

SERENADE

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My training in another apa cost me an appearance in the last FAPA mailing. When I realized that the deadline for the 107th mailing was "the second Saturday in May" and not the 15th of the month it was too late to complete the fanzine I'd begun in time for the mailing. The FANTASY AMATEUR for mlg 106 does not contain any mention of what the deadline date for the next mlg will be -- a situation somewhat analogous to the Catholic Church forgetting to post the dates of its holy days of obligation for the coming year. Much of the material herein does not fit well into anything other than the opening mailing of a membership and I don't intend to circulate a FAPazine containing comments on two mailings: the alternative to tossing out these pages is to publish them as part of the Shadow mailing.

HELLO

Take down the streamers. Disband the band. I've been a member of FAPA before. I really don't expect any festivities over the event (except, perhaps, at 333 East 69th St) but I hasten nevertheless to make this remark because not long ago someone was expressing surprise over reading that I'd once belonged to the organization. It's true. As a matter of fact, for two consecutive years I ranked in FAPA's Top Ten -- and this might have continued if the members hadn't noticed I wasn't producing anything. Not that I produced much anyway: my placing 7th in '53 and 8th in '54 was accomplished on about 16 pages of activity -- causing Bob Silverberg to bitch over what must have been an imbalance in the polling system. Well, either the polling system was imbalanced or the members were because Danner, Willis, McCain and Rapp were some of the people who placed below.

It's a much changed FAPA that I greet in 1964. Of the people who belonged in Spring 1952 when I first joined only 19 are still around -- some of them for the second time also. Does anyone else here remember Royal Drummond, Larry Campbell, Ev Winne, Oswald Train, or Robert W Chambers? That mailing the enrollment totaled 57 people. Eight joined to bring the number to 65 and of us Gregg Calkins was the only one to last through the years. Number 2 on the 6 man waiting list was Edgar A Martin. Is this the same Martin who? Top Fapazines of the 59th mailing were SKY HOOK, CHOOG, DUCKSPEAK, HORIZONS, TANGENT, FANTASY JACKASS, and FANSPEAK -- not to mention Redd's FANTASY AMATEUR which set a standard for concise readability which hasn't been topped yet. When I look at the current roster the list of fans who I should have welcomed into FAPA is staggering. It doesn't seem possible that I was here before Grennell, the Busbies, Ted White or Ron Ellik.

As one who has survived the Modern Waiting List perhaps a few words on that institution are in order. You might think, FAPA, that your supplicants have nothing better to do than write notes of acknowledgement but this is not entirely the case. Since joining the waiting list in the early part of 1960, I revived Wrhn and published 14 issues, joined SAPS (the Spectator Amateur Press Society) and on the basis of my Pillar Poll returns was named President of the group for two years (this has always struck me as refutation of the theory that we emulate what we admire -- on a dark night you'd never guess from a chance encounter with a large group of Sapszines

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that their editors thought so highly of Wrhn), published a Shadow FAPAazine, won a Hugo, and gafiated for a year. I've even had time to be almost completely forgotten... the FANTASY AMATEUR and YANDRO were the only fanzines which arrived regularly for a long time. Though perhaps (for all I know) they were the only ones that were published regularly.

As you may have gathered, your waiting listers find something to do with their spare time, which might be good for them but which represents a loss to FAPA since by the time they get in their major accomplishments are behind them and they're ready to rest on their laurels while they peruse your major accomplishments -- like me. The time shouldn't be too far distant when FAPA will be composed of illustrious has-beens sitting around waiting for each other to live up to their names. Occasionally they will but to judge from the current trend FAPA needs fireworks like GRUE or SKHK to remind it that there's something more to fanac than bickering over the bones of an Ed Martin. FAPA (as evidenced by the loss of Economou, Burbee, Danner, and the threatened evacuation of Boggs and Warner) needs fresh air.

Know ye then, that with this mailing is added another voice to the proposal to have an annual vote to pick one waiting lister for FAPA membership. Of the objections to this proposal the only ones I find worthy of consideration are (a) the effect it would have on the fan selected. Fans being what they are, I cannot imagine that any of them would die from the sense of obligation. Fans have been surviving the enormity of being selected for TAFF and of being Big Poned with encouraging regularity and these are much more burdensome honors than being invited to membership in a group where the fan will do all the work himself. As for (b) the consideration of the feelings of by-passed waiting listers, I find this objection strange coming from those who evidence little concern for the feelings of waiting listers receiving an annual FANTASY AMATEUR in which the members are allowed the option of blackballing them. For sometime waiting listers were being dismissed for failure to acknowledge receipt of the official organ in utter disregard of the fact that the constitution specified no such course of action. Now we're asked to believe that sensitivity over the feelings of waiting listers is a reason weighing against this proposal. Four voices recently on or on the waiting list have been heard on the matter. They are Charles Wells, who suggested a much different program, Russ Chauvenet, Charles Hansen, and now myself. This is representative of at least the vocal waiting list: I can't recall any agonizings against the suggestion. For myself, I wouldn't have minded were AJ Budrys or John Berry, say, or Bill Blackbeard, voted in ahead of me. The waiting listers are just as eager for an invigorated and interesting FAPA as the members should be. But don't look at me. I'm tire

WAITING LISTERS ARE NOT FORGOTTEN, DEPT.

"Dear Dick, If you're relying on Warhoon for FAPA credentials you're out of luck. The last issue will be more than a year old when the May mailing date comes. Cough up some more credentials please. I'd rather have you in FAPA than many others. I also wrote Evans pointing out that your credentials (assuming you use Warhoon) aren't valid. Cordially, Norm Metcalf." March 18, 1964

Thanks a lot

AS I WAS SAYING

In the third issue of SERENADE, I wrote a few lines about Joe Gibson, FMBusby, Walt Willis, and the John Birch Society. I do not intend to discuss the entire page FMBusby lavished on this paragraph in SERCON'S BANE #12 in the 101st mailing, but I do think there will be some profit in examining a distortion and a misconception from that reply even at this late date.

The exchange began with an article in KIPPLE in which I had pointed out how Joe Gibson (in "Cheats, Frauds, Thieves, Whores, and Moochers") by making wild accusations but naming no names was paralleling the activities of the John Birch Society. FMBusby objected "No, I think your JBS slant on Joe's piece was strictly in the eye of the beholder, namely you" and I charged in SERENADE that Busby "thus far hasn't shown any inclination to document the statement." Busby attempted to discredit me in SERCON'S BANE by citing our correspondence on the matter: "I first dissented from his KIPPLE piece on Joe Gibson in a letter dated Jan 28, 1962, which ran to something over 40 lines of text on that matter alone." This does tend to have the effect of making a liar out of me and creates some necessity for this delayed answer. Well, nowhere in our correspondence did Busby ever document his statement attacking the similarities I found between Gibson and the Birchers. Busby goes to great pains to imply that he did document his point but if you had read SERCON'S BANE carefully you might have noticed that all his tabulation of "10 lines here" and "10 lines there" and "over 40 lines of text" adds up to is that we discussed "the Bergeron-Gibson matter" or "KIPPLE piece on Gibson". Of course, I never denied that we had some exchanges re Gibson but this doesn't necessarily mean that Buz defended his statement.

As a matter of fact, in part of that discussion I faced Busby with this position well before SERENADE: "My characterization of JBS techniques on Joe's part had nothing to do with Donaho and Curran at all. If you care to rebut my demonstration in my article in KIPPLE of what those techniques are and how Joe wittingly or (more likely) unwittingly used similar ones, I'll be pleased to listen and admit I'm wrong if you can show it. But saying the impression 'was strictly in the eye of the beholder' on the basis of a totally irrelevant point (ie, relevant to the JBS slant) doesn't do it." Busby's reply to this was the last word of our correspondence on Gibson: "If my final sentence on the Donaho-Curran paragraph comes up irrelevant, I can only lay this to another effect of second-drafting: it is always difficult to get one-to-one correlation between the argument in the writer's mind and that which gets onto paper--the rewrite-process, for me, makes it all the more likely that I can leave a big hole in the written presentation and fail to notice it upon rereading; a checkup does no good because the mind fills in the missing parts and there we are."

At that point, I was forced to conclude that Busby was incapable of either following the argument or communicating it on paper. After a vain attempt at reading his mind I lapsed into a disgruntled and frustrated silence. But not for long.

In AXE #28, Walt Willis, in his column "The Warier Bard" wrote an item which neatly paraphrased some of the things I'd said in the KIPPLE article: "DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILED INNUENDOES: These recent launchings of orbital-missile type articles, fearlessly attacking nobody in particular, must please those who know the targets for which they are programmed, but all they induce in the rest of us is a sense of menace as we watch them droning about up there. This recent fashion in generalised gossip, a sort of schematic scandal-mongering, must be meaningful to those who live in a fannish metropolis, but it's frustrating to those of us who get only faint clues to go on, we who live in what you might call the hinter-land. :: I know that anyone who criticises anyone in fandom these days is liable to get hit on the head by a toy elephant, called Sam, but surely there is some way in which fandom can be freed from this creeping film of suspicion, this Nouvelle Vague, this Menace of the Faceless Monster. I have a suggestion to make. At the Chicon business session, let us put Joe Gibson, Dirce Archer, and Earl Kemp up on the podium and have them point out everyone in the audience who is not a moocher, a no-goodnik, a whore, an anonymous correspondent, a Sticky Gentleman, a Hugo-stuffer, a blackmailer or a Cleveland Postmark. Those of us cleared of odium by the podium can then quietly withdraw and continue the business session elsewhere. I can only hope there will be enough of us to form a quorum"

I saw this as an opportunity to break through the Busby barrier. The discouraging

results of our correspondence led me to try a more public and therefore possibly more potent detonation in SERENADE. I wrote: "...Walt wonders if there isn't 'some way in which fandom can be freed from this creeping film of suspicion, this Nouvelle Vague, 'this Menace of the Faceless Monster' and suggests that the burden for clearing the rest of us could rest on Joe Gibson and one or two others. 'This Menace of the Faceless Monster' is, of course, precisely the John Birch Society technique I charged Joe with and which FMBusby thinks is 'strictly' in my eye."

Well, it proved to be a potent dentonation but apparently failed to make a dent in that impervious surface: Busby replied with a catalog of the number of lines he'd written me, which I naturally already knew about but which you, gentle reader, might think was documentation. Walt's statement and its similarity to my point for which Busby was taking me to task made no impression whatsoever. Moreover Busby quoted in SERCON'S BANE the section containing the reference to Willis but when he got to the part I've just quoted in the preceding paragraph he omitted it and substituted "((well, to summarize, Walt Willis made some good anti-Birch remarks and Dick thinks they must apply to his&my argument. Then...))". As remarkable a job of summarizing as I've ever seen. Where did Walt make any "anti-Birch remarks"? Where did Busby get this impression? Not from reading Willis, as we can see in the complete quote from AXE, unless Busby is again indulging his weakness for filling in what goes on "in the writer's mind and that which gets onto paper". Not from my description in SERENADE which you can see in the preceding paragraph: Walt was deploring "this Menace of the Faceless Monster" and named "Gibson" as a guilty party. I am the one who drew the parallel with the John Birch Society, but when I attack Gibson for not naming names and point out the similarity to JBS techniques Busby says the idea is "strictly in the eye of the beholder"; when Willis cites the "Menace of the Faceless Monster" and Joe Gibson and makes no mention of the John Birch Society Busby applauds him for making "some good anti-Birch remarks". All of which is as incredible an example of double-think as I've ever seen in fandom.

Naturally Busby won't document his accusation that my "JBS slant on Joe's piece was strictly in the eye of the beholder" even though I offer him adequate space in SERENADE to do so. (He'll claim that the issue is far too old for him to be bothered with.) Actually he can't: when Gibson makes blanket accusations and doesn't cite any examples he's doing the same thing the John Birch Society did and there's no two ways about it.

The point of persuing the matter at this date is twofold: it's never too late to clear your name from the implication of being a liar (see Busby's citation of the number of lines he'd written me coupled with my claim that he hadn't offered documentation) and it provides a frightening glimpse into the mental processes of the vice-president of FAPA.

THE SICK SIXTIES (Part I)

On the wall of my office at work, I am amassing a terrifying and disgusting collection of newspaper clippings. I put up another one today with a headline that read "They could have helped those kids but they just stood and watched them die." It was a story about two boys who drowned recently while a group of 40 people stood on the shore making no move to call for help or swim to them. Another clipping concerns a girl who had escaped from a rapist and was about to run into a crowded public street here in New York nude except for a jacket around her shoulders. The man caught up with her and was beating the screaming girl in a doorway while a crowd gathered and watched. Two policeman returning from their destination happened to hear the screams but no one had reported the incident or made a move to stop the man. A woman was recently knifed to death in Kew Gardens Queens in the night

streets while 30 or so people watched the entire grisly business from the safty of their apartments. The chase and the beatings and the stabbings and the screams went on for over a half an hour. Finally someone called to report the death when it was over. In Boston a mentally disturbed youth on a window ledge was taunted to jump by the crowd.

Last year all the rage was stoning policemen from the tops of buildings. This year it seems to be spectator death. In the face of such naked savagery (and this year's incidents are probably on a lower level than savagery) I can't understand the blind optimism of the confident attitude that man is intelligent enough not to use atomic weapons on himself. Think of these things some night when you're broiled to a radio-active crisp.

THE SICK SIXTIES (Part II)

It seems that the less I know about fandom the better I like it. It's when I slip and make a rash phone call to someone like Al Lewis and suddenly find myself hip deep in the most brackish fannish waters that I realize how much more palatable my own fannish unreality is. It fell to Al Lewis to communicate the first inklings of the BOONDOGGLE, the FAPA blackball, and other toothsome bits of information calculated to send one into gafia. It was no pleasant surprise to hear these accusations and denunciations of one of Wrhn's most valuable and provocative contributors, but these charges do not alter my opinion of the worth of Breen's many contributions to fandom or my enjoyment of them.

An opinion on the substance of the charges cannot be as conclusive. I have not seen the BOONDOGGLE, or THE LOYAL OPPOSITION, or the Gerber-White remarks. I became a member of FAPA too late for my vote to be solicited as part of a blackball movement, but I am not here to late to cast my vote for the reinstatement petition which Al Lewis has heard will be circulated with the 107th mailing. Even if it developes that Breen is the Boston Strangler, I fail to see what bearing this has on the quality or value of the publications he can produce for FAPA. As for the charges:

(1) If true, why is Breen still running around loose? (2) If true, but unprovable, then how do you prove they are true? (3) If unprovable then, how heavy a penalty can you get for this kind of slander in California?

What I want to know is why is Breen still running around as though he were innocent? If this state of affairs goes on much longer, I'll be forced to conclude that he is.

DISSONANT DISCOURSE

The following are comments on those Fapazines from the 106th mailing which the editors were kind enough to send.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR: Vice-President Busby's summation of the duties of FAPA's officers is accurate as far as it goes except that it doesn't go far enough. The list introduced by "The discretionary powers are the following, and only the following" omits section 6.4: "In the absence of a formal controversy, each officer may decide for himself doubtful points concerning his duties." (Though when he states "There has to be some kind of statute-of-limitations" on constitutional redress he is excercising this section: (1) there is no controversy involved over the meaning of the constitution, (2) two or more sides have not been presented on the Question, (3) no statute-of-limitations is mentioned in the constitution. In other words, we have here a gratis discretionary decision on a statute-of-limitations.) There is

plenty of controversy involved in the Martin matter but apparently no "formal" controversy, ie, proper statements sent to officialdom asking for action. Is this sufficient grounds for the absence of action on their part? Apparently not in the case of delinquent OEs. Why so then in the case of a Secretary-Treasurer who does not give credit for retold (not "reprinted") tales? FAPA office is not thrust upon these people. It would appear that there is an implied agreement to protect the rights of the 65 people whose interests are represented by the constitution regardless of whether proper legal construction is lacking in the wording of their appeals or even in the absence of appeals. But 6.4 leaves it to the discretion of each conscience and the answer seems to be that it depends on the situation. A selective morality in other words. A morality suited to the times in which people can stand by and watch their neighbors die. A morality that can pretend that administrative error is not in itself a cry asking for correction when its victim, through disgust, chooses not to seek it himself. :: Busby's listing of GMCarr and William Lance along with Ed Martin as among a "number of redresses that could be tendered by a power-happy type before he was flung bodily out of office" is the first statement (other than those by Mrs Carr) I've seen that implied that any of her rights were violated. On what should she be tendered redress? Her failure to read the FANTASY AMATEUR and to send in her dues on time? William Lance didn't have to be "proved to be That Other Fella". Section 9.2 is most discreet in its blackball.

THE RAMBLING FAP -- Calkins: You say "niehter" and I say neither. :: A telephoto lens is fabulous fun but one almost ruined my vacation for me. I shot about 30 rolls of film through the ride across Europe and left every roll of film, the camera, (a Minolta SR7), and the 200mm lens on the night ferry that took me hypnotized into Venice. :: I can't say that I read as much sf as I did when a tad: the only sf I can recall reading in the last 10 years are 4 Heinleins and one Blish and I read the Heinleins because I wanted to find out what everyone in Wrhn was talking about. ELMURMURINGS-Perdue: Look, look: Perdue is so careful about not losing his membership that he spells it "Urine". THE LOVECRAFTSMAN -- Boggs: Was this inspired by "HP Lovecraft: A Symposium distributed with the last Shaggy?

BETE NOIRE -- Boggs: Ah yes, the fanzine of kipple, kipple, and more kipple. :: And no more appropriate place can I imagine for this item (especially after your confession that you are an inveterate snipe-hunter) culled from the New York Post for Feb 5, 1962 and never worked in as a Wrhn filler: "Guard Star's Home After Threat: Los Angeles police today guarded the home of screen star Robert Ryan and the Hollywood offices of a radio station -- both threatened with bombings in retaliation for an anti-Birch Society broadcast. Three days after the homes of two ministers were rocked by explosions from makeshift bombs, steps also were taken to safeguard others thought to be targets of anonymous phone threats -- among them, actress Rita Moreno, musical comedy star John Raitt and science-fiction writer Ray Bradbury... Ryan, Raitt, Bradbury and Miss Moreno all are participants in a week-long series of broadcasts spotlighting tactics of the extreme right-wing John Birch Society through readings from its own Blue Book of operations." Now don't let me see you asking "Is Ray Bradbury a Black Republican" again! :: If "To the Latin, sex is an hors d'oeuvre" what is the dinner? :: Your query about Alsace-Lorraine doesn't send me rushing to the encyclopedia -- that wouldn't be fair -- but to the kipple drawer where I refer to a French Government Tourist Office ad headlined "This crazy-quilt province is one of the real bargains left in the world." "Everything's charming in Alsace", the ad tells us, so one assumes that France at least has Alsace: it seeming too unlikely that the Adenauer-DeGaulle rapprochement has gone so far that the French government is running ads to entice tourists to Germany. As for Lorraine... you'll have to ask someone else. I'm just a crazy-quilt intellectual. Incidentally this infatuation for French Government Tourist Office kipple resulted in an overpowering deja vu last summer. I was watching a Light and Sound spectacle in France's chateau country and could have

sworn that I must have once been a French Lord because the feeling that I'd stood in that exact spot and seen this exact castle before was overwhelming though I knew I'd never been there before in this life. Turned out, of course, that I'd clipped a double page ad featuring a photo of this chateau which must have been taken from the very spot on which I was standing. :: It seems to me that in taking pot shots at Tom Swifties and Ed Sullivan type humor you are firing at your bastard children. The Tom Swifties must be a direct descendent of the "Fiction Fantasy" you published in SKHK. An example: Philip Jose Farmer reports that he is working on a book about the visit of a rustic colonist to the mother planet Earth. The title is 'The Stars Are The Sticks'." I've never forgotten them. Or forgiven you for them. :: BITE NOIRE is obviously the modern "File 13". But why keep concentrating on the "Notes that missed my wastebasket" section?

HORIZONS -- Warner: Is anyone's application for membership in N3F ever rejected? Your pleasant reaction to the N3F members you met at the Discon is at direct variance to my reaction to those I met in 1952 in Chicago. They were nice enough people, as were most of the fans I met, but I can still recall my amazement at the grim seriousness with which the subject of the N3F was treated. Various Bjo cartoons seem to indicate that this attitude has changed somewhat, if I'm recalling the right cartoonist. :: I might be surprised at a comparison of the SPACEWAYS and Wrhn mailing lists. Such people as John B Michel, and Claire T Beck, who must have received Spaceways, also have been getting Wrhn. :: I'm not as apprehensive as you seem to be at the possibility that "the fabled creatures of Sixth and Seventh Fandom will begin to walk and to publish among us again". I don't have many bad memories of the publishing that was current then even though every era has its STAR ROCKETS. Off hand I can't think of much material that was as totally lacking in interest as the worst of the sf-comic influenced fanzines of a few years ago. And I suspect that the horrors of Seventh Fandom might be much changed people with a different outlook on fanac. Bob Silverberg's article, which gave birth to the monster, hailed me as one of the Vanguardists of Seventh Fandom just a couple of years before I went into extended gafia and John Magnus first became active at the time QUANDRY was fading from the scene. What have you got against us old Vanguardists of Seventh Fandom, Harry?

KTEIC MAGAZINE -- Rotsler: More stripper names for you: Shivers Regal, Trix Turner, Bee Day. Kitty Litter, Feather Bedd, and Bella Donna. :: Your deadpan style makes for some surprising passages. Can't you warn us when to expect sudden hallucinations like "her father and mother were both watching us do nudes". (That's like suddenly seeing Jayne Mansfield doing cheese cake with her nine-year old daughter sitting on the bed.) Or "Which reminds me of a guy I know who was found beaten and shot to death in his home four doors from Dan Easton's house. Also his beautiful nude mistress had the side of her face caved in & five shots in her chest." Just fannish fun, I suppose. GODOT -- Deckinger: I liked the detailed description of the things "you will not find in this first issue" but you had to spoil it by giving your publishing data on the back page. Nevertheless a highly interesting issue, Mike. I hope we see the magazine frequently.

SYNAPSE -- Speer: I know there are two Speerzines around here but I can only find one of them now. :: My favorite trucking film is Cluzot's "Wages of Fear" -- certainly the most suspenseful film I've ever seen. :: I wonder if an intelligent person's appreciation of Edgar Rice Burroughs is any less likely than an intelligent person's appreciation of WILD WEST WEEKLY? :: I forgot to check whether Redd's Clemen's bibliography contained the Boggs' article on "A Connecticut Yankee" which appeared in HURKLE. :: What does "outray" mean in "There is hardly any name so outray you can be sure it's false."? :: "The Temper of Twenty-Five Years Ago" was delightful. But the decline of flamboyant verbal abuse may not be only due to the possibility that "The writer has the feeling that he must couch his contentions in terms that

appeal to the common sense of mankind, rather than merely vent his spleen." It may be due also to the demonstrated possibility that he will be thrown into court. :: "Dissection of a Classic Fantasy" is an entertaining idea but my impatience with poetry overcame my interest in it. Also contradictory in my reaction to the piece is that I'd have been pleased to publish it in Wrhn. CAC -- Metcalf: I tried to read this at least five times, but gave up. It's neatly produced...though I hope you don't publish Warner's history in red ink also. DAMBALLA -- Hansen: Enjoyed. KIM CHI -- Ellington: There should be some way of noting in the contents listing of the FANTASY AMATEUR those magazines that are available to the waiting list. You say that "Any member of the waiting list may get this by requesting it." but how many of them will read that statement and request it. As my colophon implies any waiting lister can also get SERENADE. Perhaps an asterisk after the title and an "*available to the waiting list" would do it. Bruce? Was the televised assassination of Oswald "a teevee first"? Wasn't that lurid assassination in Japan (the speaker who was knifed on stage) also televised? :: The comment that you'd "have preferred a few hours of Bugs Bunny cartoons now and then to liven up the whole fiasco" of the Kennedy assassination reportage makes me wonder why you couldn't just reach out and turn the set off. From your reaction I'd diagnose television addiction and a mild case of cold turkey. As for "the continuous repetitious garbage on the teevee screen", well, that's life. :: I liked "The Haunting" too but your statement "of nothing sinister ever being seen" just isn't true: doors practically burst in off their hinges accompanied by the batterings of doom.

CELEPHAIS:-- Evans: Odd that you should publish this listing of "I Primi Eroi", the Rene Clair history of comic caricature. I spotted a copy of it in one of the sleazy book stalls that line San Marco square in Venice but was disappointed that it was in Italian and didn't buy it. The reproduced strips of Ally Oop, Dick Tracy, etc, made it look fascinating. Later in the day, I thought it would be nice gesture to buy it to send to Dick Lupoff as a reward for the pleasure I was getting from his "Reader's Guide to Barsom and Amtor" but when I went back it was impossible to find. SPINNAKER REACH -- Chauvenet" The last time I commented on this I was able to devote a page to it. I'm not going to top myself this time, but that's due to lack of inspiration not lack of enjoyment. DESCANT -- Clarke: Gina's review of "Virgins of Outer Space", or whatever the title of that movie was, is as funny as the movie, which was almost as funny as chapter nine of "Batman and Robin". :: A medusa of bacon? This while frying it, of course. :: "Up On The Roof" was a pop hit song. Isn't the title a junky term? :: Lovely stuff, Norm and Gina.

RECOMENDED READING

QUEEN ANN'S REVENGE #1 (Bill Blackbeard, 192 Mountain View, Los Angeles 90057) A marvelous first issue, the best of it being by the Bills Rotsler and Blackbeard. I wouldn't have complained if Blackbeard had taken over the entire magazine's 60 pages --at any rate, let's have many more fanzine reviews next issue. A complaint: the announcement of JASHBER ("a companion vessel"!.) fills me with apprehension that Bill will soon be Burned Out. Why not use that material in future issues of QAR, Bill? From the announced contents of JASHBER it looks as though you could publish 4 or 5 fabulous issues of QAR and establish a fanzine that fandom won't soon forget. FRAP (Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif, 90056) Bob's excellent editorials and witty LOCol interjects are rapidly establishing this zine as the best humored half hour in fandom. Lichtman's sense of fun is catching and people like Nelson, Demmon, and Benford and incubating the germ. ENCLAVE (Joe Pilati, 111 S. Highland Avenue, Pearl River, New York 10965) Not to be missed. Contains another fascinating piece of writing by Ted White, Pilati's smooth editorial work, and fanzine reviews by CINDER's old anonymous columnist -- who was tops then and is better now. And I still haven't revealed his identity.