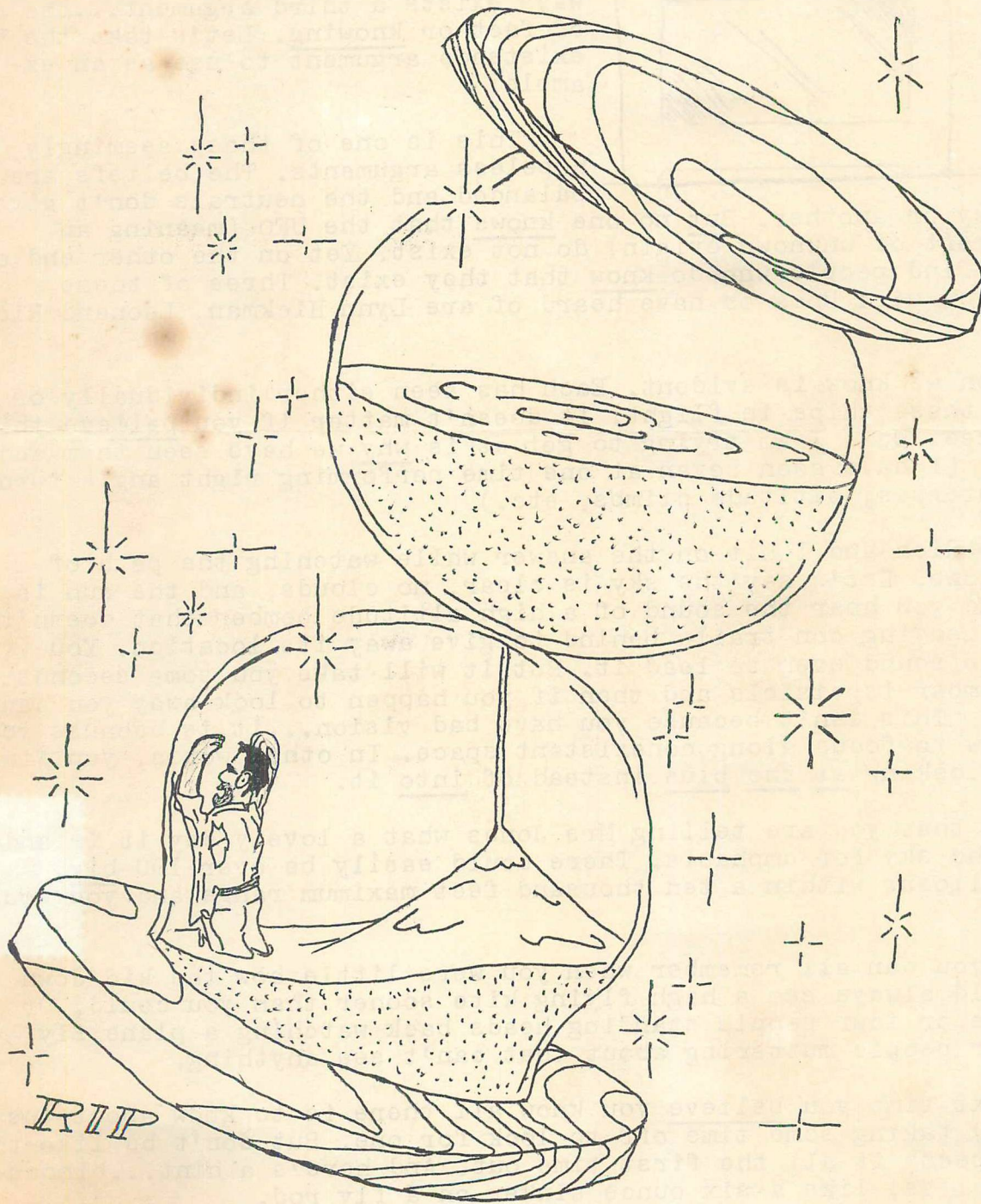


PARSECTION

* 3



EDITORIAL



You will often hear someone state that he believes in this or that. This has always been interesting to me as you only believe in an uncertainty... such as God. Most arguments always end with both sides simply stating the individual beliefs. This is then the apparent end to a seemingly deadlocked position. However, aside from the middle or neutral view, there almost always exists a third argument...the one of fact or knowing. Let's take the UFO existence argument to use as an example.

This is one of those seemingly hopeless arguments. The beliefs are balanced and the neutrals don't give a damn one way or another. But no one knows that the UFO (meaning an aero-space craft of unknown origin) do not exist. Yet on the other end of the scale we find people who do know that they exist. Three of these people whom you will know or have heard of are Lynn Hickman, Leonard Rich, and myself.

The reason we know is evident. Each has seen either individually or collectively these ships in flight. It doesn't matter if you believe this or not, you see. What I am trying to get at is why we have seen them and you have not. (I have seen seven at one time performing right angle turns, 180 degree reverses, altitude climbs, etc.)

At Denver, Rich and I hit on the answer while watching the path of weather balloons. Let's say the sky is clear, no clouds, and the sun is brilliant. And you hear the sound of a high altitude bomber that doesn't happen to be leaving con trails behind to give away its location. You try to see the sound even to lead it. But it will take you some seconds before the bomber is visible and then if you happen to look away you can't find it again. This isn't because you have bad vision...it is because you don't know how to focus along nonexistent space. In other words, you find that you are looking at the blue instead of into it.

Let's say that you are telling Mrs Jones what a lovely day it is and scan across the sky for emphasis. There could easily be over 100 big, bellowing, balloons within a ten thousand feet maximum range and you would not see one!

I'm sure you can all remember when you were little how the kid down the block could always see a high flying kite sooner than you could. Or watching three or four people standing heads back watching a plane fly over and other people muttering about that can't see anything.

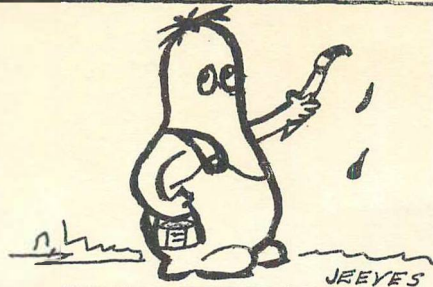
So the next time you believe you know all there is to know about the UFO hoax...try taking some time off to look for one. But don't be like the novice who expects it all the first time out. And here's a hint...binoculars are worthless; like a six ounce sinker on a fly rod.

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VILLAIN OF THE PIECE

By

Kate Wilhelm

"What do you mean, it won't go?"

"Sponsor says no, that's what I mean. You gotta rewrite the villain. No heavy with a South American accent."

"For Pete's sake, why?"

"Do you realize how many noodles are exported to South America every year? Those people are very touchy about being cast as murderers. They might not buy so many noodles. Economics, son."

"Stow it! That's the whole point of the story. The guy's driven to murder by the pressure of society because he's different. He's no villain."

"Ok, Ok. If he does murder, he's a villain, see. Only not South American or Cuban or Mexican. Ok?"

"Sure. Sure. I'll make him Italian..."

"Unhuh. Who eats more noodles than the Italians? Look, boy, you're not cooperating. How can I sell the manuscript unless you are willing to cooperate?"

"You look. I'm not a beginner, remember? They came to me for this thing, I didn't go looking for them."

"All right, son, all right. But you're not doing a book now. This is TV, and we gotta protect minorities. We gotta protect the sponsor. Why? Because he foots the bill. Just rewrite the villain, Ok?"

"He's no..."

"Sure. Sure. Call you in a week or so."

"Yeah, do that."

"My God, kid, are you out of your mind? You can't make him a cripple!"

"Sending it back?"

"You're damn right I'm sending it back. I wouldn't even show it to the agency this way. A cripple, by God!"

"You mean cripples can't commit murder?"

"Don't get sarcastic. Just rewrite it. No cripples!"

"Look, I've got to have a murderer who has to murder because he's been persecuted beyond endurance. BECAUSE HE'S DIFFERENT! That's the whole plot. He's sympathetic! He'll make them bleed out their hearts for him. He's completely hopeless in the situation. HE'S GOT TO BE DIFFERENT."

"Stop yelling at me! It won't go. Make him persecuted, but not a cripple."

"OK. I'm sorry. I'll take it fishing with me this weekend and think about it. I'll send it to you next week sometime."

"Fine, boy. You can do it! Three best sellers in a row! You won't let a little thing like this throw you. You are all right, aren't you? You sound sorta down."

"Nothing. Little tired. This thing's kept me awake at night."

"Oh, so that's all? Don't let it get you, kid. Just relax and it'll come to you. I'll stall them another week."

.....

"I'm coming out there! I thought you said you'd fix it! You just stay at home and wait for me."

"What now?"

"Do you realize what you're trying to do? Didn't you see it for yourself? Or...wait a minute, maybe I didn't read it right. Did you rewrite the killer making him an ex-mental patient?"

"Don't tell me..."

"So I did read it right! Haven't you been reading the papers and magazine articles in the past few years? Don't you realize that the trend is to be understanding with released mental patients? Here you have a whole village full of jerks making life hell for one. They'd get a ton of mail for something like that. What kind of a story line is that anyway?"



"It happens!"

"But not on TV!"

"OK, wise guy. Who's left? You give me a killer they'll buy and I'll sure as hell write him in."

"You're the writer, or at least, that was what I heard. You write a decent script and I'll sell it. What's the matter, going flat or something? Didn't the weekend fishing help you any?"

"Yeah, I'm sick, and no, the weekend fishing didn't help. I never even saw the water. All I saw was this lousy script. It's driving me nuts!"

"Oh. Well, look, kid, it goes like this sometimes. You seem to hit a snag that you can't budge. Take a deep breath now and think....Thinking?"

"Yeah...a Russian?"

"With the summit and all? Are you kidding?"

"Chinese?"

"Lord, what have I done to deserve this? Look, we're trying to get them off our back over Formosa, aren't we? And doesn't New York have more Chinese than Hong Kong? And don't Chinese use tons of noodles every year with chow mein? Come on, boy. Think!"

"I'm THINKING!"

"Don't yell at me! Look, couldn't you put it back in the days of the old West or something?"

"No, I couldn't. But how about using an Indian?"

"It would have to be one of the extinct tribes. Why not put it back a hundred years? You could dig up the name of a tribe that died out and use it all through the thing...never call him an Indian, you understand, always use the name of the tribe. Hey! That sounds pretty good, if I do say so."

"No. The whole point of the story is that prejudice is still alive and kicking and it will drive a man to violence even when it goes against everything he believes in."

"You couldn't show prejudice as it was then? You'd still have a damn..."

"I'm not interested in prejudice of a hundred years ago! Get the picture...a sleepy little village of good hearted folk going to church every Sunday and minding their own business and along comes this stranger who is different. Bit by bit they all change into suspicious, fear-ridden inquisitors accusing him of everything that goes wrong, from the fire at the school to the explosion at the..."

"I know the story, remember? And it's great, really great! Suspense,

drama, strong climax. Everything. But you gotta get another killer."

"Name me one!"

"You signed a contract, remember? And it calls for a script by the end of the month. Now get on it."

"To hell with the contract! They can't hold me to it if they turn down what I write."

"I didn't mean it like that, son. But they've announced that you'll do it, and your public expects it of you. You're not the kind who can back off because things get a little tough. I know you enough to know you can't quit. This is bigtime, bigbudget stuff. They want to start casting and rehearsing. They're going to pour loads into this one and make it good. And you can do it. You're tired and tense over it. You gotta relax. You know you've got the stuff to do it. You've just got a block right now. You're looking at it from the wrong perspective. Put yourself in the sponser's place for awhile. He can't go around hurting people, now can he?"

"Hell, Cinderella couldn't sell today. The Stepmother's Union might protest."

"That's the way to think, boy. Let me hear from you."

.....

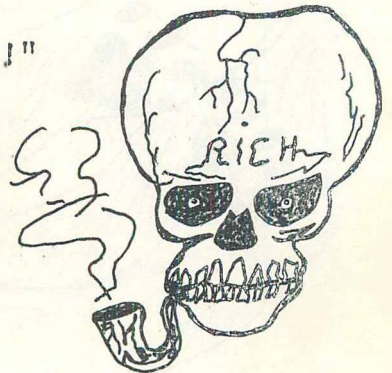
"How you been, boy? Long time. How's it going?"

"I haven't done a word on it. The thing is haunting me so I can't do anything to it, but I can't leave it alone. I've just been sitting here. I can't even eat decently anymore."

"I've been thinking, glad you haven't done anything to it. Listen to this. You remember the police chief, the one with the daughter who kinda goes for the guy, if only he was a little more regular? You know. Well, how about letting him find out the fire was caused by spontaneous combustion, and the explosion can be kicked out altogether. I mean, it doesn't have to happen, now does it? Well anyway, in the end you could have that other guy...the one who's been on the hero's back all along...apologize to him for accusing him, when all the time no one did anything. See? He wouldn't have to kill anyone, and he would still be persecuted. And he wouldn't have to be so awfully different, might even get the girl. How's that sound?"

"Christ! We're talking about two different stories!"

"It just seems like we are. Think about it awhile. You could wrap it up overnight and forget about the whole thing. The agency would be happy and your public satisfied. A real writer like you could run it off in a couple of hours. I've seen you working when you were hot. Don't be discouraged, boy, you can get hot again. Give it a whirl, hun?"



"You can go to hell! The plot stays the same! I'll

find your goddamn killer for you and he goes in as written! And don't call me again. I'll call you when I got it."

.....

"Boy, where you been? I've been looking everywhere for you for the past month! The agency is sitting on my tail day and night. Where the hell you been? Never mind, skip it! This is tremendous! You're a shoo-in for the EMMY. Most tremendous thing I've ever seen! I knew you could do it. Didn't I say right along that you could do it? They won't mind it coming in a month late once they get a peep at it!"

"Tear it up."

"What? You must have flipped. This is it I'm telling you! Have I ever been wrong? What's eating you?"

"Tear it up!"



"You sound funny. What's the matter?"

"Haven't you seen the papers yet? Or heard the bulletins?"

"What paper...wait a minute.. NEHRU ISSUES...not that. KRUSCHEV BACK...not that."

"The later edition."

"Hold on a minute...God Damn! I don't believe it!"

"True. Tear it up. I'm through."

"Hey, you sound desperate. Don't do anything until I get there...you sit tight, y'hear me? Sit tight! We'll think of something...Hey? What was that noise over there...blowout or something ...you there? Boy! Hello, operator...Operator...by God! I don't believe it. They can't do this to us! MARTIANS LAND IN NEW JERSEY. They can't do this to us..."

THE END

AVAILABLE...what they are when you're not.

THE FINE AND LONG-GONE

DAYS OF DEGLER

Nostalgia,

By

Joe L Hensley

It hasn't been so many years ago that I was eighteen years old, and still waiting my call from Uncle. I was a clean-cut type fan in a day when Beanies were unknown, but Tucker wasn't.

That was the day of the Decker Dillies, Slan Shack, and the "Michi-con". It was the day of NOVA and LEZOMBIE. It was the early forties.

And it was the day of Degler.

I have no direct knowledge of what happened to Degler. For all I know he may still be turning his mimeo crank in upper Indiana, with stencils that are too long on pages that are too short, so that the final meat of each page of his fanzine was never read, but only happily imagined. I may have become a blurred image on his mailing list so that I no longer receive The Cosmic Circle Commentator, that fanzine which was based on the idea that all fans were supermen, with Degler their leader. No longer am I informed on such things as Newcastle love pacts, exclusion acts, Don Rogers, and the rest.

But there was a time that I was.

In 1944 I began school in January on the Indiana University campus that had heard the sound of marching feet gone away. About a thousand of us men and five thousand eager and amorous women. In the evenings I would fight my way back from campus and classes and clutching women to my own hot five dollar mimeo and dream of someday being the number one face. I published a little jewel called APOLLO which varied from bad to inexcusable. But it put me on the fannish map.

And as a result, I was visited by Degler.

He came on a greasy Greyhound, wearing tennis shoes and levis, clutching a great stack of CCCs. I met him at the bus. For three days I heard high tales of great adventure as he tilted with women all over the world, as he signed up fans for his earth shaking club. His eyes were piercing and you had to reach him every time he came past, for there was no orbit. He was a thin boy, somewhat older than I, with a rather horsey face. He slept in our spare bedroom, making it redolent with the smell of tennis shoes too long worn.

And finally he was gone. So was my trust in fandom. Never again would I be able to hear the name "Joe Blow of Oshkosh, Wis." and know that he was a fan and therefore a normal guy. Whether he was mad I'm unable to say, for it was a long time ago, but he certainly didn't fit into any of the patterns that I considered normal at that time. He thought that fans were an advanced mutant civilization. He planned a great city for fans alone where they could work and advance and mimeo together. He was in favor of girl fans, but I carefully kept the two or three that I knew at I. U. away from him. He was a wide-eyed near fanatic.

He left. He had been out a long time recruiting. He went back to Newcastle and the CCCs began to pour into my mailbox. So did the humorous imitations. The best one that I recall was Tucker's Star-Studded Soothsayer, which like the original, never finished a page, but ran off to some imagined land.

He was excluded from the "Michicon", Degler was. For months thereafter the Commentator talked of this exclusion act and how he, Claude Degler, had been turned out to walk the "cold streets of Battle Creek" and that a great war in fandom would break out any day as a result thereof. I waited, with halting breath, but no guns appeared at the "michicon" I attended (there was plenty of beer though).

And suddenly he was gone. The CCCs went down to a trickle and then died. The slurring references began to die out in the fan press. Other feuds began, other things took our interest and awareness.

I went into the service and gaffiated for a long time. When I came back I heard many stories. There was one that said Degler had been committed to a mental institution. Another popular version was that he'd fired a house and been burned to death as a result. Some said he'd gone to his "city place" in the Ozarks, taking his hard core corps of followers with him and would reappear on some fine day.

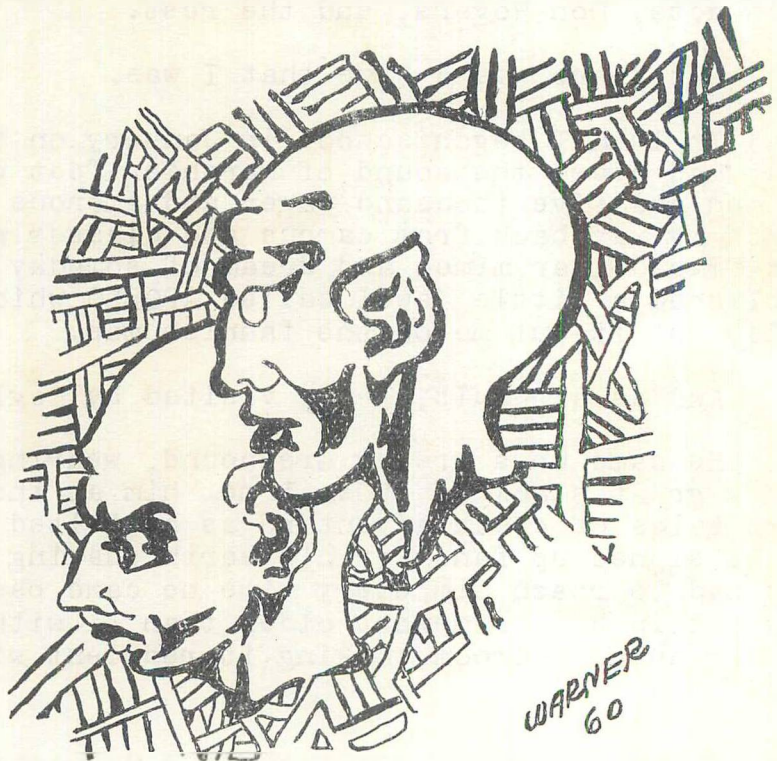
Perhaps he will.

I remember those bright glittering eyes. A voice that tore holes in the English language, malapropically. I remember the typos and the mis-spelled words (there was one issue that had more incorrect spellings than correct ones), the imagined girls who did imagined things.

If he does come back then we will hear again the cry; "Take to the hills, men. Degler's coming."

THE

END



GOOSE BAY POLL

By

Leonard Rich

Polling for public opinion is not a new way to learn in which direction John Doe leans concerning a certain issue. The issue on the Goose last week was SF and yours truly was the poll-taker. It was more for my personal satisfaction than anything else, but I have to let you know the results, dear editor.

On an isolated Air Force base such as Goose Bay, Labrador, one is more than apt to meet oddball characters and may be more than sure of receiving some brilliant answers to simple questions. Such was the case here.

After careful study, I decided to stand near the Base Exchange magazine rack, and, that's where I stood. On the rack were five copies of Analog, and that was the only SF material in sight. I decided to question everyone who thumbed through the magazine and to try to ask him his opinion on the trend of SF and then to take notes on his remarks.

After drawing wicked glances and bold looks from five clerks for loitering around their magazines, I finally saw someone pick up an Analog and glance through it. He was a young Air Policeman who seemed to be looking into it instead of at it.

"Excuse me, buddy, may I ask you a question? I wonder if you read this stuff very much, and why you read it at all?"

"Why?" Typical cop.

"Well, mainly, just out of curiosity. I read it and like it, but I was just wondering...well, hell, it's a simple question, isn't it?"

"What are you trying to pull, Sarge?" Dick Tracy in action.

I muttered something beneath my breath and buried my nose in the latest copy of Superman and gave up on him.

Deciding that the direct approach wasn't the answer, I devised a more suave way to enter into the discussion. When the next victim picked up the mag, I was all prepared.

"Excuse me, buddy, do you have a match?" A dry cigarette hung from my lips.

"Sorry, Sarge, I don't smoke." He replaced the mag and walked away.

Steadfastly refusing to admit failure, I kept on the vigil. After six more tries I finally hit on one. He was a colored boy with shaded horn-rimmed glasses and a small upper lip goatee. He bought an Analog!

"Say, fellah, I wonder if you'd tell me...you read this stuff much?"

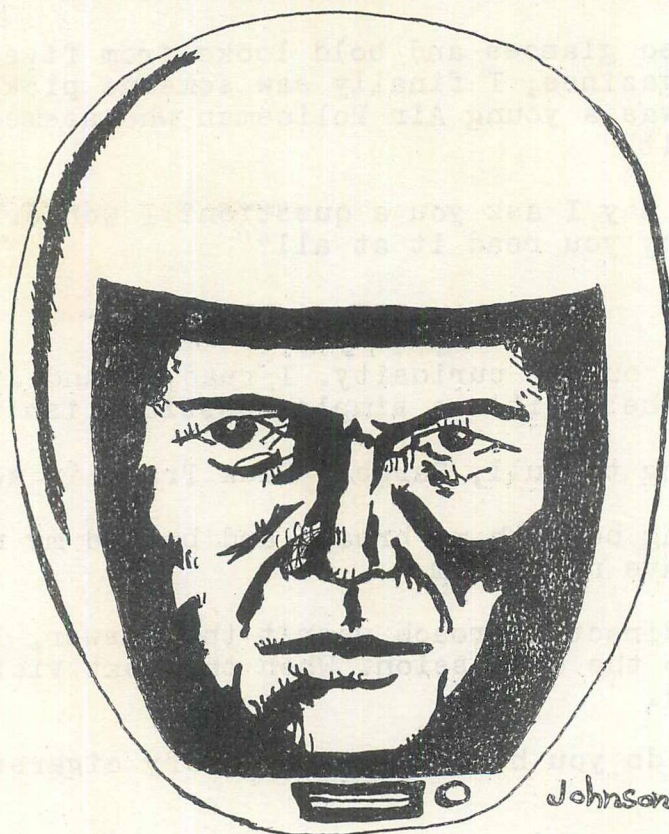
"Yeh, man, I read it. Like it's just mostly trash, man, the good stuff just isn't there anymore. But this's all there is, man, you know what I mean? This BX just don't handle it, you understand?"

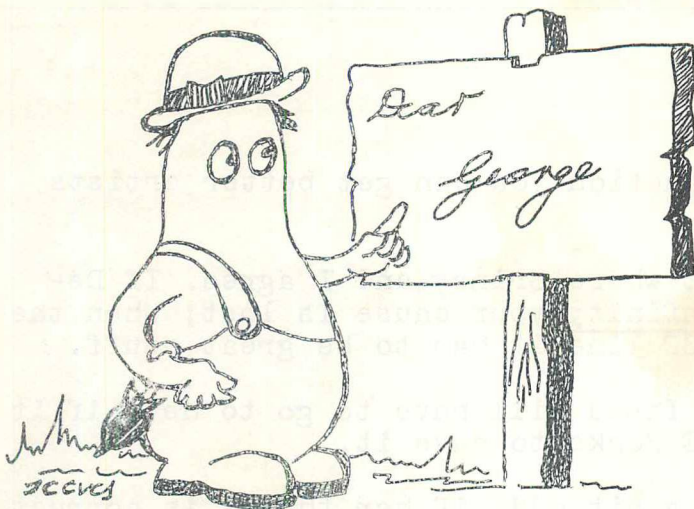
"Well, which mag do you prefer...any particular one?"

"No, man, no. I just pick up what I can get, you know. One's just like the other anyhow. But once in a while you catch a good story. No, just don't pay it any attention, man."

I thanked him for not making my afternoon a complete failure and left him standing there with a puzzled look on his face. Upon examination of my notebook, I compiled the following....1 person who reads SF at least part of the time; 4 people who look through the mags and replace them as though it didn't seem to interest them; 3 others who told me that they didn't give a damn one way or another; and 1 who didn't smoke.

I returned to the BX yesterday out of curiosity to see if any more of the Analogs had been sold. On the rack were three copies. There is at least one more SF reader on the Goose.





*Par
-secting*

DONALD WOLLHEIM,

PAR 2 is perhaps not quite as interesting as the first number, mainly because the devotion of the issue to letters makes it a jumbly item.. a little like trying to make sense out of a hall crowded with people all talking at the same time about different things.

Norm Metcalf's comment "the sooner we get rid of Avalon the better" is the kind of fan thinking that makes me sick. This man poses as a fan. If he doesn't like most Avalon books, then he needn't buy them. Does their existence then hurt him? If but one Avalon book out of ten is a worthy publication, isn't that better than none at all? One hard-cover publisher still bringing out books at a profit that bring at least a little remuneration to some writers and a little SF reading to people who otherwise wouldn't get it (Avalon Books are published almost strictly for lending library use)...and Mr Metcalf wants to kill that off! (I have no axe to grind for Avalon, and I myself reject a majority of them professionally, but I still think Tom Bouregy deserves our thanks for carrying on with the line.)

Why is it that some fans seem always to want to kill off part of the field upon which they feed?

Why, for instance, did Vic Ryan find it necessary to ask "by whom" are Ace Books rated the leaders in the paperback SF field? Let him inquire at newsstands and of newsdealers and he'll find out. Ace Books just happens to be the largest publishers of SF novels in America today. True, many of our novels are possibly not the very best, and probably not to Vic's liking, but surely some (a few, a half dozen perhaps) must be acceptable to his standards. Again, better some than none. But the fact is that in the paperback book field, SF is Ace's big card, and we do hold the strongest position among the paperback publishers for that general category. I know some of the best and top authors appear in Bantam, Ballantine, Signet editions. Why not? Most writers like to have a single book rather than to share a double...and they pay more than we do. But for consistent, steady, and bulk output, we are the leaders. The curse of having a steady month by month market for SF novels is exactly that one must sometimes take the lesser works when better are not available.

BUCK COULSON,

#1. I hate letterzines.

#2. Surely with multilithed reproduction you can get better artists than Ralph Rayburn Phillips.

#3. BiGod I've found another point where Briney and I agree. If DeWeese also likes Planet better than Infinity your cause is lost; when the three of us agree on anything in the SF line it has to be great stuff.

#4. Wollheim is right, but the SF field will have to go to hell if it depends on me buying two copies of ACE Books to save it.

#5. To Anne Chamberlain; it seems a bit odd, if her thesis is correct, that of the so-called big "three" prozines, only one ever featured a letter column and the column in it has never been slanted towards "Fandom". Her theory is impressive, but it's opposed to the fact that Galaxy started with 83% of its readers violently opposed to a letter column. (or, at least, the 83% who bothered to express an opinion.)

#6. To Mike Deckinger; the distributors are trying to discourage cut-rate subscriptions in this country. Les Nirenberg sends me back-issues of Bestsellers (formerly Newsdealer) which circulates to magazine and distributors and sales outlets, and nearly every month the mag features a foaming-at-the-mouth type editorial against publications which offer bargains to subscribers...mostly the Time-Life chain, recently.

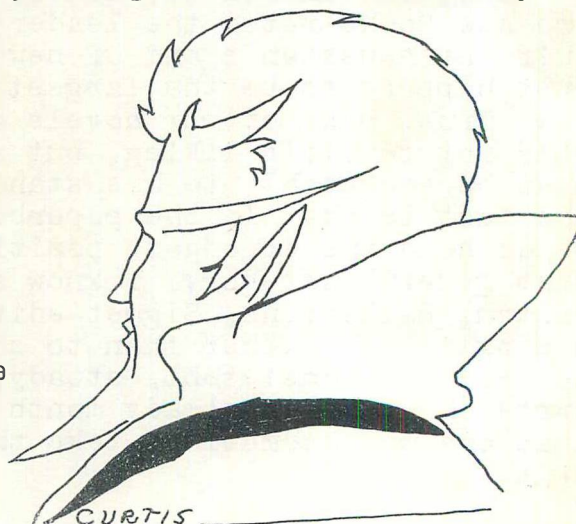
#7. Prosser does better with his own designs.

AVRAM DAVIDSON,

I have a comment on Vic Ryan's comment on Comparative Rates. As a fully professional writer, one with absolutely no source of funds except from sales (my aunts have even stopped sending me birthday money), Heaven knows I am all for higher rates all around, not just from SF. But while it is true that, say, the Journal of the American Ass'n For Nematode Studies pays 7½¢ a word, consider that their articles run about two pages, also the JAANS isn't intended to make money, being subsidised probably by the Foundation For Nematode Studies.

As for your (GCW's) comments that if "Some magazine cut one cent off both the retailer's and distributor's share of the profit it would probably pass unnoticed" well, sir! I venture to say that it would probably pass about as unnoticed as a plan to cut one inch off of their respective diddlywackers. Madison, Indiana produces some great fighting men, lawyers, and fans, but evidently it is not too aware of the realities of Modern American Commercial Life.

Cucumber Spaceships.



NOREEN SHAW,

I am reminded that Campbell, at the PittCon, blasted the hardcore fans as being responsible for the death of SF. He laid the demise right on our doorsteps. "You are the people who killed it", he said. I find this statement curious when I compare it to the one he made in San Francisco in 1954. He said to a room full of fans (taper running) "If the hard core fans dropped dead tomorrow, we wouldn't notice it. You don't mean a thing" Such are the fluctuations of opinion, heh?

He also said that we don't want any change in SF. We want the same old stuff all the time. I think he is quite wrong on this point. One thing the fans are crying for is a change from psi, psi, psi. We are heartily psick of it.

The Great John W is also a man, who, years ago, said, that if you run a story and everybody writes in and says how great it was, next month give them something different because you can't repeat a success. So why have we had 3 or 4 years of psi?

A word on trying to sell SF by subscriptions. No small publisher is interested in them. They are not set up to handle them and they are more trouble than they are worth. The reason the big mags fight for subs and sell them at a terrific loss is because they use the subscription figures to impress the advertisers and thus gain more advertising accounts. It is the ads, NOT the sales of the mag that count. Larry has said that the large magazines today are only a vehicle for transmitting advertising. Their contents are supremely unimportant to the advertiser.

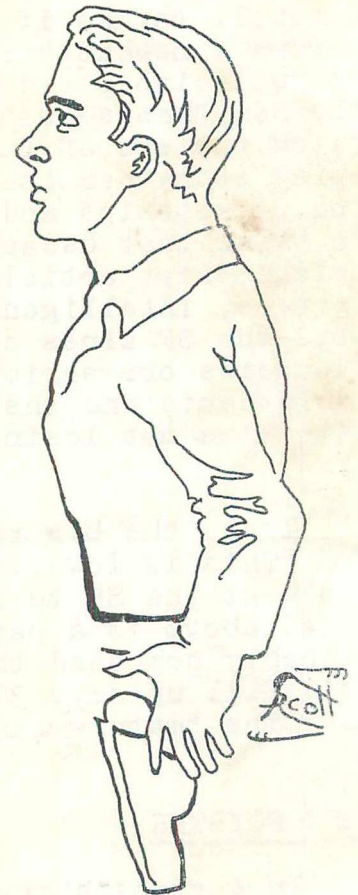
The letter from Don Anderson made an excellent point and one I have long agreed with. It is not only the fans who are trying to "dynamite SF into legitimacy" but also a certain clique of pros. I might mention a female anthologist and a critic noted for his biting reviews. It is my view that they are ashamed of SF and are trying desperately to convince the high brow critic that we are a "legitimate art form" and thus obtain respectability. SF is what it is...an occasional fine story, a lot of crud and at its best, stimulating escape that may throw a light on a hitherto dark subject.

///// Judy Merrill and Damon Knight...are you there?

GCW /////

AN APOLOGY...

...to Bob Briney for mis-stating his letter in PAR 2. The letter should have been "Charles Harness's 'STALEMATE IN SPACE' and Robert Abernathy's 'ACTION ON AZURA'". It is perhaps interesting to note that only Bob caught the mistake...and here I thought I was surrounded by Planet fans.



BOB LICHTMAN,

One thing, I think, that the people who commented on PAR #1 overlooked is what the general public, the fellow who buys the SF magazine purely on speculation and who doesn't read any of them regularly, will be attracted to. Several people have the right idea, but no one seems to have hit it square on the head.

One prime factor in attracting people to the SF zines in the first place is a colorful, eye-catching cover. F&SF runs this sort of cover nearly every issue, as do the two ZD magazines, but Analog doesn't, probably because Campbell thinks it is a notch below his dignity, and Galaxy subdues their covers somewhat too, though not as much. Now I'm not saying that we should go full circle and return to the Goode Olde Days when the covers were along the Bem-Chases-Bemmy line, though on second thought, this would certainly catch the eye of the average newsstand browser; giving him at least one spicy story per issue to keep him hooked. A little sex and color and blazing rocketships and all that shouldn't be out of order. Today's editors seem to think that because this is Goshwow, the Space Age, that they have to run science-fact articles and subdue their contents and format and appeal to the "mature, intelligent, spaceminded adult". What difference does it make who buys the SF zines so long as they sell? And if we insert a little sex in alongside our serious, intelligent stories, we will sell to the wide eyed adolescents and the sex-starved adults with mental ages 12, while at the same time not losing but a few pages each issue of our "intelligent, mature SF."

Yeah, the big retort to this is "Why should we descend to their level?" and "This is lowering SF's great name." and that sort of stuff. Look, if you want the SF to sell, you've got to make some concessions. The idea outlined above is a partial concession to the juvenile minded SF reader (who probably composed the biggest audience of magazines like Planet). At most, it'd fill up say, 30 pages of each 130 page zine. There'd be enough to satisfy the "mature fan and SF reader". (Whoever they are.)

JOHN FOYSTER,

In Australia the SF problem is probably better seen since there are no (large) distribution problems. Most mags get a pretty good go, but they don't sell very well. Analog is the better seller and sells something like 500 copies in Melbourne (Pop. 2,000,000). Of these only about 10% ever had any contact with fandom....despite the fact that blurbs for the Melb. SF Club are frequently put in 200 plus copies. In addition, I suppose that over 2,000 people are keen readers of SF but don't buy the magazines.

Here are some of the reasons I have heard...

..."I buy the pbs. They reprint the best stories."

..."I get back issues. The stories were better then."

Similarly for hard cover novels and anthologies. These are the opinions of people who in most cases do not have any contact with other readers, (except me). Which sorta spoils Gold's little effort...the stories are worse these days and the reason is pretty obvious...poor editing. Lack of story material has never struck me as anything but evasion. If Campbell can get a story like "By Proxy" then he can get other material of a high standard.

NORM METCALF,

Chalker; But some of the ads aren't in the middle of the pbs (where they must gripe everyone but the advertiser, and even him, if he were thinking), they're in the back where they belong.

Franson; SF (or at least, ASF) does sell better near colleges, scientific labs, Negro sections, etc. This is what Street & Smith learned from a survey of their selling patterns. The last was quite a surprise and the best theory that was put forth ran to the effect of Negroes liking SF because there's no racial prejudice. What prejudice there is, is directed towards those "horrid BEMs who shouldn't be allowed on the same planet with us humans".

Rapp; What continuum do you live in that you have mail service from this continuum and not books, magazines, and postal regulations? In SAPS you were unaware that George O Smith was currently selling SF after his disappearance a few years back. And many pb publishers are either unaware of this Post Office rule which you are citing or it isn't enforced, for they do carry ads for other publishers.



Stiles

ROSEMARY HICKEY,

Listening to the conversations (overhearing, eavesdropping) in the halls at conventions, reading the letters and comments in Earl Kemp's Obit on SF, and in PAR #2....it all seems to add up to a parlor game. Who in God's blue earth can honestly say SF is dying or dead when; number one, fans of varying intensities have club meetings; number two, zone conventions are attended by more fans than writers, publishers, artists, and fringe folk; number three, the annual convention did not look like a wake nor were the immediate members of the family wearing sackcloth and ashes and sitting in boxes in mourning; number four, prozines and fan-zines come and go, get better or worse, but they exist because somebody's having the fun of creating the zine, and the rest are enjoying the vacarious thrill of creation by buying the zine....and the pleasure (fringe benefit) of reading what's inside.

Yesterday was a wonderful new world, wasn't it? Every book, every story, was a precious find. I was in a state of being glad to have found a SF story; it would have been very bad manners to judge it. So, for a very long time, as long as it was SF....it was good. Now youse guys that are so busy writing and talking about how bad SF is today; you're scratching away at my pink window panes. Really, as long as BEMs have humanoid characteristics, I love them, too. And I love you, too, for practi-

cally the same reason...you're a part of the SF world, the SF way of life, and this is good.

Thinking all this over, I must admit that this doesn't start fights nor hot discussions nor does it build up circulations by provoking letters of response...and maybe that's all your big storms mean anyway. Right?

WALTER BREEN,

Anne Chamberlain; The advertisers that pay big money for testimonials are actually sampling audience response...they're trying to find out how many people read or listen to (or watch) the commercials within which the contest or whatever is buried. If the prozines printed "everybody's letter" they would hardly have page space for the stories people supposedly buy the mag to read. If you doubt me, look at HABAKKUK. As for fanzines printing only letters by people we already know, that isn't true. I have met many interesting people from these fmz lettercols. I expect to introduce some of my friends into fandom through the lettercol of my own zine.

Billy Joe Plott; "...few realize just how much power it (fandom) can wield." Like with the USPO?

Don Anderson; Very sensibly put. But I do not agree that SF is merely "another form of entertaining reading and that alone." SF isn't even a genre strictly speaking; it is technique, and those fans who don't touch the mundane magazines are missing a lot of first-rate stories which have minor or even major SFnal content. Are you aware, for instance, that even Jack Kerouac has done this kind of fiction? Whether or not you dig him, you will have to admit that he is important.

Les Nirenberg; OK, so we push SF as a name into the background, but then how do the readers who happen to want this kind of material tell which magazine has it? It sounds as if Fran-son's suggestion is more constructive than yours.

///// I used to shake the brush about and search out the deep hidden thought parts that Kerouac was trying to give. I finally gave up. As to admitting to his importance in anything is another matter. However, when you consider the number of SF stories that Sharkey has written, it becomes evident that Jack Kerouac is a Hugo winner. GCW /////





STYLUS

PARSECTIONINGS

May I introduce my latest wife, Peachie, to fandom. Her name is Elberta Ione, but one can't call her Bert.

Donald Wellheim wondered if I could support a wife and a fanzine too. That isn't difficult, it's the dog and cat that makes the going tough.

To sweet Lee Anna Tremper (known in fan circles by the melodious name of LAT...rhymes with blat) I send my blessings and the following paraphrase ... "Fans who live in stenciled houses should not throw styluses." Or is that styli?

Leonard Rich is a little new blood that I drug out of the Air Force. And like all truefans and Airmen, has spent time at Tyndall AFB. His only mistake was re-enlisting.

I will have to pass the SecCon. Judging from the Progress report this will be one of those Cons that will be talked about for some years to come. I would advise you to attend, if possible.

Lynn reports that the next JD-A is mastered and ready to run off. I helped him run seven pages back in Nov., too much Bull Frog Beer, I'm afraid. Included in this issue you will find 7 pages by Prosser that are original, different, and refreshing. I'll say no more.

Someone (darn if I can remember who) was indignant because I requested an English fan to do the Fandom Overseas Column for me. He's right, of course...so would some fan somewhere in the world like to do the column?

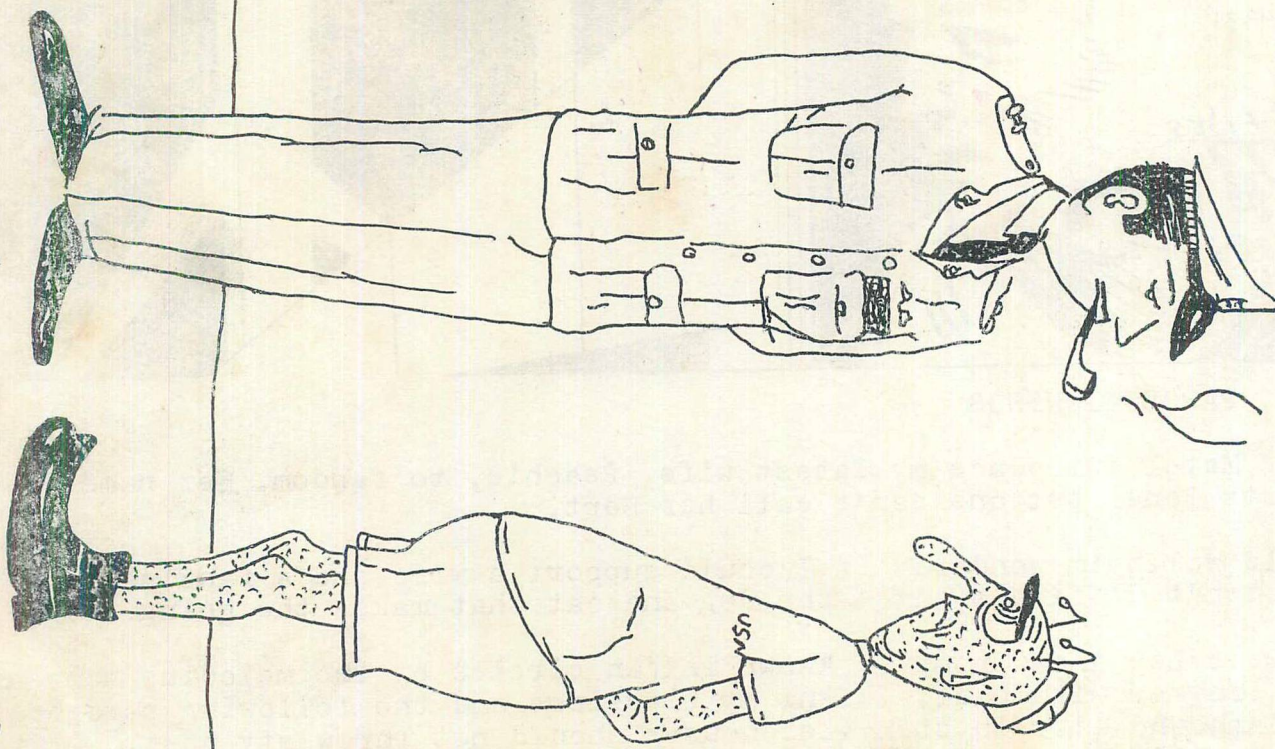
Joe would like to apologize to Buck Coulson and Ted Cogswell for being unable to attend the ISFA party in his honor.

SOLAR ZINE, anyone?

Would like to hear from you if you are interested in the lines that the art in FAR is beginning to take on. Suggestions appreciated, advice ignored.

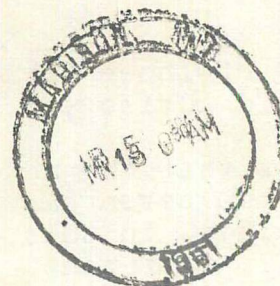
This issue is backdated because I intend to make up the lost time.

Now, SEAMAN JONES, WHAT'S ALL THIS TALK OF FLYING SAUCERS?



PARSECTION # 3

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