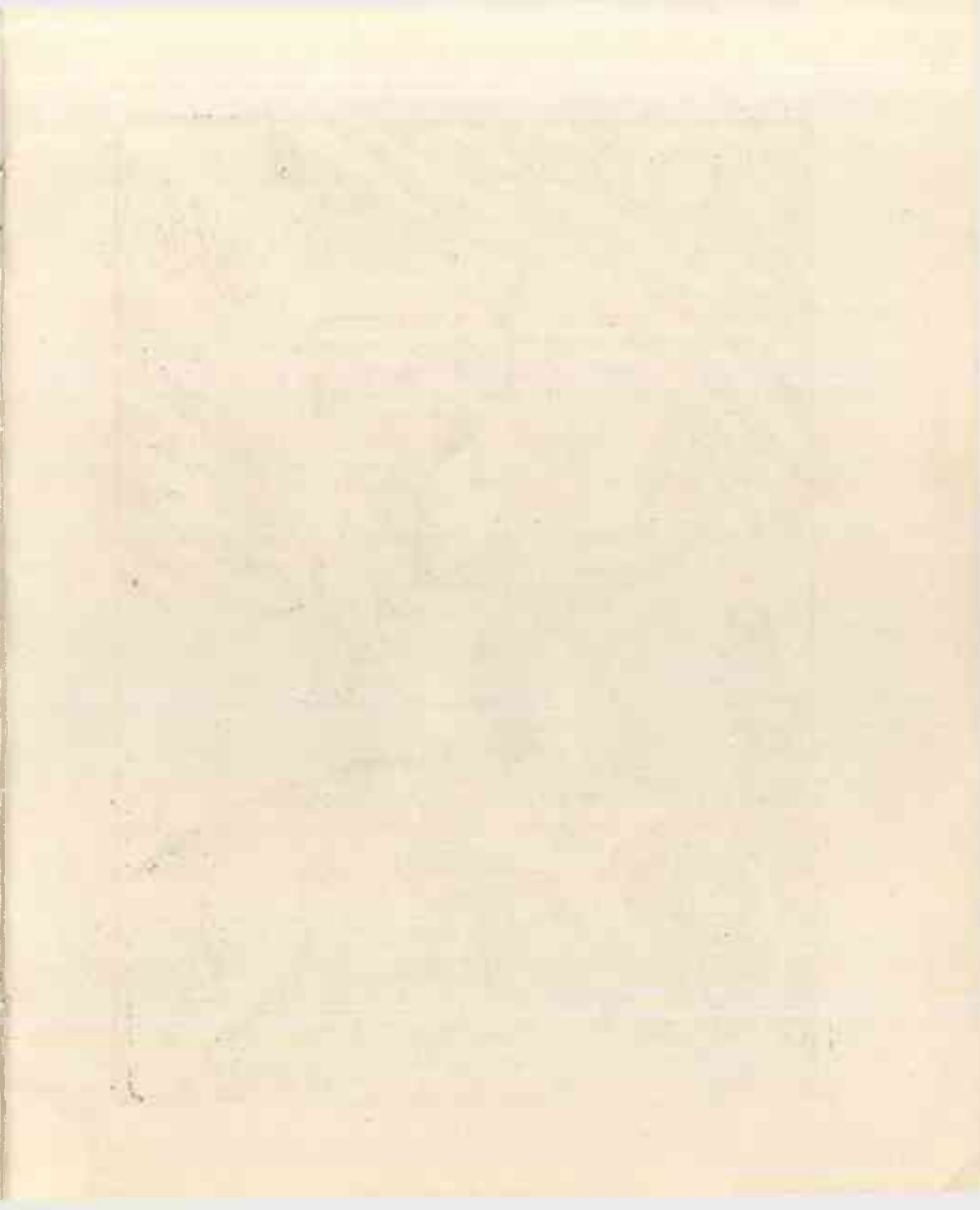


"ALL THAT  
GLITTERS—"



## DIDJA HEAR THE ONE ABOUT - ?



The Pope shivered slightly as he floated slowly in toward the pearly gates of heaven. It was rather chilly in the upper stratosphere, especially this early hour of Monday morning which had been allotted for his time of dying. Cold enuf, to chill even the soul of a Pope.

Our hero drifted to a gentle stop. He looked up. "Gate 44," proclaimed a small sign. "Guard on duty - St. Peter."

"A bit irregular," thot the Pone, "But if they will hurry with a nice warm robe, I won't quibble."

A beefy individual with a beefy countenance was snoozing in a chair tilted back against the wall. Now & then he emitted a raucous snort & quivered. Occasionally an amiable leer stole across his face.

"This must be the good Saint himself," thot the Pope; then, summoning his most unctuous voice, he said, "Ah....good morning."

His only answer was a snort.

The Pope cleared his throat.

Pete snorted louder & his bay window jiggled.

"BRRRRHUFSK!" said the Pope, somewhat annoyed.

This time he hit the jackpot. St. Pete snorted, gurgled, scratched his bulbous nose, & opened one eye. He stared at the Pope for a full minute, with all the expression of a defunct mackerel. His Holiness began to fidget. "Well?" asked Pete.

The Pope founf his voice again (the unctuous one). "I have come to enter the Kingdom of Heaven," he beamed.

"Zat so?" said Pete, in a frenzy of disinterest.

"Well," he continued, "Who are you? & what's more important, who do you know? You just can't come barging up here & expect to walk right in! No tellin' what kinda riffraff we might get that way!"

"But-but-- I'm The Pope!" he spluttered.

"Never heard of ya," said St. Peter, yawning,

stretching, & settling back in his chair again.  
"G'wan. Beat it."

The bewildered ecclesiastic stepped back & crossed himself.

"For thirty years I have served The Good Lord Jesus, & this is what happens," he murmured brokenly.

St. Peter's eyebrow's shot up. "What's that?" he barked. "Y'know J.C., the first vice-president? Well, well, why didn'tcha say so? Wait, I'll call him up. Just a routine check, y'know. Heh heh."

He picked up an old-fashioned two-piece phone. "Hullo. J.C.? Got a guy out here, name of Pope." He covered the mouthpiece. "Where y'from, Bub?"

"Rome." blurted the pop-eyed Pope.

Pete spoke into the phone again. "Yeh, Rome. Rome, Noo Yawk, I s'pose. Ever hear of him? No? Hmmm.... Well, sorry to disturb ya, J.C."

He set the phone down with a bang. "Look here, Bub," he growled. "What's the idea? Y'otta know what happens to gate-crashers around here. If ya don't, I'm warning ya. SCA-RAM!"

The Pope's eyes blurred with tears. The thing was beyond his comprehension. He stepped back & crossed himself again. His lips moved but only a whisper came forth. "To think that for thirty years I have served the Holy Ghost, & it comes to this."

"Hey!" rumbled St. Peter, with respect in his voice. "Y'say y'know The Shadow? Well, well. Tell ya what I'm gonna do. I'll call him."

He picked up the phone again. "Hi. Shad? There's aguy out here name of Joe Pope, from Rome, N'Yawk. Shall I let him in? ....Ya don't! .....Uh well....sorry Shad. Yeh, I'll watch it closer after this....."

Pete set the phone down very slowly this time, glaring at his unfortunate Holiness.

"Now look, you lousy four-flusher. I'm gettin' tired of this funny business. I've had a hard nite, & I'm not in the mood to play around with the likes of you. Now get smart & take a powder." He sat



down & tilted his chair back against the wall again.

The Pope's shoulders sagged. He was utterly dumbfounded & dejected. He crossed himself & shook his head sadly. "To think," he muttered, "that for thirty years I have served the Heavenly Father, & it comes to this." He started to turn away.

"Ulp - huh? - who?" Pete exploded out of the chair & sprang to attention - saluting several times with each hand before he had control of himself.

"Y'smean thatcha know my Old Man?" he asked wide-eyed. "Why didn'tcha say so in the first place & save all this beatin' around the bush?" He grabbed the phone & reverently breathed a number.

"Hullo? Pop? Say, there's a guy here at the gate, who wants in. Joe Pope, of Rome, Noo --"

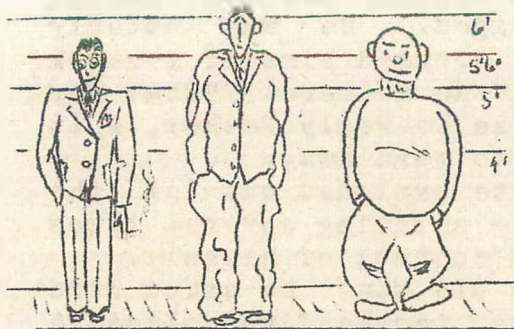
His Holiness, with courage born of desperation, interrupted. "Your pardon, please," he remonstrated, but it's not Joe Pope of Rome, New York." He pulled his soul to its full height & smiled with perfect assurance that all would now be well. "I am The Pope, from Rome, Italy."

"Oh." said Pete. "Hmmm. Pop? He says its not Joe Pope of Rome, Noo Yawk; it's The Pope, of Rome, Italy."

The receiver gave out a tortured squawk. Pete jumped, & tore it from his ear, & stood looking at it in awe. Blue & green sparks, with an occasional puff of steam, issued from it for a solid half hour.

Finally Pete essayed to put it to his ear again. He listened, white-faced, for a moment, & then put it down, very, very softly.

He looked at the Pope a moment before he spoke: "Boy, if I didn't feel so sorry for ya, I'd kick ya clean off this cloud myself." He sighed. "Ya got it comin', tho. If ya'd only kept ya big mouth shut, & beat it when I told ya, ya might've got off fairly easy. But there's no hope for ya at all." He shuddered. "My Old Man says you're the guy who's been spreading all those dirty stories down on Earth, about him & the Virgin Mary....."



## THE LINE-UP

Out of the kindness of my great big heart I'll give youse all a rest from Shortype this time, whilst waiting for the reaction.

Herewith yhos adopts the Chauvenet system of ratings & "laureate" awards. Comments will be found in "A la carte", & longer dissertations in "The Soap Box." However, "The Line-Up" will be slightly amplified, as follows:

- A: Sardonyx, Fan-Tods, Agenbite, Nucleus, Horizons, Sappho, Elmurmurings, Caliban, Milty's Mag, Fan-Dango, FA.
- B: FFF Presents, Anonymous Civilian, Banshees, Variety, Paradox, Bookmark, (becoz it performs its designated function admirably) Beyond, Yhos, Cushlamochree #2.
- C: Janus, Browsings, Mad Huse, Fantasy Commentators, Rouzine, En Garde, Wramblings, Talevans, anidea, Cuslamochree #1, Papafan, Guteto, Adam 1 sheet, Twilite Echoes.
- D: Light, Panty Raiser.

(The above, dear readers, assumes that you will be palpitating to learn where your effort rates, quickly, & without digging up the previous FA, comparing numbers, etc.)

- Editing & Publishing: 1. Watson (Sappho) 2. Perdue (Elmurmurings) 3. Shaw (Banshees, Caliban & FA)
- Fiction: 1. Lowndes (Trigger Talk) 2. Speer (Peril at Pentagon) 3. Wright (Spawn of the Gods)
- Article: 1. Chauvenet (Racial Equality et al) 2. Shaw (Effect of Fandom on Personality) 3. Stanley (Revista)
- Humor: 1. Lowndes (Trigger Talk) 2. Stanley (Yesterday's 10,000 Years) 3. Rothman (Stuff Dept) & Speer (Peril at Pentagon)

Poetry: 1. Kadjperooni (Death of Your Dream) 2. Gray  
(long poem in Sappho) 3. Perdue (poems in  
Elmummurings)  
Art: 1. Wiedenbeck (Beyond cover) 2. Watson (Sa-  
ppho cover) 3. Wilimczyk (Banshee cover)  
Best in Mailing: 1. Chauvenet (Sardonyx) 2. Stanley  
(Fan-Tods) 3. Lowndes (Agenbite)

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Cover & headings by yhos. Bacover by Cpl Jim Thomas.

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It seems to me that a multiple time theory can be held which won't conflict with the laws of conservation of matter & energy. Such as proposed in "Other Tracks". I.e., an infinity of parallel universes, & a switching from one to the other, rather than the creation of a new universe for each new act.

Must disagree with Doc on the NFFF. I think its first duty is to fandom, not stf. In any case, how can it be an effective force for betterment of sf if it hasn't sufficient numbers? Such an org would have to number in the thousands before any pro ed would sit up & take notice.

It has also become increasingly evident during the past few years, that fandom (all unknowing) has become an excellent breeding & training ground for liberalism. This, I think, is more important than stf, or even the whole of literature.....

....So what if there's "no comment" on some insignificant item in a mailing? That's more the fault of the publisher, than the fapa. So there is still no good reason for the existence of the Official Critics.

Hearty second to Speer's idea of voting in mems from waiting list. Or, how about this? Change the Constitution to read, "....until there is a vacancy, or six months has elapsed" (while the fan was on the wl). This would keep potentially valuable members from cooling off & giving up in disgust, & still enable us to have a wl. The OE or ST could announce in each FA, just how many would be entering nexttime, & publishers could act accordingly.

It seems somebody got mixed up somewhere. Fen are fen, & readers, collectors, fantasts, stfists, etc, are all "imaginists". The term is not a substitute for "fan", but a proposal for an all inclusive term, which has not existed to date.

What's this i see in Banshee? Raym considers Parsaci good at verse, & Chauvenet fair! My suffering old GI back! Raym's stock in the Widner market promptly slumps 20 points . . .

& Raym - why all this preoccupation with things Teutonic?

Hearty cheers to Wilimczyk for the last 6 lines of the Nucleus review.

Hilty's Stuff Dept reminds me of a George O. Smith-Wesley Long story or a Cunningham postcard. Now if the dreelsprail is made frangible with the fornstaff, the turfenfoil must therefore.....

....Or a speech by Dewey.

Son of a Shoggoth first purely fannish cuss-word with any force. Much better than Holy Klono.

"Fan-Dango no longer uses words of Anglo-Saxon derivation." Ega! Don't tell me we're gonna have a fanzine written in Latin! Or, perish forbid - in primal Pnakotic!

I always thot twas spelt "Cushlamachree!"



Why the apostrophe in Tale of the 'Evans?

Eek! I'm a paranoiac! Like Degler, i tend to eat one thing at a time at meals, & never heard of "the French style". I take after gran'pappy in that respect, & he was a midwesterner . . . . I used to work for a caterer, & drove him crazy by ofttimes making a meal of banana fritters & lemon sauce, ignoring a dozen other available delicacies.

"...association with fandom...probably the best thing that could have happened to him." says Shaw. & i says check to 19 decibels.

Quotables excellent.

"Song of the Time-Travellers" just missed landing in the Laureate columns.

I pay 33 a quire for my stencils, Willie, & i don't like it - but what can i do about it?

I'm lazy about spelling, Langley old fruit, like the guy who invented the power shovel, becoz he was too "lazy" to do things with wheelbarrows. Shortype may not correspond with the power shovel, but at least i'm trying to improve an inefficient system, which is more than can be claimed for reactionary bleatings about "purism". Puritanism is more like it in your case.

Abject apologies to Nucleus, Sappho, & Variety, for such little mention. Y'see, I'm doing most of this on furlo, & somehow or other those three got left at camp when i came home.

I was pleased to find a highly complimentary reference to "The Dostak-Distims the Doshes" in, (of all places!) "The Meaning of Meaning".

Tom Gardner says an electronic listening device

has just been perfected which can "hear" conversation several hundred feet away. This beats a similar fictional mechanism in Ray Cummings' "Brigands of the Moon" by 50 years!

Hey Trudy, did you ever hear of the Journal of the New England Section of the American Chemical Society? 'Tis also entitled The Nucleus.

WANTED: Copies in good condition of any of Olaf Stapledon's works, particularly Starmaker, Last & First Men, & Odd John. Please be reasonable because Pvt Hilton J Landry, Climatic Research Lab, Lawrence Mass makes only \$50/mo BD (Before Deductions).

WANTED: Feb, June, Aug, & Oct 43 Unknowns. Nos 2 & 3 Spaceways. Also Last Men in London, & Stapledon's new dog about the book. --yhos.

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prayer <sup>by</sup> PFC HOOSAG KADJPERDOONI

Only thru silence may God be approached

So very sensitive is He and aware of besiegers.

The shatter of shield & spear, the scuffling of feet

Apprise Him of our attack, and He is away.

Thru eyedarkness, thru worlddarkness,

Stealthily we move along the mind's paths

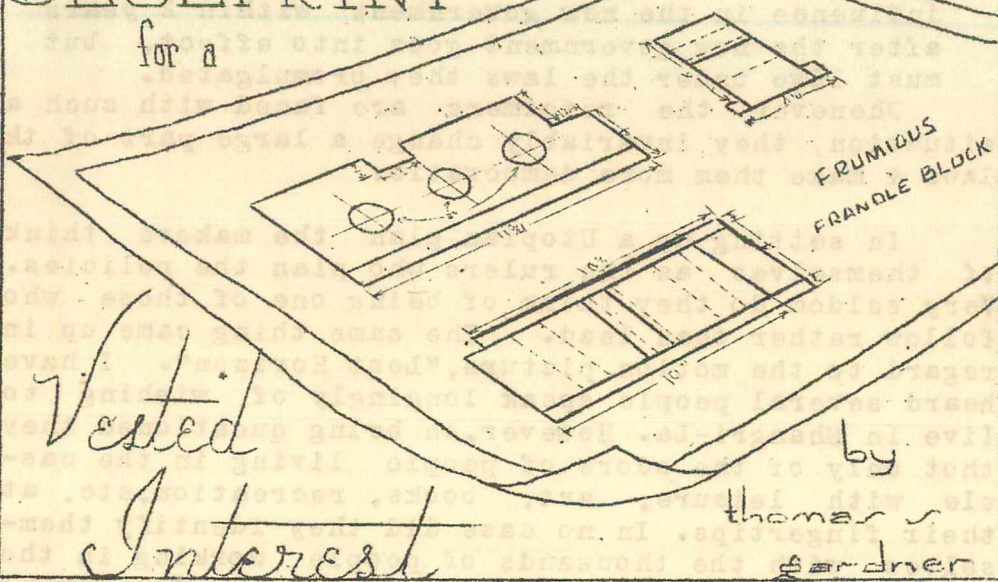
Until we reach the rim of Him.

With dumb exultation we tie Him to the ground,

But then we must let Him go.

# BLUEPRINT

for a



*Vested  
Interest*

*by  
thomas r.  
gardner*

The above title is in full agreement with Thorstein Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class" & his advanced work in economic theory. Whenever anyone talks about or harbors thoughts regarding possible Utopian retreats to develop new lines of cultural branches in civilizations, one cannot eliminate the vested interest motive. If we do, then we must assume that the initiator of these ideas must not take part in them, but must allow them to develop without his deriving any benefit from them. I have heard of many political & governmental plans proposed by different people. In all cases, they, or the class to which they belonged, were to benefit from the change in government. I have proposed, much to the chagrin of these people, the following bases for governmental planning:

1. The form of government & the laws under which the people live must be workable without the presence of the instigators of the government, but must work by the efforts of the governed.

2. The instigators of the change of government must relinquish all interest, control, & influence in the new government within 2 years after the new government goes into effect, but must live under the laws they promulgated.

Whenever the reformers are faced with such a situation, they invariably change a large part of the laws & make them more democratic.

In setting up a Utopian plan the makers think of themselves as the rulers who plan the policies. Very seldom do they think of being one of those who follow rather than lead. The same thing came up in regard to the motion picture, "Lost Horizon". I have heard several people speak longingly of wishing to live in Shangri-La. However, on being questioned they thot only of the score of people living in the castle with leisure, art, books, recreation, etc, at their fingertips. In no case did they identify themselves with the thousands of people working in the valley below the castle, keeping up those few living in said castle. Therefore, in laying out a plan it is necessary to alwasys keep in mind that the vested interest motive is the most powerful one in any project.

It might be of interest to examine some of the bases on which utopian schemes are laid. We either postulate a primitive existence or an advanced form of culture. I am personally dead set against the primitive labor type of utopian idea, in any form or fashion.

An advanced cultural stream must have the benefits of a technical civilization. Therefore everything must be imported or done without. It takes millions of man hours to produce even the common things of life & if we start from raw materials for radios, refrigerators, clothing, vitamin concentrates, etc, there would not be enuf people to do that. They can be made cheaply in mass production, but suppose a supply of vitamin C was desired. To prepare



it in the laboratory on a small batch scale, would be almost prohibitive in labor & time units for a community. If anyone will try to live in an isolated community for a few weeks using just simple tools, then he will see that millions of co-operative hands are necessary to keep life going on a decent level. Utopian farms & communities that isolated themselves have invariably failed. Too much hard work drained away the well springs of genius. The Owens community is a good example. Literary men of merit did not find the energy to write after working in the fields & handling stock. The theory of manual labor & genius should have been exploded by now.

Therefore that leaves us with one main principle - whatever plan is developed must be developed as an integral part of civilization & the members of it must take part in their civilization. The second tenet is that the members must have some uniting bond of common interest. Heinlein in "Methuselah's Children" used longevity as the uniting bond. It is very interesting to note that that was the only bond until faced with a common danger. The members of the community lived & acted like the rest of mankind except for occasional meetings in which the oldest member was the chairman on a democratic basis in the old Plato's Republic sense. That would be one way of developing a single cultural line, & strange to say it is entirely feasible today! Raymond Pearl has shown that there are two varieties of homo sapiens, a long lived & a short lived group. The difference is about ten years as an average. Since Heinlein's story appeared, it has been reported that ordinary rats with an average life of about 650 days have been selectively bred so that a long lived group developed with an average life of about 1200 days with an observed maximum of about 1400. (Divide days by ten to get averages for years for humans.) Therefore Heinlein's long term project is a high probability if anyone wants to follow it out. However, the

members of the longevity group in Heinlein's story were all types, some bright, some dumb, & most just average human beings. In no other respect did they differ from the rest of mankind! That is definitely not the thing that men are thinking about.

As an intellectual exercise it is interesting to postulate a workable system based on our present society & incorporating the tenets discussed above. In fact it isn't even necessary to postulate very much, because Van Vogt has given us an excellent example in the Weapon Shop series. The most efficient type of arrangement today is the corporation. They do what they are supposed to do in the majority of cases, whether one likes them or not. One must certainly admire them. I like them myself because some of them have developed model communities far in advance of the average life communities. Industrial cities can be very dirty, crooked, & bad in an economic & social sense; on the other hand they can be very good in every respect. It depends upon the industry, the type of workers, the management, & several other factors. But for all round efficiency the corporation will succeed where every other form of private development will fail.

It will succeed on three counts. First, it has capital to carry out projects. Therefore any venture for a new cultural trend must have capital & plenty of it, or it will fail. An invention might do it, say practical atomic energy, or a longevity drug, or anything that will guarantee a regular income up in the millions of dollars. The second prerequisite is good management. That would mean that the members governing a sociological project would have to be well trained, hard working, level headed men, & not just a bunch of screwballs with a lot of ideas. Ideas are useful only when they are put to work & not when they pop up indiscriminately. The management would have to include business men as well as technical men. The third prerequisite would be that the members of the experiment would have to have some

tangible bond besides common ideas. There would have to be economic, social & other advantages. The corporation could have its own schools, own business, say, manufacturing the inventions & products developed by its research laboratories. In fact Van Vogt has described it perfectly in the Weapon Shops. Of course it would be unwise to compete with the political set up as that would be treason. However, it could, via the vote & office holding, influence the country. In fact in some respects such an organization is in existence; the esoteric, metaphysical & wholly unscientific society of the Rosicrucians. They have their own publications, books, schools of a type, central library, & evidently good business management. A similar society based on science with an aim to develop a predetermined cultural line could pattern themselves on the Weapon Shops, or the Rosicrucians.

Therefore, the first step would be to get the financial setup, probably via scientific processes that the public wants, then hire the employees of the corporation on a selected basis of common mental trends, have them work in the industry, build a model city with its own schools, have a far-seeing business management of the corporation, & make a prerequisite of the job in the industry to follow a certain line of reading regularly. For recompense the pay would have to be slightly higher than in other, nearby work, & the management would have to be the hardest kind of workers you can imagine. Who wants to take the job? In a few generations some results should develop, provided that the management was not self-perpetuating except in regards to the well-defined policy of the founders of the industry. One person in an important position could ruin the whole project.

In such a project it is evident that any sociological changes would be slow & patterned after the rest of the world. Zion, Ill., was not such a community under Voliva. The town of about 25,000 people taught that the earth was flat, the sun about 3,000

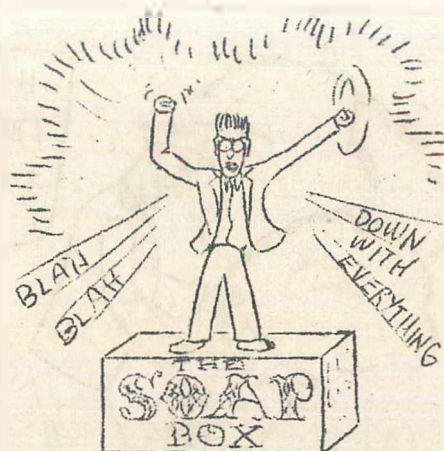
miles from it, consisting of a glowing iron ball, & such false information. However, at the death of its pushers, the rest of the community gradually shifted back into the normal stream of America. False bases for the proposed corporation would similarly break down. Too stringent & abrupt changes in moral codes etc, would cause the followers to break away. Only by a slow educational process on the adults as well as the children, would slant the community in the desired direction, & if the desired direction was anti-social, crack-pot, illogical, or plain unreal, then the community would gradually break away. Material rewards are not great enuf to fool a large group of people in a fairly normal society for any length of time, say over a generation or so. The greatest handicap that has been observed with blue-printers of utopian schemes is that they are impractical & often have nebulous ideas without the background of energy to carry them out. In any project about 10% or less of the members do 90% of the work. However, such a project would work provided they had the financial backing of a corporation, & provided they could delegate authority to the managing board as in a corporation, & could keep their mouths shut & simply work for its development once the fundamental bases were laid & the policies well-defined.

It might be an advantage for the members of the fapa to consider such propositions as Widnor's, Slan Center, & even the above for the experience in thinking about problems, for in all probability such that amounts to intellectual exercise only, because the first & prime prerequisite of the money angle is lacking. However, the author will be very much disappointed unless the members of fapa tear the corporation idea to pieces, because it has been my experience that most people have a stereotyped idea of a corporation which is only a wan shadow of the real thing. So I'll be glad to have a careful analysis of the above tenets provided anyone is interested.



## CENSORSHIP

I applaud the lofty ideals of the Futurians, & must admit that i think their intentions were of the best, but their reasoning processes are completely beyond me, even after Doc's open letter. I still find myself almost entirely in agreement with the Angelonoes.



In the first place, much as i am against the doctrines of racism (as defined by the Futurians) & even if i thot it wise to suppress them, i still wouldn't vote for an amendment that also effectively throttles the opposition.

Racism is undemocratic, but any attempt at suppression of free speech & or press is even more so, & that is exactly what we are facing despite Doc's words to the contrary. Has this country's press suppressed Nazi & Jap propaganda? Not to any great extent. The words of Tokyo Rose & Joe Goebbels are relayed to us, often without comment. The banning of any doctrine, no matter how unsavory, is a confession of fear of it, & of a lack of faith in the body politic likely to be affected by it. Unmitigated prohibition of any type is really isolationism. You can't hide from things like these - Futurians. You have to FIGHT them!

As to the free speech issue, the amendment is so worded as to prevent discussion. Also, defense of an existing institution or attitude integrated with the national culture can hardly be construed as libel. By this token discussion of political machines, abuse of cartels & monopolies, etc, would have to be banned becoz we can see their fundamental wrongness. The only thing that can be banned under our free speech laws is sedition or incitement to treason, &



even that is debatable since the Constitution recognizes the right of revolution.

I'm actually astonished at the Futurians, who have always pursued an open course, whether I disagreed with them or not. The Futurians, of all people, should be the last to thrust such an ugly, rotten thing as race persecution down into warm dark places, where it can fester & batten on minority hates & prejudices. Why not, as in the past, drag such things out into the clean light & fresh air, & expose them in all their stinking evilness?

Now to the matter of obscenity. If you had just stopped at the first period, I would have voted "yes" gladly. But why in the name of Cthulhu was the attempt made to combine this with the irrelevant "racism" issue?

& speaking of obscenity, brings us to the somewhat disgusting matter of one Langley "Stool-Pigeon" Searles. I'm ready to go all the way for eliminating filth from fapa, but I want to do it in a demo-

cratic, due-process-of-law manner, & not have to kow-tow to The Little Tin God & his narrow views. If he considers the actual existence of the fapa secondary to acceptance of his "improvements" it is plain that he cares practically nothing for our association. Well, Searles, there's the door. Close it gently from the outside.

Jeepers! I just can't get over the gall of the man; to think that he could set himself up as The Censor without so much as by-our-leave! Why, he's-he's - a second Miske, that's all!

Honestly, this guy is really a menace; beside whom Degler pales into insignificance. I suggest that if LS doesn't retract his dictatorial ukase, that steps be taken to expel him.

Such childish action is inexcusable. If i became so greatly dissatisfied with fapa, that i thot the only possible <sup>alternative to</sup> improvement was destruction, i would go elsewhere. It is evident that LS is a person used to having his own way & doesn't care much how he gets it. Ethics & sportsmanship don't appear to be in his vocabulary. He's like the little boy threatening to puncture the football if the others don't let him call the plays.

Suppose some now fan slips in some vulgarity in trying to be funny or make an impression - never having read Searles' ultimatum? What happens? Dear little Langley squeals, & pfhht! - fapa is gone like that!

Think it over . . . .

(0\_0) (0\_0) (0\_0) (0\_0) (0\_0) (0\_0) (0\_0) (0\_0) (0\_0)  
(().) (().) (().) (().) (().) (().) (().) (().) (().)

This is the 12th issue of  
Yhos, published(after a fashion)  
for the Winter 1944 fapa mailing  
on the GFU Mimoo, by the Widners,  
Art, Ruth, Pete, & Dave, 87 Colonial  
Rd, North Weymouth 91, Mass.

# "all that glitters -" A CRITIQUE OF SAPPHO

by Pvt Hilton J. Landry

Poetry lovers are familiar with the existing interpretations & definitions of poetry by scholars & poets. In keeping with the modern trend in the arts, it is very much a matter of "everyone to his own" on the subject of what constitutes poetry. I do not feel that there is any such latitude, however, in the matter of classifying the readers. Each falls into one of three categories - those who sensually indulge themselves in poetry, those who read analytically to criticize the technical & intellectual aspects of the work, or those who reach an equilibrium between the two extremes. This last contains the fewest readers because it represents the ideal condition--a frame of mind both receptive & analytical. The first represents the largest number of poetry lovers - those persons who have a rather simple awareness of the sentiment & rhythm embodied in a poem. These people know what they like, but they rarely know why.

The modern poetic trend is toward free verse as opposed to the older school of rhyme, & once the technique of free verse becomes habitual, it is easier to write than rhyme. Rhymed verse presents the problem of confining expression within the boundaries of a form, & it is indeed a skilled poet who can fully develop a poem in which the theme is not substantially modified by the rhyme & meter. I do not mean to imply by this that rhymed is superior to free verse, tho for my part I prefer the former.

There are a number of quite decent versifiers in the fan field; Chauvenet, Lowndes, Youd, Dale Hart etc, but the only mag devoted exclusively to verse is Sappho. This literary abortion, as presented to the fans in '43, was to publish fan verse that met the standard of "no amateurishness in thought or phrasing". On this basis alone it can be considered



a failure. The editors presented the artificial verses of Chapper, Kennedy, Michel, Lea, Wright, & others in a neatly arranged & illustrated mag, but the best fan versifiers, who themselves are by no means superior, were conspicuous by their absence. One might expect a publication consisting mainly of free verse to be fairly good, but in this respect Sappho is certainly an exception. It has been said that the poet writes mainly for himself. Sappho's present contributors should never have passed that stage.

Watson, in the last issue, tried to defend the literary monstrosities of Shirley Chapper, his prize contributor. He talked vaguely of the "dissection", "sterility", & "acid cleanliness" of her work like a man grasping at straws to pull himself from a quagmire. He further stated that her work was susceptible to misinterpretation by the undiscerning reader. If it is so susceptible to misinterpretation by nonentities like myself, why doesn't she thrust it upon only the discerning members of her own literary circle & thereby leave space for simpler creations which the proletariat can understand? Not only is her work unintelligible, but it is the very antithesis of everything for which the editors claimed they were striving, because it is loaded with clichés. In a word, it is strictly amateur, & could not possibly be mistaken for anything else.

The whole magazine is afflicted with the same feeble, amateurish brand of poetry. That it has survived so far, is possibly due to the plaudits of the nescient poetry-perusers who are given to ecstatically extolling poems simply because they don't know what the hell they're all about. To the discerning eye, there is not a vestige of quality to be found in anything Messrs Watson & Ebey have so far published. They would do well to read the works submitted to them more critically, & to induce a few versifiers of the caliber of Lowndes, Kadjperooni, Chauvenet, & Youd to contribute a few poems to raise the standard of the magazine. . . . .finis

# mystical union - 1944

Now for many days

I have been disappointed by drabness --

the shell of the poet's world

lies shattered around me.

Once beauty and God-truth

seemed the end of the rainbow,

now the rainbow is gone,

bare, bleak, bare, bleak, and dull the sky....

God is making no promises,

signing no contracts, has become,

o ladies and gentlemen, your foremost

cutthroat competitor.

I insist (may I really say it so strongly?)

it has become impossible to walk

as individuals down lover's lane with God,

for He - he - He (oh, shall I grant him the capital?)

he Bluebeards you to death in stuffy closets.

Mystics, regain your sense of the warm body of

Organize for bargaining with the Real. /shapes --

— HOOSAG KADJPEROONI





