

Roy Lavender

SCINTILLATION

No. 5



CLEVENTION ISSUE

SC

INGREDIENTS



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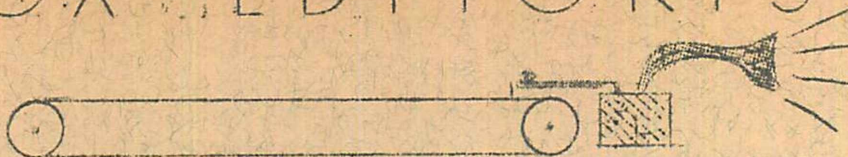
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For fans over the pond, one letter per copy! Trades welcomed although this issue will not be traded for any magazines not already on my trading list. Subscribers - This issue is #5 and is treated as one issue only, regardless of increase in price.

Letters of comment are welcomed, material is welcomed, money is welcomed. Additional copies of the cover are available. For them who wants. Please see me

Ad rates - \$1.00 per page, 50¢ 1/2 page, 25¢ 1/4 page, no classified advertisements. I will also trade ads.

VOX EDITORIS



... Which is supposed to be a serious column by the editor of this fanmag, but in which anything can happen.

Greetings fen. sC and myself are rather proud to present for your inspection, the Clevention issue of SCINTILLATION. I'm throwing all caution to the winds now and am going to brag abit about thish.

The whole furshlugginer mess started when I got out sC #4, looked at my dwindilling bank balance, and decided that I was fast leaving the fanpubbing business unless I figured some way to make money. I just didn't have enough subscriptions, and while I like to trade, I can't publish a fanmag with used fanzines. Then I got an idea. A lot of fen come to the cons, why don't I put out a special convention issue and sell it to them. If I sell enough copies I might even be able to break even.

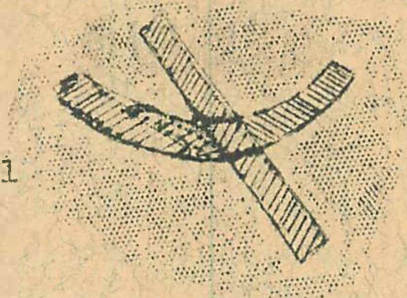
So here I was - convention 5 weeks away, with no material. I got a con report from Don Ford, a source theme from Dave Shafer (All you friends of Dave dispair not, this is readable.), an article from Dale Smith, and started typing. 50 pages was my goal, and I had to type it and do all the artwork myself, including the cover, which may account for the absence of artwork in this or any issues, besides as time went by, I just didn't have time to draw pictures. I did my own stuff in my spare time, typing on the typer of the camp I worked for up until the 19th (this is Sat. the 20th) during luch hour. There one of the little CIT's used to run around shouting: "Lookit Mark. He's writing on a typer, and COMPOSING it as he goes along. He's a writer! Gosh wow." Then I reminded a friend of mine that he owed me an article and he gave me enough stuff for two zines. So here I am, the con 1 1/2 weeks away, typing the editorial. I still have to do my peroratio and the contents page. Also the cover has to be Stenofaxed.

Concerning the cover: It's a skyline of Cinti, suggested by Don Ford. One evening, as I was bewailing the fact that I didn't have a cover yet, he suggested this. Dutifully, the next day, I borrowed our next-door neighbor's Roliflex, loaded it with Super XX film (this all for photography fans like me.), and went out to take pictures. The one used for this cover was taken from the top of Slack Street, with a yellow K2 filter, at 1/50 sec at f8. Satisfied? If you want to know how Stenofax works, drop me a line and I'll have an article on it in the next ish.

A note on price: Thish is costing you folks a quarter and is too high a price in my opinion for any one to pay for a fanzine, even tho the cover did cost over four dollars. I can bring the cost down IF I had a little help. Mainly monetary. If enough fen bought subscriptions at \$1 a piece I would be able to bring out a mag like this for only about 15¢ an ish, Stenofaxed cover and all. Might even try litho. But... Also I need help. A few kind souls have offered articles and stories, and illos, which I have eagerly accepted, but noone has offered to help do the work. Isn't there some fan who would offer to help with the stenciling and glory in a job, the most important one, well done? -ms.

MODERN RESEARCH IN PARAPSYCHOLOGY

Source theme by
David M. Shafer
Honors English IV
Walnut Hills High School
School year '54, '55



Thesis: During the first half of the twentieth century, investigators began to apply the methods and standards of modern science, and particularly the mathematics of probability, to the field of psychic research. With these methods they have made continual progress in the study of the nature of paranormal phenomena.

- I. The first problem of parapsychology was to demonstrate the existence of psi.
 - A. The British Society for Psychical Research was founded to investigate claims of telepathy.
 - B. Stanford University was the first university to attempt psychic research.
 1. In 1917 Professor John E. Coover, in charge of this experiment, published an extensive report concluding that he had not found evidence of thought transference.
 2. Later evaluation of this report indicates that evidence had been found.
 - C. Early experiments at Duke University seem to provide conclusive proof for the existence of ESP.
 1. A method of experimentation was developed which simplified mathematic evaluation of the results.
 - a. Drs. J. B. Rhine and Karl E. Zener invented a deck of cards printed with five distinct symbols.
 - b. Subjects were instructed to guess the order of the cards in the shuffled deck.
 2. Elaborate precautions were taken to prevent any clues from reaching the subjects through sensory channels.
 - a. At various times the cards were kept in opaque envelopes or behind opaque screens.

(Research in Parapsychology cont.)

- b. In distance tests they were kept at a great distance from the subjects.
3. The significance of the results were determined by statistical mathematics.
 - a. By chance alone, as the number of trials increased the percentage of hits should have approached 20%.
 - b. The probability of any consistent deviation from that percentage can be calculated. If the probability is sufficiently low, the experiment is said to offer significant evidence for the existence of ESP.
4. In one experiment, conducted under the most rigid conditions, a result was obtained which could be expected by chance about one time in 1,000,000,000,000,000.

II. Further research established various forms of psi.

- A. Telepathy was distinguished from clairvoyance.
 1. Interest at first was evenly divided between the two. Then clairvoyance began to predominate.
 2. Success in clairvoyance tests cast doubt on the existence of telepathy.
 3. Several elaborate attempts have been made to re-establish telepathy.
 4. It has been found almost impossible to devise an acceptable PT test. However, the distinction, if one exists, is probably academic.
- B. ESP seems to have no physical limitations.
 1. Tests in which the subject was separated from his target by a great distance were as successful as short distance tests.
 2. Tests with very small symbols were equally successful
 3. Tests for precognition, in which the subject named the symbols before the cards were shuffled, were also successful.
- C. The mind was found to be capable of psychokinesis.
 1. Experiments demonstrated the ability of the mind to influence mechanically released dice.
 2. Experiments involving the placement of falling objects provide opportunity to measure this ability.
- D. Psychic powers have been found in other species.

(Research in Parapsychology cont.)

1. The homing abilities of certain animals suggest psychic explanation.
 - a. The ability of a pigeon to return to a home loft has not been explained in terms of "normal" abilities.
 - b. Tests of this ability have ruled out one counter hypothesis after another.
2. Experiments indicate the ability of a man to influence cats mentally.

III. Results of other experiments suggest something of the nature of psychic experiences.

A. Psi is unconscious.

1. In laboratory experimentation, the conviction associated with spontaneous experiences is absent.
2. Subjects are unaware of the quality of their scoring.

B. Many conditions are known to inhibit psi.

1. The interest of the subject is essential for good performance.
 - a. Enthusiasm on the part of the experimenter improves scoring.
 - b. The offer of a reward may stimulate high scores
 - c. As interest wanes during an experiment, characteristic scoring curves are produced.
 - i. Scoring tends to decline during the progress of a test or series.
 - ii. If the subject is aware that the end of a test is approaching, a slight improvement in scoring may appear.
 - iii. The QD in records of psychokinesis tests offers the most effective evidence for the existence of that ability.
2. Drugs affect psi much as they affect other mental functions.

C. Certain types of errors occur consistently in ESP tests.

1. Some subjects score below the level expected by chance.
 - a. Subjects opposed to the idea of psi generally produce negative deviations.

(Research In Parapsychology cont.)

- b. Others consistently confuse one symbol with another.
- 2. There is a tendency to confuse a given target with a neighboring one.
 - a. Both forward and backward displacement have been found.
 - b. Reinforcement occurs far more often than single displacement results would suggest.
- IV. There are many opportunities for further research.
 - A. Although the conditions which inhibit psi are known, those which produce it are more elusive.
 - B. Laboratory methods may be applicable to the solution of other problems previously restricted to philosophy and religion, such as the question of survival of bodily death.

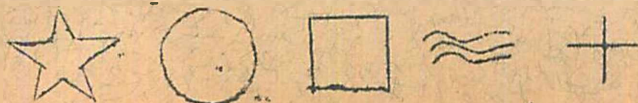
MODERN RESEARCH IN PARAPSYCHOLOGY

i

The "supernatural" is perpetually interesting. Innumerable "superstitions" and "taboos" have been the topics of the folklore of all localities and the inspiration for a large part of the world literature. "Miracles" and "revelations" form the basis for the oldest religious beliefs. Science, on the other hand, depends on, and therefore insists on the interpretation of all phenomena in terms of a pattern of "natural" laws. Any evidence which does not conform to this pattern must be the result of some undiscovered principle, coincidence, or faulty observation.

Despite this attitude the old beliefs persist, with continual claims of evidence to support them. In 1882 the British Society for Psychical Research was organized to investigate evidence for the existence of telepathy. The first tests for psychic ability by a university were held under Professor John E. Coover of Stanford University. In 1917 he published a six-hundred page report, with the conclusion that he had not found telepathic ability in his subjects. It is interesting to note that this report was later reevaluated by others who concluded that evidence for such an ability actually had been found.

It was in 1930 that the experiments at Duke University began under Professor William McDougall and Drs. J. B. Rhine, Helge Lundholm, and Karl Zener. Drs. Rhine and Zener invented a deck of twenty-five cards which, with some changes, is still used today. Each card is printed with one of the five symbols shown below.



(Research in Parapsychology cont.)

In the "closed" deck there are five cards with each of the five symbols. An "open" deck, in which the number of cards printed with each of the five symbols is unspecified, is also used.

For a beginning test of clairvoyance the following was most often used: after the subject was shown the deck of cards and the nature of the test was explained to him, the deck was shuffled and cut and placed face down on the table at which he was seated. (the precautions taken against sensory cues will be mentioned later.) The experimenter was seated opposite, with recording materials at hand. The subject was asked to try to identify the top card, and when he had made his call by naming one of the symbols, this was recorded and the card removed. But it was not looked at. The next card was called, recorded, and removed, and so on until the deck was finished. The cards in the deck were then checked against the call record to discover the number of successes or hits. The subject was encouraged as far as possible, and after the deck was again shuffled and cut another run was made in similar fashion.

If such a test showed that the subject had a tendency to guess the right symbol, it first had to be assumed that the tendency was due to some sort of sensory cue. Precautions were taken: the cards were kept in sealed envelopes, they were separated from the subject by an opaque screen, and, in clairvoyance tests, their order was not known to the experimenter. But the best evidence is provided by distance tests. It is absurd to suggest that the results of the experiment in which Dr. Carlo Marchesi in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, guessed the order of cards in Durham, North Carolina, can be explained in terms of sensory perception. The only explanation is that of "extra sensory perception" (ESP), i.e. telepathy or clairvoyance.

Unfortunately ESP is nowhere near 100% accurate, and the hypothesis that the results are due to "coincidence" or "chance" must be tested by statistical evaluation. This evaluation is based on the assumption that, if "chance" alone is operating, the subject should be able to guess correctly about one card out of five, averaging about five "hits" in each run of twenty-five cards. However, the number of hits may be expected to deviate from this expected average, and the amount of a certain probable or "standard deviation" (SD) can be determined. The probability that any individual guess will be right -- in this case, one fifth -- the probability that the guess will be wrong -- four fifths -- and the number of guesses made are multiplied together. The SD is the square root of the product; with ESP cards it is twice the square root of the number of runs. The actual deviation is then divided by the SD, yielding the critical ratio (CR). The higher the CR, the less probable the results. The Journal of Parapsychology considers a CR of 2.33, which would occur by "chance" one time in fifty, "significant" -- i.e. fairly conclusive evidence that the results reported are extrachance.

(Research in Parapsychology cont.)

An experiment conducted in 1933 by Drs. Rhine and J.G.Pratt, with Hubert Pearce, a student, will indicate the quality of the evidence which has been found for the existence of ESP.

Pratt handled the target pack of cards in one building (now the Social Science Building on the Duke Campus), while Pearce was located in a reading cubicle ... at the back of the Duke University Library. Thus he was situated approximately 100 yards away from the cards....

Before Pearce departed for his cubicle, the two men synchronized their watches. After he left, Pratt shuffled the cards and placed the pack at a left-hand corner of his table. At the agreed-upon starting time Pratt removed the top card and, without looking at it, placed it face down on a book in the middle of the table and left it there for a minute. He then removed the card, still keeping it inverted, to the right-hand corner of the table and immediately picked up the next card.... This routine was continued until all the cards were transferred ... to the other corner.... Pratt then recorded the order of the cards in duplicate and, ... before he met Pearce, sealed one copy in an envelope for delivery to me (Rhine).

Pearce also made a duplicate record of his calls, sealed it, and deposited it with Rhine before checking with Pratt. Two runs a day were made. In the total series of twelve runs, including three hundred cards, Pearce made 119 hits, of which sixty were expected "by chance". The deviation was 59; the SD, 6.93; the CR, 8.5. "A score as large as this one would be expected to occur by chance only once in approximately a quadrillion (1,000,000,000,000,000) of such experiments; we knew, therefore, that every reasonable man would join us in dismissing the chance explanation."

-0-

This paper will be concluded in the next issue of SC.

* * * * *

RAINY COME HOME WE FOUND YOUR COPY OF MAD

I'll fix you you ungrateful wretches... I'll go off and edit a prozino!

Ghost writers in the sky.

Physics is a wonderful thing to study. One day after our instructor had told us about wire passing through a magnetic field generating a current, I sat right down and invented the electric generator.

The Trenchcoat

by David Teimpidis

SCIENTIFIC WEAPONS

Regional Director
James Blankly

-Private

In the outer office, the steady drone of the typewriters was slowly lulling Jim to sleep. After all, it was the most useful way to waste a hot August afternoon - but not in an office. Jim pulled himself out of his reverie and got up to raise the window behind his desk. If a breeze would come along, Jim would not be one to mind it.

As he turned around, Jim was completely startled by a large trenchcoat standing in front of him. At the bottom of the trenchcoat, two wool pants-legs showed. A head was set on the top with an expressionless look on its face. The quiet and unexpected arrival of this stranger completely broke Jim's emotional stability and sent it hurtling in little pieces to the rug. Jim gathered enough pieces together to stammer a childish "What do you want?"

A pair of wattery yellow eyes were regarding Jim steadfastly, and, as he watched them, the irises seemed to spin.

The man in the trenchcoat said "Mr. Blankly?" with hardly any hint of interrogation in his voice, as if this ~~was~~ just a just a formality.

Jim was inwardly angry at the stranger. Not so much for invading his privacy, but for making him look and feel like a bumbling idiot. What's wrong with him? Can't he read the sign on the door?

Jim answered in an independent tone of voice, "Certainly."

"Mr. Blankly," the man said in his expressionless voice, "I am extremely interested in the new weapon on which you are working. It's known as project 'Piecemeal' I believe."

Project 'Piecemeal'! No one, not a soul besides he and seven other men knew about it. How the devil did this yellow-eyed intruder know? Jim needed no more. He pressed the small button under his desk. Immediately the center became alive with guards, all running to one destination- the office of the regional director.

Inside, a very confused James Blankly was looking around the room, again feeling very foolish. His visitor had left as discreetly as he had entered.

When the guards arrived, Jim began wishing he had gone with him.

(The Trenchcoat cont.)

"False alarm, boys." Jim flashed a toothy smile and attempted to pass it off rather lightly. After all, he couldn't tell them the truth - a man in a trenchcoat with yellow eyes - impossible!

As Jim walked home that night, the visitor began to prey on his mind. A Red? His tactics were too open for those of the Reds.. But what else?

Jim suddenly stopped thinking on the subject, for he had the feeling that a pair of eyes were watching him. He turned around instinctively and saw the pair of eyes - watery yellow eyes, the irises of which seemed to spin.

"What do you want." Jim was now convinced that he was a Red.

"Mr. Blankly," The man talked slowly, pronouncing each syllable carefully. "I am extremely interested in project 'Piecemeal' : As you well know; this new weapon is extremely destructive. I, in the interests of, shall we say, a 'certain firm' would like to buy this weapon." Jim's blood was boiling. "It will be up to you to name the price, and the money will be given to a charity of your choosing, or deposited in the United States treasury."

Audacity! Colossal audacity! Jim lost his temper, called the man a number of names, and walked home with an extremely satisfied feeling. It's not every day you can tell off a communist.

That night Jim pushed away from the table after the third desert with a settled feeling in his mind, however a rather unsettled feeling in his stomach. On his way in to read the paper, the phone rang. Jim answered it and his mood changed completely. All that had welled up inside of him against communism blurted out. The voice on the other side of the phone listened to his anger at first peacefully, then it became peeved. The man with the yellow eyes became extremely peeved.

"Mr Blankly. I do not have the time or inclination to listen to what you think of one of your childish political parties. I must leave soon and must have that information with me when I go. You cannot be so stupid as to sell your world for the sake of a secret weapon."

A click on the other side of the line. Jim said goodnight to Nan and went to bed; to lie in the dark and think. Something in his sub-conscious somewhere in his mind was the answer..... but where? Jim gazed at the window into the summer sky, dotted with millions of stars. As he gazed, Jim felt closer to the answer than before. What had the man said on the phone?

The sky....millions of suns shining their light upon him was it possible?

The problem was solved ... and Jim was asleep.

Jim sat in his office the next morning uneasily. It was warm-hot-swelting. Jim turned around to open the window and, as if by cue, the trenchcoat was again in front of his desk.

(The Trenchcoat cont.)

"Mr. Blankly, have you come to a decision?"

Jim could not help stare into the hypnotic yellow eyes. They held a spell over him that made him feel he should have been playing with building blocks. He saw the man was waiting for an answer.

"No."

"Perfect stillness. The yellow eyes kept staring down at him - probing the innermost reaches of his mind.

Jim suddenly blurted out: "Where are you from?"

The man seemed to sense what he meant. He backed up and sat down in an easy chair ... then spoke.

"It is extremely unfortunate that your mind has bridged the wall that the average mind would not. It is imperative that steps be taken to keep this from the rest of your people."

Jim could see what was to happen. He was calm, unusually calm. He now looked with a sense of maturity into the yellow eyes.

"Could I have one small favor before these 'Imperitive steps' are taken?"

"Yes - certainly." a calm reply.

Jim reached for the phone.

Nan Blankly ran down two flights of stairs to answer the telephone. She perkily picked up the receiver.

"Hello ... Jim! Why are you calling at this time of day?"

Jim felt worse than he'd ever felt in his life.

"Nan ... I ... just wanted to tell you ... I don't think I'll be home for dinner tonight.

-0-

Editor's note: The reason that I picked this story for inclusion in SC is mainly for the ending. I have never seen an ending of this type in all the time I have been dealing with stories of the 'we are being visited' theme. I hope you liked it. Next issue I hope to have an article by Dave.

- - - - -

And then this girl in the record shop was taking money from some boys and not giving them any records...

That settles it, I have to get some one to write stories that'll fill up the whole stencil. Ever since my brains dribbled out I haven't been able to think of any-(cont. next inter-
lineation)

THE RETREAT OF RELIGION

by Dale Tarr

Reprinted from Vol. 1 No. 3 of THE SCIENCE FICTION WORLD.

To the regular followers of the various churches who are not inclined to question or look into the different religious maneuvering and pronouncements; it might appear that religious organization is, as it claims to be, a reliable leader and a guide of human activity. The contrary is true, as any student of history can readily ascertain.

The retreat of religion has taken place along three fronts: political, scientific, and moral, and has retreated progressively as man has clambered out of the morass of ignorance in which he has been so well-steeped by those self-styled guides.

It is a matter of historical observance that man leads and religious organizations follow him reluctantly and at quite a distance. Furthermore, human concepts of justice and right are the results of his own social nature and reasoning powers and are not derived in any way whatsoever from "divine revelation".

Politically the retreat of religion began about the time of the Renaissance when the Catholic Church approximated the height of its power. The great schism was a contributing cause which erupted from within over differences of interpretation of the same book. The Vatican was reduced from almost complete control over Italy and a strong hand which it kept in other European governments by various kings who, for one reason or another, divested themselves of the Pope's interference. Charles of Spain wrested the Papal States from the Pope, and a king of England withdrew from Catholicism to establish the Church of England because the Pope would not consent to the king's divorcing his wife in favor of another woman.

The removing of the church control from government was extremely beneficial, resulting as it did in increases *laissez faire* for the scientists who would otherwise have been kept in disrepute by the church. In this "New World" where people supposedly came to enjoy freedom of religion there was hardly such a thing for a century or more. Church prelates controlled the government and people of the various colonies, and they laid down a variety of ridiculous laws concerning Sunday, and also forbid "the drinking, smoking, and chewing of tobacco". The church's own indescribable edicts and laws helped mostly to lead toward one of the most beneficial events that ever happened -- the separation of church and state, a doctrine that should be continually observed but which is under constant attack by religious organizations in one way or another. One of which is their infiltration of Bible instruction into the public schools.

Scientifically, the position of the churches was malignant. The churches have been forced to retreat from substantially all of their scientific positions as humanity led the way and subsequent leaders of the church have repudiated the attitudes of their

(The Retreat of Religion cont.)

predecessors even though both knew the things the book said and knew them equally well.

Christianity tied itself to sinking forms of science because they were more in accord with what the prelates deduce from the biblical record. Consequently we find Aristotle pitted against Bacon, Aquinas against Erasmus, and Galen versus Vesalius. The prelate's cry became: "Sound learning -- the safe older studies."

During the middle ages and up into the Renaissance the churches held fast to such doctrines as -- the bones are the nucleus of the resurrection body and as such are uncorruptable -- the touch of kings -- filthiness denoted humility, and abasement of the body added to the glory of G-d, while indignity to the body secured salvation of the soul. In that connection it is worthwhile to notice the dirtiness of various religious characters such as St. Sylvia, who never washed any more of her person than her fingertips, and St. Simon who lived in such intolerable filth that it was impossible to visit him.

Medicine in particular had a very bad time of it. Embryo physicians were confronted with a complex of obstacles. The famed St. Ambrose declared that: "the precepts of medicine are contrary to celestial science, watching, and prayer"; canon law declared the precepts of medicine contrary to divine knowledge; church authorities accepted and strengthened the concept that disease is supernatural in origin resulting from national sins and other such impossible sources, even citing examples to show the sinfulness of resorting to medicine instead of trusting to saintly intercession. Add to all this the established fetishism of the church organization and the "relics of the saints". Even the smallest parish church had "relics", and money literally poured into their coffers from the gullible public. Different concerns which drew large sums of money from their possessions of these relics naturally looked with disfavor on a science which discredited their investments. For over a thousand years under "Christianity", surgery was considered dishonorable, and during that time Jews and Mohammedans considerably aided the advance of medicine. Many Arab contributions remain of value to the present day.

Hygiene and sanitation were held back. The Jews, who were a comparatively clean people and not so liable to the ravages of wide-spread disease, often found themselves blamed for the assertion of scourges which struck Europe at one time or another. The Jews were charged with everything from poisoning wells to being witches, and if you think Hitler was bad for the Jews -- well he had plenty of precedent. Vaccination and inoculation were fought by the prelates as being interference with G-d's will. Around the middle eighteen hundreds an epidemic broke out in Montreal and health authorities there began a program of vaccination. After the first telling blows from the disease, the Protestants began to accept treatment but the Catholics, exhorted by their priests and bishops held out until it became obvious to even the most deluded where right and wrong lay. Catholics died right and left until their higher-ups gave in and let the health department continue its work.

(The Retreat of Religion cont.)

Most fans are acquainted with the historical struggles of astronomy, and the enforced recant of Galileo; with the dreadful religious campaigns against witches, heretics and so forth, so I'll skip over a lot of bloodshed and conclude with a couple of paragraphs on morals.

The main fault of the churches in moral doctrine was that the authorities tried to place every iota of human life in a moral cast. Where they should probably have been content with the promulgation of the ten commandments at the most, they endeavored to make even peoples' dress a matter of morals. Everyone is familiar with the past objection of churches to dancing, cardplaying, shorter skirts, smoking, etc. The church did not pause to take such matters up in even so much as the light of reason. Everything was morals. You see where the church wound up.

The outstanding truth is that religion based on divine revelation is a retrogressive force because it stems from man in his past ages. Religion follows the human advance instead of leading it, and follows only because its living depends on keeping up with mankind. Man's social intellect is alone responsible for all the ills, all the good, all the rhyme and reason of the world of men and women.

*

IF all the people in the world
Deny a fact with all their brains,
And ban its teaching everywhere --
The fact remains -- the fact remains.

---C. R. T.

-O-

DEPARTMENT OF FAMILIAR-SOUNDING THINGS

The following was written by a camper at the camp at which I worked this summer, and was printed in the camp newspaper:

GYRO-GORDON

SPACE CADET

People are dying. Gyro-Gordon does not know why. He calls the captain. "People are dying. I do not know why." The captain said: "Here is your crew and you blast off in five minutes." They go up and up. They see the planet Seroona. They land. A man holds them prisoner in a machine, but the machine explodes at (sic) the man. Gyro-Gordon goes home. The End.

Shades of Captain Video! I can see that this will be the plot of the next science-fiction epic produced in Hollywood. Just notice what the machine does, and the way that Gyro-Gordon effectively stops the what-do-you-call-it that is killing all those people.

Has H.L.Gold been running barefoot thru set type again?

FANNISH INTERLUDE

the picnic

On the eve of August 13, Saturday, the Cincinnati Fantasy Group had a picnic in Sharon Woods, a park near Don Ford's house. I couldn't get out of the house before 8:00 and the party started exactly at eight. I was worried that I couldn't find the bunch. Getting to the woods in record time, I located Don's car and found him and his wife sitting on a lone table, staring out into space.

"Are you two the only ones here?"

"Yep."

"Where are the others?"

"Donnow."

"Where's our host? He should be here."

" 's not."

We decided to wait till nine and then go home. For half an hour we discussed the cover on SC and taking photos at the con. At 8:45 our host, Tom Eickhoff, and his wife came. At the same time Hal and Nancy Shapiro arrived. This was unusual because they were usually fashionably late to all meetings, rolling in at about 1 A.M. Tom passed out potato chips and made the mistake of offering them to me first. I grabbed the bag and hung on to it as if it were gold. The others came over to me and after much pleading, I gave them a few chips to share amongst themselves. Dale Tarr, Oscar and his wife, Mary Ellen came next. Tom got out the hot dogs and other stuff and we marched about 50 yards into the wood's interior to the grill. Tom then brought out a portable grill ("So simple a child can operate it.") and after about fifteen minutes of continual cursing, got it set up. He poured charcoal into it and on that poured the contents of a bag that stated that the tablets inside would start to burn in seconds. They did all right, all over the ground. We piled wood and paper underneath and got the charcoal started from below. They then set a pot of shrimps to cook on it and Tom and Don went over to make the fire in the big grill. In the meantime the table was set and drinks were passed around. We gazed at the sumptuous spread (That is not the correct spelling but I'm too lazy to correct it. Too lazy even to type 'That's '.) and drooled: olives, cole slaw, two kinds of pickles, cheese, tomatoes, meats. I took orders for hot dogs, got one, cooked three, and sat down near the Shapiros to eat and talk. We did nothing but eat for about thirty minutes and then everyone pushed away his plate and started eating shrimps and/or drinking coffee that was cooked right there in a large cauldron. Tom had brought along his book on flying saucers, and we sat around looking at the photographs and laughing ourselves silly. We then made plans to write our own saucer story, complete with Kinsey report of the inhabitants of such.

Then Hal grabbed a paper plate and began writing a limerick on it in circular and spiral motion. It had us all dizzy by the time we had finished it. Nan got in the mood and grabbing a paper plate, began to draw something that had all the males drooling. If I can I'll put it in the next issue. Don got a napkin and jotted down something short for me. Then Dale began offering me articles. He had me building Tarr Issues before I

(F.I.cont.)

remembered that Dale seldom completes what he talks about. I told him that the ideas were fine, and if he would write them I would be happy to print them.

I got a brilliant idea after that. I suggested that the Shapiros come over to my house where I could give them their copies of SC, as they had appeared in it, and then we could go over to their house where Hal could give me some of his old fanmags to reprint from. The two agreed and at 10:45 we left Sharon Woods and the happily drunk Group and went to my place. There they read the SC, ate cocktail crackers, and wrote an interlineation for me. (It comes after Dave's article)

At 11:30 I suggested that we get over to their house and get the magazines before it was too late. We had a rough time driving through traffic that didn't seem to know where it was going, and driving around the circle in a little no outlet street until we were all dizzy.

After getting upstairs, Hal made a heroic attempt to find where he put copies of ICE, and finally found the first one. He also came up with some copies of HALUCINATIONS, which he published for FAPA. After finding the mags he promptly sat down in a rocking chair and began to read through to us with a tome of "Gosh was I brilliant in those days." While he was reading I collected 15 quire of stencils and a bottle of correction fluid. When Hal saw that, he knew that his chance had come to unload all of the extra stuff in his apartment on me. A stack of duplicate fanzines came to me, and some of his old articles. Nan asked me if I could use a rubber stamp saying - Printed Matter Only -- Return Postage Gt'd - and when I said I could she began to toss rubber stamps at me. One of them read B.S.A.W. and when I asked Hal what it meant, he dived into a drawer and got out a card, typed my name on it, and took 25¢ from me. Before I could say Goshwowboyoboy I was a member (#131) of the Bachelor's StF Association of the World. Oh well.

Nancy then cot out a book of poetry and illustrations called: "The Art Of Rosylin Norton", and urged me to look at the pictures. It was privately printed by the illustrator who must have been more than a little nuts. I find it impossible to describe the illos in the English language because everything I say about them will be only partly right and mostly wrong. If you're interested, Hal did a book review of it in an issue of SPACESHIP about three years ago. Quite an impressive book.

After that we went into the living room and Nancy took out a letter from Palmer telling us about his plans for O.W. "Large Size", "100,000 word novels", "Six color covers". He casually informed us that he had a wonderful secret, and we spent a few minutes wondering what. Was he going to have a baby? Finally going to print SVEN? I guess we just have to wait.

After we had stopped laughing I looked at my watch, which read an early 12:30, and decided to go home. Thanking the Shapiros for all they had done for me, I hopped into my Chrysler and made it home in 10 minutes. What an evening.

Fanzine Immortality ^{by} Dale R. Smith

The fanzine is a unique phenomenon associated primarily with Science Fiction. No other type of literature is attended to by such a mass of amateur publications. However, the era of the Fanzine will certainly terminate long before the end of this century.

As the problems of space flight are met and solved, Science Fiction will be gradually absorbed into the main stream of literature. Fans and Fanzines will disappear. But a few Fanzines will survive to be studied by scholars of the future. Will yours be included?

Many fanzine editors may express indifference concerning the preservation of their work. Such an attitude is probably false sophistication. Editors should be aware that this Fanzine phenomenon can better be analysed if a larger number of units are available to literary researchers of 2055 A.D.

If, however, such an appeal fails to stir certain ink-spattered individuals, they will certainly be interested in more recognition and more money. And these may well derive from the placement of a publication in spots where it has a chance to escape early extinction.

Copyrighting a fanzine is a sure method of preservation, as it requires placing copies on file in the Library of Congress. There is a small cost involved but most editors could well afford to copyright at least one issue each year. Write to: Register of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington 25, D.C., for the necessary forms.

At only the expense of postage the extra copies of each issue may be sent where the probability will be high that they will be placed in a permanent file. Public and University libraries should be considered in this connection. Sending your copy to the Periodical Department is the best way initially. Then write and ask if they would like to receive future issues. You might even get a few subs this way.

It may also be possible to have your fanzine listed in several of the reference lists used by all of the major libraries. Again, this may result in added subs. Send copies to the following and you may be listed:

Bulletin of Bibliography
F. W. Taxon Co., Inc.
33-91 Francis Street
Boston 15, Mass

The William-Fredrick Press
313 West 35th Street
New York 1, N.Y.

Ulrich Periodicals Directory
R. R. Bowker Company
62 West 45th Street
New York 36, N.Y.

The H. W. Wilson Company
Vertical File Service
950 University Avenue
New York 52, N.Y.

The circulation of fanzines outside of fandom will develop additional interest in Science Fiction. And if this additional circulation includes public and institutional libraries, the Fanzine may be a step nearer immortality.



There's a weed outside on my lawn, a big one. In the past few weeks it's grown to the awesome height of one hundred and twenty five centimeters and shows no sign of stopping yet. It's threatening to kill all the grass in the yard. I believe that it can and will; it already has a wide circle of dead grass around it. I should go out and spray it, but it doesn't seem to do any good. In fact, the darned thing seems to thrive on weed killer. Every time I spray it it grows another centimeter or two, and another circle of grass succumbs to its reaching roots.

It's funny looking, Maybe it's poison ivy. Does poison ivy have three or five leaves? I don't seem to remember; must look it up some day. It grew a little more today. We had a lot of rain, and it's been catching flies. I'll go out and look at it again.

Well, I touched it. It isn't poison ivy. I rubbed one of the leaves on my hand and went back inside to let it incubate. No poison ivy. Not for me.

The scales finally stopped falling off, and my hands have turned white again. Just when I was getting used to blue too. Oh well, that weed must go.

Chopped it down and removed the roots. Cut it up and threw it away. Let the city deal with it.

There are two of them now, sitting quietly in ever-spreading circles of dead grass, and they're growing. 2-4-D this time.

One quarter of the grass died as a result. The weeds are still growing. 200 and 199 centimeters respectively, and their trunks are several centimeters in diameter. Maybe I ought to tell someone.

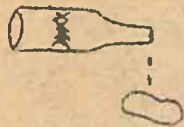
Fire this time. Burned them down and sent their ashes packing down the disposal. Had to call the repair man later, but it was worth it. They're gone, do you hear me? GONE!

I've got three of 'em now. The lawn looks like the Sahara in Summer, but what oases. I'll get them yet.

Ha! I poured acid over them this time. Burned out every little root and tendril. Got them all over me though. I'm all right, must have gained an immunity for that disease. No more blue. This time it's green. Oh well, it's a small price to pay for relief from those monsters. Every last spoor down the drain.

There is a weed in my basement...

MIDWESTCON VI



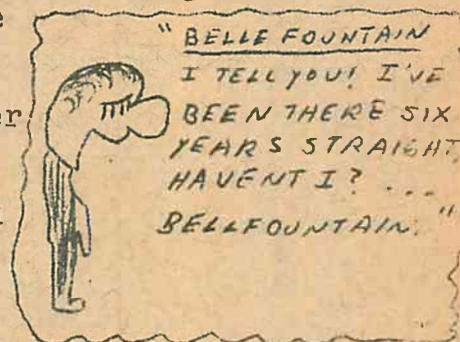
by DON FORD

FRIDAY

Most all con reports fall into a definite pattern: Through necessity the articles use the first person in telling, and tales of transportation difficulties are legendary. The "Dash Con Report" in HYPHEN was a masterpiece. So, if this report sounds a bit familiar, don't blame me remember you've read the same thing over and over. The fans are familiar; only the con has been changed to protect their identity.

Ready? Here goes.

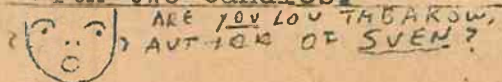
Left Sharonville on the afternoon of July 10th in a miserable driving rain. Our luck had held out! No other con can boast of as many successive rains as the MIDWESTCONS. Arriving in Bellefontain around seven P.M., we stopped by the Karus Motel and saw the Tuckers and the Tabakows very briefly and were clued as to the location of any activities going on later in the evening. Then, out to Indian Lake where we'd rented a cottage that week-end, sharing it with the Skirvins. Next followed the moving in; eating supper, unpacking the liquor supply, and heading back into Bellefontain, again.



About 50-60 people gathered at Doc Barrett's place that evening. It was a rather smoky scene after a couple of hours with all those chain smokers in the crowd. I'd brought along some color slides of previous years and showed them to Bob & Fern Tucker, Lynn & Carole Hickman, Marty Greenberg, Evelyn Gold, Bob Bloch, Bea Mahaffey, etc. At the same time I had an opportunity to use my new camera and take stereos at various unguarded moments and angles.

By appearing to concentrate on people in the immediate foreground, those across the room never suspect I'm going to take their picture until I suddenly stand up and the flash reflects blindingly into their eyes. This sudden glare, I've found, blinds my victims just long enough for me to get a good running head start. Steve Schultheis, Gerald Steard, and myself were flashing bulbs rather heavily that first night. However, it made a good excuse for the many red eyes of the next morning.

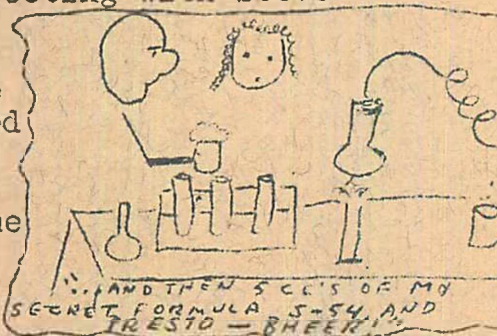
I did catch one touching moment in stereo Lou Tabakow, author of SVEN, replacing the lamps he'd broken a year before with two candles.



(Midwestcon cont.)

It was rather frustrating to try to sit in one place too long, that night, as you kept getting the feeling that you might be missing something going on in the other room or in a far corner. Doc Smith was at one end of the room with a crowd around him. At the other end, the Cleveland bunch, Ben Jason, Frank Andrasovsky, Steve Schultheis, Nick and Noreen Falasca, etc, were giving the latest news on the Clevelation. One felt you had to keep moving and sample bits of the conversation here and there, rather than gorging yourself on the discussion of one particular group.

Jim Holtel and Earl Perry talked collecting with Steve Schultheis and found out that Marion Mallinger is a graduate pharmacist. Since Jim is going to College of Pharmacy at the University of Cincinnati, he was interested in talking "shop". Bill Grant was like a kid at Xmas with his new Bolex H-8. He simply sat and looked at it for a long time and then said: "I can't drink too much, tonite; I've got to go back to the motel and read the instruction manual on this." Bloch and Tucker went on for five minutes needling each other by giving the punch line of dirty jokes. Surprisingly enough I know most of them. My education hasn't been too neglected.



Lynn Hickman and I discussed the merits of various whiskies and I committed a sacrilege by saying I didn't think Jack Daniel's tasted much different or any better than most whiskeys. In fact, I liked it mixed; which is another in pardonable sin. Along about 1:30 AM, Doc got a call saying Fran Lipton and Rita Grossman had arrived from Toronto. We got in Doc's car and picked them up, bringing them back to his place. There, amidst the sudden hush, they recounted their experiences in getting there. It seems like the ticket agent had sold seven more tickets than the airplane had seats, and they had to miss their first plane. Then by successive stages they got to Columbus, Ohio; where they took a taxi to Bellefontaine. The taxi ride of 70 miles was a final cap to their story. Two good looking girls with money !!!! No longer did they sit alone

Things broke up at Doc's around 3AM with Doc turning off the master switch to the lights several times to sort of give out the hint. It didn't work too well, so we started turning out the individual lamps, starting with the ones in the farthest corner and picking up the glasses, ash trays, etc. Then, we sort of got behind them and started herding, and finally with fixed bayonets we got the bastards out.

Stan, Roy, Bloch, Kyle, and myself then attempted to do a bit of K.P. and try to straighten up the mess a bit. By the time that was done and the various "dead soldiers" removed, it was getting a bit late! Fen can really drink. Drink anything. As long as it's free. They sort of remind me of the G.I.'s I knew back in WW II



SO YOU'RE THE
GIRLS FROM
TORONTO?



IT ALL STARTED WHEN
THEY BEGAN
SWEEPING THE
ASH TRAYS.

(Midwestcon cont.)

Next stop for Stan Skirvin and I was Karus Motel where things were quiet, and then to a restraunt for food. Time we got back to our cottage at the lake, dawn was coming up. The fishermen were starting out and the birds were making so much noise we wondered if we'd get to sleep. We did.

SATURDAY

Up at 9:30. After 4½ hrs. sleep I felt surprisingly strong enough to get the energy to pound on the wall of my bedroom and awaken Stan in the adjoining one. His fears of the wall crashing down on him were great enough to arouse him and to mutter stifled oaths. This he managed to do wuite well, considering he slept face down under a pillow. The results were sort of like a duck under water; but enunciated quite clearly. More so to anyone who has had military service or ever worked in a factory.

After breakfast we headed into Bellefontain and to the Karus Motel. There, we met the Canadians and ran them through the photo mill. I wanted to get a number of "portrait" shots and managed to get them one by one. While I was shooting them head on, Stan was busy with his camera and taking their photos from the side angle. I ran off 15 shots in about that many minutes not great works of art; but simply snap shots of the fans. Makes Eastman Kodak happy anyway. Before we'd finished the Canadians, the Cleveland group showed up too and another fan group was run through the mill. Come to the Midwestcon next year and we'll show all of these slides to you.

Next stop was the Hotel Ingalls where an informal session was started by Boc Barrett as a sort of round table discussion of science fiction. Sam Moskowitz, Evelyn Gold, and Marty Greenberg led a spirited and at times almost heated discussion on what's wrong with S-F. Sam saying the pros didn't run their mags in a businesslike manner. Gold saying S-F was no longer in a slump; Marty saying there was a slimmer profit margin in publishing, today.



"S-F IS OUT
OF ITS
SLUMP"

Most agreed that the fans probably only represented 5,000 copies in sales of mags. Said that the average reader didn't understand the more advanced S-F; that Howard Browne was smart in starting a trend to more adventure type stories. Marty said the CONAN series were consistant sellers. Hardly a week went by without CONAN books being sold. They were the steadiest book sales he had. Said he wanted to thank the fans for their interest in the book stores; that he felt the fans kept the book stores and the libraries keeping separate shelves for S-F and re-ordering books.

Larry Shaw announced the fact that he'll be editing a new mag which'll come out in September, 35¢, Bi-monthly, digest sized. Name not revealed, but said it had been used for a fan mag title years ago. (FANTASTIQUE ?) He said Harlan Ellison has a story in the first issue. All in all, this whole discussion period was very interesting. Many said it was the most interesting that they'd heard for years, as the pros sort of let their hair down and talked in a frank manner, straight from the sholder.

(Midwestcon cont.)

The pros said that crud sold; that S-F in the slicks was falling off. Many fans joined into the discussion too. George Young said that he felt the art work was a possible cause of lack of interest in stories. A poor illustration didn't create any desire within him to read a story and he felt many others felt the same way. The recent trend of the MAGAZINE OF FANTASY to include a few illustrations, now, was noted.

No body answered the question, satisfactorily, as to whether these 5,000 fans represented a true barometer of the desires of the rest of the readers of S-F mags. That was sort of skirted around. However, when the mags wanted to go all out, they did do the things the fans had wanted for years: trimmed edges, slick paper, better illustrations, colored illustrations inside, fan mag reviews, readers' columns, etc. Finally, by a show of brute force and a strong voice, Doc Barrett managed to shut off the flow of conversation long enough to announce that we'd better break off until 7:30 that evening and get a bite to eat.

Just about everyone headed for the B & C restraurant near Indian Lake. They must've had a pretty good croud, there, as Stan Skirvin sold 44 Banquet Tickets. Deciding that this was a good spot for shutter bugging, I went from table to table shooting the various fan groups. It sort of pinned my subjects down in one spot long enough for me to take their pictures. All fans seem to think we're like Bill Grant and have a movie camera.

At 8:00 we were still at the B & C and not too much worried over the 7:30 deadline. Several made the comment that we might as well hold it at the B & C instead of the Hotel Ingalls. However, by 8:30 we managed to get things started, which is about par for convention schedules.

Dave Kyle told a bit of the back ground of conventions and led up to a pitch on the coming bid by New York for next year's site. This bid will be made at Cleveland under the new rotation plan and he told who the various officers would be; what clubs were behind it, and then added something about each club. I mentioned the TRANS-ATLANTIC FAN FUND (TAFF) and showed a cover donated by OTHER WORLDS that was being raffled off for TAFF. Ken and Pamela Bulmer are coming over from England to the CLEVENTION. Ken is being sponsored by TAFF. An election will be held this fall to choose the U.S. or Canadian fan to go to England next Easter ... sponsored by TAFF. Huckstering began on the spot with the selling of raffle tickets on this cover. The different fan groups pitched in and assisted for two days in selling these, and \$25.00 was realized from this one cover.

Next, Bill Grant showed movies of previous World Cons and Midwestcons that he'd attended. A tape from Ted Carnell was to have been palyed by Roy Lavender on the tape recorder for the assemblage, but he'd disappeared and the announcement was made that it would be played tomorrow. Situation normal. That was the end of the Saturday night session of any formality, and we broke up about 10:00 for the various parties and bull sessions that are the life of any worth while con.

(Midwestcon cont.)

Stan and I headed out for the Karus Motel and were busy moving from room to room sampling drinks and conversation, when the word was passed out for all us camera operators to go outside and get ready for action.

Evelyn Gold had had a heavy ash tray fall on her ankle in the lobby of the Hotel Ingalls. Doc said they were now going to wrap it up for her. Knowing Doc's sense of humor, I could well imagine her ending up wrapped like an Egyptian mummy.

We moved outside, and others, sensing something brewing, moved out with us. Bill Grant got a 100' extension cord for his movie lights and the word was relayed to Doc that we were now ready. Blowing his cow horn, he came to a sliding halt in front of Bill's room. Evelyn came out to see what all the commotion was about, and just then four people dressed as internes jumped out of Doc's car. They were: Bob Briney, Sam Moskowitz, Earl Kemp, and Edmond Hamilton. Doc had a huge hypodermic needle that made me cringe just looking at it. Others had long tongs or forceps, and Moskowitz had a saw. A knife was in there somewhere too.

If I'd seen those 5 fiendish characters coming at me, I'd have run on that ankle if it was broken clear off! Immediately the flash bulbs popped and the movie lights went on. I had to keep knocking fans out of the way of my camera. Just about the time I'd get ready to shoot, someone else would be trying to see and I'd be getting a perfect back in the view finder. I did manage to get a number of photos, however, and Moskowitz applying the elastic bandage to Evelyn's ankle looked quite professional.

That was really the highlight of the evening. After that, things sort of settled down to a steady drinking and conversational pace. Stan and I were privileged to hear some tapes that Gerald Steward, Boyd Raeburn, and Ron Kidder had brought along. Curtis Janke was in their room too. All in all, the whole evening was quite enjoyable.

Heard a good story about Tucker, too. Seems like someone had put a mannikin in his bed at the Karus Motel before he arrived on Friday night. This was a blonde dressed in a black sweater. She ended at the waist. Sort of a $\frac{1}{2}$ mannikin you might say. Anyway, Tucker arrived and was told his room number and given the key. He got out a suitcase and proceeded to unlock the door. Lo! and Behold! There was a woman in his bed! Stammering apologies he quickly backed out and ran for the manager shouting there's been some mistake. The manager being in on the gag too, was doubled up with laughter. Neutral observers were left with a question in their minds: would Tucker have backed out of that room so quickly if Fern had not been outside in the car?

SUNDAY

The Banquet was set for 11:30 AM at the Hotel Logan. They had 3 banquets to do that same afternoon and we had to leave by 1:00. The meal was Baked Steak. It might as well have been a rather tough waffle for all the taste it had. I thought it was a poor meal, and ~~many others did too; noly they were polite enough not to tell us.~~

(Midwestcon cont.)

Dave Kyles was still selling raffle tickets like mad and at the end of the Banquet he'd grab an uneaten sherbert and go around offering a sherbert with each ticket sold. This only served to increase the sales resistance.

At the Hotel Ingalls we pulled the winning ticket out of the hat and Joe Gibson was the winner. It was then announced to everyone present that Joe and Roberta Collins plan to be married. Roberta lives in Chicago and Joe plans to move to Chi from Jersey City.

Tucker and Bloch read a series of letters they'd written to each other about maybe holding the Midwestcons in either Weyawega or Bloomington. They decided that Doc was making a profit each year in medical fees by patching up eyes, ankles, and various ailments that the fans incur each year at the cons.

Next came a series of letters read off by Edmond Hamilton and E.E. Smith. They were written in response to Lou Tabakow's story SVEN. SVEN was announced on the cover of the May 1955 OTHER WORLDS but was crowded out of that issue and has never seen print, yet. All told, Lou received 27 letters on this story and answered every one. ((Sorry, he answered only 26. The last one was completely illegible. ed.)) In some manner Hamilton and Smith had gotten copies of these letters and read them off. Lou was very much surprised.

So surprised in fact that when he was called on for his comment after the reading, he couldn't understand how they'd gotten them, as he had the originals back in Cincinnati. For once his stream of consciousness dialect was halted. He was a stranger to us all as he was silent. Finally after some thought he came up with a pretty good quote: "Well, I got 27 fan letters over one word being published and that's a better record than either Edmond Hamilton or Doc Smith can boast of."

Earl Kemp presented Sid Coleman, a fellow member of the CHICAGO SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY, a gift in recognition for his "outstanding service in the field of talking". He added: "We are returning something he dished out quite frequently and we hope he can take it as well." The gift was a package of dehydrated cow manure.

Tucker was presented with a book, THE BAT THAT FLITS, from Rita Smiley. Doc Barrett was presented with a bath mat from a hotel in Alamogordo, autographed by Einstein, Fermi, etc., and two books from Tucker. Rog Phillips and Sam Moskowitz both said this was their first midwestcon and definitely not their last.

It was suggested that next year's con be moved to the Cincinnati area if suitable location could be found. The crowd approved of this and things broke up with the playing of the tape from Ted Carnell. This was the last formal session.

(Midwestcon cont.)

Stan and I then headed back to Indian Lake and checked out of our cottage. We went over to the Barrett's and waited for the rest of the final hangers-on to show up for supper. While waiting, Barbara Barrett and two of her girl friends asked us to go along with them in the boat to get some gas. The lake was choppy and Barbara a hot rod. Between the two we got soaked. Soaked so badly that we had to change clothes when we got back. By that time a number of fans were on hand and, not noticing our wet clothes, volunteered for a boat ride.

About 30 of us then went, again, to the B & C for supper. Our next stop was the Karus Motel. It was a more relaxed and of course, smaller crowd on that last night. We talked over the con and previous cons, and all seemed to agree that this had been the best, yet. I finally gave up about 11:30 and headed back to Cincinnati.

It seemed like forever getting the car unloaded. Both children were asleep and I had to carry them up to bed and then get our luggage. That's the worst part about any trip, I think; the unloading of the car when you get back home.

MONDAY

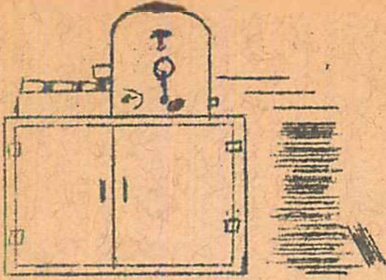
Monday was rough all day.

After re-reading this article I find a few more comments to make. One is about Doc's cow horn on his car. Bill Grant said that across the road from Karus Motel (the motel is about 1 mile out of Bellefontaine) there was a herd of cows. One afternoon Doc came to the motel and started blowing that horn about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile away. Those cows came charging up to the fence and seemed quite disappointed that it was only a car. When he left, he blew the horn again and they ran along the fence after the car until the next cross fence stopped them. Maybe that horn is tuned to the mating call of the Jersey cow.

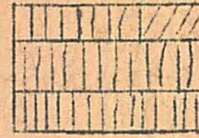
In looking back on the previous two cons we feel that the major difficulty was in the housing. Spread out over two hotels and two motels it was a bit loose-jointed. Several people have said that they'd like to come to the Midwestcons, and the major stumbling block is time. If they were held near a city large enough for an airport, they could fly in for the week-end and everything'd be fine. So, if we can get the final O.K. on a proposed location in Cincinnati, maybe most difficulties can be solved as far as housing and transportation go. One thing is certain we'll have to put out some direct mail advertising for the 7th Midwestcon to advise everyone as to the location. Here's hoping we see YOU there in 1956.

-0-

Certainly Cincinnati is large enough for an airport, in fact we have several of them. Lunken Field, however, is under water most of the time and the citizens are too much afraid to build one out in Blue Ash. They believe in accidents. The nearest commercial one therefore is in Boone County, Kentucky, and it takes about an hour to get from there to here. Course, in Detroit I once had a ride of two hours from the airport to the center of town. In Cinti you can take an air taxi for \$5. Train is cheaper and easier. Better yet, take up residence here.



LEGENDA



WHO GOES THERE?, by John W. Campbell Jr., Dell Books, 1955, 25¢

This is a fine collection of Campbells best known stories: "Who Goes There?" More commonly known as "The Thing", was a superlative tale of a monster preserved in ice, that invades a polar research station. The monster is capable of becoming that which eats, and is slowly replacing the humans with thinks of its own kind. It's a suspenseful tale of men against something they know nothing about, and must conquer or forfeit the world. "Twilight" and "Night" are two series stories that tell about the eventual death of man. It reads like crud but it still gave me a cold feeling in the pit of my stomach. "Blindness" is that oft anthologized tale of the old scientist who blinds himself mentally and physically while trying to produce atomic power. "The Story of Aesir" which comes in two parts, is surprisingly modern. Aside from the fact that it uses a few super-scientific gadgets, it is remarkably believable. It is the tale of man trying to cast off the yoke of oppression by using psychological warfare, the legend of Aesir, and the usual smattering of fantastic weapons. Sometimes I wonder why Campbell ever stopped writing. If he would start writing now, and write as well as he used to, he wouldn't have to have any writers for his mag. He could then call it "Campbell Science Fiction" or "Astounding John W.". Maybe he just never appreciated his own talent.

The Syndic, by C.M.Kornbluth, Bantam Books, 1955, 25¢

In this story, the government of the U.S. has been overthrown and the country has fallen into the hands of two groups: the Syndic, and the Mob. Without U.S. leadership the world plunges into war and another dark ages. In Syndic territory, the country is put together and run like a business. The Syndic only supplies the needs of the people. The people dictate the laws. They pay for protection instead of income tax, the money going for the support of the Syndic. The Mob, on the other hand, has set up a police state, and you can guess the rest. The remnants of the Loyal Americans have formed the United States Army, a band of malcontents and depraved men who harass the Syndic and Mob. There is an adventure plot here but I don't think it's as good as Kornbluth's ideas on this new type of government. I wonder what would happen if someone tried to run this country like a business

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I was going to have two pages of LEGENDA, but with the con only a week and a half away I didn't want to waste any more time than I have to. Not that I think LEG is a waste of time, but after all I do have an editorial to write, and a contents page to think up, not to mention a cover to be stenofaxed. ms.

Writer Stresses Inconclusive Evidence

by Thomas E. Prufrock

I think I should first point out that this question requires much more research than it has been given. The tentative conclusions presented here are not supported firmly enough for me to make the somewhat rash statement that they apply in almost all situations, at practically all times, except of course those which represent exceptions, in some way, to what might be termed the general rule. The statistical data supporting my contention is rather flimsy. Actually I have no evidence at all that what I say is true; although, on the other hand, there is no really good reason to suppose that it is false.

During my contact with people, living among them and so forth; I have begun to observe a trend, by which I mean a sort of tendency in a certain general direction. I thought it worthwhile to report this observation or impression to you. Not that the information will prove extremely valuable, but at least this is not a waste of time as much as certain other things occasionally seem to be a waste of time. (This is not intended as a reflection on the quality of the magazine you are reading. As a matter of fact, I can feel through the page here that the article on the other side is far more interesting than anything I have to say, and if you should happen to feel that you would like to turn to it and read it, and come back to this later if you have the time, that would be perfectly all right with me.) However I did think that the conclusion I have arrived at ought to be, or might well be, presented. I realize that

"conclusion" is a fairly strong word for an idea that came to me during an opium dream, and I would certainly prefer to have something more substantial on which to base my discussion -- if I could only get my hands on a Ouija board!

The trend, which I think I mentioned, is quite evident when one contrasts the people of today with those who lived fifty years, a hundred years, or, say a millennium ago, if that is logical. I have come across what just about amounts to a distinct inclination -- and I wish you would give some degree of attention to what I am about to say as it is undoubtedly possible that I shall not have an excessive amount of space in which to repeat myself unnecessarily to any great extent -- a distinct inclination, shall I say? or a disposition that cannot very well be over-looked, and that is this; People these days have a habit of hesitating and digressing, rather than coming right out and saying what they mean. They talk, that is, so to speak, more or less in circles, almost.

(30)

Reflection: It was so hot in the house this evening, and the outside was so cool, that I moved the whole shooting match out on our driveway, where I could type in peace and coolness. It is now 8:15 P.M Aug 9, I have the light on and am trying rather hard to see what I am typing. I hope it is readable. Just think -- I have only about 30 pages to type. At over 1/2 hour a stencil, this is time-consuming to say the least.

The Fiend Speaks



column by
Ray Schaffer Jr.

Poets say that 'old man time' just plods along step by step, and step by step. Experts build clocks and think they are making a record of every step. Philosophers use big words to say that they don't know whether or not folks move in time or time moves in folks.

*The truth is that time may be old, but he is still sprightly and can kick up his heels when he feels so inclined. He does plod but he also skips. He dawdles but he also runs. Don't let anybody fool you with tricky talk.

Take, for example, the case of the average college professor as he lives through the last five days of every month waiting for the old slow poke to bring along pay day. The old boy doesn't even plod. He flops down and goes to sleep. Now take the case of the same individual with five days left in the vacation. What does the old goat do now? He goes like a house-on-fire. He breaks all speed records.

You say "what's the scoop? What's the point? Why so much fuss over the matter? Events happen in time and that's that." No, brother. It isn't quite so simple. The time measurement stunt is man-made to conform with man's three dimensional existence. An event that happened a long time measurement ago in terms of man made devices may have happened a short time measurement ago in terms of different checking devices.

The important thought, however, in this let-loose is connected with the relationship between time and the completion of a project. Regardless of running time, walking time or creeping time the completion of a project is the goal to be reached. Whatever the plan may be, Old Man Time will be standing around and whether or not he gets in the way will depend upon what goes on in the mind of the individual.

Old Man Time is after all the creation of man's own thinking.

When I was a small child, during those 'lets play war' years when life is a tender thing and your tailgait is frequently tender, my parents often told me that this big old world of ours is doomed to destruction because of the evil that plagiarizes mankind. But at that young age I knew very little in regards moral laws, both religious and social, and was ignorant of what 'sin' actually meant. During the course of my 'Blackboard Jungle' days in a big 'Red' school house (I had a teacher by the name of Marx or Parks or something like that) I became intensely interested in the history of mankind and the social-religious laws connected with the history. This interest was further intensified when I entered college, and thus, I furthered my study. Now, after just completing a four year grad at Kent State University, my knowledge of the whys and ways of man is considerably increased. But despite this education, I am still unable to fully comprehend much of the so-called 'logic' that man employs in his drafting of many religious beliefs of society. Ask any sociologist and you'll find that after years upon years of study, all sociologists still find the mind of man to be a strange thing indeed to understand because of man's general insistence on using illogic when supposedly doing logical thinking.

First of all, let us examine some of the beliefs employed by the men of religious theology, and attempt to show where logic, in many instances, is ignored by religion. As we all know, religion would have us believe that the Universe and mankind was created by God, thus, the creator of all things; and thus, this belief indicates that there was a Beginning. Also, religion would have us believe that there is no end of the Universe, nor of life, as our souls are said to enter the Kingdom of Heaven upon death where we shall dwell forever and ever. Now, let us examine life itself. Again, as we all know, everything in the Universe is born and eventually dies, for that is the 'law of life' cycle. Let us now transfer this 'law of life' to the belief in an afterlife and we find that if there is no end to life and the Universe, why then did there have to be a Beginning? And if there was no Beginning (and here we go back in time to the belief of Buddha that 'the Universe always was'), then there was no need of a Creator. Thus, if we are to contradict the Buddhist belief of 'no Beginning', we must say that there was a Beginning; and if we do that, then we must also again apply the 'law of life' and say that there is an End. And it follows that if there is an End then the belief in an afterlife is destroyed. I could carry this stand much farther and go into much more detail, but space doesn't permit such. However, I hope you can see where religion is completely ignoring the 'law of life' (birth and death). Bear in mind that I am not saying that there is no Creator, nor am I saying that there is no afterlife; rather I am merely pointing out the illogic used by religious theologians.

Another use of illogic in religious thinking is in relationship to the belief that 'God is Perfect'. If God is Perfect, then He cannot experience either happiness or sadness; Christianity agrees on this point, as a Perfect creature cannot be ruled by emotions. Thus, if God cannot experience sadness, then it only raises the question, 'what does God care about me?'. If I sin extensively He cannot feel sad about my errors as He can't experience sadness and still remain a Perfect creature. And likewise, if I am, let us say for the sake of argument, a great missionary of the highest moral character, God cannot be happy about my work. Now, let us return to the question, 'what does God care about me?'. If He doesn't care, why then is there a need for a trial period here on Earth? Of course one might say that religion is all wrong in believing God is a Perfect creature and He does care about me; but if one believes this, then how can one receive a fair trial on Judgment Day if God is not a Perfect creature? I'd say that we have quite a dilemma here, wouldn't you? The highly religious minded individuals also maintain that God is sad over the evil state of the world. Now, I ask you, how can He be sad if He is a Perfect creature? These same individuals maintain that the only hope for the salvation of the world from future bloodshed is for people to return to the churches and pray to God for the removal of the evilness in the world. Now even the Bible says that there will

ALWAYS be wars and that there will ALWAYS be evil men in the world who will start the warfare. Therefore, is there any purpose to such prayer? If there will always be wars and instigators of wars, how then can our prayers induce God to stop wars?

Up to this point you have noticed that my logic doesn't agree with the so-called logic of religion. As is known, religion says that their theology is derived from the mind of God, or in effect, God translates His logic to the minds of those who accept Him, and in turn this logic is given to the masses. Now, if the logic of man's religion is synonymous with the logic of God, how then can I possibly receive a fair trial if my logic doesn't agree with the logic of the above? Some might say that, perhaps, when I die my soul will experience a change in logic, a change in viewpoint upon life, and thusly my soul's logic (if there is such a thing) will then concord with the logic of God. If this is to be the situation, why then doesn't God change my logic here and now if He is all-powerful and remove the need for a trial period? And furthermore, why is there a need for a trial period? God is said by religion to be all-knowing, and many theologians maintain that God knows the fate of everyone. Thus, if God knows my fate (He must if He is all-knowing), why is there, I repeat, a need for a trial, and WHERE is there a trial? Once again my logic doesn't agree with the logic of religion nor God; and yet, I am told I will receive a fair trial on the Day of Judgment. If God is the great Seer, then He must have known the fate of Adam and Eve beforehand; thus, once again, why the need for a trial? And while on the subject of our trial here on earth, let me ask this question. If I was to murder a friend of mine, would my entire family receive the state's death penalty for the offense? And even better yet is this question -- if two men killed the Pope, should all Catholics suffer for the sin of these two men? The answer to both questions is rather obvious; and yet religion would have us believe that we are paying the penalty for the sins of Adam and Eve by suffering during this short stay upon earth. So, as far as I am concerned, the belief in a trial period is all a bunch of hogwash, as is the Adam and Eve bit. And the same opinion holds true for the belief in Noah's ark. Possibly Noah did build an ark and possibly HIS portion of the world was flooded and destroyed; but religion would have us believe that the entire world was flooded and destroyed, which is utterly ridiculous as there is no evidence of such a flood in the history of the Egyptian civilization. During this period when the flood is believed to have occurred, the Egyptian civilization was at its height of prosperity. There is no evidence, either in the fields of geology or anthropology, of such a flood in the Nile delta. And to add final evidence that the flood was only a local occurrence in the Babylonian valley, there was never a break in the family ruling power (father to son) of Egypt from the year 3000 B.C. until the time of Christ; and the flood is believed to have occurred sometime within that period of time. Once again religion is guilty of ignoring the facts and substituting illogic for logic in order to make religious theology believable to the ignorant masses who accept these beliefs without using any logic to question their validity.

To return to the 'fate' theory for just a moment -- many of the Christian denominations maintain that our fate is known by God, thus planned. You have heard it said many times that when a person dies it was in His Divine Plan and it was that particular person's time to go. Now, many of these same church groups who support the above belief also believe that the human race has been placed upon Earth for a trial period and have been given a free will. Thus, if fate does exist, then what opportunity does a 'puppet' have to shape his own life? What chance did Hitler and Stalin have? Isn't it more logical that the 'fate' theory is a fallacy and that it depends upon us as individuals to shape our own destiny? But if the 'fate' theory is a fallacy, then this indicates that God is not the Great Seer. And if this is the case, then it follows that God is not Perfect. And to follow, a non-Perfect God cannot, within the realms of my logic, be capable of granting all men a fair trial. Dilemmas all over the place!

There is a passage in the Bible that is also rather confusing to my mind, which reads, in part, 'the meek shall inherit the earth'. Now, religion upholds this belief and vindicates that the meek shall be the ones who will receive, so to speak, priority admission to Heaven. If God is all-powerful, then why doesn't He have faith in power itself? And yet it required the power of God to create the Universe. God set-up the world as a place where physical force is necessary for survival. But Jesus reportedly said, 'the meek shall inherit the earth'. Confusing, I'd say.

The conclusion to all this sound-off? Don't attempt to explain the unexplainable as religion is guilty of doing by using logic; for the use of logic when explaining that which is beyond our comprehension will only result in the play of illogic. As Buddha said, 'this is THE LIFE, so live a good life, and make it one free from sin and the world will be a better place in which to live'. Religion has its merits (solitude and hope for many), but it ignores faith in your fellow man. As I mentioned before, the Bible says that there will always be wars and men of evil in the world to start them; thus, to what avail are our prayers? Faith in your fellow man is THE ANSWER to peace.

Many of you reading this will probably say, 'how do you know you are using logic in this narrative and not illogic'? Well, I'm not saying that my logic is not guilty of errors, for it undoubtedly is in the eyes of others. But at least I don't intensely believe in two contradictory ideas and then attempt to ignore their clash as religion insists upon doing. And Above all, I'm not attempting to explain the mysteries of life by using logic, but rather I am using logic to signify that the use of logic will never result in explaining these same life mysteries, but will only result in confusion of the mind. And you must admit that the above has confused you. In fact, even I'm a trifle confused. Anybody for a nice simple-minded game of tic-tac-toe?

To wander from the serious to the ridiculous, here is a little news item that appeared in the newspapers during the Big Four meeting at Geneva. (Quote) 'The World Interplanetary Association disclosed the secret reason the heads of government of the world's four major powers decided to meet there (Geneva) this week. This is it: To discuss how to deal with beings from other planets who have delivered a final warning to the world by destroying atomic plants in Britain and Russia. The utilization of atomic energy, even for peaceful purposes, is about to cause the disintegration of the universe. The inhabitants of other planets realize the danger and the only way to prevent attacks from outer space is to abandon the atom.' (Unquote) Boy, am I scared.

And now to the fanmag reviews, with the first publication attracting my attention being:

UNDERTAKINGS (Sam Johnson, 1517 Penny Dr. - Edgewood, Elizabeth City, N. C.) 15¢

With the appearance of the fifth issue, this mag enters its second year of publication, and within this short span of time Undertakings has grown at a tremendous rate of popularity. From my own personal viewpoint, I consider this publication to be one of the tops in the fan field due to its presentation of extremely controversial material, this being a desirability that most fanmags lack. For example, in this latest issue we find an article by Harry Maxwell dealing with the ability of some individuals to foresee the future. Maxwell claims that predicting the future course of history is not a profitable occupation due to the constant fluctuating of human emotions and the environmental pressures upon these same emotions. All in all, this essay article is very well written and shows a great deal of research involved in the writing thereof, although I must say that I can't quite agree with him on all his points for consideration. Anyway, if you like to enter controversial discussions, this long article is worth the price of the mag alone. George Wetzel, the 'I Love Mystery' gentleman, is back with another of his 'weird' articles and this time around it deals with the strange unexplainable disappearances of ships at sea. Also present in this 49 page annish is a 'feudin' letter section where the subjects of religion and un-Americanism are given a play; this section should prove to be highly

interesting to the readers of Coup. For fiction lovers, there is a long bit by Hal Annas, and a reprint from Fanfare, by George Wetzel. There's more, but I suggest you see for yourself what an excellent mag Johnson is publishing by sending him some capital. You can't go wrong, especially if you relish debate.

HYPHEN (Chuck Harris, "Carolyn" Lake Ave., Rainham, Essex and Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, N. Ireland) 15¢

Forty-two pages in this fourteenth issue, with the result that I don't know where to begin comment, as there is such a large accumulation of small items. But in case you don't sub to Hyphen (you fool, you), here is a brief summary of the current issue to attract your interest. Outstanding item this issue is Damon Knight's review column of the current novels, wherein he lays the ax to his fellow competitors in a most emphatic manner. I generally don't appreciate book reviews, but Knight has the unusual ability to hold your interest all the way through. This issue is devoted primarily to Con reports from the authors of TruFandom, namely, the editors, Chuck and Walt, and both write-ups left a big smile on my face for quite some time after the reading. These two lads appear issue after issue without ever losing their ability to entertain with nonsense and puns. These are the only two writers I know of who can consistently write 'top notch' crud; at times they even outclass the boys of Mad. Also in this issue one finds John Berry and Bob Shaw giving out with more enjoyable nonsense. And, of course, there is the inevitable readers section, the best in fandom.

PSYCHOTIC (Richard Geis, 1525 N. E. Ainsworth, Portland 11, Oregon) 15¢

After twenty fabulous issues, Psy makes its exit from the scene with this issue. But editor Geis will continue the publishing game with his new publication Science Fiction Review, which will replace Psy. So, the Psy atmosphere will linger on in SFReview. After three litho issues, Psy changes to mimeo for its exit. The outstanding item is Peter Graham's Con report containing the mad happenings at Frisco. Rather late, but enlightening. Noah McLeod has a critical analysis of 'Hells Pavement' in which he makes some unfounded statements in opposition of the novel. I consider this novel to ~~the~~ be the best yet to make an appearance this year because of the 'meat' contained within; downright thought-provoking stuff. But McLeod, like many other reviewers, have ignored the content and have attempted to play-down the novel by criticizing the loosely constructed plot. Plot construction is important - - I concede the point - - but plot construction is much like poetry in that the author's message is the important element, with construction only a minor consideration. Too many critics attempt to find fault with construction while ignoring the author's message because they are simply too darn busy looking for faults in the construction to have time to examine the ideas of the author in a critical light. Damon Knight, although one of the best in the analysis business, frequently also makes this error. Oh well, each to his own opinions. Larry Stark comments upon the movie, 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea'. Gregg Galkins gives his reasons why the Big Cons are becoming too juvenilistic. And, of course, the famous 'Section Eight' letter column is here with all the latest dirt.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW (Richard Geis, address above) 15¢

Geis has pulled a surprise move by having this first issue printed on his new letterhead. And a beautiful job it is. Damon Knight is present here (this guy gets around considering his pro status) with the speech he gave at the recent Fan Vet convention in New York. And Curtis Janke wastes space with an article that is out of place in such an excellent publication. Harlan Ellison gives out with info in regards to future promags that are still in the planning stages. And editor Geis has a long review of the Summer issue of Startling, which is the best job of promag reviewing I've ever run across. I can't possibly conceive of anybody failing to appreciate this, as Geis possesses a brand of humor that is every persons sought for desirability; but as you know, most of us that attempt to develop a specific brand of humor end up with nothing but crud of the lowest level. Such is not the case with Geis. Here is wishing Geis loads of success in his new venture, but with his talent I don't see how he can possibly miss the popularity spotlight.

In a recent issue of Epitome, Noah McLeod made a statement to the effect that most of the great stf written in the past few years has been accomplished by 'main stream' novelists. I beg to differ with McLeod on this belief, as I'm sure many of you out there will do likewise. McLeod must have an entirely new and different conception of what constitutes a 'main stream' novelist, for, to my way of thought, a 'main stream' novelist is one who very rarely, if not never, goes beyond the strict boundaries of the 'realism' field in his/her writing, with Hemingway being a fine example. McLeod mentions Vonnegut and Orwell as being in this category of novelists. This statement I find difficult to comprehend as Vonnegut is a rather firmly established writer in the stf field. 'Player Piano' was merely his first major attempt in the field -- since then he has produced many fine works in the stf field for which he can no longer be considered an exclusive 'main streamer'. George Orwell has also written some excellent material for the field outside his epic, '1984'. It is true that both these writers center a great deal of their work outside the stf field, but this hardly makes them novelists of the main-stream, or more properly termed, 'realists'. For example, Wells did a considerably large amount of writing outside the field, with his major emphasis on historical essays and novels. Now, would McLeod classify Wells as a 'main streamer'? This seems rather senseless in as much that Wells is considered by many to be the founder of our branch of literature. McLeod also stated that none of the regular stf writers are touching upon the serious problems of the near future in their writings. This also seems like a rather stupid remark to make as one can hardly classify the authors of 'The Space Merchants', 'Fahrenheit 451', 'They'd Rather Be Right', and 'The Syndic' as being members of the 'main stream'. And if these novels don't deal with the serious social-political-religious problems of the near future, then McLeod must be extremely blind in his analytical evaluations. I had always thought of McLeod as being one of the best amateur reviewers until I read his remarks in Epitome. And now my viewpoint has changed and I am rather dubious about his ability to evaluate in a competent manner. I shall probably be leary of his future reviews that meet my eyes in regards to their soundness and validity.

The ignorance of some individuals really amazes me at times. Take the case of my next door neighbor. He was at a loss for words when I told him recently that I correspond with several people down under in Australia. It seems that he wasn't aware that Australia was an English speaking land. And then ~~as~~ there is the lady friend of mine who wondered if they had Xmas trees in Europe, too. My favorite tale of stupidity deals with the case of two bandits who robbed ~~at~~ a bank in my home town and then stopped at a bar about a mile from the bank to have a few beers to celebrate their accomplishment. For the record, the police caught up with them about a half-hour after the robbery.

I have an extra copy of Hal Clement's 'Needle' that I desire to dispose of. It is the hard-cover and is in excellent condition; but my book space is very limited and I'm trying to dispose of some of my 'extras' so as to make room for future book purchases. So, I have decided to conduct a little contest to get the book off my hands. Thus, the first individual who sends me the correct answer to the following riddle will receive the book gratis. Send all answers to: 122 North Wise St., North Canton, Ohio. I also have stacks of other 'extras' on hand, but I plan to dispose of them at the Clevention. And furthermore, I want to have a little fun anyway by conducting a contest, my first. This is probably a momentous occasion in fannish history.

Saville, der dago
 Toussin bussis inaro
 Nojo, demis troux
 Summit cousin
 Summit doux

EPISTULÆ INTERFANATICÆ

Where the readers take over for one moment.

Paul Kalin, Sweet Springs, Mo.

Thanks for the card and sC #4. Sorry to say I've neither the time nor inclination to do ant fan writing just now. Hope you get an ish out by con time...and incidently, unless you are planing to do a big con report I'd be highly appreciative of a letter of comment on Con following same. That is if you care to record some of your observations? ~~XX~~ I plan to have a con report but if plans change you'll get a report anyway.~~XX~~

Mostly because I feel that with 5 or 6 more issues you'll gain enough know-how to produce a reasonably good fanmag I'm enclosing 20¢ ~~XX~~ That isn't 5 issues worth but it's appreciated all the same~~XX~~ Won't go to great lengths to point out non-appealing features of your publication as of now, imagine you're as aware of them as anyone and find them even more displeasing than I. Briefly tho I'd advise against using anymore Goldenrod paper, it is strictly nowhere...advise take look at OOPSLA... see what I mean...well go get some, best mimeo paper available, nothing approaches it. ~~XX~~I only bought that paper as a favor to a friend of ours. I dislike it as much as you do. Is the paper I'm using now all right?~~XX~~

Shapiro's humor piece was expertly done. A few weak spots when the text sort of dragged but that's normal with fan humorists (except WAW and his crew) ~~XX~~ exceptions don't count~~XX~~. #Schaffer interesting but tell him to drop the fanmag reviews unless he can increase the length so as to do a competent job. #Legenda is a good idea tho I'd prefer some longer reviews. Also with the ACE volumes why not mention where reprinted from? (they have few originals you know.)

I fear that you and your co-editor will soon learn that the realm of fandom abounds with many individuals whose opinions anent religion will prove disquieting to your to your own orthodox dogmatic views. ~~XX~~ any resemblance of the views of the co-ed to mine are ridiculous~~XX~~ I don't know but suspect you're reasonably youngand unlikely to choose the way of the rebel in the immediate future. Vigorous attempts may be made to point out the essential fallacies in the doctrins of organized religion but you're as an unlikely to adhere to such violent ravings as the hetrodoxical one is to heed the mouthings of the clergy. In adolescence priests and parents present a bulwark(generally) against free thought. Realizing this I do not shout but suggest ... that upon attaining an age of 20-21 (assuming you're relatively free from exterior domination by such time) you set aside a period of time, obtain literature dealing with all the major religions(and minor if possible) together with metaphysical volumes (by all the usually recognized philosophers of note) and begin reading... and more important thinking and evaluating. By all means search out any and all theological material and subject it to scrutiny...neither fear nor neglect any book and approach all with as much objectivity as you can muster. A searching and unbiased mind must bring all to the fore for a critical analysis... and I mean just that. Don't be impressed by names or titles... degrees or black robes (witch doctors also possess cerimonial trappings). Read as critically as possible, weigh and measure each statement. All this of course

(Epistulae cont.)

assuming that (1) you are intelligent enough to do so and (2) that you can cast off the propaganda and influence of your youth (many...most...cannot). I am confident that should you be able to correctly follow this procedure, the utter assininity of all organized religion will be apparent, the idea of a personal, humanized G-d will appear grotesquely laughable, and the words "evil" and "good" will become completely meaningless expressions of individual opinion, desire, and prejudice, that they are. Above all remember the beginning of wisdom is doubt and allow no man nor any group to think for you...defy any and all who would curb FREE THOUGHT.

Incidentally title of your mag is a bit similar to a Larry Anderson publication don't you think, personally I don't dig it at all but mayhap you like it (the title, not LA's zine). I explained it to you in my card, but to the uninformed - the name is a pun on the words scintillation (to sparkle, a spark) and the short form of this Queen City, Cinti. ergo - a spark from Cincinnati. Ever hear of a religion that encouraged doubt (of course only among its scholars) ? In mine, as long as you believe in the ten commandment and the concept of one god, you have full right to question any and all laws. Of course they are promptly proved right for you and you have to obey them anyway. One of the greatest sets of books we have produced is a commentary of argument over the validity and application of ancient laws. I believe that a person's religion is his own business and that no group should tell him what concepts to adhere to but I also believe in a certain regulation for the human person. Now I've gotten myself into a hole. I'll leave it there and battle it out later. XX

Sam Johnson, 1515 Penny Dr.-Edgewood, Elizabeth City, N.C.

I'm going to wait for that letter you mentioned on your back page before I tell you what I think of the latest sCIN.

In the meantime, will you let me have the address of SCOOP? The address didn't come through the mimeo in my copy of sCIN, and I'm interested in finding out what those people think of comic-censorship.

A mention: Ray Schaffer mentioned Harlan Ellison for being loud-mouthed, and his critics for being equally loud-mouthed. I have been writing to Harl for a while now, and getting some criticism of my written work. He's not so loud-mouthed, but he does seem to be hunting madly about for that immaterial thing called ego-boo. Wonder if anyone has ever considered that he is loud because he wants attention? Send him a review copy of sCIN for UN. He's doing my fmz revs now. XX(will do.)XX

Ray Schaffer Jr., 122 North Wise St, North Canton, Ohio

The use of 'goldenrod' in the fourth ish was very impressive & makes for an attractive mag on the optics. I suggest you continue use of same. XX you're the first one that thought that XX The fiction by Hall, although very well written in a gramatical sense, failed to impress me emotionally. The Bit by Shapiro left me with an amused but sickly feeling. Could it be that Shapiro has had a Chinese invironmental background, for how else can one 'stomach' the consumption of cockroaches. Personally I prefer ants as my favorite delicacy, for the cracking sensation when biting into a cockroach disturbs me tremendously and sets my nervs all atwitter; and ants, (this boy 'll be on next page)

(Epistulae and still more.)

as you know, are nice and soft, making for easy, nerveless chewing. I'd like to conduct an educational session for your co-editor, David Shafer, at this time, dealing with the term 'the Church', and the subject of overpopulation. When one speaks of 'the Church', one is always referring to the Roman Catholic Church. If Dave would take the time to investigate the matter, he would find that ALL of the Protestant denominations and their officials refer to the Roman Catholic Church, in many instances, as simply, 'the Church'. This term is used because (1) The Roman Catholic is the largest of the Christian groups and (2) all the large Protestant groups are, in a sense, branches of the Roman Catholic Church. Actually the term is a qualified one, despite Dave's opposition, for Protestantism is chiefly responsible for designating this title to the Roman Catholic Church. Perhaps I should have been more specific when I made reference to 'the Church' in my column (third ish), but I felt that no explanation was necessary as this term is generally well known and accepted by the vast majority of the nation's population. Dave will also find out, by investigating the matter, that none of the Protestant organizations refer to either the Christian religion or their own church as specifically 'the Church', but rather they use their own titles, such as Baptists, Lutherans, Methodists, etc. Dave also made the statement in this issue (fourth) that this nation should produce larger families, with the goal in mind of more man power resulting in increased prosperity. I received the impression from his brief comments that if we continually raise the standard of living there will be no need to worry about overpopulation. Well, yes, rising living standards will help to eliminate the possible future poverty due to overpopulation. But Dave, in his argument, failed to recognize the 'law of diminishing returns' when applied to man-power. Too much man-power will eventually create poverty for a large portion of the population in any given nation (with the same factors of resources and land area being involved) where free enterprise and competition is the economic practice -- and, of course all nations possess this brand of economy, EVEN the Soviet Union and its satellites. In the field of business enterprise, the industrial firm that continues to grow and grow over the years, in man-power and capital, will eventually experience smaller and smaller total income. Ask any economist if you don't agree upon this point. In the matter of population the situation is very much the same in that the population will eventually reach the point where the rise of prosperity will stop and in that time even fall considerably. Of course this is only speculation, but most economists agree on this speculation and are fearful of overpopulation.

Charles Lee Riddle, PNCA, USN, Box 31, U.S. Naval Submarine Base,
New London, Connecticut.

Don't look now, but Riddle has a new address! I've finally been transferred -- a magnificent distance of six miles! Looks like I will be here for some time now, so please use this new address in place of all others you may have heard about in the past! ### Your #1 effort arrived here the other day and shows great signs of improvement, both in appearance and material. Shapiro was about the best (next time you write him tell him he owes me a letter!) with Schaffer Jr. following next, and then your own notes (only one kind of notes I like, bank notes.)). I'll probably have another ish of PEON out in about a month and... Wish I could be out there for the con but finance makes it impossible. Know what I mean? (you))

(Epistulae all I hope.)

Robert Coulson, 407 1/2 E. 6th St, No. Manchester, Ind.

Received sci-fi illustration yesterday. I think we sent you an EISFA in trade? (Really should keep a record of things like that, so we could know immediately whether a mag we get is in response to one already sent or whether we should send one after getting the tradezine. I hope this makes sense to you; it doesn't to me) Anyway; if you haven't received an EISFA, let us know. (For that matter, if you have received one, you might let us know; we do have a letter section.)

Comments: Cover good, mimicing light in spots -- hell, non-existent in spots (I stole the words right out of my mouth) -- layout fair, but you need some little filler illos to break up all that type. I see you had a couple of wrinkled stencils too. (The type of stencil clamp on my machine doesn't encourage smooth stencil after the first few cranks)

Now I know why I had a sudden attack of hay fever yesterday -- your fanzine arrived! Get rid of that goldenrod paper, you treacherous swine! I can see you now chuckling evilly while pouring over a list of allergy patients, debating on which one to dispose of next. It is a foul, evil plot to keep me from going to the Convention! (I curse, foiled again. You should see what I send to people allergic to poison ivy.)

Contents: Editorial good; especially the part about the AEDick salesman. Incidentally, some fans (namely us) do buy paper by the ten-ream carton -- we use Twill-tone instead of AEDick though (I surprise, I bought 10 reams of paper to put this out with. It's also cheaper that way.) "What Was -- Is" ... I am tempted to say that while maybe it is, it certainly isn't much ... on the other hand, it was a good idea, although the writing could have been improved. (Of course, if it had been improved, it could have been sold to MIDGE so...) (I but I pay better rates than SPACEWAYS) "The Fiend Sneaks" is a good column, though a trifle naive. Doesn't everybody realise that Ellison is frustrated? The boy has an inferiority complex a mile wide, and I was of the opinion that every body knew it. If Schaffer had ever read HODGE-PODGE, he'd know that Harmon was stable-minded in more ways than one (not that most male fans aren't). He's also wrong in saying that "fandom is a common meeting ground for friendly discussion". It should be, granted ... but it isn't; not very often, anyway. Fans seem to prefer to fight. Fanzine reviews were okay -- about par for the course.

"The Cooley Creek Cuisine", I didn't like. I don't object to off-color humor as long as it is humor, but Shapiro is no H. Allen Smith. He seems more interested in the off-color part for its own sake, and forgets the chuckles. Book reviews were okay, and you kept them reasonably short, which is all to the good. I can't stand the type of reviewer who tells you the entire plot of the story, complete with his own presumably witty and/or brilliant comments. (I please don't read the book column this) "Prehistoric Nightmare" was fair, and the co-editor's column was good. (Just whoinhell is the co-editor anyway? I couldn't locate a name anywhere.) (I Have you tried the contents page? It's David Shafer, no relation to Ray. Sorry Bob, there's just not enough room for the rest of your letter, and I'll be damned if I'll type another stencil just for one paragraph. Suffice to say that I liked the movie but found it lacking in more ways than one. I wasn't too interested in details as they always ruin something like this. I looked for the story and the more obvious boo-boos. (I'm talking about THIS ISLAND EARTH for those listening in))

Peroratio

...Which is supposed to contain a bit of humor by the editor, but as we have seen, in which anything can happen.

I've been lookign over the bills for material that we have used in the publishing of SC and found the figure to come to about \$40. Doing a bit of lightning arithmetic, I see that it has cost me \$8 an issue. Figuring 50 copies an issue, that makes the cost 16¢ a mag. Something tells me I'm loosing money.

It's the 21st of August today. The con is coming fast and I have a lot of work to do. Fortunately it's all mimeography. I went down and bought some ABDick mimeo bond, and went home and tried it. It feeds marvelously, and the impression is wonderful. I've only tried the green so far tho; I still have Granite, Yellow, and Tan to go through.

I've been jumping the gun a bit, and am already making preparations for the Midwescon which we plan to hold here next year. We want to hold it in a motel that is about 1 2/5 miles from my home, making it easy for me to get from here to the con. Of course, this all depends on what the Ohio folks want, but I'm pushing it as much as possible.

You fen had better beware at the con. I'm going to be armed with a camera and rolls and rolls of film. I'm going to have a giant assasination and shoot everyone I see.

I keep thinking that I'm going to get this thing done before the con, silly me.

FOR SALE

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-ms.

Well, at least in my own mag I don't have to pay for it. I'm still trying to think of something to say. Don Ford was showing me his fanzine file last night. Looking back over the older ones, I wonder just what will become of fandom. It has changed from a mass of people dependent on science-fiction for a bond of friendship, to a mass of people dependent on their own and other personalities. The fanzine is a perfect example of this. The earlier ones devoted their pages to stories like those published in the prozines, while modern fanzines are filled with articles on the fans themselves. There are even fen who refuse to read fan fiction (The reason I don't say why they don't is mainly to mislead you. The fact remains tho that many just don't care for either fan fiction or science fiction) We're trying to make people believe that we are promoters of stf, showing the world what can be accomplished by good extrapolation. But we're really an esoteric cult, pulling further away from the main stream of civilization. ~~and~~ will we be when the next Tucker death hoax comes? -ms.

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