



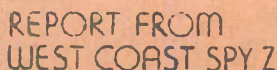
the QWERTYUIOPress. :: Copies may be had for frequent LoC's, trades, or subscription (rates: three 4¢ stamps, one unused legal length 4-hole stencil, or issue). :: Terry Carr reviews fmz sent to him at 41 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn. :: This issue was published on February 8, 1964. :: London in '65 - Cleveland and New York in '67 - Mordor in '64...

כא כב כג כד כה כו כז כח כט ל לא לב לד לה לו

# UFFISH THOTS

Who is it these stalwart fans are protecting their convention against? Is it a fan narcotics peddler who lives in the Bay Area? Is it one of those nebulous "whores, thieves, or moochers", or any of the other epithets to be found in the title of Joe Gibson's famed SHAG-

Although Walter is well known as one who will not tread where he is unwanted, the Berkeley fans in question apparently not only tolerated him in their midst, but encouraged him in their failure to voice any objection to his actions to him. Instead they indulged in a vicious set of rounds of growing gossip and hate-mongering, and, finally emboldened by the quality of their furtive hate, have now made the sudden move, backed by legal counsel and the circulation of scurilous and libelous attacks, of denouncing him in a high moral dudgeon. They now desire to "perform surgery" and "separate" Walter Breen from fandom. All fandom.



What has happened is that the Committee has held a "hearing" (or "kangaroo court" as it's been called in Berkeley) at which Walter was invited to come and defend himself against these people on the con committee who were dealset against him. He was "advised" that he should seek legal advice and could bring as many character witnesses as he wished. Walter chose not to play their game and did not appear at the hearing, but eight character witnesses did come and testified in favor of Walter's being allowed to retain his convention membership. No value judgement was placed on Walter's accused "child-molesting" by the favorable witnesses; /cont. overleaf/



It's been some time since last the Fuggheads walked among us and told us what we should do "for the best interests of fandom." The WSFS Inc. raised a stink which remained a sour taste in most fans' mouths for years afterwards (then too the resorting to legal counsel and suit marked a high degree of idircy), and when Joe Gibson wrote his famous blast in SHAGGY -- a piece which boiled down to "I can take care of myself, but the rest of you fans need help" -- the outcry (ironically, from one of the principle Pacificon officers) almost universally opposed him.

Now up rises a new group of Giant Killers and Witch Hunters, out to purify fandom for the rest of us. Their target: one inoffensive man whose personality may repel some, but whose actions in fandom have never been less than aboveboard despite the malicious and unfounded rumors circulated against him. His is the role of scapegoat -- by casting him out the Berkeley fen appear to be seeking purification and exoneration for themselves (and, by the moral standards of "square" America, Berkeley fandom is totally morally corrupt). Not content to bar Walter Breen from their convention, these self-appointed messiahs of fandom are circulating their barbed attacks against him (neatly cloaked with massive DNQs, and self-justified as pleas for advice, progress reports on action taken, and suchlike, all designed to Spread The Word) in wholesale quantities, hoping to arouse a moral revulsion in fandom at large which will do their dirty work for them and bring about their desired "surgery".

I've known Walter Breen closely for some four years, and I am completely and inalterably opposed to this trial by innuendo on the part of the Pacificon II Committee.

In the time I have known Walter, I can say that I've known him quite closely. At times I have had my differences with him, and I expect I may again in the future. But I have never at any point considered him "dangerous" in any way, and although I now have three young daughters, the oldest five, I have never given any consideration to barring him from my house. His conduct in the presense of my girls has never been less than proper -- he has never taken advantage of their natural affection for him, nor "molested" them in any way. I believe Walter when he says he has never seduced anyone in his life.

As far as I am concerned, any complaints parents in the Bay Area may have about Walter stem from their own incompetence as parents, and I am disgusted by their attempts to fob off responsibility for their own children. Furthermore, as a fan, I will not be dictated to about whom I may or may not consider a worthy fan, by a squirrely (pardon, Ron) bunch of pseudo-bohemian phoney-moralists whose sole complaint against Walter really boils down to the fact that they don't like him.

The attempts of fans through the years to run other fans out of fandom have seldom been justified and have usually reflected badly upon the crusaders in question. That is certainly true in this case.

Faugh on the Pacificon II Committee, as Walter Breen might say.

ON THE LIGHTER SIDE: Sandi was greatly egoboosted by Terry's review of her amzine, TURNING ON, lastish, but says, "Sturgeon didn't say that TURNING ON is his 'favorite fanzine' in so many words. What Terry read and extrapolated from is the following exact quote: 'Thank you more than I can say for TURNING ON, surely one of the most remarkable, certainly among the most provocative effusions I have ever seen.' Exact, that is, except for the emphasis, which is mine. :: As Terry pointed out, 'this is not really a fanzine' anyway. I've 'stolen' many of the techniques, because I admire them so much."

- Ted White

they primarily pointed out that he was not dangerous and would stop when asked, and in the case of the convention that he would desist if asked in advance. The Committee issued a dittoed proceedings of this hearing which stated in part that they were not acting as "moral judges" or "carrying out a personal vendetta" against Walter in this action on their part. However, they are, or so many feel.

It is interesting to note that at one point one of the favorable character witnesses suggested that if Walter Breen was to be barred from the convention because his morals were suspect, then also all the fans who were known drug-users at one time or another should also be barred. This was presented in the spirit of sarcasm, but was picked up enthusiastically by two of the Committee members to the great embarrassment of the third member.

There have been thoughts in the air of having a Non-Con that same weekend in the Bay Area for people who are poed at the Con Committee, should Walter's membership actually be revoked -- even thoughts of finding another hotel if it's not too late and running a minimum cost scene -- but these are very tentative and all, because the Committee has given Walter until February 10th to make his own presentation with legal counsel and all.

- West Coast Spy Z



LES GERBER-



## MORE GERBER

were not enough to insure that the contents of the flyer would be quoted, Bill later removed the DNQ, vastly expanded the mailing list, and even sent a copy to Walter.

It may be significant that I, who introduced Walter to fandom and have known him longer than anyone else in fandom, did not receive a copy of the flyer even in the second mailing. Nearly everyone else in New York fandom did. The purpose of the flyer evidently changed in midstream from asking for advice to warning as many people as possible about Walter. (I say "evidently" because the style in which the thing was written leaves Donaho's intentions open to question. It does not sound like a request for advice.)

I had hoped at first to avoid dealing directly with its contents, because there is a lot of highly defamatory material in it and I hate to give any such material wider distribution. However, it seems obvious by now that the material will be all over fandom shortly, if it is not already.

I have known Walter for about six years. When he lived in New York, we were personally on very close terms. Since he moved to Berkeley, I have kept in touch with him by correspondence and made up some of the gaps during his summer visits here. I know that when he lived in New York we had no secrets from each other, and I have no reason to suspect that the situation has changed since he moved.

The most important charge Donaho makes is that Walter is a child molester. This is a very serious charge—child molesting is a crime—and I am quite certain it is totally false. It is so poorly documented that no one who was not prejudiced against Walter could accept Donaho's evidence, and even then to believe it one would have to accept all the rumors in addition to the "evidence."

Donaho's main evidence is that Walter engaged in sex play with Poopsie Ellington in the presence of witnesses. After noting that Miss Ellington has had a reputation which stretched all the way to New York as a rather uninhibited child—for actions which did not involve Walter—let me indulge in a quotation here, both to convey the charge undisturbed and to display the attitude of the writer:

"The second cause (for Berkeley fandom's changing its indifference towards Walter's sex life) was Walter's sex play with 3-year-old Poopsie Ellington. He had her trained up to the point where she would take off her clothes the minute she saw him. He would then 'rub her down' and all that. I recall one occasion—a fairly large gathering at the Nelsons—in which he also used a pencil, rubbing an eraser back and forth in the general area of the vagina, not quite masturbating her. (Walter is incredible.) Many people were somewhat displeased with this—most particularly her parents. No one thought he was actually psychologically damaging Poopsie (she being so young)—obviously Dick and Pat would have interfered if they thought he had been—but the spectacle was not thought to be aesthetically pleasing. Years later Walter found out about the reaction and said, 'But why didn't someone say something! I wouldn't have dreamed of doing it if I'd thought someone objected.'"

The sarcastic style employed here is obviously not designed to aid the reader in weighing the facts and coming to his own conclusion. But if the bias on Bill's part can be discounted, we are faced with a rather absurd excuse for throwing someone out of fandom. ("I want to perform a surgical operation, separating Walter and fandom.") Walter indulged in what was at most mild sex play with this girl—if you accept the hypothesis that three-year-old girls are capable of real sexual response—in the presence of her parents and witnesses, none of whom objected until years after the incident occurred. Once you accept the fact that someone could indulge in this practice without feeling or

THAT WAR IN BERKELEY: Several weeks ago, Bill Donaho sent out an eight-page flyer entitled "The Great Breen Boondoggle or All Berkeley is Plunged into War." The purpose of this publication, it stated, was to inform selected fans of the various reasons why Berkeley fans were considering ostracizing Walter Breen—specifically, why the Pacificon II committee was considering barring Walter from the convention—and asking the fans who received it for advice. The very first sentence read, "This article is most emphatically a Do Not Print, Do Not Quote, and Most Emphatically Do Not Blab My Name When You Mention This Letter Substitute." As if the last qualification



imparting guilt—which I don't find hard—you can understand the puzzlement Walter expressed in that last quasi-quoted sentence. If they did object, why didn't anyone say something. Didn't Walter have the right to believe, in the absence of any objection, that there was none?

The other incident charged against Walter is that he was found in bed with Alva and Sid Rogers's thirteen-year-old son at a GGFS meeting. They were watching television, and in the absence of any accusation to the contrary I presume they were both fully clothed. This incident caused Sid Rogers to take a violent dislike to Walter, although I think it is going pretty far afield to accuse Walter of homosexual conduct in this instance. The objection seems to be that Walter was getting too friendly with the boy. I don't think anyone would have found the situation offensive or abnormal if Walter had been the boy's father.

Before anyone accuses me of being too naive to understand when a homosexual advance is taking place, I should point out that I have watched Walter many times with children. He gets along extremely well with them. He treats them with the same respect and attention that he gives adults—more, perhaps, than he gives most adults, because children usually have not yet been implanted with the irrational prejudices which turn many people against Walter because he is so radically unconventional. Of course children get along well with Walter! Why shouldn't they? They enjoy being treated as equals by an adult. And why shouldn't an adult treat them that way?

I watched Walter for several days with Marion Bradley's son—then twelve years old—, before the Chicon, during the drive from New York to Chicago, and during the convention. Walter was on the best possible terms with the boy. They were frequently engaged in conversation, and I occasionally saw them cuddling. None of this was any more sexual than normal relationships between parent and child. In this case, Walter was hoping to be acting eventually as the boy's father. In the case of the Rogers boy, Walter was usurping the role of father. If Walter was significantly substituting for the father, then Alva should try paying more attention to his son. If the substitution was obviously temporary and not significant, there is something wrong with the Rogers's jealousy reactions. In either case, trying to blow this episode up into a case of attempted homosexual seduction is absurd.

Donaho cites a few more instances of suspected homosexual activity on Walter's part. None of these is totally convincing, unless one assumes that everything Walter says is true. (Even I, a close friend, do not necessarily make that assumption.) And even if they were true, which I doubt, they would be irrelevant. What is significant here, though, is that Donaho admits that nobody would have minded homosexual activity in the abstract; it was Walter they objected to. Bill quasi-quotes Danny Curran—who has never been able to stand Walter—as saying, "You know I have homosexual friends. But I think Walter is a shit. And this is a handy club to hit him with."

I would never have expected to see Donaho hitting someone with a handy club like this. However, it seems that although various people in Berkeley fandom do not like Walter—because of the kind of person he is, not because they think he is a homosexual, child molester, or what have you—they are unable to tell him so. They don't have the guts to tell him to go away. So they have decided to cut him off from fandom entirely, figuring that this will be the easiest way for them—as individuals!—to sever contact with Walter.

It is not all that difficult to sever contact with Walter. All you have to do is tell him to go away. People in New York who did not like Walter never found him bothering them. Walter does not like to be disliked. He does not like to admit to himself that he is disliked. But if you tell him you don't like him, he won't call you a liar. He'll go away. Why can't the people who don't like Walter tell him to go away? Could it be that they are ashamed of disliking Walter? Could they feel that he violates prejudices they cannot get rid of but feel they should not have?

There are simply too many charges in Donaho's letter for me to be able to refute them all. Here are a few more:

Walter is accused of having written letters to various people admitting his own homosexual conduct. Donaho is sure this is legal evidence. I am not so sure. If all the letters were as accurate as the one allegedly containing "rhapsody about the joys of 69-ing with a couple of young New York fans," they were rhapsodies indeed. I am positive I would have known if Walter had indulged in homosexual activity with any New York fans, because I would not have objected and he would have seen no reason to hold any such information back from me. (I knew bloody well enough about Walter's sex life while he lived in New York to make me pretty envious. For someone who supposedly has such a fixation on young boys, Walter had some surprisingly desirable females living with him for various periods of time.)



Walter never had homosexual relations with anyone in New York fandom. In all the time he knew me—which began when I was in the age range he should have been most attracted to, by Donaho's "evidence"—he never made any homosexual advances towards me. Yes, I would have understood if he had. He didn't. He did often walk around his apartment nude, because he didn't see any reason for wearing clothes in his own home when he didn't want any on and he knew his visitors wouldn't object. (He did get dressed for many visitors before they arrived because he thought they might object. I didn't care.) This habit may be the cause of a quotation Donaho prints, from a teenager who is said to have left Walter's apartment after the first day of a proposed week's visit: "Walter may always be the one who's seduced, but he makes it goddam clear he's available." So what? Incidentally, Donaho does not specify whether the teenager was male or female.

Perhaps irrelevant point: Donaho says that Walter started a campaign against Sid Rogers, promoting her as "one of the Three Big Bitches of Fandom, the others being G. M. Carr and Christine Moskowitz." I wonder how Chris felt when she read this; Donaho sent her a copy. Walter's campaign against Sid, incidentally, was surprisingly ineffective; I never even heard about it, and in all his correspondence with me Walter never mentioned Sid Rogers.

Perhaps irrelevant point #2: "Walter also brought forth the point that since he has been in a mental hospital and discharged, he was the only person in Berkeley fandom who was certified sane. I don't see the relevance of this, but there it is." Child molesters are not usually considered sane.

The flyer asked for advice on whether or not to bar Walter from the Pacificon II on the grounds that he would be dangerous there, being in a position to seduce young boys who happened to attend. Walter has attended about half a dozen previous conventions. There was one incident, at the Seacon, when Dick Eney accused Walter of trying to seduce Gordon Eklund. Walter had offered Gordon a place to sleep, in a room also occupied by Andy Main and Ted & Sylvia White. (Eney is incredible.) You might still think that Walter might have been trying to seduce Gordon, if you were convinced that Walter was obsessed with seducing boys. I spent most of the Chicon II based in Walter's room, and slept there three nights. Kevin Langdon and Roy Frank, both about my age—which was, then, about the same age as Gordon's at the Seacon—also slept in that room. Walter did not try to seduce any of us, or any others of our ilk. At the Discon, though, Walter finally did succeed with a seduction. She was rather pretty, too.

Since the first Donaho flyer, the committee has decided to bar Walter from the convention on February 10 "unless some adequate reason for dropping the matter has been presented to it by then." Until this announcement reached us (again, I didn't get a copy; I had to read Ted's), I was merely disgusted by the slander campaign Donaho was waging against Walter, because I figured Bill must think Walter really was a danger and he had to warn people. Now I am outraged. I don't think a legal court would rule against Walter on the grounds Donaho has offered. For a group of fans to set themselves up as a court, "try" Walter in this ersatz manner, and convict him on such flimsy "evidence" is a ridiculous action. This is exactly what they did. (Walter quite sensibly refused to participate, but eight people testified on Walter's behalf, to no avail.) This decision cannot be allowed to stand. I refuse to join the convention and thus support it; if I attend, it will be to see friends, not as a convention attendee. I hope that anyone who is similarly outraged do the same, or ask that his membership fee be refunded. (Some of it is going now to pay a lawyer to make sure that Walter does not sue the convention. "Our lawyer," reports Donaho, "says that if Walter Breen sues the case will be thrown out of court and he will be 'nailed to the wall'." Evidently the committee is counting on Walter's desire to avoid scandal to protect them from a suit.)

If anyone has any further questions, I hope he will write to me and ask. I'll be glad to offer anything I know.

The last time someone tried to tell fans what to think and how to behave, it was called the WSFS and it didn't get very far.

RETRACTION DEPARTMENT: F. M. Busby takes exception to Ted's comments last issue about the Weber TAFF campaign. Buz feels we were pointing to him and accusing him of unfair tactics. It is probably impossible to tell at this date who wrote to British fans asking their support for Wally before the election opened, but it was certainly not Buz, as his correspondence log proves. We never had him specifically in mind anyway, but if anyone else felt we were implying that Buz was guilty of misconduct we cheerfully retract what we never really meant.

--Les Gerber




TERRY CARR-

-6-

SAM #10, December 1963-January 1964. Available for trade or comment from Steve Stiles, 1809 Second Avenue, New York, N. Y., 10028. 34 pages, dittoed.

SAM is a fanzine that's always been fragmentary in effect if not in fact. Issues vary from two pages to in the forties and fifties; sometimes there are numerous outside contributors and other times (as in the case of this issue) there aren't; the style varies from fannish to discussionzine; the



## TROLL CHOWDER

layouts, both of typed matter and headings, seem to vary for no particular reason; etc. (Steve has in the past followed a practice of indenting paragraphs only two spaces, and combined with a former penchant his typer had for ragged left-hand margins this made for pretty lousy-looking pages. He's now corrected both aspects of this, but he continues to vacillate between single- and double-spacing between paragraphs. All of which would be awfully nitpicking as commentary were it not for the fact that SAM does have the problem of coming across as chaotic and unplanned in so many ways that any such correction would contribute to improving an overall bad effect.)

As noted above, this issue is dominated by Steve's own writing. He leads off with a brief editorial touching on several minor subjects, then goes into an eight-page Discon report which varies from pithy reportage ("Katey MacLean...got up and gave a spontaneous talk on utopias, which she said were impossible. Everybody knows that.") to rambling anecdotes which either don't enable the reader who wasn't there enough to get the point, or which just don't have any point. The conreport's variance of style and quality, in fact, seems to epitomize SAM itself.

Steve then does a brief, fairly amusing takeoff on FANAC, and Les Gerber follows with a column full of pretty amusing stuff, mostly. The column misses being really good only by a hair's breadth in all items (which may be a function of Les' essentially 'pataphysical humor and my essential inability to vibrate correctly with this kind of humor), but nonetheless it's the best thing in the issue.

Steve then comes back with a six-page serious article on Love. It's quite well done, with effective turns of phrase and good insights for the most part, but to all intents and purposes it's simply a digest of Fromm's The Art of Loving, which isn't exactly an unknown book among those who are likely to be interested, which tends to rob Steve's article of a great deal of purpose.

The issue closes out with eight pages of letters which, like the rest of SAM, vary widely in interest. Bob Lichtman is amusing, Willis is casually thoughtful, but Mae Strelkov is incoherent and Betty Kujawa is Betty Kujawa.

I must mention again Steve's artwork. His cartoonery is as good as always, but of late he's been experimenting in SAM with a New Fannish Artform, ditto collages, and getting some remarkably attractive and effective results.

RATING: 6

ENCLAVE #5, November-December 1963. 35¢ apiece from Joe Pilati, 111 South Highland Avenue, Pearl River, New York, 10965. 55 pages, mimeoed with photoffset cover.

The word "enclave," as it's normally used in conversation, is usually preceded by the word "little," but as far as this fanzine's concerned that would be incorrect. ENCLAVE is a quickly-rising fanzine which, like virtually all zines which capture the imaginations of fans, is in a period of numerous pages.

The material, or at least most of it, justifies the space it gets, though. The best items, perhaps by editorial design, are up front in the magazine (where, after all, it counts). Pilati devotes almost five pages to a report on his attendance at the opening meeting in his area of the John Birch Society. Knowing his political position, I'd expected him to pillory everyone concerned, but his report is instead simply objective accounting of the events -- rather reminiscent of the piece Redd Boggs did a few years ago on a civil rights picketing, though it falls a bit short of the laconic irony Redd achieved by selection of detail.

Don and Maggie Thompson follow with a piece on kitsch, the sentimental claptrap to which even good writers occasionally fall prey. The article simply introduces its subject and then quotes



a number of examples. The examples are lots of fun, but I'd still have preferred something more in the article: analysis of the various types of kitsch, for instance, or discussion of the thin edge that often lies between kitsch and genuinely moving art. (One of the examples given, for instance, contains one fragment which would look much better without its syrupy surroundings: "...a face full of half-joyous, half-solemn surprise such as Eve must have worn when her foot first crushed the dew and flowers of Eden." That's still a bit high-flown, even by itself, but it has some real merit nonetheless, and had the Thompsons chosen to go into the question of the difference between emotion and sentimentality they might have come up with a really major article.)

Ted White's jazz column this time departs from music reviews to recount the story of Ted's trials and disillusionments as a struggling young jazz critic. Ted's articles, no matter what the subject, are usually pretty good, but I've always found him at his best in writing about himself, as here -- he always seems to be more interested in his subject. His column may be the best thing in this issue, in fact.

Bhob Stewart also has a column, discussing movies, and I'm glad to see him getting away from the snippety news-notes on B-grade s-f films which characterized the column too often when it was in AXE. Bhob's now dealing with movies of all types, and going into them much more deeply, with fine results.

Harlan Ellison follows with a rewrite of a story originally published in PSYCHOTIC back in 1954: The Little Boy Who Loved Cats. It's fairly amusing, but on too many occasions overwritten, and the idea probably isn't strong enough to carry a story of this length anyway. (Historical note: The original version of the story was written in a period when there were a number of similar stories showing up in fanzines, most of them one- or two-pagers. Dave English's The Little Boy Who Bit People comes to mind as the most successful of these, and I must say that I think the shorter length was a better idea.) Steve Stiles has done some excellent illustrations for Harlan's story, by the way.

Jung and Thoughtless, the anonymously-authored fanzine review column which drew a lot of attention in its appearances a couple of years ago in CINDER, debuts now in ENCLAVE. I always found the previous installments lacking a bit in both writing finesse and insight, but the author (a former faned whose zine was once in the Top Ten) seems to have been developing well during his layoff, because the present column thoroughly deserves its reputation: it's excellent in dealing with fanzines in depth and with an eye always on historical context.

Past this point in the magazine, we come to a lull. Maris Cizevskis reports on censorship in Australia well enough, but a bit too briefly; Ray Nelson does a short article stating that people's real utopia, truth be told, would be one of anarchy and violence (a point which would be fine as the jumping-off point for a longer discussion on why's and maybe even some worlds of if, but which is unsatisfying as the sole point of an article); and Mike Deckinger spends four pages ostensibly discussing the humor of Lenny Bruce but in actuality merely running through a couple of his records to quote funny lines, with a great insufficiency of analysis of either Bruce or his relationship to his subjects.

ENCLAVE's fine lettercol, running this time to 13 pages, is next, and it's almost as tightly-and tastefully edited as always. However, I note a developing tendency on Pilati's part to break in rudely on his letter-writers -- specifically, in the letters from Seth Johnson and Jan Sadler Samuels. Jan Samuels is all but drowned out by Joe's heckling, in fact, and what's worse, his comments don't seem to have been justified by anything the lady said. Getting testy and crotchety in your old age, Joe?

The issue closes with a page full of Christmas carol parodies by Pilati. His version of What a Friend We Have in Jesus is pretty funny, but the rest don't impress me overmuch. (And I'm croggled to see an attempted rhyme of "Thames" with "flames".)

All in all, it's another very good issue of a very good fanzine. If you're not getting it already, you should do something about that.

RATING: 8

-- Terry Carr



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