



Stymie

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from rog ebert--410 e. washington--
urbana--illinois--for free!

A Biased View

The Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles proved one thing without question: John Kennedy is the man to beat in 1960 and Richard Nixon is going to have a H--- of a time doing it.

Kennedy has the money--yase--and the personality. But don't forget he also has the determination and manpower to put them over. Nixon has emerged, so far, as a rather shadowy figure much given to coyly not admitting, yet not refuting the botch-job of beloved Ike. He seems to have little capable personnel behind him, once the basis of Henry Cabot Lodge is taken away. He doesn't--that is--have the "team." And in a time when the American people have finally come to realize that the Presidency is more than a one-man job, the "team" has emerged as a definite vote-getting factor.

A writer for one of the wire services pointed out several months ago that the Republicans have a remarkable shortage of good young politicians. Perhaps because, in the past two decades, the Democrats have become recognized as the liberal (i.e., youthful) party, the Republicans have lost out in the search for promising newcomers. Nixon himself is not only the top "youngster" in his party, but very nearly the only one. Nelson Rockefeller is a new face, but he has divorced himself from the Nixon-Eisenhower bulk of the party and stands identified as a fringe liberal who might be called pseudo-Democrat.

The Democrats, on the other hand, not only have a remarkably young candidate, but have just seen youth tear control of their party from the Old Guard of Truman-Eleanor Roosevelt-Rayburn that held it as a private possession since the 1948 election. Kennedy's Los Angeles breakthrough opened the door for the privately chafing young Democrat group led by "Scoop" Jackson, Rep. Bowles and many others.

From this "young guard," Kennedy will be able to draw and present a cabinet that could include Stevenson as Secretary of State; Symington, Defense; Humphrey, Labor; and several others of similar calibre. The Republicans apparently can't come up with potential cabinet material that goes along with Nixon's increasingly liberal stands. They have trouble recruiting the "team" they'll need to win.

Ergo, Kennedy is the man to beat. And I'm glad, I suppose, because he'll be advised by one of the most fabulous brain-and-policy trusts in recent political history.

--Rog Ebert



This is STYMIE ONE, a fmz from Rog Ebert, who should know better. All the material is also by me, with the exception of a possible illo by Hal Holmes, who you don't know anyway. SY is an attempt to reintroduce sercon into really amateur fandom; it should become immediately apparent that I don't know much about pubbing a fmz. But I hope to learn with experience--and in the meantime, no one can complain that I'm butchering their material.

I hope to keep a fairly regular section of comment and criticism on Thomas Wolfe going, mainly because I think pretty highly of him as a writer. Sure, he has his imperfections--but then again, don't I? On another scale, perhaps. Comment, short articles--anything about Wolfe will be welcomed for future issues. But this is not a Wolfezine.

For the rest, I hope to meander along in the rather aimless direction set by Redd Bogg's RETROGRADE, which I consider one of the most entertaining current fmz. I can't guarantee a regular pubbing schedule, so I'm sending this out free. No. 1 is costing me about \$6, and if I can keep the expense around there I won't complain.

SY will feature a lot of so-called literary articles and stories, along with poetry, decent artwork if I can find some, and anything else that comes up. The only thing I hope doesn't come up is the circulation; this is being sent to a fairly select group whose fmz and/or writing I more or less admire. No use turning this into a YANDRO, is there? Circulation wise, that is ---

---3 on---

Thanks for the copy of the SATURDAY EVENING GHOST, Bob Jennings; too bad I lost it before I read it. Write me and I'll explain this motley story. Or send me the next issue and I'll comment on it in a genuine letter. Consider this a trade?

I met my first fan several weeks ago, when I spent several hours in Springfield (Ill.) with Vic Ryan. Vic is a personably fellow about my age (which says a lot, so: 18) who seems to have made fandom a pretty absorbing pastime. An article about the visit may appear in Vic's BANE #2, if he can chop it down to size. I only write short stuff when they're my stencils.

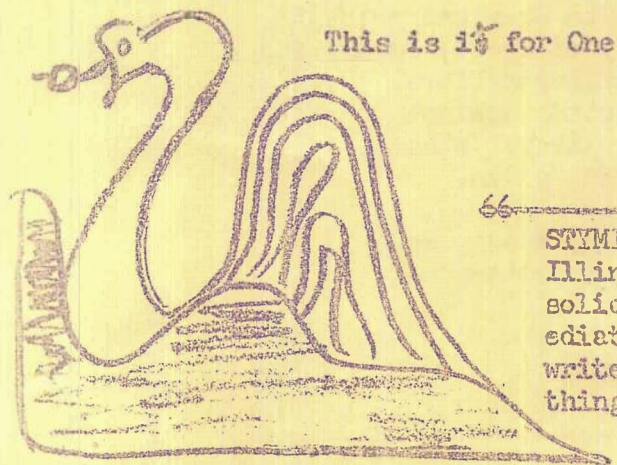
I wanted to review Bogg's "The Big 3: Ten Years in Retrospect" in HOCUS, but was under the impression that Deckinger was all set to go to mimeo with it. Too late, now, and I think Redd is all out of extra copies. But I hope to do an article about the Big 3 in an upcoming SY.

Jerry Knight has invaded my mailchute with something called QUELQUECHOSE, which is liberally larded with references to the pun in the title. Only I don't get the pun, eh? Maybe if I spend some more time on it. I need Bob Lichtman for my art editor, actually.

What ever became of Lichtman's PSI-PHI that was supposed to come out in May or June? (As I was saying before I so rudely interrupted myself...Knight did put out a pretty entertaining fmz in QUE, etc. But why doesn't he settle on one or the other type face? They both look okeh, by themselves...)

This is it for One's editorial...

-re



STYMIE #1 is from Rog Ebert, 410 E. Washington, Urbana, Illinois. It is for free. Comments appreciated. Art solicited for reasons that become apparent at the immediate left and elsewhere. Fifteen extra copies--so write fast for an extra if this disintegrates. Anything herein may be reproduced, if credit is given. (Original circulation only 35; but it is a brave try.)

Ben--With the Long-Handled Shovel:

--By ROG EBERT--

When I was four or five, there was a colored man named Ben who came around with a long-handled shovel once a month and cleaned out the sewers. We liked him because he always said, "hello there, young gentlemen," in a grave tone of voice and carried a red bandana in his back pocket. (Red bandanas had become a badge of glamour for some reason that summer.)

Ben always rode to work on the street department truck. The truck would stop at our corner in the cool of a summer morning, and Ben would climb down from the back and pull his shovel out after him. Then the truck would clatter away and Ben would be left carefully surveying the situation and tugging on his red work gloves.

By then a crowd of us would be surrounding him, waiting to be acknowledged. We knew what Ben would say, and he always did: "hello there, young gentlemen."

Silent creep of moonlight,
Lonely cry of bird.
Forming in the moonlight
Shapes of nearly-heard.

Then he always winked and chuckled and said: "My, my! Who is 'ol Ben gonna tho' down the sewer today? You all look like you is been particular bad young gentlemen since the las' time ol' Ben been around here."

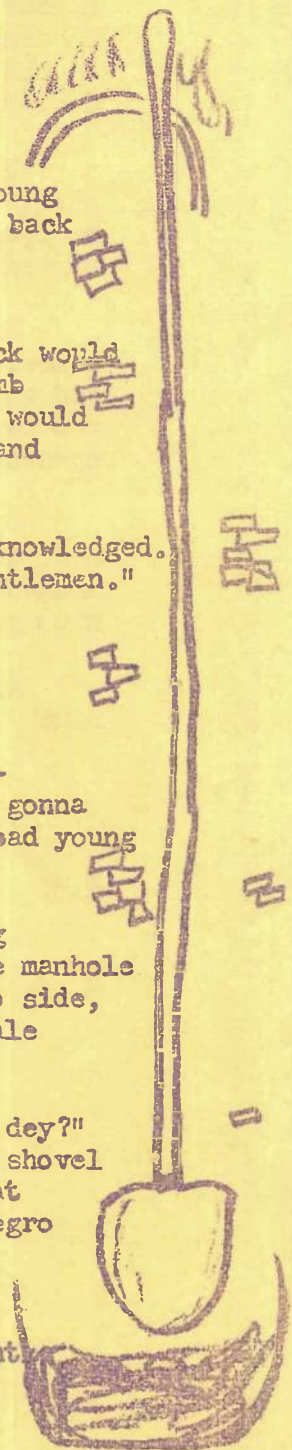
We always laughed, but Ben had hard, work-swollen muscles bulging through his flannel short and could have tossed any one of us down the manhole without much effort. Ben would scowl and thrust his head from side to side, examining each of our faces in turn as if to discover there any telltale remains of stolen jam or cookies.

"Well,...I suppose nobody been too awful bad since las' time, has dey?" We always answered "no!" and Ben would reach down for his long-handled shovel and lean on it a moment to deliberate. A ritual silence always fell at this point, and passing motorists must have wondered what the squat Negro was pondering, and why we were standing so still.

But Ben would always break the silence with a wide and toothy grin, and allow that maybe nobody would have to go down the sewer right today. Then he would take the long-handled shovel and steady it against the ground and take its full measure with his eyes. We would exchange nudges and nods. We knew what was coming next.

First, Ben would slide the heavy sewer cover over onto the parking, exposing the subterranean depths which he proposed to empty. We would shy back, suddenly very aware of the dangers attached to "going down the sewer." Then Ben would grip the long-handled shovel in both hands and let it slide into the opening. A dull "plop" would emerge from the darkness, and then Ben would begin to haul the heavy load of leaves and mud up to the surface, hand over hand, to dump it in the gutter.

Slide-plop=hand over hand. Slide-plop...we knew the rhythm by heart. Soon great drops of sweat would stand out on Ben's forehead, as the sun climbed



higher into the clear summer sky. The heap of mud by the curbing would lend a damp, rotting, earthy smell to the corner. And the only sound would be the slide-plop, slide-plop as the long-handled shovel dug deeper and deeper.

Ben would lean dangerously over the opening, grunting with the strain as the pile of mud grew. His breath would come shorter and deeper, great patches of sweat would stand out under his armpits, spreading, and veins would be stark against his temples.



Finally, the rhythm would slow. The steady slide-plop would scatter into a searching scrape as Ben explored the brick bottom of the basin with his shovel. And at last the shovel would come all the way out of the sewer for the last time, and Ben would slowly stoop down to slide the forged-iron cover back over the opening.

The red bandana would whip out of the pocket and be mopped vigorously over face, neck and arms. And then Ben would smile, and wink, and balance his long-handled shovel over his shoulder, and say, "Well, nice meetin' all you nice young gentlemen. Hope to see you all again sometime."

And he would slowly walk down the block, down to the next corner, and the next.

Room

Dirty skylight over empty room--
Boarded, now against the rain, now the sun.

Old hats jumbled on boxes.
Debauched girls from the country.

Forgotten messages,
Knocked from the head
By strange costumes
Left from another time,
Other plans.

-re

"The one thing that we yearn for in our living days, that makes us sigh and groan and undergo sweet nauseas of all kinds, is the remembrance of some lost bliss that was probably experienced in the womb and can only be reproduced (though we hate to admit it) in death."

--Jack Kerouac, On the Road.

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Wolfe - photography or art?

Twenty-two years after Thomas Wolfe's death, critics still question the detailed use of autobiographical matter in his four gargantuan novels. Wolfe's sprawling, untrammelled search through 38 years and two million words for "...a stone, a leaf, an unfound door...and the lost lane-end into heaven" remains one of the most explicitly documented and strangely beautiful accounts of youth and young manhood ever written. Yet experts who praise Wolfe for his mastery of words censure him for "offensive and excessive" use of autobiography. Wolfe himself freely admitted in his foreward to Look Homeward, Angel that Eugene Gant's story was drawn from great chunks of his own life. He wrote:

"This is a first book, and in it the author has written of experience which is now far and lost, but which once was part of the fabric of his life. If any reader, therefore, should say this book is 'autobiographical,' the writer has no answer for him; it seems to him that all serious work in fiction is autobiographical--that, for instance, a more autobiographical work than Gulliver's Travels cannot easily be imagined."

Paradoxically, Wolfe admitted the life of Eugene Gant was drawn from his own early life, yet still maintained the fiction with his mother that Eliza Gant was a creature of his imagination. Both tacitly recognized Eliza's similarity to Mrs. Wolfe, however. And to many readers, this and other critically drawn character portraits were offensive because of their familiarity.

Despite the avalanche of controversy precipitated by his first and second novels, Wolfe was never particularly concerned with finding a niche or school in which to fit his books. Of all the principals in the debate over his use of autobiography, Wolfe was probably the least concerned. He considered his books portrayals of youth's search for the meaning of "man's whole life upon the earth,"

And after he asked, "which of us has known his brother? Which of us has looked into his father's heart? Which of us has not remained forever prison-pent? Which of us is not forever a stranger and alone?", he went on to answer with the means most readily available. That these means were an account of his own search for meaning in life seemed not to bother Wolfe. But a lasting interest in Wolfe as a man and as a writer has fed the fires of debate since his first publication.

After Look Homeward, Angel, Wolfe was made painfully aware of the anger caused by his frankness in writing. In his last novel, You Can't Go Home Again, he describes through the eyes of George Webber the indignation of his home town, Asheville, N.C., which recognized itself as the "Altamount" of the first book. Speaking through Webber, Wolfe said:

"Sometimes I am overwhelmed by a sense of horrible and irrevocable guilt! Never before have I realized as I have this past week how terrible and great may be the distance between Artist and Man! As the artist, I can survey my work with a clean conscience...than I become simply Man-Alive... and when I look at what I have done from this point of view, suddenly I feel lower than a dog...I have moments when I feel that I would give my life if I could un-write my book, un-print its pages."

By ROG EBERT

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It was Wolfe's frankness, his sometimes vulgar but always truthful descriptions of his youth and its environs, that brought on the critic's cry of "repulsive, disgusting and obscene." Yet after Look Homeward, Angel, Wolfe wrote three more long autobiographical novels. He apparently felt no need to defend himself for his use of autobiography as a means of expression, but only for his lack of prudence in his use of easily recognized models for his characters.

Wolfe argued in favor of drawing upon his own experiences for true realism. And his supporters have entrenched themselves behind this defense.

I believe with Wolfe that true realism comes only when the writer uses his own life as a backdrop. In a literary age when emphasis seems to be placed on the author's ability to create characters and situations so real that the finished product becomes almost photographic in treatment, Wolfe's approach is perhaps ideal.

The fact that he was so explicit, so detailed, and so sardid at times may account for his mixed reception by readers. He was possibly a man writing before his time. The fact that his stature seems to be increasing, and his reputation spreading, may be a manifestation of this.

Wolfe was certainly a master of vivid characterization. No reader of the first two books could ever forget W. O. and Eliza Gant. True, Wolfe's portrayal of life is sometimes so honest that the reader becomes uncomfortable. But the mere fact that Wolfe's characters, settings, and events are, for the most part, actual, should not influence his reception by critics. It seems unfair that a man who has told a good story should be criticized because it is true. Yet--in essence--this is the reason many critics find to dislike Wolfe.

Many Wolfe readers consider his regard for realism and his three-dimensional portraits of memorable characters as indication enough of his greatness. Wolfe died shortly after finishing his fourth novel, after writing to his friend and first editor, Maxwell Perkins, that he at last felt prepared and practiced enough to begin his "real writing." Perhaps Wolfe would have proven greater versatility and objectiveness, had he lived. I believe the speculation is unimportant.

He left books painting unforgettable people. He left long passages of beautiful prose poetry. He left readers with a strange feeling that what he wrote of was priceless and eternal. Perhaps the fact that his books were autobiographical is only an indication that he also left something of himself.

--re

"Plastic Bag Suicide

Weehawken, N.J., June 25 (AP)--A home economics teacher who lectured students recently about the dangers of plastic bags has been found dead, a plastic bag around her head. Police said the death yesterday of Mrs. Miriam S. Fried, 62, a widow, was an apparent suicide."

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raunchings...

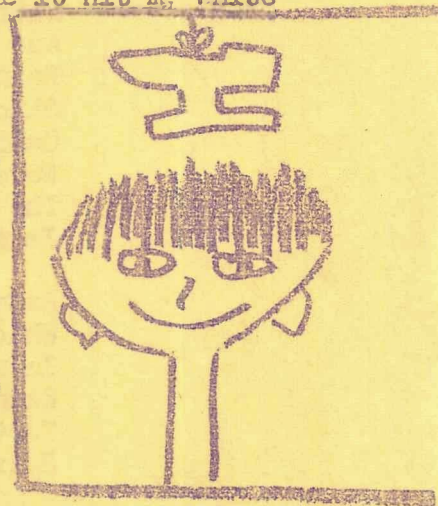
The reason ~~gm~~ the typing got so bad (worse) back there for awhile is that I finished stenciling the first four pages of STYME and went downstairs to a mimeograph that I thought I was going to use. You know...wanted to test the stencils and see if it was just a waste of time to do all this typing, etc...

Well, I don't know much about mimeos--hardly more than I do about stenciling or drawing--but I noticed in a flash that the little metal cylinder that fits in upside down with the fluid in it was missing. I looked everywhere for the thing, but it just wasn't around. So, not wanting to wait any longer to test my stencils, I poured some fluid from the fluid can into the little round hole in the wick that the nipple fits in.

A tried a few sheets of paper, and didn't get anything. So I added much more fluid and tried again, ruining the stencil and discovering too late that the stuff was running down my leg and evaporating about the time it hit my white sweat ~~socks~~ socks.

This disturbed me, ergo, bad typing. As above↑

When I was talking with Vic Ryan on the visit mentioned earlier, he offered to send an enclosure by me in a Bane sometime. Well, he doesn't know all this yet, but as soon as I finish stenciling this thing up, I'm going to ship the whole works off to him and ask him to mimeo it. I'll pay him for the paper, etc. Then I'll get about 50 sheets of paper, write the addresses on my "mailing list" (ha) on them, stick on stamps, and ship them off to him so he can use them as the bacover and mail them away from Springfield.



All this, of course, is if Vic will do it. And he'd better, because otherwise this whole stencil so far has been wasted.

I'd appreciate comment on this, and also why don't you mention in your letter any story or article ideas that you might have that would go along with the tone of STYME. Then, when comes time for another issue in the not-too-distant future, I'll write you and ask for them. Or something. Eh?

This first issue has been sort of serious and somber so far. Would appreciate any fannish articles, short fiction, and poetry--AND ARTWORK--but not any candidates for a regular column, please, because this fmz, friends, isn't going to be that regular.

I just realized the other day that I've fallen into the widespread fannish habit of making little derogatory remarks about Ted White in letters and places. And I realized that while some people apparently hate him, I have no reason to. Especially in view of the fact that he has been sending me VOID pretty regularly considering how often I comment on it. So I'm going to have to stop making those little remarks about White, I guess.

Soul-searching ~~isn't~~ done for the day...please excuse the typos... and remember that they, especially, were:

... by ebert

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RAINSCAPE

Rain, pervading god of earth and sky and sea,
 Authoritative, speaking with the certain voice of conviction
 And the forcible awareness of inevitability.
 Rain, needling at random,
 Sliced apart by the long sharp grasses of unknown spring,
 Gullying into gutters, in union with dark waters,
 Never stops, but only pauses.
 The glut and slap of rain against watery mud
 Is a parable of time and the earth.

Rain, striding wind-tossed across the country
Which scurries beneath its scornful howl
In writhed treetops painfully bent.
Rain speaks loudly of human span,
Tortured, lost, by the wind blown,
Spirit of the seeker in the night.

Lightning now, sheet of fearful flame,
Illuminating in its second the lashed rainscape below.
Thunder follows, an avalanche of sound that gathers strength
As it cascades from the tempest and pounds with massive feet
Across the powering earth.
Authoritative dictator, ruling ~~man~~ contemptuously,
Yet grumbling, mumbling, whispering into the other side of the sky.
Thunder is my soul, coursing through the rain
In useless but spectacular rebellion.
As the rivers sing, pouring the rain to the sea.

Robert

Oh,
how
they
watched:

They all said he had to be dead.

They leaned against the police ropes with hungry eyes and watched as the steam shovel chewed dirt away from his body. He had been buried in the ditch for more than an hour.

His name was Albert Barker, the coroner told the newspaper reporters. He was 54 years old. He was a ditch-digger for the Sampson Construction Co. He had been in the ditch, picking up a work glove, when the roof caved in on his world. The newspaper reporters thanked the coroner.

An ambulance, almost unnoticed by the watchers, backed down the street and stopped.

White-coated attendants slowly carried a cot across the vacant lot to the ditch, and stood waiting while the shovel lurched and groaned and finally uncovered a muddy leg.

"Holt it!"

An electric shock ran through the crowd.

"Four of you men, get in there and start digging."

The workers, who had been putting away their shovels in the company truck when Albert Barker had screamed "Oh, God!", leaped into the hole and began to tear the earth away from his body.

Albert Barker had been crushed into a corner of the ditch when the water-soaked earth gave in, and his head was pressed up tight into a clear space at the bottom. After the steam shovel had pulled one wall of the ditch away from his body and stacked it into the street, the workers were able to free him almost at once.

A photographer climbed into the cab of the shovel and leaned over the excavation. He saw the ambulance attendants slide down into the ditch and lift the body onto the white sheets. He saw Albert Barker's mouth fall open, and a stain of muddy water spread on the pillow.

A fireman clapped an oxygen mask over Albert Barker's mouth, and a doctor knelt into the mud and listened to Albert Barker's chest.

His widow tried to jump into the ditch when she realized the truth.

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THE VIEW FROM THE IVORY TOWER

By
BILL

LYON



Being an
unsolicited and
uncalled-for
contribution

//This is the first installment of a regular column by Bill Lyon, a staff writer and farm editor for The News-Gazette in Champaign-Urbana, where I am also employed as a reporter. Lyon, 21 years old, is a senior at the University of Illinois, where he is majoring simultaneously in English, history and political science. He knows nothing, however, of Fandom. -rs//

Author's Foreward (actually a backward because it was written last)--The following article is a prime example of creation by accident. Your unsuspecting author was asked to read the first stencils of Stymie. This aroused both curiosity and nausea, which in turn led to the hastily-written outpouring published below. The editor of Stymie, either because he is broad-minded, stupid, or trying not to hurt the author's feelings, suggested that the article be published as the first installment of a regular column in the rather irregular publication. The author consented because he is confident the letters of protest and insult which the column will arouse will provide him with amusement in between reading Mark Twain and Thomas Wolfe. He is also confident the column will rank last on "Fandom's" best-seller list. However, he has bravely girded himself to meet the assault--mainly because he hasn't had a good laugh in a long time. So--fire when ready.

--stymie--

I have just been exposed to the strange world of fanzines, and it is not, I suppose, much different from exposure to a lethal dose of radiation.

The sensation is roughly comparable to that of a drowning man clutching at a razor blade. If ignorance is bliss, and the world of fanzines represents intelligence, I would just as soon continue to be blissful.

My overall impression, which I am sure will not count one whit with the editor of this putrid pulp but nevertheless may raise a flush of anger to their faces (which are already red from the pimpley refusals of their sparse facial hairs to sprout into full-fledged beatnik beards of protest) is that the majority of these fanzines are written by idiots, about idiots and for idiots; and that their producers are adolescent Jack Kerouacs, non-conformists not by choice but because every other segment of our society spurns them, frustrated would-be writers who are so overcome with the idea that everything--to be new--must be different and therefore assume with all the worldly obliviousness of a sophomore that there is nothing to be learned about writing or life from past masters. //quite a sentence, that. -rs//

The majority of their literature (a term that, no matter how you strain connotation, still remains a misnomer) falls into the category of the title of one of these brave new fanzines--Hocus.

If there is anyone still reading this, he has by now discovered that the author of this admittedly emotional, open-faced letter is something of an egghead, an individual still struggling for status as an intellectual. This writer, however, will admit one thing which none of the fanzine producers can ever admit: that he would rather remain an unenlightened nincompoop than a self-deceiving, deluded, pseudo-intellectual.

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But, at this point, I find this piece running long (which, I understand, means that I might have to stencil it myself) and so I interject into this disjointed, perhaps exaggerately vitriolic but nevertheless sincerely expressed, tirade another unsolicited--and mayhap uncalled for--opinion:

Into the darkness of "Fandom's" subterranean world has burst a new literary messiah (I know this phrase will not set well with the fanzine authors who believe that Satan was the real creator of everything while all God could turn out was a cellophane-wrapped lollypop) by the title of Stymie.

It is, thankfully, a promise of a departure from the cluttered fanzine world of such uncomprehensible terms as BNFism, which, I suppose, are considered brilliant because they mean absolutely nothing //BNFism means Big Name Fan-ism, which means about as much as liberalism. -re//, but no one would ever admit he was so obtuse as to not catch every subtle nuance of meaning and sophistication contained in such terms--even though it just isn't there.

I must say at the outset that I have been personally acquainted with the creator of Stymie, Reger Ebert, for two years. This is not a testimonial to his character. If anything, I have undoubtedly descended in his eyes during this time because he has long been an avid consumer of fanzines (even the most unsuspecting can be corrupted), and I have proceeded to bomb them. I do, however, heartily endorse many of the ideas which he has at least hinted at or outlined in Stymie.

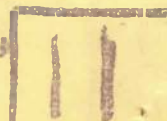


Stymie promises to be what fanzines may have been intending to be before some of the country's more warped minds began prostituting any talent they might have once had--and all in ~~the~~ the glorious, grandiose name of literary virtue and progress through rebellion and science fiction. //eh? -re//

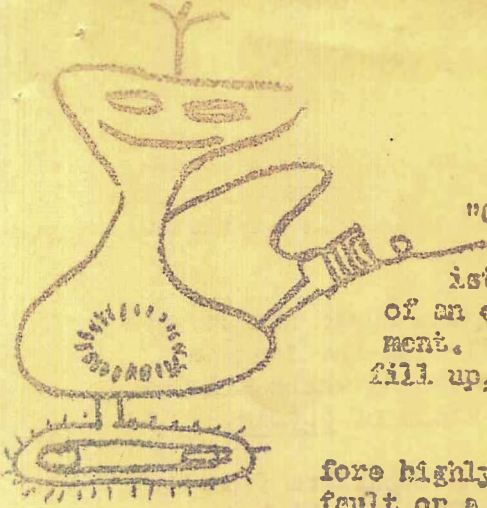
Whether or not Ebert consciously intended Stymie to serve these purposes, his first issue promises potential entertainment along the lines of the cynical, distorted, yet still delightful humor practiced by Mad Magazine. It includes, too, a column of admittedly biased comment and interpretation of daily news, a subject on which the public has long been--sadly--ignorant; poetry such as "Rainscape" that does not reek with either amateurish rhetoric or veiled meanings that aren't worth the effort to unravel //I thot it did. -re// but simply entertains because of its lyrical qualities; and, finally, a column of book comment which does not deal with works that nobody ever heard of before by some cellar-dwelling author but with masterpieces, particularly those by Thomas Wolfe //who dwelled in a Brooklyn cellar for only three years from 1934 to 1937. -re//.

I can lay one slight claim to fame--I introduced Ebert to the wonderful world of Thomas Wolfe. And ~~for~~ he and I, as has been apparent in this rather pompously worded piece //speak for yourself. -re//, are in love with words, the sweet cascading sounds they make, and the flowing rhythm they inspire when strung together by a master craftsman such as Wolfe.

But I must also criticize some of Ebert's stuff in Stymie, because I would not be honest if I did not, and to assure you that this was not written merely to be published in Stymie. First of all, I do not have patience with anything that is written merely for the sake of writing; ergo (to borrow a favorite Ebert expression) I did not like his piece



--Ivory tower, con't.--



"Ben With the Long-Handled Shovel." His work on "Oh, How They Watched" also went astray somehow. It started like a clever satire on the ambulance-chasing characteristic of the American public, but faltered, I think, because of an over-emphasis on pure description and too much understatement. This may well have been because he had a short page to fill up, too.

Finally, Ebert is still painfully young--and is therefore highly impressionable. It is debatable whether or not this is a flaw or a virtue, but the endless reading of fanzines has brainwashed his vocabulary. Perhaps he can yet be saved.

In conclusion: fanzines seem to be offbeat; Stymie is only slightly offbeat. I hope Ebert will zero in on the elusive area of normalcy in future issues //I hope not. -re//.

--stymie--

Impression

The first thought,
When I saw this town again,
Was that it was the same.

Shaded streets paraded
In Nineteenth-century profusion.

The Elms,
Still stately canopys for our town.

The river still runs below the town, I see;
Gushing about the stony remains
Of our bridge.

And the park is still filled
In the summertime.

-re

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Comment on Bill Lyon's piece--on anything in Stymie--will be welcomed. I intend to mail 35 copies of each and every issue, with a few back for my own use and reserve. I'm mailing the first issue to people I think will enjoy it, and also to people who have been pretty dangd nice to send me their fanz all this time. Subsequent issues will be sent to pretty much the same people--but I may be forced to drop a few names and add others if the present names on my mailing list don't seem interested. Another editorial comment on back cover clears up why this is so void of such fannish or stish stuff.



-re

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Litter

//A note in time keeps Stymie coming. These are choice excerpts from letters I've received recently. The mentions of Thomas Wolfe, in most places, are outgrowths of discussions that the undersigned and myself were having about him, and Literature, and stuff like that. -re//

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REDD ECGGS, 2209 Highland Place, N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minn.--I agree somewhat with your remarks about The Catcher in the Rye, except that I don't see what difference it makes why and how somebody reads the book, if they are going to derive "some solid benefit" from it. So they approach the book in the same way they'd approach Mickey Spillane. They'll soon find out that Salinger is something very different, but (I suspect) no less interesting. (I dunno: I've never read Spillane, except for that pseudo-Spillane novelet in Fantastic some years ago, that somebody says Howard Browne ghostwrote.)

Thomas Wolfe is impressive--at first acquaintance, anyway. I fear that he didn't make the best use of his genius, but the energy of his best works almost makes up for his flaws, such as those wordy, uninterminable rhapsodies that interrupt the flow of the narrative.

James Joyce. Finnegan's Wake is, of course, formidable, and I freely admit I am crunching through the book about at the same pace that Jack Speer is (or was) reading Science and Sanity. Joyce said the ideal reader would spend a lifetime reading the book //kind of unfair; he didn't spend a lifetime writing it. -re//. But Ulysses, while not as easy to read as, say, Dick Tracy, isn't too difficult for the most part. The narrative is well-defined through the greater part of it and you can identify your surroundings and see what's going on quite easily.

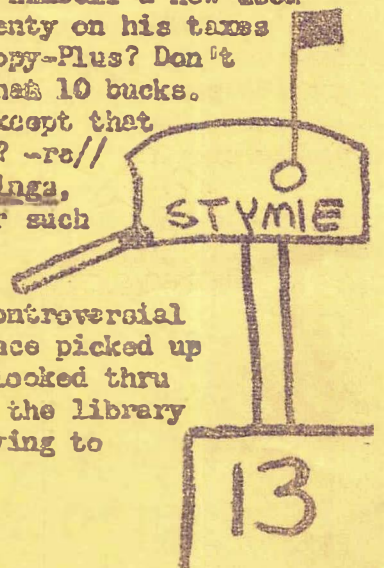
//Despite the current vogue going for Joyce, I personally find Wolfe the most satisfying writer. A lot of the critiques I've read on Wolfe say he was greatly influenced by Joyce--in one of his books, Wolfe lists Ulysses as the 'greatest book ever written'--and I suppose that the stream-of-consciousness section in Look Homeward, Angel is derived from Joyce. But Wolfe, while perhaps not the intellectual equal of Joyce, was certainly the emotional equal or better; and the tremendous Wolfe writing springs from this quality. -re//

.....

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.--I'm finally getting a ditto of my own. Andy Main is selling me a Copy-Plus of undetermined age but which operates good enough to suit me. He is getting himself a new used ditto for fifty bucks in a week or so. Lucky guy got back twenty on his taxes so this is helping him a lot. How much am I paying for the Copy-Plus? Don't moan in your beard when I tell you but: less than 10 bucks.

Wolfe reads like Tolkien in length, except that Tolkien is just plain interesting! //and Wolfe? -re// I'm still reading my way through Lord of the Rings, however; there is a tremendous lack of time for such reading that keeps me from having finished a long time ago.

Yes, James Joyce! Now there is a controversial author. I've never read anything by him. I once picked up Finnegan's Wake after hearing a lot about it, looked thru the first 20 pages and turned the book back to the library the next day. Darned if I'll bother myself trying to translate it.



(more litter; more lightmen:)



Speaking of your last column //in Psi-Phi #5, and he was in the original letter. -re//, there has been quite a roar of approval and all on it in the letters of comment. I won't go into details, but suffice it to say that Ted White that that maybe he had written it himself in a moment of blackout //suffice that! -re//. He thought it went along with his VOID dissection of Galaxy quite well (he with his Tinkertoy Plots, you with the Throat Complex).

//Glad to hear it went over, Bob. Haven't seen the reaction myself in the June Psi-Phi, which was due out in June, I surmise. Anyhoo, the copy deadline on it was May 15, and... -re//

.....

VIC RIAN, 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Ill.--Gee...when you get right down to it, Central Illinois no longer has a good fanz...//speak for yourself. -re//...Hickman has moved north, where he'd be more readily classified with the Chicagoans--Kemp, Light, and the rest. Tucker is still active (he even sent a contribution for BANE #2) but not publishing much as you well know. Other Central Illinois fans are Allen Mardis, Jr., right near you //never heard of him; Vic says he goes to the University of Illinois. -re//, Nan Gerding, Vern Coriell, Jack Cascio, and a few others. Decatur //Ill.// has a science fiction club, cum library and such, but Hickman, who used to pass thru there on occasion, was never able to contact them.

The Legendary Tucker was in town Monday, just following the Midwestcon; he said it was a real gasser, one of the best yet (no poker games or rain, tho, so it was rather iconoclaustic).

//I'm not sure you spelled iconoclaustic right, but I don't want to bother looking it up. At any rate, I imagine Tucker is honored that the convention he attended is finally being called the same thing that H. L. Mencken has been all these years. -re//

.....

MIKE DECKINGER, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, N.J.--I've read your "Reverberations" in Psi-Phi, and I agree with you most wholeheartedly--in particular with the column in the current issue //#4//. I thought "Or all the Seas with Oysters" was a miserable story, and, after re-reading it, I still do. Davidson's treatment of it was that of a farce, and not a horror tale at all. But I guess that's to be expected with Galaxy.

This Sunday I'm going to Ted White's pad, and I'll also try and locate the place where he gets his paper, and where the Deitzes do also. It's a granite paper, costing only 85¢ a ream, which is the cheapest I've ever encountered. Now all I need to do is get stencils at about 5¢ each and I can issue a weekly zine.

//I don't know if you found the place where White and the Deitzes get their paper, but I don't think you used the same paper in HOCUS #11, that White and the Deitzes use. -re//

.....

The forest trembles
When the wind comes.
It brushes the leaves
From its hair.

.....



postscribbles

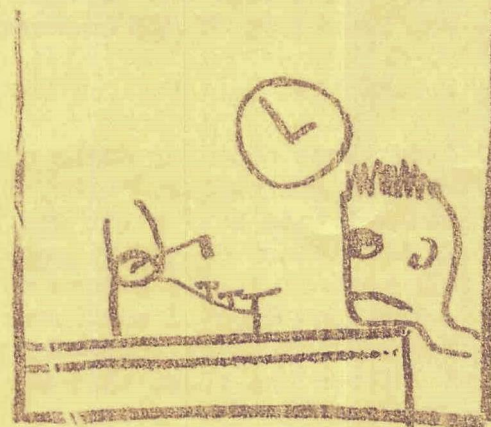
There's one thing (I said to myself as I started this fax) that I'm not going to do on my first fanzine. I'm not going to be one of those faneds who starts a paragraph with:

"The space above represents a time-lag of three weeks."

I'm not going to be one of those faneds who say:

"Although I said on page 2 that this was a monthly.."

But wouldn't you know I am?



Yess, despite the fact that way back there somewhere I put in a big impassioned appeal to Vic Ryan and all that to get him to duplicate this for me, because I wasn't able to do it myself, I am now able to do it myself.

And the pages in between don't represent any time-lag, either.

Vic must have been breathing pretty hard when he read that, until he realized that this is already dittoed, and he, apparently, didn't ditto it.

Because I wanted to put out a fax so badly, and because I already had several stencils finished, I decided to go ahead and pay to have it done. A local typewriter company is doing it for me for a little over four bucks, paper included (plus about 200 sheets I supplied myself), which isn't bad.

I know it's against fandom's code of ethics, and all that, but...

--stymie--

You may have noticed that there is a remarkable lack of any material in this issue having to do with science fiction or fandom. True. This is not necessarily a matter of policy (tho Bill Lyon seemed delighted with it). Future issues will feature both mainstream and fanish criticism, features, articles, poetry, etc. Write me regarding any contributions you may have.

When I mentioned "future issues" up there a ways, I didn't want you to get the idea this is going to be a monthly, or anything rash like that. I'll publish it when these three conditions coincide:

- 1) My school work is caught up and in good shape (I'm entering the University of Illinois this fall).
- 2) I have the time, plenty of it.
- 3) I have some worthwhile material to fill STYMIE with.

--stymie--

You know, it's a good thing I didn't ship these 16 or so stencils off to Vic Ryan after all (if you'll pardon me bringing up the subject again). After looking at FANE #1, I realize that he had a minnygraf, and these are all ditto stencils.

Details are always clogging my path...

--stymie--

Harvey Kurtzman has a new magazine out, namely Help!!, which features a story by Robert Schekley. (I just misspelled a name...) The mag is more in the Humbug tradition than the Mad tradition, it would seem to me, and most of it is filled with cheap movie stills with captions or balloons added. Looks like a pretty professional effort, tho there isn't much to it.

Sometimes you wonder how Kurtzman raises the money or gets the backing to finance one allick-zine after the other. Trump, Humbug and what else have failed, and still here he comes with another costly effort. Amazing.

...please turn page for more goodies

15

...right here seems to be as good a place
as any to break into the cozy little discus-
sion we were having inside and say:

You are receiving STIMIE because:

1. I like you.

Sometimes these checking deals on the ba-
covers get pretty ridiculous. Like, I enjoy-
ed Bob Jennings little satire (it was satire,
eh, Bob?) in the latest Saturday Evening Ghost
with the full page of little places to check.

That's the same Ghost I mentioned on P. 2
as having lost. It's still lost--for good, I
think. But I found the sheet that was inside.
Hurray.

I learned a lot of things in this, my
first fax. (That last sentence did sound pretty
pompos, now you mention it, Bill...) For one
thing, from now on I'm going to make a little
mark like / around my comments, instead of
two little marks (//). For another, I'm not
going to bother with that ridiculous are
at the end of every comment. I'll just assume
you know whose work the /s enclose.

Also, I'll try not to start off so dryly
next fax. But I think the comment on current
affairs will stay. I always wanted to be a
newspaper political collyunist, and now I am
one.

After this is all dittoed, I suspect I
came too close to the margins in a couple
places, and the words are gonna run right in
under the staples. I'll watch that next time.

You know, I don't know if I really want
any art after all. The stuff inside that I
scribbled looks sort of quaint, in a way. Has
its own sort of charm. I think I'd buy a letter-
ing guide, too, but what do you think about the
sort of sloppy lettering I do by hand? It's
readable, and I'm not out to lose all sorts of
money on this thing.

It's been pretty cheap so far. I like it
that way.

This has been STIMIE #1. It has been fun.
It was enough fun to make me see why other
fanads keep grinding at their sines. The
stencils took a total of about four hours, but
I type very fast. All the stuff by me was
written in the past six months for one thing
or another. In future issues, I hope to have
a much wider variety of writers, and keep my
comments in the editorial column. (I count
three...) Reg Ebert

"Does seem to be
the End, wot?"



This dotted line already folded, for your convenience.

STIMIE #1, from

Reg Ebert
440 E. Washington
Urbana, Illinois

Rick Sneary

To:

2962 Santa Anna St.
South Gate, Calif.

Printed Matter Only

Return Postage Guaranteed

May Be Opened If Necessary

Does That Cover Everything?