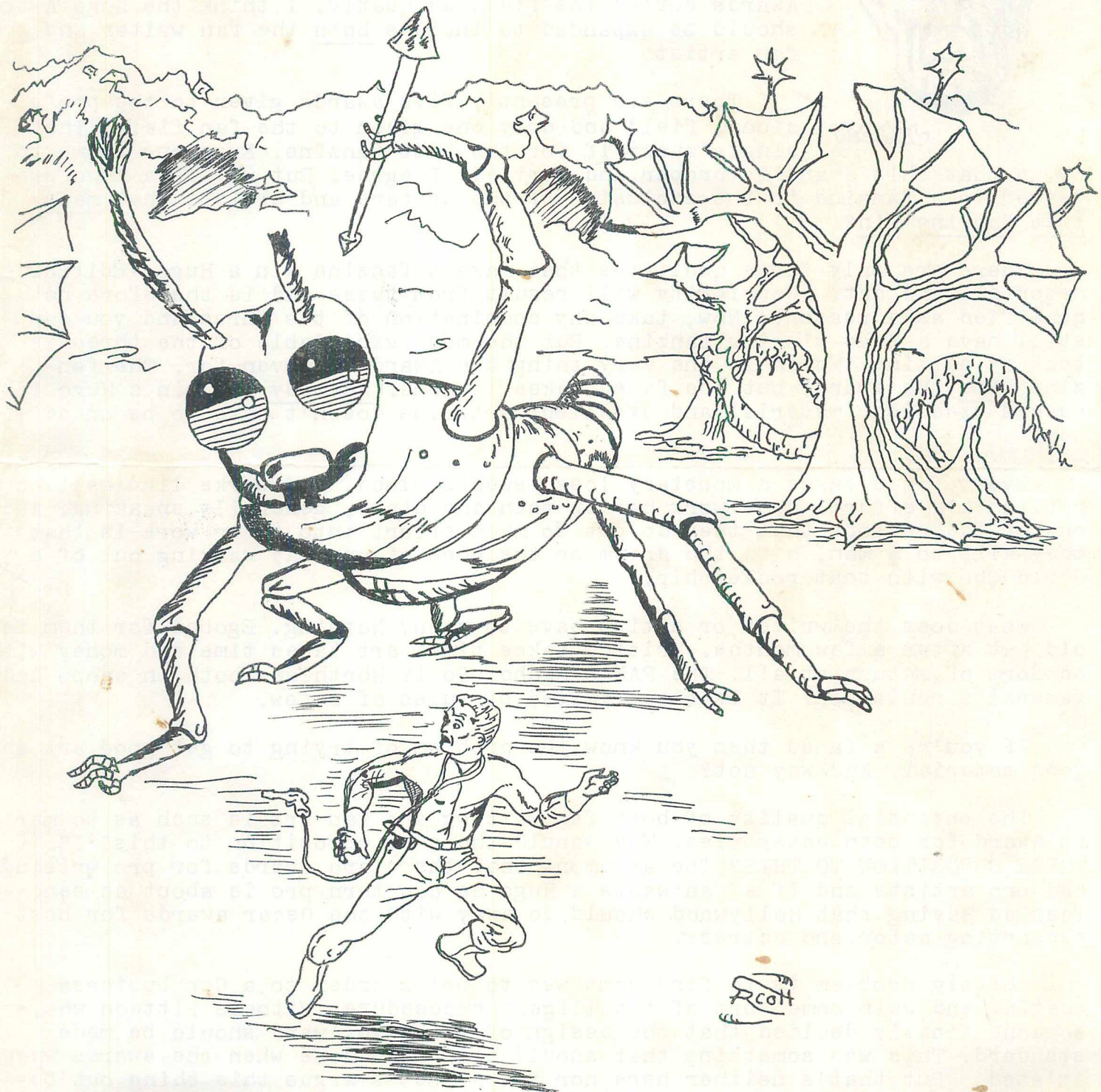


PARSECTION 5



EDITORIAL



The Hugo Awards are fan awards. They were initiated by fans, they are decided by fans, and they are sustained by fans. The Awards belong to fandom to do with as the majority sees fit.

Being a fan, I am therefore entitled to my say on the subject. I do not believe that the present scope of the Awards covers the field adequately. I think the Hugo Awards should be expanded to include both the fan writer and the fan artist.

There are presently five awards given to the professional field and only one given to the fan field. That single award is for the best fanzine. Everyone seems to agree that this award is proper and merited. I agree. But why is a Hugo presented to a fanzine to the exclusion of the writers and artists that made that fanzine win?

There are only three qualities that make a fanzine win a Hugo. Editing, material, and art. (Popularity will result from these and is therefore not qualified as a reason.) Now, take any combination of the three and you can still have a Hugo winning fanzine. But the most expendable of the three is that of editing. Which is the very thing the Award is given for. The fanzine wins the award, but the faned takes it home. Anybody can win a Hugo if he has excellent material and excellent art...he doesn't have to be an editor.

Every faned takes a monetary loss, sweats blood, and works like hell to publish his effort. None work harder than any other, generally speaking. And one of the reasons that they do put so much effort into their work is that they all, to a man, have the dream or the hope of one day walking out of a World Con with that rocketship.

What does the writer or artist have to gain? Nothing. Egoboo for them is old hat after a few months. Writing takes time; art takes time and money with no form of return at all. The FANAC Egoboo Poll? Worthless both in scope and general circulation. It is also limited by rules of a few.

If you're a faned then you know the problem of trying to get good art and good material. And why not?

The potential quality of both fan writing and fan art is such as to merit an award for both categories. Why should there be opposition to this? IS THERE OPPOSITION TO THIS? The argument that there are awards for pro writing and pro artists and if a fan wants a Hugo he can turn pro is about as senseless as saying that Hollywood should do away with the Oscar awards for best supporting actor and actress.

The big problem is to find some way to bring order to a Con business meeting and gain some sort of intelligent procedure. Witness Pittcon where someone finally decided that the design of the Hugo Award should be made standard. This was something that should have been done when the awards were initiated. But that's neither here nor there. Let's argue this thing out before it's taken to a business meeting to be offered as an amendment. We can certainly find out all the arguments this way. And no one will be so drunk as to forget them as is the case at the business meetings.

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A FAAAAAAAAAN IN THE LEGISLATURE

by

Joe L Hensley

I returned some days ago, from a 61 day sentence to the legislature. Somehow or another it all happened last November when I won an unpopularity contest commonly called an election. Jack and I lost and had to go. He went to Washington and took his wife and child. I went to Indianapolis and left my wife and child at home.

I wasn't very shook up over the meeting and working with big shot politicians. I mean, after all, I'm on first name terms with people like Cogswell and Tucker. It's not as if I haven't lived.... Besides I've been to conventions and all that buzz.

The first thing that happened when I hit Indianapolis is that the party leaders called a caucus. This is where they attempt to impress on you the way they think so that you'll be sure you go along with them. Many serious questions were discussed. I'd been to a cocktail party shortly before and, thinking I was at the Midwescon and too disorderly to find the pool, I got into a serious discussion with a couple of State Senators about the change of name from Astounding to Analog but couldn't get an intelligent answer out of either of them and soon retired in disgust.

The session itself is a sort of organized confusion. Bills are introduced, go to committees, have hearings, are reported back on the floor, voted on. A sort of parliamentary procedure is followed, but the whole thing is complicated by the fact that almost every school child above the age of reason comes to view the legislature in action at one time or another during the session. Besides that there are innumerable pages, house employees, lobbyists, etc. who wander about the house almost at will.

At night the various lobbies, who have opened suites of rooms in hotels, open their bars. The booze is free. This made a very difficult thing for me. I come of poor, but dishonest parents, who've taught me never to turn down a free drink. It's a wonder I retained any part of my health. I really didn't try. Cogswell came down one night while we were in session and the two of us managed to put a fair dent in the bottled goods of one lobby, but they came right back the next day... and so did I.

I found myself at home speaking on the floor of the house. The whole thing is kind of like an arena. You're the gladiator and everyone would like to thumb you down. The cutting remark, the nasty quip, the knife in the back done with a hand outstretched in friendship are much admired. Having been friendly with Harlan and acquainted with Scortia these things come naturally.

For example: I was on the floor speaking on reapportionment, which has to do with how the various representatives and senators shall be elected. At the present time Indiana has reapportionment by population, but the legislature has ignored it since 1921. I favored a plan where one house would be on population, the other by county. I described it as a "federal plan".

A veteran legislator arose. "Will the gentleman from Jefferson yield to a question?"

The speaker looked down. "Will the gentleman yield?"

"I yield."

The veteran representative asked cuttingly "You are talking about Washington D.C., aren't you, Mr. Representative? But that isn't our problem is it? Isn't what we're dealing with here the State of Indiana?" He smirked at me.

"That is true," I said and he sat down satisfied. I looked out and smiled at the rest of the people. "And now I'll be happy to answer questions from anyone else who doesn't know where we are."

This sort of thing makes votes. Believe it or not some of the people who were in favor of reapportionment on a population basis voted for our plan and we carried the day.

The language is a specialized one. I learned words like "bird dog" and "skate". To "skate" is to skip the floor of the house before voting on an important measure comes up. One guy fell over his waste paper basket three times trying to get out. A "bird dog" is a guy who can find sponsors to take you out to dinner and on the town. I teamed up with the best "bird dog" in the house. As a result I came home ten pounds heavier.

The last night is a time of frolic. You've voted on your last bill and you wait for conference committees to make their reports, for the printers to finish reprinting the amended bills, and you sit and sit. The pressure is off and some of the boys are feeling their oats and alcohol. People you couldn't get along with come up and shake your hand. The opposition party went out for their last caucus and one of our party's boys gained the microphone. One of the big dailies had come out that day calling us a circus. Everybody in the



Earlier this would have led to bloodshed and impassioned speeches. Now it was only funny.

It was an experience. I get clients in my office now who are in trouble with one of the state's administrative agencies. They wink at me and think that I can miracle them out of it. Sometimes I can, but so could any other lawyer.

Unpack your bags boys. We don't meet again until 1963.



IF ALL THE FEN IN THE WORLD...

by

Giovanni Scognomillo

Have you heard the old nursery rhyme that goes "If all the guys in the world would go hand in hand, what a wonderful round-about they could make."? Well, that's not the point, of course, and I'm only using it as a metaphor. In the following lines I wish only to point out a fact which I consider is essential for the expansion of fandom.

But does fandom, as it is, wish to expand...to gain new contributions from overseas? I hope that most fans, if not fandom as a whole, wish to do so. What's the use of remaining a closed clique, either national or even regional? Does that serve in any way the purpose of fandom? I doubt it. Although I agree that it may be rather difficult to mix with different individuals from different places and with different ways of life. But is this an obstacle? I would say no...a fan is a person who doesn't care about any kind of barrier and who from the start has placed himself in a different position.

So why hasn't fandom achieved a true international standing? George speaks of a language barrier...that's far from being a barrier. English is spoken in most countries and in most parts of the world. There we have a common language. What else? A common interest, of course, and mostly the urge to introduce others to that particular brand of literature that's called Science Fiction. Some of you may still object to the word "literature", but, at least for the time being, let it stand.

Is fandom the equivalent of proselytism? Or is fandom the whole of a bunch of assorted people who are only using their interest toward SF as a pretext to enjoy each other? I'm not able to answer that last question so I'll accept a "priopi" that each trufan is willing to make a bit of intelligent proselytism. Undoubtedly, a real international gathering of fans may not be connected with proselytism of any kind; still new frontiers and new beach-heads may lead the way to a larger number of fans (and we agree that fen are needed again and again). Mostly I suppose what we really need are fans who can bring something vital and fresh. Only because they are foreigners? No, not at all, but just because they can introduce us to an aspect of fandom (and mostly of SF) that is different from ours. What is the difference? Do not ask me...ask a South American, a Japanese, or an Indo fan and I am sure that you will find the difference.

An international co-operation is needed not only as a more complete media of diffusion but also as a way to introduce different and varying ways of scientific expression. For example; what is the main difference between a SF novel or short story written by a Japanese author and one written by a Scandinavian one? Aren't you a bit interested in how many SF mags are published in Italy or Spain? Or the situation of the fanzine field in other countries?

I don't know about you but these are some of the dozens of questions that I like to ask a distant fan.

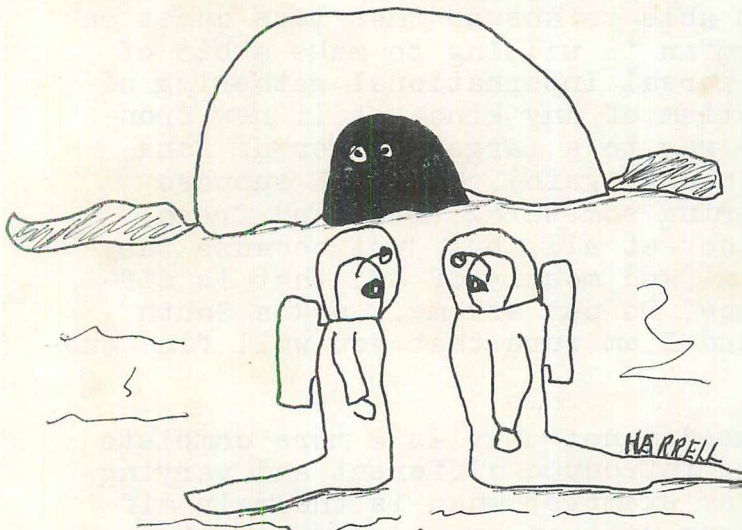
An "International Fan Club" must become more than an idea...it must become a reality.

How to proceed with it? Well, I suppose that the first thing would be to compile a directory of foreign fans (and with foreign, I define everyone living outside of the USA), then to distribute it to some good hearted fans willing to contact each of the enlisted persons and ask them to contribute to the directory with a list of names from their own country. Then? Well...one fanzine (at least)...must devote a good deal of its pages to this project. What we need (besides a directory) are contributors who will introduce us to their fandom and the status of SF in their country. Sort of an activity report.

There are many SF novels written and published in foreign countries that are of invaluable interest to us. A foreign fan could give us a translation...and vice versa, too. There may be hundreds of individuals who need to be incorporated into fandom...for nothing more than to find a media in which they can express themselves.

Dozens and dozens of possibilities may arise from an expansion of fandom. So far...a link does exist between the USA and the United Kingdom. It is, in fact, more than a link...it is rather an ideal union born from identical positions and from identical language.

There are many active foreign fans and fanzines...SIRIUS, The Newspaper and Magazine of the ISFA and the INTERNATIONAL SF SOCIETY. But is that enough? No, it isn't. Those are only tentative possibilities void of a common direction or a common aim. Is the task, then, hard and rather impossible? I don't think so. I only think that we request, first of all, a practical approach and the collaboration of all those fans who wish to break out of their rather narrow positions and expand the frontiers of fandom.



"IT CLAIMS IT'S
A GEORGE WILICK"

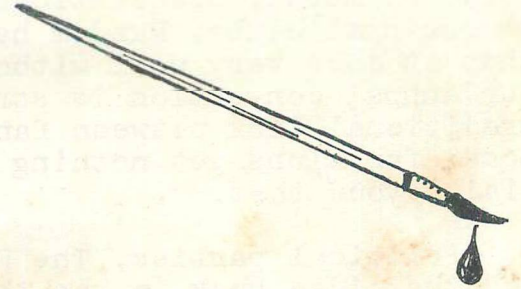
Fandom, by its own essence, is international, so what's the use of confining it to a restricted number of persons? What's the use of transforming fandom...or should I say SF FANDOM...into a friendly club; a kind of clique centered around a certain fanzine or a certain federation? Just for the sake of fandom...or for the sake of some groups of fans?

Those words may seem harsh, but if you...all of you...really are interested in SF and not just using it for a purpose I don't doubt that you are willing to use your fannish integrity in order to transform fandom into a wide and general expression of scientificfictional culture and interest.

ONE NAY VOTE

BY

DONALD A WOLLHEIM



An International Fan Organization? Now...let me put it to you this way; WHAT THE HELL IS IT GOING TO DO? If a man puts in his buck dues, WHAT CAN HE GET FOR IT OUTSIDE OF ANOTHER DAMN FANZINE?

Why are all fan organizations outside of Apa's, convention societies, and local fan clubs so useless? The answer is; they can't do anything.

Unless an organization can do something, what good is it to waste time on? I can correspond with Swedish, German, English fans with or without any organization. It can therefore do nothing for me.

I have said time and again that a national fan organization must have real programs that will return some personal profit to each member (outside of the fan organ which is usually a lot duller than a good fanzine). Nobody has ever come up with any program that would benefit. The reason Fapa remained strong and solvent since I founded it is precisely that it exacts an activity requirement from each member, that it returns benefits from every other members' activities, that it has a special concrete purpose. And fulfills it.

Now there are ways a fan organization on a national scale could perform some benefits for SF, but no fans would agree to them long enough to go ahead. What national organizations exist in the USA that thrive and benefit their objectives? Labor unions. Businessmen's associations. Fraternal societies. Political parties. Charitable organizations.

So if a national or international organization is to succeed it must resemble one of the above.

A labor union. Well, it could be a club to put pressure on publishers to lower prices or raise quality. Fans wouldn't agree on objectives and they wouldn't obey directives. This kind of fan club would never get off the ground because it would spend all its time wrangling over possible pressure objectives and would never agree.

Businessmen's associations. We're not in business, but we could lobby. How? Again, we'd never agree on what. This wouldn't work.



RICH

Fraternal societies. Basically they are merely associations of local or regional clubs. Fandom has shown that it does very well without it... our annual convention is sort of a traditional link between fan clubs. Local fan clubs get nothing beneficial beyond that.

Political parties. The Futurians had that idea back in the thirties and proved positively that fans would not agree on anything as a unit. This again fails for the same reason a labor union type would fail...no unanimity of objectives.

Charitable organizations. We already have one...informal, but real, established by tradition instead of written law, unsalaried and working. Namely TAFF. We don't need anything more formal.

So my humble advice is...forget it. It's entirely superfluous. If you want an international fan club, join the NFFF. If you think it's a weak organization, fight to improve it. But for gossakes, don't start another one.

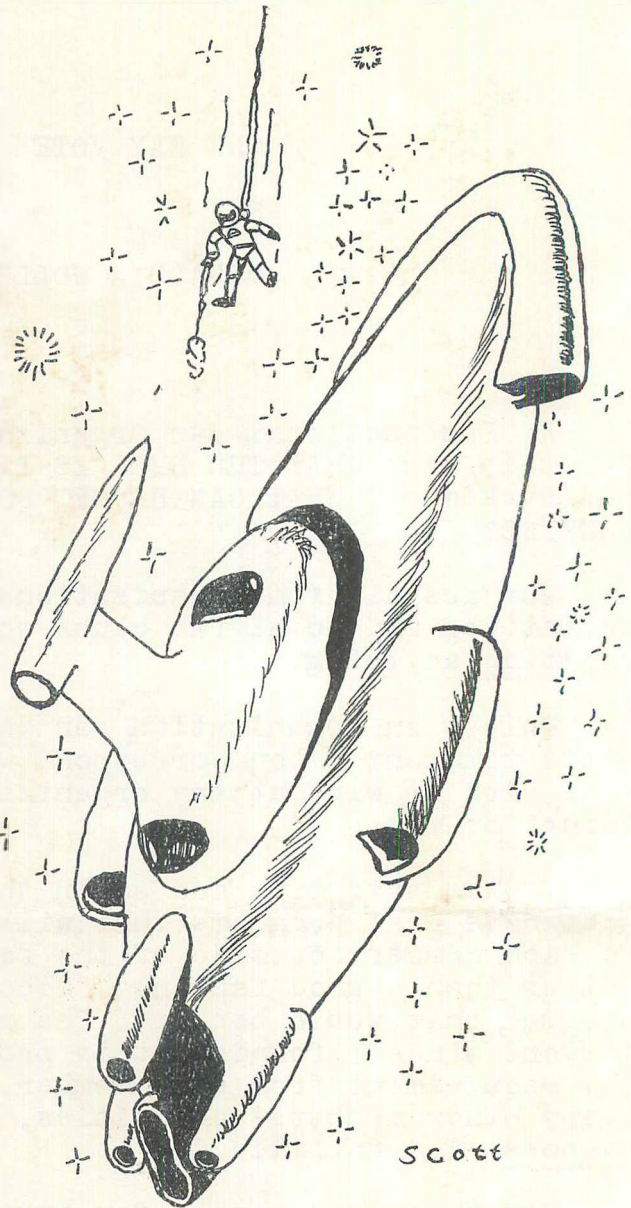
THINGS I WISH HADN'T HAPPENED TO ME

by

George C Willick

You've heard the story about the man driving through the desert and getting one live fish in his lap from out of nowhere? I didn't dis-believe that story, mind you. The poor fellow had the fish and the broken windshield to prove it. I just didn't let it keep me awake at night.

Well, those days are over. Yep. It happened to me. Or, at least, I was there to see it happen. Today (March 21) was cloudy and it was spitting rain. With my trusty carrier in my hand I tred the walk to the door of an old soul named Sam Davis. Sam came out to get the milk. We were about seven feet apart...splat! The fish missed Sam's nose about two inches and lay at his feet. He stammered and stuttered while I pushed the little visitor about to see if it were alive. Dead. But only recently. A Perch. Now I calmed old Sam down as he has a weak heart and I didn't want to have two dead fish to explain. I convinced the old boy that a bird had dropped it. Of course this was the only possible solution to the event. Wasn't it?



THE COULSON SAGA

by

Robert Coulson

In the beginning I created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without Amra, and Void, and fannishness was upon the face of the deep. And I said "Let there be light.", and there was Les Croutch.

However, possibly I am starting a bit early for most people...even if Willick did say "begin at the beginning".

I discovered Science Fiction Feb. 1, 1947. The Saturday Evening Post came out on Thursdays then, and the issue dated Feb. 3 arrived without any particular fanfare. It contained the usual lineup; 4 short stories, a novelette, 8 articles and 2 serial installments. One of the stories just happened to be "The Green Hills of Earth" by Robert A Heinlein. I'd never heard of Heinlein; I read the story mostly because I was entranced by the beautiful two-page illustration by Fred Ludekens. (It's a wonderful illustration; 14 years later I've seen barely a handful that could equal it.) At any rate, I did read the story, and I was hooked. I started looking for more Heinlein stories; this led me to "Adventures in Time and Space" in the county library. I was lucky...this is the best SF anthology ever assembled. I wanted more. I checked the copyright information and discovered that 32 of the 35 stories included had been originally published in Astounding. (The others? One from Amazing, one from Planet, and one "not hitherto published in the United States".) I bought an issue of Astounding, read it, and hastily sent off a subscription.

This was in July 1948, and I was 20 years old.

I learned about fandom gradually (which is undoubtedly the best way, if one has to learn about it at all). I went to the '52 Chicon without knowing a soul there. I came back still not knowing a soul there. My luck didn't last though. I had ordered some SF magazines (back issues of Astounding, naturally) from a Philadelphia bookstore where Dave Jenrette was employed. When I got the package I discovered that (completely ignoring postal regulations) there was a note from Jenrette tucked in among the mags, inquiring if I knew there was a fan club in Indianapolis, and instructing me to contact Lee Tremper.

I did. Then curiosity got the better of me and I attended a meeting. I still remember it...I was walking down the sidewalk, checking the address in my copy of the club newsletter and trying to read house numbers in the dark, when there was a squeal from a nearby parked car and I was tackled by two females. The tall thin blonde said she was Lee Tremper. The short chunky brunette muttered something and backed away from me. Lee said this was Jaunita Wellons, and we all went inside.

I kept my eye on Jaunita all evening. She claims I leered at her, but actually I was mostly curious about this girl who spent the evening crouched in a corner watching me apprehensively. I wondered if she talked.

Eventually I found out. She does.

Jaunita got started in SF earlier than I did; in 1937, at age 4, with her mother reading "Alley Oop" to her. This led to things such as Wollheim's "Pocket Book Of Science Fiction", an early paperbacked version of T.C. McClary's "Rebirth" and "Avon Fantasy Reader #1". (The Avon led to a marked dislike of fantasy, which still endures.) Then came the large assortment of hardback SF in the Anderson Library and an issue of Other Worlds containing "Dear Devil" (which led to an equal irrational liking for OW and Palmer).

The Sept. '51 "Personals" column in OW carried the notice; "Wanted: names and addresses of all fans in the US and Canada", placed by Jerry Hunter of Indianapolis. Jaunita answered it and got into correspondence with Lee Tremper (Jerry being too lazy to follow up on his ad). Eventually she started attending occasional Indianapolis club meetings.

The nucleus of the Eastern Indiana Science Fiction Association came when Jaunita met Beverly Amers in the Ball State College cafeteria and a casual mention of Heinlein began a life-long (to date, anyway) friendship. Later, local fan Delray Green was contacted via Joe Nydahl, and with one thing leading to another the club EISFA was formed and the fanzine EISFA originated, with Jaunita and Beverly as co-editors. At the same time, Jaunita began sending out artwork to the various fanzine editors. (Paul Mittelbuscher absconded with a large batch of it, which led to a pretty rational dislike of Mittelbuscher...somewhere out there is a cache of illustrations signed "JRW"; Jaunita wishes any art-work hungry fan editors luck in finding it.)

The first EISFA is undated and unnumbered, but it was published in February 1953 and was a 1-page newsletter. This format was kept for 11 issues, though the size varied between 1 and 6 pages. First issues were put out on a college mimeograph, and the July and August issues, put out while both editors were away from college, were examples of that almost-extinct variety, the carbon-copy zine. For the Sept. issue (#8), Jaunita's mother bought her a \$35 mimeograph; this machine has produced everything published since then (a total of about 120 issues of various fanzines).



Meanwhile, back at the club, I had begun driving down from Silver Lake to Indianapolis (100 miles) and Muncie (70 miles) for club meetings. I usually went over to Rochester and picked up Gene Deweese first; this added to the distance travelled but provided conversation on the trip. (Eventually, that is; Gene does talk, though people who have met him only once usually have some doubts about it.)



So far, I'd avoided the depths of fandom; I'd attended meetings and a convention, and I'd subscribed to fanzines and written letters to them, but I hadn't actually done any fan writing. Jaunita finished this off. Gene and I were sitting around watching her mimeograph the December EISFA when she announced that she had a blank page to fill and why didn't we write something to fill it? We stared at her, appalled. Eventually, Gene broke down enough to write two sentences. I added a couple more and passed the typewriter back to Gene. He finished the paragraph and quit and I finished the story. Neither of us was willing to be blamed for the authorship, so we took Gene's first name and my middle name and created Thomas Stratton. (We also created the typical Stratton writing technique of one of us writing until he ran out of ideas and having the other take over.)

With typical feminine logic, Jaunita decided to run the first EISFA Annish in January instead of February so as to start the new year off with a bang. Getting completely carried away, she brought out an annish that ran 29 pages and which finished the newsletter format for good. Gene and I got carried away by all this enthusiasm, and the new, expanded EISFA began carrying fiction, articles, verse, interlineations and even occasional artwork by Coulson, Deweese, Stratton, Ross Allen, Thomas Duane, Edgar Allen Pogo, and other euphemisms for what Jaunita described as her two-headed author. Other people got their work published also, but for awhile Gene and I were to EISFA what Shaver, Phillips, and Byrne were to Other Worlds.

JWC Jaunita and I decided that the association of staff writer and editor was nice but limited as to social possibilities, so we got married in...Ummm...August? Yes, must have been August...err... 1954. (I've found the ultimate method of advancing in the world. Don't marry the boss's daughter, marry the boss.) Our sterling example inspired Gene and Beverly to get together in June 1955. Truefans, they got married on Saturday afternoon and spent Saturday night in an Indianapolis SF club meeting. (Fandom was the first to know; Beverly dropped her family a postcard a couple of weeks later, announcing her change of name and address.)

An addition was made to the Coulson family sometime in August, 1957. Gene's landlady presented us with a kitten, which we christened Ylla. A second addition arrived in October, when Jaunita presented us with a neofan, which was christened Bruce. In common with most fannish productions, he arrived two weeks late. By this time we'd moved from Huntington to North Manchester to Wabash, following a trail of various jobs (Jaunita taught school in Huntington, she and I both worked at a bookbindery in

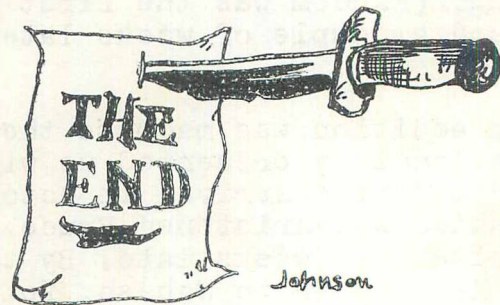
North Manchester and I worked as a draftsman and later as technical writer for Honeywell in Wabash.)

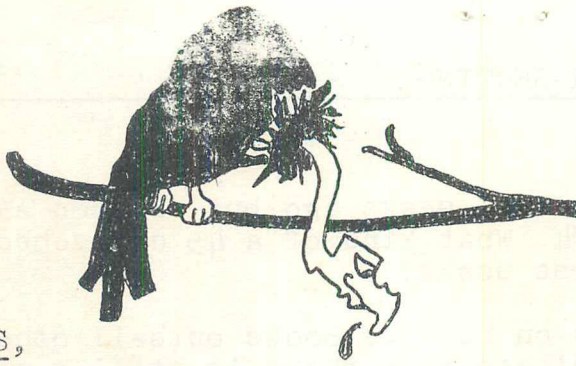
Meanwhile, back at the mimeo, EISFA began using the paper which Marion Bradley insisted was "a dog-vomit yellow" color and which has become pretty well identified with the magazine, with issue #33. The club EISFA disintegrated, and the fanzine EISFA changed its name to Yandro with the 36th issue. Since people still ask, the name comes from the song and the Wellman story in F&SF "The Desrick on Yandro". Contributors (both writers and artists), size, price and circulation have gradually changed over the years. The first artists, aside from Jaunita, to be frequently featured were Hal Hostetler and Chuck Spidell, and the first regular writers, in addition to the editors and the ubiquitous Stratton, were Delray Green, Dave Norman (EISFA's first fanzine reviewer), and Ricky Ertl (the first fandom of Argentina), with occasional material by James Adams, Hal Annas, Joe Hensley, Ben Gordon, and Bob Briney...all of whom are still around and all of whom still supply occasional work. For awhile Larry Bourne (he wasn't yet known as Lars) was a mainstay of the art staff; DEA arrived in 1955 and Gilbert and Adkins in 1956, along with Bill Harry and Eddie Jones (I don't recall what happened to Harry; Jones has pretty well dropped fandom for professional illustrating).

Alan Dodd became British agent with issue #38, and supplied his Doddering Column and the artwork of Harry and Jones. To date, 30 installments of the column have appeared; someone else can check to see if this is a modern record, or close to it. In any event, the column is still appearing, though rather infrequently of late.

I suppose I could go on blathering about old times for another couple of pages, but I don't see why I should give all this stuff to Willick when Yandro will be issuing a 100th issue pretty soon; and Jaunita and I became a member of FAPA in 1958 and began publishing Vandy, which is almost entirely editor-written and uses most of my writing enthusiasm. As for future plans, there aren't any particular grandiose schemes in sight. Yandro will keep on coming out, published by the same people and printed on the same mimeograph, for as long as we enjoy publishing it, which should be for some time yet. No particular improvements are in the offing; personally I can't see that it's improved materially since 1956, though other people assure me that it has. (Still others have quit reading it in the interim, so I suspect that everything balances out.) It has always operated on the theory that it will publish anything which the editors like, and any of the fans who don't agree with the editors can go read something else.

The opinion of the readers is regularly consulted on matters in which the editors have no particular opinions of their own, and regularly ignored whenever they run counter to editorial prejudice. I can guarantee the continuation of the magazine and the editorial policy; any other future developments will surprise me as much as they will the readers.





*Par
section*

REDD BOGGS,

PARSECTION still strikes me as a fanzine that's coasting after a fast start, but issue #4 is quiet amuzing, even if it is mostly casual fluff. Budrys on UFO's was perhaps the best piece of work...indeed I think it was the best item in your fanzine since the first issue...but Ebert's fanzine reviews were excellent, and Sid Birchby and John Baxter were pleasant enough.

I'm surprised to learn that Joe Hensley's offhand reminiscence of Claude Degler roused so much interest. Your editorial and Don Wollheim's letter are more interesting than Joe's article was. You make the slight error of presuming that The Cosmic Circle was a fanzine. So far as I know he never published a fanzine of that title; his title was The Cosmic Circle Commentator...or one of them was.

Wollheim is apparently in error when he says that Degler never did visit New York City. At least according to the Fancyclopedia he spent some time at Little Jarnevon, the apartment of Larry Shaw and Suddsy Schwartz, which was at 310 West 18th Street, Manhattan. He also visited Julius Unger, among others. This was in August, 1943 or thereabouts. At that time I was in the armed forces and can't speak from direct knowledge, but if we can't trust Speer's account what can we trust?

Gerry de la Ree's little anecdote about Gernsback, "The Perfect Squelch", makes me feel better inclined toward Hugo than I have been in 20 years. Not because I think Gerry and his pals deserved to be stepped on like that, but because it indicates that Gernsback had a sense of humor. This is something I hadn't guessed from reading those oddly humorless and foolish burlesques he's written to pass out as Christmas cards over the years.

G M CARR,

I'll second Coulson's suggestion of "Degler for TAFF". If Degler's still around and is willing to go, I think he'd make a heck of a lot better TAFF-man than either of the present candidates. From sheer sense-of-wonder if for no other reason... Besides, anybody that made the impact on fandom that he did is valuable as a historis monument.

Likewise, Budrys' suggestion that the best (most practicle) way of regarding UFO's is examine them as though they were "natural phenomenon" is the best I've run across yet. One comment occurs, however. The reason PSI phenomena are reported mostly among crackpots is because that category of personality seems to be most conductive to it. It is possible that this may explain why UFOites contact this type of person...some currently unknown personality factor in the acceptably "normal" personality may possibly inhibit them. Who knows?

BOB LICHTMAN,

You would have heard from me several weeks ago but as soon as I finished reading Par #3, I have Par #4. What kind of a 45 day schedule do you have that puts out issues every three weeks?

Wollheim in #3 and his comments on how Ace Books outsell other SF books in the paperback field seems to indicate that there is still a market for competently-written space opera, which is what most of the Ace stuff is. I will agree that Ace has at times published some top-notch stuff...the Van Vogt and Asimov material...but nowadays their double-books are a laugh. With a total of 256 pages to play around with, it's impossible for them to present two "full length" novels anymore. At least, not by the usual definition of a novel.



Ebert's fanzine reviews are a welcome addition to your fanzine, even though I take violent exception to Rog's comment, re Wrhn, that "It's hard to believe this is a SAPS-zine." Rog, who has never been a member of SAPS, seems to be following the old, outdated line about the organization. True, SAPS was once a rather scuffy outfit, with not much of worth in it, but that is no longer true. WARHOON is one of the best of the current lot of good SAPSzines that include PCT POURRI (Berry), RAGNAROK (TCarr), SPACEWARP (Rapp) and others.

I see Degler is being discussed again. This sort of thing seems to run in five to six year cycles. The last time Degler got ballied around in the fan press in a major way was in 1955-56, when Dean Grennell's GRUE published a series of articles on the subject by Tucker, Speer, and others. It was also brought up around this time in Raeburn's A BAS. But since then, with the ex-

ception of the CY2 write-up on the subject, there's not been much said... until now. Your editorial in #4 that Degler is living in LA sent me to the five Los Angeles phone books (total 3000 pages) to look up Degler. There were some Degler's...perhaps ten in the sum total of the books...but no Claudes amongst them. If I had found a Claude Degler, I know what I'd have done; I'd have sent him a postcard with this on it...

Dear Claude,

I have a Cosmic Mind; what do I do now?

ROBERT COULSON,

Just as I can't quite understand the fannish furor over Laney, I can't quite see all this fuss over Degler. So he was a crackpot. Fandom is full of crackpots...Degler may have been the greatest of them, but that's hardly cause for hallelujahs at this late date.

ALAN DODD,

Don Wollheim's letter in Par #3; I would like to say that I consider he does give pretty good value for the money with Ace Books. The thing I dislike and I wish he would stop doing is the altering of the titles of stories from the past. You get something by the title and then years or weeks later when it arrives you find that you've already read it under another title. So maybe the title wasn't "commercial" enough for it's new format in Ace but if it was good enough originally, why change it now? Does the author suggest the retitling of the book or is that Wollheim's idea?

I wish Budrys would explain in PARSECTION his "Rogue Moon". I've read it through and am hopelessly left on the moon wondering what that thing up there was; he didn't ruddy well explain what it was even after the story was finished. Now Algis, complete this sentence if you please... "The thing in my "Rogue Moon" was....." ...and then I'll be satisfied.

I read the article on UFO's and I vote Algis Budrys as writer most likely to confuse Alan Dodd.

///// Don't feel too badly about AJ confusing you, Alan. It was on the fifth reading that I finally fathomed what he was trying to say about the UFO's. I might make a slight accusation and say that AJ is guilty of oral-writing broken field running verbosity with malice aforethought but I won't. He might insult me and I wouldn't be able to figure it out. GCW/////

ROY TACKETT,

The appearance of Ebert's fanzine review column in PARSECTION would seem to indicate that STMIE has folded. A pity, too, since Ebert's zine had good possibilities.

Sid Birchby's article on SF makes a good deal of sense. SF, like its companion mystery, western and adventure pulps, was escape reading to the average man during the early years. The realities of life during the depression were pretty horrible and SF allowed the reader to forget them for just a little while and dream of better things. I think the general prosperity, as much as anything else, has contributed to the decline of SF. With all the modern day gadgets to make life easier, who needs SF for dreaming?

Baxter's mention of Spicy Western Stories calls to mind that publications companion zines, Spicy Mystery and Spicy Adventure. The former was a detective pulp and the latter carried a general adventure story including some sexed-up SF. The comic in Spicy Adventure was SF and featured the outspace adventures of a gal who had her clothes torn off by beams in every third panel. It is curious that none of the completists seem to have run across this particular vein in the SF mine.

Joni Cornell; Amen. And the points you mention are exactly those that make good SF hard to find. Writing good SF is work. It involves research. Space opera and some of the crud that is passing for SF these days isn't and doesn't.

WORDAGE

by

Ed Gorman

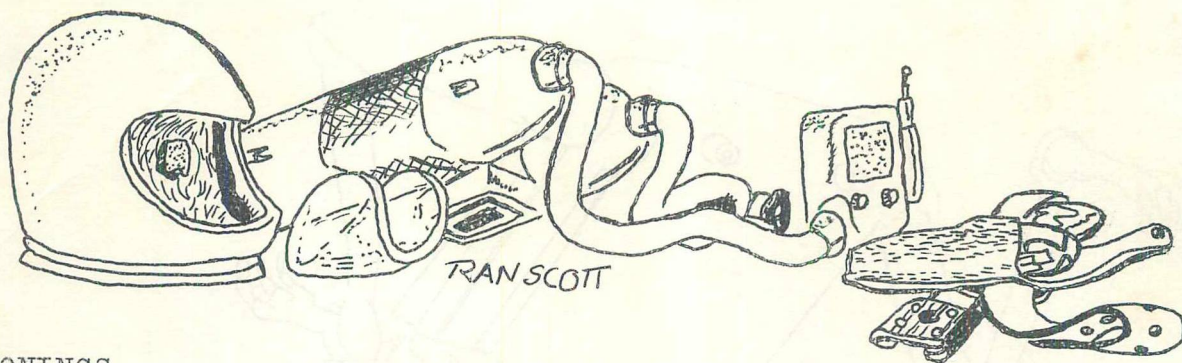
(This is reprinted in part from Larry Williams' CINDER. Cut slightly.)

The problem of charging money for a fanzine has come up in fan circles many times. The older fans recall the time when a cash basis was not only allowable, but also the rule. The current trend, however, is quiet lenient...anything from stamps to Parliaments are negotiable. To me, money or trades have qualities. The first is a much better proposition for the faned. Money is needed to continue; the AB Dick people don't trade letters of comment for supplies.

It is justice if the faned charges and receives his price. Putting out a fanzine can become depressing, demanding work. After a certain number of issues the egocentric qualities have begun to diminish. No matter how many letters he receives telling him that a certain issue was "great", the actual love of the work has gone, replaced by determined interest and subdued egotism. Also, the locs, cards, stray sheets of paper that clutter his mailbox are 50% recititious. Very few fans attempt to help the editor improve his fanzine...rather they send laconic letters in hopes that the next issue will be their's free. I don't think this is suitable for a severe effort.

Fanzine for fanzine is another matter. My code in dealing with my fanzine is to trade with just about anything that comes to my place. With the exception of letter-substitutes, I can think of no type of fanzine that does not deserve to be trades with. There are exceptions, of course, such as a personal difference or lack of interest on the faned's part. If the faned holds faan-fiction zines in blackest repute, then I think he is justified in refusing a trade agreement and to demand that the other editor pay cash in order to receive his fanzine. But on the whole, I see no reason why a fanzine for fanzine isn't compatible to fannish laws.

On the other hand, the argument that fanzines should not be paid for because they are amateur publications, published for an in-group, and distributed and read by the same group, is also stable. Those who usually follow this line of reasoning are the readers...and not the editors. And since there is no compensation for the faned, I think this argument is well out of the picture. So the only way this can be solved is for the faneds to group together, demand certain things of all their readers, and set justified prices on their fanzines. No doubt, both sides will present vociferous viewpoints.



PARSECTIONINGS

I reprinted Ed's article because it touches on something that needs a precedent. Fanzines are hard work. If I sat down and figured out the cost of one issue of Par I'm sure it would run around 35¢ each. Incredible? I can prove it. Therefore, I don't think that I'm being unjust by charging a dollar for 8 issues. However, (and here Ed is wrong) stamps and Parliaments cost money, they are free to no one. The equivalent of either to a dollar is the same as the actual cash. Better, in fact. They are both ready to use. Money must still be exchanged. Now then, why should Coulson or I join together with other faneds? Neither of us give issues for locs. What would we gain? Then again, how are you going to stop Lynn Hickman from giving issues to old friends and people that he feels deserve his fanzine? You aren't. I'm afraid that this is an individual problem that each faned must solve for himself. I don't think Par misses the excess baggage of the loc writers, though.

I don't know if Don Thompson finally caught Ebert or not but Rog hasn't even written since Par 4. Therefore, no fanzine reviews this issue. I hope Don caught Rog. I wouldn't want to take the pleasure away from him. You hear that Ebert?

I don't know why but when I finished reading "The Coulson Saga" I wiped a tear from my eye, staggered sobbing to the bathroom where I remained indisposed for the better part of an hour. (As luck would have it...these were the only pages where we had repro trouble this time. Sad.)

Rich has gafiated temporarily. He is between stations, his wife just had a baby, and his car collapsed somewhere in the great plains.

Hensley's bill to buy the State Capital for \$100 was killed in senate committee. It seems as though some junior senator took his job seriously and read the bill.

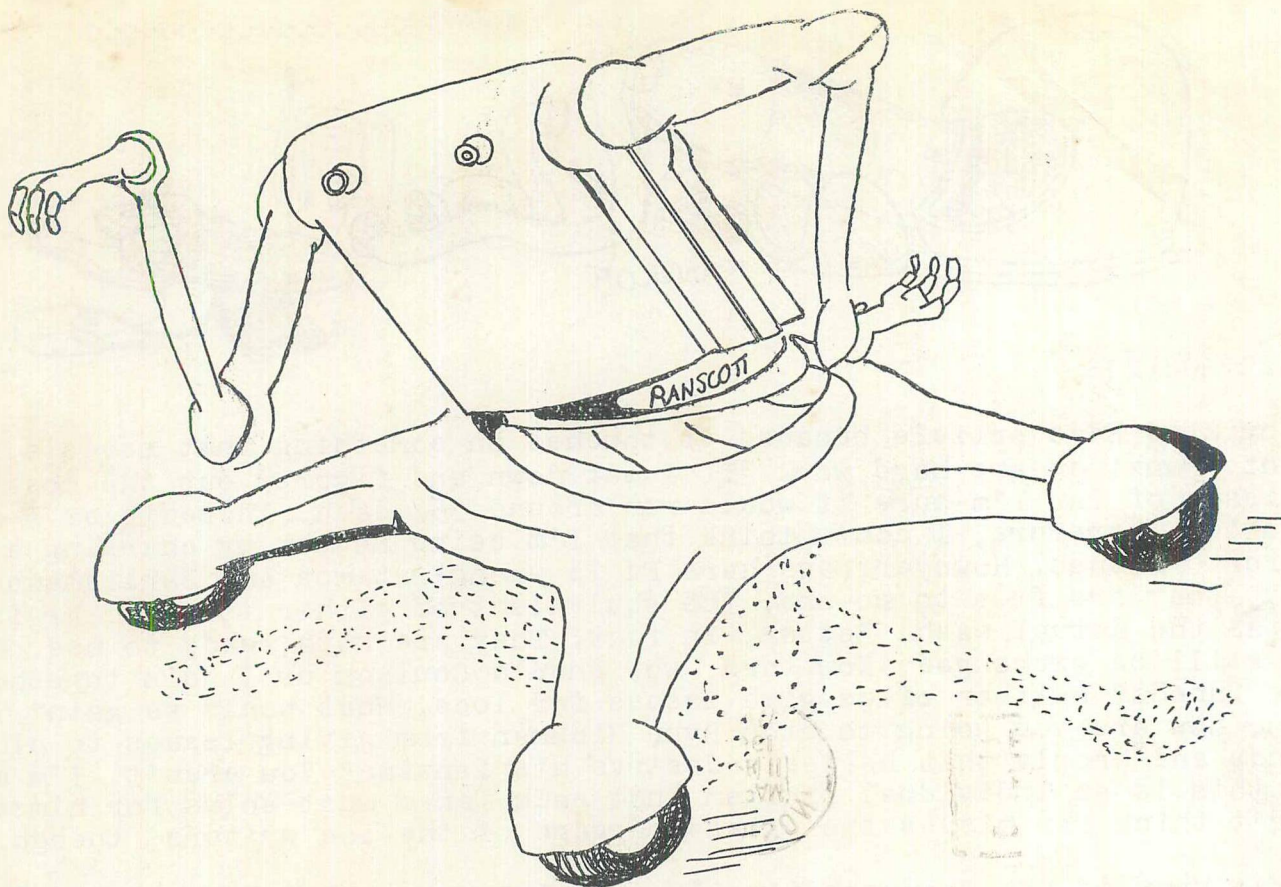
Gee, I miss those issues of SPACE CAGE.

Ed Gorman informed me that CILN was no more. I think Ed did a great job in the four issues of that zine. From crudzine to top notch in four issues is darn good. I'll miss it, anyway.

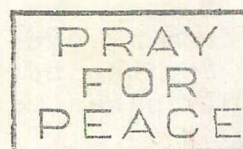
It was Wollheim who called me "Peachpit". Wish I'd thought of that.

I need the loan of a Pittcon annual. Will even buy one. Coulson tells me I'm in one of the pictures. Like all fen, I want to admire myself.

Comic books; Tarzan. Captain Marvel. Superman. Plastic Man. The Torch. Sure makes your heart tremble doesn't it? Food for the intellect, that's what tis.



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