

# 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 8, dated July 1960. It should appear in SAPS mailing number 52. All material is written by the editor, unless otherwise credited and represents his opinions and viewpoints. 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. :: I was pleased that such a large number of SAPS members apparently approved of the Toskey decision to include Wrhn in the mailing. Aside from being in a position to benefit from the continued practice, I think it can be of value to the club. It serves as an introduction of the impending member and gives him an opportunity to display a full contribution that consists not merely, as a single item published in a members magazine would, of a personality presentation, but of editorial technique as well. Kept within limits, it could antique the spectacle of the new member who produces irrationally until he learns what he wants to do in the organization. And it would keep up the interest of the furthest reaches of the waiting list. :: But there seems to be a number of misgivings about the policy. And they are certainly justified. When as smoothly operating a facility as SAPS has been evolved, proposals that could alter its structure deserve close attention. As a non-member who can therefore speak with the greatest impartiality, I'd like to examine the points of alarm. :: The danger that the practice will get out of hand and circumvent the membership limit should receive first consideration. If fandom is put on notice that SAPS can be used as a unique means of cutting postage costs on the distribution of fanzines merely by placing one's name on the waiting list, the danger has a good possibility of fulfilling its promise. But I think that the new control of 25 cents per sheet eliminates that eventuality. No one who isn't really interested in SAPS or who doesn't think he's produced something that's worth an extra tariff is going to bother to take advantage of the opportunity. If I were a member, I'd be interested in seeing just what someone was willing to pay from three to five dollars for the privilege of having me look at it. As readers of the SPECTATOR know, I've subscribed to the tariff solution all along and think it a workable policy. Unless I'm blatantly dating myself, I can't think of a very large number of fans who would care to pay this fee. Under the Eney plan, SAPS can explore whatever advantages there are in this change, and I've named some of them, while proceeding in a prudent manner. I applaud the caution of the Eney approach, after all, I may decide that I don't want to be a member and I'd like to leave without feeling that I've enlarged the membership. Chuckle. :: Even if the present plan doesn't work, and the waiting list becomes even more unmanageable other safeguards can be set up. Charge more. One apparently little noticed trend is enlarging the membership faster than the waiting list shows any signs of doing. Entirely too many members are getting married. It's very obvious that Dick will have to deal with this problem as soon as possible. Most SAPS think there is an official roster of 35, but counting the dual memberships, most of which are submitting one publication for each member, we have 38. And this practice is continuing at an alarming rate. Bjo Wells is getting married before the next deadline in an obvious attempt to enlarge the membership still further. And I see that Otto's intended has been cutting stencils, which seems a pregnant development to me. So, unfortunately, it looks as though the membership can plan on what level of waiting list participation it would be desirable to add to a group of 40 rather than a group of 35. :: And I think Ballard's suggestion that the number of extra mailings made available to the waiting list be enlarged to ten would only increase the number of people interested in participating. The present availability of



mailings is one of the limiting factors on the enthusiasm of the waiting list. Though the tariff will still control a large part of the excitement, the larger numbers of mailings will insure that there will be more excitement to control. The fan who reads a mailing and doesn't want to produce something for SAPS himself is potential deadwood. But those who aren't will want to introduce themselves, if they don't think the tariff is too high. Of course, there are a number of SAPS who are willing to publish waiting listers contributions, but I wonder how many the applicants are aware of it.

At any rate, if the system proves detrimental to the club, I'll be one of the first to suggest abandoning it. In the meantime, if the SAPS are willing to experiment prudently, I certainly want to be here to help them do so.

GAFIA

I am returning to a favorite spot in the sun for a vacation this summer. My hermit tendencies won't allow me to reveal this island's name until, perhaps, the next issue. Not because fandom may suddenly decide to switch its annual convention to this location, but for reasons best known to my creditors. I like to think this will be a vacation for them too.

This idyl provides unparalleled opportunity to soak in temperate waters, skin-dive and laze in golden sun until one's mind becomes as tan as one's skin. I like to take advantage of this time to do more reading than there would normally be time for and I find myself weeding out the books I've collected through the year for the ones I've been more interested in reading. This then, is that perennial list of books to be taken to a desert island. However, the selection I'm about to itemize is more irresponsible a collection than I'd want if I were going to live on the island for the rest of my life. Perhaps it will turn out to be a collection of books to be left on a desert island, but we shall see. I'm taking eight books. Three more or two less than the last list you read, depending on which literary magazine you might have been perusing. Also I may take, if I'm fortunate enough to receive one, the 52nd SAPS mailing; unless BOAC thinks it constitutes too much of a weight hazard.

Glancing at the pile, I am immediately struck by what a liberal range of works it is -- as Bob Leman might say. At the top is Richard H Rovere's "Senator Joe McCarthy", which I've wanted to read ever since Esquire published an excerpt from it months ago. A Redd Boggs article has whet my appetite for it, also. I like Rovere's prose and have been recently admiring the perception of his "Affairs of State: The Eisenhower Years." It will probably be read before any of the others.

Next is "Candidates 1960", a collection of articles about each of the significant contenders for the Republican and Democratic nominations. Of course, the struggles which Eric Sevareid's book is intended to give dimension will be over long since and the selections made by the time I get around to reading it. But it will be interesting to check how the various estimates of the candidates measured up to their campaign performances. Educationally enough, two portraits of Richard Nixon are presented. I understand he moved slightly during the first sitting.

Joan Hurley's recommendations, as persistent as an N3F recruiter, are partly responsible for the next selection: "Witness" by Whittaker Chambers. Actually this will be a second visit to "Witness" and I look forward to finishing it this time. I was impressed by its fervor and style. It's much better written than Time. My copy is autographed: "Vincent Sheean, Twin Farms, South Powfert, Vermont." Didn't Chambers finally settle on a farm and wasn't it in Vermont?

I'm also a few pages into a first reading of Robert Heinlein's "Methuselah's



Children" and I hope to finish this one too. Tentatively, I'll say I'm not too amused with it. Chiefly because of the possibly improbable actions of supposedly resourceful and clever people. It will be reviewed at a later date.

I was about to say that "Methuselah's Children" is the only fantasy I'm bringing along and then I noticed Earl Mazo's controversial biography, "Richard Nixon." As you've probably observed, Mr Nixon is a major preoccupation and distress of mine, but it shouldn't be assumed that the book will spoil my sojourn. In common with Francis T Laney, G M Carr, and Joseph McCarthy, he's infuriating, but fascinating.

If anyone can recommend some perceptive and intelligent criticism of Adlai E Stevenson, I'll be most delighted to look it up and read it. Until then, I suppose works like "A Prophet in His Own Country" by Kenneth S Davis will have to do, though it looks like it's going to read like another idolatory campaign biography. It really isn't; since it was published in 1957. It would be refreshing to read a book about him that didn't remind one of a pilgrimage to Lourdes. The next volume is "Friends and Enemies", but I'll keep it in this paragraph since it was written by Stevenson. It is a thin book detailing his visit to the Soviet Union in the summer of 1958. Its primary fannish interest may be its dedication to Bob Tucker, among others, who accompanied him "to Siberia -- and back!"

I haven't been able to restrain myself from skimming through the last item in the stack, "Mr Citizen", Harry Truman's new book. So far, it seems as superficial as my examination of it. Truman's slighting by Eisenhower during his inauguration in 1952 is a curious account. Judging from the evidence Truman gives, it reads as though Harry is slighting Ike!

These books have been waiting for some time to be read, but now that I've browsed through them the prospect of lulling tropic surroundings and this package of doctrinaire excitement is momentarily disconcerting. It would seem that in a country where pineapple crates outnumber soapboxes it might be better to leave political passions to more revolutionary types. But I'm afraid not. Complete physical relaxation and the freedom to indulge in mental stimulation sound more attractive to me.

If anyone cares to suggest some titles to discredit any false impressions I may pick up from this traveling library, please feel free to do so. I'd appreciate anything that could refute the SAPS mailing.

#### RUMBLINGS AT RANDOM

If anyone is interested, I'm still looking for back FAPA and SAPS mailings to buy. Only complete bundles please. :: I often hear the expression "Dyed in the wool Republican" and I wonder what it derives from? Why are Democrats never dyed in the wool? :: And when and why were the donkey and the elephant adopted as symbols of the Democrat and Republican parties ;; Ever eager to experiment with new methods of merchandizing, Wrhn is launching into yet another field of commercialism. Readers returning the green stamp you see on the left hand side of this page will insure themselves of receiving a copy of the next issue. I don't know what I'll do with them, but it should prove something. :: Also, that green stamp is a surrender to the vociferous fen who have been pleading for illustrations in Wrhn. I plan on some little symbol of my good intentions in each issue. Last time, I stuck in a silver star as a bright spot in the mailing comments. Perhaps, next issue: a Nixon button. :: My personal "Humbug" Christmas card found its way into the Type Directors Club Awards booklet. But instead of listing me as the client, the show committee improperly inserted the name of one of the largest drug houses in the country. Now you know why I'm leaving for the tropics.





## UNPREDICTABLE REACTIONS

from the readers are the only think that can be predicted with any degree of certainty. There is no assurance that an issue will even provoke a reaction, but if it does, the only thing I'm reasonably sure of when I open the envelope is that it will contain a surprise or two. A paragraph that might take two months to string together properly would inspire overpowering ennui in the reader, to judge from the lack of evidence, but a passing inference that the Russians could possibly have a spy satellite already orbiting, if they were capable of photographing the far side of the moon, brings in some fascinating speculation from Harry Warner and is echoing through the mailing comments. The chance selection of a letter for last issue's column from the correspondence of a non-fan friend brought sounds of delight from unexpected quarters as well as teaching me to be more circumspect in listing the complete addresses of people who haven't been exposed to the microcosmos. The question could legitimately be put whether fandom needs the type of person who writes to people and tells them that fandom doesn't need their viewpoints. I happen to think fandom would be lucky if Robert Richard were interested in it and it should take approximately two more seconds to decide whether fandom is enriched by a person who writes unpleasant letters in its name. Yes, you can never tell what unexpected ramifications will spring from an issue. Look:

HARRY WARNER, on stationary bearing a "Dixie Fantasy Federation" letterhead with and advisory board listing Jack Speer, Fred Fischer, and himself, among others, wrote: I'm afraid that you spent some extra pennies at the post office uselessly this time, sending Warhoon first class to nudge more promptness in comments from me. I've never known such a month for fanzines, particularly big fanzinns. This week has been a week of vacation from work for me, I've had twice as much time as usual to do such things as read fanzines, and I've still not caught up. But if I don't get this written now, it might be weeks and weeks, because of this fan history project that I've started as another time consumer. :: You should have deduced the reason for my remarks about the pronunciation of faaan. Don't you know that hermits have a habit of talking to themselves, just to keep in practice with the art of speaking a language? I've been uncertain whether I meant fan or faaan on several occasions when mentioning it to myself, and that's the reason I talked about it in Aporrheta. The only thing that I might add is that a hermit is guaranteed to be talking to himself after more than two decades in fandom. :: Of course it would be a wonderful reverse-hoax if I could admit the truth about Hagerstown, how while other fans have been hoaxing fandom with Joan Carr and Carl Brandon and John Bristol, I've been carefully concealing the fact that Hagerstown has the most active chapter of the Science Fiction League in the nation, composed of two dozen old-timers who just wouldn't give up when Wonder Stories became Thrilling Wonder Stories and dropped the SFL. But I'm not one to exaggerate and there's really nobody here except Michel, Willis Conover, Hornig, and a few other fakefans.::Was the milking machine pictured in Time the one that inspired that nursery rhyme about the cow who jumped over the moon after a short circuit developed? :: Yrs., &c., is simply an old-fashioned method of writing the complimentary close to a letter. It's possible that I borrowed it from one particular old timer in the literary field, but I'm sure that it was quite extensively used during the 19th century and even before. Of course, I've cheated, because in those days it was the general practice to slip into the close of a letter in a logical fashion, causing the words to flow naturally from what has preceded them in the last paragraph. The &c., was an abbreviation of the still more flowery conclusion that used to inflict itself on letters, such as "yours, with the highest personal regards and esteem". :: I can think of one science fiction story that was based on the problem you mention in the mailing reviews, what to do if the United States is smashed to smithereens by a sneak attack but still has the ability to do likewise to the enemy. It was Ted Sturgeon's "Thunder and Roses",



in Astounding around 1948 to the best of my poor memory. :: Strange thing, the Horizons which goes out in the August FAPA mailing mentions the Russian photos of the far side of the moon and the question of whether they were faked. I mentioned it mostly out of surprise that no other fans had brought up the subject, with interest in photography so prominent among fans. My guess is that the Russian pictures are all they are supposed to be. I saw the photography magazine article that claims flatly that they are fakes. But that article overlooked several possible causes for the pattern visible in the prints which the article claims is canvas. It looks as much to me like very severe grain or even reticulation as canvas. The conditions under which the processing occurred could account for either imperfection. Another possibility is that the pattern really is a fabric, whatever fabric may have been used as a support or backing for the negative while the video scanning was going on. (This assumes that a negative formed the basis for the picture; it would be a simple matter to reverse the polarity of the impulses whether at the source or in the receiving equipment to get a print-type image.) I can see no conceivable reason for the Russians to lie on this particular topic, since it's inevitable that the falsehood would be revealed when a real photograph was taken later out in space, and the USSR is extremely careful to tell only the type of falsehoods that can't be disproved. A Red hoax involving the moon would be more likely to take such a form as display of a pile of pumice allegedly scooped up from the moon's surface and returned to earth; that kind of lie could be maintained even after landings on the moon if Russia were careful about the way the powder's qualities and nature were described. (423 Summit Avenue Hagerstown Md)

If a few extra pennies spent at the post office can prompt a letter like this one or the one by Jack Speer last issue, I can't think of a more worthwhile way to spend them. Seriously though, this seems as good a place as any to announce the policy of a first class delivery to people with a letter in the issue. That seems a mean enough reward for the thoughtful readers who bothered to write. :: I stood in awe of your intention to continue the recorded history of fandom when I saw the notice in FANAC -- after checking the postmark to see if it had been posted in Brooklyn. Your criticisms of "The Immortal Storm" in INNUENDO were interesting reading, but if someone had suggested to me that you should test them by launching into a sequel of the work yourself, I would have remarked: "Yes, and next you'll attempt to squelch my criticisms of trapeze artists. by saying I should show them how it's done!" The only difference is: I have no doubt about your ability to show us how it should be done.

JOAN HURLEY joined the, ah, discussion on Nixon: Quoting Mr Jack Speer in Warhoon, April 1960... "What the public needs to hang its suspicions on is a clear instance of Nixon caught with his hand in the till, or the exhumation of the body with the bullet in it. At the moment it seems unlikely that there is any unambiguous till incident, and that the only person who knows where the body is buried is Whittaker Chambers." :: I am left wondering at Mr Speer's quite ambiguous, but at the same time invective statement. If Mr Speer knows something that the uninformed public does not know, I think it only reasonable to let at least the readers of Warhoon in on it. Mr Nixon can undoubtedly be held responsible for anything that Mr Nixon has done; however, according to all reasonable and conclusive evidence, cannot be reproached for his part in the Alger Hiss -- Whittaker Chambers case. I challenge Mr Speer to read the records of the congressional committee with the testimonies of the protagonists (I am willing to bet he hasn't)... to read "Witness" by Whittaker Chambers.. perhaps the finest book of this century, and indeed the most meaningful. I challenge Mr Speer to read then any of the books attacking the case, and come then to his conclusion (Alger Hiss has also written one) :: I believe Whittaker Chambers probably does know where the body that Mr Speer refers to is buried. I'm sure the "so called" body will not be a discredit to Mr Chambers or to Mr Nixon -- but rather will be a discredit to the uninformed Americans who deal in dangerous ambiguities of



of the sort that Mr Speer deals in and usually under the even more ambiguous banner of Liberalism (that word used to mean something). :: The body is there in the records, signed documents, and testimony. Mr Speer has only to dig into his local library to find it. :: In reference to Robert Richard's apt criticism of Tennessee Williams, "Suddenly, Last Summer": "Why attempt to explain or excuse these characters? No one expects to run into them tomorrow at the grocery store or on the patio." This was rather well put on a recent TV panel of eminent actors and actresses: "Who expects to run into Oedipus Rex, Hamlet, Macbeth or Little Orphan Annie at the grocery store? Anyone knows they phone in their orders for delivery." (Westbury Long Island)

WALT WILLIS, in a recent installment of "Plinth", made a few comments that deserve some kind of reply here. Thus far, only Harry Warner has mentioned this matter, but I expect to see it remarked on in the mailing also. After all, non-Sapdon doesn't have a monopoly on perceptive readers. Walt quoted the speculation: "In all the debate over defence and the calm consideration of mass annihilation, I wonder if anyone has pondered 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?" He went on to note that "during his *gafia* Dick seems to have forgotten 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." And concluded with: "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."

I'll have to look up "Thunder and Roses" and either read it or reread it. If I've forgotten it during my *gafia*, I've also forgotten whether or not I've read it. :: I like to think that America wouldn't take part in the extermination of life on this planet. There's a temptation to conclude that a country that would cremate the rest of the planet in a fight to protect its system of government and way of life isn't more morally defensible than Russia. What right do either Russia or the United States have to deny the human race the experimentation and development of future generations? Can anyone honestly say he would think as highly of the Greeks as he may if they and the Spartans had been armed with these weapons and the Greeks had chosen to blot out the possibility of our existence by using them? We wouldn't be here to offer an opinion if they had. Mankind can survive a dictatorship (we seem to think the people in Spain get along alright) but I don't think it can survive extermination. That was the safest sentence of the month. I doubt we would do it, but I'm equally afraid that we can't let our enemy know it.

LEE HOFFMAN, noted fan historian, points out: I am not sure just what might have prompted you to send me a handsome matched pair of Warhoons, but nevertheless I am taking time out from whipping up an article on sundry brake-systems for go-karts, to write and say thanks. :: I also write to say, "You err, sir, you err!", when you assume that there isn't much known about the sawing of Courtney's boat. A lot is known...almost everything, in fact, except who actually did the foul deed. The occurrence took place some time before 9:PM, 15 October, 1879, at Chautauqua Lake, and not only one, but both of Courtney's boats were sawed. Local opinion favored the theory that it was Courtney himself who wielded the blade. :: As to your statement:



"There doesn't seem to be a great deal known about the latter subject so an equivalent knowledge about the former might not be very impressive." I challenge anyone to dis-course with such detail and accuracy upon the "origin of the species" as is possible upon the subject of Courtney's boat. (F'rinstance, give a date.) :: I do not, how-ever, hold your ignorance of the Courtney matter against you. As one of the small circle of scholars who have studied both the Courtney affair and its place in fandom (in fact, as the eminent authority who must bear the blame for introducing Courtney and his boat to fandom) I am well aware that the general public little notes nor long remembers the origins of much of its popular folklore. Why, I ask, should I expect fandom to be all that much different that Seventh Fandomites (self-admitted, so don't say I'm calling you names) should be fully acquainted with the details of an affair that was not even familiar to the average Sixth Fandomite. :: In fact, of all Sixth Fandom, or perhaps more properly, Fifth Fandom, for at that time Sixth was but a tadpole, only two of the Elder Fen left over from earlier days (Bloch and Tucker, to be precise) recalled the 1879 incident and commented thereupon. Although documented information is not available, a statistical analysis would lead one to the conclusion therefore that even at that time only a small percentage of actifandom was acquainted with the details of the sawing. :: With that out of the way, I'd like to add that seldom have I seated myself with a fanzine in one hand and a hardboiled egg in the other, one to read and the other to eat, and gotten so much enjoyment from both. I hope this note will insure me a spot on the mailing list for the next issue. (54 East 7 Street New Yor 3 New York)

The reference to Courtney is one of those things that breeze through two drafts and arn't noticed till you're confidently and approvingly leafing through a freshly stapled copy. I begin to suspect that I humorlessly examined one of those factual Berry statements, since Elinor doubts she has ever discussed Courtney's Boat or, since the fourth or fifth grade, the origin of the species. :: You are right about the lack of fannish education on this topic. Even FANCYCLOPEDIA II, according to Walt Willis in RETRIBUTION 14, "leaves unexplained, the mystery of Courtney's Boat, fan-dom's Marie Celeste" though he adds: "Deliberately, I'm sure, because Eney realized that part of the fun of fandom is its mystery." :: Your letter raises a couple of mysteries of its own. What, or where, is the mysterious Chautauqua Lake? and I hope the GDA is available to reveal the exact degree of your enchantment with hardboiled eggs. I approve of them only when they're still warm and smothered with Russian dressing, but I haven't tried Wrhn that way, yet. :: I don't recall ever being part of the Seventh Fandom movement, which started at Harlan Ellison's apartment in 1953. "I watched 'Seventh Fandom' storm pass me." Perhaps for historical purposes I could be dated with Seventh Fandom, but I doubt it, and I don't think I've "admitted" being part of it. I subscribed to Quandry starting with issue 14 and had been active in the N3F prior to that date.

LEN MOFFAT observed: It's so easy to become depressed these days. For instance, I started to read "Doctor Zhivago" a few days ago, but haven't managed to finish it. Somewhere in the background I kept hearing disquieting "noises": Mr K cussing out Ike, conflicting statements re spying and not-spying, the Wall Street Journal imply-ing, from their "man in the street" and "door to door" type interviews, that the U-2 fiasco would not affect Republican chances in November. :: Well, I just couldn't settle down and enjoy Dr Z as a great novel, which perhaps it is. Despite its vivid descriptions and several interesting characters, it just didn't seem sufficiently immediate. Perhaps this novel should serve as yet another means of getting to know the Russian people, their trials and tribulations, etc, but I'm more concerned with what the Russian people of this here-and-now world are thinking, doing, or about to do. Even as I'm concerned with what we, the American people, are thinking, doing, going to do. :: I don't have to read a Russian novel to know that there are and were sen-



sitive, poetic Russians who were affected, slapped down, bucked up, honored, and dishonored by all of the bloody, political goings-on over there, over the years -- any more than I have to read an American novel to learn that folks in small towns and/or big cities are kind, considerate, hypocritical, lecherous, loving, sweet, sour, mean, generous oversexed, or undersexed. :: I haven't given the book a fair shake, perhaps, and may finish it someday, but at the moment I'm more interested in what is going to happen next than in what has happened. True, what has happened is part of the cause of what is happening and what is going to happen, but neither I nor anyone else is able to un-do the past. What we do now and expect to do is vital. The basic question, always, is what CAN we do? :: ...the individual thinker wants to do something, or see to it that his rulers or representatives do something to make the world a safer and happier one. Write letters to congressmen? To Presidents? To Mr K? To all and sundry in any way connected with the world situation? Why not? True, much of this will be a waste of time, but it is doing something positive. :: Voting for candidates who are wise enough and strong enough to back up their wisdom? Of course. Naturally. Even if your favorite candidate doesn't get in office -- or falls down on his promises once he's elected -- you have done something positive. :: This of course can satisfy the individual that he has done something, that he has in fact done everything he can do, short of getting into politics himself, or gafiating in some hidy-hole until everything (the war or rumors of war) "blows over". :: I not sure which comments in Warhoon 7 inspired this letter (probably your comments re Ike), and I don't think I have said anything really original. At least it doesn't seem original to me. (10202 Belcher, Downey, California)

In this time and place in American thought and courage, the example of a person expressing his thoughts on paper of what people can do for a better world strikes me as remarkably original. :: When you consider that 40% of the people eligible to vote did not or were not able to in 1956, the effectiveness in choosing our leaders by those who did is more apparent. The power of free discussion and the act of making your opinions known to the largest number of people you can reach, either through your letters or through that instrument of revolution the mimeograph, is not to be looked on pessimistically --- Khrushchev or Castro would quickly give you reason for the justification of that assumption. Your letter would cause a sensation in Russia.

G M CARR, of whom some of you may have heard, reviewed in GEMZINE: "This 'not-SAPSzine' seems an excellent idea -- too bad there isn't some way the idea could be adapted for use by FAPA W/Lers. Bergeron (being now on the SAPS waiting list) bought one of the SAPS mailings, then made up his own 'zine, complete with Mailing Comments, which he distributed in the Mailing at his own cost as an introduction."

The idea of a fanzine distributed in a mailing as an introduction to the apa of what the fan may later produce as a member is not a new one. As I reminded the SAPS last issue, Vernon McCain submitted one or two issues of THE INSIDER to the membership through the mailings before he was admitted. Doubtlessly, you will recall the circumstances. I believe you were a member at the time. :: Is there no possibility that the idea will be discussed in FAPA? As a FAPA waiting lister who doesn't see any liklihood that he'll be physically able to duplicate the effort he's making for SAPS, I'd still be interested in what the memberships reaction would be to the willingness of a prospective member to pay for including a contribution in a mailing -- with the understanding that the fan would have to take whatever chances there are of getting a copy of the mailing he's circulated in. :: Wasn't a large issue of MASQUE sent through FAPA while Rotsler was on the waiting list? I seem to remember a "Franked by Burbee" notation in the FANTASY AMATEUR of the time. And, there was P Howard Lyons' PRE-APA, which may have been postmailed, which was circulated as his introduction to FAPA: "When I am no longer waiting this publication will metamor-



phoize into IBIDEM." :: I can't let Bob Lichtman's letter commenting on that cover with a backgroud of hundreds of flowers I did for GEMZINE pass. Bob thought: "the cover is a masterpiece of concentration on Bergeron's part. I marvel at the way some artists can spend hours and hours working on a project such as this one all for the sake of egoboo." I know that Bob's statement isn't an evaluation, but it demonstrates, nevertheless, that art must be evaluated apart from the artist or the imaginings of what effort might go into its attempted creation. He can't possibly know what degree of "concentration" went into that cover. I might be a war veteran with a severe disability that would have made it very difficult to do that cover or I might have doodled off 50 of those little flowers, sent them out for five or six negative photo-states, pasted the negatives into the desired shape and sent the pasteup out for the positive that was sent to be Stenafaxed. A mimeographed page of apparent intricacy may be merely the result of available shortcuts.

SETH JOHNSON pointed out: An IBM machine might be the best method of putting out Fancyclopedia's for those who are really enthusiasts over that sort of thing. It would index and classify all new information as fast as it could be filed or tabulated. Seems to me, though, that monumental projects such as that should be undertaken by clubs with lots of forces available for the labor such as one of the apa clubs or N3F. (339 Stiles St Vaux Hall New Jersey) I wonder where you got the idea that the amateur press associations have lots of forces available for projects. These clubs don't have any specific policies, to my knowledge, of working on group endeavors. An apa is merely an arrangement to facilitate the simultaneous exchange of the magazines of its members. Why should such monumental projects be undertaken by large clubs? The N3F, with its large "forces available for the labor", has been around as long as the need for another FANCYCLOPEDIA, but it took one man, Richard Eney, to shoulder the responsibility and do the largest part of the work before it was produced. DONALD FRANSON: I'm not too enthusiastic about apazines, but they are interesting to read once in a while. I once read a passel of Sapszines borrowed from Rich Brown and got a pretty good idea of their content. It is my serious opinion that the apas drain off time and energy from general fanzines, benefiting only a few. How often do you see the statement, I don't have time for fandom, I'm too busy with my apazine? A tragedy. (6543 Babcock Ave North Hollywood California) I take the view that fans are in fandom to benefit themselves; not some anonymous subscription list. If they are devoting their time to apazines it's because they derive enjoyment from that type of activity. They can be of no benefit to themselves or to others if they engage in activity they don't enjoy -- you'll note that people manage to find time for activity they enjoy. BETTY KUJAWA: Your friend Robert Richard writes a witty and charming letter -- lucky you to have him for a long time friend. Gotta great charge from his letter. :: One thing about this fiasco of "Personal Diplomacy" (and I'll bet your next Wrhn will be brimming with cracks about it all), no matter WHAT President had gone, the Commie-planned tactics would have been done. Too long the Republicans have been jammered at as not being global and world conscious -- then when we do go 'out there' -- whammy. We're damned if we do and damned if we don't. :: The "egoboo factor in fan poll results derives from their appearance as a public report. What egoboost would there be in an accolade that only you know about?" -- you say. Well that would depend -- to me a personal egoboo letter from some BNF that I truly admired would perhaps mean more to me than a public compliment in a zine. You could always brag about that later, y'know. (2819 Caroline South Bend 14 Indiana) The Republicans arn't criticized for doing it. They're criticized for the way they do it. :: "In fandom, egoboo is usually gained by seeing one's name in print, preferably in someone else's publication." -- Operation Crifanac CXLIV, pg50. :: Thank you for your interesting letter, Betty. What do the typewriter people call that typeface you're using? Not anything as prosiac as 'italic', I trust. :: No room to quote from TED PAULS, ARCHIE MERCER, KEN HEDBERG, JEFF WANSHEL, CRAIG COCHRAN or VIC RYAN.



## A SPECTATOR'S CLIPPINGS

will departmentalize items of interest from my reading that I feel inclined to publish. Heretofore, quotes have been scattered throughout an issue and were restrained to short subsections. This new policy will enable me to use longer pieces, as well as short items, without making it appear that I'm reprinting articles. And I'm glad Jack Speer or Harry Warner isn't editing this fanzine. If either were, you probably wouldn't be able to tell it from SUSTAINING PROGRAM or HORIZONS of 1944. I've noticed that with the inauguration of this department, Wrhn now has all the sections various issues of those publications had at the time. But I don't mind. This just proves that a logical and adaptive format for an apazine will be recurrent if one lets editorial exploration take its course.

1. "The Eisenhower Years," Richard H Rovere, May 1950: "Responsibility for the failure, it must be added, rests only partially on Eisenhower. If ever anyone demonstrated a confusion of values and categories, it was the trustees who made Eisenhower president of Columbia in the first place. He himself pointed out that his knowledge of education was negligible, that his own education had been inadequate, and that education was not his primary interest. He had often said, it is true, that when he was under the greatest pressure in Europe, he filled his mind with pleasant visions of keeping busy in his later years by administering the affairs of a small men's college in a small town somewhere. Such an environment and such a job might have been well suited to him if the fates could have arranged for him to enjoy an obscure semi-retirement. But they didn't. He became a world figure and a man upon whom a mighty nation was eager to bestow any gift he might ask. To expect a man in this exhilarating position, and a man with little background in general ideas and even less interest than background, to feel himself at home in the highly-charged intellectual atmosphere of an institution like Columbia and to find a satisfactory release for his energies in administering its affairs was absurd in the first place and never anything but absurd. Columbia's disappointment in Eisenhower, which is probably no greater than his disappointment in Columbia, stems not so much from any administrative ineptitude he has displayed as from his inattentiveness to the problems of administration. It isn't so much that he is a bad president as that he hardly ever functions as president. The only thing he has shown any real interest in is rebuilding Columbia's lost prestige in athletics. When he is expected to be attending an important faculty convocation, he is downtown in the railroad station giving the throttle of the New Broadway Limited its first pull. When he should be worrying over where to find a good man for Seventeenth Century French Literature, he is off addressing Moose or Elks in Denver. Eisenhower, knowing that his interest in education was not very serious, was at fault in accepting the appointment at the start, but by far the greater responsibility rests with those who, knowing both his limitations and the responsibilities of the job, invited him to accept the presidency."

"The Scuffed-up Welcome Mat", Edward Neilan in the New Republic, June 20, 1960: "There is every indication that Eisenhower's reception here ((Korea)) will be among the most sincere and spontaneous of his entire itinerary; this in spite of repeated slights -- to which obdurate Korea is already resigned -- like the June 5 Associated Press story datelined Washington" "...there was no immediate indication of White House reaction to the suggestion that Eisenhower extend his stay in Seoul. To do so would require spending at least the night of June 22 there, cutting one day off his planned golfing vacation in Hawaii." Some sources here believe it would be worth sacrificing at least the last nine holes if Eisenhower could remain long enough to get a better impression of what has transpired since the April revolution."



2. From the transcript of Harry S Truman's news conference on the Democratic National Convention, The New York Times, July 3, 1960: "As you already know, I have resigned as a delegate from Missouri to the Democratic National Convention. I did this because I have no desire whatever to be a party to proceedings that are taking on the aspects of a prearranged affair. A convention which is controlled in advance by one group and its candidate leaves the delegates no opportunity for a democratic choice and reduces the convention to a mockery."

Truman's advice to Adlai Stevenson on seeking the second nomination: "I continued talking and added: 'If you decide to become a candidate I suggest that you do not allow your name to be entered in any of the state primaries. Don't waste your energies. We were able to nominate you in 1952 and we can do so again in 1956.'" From "Mr Citizen", page 74, published in June 1960.

3. Bob Leman brought up the "thin tissue of innuendo" in NEMATODE 6: "I am continually astonished at the virulent hatred the left feels toward Nixon, with nothing more to motivate it than the thin tissue of innuendo and accusations of moral turpitude presented without evidence that the left uses in writing about him."

In Earl Mazo's book, "Richard Nixon", we leap over the body of Jerry Voorhis to some notes about a 1950 senatorial campaign: "The campaign was the most hateful California had experienced in many years. Nixon kept on the offensive all the way -- beginning with a statement in which his campaign chairman established the line that Mrs Douglas' record in Congress 'discloses the truth about her soft attitude toward Communism' and a speech in which he, personally, announced his decision to risk the penalty of criticizing a woman because 'if she had had her way, the Communist conspiracy in the United States would never have been exposed...it just happens that my opponent is a member of a small clique which joins the notorious Communist party-liner, Vito Marcantonio of New York, in voting time after time against measures that are for the security of this country'" and "Nixon's charges went before the voters as a carefully researched leaflet, filled with dates, reference data and lawyerlike analogies that were just confusing enough to convince laymen of their authenticity. At the top the document was labeled 'Douglas-Marcantonio Voting Record.'"

From The New York Times, June 4, 1960, just before the California primary: "This week nearly 1,000,000 registered Republicans in Los Angeles County received in the mail handbills asserting that Premier Khrushchev would interpret a heavy Democratic vote 'as an indication that the Administration's tough attitude toward communism is not supported by the American people. Chou En-lai will take it as the first step by the United States in the admission of Red China to the United Nations (the California Council of Democratic Clubs is on record as favoring reconsideration of our position on Red China). All this can happen because you did not take the trouble to vote June 7. Then be sure you -- your family -- your friends -- all vote at the primary June 7 for Nixon for President.'"

And, to bring us more up to date, Drew Pearson wrote in The New York Mirror on June 20, 1960 about a senatorial contest: "Finally, the importance of the North Dakota race is why Vice President Nixon has also been campaigning in the state. Simultaneous with his arrival, an interesting piece of literature was distributed to North Dakota voters. It was captioned 'Quentin Burdick and his Communist Associates'. This was strongly reminiscent of another senatorial campaign in 1954 when Nixon toured Wyoming, Montana and Colorado, stumping against Senators O'Mahoney and Murray and Congressman John Carroll. At that time similar literature appeared in these three states reading " 'Joseph C O'Mahoney, Foreign Agent 783, 'Senator Murray and the Red Weapon in Congress,' and 'How Red Is John Carroll?'"



## DISSONANT DISCOURSE

Since the 51st mailing contained only 749 pages, I have a slightly better chance of getting through my comments on it without revealing significant gaps in knowledge of Sapish history than I did in my remarks on the 50th mailing. But there's a bit more opportunity to let my guard down than there was during the review of mailing 49, which had more material than the one under discussion. However, as I can already detect the fringes of that blind spot in one instance in both of those columns, it doesn't seem likely I'll keep it hidden throughout this one either. For instance, in the January issue I indicated that a reprinting of "Where the SAPS Came From" would be appropriate for the 50th mailing and now note in Operation Crifanac CIX that it probably appeared in a COLLECTOR not long ago. It began to look as though reprinting that article would have been not only appropriate, but repetitive as well. And in the April issue, I tried to refute Elinor Busby's comment on the worth of GMCs "last time in SAPS" by citing evidence from what must have been her first time in the organization. Lets see what the 51st mailing has to offer:

SPECTATOR: According to the Burbee form letter, newly invited fan John Trimble will be married to Bjo on the 9th. As one of those waiting listers Art Rapp wrote about in the 50th mailing, I'm ready to "scream", at the first sign of hesitancy, "it's too late to change your mind NOW!" :: And thanks to Toskey for a courageous term. AMPERSAND: When one can ramble as entertainingly as this, I can't see how there can be any objection if you decide to "chatter instead of putting out your fanzines chiefly as an outlet for more deliberate work." But I wonder what that more deliberate work would have been like and if you'll let us see it if you do produce it. PSILO: I suppose many fans share your frustration when they come across the official organ while preferring their mailing comments. But the best apa review columns are obviously given as much preparation as their authors would give an article and aren't necessarily a record of the first things that occur to them. Art Rapp and Harry Warner usually have something interesting to say about the 00s of SAPS or FAPA though I'd guess most of their spontaneous reactions to those publications were used up back around 5th fandom. Lets face the possibility that entertaining mailing comments may be hard work.

The SaFARI ANNUAL was impressive though it began to read like an over ambitious SKYHOOK letter column. :: No doubt L Sprague DeCamp has an eye on anthology introductions, judging from the personal copyright on his entry. Did that copyright create any problems for your own copyright on the entire publication? :: This is the most unusual anniversary issue of any fanzine I've ever seen, since it's completely unlike its previous numbers. Usually an annish is just a larger dose of the type of material that got the fanzine through the year. If this is an issue of SaFARI, it represents a new direction -- I wonder what the second annish will be like! CHYAND-MEH: Strange. YESTERDAY THE FUTURE: Earl Kemp's "Frigid Faction" was political suicide, of course. MAINE-IAC: The first time I noticed your typographical errors in these six pages was when I reached the section at the end of the magazine telling about them. Could it be that modern methods of detecting the beasts have bred an invisible strain? So many of them find their way into Wrhn. PASQUINADE: A Washington's Birthday oneshot printed in blue and red on white might have a resemblance to a certain flag, but I can't place the country using a flag divided into equal horizontal or vertical sections of red and blue. HERE THERE BE SAPS: Why is "format unimportant in a SAPSzine"? And why is it, by implication, more important in a non-SAPSzine? RAGNAROK: I'm waiting to see how many fans who found shocking initialease on the first S--- cover will spot the outrageous incongruity hidden in this one. :: I don't mind basking in the glory of having a cover depicting a space-ship rushing past Saturn with a hammar-and sickle insignia on its hull in a mailing containing an issue of RAGNAROK with a Ray Nelson cartoon showing a necking couple looking up at a



moon marked with a Soviet emblem. :: Didn't Lee Hoffman wear a dress at a convention that she'd mimeographed with Quandry stencils? Was it the Nolacon?

I always assumed that William Rotsler and Max Keasler drew pictures of naked women because they enjoyed drawing members of that sex in that state. But what does the nude on the cover of SPACEWARP tell us about Nancy Share? Shouldn't she be drawing picture of naked men? Perhaps, but I suspect the cover tells us that Nancy is drawing for a male audience and while she might get a kick out of drawing men, she'd like the rest of us to derive enjoyment from her work too. Therefore she draws women. Of course, we could appreciate her compositions and control of line even if they appeared in sketches of men, but somehow her present subject matter seems a happy marriage of technique and content. :: That isn't such an unlikely conclusion to jump to: "that the Wrhn mimeoing "had come from the unpeccable duplicator of Boggs himself." It did at one time. Wrhn has had four publishers thus far, but I don't suppose that is a record by any means. It would be interesting to find out what fanzine, other than TNFF or the official organs, has had the most publishers. Spwp must be a top contender if not the leader: Laney, Rapp, Gerding and Eney and what others have published it? :: AromaRama is in the Romantic tradition: realism would be the death of it! BOG: What did your father do with all his birds?

There was a time when I appeared in FAPAs Top Ten solely on points awarded for artwork, but I honestly can't say I got more egoboo from that than I did by unexpectedly placing between the 9th and 10th best SAPS commentators in the PILLAR POLL REPORT. Since it didn't require any particular effort to produce fanart, its rewards, while appreciated, weren't as highly valued as they might have been if more energy and thought were required to attain them :: And I was pleased, by my Best Fanzine points, though with a momentary twitch of guilt when I found my name in the publisher column: Wrhn is professionally mimeoed (as you often mentioned in reference to its quality). I cut the stencils and the Graphic Letter Service runs them off for a kings ransom -- actually probably the most reasonable non-fan rate in Manhattan considering the workmanship. I felt better when I saw Bob Leman and Art Rapp's names in the same listing. They have substantially the same arrangement. KRAML: If I stand a foot or so away from the speaker component of my hi-fi unit, after turning the amplifier to its loudest position without having anything on the turntable, I can hear police broadcasts. They're not as obvious at the volume it's normally played at, but I suppose to a hi-fi addict they would dominate the sound even during the triumphal march in "Aida." What causes this and how can I eliminate it, before Harry Warner pays me a visit? :: You may be a new member, but it doesn't show in your comments on OUTSIDERS. You read just like any other established member calling for "more and more gen-zine type material" in Sapzines while producing a publication that was 7/8s mailing comments yourself. But don't stop, they were excellent comments. :: Since you were waiting for the Wisconsin primary to "make up your mind on who to vote for", I wonder if you'd ready decided to vote for Humphrey, Kennedy, or Nixon. And what influence did that primary have on your vote?

If I wasn't sure that Earl Kemp wouldn't confuse my criticisms of some of his attitudes with a derogatory opinion of him, I'd have more quellms about expressing them as bluntly as I have after reading his comments on Wrhn. :: Your advice to Bob Leman that he "devote all his time to serious commercial effort" because his "personal achievement should come foremost" assumes that Bob's fanactivity isn't his foremost personal achievement. The fact that fandom is a nonpaying hobby doesn't leave people any reason to indulge in it other than personal achievement. I am reminded of a remark that may have been made by Laney answering a fan who wanted to know why he or Burbee weren't writing for the prozines. Laney replied, with customary directness, that "He wouldn't be bothered to write for a cruddy prozine like Startling or Asf



when he could appear in such wonderful publications as SKY HOOK and SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. Serious commercial effort isn't necessarily synonymous with personal achievement. Personal achievement is the attainment of a personal goal. My own commercial efforts do not represent the personal achievement that Wrhn does. Walter Breen, in answer to what he must have thought the most redundant question of the year told me, "Sure, I prefer writing fanzines to writing for mummismatic journals." In fact, in some cases, "serious commercial effort" might have no relation to personal achievement whatsoever.

Thanks very much, Eva Firestone, for that bundle of back SAPSazines you sent me. I weeded out the ones I didn't have and mailed the package on to Klaus Eilman with a few other items. :: Awareness of Russian scientific achievements doesn't depend entirely on what the Russians tell us. Anyone who doubts the success of the Russian space probs must also be skeptical of the ability of highway police patrols to detect a speeding car without actually seeing it. Time, which isn't particularly pro-Russian, dismissed the possibility that Lunik II might not have been successful in its September 28, 1959 issue: "British radio astronomers do not think this deception was possible. With the giant Jodrell Bank radio telescope, they measured Lunik II's slowly decreasing speed as it climbed through the earth's gravitational field. Then they watched it speed up about 50% as the moon's modest gravity took control. Mathematical analysis showed that Lunik II followed the proper curve to crash near the center of the lunar disk." On October 19 they described the path of the famous picture taking Lunik III around the moon and in the previous issue, Oct 12, commented on the then unfolding stature of Soviet rocketry: "In the US, official sources were struck with sudden silence. In the past the usual comment was that Russian space vehicles are big and brawny because of more powerful launching rockets, but that US space vehicles, small and elegant, made up for the Russian's gross size by their sophistication. This alibi is wearing thin. US instruments are indeed sophisticated, but to judge by their achievements, Russian space vehicles must be packed with gadgetry that is just as good, perhaps better. The Russian's guidance systems perform well, their radios work fine. So do their instruments, which have made important scientific discoveries deep in space, such as proof by Lunik II that the moon has no magnetic field. If Lunik III should round the moon and bring back pictures, or even non-pictorial data, about the mysterious far side, the US would have to admit that the Russians are far ahead, not only in power or sophistication of instruments, but in all the departments of space exploration."

I am reminded, by BLABBERCASTING TALES, that in New York City one isn't sure if the Christmas decorations that start going up around October 1st are for the holiday after Thanksgiving or are still the sales pitch from the previous Christmas.

WRR: I am shocked that this subzine was "sneaked into the fifty-first SAPS mailing to save the editor and publisher considerable postage." :: I cannot agree with F M Busby that "The reviewing of fanzines, in fanzines, is a special case" excepting such opinion from the proposition that "the validity of criticism is that of the opinions expressed." Layout, reproduction, choice of paper and ink or even choice of words, if the idea is expressed, cannot affect the validity of a truth. The fact that a critic may be reprehensible on the very grounds he criticizes someone else on does not mean his observation will necessarily be any the less true because of that. If a page of FLABBERGASTING has been badly mimeoed it will be just as true if Bill Meyers or the editor of the poorest duplicated fanzine points it out. Thus the critic is not restricted to roasting only those aspects of a zine in which he himself is reasonably impeccable or for which he has a good excuse to be goofing." True, the critic will be "open to all sorts of snide allusions about pots-and-kettles or mores in the eye", but these remarks can only be annoying to him personally; they don't affect the truth of his statement. HERE THERE BE SAPS 4: I'm afraid that I



have to agree with you that your own contribution in mailing 49, now that I check it . again, is more "reminiscent of an earlier tradition of publishing in SAPS" than the two publications I mentioned, though they were notably covered with offset, or seemed that way in such company as GIN TREE and SaFARI. My memory of an earlier period of Sapublishing is colored by HAY IS FOR HORSES though Gordon Black, Redd Boggs, and Wrai Ballard were doing some top-notch mimeoing at the time. FAPA-SAPS SURVEY REPORTS: Memory of photo-cover in SAPS doesn't serve to bring to mind any particularly heavy SAPS members, so I'm wondering what incredible section of the roster has tipped the male Sapscale up to 166 pounds?

According to the rates for inclusion of a publication from someone on the waiting list, the latest postmailed issue of TESSERACT would have cost Walter Breen \$8.75. :: Did you notice the fountain at the Statler Hilton? :: Odd how punishing a remark can sound when ripped out of context and used as the punch line for a critical essay like "The Case of James Blish's Conscience." As originally used, of course, my line "how can you trust a man like that?" shouldn't be read as an indictment of Blish anymore than its companion statement, "How can you criticize a man like that?", should be read as a defense or that its follow-up line, "How can you resist a man like that?", means that I find Blish irresistible. :: Is "A Case of Conscience" really "still controversial even in N3F"? :: I see that L Russell Chauvenet in SPINNAKER REACH has suggested a "shadow mailing" for FAPA by the fans on its waiting list, which seems similar to Busby's proposed solution for the contributions from the SAPS waiting list. The suggestion is a serviceable one, but I would still prefer paying for the privilege of appearing in the mailing. My prejudice against postmailing, as explained in issue 6, still stands. :: You'd need a lino-type machine, if you planned on doing TESSERACT in letter press, wouldn't you? :: Yes, I've recieved letters with the "Report Obscene Mail to Your Postmaster" cancellation on them. Are these markings being avidly sought by cancellation collectors? :: Your're right, of course, I've only read the "Sexus" part of the Miller trilogy. But the boldest title on the book was "The Rosey Crucifixion" and I've been referring to it, inaccurately, by that name. :: Ehrlich points out in his introduction to "Pornography and the Law", that "there is no legally workable definition of obscenity" and my pocket Webster defines it as "lewd, disgusting" among other equally subjective terms. A more personally variable word would be hard to find. But for purposes of clearing the semantic air, I'll agree with the Kronhausens that Miller's work represents erotic realism -- or perhaps at least his realism. :: "The apostle of the gory detail", as the Kronhausens call Miller, maintained my interest unflaggingly while what they define as "hardcore" obscenity" which was supposed to stimulate "lascivious thoughts" and "lustful desires" inspired only boredom. I found Miller's realism, regardless of it's intent, more provocative of these reactions than the fanciful day dreams of "hardcore" pornography. :: The sexual circumvention of most writing contributed to the impact of erotic realism, as much as the quality of the writing; at least at this office. :: A fine issue, Walter Breen.

SPECIFICALLY: There probably is an alternate ending to "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil" for distribution in the south. In fact it wouldn't surprise me to learn that only negative prints are being circulated in that part of the country -- with Harry Belafonte as the white man and the rest of the cast as negros. IGNATZ: But aren't recurrant dreams, such as being unable to move, or having an amazing swimming ability, or being able to fly, fairly common? COLLECTOR: Were there committed delegations in the SAPS election? I wonder if there were from the remark to Jack Harness that you couldn't vote for him because you were "tied with obligations long before the SAPS race began". The right to vote for whom you think might be the best man shouldn't be surrendered in politics or in SAPS. SAPLING: I'm waiting for the Girlcon! MHO-DJEE: In "The Pirates of Hyperspace", Harry Warner wrote "It's hard



to find a fanzine that doesn't contain quotations from letters, in the form of a comment section from the readers, or quoteworthy quote section, or some other medium. In a sense, almost every fanzine published today breaks the copyright laws, as a result." I'll be interested in reactions to your thought that "by the mere act of writing to a faned a letter writer implies consent to print". In the meantime, I'll have to take what legal solace I can in Wrhn's masthead warning that "letters recieved will be considered for publication unless otherwise specified." BRAIN WAVE: Sorry to hear that the surplus mailings are sold out though next January. I have no way of knowing whether or not I'm among the fortunates who will be receiving copies, so I'd appreciate it if SAPS members who want their fanzines reviewed in the next issue would check the OO and mail me a copy of their sapszines, if I'm not. VONSET: Don't leave us dangeling like that! Explain yourself when you say "I dread presidential elections because they seem to take Republicanism to the brink of disaster." POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC: To whom was the letter on the first two pages addressed? :: Does "Gar..." mean that you were exasperated by the answer the Staff Sergeant gave you to your question on the subject of pornography and art: "But how do you distinguish between the two?" In replying, "Intent. One intends to affect you above the belt, and the other below", he has succinctly expressed the point of 300 pages of "Pornography and the Law." The Kronhausens express it themselves in almost as condensed a form, but scarcely as colorfully: "erotic realism attempts to portray life as it is, or as it appears to the author, whereas 'obscene' books are products of sheer fantasy" presenting "us with a succession of erotic experiences, one more stimulating and exciting than the other." THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR AMES: Flawlessly reproduced.

SPY RAY OF SAPS: "The Ultimate Weapon" was fun, but it should have been illuminated by Ray Nelson. I'm thinking about that cartoon of his on an old OPUS depicting a man unsuccessfully fending off a wolf with a cross and saying "But, but..."

Unpretentious FLABBER contained the most fascinating item in the mailing: the visit with Joe Kennedy. Why was he "amazed" with Wrhn? Perhaps you recieved a badly reproduced copy. :: But, remaining in fandom for years isn't any more a case of arrested development than the people who collect stamps all their lives or remain fanatic baseball fans from season to season to season. And a case could be made that fandom is a more healthy avocation than either of them. FLABBERCASTING: The relative absence you claim to detect in Wrhn of perpendicular pronouns was explained last issue in my comments on Gregg Calkins' letter. In the statement of matters of opinion, introductions of "I think" or "I believe" are redundant. Such declarations are obviously represent the viewpoint of the author. POT POURRI: As far as my den is concerned, you wouldn't know fandom existed to look at it during the two month periods when Wrhn isn't being produced. It consists of a 6'x4' kitchen area that a typewriter, with its table, scarcely fit into. It's pretty difficult to get in here during the month when the Sapszines find their way from the right hand leaf of the table to the left hand leaf as they are gradullly reviewed. RETRO: was much appreciated as the Busby offerings usually are. :: It's a relief to note that someone else realizes the terms "communication" and "entertainment" are not mutually exclusive. And it still seems to me that "writing that doesn't entertain will have to surmount the obstacle of boredom before it can communicate." OUTSIDERS: I will not soon forget the magic of March in Vermont, when a premature rain was caught and frozen by a suddenly returned low temperature leaving every twig on every tree a glistening needle of ice. PORQUE: Is your title Spanish? The travel ads for Cuba in Esquire and The New York Times have become quite a source of unconscious humor.

At the rate he produces his material and the range it's distributed over, the news that Rotsler has illios appearing in fanzines that he hasn't seen doesn't surprise me. And there's a delayed action principle at work there too -- a Mal Ashworth



fanzine arrived the other day containing a few Rotsler pages that looked as though they'd been drawn in the late forties. :: By the way, Joan Hurley, acting on my suggestion, contacted Bill and later bought several charming spots illustrating an article for reproduction in PROGRESSIVE ARCHITECTURE. I am an agent without portfolio. :: I can't quite believe that this paragraph constitutes comments on SPELEOBEM. Some of my remarks are so tenuously connected to the fanzine under which they are listed as to probably be untraceable by even the editor to whom they're addressed. But I don't think this is particularly important. It's more desirable for a mailing comment column to be enjoyable as a totality than for only one person to be interested in each individual section and skip through or be bored by all the rest. :: I'd appreciate some documentation of the statement that there is quite "a difference since the last WARHOON!" :: The trail of "The line about women never blaming their gafia on men" lead to Spwp in the 48th mailing.

I second your remark in FENDENIZEN, Elinor, "that the prettiest of the Huckle are blue" and wonder if the issues of NANDU, DIASPAR, ISOMER, BLEEN, GASP!, and MAINE-IAC that had the same color paper as Wrhn, and which I thought the prettiest of those fanzines, also reminded you of that fact? :: Does your opinion that Mondrian is a "poseur" influence whether or not you like his work? Dali acts like a posiur; you don't decide whether or not you like his paintings because of that, do you? Mondrian is pretty hard to take. :: Of course, "one is not obligated to evaluate SAPSzines at all." My comments were not addressed to the idea of such a compulsion, but rather to your concurrence with Toskey's declaration that "The word 'crud' can no more be applied to the typical Sapzine than to a letter from a friend" and to your own revelation: "I don't mind reading a lousy book if it's fun to read." Just because a letter is from a friend doesn't mean that it may not be crud. Just because a fanzine is a SAPSzine doesn't mean that it necessarily won't be crud either. I'm delighted that you enjoyed Wrhn; even though this expression does not rule out that you may not think it any better than a "lousy book". I haven't confused my categories, in this matter, and, I suspect that you haven't either.

I hope Rotsler will still find time to contribute lovely illustrations like these. in GIN TREE now that he's doing them for an architectural magazine as well. THE BALLARD CHRONICLES: are still as wonderful as ever, which is not faint praise. Its witty comparisons were especially good: "as satisfied as a faned on a fanzine panel" and "as fast as a punnin' LASFS member", among many others.

One of the more entertaining magazines in the mailing was NEMATODE even if it wasn't as deliberately composed as Bob Leman's work usually is. Though it's a minor point, I was surprised at discovering such an expression as "Like, helarious" in your comments on Spwp, since, as we find in HABAKKUK 3, you are "convinced that one can express himself more clearly by using grammatical American English than he can by using the cant of drug addicted musicians." :: I'll try to have an issue of Wrhn in every mailing, thanks for asking, but I hardly have the last word on that. :: Your apologetic on Richard Nixon was enjoyable if for no other reason than that it serves as an example of the proposition that even the defenders of this man -- while pointing out the intemperance of his detractors -- are inspired to use language that isn't particularly suited to evoking unemotional consideration. I realize that it's difficult, when the discussion is in this connection, to repress words like "ridiculous", "cloth-headed parroting" or "claptrap", but surely the "unpopular leader of a minority party," according to James Reston, deserves more judicious champions. One doesn't persuade the misguided by insulting them first. :: I understand that your remarks do not necessarily indicate a dislike of me, perhaps only a dislike of the ideas expressed, but the better tool of discussion is demonstration; not provocation or ridicule. Don't complain if your attacks on an idea are confused with an attack on the proponent when you "holler" them in exasperation. :: I hope you know more about



the "thin tissue of innuendo and accusations of moral turpitude presented without evidence that the left uses in writing about" Nixon than you appear to know about the Nixon fund. No, I am not "under the impression that Adlai paid for his own campaign" or that Eisenhower or Roosevelt did either and I'll overlook your question, "Why is it reprehensible for Nixon to receive a campaign contribution but right and proper for Adlai to do the same?", as being based on an ignorant assumption and not as an attempt to obscure the issue, though I can't say the same for your concluding paragraphs. It is one thing for a candidate to receive contributions from a party's finance committee during a campaign or from other sources during a primary, but it is quite another for a man in office who is not a candidate to be partly subsidized by gifts from oil, real estate, and manufacturing groups having more than a platonic interest in legislation that will come before that man. These were the conditions and the question put in "The Freedom of Opportunists" was "is this the same man who found this hand out morally acceptable?" Not whether or not Eisenhower paid for his own campaign. :: You are entitled to speculate about the motives of Nixon's critics, I suppose, but if you were really disturbed by my article you shouldn't let this, other than the incorrect remarks directed to three lines of it, serve as your only answer. It is not enough to impugn the motives of a criticism to answer it. Regardless as to how base the inspirations of an attack may be, such a reply does not refute its contention. This type of demagoguery would be worthy of a Joseph McCarthy or a Richard Nixon, but hardly of a Robert Leman. :: However, your triumphant perception regarding the Nixon critics is somewhat predated by a similar observation. In a 1952 Los Angeles Examiner is reported the Nixon answer to a whistle-stop heckler: You folks know I did the work of investigating the Communists in the United States. Ever since I have done that work, the Communists and the left-wingers have been fighting me with every smear they have had... They started it yesterday. They said I had taken money -- \$16,000. What they didn't point out was this: The expenses of my office were in excess of the amounts allowed under the law. Rather than using the taxpayers' money for these expenses, what did I do? What I did was to have those expenses paid by people back home who were interested in seeing that the information about what was going on in Washington was spread among the people of their state." ? And in the Checkers Speech, Nixon could remember "the dark days of the Hiss case when some of the same columnists, some of the same radio commentators who are attacking me now and misrepresenting my position were violently opposing me at the time I was after Alger Hiss." :: I trust you're not naive enough to assume that all the attacks on Nixon spring from the darkly motivated left. The New York Herald Tribune asked for his withdrawal from the ticket in 1952. Stewart Alsop, a Nixon partisan, provides an insight in his book "Nixon & Rockefeller" with a comment on a statement from the Checkers Speech "Every penny of it was used to pay for political expenses that I did not think should be charged to the taxpayers of the United States."--In fact, the purpose of the fund was to meet expenses which could not be charged to the taxpayers of the United States." (Authors italics) And, to cut this catalog short, Mrs Agnes E Meyer, author, lecturer, and widow of Eugene Meyer who was chairman of the board of The Washington Post, in an address to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America on June 1, 1960, announced (according to the New York Times) "that she was quitting her life-long membership in the Republican party, principally because of her distaste for Vice President Nixon. She described Mr Nixon as a 'calculating political operator who bet his future on the contemptible proposition that most of the people can be fooled most of the time.'" :: Here's a closing anecdote that should warm your heart: I was surprised when the president of a large advertising agency signed a draft Stevenson petition for me. But he said, "I've always voted Republican and I'll take my vote back if they nominate someone other than Nixon."

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



# 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 10, dated January 1961. It should appear in SAPS mailing number 54. 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. 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. Wrhn is now available on a subscription basis, if you must send money. The rates are 20¢ per copy or \$1 for 5 issues. :: Inasmuch as Wrhn has never been an annual, the fact that this is coincidentally the 10th issue lends a touch of the bizarre, not to mention the ridiculous, to the celebration of this fanzine's entry into its diamond anniversary year. But since this is a rare enough attainment for a SAPSzine, it seems not remiss to indulge in mild festivities. :: The first issue of Wrhn was dated January 1952 and appeared in the 18th SAPS mailing. In spite of that blemish it was a fine mailing containing such wonderful SAPSzines as BOFFIN, PIPSQUEAK, GEM TONES, and HURKLE. The only fanzines that were in both that mailing and the most recent one were OUTSIDERS, SPACEWARP, a Coswal publication and, of course, Wrhn. I'd like to be able to say there is more than that superficial resemblance between the records of the Ballard and Rapp magazines and Wrhn, but even that similarity is only due to the accident of enthusiasm that has revived it. :: Lichtman's edition of the first issue of SPACEWARP in the last mailing gives me courage to tell something about the beginnings of Wrhn: The 35 members of SAPS who first saw Wrhn found a fan depending too heavily on the only medium of expression that he had been able to win any recognition with in fandom. Six of those eight pages were completely covered with a quality of fanart which I find a source of minor embarrassment today. The two pages of written material are a source of major embarrassment. They consisted of an anonymous letter attacking the N3F and it seems that its author will be able to retain that happy status for I've long since forgotten who wrote it. My copy of that issue indicates I was expecting a rebuttal from either GMCarr or Rick Sneary, but further down we find the wonderous statement: "No letters on the above subject will be accepted." The remainder of the editorial material is equally delightful and some of it is frankly incredible. However, I couldn't have been all bad: there's a short complimentary note on "All Our Yesterdays" indicating that I was a Harry Warner fan way back then. The only part of the magazine that lasted beyond the first issue was a logo devised from the lettering J Allen St John designed for the dust jacket titles of Edgar Rice Burroughs' John Carter of Mars series. I'd loved the first couple of the John Carter stories and even borrowed my title from the name of a tribe of green men who, I believe, roam the plains of Mars to this day. The logo lasted through the first three issues. Then, as now, I was not the publisher. Walter Coslet dittoed the first two issues for me. :: As I look over the comments on that first issue in mailing 19, I'm struck by the politeness and restraint of the SAPS members. Instead of essays on the responsibility of membership it was greeted with tolerance -- considering the quality of the material. Poor Wrai Ballard may have guided me into the club and his comment seems to be partly an attempt to excuse himself: "Bergeron got this done in the last minute, and took about as long for doing the whole thing as I take to write a page of mailing comments." (If memory serves, I told Wrai it took me from 4-6 hours to prepare those masters and when Wrai made that remark, I was immensely impressed at the amount of time devoted to a page of OUTSIDERS' mailing comments.) :: Wrhn 2 was a more ambitious attempt at a respectable publication, but there's an air of desperation about the material that filled the endless expanse of 18 pages between the front and back covers. Judging from this issue it seems that there was nothing more un-



pleasant for me to do than correct typographical errors on a ditto master. I still can't comprehend how people find the patience to scratch out those little bits of purple carbon and then retype the correction in accurate register. I must have given up: the many mistakes were glaringly corrected by hand. The artwork had improved tremendously but the reading matter was mainly reprints. The most diverting article remains my "Education of a Fan Artist, which was as over-confident as anything I've ever written -- with the possible exception of this sentence.

Issue number 3 was the last that SAPS was to see of the member who satisfied his activity requirements with a fanzine of pictures. The 8 pages were flawlessly dittoed by a firm in New York through the good offices of Bert Hirshhorn, a faneditor of the day.

The following two issues must have startled SAPS as they rolled off the Gafia Press. At the time I'd just bought the collection of long fannishly dead Norman F Stanley. The collection contained a complete, or almost complete, file of the Vanguard Amateur Press Association and was of small interest to me since a large part of its material was of a mundane nature. Redd expressed an interest in buying that part of the collection and I offered to trade him the complete file for a number of pages of publishing, explaining that "I wouldn't want to part with only a section since if I ever became interested in it I'd kill myself for having broken up the set." If Redd would like to return that lode of James Blish, Virginia Kidd, and Damon Knight publications for these two file copies of Wrhn, I think something could be arranged. But as I was saying: Previous issues had been carelessly prepared, practically illiterate, and cramed with illustrations. Numbers 4 and 5 had neat layouts, which I suggested to Boggs myself, oddly enough, and were carefully composed with complete sentences that actually meant something. There wasn't an illustration in either of them, causing GMCarr to gasp about editors who fled from one extreme to the other. These were small issues, #4 was 2 pages and #5 contained 8 pages, but the fifth is one of my favorite of the entire Wrhn run. It has a wit that I long ago lost, or was that merely raw nerve?, and is the first issue that hints of the coming of the almost civilized Wrhn that was to follow years later. It was the last that SAPS saw of Wrhn for six years: it was the final issue of Wrhn's first incarnation.

It's surprising how these initial 56 pages mirror a process of maturing from a fan, in the first issue, who would have literally died of envy at the merely average ability of a person capable of producing Wrhn9, to a fan, in the fifth issue, who was sensible enough to realize and admit that his fanzine was "edited irregularly." Doubtless in 10 years, or perhaps two months, I'll read this article and wonder at the infantile mind that created it, but that doesn't stop me from recognizing the wide change of writing ability that occurred in those first five issues. Perhaps the mundane changes had a great deal to do with the transformation too: the first issue was produced by a furtive high school student on a school typewriter before he'd failed his first course in typing. The fifth came out while I was beginning to learn the techniques of commercial art in Boston and far from the social inadequacies of Vermont. I had become so self reliant that I was even baiting GMCarr in those mailing comments.

The genesis of a re-incarnation in January 1960 will be told in some future article, but suffice it to say that if the rate of improvement in the next five issues matches that of the first five, I expect to be as good a writer as Bob Leman within the next ten years, or, at the very least, James Joyce.

#### THE INCOMPLETE POLITICIAN

From John F Kennedy's speech on those Chinese offshore islands: "Perhaps the United Nations could work out a plan for neutralization, demilitarization or trus-



teeship for the islands. Perhaps we could negotiate for the release of American captives in Chinese prisons." -- From The New York Times, October 12, 1960

"Gov. Rockefeller suggested today that the United States could trade Matsu and Quemoy to the Red Chinese for the freedom of Americans imprisoned by the Chinese Communists. :: Rockefeller, speaking at a GOP rally in front of the Public Library, criticized Democratic Presidential candidate Kennedy for his stand on the issue. The Republican Governor said Kennedy was giving up claim to the islands without winning concessions. :: Kennedy's view 'shows a complete lack of familiarity with the Chinese Communists,' Rockefeller said. 'We might get them to trade the islands for Americans in prison,' he said." -- From the Daily News, October 15, 1960

#### SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS: GRADUATE COURSE

As soon as the 80th issue of this struggling journal is in the hands of the postal authorities, I intend to send a letter to Dean Alastair Sim suggesting a few names of possible instructors for a special course that might be added to his curriculum of Lifemanship. One shouldn't suppose from this that I believe everything I see in the movies, but the idea that Mr Sim really does conduct such an academy is certainly just as likely as the ploys some of my correspondents have used. After the treatment I've been receiving, it doesn't seem such a bad idea to follow Terry Thomas back to the school and take a few touch-up courses myself.

Jack Speer will doubtless have a handsome portfolio to present if a recent gambit is any indication. :: While doing the lettering guide work on a Presidential poll of fandom sheet, I managed to insert an 'n' where the 'h' should be in the name of the Democratic Vice Presidential candidate (I avoid rendering the name since a misspelling at this point would be disasterous). But I noticed the error and added the cross-bar of the capital 'h' over the oblique line of the 'n' reasoning that I'd be able to obliterate the extra parts of the incorrect character. However, as the corrections were being made on that stencil, I absent-mindedly blotted out the horizontal rather than the oblique part (as proof: refer to your ballots and note the remaining bits of the crossbar on the vertical of the first 'n' in that candidate's name). :: Now after that simple explanation, which anyone who has mastered Kant should have no trouble following, let me tell you it's about time those Bob Shaw lectures were re-printed. :: The essence of Lifemanship is to make other people feel somehow inferior to you without (in perhaps the purist form of the art) quite realizing why. As Professor Sim states in his first class of each new year, "There can be no compromise to the Lifesman: if you are not One-Up you are, obviously, One-Down" and everyone who bluntly pointed out the error on the poll sheet was only succeeding in making me feel superior, because I realized they were missing an opportunity to practice an exercise. Unseemingly gloating will inspire only contempt; not feelings of inferiority. The practiced Lifesman would have made me aware of my mistake without seeming to do so intentionally. As a matter of fact, he did: Mr Speer coupled the manoeuvre with the dangerous Long-Shot Tack: "i predict that Kennedy and Jonnson will win, and i will vote for them!" Note the small 'i'. :: It's not proper to admit that a counter ploy is being devised, but Speer's lawyers might be relieved to know that the plan to mail him a quart of Howard Jonnson's Strawberry Supreme, with a set of instructions on ice cream sculpture, has been abandoned.

I don't think it's much of a secret that I'm a Democrat, but it's interesting that even that small piece of background can be seized on by the Lifesman. I had descended from my covered wagon just long enough to help Redd Boggs design a mast-head for his new fanzine title when I found that out. :: There was some question as to suggestions for the color this new logo might be reproduced in and I



was uncertain (wouldn't you think twice about telling Redd Boggs what he should do with his fanzine?) on a vermillion choice. :: If I ever run for public office on the Democratic ticket, I expect to find Boggs' observation used against me by the opposition: "How can we advance toward new frontiers if people hesitate to experiment boldly with strong colors?"

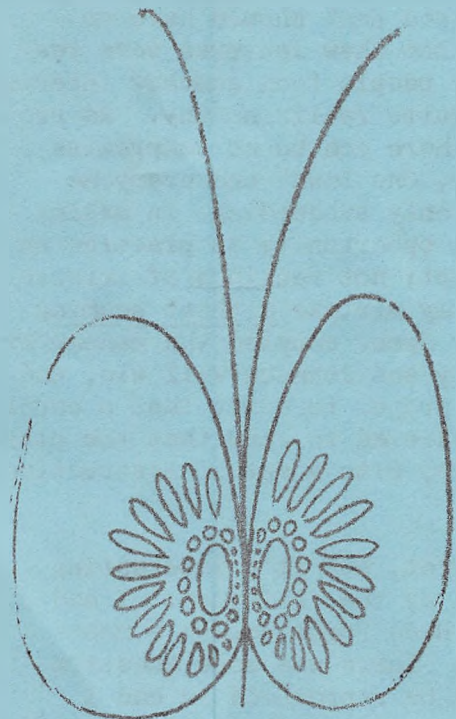
The last example was directed at me personally only in the sense that it was directed at most of fandom -- a technique that only the most experienced Lifesman or a blithering idiot would hazard. That person was Bob Silverberg. :: His challenge was hurled in the 93rd FAPA mailing as the title of a magazine; RICHARD E NIXON, MAN OF DESTINY. It's a lovely title and its sting is well hidden, but the task of answering it is to make its author feel embarrassed because he thinks he has used such an overly obvious ploy. Only his "Memoirs of a Fansman" can tell how successful my reply was, but perhaps there is some indication in Bob's answer. Only an obviously shaken Lifesman would have confessed: "You're the first to note the true significance of the title, by the way. Those who spotted the wrong initial all thought it was just my carelessness." :: I'll be interested to see if everyone else remains One-Down to Bob Silverberg. Well, don't just stand there, fandom!

#### A LUST FOR LEOPTERY

Who would have ever thought that with butterfly net in hand and heels skipping, I was following in the footsteps of Khrushchev? No, not the footsteps of Clive Khrushchev, of Soft Center, Iowa but the footsteps of Sergi Khrushchev, son of Mr and Mrs Nikita Khrushchev, leading lights of the Union of Soviet Socialists Republics. And, no, I wasn't fellow-travelling, I was specimen hunting for a prop needed for an ad.

The Museum of Natural History told me about the small shop in Brooklyn. The Museum itself has a loan service, but it operates on severe lines and the curator frowned pensively when I explained that I'd probably have to take the insects out of their cases. And when I mentioned the hot lights and photographic equipment, he allowed as how the Museum might loan them if I'd donate my mommey to the collection.

Though mother has as healthy an interest in embalming methods as any other normal American woman, she lives in Vermont and rarely comes into the city. The kindly old man was disappointed and, since nothing else could be arranged, he suggested I try the Butterfly Jewellery Company which is world famous as a supplier of ledoptical specimens and procurer of rare butterflys. The old gentleman was fascinating and I was soon able to break off the converstaion by promising to will my body to the Museum. Perhaps I'll be able to invalidate the claim by having some scientific group proclaim the remains unnatural.



The descent of Orpheus had nothing on that trip. The shop was harder to find than a vampire in ANALOG. (Actually I've never read an issue of ANALOG, but I thought that a fairly safe statement to make. No doubt I'll soon learn that Campbell has just devoted a whole issue to vampires. That always happens when I try to be profound.) After miles of twisting and turning in the lower intestine of Brooklyn during which I began to feel like a John Collier character, the journey came to an end before a small establishment whose showcase





windows had been painted opaque with odd decoration. The shop had three doors, each of which bore the strange name of the company, and two of them were locked. The third one opened immediately and I walked into a brightly lit room without so much as drawing a pentagram on the doorsill.

The walls of the place were covered with small individual frames, each containing a single butterfly. Most of the insects were of a shiny blue, almost iridescent variety. There was something unreal about them in their numbers and gaudiness and the quality of the frames seemed to complete the impression of pandering to cheap suburban interior decorators.\* Hundreds of the things covered every available space. A voice said "Hello" and I noticed a small man standing behind a glass counter almost fading like some strange camouflage into the background. He wore a pair of glasses perched on the end of his nose and gave the feeling of birdlike alertness.

I told him my requirements and Mr Glanz, for that was the proprietor, said, "Good! Lets go into the butterfly room." He turned and led the way into a small back room from which opened a short dark hallway. The specialist walked into another room at the end of the hall and snapped a light switch.

As a haunter of philatelic hobby dens in my younger years, I recognized the working arrangements of a man of passion immediately. The room had the same marks that a devoted stamp-collector impresses on his surroundings: rare specimens were framed in stark no-nonsense presentations, there were great volumes of information, huge glass cases were hinged to the wall arranged to swing back and forth

revealing a collection of hundreds on either side of the case -- a whole wall was taken up with this arrangement, and there were three tall chests containing innumerable shallow drawers each covered with a sliding glass sheet through which could be seen the innumerable butterflys. Gene Stratton Porter's girl of the limberlost would have had to be carried from the room: gripped in paroxysms of frustration and ecstasy.

We started going through the section of common American types which I had asked to see. My attention was constantly drawn to exotics, to a great grey moth, or a brilliantly colored item and I found that most of these were from the Far East, or Africa, or South America and that the ones I was finding least interesting were the domestic varieties. The American butterflys, ie, North American, follow a line of

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\*I bought five of them on the spot.



gold, yellow, and browns and I had been familiar with most of them as a farm boy. I didn't realize what a royal family of butterflys used to find themselves trapped in our old barn trying to get out through the dirty whitewash sprayed windows. No Park Avenue peerage has names like these: Monarch, Viceroy, Red Admiral, Spangled Fritalery, or Tiger Swallow Tail. As I recognized those insects I'd once caught, I asked the title of each and soon realized that before the age of ten I'd captured more royal names than the most ardent French revolutionist could have hoped to in a lifetime. But now I was buying them: impaled on a sliver of steel frozen in eternal rigor mortis. The American royalty was cheap: the most expensive was 75¢, I think, and that was paid for the Monarch. The others ranged from 25¢ to 50¢



I was still in a buying mood and the foreign exotics had caught my eye. By the time I'd freed it from their clutches I'd purchased about \$10 worth. A lovely small specimen practically the size of a 50¢ coin with a white body, tiger spotted forewings and back wings of pink and black cost 25¢. I bought a squadron of three. One of the others is a velvet black with a three inch wing span. It has white spots at the periphery of its wings and at least three different blues sparkle throughout the black. The expensive looking grey moth mentioned above turned out to be only \$3. The wings measure about six inches across and closer examination reveals that its color is not a true grey but a mixture of doe browns and greys. The wings are tipped with rust and the upper ends are marked by a black spot. If you were a rodent or a bird and saw it flitting through the trees, the blendings, reminiscent of prehistoric cave painting, on the inner parts of its wings, might deceive you into thinking it was a bat. Each wing has an irregular translucent patch bordered by brown, white and black. The body of the moth is puffy and covered with tan down which radiates out onto the spines of the wings. Two fantastically delicate antenna spread out ahead of its body resembling fine sardine bones. I don't know what I'm going to do with these magnificent things. Perhaps I'll just add them to my collection of fans.



Mr Glanz was telling me that before the war he used to be able to catch every kind of American butterfly in Central Park during a season, but that several delicate varieties were no longer surviving due to the increased traffic through the park and the spreading industrialization that is polluting the air and killing many of them before they can make their way to

I asked him the price of a huge moth he had framed on the wall. It was \$30 but I suspect he was deliberately giving me a high figure so he wouldn't have to part with it. He said it was a rare item from Brazil. It must have been at least 12 inches from one wing tip to the other and the lower wings had long curved tails about 12 inches long that ended in a large circular area of black. It didn't seem too scientifically designed, but by this time I was so awed by the range of extravagance and rich color that this blasphemy went unmentioned.

There were many insects other than butterflys in the shop. I saw heavily armored beetles and a great fuzzy tarantula priced at 50¢. In a corner were several boxes



covered by nets and filled with cocoons and dead leaves. I asked him if he hatched his own and he said it was the easiest way of replacing stock. He checked the boxes but there were none that had emerged. He mentioned the importance of catching them as soon as possible after the metamorphosis because they break their wings flitting around inside the box. I forgot to ask him if he grew his own tarantulas.

Mr Glanz spoke of how scare many butterflys are becoming as he noted a lovely one from Africa. "Lumumba land?", I asked "As a matter of fact, yes", he replied. "Ever since the trouble in the Congo they've been quite difficult to get; not because they're growing dying out from all the excitement but because the sources of supply are growing more difficult to maintain." He told me that shipments from Cuba that used to be quite plentiful are now as expensive as \$5 the butterfly due to the trouble in acquiring them. Apparently Castro has small sympathy for people who spend their time chasing butterflys and I can imagine imperious Mao saying to some poor pheasant in an incredulous tone, "Would you repeat that?"

A clipping was laying between two cases and I noticed it was the news story about Khrushchev's son that had appeared in the New York papers at the time of the premier's first visit to this country. "On, he came here?" I asked picking it up. It turned out that he had, of course, and that Mr Glanz had made arrangements with him for rare specimen's from Russia in exchange for a collection of American butterflys. I forgot to ask what specimens the lepidopterist was expecting in return, but there surely must have been a political prisoner or two worthy of a few butterflys.

What had started out to be a dull day of prop hunting had turned into an interesting excursion that provided me with some excellent material to use in the ad. But I never did find out why the place was called the Butterfly Jewlery Company.

#### AS FANDOM WENT

This is the report that was promised in my explanation of the Presidential poll of fandom conducted early last November. Some of you, who knew the project had been planned, thought it had been abandoned when the balloting month arrived, but there was a good reason for delaying the poll till the last possible moment. A comment on Richard Eney's ballot underlined the motive: "I remember several protests in 1956 when I circulated my poll in August." As you may remember Adali Stevenson won that straw-ballot by 2:1, but it's debatable if the results actually mirrored the fannish voting pattern in that year. After all, the Hungarian up-raising began on October 23 and was crushed by Soviet tanks on November 4th,

and France and Britain bombed Egypt on October 31 and landed troops in that country on November 5th. Of course, Eney could not have foreseen these circumstances, but it seems likely that even the fannish mentality might have been influenced by these events; to say nothing of the Presidential campaign itself, with Stevenson's widely misunderstood proposals on atomic weapons testings. The indication on my ballot that it would be accepted after November 8th, provided its postmark was of that date, was calculated to allow for the effect any such revolting developments might have on our electorate.

On the ballot, the mention of the report seems to imply that it would be a separate pamphlet mailed to each voter, but its production has been delayed to the point where it has become an article in a larger publication which some of you might not have received otherwise. I'd like to be witty and say that the delay was occasioned by the complicated counting procedures used in the tabulations and due to constant cross-checking the outcome was in doubt, with huge sections of fandom slipping from one candidate to the other, until the moment I sat down to write this article, but



it simply wouldn't be true. Actually my counting methods were the most modern and accurate: I used my fingers. It was states like California, and Hawaii, and Alaska, which use more primitive systems than this which kept me from knowing whether the poll reflected the nation or not. By the time their inefficient counts were completed, it was more attractive to use the report in this magazine than to keep it a separate project.

The poll represents a fairly comprehensive coverage of active fandom. The ballot reads that it was mailed to "approximately 250 fans living in the United States", but 204 is closer to the truth. I'd estimated that that many fans could be found, but a diligent search through the letter columns of fanzines and using the mailing lists of FAPA and SAPS left me with about 45 copies of the ballot. It began to look as though I'll be able to use these same copies again in 1964.

Of the 204 registered fans, only 107 voted or returned their marked ballots. I can't remember which was the more disappointing: getting a response of slightly less than 55% from the cream of active fandom or discovering that the N3F had no Social Security system. The last time I checked the national returns, a little more than 63% of those eligible to vote had exercised their franchise, a figure that the star-begotten missed matching by quite a bit. The last time the national average was as low as fandom's was this year was back in 1948, when 50.1% of the nation was torn between Truman and Dewey. I'm not sure just what the low fannish returns can be attributed to. Perhaps it's something as simple as fans figuring that if I couldn't spell the name of one of the Vice Presidential candidates, I probably couldn't count either, so why bother to become involved.

As indelicately disposed towards Richard Nixon as I am, it now seems strange that I would put myself in a position where for a number of days I was directly exposed to the wishes of that element of fandom that, in that particular set of circumstances, inclines toward this man. I didn't mean to pry, but it was traumatic to find a number of my best friends voting for Nixon. (Well, one is a number.) On days when Nixon would receive more votes than Kennedy, nothing less than a cold shower and a quick glance at an old FAPA mailing would revive me. But I survived, and those returns are no more than a blind spot in my memory and a heap of ashes in the incinerator. No one will be prejudiced against for voting for the wrong man.

The first day of the voting gave Kennedy a small edge -- about three votes. On the second day Nixon received 9 votes and Kennedy received 9 votes. When my physician read me the results on the third day, I felt a slight rallying: Kennedy 7 to Nixon's 5. But the major part of the fourth day was spent selecting tombstones: Nixon got 4 votes, Kennedy 1 and two fans returned blank and annoyed ballots. After that disastrous day, Kennedy never slipped behind Nixon. His lead stretched until on the day before the election he got 11 votes to Nixon's 2. The final tally read: Kennedy 61, Nixon 36, No vote 7, one ballot for a ticket of Philip Wylie and Sheldon Wesson, a Stevenson write-in, and a vote for the slate of Bill Smith and Joffre Stewart.

It's safe to say that fandom was happy (or should the word be 'relieved'?) with the selection the nation made, though not happy in the same proportion. Kennedy took fandom by a much larger margin than he took the country. In fact, if Nixon had launched a subzine in the last few weeks of the campaign it might have been enough to stop the Kennedy tide. Fandom's power has never been more clearly demonstrated.

Of equal interest to the preference section of the ballot was the block left open in an invitation to a prediction of the winner. Fandom accurately predicted the results of the Presidential nominating sessions, though in truth there wasn't much doubt



as to who they might be, in Eney's primary poll last spring, but the results of the election proved to be so close that fandom's worth as a barometer was put to a more serious test. Fandom correctly predicted that John F Kennedy would be the victor and several fans averred that it would be by a very narrow margin indeed, but less we read a psi talent into that I should add that a roughly equal number thought that it would be by a landslide. Of those making the guess 55 thought Kennedy would win and 25 thought Nixon might. I made a break-down of the predictions along party lines: 8 people from the smaller Nixon vote thought that Kennedy would win. There were 5 Democrats who thought that Nixon would win. An equal number in both parties made no prediction. If fandom's collective ability to forecast the winners of elections becomes a proven fact, it isn't difficult to visualize the results of the event taking on a stature similar to the Popcorn Poll. Fandom's judgement will be flashed onto the television sets and wireservices on election eve like the results of certain strategic weather vane voting areas. Perhaps someday we'll see a perspiring BNF stammering his poll results to millions of viewers seconds before the IBM machines announce the actual winner.

In the Eney primary poll, the break-down by sex revealed a preference for Nixon by two femmefans and "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." Faced with a choice between Kennedy and Nixon, however, there was little doubt as to who the women preferred. Nixon picked up one more vote in the Presidential poll, for a total of 3 and Kennedy 14 votes for a total of 15. This group showed the widest preference for Kennedy. :: A national Gallup poll recently indicated that more women voted for Nixon than voted for Kennedy and I'm inclined to believe this when I recall that Nixon led in the Popcorn Poll in the proportion of ballots that came from the boxes in Super Markets. There can be no doubt that Jack was by far the more personable and attractive of the two candidates, but this was just as apparent to the men as it was to any other sexual group ((?)), if you recall the photographs from the tours of Pennsylvania showing the toughest coal miners struggling to touch him with all the frenzy of a pack of neo-fans greeting Robert Bloch. However this appeal, and I saw it myself several times, to the complete sexual spectrum didn't receive the significant attention in the press that was devoted to Kennedy's feminine admirers by such journals as TIME, LIFE, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and The New York Herald Tribune. There was even a well spread advertising campaign aimed at women stating that since more of them were registered than men, they could quite likely pick the next President. I think the attention devoted to the demonstrations of the minority of women that were able to see him (and they were wild) created an unfavorable reaction among the majority of women against Kennedy. The question was constantly put: will the women vote intelligently? and the spectacle of women behaving most emotionally and with apparently little regard for reason was constantly paraded before them. Of course, these musings are of the sheerist editorial speculation, but the comment of a highly intelligent liberal femmefan indicates the forces that operated in influencing the women's vote: "No, I am not for Kennedy because he's cute! Or because he's a Catholic!" I can safely say, in fandom, no woman voted against Kennedy because he was "cute" and those three who voted for Nixon didn't seem too happy with their choice, but were strongly disposed against Kennedy on ideological grounds. One of the femmefans voting for Nixon put it: "The voters have practically no choice, both candidates are practically unanimous in their platforms. I would have preferred a Conservative Third Party candidate and would follow Dan Smoot's advice to refrain from voting for either candidate and let my abstention count as a protest, except that I suspect doing so would merely increase the Democrat's chances... So, rather than take such a chance, I'll vote for Nixon-Lodge as the least 'liberal'". The femmefan who pointedly was voting for Kennedy in spite of calling him "cute", also added that she would have preferred to vote for Stevenson.



Another added wistfully, "I wanted to vote for Stevenson again." One "would like to see Kennedy and Nixon as president and vice president." Another added, "I feel Stevenson would have been the best man, but must confess to disappointment at his performance at the convention. Perhaps he has a fatal flaw in his character that kept him from making the great effort required. I think Kennedy is strong and able and I have confidence that he can lead America in her darkest hour." The residue of enthusiasm for Stevenson came mainly from the women, though one of the femmefans voting for Nixon confided: "The thought of the possibility of Adlai Stevenson becoming Secretary of State under a Kennedy Presidency scares the hell out of me... Keerist, imagine Bobby Kennedy as the 'Crown Prince' of the White House!!!" :: There was a less obvious preference for Kennedy among the men: Nixon received 33 votes to Kennedy's 46.

On the basis of apas, SAPS must still be drinking champaign over the returns. Four SAPS members preferred Nixon, 12 preferred Kennedy and 2 were among the non-voters. FAPA voted 2:1 for Kennedy as opposed to the 3:1 ratio in SAPS. Kennedy got 22 votes and Nixon 11 in FAPA. I wonder what effect the discussion of Nixon in NEMATODE and Wrhn had in the SAPS result, if any.

On a regional analysis Nixon was the strongest in the West, which conformed to the national trend. The fannish returns were 19 for Richard Nixon to 20 for John Kennedy. Oddly enough, here as in the national election, disgruntled Stevensonians and protest non-voters could have changed the results. There were 2 non-votes, 1 write-in for Adlai, and the vote for the Beatnik slate listed above. :: The East revealed the widest margin of victory. Kennedy took that 19:4 with 3 abstentions and the vote for Wylie and Wesson. :: The Mid-West reversed the picture produced by the national returns. Strangely enough Kennedy won there 19:5 with one abstention. :: The South was the only region Nixon carried in fandom. Nixon carried the Confederacy 7:4, but Texas ended up in a tie, 1:1. See how important every vote is!



I suppose the number of non-votes came from people who were too distressed by the selection of major candidates to write in a preferred slate, but who were still interested in seeing this report. Perhaps it'll be some small vendication for them to learn that neither ticket tapped any great resources of enthusiasm in fandom. The most common observation was a wish that Lodge was the Vice President on the Democratic ticket, which seems to leave Nixon and Johnson about equally popular. One person voting for Kennedy remarked that he'd finally decided to do so after finding Lodge a great disappointment, but several fans who selected the Republican ticket did so because of Mr Lodge. Several Kennedy voters cast their ballots for JFK "in spite of" Johnson.

Perhaps the wide-spread influence of Lodge and Johnson on the balloting indicates that fandom votes essentially above party. Of incomparably more importance than the weight a Vice President has in deciding policies and influencing the course of an administration is the party the Presidential candidate belongs to. But many fans swallowed Nixon because of Lodge and several weren't able to take Kennedy because of Johnson. I think Eisenhower himself evaluated the effectiveness of Vice Presidents most succinctly when he asked for "a week and I might be able to think of a decision in which / "the most effective Vice President of all time"--GOP/ influenced me". Jack Speer, in this issue's letter column, remarks that "FAPA has been largely apolitical this decade" and I think that reading can be extended to all fandom.

I didn't think any class distinction would be detectable from the poll, but it's



perhaps noteworthy that most of the pros who voted appended comments about gambling on the outcome of the election. I'll quote both of them right here: Larry Shaw wrote: "A few weeks ago, at a press party at Tavern on the Green to introduce a fancy new foreign sports car, I was approached by a character who noticed my Kennedy button, and offered to bet me 5 to 8 odds that he wouldn't win. I had my hand stuck out to accept when he said, '\$500 to \$800?' This was out of my league, so I took my hand back.. Now, however, I wish I had taken the bet!" The other quote I'll not credit, since I fear the bet may have been conditional on all its eventualities coming true. Personally I think it's the kind of wager only a science fiction author would make: "As of Oct 31 I think Kennedy will carry all the South but Florida and Texas, plus New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan, and have bet \$50 that he will. Baksheesh, effendi!" This proves that all pros are gamblers and loose livers!

Some of the other comments were interesting enough to reproduce. I'll not credit anything that might prove embarrassing. Dean Grennell was one of our prophets: "Believe that Kennedy will get in by narrow popular vote though the electoral margin may be wider -- if he makes it, will probably be due in large part to the television debates in which K probably won more undecided voters than did N." The write-in vote for Stevenson from California was the strongest indication of rejection of Kennedy on religious grounds. A very few hinted at the subject, and selected the Republican ticket, but this one stated some reasons: "A plague on both their houses. I am desperately afraid Kennedy will win, in which case I am seriously considering leaving the USA. No, not "rum, Romanism and rebellion", but Catholicism, censorship and catastrophe.

Though the response wasn't as great as I'd hoped it would be there were still too many voters to make a listing of their names a practical matter. Let me merely say thanks to everyone who participated in it and I hope you'll all be around in 1964 to receive the one I'll mail out at that time.

#### A MOVIE FOR WALTER BREEN

There are still a few sack cloths and some ashes left around from the last time I put myself in the mood to review an sf movie in Wrhn, but it's with a sense of relief that they'll not be needed that I prepare to comment on a film this issue.

Your editor attended the premier of a new science fiction movie last night: a distinction he holds on a local level with only a few tens-of-thousand cinema devotees who were attracted to the local Loew's film palaces to catch the second-run opening of "All the Fine Young Cannibals." And "catch" is an apt word to use here, since it was given such a rousing reception that it will probably play only as long as it takes to insert a new movie title on the marquee. Thus it was a festive audience of first-nighters to whom "The Village of the Damned" was exposed.

It's no small measure of the power of this low-budget British thriller that a group of patrons who had just been served as tasty an appetizer of illogic and buncombe as Hollywood has ever half-baked and was looking forward to a travesty of sf silliness with sharpened lancets and nervous giggles should gradually find itself terrorized into such a state that only those people who had seen "The Thing" could remember when they had last visited it.

"The Village of the Damned" belongs to that class of pictures which propose an unusual situation and then proceed to treat it with deadly seriousness: always adjusting elements of life into their likely relationships to this improbable reality. It is a better work than "The Thing" -- it lacks its generous helpings of foamy moralizing -- but it is in ways as horrifying as that vegetable drama and its sister spinach opera "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers". Unlike "The World, the Flesh, and the



Devil", it never betrays self-consciousness. It has the same sense of business-like conviction that has made "The Twilight Zone" an unfailing source of high quality fantasy entertainment on television. The actors seem unaware that there's anything inherently ridiculous in what they're doing and the producers must have been oblivious to the adage that anyone idiotic enough to enjoy sf movies will be oblivious to idiotic motivation, and idiotic characterization. Neither does it make the error of equating entertainment with excessive use of gadgetry or spectacular effects as do all the Japanese and many of the Hollywood scientific films. There is one unusual technique employed, which the promotional material is using as a selling point, but it has its shock value even if it is no more than a symbolic effect. "The Village of the Damned" has the competence of common sense -- a refreshing commodity in this field.

The special curiosity this movie may have for people named Walter Breen perhaps lies in its subject matter more than in its values as entertainment. I doubt if there has been anything to match the extraordinary children in this movie since Timothy Paul and surely John as a youngster must have been only slightly more odd. What would a Walter Breen with his interest in unusually gifted children, have given to be the instructor in that school the strange children set up? Would a Walter Breen have made the same decision the professor makes at the end of the film? And how does a Walter Breen evaluate the ending of the movie in view of its basic premise?

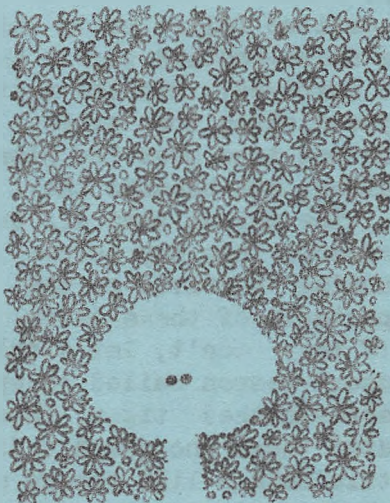
This is as detailed a criticism as should be offered on matter that most of you may not be familiar with and which depends partly on suspense for its entertainment. Anyone who has seen the film will be able to dispute or agree with my points and those who haven't may be tantalized into doing so. There's a pretty good chance that you'll enjoy it even if your name isn't Walter Breen. After all, I did and my name isn't Walter Breen, either.

#### A WELCOME FOR WILLIS

When Gregg Calkins casually postaled "that he was ceasing publication of OOPS (or admitting that it's been ceased for some time after this upcoming issue)", I sent him a card of mourning, for OOPSLA! has long been my favorite American fanzine, and Walt Willis an invitation. I had no idea what Walt's plans would be for "The Harp That Once Or Twice", but I thought it would do no harm to let him know that it would be welcomed in Warhoon's pages.

The most recent installment of the Harp appears on the page facing this one. It goes without saying that I'm surprised and delighted that Walt has agreed to do the column for me. I hope you'll not regret the decision, Walt, but I understand that keeping up a column is dependant on interest and incentive; if you ever find a lack of them I'll understand your suspending or transferring it. :: There's a fleeting sense of inferiority in welcoming the Harp; I wish I could assure that its new home will be as popular and fun to be in as QUANDRY or OOPSLA! were, but only someone with the sparkle of a Hoffman or Calkins could provide that. Wrhn's saving graces are those of the plain woman who one can learn to be familiar with: regularity of appearance, excellent reproduction, and vigorous conversation. Perhaps it seems an odd forum to be home for the Harp, but one hopes familiarity will breed comfort. I like to think of your acceptance, Walt, as a sort of Supreme Court decision for fandom granting equality to SAPSazines. Of course such deep social changes take years to effect, but it's likely that because of your action we may all live to see a day when reviews of SAPSazines in subzines don't even think to mention that "it's merely a SAPSazine." :: Wrhn is now available for subscription, the Harp deserves the widest possible distribution, but SAPS continues to be the source of its inspiration, its reason for being. As always, it will be circulated in that apa and the mailing comments section will never be cut.





## THE HARP THAT ONCE OR TWICE

by  
Walter  
Willis

Romanticists that we'd all be happier coping with the complexities of the simple life in mud huts and dying of typhoid. The third argument, and here they're really scraping the barrel, is that it doesn't really matter if we're all obliterated because the rest of the Universe would carry on as usual. This was my first intimation that fandom now includes a number of extra-terrestrial entities, and I congratulate Dick on this unprecedented success with Warhoon. However to those of his readers who happen to be human beings, the question of our survival does seem of some importance. If there are really any of us to whom it doesn't, would they mind getting the hell out of this argument, which can be of no possible interest to them, and committing suicide in some less spectacular way than blowing up our planet? Thank you and goodnight, Gregg Calkins, Oh, by the way, are you shooting Jo and the baby too, or are you going to ask them if they think their survival is important?

Well all right then, now that Gregg and his extra-terrestrial friends have left the room I think we're probably all agreed that nuclear war can destroy our civilization and that this is to be avoided. The question then becomes how to avoid it, and this is the one which the people who put forward those weird arguments have been trying to evade. Because they haven't got an answer. An answer is not possible to them within the framework of their beliefs.

Basically the trouble is that they think in little mental pictures which have no relation to reality. I can imagine for example their visualization of the current world scene. It's captioned "Survival of the Fittest!" and it shows two sabre-toothed tigers battling it out, one labelled "America" and the other labelled "Russia". After a good clean fight the sabre-toothed tiger labeled America wins and, breathing a

Ordinarily I'm not much of a one for serious arguments in fanzines, because fandom is a hobby and a hobby is relaxation, but this argument over "Starship Troopers" raises a question which is the most important the human race will ever have to answer and one which sf fans are in some ways peculiarly fitted to consider. And since I helped to raise it here myself I figure maybe I should put down as simply and clearly as I can what I think the answer should be and why.

I'll start by trying to prove my premises which are (1) that nuclear war can destroy our civilization and (2) that this would not be in the interests of the human race. These postulates seem to be in doubt only in the Chinese Communist Party and certain circles among US ex-Marines, but some of the arguments the latter have been using confuse the issue so let's try and get them out of the way. One of them is that people said gunpowder would destroy civilization and it didn't. This analogy is false because the change that has taken place is qualitative. It is a matter of demonstrable fact that a highly complex technological civilization like ours can be reduced to chaos by only a tiny proportion of the existing nuclear potential. The second argument is that the destruction of our civilization wouldn't really matter because the human race as a species would survive a nuclear war. This is arguable, but leaving aside the small matter of the suffering involved to the insignificant present members of it, like you and me, it would at best set the race back some hundreds of years with the same ghastly cycle still to go through and the same question at the end, still unanswered. Few of us would agree with the anti-scientific



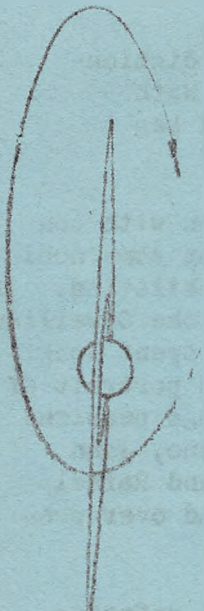
little heavily, leads a third, female, sabre-toothed tiger labelled "Uncommitted Countries" into a cave marked "Western Civilization" to breed a race of superior sabre-toothed tigers which takes over the planet. The most obvious fallacies in this analogy are that nations are not individuals and that if the sabre-toothed tigers had been armed with nuclear weapons neither of them would have survived. But the most important fallacy is that this does not happen to be the way evolution took place. For, as you may have noticed, the sabre-toothed tigers did not take over the planet. They lost out, not because they did not keep in trim by fighting, but because they didn't have the intelligence to adjust to their environment. The animal that did and took over the planet was far weaker and slower and less ferocious than any sabre-toothed tiger, and you would think these people who keep chanting "survival of the fittest" would tear their eyes away from the fine bloody spectacle of these sabre-toothed tigers for a moment and wonder how he did it. But if they won't, let's tell them. He did it by the use of a new and invincible evolutionary weapon called co-operation. Instead of slugging it out toe to claw with the sabre-toothed tiger, these Men got together in groups and helped one another and protected those who weren't fitted for fighting and who just stayed at home thinking up little things like spears and wheels and bows and arrows. This is the way the human race has survived worse dangers than rival species, and this is the way it will survive in the future if we don't listen to the modern throwbacks to the sabre-toothed tiger.

Perhaps we can now eliminate this "survival of the fittest" claptrap from the discussion. If it means anything at all it means that those who are fitted to survive, do. Surprise, surprise! Actually it is merely a meaningless catchphrase left over from a 19th Century controversy which was settled long ago, but the people who use it in its present context are not just a hundred years out of date -- more like a hundred thousand. Even if we were to admit that animal evolution was mainly through inter-species or inter-individual violence, which is by no means the case, the fact is that the laws of animal evolution which these people so imperfectly comprehend ceased to apply to the human race a very long time ago. When, in fact, he became homo sapiens, the social animal. There have been brief attempts to re-introduce them, like the Spartan custom of exposing babies on winter hill-sides (whatever happened to the Spartans?) and the Eskimo custom of marooning sickly relatives on icefloes (have the Eskimoes taken over Canada yet, Boyd?), but generally we have not killed off those 'unfit' to survive. There are no doubt theoretical objections to letting diseased and defective people like Beethoven, Mozart, Keats, Einstein and other non-Marine types clutter up the place instead of having a population entirely of All-American halfwits and similar fine soldierly types, but any improvement in our stock can only come through voluntary genetic control. Mankind owes its pre-eminence to social co-operation -- brotherly love if you want to use non-technical language -- the strong helping the weak so that their less obvious gifts benefit all: to revert to the animal laws of evolution means to become animals again.



Well now, to get back to the current situation. The means of survival for individual Man in a hostile environment was in co-operation with other men. The means of survival for the tribe was in co-operation with other tribes. What is the means of survival for the Nation? The Hydrogen bomb hasn't posed this problem, it's just made the penalty for the wrong answer more drastic. The answer of the Heinleinians when you pin them down to it is of course that there is no answer, because there have always been wars and there will always be wars and all we can do is destroy other nations while they are destroying us. The fact is that neither of those axioms of theirs is true. There have not always been wars: war is a transitory phenomenon of the last couple of thousand





years, unknown to primitive man, mere growing pains in social organization, like slavery. And there will be no more wars; there will just be a number of explosions. And incidentally they won't be let off by ludicrous leathernecks leaping about from planet to planet lobbing atomic grenades, they'll be let off by bespectacled button-pushing boffins who wouldn't hurt a fly.

The Heinleiners won't admit the possibility of a united mankind now, but in "Starship Troopers" the Leader seems to concede, no doubt reluctantly, that it may happen in the future. But he won't give up his beloved wars so easily. Space, he eagerly declares, is chock full of hostile races whom we must organize ourselves to fight. We must train our children to be hard and cruel and vicious so that they may be ready to kill and kill without pity those horrible slugs who are going to breeze in from Antares next Wednesday. (They're bound to be horrible of course, because they're different from us, like N[redacted]s and Kikes.) Well, all right, I'm a fan, I'm bound to admit that the Antareans will land next Wednesday, maybe even next Tuesday. I don't know if they look horrible or not, but I know one thing about them that Heinlein doesn't. They'll be civilized. No race can master the technology for interstellar flight without a

complex civilization. And no stable and complex civilization is possible without co-operation. In other words the Antareans will have learned what we are learning, that the only way of survival and progress for intelligent creatures is co-operation with other intelligent creatures. If they find us as Heinlein wants us, organizing our whole society for hate and violence, they'll write us off as perverted lunatics and that's what we would be.

A couple of personal footnotes. First, I've been castigated for assuming without proof that "Starship Trooper" represents Heinlein's real opinions and is not a mere literary tour de force. A fair charge. I offer in evidence (1) A crackpot manifesto signed by him and circulated by GMCarr urging more H-bomb testing: (2) The recurrence of sadism and worship of violence in Heinlein's work since 1949. I remember the first fanzine article I ever wrote was a complaint about the Fascist tendencies of "Gulf", with its arguments against democracy, its gloating description of torture and its use by heroes who obviously had the author's blessing. (3) The fact that the vicious philosophy of "Starship Trooper" is put over plausibly and with no indication that the author realized its stupidity. I think we're entitled to assume that the world of "Starship Trooper" is Heinlein's Utopia, God help him.

Secondly, I hope I haven't offended Gregg Calkins, who has been a good friend of mine for many years: if I have, all I can say in excuse is that it's my life and that of my wife and children, and yours, that he's so bravely declaring his willingness to sacrifice. That's a worrying thing to hear from American, which already sometimes seems to us Europeans to have the most belligerent population in the world. He says that he and Heinlein do not advocate war. I know they don't, not in so many words: they just say it's inevitable. That's all the doctors said about "childbed fever" when Simmelweiss tried to make them stop it by washing their hands. This sincere, practical, realist opinion killed thousands of mothers and babies. -- Walter A Willis

## CRITICAL FAN ACTIVITY

"Marion Z Bradley spent some evenings this summer working in a carnival, as the girl at whom knives are thrown. The partner in her act missed every time but the last time, but she wasn't badly hurt." -- From FANAC 67

That's nice.



# THE WINTER CHAUVINIST by Col. Proctor Scott

"Patriotism, n. Combustible rubbish ready to the torch of any one ambitious to illuminate his name. In Dr Johnson's famous dictionary patriotism is defined as the last resort of a scoundrel. With all due respect to an enlightened but inferior lexicographer I beg to submit that it is the first." -- Ambrose Bierce, 1842-1914?

I have read Mr Calkins' article in the October 1960 issue of Warhoon with considerable interest and can only register the most deepfelt gratitude that some noble soul has finally come to the defense of mayhem, slaughter, and mass-annihilation. If we are to have perpetual peace, I do not see how we can possibly forego the Orwellian dictum, "War is Peace", in its most obvious applications. I, too, have spent long evenings in the Officers' Mess shaking my gnarled fist beneath the faded portrait of Garcia receiving the message, and deplored the creeping Momism and old-age pensions which have produced such cultured panty-waists as Al Capone, Lucky Luciano, John Dillinger, Huey Long, Joseph McCarthy, Adolph Eichmann, Joesph Stalin, and Rafael Trujillo. What, indeed, is the world coming to? A planet of sissies and over-protected molly-coddles!

The strength and tenacity with which a man like Robert Heinlein has defended Status Quo again and again and again from such inhuman beasts as the Chinese, the theologian, the political radical, the common worker, the Martians, and other non-citizens, cannot be praised highly enough. Only the most obtuse subversive would suppose for an instant that such nonsensical things as human feelings, aspirations towards concrete freedom, the will to live, poverty, misery, love of mankind, could ever enter any serious appraisal of the human condition, for as Heinlein makes Doc say in "Logic of Empire": "Radical and conservative are terms for emotional attitudes, not sociological opinions". Let us keep the wisdom of that green. To protest Status Quo is decidedly not a sociological opinion. A man like Heinlein truly understands that, like the Boy Scout and the kamikaze pilot, we must be prepared to die for emperor, banker, politician, corporation manager, general, labor boss, landlord, and toothpast salesman, for these are not really "evil" men, but merely stupid men whose stupidity is easily rectified by semantic re-orientation.

We must recognize that Heinlein is a man of profound wisdom and precocious foresight who realizes that only a military man is wholly deserving of full citizenship because only the militarist is capable of fulfilling his civic obligations to the welfare of the common civilian, as, for instance, when MacArthur, Eisenhower, and Patton so stalwartly defended the United States government against the allegedly unarmed men, women, and children of Anacostia on July 28, 1932. Otherwise, how could we explain the fact that the persons most responsive to the Heinlein ideology are hoods, gangsters, South American generalissimos, and ex-Nazis?

Yes, it is about time we realized that the only way to solve a problem that gets in our way is to kill the persons who pose that problem. The logic is so simple, the formula so crystalline, that it can signify only the highest pinnacle of human achievement. Even the dumbest fool can see that Roman conquest obliterated Hellenic culture, that the Thirty Years War stamped out religious intolerance, that the defeat of Napoleon by Wellington destroyed forever the effects of the French Revolution, that the American Civil War erased slavery and exploitation from the face of the earth, that the First World War made the world safe for democracy, or that the death of Hitler deposed forever the ideology of Totalitarianism. The decisions accomplished by naked force are lasting and final, as Mr Ingmar Johansen could well testify.

Consider, for example, those pitiful specimens of mutual aid, reciprocity, re-



productivity, and social well-being whose brief span was but a flicker in the long night of evolution, the grasshopper, the mosquito, the fruit fly, the ant, the bee, the termite, the beaver, and the Australian rabbit, in contrast with those masterpieces of survival and endurance, Ichthyosaurus, Triceratops, Allosaurus, Tyrannosaurus Rex, and the Saber-tooth Tiger. Consider the well-muscled restlessness, the heavy, bristling armory with which that solitary hunter, the spider, meets his foes. Brute power will triumph every time against co-operation, cunning, intelligence, patience, and procreation.

We must realize that mankind's recorded history has never been peaceful because it is only war that makes recorded history in the first place. Medicine, psychology, mathematics, the arts, economics, religious insight, are abominably dull, and I personally don't know why anyone puts up with them. Killjoys are forever arising to complain about this or that method of destruction. Would the abolition of fire have prevented forest fires? Of course not. Would the abolition of gunpowder have stopped the Yellow Peril? No! Would the abolition of the cross-bow have kept all those foreigners from migrating over here? Certainly not!

The namby-pamby, pants-wetting intellectuals of Europe decried the growth of German militarism as the end of European civilization and all decent values, but did they not mean instead that it was merely the end of civilization as they, the intellectuals, knew it? Is not the aftermath of this magnificent conflict, with its nihilism, its dadaism, its existentialism, its nazism, a culture far superior to anything that has previously appeared on the Continent? I think it is.

The fact that fire can be quenched and radioactivity is cumulative should not blind us the the fact that there is no essential difference between these two forms of energy. Energy is energy and Man is Man. And a Martian is a Martian. Understand, I'm not paranoid, but I've spent endless nights tossing and turning just thinking about all those Martians, and Venusians, and Mercurians, and Jovians, and Saturnians, and Uranians, and Neptunians, and Plutonians, and Alpha Centaurians, we're going to have to defend ourselves against the way we defended ourselves against the Amerind, and the Aztecs, and the Africans, and the filthy beasts of the Boxer rebellion. And then, for heaven's sake, what are we going to do about all those unspeakable Deros? Form a U.N. with them, for Chrissake?

No, I say that if it is Man's radiant destiny to exterminate half the species on this planet, to wipe out the plant life and eradicate all natural resources, to convert the land into radioactive rubble, to boil the seas and transmute the great globe into a nova, then it is our considered duty to go down like the dinosaur into his tarn, gallantly waving his flag and crying, "Carry on, chaps!" In the unforgettable words of James K Polk: "If we must go down in flames let us take everything else with us. To be a nova is glorious!" -- Col. Proctor Scott

## A WORLDLY VIEW by John Berry

I very much want to say a few words about what I consider to be the greatest and cleverist military ploy of the decade, viz, the Polaris missile: I am as certain as I can be, without the pertinent facts, that you in America have been inundated with ballyhoo about the Polaris -- the West's Greatest Determent sort of thing -- and I think that the American authorities responsible for the Polaris have a vast amount of egoboo due them. I really think it's a sensational idea. When I first of all read about the Polaris in one of my aviation magazines a couple or three years ago, I was amazed at the originality of it (a rocket fired from under water!) that I dispaired



that the technical difficulties would be too great to overcome.

The news that the submarine George Washington, with sixteen Polaris missiles on board, is at large somewhere underwater came as a soothing balm to my troubled mind -- or rather, to my mind which tended to get a bit perplexed when H-bombs are talked about with such abandon. Personally, I cannot wait until the other 46 are at sea, too.

Like I said, I'm sure that you've been brainwashed with the capabilities of the Polaries, and I don't want to reiterate what most of you are probably bored to tears with. But perhaps a paragraph about the Polaris as it concerns us in Great Britain:

The most important impact of the Polaris is the fact that the Americans asked for a base in Great Britain for the Polaris submarines to be able to use when necessary. The British Government quite rightly granted facilities. This revelation had many and varied receptions. I had the good fortune to see many of the TV programs which dealt with the news as it was viewed by the people in Scotland (where the base is to be) who are directly concerned with the base, because it's on their doorstep. The base is at Dunoon, and TV reporters roamed the streets of that place, asking for opinions.

I gleaned that the general consensus of opinion was favorable. Some didn't want it at all because they opined that Dunoon would be the first target for the H-Bomb. The answer to this, given in Parliament by the Prime Minister, is that Great Britain has many Atlas bases, and V-Bomber bases, and the country as a whole is a target, and has been for years. You'll recall, of course, that Mr K avowed that in a war the "British aircraft carrier" would be the first place to get its lot!

The young girls resident in Dunoon were dead keen to get Americans there. They blinked their eyes and swooned. Seemed sort of sex-starved, though I warrant that'll be but a temporary measure!... The working man pulled his cap at a jauntier angle and grinned in anticipation of the work he hoped it would bring... The shopkeepers rubbed their hands together and their eyes told all... The mothers pushing prams didn't seem very keen, they reiterated the main theme that enemy H-Bombs would hit their home town first... The teenage young men were surly -- competition with the girls... To sum up, the mercenary aspect of having an American base in the locality swayed the metaphorical vote of the persons likely to gain by it. The girls foresee a Good Time. The young men were jealous, and the people who had nothing to gain, and, so they said, everything to lose, were the dissenters.

There exists in Great Britain a strange organization which seems to think that for Britain to have the H-Bomb is rough. They want us to throw em away. In their misguided way, they think that to do so would be great for Britain's prestige in the world. I cannot think of a sillier argument. It's like Floyd Patterson training for a World Heavyweight Title Fight by punching cream puffs. Well, this peculiar pacifist group were against the base, too. Actually, the Labour Party in Great Britain is split right down the middle by the pro and anti-H-Bomb question.

The Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, (and unemployment is very bad here) actually went to see Mr Macmillan and pleaded for a Polaris base in Northern Ireland. Good for him.

It is interesting to reflect what the counter-measure to the Polaris is. I've thought a great deal about it. It seems to me that there are two ways, the terribly complicated one, the cunning one. I guess it'll just have to be the latter.

The former way is to know within a few miles where the Polaris subs are. And



when over 40 of the subs are cruising about under water for months at a time, it's obviously one hell of a job. Almost impossible. There may be ways, I don't know. If I did, I wouldn't be pounding a typer for fanzines. Possibly the Achilles Tendon is radio communications between the Polaris subs and the base or bases. Two



way communication is a necessity, because the sub commanders have got to know when to fire their rockets. It seems more than possible that cross-references of radio waves recieved by Russian radio ships (and there seems to be plenty of them, I've read where they've been seen close to the American and Russian coasts, and it's been suggested it is to take note of radar and radio) could give a locale which would be sufficient for an H-Bomb to destroy the subs. With an H-Bomb, you haven't got to worry much about the exact location of the target. A few miles here or there is an insignificant detail. I mean, even sixteen or seventeen years ago, in WW II, RAF night bombers followed one radio beam, and when they crossed another beam they dropped their bombs. No aiming or any-

thing. Seems to me a development of this basic principal in reverse could be used. It's a subject alien to me, this radio and radar biz, it's just an idea... The other sneaky way is to try and get someone in the subs to sabotage the submarine and or the Polaris missiles. It's quite a possibility. For instance, in the Royal Navy one often reads about minor acts of sabotage in ships. There must have been dozens of cases in the past few years. Sand in oil, or pipes cut, etc. In one recent case, two ratings cut wires and pipes just because they didn't want the ship to sail for some personal reason. If men will sabotage a ship for selfish personal reasons, a crazy-mixed up martyr would undoubtedly wreck a sub and himself if it was to better what he thought was the right cause.

The Russians obviously have got to do some anti-Polaris work, they've got to try and get some anecdote for it. The best brains in that country (and I sincerely hope in no other country) are working on it now. Hope they're as baffled as I am!

.....  
In England there is an organization known as the Lord's Day Observance Society. It riles me. I'm a keen football fan.

A team of TV celebrities, calling themselves the TV ALL STARS play soccer matches on Sundays for charity. All the cash collected goes to charity. There are no snags. Sure fire charitable organizations, who have collected many thousands of pounds for really good causes.

The Lord's Day Observance Society doesn't like people to play soccer on a Sunday. And there exists in the archives of British Law some minor sub section or other which makes it an offence for payment to be made by people who want to attend these matches. So no admission price is paid, if it was the Lord's Day Society would take legal action. The monies collected come from collection inside the grounds.

The Lord's Day Society did take the TV Team to court, but on some minor issue there was no conviction. But this is my point:

Why cannot these hypocrites mind their own business? The way I see it, if they don't want to do anything except breathe on the Sabbeth, very well, they are perfectly entitled to their opinions. Let them sit down and munch a crust of bread if it makes them happy. But why try and inflict their ideas on other people with such venom. I like to do exactly what I like, and I don't try and force my opinions on others. Why should this band of frigid busybodies attempt to stop every one in the country enjoying



themselves. What right have they got to say that a group of unselfish show biz people should not give of their spare time to try and ease the burden of others? I'm sure these personalities would like to stay at home and rest with their wives and families. But they travel to all parts of the country to play for charity, and these morons hound them just because they say soccer shouldn't be played on Sunday.

So help me, I know personally some deeply religious people who will not switch TV on on a Sunday, even though I point out that there is always a church service on TV. If it was morally wrong, the TV people (both the staid BBC and the frivolous ITV) wouldn't do it. If it was morally wrong, the clergymen concerned obviously wouldn't allow themselves or their churches to be televised.

These people I know say it is morally wrong. If that's what they think, I'm perfectly satisfied with the situation. I don't care whether they switch their TV on on a Sunday or not. But what right have they got to tell me that I shouldn't switch it on!

I respect everyone's religion. I only go to church for christenings and suchlike, and I suppose that deep down I like to see full churches and hear the chant of earnest voices in unison. But I don't go around telling folks they shouldn't go to church, just because I don't. Why do folks keep telling me I should go?

Am I selfish in wanting to go my own quite way without guidance when I'm old enough and mature enough to make up my own mind about things? Or am I the only one in step?

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Two widely different aspects of Anglo-American relationships happened during this week (second week in December 1960).

It was reported quite proudly in the British press and on ITV that an investigating body had found that British school children were much healthier than American school children: that they weighed more, and were altogether more nourished examples of childhood.

I was staggered at this. Admittedly the only school children I'd come into contact with in America were the tribe of DAG kids, but they seemed strong and healthy enough to me... British children at school each get a free bottle of milk every morning and much emphasis is put on physical training. In some school as much as one period per day plus an entire afternoon. Also, I feel, the National Health Service over here plays an indirect but a nevertheless important part. In Great Britain and Northern Ireland, no charge is made for the doctor, or for operations (although of course a sum is deducted from wage earners each pay day to pay for it) and if a child is the slightest mite ill, the parent will quite happily tote it along to the doc's for a check up, whereas, if a fee were involved, the child might suffer. Actually figures have been published which show the British school child of this generation is quite a percentage healthier than the child of the same age before the war and that he or she develops quicker and, from what I've seen, especially...

But why should such a wealthy country as America have school children less healthy and strong than a pore ol' country like Great Britain which is struggling along with permanent adverse balances of payment?

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I was surprised at this little episode, too: Each week on Independent Television there is a half hour programme called "Pencil and Paper." Before the first commercials about twenty general know-





ledge questions are asked, and after the commercial is an IQ quiz. Two teams compete. The champion team, which has lasted for any weeks, consists of three NCOs from the British Army. The organizers have tried many and varied teams to whip the Army team: There have been nurses, pilots, policemen, civil servants, statisticians, etc, and the army team has always been triumphant.

At the end of the quiz, the question master, in his condescending way, tells us that seven or eight out of eight means a high IQ, four to six is average, and below four, well, keep trying. To boost our wilting morale he tells us that when he first saw the questions he only got two right, but this was obvious anyway, because he looks a proper nit.

Frankly, some weeks I get two right, but on one occasion I got the eight of 'em and I would say my average is about five. The questions are varied, but they follow a couple of basic types. Five squares are shown with four of the squares filled with different patterns, and below are depicted another selection of patterns and you get 25 seconds to chose the right pattern from the examples below to fit the vacant square at the top. I took careful note of this example, which you have 25 seconds to solve:

CR(----)EN. Clue: TREE

Fit in a three letter word which will make up one five letter word starting with CR, and which will make another five letter word wending in EN. I claim no high IQ at all but the answer hit me in a parsec: ASH -- CRASH and ASHEN.

Well, this is what I am leading up to: The three people chosen against the British Army team last Tuesday were three members of the United States Army stationed in England. The three Americans were all mature: they looked between 30 and 35 years old, and were covered with stripes. Keen types, and I thought that they would certainly crush the British Army team. I must confess I hoped they would, because the British Army types were beginning to get over confident and slightly supercilious, as though they thought they were unbeatable.

Sorry to say that after eight questions the score was British Army 15, US Army 3 and none of the Americans got the ASH question, which I thought to be a gift. In other words, the British Army team got over 60%, the US Army got 12½%.

Presumably in order to give a good show, the American team was chosen because it was considered they had the highest IQ and therefore the best chance of putting up a score. I mean of course that the individuals were presumably selected on this basis. And if it is true, it makes one appalled at the average IQ of the American forces. Of course, it couldn't be true. And it is also my painful duty to report that all the other competing teams over the past few weeks, although not as good as the three NCOs, always got a reasonable score by comparison. The US total is the lowest ever, and even the question master was stuttering to try and say some words of commiseration which seemed hard to find.

It is easy to find excuses...the Americans were in a strange country, probably their first time on TV (by this time the British team were seasoned performers). Maybe they couldn't understand the question master. It's quite possible they hadn't high IQ's at all. So why were they chosen to represent the US Army?

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I'd like to try an experiment and see how my taste in classical music compares with the rest of the Warhoon readership. I'm going to list my favourite ten items, in order of preference. Then, if Warhoon's readers, in their letters of comment will



merely state if any of their favourite items are in my list, I'll publish the result. If they would also state their favourite classical item if it isn't in my list, I shall also be able to work out which items of classical music are fandom's top ten. It'll interest me, if no one else because I'd like to know where I stand on the highbrow scale. Here's my list:

1. Adagio for Strings -- Barber
2. Rackmaninov's Variations on a Theme of Pagenini
3. Symphony No. 6. Pathetique -- Tchaikovsky
4. Overture Donna Diana
5. Rackmaninov's Second Piano Concerto
6. Romeo and Juliet -- Tchaikovsky
7. Cockaigne -- Elgar
8. Piano Concerto in A Minor -- Tchaikovsky
9. The Sourcer's Apprentice -- Dukas
10. Greig's Piano Concerto

No Bach, Mozart or Beethoven, you'll note. The first of those three on my long list, incidentally, is Mozart...number 23 with Eine Kleiner Nacht Musik. Bach isn't in the first hundred. Beethoven appears at number 72 with the Pastoral Symphony. Tchaikovsky's 1812 is 11th.

Good listening. -- John Berry

## A CALL FOR COEXISTENCE

A last desperate review of 41 stencils impels me to prepare this footnote of restraint. As the person who dropped that "What if" question and whose fanzine is being filled with its fallout, I want to say that discreet editing, which should have been done in the last two issues, will be undertaken in the future. As things now stand, Gregg Calkins has been answered for the shots fired in "The Summer Soldier" and I want to let things stand at that. Wrhn's pages will continue to be open on this subject to reasoned comments and arguments like Speer's and Willis', but there will be no room for unwarranted insinuations. I know for a fact that Gregg has never been a South American generalissimo, Col. Proctor Scott. Lets examine the merits of the arguments, not cite the qualities of the people who we think are apt to support them. Lets earn Willis' thought that "sf fans are in some ways peculiarly fitted to consider" this subject.

## THE CONSCIENCE OF A CONSERVATIVE

From Barry M Goldwater's remarks in Phoenix Arizona on October 8, 1960: Senator Barry Goldwater has announced his availability as a 1964 Republican Presidential candidate if Vice President Nixon should fail to win next month. :: 'I'm for Dick Nixon. But on the premise the question presents, Nixon's defeat I will not hesitate to submit in 1964 for the Presidential nomination...' --From The New York Times, Oct 9, '60

From the transcript of "Face the Nation", Oct 23, 1960, on the CBS Television Network: 'Mr Novins: 'Senator, if the Republican ticket is defeated this time, will you be available for the Republican nomination?' Senator Goldwater: 'The Republican ticket is not going to be defeated, I think I told you that a moment ago.' Mr Novins: 'I'm not predicting, I'm wording an assumption, Sir' Senator Goldwater: 'I don't fight battles with the idea of losing them, and I haven't given one thought to what is happening on November the 9th, because I think that Dick Nixon and the Republican Party is going to win, and I think we are going to be very successful in the states across the nation.'



## UNPREDICTABLE REACTIONS

Because of the large size of the last issue, a frightening number of people were moved to write about it. Nevertheless, I'm beginning to get an inkling of what the majority of fandom is plotting. And it won't work: it'll take more than ignoring Wrhn to make me go away. But enough about them: this department, like myself, is devoted to the faithful handful of 400 or so fans who are clamoring to get into it, providing

HARRY WARNER JR leaves them any room: "I don't particularly care who wins this coming election, and my vote for the Democratic candidates will be predicated only on the theoretical superiority of that party. I think that both presidential candidates are equally stupid, unfit to govern the country, and potentially dangerous because of their ambitious natures. However, I believe that Kennedy has the better chance if only because his name is longer. If you will check over the election results for the past half-century, you will find in every case the Democrat or Republican with the longer last name got the greater number of votes. This might be coincidence, but it might also be the result of get-out-the-vote efforts. The people who are reached by the drives to obtain a large vote might simply mark the ballot on the basis of that which attracts the eye more prominently, the longer name. :: In case you haven't heard from Rotsler directly by now, he tried like fury to market his drawings for several years, didn't have much luck, and then went on a photography kick that is still continuing and seems to have pulled him almost completely away from fandom by now. I feel that his art is infinitely better and more likely to make him prosperous than his photography. He doesn't seem to have the distinctive touch with the camera that has made a few men famous overnight and he definitely doesn't have the money to hire the best models, operate an elaborate studio, and own a whole battery of cameras, which is the method by which less talented photographers become rich and famous. This is not talking behind his back; I've told him that to his face, as well as you can tell someone something to his face by letter. I think that continued pounding at syndicates, editors, influential people, and so on would sooner or later bring him real success with his art. It isn't hard to imagine a whole nation going wild over his little creatures as it did over Walt Disney's. :: Eisenhower's use of the English language hasn't changed much in the past 15 years. That letter that John Berry quotes sounds as if it had come out of a news conference, except for the lack of "Well," at the beginning of each sentence. However, I fail to see how the world situation today would be materially different, if the Allies had allowed less of Europe to fall into Russian hands. The names would be different but not the situations. :: It's dangerous to disagree about a matter which derives from a book that I haven't read. But I can't put more faith in strength as a means of survival for this nation than I can in the thesis that only men who have been in the armed forces should be voters. This is partly a reflection of my own physical characteristics: it's hard to imagine me beating anyone in conflict, whether it depended on my fists or my accuracy with a weapon. Under those conditions, I can hardly shout "Let's you and him fight!" when there is a danger of a war in which I would not hold a key fighting post. There is also the quite obvious point that the strong do not always beat the weak. The puny little possum has survived as a race while huge quantities of species and varieties of animals from the mammoth on down have passed to extinction. Small and weak nations have won wars from large and strong ones because of dependence on military strength instead of cunning. I don't think I'd want total disarmament for this nation, but reliance on military strength for national survival is akin to relying on the display of flags on legal holidays as a means of insuring that Americans shall be loyal to their nation. I'm not sure what Gregg is referring to, in his remarks about liberty or death. But I'm both ignoble enough and honest enough to proclaim that if I had to choose between death and life under the rule of Soviet Russia, I would pick the latter. I might risk death if I thought that I had a pretty good chance of helping



to preserve the nation but I certainly wouldn't throw away my life simply because I thought I had entered a fate worse than death. I would be acutely unhappy in many ways in a nation ruled by the Soviets but I think life would still be worth living; this assumes, of course, that my situation wouldn't be that of low man in a Siberian concentration camp :: I think that Jerry DeMuth has the case history of the moon photo hoax charges a bit mixed up. One magazine published the article claiming that it might be a hoax, another printed a rebuttal. I suspect that it was Popular Photography and Modern Photography, respectively, but I haven't checked my files to make certain. :: You're right about Russia's fondness for Americans who are not in the best favor with the American Legion. Upton Sinclair's novels are prominent in the lists of Russian translations. Jack London is also very popular with the Russian authorities. The whole Steinbeck-Caldwell school of realism emphasizing the poorer classes of American life shows up prominently in these lists." (423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Maryland)

Several times recently, I've encountered that adage about the presidential candidate with the longer name winning, but I never expected to hear it from a fan; though, come to think of it, it's a notion that's fanciful enough to have been remarked on by a fan. If I were a less trustful person I'd think Kennedy's visit to Nixon reflects acceptance of that saying. He must realize that only if Nixon's prestige is maintained will he be able to run against him in 1964. Certainly Kennedy would not want to run against Goldwater or Rockefeller. Look at the length of their names! :: The last winning candidate of a major party in a presidential election who had a shorter name than his opponent in the opposing major party was Taft who beat Bryan in 1908. Wilson beat Roosevelt in 1912, but Roosevelt was running as a splinter candidate. Wilson's Republican opponent was Taft, who had had some presidential experience.

JAMES BLISH commented: "Thanks very much for Warhoon 9... One difficulty in commenting on much of the material is its intense topicality -- that is, by the time the next issue comes out, the election will be over. All the same it fascinates me. I quite agree that if Nixon loses the election, as it now appears to me that he will, he can place a great deal of the blame on the blunder that got him into those TV debates; he obviously thinks so too, judging by his making a fifth debate contingent upon an apology by Kennedy. (I wonder just how many viewers of the fourth debate, viewing this demand, will remember that striking shot of Kennedy giving him a horselaugh for a similar proposal?) :: The matter of "Starship Troopers" now seems to me to have been kicked virtually to death, but I feel this way partly because it has been debated hotly in PITFCS, Ted Cogswell's fanzine-for-pros, for months on end. I enjoyed the book heartily, and though I don't agree with much of what Heinlein says, I am not sorry that it got the Hugo this year. It's a good strong blow against the cliches that are making most s-f so dull these days -- the anti-Utopia, what Bester calls the "what-if" story, the automatic snapper, and the automatic libertarian propaganda (which nobody screams about, though it's often put in by the shovelful where it has nothing to do with the story. In the mainstream these days, the password is "love" -- as witness MacLiesh's turning the Book of Job into a soggy instalment of "The Secret Storm".) :: When the magazine version of the Heinlein appeared I scribbled all over the margins of it, only to find that at least half of the holes I found in Heinlein's logic had been created by Bob Mills' blue pencil. My remaining disagreements, some of them fundamental, are embodied in a novel called "The Star Dwellers" which will appear as a Putnam juvenile next fall. I am particularly pleased about this because it means that my counter-arguments-- whatever their merits -- will reach substantially the same audience that "Starship Troopers" did. After that, the kids can decide for themselves who makes the better case. :: The hundred-letter word on page 38 is, by its author's own testimony, the last word of a perfect language: and Boggs supplied the exclamation point because he was quoting it directly. Next question?"



Perhaps the best argument confirming the conclusions advanced in my article on the first debate is to cite Nixon's conduct of the second debate. :: In view of the closeness of the outcome, it's possible to point to any of Nixon's mistakes and fairly postulate that he would have won if he hadn't made it: clearly the value of the debates to Kennedy in terms of publicity alone constituted a deciding factor. :: Nixon must have been practicing Lifemanship when he demanded that apology from Kennedy: after all he'd spent most of the campaign deriding Kennedy for supposedly offering an apology to Khrushchev. :: Does Heinlein ever make his views known in other than fictional terms? I'm amused at this spectacle of heavy weight pro authors grappling with ponderous arguments over a juvenile battleground. Do you really think the kids will notice the encounter? Did Putnam?

ART CASTILLO wrote: "I've been meaning to write and commend you for putting out one of the three or four best fanzines in existence, but up till now have been so steeped in mundane I haven't gotten around to it. :: What really did it, I suppose, was my good friend, Proctor Scott, who came running into the house one day waving a copy of the latest Warhoon and just brimming over with disturbed complacency... It isn't often an old roughneck like that gets a chance to see views near and dear to his heart in a public magazine, so he sat right down and dashed off the little gem of affirmation which I'm including with this letter. I do hope you find it useful because the Colonel does like to see his name in print, and people like Calkins do deserve to know that they're not merely a "voice in the wilderness". :: Well, keep up the good work. I can't always say I'm in total agreement with your political convictions (as for instance, Kennedy) but that, of course, is largely irrelevant from where I sit. (The Colonel says your views stink, boy, stink! but the Colonel is inclined to be somewhat opinionated)."

And what was your mother's father's name?

JACK SPEER's comments on Wrhn 8 arrived too late for inclusion in the last issue. But some of them are still timely enough to be of interest: "You say people manage to find time for activity they enjoy. This is true to only a limited extent. There are probably few fen who have as much time as they'd like to have for the things they enjoy. :: This brings me, since I'm in a reflective mood this afternoon, to your remarks to various people about apa membership versus serious commercial effort and the like. I certainly don't attach much value to serious commercial effort, if it succeeds only in getting potboilers published, and no great value to such effort that results in commercial publication of more significant writings. Still, I have grave doubts about the value of longcontinued membership in FAPA. I think that likely it, and other fanactivity, permanently crippled my possibilities as a politician at the same time that it, no doubt, contributed something to broadening or deepening my political ideas. :: For an individual's own computations, before we can say whether apaship is good or bad, we'd have to know what that person wants out of life. Most people's aspirations don't extend beyond something for themselves and family and friends. Others want to make a mark in history, though perhaps increasingly uncertain what it ought to be. Others respond, at least as to an irritant, to historical forces, and may find relief by taking some part in positive political or social action. For the two latter types, it's very doubtful that apactivity pays its way after a few years. For the first type, there is only the question of whether it provides the deepest satisfaction available, and whether the pleasure derived may not afterward be looked back upon with distaste. :: But there's another approach to the value of a day. You and I, when we encourage other people to spend time in fan activity, are in part identifying ourselves with them, and trying to help them compute what will give them the most happiness. But we are also, as any time we influence the activities of others, affecting the framework in which you and I live. From the standpoint of our individual



selfish interests, and the interests we hold in common, is it well to urge other people to dissipate their talents in a medium which is very unlikely to contribute much to the improvement of the larger world we live in? Wouldn't it be better to turn fandom over to the second-raters such as make up most of NFFF, in the hope that fan and potential fan of some ability will find other outlets, in which they may perchance increase the possibilities that the race will come through its present perils with freedom and opportunity enlarged, or at least not diminished? If so, the basis for it would not be any idealistic altruism, but a simple desire that Jack Speer and Rich Bergeron escape untimely death and enjoy advantages. End of meditation. :: There would be no copyright problem in copyrighting a magazine that included an earlier copyrighted work. This situation occurs all the time when a copyrighted book includes earlier copyrighted material. And my recollection of common-law copyright is that there are decisions clearly holding that when you write a letter to the editor, you impliedly consent to its publication. :: To conclude with a political remark, the virtuous pose sometimes struck by people who pay for something that might be charged to the taxpayer seems exactly wrong. It would have been much better if Mr Nixon's political expenses, and everyone else's had been defrayed out of the public treasury, rather than resulting in obligations to fat cats which will surely cost the people more in the long run, in money and perhaps in liberty and life."

It's true that one may not be able to find as much time as he has enthusiasm for a particular hobby because necessities interfere with the amount of time available, but interests alter priorities and a person will find himself diverting more and more time from activities whose personal importance are diminishing to devote to the thing that is strengthening its claim on his attention. :: Since it's practically impossible to divine what a person wants out of life, even when they tell us what they think they want, it's equally difficult to compute whether apaship or "serious commercial effort" would be good, bad, or advisable for that individual. We can't take time, even if we had the ability, to psychoanalyze every fan before we urge him into any activity or serious commercial effort and we don't want to advise people into potentially disappointing courses, so it's best to adopt a laissez-faire policy, unless we're asked for advice, and trust that each fan will gravitate into the forms of activity that give him the most satisfaction.

My comments to Franson and Kemp were directed to their attitudes that fans are wasting their time in apas rather than writing for subzines or, to the latter, in fandom rather than trying to write for prozines. How can they know? Guy Terwilliger correctly sees that one must "fan in his own time in the manner he wants" for the greatest enjoyment, but then implies that other fans are wasting their time in fandom -- thus making this same mistake again. :: I don't think "whether the pleasure derived may not afterward be looked back upon with distaste should be a strong consideration in doing what you want to do. In ten years I may examine this page with distaste, as I examine the first issue of Wrhn now, but I don't think I'll wish I'd done something else. If I do, it'll only be because I'm too lazy or unable to do it then."

JACK SPEER commented on number 9, also: "I think the proper view of our failure to seize the key parts of Germany was that expressed by some conservative organ years ago: The civilian command, Roosevelt and Churchill, should have made the decision to place seizure of Berlin etc ahead of quickest possible military victory, and should have issued directives to Eisenhower's hq accordingly. Eisenhower was perfectly correct, Leelike, in making arrangements (including the future occupation zones of Germany) on a purely military basis in the absence of civilian directives. :: I have already expressed myself on the fallacy of attempting to draw analogies from history (the crossbow etc) to the absolute weapon, so the only comment I'll make on Calkins' repetition of it is to wonder that he acts as if he thought he had a new argument. ::

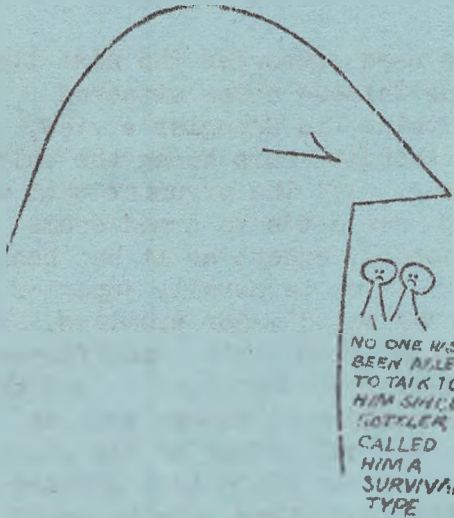


As a matter of fact, the Chinese probably would not have used gunpowder the next time they came ravaging out of the Orient. For one thing, the Chinese never attacked Europe; it was Mongols, Tatars, and Turks. For another thing, in Spengler's view, firearms are peculiarly a product of Western, Faustian, thought, ours being the only soul to which the idea of action at a distance would occur. :: The argument that we should continue developing atomic weapons because we may meet e-t's so armed seems criminally weak. :: I'm not familiar with Starship Troopers, except as it has been discussed in fanzines; but if Heinlein implied that the soldier is morally superior to the civilian because he pledges his life, he must have some weird major premisses. For my money, in the long run, our way of life is in more danger from civic indifference-- the sort that makes a man indifferent to exposition of difficult questions -- and therefore the highest virtue should be attached to day-by-day conscientiousness such as the League of Women Voters displays. :: Every suggestion that it may be all right for the human race to perish and let some other species take its place is a gesture of intellectual desperation. There is no reason to think that any other species would evolve toward what man is, and even if one followed extremely closely in our steps, its culture would be so utterly different from man's that we might as well pin our hopes on crystals to carry on man's ideals. :: Willis' letter: What would be the advantage to Russia of wiping out Airstrip No.1 and leaving America alone? Hasn't Bertrand Russell heard of ICEM and Polaris? :: Wollheim's closing remark about uranium in the Congo is so cloudy that one can make of it almost anything he chooses. What I make of it is that DAW hasn't changed as much as he led Perdue to believe. :: Your diary must have been different from mine, for I put in few attitudes and opinions, though much may be inferred from my choice and description of events. Yes, and it depresses me to read them now, I become so conscious of how far I was from being interested in what I should have been interested in. My attitudes and opinions were expressed in fan letters and fapazines, and they depress me too. :: The board appointed by Ackerman in 1946 to govern the Fantasy Foundation never organized itself, but I think the Foundation lives on as an idea in 4e's mind, symbolized by his willing his collection to fandom. :: When GMC reverses herself, there is no humility in it. The atmosphere is, "I may have misspoken myself a bit, but the genuine me was right all along." I don't think the whirling dervish tag has been applied to her; some of the projectomaniacs such as Daugherty and Degler may have been so designated. :: I don't believe SaM ever did mailing comments in FAPA. Perhaps this type likes to avoid such intimate contact with the minds of others that he'd have to listen to their criticisms of what he says. :: Someday I'd like to see someone call it a Parthian shot again. :: There are several variations between your spelling of Redd's word and that used in Discord, that onemight inquire into, unhyversymmetricaloanti-parallellepipedicalizationalagraphically speaking, but to answer your question, I'd guess that the exclamation point is there because the several repetitions of syllables indicate emphasis. :: I'm finding Warhoon most enjoyable. It seems to me there are few channels today in which political questions are discussed as they are in Wrhn. FAPA has been largely apolitical (except for spasmodic outbreaks against GMCarr) this decade, and there was even a time, I believe, when more FAPAns voted for Eisenhower than Stevenson."

All right, I'll ask the obvious question: how would you execute Ackerman's will?

WILLIAM ROTSLER protested: "The hell you didn't get the DRAGONS and QUOTEBOOK as a result of your kind activities re Progressive Architecture. You see, I have only a limited number (200) of DRAGONS, etc, and give them to people I think would be interested, old fans and true with whom I have corresponded or people in, say, advertising, that could get me jobs because of it. Although I have seen your work in fanzines for years we have never had any direct contact and so you naturally didn't get a copy the first time around. I guard & hoard my copies jealously. :: Actually I have been





selling my cartoons to the mundane world for about a year. (Before that there was a line of greeting cards, unfortunately put out by a miniscule company with tiny distribution.) At about \$25 per drawing I've been selling 3 to 5 per month to a house organ put out by Great Western Savings plus other cartoons or cartoon illustrations here & there thru the same agency. It just pays the rent. :: My ex-wife, who has remarried & to a printer, may be printing THE TATTOOED DRAGON in \$1 book form if all goes well. Wait until you see the next Kiteic Magazine for further news re Sam Martian, my comic strip just taken by a new newspaper syndicate, Graphic Features. :: I read passages /of "The Great Debate"/ to Gloria Saunders, my girl, who is an extremely intelligent

& hip broad, and she was delighted. It is fanzines like Warhoon that you don't mind showing to non-fans. (What higher praise can I give?) :: You may tell Calkins that I couldn't agree with him more (re "The Summer Soldiers"). I think, too, that the Heinlein/Starship Trooper thing has been grossly misunderstood by fans. It has been my experience that the majority of fans are really not survival types and -- unfortunately -- survival types are what survive. In my own personal experience I would guess (from fans that I've met or that I know pretty well in other ways) that the following fans are survival types: Tucker, Burbee, Grennell, Ballard, Raeburn, Busby, Calkins, Ellick maybe, probably Danner, Berry, and, barring standing on the X at Ground Zero, me. There are undoubtedly others, but I haven't met them. Off hand I'd say Dean and Wral and Gregg have the highest index. :: I hadn't heard of Pat Nixon For First Lady Week. That's a bit much. Retch. It sounds like a gag. (And gag I did.) :: Anyway, keep the Warhoon rolling or hooning or growling or whatever it is they do. I truly find it a stimulating fanzine and I am grateful to find an articulate fan that is liberal. It has always seemed both pathetic and astounding that "the star-begotten" Worlds-of-the-Future science fiction fans are so conservative, so (in many cases) downright Reactionary. It seems a paradox. Look at the art fans clamor over: invariably the more-lines-per-square-inch-than-you-can-believe, Finlay-is-the-Ultimate-End type of stuff. I find it almost unbelievable... Even the Democrats are Right Wing Demos in many cases. Sigh. :: Don't get me wrong. Danner, for instance, would seem to me to be a fine example of a Conservative and while I may be wrong, he doesn't seem to be a Reactionary. I hold many Conservative views myself... most especially that of Individual Enterprise. But IE to a Republican would seem to me Favors for Big Business and that I'm most against. I am against the misuses of Big Labor, too. I no longer feel The Working Man is downtrodden and misunderstood and picked on. Big Business, Big Labor, Big Organized Crime -- these are governmental issues and should be handled or at the very least "led" at that level. :: How did I get on that?"

Oh, Wrhn weaves its magic spell. :: Bill there's someone I want you to meet:

BOB LEMAN explained: "Not the least of my reasons for regretting leaving SAPS was that I thought I wouldn't be seeing Warhoon anymore. It's hard on my blood pressure, but I enjoy it. In commenting on number 9, here, let me begin with what may well be the last non-argumentative matter in this letter: the word "Bababada..." on Boggs' letter is from page three of "Finnegans Wake", and represents the sound of Finnegans' fall -- or, according to Campbell and Robinson, the voice of God made audible through his fall. The exclamation point is there because Joyce put it there. :: Joe McCarthy and the coming election seem to be the two main themes of the issue. They're both causes I'm clearly in a minority, at least in fandom, since the letters commenting on your pronouncements on both subjects in your last issue seem to be al-



most wholly in agreement with you. I can't say I'm surprised. Fans, despite the reams of shrill breast-beating in which they claim the contrary, are as dreadfully conformist as any other group, and it's hard to think, in this Year of Our Lord 1960, of a point of view more straitly conformist than being against "McCarthyism." The only conformity doesn't lie in favoring Madison Avenue and tailfins, you know; the establishment of the liberal left seems to have set up more rigidly narrow standards for latitude of thought than anything since the Comintern, and most fans seem to belong to this group. A member of the establishment of the liberal left must subscribe to all the shibboleths of the group. Imagine the horror and indignation, the tumult and shouting, the oratory and editorializing, if Artie Schlesinger were to come out against fluoridization -- to pick a rather frivolous example. The liberal conforms, or he's excommunicated. :: Now as I say, there's no more common attitude in the country today than being anti-"McCarthyism," and it's a part of the creed of the liberal establishment. A conformist idea, in a word. Still, it's possible to conform in good attitudes as well as bad. Is this lock-step anti-"McCarthyism" a worthy thing, then? :: To answer the question, we'd first have to find out what's meant by "McCarthyism," and this isn't easy to do. Inquiry on the point usually elicits a diffuse collection of cliches about "intimidation" and "persecution for dissenting views" and "infringement of freedom of speech" and (this is the clincher) the "reign of terror" in McCarthy's time. You quote, here in Wrhn, Richard H Rovere to this effect: "(McCarthyism) created, or at any rate greatly heightened an atmosphere in which dissent itself was a suspicious circumstance, requiring explanation and apology." :: Well, that's a bad thing, all right. But did it happen? I submit that it did not. I lived through the period, and remember it well. I know people in academic and journalistic and political circles, and none could I find signs of fear or intimidation. Indeed, they all spoke their minds at sometimes tedious length. Back during the height of the McCarthy furor Leslie Fiedler, a certified intellectual and a liberal saint, wrote an essay entitled, "McCarthy and the Intellectuals", which was later collected in his book, "An End to Innocence" (Boston, The Beacon Press, 1955). I would like to quote at some length from this essay:

"It can be asserted with almost equal justice that there is nothing easier in American at the present moment he was writing in 1954 than to speak ill of McCarthy. In academic circles, for instance, particularly in the East, it is generally the pro-McCarthy position which occasions resentment and even ostracism; while in the country's major newspapers and on the chief radio networks the majority opinion, quite openly expressed, is unfavorable to the Senator from Wisconsin. For intellectual respectability (and one can understand "intellectual" in its broadest possible scope) it is required that one consider McCarthyism a threat to liberty. I doubt that there has ever been gathered together a broader or more articulate united front than the one which opposes the tactics of the former chairman of the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations... :: It need hardly be said that such a group has little trouble in making itself heard; the daily press and the radio are open to their statements; their books are prominently and favorably reviewed, whereas the partisans of McCarthy find a certain resistance not easy to overcome. McCarthy is notoriously well-covered by day-to-day reporting, to be sure, but I do not find in the BOOK REVIEW DIGEST, for instance, a single notice of his book "The Fight Against Communism," and the recent favorable study of McCarthy by Buckley and Bozell has received comment almost universally hostile. It is instructive, in this regard, to look through the additional material included in the appendix to the Congressional Record, in which the opponents of McCarthy were able to quote from the leading newspapers of his own state and from journals ranging from the social-democratic NEW LEADER through the Jesuit AMERICA to the Republican TIME, while he and his friends can eke out the Hearst and McCormick press only with excerpts from the scarcely



literate editorials of back-country weeklies. :: And yet the statement is made in article after article by the attackers of McCarthy, a statement repeated by the commentators and re-echoed by commentators on the commentators, is that McCarthyism threatens if it does not actually bludgeon into silence the hostile press. From one end of the country to another rings the cry, 'I am cowed! I am afraid to speak out!' and the even louder response, 'Look, he is cowed! He is afraid to speak out!'"

"Now that is Leslie Fiedler speaking, a doubleplus goodthinkful liberal, but evidently also an honest man, because the essay itself is anti-McCarthy. Where, then, is your reign of terror? Who was being intimidated? The liberals created a paper dragon; whether their subsequent wailings were because they actually managed to frighten themselves with their creation, or were merely cynical inflating of the dragon, I must leave to wiser heads to determine. :: You adduce Kenneth Tynan's article in HARPER's as evidence that "the atmosphere of McCarthyism is still with us." Or rather, you fail to mention that the question and answer you quote come from Tynan's article rather, than from the news columns. This is a dangerous thing; Tynan is of course grinding his own ax, and in doing so he is not above a bit of mendacity, as when he claims he was denied access to the transcript. The Committee could not, of course, under its own rules, forbid him such access. But if he'd taken the trouble to obtain a copy, he'd have had difficulty explaining why he wrote that he'd been asked that fatuous question, since the actual question would have been in the record. This way it's "oratio obliqua," as he elegantly puts it. :: But even if we accept Tynan's version as factual, where's the intimidation, the "McCarthyism"? No one threatened him, no one bullied him. All the terrors about which he writes so emotionally were in his own head. And the only consequence of his being called before the committee was that he managed to make a few hundred dollars by selling the story of his grim ordeal, and his incomparable courage in facing it to HARPERS. :: Now look; a big ad appears in the papers, signed by Tynan, among others, which called for "Fair Play For Cuba." Of course Cuba wasn't going communist, said the ad, and the American papers should give poor Cuba a better press. The ad was evidently paid for by the Cuban government, It's the job of the Internal Security Subcommittee to determine, among other things, whether we may need legislation regulating the activities of foreign agents. Since Tynan was a party to the ad, his testimony might be useful in determining just who was behind it. So he was called and politely questioned. Where intimidation? Where "McCarthyism"? Only in Tynan's over-fevered imagination. And why that isn't perfectly clear to all of HARPERS' readers, I can't for the life of me see."

I will be surprised to hear that a body of thought, which may be either stamped "conservative" or "liberal", can spring into being and stand without examination. And examination is discussion, controversy and tension -- all of which postulates the existence of dissenting opinions in the conservative as well as liberal camps. It's most interesting that, on the one hand, you can decry the "lock-step" conformity ("The liberal conforms, or he's excommunicated.") of the liberals while, on the other, citing Leslie Fielder ("a certified intellectual and a liberal saint" "a double-plus goodthinkful liberal") whose opinion seems slightly outside the narrowist "standards for latitude of thought" set up by the establishment of the liberal left "since the Comintern". You neglect to mention, in this connection, Murrey Kempton who, the National Review tells me, "identified himself as horrified by the excesses which were being directed against Senator McCarthy and his associates." So much for conformity; at best only a brightly colored bauble that distracts us from ~~that~~ Fiedler's case. There was no claim in Warhoon that people hadn't had their say about McCarthyism and as for the heightening of "an atmosphere in which dissent itself was a suspicious circumstance", which you agree, if true, is a "bad thing", it will be instructive to continue quoting from "McCarthy and the Intellectuals": After referring to a home town librarian Fiedler admits that he almost added:



"...needless to say, our librarians are far from being Communists.' The 'needless to say' would have been only a sop; obviously there was some need to say, some nagging fear that a careless reference under the circumstances might get the unimpeachable guardians of our books into trouble. I am convinced that the intellectual community has been an accomplice to this situation of fear, compounding it out of pride and guilt' but it has been an accomplice after the fact. There have been reprisals against the holders of ideas unpopular with McCarthy: some nervous regents have dropped instructors in universities and colleges; in the public-school system, there has been an occasional firing; sponsors on the radio, cowed by an advertising-agency legend of public opinion, have been particularly jittery; and in certain government agencies there has been a real terror, as McCarthyism has combined with the standard vagaries of bureaucratic administration and the usual rumormongering of bureaucratic underlings." Fiedler also mentions McCarthy's "assertion that all government employees 'are duty bound to give me information even though some bureaucrat may have stamped it secret'",

The fact that people attacked the wrong they saw in McCarthy is no proof that McCarthy didn't create an atmosphere of suspicion. The technique of using secret informants in the government is well known to Khrushchev, Castro, and Mao and is hardly calculated to have any other effect. Do your images of storm troopers, here and in your FAPazine, fail you at this point? No less an authority on McCarthy than GMCarr wrote in GEMZINE:

"If you let the commies fix your attention on the man, all you will see is a swarty Irishman engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight and using every dirty trick he knows. The picture changes when you look at the thing he is battling. Then you will realize that parlor warfare won't work, he NEEDS the rough tactics. As I mentioned to Shelvick, sometimes he gets awfully rough with citizens that think they don't deserve rough handling. Eney, the fact that THEY think so, doesn't necessarily mean that they didn't deserve it. You seem to feel that one of the worst charges against McCarthy was that he 'is his own judge and jury'... You seem to feel that because he decides what is subversive and what isn't, he is just being too, too awfully unfair."-- GEMZINE 4:3, July 1954

If these techniques and public effects, as cited by Fiedler above, didn't, in Rovere's words, "greatly heighten an atmosphere in which dissent was itself a suspicious circumstance, requiring explanation and apology" then neither did Hitler. :: It appears that Tynan's "oratio obliqua" was a little too "obliqua"; (personally I was wondering what Buckley would have done with the entire orchestra section at the next performance of "The Crucible" anyway) rather the actual question, as now stated by Senator Dodd, was "whether he had taken the action of participating in the petition, knowing that it ran completely counter to the policy of the United States government." It's debatable whether the Senator might not have been better off with Tynan's version: I've not seen the ad, but you say it said "Cuba wasn't going communist and the American papers should give poor Cuba a better press" and Tynan says it "recommended no action other than fuller and fairer reportage of the Cuban situation." If you and Tynan can agree on at least that part, I guess we can give credence to this particular statement. Should there be other statements in the ad that neither of you have covered, I'd like to know about them, but for the present it seems fair to ask: just exactly why is giving, or calling for, a fair press running "completely counter to the policy of the United States government?" Please note that it wasn't the action itself that ran against our policy for Senator Dodd admits "There is no law preventing a visiting journalist from doing so..." You've described the petition in Tynan's words: here's how Dodd describes it: "a full-page advertisement in the New York Times obviously intended to exert pressure on the State Department in favor of the Castro regime -- he



was engaging, with American citizens and with an American organization, in a political pressure action vis-a-vis the American government. (his italics)" I suppose to a person who doesn't think of informers and firings of "holders of ideas unpopular with McCarthy" as creating an atmosphere of intimidation this wouldn't be McCarthyism. I don't object to the questioning of Tynan;\* I do object to needless distortion. :: Tynan claims that legal counsel led him to believe he'd be "forbidden access" to the testimony; if he'd bothered to ask Senator Dodd he wouldn't have made that mistake; it was available for viewing in Washington anytime he wanted to cross the Atlantic to look at it. He couldn't have "taken the trouble to obtain a copy" since "Copies of testimony, for obvious reasons, cannot be mailed out until the testimony has been released for publication. (Dodd)" :: You say, he was "politely questioned": isn't that just as impressionistic as Tynan's version of that silly question? After all, the testimony hasn't been published yet. In the absence of the actual transcript, Bob, it would be well to turn to the January 1961 HARPERS, from which the quotes in the last part of this answer are drawn, and examine Senator Dodd's article. If the quality of this article is any reference for the awaited transcripts, they should be an instructive lesson in a new form of etiquette.

MARIO PICHLER pointed out a bit prematurely: "The Democrats carried California, Illinois and New Jersey, with a total of 75 electoral votes, by a combined margin of about 60,000 votes. There are at least 200,000 Communists and fellow-travelers in those three states. It is obvious that Kennedy couldn't have been elected without their votes."

And what about that Democratic make-up man!

MIKE McINERNEY thought that "Chauvenet covered just about all of the ingredients of a successful zine. But he did miss one necessity: it should appear regularly. For if it does not come out at least quarterly or semiquarterly then the reader will not see it often enough to grow to know and love it as a separate and distinct zine. It will be lost in the mountains of crud that come in the time between issues. Certainly a too prolific output would consist of some trash but there must be a steady flowing of issues to justify its being called a great fan-zine. :: I was and still am for Nixon. However, I find myself agreeing with most of your statements about the Great Debates. I think that one reason that Nixon lost the election was that he didn't score as highly in the debates as he was capable of and as high as he should have. :: I do take exception to one impression that you gave in your article. You seem to be saying that Nixon's whole campaign was based on emotional appeal while Kennedy's campaign did not have the emotional factor as one of the main points. Did you ever look at the pictures of the audience while they were listening to him? All the women appear to be carried away with their emotions to the extent that they run up and kiss him or faint or just scream as he goes by. And of course the use of "The Clan" wasn't designed to appeal to the reason but just for the emotions. I heard some people say that it seems as though they were voting for their favorite movie stars instead of the candidates. :: I think that "Starship Troopers" was his best book as far as presenting ideas to be thought about. I did not say that the ideas were good but that they made people think... The American Legion did not seem to think that those ideas were so far wrong. They put the book on a list of recommended books. For one week anyway. Then it was among the missing the next week! I wonder why?" (81 Ivy Drive, Meriden, Conn.)



\* I protest loudly.



I did say that "Kennedy's campaign has not been without its emotional levels," but you fail to name the most used one of all: the constant resurrection of Roosevelt, which became quite funny at times; as when he'd follow it up with an injunction for the people to look to the future and not the past. :: But adulation can't be planned, whatever the emotional levels were. While those men, women, and children were staring at him raptly and with seeming lack of comprehension he was telling them about his "Peace Corps", or his farm program, or Nixon's five great mis-judgements in foreign policy, or an outline of Presidential ethics, or that they would never have it so hard under him, or that he was coming to them demanding "sacrificies." The response was all out of perspective with the gloomy picture he was presenting. Nixon's catch-phrases must be indelibly inscribed in everyone's mind by now, so I won't repeat them. They were calculated to wring a maximum emotional response, but people would leave his speeches nodding in agreement for his sage intellectual observations.

ELINOR BUSBY, whom I had intended to quote at great length and devote some comment to, wrote: "With respect to the debate between Nixon and Kennedy, our impression was quite the reverse of yours. We found Nixon an excellent speaker; Kennedy virtually incoherent. Well -- you didn't come to the debates unprejudiced, and neither did we! :: Look, in your comments to Buz you say of GMC that "it isn't too accurate to say that she contributed nothing of value to the club." Buz never said anything like that at all. I said, "Her last time in SAPS she put nothing of any great interest into SAPS. I remember one article about her having, when she was a little girl, met a mother who was waiting for her defective infant to die. It was well written, vivid, and of intense psychological interest. I remember another article, about the stories her mother used to tell her of her childhood in the old country. That also was extremely memorable. For such articles I could forgive her almost anything, but she didn't put things like that in SAPS during her later membership :: GMC contributed much of value to SAPS, including the idea that waiting-listers should have activity in the first mailing -- an idea that has worked out very well for SAPS. :: "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." How literal-minded can you get! Okay, let me put it like this: One of the major differences between SAPS and the other apas is that the others are all considerably larger than SAPS. If SAPS were larger, this specific difference between SAPS and the other apas would not exist, and SAPS would be somewhat more like the other apas than it at present is. Is that explicit enough for you? It wasn't all that interesting, was it? I didn't think so either."

I wish I had more space and time to comment at great length here, Elinor, but I would just like to say: I'm sorry you chose to argue on the bias re "The Great Debate." So what if I was "prejudiced? That doesn't mean that every opinion I advanced wasn't correct and valid. Many Republican journals, including TIME, later made many of the points I did. Even L Brent Bozell in the NATIONAL REVIEW agreed that Nixon looked like "warned-over death" in that first debate. Was he prejudiced, and was TIME? Don't jump to the conclusion that we'll "never in this world come to an agreement on politics." We'll never know actually.

Once again, I feel that this letter column has gotten much too long. Unfortunately there are many wonderful letters left that I would like to quote from. I should apologize to ED GORMAN, who I thought I'd be able to quote, ROY TACKETT, who agreed with Gregg Calkins, and BETTY KUJAWA, who greatly admired and was moved by the Calkins article. Thanks also for writing to: BOB SMITH, DR SMITH, DON WELLS, KEN CHESLIN, LEN MOFFAT, JERRY DeMUTH, some of whose 4 pages will be quoted next time, REDD BOGGS, CRAIG COCHRAN, LARRY SHAW, GREGG CALKINS, and others I've probably neglected to mention, like BOB COULSON.



## DISSONANT DISCOURSE

After spending a few hours in a decompression chamber (Eney says I'm now a member and at the time of mailing 52 I was number 10 on the waiting list), I'm now breathing easier and can devote some time to commenting on the 53rd mailing. It was slightly dizzying to see approximately 1/6th of the membership drop out like that and I will miss Leman, Schaffer, and Lewis (whose full potential I've not seen exercised anywhere in fandom). But I trust this sudden exorcism will prove beneficial to the club: it seems only equitable that those whose interests are inclined in other directions should make way for fans with fresh enthusiasm. Arv Underman and Colin Cameron appear to be valuable additions and I rather expect Mike Deckinger will make a formidable member. :: It would appear there's evidence in the mailing for a newly advanced theory that SAPSazines are tending to become compactly planned little magazines rather than elaborately produced, highly enjoyable, letters. Some publications haven't lost any of their enjoyability but they're now also commendable examples of editorial ability. SAPLING, MAINE-IAC and HERE THERE BE SAPS are the most recent Sapublications to join POT POURRI and RAGNAROK in the ranks of SAPSazines whose layouts promise surprise as well as interest. And WAFTAGE is off to a good start in a similar vein, too. I wish I could say the same for these mailing comments:

SPECTATOR: Waiting lister Bob Smith wrote a fine letter of comment on Wrhn and added that he "would like to see some indication of who is willing to include wler material in their SAPSazines." Bob suggests a listing of accommodating members in the OO, but failing that I hope fans like Litchman, Cox, and Eney, who are broadening scope of their SAPSazines will get in touch with this articulate fan. If there were room for an additional contributor to Wrhn, I'd not be mentioning this until my advances had been repulsed. :: Dare I strike fear into the hearts of FAFans by pointing out that the largest magazine in the mailing was produced by a non-member? This is small enough consolation for my red nose: red from being so excessively paid through. :: Is this assessment correct: FAPA is essentially conservative in its organizational policies and SAPS is essentially radical. SAPS experiments with new procedures and adopts those changes that prove advantageous while FAPA cautiously observes our revisions and institutes modified versions of them: I cite the FAPA requirements of activity due in the second mailing and every-other-issue acknowledgement of the FANTASY AMATEUR, both of which were being used by SAPS in stronger forms. :: Art Rapp is missing some egoboo in this OO. We have a whimsical list of officers, but I note that our President isn't listed this time; an innovation FAPA may not rush into.

Unless Richard Eney performs a brutal operation on the cover of the current SPY RAY a second chapter of "One Step Forward Two Steps Back" will be in order. When I rubber stamped the title on those copies of the air-brush cover, which will appear in this mailing, I absently used the old name: after all who could be expected to believe, much less remember, that a staid, constructive journal like SPY RAY OF SAPS had just dropped the prepositional phrase from its name? :: I sent out postcards from the vacation spot to several fans but I didn't go to Cuba on that trip, so I don't know if there is something embarrassing about visiting that country. Have other fans been? I hardly expected to see any in Nassau, but one can never be too careful. :: Despite your explanation of not wanting to "egg on" waiting-listers by posting in SPECTATOR the arrangement under which contributions from them are distributed, I still have some support for assuming that you "forgot" to mention it. Bob Smith wrote that you'd be answering his questions about the tariff in the next SPECTATOR (in mailing 52). IN-VERSION LAYER: Any number of sentences from this single sheet could stand as my comment on it, but it seems kinder not to quote any of them. COLLECTOR: It was bipartisan of you to present one of these propaganda cards for both political parties, but I couldn't help noticing that the anti-Republican one is on the back of your calling card.



There must be a suitably ingenious torture devised for the kind of fan editor who would cut off a Warner letter with an illio just as Harry is about to conclude with some comments on the eventual disposal of his fanzine collection. After seeing that happen in HERE THERE BE SAPS, I'll bet Bob is the type of fan who'd edit a confessional from Courtney out of his letter column. :: I wonder if the Post Office Department has ever considered going into the philately business to help pay its own way? The bureau could probably make itself a lot of money by reserving all plate number blocks after giving them a first day of issue cancellation or by running through a sheet upside down from every two color commemorative and saving them for later sale. People have been fired from diamond mines for less; and from post office departments also, I believe. Actually the practice would create larger problems than those it would solve. It's cheaper in the long run to pay for our own services than to let Federal agencies become self sustaining through competition with the people they serve. :: I doubt the expenses you point out (engraving and designing costs of new commemoratives) add in any significant way to the department's deficit. I know the man who designed that lovely



new orange and black 15¢ air mail stamp and doubt if he was paid more than a couple hundred dollars for the job. And engraving isn't all that expensive: the big costs are in operation, maintenance, and new buildings. :: You say that Britain scarcely puts out any commemoratives: how does their financial condition compare with ours? Britain may not issue many but her colonies have some of the loveliest and most extravagant postage stamps. If our commemoratives are "one of the reasons the post office is always in the hole", I'd like to know where the subsidy comes from for the fabulous stamps of the Bahamas. I sent a fairly heavy air mail letter to John Berry from Nassau covered with small denomination commemoratives which were so breathtaking that the letter was only reluctantly posted and I was half prompted to return to the gafia of my early hobby: stamp collecting. I'm not sure John saw the stamps: his young son pounced on the envelope the moment he saw it. :: If a rich country like the United States runs its postal department into debt on engraving and design costs for two color stamps, then the Portuguese West Africa colonies of Angola and Mozambique must be in their fifth receiverships from the expenses of their full color series depicting birds and butterflys, unless everyone in those colonies carries on a voracious correspondence. :: The description of the procedure that might have been followed in creating that GEMZINE cover with all the little flowers was the one used. :: Your discussion of "format" defines it as "layout" -- a common mistake and one I've often made myself -- and layout is only as important as each fanzine editor cares to make it. The only requirement of presentation is that a publication be easy to read, a necessity you list, but anything beyond that is really only important to the fanzines's own editor. The happiest and most creative layout cannot make inferior material enjoyable, but interesting writing will be no less interesting in spite of the dullest presentation. A 62 page issue of CRY OF THE NAMELESS contained only two pages with illustrations on them, not counting the cover, and all headings are typed, with the exception of a Webber conreport title. Yet CRY is the recent winner of the Hugo and one of the livliest and most absorbing fanzines around. It didn't receive that recognition because of its layout but because of the editorial judgement behind it. Legendary fanzines of the past like SPACEWAYS and FANTASY COMMENTATOR had similarly sparse layouts, but painstakingly worked over publications like ORB and DIABLERIE are as forgotten as -- I forgot the name of the fanzine I was going to give as an example. The Warner, Searles and Busby zines all meet the requirement of being easy to read through legibility and clear organization. :: The first coherent story of SAPS Harry Warner refers to in his missive seems to have been in Lloyd Alpaugh's letter not Joe Kennedy's. I wonder if Harry has seen Joe's "Where The SAPS Came From" in HURKLE 7? SAP ROLLER 21: Is that fellow on your cover the only one in town who doesn't read the Inquirer?

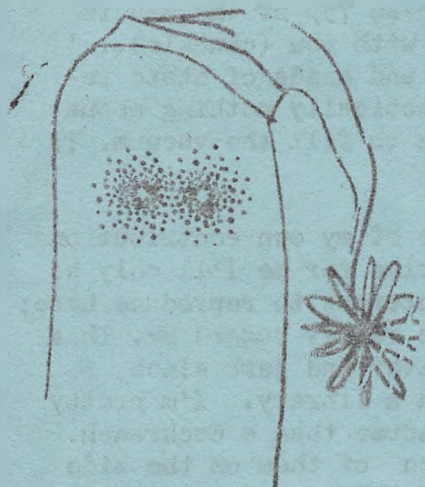


The suggestion in SPACEWARP that an archives be set up to house fannish collections is a good one, Art, and the N3F -- or perhaps some other permanent fannish fixture -- seems a likely institution to manage the details of the project, but even such an organization would have to be careful that its maintenance wasn't dependent on any particular fan. Surely the management of even the N3F has changed completely in the last 10 years, with the possible exception of Eva Firestone. Can you imagine moving the Archives of Fandom everytime someone went into gafia? It would seem that an independent library would be the best house for such a collection with an eternal body like the N3F facilitating the transfer of collections to it. The fact that precious fannish documents, like this issue of Wrhn, would not be lost forever makes the project a worthy one. I suppose it would sell microfilm copies to fans interested in that complete file of QUANDRY or GRUE, since only traveling fans or those living nearby would be lucky enough to visit it. But I hope it wouldn't become a "dead" file like, say, The Fantasy Attic or the Ackerman Garage. :: Even though I complain about others doing it at times, I give in to the temptation to say "I loved SPACEWARP" as easily as the other 35 members even though I know 33 of them will be bored when they read it and I'll be bored when I read all of them saying it. We should work at more original ways of expressing appreciation. :: I'm still recuperating from the "Trme" typo: you're right, it should have been "Time". :: Did that friend of yours who dropped the AAA while he lived in the South mention Lodge's interesting series of statements on having a Negro in the cabinet? THE TATTERED DRAGON: Nancy Share is versatile enough to write captions for Rotsler!

It's a continued source of bemusement that Terry Carr has flowered into one of my favorite fans. Witty items like "The Grunch and the Eggplant" in this issue of RAG-NAROK are constantly renewing the feeling. :: Yes, I thought PRE-APA was postmailed. :: I'm glad you liked the quoted line, "writing that doesn't entertain will have to surmount the obstacle of boredom before it can communicate." I said it. It was part of a sermon addressed to Toskey in the mailing comments of Wrhn 6. Perhaps some perceptive OE will make it the SAPS motto and we will have come full circle from putting the emphasis on the ends of fan publishing to the means. :: Miriam's mild feeling that because a fee is charged waiting-listers for the distribution of their publications in SAPS any votes they might get in the Pillar Poll amount to buying egoboo is a pretty conceit. One might as well try to buy love or recognition since the poll is largely based on the same considerations. Surely you couldn't think of egoboo awarded to publications circulated without charge as having been bought and, yet, you are inclined to think so of magazines circulated under a system imposed and levied by SAPS! :: Does it necessarily follow that a "very good-looking man, considerably older than Bob Lichtman, well-groomed and a sharp dresser, and a man with a respected place in his community" would not smoke to affect sophistication? :: Longevity of membership is a weak recommendation for a charter membership, you must surely be able to describe a stronger Coswal record than that, Miriam. Don't stop at this point when you say that he holds the same "position here as Jack Speer does in FAPA". Hmm, it appears that most of my discursive remarks are directed to the distaff side of the Carr team this quarter. Sorry, Terry, I didn't mean to let you off unannoyed.

Even with competition like Underman and Cameron, MAINE-IAC remains the most delightful surprise of the mailing with its unexpected size, interesting material, and clean organization. :: There were people in 1952 and 1956 who were saying it didn't really matter who won the Presidency, since we had too such good men to choose from, as you are saying in 1960 (though you don't seem to think either of them are particularly worthy). It isn't hard to imagine those some people reviewing the Eisenhower record and either rejoicing in the selection or weeping at the loss. But perhaps the people who were capable of equating Eisenhower and Stevenson wouldn't be able to understand how Stevenson might have conducted the Presidency differently. ::





Speaking of astrology, let me dash in out of this rain of frogs just long enough to cut in on your remarks to Nancy Share; has anyone noticed any mention in the press of Jeane Dixon's monumental illusion? On August 23, 1960, well before the November 8th elections, Ruth Montgomery devoted a column to her: "The petite, blue-eyed charmer who has correctly forecast every White House contest since early childhood has taken a long look into the crystal ball and 'discovered' the November victor." Jeane, a Roman Catholic and a registered Democrat, according to Miss Montgomery, has correctly foretold elections since Herbert Hoover including Harry Truman's victory. "Last January the seeress predicted that Kennedy would not win the Presidency. She could not be specific about Nixon, because 'a cloud hovers near his side in my crystal ball.' Today, willing to risk her unbroken chain of successful predictions, she declares emphatically: 'At last the symbols have

become distinct, and the symbol of the Presidency is directly over the head of Vice President Nixon. The dark cloud that I had seen cleared up after Nixon's visit to New York's Governor Rockefeller. From the first time that Nixon came into my crystal ball many years ago, I saw the star of wisdom shining down upon him, giving him Divine guidance. Using this wisdom, I believe he meditated and did what he believed God wanted him to do regarding the Rockefeller situation. He rose above all pettiness and self-pride; going directly to Rockefeller and getting things cleared up for the best for all, before the convention.'" Aside from a thought or two about The Man of Destiny, I can only comment that Jeane was certainly more charitable about the matter than Goldwater. SOME NOTES ON Xi BOOTIS: I wonder if this was as interesting as it looked?

The reprinting of the first issue of SPACEWARP is of great psychiatric interest, but if you're going to make a habit of reprinting the first issues of famous fanzines, Bob, it might not be a bad idea to see that your Blue Cross is in order. BOG: This is a most curious and erratic SAPSazine. Was there ever a Golden Age of BOG? YESTERDAY THE FUTURE: Can art be created by rhyme dictating reason rather than reason dictating rhyme? WATCH: Sometimes it's more effective to let a completed project create its own surprise. Personally an announcement of intention usually creates an inescapable deathwish. SAP ROLLER 20: You shouldn't worry about your cover. Russell K Watkins, who started a Crusade to Clean up Fandom, used to run a letterzine, DAWN, that used many nudes on its covers.

I don't know how much of WAFTAGE to believe, but I might as well ask: what publication does Mike Deckinger write film reviews for and what's this about a "bright new television comic named Dean Grennell"? :: Mike's criticism of "Psycho" was enjoyable, but I must question a couple of his remarks. For instance, it really shouldn't be "recommendation enough that the film is based on a novel by Robert Bloch." Films are notorious for failing on their own merits in spite of the worth of the material they derive from. And is Hitchcock's ban on admissions of patrons after the film has started so unusual in the hinterlands that it marks "Psycho" as "different and unusual"? It's all of that, of course, but the practice is being used on showings of quite ordinary films in New York like "The Virgin Spring" and "The Crack in the Mirror." There's no dispute that "Vertigo" was "pointless nonsense". I wonder if Mike noticed that the climax of the film occurs half-way through it? :: Your comments on Stevenson are strong and call for debate, but I hope they're based on something more than the emotionalism of your concluding sentence in that comment on IGNATZ because I'm going to ask you to back them up. Please cite your authority or argument for the statement that if Khrushchev had said "'Adlai, cut back on your defense spending, destroy all



missiles and bombs, close down ammunition factories, and release 75% of the men in your armed forces, I might be willing to discuss disarmament with you (chuckle)... 'And, Adlai would have done it. Or anything political bosses and heads of state requested.' Anyone who could make that statement must know practically nothing about Stevenson and I'm delightedly waiting to see how you're going to fill the vacuum. :: A really fine first issue, Art.

Ordinarily I wouldn't waste mailing comment space on one of my own contributions to a mailing, but perhaps if I let someone else commit the crime for me I'll only be tried as an accomplice. Their comments were of sufficient interest to reproduce here: Harry Warner wrote: "In SERENADE, the story about cockroaches really bugged me. This is the first writing about insects that has caused me to shiver and jerk since Larry Stark's memorable account of his troubles with a bug in a library. I'm pretty sure that I'd rather have a burglar or a poltergeist in the house than a cockraach. And during the warm weather, there is a tremendous infestation of them on the sidewalks of one block about midway between my office and my home. If I walk home after midnight, it's necessary to use the gutter in that block, to avoid stepping on the horrible little monsters and possibly slipping on the cadavers and falling into their noisome clutches like Gulliver among the Lilliputians." Jack Speer commented on the Rapp article: "I'm a little surprised at Art's statement that the armed forces voted predominately for McClellan. Maybe they did, but I remember rather distinctly that troops were used to overawe anti-Lincoln voters in a number of free states, and I shouldn't think a president who was that determined to be re-elected would let himself be counted out of the OD vote (or blue, at that time.) The best solution to the soldier-vote problem would involve abolishing the electoral college. Then, with the president elected by a majority of the popular vote, the soldier votes wouldn't have to be counted with any particular state. Of course, this doesn't solve the problem of their voting on congressmen and state officials, but most of them would know rather little about the candidates for those anyhow."

After Lichtman's three alarm alert that Durward was "going to rail into me with absolutely no mercy" on the subject of Stevenson, these feathery remonstrations in BUMP come as something of a disappointment. No, I don't think the United States should have a President "who would apologize for every little thing the US did that upset the Russians." Why? :: Please spare me the trouble of listing the collection of diplomatic regrets and apologies the Eisenhower administration has tendered to Russia, Cuba, and communist China during the course of the past 8 years. RESIN: Does anyone else recall whether or not Khrushchev, during his press conference preceding the collapse of the most recent attempt at a summit conference, also made that remark about "Truman proving anybody can be President, and Eisenhower proving we don't need a President"? MHO\*DJE: "A Note to Fanzine Editors" is too good to remain uncredited. Who wrote it or why didn't the author care to assume responsibility? He's certainly free enough in urging fanzine editors to accept their responsibilities as editors, but he seems strangely reluctant to assume his responsibilities as author. "Easy publication and unmerited praise do not a writer make" is a safe enough statement, but it doesn't automatically follow that a person who gets them will not become a good writer providing he has personal goals of excellence to strive for and a built-in sense of dissatisfaction with work that does not represent a growth in excellence. With these qualities a beginning writer will survive either easy publication or inept criticism but without them there isn't much chance that he'll become a writer of quality. PORQUE: I wonder if there will be any violent protests to NBC for the series title of its documentary on the Sit-in demon-



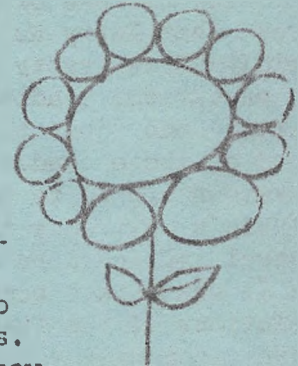


strations? Did you see the program? I'd like to hear the reactions of southern fans who did. THE CHALLENGE: contained some fine fanart and a welcome appearance by Andy Main. SPIANATO: proved to be the most useful magazine in the mailing; that lovely glossy back cover is covered with election night returns. I see there's an excited note of discovery as to why the election of 1916 was so close: Wilson and Hughes have the same number of letters in their names! Don't ask me about 1960. TS-SAPS: Is there a penalty, other than not having your copyright certified, of course, for putting the copyright notation on a publication and failing to send the required copies and fee to the proper bureau?

The picture of the effects in England "when the 'ban the bomb' forces grew and grew" that Betty Kujawa presents in her review of "When the Kissing Had to Stop" in OUTSIDERS is pretty funny. Betty points out that the picture "is merely a carrying to an extreme conditions that exist today." Probably it is, but what's the point of letting the "'ban the bomb' forces" serve as a catalysis for future corruption? The germ of these conditions has always existed and there hasn't been any ban the bomb movement around to get them started. As a matter of fact, some of alarmist Fitzgibbon's extremes to come are common aspects of present day New York City. The actual implications of the movement and the parallels to British opinion just before WW II would have been better material to concentrate on. :: Think of the extrapolations of the future that could have been written from prohibition. Has there ever been a comparable instance of state interference in the private actions of individuals in the United States? What Fitzgibbon could have done with that -- and he wouldn't have had to drag in spurious examples of sex and sadism. Or consider the book that might be written about the goon squads of Southern Belles marching the streets in curlers and house coats, stoning people, kicking reporters and damaging property while the police drag off the people they're heckling for disturbing the peace and a city administration passively lets it happen. POT POURRI 13: I'm surprised that anyone would favor one TAFF candidate to another merely on the basis that they belonged to the same apa. It's to be hoped that fans can win on their ability and that fans will vote for the one they would most like to meet or whose report would probably be the most enjoyable, rather than the way your correspondent did, John. It would be a shame if a person could win merely by being an officer of the N3F. But granting, for the moment, that "an apa vote will swing TAFF" our mutual candidate Eney should have little to worry about: all loyal SAPS will vote for their OE, all loyal FAPAns will vote for their Vice President, and all loyal OMPAns will vote for a fellow member (and perhaps he belongs to the Cult, too!). Does the TAFF constitution provide that there shall be no test for office barring apa members from serving as delegates? POT POURRI 14: was a formidable item. Did the people who lived in castles think they might be haunted, or did that come in with the Gothic novel? POT POURRI 15: With the exception of his movies, Belafonte is a fine entertainer whom I've long enjoyed, but my pleasure with him depends on his talent and performances, not his private life. One shouldn't let a person's political beliefs or personal habits interfere with enjoyment of his performance. Certainly the qualities you admired on the BBC and made you an ardent Belafonte fan were the professional ones. If we're incapable of enjoying an artist because of his private life, the list of those left will be short. :: I cannot hold Belafonte's conduct against him. After all it's partly our fault, because we allow it to happen, that he and members of his race grow up with a deep rooted sense of inferiority. It's not surprising that he over-reacts to imagined slights -- after all, society has rejected him most of his life. Like you, I wasn't surprised to "read that he consults a psychiatrist every month". I imagine most Negroes who can afford them have seen psychiatrists to help them adjust to this terrible situation. And, psychiatric consolation is not a great rarity among show-people. :: I'm just sorry that people like Anthony Carthew, aren't sensitive to his plight. I'm sorry that there are people like Anthony Carthew, who meet celebrities in their private



worlds, observe them and then write nasty little articles about them. MEST: illust trats the problem of the fan who engages in too many activities. My only comment is that you might be able to produce a more worthwhile project if you concentrated on one-- instead of several which suffer from having too little time devoted to them. FLABBER-CASTING: One of the reasons you give for voting Republican for the first time in your life is odd. Jack Kennedy pointed out, in his appearance before the ministers in Houston, that that section of the Democratic platform you object to, referring to the "Right to Work" laws, has been in the last two or three party platforms. SAPS ROLIER 19: I haven't read the Round Robin serial in FANTASTIC, but with the mails operating the way they are it's apparent that the word "professional" means: one who keeps carbon copies of his material. SAPLING: You've discovered the secret of fanning, "to fan in your own time, in the manner you want" -- but you fall down in the comment on other people's activity: so what if "their chances for pro sales are smothered under a lot of nonsense demanded for specialty type zines"? If they wanted "pro sales" they'd be working at it. Isn't more obvious that they're "fanning in their own time and in the manner they want"? THE SPELEOBEM: Now that we've had an explanation of "incunebulous", what does Speleobem mean? :: Fans always used to be so broke that I begin to think I've blundered back into the wrong fandom when I see all these remarks about fannish movies. How much did the film version of the Ballard Chronicles cost and how long is the viewing time? RETRO: The press-release on the U-2 should have been, of course, "we're investigating". What amazes me is that politicians who never hesitate to give that as an answer to constituents wanting to know their stands on an issue should have prepared and advanced such a complex fairy-tale to explain a matter that demanded the most non-committal statement. You'd have thought they were getting 25¢ a word, at the very lesst. SYLLABUS: Most of the imaginative photography you admired in "Psycho" was probably suggested by Saul Bass who served as a consultant on the film. Do you recall the credits he designed for "The Man With the Golden Arm", "The Sheep-Man" and many other films.?



How dare Nancy Share complain about the popular preoccupation in this country with brack-a-brack like "startling new vacuum cleaners, new flashy, tinny, sparkly cars, and revolutionary television sets". It's true that I find those remarks easy to agree with, but could the editor of IGNATZ have already forgotten the brilliance and wit of Eisenhower's Vice President when he retorted to Khrushchev that "he might be ahead in rockets, but we were ahead in color television" or the succinctness with which he cut down Kennedy with a gesture sweeping the emporium and the statement "We built the biggest shopping center in the world, didn't we?" Such perceptive observations have lead even a critic of the caliber of Burnett R Toskey to say that "Nixon has a better grasp of the world situation /than Kennedy/."

The note in FENDENIZEN that Elinor's teeth require a lot of dental work, due to the soft water in the Seattle area, prompts me to wonder if Dr Cornish's Tooth Powder, with Vitamin D and Fluoride, might be of any help? A statement on the can says: "This powder contains about  $\frac{1}{10}$  fluoride in calcium fluoride. This powder gradually converts the calcium phosphate of the enamel or exposed dentine of the teeth to fluorapatite ( $\text{Ca}_5(\text{PO}_4)_3\text{F}$ , Mineralogical Hardness-5), the hardest and most stable of all known forms of calcium phosphate." Are there any chemists in the audience who can tell us whether this product might have any side effects? :: Robert Richard hasn't had occasion to show me that irritating letter he recieved, but he says it had a New Hampshire postmark, so I doubt it was from a SAPS member. :: I should have known that Ackerman would have used that "Girlcon" bit! :: You touch upon a number of reasons for the recent absent of artwork in Wrhn. Yes, I wanted to see if the



challenge of making the magazine popular with writing alone could be bested. And partly because of my professional activities -- I have to design ads, cover, and editorial spreads for a 32 page full color house organ -- it seems refreshing to be able to work with a magazine that has a much more simplified layout for a change. An aversion to cutting stencils has inhibited the spread of artwork in Wrhn, but now I've recalled that it's possible to splice in spots from a Stenofax stencil so there may be more artwork prepared in that manner in future issues. The cost of the stencils should act as sufficient brake on my being carried away with using too much artwork -- that has been one of my fears in doing it. If I should awaken all those old fanart ambitions it would probably become necessary to enclose a package of coloring crayons with each copy of Wrhn and I don't want that. My most recent lustful activity in fanart was in airbrush, a freshly rediscovered medium that carried my energies away as completely as any of the first few issues of Wrhn ever did. :: Nixon pointed out many times during the campaign that "the American people had an uncanny ability to pick the right man between two Presidential candidates." Even though he hasn't mentioned that belief, or much else for that matter, since November 8th, I trust that his confidence in our selectivity hasn't been shaken. :: My demonstration of the tactics of the Republicans in general and Nixon in particular was in answer to Bob Leman's odd notion that the "hatred the left feels toward Nixon" is motivated by "the thin tissue of innuendo and accusations of moral turpitude presented without evidence that the left uses in writing about him." I thought the left had better reasons for hating Nixon than their own attacks on him and that those reasons were provided by the Vice President himself. Evidently you don't find it odd that everyone who is fortunate enough to run against Mr Nixon suddenly finds that they've been somehow unpatriotic, have been giving aid and comfort to our enemies, and have been soft on communism. It seems that you're only sensitive to tactics of misrepresentation and distortion when they're used against you. :: I don't have to prove that these people whom Nixon accused weren't soft on communism. (Even the biographer who Nixon lauds for doing an impartial book on him and whose tome was offered as a guide to Nixon in the Republican headquarters across the country, Earl Maza, admitted that the material directed against Mrs Douglas was "just confusing enough to convince the layman of its authenticity.") The burden of proof is on Nixon and unsubstantiated smears -- in answer, for instance, to questions about his Fund and more recently his conduct of office -- are neither proof nor replies to questions the voting public has a right to hear answered. Or do you believe these people are guilty until proven innocent? :: I don't think you should be tortured for urging that WRR be included in the mailing, but I don't think SAPS should become a dumping ground that's utilized to "save the editor and publisher considerable postage" as one of them bluntly admitted in that fanzine. It isn't likely that the practice will spread, but a glance at the membership roster indicates the effect could be potentially more dangerous, from the standpoint of enlarging the mailings, than admitting contributions from the waiting list. The people on the waiting list are interested in something more than saving postage: they're interested in SAPS.



Seven pages of comments on poor POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC are going to have to be squeezed into this space. :: SAPS didn't condone "slandorous attacks behind a person's back". We just ignored them as being in bad taste, but, of course, Ted couldn't be expected to. :: A wonderfully opinionated issue, Bob, may we see more like this?

.....  
 "What the heck is this thing, and who is Wilfred Myers?"  
 .....



## A SPECTATOR'S CLIPPINGS

This department, absent last issue, will henceforth solve the problem of properly signing off each issue. Perhaps that way, I'll remember to include it.

1. Governor Adlai E Stevenson's veto message on the passage of Senate Bill 93 by the Illinois legislature in 1949:

"I herewith return, without my approval, Senate Bill No. 93 entitled, 'An Act to provide Protection to Insectivorous Birds by Restraining Cats.' This is the so-called 'Cat Bill'. I veto and withhold my approval from this bill for the following reasons:

"It would impose fines on owners or keepers who permitted their cats to run at large off their premises. It would permit any person to capture, or call upon the police to pick up and imprison, cats at large. It would permit the use of traps. The bill would have statewide application-- on farms, in villages, and in metropolitan centers.

"This legislation has been introduced in the past several sessions of the legislature, and it has, over the years, been the source of much comment -- not all of which has been in a serious vein. It may be that the General Assembly has now seen fit to refer it to one who can view it with a fresh outlook. Whatever the reason for passage at this session, I cannot believe there is a widespread public demand for this law or that it could, as a practical matter, be enforced.

"Furthermore, I cannot agree that it should be the declared public policy of Illinois that a cat visiting a neighbor's yard or crossing the highway is a public nuisance. It is in the nature of cats to do a certain amount of unescorted roaming. Many live with their owners in apartments or other restricted premises, and I doubt if we want to make their every brief foray an opportunity for a small game hunt by zealous citizens -- with traps or otherwise. I am afraid this bill could only create discord, recrimination and enmity. Also consider the owners' dilemma: To escort a cat abroad on a leash is against the nature of the cat, and to permit it

to venture forth for exercise unattended into a night of new dangers is against the nature of the owner. Moreover, cats perform useful service, particularly in rural areas, in combatting rodents -- work they necessarily perform alone and without regard for property lines.

"We are all interested in protecting certain varieties of birds. That cats destroy some birds, I well know, but I believe this legislation would further but little the worthy cause to which its proponents give such unselfish effort. The problem of cat versus bird is as old as time. If we attempt to resolve it by legislation, who knows but what we may be called upon to take sides as well in the age-old problems of dog versus cat, bird versus bird, even bird versus worm. In my opinion, the State of Illinois and its local governing bodies already have enough to do without trying to control feline delinquency.

"For these reasons, and not because I love birds the less or cats the more, I veto and withhold my approval from Senate Bill No. 93."

2. Francis T Laney on fan publishing in FAN-DANGO 11, Spring 1946:

"I have always hated to mimeograph, but so far this is just the necessary evil I've had to put up with in order to have the type of fanzine I want. So far, I've managed to want such a fanzine badly enough to put up with this mechanical drudgery."

#. Bob Tucker on fandom's "Marie Celeste" in PSYCHOTIC 14 in 1954:

"Esquire, a couple of years ago, ran a sports article on some famous, long-ago boat race in which a contestant named Courtney was the victim of foul play. Some villain sawed his boat in half, thus eliminating him from the race. The pay line of the article was 'Who sawed Courtney's boat?' Hoffman picked that up and used it as an interlineation in Q...

"No one seems to know who sawed Courtney's boat."

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"Not even if Dictator Ashley had Claude assassinated!"  
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