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9

# PARSECTION



STEVE STILES



## HENRY KUTTNER

There was a thing about his face that was different from other faces, and it took a while to realize what it was. It was nothing you could see at the time, but only afterwards, by wondering and remembering hard. And it was this; that always before he smiled, his eyes would shine.

He had a soft voice and he was soft-footed. He seemed to move always a little faster than he had to, faster, at least, than you would. When you got to know him a little better you were sure of it, and you could understand that it wasn't just part of the way he sprang upstairs on his silent sneakered feet; there really was something inside him which could move a little faster than you might, or faster than you could.

He was full of Story. He could shape a whole novel to its last two words, and make them what the whole thing was for. His was the soup-spoon which thickened at the edge when it approached a man's mouth, puckered up and coldly kissed him. His was the liquor-organ of the forgetful Gallegher, whose hands would stray inspired over the console and produce wondrous solutions, some potable and others belonging to the problems he couldn't remember until that deft last paragraph. His were the chill, strange, kind visitors of "Vintage Space" and in "When the Bough Breaks", whimsy-horror; and more, so much more.

I never heard a bad thing about Henry Kuttner. I never saw evil of any kind in him. I never knew I could miss so very much someone I had seen so seldom. He shouldn't have died.

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Parsection is published every two months by George C Willick, 856 East St, Madison, Indiana.

6 issues for \$1 or 6/0 in England. Sample copies 20¢ each.

You are safe \_\_\_\_\_. You have \_\_\_\_\_ issues coming. This is the last issue due you \_\_\_\_\_. You must sub or be dropped \_\_\_\_\_. You are wanted for a contribution of art \_\_\_\_\_, written material \_\_\_\_\_, or money \_\_\_\_\_. We trade, in case you were wondering \_\_\_\_\_.

WHITHER THE AXE JOB?

by

George C Willick

I don't think there is any doubt about it...personality clashes are the heart of fandom. They give the hobby some body, some pep, and something to forget as well as to remember. Think of it a minute; can you imagine what a boring thing fandom would be if everyone was busy patting everyone else on the back? Egad.

There have been (indeed, are) fans who go on record as finding these personal feuds revolting. I wonder why? Consider that fandom is a melting pot of personalities and some of those personalities simply haven't been apprehended and placed in suitable institutions.

Let's take an example to illustrate the point. How about Hal Shapiro ...no, I'm not afraid to mention his name or what he did. Personally, I liked Hal, he treated me fine. OK, the guy is doing time for theft, and some other charges awaiting his release are fraud, embezzlement (if the prosecutor is on his toes), transporting a stolen vehicle across state lines, etc. Now Hal had his problems and he had his enemies. He wrote in a hard manner and left a track when he walked. Some people took offense and there were several feuds. Now why in the hell should this offend anyone who is not involved?

Again, Les Nirenberg has turned up several practicing homosexuals among our ranks. There are BNFs (so-called) who are communists and some who were. Other nicer types are suicides and potentials, morons, monomaniacs, fire-bugs, and wife stealers.

So let's say you are a normal fan who finds pleasure in fandom. Do you sit idly while one of these types either offends you or starts giving you a line of crap that you can't swallow? If you do...then you'd better start looking for your lost integrity. The normal thing to do is to back off and hit him/her with everything you have. WHAMMO. Big feud. Fine. This is a healthy sign.

When the feud disappears from the scene then you can bet that every bit of fandom is as dead as a door-nail. You want an example? The N3F. This single lack of personality clash is the one stopper that keeps this otherwise fine organization from being great. Oh sure, the N3F has its feuds...but they result in a dictator vote that kicks out the offending fan. The rules and regulations stay the same. It's a living example of the graveyard doctrine..."We want nothing but the dead." And they've got it. Let's face it...the only thing that could possibly help the N3F is about ten funerals. The High Powers of the N3F sit and sit and sit and sit and sit....



## EDITORIAL

Now; after somebody does an axe job of expert ray serene on some simple fugghead...there rises from the rank and file a cry of "Why did you do that old snerd. It isn't right you know." Buffalo chips.

In the first place no one knows what reasons a fan has for jumping on someone else. As a matter of fact, it isn't any of your damn business. The attacker may have no more reason than the fact that he simply can't stand said fugghead another moment. That's fine with me. Personal dislike is as good a grounds as any. It happens to be what our society is built on; you may not like it but you have to live with it just the same.

So when Ted White goes after somebody (even if it's me) I say "Ho boy, here we go again." Because...aside from being a healthy sign...a feud is also entertainment. And this means that it belongs in a fanzine. The normal fan enjoys a little mud slinging and gets his money's worth by witnessing a public house cleaning.

Consequently I've bombed a few targets and am awaiting the opportunity to plaster a few more. When I do, it is done in a fanzine. And naturally I get letters from sheep who express their distaste for my doing so. Fine. If you don't like it, then don't you do it but please allow me my freedom of choice.

There are some old standing feuds that deserve to be re-opened for the sake of entertainment. The Wollheim-Moskowitz tea party is a good example. Most of us missed that one. Wouldn't it be in the public interest if these equal and noble fans did an encore?

Again, feuding is a sure sign of growth and stability. If those who cannot take this are driven to gafia along with some poor losers then fandom has merely replaced its weakest links.

And here are some rules-of-thumb you might follow. When a feud does pop up (1) stay clear unless you are one of the parties involved, (2) relax and enjoy the free entertainment, and (3) watch for weaknesses that you may have need to use someday.

Always try to avoid pot-shotting someone you haven't met. Chances are about even that half of your pen-pals are slobs and half of your enemies are great people.

Also remember that if someone calls you an ass you can pretty well take this as an insult...but if you are offended by the wording of a paragraph or an article don't be too quick to wield the knife. It is an easy thing to sit back and pick words apart but it is not so easy to do this in actual conversation. How many times have you said "that isn't what I mean" or "no, you misunderstand"? Print doesn't offer this wave of hand that dismisses the whole argument while you approach it from another side. So it is quite easy to tangle horns where there isn't any need.

So let's all relax a bit over this feud business and take it for what it is...growing pains.

One thing for sure; if you stay tuned to this fanzine you are going to see some whoppers. Not for the hell of it either. When I go after somebody it's because I have just cause. Are you listening Trimble?

## THAT GREAT GETTIN'-UP MORNING

by

Donald A Wollheim

It is a curious and perhaps frightening thing that many of the great events and institutions of mankind are the product of persons with whom one would normally not care to associate. These persons are all of a type ...monomaniacs. People with a driving obsession on one single thing, an obsession which seizes them night and day, to which their thoughts turn on all occasions, to which they must refer regardless of the subject under consideration, and which they hammer away at to the distraction of the rest of us.

It is because the great majority of mankind leads more or less balanced lives, giving only part of their time to politics or philanthropy or social institutions or family or sex or literature or sports or such-like, that these rare fanatics can and do make an imprint. People tend to allow the man his point if it can be done without too much distraction from the normal routines. Of course, this is the catch. Generally the point does cause a terrific distraction...and that is why most of these monomaniacs fail to get their way. The inertia of mankind is tremendous. Only when events, cataclysms, or social disruption is sufficiently great to have started mankind already into motion can these monomaniacs seize the helm and by dint of their tremendous drive get their particular bugaboos into reality.

Consider these fanatics. Consider a Thomas Paine, a tiresome lecturer whose incessant yammerings gave a definite direction to the American Revolution. And Robespierre, a pest if ever there was one, who toppled a kingdom. Clara Barton, a nut on the subject of helping the injured. The Red Cross was created just to get her out of public hair. Florence Nightingale, a screwball of similar nature. Savonarola, Chris Columbo, Luther, more of the same...you wouldn't want one of these single-track fanatics in your house for long. Lenin, a man who carried on for years on soap-boxes and in cellars with one obsession, look what he did. Hitler, if you want to name another.

The fact is that because the rest of us don't want to devote 100% of our time to a particular cause these particular monomaniacs can get their way, if the time is ripe. There are thousands of them who don't win, who spend their lives hollering in vain. But some win. If their cause has any public motion going in their direction.

So with Science-Fiction. The fact is that the world of fandom has some institutions peculiar to it. Without written laws, we seem to have enough in common to keep going. When Claude Degler appeared among us and pronounced a set of conclusions, wound up in the Cosmic Circle and its grandiose ideas, the fact is that he didn't invent a single one of those



conclusions. Each and every aim he announced came right out of the body of fandom, of the underlying notions of various fans and various fan movements. Degler was a monomaniac who summarized them all, presented the problem, and then began to devote 100% of his time to organizing fandom to achieve those aims...aims which approached in magnitude the creation of a new nation or a new religion or suchlike.

A man named Joseph Smith came out of obscurity in New York State last century and announced his own set of conclusions. With the driving fanaticism of a Claude Degler, Joe Smith did create a nation and a lasting religion. If you don't know where and what it is you should read your history of the USA.

A man named Claude Degler came out of obscurity in Indiana and pronounced a set of conclusions about the body of men and women known as SF fandom. He tried...but he did not succeed. Time was right for Joe Smith, and his personality must have also been right. The time was apparently not right for Degler and his personality was definitely wrong.

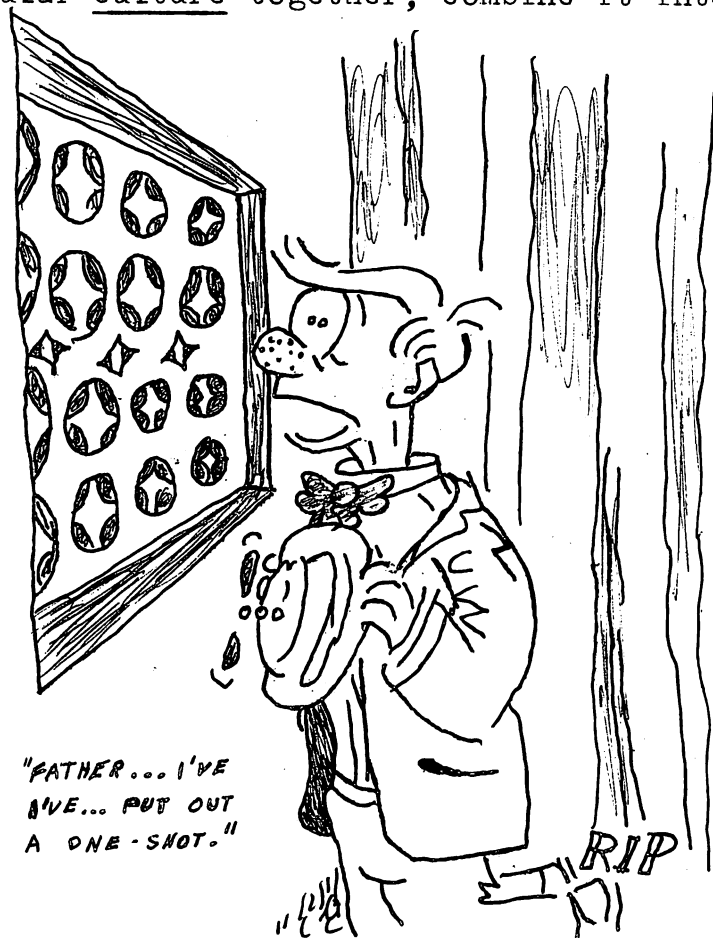
Because there is more to this monomaniac game than direction and timing...the man has also to be the right man. Degler was not quite right. He was a prophet and a leader, but a badly warped one.

Nevertheless it is quite possible that his conclusions were viable. Somebody someday will pull all fandom's history, philosophy, and particular culture together, combine it into one set of workable conclusions (however outlandish), and will have the right personality. When that day comes, fandom will suddenly come of age. That monomaniac, setting out on his crusade, will succeed, even against all obstacles. Fandom is awaiting its necessary monomaniac, its Robespierre, its Clara Barton, its Tom Paine, Martin Luther, its Joseph Smith.

This may not happen tomorrow (or it may). It may be decades before the cycle of humanity will give us another Claude Degler on a more improved pattern. But it will do so sooner or later, even as all similar movements, all similar cultural combinations, have produced their necessary monomaniacs.

The question is then will fandom again crucify its savior? Or will it accept the second coming and go on to its glorious destiny?

Where will you be on that great gettin'-up morning?

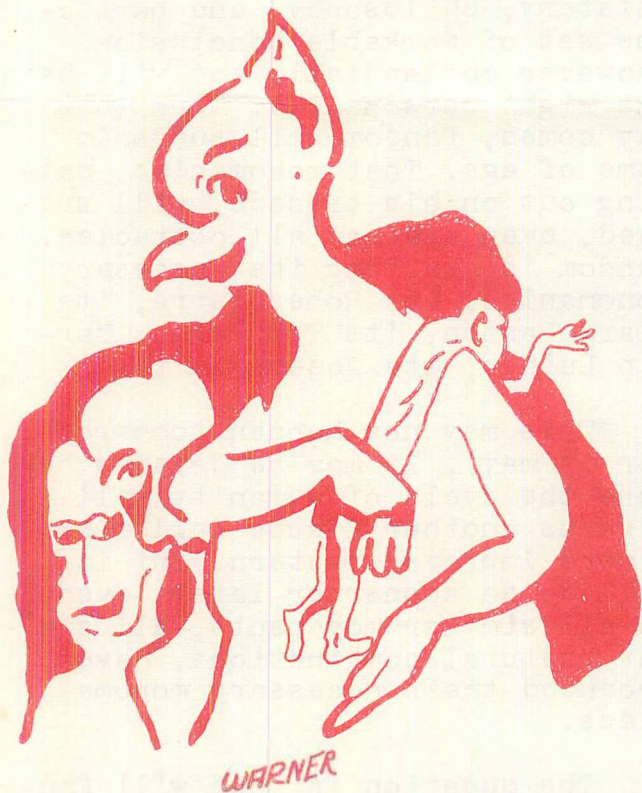


## A MATTER OF DISPLAY

by

Roy Tackett

The newsstand at a military post exchange is a hodge-podge of hobby magazines, news magazines, and general publications such as the Saturday Evening Post and Look. There is a section for paperback books of the more innocuous sorts and it usually takes a bit of searching for a Science-Fiction fan to dig out his favorite reading material.



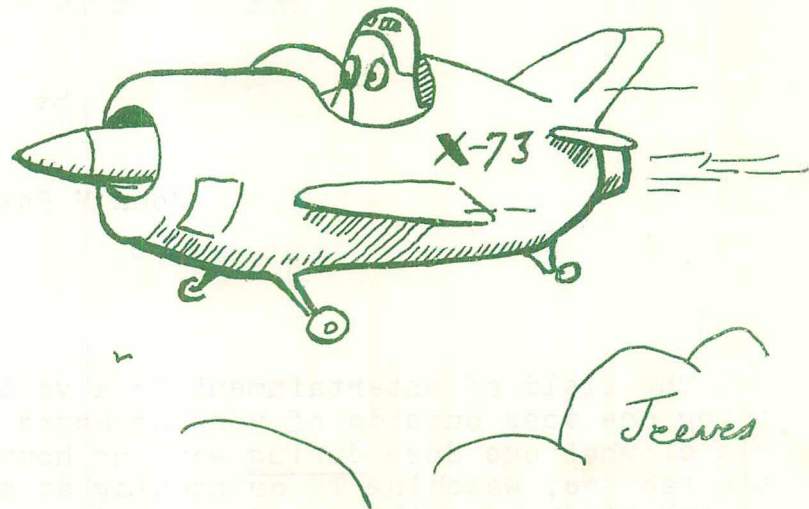
Such was the case when I reported to Iwakuni. I had read everything I had on hand during the plane trip across the Pacific and it became necessary to hunt something new. The PX newsstand was a dismaying sight but with the fortitude of a true-fan I set to work. A quick glance at the magazine rack revealed that there was nothing of interest there. I wasn't particularly interested in raising dogs, western horses, outboard motors or the latest exploits of Liz and Eddie, whoever they may be. With sinking heart I turned to the paperback shelves...five rows of various sized books stacked end on end so that only the titles on the spines were visible.

The first two rows produced an amazing assortment of general stuff; "A Treasury of Early Christianity", "How to Raise a Teen-Ager", and a selection of items devoted to that group known as "young marrieds". The fact that a newsstand patronized exclusively

by hard-charging young military types carries such a wide variety of items devoted to life in suburbia is a never-ending source of amusement. It also testifies to the effectiveness of the base's "Literature Review Board" which screens all books and magazines to make sure that there is nothing put on sale which might tend to corrupt the morals of our boys in the service. Needless to say that this board is made up of various chaplains.



Further searching turned up some western and detective stories as well as a line of general novels. I was about to give it up when my fannish nose got the scent and I found hidden between Coronet and The Reader's Digest six copies each of the February editions of Analog and F&SF. I had already read both of these so I marked the spot for future reference and stalked out mumbling to myself and inquired the way to the base library.



I checked the book rack at intervals of four or five days but all I ever found was the same six copies of the two proud but lonely prozines. For a full four weeks there was no change at all and my fannish temper rose at the unfairness of it all.

I knew there were other Science-Fiction readers on the base. There is a goodly crew of electronics technicians knocking about and where one finds electronics technicians one finds Science-Fiction readers. Not fans, of course, for the fan is rare, but readers. I knew also that the casual reader would not take the trouble to search out SF but would take whatever was available. So I decided to try an experiment in display.

I approached the newsstand one morning with a purposeful look. I removed several inches of paperbacks from the central shelf and crammed them willy-nilly onto the other shelves. It was an exasperating job but at last I cleared a space on the shelf about a foot in length. Into this vast space I put the two SF prozines giving them full cover display. They stood out among the drab rows of grey and black book spines. I stepped back to admire my handiwork and was pleased to see a young marine select a copy of each and head for the cashier. They were sold out within three days.

The unknown distributor of books and magazines here has apparently taken the hint for Science-Fiction books and magazines now get cover display on the stand. They are the only publications of their size that do and they move quite rapidly.

It gives me an inner satisfaction to think that in some small way I have done something for the field in this far-off corner of the world. Not much, perhaps, but I suppose every sale can help. It helps to prove a much discussed point. If SF is displayed so that the casual reader can find it easily then the casual reader will buy it.

SF isn't dead...it is just buried and proves to be a lively item when exhumed.



Teeves



THE FUTURE IN KILLING TIME

by

John M Baxter

The field of entertainment is a vast one. It covers practically everything one does outside of working hours (and, in my case at least, quite a bit of what one does during working hours). Going to the movies, playing tic tac toe, watching TV or necking at a drive-in...it's all entertainment of one kind or another, and most of our lives are taken up in doing things of this kind. Consequently, it's amazing that more SF stories have not been written about entertainment in the future. True, it is often mentioned ...nearly every story one reads has at least some reference to "feelie" films, null-gravity floor shows on the moon, etc...but by and large, the mention is made to add "local color", and no author has ever thought to explore the subject to any depth. One could make a partial exception on behalf of C.L. Moore's Doomsday Morning, were it not for the fact that Mrs. Kuttner, while setting her story in the future, made no attempt to up-date her travelling theatre. It remains throughout the novel a typical 20th century road company show, the play remains a typical 20th century play.

Is it reasonable to assume that entertainment will not change during the next 100 years? I don't think so. One only has to view the changes made since the turn of this century to realize that the potential of established art forms is only now being realized, and that there are other as yet undiscovered phases of entertainment which hang just out of reach. What I hope to do in this article is extrapolate a few of the current trends in the field with a view to building up at least a sketchy picture of what we will be doing with our spare time in 50 years. Of course, for the purposes of the survey, I've had to assume a lot. The slightest alteration in political climate, for example, could affect entertainment very deeply. Strong censorship, or weak, could leave its mark, but, for the purposes of the article, we'll assume that Homo Sap keeps the race and planet whole for at least another half century, and that the balance of power continues to see-saw steadily.

As I mentioned earlier, it's easy to see the enormous changes which have come over entertainment in the past half-century. And yet...are the changes really so great? Superficially, there have been sweeping revolutions in the business of killing time, but basically, very little has altered. Television has supplanted variety, the motion picture has taken over the theatre going public, recordings replace concerts, and, where we once had hay-rides there are now drive-in movies, but pursuits are still the same. In the future also, the trend will be towards amalgamation rather than invention, with a view to catering to old tastes and appetites in as many new ways as possible rather than creating new demands for the public.



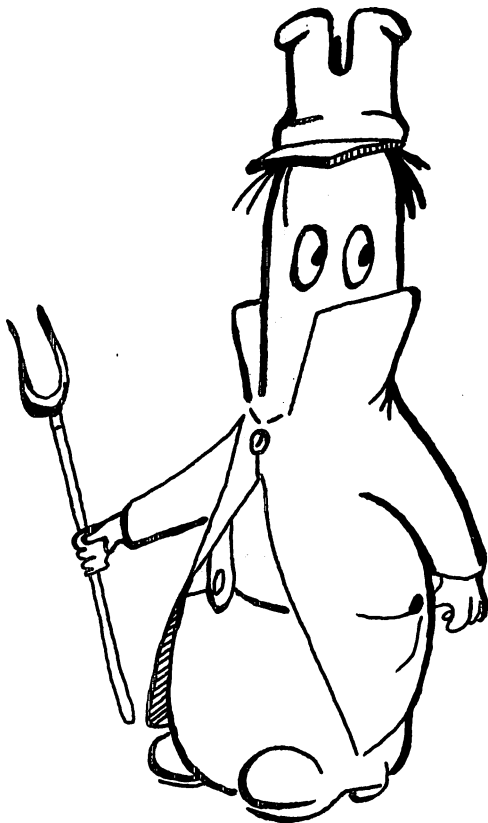
One can already see the effects of this trend towards the combination of old art forms in the popularity of poetry read to music, and other word/music recordings. It's becoming commonplace to hear Dylan Thomas backed by a jazz group, or even Shakespeare revived with appropriate musical accompaniment. This type of work is not to be confused with singing, which is the use of the human voice as a musical instrument. The art of speaking to music is not to keep in tune, on key or to enunciate the words correctly, but to match emotions, to somehow blend the feeling of the words with the feeling of the music and create a harmonious whole. As you can imagine, this is tricky, and a great deal of experimental work in the field is disappointingly bifurcated, being neither good words nor good music. Perhaps the answer lies in purely improvised sessions at which both the speakers and the musicians may achieve a degree of communication not possible with rehearsed material. The idea has worked well in the performance of modern jazz music and some experimental "serious" classical work, so it seems possible that, in time, the form will be mastered.



A return to the old popularity of poetry spoken in public seems inevitable. There is a growing demand for intimate theatre, where the audience has a chance to appreciate the players more than is possible in conventional acting. Great success has been achieved by actors giving solo readings of great speeches, poems and even letters. Perhaps, within a few years, the plays of Shakespeare, who was a better poet than dramatist, will be scrapped, and only the better speeches retained for public performance. As they stand, the plays are incredibly dull for the most part, and even such makeshift plays as their production in modern dress does not make them any easier to act or watch. The fashion in the future will probably be for small intimate plays of two or three actors only, played to small audiences, and set in such a way as to show off the action as much as possible. Theatre In The Round, where the audience completely surrounds the slightly raised stage, would seem to be due for a great deal of popularity during the next decade or two, after which even more experimental methods of production may be perfected. One such promising experiment is the medium known as Magic Lantern.

Practically unknown outside of Europe, Magic Lantern is a type of theatre developed by the Czech acting group and shown in England for the first time in early 1961. Following the trend towards amalgamation rather than invention, it utilizes conventional acting, motion pictures, a musical score and stage sets, as well as ballet, mime and static art to create a new, if startling, form of entertainment. Naturally, the staging of a Magic Lantern production involves great organization and almost constant direction but, once the technical difficulties are ironed out, this could become an extremely popular medium of expression. Its flexibility is astonishing. One only has to examine the initial production to realize the potential of the Magic Lantern process. For instance, in one scene, the

curtain of a conventional live acting stage rises to show a film of a girl brushing her hair at a dressing table. She rises, dances towards the edge of the picture, and appears, live, on stage, where she is joined by shadowy "ghosts" figures (formed by showing motion pictures of dancers on smoke introduced into the darkened stage). The female dancer moves back towards the motion picture screen and appears once again on it, while the "ghost" dancers slowly fade and become their real counterparts, who have emerged from the wings to replace their images. Complicated, I know, but one can imagine the potential of this medium when it's perfected.



JEEVES

The most popular form of entertainment today is, of course, television. However it is nearly impossible to guess how TV will progress and alter during the next fifty years. Much depends on the way in which executives programme television entertainment, and that, in turn, depends on the economic situation of the countries in which the shows are viewed. If the present competitive commercial culture remains dominant, then there seems little hope of improvement on the present system of sponsored shows featuring filmed entertainment, old movies and so on. Color will certainly become a regular feature of TV in the near future and also 3-dimensional broadcasting. These are natural results of a competitive market where each producer is exhausting most of his resources on some way to give his product a little more than the next man. This, as I said, will happen only as long as the commercial powers continue to find TV a successful medium for merchandising. However, should theatres begin to draw people away from television and the motion picture regain some of its former popularity, it seems likely that the true nature of TV...that is, a form of popular education...will become evident.

Our present system of television programming is hopelessly unreal, as every thinking person realizes. Apart from a few stray news broadcasts and remote coverages of sporting and other notable events, the material supplied to present-day viewers is no different to that given by the motion picture, live theatre and other forms. Because it is easier to sit at home and watch TV, people will not get up and go out to a motion picture or play, even if doing so will give them color, 3-D and all the other benefits not afforded by present television technique. The obvious answer is a combination of both pursuits...I refer to films shown on a projector at home or poetry, plays and so on on record, or perhaps by members of the family. It's easy to dismiss these suggestions with "Oh, that sort of thing went out years ago", but one should remember that, for centuries, entertainment by a member of the family or a visitor took up nearly all the leisure time of the human race. The whole superiority of TV over other media is that, with it, one can see it now and any event, scene or other subject in existence can be seen in an instant by any person, no matter how much distance separates them. Once producers realize that television is basic-



ally nothing more than a means of popular education and communication, then it will take its rightful place in the gadgetry of entertainment, and other media will be given the opportunity to display their true potential.

Motion pictures seem likely to decline as popular entertainment, but improve as art, due primarily to the audience-drain to television, and the consequent necessity for producers to show films which will appeal to those people who still enjoy live cinema. The United States, previously the home of most poor films, has begun to produce motion pictures of considerable quality, although the unsuccessful search for a "gimmick" novel enough to draw people from their TV sets (wider and wider screens, 3-dimensional sound, etc) has led to some appallingly bad productions. There is, however, a strong flow of high-quality motion pictures from American studios which, when combined with the excellent output of Europe, has tended to make the film field far richer and more rewarding than it has ever been. Everything depends on the vogue for television. If people continue to stay home, there will be a continuing rise in the quality of motion pictures, being brought on by the necessity of better and better films to draw the relatively small public. However, on the other hand, should TV be relegated to its natural role as a means of education, there will be a swing of popularity back to films, and a consequential drop in quality, as producers cater to the lowest common denominator in an effort to "please everybody". Whatever the trend, we are in for a decade or two of startling films as picture makers strive to draw crowds or fully explore the medium. Erotica will certainly be exploited far more than it has been in the past. Producers pay lip service to the moral standards of the culture only as long as it does not interfere with the commercial aspects of their work, and the falling popularity of films will force them to include a stronger erotic element than ever in an attempt to draw patrons. Serious directors also will make use of the forced broad-mindedness to film even more penetrating analyses of such problems as homosexuality and nymphomania, to examine more closely the entire structure of life. Depending mainly on the future of television, we are in for some extremely fine and interesting serious films, or some incredibly poor (if fascinating) pornographic productions.



RAN SCOTT

Among all this wealth of intriguing visual entertainment, it is to be hoped that some people will continue to read for pleasure. The desire among the thinking people to get more than straight relaxation from their entertainment is sure to provide a steady if small demand for books, both fact and fiction. Popular "escape" fiction, including fantasy and Science Fiction, will probably disappear, its role being filled by films and TV. For there is no incentive to read a magazine or book when the same material can be had in far more comfort from a TV screen. And the introduction of TV screens in public places, transportation vehicles and so on, will relieve us of the necessity of buying a morning paper "to read on the train."



Again, television plays its part in the future of the printed word. If TV is used for information and communication, then newspapers will fail and fiction books thrive. On the other hand, the continued use of TV for entertainment will result in a demand for newspapers to keep the people informed, and a corresponding decline in fiction. Whatever the fate of popular fiction, however, the serious reader will have to be kept supplied, and to this end, the book trade will continue to supply printed volumes to the public. Quality of production will rise with the drop in demand, and a return to ancient crafts of papermaking, bookbinding and general bookmaking seems likely. Microfilm, viewed on an enlarging device may be convenient but it has a bleak unsatisfying feel about it which isn't likely to appeal to 21st century bookworms. Paper may be replaced by a plastic or stiff cloth, but the old bound volume form will remain.

I hesitate to speculate on the future of music, because the field is so vast as to be practically boundless. The potential of music has been barely touched, most composers sticking to the narrow "formal" path because they are too afraid to strike out into the great spaces around them. "Classical" music is a great teetering structure, built on poor foundations by the constant addition of thin layers by generation after generation, none of whom have attempted to make more than a tiny deviation from the norm, and it's inevitable that, sooner or later, the entire pillar will collapse. Popular music and jazz are no better because neither has attempted to even drag itself up from the ground. The basic rules of both remain unaltered, very much like classical music, and it doesn't seem likely that much change will be made in the future. Knocking down all current forms of music without putting up some alternative in their place is, I know, rather pointless, but we know so little about the real meaning of music that it is relatively impossible to speculate on its evolution. When somebody does a great deal of research on the scientific theory of music, or when a man discovers exactly what sounds, artificial and natural, appeal most to the human mind, and why these sounds should be agreeable, then we've laid a little of the groundwork. The experiments with natural sounds and other such outre media as Music Concrete are perhaps steps in the right direction, but until we know why a girl's laugh or a river's flow sounds pleasant, we are just groping in the dark so far as music is concerned.

The theatre, motion pictures, music, television...these are the forms of entertainment most familiar to us. There are others, of course, ...sports, travel, food, and making love (ever thought of exhibitions of sexual intercourse like those put on at the ancient Roman Games? It could come about if the public palate became jaded enough)...but it wasn't my intention to explore each and every avenue of entertainment in the future. To me, it seems like a subject that has received very little attention from the SF writers and people who like to think about these things. Perhaps it will give you food for thought, as it did me, and if it does then I'll be very happy to have started at least a few people onto the oldest entertainment of them all...just plain thinking.





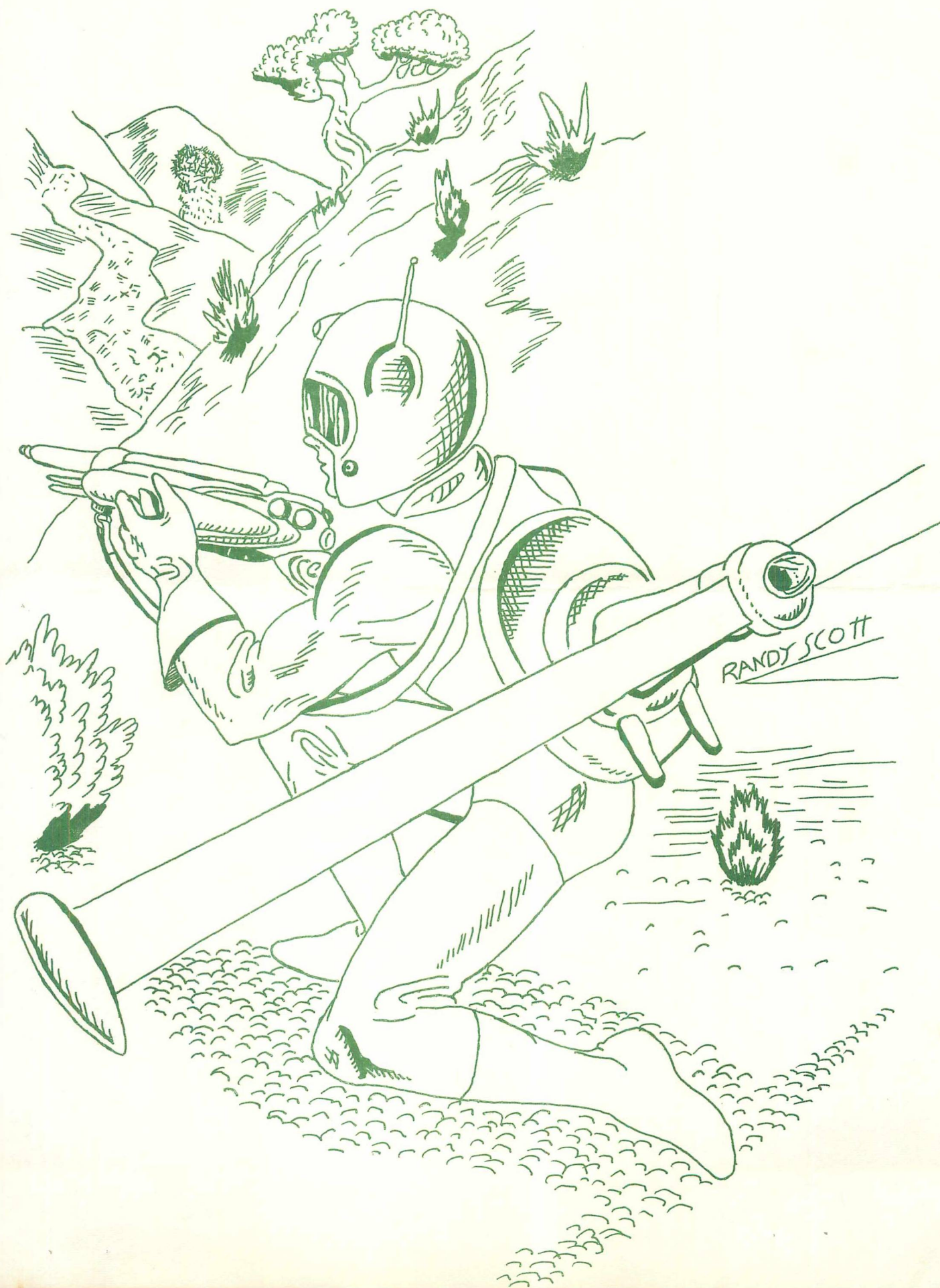


UNCLE SAM WANTS

YOU!









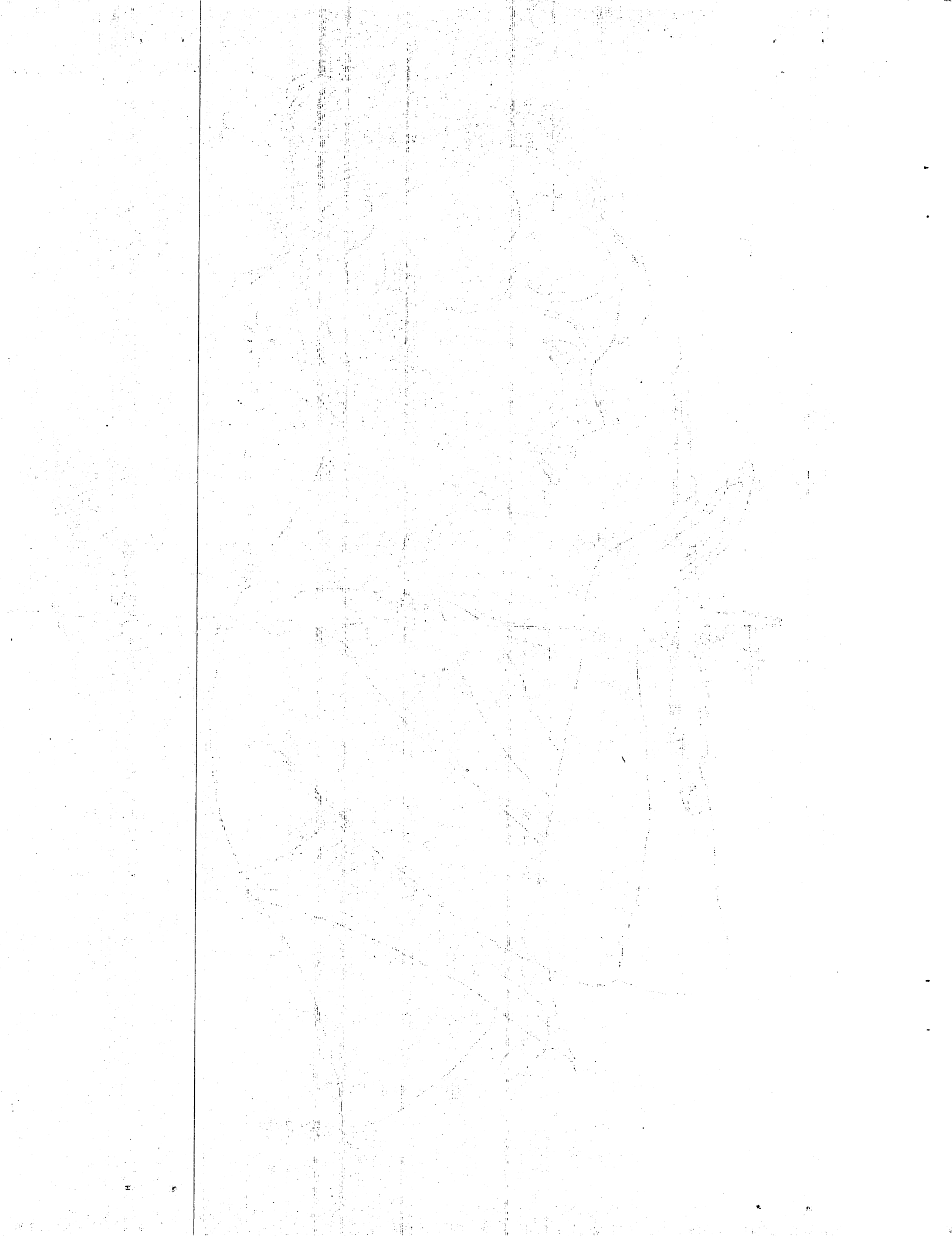












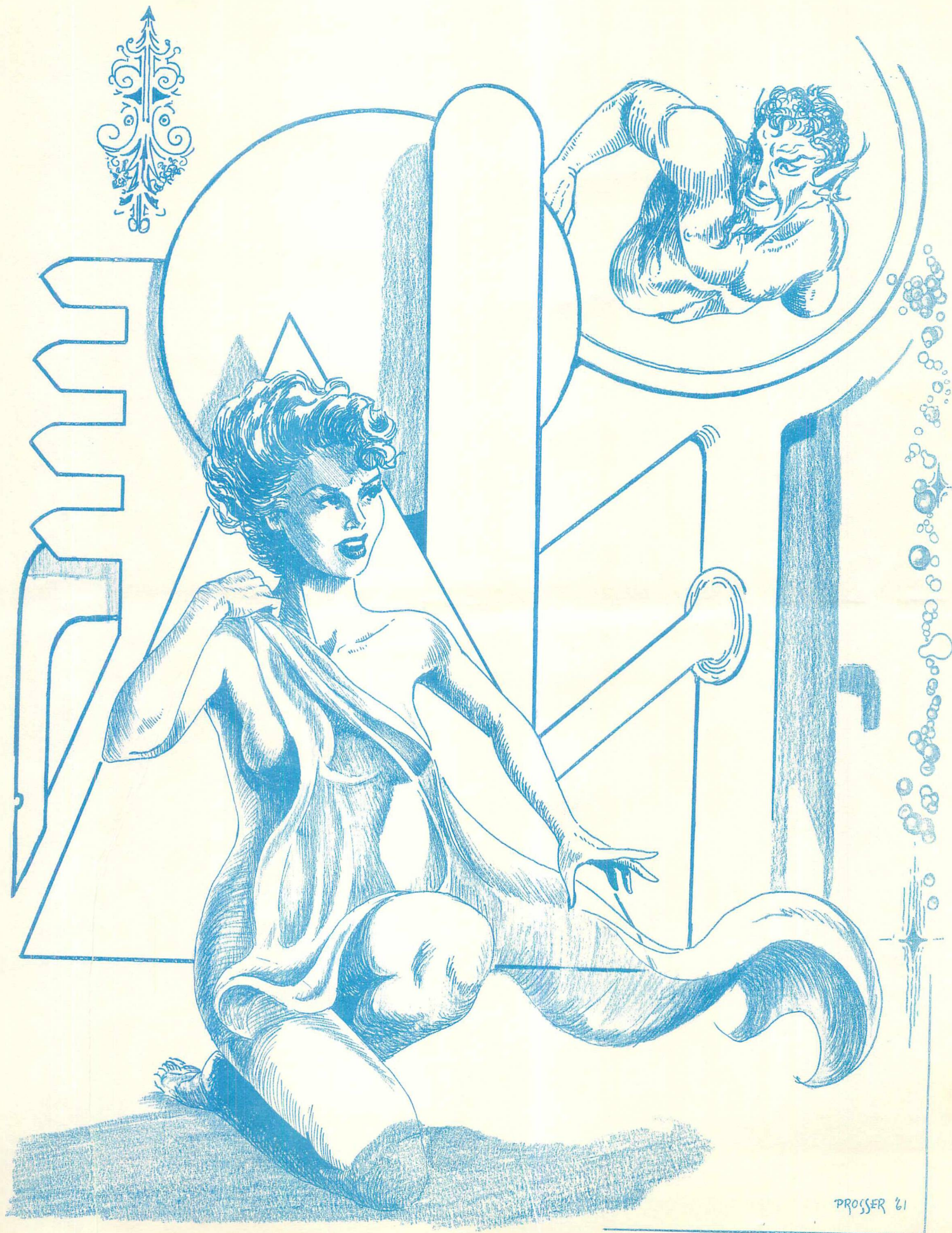




WARNER













Richy







STEVE STILES

## EVOLUTION OF A FAN

by

Rosemary Hickey

In this paper we shall present the results of investigation, research and field study. The original question was "Why don't all SF fans publish fanzines?" 10,000 questionnaires were mailed to members of existing SF clubs, 5,000 questionnaires were mailed to faneds who are not members of existing SF clubs, and on-the-spot interviewing was conducted by a team of 35 at every SF convention held in the United States and Europe in 1960.

As we began to correlate the information from the interviews, questionnaires and our own studies, it became apparent that fan participation varied in direct proportion to the amount of personal involvement the fan permitted himself and the length of time the fan had been exposed to SF fan activities through correspondence, club meetings, and conventions.

The term "fan" is variously defined according to the personal depth of involvement of the interviewee. "Fan-1"\* is anyone who buys or borrows SF publications and reads them. "Fan-2" corresponds by letter or tape recordings with other Fan-2 and submits material (written or drawn) to fanzines. "Fan-3" publishes his own fanzine.

The individual fan...whether he just be the reader or the faned variety considers himself a contributing participant. The faned thinks the reader to be a fringe or fake fan. The reader-fan thinks the faned to have gone off the deep end. Of course, both are wrong.

Obviously (see Chart 1) an evolutionary developmental process is at work here. Fan-1 is a compulsive reader...of fiction or non-fiction...sometimes a hard-cover egghead type. Sometimes his printed world is confined to paper-bound detective stories, westerns and other magazines at the newsstands. Somehow an SF mag falls into his hands. The effective impact may only result in a newly won reader. But as he reads the LOC's at the back of the issues, an awareness develops that these letters are being written by people...that these letters are not just a form of self-aggrandizement on the part of the magazine editor but are expressions of feelings and thoughts of and by readers.

At this stage in the evolution of a fan, Fan-1 is ready to act upon reading any announcement of meetings or conventions. His curiosity and interest has been whetted by the possibility of meeting with the writers of the opinions and ideas he's enjoyed reading. If the meeting or convention place is within reach, a first appearance and a first contact with the SF world is made. This is still within the primary or Fan-1 stage.

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\* All such (fan with subscripts) terminology born of need in this paper.



After a period of exposure through either correspondence and/or meetings, Fan-1 moves into the Fan-2 stage. Fanzines have published some of his letters. He has received answers to his letters...and, if he has the ability to express himself, will slowly evolve to writing for a faned. At this stage of development, we have our largest and most stable group of active fans. At this plateau, Fan-2a is quite content to maintain an exchange of ideas through letters with other Fan-2. He is happy to contribute to fanzines for the sake of egoboo (seeing his name and ideas in print) and the sense of identification with the group that comes with seeing one's name in the TOC.

Fan-2b finds it difficult to escape the contagious, exciting involvement of fanzine publishing. He has developed a stronger need for writing not to be satisfied by the meager space available in fanzines...yet his writing is not quite ready for prozine acceptance. When this need is great enough, the motivation towards publishing builds...a new fanzine is born and Fan-2b moves along the evolutionary path to the Fan-3 stage.

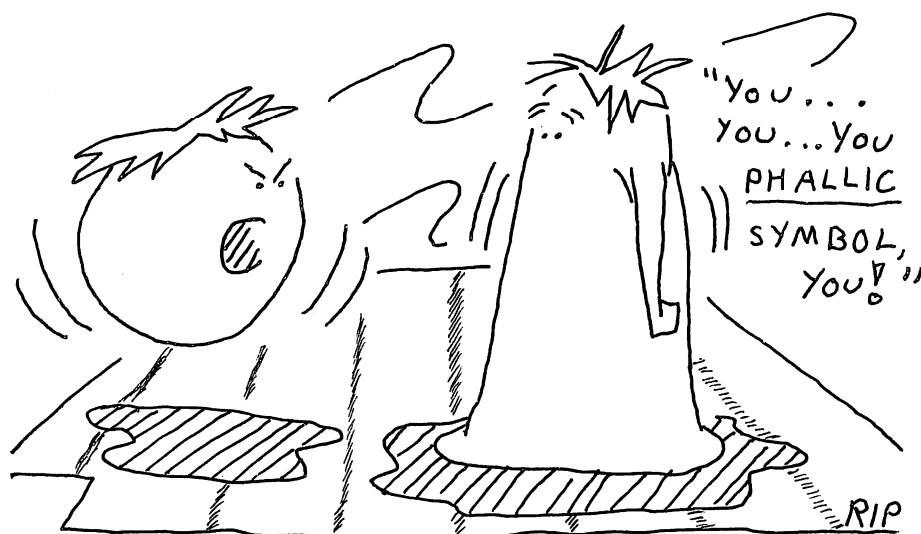
Fan-3 is an intensely SF-involved person...involved with the personalities of the SF world and with the psychic rewards of fanzine publishing. ("Psychic" because few fanzines make more than just to pay their way.) Here, too, we have two forms functioning. The "trufan" or Fan-3a who enjoys the travail of creating and publishing a fanzine and will always continue as long as he is able. Fan-3b is already oriented to writing. He finds tremendous opportunity for learning the craft of story-writing by publishing his own fanzine...filling it with his own material. Such as these eventually go on to pro-status...and their fanzines, having lost their usefulness, die quietly. Fan-3b at this stage usually reverts to the Fan-1 level of participation with no loss of prestige. Fan-3a may gaffiate under special pressures of work or school but he will re-enter the evolutionary structure...usually at a lower level than when he last functioned.

Statistically (see Charts 2-10), it is evident that the evolutionary paths are circular and serially-related to internal group pressures as well as being influenced by job and school demands. This evolutionary process utilized in evaluating and labelling the various levels of participation and identification of a fan does not at this moment of report include the other facets of fan participation. We have had to omit any discussion of fan interaction on the club membership level, of the personality conflicts for status and power on the national level, of the amazingly honest and warm, accepting level of interaction on the international level. Because of the time available, we felt it wise to limit our research and study to just this one area.



N.B. Since there is no room in the publication for further material, the charts and bibliography have been omitted.

Par  
-secting



BEN JASON,

I read with interest FM Busby's letter in PAR 8 and felt impelled to make some comments about shipping costs and problems. Insofar as shipping them from Cleveland to Detroit and then from Detroit to whatever convention city getting the bid, I would say that Buz has this pegged correctly. When I first designed the Hugo, I took care of all the operations, from designing, pattern making, getting the mold made, casting, finishing, plating, bases, engraving and shipping. Never had any way of looking into the Crystal Ball and seeing those big-hearted jokers in Detroit giving me a hand, anymore than I could foretell that the Seacon committee would come up with a cheap engraving process.

However, I did run into some problems in shipping the Hugos to the winners which may be of interest.

If I recall correctly, three of our awards were supposed to be shipped. One to Eric Frank Russell in England, one to Walter M Miller, Jr. in Florida, and one to Frank Riley, who co-authored "They'd Rather be Right" with Mark Clifton, Riley residing in California. These three points represent quite a span of distance I would say. As Buz has pointed out, they are not light and have to be packed carefully. Oddly enough, this shipping cost did not trouble me too much, although I did have a night-mare one night where none of the Hugo winners were present and all six had to be shipped. Of the three awards that I did ship, the one that went to Walter Miller, Jr. made it without incident. The one that was supposed to go to Eric Frank Russell, however, is a story that I would like to forget. I had every intention of mailing it, but apparently an over-zealous member of our committee thought that it would be a good idea (and a saving) if Pamela and Ken Bulmer, who had accepted the award for E.F.R., would take it along with them on their return trip to England. It wasn't until after I received a letter from Eric Frank Russell that I realized what Pam and Ken went through. I shudder every time I think of those two and the ordeal of lugging this king-sized paper weight all the way from the States to England, plus the additional trouble of bollixing the British Customs and Excise officers who just didn't know what to do about a Thing Like That. It isn't necessary for me to venture a guess to realize what a relieved couple Pam and Ken Bulmer were when at long last they were able to deposit dear old Hugo in Russell's hands. Russell's comments on the Hugo



## PAR-SECTING

are a story in themselves but space does not permit me to go into it here. One thing though, if Pam and Ken Bulmer are on George Willick's mailing list, I hope that they will accept this as a public apology for a thoughtless act on our part. I assume full responsibility for practically crippling a pair of fine people. Their action in delivering the trophy was definitely above and beyond the call of ordinary duty and they are deserving of a Hugo themselves.

As for Clifton and Riley's trophy, we come to a point that future committees should consider very carefully. I wonder how many committees have considered the possibility of another team winning a Hugo? We were confronted with the actual problem when the team did win. Should a duplicate trophy be awarded? A hard question to answer, but we felt that they were both entitled to separate trophies. We solved our problem this way; it was decided that an extra trophy that had been made up for me would be given to Riley with the possibility of replacing it at some future date (which was done). Three such extra trophies existed at that time...made up especially for Steve Schultheis, Honey Wood, and myself...and paid for out of pockets. Future convention committees may have to solve their problem in a different way. Anyway, it's something to think about. It's a good thing that there aren't too many writing teams in existence, else our problem would be a lot more serious than it is.

### ROBERT COULSON,

Another PARSECTING is here, so I shall comment even though you did not use my last letter. I don't discourage all that easily.

Frankly, I think Busby treated you more gently than you deserved... certainly more gently than I would have under similar circumstances. Of course, Buz is probably an all-around nicer fellow than I am.

Ron Parker seems a bit out of things. Fanzines centering on SF have certainly not "all but ceased to exist"; I get two or three every month. Probably the outstanding one is Bob Jennings' MONDAY EVENING GHOST. People keep telling me that NEW FRONTIERS is going to have another issue RealSoonNow, but until I see one I'll pick GHOST as the best representative. Then Donaho says he's turning VIPER into a SF-centered zine, which will put another really excellent fanzine into the SF-centered field. Among the lesser lights are FANTASMAGORIQUE, KARMA, and POISON...and of course there are also SPECULATIVE REVIEW and SF TIMES, which are listed last because I forgot them until now. Half a dozen other zines carry reviews of professional SF, and there was not one but two checklists in the last FAPA mailing. I don't think Ron has yet caught up from the semi-gafia of his army days.

"Impromptu"...sounds too much as if it actually was. That is, a conversation, or even a speech, needs some editing before being published in printed form if it is to have maximum effect. This sounded like a direct transcript from the tape recording of a party...which is undoubtedly a compliment if it was deliberately written to sound that way...but which still leaves it giving me a "so what?" feeling.

Lundwall hasn't been in the Army; what's his excuse?

DONALD WOLLHEIM,

PAR 8 was sure the deadest issue you ever put out! Wassamatter Willick, running out of spit and spite?

The diatribe between Harlan and Joe, proves conclusively that Joe is a lawyer. You note how adroitly he avoids being sucked into any possible damaging statements. You can never get an opinion out of a lawyer without paying for it...and even then they dodge.

However, I'll take the bait. Harlan Ellison, I like you. I think you're fun. If I ever took you seriously, and if you grew a foot or so (or at least got out of that hole in the ground you seem to be standing in) and got to be my age or I suddenly got infantile like you...goddamn it I'd belt you cockeyed.

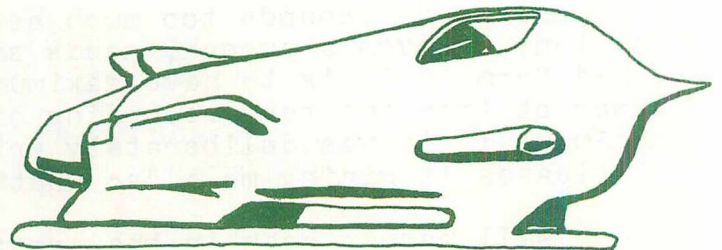
What the hell good is The Sound of the Scythe? Is it a farming story maybe, or perhaps a tough detective yarn, or maybe a story of China's Good Earth? So you get stuck on a goddamn phrase you read in some quotations book. Big deal. Come off it, bud. Your novel wouldn't have done as well (if it did well at all) under that title. Everybody knows that the term "to have nine lives" is figurative. So your dopey hero had only two lives maybe...who counted? And Web of the City...so that's another clunker of a title. Whoever called the novel Rumble was right...it's a darnsight better title.

It gets me how titles in the SF field so often lack any values. It started with John Campbell back when...and the habit lingers. A title that has some faint SF phrasing, that peaks the imagination even a little bit, is better than some title that means nothing and reveals nothing. The worst title ever was on Simak's City, and Asimov's Foundation. Sure...they're great novels, but if you didn't know it and hadn't heard rumors about it, what the devil do they mean? Not a damn thing. City...the story of the rise and fall of Pittsburgh in eight fact-packed volumes. Foundation...the tale of great Philanthropy. And what's the matter with The Color of Hate? Do you think we should have kept the original title? I forgot what it was, but I think it was FILE 237, PARAGRAPH 5, LINE 3. Or maybe it was just Daisy.

//////Yes. Well, I don't blame Joe for not telling the world about his original title. It stinks a little. But since you accuse me of losing my spit and spite....I'll fink. It was Murder in Brown and White. I, great diplomat that I am, was willing to compromise on Murder in Tan. GCW//////

BO STENFORS,

I read "Fake Fan From Sweden" by my friend Sam Lundwall first. He is the most active fan in Sweden for the moment; most of his work is in Swedish...unfortunately. He's writing awfully good fiction...a touch of Ray Bradbury. I would say...and his editorials in SF-NYTT (SF-NEWS) are the best analyses of the current SF situ-



*Teeves*



ation in Sweden one can get, always amuzing and witty. When he says that fandom now seems to exist for itself alone I think he is both right and wrong. Fandom is a very independent thing in itself but the fans who constitute fandom are still reading SF as adult fiction...far more than mysteries and westerns. I can't find anything wrong in fans indulging in the social game of using fandom as a meeting ground of other interests. Sam is too pessimistic. We take the interest in SF for granted, so we write about other things mostly, so what? And I don't think like Ron Parker in "Reflections on a Way of Life" that fandom will change so greatly in a few years. But, then, that depends on the individuals who make up fandom.

ROY TACKETT,

Jason? Is he the fellow that went around looking for a golden fleece or something?

I got involved with a femmefan many long years ago on the coast who didn't have any supporters either.

Besides that he's getting deaf. Seth Johnson, that is. I got a letter of comment from him on DY-NATRON the 5th.

The cover was not repeat not upside down. Figure that one out.

Johnson wants to know if I've contacted any Zen priests. Are you a Zen priest?

My new home address is 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

I haven't received any letters from the welcommittee yet. Does this mean I'm not welcome?

Why aren't you a Zen priest?

Johnson wants to know if Rex de Winter is a theosophist or a student of Zen.

Rex de Winter has two heads.

Did you ever think of becoming a Zen priest?

I don't think either head is a theosophist.

I don't even know what is a theosophist. When did you first become interested in Zen priesthood? Don't you consider it a retreat from reality?

If you get serious with IF Japan fandom might be interested.

All the more so since you've become a Zen priest. Are you beat too?

Regulations won't let me grow a beard.

Well, he writes like a teenager. All full of enthusiasm and stuff.

Did you get HABAKKUK? There's a retreat from reality for you.

I wonder if Habakkuk is a Zen priest? Ivy Baker Priest used to be treasurer or something but I don't think she was interested in Zen either.

How many of the 1000 on the poll list sent the questionnaire back to you?

Were in Ghods name did you find the names and addresses of a thousand fen?

PAR-SECTING

How many are Zen priests?

Craig

Cochran knew the cover wasn't upside down.

for life.

He goes on my mailing list

I read Les Norris' letter in Shaggy. Worked up wasn't he?

con convenes in one week.

The

Probably be a Zen priest or two there.

you suppose I haven't received any letters from the welcommittee?

Why do

even break my record and actually attend a con one of these days.

I may

If there is a 62.

In 62.

Zen priests are merely kids? You imply that they are goatish?

But if you are dealing with goats, that ain't Zen, that's Pan. This constant shifting of your religious position is confusing.

Willick, have you shifted again? Next thing I know you'll be professing Christianity.

Egad,

What made you decide to give up Zen?

that Artemis was a virgin.

Personally, I doubt

Yeh, Les Norris didn't like the idea of fan awards. He said the same thing a couple of people said in PAR.

have the 8th of here to comment on.

Which I

the middle, a junk yard?

Crazy Johnson cover. Wot's that in

Liked the Hensley/Ellison thing.

good TV team...with incidental music by DAW.

They'd make a

you Stiles did for the backcover.

That's a lovely picture of

And that's the comments.

only explain all this religious business.

Now if you will

the fact that you are a llama? I'm sure it's curable.

Have you seen your doctor about

Norris. He wrote you an open letter, tho. Presumably everyone read it but you.

I dunno who is Les

That's what's known as being fair about it.

Or something.

dream that the Incas are driving you over the Andes?

Do you ever

ALAN BURNS,

Thank you very much for PARSECTION 8. I noted your editorial and the remarks on page 19, however though I taperespond with Terry Jeeves I do not think I like Par enough to pay for it.



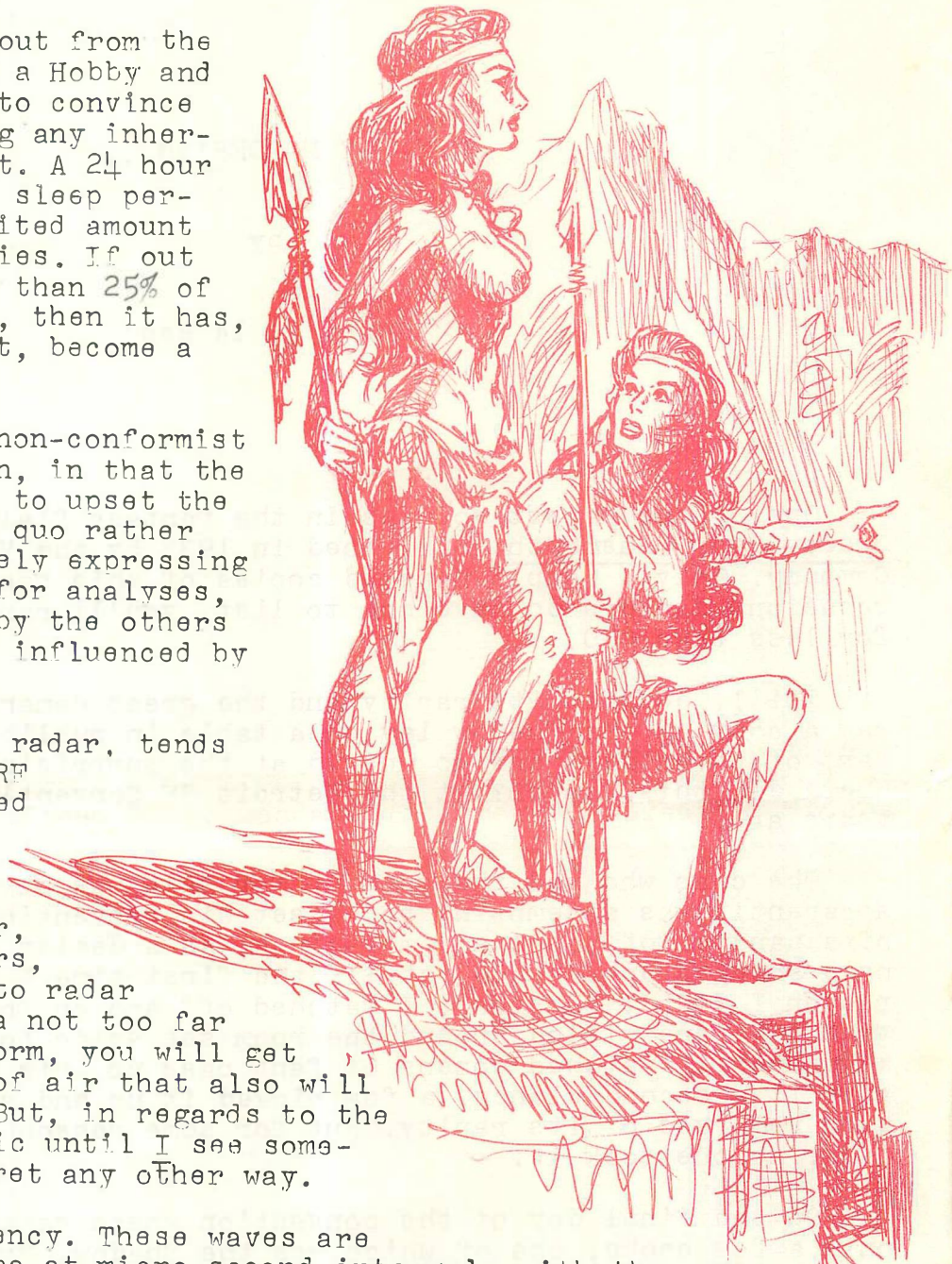
ART HAYES,

Many of us tend to shout from the house-tops that Fandom is a Hobby and it seems to be an effort to convince ourselves more than having any inherent truth in the statement. A 24 hour day shorn of the work and sleep percentage leaves only a limited amount of time for other activities. If out of our leisure hours more than 25% of it is restricted to fanac, then it has, whether consciously or not, become a way of life.

Tucker. Agreement. A non-conformist fan becomes a disliked fan, in that the others believe him trying to upset the apple-cart and the status quo rather than that he might be merely expressing his own non-con opinions for analyses, acceptance, or rejection by the others but not necessarily being influenced by the acceptance/rejection.

What little I know of radar, tends to support the idea that RF energy is sometimes stopped by other things than mere solid material. For instance, it has been claimed that layers of air, between hot and cold layers, may, at times, represent to radar a solid object. In an area not too far removed from a thunder storm, you will get temporary ionized layers of air that also will be interpreted as SOLID. But, in regards to the UFO's, I tend to be skeptic until I see something that I can't interpret any other way.

/////RF means Radio Frequency. These waves are transmitted from an antenna at micro-second intervals with the intermittent time being used for receiving the reflections back through the same antenna. Now RF energy reflects off a solid object...be it a piece of tinfoil or a mountain. It does not reflect off IONIZED AIR. Why? Because such a reflection would be atom to atom with only a small degree of the RF wave returning to the antenna. Oh, when you get a whoop-te-doc storm going and a radar set with heavy transmission and a separate receiver antenna, you will pick up some noise that will give you the general outline of the storm (such as a hurricane). Don't let these TV radar screens fool you...all that garbage you see on the scope just isn't there on an actual set. Why? Noise repressors for one thing, an IF channel that magnifies the returned solid signal for another, etc. Have you ever wondered how a cop can gage the speed of vehicles on a highway with radar...with trees and buildings in the way? Check it sometime; hell ask for a demonstration./////



## I WAS WONDERING...

by

Gerry de la Ree

One of the rarest volumes in the fantasy field is H.P. Lovecraft's Shadow Over Innsmouth, published in 1936 by the Visionary Publishing Company. Only a couple hundred copies of this book exist and on the few occasions dealers do have one to list, you'll rarely find it cataloged for less than \$40.

Still, despite its rarity and the great demand for HPL material, I saw a copy of the Shadow lay on a table in public display for the better part of three days and go unsold at the surprisingly low figure of \$15. Where did this happen? At the Detroit SF Convention just a couple of years ago.

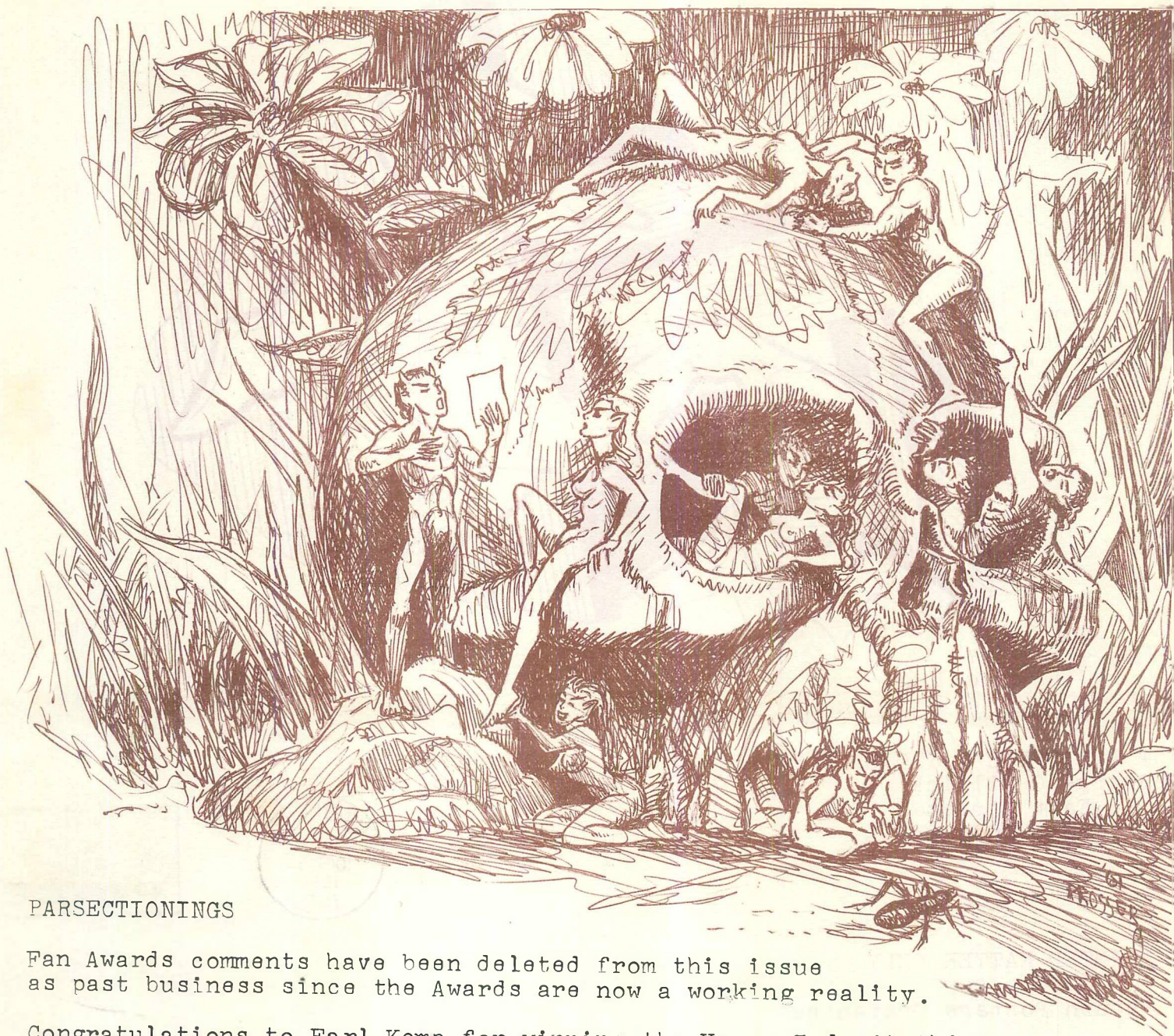
The chap who had the book up for sale was obviously not a dealer. He apparently was attempting to offset his convention expenses by disposing of a handful of books and magazines. As a dealer and collector I should have snapped up the book at \$15 the first time I spotted it. But for some reason I didn't. Instead, I watched off and on for three days as more than 100 fans milled around the room set aside for the sale of books and magazines. I watched dozens of fans pass up this scarce item. Some didn't give it a second glance, a few picked it up and studied it, and some even remarked of its rarity. But for some reason...possibly the \$15 price tag...no one took it.

On the final day of the convention there remained on this man's table only a few books, one of which was the Shadow. By this time he was beginning to doubt the book's value and I was beginning to wonder why none of the professional dealers in the room had not bothered to take the book.

I finally purchased the book for \$12. Several months later I sold it for \$35. If I had waited for the right customer, I probably could have gotten \$50 for it.

I write this not because I'm proud of having made a wise purchase, but because by this episode I was made to wonder just how many of the fans who attend these World Conventions are (1) aware of the value of books and magazines in their own field, (2) are collectors, and (3) are no more than one-time enthusiasts of SF out on a fun-seeking weekend of booze and babes.





## PARSECTIONINGS

Fan Awards comments have been deleted from this issue as past business since the Awards are now a working reality.

Congratulations to Earl Kemp for winning the Hugo. I don't think your effort deserved to be called a fanzine but it couldn't happen to a more likable scoundrel.

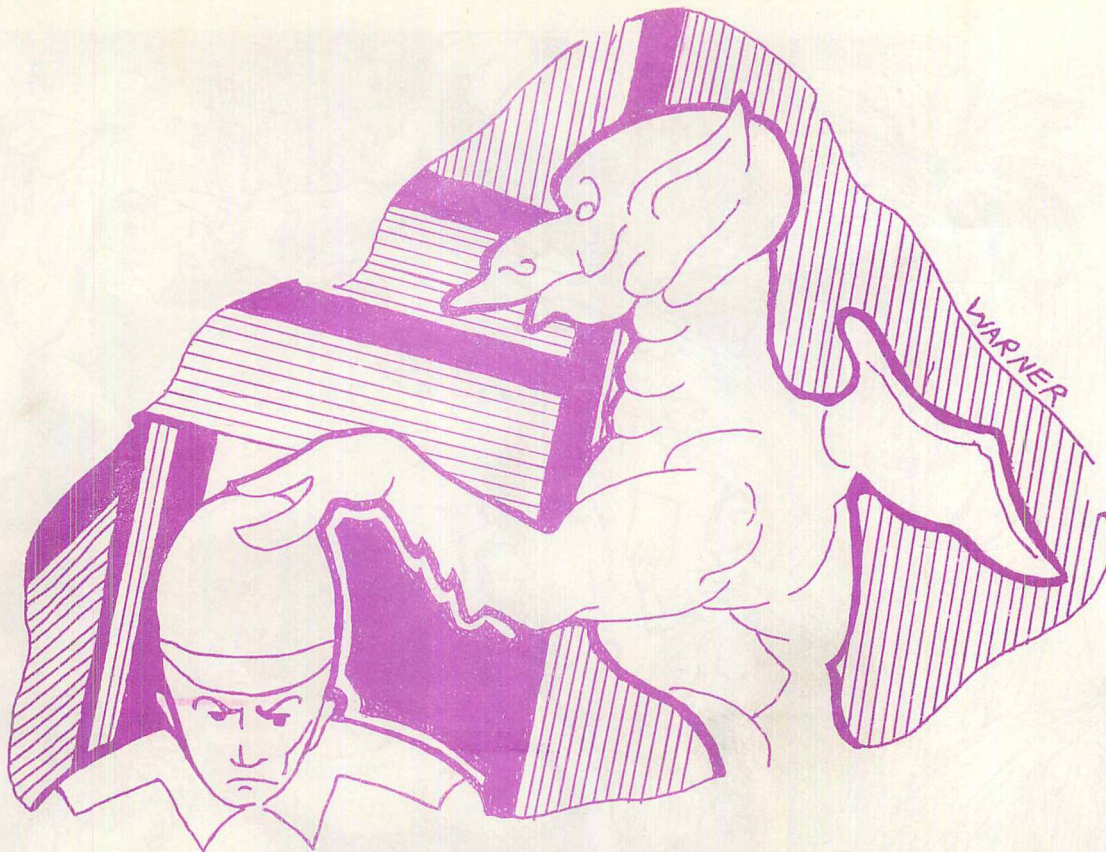
PAR seems to have lost its fanzine reviewer. Of course, with Ebert, you can never be too sure.

Spent a weekend with Rev Moorhead recently. I happened to notice a burnt patch of ground near the front door and Cal told me this was the spot where he practices his locs for YANDRO. He pointed to a patch of crab-grass and told me he had this spot picked out for old MZB.

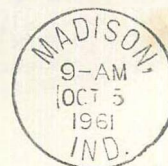
There is a report that Regency Books intends to put Ace out of business. They might as well...at least Regency sends me review copies.

A few intended columns are missing this issue, maybe next time...





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856 East Street  
Madison, Indiana



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