

warhoon

Warhoon is edited for the Spectator Amateur Press Society by Richard Bergeron at 110 Bank Street, New York City 14, New York. This is issue number 9, dated October 1960. It should appear in SAPS mailing number 53. All material is written by the editor, unless otherwise credited and represents his opinions and viewpoints. Material that is credited expresses the opinions of the author and as little editorial responsibility as possible is accepted for it. If you're not a member of this organization and wish to receive the next issue: a card or letter of comment will keep you on the mailing list. Letters received will be considered for publication unless otherwise specified. :: This magazine has finally gotten completely out of control. When it was revived back in January, it was intended to function as a re-introduction to SAPS and as a vehicle for some things I wanted to say about politics and, perhaps, the world in general. There wasn't really any desire to achieve a regular schedule, much less quarterly, or to attempt to review Sapublications with any consistency. The issue at hand was planned, in part, so far ahead that it has far outgrown any intentions of activity I've ever had. A few requests for material surprised me by bearing more fruit than I can comfortably handle this issue and yet in justice to the contributors, I think they should be published as soon as possible. I never thought seriously about using much non-editorial writing, but now find Warhoon the happy home of a new John Berry column. Other material that has converged for this issue includes an examination of fanzine standards by L Russell Chauvenet, a fascinating report on fan's primary voting habits, and an aggressive article by Gregg Calkins, which should be worth its weight in disturbed complacency. :: There is a troubling aspect to the John Berry column. Richard Rovere has cited one of the most undemocratic effects of McCarthyism: "It created, or at any rate greatly heightened an atmosphere in which dissent was itself a suspicious circumstance, requiring explanation and apology". The first evidence I've seen in fandom that supports Rovere's assessment is a statement of intense pro-American leanings and general flag waving that John has felt it necessary to use as an introduction to some criticisms of the Western position. That a man of transparent honesty and intellectual integrity like John Berry should feel called upon to provide such credentials is as much a warning that democracy is still struggling through a crucial test as it is a comment upon ourselves. My reading of the fannish climate hadn't indicated that the exercise of freedom of the press would be looked on as unpatriotic, but perhaps John is a more sensitive person than I am. An examination of McCarthyism in fandom will have to wait for a later and more lengthy treatment, but it occurs to me that perhaps recent events on the national scene are recreating an atmosphere in which the critic feels he has to adopt protective coloration. We now have a Presidential contest in which one of the nominees charges his opponent with "feeding the communist propaganda mills". And recently the brilliant drama critic Kenneth Tynan, a British subject, was called before the Senate Internal Security subcommittee and subjected to questioning about his actions and beliefs. Among other questions he was asked if he felt himself "justified in holding opinions that openly defied those of the President of the United States". (Mr Tynan replied that he "was English, and had been forming opinions all his life without worrying for a second whether or not they coincided with those of the President of the United States.") It appears that the atmosphere of McCarthyism is still with us and its generating mechanism still in operation :: As an American I feel that a statement of loyalty and love of country is irrelevant (and that in itself is a reason for loving America), but, with such demagoguery loose in the land and in a position to attain the Presidency, it might be only prudence to follow John's lead and add a pledge of allegiance to Warhoon's standard masthead. If that becomes necessary, the words will be as important as the notice. "letters received will be considered for publication unless otherwise specified."

THE TATTOOED DRAGON IN MANHATTAN

Joan Hurley, more beautiful than a speeding locomotive, sounded desperate. "Dick, I'm desperate", she said in her Burbeesque manner.

The phone call was not entirely unexpected. After all, Joan had only been art director of a progressive architectural magazine for a couple of months. It wasn't inconceivable that she might call on a former associate for advice or encouragement. I knew that once she became familiar with the intricacies of her editorial work on PROGRESSIVE ARCHITECTURE I probably wouldn't hear from her quite as often, but for the time being I was eager to let her take advantage of my experience. I had been functioning as an art director myself for about a week at the time. "Yes, Joan, what is it now?", I asked patiently.

"I have an article at hand that THEY want illustrated with light cartoon spots and I have no idea who could handle the assignment with the budget I have to work within" she explained. "Could you suggest someone?"

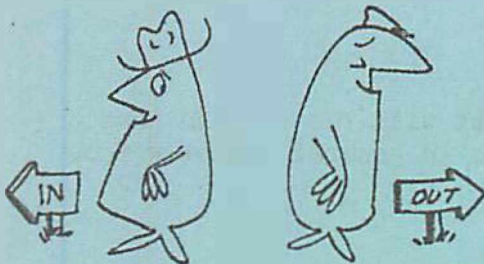
A number of people did occur to me, but, somehow, none seemed as appropriate as the one I named who lived clear across the nation in California. After all, someone had to do something about Bob Bloch's forecast in a 1958 INNUENDO that "the day is not far distant when Rotsler will win a much wider and justly-deserved recognition." That day was getting further distant all the time, so I hastily advised her to send William Rotsler a copy of her manuscript and leave the rest to him. Joan seemed dubious but the solution had the appeal of putting the problem in someone else's hands; if only temporarily.

A week or so later I heard from Joan again. The Rotsler illustrations had arrived and she was quite pleased with the transaction. An assignment that had been a source of annoyance had been unexpectedly solved with wit and originality. She was equally happy about the reactions of her fellow workers and the staid administrative staff. Everyone was tickled with the drawings, though she gasped with amusement when I later pointed out a characteristic pair of bulbous breasts hidden in a human pyramid. Joan advised Rotsler that she would be interested in any cartoons he might care to submit based on architectural themes and I have no doubt that if she has need of more work of this type she'll call on him. Your editor felt smug about the whole deal. Not only had I helped out lovely Joan Hurley and seen to it that William Rotsler was at last being paid for the type of material that he'd been giving away in fandom for years, but I'd secured permission to reprint the sketches in Wrhn.

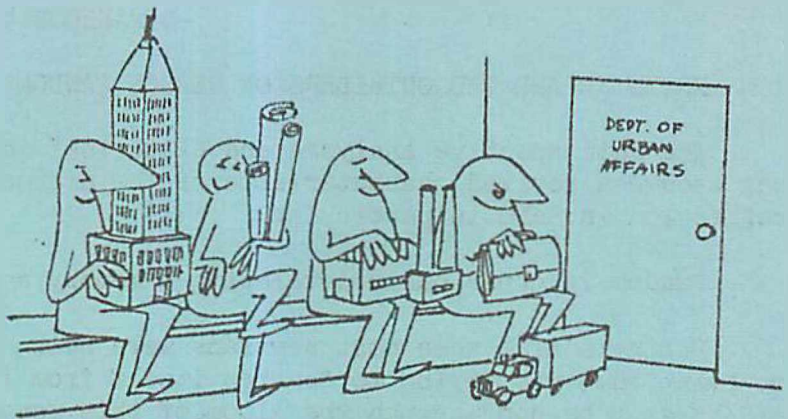
If I were a more suspicious soul I might have suspected that the copies of QUOTE-BOOK, SON OF THE TATTOOED DRAGON, and THE TATTOOED DRAGON MEETS THE WOLFMAN that arrived at about this time constituted some sort of reward for these activitees. It's doubtful they were intended as such, however. I had performed no service worthy of so valuable an acknowledgment.

The volumes created an immediate sensation at the office. Several people thought they were easily worth the \$1 price tag that appears on the back of one of them and wondered if copies had been sent to THE NEW YORKER and other publications as a portfolio. ESQUIRE might be a natural market for some of these drawings.

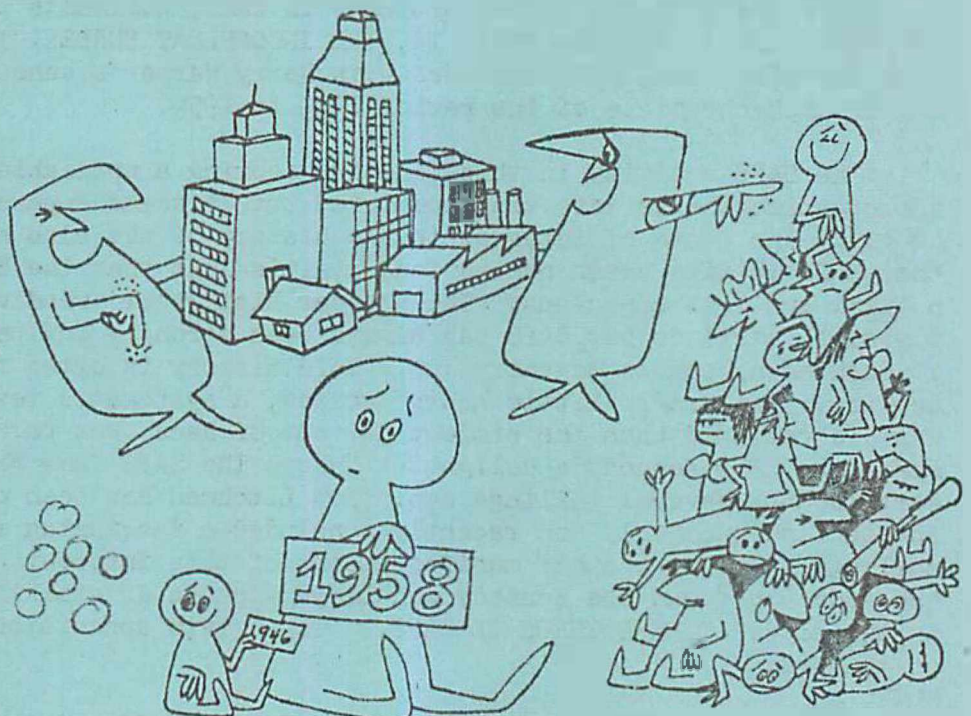
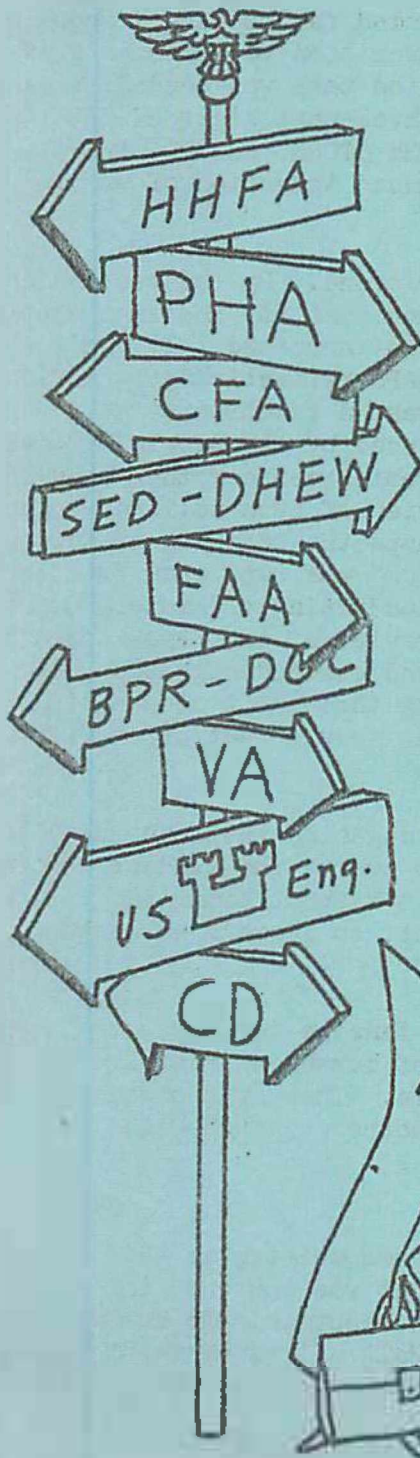
I am not about to become an agent for William Rotsler, but I am interested in his seeming lack of interest in marketing his creativity. Several fans seem to think that unless talented people are attempting to sell their work they are wasting themselves. Apparently the thought hasn't occurred to Bill. The drawings are an end in themselves; done because they make him happy to do them.



flight to the suburbs from metropolitan cores and movement of the farm population into urban centers.

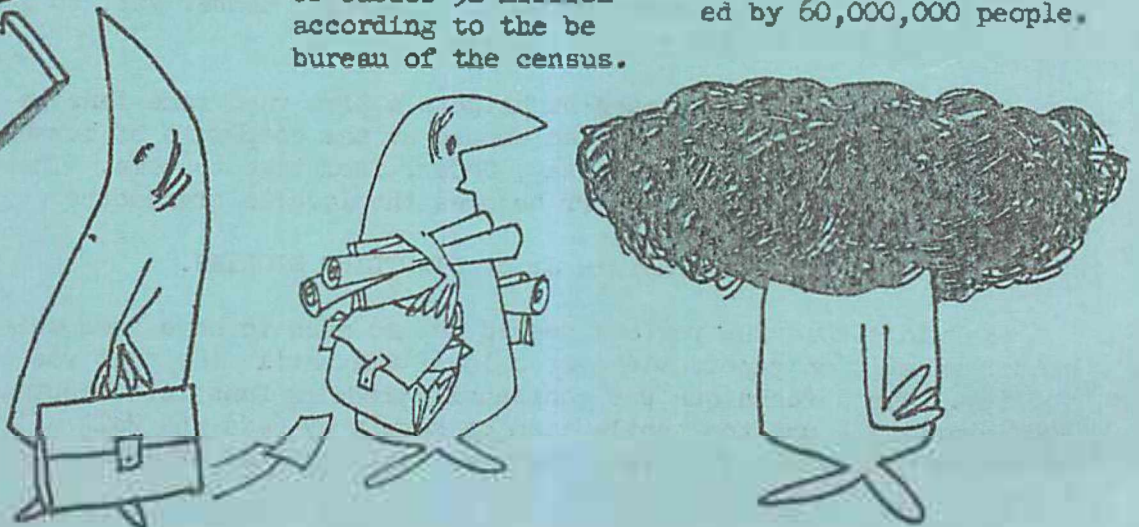


I have introduced into the House of Representatives a bill which presents a somewhat different approach from past proposals in this area..



between 1946 and 1958 we had a bumper crop of babies 51 million according to the bureau of the census.

between 1950 and 1975 metropolitan population will have increased by 60,000,000 people.



SAM MERWIN JR AND THE OUTRIDERS OF SERCON FANDOM

The introspective analysis and historical interest with the fannish past that has become a revived characteristic of the microcosmos in general is not without its reflection in SAPS in particular.

Fandom is consciously developing a memory again.

During a time when most new fans were being recruited into a fanationalistic movement that was trying to divorce itself from its antecedents, Walt Willis styled HYPHEN as a beacon through the gloom of this movement. The October 1953 issue contained a single sheet rider called TOTO which was planned to remind fandom of and acquaint its new-comers with fandom's rich lore. For a fandom that was soon to be taken abed with its present, the Willis therapy was just the prescription that was needed. The period ranges from the Degler articles in GRUE, Hoffman's three-part blast of FAN-HISTORY in FAPA, FANCYCLOPEDIA II, THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE, THE STORMY PETREL, THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, and concludes with Harry Warner's announced intention of writing the fannish chronicle of the period 1939 to 1959.

The SAPS activity in this line is becoming a noticable trend. My information on the organization is less than complete, but it seems apparent that for the last couple of years the tempo of interest in the history of the club has increased. It isn't that SAPS is five years behind fandom, it's just that the SAPS reflectivity is more natural and less conscious. The broader historical trend was a reaction to an unpleasant interlude but SAPS has always been strongly influenced by the people who make it such an agreeable organization. SAPS history is often reminiscense rather than education. Ballard's "Little Acorn" series, a systematic review of back mailings which was discontinued when the project got out of hand, was perhaps the beginning of the movement. Joe Kennedy's delightful "Where The SAPS Came From" was reprinted from an early HURKLE several mailings ago. Bob Litchman has been conducting a "History Corner" in his fine quarterly and recently concluded a fascinating review of the first dozen mailings. There are other manifestations of this interest and coincidently the group has suddenly found Joe Kennedy and Lloyd Alpaugh Jr stalking through it once again in the pages of HERE THERE BE SAPS. That twin apparition should set off a flurry of memoirs.

The nature of the incurable prying fan who edits this magazine has been revealed in previous issues. I've already contributed an article or two to the fund of information and, perhaps, consternation on general fandom. And it's about time that I turned some attention to the history of SAPS. I'm not a member yet, so there's no reason why I should show them any favoritism!

The subject I have chosen highlights a time when some fanzine reviews were less gentle than scalding water. I am amused at the complaints of harshness that are directed to a fanzine reviewer like, say, GMCarr from time to time. There was a reviewer beside whom Gertrude Marion Carr becomes the lovable grandmother that she is.

That critic was Sam Merwin Jr of STARTLING STORIES.

Merwin's colorful reviews seemed not so much to have been written in acid but rather in milk on paper held over a low flame until the text was scorched into visibility. This technique was continually prodding fans into rebutals. An early SKY HOOK contains a not too gentle item on Merwin by Redd and Walt Willis wrote "The Mind of Sam Merwin Jr"; a discovery that certainly merited an entire article of exposition.

But what calls our attention to Merwin in connection with the Spectator Amateur Press Society is the decision of the fledgling group to submit their mailings to him for review. It's difficult to know whether to ascribe the SAPS action to naivete or masochism. Merwin's main affection in fan publications ran to indexes and he was continually mystified by the more personalized magazines the apas sent him. The FAPA mailings were also submitted for a time. Perhaps the main reason of both apas in sending him their mailings was egoboo, since the possibility that either group would look on STARTLING STORIES as a recruiting ground is remote considering the type of neo-fan that might be attracted to the clubs.

On the matter of Merwin's enthusiasm for the amateur press associations there is little confusion. The September 1948 STARTLING STORIES brought the revelation to fandom. Here are some of Sam Merwin's pronouncements on SAPS and a few of his remarks on FAPA:

"It IS possible that we have been asking for it all along -- though we don't see just how. At any rate, this time the roof fell in. We were getting just about our usual quota of fanzines and stashing them in the bottom desk drawer (the double one) for perusal and review and minding our rather multifarious other affairs and treating the whole thing as routine.

"Then came a big envelope from Charles E Burbee of the Los Angeles Burbees. Upon opening it we discovered it packed with fanzines. This recalled to us that we had recieved a similarly packed envelope some months earlier (with no return address) and had been holding it with modest impatience as a tardy submission to our ill-fated fanzine contest.

"Actually, it seems, each batch was a complete mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, sent in for review. This outfit is known to the initiate as FAPA and shall be so called henceforth in this column. Its members apparently get up fanzines and mail them around to other members as material for critical letters which are included in (and often completely monopolize) future issues.

"So there we were with two FAPA mailings on top of our regular review material. Regretfully (our foot!) we stashed the earlier mailing as passe and decided to concentrate on the latter group. Then came another slue of fanzines, apparently from some lightweight affiliate of FAPA called the SAPS (don't ask us what that stands for) -- whose publishers call their fanzines Sapzines. And finally we got an SOS from the British Fantasy Library, a laudable organization to which we are going to give first place in the column that follows.

"We have waded through all the above mentioned mailings and have decided, in view of the highly personal nature of most of the Fapazines and Sapszines, to list them in toto but to pass critical word only on the few that seem outstandingly good."

I'll quote the introductory paragraph to the FAPA listing, but not the list itself: "Heading the Faparade is the FANTASY AMATEUR, so-called official organ of the association, containing news of interest to members, announcements and an enclosed poll-card on which the member is supposed to list his favorite thisa and thata on various elements of the 'zines put out by his fellows. In hot pursuit come a highly mathematical pamphlet on THE RATING OF ROCKET FUELS by Thomas S Gardner of Johnson City, Tennessee -- a page from a Harvard University Mathematics examination, apparently algebraic in origin and neatly stamped at the bottom with No. 56 -- a four pager by Ray C Higgs of Connorsville, Indiana, entitled LONE INDIAN FRATERNITY ORIGINATES AND SPONSORS PLAN TO ABOLISH ADULT AND CHILD DELINQUENCY (sounds dull, doesn't it?) --

quotations from Spengler and comment on that ancient vehicle of the cinema, Metropolis, by Robert Raphael -- something called A VISIT FROM GRAHAM put out by Rick Sneary -- a highly useful FANTASY ANTHOLOGY INDEX put out by Sam Moskowitz and Alex Osheroff -- and an obsolete 1947 DREAMLAND POLL by Don Wilson and Howard Miller. Heterogeny, thy name is FAPA.

"Which takes care of the FAPA horror -- save for those magazines which we feel rate an A-listing review. Now for that Sapszine grue* -- we find at last that SAPS stands for Spectator Amateur Press Society, whatever that means!"

This is the list of publications Merwin gave, without the addresses. Can anyone give the mailing number? "BLUE BEM, Joe Kennedy EGOBOO, Joe Schaumburger ESSENTIAL, no name or address listed BRILLIG, Joe Schaumburger FROZINE, Phil Froeder JOSE-PIEN, Joe Gross NAMLEPS, Henry M Spelman III QUEER, Norm Storer FLOOR, Walter A Coslet SUN SHINE, no name or address listed THE HANDS AND OTHERS, H Cheney (somehow we think this little booklet got into the SAPS by mistake) TAILS OF PASSIONATE FANS, no name or address listed TRUE FAN CONFESSIONS, Joe Kennedy (rates a B-list review but won't get it) and TWIN STAR PUBLICATIONS, no name or address listed.

"This is about as sub-sophomoric a gang of amateur publications as we have run across while sitting at this or any other desk. But, since most of those who put in time and energy composing these little gems are probably a bit on the sub-sophomore side (we query the gentleman of Leverett House) they undoubtedly get a belt out of the proceedings. We hope somebody did."

Actually these comments are rather mild compared to some of the things that are recorded in the "A" and "B" listings. For instance, SPARK, from Leverett House -- Henry M Spelman, contains "Sophomorics by Jack Speer and Norman Schlechter." SKY HOOK "suffers from a sea anchor in the form of some of the worst verse ever (up to and including our own!)."

The writing in these reviews indicates that Merwin knew what he was talking about when he used his favorite adjective: sophomoric. Much of the column is as sophomoric as one can get and not be declassified as freshman. It might seem that material that would be printed and given large distribution would have at least been given as careful preparation as one of the apazines he pans so indefatigably. But the mental image that his columns conjure up is one of an impatient reviewer composing on the linotype machine rather than the typewriter. The atmosphere of the one-shot fanzine is unmistakable. For example, elsewhere in the September 1948 installment, the "B" listing contains "THE SPECTATOR, nothing listed. A Sapszine that got misplaced. 'nuff said." One gets the impression that as soon as his copy was written it was irretrievably whisked into lockup. Other examples of first draft mistakes aren't hard to find. Here's one more from the July 1949 issue: "TIMEWARP, 2120 Bay Street, Saginaw, Michigan, Editors, Arthur H Rapp and George Young. Ye Gods! A SAPzine that got into the regular listings. Enough said, though how it got mixed with the A's we'll probably never know." And we'll probably never know why that wasn't struck from the dummy.

The September 1949 issue contains a more detailed review of a SAPS mailing: "As seems to happen at regular intervals, another collection of Spectator Amateur Press Society (SAPS) publications have arrived, this time from new official Editor Henry M Spellman III, 75 Sparks Street, Cambridge, 38, Massachusetts. Mr Spellman implores us to be gentle with him and to use 'at least one new adjective.' Well, we'll try.

* I say, are you there, Grennell?

Here goes -- we're going to list them as arranged by Editor Spellman instead of in our usual alphabetical array."

Addresses of the various editors were listed but they'll not be included here.
"VANGUARD BA-A-AP!!!, Walter A Coslet One sheet review of other Sapzines.

"GR-UNNK!, Walter A Coslet One-sheet comment on recent stf reading by the editor.

"ARCURUS, Rick Sneary A four-page job with a pair of entertaining pieces by the Sneary. One tells how to be president of an number of stfan societies and live (by doing absolutely nothing). The other refutes a Lloyd Alpaugh article in a previous Sapzine that Henry Kuttner is overrated as an stf author. For which, cheers.

"ISCARIOT, William Voorhees Pierce In opining editorial Mr Pierce wonders why he is writing this and confesses he does not know. Despite a grusomely amusing limerick describing the death of a bee, we fear we must join him in his bafflement.

"PROCYON II, Wallace Shore A half-one-sheet containing reviews more thumbnail than this of other Sapzines.

"RESONANCE, Paul Cox Despite an editorial defending the editor's pride of race (unfashionable, this), a pretty good if young magazinelet. Comments on pre-World-War One stf trilogy amusing.

"JOSE-PIEN, Gross/A cartoon zine of highly libidinous character and little sense.

"SPACEHOUND'S GAZETTE, Joe Kennedy Kennedy complains that his Sapzine is waning in size and will soon "no doubt be mimeographed on microbes." But it's still funny stuff.

"MAINE-IAC, Ed Cox Most chuckle-rousing item in this large Sapzine (large for a Sapzine, that is) is author's confession of failure to win passing grade in a peculiarly fiendish stf quiz offered in a previous Sapzine.

"SUN SHINE/, Lloyd Alpaugh In the best of this mailing ex-Editor Alpaugh answered his own fiendish quiz with polished ease and reviews other SAPS' efforts trenchantly -- among other things.

"SAPIAN, Ray Higgs Promising Sapzine spoiled by a very poor cartoon feature.

"THE BLACK PIRATE, Telis Streiff We couldn't get beyond the "fairychess" in this one. Sorry.

"NAMLEPS, Henry M Spellman II This item in which SAPS new Editor expresses his surprise at winning the election. Tacky."

I gather that Mr Merwin was willing to oblige with this type of analysis as long as the various SAPS OEs were willing to continue to send him the mailings. In the three issues of STARTLING STORIES I have here there doesn't seem to be an indication of a reaction on the part of the SAPS editors. Could it be that the organization kept itself aloof from such scurilous goings-on? Or perhaps they understood the engrams of Sam Merwin better than an observer at this time can.

The July 1949 installment, to backtrack a bit, contained a review of the sixth mailing. The mailing started with an Alpaugh SPECTATOR and closed with an issue of

SUN SHINE. Sam thought: "Of the above, the Kennedy opus, SPACE HOUND'S GAZETTE, seemed to be the most rewarding in a general fanzine sense. Otherwise, we see that Alpaugh is both alpha and omega of the listing. So be it." And the comments conclude with: "And now for the A-listing of fanzines. It promises considerable interest this time out although no real high spots seems to have been attained. But let's at it without further preamble (those SAPzines! And yet we love 'em in a way) --.

THE GREAT DEBATE

Someone has commented that this has been the pitch of the Presidential contest thus far: Senator Kennedy is crying "Awake! Awake!" and Vice-President Nixon has been crying "Relax, relax." On the basis of his campaign I would say that Mr Nixon is the best qualified to continue the type of leadership we presently have. Mr Nixon's bid for the Presidency has been largely emotional. He cites his great experience, ignoring the fact that some vastly experienced Presidential candidates have made poor Presidents and that others with little experience have been among our best, he points out his humble beginnings, and, amid garlands of hometown references, promises to keep the peace without surrender. While Senator Kennedy's campaign has not been without its emotional levels it has been distinguished by the quality of his Texas inquisition, an exposition of the fronts the next President should move on in the first 90 days of his administration and a detailed analysis of Mr Nixon's foreign policy experience that was broadcast throughout New York state.

Nixon seems convinced that the people need only have their complacency played on to be won in an election. Senator Kennedy is laborously trying to educate them. I rather think Nixon is right, but I imagine it was that fatal degree of stupidity that would be necessary to preserve the present quality of our leadership that lead him to the mistake of appearing in four televised debates with Mr Kennedy.

And from the standpoint of the whole tone and texture of Nixon's campaign strategy, it was a mistake.

Nixon's strongest emotional drawing point is his debate in the American homes exhibition in Moscow. Richard Nixon knows this. You can't go into a Nixon headquarters without spotting a large blowup of the picture of Richard Nixon shaking his finger at Nikita Khrushchev. There are millions of matchbook covers with this picture on it. The basic recommendation that most Americans have for Nixon and apparently the only thing they seem to know about him is that he "Stood Up to Khrushchev". Drawing on this groundwork Nixon has sketched a broad canvas of mature leadership and great experience. At every opportunity he frames this image with remarks about Senator Kennedy's youth, naivete, lack of knowledge and experience.

This is an emotional projection. An impression like this can be sustained only by the lack of something to compare it with. And it was being most successful. Democrats were becoming cynical about the choice offered them. Many weren't even sure that there was such a person as John F Kennedy. And, with the aid of the predominately Republican press that could have won the election by itself.

But Nixon has made his task more difficult for himself. By appearing with Senator Kennedy in the first of "The Great Debate" series he has given people an opportunity to make up their minds on a basis of direct comparison. Basically the judgement may still be made on an emotional level, but it won't be made on elements of Mr Nixon's choosing. And there is some possibility that Nixon's groundwork will backfire on him. The image he has been setting is at variance with the impression Kennedy gave. Rather than betraying lack of knowledge and experience he showed a profound

depth of legislative knowledge and experience. He was able to conjure up the vote tallies of distant legislative battles, could impressively cite bills and their significant amendments in making points against Nixon. Interestingly enough it was Richard Nixon who betrayed lack of finesse by trying to tie Senator Kennedy to his position on Federal aid to education. After a laborious explanation of how he and Senator Kennedy agreed on this program it was most refreshing to hear his argument immediately destroyed when it was pointed out that the bill that was vetoed by Mr Nixon bore no similarity to the position that Mr Nixon was trying to align himself with.

Rather than showing naivete, Kennedy showed great poise, confidence, and maturity. It was interesting to see that Kennedy started out in a rather lackluster manner with a one tone speech, graced with little emphasis or personality, but when it came to answering questions and commenting on Nixon's replies he was alert, direct and arresting. While on the other hand Nixon was at his best in his opening speech -- weaving his spells of conviction and delivery, a most skillful opening. But in the body of the debate he appeared to fall apart, become increasingly nervous, offered to "get rid of the farmers", started to sweat, while by contrast Kennedy became more calm, more confident, more cool. This is another reason why Nixon shouldn't have consented to the debates. Nixon can keep himself brilliantly under control when he knows all the elements to expect. His speeches are little masterpieces in the way they project everything he wants them to. But in the give and take of a fast exchange he became conscious of the elements he couldn't control and forgot to control himself. On the other hand, Senator Kennedy's direct speeches are usually rather uninspiring, but in the tougher exchanges he drops his reserve and concentrates on the problem and in the process reveals his charm, simplicity, and sincerity. It happened before the ministers in Texas and it happened on the first television debate. In a campaign of direct speeches, it might have been Nixon two to one.

It's worth noting the quality of mind the debates revealed because it's part of the impression each candidate gave even if the conscious evidence was not noticed. Nixon seemed to address himself first to a question and then to a comment on a Kennedy answer. His part of the debate never went further than that. He was obsessed with the issue at hand; doing his best to handle each subject as it came up; ignoring each topic as it was passed. But Kennedy seemed to have a complete consciousness of the debate as a unity rather than as segments. In the latter half he was still commenting on things Nixon had said in the first half, when time allowed, and in summation addressed himself to incorrect impressions that Nixon had left on the medical aid to the aged bill.

It's surprising that Henry Cabot Lodge hadn't warned him about what to expect. In 1952 Lodge appeared in a series of six debates with Kennedy during the Massachusetts senatorial race. Lodge was one of the greatest vote getters in the history of Massachusetts, but Kennedy, swimming against the Republican tide of Eisenhower's first election, beat Lodge.

I wonder what those people, whose main support for Nixon is that he "told Khrushchev off" thought? My personal impression is that if he handled Khrushchev in the same way he handled Kennedy, then there's no mystery about why Khrushchev is so confident and aggressive.

It was amusing to see the man who, in 1952, I think, scorned Adlai Stevenson's call to a debate (with a comment about "namby-pamby powder puff duels") raise his nose and frostily say "no comment" to the first of Kennedy's frontal assaults on the Republican party. To someone who knows something about the nominee, the incident

was amusing. To Joan Hurley, a Nixon partisan, the evasion was "disgusting".

The reactions over the nation to the first encounter bare out some of my contentions. The Republican campaign headquarters was swamped with letters and telegrams inquiring about the health of Mr Nixon. I had noticed the death-like quality myself and hadn't thought it too uncommon, but many Republicans were concerned that their candidate was about to expire and wondered at his lifelessness. Fulton Lewis Jr, a Republican, has gone so far as to suggest that "to those who could see him, it was not Richard Nixon but some bloodless imposter in the last stages of starvation" who appeared on the screen. Mr Nixon's supporters are now saying that a Democratic make-up man had sabotaged him and that the lighting was all wrong for him. What they're not mentioning is that he had his own private make-up man who made him up after he issued a statement that he would use no make-up and that he arrived at the studio an hour before Kennedy in order to adjust the lighting properly. As a matter of fact, he insisted on two small floor spotlights being directed under his neck to flood out shadows. A big issue of the campaign now is not what Nixon really thinks but what he really looks like -- a pundit has written.

The Kennedy camp recieved numerous congratulatory messages on the conduct of the debate. One of them came from the conference of Southern governors who turned from lukewarm to hot in their enthusiasm for the nominee.

The first of the series of debates, from the standpoint of the Nixon sell, can be said to have been a total failure. It did nothing to fortify his primary selling point, it cut the edge off Kennedy's youthful appearance, it broke the apathy of the Democrats, and it stabbed into those voting backwaters where the one-party press is strongest.

Of the polls I've seen taken to determine the effect of the first encounter, there seems to be a general split along party lines. Few voters seem to have been won over to the opposite party, but a large number of people in each poll who had previously inclined to neither candidate were leaning towards Kennedy. Republicans tended to say that it was a draw, but Democrats tended to claim a victory for their men. The only poll that showed a decisive indication was taken by the John Kraft organization. The information appeared in none of the New York papers, but I happened to spot it in the Newark Star-Ledger. "In the carefully devised interviewing system set up by the Kraft organization for this First Debate, which allowed interviewers to talk with people within a matter of minutes after the end of the debate" 39% of the people spoken to across the country thought Kennedy had "won" and 32% thought Nixon had won. 29% thought it was a tied match. "And yet it is interesting to see that when people who say they are going to vote for Nixon were asked" who won, 17% said that the Senator from Massachusetts had won. But of those who were going to vote for Kennedy 7% were of the opinion that Mr Nixon had won.

One debate cannot win an election, of course, and there can be no doubt that future appearances will present a Nixon with much more plasma than the one who faced us the other night -- though he will have to overcome the initial bad impression he gave. However the debates have changed the campaign from a cold war, fought on separate campaign trails, to a hot war, subtly fought on both intellectual and emotional levels before our very eyes.

Who will win the election? Your guess is as good as mine. When you add up all the assets and subtract the disadvantages you still get 50-50 at this stage of the campaign. Then there are times when I feel the Democrats might as well have nominated Woodrow Wilson as nominate a Catholic. Taking into account my natural pessimism, I'm inclined to advise Dean Grennell to up that bet quite a bit more. You might make a fortune on this one, Dean.

A WORLDLY VIEW by John Berry

I have never made any claims to anything more than a layman's knowledge of world affairs, both political and military, but when Richard asked me to write a column dealing generally with the subjects, I took it upon myself to read the newspapers, and and to take a much more avid interest in the ramblings of the politicians...theirs and ours!

And I must make the obvious statement that things are in a hell of a mess. Broadly, the world is at present split into three groups? (a) The Western Powers, (b) The Communist Bloc, and (c) the neutral or uncommitted nations. Then I asked myself...why?

My researchs over the past few weeks have entailed reading many books and newspapers and I think I've uncovered a very important factor.

But I have to make a statement first of all: There should be no need for me to state that I am intensely pro-American, and very anti-Red. But what I have to say may not be accepted as democratically as I would like. I'm not casting aspersions, I'm just detailing the result of a great deal of research and consideration. I like to think that WARHOON goes to fans who like to enter into a good sound argument without throwing forth accusations of anti-Americanism simply to give weight against what they possibly consider to be unsporting statements. But really, there is nothing unsporting in what I have to say. It's not my opinion, you see. I'm taking the trouble to reprint almost a page of "Memoirs," by Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, K.G. Probably you've heard of him? Wait until you read further.

Montgomery, always a forthright and plain-spoken man, doesn't pull any punches. He says what he thinks, and did so quite often during the war, not only to his immediate military superiors, but to Prime Ministers as well. And the reprint below is one of the most pointed accusations I've ever read. It's, of course, well known that he and General Eisenhower didn't see eye-to-eye over many military matters. I can see his point of view. He, Montgomery, was a famous war leader who had beaten the Germans in the Western Desert, and knew, militarily speaking, just what he wanted. He had unusual ideas. He liked to let the plain foot-sloggers know what he wanted done. He went to obscure military stations to make sure of this. He didn't do the normal thing, just call in a few senior officers, give them the plans and leave it up to them to disperse the detailed instructions as best they could. Montgomery, as far as possible, liked to speak to the private soldiers and tell them what he wanted. He attributed his considerable success to this technique. When Eisenhower was put in complete charge of the allied armies as Supreme Commander, Eisenhower had never fought a battle, except on paper, and Montgomery had seen action against the Germans for years. Montgomery liked Eisenhower as a military statesman, ie, a man capable of tactfully welding different armies, and maintaining balance and understanding. But Montgomery says that Eisenhower was "not a great soldier in the true sense of the word" and asserts that this was because of a lack of experience. Montgomery records:

"It will be remembered that in his letter to me dated 15th September 1944, Eisenhower had agreed with me about the great importance of the German capitol, and had said: 'Clearly, Berlin is the main prize.' But now he did not agree. His latest view was expressed in a message he sent me on the 31st March 1945 which ended with the following sentence: 'You will note that in none of this do I mention Berlin. That place has become, as far as I am concerned, nothing but a geological location, and I have never been interested in these. My purpose is to destroy the enemy forces and his powers to resist.'

"It was useless for me to pursue the matter further. We had had so much argument-

already on great issues; anyhow, it was now almost too late. But after the victory in Normandy my point was that the final defeat of the German forces was imminent -- in a few more months.

The important point was therefore to ensure that when the day arrived we would have a political balance in Europe which would help us, the Western nations, to win the peace. That meant getting possession of certain political centers in Europe before the Russians -- notably Vienna, Prague and Berlin. If the higher directions of the war had been handled properly by the political leaders of the West, and suitable instructions given to Supreme Commanders, we could have grabbed all three before the Russians. But what happened? The possibility of seizing Vienna disappeared when it was decided to land the DRAGOON force in southern France; the troops for the landing were taken from Field-Marshal Alexander's force in Italy and that put the brake on his operations. It should be noted that Stalin whole-heartedly approved the DRAGOON landing. Of course he did. It made certain that his forces would get to Vienna before ours!

"As regards Prague, the Third American Army was halted on the Western frontier of Czechoslovakia towards the end of April --for reasons which I have never understood. When finally allowed to cross the frontier early in May, Bradley states in "A Soldier's Story", page 549, that he was ordered not to advance beyond Pilsen 'because Czechoslovakia was already earmarked for liberation by the Red Army.' He goes on to say that had SHAEF remanded its order, Patton 'could probably have been in Prague within 24 hrs.

"Berlin was lost to us when we failed to make a sound operational plan in August 1944, after the victory in Normandy.

"The Americans could not understand that it was of little avail to win the war strategically if we lost it politically. Because of this curious viewpoint we suffered accordingly from VE-Day onwards, and are still so suffering. War is a political instrument; once it is clear that you are going to win, political considerations must influence its further course. It became obvious to me in 1944 that the way things were being handled was going to have repercussions far beyond the end of the war; it looked to me as if we were going to 'muck it up'. I reckon we did."

This is all pertinent to the question: was the war strategy, under Supreme Commander General Eisenhower, responsible for the Cold War at the moment, and indeed, as Montgomery asserts, ever since the end of the war?

Montgomery is in the enviable position of being able to say "I told you so". His book "Memoirs" is riddled with messages wherein he argues with his authorities, including Eisenhower, about what he considers to be the lack of a Master Plan.

Suppose the allied armies had gained the three vitally important sites. Would the Berlin Airlift have been necessary, and would Berlin have been ringed by the Russians?

No one can say with certainty what would have happened if Montgomery's schemes had been utilized. It seems that American politicians didn't want more American soldiers killed than possible (a very reasonable outlook) and therefore stopped the Allied armies at the earliest opportunity. It looked like a good idea at the time, but Montgomery says quite plainly that the Russians had skillfully urged us to plan things that way we did and they must have had their tongue in their cheeks all the time, because we fell for the ruse right left and centre! It seemed great: let the Russians do all the advancing they want, and suffer the huge casualties against the

last stand Germans, while we stand still, hold what we've got, and suffer the slightest of casualties. Like I said, a good solid argument. But should this have prevailed to let the Russians overrun large tracts of Europe that we could have grabbed?

Montgomery was interviewed on TV a short time ago, by an American commentator (who did a thoroughly good job). Montgomery's main gripe was that although he had been good friends with Eisenhower, as soon as he had sent his "memoirs" to Eisenhower, the flow of good friendship stopped. Eisenhower didn't speak to him anymore.

There are two ways to look at this. (a) Eisenhower realized that what Monty said was true, and he hadn't a leg to stand on in the controversy, or (b) Eisenhower was so appalled by the assertions that he just did not wish to know this war-time friend anymore.

What I'd like to know is, what do you Americans think of all this?

It is pure conjecture what the world situation would be like now if the Allies had rushed ahead, despite heavy casualties, and seized as much of Europe as they could have done. It seems beyond dispute now that we should have done so, but it is easy, the easiest thing in the world, to be wise after fifteen years have passed, and we see what a mess we are in now.

For instance, the British Government did some damn silly things after the war, like giving the Russians fifty jet engines. Dead Stupid, wasn't it?

You can see now that there is no need to say "Berry is anti-American". I've thrown open a field of controversy as important as anything could be. I know it shrinks to insignificance when we think about the possibility of the Printed Matter Rate being increased, but before discussing the present world state in future columns, I'd like to start off on the bottom rung and make a firm base for future observations.

.....

Gary Powers got ten years, and I don't really think he has cause for complaint. He admitted everything like a man, acquitted himself well, and I say it was bad luck he got caught. There still seems to be some doubt about the way in which his aeroplane was shot down.. The Russians naturally claim he was shot down, and Powers himself thinks this happened. His instruments were working normally, and yet there couldn't have been an explosion (I cannot see how there was an explosion which still enabled Powers to bail out, and still retain sufficient of the Lockheed U-2 for exhibition purposes) and there is one important point to consider, a very probable alternative.

The U-2 hasn't been what one could consider to be a successful aeroplane. There have been at least three published accidents, and I'm sure that is a high percentage when the total number constructed is compared.

The RB-47 incident is much more serious. It has been claimed by the Americans that the plane was many miles off the Russian coast, and, more important, many miles inside International Waters, when it was shot down. The British Government confirmed that electronic equipment had proved this to be an indisputable fact. While the Russians were well within their rights to shoot down the U-2 (if, in fact, they did so) there is no possible legal grounds for disposing of the RB-47 and taking the three survivors as prisoners. One has to confess that the American military authorities would not like a Russian reconnaissance plane buzzing down the American coastline, but I am equally sure that the plane would not be shot down if it was so many miles out at sea, as the RB-47 definitely was.

One wonders about the mission of the RB-47. As the plane was not over national territory, it is no one's business what it was doing, except for the American authorities, and, some would say, the British authorities, because, after all, the plane took off from a British base. It would be a good guess, I suggest, that the RB-47 was possibly loaded with electronic equipment able to ferret out some much-required information about Russian radar near the North Pole, where American planes would fly over in the event of a global war.

One of these days the Red Chinese will shoot down a Martin RB-57D over China.

.....
I was interested to hear, just the other day, that in the event of it being ascertained that Russian rockets or atom-bombers were on their way to America the British V-Bomber force would take off, suitably armed with atomic weapons for targets in Russia. This action would be precipitated even if the missiles or bombers were only attacking America. The statement was on the wireless, and in the papers, but it didn't get much publicity. Very unselfish of the British government, I reckon!

.....
Then we come back to the possible rise in the Printed Matter Rates. -- John Berry

THE SUMMER SOLDIER by Gregg Calkins

"The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country." Thomas Paine, 1737-1809

In a recent issue of WARHOON, Richard Bergeron speculated: "In all the debate over defence and the calm consideration of mass annihilation, I wonder if anyone has pondered over this proposition: a single concerted attack has reduced population areas in the US to rubble and fallout and drifting radiation are wiping out the rest of the country. The decision facing the survivors is whether the undamaged ICBMs should be activated in retaliation. And why?"

Walt Willis, in a later "Plinth," noted that this identical proposition was pondered and answered by Theodore Sturgeon as far back as 1947 "...in his moving and thoughtful 'Thunder and Roses.' His answers were 'no' and 'in the interests of humanity' and they seem to me the right ones. But it's only too obvious that an equally prominent author would fall over himself to get at those ICBM firing buttons. It's curious that the sf field should be able to produce a writer like Sturgeon with enough understanding to see clearly that the only future for humanity or intelligent life lies in cooperation, as all worthwhile progress has since man became a social animal; and also one who sees no future for us but as anti-social animals and no progress but in more efficient killing, like Heinlein. It's not often one sees so clearly exemplified the dual principles of love and hate...or good and evil."

It is an unfortunate thing -- and, to me, a little incredible -- that so many people can do such a thorough job of misunderstanding Heinlein, perhaps deliberately, on the basis of his "Starship Troopers." If I may accept his somewhat too-protesting critics as representative of their times, then I am afraid the so-called free world has more to fear from its allies than its enemies.

Perhaps Willis is being melodramatic rather than merely ridiculous in identifying Heinlein with the principles of hate and evil, but on either course he cannot claim to have given careful consideration to the message inherent in "Starship Troopers" or, indeed, in all of Heinlein's books in one form or another. Heinlein says here, in this more adult version of "Space Cadet" "(which drew no storm of furious protest in

the somewhat less frightened world of 1952), little more than what he has been saying all along: namely, that this is a survival of the fittest type of world and that man, Homo Sapiens, is the roughest, toughest, most fractious, most obnoxious and in general the highest order survival type that the world has yet bred.* Moreover, as long as man wants to be a functioning cog in the giant wheels of the universe, he'd better retain his inquisitive, audacious, cross-grained nature or else he can -- and will -- be replaced.

Individuals vary widely from the norm, of course, but in the long run Heinlein is merely putting into words what history has long shown -- that man is a self-centered killer whether the victim be the whooping crane, the beef cow, or, upon what he considers at the time to be sufficient provocation, his own species. Walt Willis and Theodore Sturgeon may find it convenient to ignore the lessons of history -- many before them have so done -- and they are equally free to either decry or deny the fact that this is a survival-of-the-fittest world, but you will notice, please, that even in "Thunder and Roses" one side of the conflict perished even as the other side survived, whether in the interests of humanity or no.

Heinlein's moral position is clear-cut. From "Time For The Stars" we get: "It isn't right for one person to impose his will on another, through strength or even through weakness." (pg 191). From "Tunnel in the Sky": "If you leave it to me, no dirty little beasts, all teeth and no brains, are going to drive us out. We're men and men don't have to be driven out, not by the likes of those." (pg 221)

The difference in "Starship Troopers" that has brought about such a violent reaction is that Heinlein dares to use atomic weapons freely in his warfare of the future, and the words "atomic weapons" bring to our present neurotic culture much the same fear-crazed frenzy that I imagine came to the Middle Ages knight at the news of the cross-bow, or the development of gunpowder in the western world to the walled cities of medieval Italy. In all of these cases, and in no doubt many others, each of these inventions has been hailed and damned as the end of civilization -- yet as I look around me, the world still appears to be, for the most apart, civilized. True, the knights have long since been unhorsed and the walled cities of Italy are no more, so the advent of these new tools did mean the end of civilization as they knew it, but who can say this has not all been for the best in the end?

Did the cave man drop the use of fire the first time he was burned? Do we advocate the elimination of the use of fire in present time because occasionally an orphanage or children's school is destroyed by it? Would the suppression of the study and use of gunpowder in medieval Europe have meant that the Chinese would not have used it to great advantage the next time they came ravaging out of the Orient? Will the present-day movement to suppress the knowledge and use of atomic energy in the western world prevent mankind from ultimately destroying himself, if such is his ultimate bent? Or will it guarantee for us that when we finally visit space -- or are visited from space -- we will be met by beings who subscribe to the same sort of Geneva convention concerning the uses of atomic energy as we do?

 * ("I was thinking about the Schultzes and how good it was to find them alive, as we trudged over to our place. I told Dad that it was a miracle. He shook his head. 'Not a miracle. They are survivor types. What type is a survivor type?' I asked. He took a long time to answer that one. Finally he said, 'Survivors survive. I guess that is the only way to tell the survivor type for certain.'" From "Farmer in the Sky", pg 174)

An atomic bomb may be no more lethal than a stone knife -- indeed, the latter may have been the dividing line between life and extinction for Homo Neandertalensis -- and if man is to survive he must learn how to handle it both as a tool and a weapon. The knowledge of atomic weapons can neither be covered up, destroyed, nor forgotten, and wishing otherwise, no matter how passionately, will not change this fact in the least.

Heinlein points out that which most modern Americans and Englishmen seem to be trying frantically to forget in their mad rush towards creeping Nomism, galloping socialism and all-enveloping security -- that man should be ready and able to cope with any situation and any thing that comes along, whether friend or foe, ready either to live at peace with alien neighbors, if such is their nature, or whip them at their own game if warfare is more along their line.

Some people, as is their privilege, do not believe that man should keep and bear arms for any reason. They tend to forget what this country and this world went through in order for us to possess such freedoms as we still retain for ourselves, and since they have never had to experience personal sacrifice for these things they would rather bend over backwards in an attempt to appease potential dictators, whether foreign, domestic or alien, rather than stand up and fight for that which is rightfully theirs. I personally do not advocate in its entirety the civilization which Heinlein portrays in "Starship Troopers," no more, I am sure, than does Heinlein himself, yet I think it no accident that it is pointed out strongly in the beginning of the book (pg 40) that: "...the moral difference between the soldier and the civilian...lies in the field of civic virtue. A soldier accepts personal responsibility for the safety of the body politic of which he is a member, defending it, if need be, with his life. The civilian does not."

I, personally, do not claim to have fought and bled for my freedom in the service of my country, but I have served and if necessary I would serve again. I find it enlightening that of the persons I know who have similar feelings in regards to Heinlein's philosophies, most are ex-Marines. Heinlein himself is a retired Naval officer, and it is in the words of Mr Dubois, a retired Space Marine, that Heinlein expresses himself on violence. "Anyone who clings to the historically untrue...doctrine that 'violence never settles anything' I would advise to conjure up the ghosts of Napoleon Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington and let them debate it. The ghost of Hitler could referee, and the jury might well be the Dodo, the Great Auk, and the Passenger Pigeon. Violence, naked force, has settled more issues in history than has any other factor, and the contrary opinion is wishful thinking at its worst. Breeds that forget this basic truth have always paid for it with their lives and freedoms."

Kindly note that throughout this book and all of his books that Heinlein does not advocate or promote the cause of violence -- nor do I. For my part, I have never struck a blow in anger and I hope I never find cause to do so -- though on the other hand if called upon to act I will try not to let either disuse or fear slow my punch. I cannot speak for Heinlein's personal swings, but I do know that his books say not to initiate violence where none is called for but rather to be ready for action if danger comes. Be fit to defend yourselves against aggression, not fat and sloppy and lazy and frightened to impotence.

Oh, I fear war -- sharing the national mania -- and I love peace, and I'll not deny that the last thing in the world I want to do is leave my home and fight a battle to the death upon some foreign soil. But this is not a peaceful world and, moreover, in all of recorded history it never has been. And should man one day make it safe and tame and quiet for the rest of mankind, that is no guarantee that the rest of the universe will find it convenient to let it so remain.

Perhaps Willis and Sturgeon would prefer to remain social animals and cooperate with aggressors in the name of the future of humanity, and perhaps they would prefer survival under a distatorship rather than running the risk of non-survival by means of extinction, but as for me I'll stick with Patrick Henry. In case you have forgotten, Henry preferred rather to lose his life than his liberty, and if man isn't willing to die for the things in which he truly believes, whether the death be that of the individual or that of the race (and isn't the death of the individual as far-reaching and as permanent as the death of the race, at least as far as the dying person is concerned?) then man deserves to be left behind to make room for the next higher type on the evolutionary scale.

No doubt I am helped in this philosophy by the fact that I have never subscribed to the religious concept, that supreme conceit, that mankind is the original reason for the existence of the universe and that his passing will rob that existence of meaning. It was of vital importance to the dinosaur when after 150 million years, he found that his time had come, and it will be of equally vital importance to man when he finds that his string has likewise run out; but I am far from convinced that the universe or the other intelligent beings to be found therein will either notice or give a faint damn -- except, perhaps, to heave a vast sigh of relief.

When the time comes, as come it must, you may cooperate your way into the grave if you will, but as for me, I prefer to go down fighting, meeting whatever comes "on the bounce" with Heinlein and his starship troopers. -- Gregg Calkins

CHAUVENET ON FANZINES

The four basic requirements of a good fanzine are purpose, originality, balance, and artistry.

PURPOSE: The fundamental reason for publishing anything is naturally the hope that someone will read it. The purposes behind the various fanzines vary widely and affect the natures of the zines.

The common urge for egoboo tends to be inadequate in itself. Such a purpose cannot ordinarily produce a satisfactory zine, any more than the childish tendency to "show off" produces attractive behaviour.

An even less satisfactory purpose for the creation of a good zine is the fulfillment of some fixed obligation. The zine produced solely to comply with activity requirements, or to meet a publishing schedule for which subscribers are waiting with more or less innocent hope, begins at a serious disadvantage. It is not an accident that the comparative handful of syndicated columnists in the U.S. is both small in numbers and well-paid in cash.. Rare is the ability to produce material of good quality simply because it is necessary.

A more acceptable purpose than these is certainly the human urge to become part of the group. A fan who publishes his own zine is displaying expected and acceptable conduct. This is normal fannish behaviour, a simple way to merge into the crowd, an action in some way comparable to that of buying a house as a step toward becoming part of the community. The purpose is in no way ignoble in itself, and may prove quite adequate to lead to the production of a favorably recieved fanzine.

A fourth purpose is sometimes best or worst of all: the desire to say something. The driving force may be powerful, but the makeup of the ensuing fanzine and its re-

ception in fandom cannot be predicted even in the general terms we have been using. The urge to say something is unfortunately not always accompanied by the ability to say something worthwhile. The best generalization we can offer is that if the editor thinks he has something well worth saying, he is more likely than not to make an effort to put out a legible and attractive publication, tho we can all think of distressing exceptions.

ORIGINALITY: Considering the quantity of fanzines now available, it is obvious that in order to make much of an impression on fandom at large the zine must have some quality that cannot equally be found in many other places. Perhaps the most valuable is freshness and originality. Any writing which might have been done by any of dozens of fans is more or less filler material, no matter how much there is of it or even how good it is. The reader won't be able to remember for long who wrote the stuff or where he saw it, and therefore it will contribute little to the reputation of the zine which printed it. The quality of originality is more easily illustrated by examples than by definition. Anyone who has been so fortunate as to peruse vintage Tucker or Perdue has been in the presence of this quality. Since it must be spontaneous rather than contrived, all that can be said is that the fan wishing to attain it must seek it within himself. The temptation to imitate, so pervasive in the simian world, must be sternly repressed if originality is to be given a fair chance.

BALANCE: We may consider balance in two ways, as it affects the individual reader, and as it applies to the audience as a whole. A fanzine which is to hold the attention of an individual and leave him satisfied must in general offer him more than one kind of attraction. A publication containing nothing but convention stories, nothing but letters, naught but mailing comments (or any other of various possible restrictions) may offer entertaining reading throughout the entire issue. Yet, consciously or not, the reader is going to notice the absence of other fare, and as a general thing he isn't going to rate this publication as highly as the better balanced zines.

So long as we are not a group with interests limited to some particular field like model railroads or science fiction, the zine which is planned to include a balanced selection of different kinds of fare will have a wider appeal than those which are narrow in scope. Thus HORIZONS and GEMZINE may be cited as two fanzines which are balanced because the editors correctly plan it that way.

The other aspect of balance concerns not the technique necessary to keep the individual reader satisfied, but the method required to interest as much of the audience as possible. This generally calls for the inclusion of material from more than one source, and if the editor has the proper friends can be a powerful tool in building up the coverage, worth and prestige of a fanzine. PSI PHI is an excellent illustration of the successful use of this approach.

ARTISTRY: The aspiration to put out something more than just another one-shot calls for a certain degree of artistry in preparation and publication of the contents. This includes the basic editorial functions of selection, revision and layout, as well as the mechanical tasks of duplicating and assembling. Choices of paper, ink, typeface, etc., must be made with reasonable competence in the art of envisaging how it will all look when once put together. Even in the absence of artwork, controlled use of white to break up solid type can greatly enhance the favorable impression the editor normally wishes to make on his readers.

What we are concerned with here is the image of the zine as a whole, the impression formed by someone who cannot read the language in which it appears, but turns the

pages to see how it "looks". (A similar test may be made by holding the pages at a distance just barely too far to make out individual words.)

In the old days, artistry was more or less a frill, since the comparative scarcity of fanzines assured the editor of an audience. Then again, certain editors have established their publications so firmly with their particular audience -- HORIZONS in FAPA for example -- that no particular artistry seems required to attract readers. New publications striking out for a share of fannish attention can scarcely afford to be so indifferent to this factor. RETROGRADE offers a favorable instance of the application of artistry to a modern fanzine. As a result, it makes a good impression and is more likely to be picked up and read than, say (but no, the reader may be left to name his own horrible examples as an exercise).

It must also be remembered that artistry may be a means of self expression, as much as any written material, and therefore an editor may choose to devote additional effort to this field with motives less nicely calculating than the appeal to the popular eye. Our essential point is that lack of artistry limits the appeal.

In this discussion, I have been concerned with the requirements for a successful fanzine of general circulation, competing for attention with countless dozens of other such affairs of varying merit. And I have dismally failed. For all my talk about the need for Purpose, Originality, Balance and Artistry, I have overlooked the one most valuable, inimitable quality without which all else is as dust. And this vital ingredient? ENTHUSIASM, my friends. -- L Russell Chauvenet

THE PRIMARY URGE by Richard Eney

Back last spring it seemed possible that the Presidential nominating campaigns of the American parties might -- just barely might -- turn out otherwise than they did.

I thought the possibility was strong enough, and information on opinions would be sufficiently interesting, to make it worth while to distribute a primary-ballot straw-vote poll thru the various APAs I belong to: SAPS, FAPA, OMPA, and The Cult. It contained spaces for preferred and probable choices for both Democrats and Republicans -- I assumed, with what justice you'll see, that fans were slannish enough to make honest choices for either political opponents and fairly appraise the chances their own men had of actually getting the nomination.

After getting the ballots I broke them down by APAs, by sex, by location, and by age-group; oddly enough, it's the distinction on purely fannish grounds that showed the only significant difference. Differences in the other groups amounted to one or two votes, not counting the maverick choices of obscure politicians.

As the APAs went FAPA was most satisfied with the Democratic contest. Like all the others, FAPAns preferred Stevenson -- 6 votes -- but Kennedy was runner-up with 5. The Cult, SAPS, and OMPA among them gave Jack only 2 votes as "preferred" candidate, to 7 for Adlai. Contrary to what some of you may have expected, Jack's fatal charms had no power over femmefannish hearts; only 1 out of 7 cast a "preferred" vote for Kennedy, and two pointedly rejected him.

A scattering of preferences were expressed for Humphrey (3) Johnson, Symington, Byrnes, "a protestant", and "I just don't prefer ANY democrat" (1 each), but the fan generally recognized the contest of preference as one between Kennedy (5 votes) and Stevenson (13). And obviously the "a protestant" vote tacitly recognizes the same contest.

However, I asked for an appraisal of probable, as well as preferable, candidates, and here our intellectual honesty -- or a grimmer emotion -- overruled our hearts, as it were. 14 of us considered Kennedy the most probable Democratic candidate, as against 3 each for Stevenson and Humphrey, 2 for Johnson, and 1 each for Symington, Roosevelt (!), "a protestant", and "no democrat". Here the non-Kennedy votes were so scattered that nothing significant can be made of them, save the curious fact that the two prejudice-votes were both cast by Western femmefan of, ah, mature years.

The ballot had a space for vice-presidential candidates, too, but here results were so wild that one forebears to cite details. Some of the names that came up -- barring Charlie Brown, Jack Speer, William Rotsler and other staunch Democrats whom I judged unlikely to appear on the final ticket -- were: Wayne Morse, Chester Bowles, Kennedy, Johnson (only 2 votes!), Lausche, Symington, Harry Byrd, Jackson of Mississippi, Pat Brown (!!), Kefauver, and Senator Moss(!!!).

No group at all was satisfied with the outcome of the Republican nomination, apparently...really now, did you expect it? Everybody who bothered to vote in this category gave preference to Rockefeller (15 votes) before Nixon (4), save for one frivolous and light-minded chap who wanted Hoover. (I suspect that he had an incomparably Machiavellian reason for naming that one.) Curiously, it was the femmefan who gave Nixon more than token votes: that is, they were the only class that gave him more than one vote. Yes. They gave him 2. (They were the same two femmefan who cast the prejudice-votes mentioned above, and one of them specified "Nixon, because a protestant".) The other two votes were meaningless as to distribution: one older and one younger fan, one Westerner and one Easterner. (I wonder if maybe there mayn't be some truth in this business about wimnen preferring cavemen...? No, I trust not. A young Western male fan cast the only prejudice-vote here: "Anybody but Nixon".

But, again, we all appraised political realities here accurately. Only one of us thought Rockefeller actually probable, and another (Young Eastern male fan, just to balance) cast a prejudice-vote: "Anybody but (YECHHH!) N*x*x*n". The other 22 voters figured, rightly, that Tricky Dicky had the convention in his pocket as solidly as Busby.

Guessing on the Republican vice-presidential contest was even wilder than the Democratic one: the only person who was approximately right was Rick Sneary, who prophesied that it would go to "an unknown." Well, at least it went to somebody nobody else thought of naming; we suggested Rockefeller, Mitchell, Nixon (dreamer!), Pat Brown, Dirksen, Halleck, Rayburn (I trust spelling it "Raeburn" was meant in jest?), and Christian Herter.

There was a spot for "other parties", which I included just as a gesture and -- 'fess up, Eney! -- because I craftily calculated that giving people room to work off any fits of cleverness that overtook them would keep them from the temptation to make jokes in the spaces provided for serious opinion. There were, however, some apparently serious nominations expressed here; by that I mean some people actually named real politicians. These were: Wayne Morse; Thurmond & Faubus; Norman Thomas and Maynard Krueger; and Nixon & Johnson (!!) "on a protestant ticket". And of course you don't even need a guess who wanted to vote for Dan Smoot, on a "Way-Over-to-the-Right-Wing new Conservative Party".

Well, so what?

It does us credit, perhaps, to be able to judge the Realpolitik of a situation as accurately as we did on these primary ballots -- the Democratic contest, at

least, was in sufficient doubt (on the basis of the reports) to make it matter for pride that we predicted correctly -- but what of the preference-votes?

They show, I think that we're what I claimed in commenting on the "Miss Science Fiction" business: as persons of some intelligence, education, and individualism fans rank as highbrows, and share the tendency of that class to make the glum assumption that things will not break the way we consider best. (A similar conclusion could be drawn from the result of last election's straw ballot, in which Stevenson was chosen by fandom by 2:1). That's a double misfortune: first in that it's intrinsically demoralizing to see the country blithely galloping along the wrong road, from whatever cause, and secondly in that the most damaging way in which intellectuals can be estranged from the national life is by being convinced by evidence that they are effectively helpless to influence the course of their government. Ogden Nash put down rather plonkingly the isolated intellectual type ("But of course they are much too intelligent to take part in politics themselves or even to go to the polls / So I hope the kind of politicians they get will have no mercy on their pocketbooks or souls."). But what of the isolation that comes not from disinterest but from finding every effort decisively thwarted?

For my own part, I intend to vote; but it will, I'm sorry to say, be not for the best but the least undesirable candidate. The thought of either of the candidates being formally entrusted with the destinies of These States makes my blood run cold...

The voters in this poll were Wrai Ballard, Dick Bergeron, Gregg Calkins, Gertie Carr, Buck Coulson, Belle Dietz, Ron Ellik, Eva Firestone, Dean Grennell, Lynn Hickman, Earl Kemp, Sally Kidd, Bob Lichtman, Ethel Lindsay, Jim Linwood, Ted Johnstone, Bob Pavlat, Bruce Pelz, George N Raybin, Dick Ryan, Ray Schaffer, Nanshare, Rick Sneary, Jack Speer, Larry Stark, Bob Tucker, and &dYoung.

Their comments were enlightening, illuminating, and sometimes profane, but I think Nancy Share's can stand as a good specimen of them:

"By ghod! If we don't soon get a choicer selection of leadership fodder I'm going to start a nationwide campaign to make Ignatz Mouse president!"

That really might not be such a bad idea. -- Richard H Eney

BOILER PLATE

As we go to press a column by independant Joesph Alsop has appeared in the Republican New York Herald Tribune of October 3 that bares out some observations in "The Great Debate" and should be of interest to Charles Wells. Enroute with Nixon, Mr Alsop writes an analysis of his camapign that concludes with:

"The result, at least thus far, has been a campaign with something of the style of the celebrated "Checkers" speech. In other words, the emphasis is primarily personal and dramatic. :: The Nixon audiences hear all about Mrs Nixon (that heroic woman), and 'my old daddy,' and what it was like to be in a kitchen with Khrushchev, and how they cheered the Nixons in Poland, and much else that is interesting, even affecting, but irrelevant. Meanwhile, the Nixon audiences almost never hear revelations of attitude and viewpoint, beyond the emotion-charged applause for the obviously good and ringing denunciations of the obviously bad. :: This style was effective in the "Checkers" speech; and it was perhaps permissible, too, in a speech of personal self-defense. But is it permissible and will it be effective in a national campaign for the Presidency?"

UNPREDICTABLE REACTIONS

Of all the issues of crucial significance touched on in the last issue from the question of the survival of civilization verses national revenge to the conduct of the present Presidential incumbent the one that drew the most comment was the Merchants Green Stamp stuck on page three. Only two or three people failed to comment on it and several actually returned it. I was curious to see how many people would be willing to deface their copies of Wrhn just to trade the stamp for the next issue. The people who carelessly manhandle Wrhn are Jean Young, Donald W Anderson, Vic Ryan, Roy Tackett, and Margaret Curtis if memory serves. Even Redd Boggs jotted on the back of an envelope (that was sealed with two "Fight Prejudice" stickers, I approvingly noted): "I forgot to enclose the heralded stamp!!" -- but I'll send him this issue anyway. Sometimes you just don't know who your friends are! :: In order to include as much of the mail that was recieved as I possibly can, I've decided to cut my own comments down on individual letters and omit them completely in many cases.

DONALD FRANSON thought: "In a way it's not satisfactory for an outsider to comment on a fanzine that is both genzine and apazine, because he will never see the reactions to his comments (if any) that may appear in the other apazines' mailing comments. I wonder if any of the Sapsites got upset by my mild disparagement of apas. It's really sour grapes, you know, because I don't belong to an apa myself. :: I'm getting more fanzines now than I can cope with, and there's more discussion in each than I can decently comment on. So I can understand the desire to limit fanac in some way, and to some, apazines are the solution. But I wish some of them would come out of the apas maybe once a year and take notice of Outside Fandom. :: There's no waiting list, you know." (6543 Babcock Avenue, North Hollywood, California)

If any Sapsites get upset over your mild disparagement of the apas, you'll hear about it. I make a practice of passing on Saps' comment on items in Wrhn to the contributors of the items under discussion. A transcript of remarks contained in letters is also forwarded. Gregg Calkins is the only fan whom I've ever noticed having mentioned that he does this. As a matter of fact, a copy of the comments on "Trufan's Delight" was sent to the author's of "The Enchanted Duplicator". About which

WALT WILLIS remarks: "It was churlish of me not to reply properly to your last letter and comment on Warhoon but I have been very inactive this past while for one reason and another. I hoped the reference in Fanac would convey something of how much I appreciated Wrhn, and as for your comments on TED, I could only have nodded sagely in agreement with the points you make. Every allegory must necessarily be inaccurate at some points and one can only hope to disguise the discrepancies. I'm still very much an extinct volcano and will probably remain so until the autumn, but I had to write and thank you for taking the trouble to quote the SAPS comments. I really do appreciate that no end, and so will Bob. :: I suppose your answer to Elinor Busby will be to ask her when she got her last copy of Quandry or SpaceWarp, and I suppose we (the authors of TED, that is) were a bit hard on Mr Swift and his brothers Offset and Litho. On the other hand we admit quite readily that the Trufandom of TED is a very small one -- the one we ourselves like best: the fandom of the informal mimeoed fanzine which creates a living breathing microcosm of its own with a degree of rapport among the members possible only when they are separated from one another only by the thickness of the editor's stencil. Any more complex publishing process seems inevitably to create an atmosphere of pretentious remoteness. The fanzines you quoted were all very worthy ones, but I'll bet there was more affection for Quandry and sorrow on its folding than there was for the lot of them put together. (Incidentally isn't it remarkable how "articles of lasting interest" -- biographies of pros, surveys of sf trends etc -- seem to be forgotten almost immediately, while

the ephemeral gossipings of people like Burbee are constantly being quoted and re-printed?) And after all, the thing was called The Enchanted Duplicator, or mimeograph. If Don Day or Roy Squires ever produces an allegory called The Magic Multilith or The Spellbound Planograph, we shall stand on the sidelines and cheer with unrestrained enthusiasm. The unlikelihood of this is the ultimate answer to your objection. :: After TED was published Forry Ackerman sent me a copy of the Speer "Stefan's Progress" which Terry Carr mentions, and I was glad we hadn't read it before. Not that it was all that similar, but we might have been inhibited by it :: Warhoon was fascinating, and I was deeply interested in what you have to say about US politics, which I follow as keenly as our own if not more so. I saw Nixon on tv here and was reluctantly impressed with his presentation of himself. Unless everything one has read about him is untrue, it is no longer a fact that the tv camera exposes insincerity in which case ghod help us all. :: The Thunder & Roses argument is not so academic, in fact it's likely to be the crucial question in the next Labour Party conference. Support for unilateral nuclear disarmament is gaining round rapidly in the Labour Party, and one of the main argument of Bertrand Russell currently is that as long as Britain continues to be a US aircraft carrier for H-bombs and spy flights, there exists a standing temptation for Russia to wipe us all out with a few H-bombs, leaving American carefully alone. Is it reasonable, asks Russell, to expect America then to embark on the extermination of all humanity, including herself, just for the sake of retribution. Well, is it? We wouldn't even want you to. We'd rather throw away our atom bombs now, ask You and your H-bombers politely to go home, and issue every adult citizen a revolver. :: Nancy Share's nudes are a small instance of a general phenomenon, in that magazine covers and advertisements aimed at women always feature women instead of men. According to Havelock Ellis all men are latent voyeurs whereas all women are latent exhibitionists, which seems to me a very satisfactory arrangement. The ultimate exploitation of this fact is of course the advertisement "I dreamt I was ~~xxxx~~ in my Maidenform Bra." :: I should thing a .0001 mfd condenser across your input would by-pass those rf signals you're getting on your hi-fi. Presumably your equipment isn't perfectly grounded and is acting as an antenna (notice how bilingual I am -- earthed and aerial we say here) for radio signals and since no valve -- I beg your pardon, tube -- has a perfectly straight response curve they're getting detected/rectified in your amplifier and coming out as af. It should be quite easy to cure." ((Ed note: Sure)) (170 Upper N'Ards Rd, Belfast, Northern Ireland)

The question of the Offset and Litho mediums, as treated in "The Enchanted Duplicator" is, of course, part of the broader problem of whether or not it's possible to skirt the Mountains of Intertia and still attain Trufandom. As the authors of "The Enchanted Duplicator", I guess you and Bob would be better able to judge than I, but I'd bet if SPACEWARP, even in it's present form, were a subzine, you'd find it in Trufandom; though Art Rapp hasn't mimeoed an issue of it himself in years. I could point out that I don't publish Wrhn but that might only be giving you ammunition for your thesis. :: George Bernard Shaw tapped the antique microphone (modern to him) and called it an "X-Ray that could see through the insincerity of the insincere politician". I think Shaw must have been referring to the political appeals made to the passions of the mobs that lost their electricity over the wireless. Even he would be surprised at the believability of the calmer demagogue who alludes with conviction to the revelations contained on a blank sheet of paper he's holding aloft. In the instance of Nixon, the very intensity of his sincerity makes me distrust his sincerity. Sincerity does not need to press its case. Just the other evening he appeared on an interview program called "Presidential Countdown" and, in answer to a question about the charges made against him regarding his earlier campaigning, he answered: "Well, let me say this. I would say that I've examined the record and I will say that I conduct a very hard campaign on the issues. I conduct a very hard campaign on the issues -- people don't like to lose, you know. I've never campaigned on personalities. The

record speaks for itself." The record certainly does speak for itself and it tells a much different story than Richard Nixon does. But the point is that he never looked more serene than when he made that statement. Even true sincerity is no test; after all, mad men are sincere. :: But, but, but, President Eisenhower has said that we'll protect those countries that we have bases in if they are attacked. I don't believe he explained how we'll protect radio-active craters, but I guess that's their problem.

BOB SILVERBERG, on Hotel Mediterraneo stationary, informed: "You plunked that green stamp too well to the page for me to be able to return it, but consider this as a renewed earnest of desire to stay on the mailing list. Warhoon is as a breath of fresh air compared with the other few fanzines that wander in here. :: I presume you're off to the Caribbean. As an old Caribbean buff myself (one trip) I'll be interested in reading about where you went and how you liked it. We're planning to head for Jamaica next winter ourselves." (915 West End Ave, NYC 25 NY)

DONALD A WOLLHEIM wrote: "Thanks for sending the three Warhoons. They were exhausting reading, indeed, just as your last lines always say -- but interesting too. they happen, incidentally, to be the first contact with SAPS I have ever had (though I've seen mention of SAPS for years) -- even though I am aware that you are not yet a part of that august body. :: ...keep on sending Warhoon. I could have won that prize for the title, for as an old Burroughs fan I knew the meaning on first spotting it. Personally my favorite city is old Aaanthor. ((Ed note: ?)) :: Since you're politically minded, perhaps you'd like a tip on the Congo situation (or maybe you know), and that is that the free world's largest producer of uranium is in Katanga province (in fact, a virtual monopoly up to a few years ago)? Add that the the headlines, and you can begin to see the wheels behind the machinery of what's going on. Cogitate on it a bit." (Forest Hills, New York)

HARRY WARNER, whose appearance in this column is becoming a tradition, wrote: "I've adopted a new and detestable kind of self-delusion. To try to prove to myself that I really don't have much mail to answer, I've been replying promptly in the past couple of weeks to anything that has a big envelope like fanzines. This makes the pile of unanswered mail much thinner but also much more deadly because an awful lot of unanswered letters can repose in a flimsy little stack of air letters. :: Incidentally, I'm not returning the Merchants Green Stamp. It won't come off in one piece, for one thing. For another thing, it seems to be losing its green and turning slightly red in the margins and I am anxious to determine if this phenomenon will continue in the weeks to come. :: Thank you very much for the compliment implied in the fact that you suspected at first that my plan to do fan history work might be a hoax. A dishearteningly small number of my correspondents gave me the benefit of the doubt in this way.. Most of them apparently realized all along that I'm crazy enough to do something of the sort and never doubted the Fanac announcement for a minute. :: I doubt a large doubt that FAPA will adopt a system like the one that SAPS is using to get magazines of non-members into the mailings by means of a per-page fee. This is one fundamental difference between FAPA and SAPS: the latter is made up mostly of individuals who are anxious for the mailings to be as large as possible while the former produces a lot of grumbling of discontent every time the mailings begin to grow really fat. FAPA seems to have a greater proportion of busy people who find it difficult to get the extra-big mailings read in time to produce mailing comments for the next bundle. Then remember that FAPA has a much larger waiting list than SAPS, and you can realize how the FAPA bundles might grow out of all proportion if the organization started to distribute publications by non-members. Of course, contributions by non-members in magazines on which the bulk of the work has been done by members are ardently wanted in FAPA, as an excellent antidote

for incestuous tendencies. :: The franking system in FAPA to which you refer is an illegal subterfuge that has been used occasionally but is against the rules. Once or twice a year, some member has sent to the official editor the requisite number of copies of a non-member's publication and told him to distribute it "under my frank." When the official editor doesn't want to make the member angry, he obeys instructions and there is a big uproar in the next mailing. The constitution provides no franking privilege of any kind. At one time, we almost got going a sort of practice FAPA for waiting listers, though. The plan called for allowing waiting listers who desired to make up enough copies of publications to cover the waiting list plus as many members as wished to participate. The members who wanted to participate would send enough extra copies of their own publications to cover the waiting list. The waiting list mailings would be sent out by some waiting lister, probably charging a fee for postage based on the number of pages each contributed. That way the waiting listers could get experience at publishing and many regular FAPA publications, while FAPA members could choose between participation or ignoring the semi-organization. Nothing was ever done about it because nobody could think up solutions to a couple of dangers: the system might attract so many more persons to the waiting list that generations would be required for a newcomer in fandom to work his way into actual FAPA membership, and waiting listers might like their mailings so much they wouldn't want to join FAPA when the time came. :: The thing that has always bothered me, when United States scientists boast about the superiority in technique shown by this nation's miniaturization techniques, is: how long is it going to take to miniaturize men so that they can be taken up in these dinky American space vehicles? :: I don't think that the law would recognize the defense that a letter written to a publication which prints letters from readers loses its commonlaw copyright. This would be equivalent to saying that a girl who allows herself to be photographed by employees of an advertisement agency need not sign a model release because she knows that this outfit supplies pictures to illustrate advertisements. Just the other day I ran across in some old fanzine or other an item by Derleth stating flatly that every letter which is published without specific written consent represents a violation of the copyright law. I doubt that it does any good to state in your magazine that letters received are apt to be published. If you write a novel which contains a libelous portrait of some real, recognizable person, you can be sued even though you include that paragraph on the first page asserting that all characters are fictitious and bear no resemblance, &c. The best we can do is use common sense, refrain from quoting letters of known trouble makers and those that contain really dangerous statements. For instance, if we decided to settle the matter once and for all by a friendly suit over the letter you quoted in this latest Warhoon, I might win the case and receive \$1 in damages, nothing more." (423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland)

MARGARET CURTIS demurred: "I didn't agree with Willis' analysis of Heinlein in Plinth and I don't agree with it now. Perhaps Heinlein is a war-mongering SOB, but I don't know him well enough to say so; and I'm not at all sure that Willis does. As far as I'm concerned, the story -- though it unfortunately lacked much of a plot -- was very entertaining, and that was the only concern I had with it. Bob Leman in INSIDE a while back remarked that there was a lack of different ideas in stf; he seemed to think stf needed more original ideas and points-of-view. Well, stf got a new idea. Why condemn Heinlein for giving that new idea, and who can prove that he believes that idea?" (Saegertown, Pennsylvania)

JERRY DeMUTH's letter got rather cut up: "Since you like Richard H Rovere so much, I call your attention to The New Yorker where he has a political column most every issue -- frequently almost as good as Lippman. :: When the Russians first released the moon photo I can remember reading a detailed discussion of it in one of the photography magazines which explained it as a hoax. About two issues later, however,

that same magazine ran an article explaining in detail that the photo was not a hoax -- but the real thing. How to sell twice as many issues. :: You forgot one thing when mentioning the Nixon smear pamphlets against Mrs Douglas -- to top things off they were printed on pink paper. :: That's about it for now. One suggestion though. I wish Warhoon wasn't so fragmentary." (Franklin Park, Illinois)

CRAIG COCHRAN contributed: "In "Delayed Punchline" you really showed the way the newspapers praise Eisenhower but not Khrushchev even if he accomplishes as much as Eisenhower. Of course, and I quote from your excerpt from The Times dated Jan 21, 1960, "The realities of foreign relations and power politics are not to be gauged by the exact size of the crowds or the noise they make." In the over-all picture you put across you show how they only draw this conclusion from Khrushchev's visit to India and not from Eisenhower's visit to the Middle East but actually this is true and should have been stated in the item about Eisenhower's Middle East trip too. When Ike went to Korea he was met by a large crowd that made much noise and this was considered a success but if he had gone to Japan he would have been met by a larger crowd that made more noise but this would have been considered a tragedy." (Arizona)

CHARLES WELLS observed: "Len Moffat's comments were thought-provoking. I am not sure that we can vote for candidates "who are wise enough and strong enough to back up their wisdom." I wish we could, naturally; but we simply cannot get to know the candidates that well. A certain amount of evaluating can be done on the basis of public speaking and writing by the candidate, but woefully little, especially in this day of ghost writers. :: Now, the attitude set forth here can be exaggerated: obviously Earl Long did not have the wisdom to be President. That is crystal-clear from his public actions. :: But nevertheless we can know remarkably little of a candidate's wisdom and strength of character. Nixon's Checkers speech was a blatant attempt to make people think emotionally rather than rationally. It worked. But how do you or I know that he would do the same thing today? Kennedy's political speeches give me, at last, the impression that he does not properly realize the gravity of the office of President. But how do we know that that is not the result of a mistaken belief on his part in the necessity of appearing forever confident lest the public lose faith? (This is a remarkably frequent misconception of politicians.) :: Perhaps the way out of this dilemma of the voter's is to vote on the issues and expressed attitudes of the candidates, with secondary consideration to their apparent wisdom and strength of character. As it stands, Kennedy and his backers evince a willingness to experiment, to try new and bold policies. If the country is in terrible shape and is getting worse everyday, then obviously Kennedy is the man. Nixon, on the otherhand, appears convinced (as much as he ever appears convinced of anything) that the US has the right answers and the right ideas now, and all that is needed is to apply them vigorously. He is the man to vote for if the country is in good shape and getting better every day. :: Well, on the surface it appears to be in good shape. But I am voting for Kennedy. :: I trust Len will not misunderstand my observations. Only a cynic could disagree with him. But the letter was thought provoking, as I said, and these were the thoughts it provoked in me." (190 Elm Street, Oberlin, Ohio)

But I haven't noticed that Mr Nixon has ever stopped trying to make people think emotionally rather than rationally. The implications he's giving in his campaigning that Senator Kennedy is being helpful to our enemies by discussing our military and economic position at this time is anything but a call to rational education of the electorate. I'm sure he's not so naive as to think that the Russians are depending on what Senator Kennedy tells the American people for information that they lack. And "Pat Nixon for First Lady Week" is hardly an appeal to the intellect.

LES NIRENBERG: "I take it that you're boosting Kennedy. I always thought Kennedy

was kind of the underdog in this thing, and since I couldn't help rooting for the underdog I naturally liked Kennedy. Then last night I saw Nixon on the Jack Parr Show. After thinking a while about it I've come to the conclusion that Kennedy is not really the smart hustler he's made out to be. His campaigning on the Paar show before the Democratic convention got him the nomination alright, but it's going to do him little good as far as the general campaign goes. From where I sit up there in Canada it looks as if Kennedy is headed towards Burn-outs-ville. He won the Jack Paar primaries alright, but Nixon used Paar's show for the really important part of it all, the general Presidential campaign, when he appeared last night. So I figure, despite all the ballyhoo and hustling Kennedy and his supporters have been doing up till now, they'll have to work twice as hard to neutralize the effect Nixon's appearance had on the American voter. The buildup to his appearance was also terrific. Still the whole campaign will be based on personality. Nixon left me with the impression that he wasn't such a bad fellow after all. But then I liked Thomas E Dewey, too."
(1217 Weston Road, Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada)

Senator Kennedy appeared on the Jack Parr show as a candidate for the Democratic nomination. All other candidates for the nominations of either party were invited, but he was the only one who took advantage of the opportunity. One can't accuse him of not having presented himself to the congregation before the convention was consummated. Mr Kennedy will now appear on the show as a contender for the Presidency and probably at a time much closer to November 8th when it will do the most good. By election day Mr Nixon's effect on the show will be all but forgotten. The nominees will have several face-to-face confrontations and the whole nation will have the opportunity to make a comparison.

JAMES BLISH, through the good offices of Redd Boggs, finally recieved a copy of Wrhn 5: "You did Atheling Jr more justice than he deserved. And as far as I can see, Boggs and FANCYCLOPEDIA II between them have told the facts with great accuracy. As to why I adopted a pen-name in the first place: I wanted to pull no punches, and in particular I expected to have some hard things to say about the crochet of editors who were among my best customers, and about writers who included some of my best friends; and I thought that, writing under my own name, I would probably be gentler than the times demanded. (Or: I was being timid, which is perhaps a shorter and more honest explanation.) FANCYCLOPEDIA II has missed one consideration which went into the pen-name which I actually adopted: "William Atheling" was EPs pen-name only for music criticism, all of which was written for Paris-Soir in French, and as far as I know never published in English (though there are a few scattered English references to the body of work, elsewhere in the Pound canon); so I thought it would be a hard pen-name to break, even among Pound scholars in fandom (I know of just one.) I suspect FANCYCLOPEDIA II wouldn't have been so knowing about it without Boggs' help. :: Nobody but Boggs and my wife knew the secret to begin with; but Damon Knight broke into it after the second column with so close an analysis of "Atheling Jr's" style, compared to mine, that I saw no future in pretending to Damon that he didn't have the goods on me. (This in a letter to Boggs, which Boggs forwarded to me.) Larry Shaw, who has always been one of the most beady-eyed critics of everything I dast put on paper -- and one of my best editors -- spent an evening with us about a week later and drove me into the same corner. Both men kept the secret until I gave it up, as did Boggs. Ellison and Randy Garrett suspected me of being Atheling, but both only after being quite sure that Atheling was my wife; and we both denied it. :: As for the Ellison "award," I'm embarrassed about that. It struck me as being about as valuable as a Racy Riggs award, and just about as cherishable; so when I denied to Harlan that I was Atheling Jr, I also endstopped the award, and I still have the plaque somewhere in a bureau drawer. For this I owe profound apologies both to Harlan (who after all spent money as well as effort to create the concept and the plaque) and to the subsequent possible winners who might have valued the honor more than I

did. :: Virginia and I both enjoyed the journal greatly and would like to see more, if you would oblige us. For future reference: the next time you want to reach a writer, first try writing him c/o his publishers -- book publishers, preferably. Magazine editors ordinarily don't have recent addresses and sometimes may not have recent agents' addresses either; whereas book editors always have contracts to refer back to." (Milford, Pennsylvania)

ROGER EBERT admitted: "Personally, I've never investigated the apas very much, though I've been in fandom four years. It seems to me -- and this impression has been borne out by the half-dozen or so different apa fmz I've seen -- that the sheer fact of belonging to the thing is expected to furnish at least half of the copy. In other words, the apa eds seem to go on and on and on about this provision or that of the association; about this kind of mailing or that, ad nauseum. It would seem to me that the apa should be a vehicle rather than an end. :: I'm not so much against Nixon as I'm for Kennedy. He appears to me to be an extremely intelligent man, surrounded by a "brain trust" of people like Schlesinger and Galbraith who I have a lot of respect for. The election from Kennedy's corner, is beginning to look more and more like the 1932 election when Roosevelt and his bright young thinkers invaded the capitol and brought in the fresh thinking of the New Deal. The pattern is much the same -- and youth is again coming into its own in government." (Urbana, Illinois)

JOHN CHAMPION wrote four pages from which I prune: "A book you might be interested in William Costello's "The Facts About Nixon: An Unauthorized Biography." I haven't read it, to be sure, but from all I've heard this is a book that both pro and anti-Nixon people are pleased with (the latter somewhat more). Earl Mazo's book is supposedly a bit biased in favor of Sticky Dicky. You may have noticed that Mazo's "objectiveness" tends to come rather sporadically, as if he decided: "Well, I can't be too favorable here, so I'll be objective for the next ten pages, just to keep everyone happy." Not that it has too much to do with Nixon, but among other good books I've read recently on political subjects that I'd recommend are Norman Thomas' "The Test of Freedom" (probably the best book on civil liberties and Communism I've seen; or at least the one I most agree with and find most sensible); and Frank Gibney's "The Frozen Revolution -- Poland, A Study in Communist Decay." One I haven't started yet but which looks interesting is Chet Bowles' "Ideas, People, and Peace." :: As I recall, the donkey-Democrat and elephant-Republican business was one of Thomas Nast's creations, altho I could be mistaken. He's the one, you know, who originated the Tammany Tiger -- the original, not the Walt Kelly one. :: As far as Alger Hiss goes, Wm Costello's opinion (I looked at that part of his book) is that Nixon came out here about as lily-white as he ever has (or maybe the only time he ever has?). I'm not a Nixon fan, but I would agree. Herbert Block, whose opinion of Nixon is on a par with Khrushchev's, also agrees. (I am quite willing to accept Mr K's statement that he doesn't like Nixon. Of course, he doesn't like Franco either, if that means anything.) I recently leafed through one of the books defending Hiss and was rather intrigued. You see, I read Ralph de Toledano's "Seeds of Treason" and the facts given in there (from records of the HUAC hearings and Hiss' trials, etc) just don't agree at all with what the pro-Hiss book had to say. Obviously somebody is lying -- I'm not sure who, but I do know that Hiss was proved quite guilty of perjury, if not actual treason, and his defenders seem to gloss over that somewhat. There are enough anti-Nixon people who think Hiss was a spy that I'm quite satisfied he was. I would agree with Joan Hurley, although I'll bet her political ideas are somewhat to the right of mine. :: If it were a simple black-and-white question like whether in the event of a Thunder-and-Roses situation we should wipe out all life on Earth or let the Soviets have it, I would take the latter position. After all, even in a completely Communist world there's always the chance that someday freedom would return; and this chance hardly exists if we're all dead, as you say. But I'm quite sure the question is not this simple. First of all, I don't expect Armageddon to occur unless the Kremlin be-

comes extremely fuggheaded, especially since the recent successful Polaris tests. The Polaris subs are, right now, the Ultimate Weapon (in that there's no defense against them) and Khrushchev has less than two years before we have enough of them in operation to, shall we say, bury him. Of course something new can come along any day, but it looks as though our power will soon be sufficient to deter any major wars. However, there is always the brushfire war, and ICBMs are rather useless in such cases. Possibly the Chinese feel like risking a hydrogen war, but I don't think the Kremlin does, and they're still the boss. Besides, as Khrushchev himself might say, why be so

impatient? The Reds are doing well enough right now. Maybe we wouldn't push the button, but chances are we would, and that's why the Polaris subs will protect us against H-war -- although certainly not against an eventual Communist victory. No, I am not in favor of total disarmament. For one thing, I don't trust the Communists at all (if anybody out there can give me one example of where they have kept a major promise when it would be to their disadvantage, I'd like to hear about it). For another, as Art Rapp said in HABAKKUK, there are 600 million Chinese and 160 million of us. If the day ever comes when the USA decides to follow a unilateral disarmament policy, I am immediately going to pack my bags. I'm not sure where I'd go is the only trouble -- probably Switzerland or New Zealand. At least I'd be safe until the mopping-up began :: Re Betty Kujawa's letter -- while it's no doubt true that the Summit was dead before it started (and probably just as well, in my mind) there are still plenty of places the Eisenhower group has fallen down. In fact, I have at times come to the opinion that Ike's method of dealing with problems is to postpone them until January 20, 1961; he's certainly the most procrastinative President since Coolidge. (or maybe before that.) I don't approve of a lot of Truman's actions, but one point about him stands out: he got things done. I'm sure that if Eisenhower had been President when South Korea was invaded, there would be no South Korea today. There were two opportunities that Ike had to take really effective action against Communism, and he let both of them slip through his fingers. That is, the 1956 revolutions in Poland and Hungary. Having done a fair amount of reading on these recently, I'm convinced that we could have intervened (or pushed the UN into intervening) in both cases and Khrushchev would have had his bluff called. In the case of Poland, while it might not be free today had we given economic aid to Gomulka, it seems certain that we would have at least created another Tito -- and I don't think much of the latter, but you must admit he's preferable to Khrushchev. He is not interested in taking over the world, and this is what makes the difference between the Kremlin and Peiping, on the one hand, and such types as Tito, Franco, and Trujillo on the other. We screwed up even more in Hungary, for they had a non-Communist government organized before the T-34s rolled into Budapest. Probably the worst thing about it is that for years we had been telling the satellite countries that we would help them in any way to free themselves, and when the Hungarians did just that, we ignored them. I don't think Truman would have. Of course, all this was during the fall of 1956, and the Republicans were running on Peace and Prosperity, and might have lost the election if they'd done anything. (No doubt hindsight is wonderful, but it's almost certain we could have intervened without starting World War III. And surely somebody at the time must have known this.) Then again, they might have won the election because of it. But I heard that Eisenhower doesn't read the papers, so he probably didn't even know what went on in Hungary until it was all over. Maybe the Democrats wouldn't have done any better, but they couldn't have done worse. :: I wouldn't say I feel a virulent hatred toward Nixon, and I won't bitch if he wins the election so much because he was elected but because it means 4 more years of Republicanism (Or Eisenhowerism, rather). But I have finally discovered just why I don't like him. The man seems to be a utter hypocrite. He has continually shown that he feels winning the election or saving the GOP is more important than showing anything like honesty or courage (the latter refers to McCarthy); those situations where he has demonstrated such virtues are ones where it would not damage his chances of becoming President. It seems that R. Milhous is

concerned with only two things: Nixon and Republican unity. Can Bob Leman, or anybody else, give an example to disprove this? I'd be grateful if they could, because I'd like to feel that if Nixon is elected I can have some confidence in him. The other day I heard somebody remark that he thought it was a good thing Nixon had always gone along with the Eisenhower policies instead of speaking his own mind where he disagreed (and surely he must have disagreed sometimes). I'm afraid I can't agree at all. In fact, there is only one word for such behavior, and that is dishonest. Or hypocrisy as I said. At least now that he has the nomination, I can feel that he won't have to worry so much about Unity, but I still can't be sure that he will be saying what he really thinks instead of what he believes will win the most votes. I know, it's rank idealism to expect what I do, but I am more confident about Kennedy simply because (a) he doesn't have Nixon's aura of Nixonism, and (b) he is in the Out party and therefore has less to lose. If any of this can give concreteness to people's feelings about Nixon, I will feel happy. :: I read "Tropic of Cancer," but as I recall there was only one piece of "erotic realism" there that aroused me the least bit as the censors think it should. This was about 2 pages worth; as for the rest, I found it fascinating -- and sometimes a little nauseating. One particular passage, where he describes Boris' routine with a 15-franc whore, is the sort of thing that the prudes give as reason for banning the Tropics. The way Miller describes it is almost enough to turn me off of sex for the next hour or so, and in my opinion, that takes some doing. It is a wonderful piece of writing. Realism, certainly -- erotic, in subject matter only. It inspires about as lascivious, lewd, and indecent thoughts, if you'll pardon the expression, as a text on animal husbandry. In fact, there's a remarkable similarity there, now that I think about it." (Eugene, Oregon)

You are right in guessing that Joan Hurley's political opinions are somewhat to the right of yours. In fact there are times when I suspect that her opinions are to the right of Goldwater. I admire Joan's spirit in forthrightly denouncing what she took to be unfair treatment of Nixon, but the otherside of her indignation is even more interesting, I've just noticed. She denounced "Americans who deal in dangerous ambiguities of the sort that Mr Speer deals in". It's strange that a mildly confusing statement from an obscure Washington attorney could evoke such passion while a more prominent vice-president's inexplicit remarks strike at the core of our American freedoms without inspiring as much as a raised eyebrow from her.

G M CARR reminisced: "My goodness, how time does fly! -- This is undoubtedly an outworn cliché, but nevertheless that is the feeling I get from reading your comments. 1952 was a long time ago, and I can see that the author of this mag is no longer the slender youth I met at Chicago -- it is a man speaking, not a boy. I like your comments and I like what I can see of the man you have evidently become. Well -- enough of that. If I compliment you too much, it will probably either turn your head or not be believed at all! :: And that reminds me of a comment you made on page 16 about introducing opinions with "I think". "Such declarations," you say, "are obviously... the viewpoint of the author" therefore the "I think" is redundant. Well, my experience is just the contrary. I have had to be very careful about prefacing my remarks with "In my opinion" -- because all too clearly it was NOT obvious that it was merely my viewpoint. Readers seemed to think I was laying down a Cosmic Law or something. Even when I point out I am only expressing an opinion, they still seem to feel frustrated and endangered. :: Re your mention of taking Rovere's book about McCarthy with you and your request for suggestions. If you can get a copy of McCarthy's own book "McCarthyism: the Fight for America" it might give you the other side. I saw the Esquire excerpt from Rovere's book, and it was so slanted it fairly curled my teeth. :: Donald Franzen's comment, "It is my serious opinion that the apas drain off time and energy from general fanzines, benefiting only a few" provokes from me a baffled "Huh? Come again?" There is no reason at all to suppose that fans who publish apazines

would necessarily publish generalzines if they had no apa. In fact, in many cases I suspect they would not publish at all. Take yourself, for instance. If it were not for SAPS, could you have published WARHOON? Certainly, if you had wanted to have published it as a generalzine there was nothing to stop you... Nothing, that is, except lack of motivation for publishing. It seems to me that Franson speaks from a vast depth of inexperience." (9319 Ballard Avenue, Seattle 7, Washington)

I'd like to read McCarthy's book, but it's debatable how much light would be shed by the works of he who is charged as one of the greatest liars. Perhaps a defense by someone like William Buckley Jr, who wrote that McCarthyism "is a movement around which men of good will and stern morality can close ranks", should be taken with it. :: I think the SAPS deadline is a powerful incentive in the production of an issue of Wrhn and it isn't likely I'd have revived it without the desire to participate in the organization once more. I'm much too lazy to produce a fanzine on a schedule that I might set for myself. But the prospect of missing the SAPS mailing, when, with a little effort I can be represented, seems to rekindle the enthusiasm.

TED PAULS, confirming my expectations of the unexpected, commented in KIPPLE on the speculative question of retaliation by a country which has just been demolished: "Several fans commented on this question in the letter section of Warhoon and Willis quoted it in Fanac. It amazes me that none of these people -- including the indefatigable Harry Warner -- realized the uselessness of answering the question at all. :: The question is a non-sequitur; the situation involved will never arise, simply because by the time enemy missiles destroy our cities our own will be halfway to the enemy's cities. The DEWline (Distant Early Warning radar stations stretched across northern Alaska and Canada) tracks any flying object coming over the pole. By the time an enemy missile is able to reach the boundary between the US and Canada, our own missiles will be cruising over Siberia."

I thought I'd have more room to discuss this subject, Ted. Now I'll have to content myself with the observation that you're revealing the boundaries of your imagination. At the time "Thunder and Roses" was written, President Truman hadn't yet announced the explosion of Russian's first atomic device and a complex missile offensive could only be found in science fiction. Why limit discussion of a hypothetical subject to present day conditions? Isn't it possible that a couple of dozen satellites could sow atomic destruction across the United States in a matter of minutes at some future time?

ROY TACKETT reported: "Regarding your question on the donkey and elephant these were created, I believe, by Thomas Nast, a cartoonist of some repute for one of the New York papers during the last century. They caught on and have been associated with the two parties ever since. As an aside it might be noted that the symbol for the Democratic party which appears on the ballot is not the donkey but the rooster. :: Like Moffatt I, too, started to read "Dr Zhivago" and was unable to finish it. But for different reason than those he states. I found the book dull. My own impressions are that all the fuss over this book is due to the fact that it was written by a Russian in the Soviet Union and took a few swipes at the Communist system. Would a book written by an American criticizing the American system be acclaimed as great literature in the Soviet? (412 Elderberry Drive, Laurel Bay, South Carolina)

That question will take a little documentation and my information is vague on the matter, but I have the impression that such a book might be acclaimed as great literature in Russia. After all, the artists whom we've ostracized for their political beliefs, like Chaplin, have been hailed in the Soviet Union. But perhaps he has bridged the ideological gap, as Eisenstein has. :: Thanks to everyone who wrote. I wish there was room to quote from BILL CONNERS, GREGG CALKINS, and BETTY KUJAWA.

DISSONANT DISCOURSE

Since I am not yet a member of SAPS it could be said that I am more truly a spectator than any of the people who belong to the organization. By belonging, they become more participants than spectators. And, while I have recently been as active as many of the members, my unusual position permits me to be the complete spectator at the same time. A hair-thin distinction, to be sure, but one that a waiting lister is ready to defend. :: This quarter, I've been a most leisurely spectator, indeed. The purist of the gaffate will be shocked to learn that I took the mailing to the Bahamas on my vacation. Fans who know about the weight of SAPS mailings will wonder at my aeronautic recklessness, but others who are familiar with SAPS reading material will know that it was worth the risk. It was wonderful to have limitless time to decipher the syllogistic intricacies of an IGNATZ or a SPELEOBEM and time to ferret out the witticisms of a BOG (I'm still working on it). Seriously though, the whole mailing becomes much more enjoyable when you have ample time to devote to it (Gad! How that hot sun beat down on my head!). :: Some people like to deprecate SAPS members, more to bait them than for any other reason, I suspect, but I have found them to be a perceptive group. For instance, in the mailing before last, Terry Carr used a cover on RAGNAROK in which, amongst a shower of fanzine titles representing the 50th mailing, I'd inserted a leaflet with the name FAN-DANGO on it. In the last mailing, I was waiting to see how many fans who found shocking initials on the first S--- cover would spot the outrageous incongruity hidden in that one. I didn't have to wait more than three months. The quick-eyed readers were: Don Durward, Bob Lichtman, Bruce Pelz, and Ted Johnstone. But perhaps there's a better case for SAPS perceptivity. Here's part of what it could be based on:

SPECTATOR: This is a neat, useful start on volume 17, Eney, but at a time when my main apactivity was poking holes into the FAPA constitution and some official organs and not being very communicative about it, this document would have been regarded as a treasure trove. Offhand, I notice that the activity assesments are not properly accounted, that the "Rules of SAPS" contains no mention of the arrangement under which distribution of publications from the waiting list is allowed, and that the rules warn the fans on the waiting list to "indicate continued interest by acknowledging receipt of the Official Organ within one month of the mailing deadline date" while an introduction to that list states they "must acknowledge receipt of the SPECTATOR by 1 August". WARHOON: Yes, I've since found out that the title of WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP was not FLABBER. But, if you publish a fanzine with the former title on its cover and its real name unobtrusively listed inside, I'll probaly call it FLABBER too. Oh well, it would be just as enjoyable under either name.

That punchline, in RAGNAROK, "Are you sure this is an IRT subway station?", on the Stiles cartoon hits comfortably close to home for something that's been published in California. Or do other cities also have IRT subway networks? :: As one who enjoyed "The Seventh Seal", Terry, perhaps you can explain the knight's attempt (by upsetting the chess board) to help the family in the wagon escape Death. Death seems both foiled and suspicious by the knight's purpose and we see the others rushing to safty. But why should we be left with the impression that they've escaped Death? -- no one does. :: I wouldn't say that photo of "Carl Brandon" proves his existance any more than letters of comment in fanzines signed "Carl Branddon" prove his existance. There was a fine letter in some fanzine not long ago and, since stranger things have happened, I thought it sad that a promising new fan would be so unfortunate as to have that name. I sent him a copy of Wrhn thinking that if he responded I might point out the advisability of altering at least his first name for fannish purposes, but the issue came back stamped "No such street", "No such address." :: Terry's mention that I could "yet achieve the Ultimate Ploy" being voted President

of SAPS while not yet a member is certainly a delightfully Sapish thought, but about as likely to happen as a SAPS-FAPA merger. Art Rapp, commenting in mailing 48 on whether non-members should be eligible for votes in the poll, wondered "If so, what happens when a non-member gets elected President of SAPS?" F M Busby, in the following mailing, thought "if a non-member did become the President of SAPS, wouldn't it be sort of quietly hilarious?" However, the possibility is slight. Elinor Busby pointed out last mailing: "Lots of people don't vote for non-members. I don't." That's their prerogative, of course, but I personally feel that fans like Doreen Erlenwein are more deserving of consideration as Pillars of SAPS than someone like Lynn Hickman was, for instance. :: Miri's Most Unforgettable Character was highly enjoyable as was the rest of this issue.

I'd promised myself to leave introductory fashion notes in the mailing comments to the female members of SAPS, but from nostalgia I can't resist setting down the penciled memo in MEST. At the time of reading, I was laying, half on dazzling white sand, half in the rippling shallow of a calm ocean, wearing a blue bathing suit and a sailor cap pulled down in its cup shape to shade my eyes from the sun. :: But in a chronological tale of The Road to Trufandom, logic indicates the proper order the Egg o' Bu should be placed in relation to subscribers, contributions and Fannagrevos. Perhaps, "it's admissible by literary license, but hardly "for the logicity of the story as it stands." :: Several fans have thought the reviews of "The Road to Fame" and "The Enchanted Duplicator" incomplete with regard to publishing information and made the same request you do. I wonder why. You ask, of "The Road to Fame", where and when was it published and by whom, but the review mentions that "The edition of 'The Road to Fame' at hand was published for FAPA in January of 1953 by Bill Evans.":: I can understand, in a clinical way, your opinion that "anybody who spends his money publishing a fancy photolithed or Gestetnered zine for only 40 people must be out of his mind." But I don't think it entirely unreasonable for them to do so. The people I wonder about are those Cult members you describe in your review of OUTSIDERS. In this "hyper-active" group of 13 fans, I've heard rumors of 50 page fanzines. How are these publications reproduced?

Is there any especially good reason why everyone has to be inflicted with one-shots like COITUS? The possibility that it will "be sent thru SAPS, the Cult, N'APA and maybe OMPA" is the best reason I ever heard of for joining FAPA. COLLECTOR: At first I suspected sorcery, but your explanation of the "Verkotype" technique explains why my copy of the DeVore SPECTATOR was slightly browned, as though by heat.

Odd that even Wrai Ballard, who taperesponds with Harry Warner, as he mentions in OUTSIDERS, didn't point out that this is how Harry much have discovered that in rapid conversation it's not always possible to distinguish between "fan" fiction and "faaan" fiction. :: True, GMCarr couldn't have been named President of SAPS by that 1952 laureate poll if the rule against voting for oneself, which was on the last ballot, had been in effect at the time. Redd Boggs, who didn't vote at all, would have been. The possibility that she could have been does, however, dramatize her value in the organization at the time. Even subtracting the 10 or 11 votes she probably awarded herself, she still would have rated in first or second place -- ahead of everyone in the club by quite a few votes, except for Boggs and the Coles.

I'll answer that question you ask in FORQUE!, Doreen Erlenwein! It took about ten minutes to paste in those silver stars in the issue before last. :: During high school I kept a diary for a couple of years, but it always depresses me to reread it so I don't refer to it very often. It gives me a strange feeling to reread those attitudes and opinions which were once mine, but many of which I cannot agree with now. Of course, they were written by a different person, just as the last issue of

Warhoon was written by a different person. EGOTAPE: is an interesting idea, but seems poorly carried through. I wonder what was recorded on the five extra copies that were intended for the waiting list bundles and if there were any provisions to see that the right fan got the right tape. The tape in the mailing I recieved seems to have been intended for Esmond Adams. :: This is no way to get mailing comment votes in the Pillar Poll. STF BROADCASTS AGAIN!: And again, and again, one hopes!

The quote-cover on SPACEWARP is wonderful. :: Perhaps dealing with GIs is like dealing with SAPS, "if there is a single loophole in your rules, they'll gleefully take advantage of it", but from all I've heard dealing with Sergeants is like dealing with OEs, if you take advantage of a loophole they tighten up the loop. :: I share Redd's quoted puzzlement over the acceptability of circumlocative phrases in place of four letter Anglo-Saxon words. In fact, some comments on the use of them in Hal Shapiro's fanzine reviews and F M Busby's comments on the reviews were struck from the dummy last issue due to space limitations. I thought Busby's concentrated dose of synonyms, though it had a point, no less offensive than Shapiro's more direct expressions -- which is to say, not at all. Wasn't it Grennell who once amusingly wondered why people gave not a second thought to the sight of something a bird might leave on the hood of an automobile, but would react vehemently if they encountered the same thing in a story or article? THE ZED: There's something about this fanzine that leaves me absolutely speechless. ROSCOE WILL SAVE: The birchbark scrolls are falling into legend. I wonder how many fans can remember when Saint Edco of Lubec and Reverend Radell of Cadillac were actually of those localities. Can Saint Share be the same Share who is now such an ardent propagandist of Ignatzianism?

I'll wager that not many Saps are going to think highly of Art Hayes' practice of sending sample bundles of SAPSazines to new members of N3F. But I suppose any fans who might be recruited by this practice will be old time fans by the time they become members and, perhaps, anyone who can survive the waiting list deserves to be exposed to the club. In a time when FAPA had a much shorter waiting list, I can recall some irritation at Burbee's sending a couple of mailings to Sam Merwin for his startling reviews. :: This reviewed MHO+DJEE.

I enjoyed the profile of John Trimble in MAINE-IAC and would like to see a continuing feature like this on each new member. :: The return of "Redd Boggs -- Superfan" was welcome, though I hope this galloping tendency to reprint doesn't become an irresistible temptation. Much as I enjoyed this, an equally well prepared Jacobs 1960 manuscript would have been more appreciated. I hope Lee's best work isn't behind him. SAFARI: Your policy of not commenting on comments on comments makes you an ideal whipping boy. But it's no fun to take issue with you, if you won't bother to point out our shortsightedness -- we may often disagree with you as much to seek our own enlightenment as to attempt yours. :: Avram Davidson's interest in fandom is most commendable. PILLAR POLL - 1960: But the teller doesn't compose the ballot, does he? I always thought the OE did that job and the teller did the tabulating.

It's becoming rather embarrassing to find a publication from Toskey like SCIENCE FICTION STORIES FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE SCIENCE FICTION since I haven't read the previous compendium volume yet. I can't plead lack of time again. I will have to admit that I was sidetracked by Robert Heinlein. BUMP 3: The story of the two Central Intelligence Agents who defected to Russia is breaking around my ears as I read your comments on "Communist Indoctrination." It's shocking to note that not even an administration of which Richard Nixon may or may not be a part (depending on Ike's Trendex) has succeeded in "driving the communists and fellow travelers out of Washington". Now they leave when they get fed up. BUMP 4: Eney's tariff system appears to be spreading. Don Anderson informs me that Belle Dietz, President of N'APA, will allow distribution of his waiting list contribution for \$1.00. He gathers the idea will be brought before

the members for a vote and a move made to establish a set fee for the practice. CREDO: The Pittcon plans have somehow slipped pass me. Was a Pittcon Memory Book planned? The only convention memory book I've sever seen was the one for the Cinvent-ion and my only recollection of that is that it was large. Was "Tasfic in Retro-spect" ever produced? I sent Venable a cover to be lithoed for that volume and was looking forward to seeing the book itself, having noticed reports that Elsberry, Willis, and others had written material for it. BOG: Fannish polls seem to have asked just about every impolite question there is. Has anyone bothered to inquire about what fans wear to bed? YESTERDAY THE FUTURE 2: is enigmatic in its statement that I've "got Eney pegged." I didn't think that was possible, but I hope you'll reveal how I did it before it's too late. YESTERDAY THE FUTURE 3: I don't like the implications that Eva was tempted to give up her place on the roster either, but I do like the implications behind your not liking those implications.

Did anyone else notice the reek of attic trunks and long stored pulpzines that permeated this mailing? It brought back memories of The Stacks at Stephan's second avenue bookstore. Not thinking for a moment that someone might have recklessly circulated an ancient AMAZING, I soon located the source of this nostalgia. It was POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC, with its unexpected contribution from Shelby Vick. Is this the odor of fannish resurrection? Or is it the smell of long stored mimeo paper? :: Richard Brown has already sawed the pilings out from under a couple subjects I had intended to take exception to. On a postcard of appreciation sent from the Bahamas, I mentioned that he could expect a reaction in this column to his remarks on politics and his criticisms of my review of "The Enchanted Duplicator." In a tandem postal reply, Dick unearringly singles out his comments on the insignificance of present day politics and admits that they were intended as humor. I had noticed the parallel but it hadn't occurred to me that they were "a paraphrase of everything Leman had to say on Music (Jazz vs Classical) last time around." I had originally thought the comments were pretty funny, Dick, but took them seriously since I've seen the same attitude expressed recently by other fans. And I'll not be surprised to see several endorsements of those view in this SAPS mailing. Perhaps the most effective means of refuting the contention in advance and retroactively would be to point out that though it seems silly to concentrate on the one inch you assign present day politics on the mile long scale of political history, that small span contains the forces that can wipe out all history -- cultural, scientific, and political. On "The Enchanted Duplicator", Dick has reconsidered his annoyance at my revealing the story's punchline and says "It's obvious, now that I look at it clearly that you were writing to an informed rather than non-informed audience." I rather hope I was, since the copy I reviewed was number 198 from a run of 200. Those who arn't infomed are going to have to wait for a reprinting if everyone is as reluctant to part with his copy as I am. But it's debatable whether the criticism would be valid even if my review had been addressed to an uninformed audience. The complaint might have some justification if "The Enchanted Duplicator" were a one-charge entertainment, having no aim beyond the excitement of its surprise ending, but it is not. It's a series of lessons that are given unity by Jophan's cumulative realization. Would anyone avoid reading "War and Peace" or "The Bible" because they knew the ending? :: A card carrier, but not a member of the N3F? :: Your comments on N3F and the comparison with other clubs are interesting, but the dismissal of the charge that it "doesn't do anything" on the grounds that "neither does any other club in fandom" is questionable. Every time an apa mailing is distributed, the apa has fulfilled its purpose 100%. What N3F purpose is so consistently realized? And what were the first goals of SAPS, FAPA, and OMPA that have never been reached? :: Norm Metcalf: Pardon the possible naivete, but do the armed forces discourage self expression, in civilian capacities, such as Sapszines, on the part of their members? :: Suzy Vick: Did Shelby find out that there was nothing

under the gold seal on that wrap-around cover. :: Shelby Vick: I'm not sure what machine does the Wrhn mimeoing, but I've glimpsed it once or twice and it seems to be an old ink encrusted ABDick. Judging from the smell, I suspected Wrhn was the product of a gleaming, clean, precision tooled instrument, but it's certainly anything other than clean and gleaming, though I suppose the company keeps the machine in excellent condition. I love that smell and the only times I've noticed it was in one copy of NEKROMANTIKON and SKY HOOKs fifth anniversary issue. :: Yes, I brought back some copies of EGAD! from Vermont and other publications as well. That was an incomplete list.

On the basis of this issue of SPY RAY OF SAPS, I'm prepared to support the Eney TAFF candidacy unreservedly. Even though composed on stencil the opening of the Detention report is fascinating reading. The convention report with a long rambling introduction filled with details of travel difficulties has been drawing severe criticism recently. Eney's chronicle reveals that the criticism is misplaced. It's not the subject matter that is boring, it's the treatment of it. Willis, Raeburn, Shaw, and Eney have all written wonderful convention reports that devoted plenty of attention to the precon period, but each have done it with skill. The problem is not whether one's subject matter is interesting, but whether one can write about a subject interestingly. A TAFF candidate claims my attention to the degree that he can communicate his enjoyment of the trip. I am not particularly interested in TAFF candidates as ambassadors. I am more interested in them as reporters. :: I loved the assumed dignity of the remark: "Other observations, like the effect of the breeze on the skirts of comely femmefans, are not germane to this document." :: I don't ap-prove of the non-stop paragraphing, but generally the layout is fine.

It's flattering to find concern in SPELEOREM that Eney's postal charge on waiting list fanzines might cause the disappearance of Wrhn. No, I'm satisfied with the Eney rate. Last issue was accepted for distribution with a contribution that was 75¢ lower than I ordinarily gave before the rate went into effect. :: I was kidding when I mentioned the Fantasy Foundation for possible disposition of fannish collections, but your comment makes me think it might still be in existence. What is its current status? FANTOCCINI: Perhaps the paper should be a trifle heavier, but your dittoing is uniformly good. On the other hand, Bob Litchman's reproduction is a bit faint. What causes such variable intensities in the quality of purple you and he get? Improper spirit feed? KRAML: The negro cast of "A Raisin in the Sun" has been on location for the film version of this play. The story is about a negro family that tries to move into a white neighborhood and the difficulties they encounter. During the filming of scenes of the family inspecting the property they want, numerous phone calls were recieved by the superintendant from neighbors who were apprehensive that the building agent might be going to rent space to the negro family. Nothing like authenticity, is there? :: Your poll seems to be uncovering some significant information. You can add to it that I was also a first child and discovered science fiction at about the age of 16. COLLODION: Eisenhower may not be as good a speaker as Nixon, but then who is? And who is worst than Ike?

The plot is beginning to thicken in this affair of the Gettysburgh Address. Toskey, after mentioning in FLABBERGASTING 13 (mlg 50, pg 53) that he first saw it "years ago", now adds that it was "on a piece of paper attached to the wall of GMCs refrigeration office." It's strange that GMC would have it attached to the wall of her office and let a fan, who later printed it in CRY OF THE NAMELESS, copy it. In reaction to Bob Bloch's use of the Address to satirize "neofannish misbehaviorism" she indignantly stated, "I revere the Gettysburg address and highly object to having it used as Kleenex for mucous-clogged neofannish editorial noses!" I guess it's hard to be more explicit or colorful than that! But what throws the whole condemnation

into jaundice is the possibility that she had/had been displaying a parody of this "revered" work in her office. :: Your handling of Bruce Pelz's criticisms of your knowledge of the SAPS election ballots displays an Eisenhowerian skill. :: I wonder if fannish fans of Virgil Partch are aware that he once did caricatures of various Los Angeles fans? Wasn't he an Army friend of Ackerman's? IGNATZ, Section 1: I don't envy you all the hand lettering that went into this issue. And congratulations, again, on your engagement. But I am not deluded into thinking that this is a love match. It's pretty apparent that this is merely the physical manifestation of the continuing struggle between Ignatz and Roscoe.

This issue of RETRO reads like a one-shot but was enjoyable nevertheless. It's odd to see someone sitting down at such a session and writing an interesting article as Coswal did. :: If GMC was "so instrumental in the institution of the present 'no self-voting' rule", it isn't too accurate to say that she contributed nothing of value to the club. :: Very well then, I conclude that it's possible to be one of your favorite fans and at the same time be an individual who sets out to be deliberately infuriating, now and then, just for kicks. And I am only a little more mystified by your citing as a likable characteristic Laney's tactic or "reversing his field completely and frankly admitting he had the whole deal backwards". Isn't this called "infuriating" on the rare occasions that GMC does it? Please don't ask me to research the possibility, but I have the impression that she is known, for some reason, as "the whirling dervish of fandom".

It was surprising to find that Nancy Share is such a political activist. I would have thought that Wrhn should have ignited her tendencies long ago, but this inflammatory journal never smoked out the Stevensonite that's revealed in this issue of IGNATZ (Section 2). How many signatures did you collect on the Stevenson petitions? You say that even Art Rapp got his arm twisted while he was there, but you don't reveal whether or not he signed. :: Your campaign for a write-in vote in November has about as much success of electing Adali as the larger campaign had of getting him nominated. A vote for Stevenson is a vote for Nixon and who would have ever thought that twist would come about? :: By the way, do elaborate on your antipathy for Eisenhower. What mess?

Not that you brought it up in HERE THERE BE SAPS, Bob, but the issue of whether a nameless fanzine should have illustrations or not is beginning to dwarf the religious issue. Considering the aims behind producing that fanzine, it isn't worth the bother. If the reading matter is interesting enough you won't notice that there aren't any illustrations and if it isn't, who cares? If Rotsler would break down and consent to be the Herblock of fandom, I might reconsider, but for the time being, I'll start worrying about this problem when people start complaining that "By Love Possessed" had no spot drawings to break up the monotony of page after page of relentless text. Only Sam Moskowitz could have contributed something entitled "Peace and Olaf Stapledon" to the 12th SAPS mailing. Did Sam ever do mailing comments? :: It's amusing that Lloyd Alpaugh should think it likely that Moskowitz's name, along with A Langley Searles', might be meaningless to present day fandom. Sam was well into his fannish decline in 1950 or slightly before, so his name probably means the same to us as it meant to Lloyd. Histories of fandom on the scale of "The Immortal Storm" will insure lasting fannish meaning to the names of their authors. Searles is practically forgotten and perhaps few know that he first published most, if not all, of "The Immortal Storm" serially in FANTASY COMMENTATOR. And it's probably even less realized that FANTASY COMMENTATOR was originally a FAPA magazine which soon cast itself adrift of the apa as both GRUE and SKYHOOK did. I believe only the first six issues were circulated through that apa.

I might add to the comments on the Pillar Poll in POT POURRI that it wasn't always as popular as it is now. The first poll that came to my attention, back in mailing 18, and perhaps it was the first of them, had only 10 people participating out of a membership of 35; though 17 people voted on the question of a SAPS-FAPA merger. It was voted down. The next two polls had only about 14 or 15 participants.

More serious than Elinor Busby's missing a point or two, there seems to be a curious lack of timebinding exemplified in FENDENIZEN. Merely because a list of fanzines I gave are no longer being published doesn't mean that they were never satisfactory fanactivity. In answer to your question, I got my last copy of one of those publications a long time ago. So what? You can't possibly mean that because they're not being published presently they weren't at one time satisfactory fanactivity. Perhaps you mean that they never were satisfactory fanactivity, but if so the point could have been less ambiguously worded. This isn't really debatable until I'm sure of just what you meant. :: Your statement that "SAPS wouldn't be SAPS if it were any larger" reveals the same lack of explicitness that produces the above uncertainty. Surely you don't actually mean what the words in that sentence say. If the Spectator Amateur Press Society had 150 members it would still be the Spectator Amateur Press Society if it bore that name and had evolved from the present group. You probably mean that it would not be the same friendly intimate group that you love, but it's unfortunate that we have to guess at your meaning. Explicitness is desirable but not entirely necessary in fairly comprehensible questions such as this but in more complex matters, like the nature of satisfactory fanactivity, it is necessary to communication. :: At this point it isn't too difficult for me to restrain an 8 page reply to your comments on Francis T Laney. I'll hold them for a long comparison of Laney and GMCarr that I've been planning for sometime now. :: Well, let's not mislead that historian. She didn't vote herself in first place in all categories. She recieved no votes for Best Editor though GEM TONES placed third in the best Sapszine category -- even without her own first place vote. :: I did say "I can't say I blame you", but where did I "do just that"? I disagreed with you, erroneously in one particular, but I never blamed you for saying or doing anything. :: FENDENIZEN certainly is as readable as ever! It's one of the first magazines I turn to after I open the mailing.

PARTING SHOTS

It surely must be obvious by now that the motto of this fanzine is satis superque and I can say with more than a small measure of confidence that if it keeps up it'll soon be sicut ante. There, that'll give Guy Terwilleger something to look up! And while you're at it, Guy, you might try to find out what this word scrawled on the back of one of Redd's letters means: "Bababadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonnbronntonnerroo-ntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntoohoooodenenthurnu.!" What I want to know is, why the exclamation point? :: I hope that next issue will return to a more normal size. John Berry should be with us again, of course, but other than that I'll try to keep at least half of fandom out of the magazine. Proportionately the response to this issue will be much smaller than that to last issue. Personally, I find it much easier to write a one page letter about an 8 page fanzine than I do to write a paragraph about a 40 page fanzine. :: As usual a whole nosegay of SAPS topics remain untouched... I should commend Bruce Pelz's campaign against irrelevant trivialities in our review columns... RAGNAROK is certainly one of the handsomest magazines in the mailing... Larry Anderson is doing fine work in that parasitic column of his in OUTSIDERS. This is hardly the Larry we used to know, for which shed one tear, but let us rejoice for the one we have now... Just room enough to mention that

.....
This has been an Exhausting Publication
.....