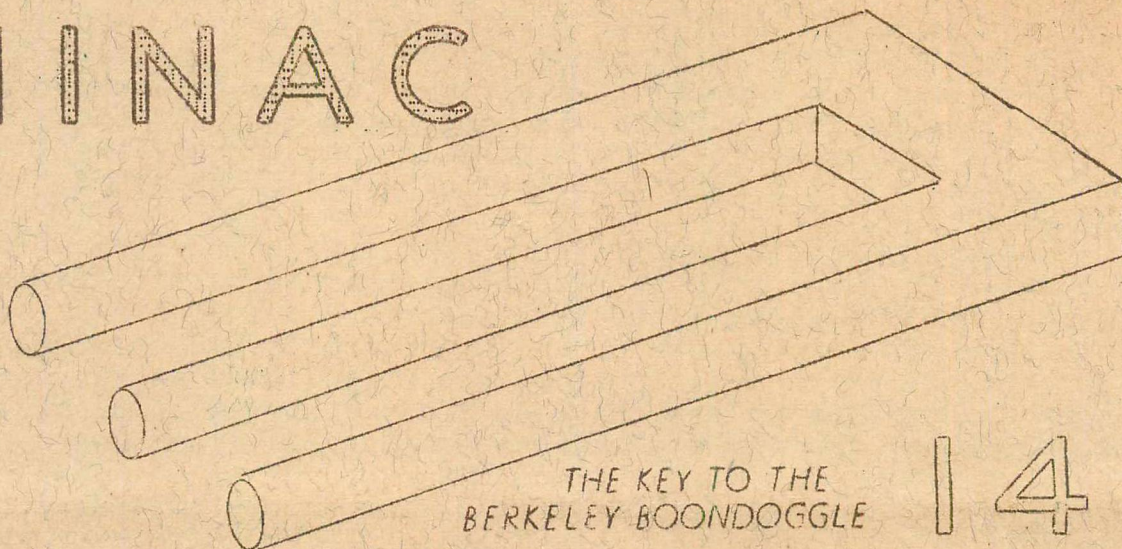


# MINAC



is edited by Les Gerber (201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11226) and Ted White (339 - 49th St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11220), and is published monthly or more often by the QWERTYUIOPress. :: Copies may be had for frequent Letters of Comment, trades, or subscription (rates: three 4¢ stamps, one unused legal length four-hole stencil, or \$1.00 per issue). :: Terry Carr reviews fanzines sent to him at 41 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201. :: This issue was published on April 29 the Year of the Boondoggle 1964. :: Atom for TAFF - join the Raeburn Defense Committee - Help stamp out the Pacifigon II - New York in '67 - - - - -

TED WHITE -



*uffish thots*

LORD, I'M SO WEARY.... It has not been our intention to turn MIN-AC into The Journal for the Defense of Walter Breen, but we find ourselves more of less fulfilling that function nonetheless. This is because, with our relative frequency and our initial stand on the BOONDOGGLE issue, we seem to have become regarded as a general clearing house for The Latest Word. We've received several phone calls from West Coast fans, been made privy to various private and public correspondence, and -- along with all this -- have naturally felt the need to express opinions of our own on various facets

of the situation. Nonetheless, we do not want to devote MINAC entirely and singly to the Pacifigon fracas, and if the situation warrents continuing the heavy attention we've paid thus far, we'll probably go back to the format we used last issue: a separate sub-issue devoted entirely to it. We're grateful to Avram & Grania Davidson for voluntarily angeling the postage on lastish; it made the larger-than-usual pagecount possible. This time, back on our own resources, we've eliminated the sub-issue and pushed out some of our own material on other subjects.

A FANNISH GUIDE TO PARANOIA: Paranoia can be described as a system of logic built upon false premises. If those false premises are granted, the logic holds together quite well. In more general terms, a paranoid, once he's set his mind to something, will interpret all new evidence in light of his previous conclusions: he will bend all data to fit his premises and reject outright that which contradicts it. Throughout all of this he will maintain an absolutely logical stance, and will point to this as proof positive of his correctness. Because others will not see the same inexorable logic in his stand that he does, he becomes defensive, and out of this grows the commonly misunderstood "persecution complex."

That fandom has had more than its share of paranoids should sur-

When a paranoid patient informs you of his delusional beliefs, every nuance in the behavior of others, every minor change in his environment, which would be dismissed as coincidental by others, but which can be logically related to his beliefs by the patient, is recounted in remorseless detail. One feels a growing irritation with this terribly prolonged account of unimportant incidents which, to the patient, are proof positive of his beliefs. :: They inevitably feel resentful and misunderstood, unable to grasp why their perfectly argued case does not win universal acceptance. :: It is suggested that the delusions of persecution so common in this condition are a logical development from the constant reaction of annoyance such persons produce in others. That is, this type of thinking is the primary disturbance in paranoia, not unacceptable feelings of love, which are "reversed" into feelings of hatred and "projected" on to the environment as was suggested by Freud. -- "Modes of Abstract Thinking and Psychosis" by N. McConaghy, M.B., D.P.M (University of Melbourne), in

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PSYCHIATRY, vol.117, no.2,



prise no one. In fact, I'm really surprised we haven't had more notable ones than we have. So far we seem to have averaged approximately one to a decade of the more spectacular, or Super Paranoids. I'm not well enough versed in fandom of the thirties to be sure whether Sam Moskowitz was, as he indicates in his Immortal Storm, the first, but Claude Degler was obviously it for the forties and George Wetzel his fifties counterpart. I'll forego speculation on the sixties; they're not half done yet.

Among the lesser types, Robert Jennings and D. Bruce Berry are good examples of paranoids whose redeeming features weren't redeeming enough, but they too are among a distinct minority (and both seem to have moved on to that haven for grown up children, comics fandom). Most fans, however, because of the emotional makeup which leads so many of us into fandom in the first place, have at least a streak of paranoia. We used to laugh about it, ten and fifteen years ago, with jokes about ripping the lurid covers from the stf mags we'd bought as we faded embarrassedly away from the newsstand. At that time an overall fannish-stffish paranoia, a group paranoia, was fashionable; we were a small misunderstood clique, followers of a much- and falsely-maligned brand of pulp fiction.

Science fiction has gained somewhat in dignity since then, and lost most of its more lurid covers, but the underlying motivations which brought us into fandom remain. They can be summed up in the profile presented in What Is A Fan?: first born or an only child, inclined towards introversion, a voracious reader, usually (particularly in adolescence) antisocial or accultural to some degree. The introverted adolescent has almost always more than a touch of paranoia (coupled with and fed by an inferiority complex, because he is in some way Different) and fandom, with its close, apparently friendly air, its ingroupishness and big-frog-in-small-pond qualities, has an almost irresistable lure. As I said, it's a wonder we haven't attracted more out and out nuts than we have.

The appeal of stf, of course, is intellectual to a large degree -- it appeals to our rational side -- and we all like to think of ourselves as intelligent creatures, given to rational considerations and sensible actions. But it doesn't take a BOONDOGGLE to accent the fact that it's not always so, and indeed is probably rarely so. Some fine structures of pure logic and applied reason have been built on mighty flimsey foundations.

No where is this more evident than with the BOONDOGGLE and the situation which has grown out of it. The present mess demands clear thinking on the part of everyone who intends to give it any serious consideration. It requires something more than an adrenal reaction for the basis of our subsequent thoughts. It is at times like these that we must most strongly guard against paranoid thinking.

The Pacificon Committee has indulged in a surprising amount of such thinking, beginning with a number of absurd or dubious premises upon which they've built much that sounds sensible. Not the least of these false premises (and others will be dealt with later) is the sort of thinking which says "We must save the Con at All Costs -- even if I don't like it, we must present a United Front." People have sunk with the ship on such stands in the past. Nothing good can stand on a wormy foundation.

Some of the Committee's strongest supporters have done likewise. Many have acted without thinking, following previous built-up allegiance and feud-lines, reacting for all the world like the traditionally mad-dened bull to a red flag.

One noted east coast fan wrote a New York fan who'd come out in opposition to the BOONDOGGLE that he "must be joining the White faction," while a west coast fan of equal repute has charged, in his only defense of those originally attacked in MINAC, that I "impute low motives where none exist." He surely had first-hand knowledge of the motives in question, which were undeniably "low".

Now both the fans share one typically paranoid trait: they seem to think that I myself acted out of the same unreasoning prejudices as they. One of them has frequently accused me of defending my "buddies" whenever I've upheld a friend's point of view in an argument with him, as though my friendship with his antagonist automatically negated whatever point had been made, and friendship were, under the circumstances, despicable. He has ignored the equal number of times I've chosen to take issue with those same friends, though.

In the present case, he has assumed my motives were the same: jumping to the willy-nilly defense of a friend -- and that anyone else who might choose to defend Breen would be doing so because of the hypnotic



sway in which I hold them, as a member of my "faction."

In actual fact, my interest lies almost entirely in principle. Before the present situation began, I regarded both Donaho and Breen as friends, both of whom I had felt close to at different times in the past. Had Breen published a BOONDOGGLE in an attempt to smear Donaho and drive him out of fandom, I would have acted just the same. I was offended by Donaho's actions, and it is these I have attacked. Significantly, neither Walter nor I have attacked Bill Donaho personally.

The suggestion has been made that anyone who joined in Breen's defense is a satellite of mine -- an intimation which leaves me incredulous! I'm a bit boggled to know that my powers of persuasion could be considered so great -- and I'm sure those other fans must feel their own intelligence has been greatly insulted.

Breen's defense has been joined spontaneously by fans all over the country. While MINAC has been a spokesman for a segment of New York fandom, and thus has found itself one of the several focal points of the discussion of the case, I am certainly far from the center of Breen's defense. Below several other significant fans and zines are cited in example. Nor am I responsible for everything done in the name of his defense -- such as STARFINK. It goes without saying that this is also true of Walter himself.

Finally, I am not the sole voice of MINAC. Les Gerber's contribution is as valuable as my own, and when he states an opinion -- on any subject -- it is not as a sidekick of mine, but as an integral individual in his own right.

I am annoyed when, for the purposes of attacking me, certain supposedly intelligent fans attribute every word in these pages to me -- and I am also bugged when such fans assume that my evil mesmerism has swayed and brainwashed everyone within my ken to do my heinous bidding. Such accusations and attacks fall far short of their mark, and brand their wielders as paranoid thinkers of the first water. I suggest they reconsider their own actions and accusations in the saner light of day. Fandom can use every clear head it possesses.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE BOONDOGGLE: There has been a continuing spate of publications from various sources on the subject of the Pacificon Exclusion Act. Since Bill Blackbeard's highly sensible remarks in QAR (briefly noted lastish):

THE LOYAL OPPOSITION (John & Bjo Trimble, 5571 Belgrave Ave., Garden Grove, Calif., 92641) is a massive document in which a good number of Los Angelenos rise to Breen's defense (while maintaining the desirability of not torpedoing the Con), and an impressive lot of Berkeley fans, including one or two cited by Donaho as supposedly behind his actions, repudiate the BOONDOGGLE and the Con Committee's subsequent actions. There are two riders, from Redd Boggs and Bjohn, decrying the move afoot to blackball Breen from FAPA (more about which in a moment). An attempt was made to single out Donaho in this heavy counterattack, in order that the rest of the Committee might Save Face and reverse itself. This attempt has failed (it is reported they will give in only to a court order), as is revealed by --

REPORT FROM THE PACIFICON II COMMITTEE (Alva Rogers, 5243 Rahlves Drive, Castro Valley, Calif.) in which a joint statement is made in the Committee's name, and is then followed by personal statements from the four committeemen. All endorse the Exclusion Act although Donaho allows he may have made a few "mistakes" in publishing the BOONDOGGLE. A critique follows this section.

STARFINK, an anonymous crudzine, supposedly parodying STARS'PINKLE and crudely attacking Donaho, was mailed from my local postal zone by a pair of fans residing in lower Manhattan, without my knowledge or consent. I'm rather bugged by their attempt to make it look like my work -- and the fact that a few fans have presumed it was.

THE GREAT RAEBURN DOGDIDDLE, OR, ALL AYLMEY IS PLUNGED INTO A PILE OF CRAP (Norm Clarke, Box 911, Aylmer East, P.Q., CANADA), is a devastating satire on the original BOONDOGGLE, and perhaps the most effective weapon yet brought to bear against it.

A LOYAL PROPOSITION FROM THE NOODLE CORNER (Dick Eney, 417 Fort Hunt Rd., Alexandria 7, Va.) is the return salvo to DOGDIDDLE, ostensibly issued in equal fun and games, but recognizable to ghod-knows-how-many as a careful parody of my original letter of response to Donaho upon receipt of the BOONDOGGLE, spliced with Ellington's to MINAC 12.

In addition to these, there have been comments in other zines, most notably Mike McInenery's HACK SAW, E.E.Evers' ZEEN, Ellik's STARS'PINKLE (Ellik sits on both sides of the fence: in favor of the Exclusion Act, opposed to the FAPA Blackball), Tom Perry's LOG (Perry brings up a good point: what business have those monster fan children at the Con in the



first place? "Any attempt to make fandom safe for large numbers of children will simply make it untenable for adults. This should surprise no one; the same thing would happen if you tried to make bars, bawdy houses or libraries safe by childish standards." He advocated excluding the little monsters; recently it was suggested they bring a release from their parents...), and CRY (Busby's smug "The Committee knows what it's doing; don't believe the rabble-rousers like White" line is mildly nauseating) as well as several Cultzines in which various members have sounded off on both sides, including Donaho, who makes several self-contradictory statements (such as regarding BOONDOGGLE's circulation).

Retraction: We were misinformed that F.M. Busby has already turned his file of Breen's letters over to the Committee. He states he merely stands ready to do so should Walter attempt legal action. He seems to feel they'd "perjure" Breen, despite the fact that they weren't written under oath.

Police Prosecution: Alva Rogers and Bill Donaho went to the Oakland police in early March, armed with copies of the BOONDOGGLE, TESSERACT 1 (Breen's first fmz, published for SAFS in 1960) and QUE PASADO (fore-runner of PANIC BUTTON). The Oakland police claimed it was out of their jurisdiction and referred them to the Berkeley police. There the pair interested an Inspector Baker, who is also head of homicide. The police questioned Dave Rike, Norm Metcalf, the Gibsons (Joe Gibson considers Breen only the icebreaker in a fandom-wide purge; "After Walter, says Big Joe, comes all the other evil people of fandom until nobody is left but people like him, who sit around talking about spaceships and relating old war stories. Gibson, even, wants to get rid of Ted White. Why, I ask. Because White is in favor of free love and crusades /! -tw/ for it."), and Marcia Frendel, among others. Walter Breen was asked to appear for questioning on several occasions, and did so in the company of his attorneys. Because none of the parents supposedly involved will sign a complaint, as is required by state law, the police have stated that the case is closed. It is reported that despite this action, Donaho & Co. are not satisfied, and will still seek further prosecution (or would "persecution" be a better word?).

The FAPA Blackball: We are informed that "over ten" (the necessary number) FAPA's have cast a blackball against Breen's position on the waiting-list (he is presently #6, and would've been a member as of the next mailing). We know of nine of these FAPA's: Donaho, Norm Metcalf, Bruce Pelz, Ed Cox, Jack Speer, F.M. Busby, Richard Eney, Bill Evans, and Bob Paylat. Busby, Evans and Pelz are, respectively, vice president, secretary-treasurer and official editor of the organization. The only rationalization tendered is Busby's: he considers Breen "a security risk." This is too thin to cut, and as Harry Warner remarked in a recent letter, "the effort to keep Walter from FAPA is obviously actuated by nothing but sheer hate." We would like you to carefully note the names of the above FAPA members. It will embarrass them.

In addition: Donaho & Company are not stopping with one Exclusion Act. They're heavily agitating for Breen's exclusion from future conventions as well. At latest report, the London Committee was "considering" it (and will, we hope, reject the idea), and Donaho was hoping to find support among the Baltimorons bidding for '67, although with no reported luck. It's hard to believe the Committee's pious protests in face of such action, but then their previous actions have been a little hard to swallow too. It's to be hoped future Committees will keep their heads and refuse to be stampeded.

Perhaps the most ludicrous action thus far contemplated is to keep the LASFS from getting the 1965 Westercon, in fear that Walter might be named Fan Guest of Honor...

Finally, Ray Nelson has taken an ad in the June issue of F&SF to urge the boycott of the Pacificon. In this we heartily concur. I wrote two months ago to Donaho & Rogers to request the return of the fee I'd spent at the Discon for Pacificon membership #106, and have not yet received any reply -- much less my money. Do you suppose I'll have to sue

REPORT ON A "REPORT": The REPORT FROM THE PACIFICON II COMMITTEE is, ostensibly, a reasoned, non-emotional piece. However, this effect is gained by skillfully ignoring dubious points, accepting allegations as proven fact, and a careful editing of facts in order that they may appear in the Committee's favor. (See my remarks on paranoia...)

The report reiterates over and over again, that the Committee action against Breen was taken "not because of his morals" ... "not because Walter Breen is allegedly a child molester." "Obviously no fan's morals -- including Walter Breen's -- are committee business."

Yet, directly following one of these marvelous disclaimers is, "but



-5-

## AN OPEN LETTER FROM LCU GOLDSTONE

Attention, Al haLevy, J. Ben Stark, Bill Donaho, Alva Rogers:

I disassociate myself, herewith, from the Pacificon II.

I regret having to do it, especially since my old friend Forrest J. Ackerman is to be Fan Guest of Honor, and since I committed myself last year (to Bjo Trimble) to do the Program cover illustration.

However, in view of the Convention Committee's official self-involvement in the grossly libelous public attack upon Walter Breen, I feel that my attendance or participation would make me in some sense an abettor of acts I consider to be distasteful and dishonorable.

I'm not acquainted with Mr. Breen, but that is irrelevant. What is pertinent is that the Committee, by wallowing a-la-McCarthy in the latrine, has split, soiled and degraded the Convention it was entrusted to manage.

I am amazed that people of the chronological maturity of the Committeemen have behaved like 2-year-old feces-fighters. I hope -- not out of malice, but as an object-lesson in civilized behavior -- that those responsible for this unprecedented job of character-assassination will be held fully accountable for it, legally.

[continued on p.8]

because legal counsel lead to the conclusion that if he molests minors at the convention, legal action will probably be taken against us."

That's the core of the Committee's defense -- and how ludicrous! They are saying, in other words, "We aren't for a moment accusing Walter of being a Child Molester, and that's not an issue -- but because he is a Child Molester, we can't allow him at our Con because we'd be legally prosecuted." You sort the semantics of that one out. It's a remarkable sort of fait accompli reasoning.

While there is no legally established proof that Breen is a child-molester, and the incidents upon which such claims have been made have been proven exaggerations amplified by gossip of years-dead happenings, Breen has been "convicted" of the allegations by the Committee, and they have based all their subsequent actions upon this conviction.

A second fait accompli is the legal counsel quoted by the Committee. This counsel was obtained by presenting the BOONDOGGLE to an attorney and asking for a legal excuse for barring Breen from the Con. This excuse has been seized upon as rock-hard fact -- which is far from the truth -- and as evidence of the certain outcome of Breen's attendance at the Con.

There is no link between Breen and the behavior the Committee expects of him. His past attendance at four world conventions, a number of regional cons, and many many coin conventions (at which there is a good percentage of teen and sub-teen-aged coin fans) has been free of any taint of child molestation.

Yet, let us suppose for a moment that Breen attended the Pacificon and performed as the Committee obviously expects. Let us suppose he not only molested a child, but that this fact came to the attention of the child's parents. What would most likely happen? The latest issue of READER'S DIGEST has an article on the subject. While overblown and emotional (one comes out of it thinking the worst traumas were inflicted by the mother's horror and shock), it also recommends the standard procedure preferred by police and authorities. This consists of a direct police complaint, and the remanding of the molester to psychiatric care. Legal action against knowing bystanders is not even hinted at. An open court case, with subsequent exposure of the child to unpleasant publicity, much less a civil law suit, is unthought of. The Committee's legal counsellor most certainly knew that while, in an abstract way, the committee (as a corporate entity, not as private individuals) might be open to a charge of legal responsibility, there was little or no risk of any prosecution.

To be blunt, the entire "legal action" defense ("legal action will probably be taken against us" --my emphasis) is a red herring.

(The matter has been discussed with other attorneys, and the results were about as might be expected: conflicting opinions. Were the Committee prosecuted, a good defense lawyer could almost certainly get them off. Law, especially opinion about law, is far from clearcut. That's what makes a court battle.)

As in the field of law, the field of psychology is one of differing opinions, disagreements, and occasional schisms. (The Ruby case was a good illustration of this in both fields.) Therefore it is bitterly amusing to find the following quote on the closing page of the report proper:

"Recognized psychological authorities agree that all child molesters are psychopaths, not just kooks or neurotics. Child molesters are concerned only with the gratification of their own desires without regard to the consequences to others. They are not able to control their own actions."

This is not a description of Walter Breen. But because it was appended to a report concerning action taken against Breen (it stands alone as a separate paragraph), its meaning is obvious. It represents



a rather neat attempt at non-actionable libel, on the old Laney tactical principle -- make two unconnected statements, the one of which implies a libel about the other but does not do so in a direct fashion. General opinion is that if Laney's method had been put to the test it would've failed, but apparently its effectiveness in Ah! Sweet Idiocy! was not lost on the Committee.

Other examples of the way in which the Committee has twisted facts -- or ignored them -- can be found in the following two cases. Both report to be "corrections" of the BOONDOGGLE:

"Walter Breen followed one child into the bedroom when he was sent to change into his sleepers, not into the bathroom as stated in the BOONDOGGLE. (It might be added that the child's mother followed and took care of the situation.)" By which it is implied that something terrible might've happened had the child's mother not followed; that Breen's sex-crazed mind was bent (as the Committee seems to assume it always is) on Seduction. The factual explanation is simpler: the two were continuing a conversation.

"It has also been claimed that Walter Breen and another child were 'on the bed', not 'in bed' as stated in the BOONDOGGLE. Walter Breen and the child were lying on an unmade bed; the kid had only his shorts on and Walter was 'cuddling' him. (And got heaved out immediately.) After all the phrase 'in bed' does not mean 'under the covers.'" But it implies that. All mention of the fact that both were watching TV is omitted, both here and in Alva Rogers' subsequent personal statement.

Rogers adds, "We were then told that he and his older brother had been invited to visit Walter in his apartment and 'look over his coin collection'." ... "...I don't think I misinterpreted Walter's intentions -- particularly in light of the second cuddling scene and the invitation to visit his apartment." One presumes Rogers feels Walter's invitation was just another change rung on the old "Come up and see my etchings" routine. It ignores the fact that the Rogers kids are reportedly coin fans, that they were both asked to come together (hardly conducive to a seduction), and that Walter is one of the biggest names in numismatics, with a personal collection of great worth and repute.

Also appended is a statement by Donaho, about which Dick Ellington states in a recent letter:

"Donaho's reference to the parents of another child threatening to kill Walter is probably directed at us and is quite as much a lie, though a stupid distortion also of something that did occur and which was twisted badly. Hell, I might as well tell you that bit -- when it became evident that Poop was Growing Up and I wished to discourage Walter's attentions a bit, I mentioned very casually in conversation one day when the subject came up, making sure that a couple of the biggest mouths in Berkeley Fandom had their radar out, that while of course Walter had done nothing really wrong with Poopsie, if he, or anyone else, actually assaulted her sexually, I would quite simply kill them, which is true enough and which I would do, having no compunctions about this sort of thing and being inclined towards direct action in matters of this sort. Apparently this was widely distorted and probably -- judging from his attitude towards us since, Walter got a wildly inflated version of this himself, but that's only guessing and I didn't bother with it after that, figuring, I think rightfully enough, who cares? All this happened several years ago incidentally, and had pretty much slipped my mind until this business blossomed out. We've seen Walter since then at parties and such, though very rarely, and his attitude seemed a bit cautious while ours hadn't changed much -- polite but not really gladhandy -- in fact, we gave him a lift home from the Andersons one day last year as I remember it. Oh well, such are the workings of Donaho's mind."

Paranetically, I might note that my attitude, while hardly so extreme, is about the same regarding my own daughters. And, the picture of a "cautious" Walter Breen is hardly that painted by the Committee, with its pronouncements about irresponsible psychopaths.

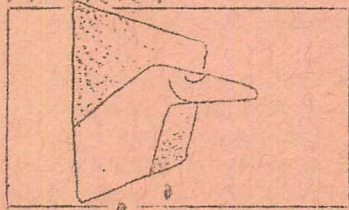
The report simply doesn't do it. Despite the assurances of such publicly neutral fans as F.M. Busby in CRY (and his support of the Committee is hardly a well-kept secret) that this report absolves the Committee of any charges of hate-mongering or the imputation of "low motives," a semantic analysis of the report, coupled with a factual examination of its claims -- even apart from the damning set of personal statements appended -- makes it obvious that apart from its function as an attempt to justify the Committee's unjustified stand, it is simply the latest attempt to further the "surgery" separating Breen from fandom.

-- Ted White



August 20, 1960

HARRY



WARNER:

I've sometimes thought there might be more than coincidence in the way letters cross in the mails. In some circumstances the happenstance seems to go beyond the limits of probability. Several weeks ago, for instance, I wrote Ella Parker a letter that I'd been trying to get written for nearly three months, answering a letter from her and commenting on her fanzine. The very same day, she wrote me an airmail letter for no special reason, just because she felt like telling me some things. I've asked her to try to remember the time she wrote that letter, to see how it might coincide with my activities; from internal evidence in her letter, I suspect that it might have been early evening in London, just about the same time allowing for the five-hour differential that I dug her letter and fanzine out of the mass of unanswered mail to give a reply to.

It's good to know that there's no foundation for the rumor about the Dietzes reviving the ghost of Michelism against Kyle. However, I understand that Sam Moskowitz will do about the same thing in the next INNUENDO because he's mad at that review of The Immortal Storm. Terry says that he is charging that my current attitude is an attempt to cover up my participating in Futurian affairs two decades ago because I don't want the communistic taint involved in membership in that body. He's all wet on several counts. I have found a fanzine quotation of the day that proves I never belonged to the Futurians, and I have no particular reason for wishing to be free from any communistic connotations, even if I had ever been partial to the ideology, which I wasn't. But I do object very strongly to any in-print reference to communism in connection with the Futurians, for the simple reason that they were mostly a bunch of kids playing with fire back in those years and it's pointless cruelty to damage their present status by reviving the old stuff again. Many of them have wives and children who could be innocent victims if a Wetzel got hold of this stuff and started writing letters to bosses and landlords.

((I had talked Harry—I wish I could remember how, so I could do it again—into sending me some early issues of HORIZONS he found in his attic.—lg)) I'm glad that the old fanzines didn't repel you too badly. Since I've been going through early FAPA mailings for fan history purposes, I have become absolutely revolted by the need to glance through HORIZONS for possible morsels of information. Even though you think I underrate myself, I consider myself a tremendous writer, a screamingly funny humorist, and one of the world's ten top thinkers when I compare my present writing to the stuff I turned out then.

If you can stick to it, you might have a better chance to sell a novel than short stories. It's easier to write a novel in some ways, people who should know have told me. A novel doesn't require the faithful attention to tight writing and economy of incident that you need for the short story or novelette. Even major successes by novel writers often contain carelessnesses that wouldn't survive the editorial shears in any shorter work. Anatomy of a Murder is a good example. Whoever wrote it began to play on several subsidiary themes, like the hero's political intentions and the jealousy to which the wife of the defendant was a slave, then gave them up about halfway through the work. This is an unforgiveable construction flaw according to all the rules of good writing, but a novel is so big that such things can survive. Somerset Maugham said once that a novel isn't due the respect that a symphony or poem deserves when it comes to abridgment and editing; he sees nothing wrong with cutting or upgrading the writing in even the most famous ones.

September 29, 1964

((In September of 1960 I began my ill-fated sojourn at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, a perilously short distance from Hagerstown.—lg))

See, I really do exist after all, and I'm not maintaining silence in an effort to pretend that we aren't comfortably close together now and I haven't retired from fandom in order to provide me with a stunning climax in my history of fandom, but I've just been busy. And something has gotten into fandom all of a sudden. I'm receiving fannish mail twice as fast as I can answer it, with no perceptible cause. People are trying to strike up correspondences with no particular cause, fanzine editors are answering my letters of comment on their fanzines when there really wasn't anything in my letters to require comment, and even old, senile correspondents who normally wait three months to answer mail are replying promptly. It has created a jamup in my desk drawer containing unanswered letters and unacknowledged fanzines. I can barely get it open and shut without losing a half-pound of stuff through the opening at the back.

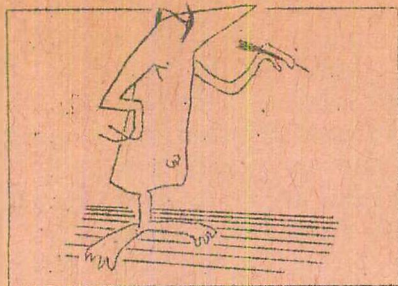
Nope, I didn't hear any bad accounts of you at the Pittcon. In fact, I haven't heard much about the Pittcon, except for the fragmented reports that have appeared in a couple of fanzines and one fascinating letter from Peggy Rae McKnight; she writes about Ron Ellik every time where I expected your name to bob up. I half-expected to get there, but at the crucial time I was feeling in a rather bad humor and there were workmen due in the house. Pavlat and Madle stopped by and tried to toss me into the vacant seat in their car, but I had to decline with regrets. In fact, I had surprisingly little fallout from traveling fans.

((More on not attending the Pittcon next time.—lg))

—Harry Warner, Jr.



# letters



CONT. FROM P. 5

LOU GOLDSTONE (continued from top, p.5): I don't thank the Committee for ruining the Convention for me, and I suggest that the next convention in this area had better be left to the administration of people whose intelligence and moral standards will lead them to take a more serious view of their responsibilities. [350 Dolores St., San Francisco 10, California]

AVRAM DAVIDSON: The following are excerpts from a letter from a long, long gaffiated fan and semi-active pro (name withheld):

"I am purty peeved. I never heard of Alva Rogers, but cupla days ago I received a fat envelope; figured Alva was a girl's name. But on reading the mimeo'd broadside, discovered Alva is a man & instrumental in kicking W Breen out of Convention as Menace to Morals. All this because Breen is AN ALLEGED CHILD MOLESTER -- get that --

nowhere in the broadside did it say he was a CONVICTED one -- and I am infuriated. This is a hunk of typical fandom skullduggery, and a good sample of why I wouldn't be caught dead at any fan gathering.

"[...] If Breen were a convicted molester, Rogers might have a point, though even so I wonder at his & the others' playing-of-god [...]. Breen [sic] states that he found Breen in compromising position etc etc, though nowhere did he state any actual hanky-panky going on, and I can only sensibly wonder: IF HE CAUGHT BREEN MISBEHAVING WHY IN HELL DIDN'T HE CALL THE COPS? Because if he didn't, he is now taking law in own mitts & assassinating somebody's character.

"Heck, I've never met Rogers, & only once met Breen. Why mail such a thing to me? Why on earth should I give a damn one way or another about fandom-creeps? [...] So, though I doubt I'd even recognize Breen if he walked in here, I'm rooting for him and gagging at Rogers-and-ilk (Didn't he get in a hassle years ago over somebody named Francis T Laney, or was that another-hued-equine?)."

Inasmuch as I haven't asked for permission to quote this, I'm withholding the writer's name. Suffice it to say that he's been out of fandom for decades, and has barely retained a foot in the door of prodrom...both by choice of his own. The fact that he received the Breen-is-Antichrist material must indicate that the promoters thereof are sending it to just everybody but everybody, scraping the antique bottom of the barrel for names. Are they running scared? "The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth," occurs to me -- as does, "Methinks the gentleman doth protest too much." Or is this simply a hate-maddened determination to smear Walter just about everywhere possible? The writer of the above letter is middle-aged and childless and hasn't appeared at either a fan or a pro gathering in close to twenty years at least. The notion that he and/or his friends need to be protected against WB is rather ridiculous. He wrote to me as a friend, not as a fan or pro, so I feel free to discuss what he said. As an editor, of course, I can't get involved in feuds and have to steer clear of all this. I am sure that Walter understands this, although I'm not sure that all of his friends do. But as an individual I am free to express my own opinions. Which I have done and do now.

In a letter to Donaho I told him that I do not approve of having children introduced to sex by adults...that if I observed an adult trying this with my own kids I would warn the party off, at least...that I might perhaps even resort to violence of the law. And that it was perfectly obvious from stuff in Donaho's BOONDOGGLE which had nothing to do with sex that he, Donaho, and supporters, were moved not just by matters sexual but by totally unrelated dislikes of Walter to do what they were doing. Donaho's answer I found singularly unconvincing.

It is now obvious that all this slop and slime was put into print to enable somebody to do anonymously what nobody had the guts or the evidence to do otherwise, viz. Fink To The Fuzz. And somebody obviously, as we all know now, has... [See p.4 for the details. Actually, Avram, I doubt Bill had it in mind to use the BOONDOGGLE against Breen in that fashion when he wrote it. I think it comes closer to the mark to say that he hoped that in circulating it through fandom, fandom would perform the unpleasant "surgical" task of ostracizing Breen, thus saving him and his friends the trouble. One wonders, though, how Breen's exclusion from FAPA will make the Children of Our Fair Country Safer, and it appears that the FAPA Blackball was in Donaho's mind at that time. He wrote Terry Carr a note accompanying a copy of the BOONDOGGLE to say that he knew of "many more than ten" FAPAs who'd blackball Breen (if, one presumes, they were given the excuse. BOONDOGGLE was the excuse.). -tw]

Whose reputation, do you suppose, has come down the cleanest -- Oscar Wilde's? Or the Marquess of Queensbury's?

With this parallel in mind, I think most firmly that Walter should not sue. Queensbury's original charge was preposterous -- but Wilde was convicted on other charges on evidence which might well have been perjured in whole or in part. Every few years or so there is found in fandom a commonly-nominated crotch to kick. This year it is Walter's. This is tough, but I think he should bear it even if he can't grin, and avoid even the appearance of giving any credence to his detractors.

As of now, although I've made hotel reservations, I don't know if I'll show up at the Con or not, because of this and for no other reasons. The chances of my agreeing to take part in any official function there is pretty damned slight.

This has all been most unwise, most unkind, most imprudent. It rings in my ears with a dangerous sound, like that of "an alarm-bell in the night." The Con Committee has seen the beginning, but they have not yet seen the end. McCarthy never destroyed communism. All that he did was to destroy McCarthy. [Libertad 13, Amecameca, Mexico, Mexico]

GRANIA DAVIDSON: It seems to me, that whatever the evidence of Breen on a bed with a 13-year-old, or encouraging nudism in a 3-year-old, the committee's arguments fall flat in one crucial spot... The committee has not produced one shred, not one bloody molecule of evidence that Walter has ever done anything of this sort at a con, or made any contacts at any con which he has followed up. NOT ONCE.

Even so, if they are worried that all the screaming howling monster fans will bring Walter to a state of Uncontrollable Passion (HOGWASH -- Walter is as much turned off these brats as the rest of us, and has as much control over his passions as anyone)...and if they are worried that they, the con committee, will be held responsible, they could follow a practice that is in regular use among all California Public schools.

Namely, they could make it manditory for all attendees under the age of 18 to have a signed, formal consent slip from their parents worded, possibly, "My son, Harvey Schmitzic, is attending this convention with my full knowledge and consent, and I agree not to hold the convention committee or the hotel responsible for any damage of any nature which might occur at the convention."

If they must have their monster fans, this is the only sensible thing to do...not only would they not be responsible for Walter's actions, but they wouldn't be responsible for the kid who gets drunk, or the kid who gets sick from too much coffee at the NFFF hospitality room, or for that matter, the



kid who had to sneak to the con, and whose parents don't like that Science Fiction stuff, and would like to get someone in trouble for luring the kid away from the Bobsy Twins.

Of course, it's too late to do that now with the police involved and all...but this alternative was available and they could have taken it...which just goes to show that they and all their pious talk about no other alternative was a bunch of ----. [It's a good suggestion for future Committees however, if they're at all worried about the problems the Pacificon Committee's raised. -tw]

CALVIN DEMMON: A lot of things bother me about the Donaho-Breen thing. Of course I think that Donaho is not only off his ass but morally reprehensible -- especially since he turned those zines over to the Berkeley cops. But I'm not sure whether or not I'll resign from the Con. I suppose I will, but it would seem that if everyone opposed to Donaho (and the Committee, but mostly Donaho) resigns, then, conversely, the con will be made up of Donaho supporters and -- oh, I don't know. [1002 East 66th St., Inglewood, Calif., 90302]

STEVE STILES: A few weeks ago you asked for my reaction to the current fannish storm (boy did Moskowitz pick an accurate title for his fanhistory!). My reply was rather noncommittal ("The Expulsion Act fracas leaves me gasping like a gillfilte fish on Miami Beach" were my words). When word first came to me about the BOONDOGGLE, I resolved to remain fairly neutral until more evidence came to light. While I've always liked Walter, I can hardly claim to be on close terms with him, particularly since he now resides on the West Coast. Nor did I know much about Bill Donaho, save that he was a highly prominent fan who once produced a rather good fanzine.

Well, those weeks have passed and I am now a wiser but sadder fan. It seems highly surprising that the same fan who edited and published HABAKKUK, that same bohemian figure who plays such an important part in so many of Lin Carter's fabulous stories about the Nunnery, could have been responsible for the BOONDOGGLE, a publication which is beginning to resemble A TRIP TO HELL in so many respects. [I am given to understand that Bill not long ago "went square" -- he developed a brand new Social Conscience which was aching to be tried out in some dramatic way which might help him win his projected TAFF campaign next year. Unlike his former conscience, which had led him to the Nelson Pledge, and acts of unselfish friendship for his many friends in and out of fandom, this new Social Conscience has led to his concern for the wellbeing of Society, at the expense of his friends and the life-long pledge of Mutual Assistance he took with Walter Breen... -tw]

It is quite unnecessary to recount all the evidence which reflects so badly on Bill Donaho and stands in Walter Breen's favor; things which I can say have already been said better in MINAC, QAR, and THE LOYAL OPPOSITION, as well as in personal correspondence and discussions. Obviously Donaho has some explaining to do. I'd hate to be in his shoes.

It has been my past position to stand clear of fan feuds; I'm not in fandom to engage in tempests in teapots. But when a harmless good-natured man stands a good chance of getting hurt, when his FAPA and SAPS participation is endangered (to say nothing of the ultimate horror: banned from the NFFFT!), when his wife-to-be is outrageously slandered, and when a Worldcon is ruined for a great many people (I'm glad I won't be able to attend), then it becomes (here comes an outmoded, terribly square term) a fan's moral duty to stand up and be counted. In favor of the "defendent." [1809 2nd Avenue, N.Y., N.Y., 10028]

JOHN BOARDMAN: I am not overly surprised to see known fuggheads like Busby and Pelz align themselves with Donaho, but I am disappointed to see Eney and Scithers apparently take Donaho's side. I've known both of them for years, and have considerable respect for them as individuals. It bothers me to see them lend the weight of their not inconsiderable influence in fandom to Donaho's "surgical operation." [Actually, I was not surprised by any of the four doing so -- and my estimation of them differed somewhat from yours -- because they were part of an already-existing axis which had laid plans three years or so ago for a move of this sort. At that time Breen was to be banned from the Discon, and the Blackball would've been in early 1962. The "Sticky Fan X" bit was to have been the opening wedge in the maneuver, and a blackball movement was begun immediately following the Seacon. Donaho was not one of the Seacon conspiritors, but the others were. It should be remembered that while recent events (such as Breen's rapid approach to the head of the FAPA waiting-list) may have triggered the current crusade, the operation's groundwork already existed. Viewed in this light, the BOONDOGGLE gains a yet more sinister hue...-tw]

The direction in which this whole business is leading was indicated at the kangaroo count. One of the participants suggested that they ought also to throw out drug users. Another concurred enthusiastically. So who goes next? First the accused child molesters, then the accused drug users, then, I suppose, the atheists and political radicals. ("Would you want them at a Con, spreading their ideas among innocent young Monster Fans?")

The candidates for this treatment can be readily imagined. The veteran New York fan who was once arrested, 23 years ago, for child molestation and who also has a left-wing record; another New York fan who was named as a Communist before HUAC 10 years ago (by Harvey Matusow); various West Coast fanarchists; yhos; master-race nuts like Leman; you name it. [In a word, everyone who isn't hip to G<sup>2</sup>...]

BUCK COULSON: I thought about circulating a pre-mailing in FAPA opposing the blackball, but I didn't. Mainly, I doubted that it would do any good; anyone favoring the blackball had his mind made up by that time. (I'm not opposing the action of the Pacificon Committee; I tend to go along much much with Al Lewis's remarks in LOYAL OPPOSITION and unless I encounter some more facts I'll probably stick with him.)

Meyers' description of Hall sounds typically fannish (that is, a basically true account which has been exaggerated for the sake of a good story). Having met Hall, I can agree that he's like that, but not so much like that. Actually, I class him as the Travelling Salesman type -- the hearty backslapper. That type is rare in fandom, and Meyers did a good job of parody. (Though I'm not too fond of parodies of individuals rather than types.)

Incidentally, Clod was associate editor of CALVALIER, not ARGOSY (unless they're both put out by the same firm, and I don't think they are). He's working for a New Orleans newspaper now; as far as I know, YANERO is his only fan contact. [Rte. 3, Wabash, Ind., 46992]

ARNOLD KATZ: I seem to have gained an admirer in TCarr. He can't fool me with his rankout of EX-CALIBUR; I know he loved it and is just trying to keep me from getting a swelled head. Suuurrreee he is. His is the most extreme reaction that I've encountered to that issue, and it is noted. Yes indeed. I have him noted down to receive a bouquet of poison ivy next leap year day. Paranthetically, I didn't use a Gestetner, but rather it was the first fruit of my new Sears mimeo, and the first mimeoed zine that I ever did. Have patience, Terry; things will get better. (They



The Green material was appreciated. I want all the info I can get from all the sides before I come to any decision. There are so many factors that I am wary of people who come forth with pat, simple answers. [One reason for its complexity is that several separate and distinct problems are involved. 1: Has any fan the right to attempt to run another out of fandom through character assassination? 2: Is there sufficient justification for the Con Committee's action in barring Breen from the Pacificon? 3: Is there any justification for the move to bar Breen from various publishing and corresponding organizations? 4: What truth, if any, is there in the charges made against Breen, and are they relevant to the actions taken and proposed against him? Some of these questions (the last, especially) may not be easy for an unknowledgeable bystander to answer. Others, like #1, should require little thinking, since they embody principles rather than specific issues. Confusion arises when these questions are cross-argued, as the Donaho faction has done repeatedly. -tw] [98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, N.Y., 11043]

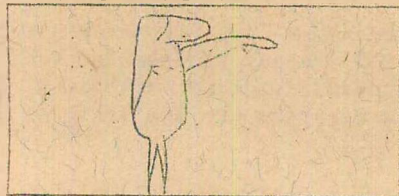
PETE NEMZEK: MINAC's 12 and 134 made interesting reading to a neo such as me, who has never before seen a feud. But since I don't really know much about those involved, I can't take sides as I'd like. However, as always, I am on the side of Truth and Justice. Even though the Pacificon II was to be my first con, I shall boycott it. Actually, of course, this isn't such a difficult decision for one who's about to be Snapped Up by the Air Force, but at least my heart's in the right place. I hope Walter doesn't get too bugged at all this. From what I've heard of him, pro and con, he sounds like someone I'd like to know. Box 15484, Los Angeles, Calif., 90015.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

LATE NIGHT FINAL: The latest issue of FRAP contains a letter from Bill Donaho, in amplification of his defense of his actions. It did not impress editor Lichtman; it doesn't impress us -- at least, not as was intended. Write Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft, Los Angeles, Calif., 90058, for a copy. :: In SPELEOBEM 23 (SAPS 67), Bruce Pelz spells out, for friends and foes alike, the Blackball Philosophy: "While I do not have any first-hand evidence that could be used to convict Walter Breen of child-molesting, I am convinced that others do have..." "...on the grounds that it is hypocritical to support the Con Committee, in the belief that Breen is a menace, while being perfectly willing to accept his presence in other organizations, I am in favor of ousting him from SAPS, The Cult, and the FAPA waiting-list. I do consider him a menace, not only to fandom but to society in general, and have tried to convince my friends that this is the case -- hence the FAPA blackball 'campaign'. If Walter is a menace -- a sick menace -- he should be hospitalized..." "It has been stated that, should Walter Breen be arrested -- an event whose likelihood appears to be increasing -- any organization which retains him as a member without protest may put itself in jeopardy." These -- some of the most profoundly fugg-headed and specious arguments yet committed to paper against Breen -- bracket a call to vote from SAPS on the decision of whether or not to oust Breen from that organization.

...

LES GERBER:



less gerber

not to put down Eney. Sorry I omitted the qualifications.

AND BUSBY MAKES TWO: I got a letter from F.M. Busby last week. I can't (and wouldn't) quote it here, but in it Buz said he hoped I wasn't involved in the editorial in MINAC 13A, which he hadn't seen yet. This was an extreme example of something rather odd that seems to be going on these days among the ranks of the ungodly. People keep assuming or hoping that Ted and I are more or less independantly writing material and throwing it together into a fanzine. Probably there are some who even thought that Ted had written MINAC 13A himself and added my name to it just to bolster his case.

MINAC is a joint product of Ted White and Les Gerber. Ted writes more than I do, and that's why he usually has more material in it than I have. We usually share the mechanical work about evenly; he runs it off and does most of the stencilling, while I finish the stencilling and



mail the zine off. I don't always get to read Terry's column before it gets run off, but otherwise Ted and I read every word of material before it is published, including our own and the other's. Our viewpoints do not coincide exactly, but neither of us has published anything that the other had strong objections to.

In other words, I stand behind everything Ted has said in MINAC about the Breen situation. This is not because I am Ted's rubber stamp, but because we discussed his material (which was first-drafted) and mine in advance.

Another extreme viewpoint arrived recently, in the form of a postcard from Dick Eney to me. "Corrections and emendations on the account of the Fan X incident are entirely up to your conscience. But if you feel the urge to be fair, why not twist Lying Ted's arm until he sends F.M. Busby a copy of MINAC 13?" As it happens, Buz was sent two copies of MINAC -- one, which I carefully placed into the mailbox myself, along with everyone else's; and another the following week, when Buz wrote to complain that he had not received his MINAC yet (prematurely, I suppose, since MINAC rarely gets cross-country in a week). But if Buz had not been mailed a copy, it would have been my fault. I handle the mailing.

In other words, if Ted White is really an evil genius, I am not his dupe, or his slave, but his partner in crime. If MINAC makes you mad, you can blame both of us.

-- Les Gerber

NOTE: Les has been greatly pushed for time lately; school demands having increased and extra-curricular activities such as preparation for a part in a piano recital given Sunday, the 26th, all have cut sharply into his fanac. The above was hurriedly drafted during a Fanoclast meeting, and was not the extent of what Les planned to have in this issue. Time and overdue deadlines, however, wait for no fan... -tw

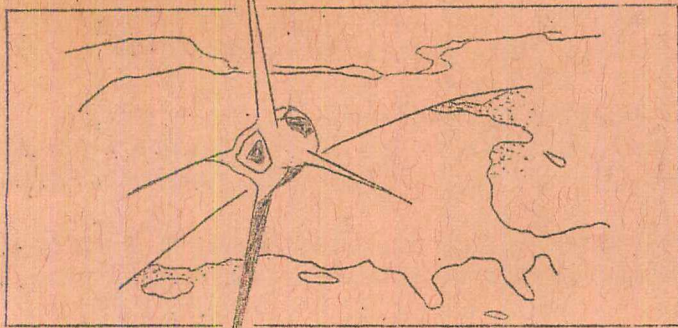
On April 11, 1964, Hannes Bok died of a heart attack in his apartment. Such was his relative seclusion, his death went undiscovered for two days. Bok's activities in the fantasy world included some of the field's finest and most imaginative covers and illustrations (carrying the color and geometric sense of his artistic mentor, Maxfield Parrish, across the borderline from romance into fantasy) as well as several works of fantasy fiction, including posthumous collaborations with A. Merritt. In recent years Bok contributed little to the field, his work having appeared in OTHER WORLDS, an early IMAGINATION or two, and del Rey's FANTASY, until his recent comeback last year in a double-cover for F&SF which showed he'd lost none of his powers. In recent years Bok made his living as an astrologer, casting horriscope and writing articles on astrology for Palmer's SEARCH. Despite his relative inactivity in fantasy illustration during the last decade, Bok will be sorely missed; his was a talent of vivid impact.

Cons are places to meet people you never know personally in any other way save through fanzines or correspondence, people whose very rarity of appearance makes the voids between so much emptier. And when so many of such Good People are absent from a con, disappointment is multiplied. For me, then, the DisContented motto must be that of the Dodgers back in their Brooklyn days: "Wait'll next year!", or, translated into fansprache, "See you at the Leamington!" --Walter Breen, FANAC #96

"This man is obviously sick, and should be barred from future science fiction conventions!" --anon



TERRY CARR:



troll chowder

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #68, January-February 1964. 25¢, 5/\$1.00 from Redd Boggs, 270 South Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles, Calif., 90057. In sterling areas, 1/8d each, 7/- for five from Archie Mercer, 70 Worrall Road, Bristol 8, England. 37 pages, mimeoed.

This second issue of Shaggy under the Boggs aegis continues and even intensifies the concentration on s-f and fantasy which the magazine has shown in recent issues. In addition to the regular column of book reviews, Shaggy 68 features an article by

Leland Sapiro correcting several inaccuracies in Harry Warner's article from #67, and a lettercol capably edited by Ed Cox dealing predominantly with Alexei Panshin's last-issue article on Heinlein's sexual sophistication or lack of same; Poul Anderson's two-page letter is of particular interest here.

Of the reviews, Dick Lupoff's on Burroughs' The Mucker is a smoothly written presentation of Dick's inexplicable enthusiasm for this most amateurish of all science-fantasy greats; Dale Hart's review of It Is Time, Lord by former fan Fred Chappell is completely uncommunicative to anyone who hasn't read the book itself, and therefore useless (I'd wager a pretty penny the "review" will be meaningless when I've read the book, too); and Jim Harmon's commentary on the Leo Margulies anthology Three Times Infinity is deft, insightful and amusing.

S-f subjects haven't completely taken over Shaggy yet by any means, though. Boggs' editorial, though slight, reminds me a bit of the ones Burbee used to do for the magazine, in its use of local minutiae as a vehicle for commentary on fandom at large. ("I could explain to the cops. I wonder, though, if I could have explained to the Pacificon committee?") Bill Rotsler has a one-page comical strip, What Rotsler!, which I hope is the first of a regular series: it's ~~minor-key~~ fannishness in the pure Insurgent tradition. ("The battlements of fandom have loomed over him all his life. He bears honorable scars from wars of the future.") Ron Ellik has an article giving a brief survey of the official and semi-official publications of the LASFL/LASFS throughout fanhistory, followed by a checklist of these publications, compiled by Al Lewis. Bjo Trimble in her column writes about her mother's hobby, and now business, of raising orchids, and it occurs to me that it's some sort of tribute to the variety of the LASFS's interests that this piece can appear in the same fanzine as an article by an arch-purist like Lee Sapiro. Not that Bjo's piece is any great shucks -- it's minor Bjo, lacking most of the humorous touches she's capable of injecting -- but it's a sign of a healthy diversity of subject matter.

There are also a couple of poems by Edith Ogutsch and August Derleth. I dunno about the Ogutsch poem, but I like Derleth's. It all adds up to an enjoyable if not outstanding issue.

RATING: 6½

#### H. P. LOVECRAFT: A SYMPOSIUM

Distributed free with INSIDE (now THE RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY), HAUNTED, and SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. Additional copies available at \$2.00 each from Leland Sapiro, 1242 37th Drive, Los Angeles, Calif., 90007. Proceeds to the LASFS club-house fund. 21 pages, reduced to half-size, photo-offset, with a one-page mimeoed Errata.

This is a transcription of a panel discussion on Lovecraft moderated by Sapiro at a LASFS meeting, with panelists Fritz Leiber, Bob Bloch, Sam Russell, and Arthur Jean Cox; August Derleth has added a page of annotations.

Reports of this discussion in the more fannish fanzines emanating from Los Angeles have labelled it a terribly dull evening's entertainment, and I imagine it may have been so, particularly for those whose interest in Lovecraft is less than acute. However, when the commentary of the panelists is set down in print for reading at one's leisure the whole thing becomes much more palatable. The discussion, particularly of Lovecraft's materialism, and Bob Bloch's comments rebutting the criticisms of HPL made by Edmund Wilson, has a lot of interest for s-f fans as well as those of Lovecraftian fantasy.

A note about the format: Whoever typed up the copy for this



-13-

(Lee Sapiro?) did a very imperfect job of justifying the margins, and I'll have to point out for the umpty-hundredth time that there is nothing which looks worse than half-assed evenedging. Better the edges should be respectably ragged. Also, the cover drawing, which presumably is supposed to conjure up the brooding atmosphere of a dark New England manse, has all the style and evocative power of a Hallmark Easter card.

NO RATING: Special Interest

#### HARBINGER #4

An irregular fanzine available presumably for trades, comments, etc., from Don & Maggie Thompson, 29 College Place, Oberlin, Ohio. 20 pgs., mimeoed.

This is a casual sort of fanzine consisting largely of editorial ramblings by Don in which he brings to our attention a number of amusing newspaper headlines and such and tells us all about his connection with the numbers racket in Cleveland; all amusing stuff. There's a faan-fiction story by Charles Wells about a young fan who Gets Out Into The World and Learns To Interrelate With People and hence goes gafia, oh well; then a brief review of Playboy and its imitators, by Don, which doesn't have a helluva lot to say; and finally a somewhat longer review by Buck Coulson of the del Rey prozines of the early 50s, Space S-F, S-F Adventures, Rocket Stories, and Fantasy Fiction. The latter shares honors with the editorial natterings as the best stuff in the issue.

As far as I can tell, HARBINGER is just a sort of secondary-interest fanzine which the Thompsons put out between issues of COMIC ART. It'll never set fandom afire, but it's pleasant enough when it shows up in your mailbox.

RATING: 6

#### QUEEN ANNE'S REVENGE #1

Available for comment, trades, etc., or cash at the rate of two pages per penny -- minimum sub 75¢ -- from Bill Blackbeard, 192 Mountain View, Los Angeles, Calif., 90057. 61 pages, mimeoed with photoffset cover and photopages.

In the last MINAC Ted White labelled this fanzine the most interesting new zine to come along in ages, and he was dead right. This isn't to say that it's perfect by any means, but it may well be the very best first-issue fanzine I've ever seen. In appearance it reminds me strongly of Bob Johnson's ORB, that most arty of all fanzines -- but where ORB was so arty as to be artsy-fartsy at times, QAR uses fold-out pages, experimental layouts and such in a casual and unpretentious manner throughout.

The material is as varied as the layout. Major items are a reprinted Henry Kuttner story, And You Too, Franz Kafka from a 1949 issue of Fritz & Jonquil Leiber's parafanzine NEW PURPOSES (I can't tell whether this was an experimental story which just didn't work well enough to be salable, or whether Kuttner was just horsing around); Fritz Leiber's allusive and amusing poem The Battle Hymn of the Intellectuals; Dian Girard's middlin'-good fannish story And May Roscoe Smile Upon You (which was doubly welcome to me because I like Dian but I've heretofore been unable to enjoy any of her writings, least of all her Annals of Shalar sword-and-sorcery stuff in SAPS); a five-page cartoon sequence by Bill Rotsler; a couple of lit'ry archaeology pieces by Blackbeard showing, first, that Don Marquis got the whole idea for archie from an earlier book by John Kendrick Bangs, and, second, that D. H. Lawrence gamnear invented the term "eyetracks" before fandom was anything more than a mote in Hugo Gernsback's eye; and Blackbeard's own extended section of fanzine, book and movie reviews.

In his commentary on the pro offerings, Blackbeard's writing style is reasonably straightforward, a clear vehicle for interesting and perceptive remarks. In his fanzine reviews, though, he lets his style get convoluted, involuted, and at times more of a chore to read than is worthwhile; in his abiding interest in puns and allusions he turns out a prose which has not quite as much easy flow to it as Walter Breen's writing at its worst. This moebius style isn't confined to the fanzine reviews, either; it shows up most unforgivably in several poems in the issue. "I enjoy anything fringe./I like fringe air./I dig fringe dressing./But--my id is not the least bit fringe.../(Fringe-id, that is.)/Which is why I like being fringe/With femme-fans./(No fringe-stances, tho:/What happens in snog-filled rooms at fanfairs/Is damn con-fringe-dential!)"

Withal, though, I must mention that he has a remarkably sensible editorial about the Donaho Boondoggle. (My copy seems to be lacking the ending of the editorial, however--can you supply me that,



Bill?) Also worthy of mention is the excellent artwork scattered throughout the issue, by Mike Hinge and Steve Stiles in particular. Would that all the material, especially those items I haven't mentioned here for lack of space and interest, had come up to the level of the best.

Blackbeard also mentions, by the way, that he's planning a companion zine, JASHER, and I hope I'll see it.

RATING: 7½

#### LOG #6

Available for trades, letters of comment worth publishing, or 20¢ a copy from Tom Perry, 4018 Laurel Ave., Omaha 11, Nebraska. 20 pages, mimeoed.

This latest issue of the fanzine which more and more strikes me as a cross between MINAC and HYPHEN (it's a casual individzine like MINAC, only longer and leaning to punnery in the Belfast manner) performs the definite service of bringing back into print Walt Willis' excellent article A Defense of the Pun, which contains at least one more classic pun than I'd remembered. It's a fine polemic which ranks as one of the Basic Articles of Fannish Fandom.

Also here is an editorial by Perry suggesting that if anyone's to be barred from the Pacificon it should be the young monster fans about whose safety the Committee is concerned. ("Any attempt to make fandom safe for large numbers of children will simply make it untenable for adults ... the same thing would happen if you tried to make bars, bawdy houses, or libraries safe by childish standards.") Tom's argument, however, ignores the fact that one of the attractions of fandom, for young and old alike, is and always has been the ease of communication it makes possible between intelligent people of all ages. And in any case, his solution begs the basic question.

Joe Pilati deals with the Donaho Boondoggle too in his column, telling of a few ideas he'd had for satirising the Committee, but concluding that the whole thing isn't funny, period. (I hope Joe's since had a chance to see Norm Clarke's very funny satire THE GREAT RAE BURN BOGDIDDLE, Or, ALL AYLMEER IS PLUNGED INTO A PILE OF CRAP.) Joe is much more successful in detailing his contention that DNQ, like DNA, is the Mysterious Basis of the life processes of all living things.

There's also LOG's usual fine lettercol, and a two-page excerpt from a letter from Jan Sadler Samuels reporting on a wild party she and her husband held one night; good stuff. Perry closes out the issue with a cryptic note that with the next issue "I'll be adding a very promising writer as a regular columnist; I think you'll like his stuff." I'm suspicious of the tone of that. Perhaps, now that WARHOON's so badly off schedule, Walt Willis is starting a column for LOG? Whether or no, LOG's a good zine.

RATING: 6½

#### SATURA #'s 1, 2, and 3

Published twice a month, it says here, by John Foyster, P. O. Box 57, Drouin, Victoria, Australia. Available for trade or comment. The issues to hand run to four, six and eight pages respectively, the first and third mimeoed, the second dittoed.

This one's quite plainly a MINAC style individzine, and I only wish it were half as interesting as the highclass journal you're presently reading. Unfortunately, Foyster just isn't a particularly interesting writer. Mainly, he doesn't seem to have anything to say -- in these three issues he fills five pages himself, all of it with pure natter about nothing. In the third issue, responding to a fan who'd written in to say that the zine wasn't much good, Foyster says he just doesn't have enough time to work on his writing, and anyway, he doesn't wanna write goddam fanfiction. I'd be the last to hold a knife at any fan's throat to force him to write fanfiction, but it seems to me it's not too much to ask that before one touch typer-key to stencil he have a subject on which to write. An article, maybe? -- on anything. A funny thing that happened to you on your way to the mimeo? A review of some book or movie? Anything -- but something, please, other than blather.

Well, the first issue of this zine did have a two-page review by John Baxter of Edgar Pangborn's The Trial of Callista Blake, and that was interesting. In #3, someone hiding behind the anonymous by-line "703" comments for five pages on movies, but whoever he is lacks either insight or the ability to communicate in writing -- certainly the latter, at least, because he prefaces his remarks with a page and a half of theorizing on criteria by which to judge films, without making a single sensible point.

RATING: 2

-- Terry Carr.