

L I G H T

LESLIE A.

CROUTCH

10¢

LIGHT

FLASHES

Tripe from the editorial stool

In the last issue of LIGHT there appeared a paragraph in Sam McCoy's article which I would like to comment on.

QUOTE: "Will Chad Oliver ever be able to live down the fact that his mother thought he was too young to travel all the distance from Texas to Toronto alone? This, at least, was what Mrs. Keller reported, in a manner that should make Chad blush."

Sam wrote this article under the pressure of a demand from me to make the deadline for that issue. After the magazine appeared Sam said he felt like hanging his head in shame for the atrocious attempt at writing.

However, the way this paragraph was written, it appears to have left the wrong impressions in the minds of many of the readers. I fear that in the rush of last minute stoneil cutting, I was remiss in not reading the paragraph more carefully. Therefore, I think a little discussion will modify it.

As I remember the occasion, the master of ceremonies announced that Mrs. Keller had a message to deliver to the Convention. Mrs. Keller then rose and spoke extemporaneously: "I have two messages-- to the older fans-- Charlie Lucas-- and Chad writes that. . ." In the message, Chad sent his best wishes to the Convention and his hopes that it would be a great success. He also regretted the fact that he would find it impossible to be present. Now, I am not certain whether we applauded then, or after the following remarks. Mrs. Keller, smiling, said, in a manner which I took as a bit of a gentle "rib", and which

everyone else apparently took the same way, that evidently Chad's mother considered the distance from Texas to Toronto was too far for Chad, being only 20, to make. I do recall definitely that everyone laughed heartily.

If I recall the occasion correctly, Mrs. Keller said, quote: ". . .after all he is only twenty. . ." and ". . .I suppose his mother didn't want him to drive so far alone-- clear from the tip o' Texas home. . ."unquote.

I am sure this is what McCoy meant, but that he slipped in his syntax. I regret any untrue pictures which may have been caused.

Exception was also raised to Sam's impression of Dr. Keller's speech. I am assured that this was a very serious talk and that Keller did not refer to "beds" or "contraceptives" in any form. As I didn't hear the speech I can't state what was said. However, considering the fact that the article was presented from the standpoint of humour-- Sam's humour-- I have an idea Sam was airing his "funny-bone". The speech in its entirety will be printed in the Official Torcon Report, available from the Torcon Society in Toronto.

In an endeavour to arrive at a somewhat more definite viewpoint on this controversial matter, I sent a form letter to several fan, who are readers of LIGHT, and who were at the Torcon, asking them their reactions to the McCoy satire.

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NO REPRINTS - EVERYTHING NEW!

ments. The replies of those few who were good enough to reply are printed in the MAIL BOX.

I do not retract any of the article's statements, which was asked for by certain readers, as I do not think them untrue. However I do apologise for any false impressions that may have been caused, and I assure the injured parties that such was not the case of neither myself nor the author.

* * * *

You have probably already noticed Gibson's little inscription on his picture on page 3-- "WRG from LAC". Bob and I sort of collaborated on this one, just as we will probably collaborate on others in the future. I think up the idea and Bob turns it into a picture. 99% of the credit is due Bob, for without his genius in stencil cutting, those ideas of mine wouldn't mean a tinker's dam. When appreciating them, then, give Bob the credit, for without him there just wouldn't be anything to look at.

* * * *

I have just finished reading a manuscript copy of David H. Keller's "SCIENCE, MASTER OR SERVANT?", which was delivered as a talk by him at the Torcon in Toronto, earlier this year.

Before commenting on it, I must say that this is no criterion of truthful reaction on my part. The reason is because I can always gain more by reading than by hearing. If I had heard this at the Torcon, my opinion may have been vastly different. Other things happening near me may have colored my thoughts so that later on what I would have thought would have been vastly different to that which I think now.

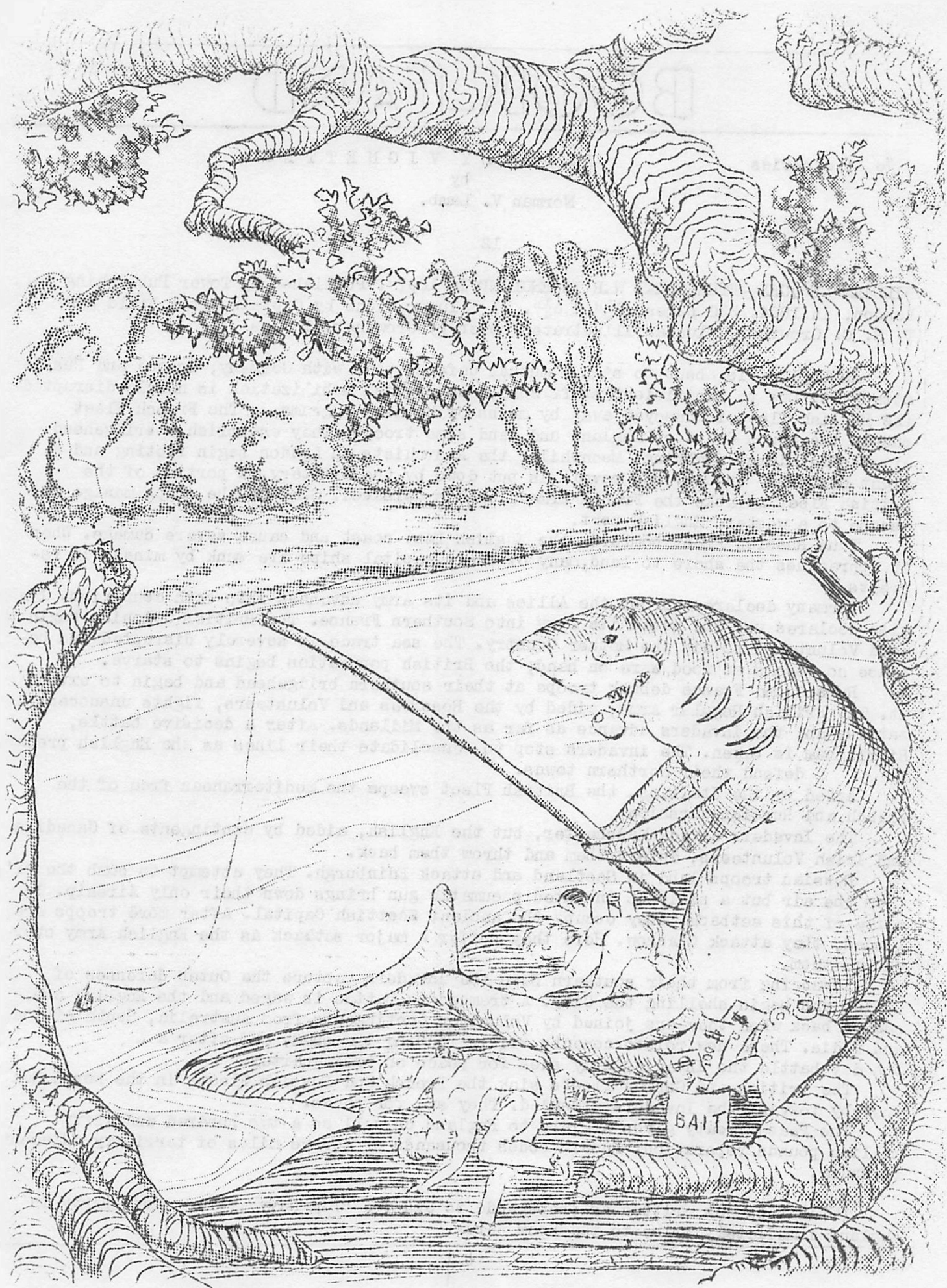
After reading this, I must take exception to various people. Personally I do not see any suggestion of sex anywhere in it. And I am an essentially sexual person. I have a brain that delights in the two-edged sword of the double innuendo, the pun. I delight in discovering hidden meanings, and I love to twist a phrase so that it means the direct opposite to what its author meant. But I cannot find any such metal in this mss. from which to fashion anything sexual, or any plea for science fiction fans to rise as now Messiah's to lead their erring fellow men out of the mires of their sins into the brighter day of a virtual Utopia.

Keller makes the plea that if science fiction WRITERS would stop writing continually about war, and destruction, and machines of murder, and if editors would print those stories, then the reflection on the reader as a whole would be more beneficial than is the reaction of atom stories in which war is described, and frightful means of destruction, ad nauseum.

In the article Keller traces the rise of man, very briefly I must admit, but albeit picturesquely, from the days of the cave dwelling, through the discovery of the wheel, and various engines of warfare, to the present of atom power, planes travelling faster than sound. He points out that many times authors have imagined some new development, and then a smart scientist has turned it into reality. He opines that man is no longer the master of science, but instead, is the slave of science. He suggests that science will kill man and drag civilization into the dirt of chaos if man continues to go the way he is travelling so fast.

I agree with him that stories of warfare in the science fiction magazines are overdone. But there is a strange fact that man cannot sometimes be led, he has to be terrified into changing his ways. You can load a jackass to water but can you always make him take a drink? If he gets stubborn and a ssinine he may die from thirst just because he is too stubborn to change his ways. Then, if you cannot lead him for his own good, you have to knock him on the head and ram a funnel down his gullet and put the stuff into him. Maybe man will never be peaceful, and leave this mass slaughter alone, until some great force makes him. Perhaps man cannot be lead into peaceful ways but will have to be driven.

However, Keller's plea is eloquent and; I believe worth thinking about. It was a serious bit of writing, and is material for hours of argument. But where Sam saw the sex, I'll be damned if I know.



BOOKLAND

#6 of a series

FANTASY VIGNETTES

by

Norman V. Lamb.

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WILLIAM LE QUEX—"THE GREAT WAR IN ENGLAND IN 1897". Published by Tower Publishing Co., London, in 1894. 330 pages, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". 21 illustrations by Captain Cyril Field and T. S. C. Crowther, plus an illustrated cover by Crowther. 9 maps.

As England is about to sign a mutual defence pact with Germany, France and Russia attack it. Due to inefficient staff work, the English mobilization is nearly disrupted. The English fleet is decoyed away by means of bogus telegrams. The French Fleet shells the South Coast of England and land some troops. They establish a bridgehead after some fierce fighting. Meanwhile, the Anarchists in London begin rioting and a night of terror ensues. The revolt is put down by the Military. A portion of the British Fleet attacks the French armada and is defeated. Some of the ships manage to escape to a western English port.

Thus Russian Fleet bombards the English East coast and cause severe damage. When it approaches the shore to land, many of their capital ships are sunk by mines. It retreats.

Germany declares war on the Allies and its Army advances into both countries. Italy also declares war and sends its Army into Southern France. The British Colonies begin to send Volunteers to aid the Mother Country. The sea trade is severely disrupted and because no stocks of food were on hand, the British population begins to starve.

Russia and France debark troops at their southern bridgehead and begin to extend it. The British Regular Army, aided by the Reserves and Volunteers, fights unsuccessful battles and the invaders advance as far as the Midlands. After a decisive battle, Birmingham is taken. The invaders stop to consolidate their lines as the English prepare to defend their Northern towns.

Aided by the Italians, the British Fleet sweeps the Mediterranean free of the French and Russian warships.

The Invaders attack Manchester, but the English, aided by contingents of Canadian and Irish Volunteers, defeat them and throw them back.

Russian troops land in Scotland and attack Edinburgh. They attempt to bomb the city from the air but a newly invented pneumatic gun brings down their only Airship. In spite of this setback, they occupy the ancient Scottish Capital. After more troops are landed, they attack Glasgow. Here they suffer a major setback as the English Army overwhelms them.

Advancing from their southern Base the Invaders capture the Outer defenses of London and begin shelling the City. A tremendous battle is waged and the English are beaten back when they are joined by Volunteer Contingents from Australia, South Africa and India. These new reinforcements aid in routing the enemy and after a two day battle the Invading Army sues for peace on that quarter.

The British and German Fleets sink the French and Russian Fleets in the North Sea, thereby leaving the Invaders stranded. They sue for peace.

The Peace Treaty gives Algiers to England as well as a two hundred and fifty million pounds reparation. Russia cedes thousands of square miles of territory adjacent to India.

(This book was written as propaganda to aid the "Big Navy", "Big Army" party in England immediately prior to the Boer War.)

[illegible]

In its dominating theme, "A" was essentially similar to "Slan". Both themes featured an idea to solve the basic ills of modern society; in both cases, van Vogt tried to cope with that increasing problem, as it affects the psychological facet of the individual. Modern technological civilization with its increasing complexity and strain is affecting the mental health of more and more people-- there is seen a steady upward change in the curve of neurotics vs. the total population. In both of his themes, van Vogt postulates a fantasy-world in which a solution to the problem is suggested. The differences in approach ; show the increasing maturity of his thinking, as seen in his writings.

In "A", the solution is outhonic, onvironmental. Scientifically, it is much less unfeasible, because it is much easier to change the environment and mode of psychological conditioning of the race, than to change the germ-plasm. In other words, "A" might (barely and conceivably) work in the real world. It is a more limited and more difficult solution than "Slan"-- one far less intoxicating to contemplate. But; unlike the earlier idea, it might be just possible to bring it about.

Actually, of course, he doesn't even diagram his own solution too plainly. He takes his basic idea, and uses it as a foundation on which to construct his trademark melodrama. And in the course of that, he introduces a slew of other ideas (one of which, the Principle of Similarity, would serve as a beautiful springboard for an entire parapsychological science involving telepathy, telekinesis, and teleportation) but those are brought in only incidentally, as van Vogt so often does with many of his best inspirations.

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citement is lost (e.g., the bromide on the portal of the Semantics Institute, "Words, ah, words!" in the serial, is altered in the book version, "The negative judgement is the peak of mentality", so losing much of the dramatic force.) But also, many of the most difficult points of the plot are explained so much more lucidly and at greater length (with some alterations on the original), that this version is almost popular reading.

I say almost, because I don't think it is quite. For despite the ironing-out in the revision, the story retains van Vogt's typical over-condensed style and plot as complex as a Chinese puzzle. In reading the book, I enjoyed it tremendously the first hour or so, but as I read on, it began to pall. It was tough keeping up the concentration necessary to follow it properly-- it became too much of a strain. Of course, this would not have been felt had I taken it in several gulps, rather than in a single sitting-- but had I done that, much of the thrill of the melodrama would have been lost.

That is the reason, I think, why vV's shorter pieces are more successful, relatively, than his novels: they can be read in a single sitting, as a good thriller should, and yet they are not too long for one to sustain the necessary concentration without too much strain.

There is of course an exception to that rule: "his first novel, the immortal "Slan". That has its faults, naturally. For one thing, the basic theory was far too pseudo-scientific. The entire story, in its ideas and development, was much less mature than vV's more recent work. But the novel had something that his later ones lack: it can be read easily and without strain. In it, vV's wonderful gift of manipulating words and ideas were allied with a conventional, straightforward story-telling technique.

Later on, in Campbell's words, vV "learned a lot more about writing". Perhaps to many readers, who, like Campbell have a gift for sustained concentration, (or else are more familiar with the ideas involved, and therefore have less trouble following them), the subsequent development of vV's writing may appear an improvement; but to many others, that development appears the opposite.

What is especially debatable in vV's present approach is his method of throwing in every idea that comes to hand. Undoubtedly, this technique of pouring forth ideas in such fashion is a splendid method for tapping the apparently inexhaustible stream of invention which is part of the mental equipment of van Vogt himself, at least, and which is one of the major points of distinction in his writing. But what this actually boils down to, is a stream-of-consciousness approach. And it often becomes as hard to follow the train of thought in a van Vogt story as it is to follow the more-or-less artificial streams-of-consciousness (and dream-fantasy) in the writings of James Joyce and school.

Personally, I like van Vogt. I read almost everything he writes. I even try to study his stuff when necessary, because I find that such study is often rewarding in both stimulation and entertainment. But I would like him far more if he were to water down the over-concentrated stream of thought in his stories (especially the long ones), and use some artistic selection, as well as padding the too-concise expression of ideas. He did it eight years ago in "Slan", and achieved something he has not since surpassed (and this in spite of his subsequent growth of experience). I think if he were to use the same approach, allied with his present greater development in thought and technique-- well, it would not only be about the greatest thing sf. has seen, it would also stand to tap the popular audience which "The World of A" won't be able to reach. That would be a development which would benefit van Vogt financially and the entire field of sf. in general prestige.

But this should not be construed by any fan as a discouragement in buying this present volume. It's a good job, extremely well-printed and -bound (as is to be expected from such a major house as Simon & Schuster), though it is unfortunately not illustrated. There is a sufficient difference and improvement in this revised version from the serial to make it worthwhile for a fan to get it, even if he/she/it has previously read it in the magazine form.

concluding Moe Diner on
VAN VOGT

Moreover, it merits support on moral grounds. Simon & Shuster is issuing it experimentally in an attempt to gauge the prospects for future hard-cover modern sf. in the book market. I don't think (as I said) that this volume will tap the popular audience at all well, because it isn't written down and pruned enough. But it can and should have sufficient success to justify the publishers' continuing the experiment with other volumes. If they do someday it will pay off. And in the meantime, it's something we all want.

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(Editor's note-- I realise the foregoing is somewhat "dated", but I thought the discussion was interesting enough to justify its appearance in these pages.)

III III VVV IV IIV III DXX IX IIX IIX IVXV XV XV II



Where anything can
happen and usually
does!

PAYMENT FOR LETTERS PRINTED! For each letter printed in this department, LIGHT will make the usual payment it does for all regular contributions. A FREE COPY TO THE WRITER OF THE LETTER. Now let's see those letters roll in.

I

Thanks for #37 LIGHT and it was very welcome. I was delighted to see that Sam McCoy's impressions on the Torcon. And is he ever modest. Sam is running for office in NFFF this fall, so maybe he is getting set for campaign speeches. I sure enjoyed his article, and it filled in some of the blank spots that you missed in your article. All TORCON news is good news.

NOW I see why KAY MAR TRADER only lasted for 2 years. I was being over worked, heh heh. I think that NFFF is overworking me NOW.

The Kellors really are active in fandom. As one fan says "When does he sleep" Dr. Keller has sent out a lot of material to the fanzines and always manages to have a letter or article in the

TNFFF.

K. Martin Carlson,
1028 Third Ave. S.,
Moorhead, Minn.,
U. S. A.

II

. . .and LIGHT #37 arrived last Friday or Saturday or something, and have already been placed in my library of Classics.

Actually, I wasn't too well impressed with my own work in the Public Prints, but it's far too late now to yell "Don't print that!"; it remains but to slink about with hatbrim low and coat collar high, claiming the name to be S. Wilmer Midgely or something equally at a variance from the McCoy namer.

San McCoy,
951 Harrison Ave.,
London, Ontario,

III

October 13, 1948.

It is too bad Mrs. Keller found the McCoy article misinforming. It ~~was~~ a cheapish sort of pan, though-- I just looked it up. Neither kind nor called for. Yet it is pretty well standard kidding. Lots of fan stuff full of it, and steady readers automatically discount it. I can understand her reaction-- not having been inducted by years of FAPA, etc., by what would seem to her sheer, uncalled for vulgarity.

Bob Gibson,
2421- 25A St. S.W.,
Calgary, Alberta.

[See LIGHT FLASHES this issue for further reference to what Bob is talking about.

-ED

IV

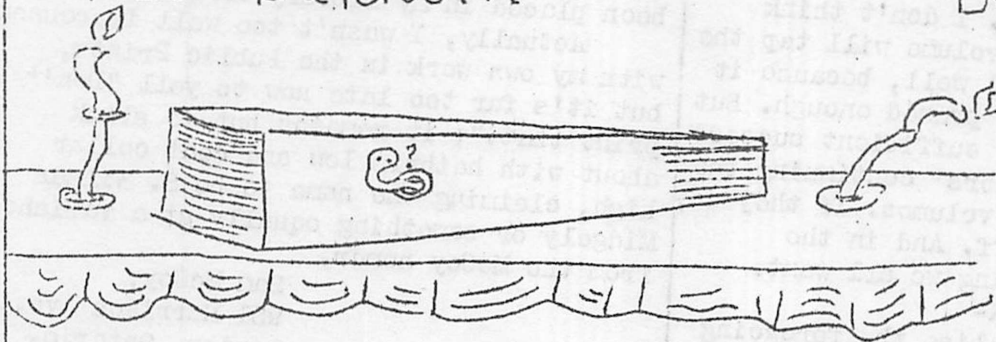
October 14, 1948.

Oh, ya want me to stick my neck out in what you already call a "fracas"? Don't you know I'm too young for suicide? I presume that Mrs. Keller took exception to S.W. McC's version of the Chad Oliver telegram? After much diligent brain-wracking, I can't re-call a thing about the incident, except the fact of its occurrence. I certainly never gave it a second thought. . . As for Doc's speech, I got a rather more favorable impression of it than Sam did. It wasn't a world-shaking address, by anyone's standards, but it was a well-argued plea that stf should emphasize the constructive, rather than the destructive aspects of science. You'll
(more on pg. 10)

The PALL BEARER

BY
F. Lee Baldwin

Didn't Know



A pallbearer, about to raise his burden, chanced to peer behind a curtain, screening off a vestibule from general view. Within, he saw a coffin somewhat like the one at hand; the resident of which, too awaiting burial, had complexion near malarial and hair the shade of sand. Not a glam'rous gee it was plain to see without another look. "Just a 'nobody'!" thought the 'bearer, and turned his back upon the nook.

H He drew a breath and sighed, let his eyes go wand'ring 'till they fell upon the lady at his side. He shot appraising leor at this figure on her bier;-- let his glances linger upon each ornamented finger; the curl that hid her petale d ear; the classic throo t, ample mouth and flame-crowned brow sincere. Aye, sho'd been cast from goddess's mold. . . He shook his head in sad regret at her confinement to the mould.

T he flame-haired one, you see, was once a "queen" who lent her beauty to both great and mean. And he with palor gray had been a builder in his day-- his work magnificent in lines colossal. (He'd once stepped within her brothel.)

ON SEA- LADIES

BY
W. ROBT.
GIBSON

(Written and Illustrated by Bob Gibson)

Maybe H. G. Wells began it with

"THE SEA LADY". Maybe it was an old-established tradition, apart from fairy tales. But mermaids are seemingly not comfortable neighbors when they join your family. It may be different, of course, when they join you. But not of necessity safe.

Anyway, Wells' Lady picked her man, salvaged a dross somewhere, swam ashore in it and so led him on that he swam out to sea with her-- and presumably drowned.

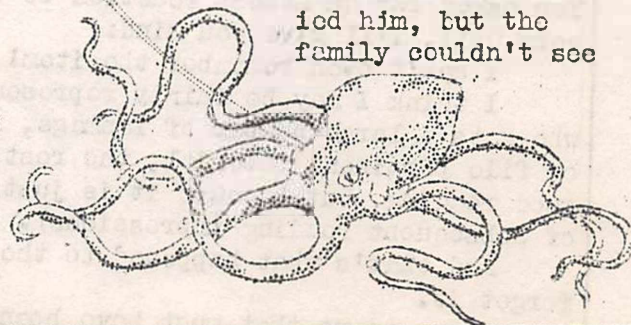
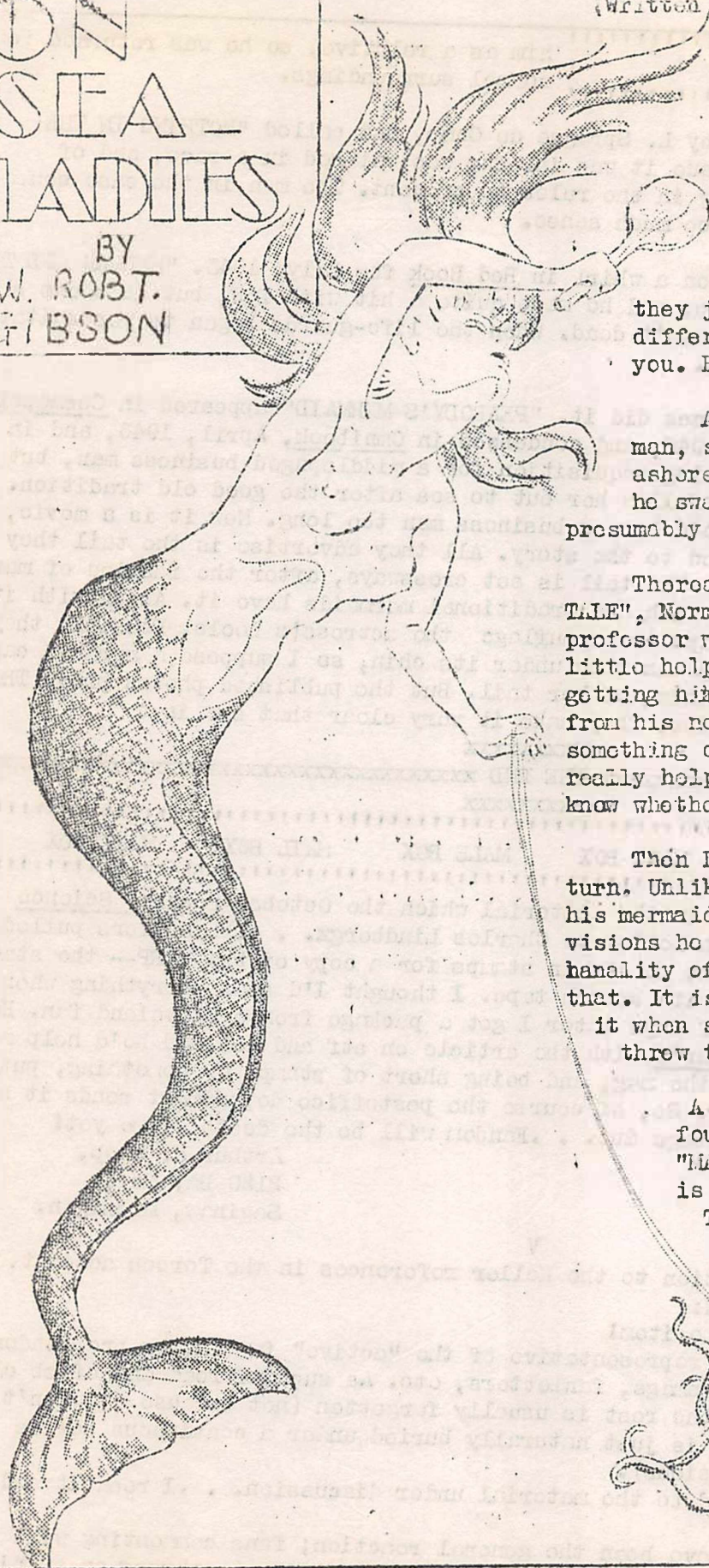
Thereafter, in "LOONA: A STRANGE TALE", Norman Walker tells of a retired professor who found one, with perhaps a little help from her. But when it came to getting him out to sea she had some help from his neighbors, who made themselves something of a nuisance. His wife didn't really help him stay ashore, either. Don't know whether he drowned or not.

Then Dunsany's Jorkens tells of his turn. Unlike the others-- he did marry his mermaid. He fell in love with the visions he saw in her eyes, but the utter banality of her character cured him of that. It is doubtful if he really regretted it when she went back to the sea, and threw the wedding ring at a shark.

A rather earlier example is found in C. J. Cutcliffe Hyné's "MAN'S UNDERSTANDING". The story is "MY MERMAID AND THE GIANTS".

The narrator was rescued by her, and taken home to the family.

She would have married him, but the family couldn't see



him as a relative, so he was returned to normal surroundings.

Nelson S. Bond gave the idea a whirl in Red Book for July, 1943. "HERMAN AND THE MEERWID". She took him home, too; and he made quite a hit with Dad, but it seems she left his body behind-- and it wasn't dead. When the life-guards began to resuscitate it he had to be sent back, fast.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXXXX

Arthur H. Rapp,
2120 Bay St.,
Saginaw, Michigan.

V

I can't even remember the item!

And that's what happened to the material under discussion. . .I read it and forget it.

10

My personal belief is that if the mention was inflammable or libelous in my eyes, I'd have remembered it. Put me down, therefore, as of the opinion that it was harmless enough and nothing to provoke undue umbrage; I'm sure at any rate that such was not the intent.

Bob Bloch,
Milwaukee, Wis.

VI

I'll sure be glad when LIGHT gets back to Normal and you stop printing all this convention junk and start running the no-holds barred stuff.

Norm Lamb,
Sincoc.

[This is a very free-hand translation of what Norm really said, but the essence is there. How's this issue, Norm?-- ED/

VII

October 16, 1948.

Got your letter a few days ago, and was not in the least surprised to note that I had stirred up a number of ires. It seems that the Keller ires are the easiest stirring, although I will admit that the doc had good reason. Mrs. K's pleasant little note found a most suitable refuge in the waste basket. Migod, haven't they a sense of humor? . . . Good Lord, is all of fandom a bunch of schmocs? Certainly Doc Keller didn't mention contraceptives in his little speech. The Doc, however, did cover the advance of civilization, and yours truly, in reporting his speech used a device that is commonly known as irony. This is civilization-- the discovery of sex, the discovery of children, the discovery of contraceptives. Apparently it was too deep for Los Kellers, not to mention great gobs of other characters. I pass. . . My thanks to K. Martin Carlson, for his commendation. I'd like to hear what some of the fon said, Los., before the next ish of LIGHT (gotta capitalize this), so that I may make some comments for publication-- if, of course, you are amenable. . .

Sam McCoy,
951 Harrison Avenue,
London, Ontario.

[I don't think anything needs passing on, Sam. I got no letters except from two certain interested readers, commenting on the article, that are not printed here. Those printed here were actually solicited by me when I sent them a brief statement and asked them for their opinion.

VIII

I read with interest Sam's statement about my Torcon talk. . . A Frenchman once said that "Language was used to conceal thought". Here is an excellent example. I wrote a paper which I read at the Torcon. That paper was carefully written, had a definite argument and in the main I read it from the text. It was dignified, well worded, and I carried the theme through to a final conclusion. There was nothing humorous about it, and certainly nothing pertaining to sex. . . Either Sam did not pay any attention to what I said or I am unable to express myself so the average man can understand what I am talking about. The article will be printed from my manuscript in the Torcon report and then we will see whether Sam can follow a text when it reads it better than he can when he hears it. He made the statement that he did not have the least idea what I was talking about, but that I ended it with something about CONTRACEPTIVES. That, of course, was simply NOT TRUE and places me in a very peculiar position. . . I am at a loss as to understand why you printed his statement, unless you thought it was FUNNY. . . The fact remains that my talk was the only 100% serious contribution to the Torcon program. Now everyone has a right to their own idea but Sam's statement was a rather poor piece of reporting. . . Mrs. Keller has written him directly to straighten out the miscomprehension concerning the reading of the Chad Oliver telegram. ((LATER LETTER))--- --- As far as Mrs. Keller's part in Sam's remarks, I agree with her 100% that his remarks were uncalled for and extremely ungentlemanly in every way. I am still at a loss to know why you permitted it to appear in that shape in your fanzine. It is all right to print everything that your

David H. Keller, M. D.,
55 Broad Street,
Stroudsburg, Pa.

IV

Mrs. David H. Keller.

(oh for the life of a publisher-- I thought LIGHT'd be only 12 pages-- but look- 13!)

CHECK LIST

IF A RED "X" APPEARS ABOVE, THIS IS YOUR
LAST COPY, UNLESS.

October 19, 1949.

Dear Les:-

I'm going to be perfectly frank, for once in my life, in this letter. I don't think that Sam's article should ever have been printed, not that it wasn't true but because it boiled down simply to 'Keller baiting'. There have been too much of this sort of thing in fandom: Futurian splits, Evans splits, Shaver splits, and now we have developing to a head a Keller split. The article certainly served no useful purpose.

As for a retraction, I don't honestly see how you can make one since the article was true, to my mind. You can certainly make an apology for printing it, though. Keller was one of science fiction's greatest authors, and he produced variants. Today he is one of the greatest fans and I think that he is probably doing more things of practical value for fandom than any other author. He is one of the few who has been a 'great' in both ways and we owe a lot to him.

Although all of his stories have been written very well and many have held my attention greatly, nevertheless he has written a great deal which has nauseated me. How anybody could be so narrow-minded and ignorant in his 'Negro menace series' is beyond me. But one thing must be remembered, I am biased on this one particular point (that is, bias against anyone who has racial biases). Dr. Keller has his own opinions and he may have very good reasons for holding them.

Whether Sam's report on Mrs. Keller was an 'attack' is an individual opinion. To be honest, the way she read that telegram, and her comments, sickened me. I have never heard anything done in that manner before in Canada-- maybe they do things like that in the South, though.

As for Dr. Keller's speech-- it left a very bad impression on me. He seemed to advocate science fiction fans undertaking a crusade for certain ideals which they hold. True, I think that the spread of science fiction can only produce a good effect. It appears to make people more broad-minded and it makes them more receptive of scientific advances. We received the Atomic bomb, etc., more readily than did the nonfans. Can we undertake a crusade, though? I don't think so, because it is completely impractical. Science fiction fans do not have many common ideals, if any. Who can say that their opinions are correct. For all we know it may be best for mankind if there were another terrific war-- though I don't think so. The probability is there, though. Science fiction fans are individualistics. We have in our club a political spread from Labor Progressive (Communists) to Progressive Conservatives (Free enterprise). We have a religious spread from Jewish to Christian Science to Roman Catholicism to Agnostic. The only common denominator in our club is Science Fiction, and that isn't treated the same by everyone.

Yours Scientictionally,

Jack.

E. J. Bowie-Rood, McGill University, Montreal 2, Quebec.

The club to which Jack refers is the Canadian Science Fiction Assn., of which Jack is the National Organizer. This letter, and others from Rapp, and Bloch, is in answer to a letter I sent out soliciting replies to the following two items:

(A) In your opinion, was Sam's report an "attack" on Mrs. Keller. What are your reactions to this paragraph in his article. (B) What are your reactions to his paragraph on the speech delivered by Dr. Keller at the Torcon. Is Sam's impression of it right, or wrong? How did it impress you when you heard it? I think Sam's article was fit for publication as neither Sam nor I intended it as "Keller baiting" nor did we foresee that it might even be considered as such. If such has been the case, however, Sam and I are collectively sorry. But should I be sorry for printing what is the truth, even if it might have been worded slightly ambiguously, according to certain persons? After all-- if we do not wish what we say printed we should be more careful as to what we say, or how we say it. This article in question serves to show how things we say unclearly can be interpreted wrongly. Or should I say, interpreted in such a manner that people wishing to see in it more than is there, believe they have a "loophole" through which to rush in order

to "start something". Certain folk persist in being sort of amateur Vishinky-ites-- they delight in seizing on some small statement which the nature folk never give a second thought to. These youthful folk twist and squeeze this statement and because it is not crystally mathematically clear, they turn it to their own ends, and pen a note to the person or persons mentioned in the . . . ; statement in question and perhaps suggest, or intimate that the reaction is contrary to what it actually is. All this is highly conjectural on my part, but I have an idea that this may have occurred. It is in the same light with a recent happening which took place in Moscow and in the United Nations. In Moscow a certain, no doubt very underpaid and undernourished as far as celebrations are concerned, monial in the Russian Kremlin happened on a war map printed by a certain U. S. oil Company. The map was printed very clearly and no one anywhere else would have misconstrued the name given it. It had the English words, WAR, WORLD, and III on it. So at the United Nations the Russian representative had to get up, and basing his attack of the assembly on the false meanderings of the aforementioned Muscovite, begin a tirade against the war mongering of the American republic and brought forth as proof of his charges and statements the announcement that a certain American oil company had already printed maps that were entitled, "MAP OF WORLD WAR III"! Investigation proved that the map did exist. The oil company was not a figment of the imagination. But the title-- the title was simple, WAR MAP III-- third of a series of war maps, this one showing the Pacific Arena. Perhaps all this is highly allegorical. Maybe I am speaking in parables. But I do know that the concerned parties will see what I mean. Whether it is possible on a smaller scale in the case of McCoy's article is, as I have already said, highly conjectural. - ED/

XI

In answering about the McCoy article, I find it very hard to believe that Sam's own honest opinions should stir up any fuss. I agree that Mrs. Keller's statement about Oliver would be embarrassing from the male point of view and would have been better not said at all, but it does illustrate protectiveness which I think is a fine thing. If the audience had been all female when that statement was made we would have heard nary a word about it. . . As for Sam's opinion about Dr. Keller's narrative I find myself wanting to take both sides. If Sam didn't like the speech he's entitled to his opinion, in fact I don't agree with his opinion, but why should Dr. Keller object, surely he had had criticism before? . . . In summing up, I can only repeat, why all the talk-- it's so small a thing it should be ignored.

Wm. D. Grant,

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/I had received so many letters panning Sam and his article, Bill, that I felt I would like to have some other reactions to it. I didn't feel it was as bad as it had been made out, and I felt Sam should be justified, and I should be justified in printing it. I felt it better to air the objections, and the praises, in public, rather than have the objections alone simmer along in private, with nothing done about it.-ED/

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DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Bureaucrat: A man who shoots the bull, passed the buck, and makes seven copies of everything.

Criminal: A person with predatory instincts who has not sufficient capital to form a corporation.

Darkroom: A place where many a girl with a negative personality is developed.

Dachshund: Half a dog high by a dog and a half long.

Gentleman: A patient welf.

Husband: What's left of a sweetheart after the nerve has been killed.

Petting: A study of anatomy in braille.

WOLF: A man who invites a girl for a scotch and sofa.