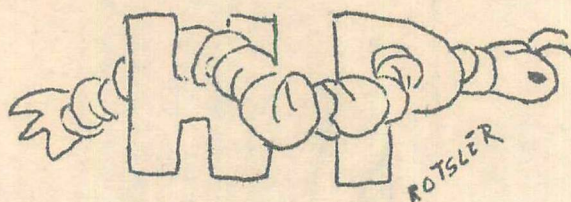


HODGE - PODGE

NO. 12

October 1954 HODGE-PODGE # 12 15¢ per copy

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POETRY

by: Garth Bentley, Stuart Mackenzie, & Marie-Louise

ARTWORK

By: Plato Jones, Jack Harness, Jannita Coulson, Rotsler, Ray Nelson,
Sosin, Bobby Pope, Denness Morton, Waible, Lynn Hickman, DEA,
Don Duke, and Nancy.

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Material is always needed and welcomed..those mss which can't be used will be
retained. Topics may be on anything and everything so long as it is interest-
ing to the readers and the editors. Overseas friends may secure copies of HP
by sending us letters of comment and/or material. Or via trade agreements.

The following lines will be left blank as we all go hide our faces in a corner
with shame. Bob Tucker was kind enough to send us a short letter of comment
and crazy like we is we have lost it somewhere in this here house. Tsk, and
we never lost any letters before, did we? Sorry, Mr. Tucker..if we can find it
before the 13th issue is mineoed we'll include it in that issue. Our humble
apologies. We are truly sorry. One of these days we might get real wise and
invest in some kind of letter-file. ns. *

LONG LIVE ALMIGHTY GHOD, OOGO! *— brought to you by the courtesy
of one Mal Ashworth, who knows
no better. Poor boy.

* A Long.....loud..... Silence prevails upons these here lines.

H O D G E (Not to be confused with PODGE just because
it's typed on her typer)

Man! They's crazy..ain't no convention reports in this here issue! Blarst it anyway..we did want to have at least one report of the con in here, only nobody came thru like I hoped they would. Shame on you all. Of course, I only asked Art Rapp and Joe Gibson; Joe wrote right back and said he wasn't going to the con, and Art has been strangely silent, but he did send us a letter of comment and his column so I'm not kicking about that. They is nice boys. Then I had a brilliant idear of asking Bob Block and Bob Tucker to do reports..only Marie Louise got real horrified over my having the nerve to ask two pros for msscs. I don't know. So instead of writing the two letters I went into my room and sat there and pouted for two whole hours..until somebody shouted "Poker!" Let's have a game!" which wild-call sent me zooming out of my room. I shoulda stayed there. I lost a dollar and seventy-nine cents! And I still haven't recovered from the shock.

I had intended to water color all the illos in this issue but half way thru that full page one for Stuart Mackenzie's poem I decided I must've been crazy and so if any of you get an issue with one or two or three colored illos in it you'll know you got the ones where I first began my glorious idea in a burst of fannish fever..and then straggled back to reality. The only illo which will be colored in all the copies is the one for Stuart's poem. Even that is turning into some sort of nightmare for me..after coloring a batch each night before I go to bed I can't sleep for an hour or so because of all those pretty black and purple tree-shaped spots that dance under my eyelids.

This is a very beautiful Autumnal morning. The whole family is going for a looong ride this afternoon out into the all-colorful countryside..except me, I think I have a sneaking suspicion that I'm going to be forced to stay here and finish running off this. Curse wish I could gnaw thru these iron chains. Tsk..didn't you all know that my family keeps me in chains, locked in my room? They're afraid the neighbors will find out about mee Humphreethe cowards.



"HeHee - THAT
FOOL - he ATE
WITH THE
SHARES !!

Awes..all kinds of delicious a romas are drifting around me. Mom's been baking pies and cakes all morning and has a big roast in the oven now. Drool. Po! mom..she has to cook each meal as the she was feeding two crews in a logging camp. We Shares have some faults (honest!) but weak appetites isn't one of them, I can tell you. For instance, last Sunday mom baked 5 large-sized punkin pies and by the time dinner was thru there wasn't even a crumb left in any of the pie-pans. Of course we aren't hogs..we did leave 2 slices on the bread plate. And mom had only put out 2 loaves of bread. She usually puts out three loaves a meal.

Excuse me, while I go dig into some of that delicious meal being laid out on the table. Must get some strength before tackling the mineo, you know. See you next issue.

Clank, clank.....





**CASTLES
ON THE
RHINE**

BY **WALT KLEIN**

SHARE

THE RHINE COUNTRY IS FAMOUS FOR ITS RUINS AND FOR ITS WINES. THE RUINS ARE picturesque, and lend an air of fairy tale enchantment to an already enchanting countryside. The wine is good to drink.

In the songs and legends of the country the two are often intermingled. Near Biesheim, for example, the fine Johannisberger is grown; the Emperor Charlemagne is supposed to have founded the vineyards, planting the first grapes with his own hands. When they matured, it became his favorite drink. Even today, on languorous spring nights, he wanders through the fields blessing the vines, returning to his grave at dawn.

There is a certain piquancy in drinking a wine that has been blessed by an emperor even a dead one. But the story illustrates the continuity with a long past that is so much a part of the present along the Rhine.

The Rhine river between Mainz and Cologne is one of the world's romantic areas. There is little enough romance in the world today, yet here there seems to be almost a superfluity. It is not merely the evocation of the past, the history that has surged through these rolling hills and valleys, which we cannot accurately evoke in any case for we must tint the past with behavior patterns of today, and they are not valid when so transferred. It is the very physical character of the country itself. For the most part, the river flows in great sinuous bands between hills—some mellow and gentle, some rugged and harsh—cliffs like the Lorelei, rising sheer beside the river.

Every hill, every cliff, every little eminence appears to be surmounted by the ruins of an ancient castle or cloister. They rise—blunt grey piles with outlines softened by time and mystery out of the green hillsides. Like cool, green waters the endless vineyards flow around them, on long slopes and on terraces painfully cut out of the hills.

The steamer pushes slowly around a bend. You stand at the rail in sharp sunlight, and before your eyes, at the crest of a hill or nestled on its slopes rise jagged walls and towers blending delicately into the landscape. The chateaux of France often look like apartment houses, but the castles on the Rhine have the virtue of looking like castles. It is impossible to think of the Rhine without thinking of its castles. Before one castle is out of sight, another comes into view. They cluster on the Rhine like grapes on the vine.

At times the ruins seem so right, so impossibly picturesque, that you half suspect they were deliberately erected by the companies whose excursion boats travel the river expressly for the delight of the tourists.

Many of these ruins enfold comfortably a cafe in their tumbled battlements. You can climb to the top of an old watch tower, mounting innumerable, winding steps in darkness barred with light from narrow slits in the three foot thick walls, pressed by their gritty stones. You can stride through bare echoing halls, walk on the old walls peering from high above through embrasures meant for archers. You can stumble through dark musty dungeons and you can try to decipher a pattern out of a mound of tumbled stones and rubble. When you have wearied your legs and your brain, you can relax over a glass of wine and home-made Wurst. You sit in the open at a rough table, old trees arching overhead, cooled by the breeze, soothing your eyes with the ivy-covered walls.

It is a spot for reflecting with a gentle melancholy on all the generations of tourists who have gone before. They have come, and they have gone. They will come and they will go. Other tourists will sit at the same tables, and stare at the same walls. And other workmen will keep the ruins in repair. Picturesquely but not obtrusively, just as they do now.

But these ruins were once proud castles. Fortresses with colorful pennants flying, communities loud with industry. The towers held guards lolling at ease perhaps, but armed and watchful. The halls whispered to the wandering minnesinger's song, surrounded by a colorful, rapt audience. And rang to the harsh voices of passion.

The courtyards seethed with horses. With knights and squires and servants, blacksmiths and armourers. With all the life that drew its existence from these castles.

The thick walls echoed at times to the clash of steel on steel, gave back cry for cry the screams of death, and responded with sudden thumps to the blow of the battering ram. These ruins encompassed life and death.

Between the ancient towns of Bingen and Boppard stands the castle of Sooneck.

At one time in the past when the walls were still stout and new, it was the haughty seat of one Siebold, a robber baron, who preyed on the trade boats that plied the Rhine, and on the countryside.

The great hall was smoky with the light of torches, and thundered to the roars of drunken knights, pierced by the shrill voices of drunken, chattering women. At the big banquet table they leaned one against another in a roaring of lust and revelry. Discordant music blared; lackies scurried here and there with great smoking haunches of meat, and great beakers of wine. Fools, jesters, misshapen dwarfs hopped and tumbled about, unheeded in the heat of the revel.

The lord of Sooneck lolled at the head of the table, leering at the tumult, arrogant and confident of his might. He peered at his reveling guests from cynical eyes. The music stopped as he rose heavily and spoke, his harsh voice rough with drink and heavy sarcasm.

"Virtuous ladies and noble knights. I have provided you with food and drink, but the duties of a host do not stop there. You are my friends and noble companions all. There must be entertainment. I propose something unique. I hope to amuse you by bringing before you for your delight a ferocious animal which I keep confined here, native to the Rhine."

The ladies pressed themselves more tightly to their cavaliers, and the men stared at their host in wonderment. The great hall was silent except for the hoarse sound of drunken breathing.

The doors of the room swung slowly open. Two servants entered dragging on a chain a man, dressed in coarse fluttering rags, besmeared with dungeon grime, with wild, filthy hair and a coarse unkempt beard. He was led shambling before the company and allowed to stand alone, the chain taken off, a hulking brute.

A sigh arose from the company, and a sudden whispering spurted around the banquet hall, then stopped, and all eyes were fixed on the tortured face, haggard with defeat and suffering. As though they were great weights, the prisoner slowly lifted his eyelids, and two raw cavities were revealed where his eyes had been.

"Noble ladies and noble knights," said Siebold, his yellow teeth showing in a fierce grin, "May I present to you Hans Veit of Fursteneck, the best marksman on the Rhine. Like all of us he was known and feared throughout the country. He had the misfortune to enter into a death feud with me; he lost, naturally."

"With shattered lance and broken shield and splintered sword I lay before you, bleeding from my wounds, and waited the death stroke like a lord." The prisoner's voice came as from a deep deep dungeon.

"I am a tender man," rumbled Siebold. "I could not bring myself to finish him off. Therefore, I had his eyes taken out and added the best archer on the Rhine to my collection of curios."

"My murdered eyes see your kindness!" said Hans Veit.

"But I am a chivalrous lord," said Siebold. "My servants tell me that though blind this beast with educated hands still can strike a target, guided only by sounds. We will try him out. If he succeeds, I will give him his freedom."

A thunder of applause and a roar of approbation from drunken throats greeted his words.

"There is no freedom for a dead man," whispered Hans Veit of Fursteneck. But as his fingers clamped convulsively around the cross-bow a servant thrust into his fumbling hands, a fierce joy suffused his features.

The room was cleared, the guests crowding into a corner, breathing harshly, the women thrusting closer to their men. Siebold, the lord of Sooneck, seized a silver goblet in his hairy hand and held it aloft.

"Draw on the target when you hear the sound," he said. "Hit it, and freedom is yours." His hand opened and the goblet fell to the floor. The sound of its fall

clanged softly through the hall.

"Shoot now," said Siebold, and instantly an arrow pierced his mouth. He grunted, and like a stricken bear, sank to the floor sprawling among the dusty rushes.

The blind archer stood poised in the act of releasing the arrow, the raw holes of his eyes gaping sightlessly. Then he breathed a long sigh and his shaggy head fell forward.

Cursing roughly and screaming shrilly, the guests fled the hall in a jostling flock. Only a few remained to mutter furtive prayers over the body of Siebold.

Today the castles on the Rhine are retreats for romanticists, for dreamers and poets, for lovers, and for those who long to forget love. They have forgotten their own reality. They cannot exist as they were, but only as they are. Those of us who haunt them with our footsteps cannot picture them as they were. And if we could see them throbbing with life, in all their splendour and rawness, their luxury and cruelty, the sight would frighten us.

They are the bare bones of what once was a vital, living organism, and inevitably lead us to the same reflections that all skeletons must. Gliding gently down the Rhine on an excursion steamer, it is hard to realize that these ruins falling into gentle decay on every hill were not meant to delight the casual tourist, but to house people. They are museum pieces now, but once they were a way of life.

They had a purpose, these fallen castles. But the purpose deserted them, and we can only stand and wonder at them now. They move in a different plane, outside of our experience, outside of all we know and can imagine. They are remote from us, and all that remains are charming ruins and cool, shadowed cafes. Old towers with worn steps winding endlessly through darkness, massive walls covered with grasses and weeds, and bare stone halls.

But they have their legends. And it is through their legends that we can glimpse dimly, what once they were. Whether the legends are true or false really matters very little. They may be false in facts, but they are true in a larger sense. For they reveal, however inadequately, the reality of these ruins more than the ruins themselves.

A man cannot reconstruct a way of life from a pair of broken walls and a crumbling tower. It remains for the legends to do that. It is the purpose now, for the ruins to enchant us with the picturesque, to open a door to fancy and dreaming.

The legends fill the room beyond with a hint of reality, with a suggestion of the life that once tumbled boldly between the walls when the walls were new and thick and high.

They look like fairy castles now, these ruins on the Rhine, but it was not fairies who once inhabited them.

-----THE END-----

TOAST

Let's toss off a toast to the underwear queens
And salute them with rollicking chanties
For brightening ads in today's magazines
By gaily parading their panties.
Though the girdles and garters and gadgets displayed
May encircle the forms of the nation,
More valuable still is the record they've made
In the field of adult education.

So here's to these Misses, so slender of hips
And adorably dimpled of kneecaps
To the maidens who model in corsets and slips,
In nighties, brassieres and chemises!
May they posture and pose in their décolleté
In ever-increasing profusion—
For thanks to their efforts to sell lingerie
We men have lost every illusion!

---by Garth Bentley

(from PINFEATHERS FROM PEGASUS)



THE MOROSE COLOURED SPECTACLE

** CHUCK HARRIS

I am beginning to suspect that I am unique in fandom. It seems that when it comes to duplicators, I am the only guy around here who knows nothing at all about them. And, -- this is even worse,-- everyone else who makes the pilgrimage to Rainham seems to suspect this too.

They arrive in a muted whirr of beanie blades and, as soon as I open the front door for them, they crowd into the passage and say madly: "Where is it? Where is it?"

Naturally, I try hard to misunderstand them. I hand them a copy of the current EYE and show them the door of the can; It's a pretty good ploy,-- except for the fact that it never succeeds. They ignore my elfin sense of humour, and explain carefully that they wish to see my duplicator.

"Duplicator?" I say,--but I know already that it won't do any good. I try hard to look as if I'd never heard of the word before, but they are already thrusting copies of one of the Willis fapazines under my nose and pointing out paragraphs about "the unworkable H arris mimeograph." I have to face it then. I'm due for a repeat performance of The Ordeal. I take them through the house, down the garden to the toolshed, and start the excavations.

They stand around and chirrup whilst I shift half a ton of seed potatoes, three boxes of apples, the lawn mower and two dozen gardening tools until I reach the duplicator and its protective layer of empty fertilizer sacks. I unveil the relic and the audience go crazy.

It's dark in the shed so I have to drag it out into the daylight and lift it onto the top of a rabbit hutch. I stand back and they cluster around to identify it. "An Ellams machine," they say profoundly. I look at the big gold ELLAMS painted on the side and I agree with them. The procedure never varies; they nod wisely, "Yes, definately an Ellams." Then they like to churn it around a couple of times and crush against the pressure-roller various spiders and earwigs that had been living quietly on the drum. Then they begin The Ordeal. They turn to me and they say: "Well, what's wrong with it?"

In the past I have asked this question myself. Once I had ideas about actually using this duplicator to duplicate with, and I have even shown the machine to a highly paid technician who's life-work is to make Ellams duplicators duplicate. I know by know that there is no answer to their question: that there is nothing wrong with the machine except that it won't work. I have formed an opinion as to why this is so, but I know just what happens if I try to tell anyone else about it...

I try to avoid their eyes, but I know what's coming and I know that I'm not going to like it. "Nobody," I tell them, "can say definately what is wrong with the machine. I have had it stripped down and rebuilt. I have gone to enormous expense and have replaced virtually every part except the crank-handle. I have experimented with various inks, various stencils, and various grades of paper. This thing has brought tears into the eyes of strong men, and Mr. Ellams himself had a nervous collapse after he had been told about it. I myself have spent more hours than I care to think of trying to puzzle out what's wrong with it, and only one explanation occurs to me. I believe that there is a malevolent demon nesting inside the self-feed mechanism."

Then they laugh at me. I can bear that,--people ~~laughed~~ at Charles Fort too,--but the next, and the last, thing is what gets ~~me~~ ^{They look} at the machine again and then they look at me, and they say: ~~THEY I HAD~~ MY SCREWDRIVER WITH ME I JUST BET I COULD FIX IT

Yeah, I just bet ~~it~~ ^{it} could too. Or maybe, as Normal George Wansborough said, perhaps it needs some oil.

However, that's a closed chapter now. I've just bought a new duplicator,--a Gestetner super duper that's guaranteed to work. It was delivered yesterday and Gestetner sent down a man to show me how it worked and to explain the various gimmicks.

I didn't worry much about the demonstrations,--Vince Clarke has a Gestetner and I'd seen him use it,-- what I was interested in was the guarantee. The machine worked fine, but I wanted reassuring that if it did go wrong, all I'd have to do was phone them up and hordes of mechanics, and fleets of trucks loaded with spare parts would speed to Rainham and fix the thing immediately. And, let it be understood, they would do so for free.

"Yes, sir!" said the salesman. "Gestetner service is as near as your phone. We have a deep personal interest in all our machines and our reputation depends on your good-will. Six Hundred Gestetner centres throughout the world await your command and are eager and willing to help you. Helpful, willing advice and guidance is our..."

I'd heard enough though. I gave him the cheque, showed him out (the butler is on holiday), and rushed to my room for a cut stencil.

I'm not superstitious of course, but this machine cost me plenty, and I couldn't afford to take chances. I went out in the garden for a sprig of wild garlic to tie to the self-feed. It keeps away flies too.

Sure enough, the machine worked wonderfully. I turned the crank, a sheet of paper was miraculously lifted from the feed side, flipped through the wringer, and appeared perfectly printed on the other side. Beautiful even inking, no smudges, every letter clear. Just like HODGE PODGE in fact. 25 times I did this, 25 times I got faultless immaculate copies.

I was brimming with confidence,--some of it had slopped over and there was a little pool around my feet too,--until I turned the handle for the 26th copy. Nothing happened. I turned again. The drum revolved but the feed didn't move.

I knew immediately what had happened. "Demons!" I screamed. My father rushed in with the extinguisher full of holy water and began drenching everything in sight, but I knew it was too late. My mother was on the phone and yelling for Holborn 8700: "This is guarantee 784396 speaking! Send them immediately! We await the hordes of mechanics and their vanloads of spare parts! The feed has packed up! Bring a bell, book, and candle! We turn the handle and nothing happens."

"Ah yes," they said with a brisk bedside manner, after we had explained it had worked perfectly for 25 copies it had suddenly packed up. "You have an instruction book?" Yes, we had. Yes, we would turn to page eight and then look at the little dial marked No. 18 on the diagram. The little dial says 00000. "Yes," they said, "We expected it would. That happens to be the automatic cut-off. If you will twist it around until the dial shows the number of copies you desire, you will find the machine will print just that number of copies for you before it stops again." It does too. I think this machine is going to be a success after all,--but I shan't be trying it without the garlic.

THE END 7

-- A R T R A P P

WHERE WENT THE YEARS? After the first couple of appearances of this column, some of HP's discerning readers discovered what I'd suspected all along: that it wasn't a very good column. In fact, the main reason for the sisters Share tolerating it in HP is probably because by a long sequence of fanhistorical coincidences I've come to be regarded as a BNF by a lot of fans who have never read my zines or other literary efforts. This is a comfortable status to achieve, though a perilous one to risk by actually participating in current fanactivity, which might disillusion the aforementioned fan.

Anyway, what I started to say was that six or seven years ago I could dash off a column like this as fast as my fingers could bat typer keys (a fairish speed, incidently; I've attained net speeds of 103 wpm on five-minute tests). And the column would be interesting and readable, at least by the tolerant standards of fandom.

But today things are different. My columns are wrung from my mind with agony and groaning, and I read the fanwriting of competing columnists with envious admiration instead of a superior smirk.

Mighod, do you think I'm growing old?

HOW TO PAY MORE INCOME TAX. Like most offices, ours breaks out in a rash of football pools this time of year. And then there are the contests where you pick the winners of a list of 15 or so games. The nice thing about these (your local newspaper probably has one) is that it costs only a postcard or a 3¢ stamp to enter them. The disadvantage is that the odds are slightly astronomical against winning them. For example, if you have fifteen games and three possibilities in each (win, lose, or tie) the number of possible results is 3 to the 15th power, or somewhat over 14,000,000. However, this is a fine opportunity for the star begotten to demonstrate their psi powers. As a fan, I am sure you have a secret conviction that you do have psi powers, don't you? Latent, perhaps; but that's just because you haven't tried to develop them. Well, can you think of a better training exercise?

But that is merely a fannish suggestion. I have a more practical method for contest-winning, which works. It has worked for me to the tune of twenty-six bucks so far, which may or may not be considered spectacular success. The method is simple: just make a point of entering contests in which your fanzine-writing practice gives you an advantage over nonfans.

There are those slogan contests, for example, where you have to finish a sentence about "I like Blotto Soap because..."

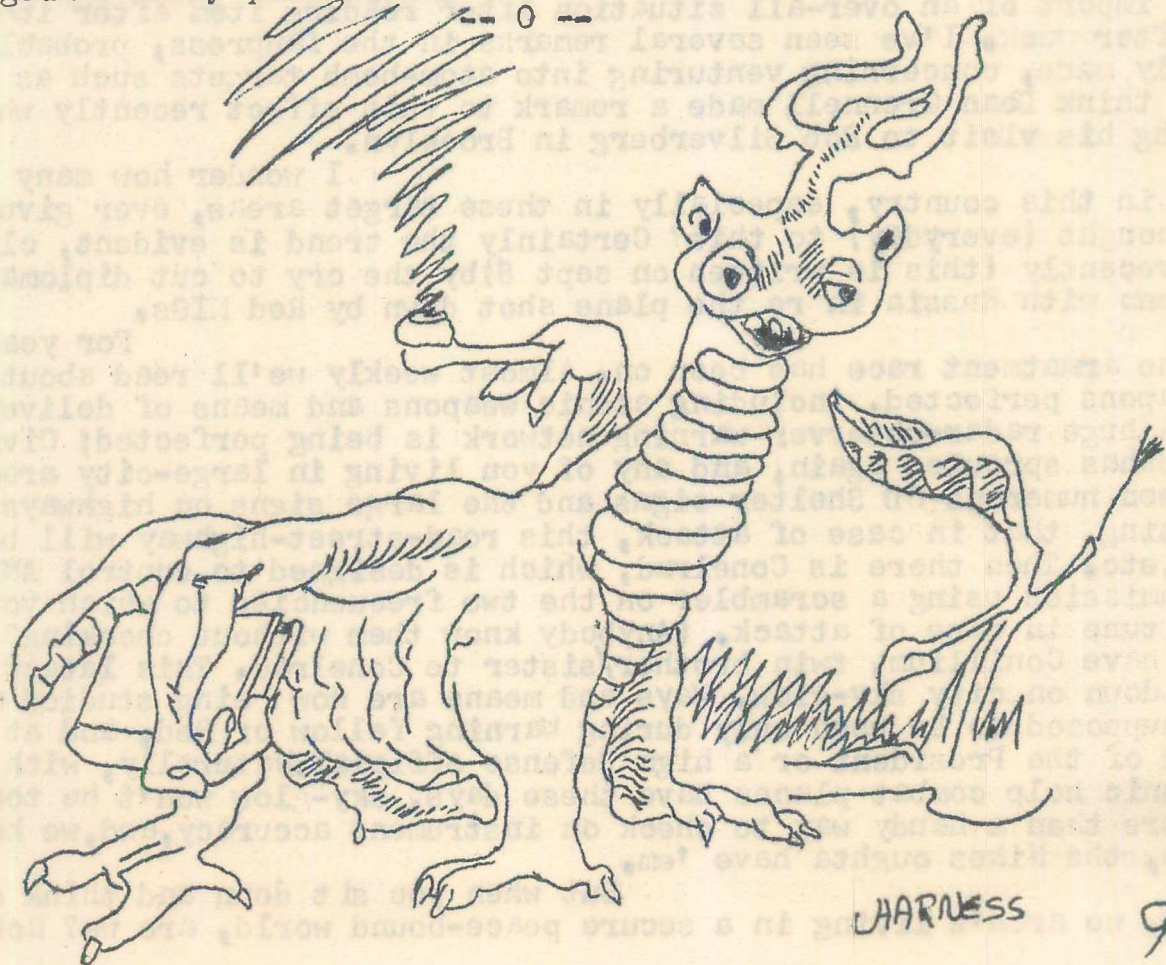
Be choosy, though. If you aren't going to make a full-time hobby of contest-entering, you will want to pass up a lot of them. Skip the nationally-advertised ones, for example, particularly those plugged on TV, because there you will have to compete with at least several hundred thousand others, including people who are full-time contest enterers. But take a crack at any local competition, because if you are ingenious enough to think up new variants of "Yngvi is a louse!" or "Who sawed Courtney's boat?" for fanzine interlineations,

you surely ought to be able to outthink a few hundred nonfans in a slogan contest.

Then there are the write-a-last-line-for-this-jingle competitions. All you need for these is the scientific approach. List all the words you can think of which fit the rhyme, and then use the least obvious one in writing your entry. Does it work? Well, the first contest of this type which I entered required a word rhyming with "here", and after due consideration I came up with a line ending in "shun". It was worth a buck to the National Safety Council. Not much, but how many fanzines pay \$1.00 a line for poetry?

Finest of all are contests in which you have to write an essay or article. Fiction-writing competition isn't so hot, unless you are really good at writing (I mean, good even by mundane standards) because a lot of freelance writers will enter such contests on the theory that even if their story doesn't win, they can always try to sell it somewhere else. But what use is an essay on "Natural Resources of Northern New Hampshire" or "What America Means to Me" except as a contest entry? So you won't have too much pro competition, and surely if you are able to write interesting articles on silly topics for fanzines, you should be able to do the same for a bunch of contest judges. And you can always ring in stfnal concepts which nonfen are unfamiliar with, thus attracting the attention of the bored judges who have been deluged with platitudes by the rest of the entrants.

I'm not guaranteeing that being a fan automatically makes you a winner, but the mere fact that fen regard the setting down of words on paper as a pastime rather than a chore certainly should give us the jump on competitors. And after all, there must be some way to make this goddam hobby profitable!



OBSERVATIONS

SATELLITE SHAKES? The artificial satellite business is a house-hold word in the states these days but it hasn't assumed such a restful status with our military men concerned with the bringing about of the event and the grim business of why we better damn well be first to jack one up in the sky.

Recently, a top-flight scientist and sky-gazer was finishing a frenzied series of observations requested by our rocket people. He, who shall remain nameless here, scoffed at reporters who tried to pry information out of him and remarked acidly that it was too bad that a purely scientific study should be given such sensationalistic attention.

It might be that this sensationalistic attention grew from the fact that the Air Force was sweating rockets because two new minor bodies suddenly appeared to be in orbit about the earth. The eminent astronomer's mission was to determine just what these were.. Luckily, they turned out to be un touched by human hands giving the USAF much peace of mind.

This does, however, bring to mind the fact that such satellites might simplify things. Instead of building the whole works, we'd just need to ferry up the equipment to install in the natural satellites already there.

STRANGE THINGS.* Repetition is a major tool in mass psychology, notably in advertising. Seems as if a phrase or tune-lyric has some talent for catching the listener-looker's ear-eye, then pile it on, it'll get 'em. On the other hand repetition can dull the person to the import of an over-all situation after reading item after item, week after week. I've seen several remarks in the fanpress, probably jokingly made, concerning venturing into atom-bomb targets such as New York. I think Dean Grennell made a remark to this effect recently while relating his visit to Bob Silverberg in Brooklyn.

I wonder how many people in this country, especially in these target areas, ever give much thought (everyday) to this? Certainly the trend is evident, climaxed recently (this is written on sept 8) by the cry to cut diplomatic relations with Russia in re the plane shot down by Red MIGs.

For years now, the armament race has been on. Almost weekly we'll read about new weapons perfected, including atomic weapons and means of delivering them. A huge radar-observer warning network is being perfected; Civil Defense has sprouted again, and any of you living in large-city areas have seen numerous CD Shelter signs and the large signs on highways indicating that in case of attack, this road-street-highway will be closed, etc. Then there is Conelrad, which is designed to control AM radio emission using a scrambler on the two frequencies to which you should tune in case of attack. (Anybody know them without checking?) Now we have Conillum, twin brother/sister to Conelrad. This latest is to cut down on city sky-glow. Ways and means are now being studied and it is supposed to be used only during Warning Yellow or Red, and at the command of the President or a high Defense official. Naturally, with the electronic help combat planes have these days, sky-glow won't be too much more than a handy way to check on instrument accuracy, and, we hope, by then, the Nikes oughta have 'em.

But when you sit down and think about it, we aren't living in a secure peace-bound world, are we? Not

that it does any good to fret about it. That isn't what I'm driving at. It's how prepared is the general public to accept the real thing when it happens, despite all the preparations? Worse, does the public actually comprehend that all this stuff they're printing in the newspapers isn't just there to sell papers? I hope so; it might lessen the shock.

Now that I've made everybody cheerful, let's turn to some more grim topics. One item that might come as a let-down is the new developments in mosquitology. This will probably knock the slats out from under areas like Texas where mosquitos are reputed to take a couple of bites out of you so as to enable them to carry you off to the home freezer for future reference. Experts say that human blood is not the bread-and-butter diet of the mosquito. 'Tis merely the topping, or the icing, or what have you. Isn't this disillusioning? We now know that when we successfully ward off a gluttonous mosquito we're not depriving it of its supper, but merely its desert.

But wait! They didn't cover the fact that only female mosquitos chomp on humans. What do male mosquitos eat for desert? This new finding also ruins a pet theory of mine that I believed implicitly back in the old days. If mosquitos only drank human blood and only female mosquitos bit, then the males must live on love. I sob in disillusionment.

Ahhh, things sure are looking up for the rabid stfnests. The British have added a new item for the stfnests to put on the good side of their ledger. Seems as if they've designed and successfully tested a plat-form like wingless jet that, now get this, takes off straight up. Level flight is achieved by deflecting the jet-streams (or also by auxilliary jets). It can't really be called an aircraft, since this "strange contraption" is little more than "an aero-engine" with a pilot mounted on top, said some of the people who had a hand in it. Doesn't this thing bring to mind many an old stfiction gadget? Buck Rogers was never better!

People and scientists and military men and stfen are always talking about the push-button war. In fact, the push-button business in the military is getting so advanced that they need some 3,000 pyschologists to help determine it's effects on the men who push the push-buttons and how to help them do it. But what I want to get at now is that the machines-doing-everything-for-you day is possibly still far away, but because of gradual advance, isn't recognized by the rabid stfnests. It just isn't science-fictional you see.

What's stfnal about putting a stack of dirty ~~clothes~~ into a machine along with some soap-powder and pressing a button? The machine then proceeds to pour into itself the right amounts of hot water, washes, rinses, drains and then spin-dries the clothes. It isn't like PLANET STORIES. Then you can take the clothes out and, with a machine, dry them further and iron them in a jiffy. Or ~~take~~ the machine that cooks food for you. All you have to do is put the food on, or in, this thing; set it, push a button and go shopping. The machine then cooks or bakes the food for the required time; won't burn it and then either turns off or, in case you don't come back when you should, keeps it warm. Then they have these machines that keep food and drink cold, another that plays music for you, then shuts off only to turn on again and wake you up in the morning. Others that keep houses at the right temperature and humidity at any season of the year. And many more unspectacular machines. Don't wait for the future to happen in one great blinding blaze of stfnal glory. It's happening little by little already!

//

I don't know how many of you read the comic section(which is usually anything but) in your daily papers, but there is one item called THE TODDLES. No, I don't follow the thing, but something about it caught my eye recently. Upon investigation, I found the once-familiar script of Rod Ruth in one of the panels. If you remember, Rod Ruth was one of the top artists of Ziff-Davis in the 40's and early 50's. He had a unique style of his own, heavy on black, forceful with his hero's sporting serious-like beetling brows as they saved heroines. But now, like ex-PLANET STORIES artist, A. (Iden) McWilliams (who does TWIN EARTHS), Rod Ruth has gained the lush syndicated berth coveted by comix artists. Drawing daily continuity is to artists what selling to slicks is to pulp-writers, to draw a crude comparison.

BOOK NOTE: I guess the most significant thing about Tucker's THE TIME MASTERS, in direct connection with fandom, is the Lee Hoffman verse in the front of the book. But while casually perusing the pocket edition recently, I noticed something on the backcover blurb about the author that damn near split my ribs. It mentioned, in all seriousness of course, how Tucker, among other things, is the director of the Fantasy Foundation, AND, now get this, a past President of The National Fantasy Fan Federation. Gee Whiz.

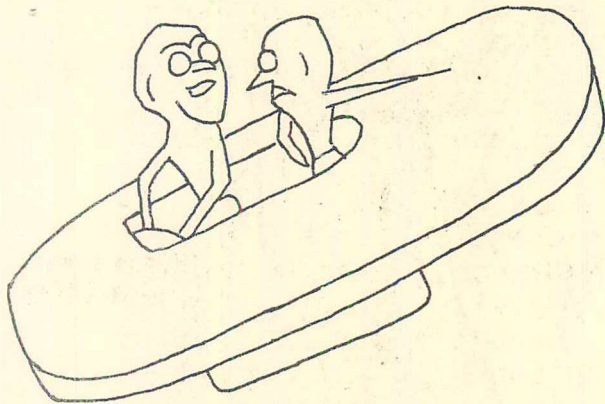
BURPOLOGY: They use any and everything in advertising, of course, but only recently I saw a couple of examples of what I consider to be extremes. The "burp" or belch is, even in these days, something to excuse oneself for upon occurrence. But it isn't sacred anymore. Eversharp utilized it in advertising one of their pens. It shows the pen that burps before filling but never after. But the one that got me was a sign on the rear of a bottling co. truck in LA. It said, in big letters emblazoned on the back of the body, "For the burp that satisfies...etc".

Winding up this long installment of Obs, I'd like to venture a semi-prediction (yeh, I'm playing it safe!). For many years it has been taken for granted that Weird Tales is merely a ghost of its former self. Many people have probably wondered how WT hangs on and for how long? Well, I know how they're hanging on currently and I'll guess that they won't much longer. Writers are now letting WT use stuff sans check. This, of course, applies mostly to the old coterie of WT writers, and how long they'll give this big-hearted assist in the troubled times is a good question. I'll hazard a guess that WT won't be with us for many more months. Not unless they do something drastic, and that isn't the way WT operates.

In ending, I'll mention that the Conelrad frequencies are 640 and 1240 kcs, in case any of you were wondering.

Note* The "strange things" aren't so strange after all...sorry Edco, about cutting some of the items from Obs this time. There was no choice. Thisish has to be done on 24 stencils (tho there will be 2 or 3 more pages since 2-3 stencils were already done from the other issue) and I tried to keep the most interesting items in obs.

Those items which were omitted this time will be included in Ed's next Observations.



A CRAFT WITHOUT ANTI-GRAV?
DON'T BE SILLY!

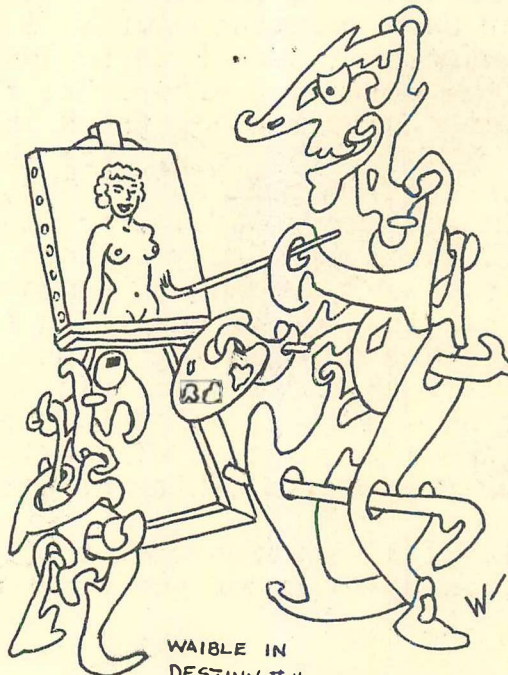


BOBBY POPE IN
FANATIC #2
JULY 1951

RAY NELSON IN
OPUS #1



"I JUST TOOK THE 14 DAY
SOAP TEST --- AND GWAUD!
AM I CLEAN."



WAIBLE IN
DESTINY #4
WINTER 1950

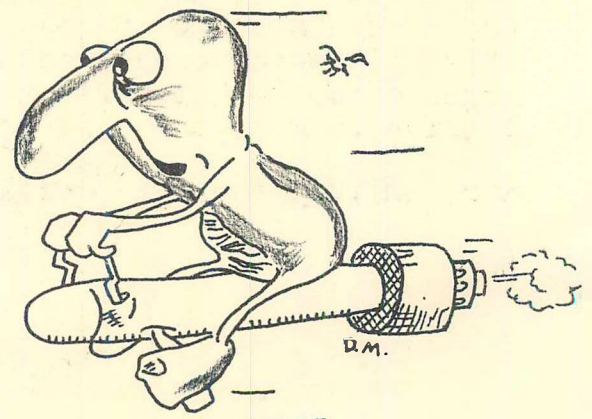
"WHAT DO
YOU MEAN,
'SEXUAL
SYMBOLISM?'"

WHIMSY

a fan feature conducted by Lynn Hickman

In this issue I've decided to bring you a few of my favorites in the fanzine cartoon field. These cartoons have appeared over the past four years in the various fanzines as stated on each cartoon. I could not possibly include all I wished to on these two pages, so there will be more appearing from time to time in this column.

Lynn A. Hickman



DENNESS MORTON IN
PHANTASMAGORIA VOL.2. NO.2.
AUTUMN 1952

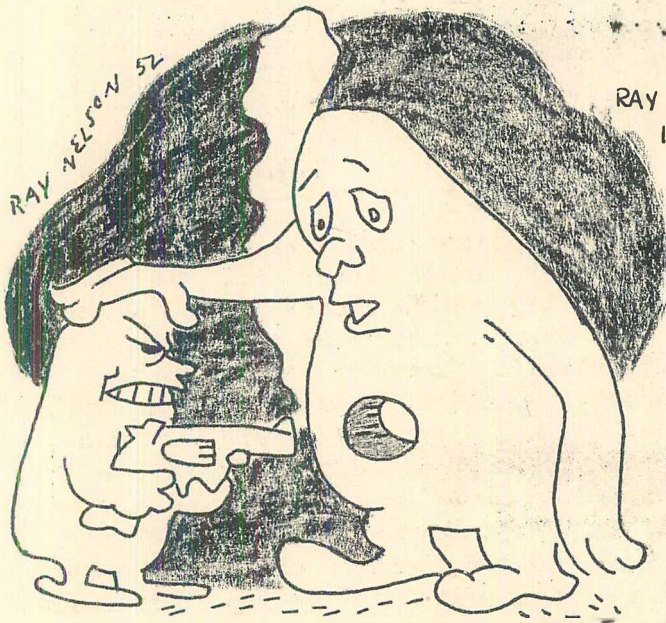


BY SOSIN
IN ODD #11
MAY-JUNE 1951



RAY NELSON
IN ODD #2

"AND NOW THE IRAINIAN BROADCASTING
COMPANY PRESENTS THAT NEW QUIZ ---
'YOU BET YOUR ASS'....."



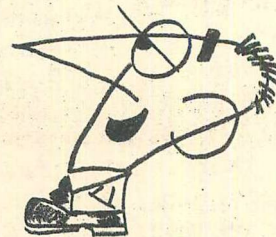
RAY NELSON
IN ODD #4

"I DON'T CARE IF SCIENCE
FICTION IS BECOMING
POPULAR. I WON'T READ IT
UNTIL EMILY POST GIVES IT
THE O.K."

Thats it for this time.
There will be more cartoons
from Odd, Trends, Fv, etc.
next time along with what-
ever else strikes my fancy
and that I believe you'll
like.

"YOU'RE JUST MALADJUSTED."

LOVE THOSE
NELSON CARTOONS



90's & Lynn

THE LETTER OF THE MONTH

Dear Hodgie and Podgie,

I liked John Hester's article so much that I'm going to comment on it right now—even before I read anything else—so I don't forget. Segregation or non-segregation is not the new thing that Americans think it is. I seem to recall previous eras in history where a minority was segregated by law. Usually into a Ghetto. Occasionally the shoe has been on the other foot, as when the whites were compelled to remain on the island of Hong Kong lest they contaminate the Chinese Nationals...However, it strikes the US with all the impact of something utterly new and utterly dreadful. (I'm speaking of non-segregation). I read in the newspaper yesterday where it is proclaimed the biggest spiritual hurdle that the Christian Church has faced in this century. Protestant Churches, that is, the Catholic Churches having maintained a bland disregard for skin color ever since its beginning. Certainly it has all the earmarks of a powder keg in direct line with some blazing matches.

I can add nothing to Hester's analysis. He is a local observer and I'm way up here in the North where negroes were a rarity before the WWII influx of shipyard workers. Now that so many of these WWII importees have remained, there's a good sized portion of our citizens with black skins. The one thing I note which could be considered derogatory is their bad manners on busses. Like the bad manners of children who know no better because Momma or Poppa didn't smack a disciplinary palm to an unruly behind—which, probably, is just the case, with Society being the Momma or Poppa in the said case. Take the pressure off an ocean bottom fish, and it swells up and bursts. Take the social pressure of the Southern white away from a southern negro and his public behavior seems to swell up and burst in a sort of pushy ebullience....Aside from that, they make good citizens (I have little contact with the Police Dept. so I don't know whether there is any higher percentage of negro delinquency than white, but I rather doubt it.) They pay their bills in about the same ratio of good to deadbeat as the whites, and I for one, enjoy seeing them in the stores and streets. Sort of colorful (no pun intended) and gives me a sort of Days-of-the-Mediterranean-traders feeling. Cosmopolitan. I'd probably resent very much if negroes bought up houses on all sides of me (property values are very sensitive in such matters) but I'd get a kick out of working in the same office with a "colored gal" of comparable education.

However, there's one point on which I can comment, the old inter-racial marriage bugaboo. Whereas certain propagandists have deliberately attempted to stir up trouble on this touchy point, and have succeeded to an alarming extent in giving a sort of "martyr for the Cause" halo to the problem of white girls dating negro boys on college campuses here and there with consequent marriages occasionally, there is another attack on this problem going on quietly and with practically no frontal opposition. I refer to the numerous marriages of white soldiers and Japanese girls. To the interested grandparents, I have no doubt that it is quite as painful to see a mixed yellow and white grandchild as it would be to see a mixed black and white one. But because there has been no overt stigma attached to the Eurasian child in this country, their increase has gone practically unnoticed. I for one would have hated to be given "colored" grandchildren...any color, (and, with apologies to many of my good stf friends



including Semitic)--except the Nordic Caucasians like myself. My feeling on this point has nothing to do with the idea of "white supremacy" --at least, not consciously--. I do not believe a pedigreed English bulldog is "superior" to a pedigreed Russian wolfhound. Nor that an Afghan Basenji "superior" to a Doberman. But I just happen to believe that pugs ought to stay pugs and wolfhounds ought to remain wolfhounds even if you have to build kennels to keep them from "falling in love" with each other. (For that matter, it is my cynical belief that despite the lack of a periodic mating season for humans, the emotional syndrome known as "falling in love" bears too close a parallel to animal behavior to be trusted to the discriminatory judgment of the individuals involved.....)

I think whites ought to mate with whites for the same reason I think a pedigreed dam bulldog deserves a bulldog sire. God knows they are homely and non-functional enough as they are without mixing a bulldog's ugly mug on a wolfhound's skinny legs! All this furor in favor of "melting pots" for races would imply that ours are the most valuable dogs there are! People may insist until they are blue in the face that mongrels are smarter and stronger and healthier, etc.etc.. But when it comes to shelling out dough for one, they buy a pedigree! Likewise, when they have a specific job for a dog--cattle tending, bird hunting, etc...they buy one whose bloodlines are known to be suitable, they don't scoop up a mongrel!

People breed cows and horses and sheep and even chickens very carefully for specific results. It's only among humans this concerted (and to me, foolish) insistence on "melting pots." Phooey.

While on the subject of blacks, I recommend to any and all of you to see the documentary "KARAMOJA" if ever it comes near...go a hundred miles out of your way if necessary--but do NOT go in a mixed group. Girls with girls and boys with boys, or else you'll be so damn embarrassed at seeing portions of anatomy usually kept covered that you won't be able to appreciate the tremendous significance of the rest of it. When the young bridegroom (stark naked except for an elaborate headdress, a Zebra's tail on his elbow and a leopard's skin on his shoulders) jumps straight up in the air with sheer exuberance and the camera catches him in profile--OH Brother! I was glad I went unaccompanied. In this documentary, one can see clearly, more than a million words can explain, the tremendous advance required of the negro in adjusting to civilization. George Washington Carver, Dr. Paul Bunche, etc. become all the more marvelous when seen in contrast. I hope you all get a chance to see it.

Closing my remarks, I am reminded of a sociological study made several years ago by a team of Swedish Sociologists who came to this country for the purpose of writing a thesis on racial prejudice in the US. After the study was finished it was discovered that the tension points boiled down to seven items of which the number one fear of the Whites, is, Inter-racial Marriages, was at the very bottom of the Negro list--only on it because it was included as part of the survey. Whereas the very bottom item on the White list, was "equal pay for equal jobs."..the number one grievance of the Negro!

I see no reason at all why negro citizens cannot enjoy every economic and civic advantage that white or yellow citizens enjoy, without being expected to lose their identity as negroes by attempting to marry outside their race! The whole thing sounds silly, but I guess the fear is real enough to the Southern whites even though it is only a nightmare.

Now that I've got non-segregation off my chest I can relax and comment on the rest of HF. What's the matter with that Al Leverentz boy? First he gripes because some parents don't equip their kids with the accepted social training, then he gripes because others do! What does he want? "Progressive" education for everybody? So brats can be even brattier and "unrepressed" with adequate advantages than they were without them?

Aside to Chuck Harris.....by the way, wasn't FILE 13 a Boggsian invention?

...Can't seem to work up any steam to reply to Joe Gibson's comments on religion. He's got such a screwball notion of what religion means to the people that believe it it wouldn't be any use anyway....might as well try explaining Einstein's Theory of Relativity to a moron....On the other hand, Tom White (the Yorkshire White) brought up an interesting comment about spiritualistic phenomena. Yes, the spiritualists do have good reason for their beliefs. The seance phenomena and the other occultists phenom-

ment are now widely recognized as having a more reliable basis than the materialistic theorists of the previous century thought. In fact, the swing is now in the other direction from materialism, and these supra-normal or para-normal phenomena are coming in for serious study. (Rhine of Duke U, being the foremost scientist in this line) However, now that the phenomena are receiving recognition, the theories which purport to "explain" them are being spotlighted, too. The Spiritist explanation is as he says, that the human soul is immortal and wears lives like a string of beads wears beads....The Catholic explanation says in effect "No such things! When people die they either go to Hell, Heaven, or Purgatory." Occasionally they are able to appear to people and admonish and instruct them (ie the "visions" or "appearances" of angels or saints) but these instances are rare and carefully checked by ecclesiastics. Naturally they are convinced that bona-fide angels or saints would not bother to appear to a non-Catholic unless the non-Catholic were a person of exceptional saintliness (which most seance mediums are not, as far as I've observed) Also, they believe that "evil spirits" are constantly on the lookout to counterfeit these "visions" and mislead the people who see them, therefore they insist that the faithful stay away from any such phenomena. If a good angel or saint wants to contact them let the angel make the first move--don't get yourself mixed up with any counterfeit spirits by hanging around seances and/or dubious religious gatherings.

I do not believe that any Catholic would be forbidden to participate in a serious scientific experiment such as those conducted by Professor Rhine....However, you note that the Catholic attitude is not one of rejection of the phenomena, merely of extreme caution. Aside from the Spiritists, the majority of Protestant religions reject the whole range of occult phenomena and if they admit its existence at all, classify it as "witchcraft." The pseudo-Christian religions on the other hand, give occultism a heavy play, in fact some of these theosophical doctrines are nothing more than the old Oriental ideas served up in "Western" trimmings...they are even designated as "Eastern Occultism" and "Western Occultism"/....no person who has read the story of the remarkable person known as Jesus could fail to be impressed by the many instances of so-called "occult" phenomena: levitation, clairvoyance, clairaudience, telepathy, prescience—to name but a few. The Protestant sects usually close their eyes to current phenomena—like an ostrich hiding its head in the sand—and insist that these phenomena were merely temporary—an exclusive attribute of Jesus, the Son of God. Catholics also credit these unusual abilities to Jesus' Divine Nature, but are willing to grant that other people besides Jesus and the early Apostles are able to develop sufficient "goodness" to become saints capable of doing the same... Spiritualists and Occultists discount the "goodness" aspect, and claim that this ability is a matter of "chemicalization" and can be acquired by anyone who will work at it sufficiently, provided they had the proper qualifications to begin with.

Strangely enough, the methods used to achieve this "sainthood" parallel the methods used to achieve "chemicalization". So its about six of one and half dozen of the other. They must be the same type of personality with about the same type of spiritual development and physical discipline whether they are Catholic Saints or Yogi practioners..

Jim Harmon is still belaboring his dead horse of "masculine supremacy"..too bad he's too obtuse to realize that when he says "~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~" "most men are superior to most women" he is implying the reverse.."the rest of the women are superior to the rest of the men." Too bad he didn't clarify his statement as to just what men are "superior" IN. No one questions that men are superior in height to women on an average curve of growth-height charts; neither is there any question that men's muscular structure is "superior" to women's in the matter of ball throwing, for instance, or in weight lifting. However, there are many items in which women have been proven to be "superior". ..the ability to bear pain; to attend to small detailed work (that's why manufacturers prefer women employees in certain types of work) that females mature faster, learn quicker for their age, and live longer than males. Jim's statements sound more like wishful thinking than like any real attempt to set up a basis of comparative statistics....By the way, regarding the "cherubic" or "like the devil" aspect of Harmon's countenance: Doesn't Jim know

(concluded rear of letter section)

17

MACKENZIE MUSINGS

Have you ever thought how very important in our lives are our dreams?

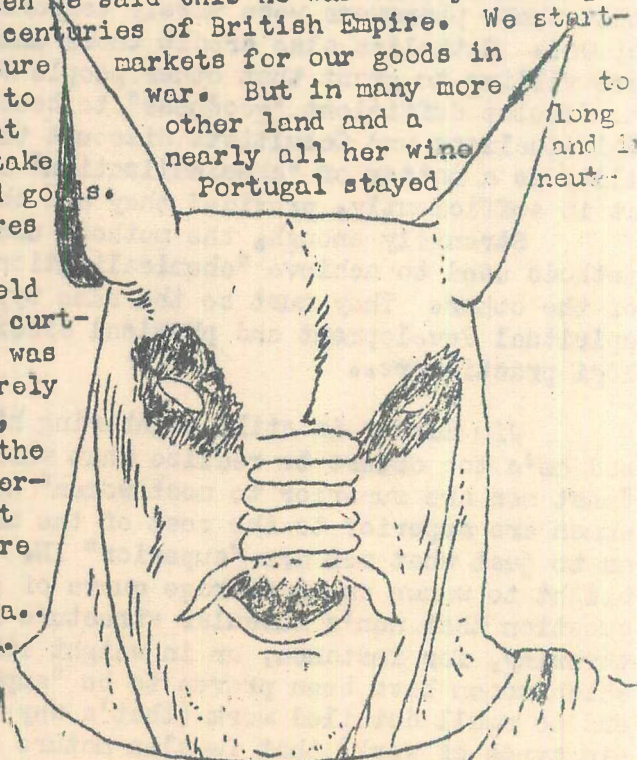
Apart from the expression of the subconscious business, they do seem to have an irrational effect upon our actions. One tends to be a little--is superstitious--about one's actions and think that we had better not do so--and--so after all, because of that dream we had....and there is an old English saying, "Saturday's dream before breakfast told, Will come true however old." This Never-Never land business and interpretations of dreams is comparable with the reading of tea cups, largely, but perhaps there is, salted away in all this apparent tangle of mental junk, a grain of truth.

Racial memories, extra-conscious awareness, or what have you? After all, the were-wolf is still to many Central Europeans a very live menace. There have been very few reports of them since Hungary put up the ferrous shutters, and I suspect that anyone who did report a were-wolf would be considered as a deviationist and have meted out to him a summary judgment. I don't think that the Party would encourage that sort of thought; it is too dangerous by far. But I remember that when I was in Bavaria and the Black Forest only a few years ago, the village people were quite afraid of the dark forest at night. They could never give a specific reason; just that it wasn't considered locally to be a healthy occupation to roam around in the wilder regions after dark.

There was, of course, the danger of accident, but it wasn't that that deterred them; rather was it something inherited from their forefathers. Yet one found the same thing in first and second generation locals. I remember this rather well, because I did a piece on it for the paper. The Bossman decided not to run it in case we offended any local feelings--we were publishing in Stuttgart on a German press and had to rely on the local population for a lot of things, even if we were the all-conquering occupation powers.

War, war, and rumors of war...over here we feel now that the danger of war with Russia is receding. The recent Leipzig Trade Fair is a very useful pointer. As you may remember, Churchill said some time ago that one of the surer ways to come to an understanding with Russia, is by trade. When he said this he was merely drawing on the accumulated diplomatic wisdom of a few centuries of British Empire. We start out, not to found an empire at all, but to secure markets for our goods in war. But in many more other land and a nearly all her wine Portugal stayed to long and in neutral.

return she takes a lot of British manufactured goods. In WWII but nonetheless leased us the Azores as a base. Well, the point about the Leipzig trade fair is twofold. First of all: it is held in Eastern Germany, therefore behind the iron curtain. Before the end of the war, East Germany was not at all a manufacturing area. Almost entirely agricultural, it depended for its iron, steel, hard coal, chemicals, manufactured goods, on the heavily industrialized Ruhr area of Western Germany. Today, it has passed some years without that trade. As a result it has been drawn more and more into the economy of the Soviet bloc, getting coal from Poland, iron ore from Russia.. chemicals from both of these and also Rumania. They are now making for themselves the things they need in the way of machinery and manufactured goods, and they are selling these products to Egypt, India, China...building up a good trade. Now the Western Germans see in this a threat to themselves. East Germany



ROTSLER

represented about 15% of their pre-war sales, and they would like to get that sales area back again and also deal with some of the markets like India and China, which are not normally open to them since the Bonn government does not maintain diplomatic relations with these countries and they buy largely through Trade Missions. So this year, the Leipzig Trade Fair has about twice the number of West German firms there, all anxious to sell their products to anyone interested, Red or not.

British manufacturers, too, were largely represented. A couple of years ago there were about a dozen British firms exhibiting. This year there are about 150, all anxious to enter the lucrative markets that can be so easily opened up behind the Iron Curtain, which is certainly in need of many manufactured goods of a strictly non-military nature. Many Western Europeans feel that if we can only build up good and prosperous business relations with the Iron Curtain countries and with Russia herself, that the war risk will very certainly diminish.

That seems quite important to us now, because it seems fairly sure that the US will NOT continue to police Europe forever, particularly in view of the breakdown of the EDC thru the French dereliction. There is no doubt that we are going to be obliged one way or another, to re-arm Western Germany. We have got, oddly enough, to make friends with the Germans, for our own safety. And that means almost certainly the granting of sovereignty to the Germans. I don't feel that there will then be even a valid excuse for the US government to maintain large military forces in Europe, and I think, too, that public pressure at home would oblige the War Dept. to advise the President that the forces at present on occupation duty in Europe be recalled.

Now if that happens, and we do not have a strong Western Germany, Europe is there for the Reds to pick off the tree. The French army is no bloody good, anyway...ours is too small and just could not hold a very large enemy indefinitely, and the same applies to the Belgians and the Dutch. If ever the Reds seriously started to go to war in Europe, they could, US troops or not, be at the Atlantic coast of France in about six to eight weeks. You simply could not hope to stem their numbers with all the troops presently available anyway. That means that if we were to hold Europe we would have to use atomic missile warfare in the form of shells or bombs. And if we used them, there is to my mind little doubt that the Reds would use them too. Probably they would use them on a really large scale, because it is quite sure that they have the knowledge and equipment to produce atomics, since they have tested and OK'd for service the atomic artillery piece, a 300 mm job which is now in East Germany in fair strength—so good-bye to this country as a floating areodrome for the use of anti-Russian A-bombers...

Well all that is the first aspect of the Trade Fair.

The second aspect is perhaps odd, but makes one think, just the same.

It is the fact that the Trade Fair held in the Iron Curtain is nevertheless open to any Western participants. They lean over backwards to make it easy for the "foreign" exhibitor to get there, display his goods to the best advantage...and remember, it IS the world's largest trade fair of any kind. There are over 30 multi-storied buildings which do nothing else but house exhibits, and one very large office building holding a large permanent staff that does nothing else day after day but make arrangements for the next Fair...and so on....The Reds are eager that we trade with them. What does this mean? Many people here feel that it is the beginning of the end of the Cold War.

The only worry is that the Chinese Reds might call the US hand over Formosa. And that would probably mean another World War. Please God it never happens.

Whatever the outcome, I have a strong feeling that we will not have a war for awhile yet. I do not think that Russia wants to fight at all, although of course she is quite prepared to see her satellites shed their blood in the sacred cause of the people and all that, and quite honestly, I think that if France were to get entangled in a war with Russia she would be in grave internal difficulties. The Communists there are remarkably strong, and it has been reliably estimated that anything up to 20% of the armed forces are pro-commie and would not fight in a war against Russia. They had a hell of a struggle to even get permission (PERMISSION, mark you!) to send conscripts to IndoChina. I haven't heard of any such reluctance on the part of the US in Korea or the British Commonwealth in Korea, Malaya, the Canal Zone, or Kenya. The people just are not to be relied upon at all any more. The two world wars they have gone

through so soon after the France-Prussian affair have played merry hell with their patriotic fervor, and their attitude today is largely represented by the saying: "I could not care less for your predicament, Jack. I am suitably provided for."

Gloomy as this is, it is true. So that when we here have to try to analyze the international situation in terms of NATO, UNO, EDC, OEEC, and all the other initials, we have to bear in mind that France is NOT to be relied on in a military sense at all. That the US cannot continue forever and ever to hold the fort for the Europeans--after all, she has got other commitments--and yet we ourselves are simply in a position to maintain a greater army than we are doing at present.

Our rate of income tax is already 9/6d in the pound after a very low level. This represents no less than 45% of the income. And even the working classes--which I mean laborers, bricklayers, and so on, are paying this rate. Greater armies would mean more of a drain on the tax payer, and we simply could not pay it.

The British army too is scattered all over the globe, although I suppose the majority of the effective force is in Germany now.

Typical of the military paucity of Europe is the fact that in Battle royal a very large exercise now going on in North Germany, the European Defense forces have raised the mighty total of seven divisions--say 135,000 men. The Reds have damned nearly as many in and around Berlin alone.

All this may help to explain to you something that I gather has puzzled Americans in the past: the British attitude of hanging on to anything that might lead to peace. The people here would not stand for anything that savored of downright do-as-I-say-or-it's-war attitude that has regrettably characterized the State Dept's attitude in too many foreign affairs. Not in a hurry will Britain face another blitzing, another decimation of the male population, another 15 years of hardship. Even today, nine years after the end of the war, we are still not by any means clear of the wood, or rather forest, of tribulations brought on by the last war.

Only a few weeks' ago we were able to throw away the ration books, without which we could not purchase the staple foods.

END

* *****

Whenever the night blows dark and wild
I open my windows wide
My lover, the Wind, is calling me
And I am his eager Bride!

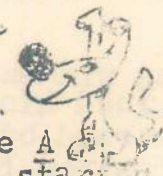
He cradles me deep in lusty arms
My couch is a downy cloud
His amorous sighing fills my ear
His wooing is fierce, and proud!

Together we scorn the sleeping Earth
Till morning stars are singing
Old Sol vaults over the mountain top
And ends my lover's clinging

But other nights will be dark and wild
He at my window calling
And drugged with love we'll whirl through space while
Stars are wheeling and falling!

No alien earthman knows my heart
How simple, my thoughts to hide!
And whisper to Him, my lover, Wind
For I am his wild, glad Bride!

-----MARIE-LOUISE



ED COX, VENICE, CALIF: Cover was nice this time. # Now we have A Study in Black and White. When I first started flipping my tentative toe in the fan-sea back in 1947, there was a lot of line, FANDOM SPEAKS which was just starting and got to be pretty famous in those days. I remember that the big issue being torn to bloody shreds was then was the alleged snubbing of a Negro fan that Ackerman brought to a LASFS meeting about that time. Since then there has been the eternal bickerings, quite gory at times, in re Sigler and Paul Cox, especially, almost as eternal as Moskowitz' IMMORTAL STORM. Now we have the Study. Like someone mentioned in CONFAB recently, the topics of discussion in fandom remain the same, just the people who discuss them change. The only thing I'll say directly to Hester's Study is that he can't be condemned for his views. Unlike most of us, he lives in the environment where the problem is really The Problem. Most of us can't appreciate it. I'm a Yankee by birth and environment but have, while in the army, had a lot of association with Negroes both in and out of the South. As in any case, there is both good and bad. No amount of talking among any group is going to help. Not even a Supreme Court decision. #Mainly, I'm just sick and tired of these things cropping up in fanzines. Not that I want to restrict subject-matter for discussion. No, argue and battle away. But while you do so (Those who will) pardon while I yawn and leaf through the latest issue of PLANET. # "The Great Lover" was an inspired bit. Cleverly done and typical Hodge Podge fare. # Al Leverentz lamented for good reason. This was the most worthy reading in this issue, and most other issues, of Hodge Podge. # Joe Gibson as usual (I'm not yawning Joe!) writes a damned good letter-article. Art Rapp's column is getting settled. A few more and He'll be top columnist of HP (not that I'm claiming to be at present). Sorry, Art, but now you know that neither Rick nor I were there. Or was Rick? But that gave you more time to spend with the VR. But remember, Envy is a helluva lot bigger than you are! # Dammit, I wish Claude Hall would settle down and write. He's got ideas but he slaughters them. The "Ledgun" could've been tops. Things like his "We will be bloody heroes Now and Then Club" are hilarious bits, but they suffer in the overall treatment. Keep going, Claude, you'll get there. # Mal Ashworth wrote the best letter in Box 31. Love that examination on the dog-dropping-out-of-the-sky item! Bob Bloch pretty well took care of the semantically confused questioners. Juanita Wellons Coulson really raps out a rough letter. But she's right. # This was supposed to run several pages long what with all the things I was going to write about as inspired by this issue of HP, but things have slipped away. Or should I say slipped away? The lack of comment((that should have been "lengthy comment" ..grrr, no correction fluid. ns))..in no way implies that I didn't like it. A real fat buy for 15¢, if you permit me to take the mercenary view.

AL TOOTH, PORTAGE PENNA: I wouldn't mind beards coming back again, but the great american public has been sold a bill of goods that its ole fashioned & unpopular- the wimmen wouldn't like it (all them ads of a luscious doll snuggling up to a smoothy guy & rubbing her cheek against his-its so smooth-foo-) ties in with wot Marion Bradley was saying in HP 11 - she sure put sex '54 in a nutshell. "Look -but-dont-touch" etc & my risibilities were tickled by her suggestion that you and ML study your own-ahem- mammary development when you draw any more nekkid females and/or you pose for Plato Jones - drat why didn't I take up drawing nekkid wimmen?? of course as a hobby, real live liv-

ing wimmen are better, tho unfortunately not as tractable as the imagined kind - pore Mittelbuscher-whynt you smile upon him -he must have learned by now that there is nothing so devastating as a womans scorn. Besides the pore guy is outnumbered-tsk..#This HP is sure serious & constructive with all that talk about sex & Y chromosomes & Sic Freed & sex & paralysers rayguns & Leverentz' lamentings & sex(& hes so right) & British fandom- its problems & cure, & sex & wots-the-nakid-gravelling-on-Asf? & so on (oh yeh cant fogget - gleet--), but whos complaining - sheer fascination is wot HP is- go around in adaze every time I wade thru an issue -sheer scintillating mental fireworks-- & wot our zine has pages 1/2 & leaves out page 13?? Unique-thats all..# Drat-Cab-wimmen played here couple weeks ago & I didnt go see it--I miss somethin?? //only a lot of belly-laughs, thats all..// Hesters strange Study in subjectivity is answered partly by Juanita Coulson's letter & no doubt the regular Box 31'ers will finish the job-can hardly wait-- & Harris' Biblical whimsey fascinating idea, but doubt that it will start a new hobby of fans hauling put the old dusty bible...Mackenzie also whimsical.. Edco's and Rapps columns enjoyed(can hardly wait for Conquest of Space & 'UP,UP,UP'(Ohmighod)) & I am releived to know that maybe it wasnt stupidity that I didnt get the point of that Asf article, but that there was no point to get.. # I dunno how you do it, but every issue you have good poems & this time no exception, but MZB's radleys weren't just good - they were beautiful.. #Sic Freed-corny but kute.. & Box 31..oops, almost said likewise- good roscoe-I will become as another Mitty..Yeh remember going to see that movie THE SCARF because I thot it was from Bloch's story- tsk-is there no depths to which Hollywood will sink?? Noticed a pktbook on the racks had something to do with Theodora or Theodosia or somethin-wonder if its the same story- when I get 35¢ I will have to pick it up (after all, Mystic comes first -Theodora will have to wait til I learn levitation..)..Harmon & his 'mom-smothered-man'-he is also so right..heh, liked Juanita Couldson's remarks about the cynical front us shy guys put on- tellin you a man aint got a chance.. where have I been--never came across any of those lovely femme fans Tucker describes-tsk...see Mackenzie is also cynical & hard about wimmen..is everybody?? But like I said Marion sums it up alright..#Podge-ah you Shares wot an uninhibited bunch # Howard Lyons in Box 30 mentions those pktbooks of modern writing that we should read - ha- avant garde indeed- in New World Writing No. 5 there is a story th at begins: "toothbrush in hand, Herman raised the lid of the ebony toilet seat and recoiled in dismay. Floating in the clear water a red and luscious mouth was looking up at him, lips parted sensually. He bent forward, peered down into the bowl, & saw a folded sheet of toilet paper bearing the imprint of someones lips.." -now aint that appetizing to read while youre nawing on a sandwich & a bottle of beer- modern writing-foo.. & yeh theres a poem in the same book that has delicious lines..'..maggots rapaciously & noiseless / fatten on fermented juices/ and the gristle wriggles thru/ their sniggling tails & slime/ spreads beneath the peartree..' isnt that a pretty picture?? & another one has the lines: "The dead cow that stunk in the hemlock thicket/ three years ago now is only/ bright white bones.." I knew it I knew it, with all this down beat writing there had to be a dead stinking cow eventually..

ROBERT COULSON, HUNTINGTON, IND: To briefly scan the contents of HP 11; in the first place, you need either a larger stapler or a smaller magazine. The present item keeps falling apart. I enjoyed Hall's story, and the features by Mackenzie, Gibson,

Cox, Rapp, Harris, and Leverentz, in more or less that order. Liked Bentley's poems. The ones by Bradley and Klein were very nice and literary, but I'm old-fashioned enough to wonder if they were poetry. Illos and editorials were okay, and the letter column was excellent. # Now for the main subject, namely, "A Study in Black and White". Hohn Hester seems to be an adherent of "white supremacy" who has made an effort to write a biased article on the subject, and I congratulate him on the effort. The fact that he failed is probably due to his environment than to any lack of intelligence. # I'm glad you published the article, if only to prove to some northern fella that there are people who feel about Negroes as Hester does. (I say "feel" rather than "think" because, while Hester has evidently devoted some thought to the subject, the reaction of the average southerner to segregation bears about as much relation to thought as the reaction of a moth to a flame.) # As for his criticism of "The Outsider", I have seen a good many cheap novels on the stands which deal, more or less, with the race question. I've even read some of them, and they are pretty poor efforts, even as sensationalism. Classing "The Outsider" with these leads me to believe that either Mr. Hester has no literary taste whatsoever, or, more probably, that he is too biased to be able to judge any work by a Negro. # The fact that southern whites are so opposed to integration has a bearing on the steps necessary to supplement the Supreme Court ruling. It is obviously impractical to bring in the army and enforce the ruling at the point of the bayonet, even though the idea has charm. (Juanita is all in favor of this, which makes me wonder if females aren't naturally more aggressive than males.) Likewise, the idea of getting the Negroes to form a sort of Klan of their own, and lynching several hundred segregationists is impractical, although, I'd be glad to help them. Offhand, I can't think of a solution which is practical, but one must be found, soon. Fans seem to have a high regard for their own intelligence--this would be a good time to prove it. # As for another statement in the article: assuming that the "average Negro" is not as smart as the "average white" is ridiculous--I defy Mr. Hester, or anyone else, to find any unbiased statistics which will support his view. (Anyone who laughs at the idea that statistics can be biased doesn't know much about statistics. For one example; ever read cigar ads?) "Negroes have been given privileges much beyond those given to whites who were prisoners of war..." So what? Is Mr. Hester suggesting that the treatment of prisoners of war should be the standard for social relationships? If he isn't, why does he make a meaningless statement? "Since the Civil War America has given the Negroes every possible chance." I can answer that in one word; Bullshit! Ever hear of the Klan, Mr. Hester? Or poll tax? Or the statistics on the Negro school situation in the south? Lynchings? Race riots? in the north? Jim Crow laws? Negroes have every possible chance to live in squalor, take the low-paying jobs that no one else wants, and do without an education. They can also do without free speech, in the south, and justice in the courts. # The south is not alone in its guilt. Northern negroes, while enjoying considerably better conditions than their southern relatives, still are second-class citizens in most places, including most towns in Indiana. It is about time we realized that Negroes are human, that they are as good as Caucasians or any other race, and that if they are not exactly like other races, the United States theoretically gives every man the right to be himself. The white race is on top at the moment because of a medieval preoccupation with murder which produced superior weapons. In most "civilized" pursuits, such as literature, art, and music, whites are certainly not superior, and (dare I prick the balloon?) probably inferior to the Negro. # Good for Jim Harmon! Not that I believe him, but I'm glad someone (even Harmon) is standing up for male rights.

ROBERT BLOCH, MEYAUVEGA, WIS: Sharies: I'm ashamed to acknowledge HP#11 with just a post card, but I'm just back from San Francisco and it is hard for me to write in this iron lung. I'd thought the Convention would be dull without so many of the familiar faces but to my joy discovered that those West Coasters can be plenty familiar themselves, on occasion. To say I had a marvelous time would be putting it mildly, and discreetly. Know you gals would have enjoyed the affair - particularly Vampira. I'll not explain her here: sooner or later you'll probably see pictures of her and read an account of the Masquerade Ball and then you'll see what I mean. # ML, I am a bit disappointed to learn just where in the Bible you found my letter. I was hoping for Revelations XVII, 4,5: I'm more at home in that kind of company. Amazed, though, that Harris seems so familiar with ecclesiastical literature - just goes to prove the old saying that "the Devil can quote scriptures", etc. # This was a fine issue, commentary-wise! # P.S... Bosch better in full color.

PLATO JONES, JEFFERSON DAVIS, ALA: It seems several of your readers didn't understand my cover on HP#10. Would you please print this in explanation to Stuart and Howard. The cover was sent to ML to use on her first British Apazine, and signified Marie-Louise having British fandom by the tail (which she probably will). However the cover arrived too late to be used on the zine it was intended for, so they decided to use it on HP. Everything clear now, fellows?

J. STUART MACKENZIE, LONDON, ENGLAND: The older I grow, the longer grows the list of people, with whom, like the Walrus and the Carpenter, I "deeply sympathise". Mr. Mittelbuscher has now been added to my list. Whilst I have all the disposition in the world to sit down and write a studied reply to his cretinous burblings, I feel that such a task might well be phrased in Shakespeare's words "You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for mouth of this age's size." And so, let us leave the idyllic subject of Mr. Mittelbuscher, his logical processes, and pass (with a bow in the direction of Mr. Harris, who, have no fears, will probably devastate Mittelbuscher in his own sweet time) to other and much more interesting things. # Chuck Harris' excellent piece leads to a small confession. Chuck is not really the Don Juan or Casanova that I have perhaps unintentionally depicted in Hodge-Podge. Nor indeed is he really like the gentleman depicted by me in No. 11. I say this because, small-fry that I am, even I have heard murmurings of amaze from the Americas. "Well, it just goes to show..." "I never thought he was like THAT" etc, etc. No, he really isn't like that: in fact, he is one hell of a nice guy, and I respect, admire and like him very much. I am sure he will agree with me. # The matter of Mr. Campbell his motor-velocipede is being dealt with in some detail in a British fanzine. Mr. Willis has arranged that a copy of this be sent to Mr. Tucker, when he will learn that the real trouble was a lack of oil. The wheels were not so much frozen as glued together. In case it interests you, I mention that Mr. Willis subbed by sending us a very beautiful glass eye, full size, and slightly blood-shot. Attached to this was a card: "An eye for an EYE... a copy for 'Bob Tucker....'" # Please send Claude Hall my address or vice versa, so that I can keep him posted as to details of the next London convention. There is a small "exhibition" of fans on October 30th, London England. If he can make it...? And a real con, next year. # Howard Lyons is not the first to comment on the greyness of British duplicating. I think the causes are twofold. First of all the fact that most of the mimeos we use are pretty old and tired, and aren't really giving of their best,

and secondly, as Howard so rightly noted, the ink.. I am experimenting now with thinned printing ink to see if that is any blacker. Time will tell. There isn't much one can do about the machine side of it. My Gestetner, for example, dates back to 1919 and at least one British Midereal has recently been produced on a Roneo made in 1908. However, some of the trouble is undoubtedly operator, and so I am not blaming the machine too much. Actually, I think - while I am on this subject - that the Gestetner or two-drum type is the best bet. A glance at Grupe which is produced on a Gestetner, will show what can be done on a comparatively new machine. I don't think that any single drum mimeo could do any better and very few as well. Anyone else have any ideas on the one-drum vs two-drum controversy? # Al Leverentz' piece was remarkably interesting, although shocking. Didn't know Al Capp drew from life. I knew there are slums in all the big cities, of course: the way humanity is, that is a sine qua non. But in the Ozarks? # I liked all the pomes this ish: Specially Marion's. But was disappointed not to see one from you, Mr. Naughty. Have one at least in the next, please? # Nothing to do with the case..but may I utter a mild protest against a malpractice which seems to be spreading? I mean that of spelling out ordinal numbers as though they were cardinals. In printed rules one so often reads "Rule One", "Rule Two" and so on. So also in title-pages, in chapter headings and in periodicals, we find this sort of typographical impropriety, "Volume One", "Chapter Two", "Number Three". What a shock it would have given to our classically-trained forefathers! Fancy "Tomus Unus" or in modern French, "Article Un". Perhaps it has come in with the telephone/radio habit. If so, before long we may be spelling out "Chapter X" as "Chapter One-Oh" ?

WRAI BALLARD, BLANCHARD, N. DAKOTA: Liked HP but somehow I don't feel a part of it anymore. More like the little guy running around the outside of a circle of people, jumping up in the air to see what they are talking about, and rather afraid to push his way in. # Articles and Columns are good, Cover, too, but what happen. MZB and her critical remarks on the female breast inhibit you? You can tell me you know, I too am an artist (three fanzine covers, remember). Don't listen to her Nance. Women think nothing of improving on nature, so why shouldn't artists? # Favorite line department.. "But the name THE OUTSIDER--a pitious bitter title if ever there was one.." Yes, true, true, very true. # Gibson's paralysis gun sounds OK, but I think there are too many holes in his reasoning. For example a fellow could rob by shooting first and get away long before the other one comes around. Or some timid fellow could immediately ray everyone in sight just so no one would bother him. Nope I far prefer the old days when Sneary was carrying a sword because it made him polite, as one Fapan said. # Wonder why Mittelbuscher is so indignant over being called quiet. Heck there is no law against being shy and quiet, and I've never thought it any particular sin. In fact if I ever get to a convention I challenge anyone else to a shynessness and putting women on pedestals contest. I won't even qualify it by some gag about putting a 5'3" gal on a 7½" pedestal because I have a stiff neck. I don't have a stiff neck, I just have a natural talent for shyness and pedestal placing.

REDD BOGGS, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.: It is snide of me to mention it, I know, and I suppose you'll jump on me like you jumped on poor Mittelbuscher, but if you had to raise the price in order to pay for the postage, maybe you could have avoided it if you'd put the correct postage on each copy. The current issue weighs five ounces and could've been mailed for 5¢, but you put two three-centers on it. Why? Think! Think of the money you could have saved on this issue!

Enough to buy almost two whole gallons of petrol! # The columns by Ed Cox and Art Rapp (They should collaborate on a column while Art is in California) were fine stuff. What does the kid on the plane in "The High and the Mighty" do that labels him a "future stf type crittur"? Does he drink beer out of his nursing bottle? I wonder if it's worth seeing the picture to find out. "Only slightly more fascinating than the 1938 cowboy movie on TV". Are the cowboy movies on TV really that good? I haven't seen any that weren't all-talking pictures, and those didn't come in till 1930 or so. I've seen some old silent cartoons (to which background music has been added) but no silent cowboy movies. These would be fascinating! I am a great fan of William S. Hart, you know. Jim Harmon. I also liked Leverentz' column(?) better. I've liked most of his Hodge-Podgery to date. About giving pennies to urchins: I remember once magnanimously paying the bus fare for an old woman who didn't seem to have enough money. I did it mostly so she would get the hell out of the way and let everybody else get on the bus, but I was rather chagrined when she got off again after riding only two blocks. # Box 31 was, as always, wonderously engrossing. I liked the letters by Mal Ashworth and Tom White (Who are really one person named Ashwhite, I believe--at least they seem to use the same typer and the same sharp wits; separately, I have no doubt that they are halfwits..) but I think Tucker's letter was, as Lyons would say, the most. Whatever that means. I'm glad for Bob's footnotes to my article on femfans, especially for the revelation--news to me-- that Trudy Kuslan was a "knock-out". I've long admired the issues of her fapazine, The Nucleus, and to learn that she was beautiful too--well, it's just as refreshing as finding out that Marie-Louise, whom I have thought of as subsisting on dew, stardust, and rainbow strands, really likes pizza. Tucker's facts about these femfans make me all the sadder that it isn't true what Stu Mackenzie says, that I "must know every wench in American fandom". Actually, of all the fans I mentioned in my article, the only one I ever met was Lee Hoffman, though I talked with another one by phone. # Podge: Well, of course "Moon of my Delight" comes from The Song of Solomon. Doesn't it? There is a song by that name, but it's always sung by a tenor slumming it from the Met who trills his "r's", so I don't know the words--never understood 'em. The incident of poor Helen and the pizza-devouring females inspires me to make a pun. Something about a pizza aller. But of course it would be appreciated only by the highbrows in your readership. Frankly, I don't appreciate it much myself. # I'm looking forward to your annish.

JIM HARMON, MT. CARMEL, ILL.: Hodge Podge # 11 will undoubtedly become a collectors item. If I was editing a news mag, I would run a bold-face headline: MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY URGES AND RECOMMENDS MA STURBATION TO PAUL MITTELBUSCHER! # Marion does make sense--an unhappy faculty of hers-- especially unhappy when I'm arguing with her. How can I prove to the world that men are smarter than women when she persists so stupidly in making me look dumb? I ask you. I remember when Lowndes accepted a couple of stories by us in the same breath. Hers he ran in the semi-slick FUTURE and mine he published in the pulp SF QUARTERLY. Humiliation personified. But now I don't go along with that business of preferring steak at a cloth-covered table to squatting down to a can of pork and beans. Depends. I take it that Marion has never been on the bum. (Even her worst enemies don't call her a tramp). I have. I have enjoyed cold pork and beans a lot more than I've ever enjoyed a hot steak because I was hungrier when I ate the beans than I ever have been when I tied into a steak. Marion, quite excusably, looks at sex from a woman's angle. Soft lights and lace table-

cloth contribute nothing to the meal itself--just the appetite. Believe me, if you're hungry enough the niceties won't matter. Women are slower to be sexually aroused than men. One look at Marion or one of the Share girls and Paul and I are ready to go. But one look at us, and you have to fight down your revulsion. It's tough, but women eventually manage to do with men--fight down their revulsion, I mean. Soft lights and help them to do it. But men would just as soon have a roll in the rug. Marion says that's selfish. I can't see that it's anymore selfish than women wanting soft lights, etc which men--outside of Liberace--think is unnecessary. Fact of the matter, neither attitude is selfish. Men would like to find girls who are as ready to go as they and any place, any time. They rarely find them--outside of novels by Mickey Spillane, Thorne Smith and Charlie Myers. Women get the men who go through the soft lights, routine, though--because they hold the whiphand. But which sex--if any--is really selfish? Demanding all the details their way before they get down to business? #Kinsey maybe says single-handed sex (good term!) is as good as bi-sexual activity, but he says a lot. Ain't so. 99% of all men indulge in you-know-what. This one I'll believe. But 99% also indulge in bi-sex. If the one is as good as the other, why would men bother with women? (Only a very few don't.) To use Marion's own meal facsimile, does she enjoy eating alone as well as eating with someone she loves. Actually (though it is wide spread) private sex alone is the greatest selfishness. Anything as good as sex deserves to be shared (no pun intended) with another living, longing human being. Preferably one of the opposite gender. # I think Juanita Coulson's attack on Mittelbuscher is a pretty cruel business. Yes, Paul is shy, painfully shy. Even I am not that shy. He says it is being moody--well, maybe moodiness is another name for shyness. At any rate, he doesn't talk much or go out of his way to meet people. I know we we in speaking distance for a good half hour and Paul didn't--at Bellefontaine. I was busy talking to Joe Gibson and John Magnus, I believe. I immodestly think Paul had some slight interest in meeting me since he has on occasion praised me a great deal. SIGNIFICANT FACT: Since meeting me no more praise. I knew it would be like that. People rarely live up to your expectations. I don't see what Paul's personality has to do with his ideas on sex (I don't agree with his ideas, incidentally)--I think dying in order to save others is worthwhile--but I don't know that I'd have the courage to do it. Bishop Fulton Sheen has given out advice on sex relationships. He can't practice what he preaches, but that doesn't invalidate his ideas (other things do, however). A man's personality shouldn't be used spitefully against him in arguing with his intellectual beliefs. It's like laughing at a blind man because he says spring is beautiful. #Miss Nancy Share, Ma'am, I will be happy to take up the issue with you. I would prefer not to put up dukes, girl. Druther wrestle, wouldn't you? Besides, if you want to get technical, there are some infamous facts about what happens when I use my fists even without enthusiasm. // tsk, so I heard // Besides which, I have a glass jaw. # Y chromosomes are thought (it's only a theory) to produce geniuses since they produce men and all men are geniuses // oops..ns // . It's a question of reverse rather than forward logic and I admit it may be wrong. Understand what I mean by genius. There are a lot of intelligent women--maybe as many as intelligent men. (and for the record there are more stupid and moronic men than stupid and moronic women) But all true geniuses have been male. Genius is used too lightly today. The well-known IQ test rates a "genius" as anyone with above 130 IQ (I believe it is not too dreadfully high anyway) With the 173, I qualify as a genius under those terms. But take a true genius like Da Vinci. His IQ has been estimated by experts at around 400. Significantly the highest recorded female IQ was 211 (again,

I believe). Yes, there are women smarter than me. Curses. Foiled again. It's significant that this woman wasn't a great scientist or artist-- just a school teacher. Women are content not to do great things--maybe they're happier than hard-headed aggressive men, I dunno. Incidentally, there is a way of seeming to be more intelligent than you are. By chance you might just happen to know some of the answers that you really didn't have the background to answer. I'm inclined to think that being a school teacher, this woman had just memorized a lot of facts and wasn't really creatively intelligent as all that. But take heart, Nan, Lucrecia Borgia's IQ has been estimated to be the (in) 240's, so you see women can accomplish great things. But even she had a helpful brother. And Madame Currie had Mesurier Currie. There is almost always a great man behind great women. Yes, it works the other way too, but not so often. Many great men--like Socrates--are great in spite of their women. But men aren't any good as a group without women as a group. No more group that way. It takes both kinds and a healing of the human wound as Plato put it before there is a whole human being. We have to pull along in the same harness. I'm just trying to convince the modern egotistical, selfish, soap-opera-listening female, that her partner in the harness isn't a jackass and that he sets the direction they travel--even if she does do a lot of backseat driving! # To John Hester. He seems to be a man fighting his prejudice. Commendable. But obviously he is prejudiced. He has a right to state his opinions but as far as I would be concerned he could state them in his own fanzine. I see a lot of signs of prejudice. "The few negroes with whom I've talked..." A third of his city is Negro and he's only talked to a few...a "handful". "Negroes with the emotions of children..." i.e. mental inferiors. "I...can't help thinking they (negroes) are nearer...our tree climbing ancestors than we are..." and "the negroes here still live in near stagnant squalor and it can be assumed the average negro is not the (something about intelligent equal...darned hard to find passages in a fanzine in this wind). First, the evolution business: Negroes have thick lips whereas it is the whites who have thin lips like apes. Apes also have straight or slightly curly hair like whites, not kinky like blacks. It's the whites who have all the body hair too--negroes rarely have any. But there are some points where--in they are nearer. Their skull shape is nearer the Great Ape's--this gives the Negro a greater brain size than the Caucasian--not that size influences quality one way or another. It all balances out. The human race became human at the same time. # Now that business about Negroes being dumber than whites because of living conditions. Hester just got through saying that whites wouldn't let Negroes into their world. Where else can they live?? Intelligence doesn't have anything to do with it. Hester just doesn't want to see the truth. # He also says something about their short acquaintanceship with civilization making them afraid to criticize whites. Blacks have organized government when Anglo Saxons weren't even hunting in tribes. Their environment kept them from advancing further. And, of course, Negroes do criticize whites--in books like THE OUTSIDER which Hester never reads--and with more point than reverse critiques. As for enforced non-segregation--it's good only in letting each side know each other. But if a man won't walk the right path, you have to lead him. Still, men like horses can't be made to drink. Brotherhood will have to come from the heart, not laws.

MAL ASHWORTH, YORKS, ENGLAND Uh uh Nancy I'll forgive you just this once for not posting HP off to us earlier; I suppose you knew that when HP # 10 and 11 arrived, I'd just have to forgive you. Nancy they're wonderful--and I mean every letter of it.
2 HODGE-PODGE is both wonderful and fabulous and in my estimation, certain-

ly one of the best zines in the world at the moment. Also in my estimation, Rapp and Rotsler enhance it immensely too and with peoples like Bloch and Boggs and Tucker and Willis regularly ramblin' thru the letter column well hack that clinches it - and gal, that c-r-a-z-y letter-column! Jeepers it's plain murder to step in there; there's someone hiding around every semi-colon ready to hack your head off if you so much as say one word -and jolly fine fun and all that but murder nevertheless. Someday, if you will promise to hold my hand and look after me, I think I'll dive in just to see what it's really like. I know I've been in once but I don't think I said anything controversial did I? I suppose I can't even be sure of that until the next issue is out and I see if anyone has dismembered me and stolen my entrails for tea. Still so long as it provides some harmless amusement for the kiddies it's all in a good cause isn't it?

WALT KLEIN, MANSFIELD OHIO

I hope the PO will permit you to reprint quite a few of the letters replying to Marion Bradley. It was wonderful and I can imagine some of the replies. Maybe it's just as well if you don't print them. I have a lurid imagination.

JOHN HESTER, DADE CITY, FLORIDA I get tired of reading Mitty's brash statements and the counter-replies and the smear routine every issue.

It's a silly wrangle anyhow, why continue it? Paul at first, was trying to help, although I'll admit not very successfully, and now he's got himself out on a limb and has to defend the position or fall. I think it was poor taste to begin such a thing, this Mittelbuscher versus Fandom business, and even poorer taste to let it go on. There's a catch in my STUDY I didn't count on that arose the day I received HP. My dear Mommy was so proud of the thing she simply HAD to read the part mentioning Celeste to him (he was working here at the time I opened the mail) and enough of the rest to prod his curiosity about the whole thing. Now he has to borrow the copy and type it for distribution among his colored friends. I think I better find a sick relative in Alaska. Not that I'm flattered by Celeste's approval of some parts of STUDY, but if he reads the other parts I might be flattened. A very close friend of the family moved away the other day and willed us one of her favorite jokes. Once there was a man who had a VERY poor memory for ~~names~~ names. This man had an important business contact called LummoX whom the man had to meet at a certain time and at a certain spot. Afraid he'd forget LummoX's name, Joe requested of his poker cronies that they help him remember the name by some sort of association; they suggested he think of "stomachs" and then rhyme it with LummoX. A few hours later Joe returned and said worriedly, "You know, I couldn't find Mr. Kelly anywhere!" A CLASSIC example of the shaggy dog. It took me four days to discover the sequence of thought.

If you love and woo your love, leave her not alone,

Without your ring upon her hand to show that she's your own.

For if she be a free maid, whose wills may woo;

Though she not like the wooing, you'll say that she's untrue.

So bind your love and tie your love and hold her to you fast—

Lest she know not how you love and doubt you at the last;

Lest you come again and find her to another wed—

Lest beneath the ground you find her, out of grieving, dead.

———— STUART MACKENZIE

PAMELA BULMER, LONDON, ENGLAND

First thing I turn to is Dodge. Speaking of your Chevy like that reminds me of the happy times we had in the old van. Ken's van has achieved a certain immortality and much has been written about it. It had a personality all its own and boy was it a help with the courting. We used to go places in it and sometimes it got us there and if it didn't it gave us a laugh and we missed it so much when it was sold. This is the fan van that James White referred to in his immortal epic I DROVE WITH BULMER. To which the natural answer from Ken was "I drove James White." Next to Hodge and Dodge comes Box 31. What takes pride of place, for me at least, was Mal Ashworth's letter. I don't know how he does it but he makes me roar. He has the Willis touch. Sorry to see Walter climb down like that. I got a number of back issues from Walter and didn't manage to read the one with the Tornado in first. Also juicy number 7 with most of the crits was missing; but I got a shock when I finally read Marion Bradley's account of what it's like to be in a tornado. Forgive me if I sound cruel, but to me it read like an account of a woman in a severe storm, quieting her child, having a nice nap and waking up to find half the town destroyed in a tornado! I'd very much like to read Marion's account when she gets caught in the street with one of them things with the houses crashing down around her. I've never been in a tornado, but like thousands of others, I experienced quite a few air raids--and blasts can do funny things. I thought of writing you about my experiences, in spite of being so frightened we always managed to raise a laugh at some trivial thing, but I know some people take the view that "the war is over, let's forget it." Personally, I think that is just what we should not do. But then maybe I'm prejudiced, I've had my Dad to remind me about war all my life; and if people would only realize--really realize. But I digress. Marion's article was very very good, with the proviso I mentioned. Only thing I'd like to ask is what does she do when she steps off the pavement in front of a bus? Does she walk on calmly as if nothing was happening, or does she jump back--fast? Maybe I'm a coward, though. Hester's article I found extremely interesting. I must say I was surprised to find it in an American zine. Like religion, with a Roman Catholic or Jew, it's one of those things I don't discuss unless I know the other person isn't dogmatic. We here in Britain get it from another angle. Things seem to become very complicated because everyone here will lump all colored people together, whereas of course, there's an immense amount of difference between a Singhalese, a high caste Indian or student, the "boys" in East Africa, and the other blacks there and the Aborigines in Australia, as well as the Negroes in America. The colored fellows I've met have all been very intelligent and as a general rule I've found their manners are a lot better than the average white. I met a good few at college dances; but I know I'm prejudiced so I made a rule never to refuse a dance if one of them asked me. This was a bit difficult as some colored fellows will insist on eating garlic. Chuck Harris was wonderful. Did he ever tell you how he autographed a certain person's Family Bible for them: "yours sincerely, Ghod."? I hope we're going to get a lot more of Chuck, and your little letter on the end was touche, a real beaut. re that clod who thinks that women are inferior to men. This argument about women's wanting and obtaining men's privileges and not having those privileges is all up the creek. What Jim Harmon seems to forget along with a whole lot of other stupid males, is that what we want is recognition that because we are female it doesn't mean we aren't as intelligent as men. Physical strength is another thing. I'm not physically superior or even equal to any male. I just haven't the strength they have in the arms and hands. Of course I have nails and teeth. Women have a different type of strength. They can withstand pain longer through greater powers of endurance. During the war women proved them-

selves the equal of men in a large number of capacities. I notice nobody said anything about them being inferior when they were desperately needed. Don't think I'm pleading the weak and feeble woman line, all I'm trying to say is that young women are strong, but generally speaking their physical strength isn't the same as men's and never will be. Just the same as it will always take women to have babies. Nature made us that way (which shows considerable forethought-lucky we) I quite agree that I see no reason why any man should give up his seat to a working woman, they both pay their fare. What I do think is bad is the way men sit tight and watch a woman with baby in arms stand in a packed train and allow a woman on the other side of the carriage stand up and give up her seat. And let a girl faint on her feet and still sit there! Having dealt with the physical side now let's turn to the mental. To suggest that the world is in such a state because women have the vote is ludicrous. That is a piece of provocation, demagoguery, and really beneath notice. Over here women only got the vote after the first WW. Reading that remark again it's just too damned silly to warrant further comment. A large number of people will agree that as a group, women have just as high an intellect per capita, it's simply been a matter of male suppression. One can point to the number of clever women who have guided the destinies of great nations using as their tool, the reigning monarch or dictator. I suppose someone will say in answer to that, that women often brought about the downfall of a great man. Firstly, don't let's confuse "goodness" or "badness" with intelligence, which is the point under discussion. Secondly, if a man can be so influenced by a bad woman, he can't be so great. And there is a very old saying that behind every successful man there is a woman. No one would suggest after dealing with a woman in business that they are any less intelligent than their associates and competitors of the opposite sex. I refer to women as a group, not women as individuals.

SFC ART RAPP, FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS: Always I have the most excellent of intentions-- to write you a letter of comment immediately upon receiving Hodge-Podge, that is. But always I don't do it, which on second thought is perhaps not as disastrous as it seems. # One excellent reason for not commenting is that you already have such a superb collection of letter-columnists that it would be hard to equal them. Besides, no letter to a fanzine is complete without a sneer and a denunciation or two, and HP has grown into such an outstanding fanzine that I can't think of anything about it which can be sneered at or denounced. # I shudder for my old friend Harmon; he is defending the cause of truth and justice, but that won't save him from getting mercilessly clobbered. Tsk, Jim, we know that women are inferior to men, but it's a tactical error to inform them of the fact. Hell hath no fury like a female generalized about. # Oh well, I might as well join you in the ranks of doom. The fact is, only males are idealists, only males will fight for abstractions like justice and honor and freedom. Nothing concerns a woman except her own immediate interests, and in pursuit of them she will stop at nothing. She is well aware of the advantages she can get by exploiting the chivalry of males, which is why she wants to be independent, yet still under male protection. Males are born optimistic, and are turned cynical by experience, but women are cynical and realistic from the start. # Chivalry is dead, but it wasn't the men who killed it. # Having thus shown the folly of being an idealist (a realist would merely agree with Jim, but not rashly say so in public) I sign off with the parting observation that HP is undoubtedly fandom's #1 subzine, and deservedly so. Long may it rave!

MAL ASHWORTH, YORKS, ENGLAND: I have paid up my Life Assurance premiums, screwed up my courage, chewed up my fingers and decided to say something about Hodge-Podge 10 and 11. I feel a bit like a Roman gladiator about to enter the arena, because, besides some of the people you habitually get in your letter-column, rival gladiators and wild lions are pretty weak looking. Already, in that harmless-looking sentence, I have said enough to be torn limb from limb by some of those eager ghouls you keep unleashed over there; "How the hell", they will ask me, "do you know what a Roman Gladiator felt like?". That would be a very good question. And now to pass on to something else. Well what have I got to

say about Hodge-Podge? a) I spent one whole evening reading those two issues. Since they both arrived together and I kept reading bits from each I find it rather difficult to 'timebind' about them and get things in their right order but I'll do my humble best. b.) it is a fabulous magazine. Not only has it that wonderful editorial character which you and Marie-Louise give it, but it has columns by Chuck Harris and Art Rapp and Ed Cox and illustrations by Roessler; moreover Redd Boggs, Hoy Ping Tucker and Bloch the Uplifted appear regularly in the Letter-column, not to mention Walt Willis and humorous others. Which is perhaps the best thing to do. All in all I think it's just great but one thing about it baffles me slightly. One reads Hodge which is cute and sometimes downright sweet, one reads several whimsical articles and regards several whimsical illos, and one reads Podge which is sweet and sometimes downright cute. And maybe somewhere along the way one reads Box 31 which is a sort of mixture of tornado, maelstrom, H-bomb and Edgar Allan Poe learning about Robert Bloch. It kind of doesn't fit there; in almost any other zine, yes. In Hodge-Podge it's sort of Out-of-this-world. Which is perhaps as well. However it's there and I like it that way and I guess everybody else does too, so what else is there? #Well there's Cpl Claude Hall for one thing. I too wish Claude had been able to get to the Supermancon. I think he would have learnt something there that would have done him good even if it had destroyed one of his cherished 'misillusions'. Perhaps if he'd got there, at some time during the proceedings, he might have felt just a little lost with himself. He might have stood around on his own someplace (it's unlikely, but he might) thinking it was a little difficult getting acquainted at a con where there were a lot of people around that one didn't know even postally very well, and there might have been a very tall, sunburned, athletic looking chap stood near to him who might have almost, shyly, started a conversation on just about anything under the sun, cracked the most perfectly-fitting and rib-cracking puns at all points in the discussion, and probably never stopped smiling the whole time. This would have been the fellow who, according to Claude, 'shouts down' at the neofen who worship him! - Walt Willis. #And then of course there's a personage by the name of Mittelbuscher; now something here I genuinely don't understand. Whuffo we all jump on his head? # I just love the thought of men being superior to women. I myself have for ages been trying to convince lots of people who Don't See Things The Right Way that sixteen ounces are infinitely superior to twelve inches but I'm damned if they can understand the concept. I was beginning to get very disheartened but now that I've found a Kindred Mind perhaps we can really set about demonstrating this to the world At Large and so end these futile arguments. I hope so. #You know Nancy I could go on and on just as uninterestingly as this, with paragraph after paragraph of stuff, putting forward my views on racial segregation, on the sex habits of these various people under discussion (I have learnt one thing and made a solemn resolve. "ever, never again shall I criticise the duplicating of any fannag. I am a sensitive, nervous soul and couldn't bear to have my sex habits discussed out in the open in cold print), trying to explain that English conventions aren't really just continual 'booze and bed' sessions but just that one or two people like to glorify that angle of the affairs in Con reports, in the belief that there is something intrinsically humorous in these subjects, and expressing my own fear of Death only if there is an After-life (I tell you, if these theologians are right I'm quaking in my shoes right now. Mummy!), but even if you were going to print it I don't think I'd dare write it all. My nerve is beginning to go (the stimulating effect of that Orange-crush is wearing off now) so I'm stopping right here in the fervent hope that even if I'm hung and drawn, I can perhaps just avoid being quartered. I am prone to these spells of groundless timidity!

CPL CLAUDE HALL, GERMANY: Received a letter from Walt Willis a month or so ago which apologized or explained about that column in COPS LA.

Walt's a nice guy. He read that statement of mine in H-F and just wanted to set me straight from my crooked narrow minded ways.

// this was taken from a personal letter and since it ties in with what Mal just finished talking about I thought this would be a good place to insert it in behalf of Claude. ns//

(conclusion of the Letter of the Month)

that devils are merely "fallen angels"? Asimov's remark should prove rather than disprove the charge that Harmon looks "cherubic"..... Oh for heaven's sake, Mittelbuscher, isn't anybody ever tell you to stop defending yourself against unimportant opinions? Your friends don't need to be convinced, and your opponents won't believe it anyway, so that you accomplish is to make an ass of yourself for two pages of HP.

Stuart Mackenzie... "we are being tolerated as breeding stock, that's all..." Hey, which of you gals over there left the bag open so the cat could get out? You should be more careful about State Secrets. If the boys find out what's really going on, their tender masculine egos won't be able to take it--and then what'll we do for poppas for our families? (Hurry up with that artificial semination programme, ladies, we might need it sooner than we think). One final comment on HP as a whole. You girls are presenting some of the finest fan poetry available. Congrats on a highly interesting zine.

G.M. Carr

JOE GIBSON, JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

Was that the Chuck Harris thing that got scratched last issue? It sh^d don't seem a bit dated.

And I thot you gals were in Dire Need! Of fnz material, that is. If I'd known you carried this Harris pistol--well I knew you had it, but I didn't know you had it loaded I wouldn't have made the scene at all. As 'twas, Marie-Louise censored part of muh scene, sumpin' about fans crawling cross the floor, which proves she's no Pierre Soir-ee. I could be wrong, Nancy, but I suspect flesh wouldn't release its heat fast enuff no matter what method you used for a man to freeze solid on his feet. I think it'd take a few seconds anyway, and the guy would keel over numb before he got solid enuff to shatter. And I'm not so sure he'd shatter even if he were froze solid. Arctic tests have reportedly shown that most metals become about as brittle as rotten wood at below freezing, but flesh assumes the qualities of high-tensile steel. Seems the cook left some steaks out on the ice "to keep" during these tests and he had to leave 'em there 'til the Spring thaws. They couldn't just knock 'em loose with a sledge-hammer. If the hammer got froze, its head would shatter on the steaks. But they said they brought a sledge-hammer out from their hut, keeping it warm under a parka, then whipping it out for some fast swings at the steaks. The hammer didn't shatter, but it didn't make a dent in those steaks, either. So that scene in the movie GOG was strictly monkey-biz. And remember when the frantic scientist was wrasslin' with the wheel lock on that metal door while the freeze chamber's walls were icin' up? How come he didn't leave some meat stickin' on that wheel? But getting back to Claudius' "freeze spray" the first thing an observer would notice if thats's what he saw is the way the ground would be shattered and buckled up everywhere. Without that, it's fairly obvious what the observer saw (if there was one) was something else. We've got some pow'ful blister gasses now. They not only soak under your skin and raise blisters big as your head, like WWI mustard gas. These concoctions soak thru most any protective clothing, thru your skin and deep into your flesh. So when the blisters swell out and split open it's like having your whole body burst asunder. Same thing with farm animals, despite their hide, and we needn't discuss what happens internally from breathing the stuff--pizza with smelly cheese, huh?-- also, it'll soak into trees, killing them and into the walls of wooden buildings. On a chill, wet morning maybe with a ground fog, trees and buildings might have enuff moisture to trigger the gas's blister effect, too. Be a mess o' split and warped timber around there. And an unbriefed observer might easily be confused. Enuff of that diatribe. And speaking of tribes, let's have done with this segregation stuff. Anybody don't want to mess with anybody else, let 'em move off somewhere and build a high fence around themselves so nobody'll bother 'em. They want segregation, let 'em go segregate. And if your daughter wants to have a negro baby, I guess that's strictly her own and the negro fella's business. Wonder how many serious constructive type British fen Tucker will have patiently explaining to him that English bikes can be motorcycles when they've a mind to, and carbon-befouled and piston-stuck, tsk such langwidge, when they've not? Or who was it needled the petrol in Bertie's tank. But these UK chaps don't mind getting a leg pulled. heh heh course I may have sort've taken it out by the roots.

PLATO'S PINUPS

