you hear sulphuric complaints about the power of the trade unions" hits the nail square on the head as a description, because (as Jack Spear will no doubt willingly testify) Seattle is both 'stridently egalitarian' when it comes to attempts at putting on social airs and 'sulphuric' about Union goon tactics. Of which we've had plenty -- as the Dave Beck hearings has amply shown). But even he (Curran) could not be content with reporting what he saw and trying to make it intelligible to the British by equating comparable behavior at home. He, too, had to rub in this built-in sneer: "America today -- where all men think they are equal..." Illustrating his point by the case of the 24-yr old mechanic and the 22 yr old stenographer (he called it "shorthand-typist") who celebrated their engagement at the swankiest Cocktail Lounge in Detroit... "Suppose," he said, "that Russ (the 24-yr old mechanic) worked in Dagenham instead of Detroit and that Clara (the steno) was a shorthand-typist in the City. Would it occur to them to celebrate their engagement by going to Claridge's? I think not.... If Russ and Clara were to go to Claridge's, they would pretty certainly feel embarrassed, ill at ease, unsure of themselves. They would expect to feel like this even before they got inside the front door. ..But Russ and Clara, in the Detroit hotel, felt and were completely at ease. Why? Because the United States is a classless country... It is because the U.S. is classfree that you feel when you go there that you are in a foreign country." But probably the most noticeable thing in this entire batch of clippings, is the way sordid crime and disgraceful scandal is emphasized. No mention of decent and admirable actions; no praise for the worth-while things Americans occasionally do. Only the vilest kind of scandals and the most disreputable behavior is reported -- usually crimes or scandals that did not make headlines or even rate notices here in this country. Certainly, I didn't recognize them(as reported by the British Press)if they did.



Only one item sparked a faintly familiar echo -- the bare mention of a child that had been 20 hours squeezed between the walls of a building. The British clipping merely mentioned that the child had endured the experience -- no mention of the fact that teams of men and women, neighbors, townspeople, police, friends and disinterested by-standers alike, had searched the entire night through until the child was found. Searched voluntarily; without pay or reward of any kind except the joy of discovering she was still alive. No mention of anything favorable -- merely the faint sneer at Americans who let their children creep into walls and get lost... I wonder what's the point of stirring up dislike of Americans by this type of Yellow Journalism? Who's paying who for breeding hatred and dislike -- and why?)

---

Ron Bennett, Southway, Harrogate. 26 Sept. 1967

Dear Gen,

It seems that I have to apologise in accordance with the best traditions of fannish correspondence, for not writing sooner, but hell... (if Cecil will forgive the language used before ladies). I just haven't known which way to turn second. The first way I turned was even more confusing and I had hoped that a second turn would straighten everything out, but no go.

There was a month's work in London, and meeting more fans in a day than I see in a year normally, not counting Ashworth, but then no-one ever does. Naturally -- I said "normally" and what has Ashworth to do with in normal, apart from the three last letters? Letters? I was writing you, ah yes.

Then I've come back to Harrogate after a hectic convention and have got back into teaching and have written a conrep for Terry Carr, which he's sure to reject and... well, isn't that enough?

I have to thank you for a couple of zines and more especially a wonderfully kind thought in sending me the zines airmail so that I could at last fill a long occurring gap in my stamp collection with that wonderful (I've said that once, but that's how I felt) 80 cent air mail issue. Many, many thanks. I'll look forward to seeing you at Southgate next year, but don't bank on it....

(GMC: I'll have to 'bank' on it, if I expect to see anybody at Southgate next year! I've already got \$29.08 in my private kitty toward the trip but I'll have to do a lot better than that! I hope you do make it, and I'll relate to you a blow by blow account of my difficulties in persuading the Postoffice to sell me an 80¢ Airmail stamp instead of merely handing over the postage and letting them cancel the package via machine....)

I read your conrep and enjoyed the penpics very much. Bob and Barbara were at the Convention here, as was Boyd. Good types all three. Barbara is one of the two American women I've met who are both good-looking and intelligent (the other being Rusty Jenrette)

(GMC: How many American femme have you met? or are Barbara & Rusty the only two?)

...and well, you summed Bob up very nicely. I spoke to him about you and he told me that he was very pleasantly surprised to find that you were nothing like the old dragon you're often quoted as being in FAPA. He jokingly remarked that he hated you for that remark about his future, that he'll never be rich or famous, but that he'll probably be a great man some day. Bob cracked, "Who wants to be a poor great man? They're ten a penny!" Yes, a great couple.



(GMC: Well, how do you like that! Here I pour praise on Bob's personality and he's disappointed because I didn't pour some in his pocketbook, too! Is it my fault that Bob didn't display any evidence of being greedy enough for money to bother with grabbing after more than just enough for a comfortable living? Could I help it that he looked like the kind of person to whom the plaudits of the populace are not necessary for his interior well-being? A guy like that may achieve both fame and fortune (and maybe he will, for all I know) but it's strictly a by-product of his efforts, not the goal of them... But maybe I'm wrong -- Bob ought to know. It's his personality and his life.)

Boyd had had a few misunderstandings over here via letter, but these were very soon cleared up when one met him in the flesh. Not at all a brash type. I ribbed him a little about his extensive array of sports shirts, saying that it wasn't fair; I told him I only owned one shirt and wore it every day, washing it over the weekends when I didn't go out or anything but just sat around typing fanstuff and wearing a tracksuit (actually, I'm wearing a tracksuit top now -- OVER my shirt. Even with the electric fire on, it's cold here.) Later Boyd saw me wearing a different shirt and naturally challenged my previous statement. I told him I'd borrowed one of Norman Shorrock's!

(GMC: You don't know it, but you had a lucky escape! How would you have felt if he'd whipped off the shirt you admired and given it to you? It's a dangerous thing to play on the sympathy of anyone from this side of the water -- if he hadn't discovered the discrepancy in time, you might have found he'd given you the very shirt off his back!)

A nice guy, who turned up with millums of stamps for me. Wish I'd have seen more of him over the weekend. Still, I had the honour of introducing him to Norman Wansborough. Wonder whether he forgave me. Boyd, I mean.

Have to comment on a comment you made in GEMZINE. Read this over breakfast this morning and liked quite a lot of the opinions. However, this isn't re opinions but re your remark on my QURP! You were the only fan to comment on what I'd written on Coslet and his bibles... but Gem dear -- I didn't read his tripe. That little piece of mine was merely tongue in cheek stuff and entirely fictitious. I'm surprised that such an audience as FAPA let it slip by as fact. Hey ho!

(GMC: What a preposterously foul thing to do to a completist like Coslet! I wonder how many hours he spent trying to make sure you were just kidding, and that there wasn't such an edition he'd overlooked! For that matter, how could anybody but a completist know for certain that there wasn't? There's lots of completists in the world, maybe some even in FAPA -- but Coslet's the only Bible authority here. So who could know it wasn't a fact?)

The last word is on TAFF. By which you might gather that I'm running for the Southgate Event (which surely deserves a capital 'E'). Hence I hope to meet you there. Very slight chance however. Look at the rest of the field. So far four fans have announced for TAFF. Myself, Dave Newman and Bobbie Wild, both of whom did sterling work on the Con Committee, and a fan who, I believe, has won the election before it has even begun, John Berry. Yes, wouldn't you love to have Berry at Southgate? He'd make a perfect rep, I think. He's sure to sweep the field and I'm practically taking bets that he'll clear more votes than the rest of us put together. Take your pick.

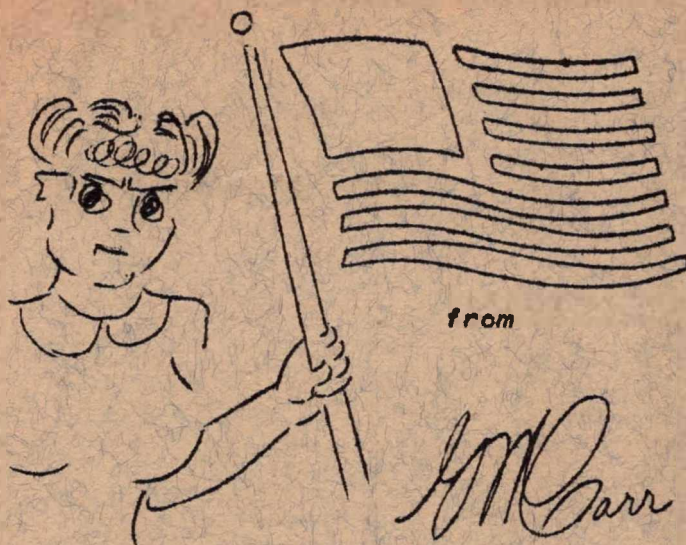
Very bestest,

Cecil, Joan, Oswald &

(GMC: I'll be glad to meet anybody that makes it, but if you really want to know -- I'll pick Norman G. Wansborough for my choice! That's one fan I've got to see to believe!)

/s/ Ron





#### OPEN LETTER TO WALTER A. WILLIS

Walt, in last mailing's PANFANY you said, "Are you satisfied with the TAFF results now the election has been bought (sic!) on your principles? The English fans who subscribed to the Fund aren't." Apparently even before Bob Madle ever set foot in England, you had already decided that he won TAFF unfairly and that, consequently, every Amerifan who voted in the TAFF Campaign shared in his alleged dishonesty by condoning it. What was your reason for jumping to this wholesale condemnation of our ethical integrity?

Later, when Bob Madle came to London and the Britifan had a chance to see for themselves that Bob Madle was not the irresponsible fakefan you tried to make him out to be, but a bona-fide fan entirely eligible for election even tho not a current ampubber, you changed your tune slightly and wrote, "...widespread disagreement which had been expressed earlier in British fandom with the method of voting...were solely towards the possible future abuses of the system itself, not to the present representative..." (SCIENCE FICTION PARADE #6, Conrep by HAN). What reason have you to be so worried about hypothetical "future abuses"?

This "widespread disagreement" you mention -- just exactly how "widespread" is it? I have been receiving quite a number of British fanzines and have been corresponding with quite a few British fans, but, outside of your fanzines, and your letters in other fanzines, I haven't noticed this "widespread disagreement". You have been the one who predicted Amerifans would sell their votes to the highest bidder. It was your idea that US fandom would conspire to let an outsider buy up the election. It was you who was the first (and, as far as I can see, the only one) to raise the clamor that Bob Madle 'bought' his election. You were the one to sneer in PLOY #9 that "...if we're not careful some of these sex-starved Americans will ask for their money back if we don't run the Con like a brothel..." In short, all that I ran across of these alleged "widespread" nasty insinuations and criticisms of the US fans and their handling of TAFF have emanated from nobody else than Mr. Walter A. Willis.

Ever since your attempt to dictate to US fandom how it should conduct our and of the Campaign was opposed, you have displayed an increasing bitterness. I can understand that this problem of establishing a caste system in fandom impinges on a very real and basic difference in social attitude between Europe and America. (See BAITBOX) But here in the US we have the right to decide for ourselves who shall be eligible to run for TAFF and who shall not. It is not up to you nor to any of the rest of European fandom to decide for us whether or not we shall set up restrictive barriers around our tiny segment of fandom, and refuse entrance to other fans who might wish to participate in TAFF merely because they are not ampubbers.

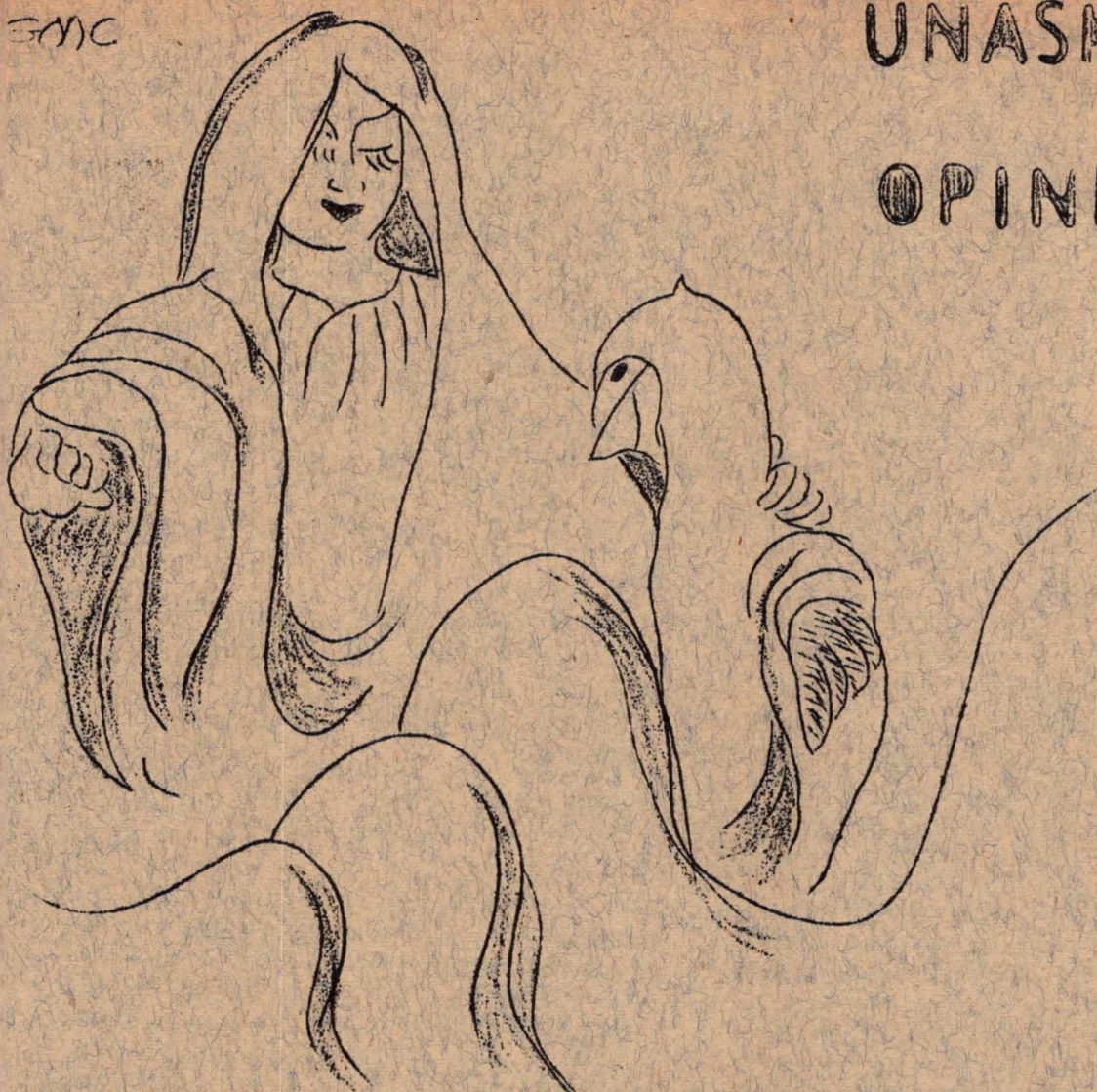
No doubt it was also a blow to your sense of prestige and importance in fandom that you were not able to dictate who should win this election. But the unsportsmanlike way you have acted in expressing your disappointment that your favored candidate did not win, has been a disgrace not only to yourself, but to all of the United Kingdom. Don't you think it is time you apologized for your unfounded accusations and your lack of confidence in the Amerifans? I do!



EMC

UNASKED

OPINION



CLAUSE - H.P. Sanderson. "Joy and Vinç Clarke got the SATURDAY EVENING POST and I read with them, and up to now we have not been taking it too seriously. Should we have done? The latest (to us) issue contains articles like "The Williams Clan" and "The Worst Swindle", an article on Sherry Caldwell. Also "City of Silence" about how the telephone people in some city went on strike for 61 days and you couldn't contact firemen or doctors. This is America?" Yes, it is. As I've said several times already, in my opinion the SATEVEPOST depicts the US both good and bad, rich and poor, intelligent and stupid, with a little slanting in one direction or the other as any publication that I have run across. Yes, we have ruinous strikes and economic injustices, and smart crooks and stupid crooks -- we have graft and corruption among our politicians, and we have honest, dedicated men in politics, too. It is not the truth that is discreditable to the US, in my opinion, but the slanted distortions and dishonest implications which come from slanted reporting of the truth. Harry, why do you suppose I have fulminated so long and so loudly against gangster Union tactics? Just because I liked the sound of my own words? Nonsense -- in this country the Unions have gotten altogether too big for their britches, and it is articles like that one about the City of Silence which point out just exactly what a stranglehold they have... Why do you suppose I've been insisting that our juvenile delinquency problem needs any kind of finger-in-the-dyke censorship it can get? Because I hate people and want to stop them from enjoying themselves? Nonsense -- it is because of gangs like that Sherry Caldwell with his harem of teenage white girls, girls corrupted in childhood by lack of decent environmental conditions. The US has troubles and faults. It has good points, too. The SATEVEPOST reports both sides, that's why I recommend it.



Ted E. White - TRIPLE WHAMMY (She gave me the top-to-toe look that GMCarr might give Elvis Presley" - Woo woo! Presley was in Seattle recently but I didn't get to see him. THE FAN ART FOLIO -- I still think it's a shame that eds like Warner have to do without covers on the fms when you've got all these lying around loose...) TED E. WHITE FOR PRESIDENT - After this campaign platform, if you're not 105% perfect as proxy... rrrrowRR!!! NULL-F "I have challenged you to produce a single 'salacious and sadistic' comic for two mailings now, and not once have you replied to my challenge. I believe your silence is your admission of defeat, and I shall accept it as such." Not so fast, Ted! I didn't answer your preposterous "challenge" because I honestly thought it was merely a bit of rhetorical bombast... I could not believe that anyone could seriously expect me to remember over a period of 20 years anything so ephemeral as the title of an objectionable comic book. However, since you make a point of it, here is part of a report published in 1953 by The Committee on Evaluation of Comic Books, P.O. Box 1486, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. This Committee had 84 trained reviewers who covered over 400 Comics in their survey. The following titles were rated "Very Objectionable" and if you are interested in how they reached their conclusions, you might write to them directly about their findings:

Adventures Into Darkness  
All-Famous Police Cases  
Astonishing  
Baffling Mysteries  
Beware: Terror Tales  
Battle Report  
Black Cat Mystery  
Chamber of Chills  
Chilling Tales  
Crime and Justice  
Crime and Punishment  
Crime Mysteries  
Crime Must Pay The Penalty  
Crime Suspense Stories  
Dark Mysteries  
Dead Eye Western  
Eerie  
Fight Against Crime  
Forbidden Worlds  
Ghost Comics  
Haunt of Fear  
Horrific

Haunted Thrills  
Journey Into Fear  
Justice  
Kaanga Jungle King  
Lawbreakers Suspense Stories  
Lorna The Jungle Queen  
Man Comics  
Mister Mystery  
Mysterious  
Mysterious Adventures  
Mystic  
Shock Suspense Stories  
Shock Mystery  
Spellbound  
Spook  
Spy Cases  
Startling Terror Tales  
Strange Fantasy  
Strange Mysteries  
Strange Tales  
Tales from the Crypt  
Tales of Horror

Terrifying Tales  
Terrors of the Jungle  
This Magazine is Haunted  
Tomb of Terror  
The Beyond  
The Hand of Fate  
The Purple Claw  
The Thing  
The Unseen  
The Vault of Horror  
Uncanny Tales  
Voodoo  
Web of Evil  
Web of Mystery  
Weird Science  
Weird Tales  
Weird Terror  
Whiz Comics  
Witchcraft  
Witches Tales  
Worlds of Fear

I might also recommend that you send for a copy of the Interim Report of the Committee on the Judiciary, Pursuant to S. Res. 89 and S. Res. 190 (83rd Congress) "A Part of the Investigation of Juvenile Delinquency in the United States" printed March 1955, and entitled "84th Congress, Report #62" or get it at your local library. On Page 7 it says, and I quote:

### "III. The Nature of Crime and Horror Comic Books.

"It has been pointed out that the so-called crime and horror comic books of concern to the subcommittee offer short courses in murder, mayhem, robbery, rape, cannibalism, carnage, necrophilia, sex, sadism, masochism, and virtually every other form of crime, degeneracy, bestiality, and horror. These depraved acts are presented and explained in illustrated detail in an array of comic books being bought and read daily by thousands of children. These books evidence a common penchant for violent death in every form imaginable. Many of the books dwell in detail on various forms of insanity and stress sadistic degeneracy. Others are devoted to cannibalism with monsters in human form feasting on human bodies, usually the bodies of scantily clad women." ...I have another full page of comments, but this ought to be enough...

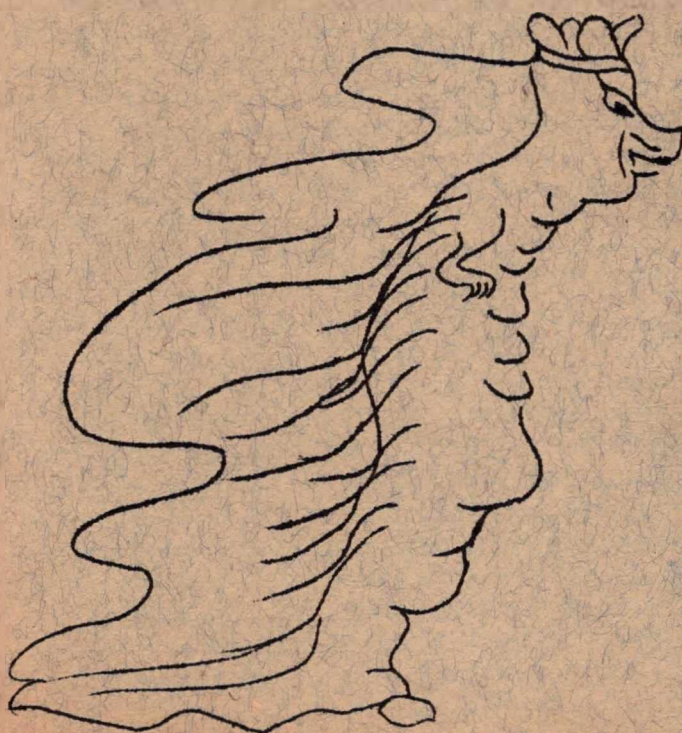


HORIZONS - Harry Warner. "Her bad habit of replying to statements that were never made, and her weird combination of latent liberalism..(and)..hidebound conservatism." Thanks, Harry (and I really mean 'Thanks') those are the first positive statements which have emerged so far as to the things about me which annoy people. Naturally, I am not aware at all of either of them, and, in fact, I doubt that they are true -- but if I give that effect on people, it probably amounts to the same thing. Would you do me a favor, Harry? Every time you see an instance where I am apparently replying to "statements that were never made" would you make a note of it and point it out to me? For several years now, I have been very carefully quoting verbatim the statements which are the basis for my comments, just to make certain that I do not misquote or misconstrue what was actually said. But if I am slipping up on this precaution occasionally, perhaps having it pointed out to me might enable me to overcome the habit. Of course, you might discover that actually I am replying to statements that were indeed made, but which slipped unnoticed until I caught them and replied to what they actually said instead of what was carelessly assumed that they said.... I would like very much to have this point clarified because it does seem to come up so often -- and not only with me. Take, for instance, WAW's outrageous charge that I suggested "non-FAPAns shouldn't be allowed to have contributions in FAPA" when I have never suggested any such thing, in fact, have repeatedly urged just the contrary -- that more use be made of guest contribution privileges, especially as it affects husbands and wives!! As to my weird combination of latent liberalism and hidebound conservatism, that's merely my own sweet little schizophrenic mentality peeping through. With true feminine logic, I make up my own opinions to suit my own thinking processes, and if the combination of liberalism/conservatism makes the by-stander dizzy -- so much the better! Girls like to keep the boys guessing -- even after they get to be Grandmothers! "What's ticklish about the question of public school buses for parochial school students," you ask, "Would you permit the parochial students to walk into the public schools and help themselves to the books and the paper and the slide projector?" Well, why not? Parochial students' parents pay taxes just like any other US citizen, and it was the money out of these parents pockets that bought the paper and the books and the slide projectors in question. Parochial children have every bit as much right to receive benefits from the public school funds as the public school students do, and if their parents are willing to assume the additional expense of supporting a parochial school system in addition to the public school system just to make sure that their kids get a better type of education than the State is willing to give them, it does not in any way remove the State's responsibility to those children. I've often thought it would serve a lot of selfish-minded citizens right if the Catholics should close down their schools for just one year, and dump their hundreds of thousands of privately educated students into the already overcrowded public schools. Let some of these carping critics get a taste of what it feels like to assume the burden the Catholics have been carrying in addition to the support of the public schools which comes out of their pockets just the same as everybody else's. Last year alone, Catholics paid \$14,000,000.00 to provide their children with an education which would include character training as well as scholastic values. It is a point worth bringing out that there are no "Blackboard Jungles" in Catholic schools, and the scholastic standards are frequently a great deal more thorough than in the equivalent public school grades. (This I saw with my own eyes here in Seattle, where there was a TV program which featured teams of schoolkids competing in Spelling and Quizz contests. The Catholic teams usually showed up the public schools, and it wasn't only in knowledge, either. The kids had poise and manners as well as a good grasp of the subject matter. For that matter, the very worst showing of any school that I happened to see, was made by one of our newest "showplace" public schools -- a modern school with advanced and progressive methods. Being around Thanksgiving time, the Quizz covered material having to do with American traditions, Puritans, etc. These kids from the much-vaunted "new" school did not even recognize the names of Miles Standish and John Alden! There might have been some excuse if Catholic children had failed to recognize the names/Puritans, but the parochial students knew the answers even if their equivalents in one of the city's finest new schools didn't!) In my opinion, so long as the State has a law on



its books requiring that children attend school and providing funds for their education, and so long as the Catholics comply with the standards and curricula as set up in the law (as they do anyway, in order to maintain their accredited standing) it seems to me that Catholic children are entitled to their share of these funds. So long as the State provides aids for the public school children in their studies in the matter of books and papers and school busses and slide projectors out of the public tax money, then I think the Catholic children should be every bit as much entitled to these benefits as the public-school children. Perhaps even more so, since the Catholic children aren't costing anywhere near as much out of the public tax funds as the public schoolkids. Not by \$14,000,000.00 annually. Why shouldn't they ride on tax-supported school busses when it is their parents who are paying the taxes! Re Captive women: "But why...should their nails be pared?" Giggle... Harry, your naivete about women is incredible! How a man can be so erudite when it comes to figuring out the consequences of so-and-so or such-and-such in tying up a <sup>male</sup> captive, and then not be able to figure out why slave-dealers are advised to pare the female's claws when they prepare to deal with kicking, scratching, biting, snarling and otherwise resentful female slaves.... Boy, you really MUST have lived a hermit's existence! I suppose I shall again incur the wrath of all right-minded JAPans if I ask you if you have never attempted -- no, I guess I'd better not. Somebody might turn around and ask ME how come I know so much about it! Giggle. But I can't help thinking, "Harry, when it comes to women, you sure are dumb!" (And I don't mean speechless...)

GASP #12 - Ger Steward. I note you quote a line from the song, "Diana" -- ie, "I'm so young and you're so old..." A disk jockey here in Seattle said that Paul Anka is 16 years old and wrote, composed, played and sang the song on the pop disk that's hitting the top 40 down here. I don't vouch for the truth of the statement -- but that's what the man said. However, every time I hear the record I think it would be a natural for a setting in a Museum, with this kid doing a Pygmalion for a marble statue of the goddess (and maybe being rewarded with lifelong success in the love life department thereafter). As a love ditty to any living female, however, I agree it probably wins the leather medal for the most tactless wooing of the year.



MOONSHINE - Stan Woolston. Look, Stan, why don't you and Len take WAW's "No" for an answer and stop pressing him? Does he have to spell it out for you that maybe he does not want any more free trips to the US? Walter A. Willis is/was a sensitive man with a very touchy sense of pride -- and he's been actifanning beaverishly for the past five years trying to "pay off" some imaginary, self-imposed "debt to fandom" as a result of the trip to Chicago in 1952. Now that he's finally lifted this arbitrary obligation he assumed, and has reached the point where at last he feels free to speak his mind and say what he really thinks of the United States and the Amerifans, I don't think you could tempt him to accept another free gift if you crawled on your belly from here to Belfast to give it to him! Why not let the man do his own travelling? If he wants to attend Southgate in 1958 badly enough, he'll figure out a way to get there like the rest...

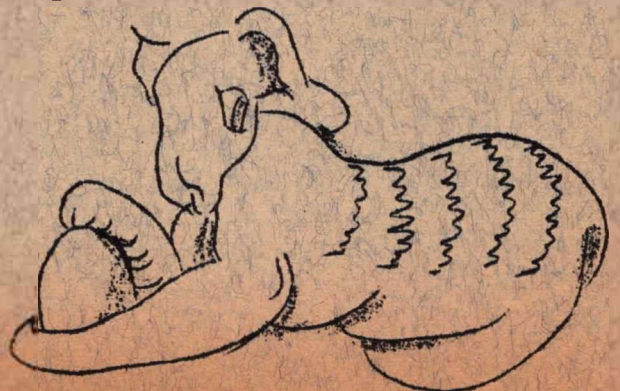


REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST; CELEPHAIS - Bill Evans. Thanks for that article on Seabury Quinn. He's one of my favorite memories from WEIRD TALES. I wrote once and asked the publisher if there was any chance of getting Quinn anthologized like the Northwest Smith and Jirel of Jolry tales, but it seems Quinn isn't interested -- or else asks too much. The story "Roads" (mentioned in the article) is also one of my favorite Christmas pieces -- a real tearjerker! In fact, for years now I have made an annual perusal of certain favorites as an antidote for the nauseous shopping-spree advertising on all sides, and "Roads" has joined "Miracle on 34th Street" as additions to Dickens' Christmas stories which for many years served as my mainstay for getting in the mood. Re the Catholic censorship, I think you answered yourself when you said, "I can see that quite a few businessmen would back water if they were threatened with an unofficial, whispering-type boycott by members of the Church. And, since it would be unofficial, the Church would have no official stand on the matter. (I've seen the Methodists pull this, too.)" In Seattle we had a very good example recently of this very thing. There are about 3000 or more members in our Parish, all of them bound under pain of mortal sin to attend church every Sunday. In order to accomodate all these people, the masses extend from 8:00 AM to noon. The Supermarket on the corner used to do a thriving business on Sunday mornings, when these thousand or so families would drop in after Church to pick up the week's groceries, and all morning long the parking lot was as busy with cars pulling in and out every hour as any day in the week. But then someone (I don't know who) started a movement to enforce the Sunday-closing laws which have been on the Blue-Laws for years, but so generally ignored that most people did not even know they existed. All the Christians got behind this movement; Catholic and Protestant alike, and even some frankly Jewish establishments began to show banners stating "This store closed Sundays in honor of Family Day". Our Parish Priest put up a good plea to his people to go along with this movement, both as good Christians and as good citizens, and to refrain from any shopping on Sunday that could possibly be done during the week. Well, you can imagine what happened. The parking lot down at the Supermarket was suddenly empty on Sunday mornings, and the few employee's cars stood out like a pimple on a debutante's nose... Nobody molested the stores; nobody tossed bricks in their windows nor had them arrested. They merely stopped buying on Sunday and did the week's buying on Saturday evening instead. By 9:00 PM you couldn't find a head of lettuce or a fresh stalk of celery in the entire vegetable counter, and the shelves looked like a sudden famine had struck. After about 4 or 5 weeks of this, they got the point and voluntarily closed on Sundays because there wasn't enough business to pay the wages. But you should have seen the loud screams that emanated from the letter columns of the newspapers! People screamed at not being able to pick up a loaf of bread or a quart of milk on Sunday morning as though they were being deprived of their civil liberty! They accused the Churches (not just the Catholics, this time, but the Christian people generally) of dictatorship and censorship and every kind of injustice. As though the good people of the community had closed the stores at gun's point! But actually, this was only what you, yourself, advocated when you said, "If the Catholics are so interested in keeping only those of their faith from...something, why not just say so - and all good Catholics will stay away!" I cannot see that any stretch of logic or sound reasoning, Bill, can blame the good citizens of a community (whatever their religion might be) who do not want their children contaminated for not maintaining a plague-spot where other people's children can. If decent, conscientious citizens believe that any particular form of reading matter is unfit for their own children to read, is it reasonable to expect them to let it lie around where the kids can get at it -- whether it is their own children or somebody else's? Public morality and Civic Responsibility are real and genuine things, whether they are popular with the immoral and irresponsible or not. It is much better for the health of a community that it should go overboard on the strict side in these matters than the other way around. It is much easier to corrupt a decent community than it is to clean up a corrupt one. Re "Egghead": No, I do not distrust genuine knowledge -- only the imitation variety. I am not afraid of the truth -- very early in my life I determined that if a thing is true, nothing can overthrow it. If it is not true, why bother to believe it? What purpose is there in deceiving yourself, or in clinging to a lie? What I have against the "egghead" is the



same thing as most of FAPA has against the fugged religionist who blindly insists on some particular tenet of his belief which has nothing of truth in it, nor any evidence of fact to back it up. In my definition, an "egghead" is a pseudo-intellectual who has soaked up more education than his brains can handle, consequently he is spouting ideas which have no basis either in truth or in fact, but is merely the same type of wishful thinking which makes a fugged religionist cling to some fuzzy tenet of faith that he doesn't understand himself much less be able to put over to someone else. If he did understand it, he would realize that he had muddled it so badly that whatever truth was in it originally had been squeezed out of it long ago.... if the Egghead were really an intellectual, he would stick with the truth no matter where it led. But the Communist political party and the Communist 'dialectic materialism' have no truth in them, and anyone who blindly prattles the Party Line is no more deserving of respect for his intelligence (no matter how great his erudition) than a religious fanatic who insists the world is flat because "it's in the Book!" As to your question about Catholic 'godspeaks': Bill, I think you overlook the fact that some of the brainiest men in history have been Catholic theologians. Whenever a new philosophical concept has come along, these men examined it. If Catholic students wish to examine a subject, the Church suggests that they read what the Catholic scholars have to say about it, instead of merely swallowing hook, line and sinker what every plausible non-Catholic philosopher may offer. It is a naive fallacy, largely protestant in origin, that every human being is just as smart as everybody else. The Catholic philosophy does not think so. In fact, if anything, they tend to think the other way: They realize that some people are smarter than others, and they consider it is better to be guided by people who have proved themselves to be highly intelligent until you may have proved yourself to have the intellectual stamina to decide matters for yourself, then it is to assume blindly that you are just as smart as the next guy without any real proof that you are. It is just possible that you aren't, you know. The stupider a person is (not you personally, Bill, but human beings in general) the more likely he is to resent guidance. A real 'Brain' is only too glad to learn all there is to know before it decides to venture off on its own... Haven't you noticed how odd it is that whereas almost everybody will recognize how necessary it is to depend on the accumulated knowledge of other men when it comes to the physical sciences, in the realm of philosophy and religion they seem to think they can figure out all the answers to God and the Universe by their little own lonesome, without listening to what anybody else has discovered? Take for instance your simile of the prospector looking for gold: "It's like telling a prospector that a certain area is the only place to look for gold, since that is the only place you have found it; it may be that over the range there is a much bigger Klondike field." Bill, a smart prospector will study up on geology and rock formation and learn all he can about where gold would most likely be found and under what geological conditions. Only a very stupid one would refuse all advice and go looking for it in a place where any geologist could have told him it would not be. And even a moderately smart prospector would rather take the advice of an old timer who has found gold than of one that hasn't.... Maybe there's an undiscovered Klondike on the other side of the range and maybe there isn't. But if the fellow who says there is no likelihood of finding gold there happens to be a geologist that's just returned from examining the strata, it would have to be a very stupid prospector that would go off looking anyway..... (especially if the reason for his refusal is because he just bought a map from a slick-talking stranger showing the "lost Lode of the Incas" or such.)

KEMERD - Eney. Peace be on You! I forgive all your snide remarks for the pleasure you have given me by publishing those delightful illustrations JeanYoung & Rotsler did for those asinine Aptitude Test questions Jack Harness submitted. Don't know if I mentioned it before, but those illos seem to be the perfect answer for anything so foolish as the questions were... If anything, the illos gave meaning to the meaningless.





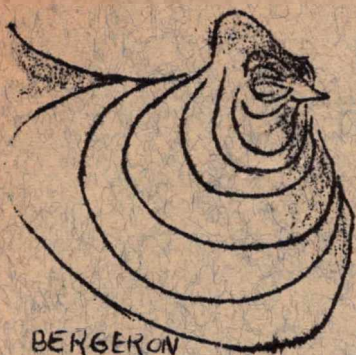
LARK/STEPHANTASY - Bill Danner. "There can be no liberty on earth while men worship a tyrant in heaven." - Ingersoll, via Disciple Danner. Judging by the frequency with which he quotes this, it must be a sort of Article of Faith with Bill. Actually, I think Ingersoll had a point there -- but probably not the point that Bill is trying to make. I think one of the most pathetic failures of the human intellect (and one of the clearest evidences of its finite limitations) is this inability to comprehend that God is not a human being! Humans pride themselves on being made in "the image of God" but that does not mean they are any more indicative of the entire Nature of God than the black and white shadows of a snapshot are indicative of the complexity of the living being whose image they form. But in spite of the obvious, people persist in attributing to Deity these human characteristics they find most admirable in themselves. Sensualists persist in depicting Gods and Goddesses for the glorification of their own sensuality; the childish persist in their infantile longings for the protection of the Perfect Parent. The warlike worship an aggressive Leader-Image -- and the bullies and would-be tyrants transfer their frustrated desire to tyrannize over others to an Idealized Tyrant that can succeed in imposing His Will where they cannot impose theirs. Apparently Bill falls into this latter category -- albeit in reverse -- and the only concept of God which it is possible for him to imagine is that concept of a Super Tyrant against which Ingersoll so loudly fulminated. It is quite true that so long as human beings worship a Tyrant in heaven, there can be no liberty on earth.... but not because of the Tyrant they postulate! No. It is because of the intolerance and hatred in their own hearts which makes this Ideal of Tyranny seem like God to them. God exists -- but it is only human beings that make a Tyrant of Him. (Mailing 79)

TERRA WELCOMES YOU Norman G. Mansborough. One of the things I asked of Wally Weber when he went to London, was to be sure and look up Norman G. so he could tell me what ails the guy that he persists in turning out such lousy fanzines in spite of the loud objections and the vigorous panning he gets. Wally's report on the London Convention is enclosed in this mailing -- including a picture of Norman G. (Inside back cover) But Wally's report does not give the whole picture. The way I heard it, Norman has a physical difficulty of coordination which makes it extremely difficult for him to turn out good work even if he had good equipment to work with. Also, there is a certain lack of encouragement at home (a difficulty a lot of other fans have experienced from mundane families -- in this case, his mother) and the only way he can occasionally turn out an acceptable, or at any rate legible, bit of mimeoing is by hiring it done. This can be expensive. Wally also reports that Norm is a quiet and inoffensive fan, who quietly disappears from the edge of a group when he sees his presence isn't adding anything -- which shows a rare quality of circumspection seldom found in fandom. Altogether, Wally's report (the way I heard it, at any rate, which was via Toskey on the telephone) was highly sympathetic and favorable to Norman G. and probably explains why he hasn't been blasted out of British fandom long before this because of the lousiness of his mailing contributions. I'm glad to hear there is a reason other than sheer stubbornness. If a fan simply can't do any better than he does, I guess we can forgive him and applaud him for keeping on trying.

LE MOINDRE #8 - Boyd Raeburn. Enjoyed your little fable about the Family That Didn't Have A TV Set. Your quote: "Do men ever rape female gorillas?" set up a line of query which is rather perplexing to the female mind, ie, why would anyone want to? Would any human male be strong enough to? If so, why bother? Wouldn't a genuine, consenting, old-fashioned seduction be more sporting to the gorilla (gorillless!)? What would be the object, anyway? Pleasure? (Ugh!) a baby Humilla (or would it be a 'Gor. man'? ) If the latter, why not use artificial insemination? What brought up the subject, anyway? -- By now you must be home from your trip to England and I hope you got back in time to put a conrep in this mailing... I'll be looking forward to your impressions of the people you met and the things you saw.







BIRDSMITH - Vernon L. McCain. Enjoyed your comments on ancestry, genetics, obstetrics, medicine, advertising and The Reporter. Maybe it was the anti-McCarthy flavor of that particular issue which riled me so -- I admired McCarthy for his courage while he was alive and I deplore his untimely demise. There are not so many men of courage and conviction in this country that we can afford to squander them recklessly by hounding any that dares to emerge from the mass of anonymity. Re your comments on cancer: I've often wondered what my reaction would be if I discovered it in myself. As of my present frame of mind, I think I would make every reasonable effort to cure it, but if the chances of cure were less than 50-50 I think

I'd rather just go home and make the best of my remaining days. The idea of waiting endlessly in doctors' offices, of stuffy consultation rooms, of messy treatments and de-humanizing drugs does not appeal to me. I'd rather die in dignity than be kept alive in helpless invalidism. In fact, I think all this debate about "Euthanasia" which keeps bobbing up could be settled very easily if the Doctors would stop trying so hard to prolong the existence of the incurables. It is one thing to deliberately administer poisons to kill a patient, but it is entirely different merely to stop working so hard to keep them alive....

IBIDEN #4 - P. Howard Lyons. Re your mention of the dogma of the Assumption: Not yet being a full fledged Catholic, I can admit to some perplexity with regard to the conflicting traditions surrounding it. I have never yet seen a clear-cut statement of the reasoning which led to this proclamation. Presumably if such a statement has been published, the editors of the Catholic papers I have run across have not considered it sufficiently important for their readers to know to bother with publishing it themselves. Actually, the traditions regarding the Assumption that I have run across, have been so conflicting as to be almost mutually exclusive -- even the age of Our Lady at the time of her death (or 'dormition', according to one version) varies. One has it 66 years old, the other 72. One version has her buried in a coffin which was "dug up" and opened within a few days of her death -- at which time it was discovered to be empty of a body but filled with flowers. The other version has it that she was buried in a cave which was opened about 300 years later and discovered to be empty, although the outer seals were intact. Actually, these discrepancies do not bother me very much -- if at all. Since I do not know any of the details, and have no possible way of finding them out, there is no obligation on my part to determine from the evidence whether or not such an event actually did take place. Therefore, I merely suspend disbelief and take their word for it that they do have evidence to support their claim. After all -- why should I call them liars? I was not there so I have no first-hand, factual information to prove that it was not true, and merely because a thing seems highly improbable is no proof that it did not occur.

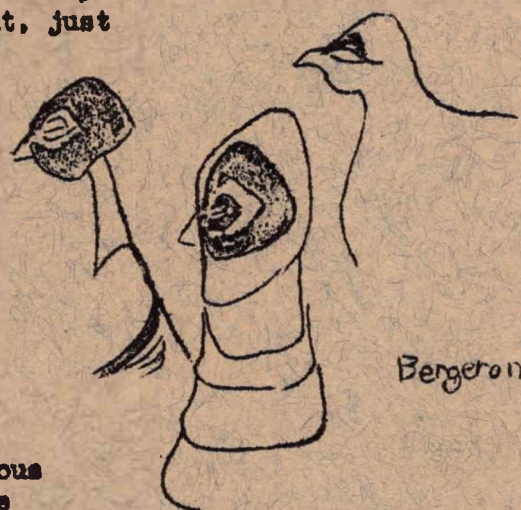
POINT OF NO RETURN - David Rike. "By the way, I'm curious: have you ever read the Catholic Worker? It's put out by a bunch of Catholic Anarchists, uh, anarcho-pacifists." Yes, copies have appeared in the Church vestibule from time to time, but the members objected so strongly to it that I haven't seen any copies for quite some time. You know, Dave, in the face of the Church's tolerance of this radical element among the Catholics, I cannot see how in the world non-Catholics can cling to their stubborn notion that the Church "regiments" Catholic politics. Actually, nothing could be farther from the truth! Take even so obvious an example as McCarthy mentioned above -- for every Catholic that came out in favor of him, there was another Catholic of equal ecclesiastic standing to come out in protest against him! Catholics vote the way they choose -- sometimes husbands and wives cancel each other's vote by one voting Democratic, the other Republican, just as in non-Catholic families. The often-repeated charge that Catholics "vote in a bloc" is a downright lie, because Catholics are no more likely to vote "in a bloc" than any other group -- the American Legion, or the Labor Unions, or even the P.T.A! It is only in matters of religion that the Catholic is obliged to accept the word of the Church. His politics is his own affair.



TYKE - Jack Harness. "...if Dame Carr is going to call the Germans 'industrious' and the British 'apathetic'..." Is that a sample of the raise in your IQ produced by Scientology? Since when does publishing an article about economic conditions in Europe and asking for confirmation of the statements therein, constitute the same identical thing as having made the observations myself? Surely you are not so mentally befuddled by your Scientological studies that you cannot discriminate between a reprinted article and an editorial comment...or are you? ##"Is it true that in Ireland, if you miss even one Mass, you will be instantly consumed in hellfire? I've heard about this.. Apparently you've heard about it with about the same degree of inaccuracy as the rest of the misinformation you peddle. But if you really want to know, here it is: One of the stipulations of the Catholic Church is that all Catholics -- no matter where they live, Ireland or anywhere else -- are bound under pain of mortal sin to attend Mass every Sunday unless they have an adequate excuse (such as not being physically able to get there). Another doctrine states that any person who dies in a state of unrepented mortal sin goes directly to hell. Therefore, a combination of deliberate refusal to attend Mass on Sunday and an unrepentant death, would result in "being instantly consumed in hellfire" whether the Catholic was in Ireland or not. The deciding factor for damnation would not be merely missing a Mass -- it would be the defiant refusal to show love and obedience to God by even so minor a gesture as going to church on Sunday, plus the stubborn persistence in that defiance which culminated in final unrepentance. The Church holds that God does not condemn any person to damnation except by his own will, which is fair enough. If any human being is fool enough to insist on his own damnation, nobody is going to stop him -- not even God. Which, boiled down to its bare essentials, is a definition of still another Christian doctrine, "Free Will". What comparable tenet does Scientology offer, Rev. Harness -- besides a mythical 50-point raise in IQ which, judging from your example, might possibly bring the intelligence up to the point of being able to read, but not necessarily up to the point of being able to understand what is being read! ##"Poor Daddy isn't able to make each story telling new, in present time, because he has attention all stuck on the first time he told it." This statement is sheer foolishness. Unless a story is being read aloud from a book, or recited by rote from a memorized version, "Daddy" wouldn't be able to prevent each story telling from being 'new', ie, different from the others. Just try telling a couple of pre-kindergartners a bedtime story they are accustomed to hearing read aloud. Change one word, alter one episode, and they know it. Sometimes they enjoy a variation, sometimes they do not. But in any event, it is impossible to repeat even a simple bedtime story without changing it slightly each time. That is fact. Your statement, therefore, is not based on actual behavior but on some arbitrary theory which presumes that "Daddy" is "stuck" in "time" -- whatever that is! Possibly you were attempting to say something entirely different from what you did say -- which is that Daddy always tells the story the same way as he did the first time he told it, an obvious impossibility unless memorized by rote. But if so, why not say exactly what you meant? Or is your thinking so hopelessly sloppy that you are not able to? Has your Scientological gobbledy-gook made you lose all contact with the generally understood meanings of words? ## "If you are Devil-may-care, ask him to look at the area and by degrees to turn it pure white. Try this on the kids, Ray, and let me know how it works." I see that you are still making a big thing of it that Scientology has discovered "Healing" via auto-suggestion. This is as old as Witchcraft, Jack, and the theological woods are full of it... True, a well developed technique for auto-suggestion would be a handy thing to have on tap for use in emergencies. So would a lot of other dangerous things -- such as a trunkload of TNT in case you wanted to crack a safe in a hurry. But fooling around with auto-suggestion is just as dangerous as driving around with a load of explosives and it is nothing for amateurs to be fooling with. Even when they've paid a hundred bucks for a rectangle of imitation sheepskin that says they're a "Reverend". Before you go bragging about your Scientological healing, why not check into the results an African witchdoctor gets with his Mumbo-Jumbo...or a Christian Science Practitioner...or Orval Roberts...or even the Grotto at Lourdes?



RAMBLING PARS, etc. - Gred Calkins. Now, there's a survey that makes sense! I got a kick out of filling it out, just from some of the suppositions presented -- would I accept a \$25,000 per year job on the moon if offered? -- You mean there's anybody that wouldn't? On the other hand, I hope those resolutions failed to pass. This business of pushing the members around is getting out of hand. Sure, I'm all in favor of a modified "get tough" policy that will eliminate genuine deadwood -- those fringe members who regularly coast along on their 8 page minimum requirements and make no effort to participate in FAPA activity; or one that will protect the group by screening known objectionables from the Waiting List -- but trying to censor the material submitted by conscientious members like Coslet (who hasn't missed a mailing more than a few times since I've known him) merely because his interests in fanning do not happen to coincide with the interests of some of the other members, is sheer injustice!



ALIF - Karen Anderson. If this trend toward censorship of members' material on the basis of reader-interest continues, it looks as though Karen might be next in line after Coslet and Meyers and Wansborough! So long as all that was required of the members was that they toss into the mailings enough material to fill up the activity requirements, without indicating any particular interest in FAPA itself or participating in any way in its current bull-sessions, this type of chatter was entirely acceptable... But now, I dunno... Looks as tho Karen may be headed for the axe -- no mailing comments, you know. No egoboo for Eney and Warner and Danner et al. Just talking about what she finds interesting... tak, tak! (There was egoboo for me, so I'm not kicking..!)

ANALYSIS - Ray Shaffer. I liked this new format, or new system of mailing comments, or whatever you may call it. Greater sense of completeness, somehow. Two marginal notations: 1, re "Big Ball of Wax" by Shepherd Mead. Just finished reading this (ran across it by accident, not knowing it was stf) and am surprised it has not been more widely publicized in fan-circles. Best thing of its kind since "Mr. Adam", to my notion. 2., re the Simple Life: Only the extremely rich and the extremely poor can afford the luxury of stripping life down to its bare essentials -- the rich, because they have no need to strive for possessions, they already have all there is to have... and the very poor because they do not know any more than they have, and so long as they have enough to eat and enjoy the physical comforts of rest and warmth they have all they can hope to attain. But for the vast majority of mankind, this so-called "Simple Life" is far too hard to come by -- as you point out, so long as we know about luxuries and attainable ease, we are always faced with the frustrating decision of whether to reach out for them, or to settle for what we know is only second best.... By the way, just ran across an item in the paper today that the Government confiscated and burned a half a million pills from the Hoxey Clinic on the grounds that they were "worthless". Seems rather odd that the US Government should let itself up to decide what kind of medicine can be used in the treatment of any disease.... What price "censorship" here?

CONTACT - Jan Jansen. Glad to see you are recuperating without permanent ill effect. Will be looking forward to hearing more later.

QABAL FIVE - Dean A. Grennell. Enjoyed immensely, but nothing sparks a comment....



A FANZINE FOR SUSAN MARGARET - Jean Young. I suppose I'm going to break another affinity (see BAITBOX) by the following, but I think it should be said so I'm going to say it and let the splinters fall where they may. Jean, when you dropped SUNDANCE into TAPA several Mailings ago, you displayed an editorial personality as light and charming as sun dancing on the water... Since then, you have displayed less and less of your own individuality, and an increasing dependence on Lee Hoffman Shaw's, until now you have reached the utter absurdity of this blatantly imitative "FANZINE FOR SUSAN MARGARET". If this fanzine had any significance for Susan Margaret, it should have stayed in the nursery with her. The only thing that saves it from being an outright characature of a Leehzine is that it so obviously results from a schoolgirlish "crush". It simply reeks of affectation. Leeh has probably suffered from more cruddy imitations of her editorial style than any Big Name in fandom. It seems almost inevitable that when a neo decides to put out The Perfect Fanzine in his #1 issue, he patterns it after a Leehzine -- which at least shows that he knows a good thing when he sees it. But you have no such excuse, because you have already proved that you are a capable fanzine editor in your own right. You do not need to imitate Leeh's fnz for lack of any style of your own. You are Jean Young of SUNDANCE, remember?

PAMPHREY - Walter A. Willis. I'm not surprised to see that you cannot endure to read the SATEVEPOST without wanting to join the Communist Party... It has been quite evident for some time that the only way you can stand to look at the US is via the Medusa's mirror of satire. It is no coincidence that about the only thing American that fills you with enthusiasm is POGO --(a satire on one portion of the US which is poorer and more backward economically than anywhere else)-- and our science fiction which eternally proclaims the importance of the planet over any one small portion of it. And it is easy enough to see why you should prefer the bitterly slanted diatribes of a publication like The Reporter, since it merely says for you the things you have been too polite to say for yourself. But to consider The Reporter a "credit to" the US -- that's going just too far, unless you mean it is a credit to the United States to permit that kind of publication to flourish without suppression or Governmental interference! Just in case you do not happen to know the background on the magazine, here is a newspaper item from the Seattle POST INTELLIGENCER of Sept. 11, 1957, commenting on the disclosure of Communist spies in high diplomatic circles here in the US:

"...Alfred and Martha Stern are notoriously bad actors. One exploit alone in New York soon after the war planted a Red flag on his name in every worthwhile newspaper morgue in the country. In that job, Stern financed and personally led a "march" on Albany with a housing emergency for his pretext and, with his henchmen, "occupied" the legislative chambers. This was an ineffective but pointed demonstration of communist contempt for the sovereignty of the state... Stern's first wife was Julius Rosenwald's daughter, Marion. She divorced him 20 years ago and married that lucky fellow Max Ascoli, a refugee from Italy who soon got going with a liberal propaganda magazine called The Reporter. Both Marion, loaded with dough, and Max, contribute to the political fronts operated from a lair in the Waldorf Tower by Arthur J. Goldsmith."

PHLOTSAM - Phyllis Economou. "You meet the most interesting people travelling" -- There seems to be something about the anonymous intimacy of traveling that causes people to pour their hearts out to complete strangers, merely to while away the tedium of travel. Personally, I try to avoid conversations with strangers and instead content myself with watching them... Re the Young Widow who refused to remarry (to the consternation of her brother and friends) -- what is so horrifying at the thought of voluntary celibacy? I have noticed time and again the emotional rejection which seems to be evoked at any suggestion that it is not necessary for human adults to indulge regularly in coitus. In fact, it is not necessary at all -- but the mere thought of such a thing seems to touch off a frenzy of frustration out of all proportion. Just notice your own reaction to this paragraph, isn't it so?

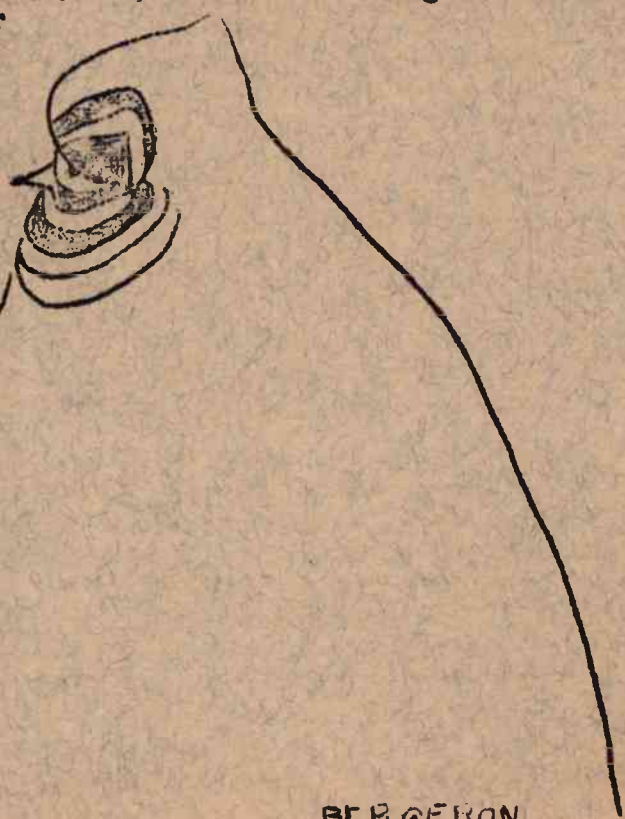


**SAMBO** - Sam Martinez. Apparently a pseudonym for Ron Parker, judging by the contents. "Since I am also producing a large percentage of this SAMBO via my mimeograph" -- if this be mimeograph, it surely has a beautiful color! Maybe somebody ought to persuade Bill Clyde to do a repeat performance on "What's The Difference" only this time show Mimeo and Ditto instead of Mama and Daddy....

**PHANTASY PRESS** - Dan McPhail. The oddest thing about this recent upsurge of trading stamps is that, as you say, "Trading Stamps are here to stay" and apparently always have been.... I remember when I was a kid in first grade how I enjoyed sticking the green stamps in the book for mother (in fact, I can still summon up eidetic recall of the crookedly placed stamps as contrasted to the even alignment of the pages mother pasted...) Funny thing, tho, how the books would disappear just when I had one almost filled up -- I never could figure out what happened to them! And to think that now, after all these years, I should find out that in all probability she turned them in for "prizes"! Well -- we live and learn. Your mention of Farnsworth Wright's loss of his ayjay collection reminds me that this widow (who used to be a Librarian at the U of W and was one of the charter members of our local fanclub The Nameless Ones) told us that his entire file of WEIRD TALES was ruined by a flooded storage compartment... Water got into the mags and pulped them hopelessly. Seems as though the very elements conspired against him: Water, fire, earth(quake) -- wonder what damage the air has done to him? Any tornado damage?

**SHAWZINES**, etc... The comments on CHOOG 2-6 (all 6 pages of them) I sent directly to the Shaws -- if they cared to let anyone else see them, no doubt they did as they saw fit. CHOOG 2-5 about the Folkmusic was well written and very entertaining. I enjoy the L. Shaw comments because they are so obviously the result of a genuine first-hand hobby, but I do confess to an impulse to yawn when I pick up all the imitation Shawzines that prattle away in obvious mimicry. Is it my imagination, or has anyone else noticed the increasingly 'clique-y' effect of the east-coastzines? I gather the impression that the Shaws, Youngs, White, Harness, Eney et al are turning their attention in on themselves in somewhat the manner of those eminent Bostonians of whom it was said, "The Lowells speak only to Cabots, and the Cabots speak only to God..." It was bad enough when the Califen were continually giggling over their own private jokes without bothering to let the rest of us in on it....

**UNIMAILING** - Terry Carr. Received in time to be included in the Mailing comments, but unfortunately they spark no comments to include! However, I want to ask Terry if he is any relation to one Terry Carr who was a movie producer about 30 years ago? The reason I ask is that I saw the name as producer of a genuine corn-ball of a Western recently released over TV and placed the date by the heroine's dress, a jazzy number with the waistline down at mid-thigh and pleats from there on down to her kneecap. I had one just like it when my son was born... Hot stuff back in those days... I hear that Paris is bringing back the shapeless 'sack dress' of the late 20's... That was one of the most hideous dress styles ever invented and I never expected to see the day it would return!



BERGERON



TARGET FAPA - Eney. "What they're doing is deliberately attempting to uproot the things you recognize as Religion and Art and suchlike and replace them with their own versions of the same thing." I wonder how many FAPAns read the Hearstpaper column of Pearl Mesta's visit to Russia. I believe it was Mesta who mentioned the shrines to Lenin which are now being set up in the major cities. Each is a replica of the same room, complete with identical table, chair, cot, open book, et. that Lenin was supposed to have occupied. Interesting also to note that the most insidious attraction Communism holds for the intellectual is the element of religious idealism...

DAY\*STAR; OU SONT LES NIEGES...- M.Z.Bradley. "Japanese are quite, or at least nearly as intelligent as white Americans -- probably below Utah and ahead of the South. I speak of the average, of course." (Richard Ashman). Statements like this give me a severe pain in the pre-judice-pot! From the evidence available to me, I'd say the Japanese are every bit as intelligent as white Americans, if not a darn sight more so! The school records of comparative grades between white and Japanese children show the latter crowding the top, and the history of the Japanese people show a much higher type of civilization than we have every achieved, for all of our TVs and Automobiles and gadgets galore! I do not think, MZB, that "cheap and simple" contraceptives are the answer to the problem of the fecundity of the lower IQ females and the non-fecundity of the higher IQ women. If anything, it is the other way around than the way you put it.... It is the smart women that have avoided childrearing and its fatigue, whereas the women of the so-called "lower classes", ie those who have neither the facilities for avoiding conception nor any particular incentive for doing so (inasmuch as they are working to capacity anyway and an extra child or two doesn't make any difference one way or another while they are little, and may mean extra hands and help when they are larger), probably wouldn't bother to use them if they had any. I do not think any amount of contraceptives will provide the answer to a better genetic strain. I think it will have to come from a cold blooded, enlightened self interest which will refrain from coddling the weaklings and will encourage the fit to reproduce. Neither do I think the surgical intervention, such as arbitrary sterilization of the lower IQ, will provide the answer. I think just refraining from interfering with the balance of nature by letting the weak die out naturally will work just as well. Did you happen to notice John Campbell's editorial on 'exploding cultures'? I find it interesting to note that this emphasis on contraceptives and the avoidance of the discomforts of pregnancy on the part of those women smart enough to do it was also a part of the exploding culture of Ancient Rome and Greece. A sort of symptom of rot setting in in the moral fiber of the nation...



PHOSPHOR - Jack Speer. Well, this is the most frustrating part about a fanzine like PHOSPHOR: There are 19 marginal notations on which I wish to comment -- each of them good for a page in itself! How can I pick and choose? Which shall I answer and which omit? As sure as I do make a choice and reply to one, Jack'll come back and accuse me of an "amazing ability not to hear arguments that hurt your position"!! Actually, I DO hear arguments that have some bearing on my "position" -- but the majority of comments do not really have any bearing on the argument, but merely are superficial nagging which does not reach to the heart of the problem but maunders on about the peripheral points. These I do not bother with -- why should I, or, for that matter, how can I? GZ runs oversize as it is without patiently picking up every puerile point and exposing its fallacies. Take, for instance, this statement,



"Rightness may be relative, without being relative to a "standard of values" such as you have in mind. Taking part in war is right or not, according to the way it affects the general welfare of humanity not according to the way it stacks up against some words reputedly engraved on tablets of stone." Now, actually, that statement is meaningless as far as having any bearing on the argument is concerned -- because Jack is merely weaseling around about which particular "standard of values" should be used, not proving or disproving the necessity of a standard of values of some kind in making a moral determination of "right" or "wrong". Jack's perception of the whole discussion is so superficial that he does not even see that "the general welfare of humanity" is just as much a standard of values as the "tablets of stone" he imputes to me. For that matter, (lacking any specific reference to my ~~fun~~ by which I can check the wording) I do not recall mentioning any "tablets of stone" nor even implying they were what I had in mind! To the best of my recollection, my argument was to the effect that it is impossible to make a moral determination of "right" or "wrong"; "good" or "bad" unless there is some yardstick by which to measure them. Consequently, since Jack added nothing of value to the discussion and merely quibbled about which such yardstick should be used, I would be inclined to ignore his comment as irrelevant. But, obviously, Jack would assume that I ignored it because it "hurt my position"... Take also this rather silly little wisecrack, "Since GMC thinks that what Presley will have left after paying taxes is practically nothing, I wonder if she would contract, sight unseen, to pay me just one-tenth of that practically nothing for, say, \$5,000." My reaction to such a foolish proposition is to laugh and snap Jack up on the proposal... If he would be such a fool as to give me \$5,000 for my expectations out of Presley's income, I'd be inclined to take his \$5,000 and let him try and collect from Elvis! But, again, Jack obviously figured he had a point of argument there... Since I have no claims of any kind whatsoever on Elvis' income --(gross, net, whole or fractional)-- the entire proposition is nothing but a flip wisecrack that appeared to say something, but actually said nothing at all! But here again, Jack obviously must have thought he had an argument that would "hurt my position" or he wouldn't have advanced it.... Now I consider that Jack does advance a point which has bearing on the argument when he asks, "...do you favor censorship of material that is available only to adults?" To that I answer, it depends on the reason for and the nature of the censorship. In my own case, there are times when I would welcome a specifically selective censorship. I do not like to stumble into material which was written primarily for the purpose of erotic stimulation. I realize that there are people to whom this mental masturbation is delightful and who deliberately hunt for the stuff in order to indulge in the gut-crawling, blood-tingling sensations of this type of low-voltage tumescence. Those that want it can have it -- but as for me, I consider it a type of perversion and dislike heartily finding myself faced with the choice of tossing aside a half-finished book or else wallowing in a welter of physical reactions. But the point is, Jack, that you are so busy chasing the legal chimera of "Freedom of the Press" that you are ignoring human values to a dangerous degree when you say "I do not expect to censor my children's reading in any way. Parents who think they are shielding their children from bad literature are kidding themselves. All of us have done our parents, had they known, but it is been blasted by it." No, it is not children with healthy minds can absorb shrug it off with no apparent ill effects catharsis, ie, of discharging frustration, look that reading is one form of learning, and nothing that is taken into the mind is entirely lost. In a normal, healthy environment, the outside influences cancel out this hidden filth and no "apparent" harm results. But who is to tell for certain the saturation point for any child? And who is to tell for certain if the environment will be strong enough to counteract the effect of this repeated drenching in filth? In time, there will be a saturation point from which the filth will start spilling over into the conscious mind; a filthy mind produces a filthy character, and a filthy character poisons the environment in which it moves.

BERGERON

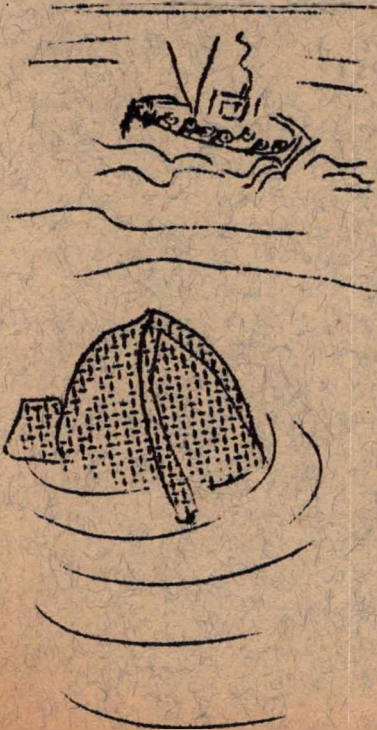


MR. CARR SAYS:

In order not to start complications, I won't mention the name of the boat, but I remember when the ANCHYMOUS was busily preparing for her yearly trip to Alaska fishing grounds last year. It was early spring and the crew were working on her engine and auxiliaries. She was about 80' long with a beam of about 20', her fish hold about 10' x 10' which was refrigerating. Soon after we were through, the crew started to load cargo for the canneries. It is difficult to convey the excitement of the hustle and bustle of last minute preparations; the check-off of items; the decisions of the moment which are of utter importance to such a prolonged trip away from everything; but it goes on year after year and each year does not lose any of its excitement. When loaded, they said good-bye to family and friends. They would be gone for 4 or 5 months.

This year the Skipper had promised to take his 12 year old son along and had removed him from school early. The trip up North was routine, fair weather and machinery all functioning OK. The boat was unloaded at the Cannery and then started on her fish packing charter which consisted of moving to the locations of the fishing boats and picking up their load of salmon, transferring them to her refrigerated hold, and continuing on to the next boat for another load, after which she would deliver the catch to the cannery for processing.

Loaded and on her way to the cannery, the ANCHYMOUS struck an underwater object and after inspection, it was found some water was entering her bilge. They started the bilge pumps and seemed to have the situation under control, but after constant checking, found the water to be increasing. They called the Coast Guard, explaining the situation and their position. They expected to have them deliver portable pumps which would easily have handled the increased amount of water. After hours of waiting and no aid, they radioed Kodiak (Alaska) and contacted a relative who was fishing on his own. They explained the situation to him. He did not hesitate, although he was 10 hours away and on his own charter. He left everything and hurried to them as fast as he could.



During the night the Skipper of the ANCHYMOUS realized he could hold off no longer. He woke his son and asked him to get ready to take to the lifeboat. The boy got up out of his bunk and went out. He took one look over the side and saw the water up nearly flush with the deck. He said, "Jeez!"-- that's all. They were in the lifeboat near the sinking vessel when the relative arrived to pick them up. What happened to the Coast Guard? That's what the Skipper would like to know! He lost his vessel and a full cargo of salmon. It was just lucky that the seas were not heavy and he was able to take to the lifeboats without loss of life.

They stayed in the area a little bit and watched the ANCHYMOUS make the final plunge. It was not easy to take. Needless to say, they had tears in their eyes. They had sailed the ship for some 15 years and she was like a friend.

By the way, remember that hog of herring I was expecting last year? The crew of the HITCHCOCK just brought it in -- a year late and caught this season. They could not find any last year. By the way, remind me to tell you about the private "herring clubs" some time....



# MONSOON

PROBABLY THE MOST ELOQUENT INDICATION OF THE TREND OF GROWTH IN FANDOM THESE PAST FEW YEARS IS THE FACT THAT FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT I CAN RECALL I FIND IT NECESSARY TO STACK THE FMZ TO BE REVIEWED IN THREE PILES, RATHER THAN TWO: US, UK, AND THOSE FROM THE CONTINENT. WHAT IS MORE, THOSE FROM CONTINENTAL EUROPE ARE THICKER THAN THOSE FROM THE BRITISH ISLES.



I FIND THAT CONTINENTAL FANDOM AS REFLECTED IN ITS FANZINES, HAS - TO ME, AT LEAST - AN INTIMIDATING EFFECT. THERE IS SUCH EXURBERANCE OF ENERGY, SUCH ELUSIVENESS OF MEANINGS, SUCH SUPER-ABUNDANCE OF MATERIAL -- MATERIAL JAMMED AND CRAMMED AND OVER-CROWDING THE PAGES IN A FANTASTIC EXTRAVAGANCE WHOSE LUSHNESS GIVES THE READER THE FEELING OF PLUNGING, MACHETE IN HAND, THROUGH AN IMPRENETABLE FOREST OF FANAC, AND COMING OUT AGAIN (IF AT ALL) AS EXHAUSTED MENTALLY AND EMOTIONALLY AS THOUGH HE/SHE HAD ACTUALLY HACKED HISER WAY THROUGH A TROPICAL JUNGLE. THE SHEER QUANTITY OF THE FANAC REPRESENTED IS STAGGERING! TAKE, FOR INSTANCE,

MEUH #2-3, JEAN AND ANNIE LINARD, 24 RUE PETIT, VESOUL, H.S. FRANCE. 25¢ OR TRADE. INCLUDING COVERS, A TOTAL OF 76 CLOSELY PACKED PAGES OF SINGLE-SPACED DITTO, ELITE (OR EQUAL) TYPE FACE, WITH QUARTER-INCH MARGINS AND INTERLINEATIONS BETWEEN THE INTERLINEATIONS... THE FORMAT IS SO INTRICATELY INTERWOVEN WITH IRREGULAR-SHAPED ILLOS AND UNDERLININGS IN COLOR THAT IT IS ALMOST LIKE TRYING TO PIECE TOGETHER A JIG-SAW PUZZLE -- ALTOGETHER A BEWILDERING DISPLAY. ADDED TO THIS PYROTECHNICAL FORMAT, IS THE UNDENIABLE FACT THAT IT IS DIFFICULT TO READ, BOTH PHYSICALLY (BECAUSE OF THE CROWDED FORMAT AND THE PALE DUPLICATION) AND MENTALLY. IT IS AS INEVITABLE AS IT IS UNDERSTANDABLE THAT THINKING IN ONE LANGUAGE AND TRANSLATING INTO ANOTHER, IS BOUND TO LEAVE TRACES. IN THIS CASE, IT IS A CERTAIN FEELING OF DISORIENTATION -- A CLOUDLIKE, DREAM-SEQUENCE EFFECT. IT IS CHARMING, AND UTTERLY DIFFERENT, BUT DIFFICULT TO WADE THROUGH, NONE THE LESS. IN FACT, I DOUBT VERY MUCH THAT ANYBODY COULD INGEST THESE 'ZINES AT A SINGLE SITTING, BUT ALL I CAN SAY IS IF YOU HAVEN'T READ A LINARDZINE, BROTHER, YOU HAVEN'T LIVED! BAR THE DOOR AGAINST INTERRUPTIONS AND LAY IN A STACK OF PROVISIONS TO CARRY YOU THROUGH THE JOURNEY AND IF, IN SPITE OF THESE PRECAUTIONS YOU FALL EXHAUSTED HALF WAY THROUGH -- DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!

T(HE INNAVIGABLE MOUT)H, ALSO BY JEAN AND ANNIE LINARD, IS SMALLER IN SIZE (ONLY 10 PAGES, 8½ x 11, WITH 3/16" MARGINS, BUT THIS KALIEDOSCOPIC MINIATURE MANAGES TO BEWILDER AND BEMUSE AS WELL AS ACKNOWLEDGE FMZ AND AMUSE THE READER.. C'EST INCROYABLE!

FFM ENDING #4, PIERRE VERSINS, PRIMEROSE 38, LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND. TRADE. UNLIKE THE LINARDZINES ABOVE, VERZINES ARE UNIFORMLY SLIM IN SIZE, IMPECCABLY REPRODUCED IN A BEAUTIFULLY UNUSUAL FORMAT AND EXQUISITELY MIMED. "GRACEFUL" IS THE ADJECTIVE THAT SPRINGS TO MIND. THE MOST UNUSUAL INNOVATION IS THE LAST PAGE SUMMARY OF THE CONTENTS, PAGE BY PAGE, UNDER THE HEADING "TABLE OF CONTENTS" ALTHOUGH THE INDIVIDUAL FMZ ARE SMALL, THE PRODIGALITY OF FANAC IS EXPRESSED BY THEIR PROFUSION -- APPARENTLY A REGULAR MONTHLY PRODUCTION SCHEDULE FOR THE FFM ENDING, PLUS OCCASIONAL OTHER TITLES SUCH AS ALORS (EVIDENTLY A ONE-SHOT COMMEMORATING A MEETING OF THE LINARDS, US-FAN ELLIS MILLS AND THE VERSINS) AND THE FFM -- OF WHICH #1 (FAKE FANTASTIC MYSTER NUMBER 1) IS A VERY NICE BIT OF FANFICTION AND #2 IS A SOMEWHAT SHOCKED REACTION TO SPUTNIK. AND SPEAKING OF THE LATTER, I HAVE NOTICED EVER SINCE THE RUSSIANS MANAGED TO WIN THE RACE FOR SPACE WITH THEIR SPUTNIKS #1 & 2, ALMOST A RASH OF BLEATS THAT 'NOW THE RUSSIANS HAVE PERFECTED THE ULTIMATE WEAPON'.. GAAM. SINCE WHEN IS A RECORDING DEVICE



A THREAT TO THE WORLD? PERSONALLY, I CHORTLE WITH GLEE THAT THE RUSSIANS WON THE RACE -- IN MY OPINION IT IS THE MOST HOPEFUL PROMISE FOR PEACE YET. NOW THAT THE RUSSIANS HAVE AT LAST ACHIEVED SOMETHING ON THEIR OWN, SO THEY CAN HONESTLY CLAIM A PLACE IN SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS WITH US, WITHOUT HAVING TO FAKE AN ALEXANDREI BELLSKI TELEPHONE, OR AN R. FULTONOVICH STEAMBOAT, ETC. ETC., MAYBE THEY CAN RELAX FROM THEIR DEFENSIVE RESENTMENT OF THE US LONG ENOUGH TO CONSIDER PEACE PROPOSALS AS COMING FROM EQUALS, INSTEAD OF REJECTING THEM SUMMARILY ON THE GROUNDS OF BEING DICTATED TO THEM BY A STRONGER POWER. NO DOUBT THEY ARE GLOATING A BIT THICK -- BUT I SAY, LET THEM GLOAT AND MORE POWER TO THEM. I FORBEAR EVEN TO MENTION THAT WITHOUT MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY CERTAIN ROSENBERGS, GREENGLASS, FUCHS, ET AL, THEY MIGHT NOT HAVE MADE IT SO QUICKLY, AND MERELY CONGRATULATE THEM ON A FAIT ACCOMPLI. I HOPE THEY FEEL SO GOOD ABOUT IT THAT THEY SETTLE DOWN NOW TO SERIOUS PEACE CONFERENCES -- OUT OF SHEER COMPLACENCY, IF NOTHING ELSE -- AND I THINK IT WILL PROBABLY DO OUR OWN TOP BRASS SOME GOOD TO BE SHOCKED AT HAVING TO EAT HUMBLE PIE FOR A CHANGE. (NOTE: MR. CARR CONSIDERS ABOVE ATTITUDE SHOCKING, AND EXPOSTULATES (I QUOTE) "...THE MOST EGG-HEAD OF THE EGG-HEADS..." (UNQUOTE) HE SHAKES HIS HEAD WITH DIREST GLOOM THAT THE RUSSIANS GOT AHEAD OF US IN ANYTHING -- EVEN A SATELLITE. BUT, IN SPITE OF HIS DISAPPROVAL, I AM DELIGHTED THAT MANKIND HAS AT LAST LIFTED FROM THIS PLANET ON THE FIRST STEP TO THE STARS, EVEN IF HE WASN'T WEARING THE STARS AND STRIPES WHEN HE DID IT!)

CONTACT #4, 5, 6, 7, 8, & 9, JAN JANSEN, 229 BERCHEMLEI, BORGERHOUT, ANTWERP, BELGIUM. \$1 A TOTAL OF 39 CLOSELY MIMED PAGES; JUSTIFIED EDGES, DOUBLE-COLUMNS GALORE -- THE ONLY DRAWBACK TO THIS WHOLESALE ONSLAUGHT OF FAN-GOSSIP IS THAT RUMORS ARE JUICIER WHEN FRESH, AND BREWING FANFEUDS LOSE THEIR ZEST WHEN HELD OVER TOO LONG... HOWEVER, SINCE THE DELAY WAS DUE TO MATTERS BEYOND JAN'S CONTROL, I SUPPOSE IT IS BETTER TO GARNER THIS FAN NEWS LATE THAN NOT AT ALL.. IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE THAT JAN'S USE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE FOLLOWS MORE CLOSELY THE VERBAL PATTERNS TO WHICH WE (US- UK FANDOM) ARE ACCUSTOMED, WITH CONSEQUENT HIGHER READABILITY DUE TO FAMILIARITY. CONTACT 9-A, RECENTLY RECEIVED, CONTAINED 3 PAGES OF CONREPS AND LAST-MINUTE NEWS, OF WHICH THE MOST NOTEWORTHY ITEM WAS THE CONFERENCE REPORTEDLY HELD ON THE LAST DAY OF THE CON IN LONDON BETWEEN BOB MADLE, KEN BULMER AND WALT WILLIS AT WHICH (I QUOTE) "UNANIMOUS AND AMICABLE AGREEMENT WAS REACHED ON...METHODS OF NOMINATION AND VOTING, VOTERS' QUALIFICATIONS AND METHODS OF COUNTING VOTES." IF THIS IS THE CASE, IT SEEMS TO ME THAT DETAILS SHOULD BE PUBLICIZED AS QUICKLY AND AS WIDELY AS POSSIBLE, BECAUSE THE SUBJECT IS BECOMING A RATHER SORE POINT IN CERTAIN FANNISH CIRCLES AND AN INCREASING AMOUNT OF COMMENT NOT EXACTLY CONDUCTIVE TO SMOOTH US-UK TAFF RELATIONS IS BEGINNING TO APPEAR IN VARIOUS FANZINES I HAVE RUN ACROSS LATELY.

PLOY #9 & 10, RON BENNETT, 7 SOUTHWAY, ARTHURS AVENUE, HARROGATE, YORKSHIRE, ENG. 45¢ (US: BOB PAYLAT, 6001 43RD AVE. HYATTSVILLE, MD.) A TOTAL OF 70 PP OF CLOSELY-PACKED MIMED, REplete WITH ILLOS, PUNS, AND LOCAL ALLUSIONS MYSTIFYING TO THE NON-LOCAL READER... FICTION, NON-FICTION, JOKES AND JAPERIES OF ALL SORTS THAT ARE PROBABLY FUNNY AS A BANANA PEEL UNDER A BLIND MAN'S FOOT IF I ONLY KNEW WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT.

SPACE DIVERSIONS #9, LIVERPOOL SCIENCE FICTION SOC., 12A RUMFORD PLACE, LIVERPOOL 3, ENG. MOST NOTABLE THING ABOUT THIS IS THE FACT THAT THE LSFS HAS RESUMED PUBLICATION AFTER SUCH A LONG LAPSE. IT WOULD SEEM THAT THE BRITISH LASFAS IS AS DURABLE AS THE CALIFORNIA VARIETY. 28 PP BLACK ON WHITE, MIMED, NEAT BUT NOT GAUDY, AS THE SAYING IS... BEAUTIFUL COVER ILLO BY EDDIE JONES. IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO SEE WHAT HE COULD DO IN COLOR.

GMC



CAMBER #8, ALAN DODD, 77 STANSTEAD RD, HODDESDON, HERTS., ENG. 15¢ OR TRADE. IN ADDITION TO THE USUAL FANGHATTER INTERSPERSED WITH FICTION, THISH CONTAINS A COUPLE OF SERCON ARTICLES OF RATHER GRUESOME NATURE RE SUICIDE AIRCRAFT. DIFFERENT!





ARCHIVE #13, ARCHIE MERCER, 434/4 NEWARD RD, NORTH HYKEHAM, LINCOLN, ENG. OMPAZINE. 14 PP, LEGIBLY MIMED BUT SOMEWHAT CROWDED FORMAT THAT GIVES A MESSY EFFECT. ILLOS CONSIST OF RATHER STILTED CARTOONS. ONE GOOD CHUCKLE -- THE "BAKERS AHEAD" PUN AT THE START BUT THE REST OF THE HUMOR WAS RATHER LABORED, I THOUGHT. PROBABLY IT IS A LOT HARDER HUNTING FOR ENEY'S FAULT NOW THAT THERE'S NO POINT TO IT... ARCHIVE # 14 PRE-SUPPLEMENT (WHATEVER THAT IS) JUST RECEIVED AND CONFIRMS A POINT I'VE LONG SUSPECTED, IE, THAT ALL GOOD AMPUBBERS WOULD RATHER FAN THAN EAT. MERCER PROVED IT BY COLLAPSING FROM LACK OF NUTRITION BROUGHT ON BY NOT TAKING ENOUGH TIME OFF FROM HIS FANAC TO FIX HIMSELF ADEQUATE FOOD! TEN PP OF MESSY MIMED BUT CONTAINING THE BLESSED RELIEF OF AT LAST FINDING ENEY'S FAULT! THANKS FOR CRAWLING UP FROM YOUR BED OF PAIN TO PUT US OUT OF OUR SUSPENSE, ARCHIE.

CANFAN #35, WILLIAM D. GRANT, 11 BURTON RD, TORONTO 10, ONTARIO, CANADA. 8/\$1 SINCE MEETING BILL GRANT AT MIDWESTCON 1957, I HAVE AN ENTIRELY CHANGED AND HEIGHTENED REGARD FOR CANFAN, ALTHOUGH I STILL CANNOT FIND MORE THAN LUKEWARM PRAISE FOR IT. LIKE YANDRO, REVIEWED BELOW, THE MATERIAL IT CONTAINS IS EXCELLENT IN ITSELF AND THE REPRODUCTION, ALTHOUGH SOMEWHAT WEAK IN THE ILLO DEPARTMENT, IS UNUSUALLY NEAT -- JUSTIFIED MARGINS, ETC. BUT THE TOTAL IMPACT IS MUFFLED, SOMEHOW, SO THAT ALTHOUGH I READ THE MAG WITH PLEASURE, BY THE TIME I PUT IT DOWN I HAVE ALREADY FORGOTTEN WHAT WAS IN IT. CANFAN USES QUITE A BIT OF REPRINTED MATERIAL, BUT BILL'S SERIES ON OLD MOVIES IS NEW AND ORIGINAL.

YANDRO # 8 & 9 (VOL. V) J&R COULSON, 105 STITT ST., WADASH, ILL. 15¢ 12/\$1.50 EVER SINCE I MET BOB & JUANITA AT CINCINNATI AND ENJOYED THEIR COMPANY FOR AN ENTIRE AFTERNOON (AS WELL AS THEIR KINDNESS IN CARTING ME AROUND TOWN LOOKING FOR A CLEANING & PRESSING ESTABLISHMENT), I HAVE VOWED TO MYSELF THAT I WOULD SIT DOWN AND TRY AND FIGURE OUT JUST WHAT IT IS THAT CAUSES MY LACKADAISICAL RESPONSE TO THEIR FANZINE. WITH ALL THE BEST WILL IN THE WORLD, I HAVE NOT YET BEEN ABLE TO WORK UP A TRUTHFULLY ENTHUSIASTIC REVIEW OF YANDRO -- NOT EVEN OF THE MAMMOTH ANNISH WITH THE ADMITTEDLY BEAUTIFUL SILKSCREENED COVER. TAKEN INDIVIDUALLY, EACH COMPONENT OF THEIR FANZINE IS GOOD TO EXCELLENT, BUT TAKEN AS AN ENTIRE FANZINE, THE RESULT IS MEDIOCRE. ARTICLES THAT ARE WELL WRITTEN AND ENJOYABLE WHILE THEY ARE BEING READ, ARE FORGOTTEN EVEN WHILE TURNING THE PAGE. THE FANFICTION, ALTHOUGH GOOD SPECIMENS OF THIS GENRE, SOMEHOW SEEM TO FALL FLAT. THE REPRODUCTION IS COMPLETELY LEGIBLE, THE ILLOS ADEQUATE AND VERY NEATLY DONE, BUT THE MAGAZINE ITSELF SEEMS TO BE THE KIND THAT GETS PUSHED TO ONE SIDE WHILE REACHING FOR SOMETHING TO READ... THERE IS GOOD EDITORIAL BALANCE BETWEEN FICTION AND NON-FICTION; THE LETTER COLUMN MEATY AND FULL OF BNs. IN SHORT, THERE IS NO SINGLE FAULT THAT I CAN LOCATE, AND YET THE TOTAL EFFECT IS MUFFLED -- LIKE WATCHING TV WITH THE SOUND TURNED DOWN TOO LOW. I CAN SEE THERE'S SOMETHING GOOD ON, BUT IT JUST ISN'T GETTING THROUGH TO ME... I AM SORRY ABOUT THIS, BECAUSE I LIKED THE COULSONS AND WISH I COULD GIVE THEM A GREAT, BIG, EGO-BOOSTING REVIEW THAT WOULD MAKE ALL THEIR HOURS OF CONSCIENTIOUS WORKMANSHIP REALLY PAY OFF. BUT THE TRUTH IS THAT YANDRO LACKS IMPACT -- OR SOMETHING -- EVEN THOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS.

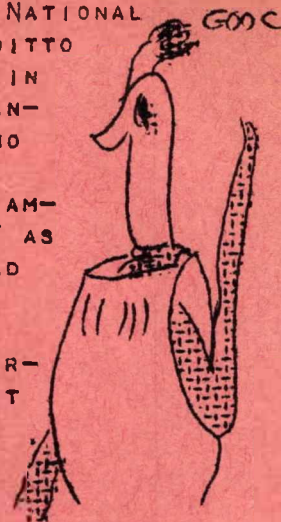
THE LONELY HALF-SHOT, LYNN/BOB HICKMAN/TUCKER, MT. VERNON/ BLOOMINGTON, ILL. WELL, IT JUST GOES TO SHOW WHAT LIQUOR WILL DO ON AN EMPTY STOMACH....

REACT SOMEHOW, BOB (WHATTA MAN!) TUCKER. IN OCT. HE REPORTS THE ARRIVAL OF SON BRIAN ARTHUR, AND IN NOV. HE PROCLAIMS, VIA FAPA, HIS ELEVATION TO THE STATUS OF GRANDFATHER. I BEGIN TO SEE WHY BLOCH IMPLIES HE MIGHT BE GILGAMISH... PLEASE ACCEPT MY AWESTRUCK CONGRATULATIONS, BOB! (IS THIS WHAT ONE WOULD CALL A 'PROLIFIC' AUTHOR?)





THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN, Vol. 16, #4. OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION, \$1.60 PER YEAR. 48 PP, 8½x11, PURPLE DITTO NOT LEGIBLE. RALPH BAILEY APPARENTLY COMING UP AS TOP BANANA IN N3F, JUDGING FROM THE LETTERS, BUT THE NEW OFFICIALS NOT YET ANNOUNCED. I THINK IT IS WORTHY OF NOTE THAT STUART HOFFMAN, WHO WAS THE OFFICIAL MAILER OF N3F FOR ABOUT 5 YEARS, MADE SECOND PLACE IN THE TAFF CONTEST, ALTHOUGH PRACTICALLY UNKNOWN AS AN AMPUBBER OUTSIDE OF N3F. APPARENTLY THOSE FANS WHO SNEER AT N3F AS THE "DYING MONSTER" HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA OF THE WIDESPREAD SCOPE OF N3F MEMBERSHIP -- PARTICULARLY IN THE BRITISH ISLES WHERE APPARENTLY A COUPLE DOZEN OR SO AMPUBBERS SEEM TO THINK THEY ARE ENGLISH FANDOM... I DO NOT KNOW WHAT THE PRESENT OVERSEAS N3F MEMBERSHIP IS, BUT IT SEEMS TO ME WE HAVE HAD AT LEAST 100 MEMBERS AT VARIOUS TIMES SINCE 1952 WHEN I WAS SECRETARY. PERSONALLY, I SHOULD THINK IT IS TIME THE N3F MEMBERS DEMANDED DUE RECOGNITION AS FANS INSTEAD OF REMAINING SEMI-ANONYMOUS AS REGARDS THE MORE VOCIFEROUS ELEMENTS OF FANDOM....



THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF OCULENTERATOLOGY #1, BOB LEMAN, 2701 So. VINE ST. DENVER 10, COL. DISTRIBUTED FREE VIA N3F OR FOR THE ASKING. 6 PP UNRELIEVED PRINT, PRO-CALIDER MIMED OUT DISMALLY UNATTRACTIVE -- SO MUCH SO, THAT I ALMOST TOSSED IT ASIDE UNREAD AS A BATCH OF PRETENTIOUS TWADDLE. HOWEVER, BEFORE I DID, I RAN ACROSS THE EDITORIAL HIDDEN AWAY IN THE MIDDLE OF IT -- A MOST DELIGHTFUL AND EXTREMELY SENSIBLE ONE. IF BOB CAN PULL OUT OF WHAT HE, HIMSELF, TERMS "THE TONE OF RATHER LADORED FRIVOLITY THAT PREVAILS" AND GIVE US MORE MATERIAL LIKE HIS APPRAISAL OF THEODORE STURGEON'S REVIEWS IN VENTURE, THIS COULD TURN OUT TO BE A PLEASURE. AS IT IS, IT'S JUST ANOTHER #1 ISH.

HELLO, EVA FIRESTONE, UPTON, WYOMING. FREE TO FANS 40 AND OVER. 14 PP LEGAL SIZE. MIMEOGRAPHY (BLACK ON WHITE) UNCERTAIN BUT LEGIBLE. TOPICS MOSTLY OF INTEREST TO N3F AND THE OVER-40 FANS.

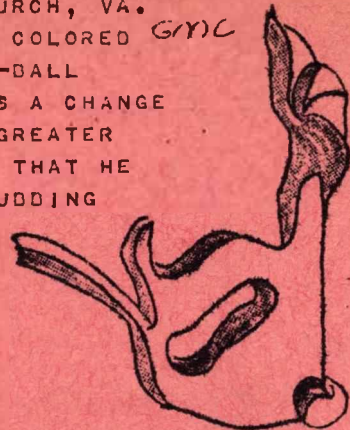
QUOTH THE WALRUS #4, RALPH M. HOLLAND, 2520 4TH ST., CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO. SIX VERY NEAT PAGES, JUSTIFIED EDGES, NO ILLOS, BUT EVIDENTLY DONE ON A VARI-TYPER, JUDGING FROM THE VARIETY OF TYPEFACES USED. AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING EDITORIAL-TYPE INDIVIDZINE WITH N3F SLANT, TOPPED BY A FANZINE REVIEW COLUMN. UNUSUAL IN THAT IT CONTAINS IDEAS AND MATURE OPINIONS THAT ARE THOUGHT-PROVOKING WITHOUT BEING IRRITATING.

THE SAUCERIAN BULLETIN #14, GRAY BARKER, BOX 2228 CLARKSBURG, W. VA. NO MATTER HOW INCREDIBLY STUPID THE BEHAVIOR OF THE SAUCER CULTISTS MAY APPEAR TO NON-CULTISTS, WE MUST ADMIT THEY DISPLAY AN ALMOST INCREDIBLE CREDULITY WHICH IS APPARENTLY AS CONTAGIOUS AS THE ASIAN FLU. THERE'S SCARCELY A SERIOUS SLICK FROM TIME ON DOWN THAT HASN'T HAD AN ARTICLE OR TWO DEAD-BANNING THE SAUCER-SEE'RS, BUT NOTHING STOPS THEM -- THEY'RE STILL SEEING 'EM, AND MORE SO THAN EVER SINCE THE SPUTNIKS WENT UP.

BRILLIG #9, LARS BOURNE, 2436½ PORTLAND ST., EUGENE, ORE. 15¢ OR TRADE. 26 PP, 8½x11, COVER APPARENTLY SILK-SCREEN, BLUE ON GREEN. BOURNE HAS BETTER LUCK WITH ARTWORK THAN WRITTEN MATERIAL, JUDGING FROM THE LONG LIST OF ARTISTS WHO CONTRIBUTED, VERSUS ONLY TWO BESIDE HIMSELF ON THE WRITTEN MATERIAL, BUT WHAT THERE IS OF NON-FICTION, IS NOT BAD. JOHN CHAMPION GAVE A SOMEWHAT RAMBLING CONREP THAT, IN SPITE OF ITS INCOHERENCE, NEVERTHELESS PAINTED A CLEARER WORD PICTURE THAN MOST CONREPS DO. HE AVOIDED THE PITFALL OF A BLOW-BY-BLOW ITINERARY AND MANAGED TO MAKE SUCH DETAILS AS HE DID INCLUDE, SEEM MEANINGFUL. MOST NOTEWORTHY THING ABOUT BRILLIG, TO ME AT LEAST, IS A SPATE OF NEW NAMES ON THE T OF C -- PROMISE OF NEW FANTALENT COMING UP.



STELLAR #12, TED E. WHITE, 1014 N. TUCKAHOE ST., FALLS CHURCH, VA. 15¢; 2/25¢ 55 PP OF PRO-CALIDRE MIMOGRAPHY, INCLUDING A COLORED *GMC* COVER GUARANTEED TO MAKE A NEO'S EYES LIGHT UP LIKE A PIN-BALL MACHINE AND HARDENED OLD AMPUDDERS WINCE... TED ANNOUNCES A CHANGE IN POLICY FROM HIS FORMER STRAIGHT FICTION FORMAT, AND A GREATER FLEXIBILITY IN THE MATTER OF TRADES, WHICH PROBABLY MEANS THAT HE IS TAKING A MORE REALISTIC ATTITUDE TOWARD THE CURRENT AMPUDDING SCENE AND HAS REALIZED AT LAST THAT NOBODY GETS RICH FROM PUDDING A FANZINE, NO MATTER HOW GOOD IT IS. STELLAR IS GOOD, AND IF THERE SEEMS TO BE A SLIGHT STRAINING AT THE SHIRT-SEAMS, IT MUST BE CONCEDED THAT IT IS AWFULLY DIFFICULT TO MAINTAIN 99.44% SERCON PERFECTION AND STILL BE ABLE TO LAUGH AT ONESELF.



VARIOSO # 15, JOHN MAGNUS, JR. 6 FRANKLINTOWN RD, BALTIMORE 23, MD. PUBLISHED BY TED WHITE IN USUAL WHITE PERFECTION... ALTHOUGH I DO THINK REDD BOGGS WAS A LEETLE HARD ON THE BOY WITH HIS COMMENT "...IF TRIPLE WHAMMY WAS A NEWSPAPER ON AN ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT -- VARIOSO IS A BURMA SHAVE VERSE ON A GRANITE SHAFT.." I MUST ADMIT THAT EVEN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BASKET OF WAX FRUIT IS ONLY ESTHETICALLY SATISFYING, AND TWO ARTICLES AND AN EDITORIAL ARE RATHER SLIGHT FARE FOR SUCH A LOVELY TABLE SETTING. EVEN A MEATY LETTER COLUMN DOES NOT QUITE PREVENT THE READER FROM GOING AWAY HUNGRY....

BRLFSK! JOHN CHAMPION, FLEMING HOUSE, 1301 E. CALIFORNIA ST., PASADENA, CAL. APPARENTLY INTENDED LESS AS A ~~#1~~ ISH THAN AS A TRANSITION FROM HIS PREVIOUS FANZINE TO A NEW ONE FROM A NEW ADDRESS. THIS IS AN INFORMAL 8 PP, 8½x11 SINGLE-SPACED DITTO LETTERZINE, WHOSE MAIN PURPOSE APPEARS TO BE TO ANNOUNCE IMPASSE, (DUE, HE SAYS, IN OCTOBER BUT WHICH OCTOBER HE NEGLECTED TO MENTION) AND THE FACT THAT NOW HE IS A CALIFAN, CAL. TECH. NO LESS...

FLAFAN #1, SYLVIA DEES, PO Box 4082, MALLORY HALL, U OF FLA, GAINESVILLE, FLA. 20¢ OR TRADE. 32 PP, 8½ x 11, DITTO, SINGLE SIDE ONLY. NICE USE OF COLOR AND ILLOS. FORMAT SHOWS MORE ORIGINALITY AND IMAGINATION THAN MOST #1 ISHES, AND IF IT STEMS ENTIRELY FROM THE 17 YR OLD EDITOR, SHE'S A GAL TO BE WATCHED... T OF C SPRINKLED RATHER HEAVILY WITH FAPA-OMPA-TYPE BNS -- MORE SO THAN IS USUAL FOR A DONA-FIDE NEO WITHOUT PREVIOUS AMPUDDING CONNECTIONS. GOOD START FOR A #1 ISH -- IF IT ISN'T A HOAX.

SLANDER #2, JAN SADLER PENNEY, 51-B McALISTER PLACE, NEW ORLEANS 18, LA. 20¢ COLORFUL DITTO, 22 PP, INCLUDING COVERS, LEGIBLE BUT RATHER CLUTTERED FORMAT. ONE EXCELLENT ARTICLE BY HARLAN ELLISON, THE REST CHATTER... REMINDS ME OF THE TIME I ACCIDENTALLY BOARDED A HIGHSCHOOL BUS.

SCIENCE FICTION PARADE #6, LEN MOFFAT, L0202 BELCHER, DOWNEY, CAL. PROBABLY THE FIRST OF THE LONDON CONREPS TO COME OUT, WALTER A. WILLIS AND RORY FAULKNER, PLUS EDITORIAL, FAN-AND-PROZINE REVIEW COLUMNS AND AN ABBREVIATED LETTERCOL. MOST OUTSTANDING ITEM TO MY TASTE WAS THE RORY FAULKNER CONREP. I'D OCCASIONALLY HEARD OF THIS FAN, AND ONCE IN A WHILE WOULD RUN ACROSS A POEM OR ARTICLE IN A FANZINE, BUT IN THIS REVIEW SHE EMERGES AS A FAN-PERSONALITY IN HER OWN RIGHT AND I, FOR ONE, WOULD LIKE TO SEE MORE OF HER WORK.

SPECTRE #1, BILL MEYERS, 4301 SHAWNEE CIRCLE, CHATANOOGA 11, TENN. 15¢ 8/#1 46 PP, 8½x11, DITTO. LEGIBLE AND COLORFUL. 6 FULL-PAGE ILLOS, INCLUDING COVERS, AND MISCELLANEOUS INSIDE ILLOS RUNNING LARGELY TO SPACE-SHIPS AND ROTSLERGIRLS. TOPC DISPOSES A NICE BALANCE OF FICTION, NON-FICTION AND REVIEW COLUMNS BY THE RECENT OR JUNIOR GRADE BNFS LIKE JOHN BERRY, GREG BENFORD, RON PARKER AND THE PUBLISHER, WILLIAM RICKHARDT; PLUS PROMISING NEW TALENT NOT YET OUT OF THE LNF CLASS. GOOD START FOR A #1 ISH.



SOUTHERN -

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