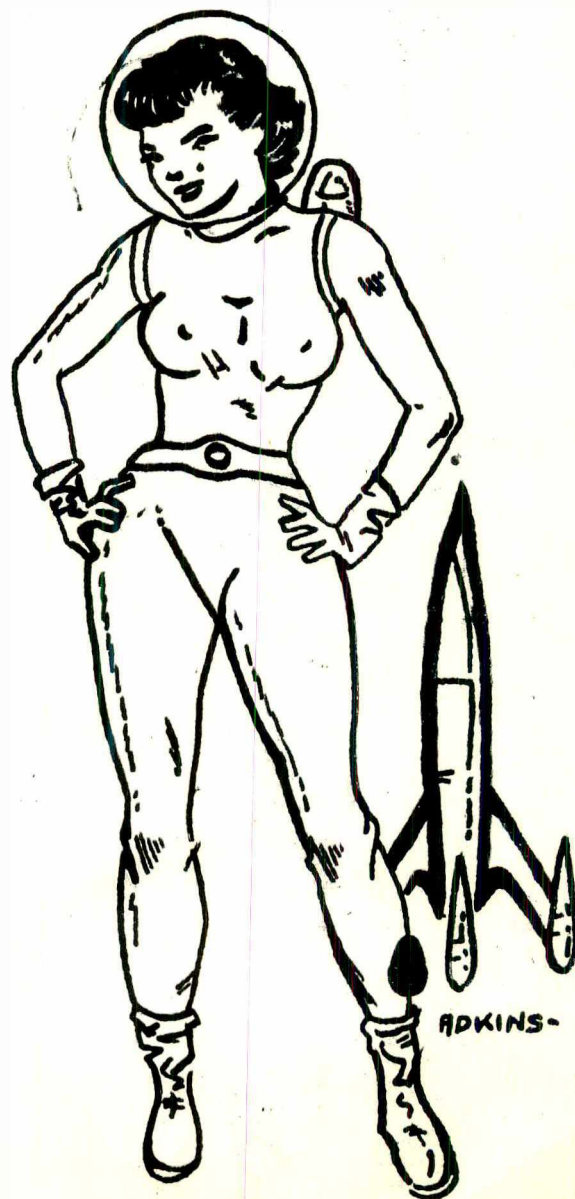


6th year of publication

vid

issue number 24



ACROSS THE EDITORS DESK.....

Congressman Adam Powell, the integrationist, who doubles as the pastor of a church in Harlem, is going to make a fight in Congress because one of the members of his flock is not going to be allowed to return to a segregated college.

It came about in this way. There was a strike at South Carolina State College for Negroes at Orangeburg during the last session. Fifteen students who participated have been asked by the trustees not to return next fall on the grounds that their presence is not desirable.

It so happens that one of the 15 is a girl who is a member of the Abyssinian Baptist Church of which Powell is the minister. She was not expelled, but asked not to return. She had come all the way from New York to go to a segregated college, when there were plenty of integrated colleges close by. And she must have liked it, because she remained after she once came down here, and has completed three years work, and now wants to return to finish the course.

Powell, according to an Associated Press dispatch, is going to try to retaliate in Congress. He just can't stand for one of his constituents who has no earthly claim of any kind on South Carolina being denied the privilege of attending the segregated, tax-supported college at Orangeburg.

From Baltimore comes word that one of two public swimming pools has closed and attendance at another has dropped 50 per cent this year.

"Color bans" at both pools were dropped this year. Apparently members of neither race cared for swimming after integration, though there was no doubt a great deal of agitation by the NAACP to get the public pools integrated.

The victory of pro-integration forces in this case has been a pyrrhic one. Instead of two pools, the people of a section of Baltimore now have one. Presumably if attendance drops much further, the second pool will be closed.

There is every indication that much the same thing would happen in much of the South if integration is forced in parks, pools, beaches, golf links, etc. Where both races now have well developed recreational facilities, they would shortly have none. One park in South Carolina is already a victim.

Most anti-segregation agitators realize precisely what would happen if they had their way, but seem not to care. Those in the North would rather collect a few votes from a relatively few Negroes there than to see the Southern Negroes continue to enjoy the gains they have been making.

The all or nothing attitude is a losing policy.

I hope to get a lot of comment both pro and con on the segregation issue and the seeming policy of the Supreme Court to alter laws rather than interpret them. These are important issues, not only

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STARS AND BARS

by Bob Madle

Now that the 2nd Southeastern Science Fiction Conference has come and gone, things are back to normal in this section of the country. The conference itself was a moderate success: about thirty attended and, despite the small turnout, everyone seemed to have a good time.

Al alexander and I were the first ones to arrive at the Hotel Charlotte Friday evening. It was quite important, thought we, that we be there to greet the horde of incoming fans, writers, and other types, George Cole, John Borchert, Randy Warman, and Jeff Vines drifted in during the early part of the evening also. Even though periodic checks were made at the desk for such people as Dr. C.L. Barrett and Ian Macauley, they could not be found. However the evening was saved by the arrival of Bill Wetmore, an old-time South Carolina fan. This was Bill's first fan affair and he made a hit with everyone. The group convened in his room and the usual fan-gab ensued.

After a while I called the desk again to ask for Doc Barrett and the clerk informed me that he had checked in. He soon turned up along with another oldtime fan, and former associate editor of my old fanzine, Fantascience Digest, Fred W. Fisher. We boozed until about three A.M. at which time the party broke up.

The alarm went off about eight o'clock Saturday morning. A Charlotte news reporter and photographer were scheduled to meet the group at ten and I wanted to be on time. A little later Ian Macauley called and I told him to get his rear end down to the lobby and look for the newspaper boys. At any rate, the story and the photo came off real well, as did three or four others which appeared in the local papers from Friday until Monday. (It might be mentioned that John Borchert is a reporter for the Charlotte News. Of course, his affiliation with the paper has no connection whatsoever to the many stories concerning the CSFS and s-f which appear therein.

About this time Lynn Hickman and family made their expected appearance. Dewey Scarborough and wife came from Atlanta with Ian. (In reality, it should be the reverse, for Ian was a passenger in their car. Such technicalities as this are of utmost importance so that future fan historians will not make any drastic errors. Moskowitz, in particular, will want the facts as they happened as he is now at work on "The Immortal Storm Strikes Back.") Bill Green, a militant atheist, was present with a guest in the robes of a catholic priest. Others began drifting in--but where were our BNF's, Larry

Shaw and Lee Hoffman? Larry was on the program and, we thought, he would surely arrive at any moment. Of course, what we didn't know was that Larry and Lee had gotten married up with each other and were not interested in s-f conferences that weekend.

When one PM arrived and our guest speaker hadn't, I became a little concerned. About a half-dozen local doctors and dentists had turned out to hear the good Dr. J.G. Pratt speak on ESP. It would have been quite embarrassing had he not shown. But he did and a fine talk he presented indeed! Dr. Pratt, for those of you who are philistines and members of the non-initiate, is Dr. J.B. Rhine's chief assistant at Duke's Parapsychology Laboratory. He was quite pleased with the reception his speech received and he later remarked that he considered the s-f group the most receptive audience he had spoken to. But I guess he's still pondering that question George Cole threw at him about "reverse entropy." George, in case you haven't heard, is the local genius, and an intricate thinker. For example of his thinking, read his letter in the October Astounding.

Dr. Pratt's speech, and the ensuing discussion, consumed so much time that the demonstration of Carsciac (Cole's Amazing Reasoning and Sensory Codifier, Including Abstruse Cerebrations) was postponed until the Saturday evening banquet. Carsciac, by the way, conceived and constructed by George Cole, who is a commercial artist when he's not attempting to warp space or solve the riddle of the universe. Somewhat like the Univac, it is very impressive in appearance but is, of course just a gag. A photo of it appears in issue #17 of Nebula Science Fiction, England's leading s-f magazine, \$2.00 per year from Robert A. Madle, 1620 Anderson Street, Charlotte, N.C. (Unpaid advertisement.)

Doc Barrett was the Toastmaster at the banquet. He did an admirable job and future conference chairmen should not pass lightly over C. L. Barrett in the future -- especially when they are in dire need of a Toastmaster. We, of course, had many to choose from. Doc is, like Robert Bloch, a member of the Lovecraft school of Toastmasters. In reality, members of this school should never be heard by anyone immediately following dinner. It is suggested that chairmen utilizing the talents of this group have them speak before the meal is served. After all, it is much better merely to lose one's appetite rather than one's entire dinner. Less messy, you know.

Anyway, after the banquet the group convened in Barrett's triple-size room where the usual activities occurred: boozing, talking, taking photos, singing, and so on. In addition, several long tapes were recorded for the Anglofans. Mrs. Barrett, Hickman, and Madle grouped together discussing fandom while the other female attendee (Mrs. Jeff Vines) sat on the floor, sans shoes, drink in hand, as the gender femmefanne is wont to do.

Sunday afternoon we all convened at the local MGM studio to see the world (?) premiere of the super-collosal s-f film, "The Forbidden Planet." The consensus of group opinion was, "This is the most!" The boys at MGM asked us to write up reviews and send them to NYC as the bigwigs were quite interested in the reaction of the s-f connoisseur to their initial fantasy epic. All of the subsequent reviews seen (including those in newspapers) have been highly complimentary -- with the solitary exception of Forrie Acerman's in Imaginative Tales. Hard to believe, but Mr. Scientifilm panned this one unmercifully, Forrie, how could you?

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Reports from many areas indicate racial relations in the south are at the lowest ebb since Reconstruction. This condition has been instigated and brought about by the abrogation or abridgement of not a few, but many state laws with the objective on the part of the Supreme Court of furthering social patterns and ideologies which have kept Europe in ferment since the Dark Age.

Under the influence of the late Sigmund Freud and his school of thought, France sank to such a level of degeneracy that a handful of Germans were able to conquer the nation overnight in World War Two. Even more depraved, and under the same influence, Italy became a jackal of corruption, preying on such helpless nations as Ethiopia and Albania, fighting first for the Nazis and then against them when it became apparent that they would lose.

Rot, the dregs of Europe, have poured in upon us, now that they have succeeded in corrupting their own part of the world beyond resurrection, and they've brought their dark age ideas and cultural perversions with them. These are the ideas that the Supreme Court is foisting upon us.

Nationalism is passe. State-ism is also. The trend says, in effect, that all men and women must think alike and rear their children in a regimented pattern in conformance with what a few, drawing their doubtful wisdom from cultural perversions of Europe, think is best for them.

The founders of this nation broke away from the morass of Europe and its untenable brutalities, degeneracies and endless wars, and startled the world with achievements. But from the first the Dark Age rot crept westward, its narrow, bigoted, greedy eyes on new wealth and opportunities, and is now about to smother the last western citadel of progress.

We have lost the first stages of the cold war. We are fighting the second stages on our own ground, the ground of international trade, and are losing. Not because America is weak, but because we haven't a single ally who hasn't succumbed to the diseases and products of the Dark Age to the extent that such nations must suck the life blood out of the United States in order to survive.

What's wrong with nationalism? Does it harm the United States for the people to love, admire and prefer their own country and ways above others? It doesn't hurt the United States, but it would harm those nations who blackmail the United States into paying them to refrain from Communism.

What's wrong with State-ism? Does it harm the states for the people to love, admire and prefer the ways of their own state? No. But it would harm those whose goal is regimentation.

You haven't any right to think for yourself. You haven't any right to differ with the international thinking that brought Europe to an unparalleled low. You haven't any right to differ with national thinking which is being turned to put interests beyond the oceans ahead of our own.

The state must conform to the national and the national must conform to the international, and eventually you will not be allowed to think at all, to differ with the county thinking, nor the county thinking with the state, and, finally, if the trend is pursued, the nation that led the world to a technical and industrial age, to an atomic age in which man's most farfetched dreams may be realized, to an age of good will and generosity unparalleled--that nation, if the present trend is pursued, will become a nation of unthinking robots in slavery to the sociology of Freud and the Socialism of Marx, the former originating in the Dark Age, the latter originating in the Stone Age.

People differ. Sections differ. States differ. Nations differ. Thinking is not the same the world over, and when it does become the same, man may as well call himself mindless protoplasm for that is what he will be.

Laws are made for people, not the people for laws. An effort to reverse this was the "noble" prohibition amendment, spreading gangsterism in general across our nation.

I myself have no objection to integration, or anything the Negro may want, gain or be granted, but I respect the right of men and women to differ with my attitude, and as of now an overwhelming majority in the South oppose integration.

A recent Gallup survey showed that 53% of the Negroes want integration. That leaves a good many who don't want it and a positive 36% who definitely oppose integration.

The poll showed that 84% of Whites opposed it, with 11% being in favor.

This poll was taken in the South by both whites and Blacks, and because the subject is deep in the emotions and thoughts of Southerners, who are most concerned, it is probably far more accurate than an ordinary political poll.

It indicates that about 6.5 million persons favor integration; about 3.5 are undecided, while 30 million are in opposition.

It would seem that this 6.5 tail is overly ambitious in its efforts to wag this ~~Dusky~~ 30 million dog. It would seem that the natural order of making laws for people is again being reversed by interpretation and that the people most concerned must mold themselves to the shape of interpretations.

It is remindful of the religious fanaticism of the Dark Age. "God intends this; God intends something else." Irrespective of the fact that they were not acquainted with God, nor with any intelligence of their own, they were arbitrarily violating God's laws by interfering with the right of another creature of God to think as God endowed him.

Freudian psychology is a branch of the same priesthood. It pretends to deal with the psyche--that is to say, the soul. It has now teamed up with the clergy to shape man's thinking. The clergy makes man and sex sinful and psychology makes man selfconscious and sex-conscious; that is to say, neurotically aware of what he believes to be sinful.

Is it any wonder that half the hospital beds in the nation are occupied by mental patients? Is it any wonder that the nation is universally neurotic, trying to adapt to the contradictory rot that swamped Europe and spread disease and perversion beyond its borders.

The Supreme Court interpretations are but a breath in something vastly larger. Earlier the Supreme Court adjudged segregation right and proper. A good part of the south didn't ask for it and didn't want it, but the people adapted to segregation. Now they are ordered to condemn what they accepted as right and proper and accept just the opposite.

Southern Negroes are not to blame for this confusion. Through all the contradictions and assinnities foisted upon the people out of the rot of the old world, the Negroes have lived beside Southern Whites, sometimes loved, sometimes despised, but always trying to understand and adapt to each change, however idiotic, and to get along with their neighbors, White and Black.

The Negroes succeeded where a less patient race might have failed. They not only succeeded, but brought into existence a parallel culture known the world over for certain types of music, for patience, for simplicity (which we need more of),[^] for deep spiritual feelings.

Now the Negro is ordered to abandon his own culture, which he himself created and brought to a high level, and to become, in effect, a white man. He is ordered to adapt to the white man's culture overnight and to live like the white man, to be like the white man and to think like the white man.

In Washington, D.C., the schools sought to follow President Eisenhower's suggestion and become a model of integration. Many Negro children, turned out of their own schools and sent to white schools, were found to have an I.Q. of 75 and even as low as 50---by the white man's standard.

The Whites who had ordered all this had so little knowledge of Negroes that they branded many morons and imbeciles. They didn't know that a white child taking an I.Q. test created by and for Negro culture would be a moron or imbecile by their standard. By such unthinking methods of integration irreparable damage is being done both races.

The Washington schools were predominantly White in the beginning. Now they are in the minority and white children are adapting not to the white man's culture but to the Negro.

It works mechanically. Put 35 white students in a room with one Negro. The Negro has no alternative but to adapt to the whites. This is automatic and painless because he has 35 examples of what to adapt to, and no examples of what not to adapt to.

But as the disparity decreases, adaptation becomes difficult, until where there ~~are~~ 18 of one race and 18 of the other, no adaptation is possible. Only conflict, brawling and confusion, as resulted in Washington until white families began taking their children out and sending them to schools in Maryland and Virginia.

With a predominance of Negroes, the remaining white children, at an impressive age where they're not deeply grounded in the culture, have no alternative but to go on through the agony of humiliation and conflict and the slow process of adapting to the Negro.

Is it any better for the Negro children?

It is not. Labeled ~~nerons~~, they're made to feel inferior and somehow responsible for all this.

What harvest of crime and juvenile delinquency for the future?

The Southern Negro is not to blame and none but a fool would advocate violence or economic pressure against him. I'm putting the blame where it belongs, the backwash of Europe which we are absorbing into our pores and nurturing and under which we're suffocating.

A Southerner who doesn't know enough about Negroes to know that they're his friends and better citizens than those who seek to undermine our national morale and break our fibre in the face of the mounting threat from the East—that Southerner belongs somewhere else, where they don't know or understand Negroes.

Negroes value their white friends and will go all the way to get along with them. They're victims, just as the Southern Whites are—victims of an insidious decay among people in high office who are either ignorant of facts as they exist, or haven't the best interest of this nation at heart.

It is certain that the Negro will achieve whatever he wants to achieve in this nation, but the way is long, and he won't achieve it by trying to become a white man overnight. He will achieve it by his own efforts and the efforts of his white friends who are closer to the problem than those who would cram their own half-breed, bastardized regimentation down other throats.

The way is moderation. To succumb to emotions and violence is precisely what those who would weaken this nation want. They want Southern Whites and Negroes to lash their passions into heat and shed blood. They want to see troops turn their bayonets on citizens who have lived amicably side by side.

Divide and conquer!

Southerners must not let any of that come to pass. They must think calmly and shed the light of reason on present problems and those to come. Above all, they must not become regimented and swayed by passion against themselves and their neighbors. They must continue to think individually and recognize the source of the disease and pour their medicine there until its poison ceases to spread.



Continued from page 2

Across the Editors Desk.....

to the South but to every section of this country. It is something that should be thought about, talked about, and brought before more people.

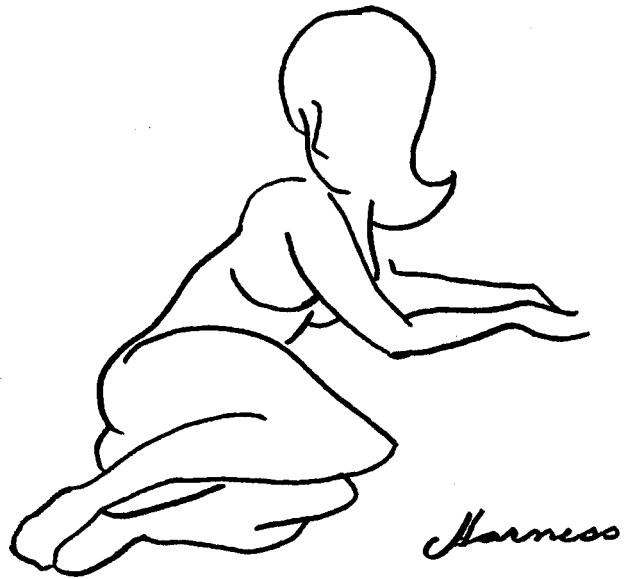
The views reflected in the articles in this issue do not necessarily reflect my own views and the letter column will be open to all who write.

I was supposed to do a Midwestcon for this issue but the zine is getting to large now. I want to finish printing it and get it mailed out by tomorrow night if possible as Sunday I'll be leaving

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The Mongrels

BY BERT GARWELL



THE CENTURIES AFTER THE TWENTIETH

There is a funny thing about the human race. It has claimed continually to be working toward its own emancipation through the betterment of its individual members. But in spite of its lusty squalling and kicking, it always returns to the foetus from which it was formed instead of growing up.

At one time, certain nations decided that their way of individual betterment was to throw off the "yoke of tyranny"; which is to say, to get out from under whoever happened at the time to be titular head of government, usually located in some distant place and ruling anyhow by proxy. One nation, for instance, simply withdrew and fought sea battles with its overlords until the sea battles were won and some kind of an independence was established. They then substituted another king of their own for the foreign king and considered themselves well off indeed, though facts might tend to show that their principal reward had been paid in death and destruction.

This story is reprinted from THE LITTLE CORPUSCLE, Winter 1951 issue.

Another nation screamed to almighty God against taxation without representation and fought a bloody war, and wound up with a different set of jokers collecting the taxes and representation consisting of its usual farcial aspects. Another nation chopped off the heads of its kings and installed other tax-collectors to do the same thing the kings had done, but in a more republican way. At a later time, when weapons of a different kind were the mode, a few individuals slaughtered by machine-gun their rulers and the adherents to them, and took over to make a proletarian government that held the welfare of the people strictly in mind. Within thirty years, the world at large screamed aloud that here was the greatest digarchy of them all, for it was proved that this government of the people held little connection with the proletariat except what there might be between the boot-heel and the head of him trodden upon.

After these, there were other concepts brought into being and each had its day. There was, for instance, a faction that supposed landlords lay at the root of all human woes, and after the landlords had been slaughtered, the slaughterers took over their land and rented it out for a fee to those who were left over.

The adherents of miscegenation had their day, too, and for a time there was a vulgar display of vari-colored marriages resulting in parti-colored offspring which did no more than prove that dog and horse breeders had been right in the beginning--the mixture of strains produces nothing but a worthless mongrel. But, as the saying goes, every dog has his day, and the mongrels had theirs to the serio-comic extent that those who did not show the full effect of mongrelism were shunned, locked up in ghettos, pogromed, and exterminated by scores and legions, regardless of color. Naturally, the result of this kind of treatment is greater racial vigor on the part of the oppressed, and throughout the centuries during which the mongrels held sway and slowly permitted culture to sink back to the medieval level, the persecuted ones of the earth quietly kept their hold, strengthened their numbers and sedulously avoided mongrelization.

Actually, it was a world within a world that came into being. The Thoroughbreds (as they were called, though they were not actually of pure stock, since there was a slight bit of mongrelization among them. There could not be otherwise when even the offspring of thorough-going mongrels that reverted to a certain purity of skin color, facial features, or skeletal structure were cast out of their own society and shunned along with those who had never been miscegenated.) were characterized by their resemblance to their proto-types--which is to say, the white race was present and accounted for, the negro race, the brown, the red and the yellow. All were there, reduced in numbers, yet still racially pure to some extent, and each race congregated by itself in the various urban sections, much as their ancestors had done when settling a new part of the world. But their numbers were indeed small, and they struggled fitfully for a living. As a consequence, they were banded by a strong bond of sympathy which did not in any way extend to the Mongrels who, supposedly of all races, were no race at all.

Far from being the race of athletic, well-moulded supermen of giant intellect enthusiastically if somewhat incorrectly foreseen by the earliest adherents of miscegenation, they were squat and brindled, mis-mated of eye, larger on one side than the other, and in every way a rather sorry outcome of what had once been believed to be the road to salvation of all mankind. Which just goes to show, that however balmy the weather at the start of a journey, it is bound to turn ugly if time enough be allowed.

Oddly enough, the Mongrels quite thoroughly believed that they had reached the desideratum so ardently conceived in the minds and wombs of their forebears. They thought themselves very handsome indeed, and the ugliness of the thoroughbreds caused them great anguish of spirit and not a little use of their physical powers of subjugation, for they were robust and heavy-thewed if nothing else. Indeed, the sight of a straight, handsome Negro walking down the streets of one of their medieval cities was enough to make a true Mongrel retch; and if the Negro were followed or accompanied by a caucasian type, the disgust of the Mongrels knew no bounds, resulting at the very least in hurtling the offenders to the eye into the street where they could walk among the dung of horses, goats, sheep and chickens, a path better suited to them, so the Mongrels thought.

Oh, but say, what happened to the mighty civilization from which all this was sprung? We know that it was replete with great scientific knowledge, with electronic devices of every kind; in short, it was a world of gadgetry such as history had never before seen. And what happened to it? Well, the refrigerators and automobiles, the air-conditioning systems, the airplanes and all the rest had come into being because the people had wanted them. That is to say, when a slight need was felt the problem had been worked upon, not only solved, but super-solved, to a point beyond which no betterment could possibly be conceived. And so, in a relatively short space of time, all the possible gadgets people needed had been invented and put to use. And then they were forgotten.

When all the refrigerators had been bought and the novelty of cold drinks and preservation of food had become taken for granted, the men who thought up refrigerators started thinking up something else. And pretty soon we had a world full of gadgets, but nobody remembered how they were made. And when they did not have to worry about gadgets anymore, people worried about other things, mainly about themselves, and they started killing each other off in wholesale lots. The result of this was that what knowledge there was became less. And the less became lesser, until finally all the gadgets wore out; and, well, they were old-fashioned funny things anyway, and right then we were interested in shooting landlords and breeding miscegenated stock. So you see how it worked out? Civilizations have been going through this kind of thing since time began, and always they have to go somewhere, then take the road back. And when they reach bottom, or pretty near to it, they start climbing again.

It was at this point then, that we pick up the civilization of Miscegenated Mongrels, a civilization which exceeded that of the Medieval era only in that it was more numerous and covered the whole surface of the Earth instead of being confined to a miserable sea-basin and adjacent territories.

Every livable bit of land was divided into some kind of kingdom or other with its king, lord, nobles, knights and strapping ladies, its townsmen and serfs...and its Thoroughbreds. The only people who got along at all were the latter. They were all, regardless of race, in the common boat, because of their convictions. The Negro was the same as the Caucasian, who was like the Asiatic, and so forth. They all had the pride of conviction, which was something the Mongrels lost sight of early in their history.

Probably a dirtier, more unwashed group of noblemen never existed at any time or place than held the world in its grip at the latter end of the Mongrel rule. For there was a latter end to it, as you shall see before we progress much farther. They fought each other for the same things people have always fought each other for--economic reasons. When a feudal lord went broke owing to lavish living, he declared war on a neighbor, and if successful, stole everything that the neighbor had, in the name of virtuous warfare, and destroyed what he could not carry away.

The Thoroughbreds, of course, were outside all this. Being obviously inferior in their convictions, they were considered unworthy of the noble art of bearing arms. Besides, the Mongrels were afraid to arm them---oreven let them wear clothing beneath which might be concealed arms. So the Thoroughbreds went their way in public dressed in loincloths only and thin shifts for their women, and were considered too debased to be even fit for slavery.

Then what was the lot of the Thoroughbreds at this late date, it is humorous to consider it, but the fact remains into our own time, so it cannot be overlooked. Let us go back to their origins and see how the Thoroughbreds came to be what they were before we discuss the fact itself.

The human race, at the time when the misguided genetics experts came into their full flavor, was still largely composed of distinct races, and these were subdivided into classes and classes within classes owing to differences in abilities and ideologies. When the miscegenators took over, the practice they advocated became practically mandatory. Not compulsory, of course. Never try to compell a man to do something you desire him to. He will not do it. Make him think he wants to do it, and he does exactly what you want him to do, sincerely believing he is following the dictate of his own will and conscience. Miscegenation became odiously fashionable, like an early feudal leader named Hitler once made it fashionable to murder members of a minority group.

To be fashionable in this new generation, a man or a woman simply had to have a spouse of a contrasting color. The theory of harmonizing contrasts was brought out and laid on with a clam shell. The recalcitrants to the movement were those with enough individuality about them to ignore the dictates of fashion. Their children of

course, were allowed to make their own choice, and many of these did follow the fashionable trend. There is nothing about the rules of genetics that states that a man of high individuality and personal integrity must in every case have children who mirror these qualities. But some are bound to occur, as it is probable that these are inheritable characteristics. At any rate, in the course of a few generations, the numbers of recalcitrants had dwindled, but they finally struck a level, and from that time on began to show an increase.

In time, of course, the difference between the Mongrels and the Thoroughbreds began to make themselves manifest. It is recalled that horses bred for spirit are selected from pure strains. Dog fanciers will note this also. The quickest way to destroy the spirited qualities of an animal is by heterogeneous interbreeding—a serious point which the miscegenators failed to take into consideration in their rosy crusade. Of course, selected interbreeding may well result in some betterment, as in the case of certain qualities being brought out in different strains combined to make a superior breed possessing both qualities. But, as was the case with the mice who had decided to bell the cat to solve their problems and found no one who could put the bell on, so with human interbreeding. Who was there to do the selecting? The most vital aspect of the matter was left completely to chance. As a result, and better qualities that might have existed in any of the parties in question were kneaded down to a consistency of dull mediocrity.

On the other hand, those of fine spirit in the unmixed races continued; and their spirit, perhaps as much teaching as it was inheritance, lived on after them.

This was true of all races. It was sheer folly to insist that one race as a race, has qualities wuperior to another. Only individuals have superior qualities. And such individuals remained aloof from such stupid foibles as fashion or following on the heels of persuasion.

As a consequence, the numbers of the Thoroughbreds became fewer while those of their oppressors became greater, as stated before, until a static level was reached. This singular circumstance of minority, which all races now enjoyed equally, had a certain sincere and lasting effect. It drew the pure races together as brothers under the skin. All alike were scorned and illtreated, regardless of his color. They naturally became interdependent, and hence the world within a world mentioned earlier.

None could own land. Mongrel landlords oppressed all the equal enthusiasm. None could operate a trade, own a business, werve the public, or in any way make a living such as would take employment from a mongrel. They were not even permitted to become money changers or otherwise to concern themselves with finances.

They took the only course left to them. They followed the arts. As in ancient times, when artists of all kinds, including those of the literary sort, were slaves, so these less-than-slaves became artists and story tellers, historians, librarians, and the like; for very few of the Mongrels, finally, even bothered about learning to read when they could for a piece of copper hire a

Thoroughbred to read all day from the ancient books. When tired of reading, they needed merely to dismiss the Thoroughbred and forget about the whole thing.

Some of the Thoroughbreds wandered from court to court much like the minstrels of earlier times, singing, reciting, playing musical instruments. Others carried easels and paints, sketched town and country scenes, painted portraits of their oppressors, and in other ways made their presence felt as the only cultural element in the world. And the Mongrels were willing to leave the situation as it was.

White, black, brown, and yellow forgot their various origins and combined in the region of the mind to produce the one truly homogeneous thing in the universe...Art. They were painters, sculptors, silversmiths, goldsmiths, wood-carvers; and the product of their art and skill graced every palace in the world.

No such situation could, of course, remain static. Hated as the Thoroughbreds were, the physical evidence of their superiority in the human sense was manifest and much sought after. You could not tell by a painting that a Negro or a Caucasian had painted it, but you knew at a glance that it was the work of a Thoroughbred. The little of art dabbling indulged in by the mongrels produced abortions as ugly and crude as their wits and bodies.

Finally, kingdoms of the world vied with each other in securing the finest of art treasures. The Thoroughbreds rose almost to become a class of respectable standing, for potentate after potentate bid highly for their services. They were even permitted, at last to wear fine clothes and associate with Mongrels.

Of what use had the latter, really, for art? They may have thought themselves cleverly original, but actually they followed in the footsteps impressed in the soil by church and state thousands of years before their time. They made use of art to control the ignorant, illiterate populace.

The campaign of course, was not one left solely to the dictates of chance. There was every opportunity the need might pass away, or the people fall into a state of general disinterest. The Thoroughbreds of whatever color visualized this keenly. Therefore, in secret communication with one another, they boldly played their masters against the masters of their brothers, casting the world into a state of premeditated cultural chaos.

As history shows, this chaos resulted in long and bitter wars with no more base than the question of what was the proper way to paint a hand holding a wineglass, or which foot should be placed up advance of the other in depicting a king or noble in a heroic attitude.

Throughout the course of these wars, the Thoroughbreds slowly gained an ascendancy over their masters. They had had culture to begin with, and the mongrels had none. The Thoroughbreds, now helped themselves to rights they had not had before and which the Mongrels had possessed in abundance. It was fair exchange.

In the long war between Mongrels and Thoroughbreds, no organized battle had ever been fought, but unlike the petty wars among the Mongrels themselves, this one was finally brought to a decisive conclusion,

Here, a king knighted a Thoroughbred. There, a king made another baron. Then a king died, leaving no heirs, and in a bloodless, masterful move, the Thoroughbreds took over the kingdom. Their long struggle to obtain respect and equality at last was granted.

This marked the full turn of the tide, and from that time on, the Thoroughbreds marched on in even greater numbers, assuming more and more control as the weakened and devassed Mongrels fell by the way.

What man had attempted in deliberation came to full fruition only when man deliberated in other fashion. For the bond welded among the Thoroughbreds of varying skin-color and racial characteristics has lasted into our own time, and there is no reason to suppose it will not go on so forever. Our common culture, based upon and expressed in the arts, has made a homogeneous people out of the different races which have at last come to realize the equality of mind and spirit is the desideratum to be sought, and not the equality of physical form. We have no laws against miscegenation today, since none are needed. Who, indeed, with the example set by history before him, would desire to visit upon his children the insufferable yoke of mongrelism?

Con't. from page 4

Following the film, the group wended their various ways back to the hotel, grabbed their suitcases and left Charlotte for various and sundry places. Looking at the affair in retrospect, I feel that it was a success. I was bitterly disappointed in the lack of attendance, but the fine program, successful banquet, and scientifiilm premiere made up for this. And it was nice to see Doc Barrett, Fred Fischer, Ian Macauley, and the others again -- and to meet Bill Wetmore for the first time.

And so back to my grits and hog jowls.



Reprinted from THE CAROLINA ISRAELITE May-June, 1956 issue

Those who love North Carolina will jump at the chance to share in the great responsibility now confronting our Governor and the State Legislature. The Special Session of the Legislature, scheduled to open in a few days, will be asked to pass a series of amendments to the State Constitution. These proposals submitted by the Governor and his Advisory Education Committee, include the following--A the elimination of the compulsory attendance law; "to prevent any child from being forced to attend a school with a child of another race." (B) The establishment of "Education Expense Grants" for education in a private school, "in case of a child assigned to a public school attended by a child of another race." (C) A uniform system of local option whereby a majority of the folks in a school district may suspend or close a school if the situation becomes "intolerable."

But suppose a Negro child applies for this "Education Expense Grant" and says he wants to go to the private school too? There are fourteen Supreme Court decisions involving the use of public funds; there are only two "decisions" involving the elimination of racial discrimination in the public schools.

The Governor has said that critics of these proposals have not offered any constructive advice or alternatives. Permit me therefore to offer an idea for the consideration of the members of the Special Session. A careful study of my plan, I believe, will show that it will save millions of dollars in tax funds and eliminate forever the danger to our public education system. Before I outline my plan, I would like to give you a little background.

One of the factors involved in our tremendous industrial growth and economic prosperity has been due to the fact that the South, voluntarily, has all but eliminated VERTICAL SEGREGATION. The tremendous buying power of the twelve million Negroes in the South has been based wholly on the absence of racial segregation. The white and Negro stand at the same grocery and super-market counters; deposit money at the same bank-teller's window; pay phone and light bills to the same clerk; walk through the same dime and department stores, and stand at the same drug-store counters. It is only when the Negro "sets" that the fur begins to fly. Now since we are not even thinking about restoring VERTICAL SEGREGATION, I think my plan would not only comply with the Supreme Court decisions, but would maintain "sitting down" segregation." Now here is the GOLDEN VERTICAL NEGRO PLAN. Instead of all those complicated proposals, all the Special Session need to do is pass one small amendment which would provide ONLY desks in all the public schools of our State; NO SEATS. The desks should be those standing-up jobs, like the old-fashioned bookkeeping desk. Since no one in the South pays the slightest attention to a VERTICAL NEGRO, this will completely solve our problem. And it is not such a terrible inconvenience for young people to stand up during their class-room studies. In fact this may be a blessing in disguise. They are not learning to read sitting down, anyway; maybe "standing up" will help. This will save more MILLIONS of dollars in the cost of our "Remedial English" course when the kids enter college. In whatever direction you look with the GOLDEN VERTICAL NEGRO PLAN, you save MILLIONS of dollars, you eliminate forever any danger to our public education system upon which rests the destiny, hopes, and happiness of this society.

Pickings this time are rather slim. What I lack in quantity, I'll try to give you in quality. To wit:

ALPHA, #13. Jan Jansen, 29 Berchemiel, Borgerhout, Belgium; Dave Vendelmans, 130 Strydhoef Av., Berchem (Anvers), Belgium. American agent: Dick Ellington, 299 Riverside Dr., Apt 11A, New York 25, N.Y. 15¢, 4/60¢

The first issue of the new regime of Alpha is at hand, and presents a healthy aspect for the reader who is searching for quantity as well as quality. 54 pages, including the two front covers, with Jansen hogging two-thirds of the same. Vendelmans is slacking with the other third.

By now, most of fandom must be aware of the loudly vociferous Jansen, the original Alphan. The continent would seem a sadly empty place were he to vacate, along with his writings. It's a distinct pleasure to ramble through the pages, although in the past this has been somewhat difficult, due to his policy of continuing cut-off items in whatever odd space he has left over at the end of the collation of material. Usually they appear ahead of the item they were chopped from. If you read from front to back, as do I, this presents a confusing sight, to say the least.

My sole complaint with the zine is the frequent appearance of items in French, German, or (I presume) Flemish. It is a complaint born of frustration, however. Despite the fact that I studied Spanish in both high school and college, I find foreign languages drain through my skull like beer in the hands of a fanarchist. 'Tis, I suppose, a mental bloc, due to my laziness.

Best liked in the issue is G. Nicholas de Grunswald' (?) typically fannish commentary on the difficulties of achieving the assistance of the newsdealers in displaying sf mags in abundance. In the neighboring villages (to me) the dealers are willing. But when they see a copy of the June 1955 Fantastic Universe still on the racks (the only copy they received, incidentally) just as they've received six copies of the June 1956 issue, silence.

This actually happened in the Lyons Falls drug store. Here they receive anywhere from 3 to 16 copies of Galaxy monthly. Most of the time I have already obtained mine by the time they show up here, and, as I am the only person who buys science fiction regularly in the whole village, the copies sit on the rack. The major newstand in the county seat, 14 miles from Lyons Falls, could dispose of from 10 to 16 copies a month. So how many have they received for the past year? (When the distributor bothers to send them any, that is) One. Never more; just the one. Again, silence.

Commendations to Jansen on the Rotsler illos, even if, as I suspect, they be reprints. Definitely recommended.

MUZZY, #s 8&9 Claude Hall, 2214 San Antonio, Austin 5, Texas. 25¢ or PAH.

Claude Hall has opinions. He expresses them. On anything and everything. I should say after reading these two issues of Muzzy. Good taste apparently never enters his mind. If it does, he manages to forget it quickly enough so as not to affect his magazine.

The first issue he sent is rather old, but since he was the first to request review space in JD, I'll lump the two of them together.

Apparently one either likes Claude or detests him. From the tone of his comments, I draw the opinion that there is no recognized middle ground. That, I'm afraid, places me in no-man's-land, inasmuch as I do not hate him. Yet neither can I like him.

Hal Annas has an enjoyable story in #8. Outside of a few of the illos, that is the only thing I like about either issue. It is my feeling that Claude's self-stated attitude ((I don't give a damn what other people think of me. I shall continue doing as I please. (from a postcard.))) hurts his magazine. So continue away Claude. Have Fun. Somebody should, considering the amount of work that goes into the zine. But as for me, I'm bored. A waste of money.

UMBRA #12. John Hitchcock 15 Arbutus Ave., Baltimore 28, MD. 10¢, 3/25¢.

Umbra is a middle of the road fanzine; one which I find enjoyable, but which does not make me jump up and down for that joy by finding it in my mailbox. Something is lacking that leads fanzines to greatness.

The covers (generally by Ted White) have been improving with each issue, as has the duplication. John has excellent control over his duplicator when it comes to multi-colored work; control that I highly envy.

The material within is well-rounded, and should satisfy all. As usual, I found Larry Stark dull, but it is nothing personal. Jan Jansen's column, George Wetzel's article, Ron Bennett's ditto, and the standard features are all of an enjoyable nature, and the issue is worth the cover price. Recommended, if it rises no higher in price.

I'd like to take a few words here to correct a misapprehension some fans have about me. I think I know how it got started, and I wish it weren't so. A while back a fan sent me a copy of his fanzine and followed it up later with a postcard. In general, the card said 'I know you won't like this zine and won't give it a good review, because I use colored paper.' This is just an approximation of the wording, but the idea is present.

It is true that I prefer to see fanzines printed in ordinary black and white, but this is self-ish. For the past year my eyesight has been rapidly deteriorating; so much so that a few months ago I was forced to obtain glasses. At the time I was told that much more of a strain on my right eye, and there was an eminent danger of my going blind therein.

Thus, when I see an example of a fanzine, such as one that passed my desk several months, with blue ink on a medium gray stock, I am horrified. Even with my glasses, it is a strain to read such, so I pass it up completely.

The same goes for any other of the horrifying combinations that fans are wont to use. Why, I do not know. I just wish they didn't. I enjoy seeing a soothing pastel paper, such as a yellow, with a suitable ink such as dark purple or blue. Or a blue or a dark red on white, or any other shade of paper whereon it shows up well. Such I am always glad to see and review.

However, I refuse to ruin what eyesight I have left. I shall not strain myself reading a bright red ink printed on a medium brown stock. (It happened, once, several years ago.) So I'm self-ish. I consider those who persist in using the weird combinations, even more so.

To the average fan-editor, thanks for listening to my gripes. Review copies, of course, go to Box 19, Lyons Falls, N.Y. See you next issue.

Editors note: Because of the length of this issue I was forced to cut Bob's column in half. Bob will be back in full force next issue.

Southern newspapers have published a dispatch from Washington, quoting the superintendent of schools there as "confessing" that damage is being done to children because of integration in the public schools. Previously, the superintendent, Dr. Corning, had taken the position that while desegregation was a major problem it was not a crucial one.

But he told the Senate Appropriations Committee that present school staffs are totally inadequate to cope with the problem, which he referred to as "a whale of an undertaking." He asked for 180 additional elementary school teachers to meet the situation and strongly protested house plans to reduce the high school staff by 50.

It is also worthy of comment that the chairman of the subcommittee on appropriations for Washington, Senator Stennis of Mississippi, closely questioned Dr. Corning, pressing him for an opinion on whether introducing integration too fast was not responsible for the trouble. He agreed in the end that integration was not the sole reason more teachers are needed. This would seem significant in the light of the widespread apparent opinion that all Southerners are set hard and fast in anti-integration opinions.

We say this matter is published in Southern papers, because, so far as we can determine, this kind of news is not carried in Washington papers, or those of other sections of the North, which region is pictured as pure as the driven snows of its winters while the South is pictured as a blackguard section deliberately responsible for all inequities and iniquities.

continued from page 9

Across the Editors Desk,.....

for Washington, D.C. for a couple of weeks or so. So suffice it to say that this years Midwestcon was enjoyed greatly. Bob Madle and myself drove up and picked up my wife, son, daughter, sister-in-law, and mother-in-law who were visiting in Ohio for the trip back. I believe the that trip back will be remembered longer than anything else. Bob and I were both due back at work Monday so we left about 5:00 PM Sunday realizing that by driving all night we could make it in plenty of time. We didn't count on fog... We ran into this in Kentucky and it stayed right with us through all the mountains of Tenn. and North Carolina. I got Bob there just in time for work but I still 200 miles further south to go. It was the worst drive I have ever made. I'm sure Bob concurs. He drove part of it too.

Material in this issue by Robert A. Madle, Hal Annas, Bert Garwell, Harry L. Golden, and Bob Hoskins. Artwork by Jack Harness, Trina Perlson, Dan Adkins, JWC, Jim Harmon, and Plato Jones.



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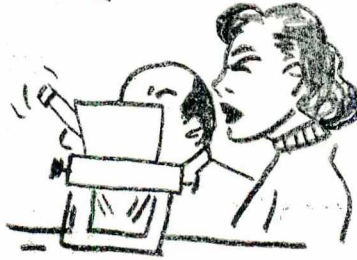
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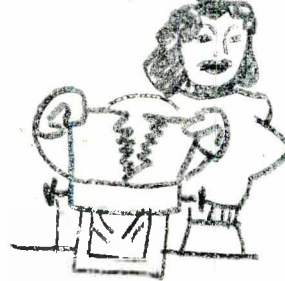


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WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT GOLD: WILLY LEY: "VELL, I THINK HE IST SCHIMLY GRREAT!" JOHN CAMPBELL: "WHY, GOLD IS THE MOST..." *YES, CAMPBELL THINKS GOLD IS THE MOST!

P.S. GOLD IS RUMORED TO HAVE A WIFE NAMED EVELYN

*UNFORTUNATELY, SPACE DOES NOT PERMIT US TO QUOTE MR CAMPBELL IN FULL!

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