

MINAC 15

continent for fifteen years, cannot resist temptation. It adds three city blocks in girth and grows thirty-eight stories. It quivers. It falls into the rent with a great lascivious cry which causes the attendees of the Rumpcon in far off exotic Eureka to sit up and take notice. Nobody can stop it; it wallows in its lust. Back and forth it moves in the rent. Ten thousand little fans with valentines pasted on their lips, wearing little rubber knickers, are drawn to the windows of the hotel. They look out on a scene that is...absolutely unspeakable. Not only to they witness it; they are along for the ride! Guardians of adolescent and pre-adolescent fans clap hands over childish faces. The kids bite the hands off. They want to see, man! Finally the hotel's lust is spent. It falls back to the street and shrinks to its former size. The rent in the earth closes up with a great sigh. Fandom falls; 99% of its members are last heard of trying to get starring roles on 'Eleventh Hour' and 'Breaking Point.'

Filthy comsymp pre-Raphaelite perverted gymnasts descend on the convention just as J. Untalented Finch is walking to the stand to accept a Hugo for his short novel, 'Short Hairs.' Impressionable, though broad minded, fans of all sexes (male, female, fissionist, fusionist, sporophyte, androgyne, post-trauma celibate, etc.) sit at banquet tables, munching on dog liver, sipping Coca Cola through aluminum straws. Perverted gymnasts spray cat urine on the assemblage. They have plastic containers strapped to their backs, thin high-pressure hoses attached. The banquet is disrupted as scores cough, choke, vomit, sneeze. Gymnasts undo straps of their urine bottles. They take over the main table, kicking food and dishes off it. They cavort atop it, doing all manner of not only obscene but athletically obscene in the extreme contortions, exertions, dances, acts, etc.

A respected old fellow who wrote once in a first fandom fanzine that he did not believe in God is cornered in a corridor on his way to his room from a drunken grape juice and poppy seed party. He is nailed to the wall by two young punks high on Metal Ho. Metal Ho is an addictive alloy taken intracervically. It imparts to the taker the ability to flaunt the laws of nature for some four or five hours before it wears off, leaving one nauseous, abject, remorseful. That is, it allows one to create matter out of nothing, to annihilate matter, leaving no trace, to annihilate time, to alter the patterns of space, to nullify the long scale force of gravity, not to mention the electromagnetic force, and the nuclear interactions which bind proton with neutron, and such things. "Don't believe in God, huh?" sneers one punk (he is incidentally also soused on sour beer.) The punk turns the poor fan's head into a grapefruit. He cuts it open with a finger grown for the purpose. He tells all the seeds inside to fall to attention before him in the corridor. They do so, pronto. The other punk turns them into little pink mice with brass whiskers. The mice are ordered to run off and terrorize all women within a radius of five miles. Old Fan's head is restored, with his mind as blank as a chalkboard scrubbed down with Lysol. All his seeds have been removed, you see. "There is a God, isn't there?" says one of the punks. "Yes, oh yes." "And what does he do," asks the other. "He removes seeds from grapefruit and in general outrages public decency," says the poor Old Fan. The punks let him go on his way. The Metal Ho is wearing off; they've been on for four and a half hours. They wander off in search of the plainclothesman who sold them the stuff. They want to go up again, create a wild enclave in time where soap suds pour through the streets in search of minors in need of a cheap jag or a quick bath.

Frustrated old maids who have not had Any since before 1905 when their parakeets could be persuaded to be amorous walk around and around the convention hotel carrying placards saying, 'Down with old 650.5!8; 'Screw 288!'; 'Stomp on 245!'; 'Cram 702!'; 'Don't Knock your Neighbor Afore he's Down'.

A tramp steamer full of kangaroos docks at San Fran. Roos in rut descend on lily white con members. Read them Dick and Jane stories while they thrust marijuana and peyote flakes into their pouches, thereby rupturing old 702, alright. Old Randy, Roo of Roos, slakes his thirst for some action by tying one on at the old Simon Pure Corral, where monster fans turn themselves into people with the aid of secret extracts dispensed at the bar. Defenseless fans must watch Old Randy tie his tail into a slip knot. He holds them all terrorized in there. 'Nobody leaves unless I say so,' he yells. One of the braver young lads cries, 'Please don't ruin this con for me! It's my first!' He is struck down just like that.

A fan finds a maid in his unmade bed and makes her. Police rush in, like fools fearless to tread. Fannewsmagazine correspondents follow. TIME's Pacificon correspondent gets an exclusive. In his piece in the next issue of the favorite news magazine of millions of safe citizens, he writes, 'SanFrandidfans agree: infective foresight and restrictive extrapolation assbackwards make estranged bedfellows.' TIME is very clever, after all.

Oh, there's more, lots more, but in the end it all boils down to the

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all. I had planned to do a series of profiles of New York fans for VOID, shortly after moving to the City in 1959, but that, along with the fans I proposed to profile, disappeared soon after from my immediate ken.

The present concept is, therefore, more limited. I shall restrict myself to fans I know well, and, as a rule, see at least every alternate Friday, at the Fanoclast meetings....

If there is one fan whom I consider presently to be indispensable at Fanoclast meetings, it is Dave Van Arnam. To understand this, is to understand Dave, and I'm not sure I'm adequate to the task.

Dave Van (capital "V," please) Arnam is in his late twenties, and in both appearance and disposition strikes me as a medium sized, friendly bear. I'm not sure whether this impression was enhanced or detracted from when he shaved off his goatee, an event which I bitterly assailed him for at the time, but there is something about Dave's never-failing good humor and geniality which not only colors those occasions at which he is present, but in a subtle way dominates them.

I have never seen Dave lose his temper. I know of one occasion when he became incensed at a bore (at the Discon; happily I wasn't present), and I have seen him wax both serious and eloquent over issues which offended his sense of human ethics. (Two recent cases were the fatal stabbing of a woman in Queens, watched for half an hour by 38 spectators who did nothing—not even phoning the cops, and the Boondoggle situation which has riled Dave more than I've ever seen him riled by things fannish.) On the other hand, his ready willingness to laugh has made him the best-loved audience for all the story-tellers and punsters in the group.

I recall one occasion when, at a rather small meeting, the bunch of us began kicking about a transparent plastic sphere, some five inches in diameter and filled with a liquid in which a plastic frog always floated upright. It was my baby's, and it lent itself remarkably to a game of foot soccer in its own way not unlike Ghoddminton as played at Oblique House. As we angled it back and forth across the room from our stationary positions in randomly-placed chairs, it gained speed and momentum until it suddenly struck high on Dave's knee and burst, splattering him with the contents.

We laughed; we all laughed, Dave hardest. We thought it had been filled with water. It hadn't. The liquid had been some sort of mineral oil, and Dave was soaked with it.

Had it been me, I'd have wrung the neck of the guy who'd kicked that ball at me.* Dave just chuckled ruefully, and repaired to the bathroom to make the best of a bad (and odiferous) mess. I know of no truer test of temper.

Dave entered fandom in the early fifties, while living in Florida and going to the University at Gainesville. (Both Bruce Pelz and Sylvia Dees also went there; Bruce knew both Dave and Sylvia, spanning the time gap between them.) He published one issue of a fanzine, about which little charitable can be said. Recently he dug up the very badly mimeoed sheets run off for the never-completed second issue, and asked anyone to show him anything worse.

Dave can do that now, because these days, after having served a hitch in peacetime Korea, and returning to New York several years ago, he is a professional typist and mimeographer. That his work is fully up to the standards of Impeccability can be attested to by both his own JARGON #1 and the issues of Lin Carter's SPECTRUM he's run off.

Dave is a frustrated writer, as are we all, and has already done several drafts of a novel which uses the Nunnery and its crowd for its background. "It grew out of a novel Lin was writing," Dave said. "I saw an entirely different story in the material he was using, and I decided to write it."

Lin Carter plays a fairly important part in the Van Arnam saga, since he'd met Lin during his Florida days, and kept in touch with him while in Korea. Upon returning to New York, Dave was reintroduced to fandom, and introduced to the Fanoclasts by Carter, who was at that time hosting the meetings. Carter is Dave's closest friend, and it says something for that friendship that while Dave still lives a block or so from Lin's former Bronx apartment, he visits the Carters frequently in their new house far out in Hollis, Queens, a bus ride beyond the end of the subway line.

It took me more than a year to get to know Dave. Much of the reason for this was that not only is Dave a generally unassuming guy, but that his early attendance of meetings up at Lin's tended to be in the role of a friend of Lin's, rather than as a fan interested in the mainstream of fandom. Then too, Carter dominated those meetings, his personality so magnetic that if he retired to the kitchen momentarily most of those present would desert their seats to follow him. Van Arnam was much less

*And MINAC would be minus a co-editor. —lg

a direct participant in the meetings then.

Part of the change came about in Dave's reawakening interest in fandom, as he read fanzines Lin loaned him, and gradually became bitten by the publishing bug again. Concomitant with this, he began attending meetings less because they were at a friend's place, and more for the meetings themselves. This became complete when Lin stopped hosting meetings and Dave became perhaps the most religiously steady in attendance.

The better I've come to know Dave, the more I've come to value him as a person and a friend. He's quiet; he doesn't intrude himself on you. But he's not only easy to get along with (a rather negative quality in itself), he lends a positive enhancement to a gathering, whether it consists of just a few fans or a roomful. He's a note of spirit and good cheer, he balances enthusiasm well with consideration. He grows on you.

I suppose I can't end this without mentioning those aspects of him which I consider the flaws in his character. Actually, flaw, singular. And a monstrous one it is, too. I think it's indicative of the kind of guy he is that he can command friendships in spite of this: he's a Nixon Republican.

There's no getting around this fact; it inevitably intrudes into conversations whenever they turn to politics. With a bottle of ale in one paw, a cheerful looking pipe in the other, Dave will scatter ashes about as he declaims with dramatic gestures the advantages of Nixon Republicanism. He is not swayed by the mass of opposition he generates in his audience, and it is only his personal charm which has thus far allayed several moves for a public lynching. But those of us who know Dave well understand this: that no one is God-like perfect, that we're all fatally flawed, and that Dave's flaw is of a magnitude in keeping with his warmly good-humored nature. We accept it in him.

WHY I AM NOT RUNNING FOR TAFF: The current issues of ENCLAVE and LOG both contain "Ted White for TAFF" plugs. Happy as I was to see them, and despite plans to run, I have decided not to do so this year, for two reasons. The first is that Terry Carr is also running this year. I was the major nominator when Terry ran in 1958, and I tried to talk him into running the following election. Terry lost then because he was opposed by another active fan, forcing a split in the "fannish" vote, and giving the race to Don Ford. I was not among Terry's nominators this time -- I knew nothing of it until he told me Redd Boggs had asked him to run -- but I am certainly not going to create another split vote of that sort, nor do I care to run against a friend as close and of such long standing as Terry Carr. My second reason for withdrawing is that I as much as anyone have been identified with Walter Breen's defense in the Boondoggle affair, and inasmuch as William Donaho still, to the best of my knowledge, intends to run this year, I am very much afraid that the Boondoggling politics would be carried over into the TAFF campaign, where I very much feel they do not belong. Each of these reasons is sufficient in itself; both are compelling: I am bowing out. Perhaps next time...but for now, TERRY CARR FOR TAFF!

DEATH OF A FANZINE: This issue of MINAC is the last. There are several cogent reasons for folding it, the primary one being that it seems to have outlived its purpose and inspiration. If you check the dates, you'll find this is published almost three months after our last issue -- far too long an interval, and far too obvious an indication of our waning interest in it.

Andy Main, Rich Brown and I have decided to launch a new fanzine, however, in which I will be only a co-editor, to be called BEARDMUTTERINGS. MINAC's best features will continue in BMS, and all subs outstanding will be honored by BMS.

Speaking of subs, having just taken possession of the MINAC file, I find that our mailing list was considerably snafued, and a number of people have not received issues owed them. My particular apologies to Bob Leman, who subbed with four quire stencils and deserved something better than the abrupt cutoff he got. I'll try to scrape up back issues for you, Bob.

There is neither MORE nor LESS GERBER this, as our co-editor has moved to a new apartment, acquired a new family, and is desperately seeking a new job. There were a few notes for his column, but I hesitate to print them as is. Thus MINAC bows out...no bangs for us...

APA F: The members of the Fanoclasts and FISTFA have created APA F (FAPA spelled backwards), a new apa with weekly mailings. To join, you must attend the meetings, where mailings are distributed. Lotsa luck.

-Ted White

terry corr -

TROLL

CHOWDER

THE SCARR #3, January 1964

Available for comment, trade, etc. from
George L. Charters, 3 Lancaster Avenue,
Bangor, North Ireland. 23 pgs, mimeoed.

This issue of the latest in a fine
line of Irish fanzines is a mite disap-
pointing. There's nothing bad in it,
but on the other hand it lacks the
general high quality level of HYPHEN
and RETRIBUTION at their best. I almost
have the impression that the SCARR con-
tributors are turning in their rejects

from HYPHEN. Certainly Bob Shaw's A Funny Thing Happened To Me On
My Way To The Typewriter, an article presenting some thoughts on
writing humorous pieces, has neither the wit nor the insight into
its subject that you'd expect from Shaw. (Apparently he realized
this himself: "Looking back over what I've just written I'm really
glad I didn't call it How To Write Funny Articles. In fact, seeing
how little I know about it, I'd be glad if any readers would send
me a few tips.") I did like the "many a Jew word spoken in Trieste"
pun, though.

Other outside material is contributed by Ian McAulay and John
Berry. The Berry piece is a Factual Article, mildly amusing;
McAulay's is more of the same, sort of in Early Berry style only not
so good. A short but well edited lettercol follows.

The highlight of the issue, though, is a section at the back
wherein Charters gives us some Pepys Into My Diary, the selections
in this issue ranging from 1921 to 1941. The 1921 entry proves that
Charters was a practising punster nearly three decades before Irish
Fandom formed, or coagulated, and probably, for that matter, before
its leading members were born. The later entries include notes on
WWII air raids and a long section quoting from the works of Amanda
McKittrick Ros, undoubtedly one of the worst writers of all time.
I don't know why it should be that in this case as in so many others
a number of fen apparently independently come up with the same topics
for fanzine pieces, but this Ros section beautifully complements such
recent items as Les Gerber's reportage on the work of Violet Peaches
Watkins in a recent MINAC Don & Maggie Thompson's musings on great
bad writers in ENCLAVE (which also quoted Ros), etc. I don't believe
I've ever read anything funnier of this type (no, not even Bob
Leman's deliberately atrocious poems in THE VINEGAR WORM) than the
beginning of Ros' ode to Westminster Abbey:

Holy Moses, have a look --

Flesh decayed in every nook.

...or her poem on Easter:

Dear God, the day of eggs is here.

This is wonderful stuff, easily lifting this issue of THE SCARR
out of the quickly-forgotten class.

RATING: 6½

WARHOON #19, February 1964

20¢, 57¢, \$1.00 from Richard Bergeron, 333 East 69th St., New York 21,
New York. 44 pages, mimeoed with lithoed covers.

WARHOON has been absent from fan mailboxes for so long, fandomly
speaking, that it's likely that a sizeable percentage of MINAC's
current mailing list has never seen a copy, nor, possibly, ever
heard of it despite the fact that it won the fanzine Hugo less than
two years ago. I'm reminded of the case of the very fine fanzine
APORRHETA, which in 1960 was voted #4 fanzine on the FANAC Poll but
which barely made the Top Twenty in 1961 despite the fact that it
had had three thick and excellent issues early in the preceding year.
Fans' memories are notoriously short, so it's good to see Wrhn back
to claim its rightful stature above more recently lauded zines which
would pale in comparison.

The history of WARHOON in many ways typifies the typical life-
cycle of a top fanzine. Like HABAKKUK and others, it began its
current run with small, wholly editor-written issues but quickly
picked up interest and enthusiasm among its readers and soon enjoyed
major contributions from a number of fine writers and was host to a
constantly expanding letter column. As the issues thus got larger
and larger in this snowballing manner, the work demanded of the
editor mounted drastically, but it was such an exciting fanzine that
Bergeron's enthusiasm for it kept him bringing out fine issues on
a regular basis for a couple of years. However, this sort of thing
never lasts indefinitely: the editor's tastes may change, he may
find himself missing the time he used to have for nonfannish pursuits,

the challenge of the original conception of the zine, once realized, is now lacking...etc. If he doesn't fold the fanzine outright, his usual reaction will be to relax his search for new contributors, new article ideas and so on, and settle back to a comparatively easy routine just publishing columns by his regulars and comments from readers. (OOPSLA immediately comes to mind as another example of this, though to various extents HYPHEN, VOID, APORRHETA and many others have gone the same route.) This is a good way to get more mileage out of a going concern, but unfortunately it carries the seeds of its own destruction in its routine ease -- for routine all too easily leads to boredom on the part of the editor, and that's death on a fanzine.

Returning to publishing after a long lapse, Bergeron is apparently trying out the latter method of keeping WARHOON going. This issue is totally comprised of the contributions of regular columnists and the lettercol. It's a fine issue, certainly, but knowing the pattern it shows I'm worried about the future of the zine.

Bergeron begins the issue with one of his precisely-written editorials, and significantly enough it's largely concerned with his attitude toward his fanzine and toward fandom as a whole. Commenting on a rather typical remark about his strong antipathy for personal contact with fans, he explains that he's enjoyed his infrequent talks with fans but that once he's discussed something like, say, Operation Abolition, with a fan he finds himself incapable of going over the same material again in print, and since he'd rather discuss things with a large and varied audience he deliberately limits his participation in fandom to print. This makes a good deal of sense at first glance, but then one begins wondering if Bergeron, who states that he "moves in many circles," limits his conversations with non-fan friends and acquaintances to remarks on the weather. This seems unlikely, and thus so does his explanation of his fannish standoffishness. An entirely different explanation is apparent if we can believe the report given some issues back in MINAC that Bergeron, upon finding a fan at his door one evening, cried out, "Shut the door--it's a goddam fan!" and then called the building superintendant to have the fan thrown out.*

Of the other columns in the issue, Bob Lowndes concerns himself with some leftover comments on La Dolce Vita, John Baxter analyzes Ian Fleming's James Bond novels, Walt Willis pokes good-natured fun at the Lunarians and Bob Bloch, and Walter Breen considers the matter of alien intelligence and the nature of mankind's relationship with any intelligent alien race. It's all good stuff, and Willis, adopting Bloch's own style to assassinate him with his own petard, turns in a tour de force performance, but the highlight of the issue by a great margin is Breen's erudite and well considered 13-page treatise. This is a major article in every sense of the word, and should prove at least as effective, from a different angle, as the sum total of all his defenders' efforts to show the ridiculousness of the Donaho-Pelz-etc. campaign to "separate Walter from fandom".

There is also, of course, the usual excellent WARHOON lettercol, running to twelve pages of commentary by top fans and pros alike. It caps an excellent issue which has me hoping that if this is to be the start of an Indian summer for WARHOON then it will be a long season.

RATING: 9

SCOTTISHE #35

1/9d each, five for 7/-, from Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, England; or 25¢ each, five for \$1.00, from American Agent Bob Lichtman, 6137 So. Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 90056. 25 pages, mimeoed.

SCOTTISHE has for several years been easily the most popular fanzine in the quarterly OMPA mailings, presenting in addition to the usual editorial natterings and mailing comments a good assortment of outside contributions in articles and columns and a lively letter column. For the past couple of years at least, the zine has been something of an anomaly in OMPA: its emphasis shifted more and more away from OMPA topics to those of general fandom, so that by the end of last year it was clearly a wholly independent genzine which happened to be distributed in OMPA too, even though, judging by the

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*Since typing the WARHOON review I've talked with the ejected fan, and was told that (a) Bergeron later told him on the phone that it was one of his roommates who gave him the bum's rush, Bergeron himself being out of town that whole weekend, and (b) the fan, never having actually seen Bergeron otherwise, couldn't identify the ejector as him. The MINAC story must be in doubt, therefore.

burgeoning lettercol, most of its support and interest was outside the group. Ethel has now come to this conclusion herself, and has withdrawn the zine from OIPA. It's now embarked on a strictly general circulation career (with the OIPA mailing comments dropped from the zine, circulated by themselves in OIPA), and if there's justice in fandom it should promptly garner the egoboo and stature in general fandom that it deserves. (It's always had sufficient quality, as well as wide general circulation, but somehow a lot of fans don't think of fanzines circulated through apas, when they're voting on Top Ten polls.)

Political and social topics have been gaining more and more emphasis in SCOTTISH lately, and this particular issue is overwhelmingly concerned with English fan's attitudes towards the United States. Having been shown in advance the letters for this issue's lettercolumn, columnist Brian Varley says it seems to be the "Why I Hate America Issue"; though the letter writers certainly do deliver some lusty swipes at U.S. snobbery, conformism, selfishness and other Ugly American traits, both Varley and Ethel herself provide able defense and even praise of the U.S. It's a rousing discussion, with a number of excellent points on each side (that's the best kind of discussion, after all), and it's one that's likely to go on for several issues to come.

There's also another installment of Walt Willis' fan memoirs, I Remember Me, in which he prints letters he wrote and received years ago, with explanatory notes. This particular delving presents material on the early James White, circa 1952; it's witty and amusing stuff by any lights, and of course particularly welcome for fanhistory buffs.

The fine cover and interior drawings by Atom, a regular feature of Scot, must also be mentioned. Atom does much of his best work for this zine.

RATING: 7

FRAP #4, March-April 1964

25¢ each, five for \$1.00, from Bob Lichtman, 6137 So. Croft Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif., 90056. 23 pages, mimeoed.

Both Calvin Demmon and Greg Benford join the FRAP staff as co-editors with this issue -- which is, of course, a consummation devoutly to be praised. Unfortunately, this is also the first issue in which Greg has failed to have a contribution, so perhaps it's a mixed blessing.

However, Greg's brother Jim more than ably fills in for him, with amusing reports on visiting Tijuana, life in Pseudo-Burbie Fandom, and so on. Jim's usually been the silent half of the Benford twins, in print at least, but this contribution shows that he shakes a mean typewriter. Calvin Demmon begins a regular column called Grunt (a title which MINAC readers of last year will remember well). Calvin is beginning to emerge from behind his impeccably humorous facade these days, and in this issue devotes about half his column to a serious review of Chandler Brossard's The Bold Saboteurs. It's a pretty good review, and even mentions my name and all. (Aside to Calvin: You must read Candy by Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg. It's a free-wheeling, rather sloppily constructed novel, but it has some beautifully funny stuff in it. You'll love it, so don't be a book snob.) Despite the seriousness, Calvin, unlike some other fan humorists who've suddenly Found Themselves, is still writing some damned funny stuff, and in this column tells us all about a lot of properties of potato skins which I for one had never suspected. And still don't.

The rest of the material in the issue is of considerably less interest. Norm Clarke writes a satire on music reviewers which has several yoks and about three times as many plonks, unfortunately. Norm is a marvellously funny writer when he's at his best, but too often he just rambles on, casting gags good and bad to the winds. Dick Ellington has a short piece, apparently excerpted from a letter, adding some amusing notes to Ray Nelson's previous-issue's discussion of Zen cookery. There's a short but quite good lettercol, plus minor humor items by Elmer Perdue and Ray Nelson. Lichtman's editorial, like most fanzine editorials these days, blasts Bill Donaho and the Pacificon Committee.

RATING: 6½

DOUBLE-BILL #8, January 1964

25¢, five for \$1.00, from Bill Bowers, 3271 Shelhart Rd., Barberton, Ohio, 44203. Trades and letters to co-editor Bill Mallardi, 214 Mackinaw Avenue, Akron, Ohio, 44313. 75 pages, mimeoed.

The major item of this issue, inevitably, is the second install-

ment of the Symposium on s-f writing, in which twenty-four more pros give their attitudes toward the s-f field, toward fanac, and toward writing. The section runs to nearly forty pages, and is interesting throughout. Not only are the writers' comments worthy of note (and often of argument), but Bowers and Mallardi have been at times cannily calculating in their juxtaposition of opposing viewpoints. For instance, in answer to the question, "What is your appraisal of the relationship of Science Fiction to the 'Mainstream' of literature?" Mark Clifton comments,

I have long advocated that science fiction should not imitate mainstream, nor adopt its standards, but should remain a distinct art form with its own standards of merit. Each form can learn techniques from the other, but the trend of the past decade of pushing science fiction closer to the standards of mainstream has harmed it greatly.

...and Brian Aldiss follows immediately with,

When a sf novel is really good enough, it transcends the narrow category and becomes a genuine and general contribution to our literature. ...the ordinary sf writer is generally too prone to stay within the conventions of the field; as a result his work remains within the field. Because of this, the rather artificial idea has grown up of sf versus the rest. It is an impoverishing idea, fortunately less strong than it was once.

In addition to such head-on ideological meetings, the Symposium continues to offer amusing and informative glimpses of the personalities of the contributing writers. Kate MacLean, for instance, has always impressed me as having more honest common sense than a barrelful of the field's Earnest Writers, whose flights of rhetoric I've seen her offhandedly shoot down more than once with her incisive comments. (Shooting from the lip, as it were.) Her answer to the question about s-f and Mainstream is a good example:

I don't give a damn about the mainstream of literature. Some of the classics have given me insights I might not have gotten by living and seeing real people, but not many have. When I am in the right receptive mood I can be stirred emotionally to the depth by the purest piece of hack hokum. Every writer has his own slant, his personal philosophy, and when there was something I was ready to learn about human nature, I learned as suddenly and as profoundly from the characters of one of the British popular novels of W. J. Locke, from Tarzan, from a science fiction story, from H. G. Wells, from Arthur Koestler, from the Ill Made Knight, from A Bit of Tapestry, from the Golden Bough, from Young Doctor Kildare by Max Brand, from SPQR which appeared as a second story in a Doc Savage issue (someone who remembered it recently said it was by Alfred Duggan). Impact does not relate to critics votes.

For another insight into a writer's personality, take Philip K. Dick's reply to the usual where-do-you-get-your-ideas question:

Journals which deal in the most advanced research of clinical psychology, especially the work of the European existential analysis school. C. G. Jung. Oriental writings such as those on Zen Buddhism, Taoism, etc. Really authoritative--as compared with popularizations--historical works (e.g. "The Brutal Friendship"). Medieval works, especially those dealing with crafts--such as glass blowing--and science, alchemy, religion, etc. Greek philosophy. Roman literature of every sort. Persian religious texts. Renaissance studies on the theory of art. German dramatic writings of the Romantic Period.

And finally, for those (like me) who dote on highflown rhetoric, there's Harlan Ellison's advice to would-be writers, in which he consciously or unconsciously echoes Thomas Wolfe:

Look at people, listen to them talking, go everywhere, do everything, live at the fastest possible rate, don't fear to die or get your hands dirty. Suck air and drink of the night and let it all lie back there till it's needed, but not before. Anything you ever see or hear or taste or feel or know

anywhicway becomes the raw material the tools of
your talent uses to construct work that matters.

Next to a symposium with such delights as these, the other material has to suffer by comparison. The lettercolumn proper is fairly good, though sloppily edited, and Buck Coulson's fanzine reviews are cynically readable, as always. ("Juanita glances over the fanzines as they come in. I sometimes don't read them at all until I start reviewing them (occasionally not even then).") There's also a new column by Jack Eldridge, an Ohio disc-jockey who discusses jazz. Unfortunately, he writes like a d-j, which is to say somewhat fatuously.

The rest of the written material is too minor to be worth note. Dian Pelz's cover is pretty good, though.

RATING: 8

HYPHEN #35, April 1964

15¢ each, 7 for \$1.00 from Walt & Madeleine Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, Northern Ireland. 24 pages, mimeoed.

By God, I'm getting angry with the Willises. They seemed for all the world like two of the pleasantest people in the world when they were in New York a couple of years ago, threading their way through the recurrent local feuds with grace and charm. As a matter of fact, when Madeleine asked me some question whose answer would have touched on the conflicting antagonisms between several New York factions and I intimated I'd rather not go into all that, she fair croggled me by refraining from pressing the question. A trait like that is as admirable in fandom as elsewhere, maybe moreso (though frustrating to ossips like me who just want to be coaxed). But now these subtle, insidious people have proven to me that deep down they are as malicious as can be; drawing upon the superior subtleties of their Old World backgrounds they have led me, a native of a younger nation, down the garden path. Orangemen speak with forked tongues.

You see, I've been having trouble for quite some time in reviewing issues of HYPHEN, because dammit they're all fine fanzines. I exhausted my supply of glib superlatives for HYPHEN years ago, and last issue put it squarely to them: unless they'd do me the decency of publishing a bad issue, or one which in some other way was atypical, I'd be forced to pass over their zine with a few mumbled words of stereotyped praise, thereby boring everybody within sight and failing to fulfill my reviewer's function of providing insights into why a zine's good (everybody's known the reason for HYPHEN's quality for years--it's called "talent") or bad (it isn't). They refuse to make an honest reviewer of me.

So I'll say only that this issue has ten more pages of Walt's excellent report on his last U.S. trip, a typically witty column by Bob Shaw, and the usual excellent HYPHEN lettercol, highlighted by a funny letter from Tom Perry (and even that detail has been getting familiar of late). There are also funny quotes on the bacover, and a trenchant editorial by Walt. Phooey.

God, I'd give a lot for a bad issue of HYPHEN. (Maybe even as much as \$1784.66.)

RATING: 8

GRUNT #4, May 1964

Available, for letters and such, from Calvin Demmon, 1002 East 66th Street, Inglewood, California, 90302. 7 pages, mimeoed.

Calvin doesn't seem satisfied with letting excellent enough alone: not only is he running this title on his FRAP column, but he insists on keeping it alive as a fanzine title too. This sort of thing drives fanzine collectors and indexers crazy, and if the first serving of Troll Chowder hadn't been issued as a separate fanzine I'd lecture Calvin about it.

The contents of this issue are typical Demmon things -- funny short musings, news on jobs, a new car, etc. -- with the addition of some Demmon cartoonery which is, I think, his first. It's in the Andy Reiss vein, and is pretty funny.

Calvin includes a copy of his letter to the Pacificon Committee resigning from the convention over the Boondoggle, his feeling being that by joining or attending the con he'd be supporting the actions taken against Walter Breen. Curiously, elsewhere in the issue he mentions that he's concerned about the ethical question involved in his working for an agency with whose practices he disagrees and of which he disapproves, but he concludes that "I'm only a Clerk. I'm not Responsible." There may be a contradiction in attitudes here, it seems to me, but of course the details of such questions must be sorted out and weighed by the person concerned.

RATING: 6

CRY #174, June 1964

Edited by F. M. & Elinor Busby and Wally Weber, Box 92, 507 Third Avenue, Seattle, Washington, 98104. 33 pages, mimeoed.

A hundred and seventy-four issues is a surprisingly large number for any fanzine to last, and about the only thing more surprising about such a long-lived fanzine is its demise. In the course of that many issues, any fanzine will become something of an institution in fandom, and particularly one which has published as much good material as CRY, which has won a Hugo, and which has commanded such an enthusiastic readership. "So," says F. M. Busby in this issue, "not with a whimper but with a startled yelp, CRY ends." The death-knell was sounded by Boeing Aircraft Co., which suddenly shut down its Seattle offices and transferred employee Wally Weber to Huntsville, Alabama. The Busbys, feeling Wally to be indispensable to the zine, have given up the ghost, and #174 is the final issue.

Actually, CRY has been fading quite a bit in the last few years, so its suspension is less startling than it might otherwise have been. Back in what Elinor calls "the golden days" of CRY, the magazine frequently featured contributions by such top fan talents as Mal Ashworth, Redd Pogg, Charles Burbee, Les Nirenberg, Bob Leman and so on, in addition to the regular material by the Busbys, Weber, John Berry and me. It consistently placed in the Top Ten Fanzines on major fan polls: #8 in 1958, #2 1959, #3 1960 (Fanac Polls), and #4 1962 (First Annual Fan Poll). Buz's CRY column The S-F Field Plowed Under tied with Willis' Harp as best of 1958 and 59; his replacement column With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle slipped to fifth place in 1960, but another CRY column, my own Fandom Harvest, took top honors that year. On the 1962 Fan Poll WKBEaaB was back up to third place. In 1959 and 1960 John Berry's The Goon Goes West ran in CRY to everyone's delight, and in 1960 CRY took the fanzine Hugo. Since those days, though, most of the major writers have left the magazine; I've seen only a sampling of the issues over the past couple of years, but they seem to have been composed primarily of columns by the staff, John Berry's never-ending series of stories and articles, and occasional articles on political subjects by Jerry Pournelle. It was pretty obviously an example of the syndrome I described in the WARHOON review a few pages back -- which was underlined by the fact that the zine began to skip issues in its theretofore rigidly monthly schedule and finally went bimonthly. Clearly, the staff was getting a bit tired of the steady grind.

It would be unfair, though, to consider CRY's contents strictly in terms of its formal articles, stories and columns. The major part of each issue for a number of years now has been its letter column, usually running somewhere around twenty pages of elite type. Wally Weber has been handling this column for the past few years, allowing the CRYhacks plenty of room to gambol and babble. As a result, the column has consistently been the most lively part of the zine...and also the most irritating, for the operational philosophy behind the editing of the column was apparently to get in as much rambling by as many people as Wally could stencil by deadline time, and there wasn't a great deal of taste used in choosing what got printed. Seemingly interminable pages of babble by adolescent fans, and adults who gloried in writing adolescently, spread out over the back section of each CRY, and the steady minority of authentically amusing or thoughtful letters from people like Tom Purdom and Avram Davidson seemed to get lost in the shuffle-off-to-Buffalo vaudevillianities. Weber's own antics and jibes in the lettercolumn were usually chuckleworthy, but his editorial talents per se were sadly not in evidence.

The lettercol has been, ultimately, the key factor in CRY. Its inanities drove most of the good writers from the magazine, and as the material up front lost interest the lettercol inevitably gained in importance. The only fans who were able to continue to enjoy CRY very much were those with a taste for adolescent humorous ramblings, and the zine became, in effect, simply a rather poor letterzine with a few other contributions tucked away in the front where they could be gotten over with quickly. And, of course, once the lettercol editor was forced out of action, CRY no longer had much reason for existing.

This final issue has 19 pages of letters, of which those by Poul Anderson, Gina Clarke, Mae Strelkov and Harry Warner are well worth reading (Harry's suggestion that we ought to establish a fannish statute of limitations on discussion topics, unanswered letters, etc. strikes me as Most Worthwhile); the rest of the letters have their moments here and there, but by and large I think James Sieger's comment sums it up pretty well: "Too many dopes, including me, fancying themselves characters."

Elsewhere, Wally Weber synthesizes his TAFF trip in two pages (his full-length report will appear separately later on), and both Ella Parker and John Berry report on his visits with them. Berry, who for this particular piece abandons his style of exaggeration, gives a reasonably straightforward and amusing account. Both Buz and Elinor, in their columns, say a few words over the grave of CRY, and Elinor comments on recent movies she's seen. And that's it, as far as the straight material goes. Wally Weber's cover amused me, though, and I note with particular glee that, in line with the discussion in the lettercol about how the movies and television should treat Negro problems with less stridency and more conviction, Wally has shown his nebbish cartoon self boarding the plane for Huntsville through the Colored Entrance.

It's sad to see the end of a fanzine like CRY, but it would be a lot sadder if the zine hadn't obviously passed its best days.

RATING: 6

THE SCARR #4, April 1964

Still available from George Charters, 3 Lancaster Avenue, Bangor, North Ireland. 22 pages, mimeoed.

This issue is an improvement over the one reviewed at the start of this column. For one thing, it has a fascinating semi-abstract cover by Atom, titled Interior, E.T. spaceship, which captures the mood of penetrating distances and unearthly angles appropriate to its subject. (The bacover, also by Atom, is a more conventional drawing, untitled, but obviously the interior of a Terrestrial ship.)

The written contributions again feature Bob Shaw and Ian MacAulay, but with considerably better stuff this time. BoSh brings to our attention some odd and amusing newspaper stories and headlines, like, APPLE MEN ATTACK BOARD OF TRADE. ("Flash Gordon just doesn't count against stuff like that.") MacAuley's article is again in the neoBerry vein, but even Berry at his very best has seldom matched the level of humorous hyperbole he attains here:

Don't misunderstand me: I have nothing against (Bob Shaw's ancient auto), especially since Bob got rid of the man who used to walk in front carrying a red flag. That happened when Bob was going down one of the rather steep hills in Belfast. However, he got his brakes fixed afterwards and I've felt quite safe any time I've been in it since. Going for a trip in it always made me feel that I'd been caught in a time-warp and returned to a more gracious age. Sadie kept the flower vases in the side-windows filled with freshly-cut flowers and I found that the ritual of lighting the oil lamps became quite soothing once I got used to it.

In addition there are fine funny pieces by both Archie Mercer and J. D. Peebles (who he?). Archie's verse-spoof of Burroughsian adventure epics is particularly neatly done. Charters then gives us some more Pepys into his diary, this time with numerous quotes from the poetry of William McGonagall, who was almost as bad as Amanda McKittrick Ros. His Ode to the Queen on her Jubilee Year strikes me as particularly ill-done:

Oh! try and make her happy in country and town,
And not with Shakespeare say, "Uneasy lies the head
that wears a crown."

And as this is her first Jubilee year,
And will be her last, I rather fear...

Finally, there are a few pages of lettercol, in which Sid Birchby coins the term "pop-poetry" for the work of such as Ros and McGonagall. An apt term indeed. The lettercol is a good one, though I wish George would print the last names of his letter-writers. I can figure out that "John-Henri" in Stockholm, Sweden is John-Henri Holmberg, and that "Russ" in Silver Spring, Maryland is Russ Chauvenet, but who is "David" in Crezet, Virginia, and who is "Walt" in Belfast, Northern Ireland?

RATING: 7½

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A couple of newszines have come in which are worthy of note. The Swedish version of FANAC, published by Carl Brandon (really), Sällskapsvägen 7, Stockholm 48, Sweden, now has an International Section in English, published about monthly for \$1.00 a year. Arthur Thomson, 17, Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London, S.W.2, England, now publishes SCENE with news pertaining to London's 1965 worldcon bid. Price is "6d or U.S. equivalent," whatever that may be.

September 29, 1964 (continued)

HARRY

WARNER

...I had surprisingly little fallout from traveling fans. Aside from the Pavlat car, the only one who got to Hagerstown was Norm Metcalf, who spent parts of two days here. I'm still crogged when I think of the way I had to neglect him part of the time, because of the press of personal matters, but he doesn't seem to have taken it wrongly. I gather from various letters that most other fans were in the same position as you and the Whites, no time to make the side trip. I didn't even see Bentcliffe, my principal regret. If working schedules don't interfere, I may try to make up for it by showing up at this silver anniversary Philcon. I haven't heard yet what day it is, but I assume that it'll be a weekend and I should have at least one day free.

October 22, 1960

((I had sent Harry a list of 78s available in the record library of Franklin and Marshall College, offering to put any of them he needed on tape for him.))

In a sense these records are even more alluring to me than the ones from your collection at home, because they are specific discs that I had sought for long years at a price that I could afford, while the ones from your home were items that were so far out of my reach from the start that I hadn't had any particular hopes for ever owning them. In fact, a few of the records listed here are discs that I didn't know existed, particularly the ones by Sir George Henschel. You'd better listen to them yourself, because the old boy was the last of the supermusicians. He was a first-rate composer, a fine singer whose voice lasted nearly half a century, a great conductor, and a very entertaining writer about music and such contemporaries as Brahms. I have a rare collection of his songs—the printed music, that is—and I can't understand why the earlier of them aren't in the repertoire of lieder singers today, although his compositions became syrupy and prissy in the latter part of his life. I don't think he recorded as a conductor, but he put quite a bit of his voice onto records late in life, and it's a pity that those records vanished from the available lists so many years ago.

...Let's not talk about FAPA. That has unpleasant connotations from me for the time being, deriving from a traumatic experience the otherday with my mimeograph and HORIZONS. I gaffiated for about an hour, or quit fandom for that length of time; I was too disgusted with the whole idea of machinery and me to be sure which. It's nothing really serious, just a bum can of ink that separated and caused a completely hardened inkpad. But I got so completely fed up with the whole thing that I picked up the telephone, called Ted White, and talked him into running off the stencils for me.

((Harry told me of a science-fiction novel he had written. The manuscript had been lost—it has since been recovered—and I asked if there was a carbon copy.))

• Yep, I have a carbon copy of that novel somewhere. "Somewhere" is the little word that gives me to pause. It is buried on the attic, and won't turn up until I run across it in the course of fanzine history research—correspondence, carbon copies, fanzines and such things being amalgamated into one homogenized mass on the attic floor. If you think that this is carelessness, you may be even more surprised to know that the entire works of Warner The Composer have vanished. I went hunting my half-pound of manuscripts the other day, planning to put a few samples onto tape for a fan, and they weren't where I thought they were. They must have gone down for the third time under the impact of a load of other papers, and they too will probably be lost to the world until I complete my fan history research. However, it would do me little good to find the carbon of the novel in any event because I know that I wouldn't try to sell it in its present form; I imagine that I've learned too much about writing in the past three and one-half years to be satisfied with anything less than a complete rewrite and I could do that from memory almost as easily as from the carbon. Incidentally, I heard some fantastic stories about *****'s other agenting escapades from one of the fans who was in Hagerstown this fall. There was a particularly wonderful story about how he once needed some money, so he went to see a client, didn't find anyone at home, crawled through an open window and rummaged around until he found a manuscript, sold it, and then learned that it was a story that the same author had already sold to another magazine, and now both publications had the yarn in print, ready to hit the newsstands.

November 8, 1960

Your telephone call brought me to the realization that my period of incommunicado had definitely ended. I was completely cut off from my circle of friends, enemies, and acquaintances during that weekend in Philadelphia. I hadn't told anyone where I planned to stay in Philly, didn't even reveal that secret at the Philcon, and only a very few persons in Hagerstown knew that I intended to take the weekend trip. If the house had burned down in my absence, the only way to find me would have been to call all the motels and hotels in the Philadelphia area, one by one, and I was careful not to register at the large ones. You can't conceive what extraordinary pleasure I got out of lying in my room in the early morning hours, knowing that there wasn't one chance in ten thousand that anyone would want me to do something. In a way, that was the best part of the weekend, although I definitely enjoyed the con, and am tentatively planning to show up for at least one day of the Disclave next spring.

—Harry Warner, Jr.

LAST TED WHITE THOTS

THE GOOD OLD DAYS: This evening I picked up copies of VOID 28 and MINAC 1, and read them. It was a pleasant excursion into nostalgia. VOID 28 was published in early 1962; MINAC was launched something over a year later. Now both are, if not dead certainly dormant. The issue of MINAC

you are now -- and at long last -- holding in your hands is the final issue, even as it says back there on p.1.

Few of you are ~~not~~ aware, I am sure, of the reasons for folding MINAC. They lurk, not too carefully hidden between the lines, in earlier pages. There was a time for good fannish friendship and fun; it has passed. The bond which drew the co-editors of this fanzine together has been severed, and in a very final and painful fashion for both of us. Anything published by either of us in the future will be published under separate auspices.

All of this final MINAC with the exception of this page was stencilled and published over a year ago. But with the exception of those copies distributed to local fans through APA F, and a few included with letters to fans in other areas, the issue (to which this sheet is an appendix) has lain unmailed, undistributed. Recently Terry Carr noticed the stack in my basement, and offered to address the remainder. I took him up on it, and it is he you should thank for receiving this long delayed issue.

Why has this final swansong issue lain fallow? Basically because the urge for brightly splendor'd fanac has reached a low ebb in me; I no longer lust after publishing-gianthood. Some of the shades of gafia have reached me; and I find their siren-song beguiling.

Last summer, Andy Main, Rich Brown and I discussed plans to launch a new fannish genzine, BEARDMUTTERINGS. We collected some fine material for it, but somehow never found the time to put it out. Recently Andy asked me for sole rights to BMS, and I gave them -- and the material -- to him. He will publish the zine as a successor to JESUS BUG, for FAPA and an additional mailing list.

For myself, as most of you must know, I am now writing stf professionally. I've had two books published, and have sold three more this year. I find that the challenge of publishing a fine fanzine is not so different from the challenge of writing a stf novel, and that the latter is far more rewarding, financially. Thus I am robbed of my last will towards genzine publishing.

I have not 'sold out' however, even if these days I write on a fancy electric IBM rather'n a beat up old Underwood; I am far from renouncing fandom for the bright glittery marble game of prodom. I have far too many friends in fandom. I shall continue to write for other fanzines -- my column will be continuing in YANDRO -- and I am maintaining my membership in several apas.

Yet, the wars of the last year have made fandom a subtly less pleasant place for me, and will be hard to totally forget. At the same time, I feel that my contributions to fandom: STELLAR 1956-57; GAMBIT; VOID 1959-62; MINAC; have been sufficient to insure me some rest, a little quiet veneration perhaps, a place in fanhistory which need not be buttressed by additional efforts at this late date.

NEW YORK IN '67: I doubt many of you will need the reminding, but Dave Van Arnham and I are co-chairman of the 1967 New York City bid for the World Convention. We've made it a point to get to as many regional conferences as we could this year, I'll be in London next month, and I hope to see many of you next year 'on the circuit' as well.

Our bid is based solely on our feeling that after eleven years NYC is qualified to bid for another convention, and that we on the Committee had nothing to do with the 1956 fiasco, and will do all we can to insure against repeating it. We are not concerned with making it a "Biggest-and-Best" con; we want to put on a con you will all remember as one of the most enjoyable you attended.

For reasons obvious in our belief in the inherent sensibility of the rotation plan, we support the Tricon bid in 66, and urge you to do likewise. Back room politicking has never been one of the prettier sides of fandom, and we are troubled to see the Syracuse supporters openly advocating it and the permanent repeal of the rotation plan. -Ted White

Ted White
339 49th St
Brooklyn 20, N.Y., 11220

THIRD CLASS MATTER

RETURN REQUESTED

Richard Bergeron

333 E. 69th St.

New York, NY, 10021

