

warhoon

Warhoon is edited and published quarterly by Richard Bergeron at 110 Bank Street, New York City 14, New York. This is issue number 12, dated July 1961. It is produced with the expectation of being circulated in the 56th mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society and is available to contributors, writers of letters, in trade for your publication, or for 20¢ per copy or \$1 for 5 issues. All material is written by the editor, unless otherwise credited, and represents his opinions and viewpoints. Material that is credited expresses the opinions of the author. Letters received will be considered for publication unless otherwise specified. Circulation this issue: 200 :: :: I would imagine that most of you have already guessed from the internal evidence that this first page of Wrhn is the most desperately composed section of the magazine. Usually when I start it I've not the slightest notion of what trivialities it might be possible to whip into a light confection to start things off. Generally my tendency has been to seek out sidelights of Wrhn's relationship to SAPS, or musings about its past and things of that type to establish the impression that I'm firmly in control of the magazine rather than letting the truth get out that it's firmly controlled by the SAPS deadline. However, as should be pretty obvious to all of you by now, this issue I've run out of short lead bits: my problem is that I've used them up by writing seven page articles around them. Any issue now I'll be reduced to composing an essay on how Walt and John were seduced into writing regularly for this fanzine, a prospect which may doubtless cause most of you to turn pale with ennui, but which may be of interest to a few fellow frantic faneds. But Greater Fandom won't have to put up with that this time. To the consternation of my contributors, I've decided to comment on some of the material in this issue. :: I'm especially delighted with the Harp this time in a conceited sort of way. I didn't realize that the wild contortions and tortured agonizings I go through in doing an article for Wrhn have their counterpart in Belfast. When I asked Walt if the Harp was first draft material I was merely acknowledging its smooth craftsmanship, but I should have realized that such a relaxed conversational style and such flowing prose could only be the result of application and effort. It never occurs to me that a brilliant olympic skater has never skated before (though it looks so easy I'm sure I could do as well if I had her particular pair of skates) or that Ella Fitzgerald hadn't just that moment thought it would be a good idea to turn to a career of singing. Last issue I quoted Charles Burbee's remark that "a noted French writer was asked how he ever managed to write such easy-flowing, sparkling, spontaneous humor. He replied seriously 'I rewrite every line fifteen times.'" My question to Willis was as much a compliment as stupidity, implying as it does recognition of a high level attainment of the effect of spontaneity. In the realm of art the things that look easiest to do are usually the most difficult requiring as they do discipline, intelligence, and talent. :: This entire editorial is developing along the coral reef effects outlined in the current Harp. When I started it I had not the faintest idea of what I was going to set down here, but ramifications grew like lime formations and other offshoots developed from them. I think many fan writers create along these lines, but it's wonderful to find it keenly articulated in terms of a practical example (the Harp -- not this editorial, stupid!). :: I don't know if my guidelines of writing will be of interest, but in case someone comes along and collects such information into a handbook someday they may be of use: generally the first loose test I apply to stuff in Wrhn is "would I be interested in reading this if it appeared in somebody else's fanmag?" I don't think I've ever eliminated a single piece that got as far as the first draft because of asking myself that question, but I can't count the items that never got to the first draft. Other rough rules I keep in mind: never use two words where ten can say the same thing. Now that I've just ran in the face of the law of brevity which you've all been conditioned to worship for most of your lives let me add that an immediate corollary to that is to make everything you say as provocative and entertaining as possible. It's possible to learn these qualities by observing the writings you find that have them, deciding what

makes them so, and then adapting these techniques to your own particular talents and bent. From a professional standpoint it's more profitable to be prolix if you can do so entertainingly but in a fanzine if you're an enjoyable writer no one will complain if you write at great length. My only complaint about HORIZONS, for instance, is that there isn't enough of Harry Warner's writing in it.

As I sink into the glowing sunset, I find that an area of writing I've neglected is style. I know that everything by its nature is in its own style, but I'm afraid that if Wrhn can be said to have one then it's only of that type. If there's an individualism to the magazine, perhaps I could build on it and develop a style indigenous to it, but wouldn't know where to look for it. I certainly should attempt to develop a style for Wrhn, because it can't be gainsayed that a consistent and effective use of words is part of entertaining writing, but I find that what I want to say tends to get in the way of how I'm saying it. That's not necessarily a bad thing unless I'm uttering platitudes, but I think a primary test of writing is that it should be interesting even if the reader couldn't care less about your subject.

This editorial may be a case in point.

GAFIA

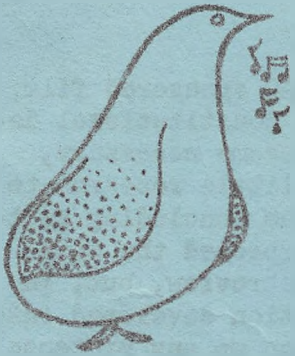
This issue, like last July's, isn't the only thing that plenty of time is being devoted to the preparation of around here. A lot of time is being spent accumulating the books I want to take on vacation with me.

Last year when I made a game out of dropping hints to see how many of you could guess my destination, the results of my various mentions of tropical sun and "revolutionary types" was that Richard Eney wondered at my reluctance to admit that I was going to Cuba. I imagine if I'm equally cagey this year that when I get back I'll find everyone wants to know what Red China was really like. Well, last year I never did get around to writing a report on the trip, but I hope the forthcoming trip to Hawaii will provide the inspiration to finally record those adventures in the Bahamas.

As you can see, my taste for warm climates and warm water is driving me to great lengths -- or perhaps it's the filth and squalor of even the best sections of New York (as compared to the tree-lined streets of Newport, Vermont) that are driving me to these lengths. At any rate, anyone who wants to look me up between the tentative dates of August 21 and September 11th would best don diving mask and snorkle and be prepared for some searching under Diamond Head.

I don't intend to do all my reading underwater, however. The taste for the warm sun and a cool book alluded to last year is still with me. But I find in looking over this old article produced by someone using my name, that the passion for reading under such conditions was slightly overstated or perhaps the fact that I wasn't able to read all the titles listed then may be a commentary on the books themselves. The ones I did read were Richard Rovere's "Senator Joe McCarthy", which I found almost as fabulous as Guy Endore's "King of Paris" in its own way, the collection of articles, "Candidates 1961", which I've already completely forgotten, Earl Mazo's "Richard Nixon", "Methuselah's Children", and Adlai Stevenson's "Friends and Enemies." Of the eight selected, I was not able to finish Whittaker Chambers' "Witness", and failed to read "A Prophet in His Own Country" by Kenneth Davis -- a biography of Adlai Stevenson, or Harry Truman's "Mr Citizen".

Better than half read and enjoyed doesn't seem too bad a record to me, especially when it was weighted against me by the deadly Chambers and Davis volumes. With the extra long air time on the coming trip I expect to do better
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Flight weight and publishers willing I plan on bringin six books and three magazines with me this year. Probably the first of the lot to be read will be Frank J Donner's book on the House Un-American Activities Committee, which was to have been "published this spring by Ballantine" a note in the NATION tells us. A call to the Ballantine offices will elicit one or two responses: the first call brought the information that "The Un-Americans" would be published late in June but a call in the middle of that month was routed to a different individual who said "We're not allowed to give out any information on that book." Since the man didn't have my name, I should have been at least as bold as I've been in Wrhn and demanded to know by what injunction information on this book couldn't be given out, but I was so flabbergasted that I politely thanked the man and quietly replaced the phone on the hook. (I suspect a public relations gimmick.)

The magazines are two special issues of the NATION and one of the PROGRESSIVE. Though I find NATIONAL REVIEW easier reading than the NATION, I still usually manage to finish every issue, but these are the lengthy reports by Fred J Cook on "The CIA" and "The FBI" and I've been saving them for this trip, or a stay in the hospital, or a similar opportunity. The PROGRESSIVE is the issue devoted to an editorial report, "Latin America, Dynamite on Our Doorstep" by Morris H Rubin. It may be hopelessly dated by the time I get around to reading it.

The next book indicates a pecuniary bent, but I assure you the interest is avocational. One thing though, I fear that for my purposes and interests Terry Morris' anthology of articles on tips for writers, "Prose by Professionals", may prove to have been rendered redundant by the Harp elsewhere in this issue.

I've read "In Search of Wonder" before and this new look at Damon Knight's book is to find out if it remains as fascinating as ever. I'm particularly looking forward to the evaluations of "The Immortal Storm" and A E Van Vogt, and in light of increased familiarity the chapters on James Blish and Robert Heinlein should prove equally interesting.

Leslie Fiedler's "An End To Innocence" also contains fascinating literary criticism as well as comment on Our Times. I want to wade through "McCarthy and the Intellectuals" again. "The New America" by Karl E Meyer seems one of those refreshing romps are that are so frequently undertaken by the writers of the far right or the near left.

"Shark" is a strange selection, but it promises to be as full of terror and melodrama as a liberal biography of Richard Nixon. If it looks like it's scaring me away from skin diving, I'll reread this paragraph in which I recall a review of the book that mentioned that about 80 people have been killed by sharks in the United States since 1930. This is a cheering thought when you stop to think of the number of people killed by automobiles in a single week-end, or that about 1000 people a year are bitten by venomous snakes in this country, or that, to take a random statistic, in 1952, alone, 7000 people died from fires. If I'm faint-hearted enough to let that figure 80 bother me, I'd best build up mental blocks against starlings and other sources of annoyance to jet engines.

As I did last year: suggestions for antidotes to any intellectual poisons I may pick up from this traveling library are solicited. Unless I hear from someone, I'll assume that these works are irrefutable, unless, of course, they happen to disagree with each other.

WHAT SO PROUDLY WE HAILED (Part two: Reductio Ad Absurdum)

(This article was originally intended to be a review of the HUAC sponsored film, "Operation Abolition" but when it became desirable to construct a constitutional demolition of the Committee before examining one of its artifacts it became necessary, after discovering that I wasn't able to do it in a few words with little research, to divide the article into two parts of which this was to have been the concluding section containing the promised review. When this part was started, I expected the side-glance at the John Birch Society to serve as an introduction to the review, but, in keeping with the unyieldy subject I've fallen into, the introduction developed into a full scale treatment of its own. Thus with this issue, I've given up any pretense of guessing how long the article will last and have instead decided to let it run its course as a series of separately titled Parts. Each part will be complete in itself on the section of the topic it treats: the first one covered my constitutional objections to the House Un-American Activities Committee; this part deals with the John Birch Society. At least two more chapters are possible: the review of "Operation Abolition" and a return to the Half-shell for a lengthy examination of fandom and anti-communism.)

The long passage of time which separated the inspiration of this article in early 1961 from its continuation in this issue has worked rather to its advantage than to its disadvantage. Delay and procrastination have not only given me time to gather more information on the matters covered and opportunity to examine arguments for both sides of the questions being argued but have also given the targets of this article time to strengthen the case against themselves. If the cat that patiently takes up its wait in a dark corner is proof that the best way to capture a rat is not to tear the wall down with a hatchet, then the long awaited emergence of the John Birch Society is a graphic example, which, removing us from the realm of the academic, betrays the usefulness in combating the doctrines of communism of unsubstantiated charges and conclusions based on suspicion rather than evidence. In attempting to lay naked the logical moral guilt of the House Un-American Activities Committee it is all very well to argue that by the application of its imputation of guilt by association it's possible to prove that Dwight Eisenhower's patriotism is questionable because he introduced his grandchildren to Nikita Khrushchev, but somewhat lacking in impact if nobody has made the accusation. But the technique of demonstrating the absurdity of a position by philosophically following it to its logical hypothec conclusion is rendered unnecessary by the emergence of a Society among the basic tenets of which is the argument that the Supreme Court of the United States is dominated by Communist influences "already so powerful and so entrenched that" some might think "we have no chance of turning them back" (1) because of the Court's decisions in support of the freedoms thoughtfully embodied in our Constitution. It is no longer necessary to demand supporting argument for the most nightmareish implications of the conduct of the Committee -- now those implications must be supported in their own right or the entire Un-American justification must also fall. (In a TIMELY fashion it might be noted that a Chicago conservative said that the "lunatic fringe run by Welch" is giving anti-Communist efforts a black eye...it hurts us much more than it helps us." (2) It should be pointed out that a few coins flinched from the Sunday collection box may attract little attention while a grand larceny will create a commotion though in absolute terms one is as guilty as the other. Similarly, the man who accused the Democrats of "20 years of treason" is as guilty as the man who accuses Dwight Eisenhower, his brother, and the two Dulles of being agents of the Communists though our conservative friend may think these deplorable efforts are clouding the revelation of the Party of Treason.)

For those of you trapped in some backwater of civilization who haven't heard of the John Birch Society it might be well to sketch in a brief history of the organi-

zation. It was started in 1958 at a small meeting in Indianapolis by Robert Henry Winborne Welch, Jr. The two day speech he gave on that occasion is the information course in the aims of the society and is offered as the nearly complete text of "The Blue Book" of the society, which is available, according to Welch, to anyone who cares to send the money for it. (3) From this speech we learn that this organization is dedicated to the fight against Communism, advocates the impeachment of Chief Justice Earl Warren, repeal of the income tax law, an end to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and foreign aid, cessation of cultural exchanges with the Soviet Union, restriction of collective bargaining, and end to all civil rights programs and eventual withdrawal from the United Nations. If you think that the only weapons left by the policies of the Society with which to combat Communism is wishful thinking then you have failed to consider the effectiveness of character assassination, guilt by association, techniques such as interrupting enemy speakers with questions like "According to this printed record you once spent several months passing out anti-Semitic literature. Is that true?" (1), and Mr Welch's nose. If you think that the poisoning of the national life by endless spreading of suspicion would be a less effective method of fighting the Soviet Union than NATO or if you wonder at the effectiveness of a defense effort without an income tax; then clearly you know nothing about Mr Welch's nose. He says, "There are ways of sizing up both individuals and organizations in this battle, which come only with experience, a knowledge of the interlocking pieces and personalities and a feel for the way the communists work. And while of course I can make mistakes too, I know from the way my opinion of various characters, formed independently has then proved to coincide with the opinion of J B Matthews...that I have a fairly sensitive and accurate nose in this area. So we do not intend to be frustrated by indecisions of this nature." (1) Matthews is an associate editor of Welch's AMERICAN CPINION as well as the standard by which he checks his nose for Communists.



The inventory of antidotes about the John Birch Society would make the insurgent compendium on the LASFS look insignificant. Burbee once accurately advised that an unfailing source of material if you're searching for something to write about is to find "some sort of jihad or holy war to

prosecute", but I'm afraid there just ain't enough pages in Wrhn for that. It requires an effort to condense it but there are three particular sidelights which may be cast illuminatingly against the society.

It is one of the most interesting ironies of our time that this organization which imputes guilt by association should itself be the object of persecution because of guilt by association with the expressions of Robert W Welch. If it weren't for the indiscretion of "The Politian" and if Mr Welch had been able to restrain himself to commenting on figures from the Democratic party (as Noreen Shaw notes), it's quite likely that the general public would have a far different idea of the worth of the John Birch Society than it has today. Though Barry Goldwater, who thinks Welch should resign as head of the society (4), THE NEW YORKER, and The New York Times (5) are capable of making the distinction between the pre-1958 remarks of Mr Welch and the adopted policies of the group, the two are usually confused by most people and by such conservative organs as The New York Herald Tribune (6) and The Los Angeles Times (7). The most fabulous of the private delusions of Mr Welch concern the Eisenhower brothers and was circulated in a "book" (4) (Barry Goldwater's discription) called "The Politian", or sometimes, "The Black Book" (there is also a "White Book"), which Welch claims was a private letter. According to TIME (2), Mr Welch wrote that "...Milton Eisenhower is

actually Dwight Eisenhower's superior and boss within the Communist Party...For the former President, there is only one possible word to describe his purposes and his actions. That word is treason." In asking us to accord him the politeness of making a distinction he does not seem willing to find between the word "Liberal" and Communist", Mr Welch asks people to remember that "The Politian" "was specifically disavowed at the founding meeting of the John Birch Society as having no part in the beliefs of the John Birch Society in any way." (3) But, confirming the impact of McCarthy's techniques, we find that the impact of the publicity given Welch's statements elicits roughly this answer from most people whom you might ask what they think about the John Birch Society: "Well, I certainly don't agree that Eisenhower is a Communist!" This is to be expected of the normally half informed public, but it can be also forgiven of journals one might hope to find a reasonable degree of thoroughness in. They could have possibly learned that "The men who join the John Birch Society during the next few months or few years are going to be doing so primarily because they believe in me and what I am doing and are willing to accept my leadership anyway." (1) If the society can refuse to accept the statements of the man who warns them not to join unless "they believe in me and what I am doing and are willing to accept my leadership", then it's no surprise that many people are as confused as the members of the society. Barry Goldwater correctly ascertains that the first step in getting rid of its load of guilt by association is the resignation of Mr Welch. I submit that the second step is the total disbandment of the society.

The second facet of the mystic of the John Birch Society is its interesting aversion for the form if not the substance of the Fifth Amendment. The corollary to Welch's statement that "unlike our Communist enemies none of our members will take the Fifth Amendment" (9) is the fact that on three occasions I have seen none other than Mr Welch refuse to give evidence against himself. Though there are other provisions of the amendment this is the one that has come to be best known in recent years. It may be used to avoid opening the doors on a line of inquiry which will lead to the implication of other parties or to the inclusion of innocent parties in black lists and open files. In the lexicon of the John Birch Society use of the Fifth Amendment is, of course, ipso facto admission of guilt -- and the Supreme Court's finding to the exact contrary is an indication of the extent to which that body has been subverted. Surrendering for the moment in the spirit of this part's title, it's instructive to examine Mr Welch's conduct with the assumption that refusal to indict oneself is an indication of guilt: The zeal of reporters to get direct confirmation from Welch as to whether or not he actually made the statement, "But my firm belief that Dwight Eisenhower is a dedicated, conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy is based on an accumulation of detailed evidence so extensive and so palpable that it seems to me to put this conviction beyond any reasonable doubt", has been met with a performance that would do credit to the most artfully reluctant of any of the House Un-American Activities Committee's witnesses. Doubtless Jack Speer can clear up the question of whether Mr Welch could be more successfully prosecuted for libel if he publicly admitted making this accusation than if suit were brought against an alleged statement in what he portrays as "a private letter...shown only to a few close friends" (8). Indicating that Mr Welch's private circulation of opinion may be beyond suit, TIME, following a few quotes from "The Politian", goes on to say that "For public consumption, Welch has kept his vitriol well enough in check to avoid libel suits", (2) and judging from Mr Welch's answer to the question, it would seem that he agrees that, at the very worst he could then be sued, or, at the very least, he would alienate that segment of his support which refuses to credit that particular remark and ascribes it to a Communist plot against him. Thus, in the second of our Birchian ironies we find Mr Welch curiously in a position very similar to that of the most unco-operative HUAC witness who, on the one hand, may admit he is a Communist or deny it and then be required to answer questions about former friends and associates or, on the other hand, plead

THIS IS
A DEMOCRACY
NOT A REPUBLIC.
LET'S KEEP IT
THAT WAY!



the Fifth Amendment and in the minds and pronouncements of the Committee and the Society thereby indicate his guilt. Mr Welch's alternatives are 1 to deny the accusation, 2 admit to making the statement and thereby throw the door wide open to a libel suit as opposed to the seeming slit it may now be open (though suit would involve a clear violation of his property rights), or 3 refuse to answer the question and, in effect, take the Fifth Amendment. Mr Welch has taken the last course on at least three opportunities. The first of them occurred on a CBS network news telecast at a time when the society was first achieving some notoriety in Congress. The Founder of the society was on a speaking tour in California in March or April 1961 and agreed to give a press conference to clear up the truth of this matter. According to the CBS news announcer, when reporters arrived for the meeting they found on their chairs a mimeographed statement quoting the remark given above along with a denial that "I" had made the statement. The sheet was unsigned. When Mr Welch appeared a CBS reporter asked him if he was going to read the release and he said he wasn't going to bother with that but was going to read a statement about the purposes of the society. The CBS reporter was insistent and read him the remarks about Eisenhower -- this before a nationwide audience -- and asked if it were true that he'd authored it. Mr Welch became rather testy and allowed as how he didn't know what the reporter was talking about, but the reporter wanted to know "Why won't you answer this question?" By this time Welch was in a frantic state and moved to one side of the stage from which a snatch of "throw this guy out" was heard. The reporter stood his ground and the policeman whom Welch had spoken to made no move

toward the CBS man but seemed rather to be waiting for Welch's answer. The reporter said, "No one is going to throw me out. I have a right to be here. This is a democracy (Welch visibly paled) and we have a right to ask you these questions. I am an accredited CBS reporter", to which he replied, "I'm not surprised". The reporter wanted to know what he meant by that but Welch sensing that he'd lost the day was retreating through the curtains at the back of the stage. The camera lingered on the back of the reporter who continues to ask "Why won't you tell us if you called Eisenhower..." The second incident occurred when Welch gave a signed statement to the press dealing "with some of the incredible fog of falsehood now being so widely circulated" about him. The part pertinent to the statements about Eisenhower was "Nowhere in my private or published writings have I ever called former President Eisenhower a 'card-carrying' Communist."

(9) If this falsehood had been widely circulated it should appear at least once in my large folder of clippings on the society but I've never seen that accusation. A long release whose expressed intent is to clear up some of the incredible fog of falsehood revolving around him should at least mention the quote about Eisenhower that can be found in practically every story about the society; unless, of course, it is a quote he dare not admit having written. Thirdly: In an interview on "Meet The Press" Mr Welch went so far as to say "I never had that opinion and do not have it now with any such assurance that I would ever state it in public, and I never have." (3), but he never answered the question as to whether he'd made the statement. Clearly such conduct before a certain Congressional committee would result in a citation of contempt of Congress. Contempt for Mr Welch will have to come from another source.

Our pattern of reductio ad absurdum has lead us down some strange pathways, but none are as startling as the following: it is a contention of Welch's that the Communists proceed by deception and by a principle of reversal "in which the Soviet Union /is/ completely deceptive about its objectives." (1) If we believe in Mr

Welch then we must realize that what the Communists seem to be for they are not, and what they profess to be against is actually a deceptive attempt to solidify the position of the object. With your fannish minds you have all doubtless leaped far beyond this typewriter to the logical conclusion, but for the sake of the record let's begin by quoting Congressman Walter, Chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee: "'Operation Abolition': This is what the Communists call their current drive to destroy the House Committee on Un-American Activities...The Communist Party has given top priority to Operation Abolition and has assigned agents trained in propaganda and agitation to this project." (11) It is a favorite thesis of the Committee that the imperative requiring its continuation is the all out opposition to it by the Communist Party. The first effect this Communist Party opposition to the Committee has is to create a subtle doubt in our minds about the infallibility of Mr Welch's nose. Applying the logic of his brilliant perception that the Communists proceed by a principle of reversal and assuming that the vigor of their opposition actually measures the vigor of their support it becomes obvious that a primary objective of the Communist Party in American is the continuation and strengthening of the House Un-American Activities Committee. The Communist Party and the John Birch Society are then complimentary groups working to solidify the common objective: the HUAC.

In the rarified atmosphere of reductio ad absurdum the lengths to which a point of view may be carried develop a fascinating validity of their own. Taking a further quote from "The Blue Book" it becomes possible to support the argument that the Communist Party supports the Committee: "But there is a third method which is far more in accordance with Lenin's long-range strategy. It is one which they are clearly relying on most heavily. And this is taking us over by a process so gradual and insidious that Soviet rule is slipped over so far on the American people, before they ever realize it is happening, that they can no longer resist the Communist conspiracy as free citizens, but can resist the Communist tyranny only by themselves becoming conspirators against established government." Overlooking the heady implications of conspiracy to overthrow "established government" let us carry on with: "...part of that plan is the conversion of the United States into a socialist nation, quite similar to Russia itself in its economy and political outlook, before police-state enforcement is ever introduced. The best way to explain the aim here is simply to quote the directive under which some of the very largest American foundations have been secretly but visibly working for years. This directive is 'so to change the economic and political structure of the United States that it can be comfortably merged with Soviet Russia.'" (1) From this the value of the HUAC in terms of the Communist conspiracy is readily apparent. If the subversive drive of the Communists is to gradually takeover through the centralization of authority or the creation of significant points of control into which the placement of a Communist will make the takeover feasible, then the necessity of a forum from which dissenting opinion may be ridiculed and punished with the sanction of the "established government" is readily apparent. The Committee's well advanced subversion of democratic rights and its existence as a medium of "exposure" (as most of its chairmen have asserted it is) makes it indisputably one of those control points.

That firebrand of the far right, Mr George Sokolsky has called for the investigation of "a large number of peculiar and subversive organizations, many of them in the guise of anti-Communist, some representing a pseudo-conservatism, some pursuing purposes which, if carried through, could damage this country." If the invokers of Patrick Henry really want liberty or death I'll be looking forward to their call for liberty for everyone: as for me, the activities of the John Birch Society are taken into account in a relevant paragraph in part one of this article: "I believe that the best guarantee of our freedoms is an open society in which the most wild and crackpot scheme may be advocated and refuted. Men who protect democracy by purge have no faith in democracy."

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NOW YOU SEE IT...NOW YOU DON'T

"The John Birch Society is a group of splendid men and women of good character, fervent patriotism, religious ideals, and excellent standing in their respective communities. It has broken no law, violated no moral principles, and has as a firmly stated foundation of its program that even good ends never justify bad means."

--Robert Welch, The New York Times, March 30, 1961

"But if we are right, and with the research job done and the material assembled which I think would be available, we would run in the magazine an article consisting entirely of questions to this man, which would be devastating in their implications. The question technique, when skillfully used in this way, is mean and dirty. But the Communists are after are meaner and dirtier, and too slippery for you to put your fingers on them in the ordinary way -- no matter how much they look and act like prosperous members of the Local Rotary Club."

--Robert Welch, "The Blue Book", 1961

SECOND-STAGE SALESMAN

1952 was a long time ago. That original thought passes through what passes for a mind as I sit here leafing through Vol. 1 #12 of CONFUSION.

The patina of time is gently turning the once sparkling white of the slick grade of paper Shelby Vick duplicated this issue on to a light cream color. The only other physical sign of age seems to be the extra staples I added along its spine indicating that Shelby's were losing their grip. But if the readily observable signs don't convince you that this fanzine is a decade old, or, at the very least, from a divergent time track, its report on the Willis Fund may. A historian of 1952 attempting to predict the fandom of 1961 from an extrapolation of the material in this issue would be hard pressed to find substance less suited to his purposes. For instance, it's hard to believe that

Just 10 years later a similar campaign with a goal just double Shelby's would be half way towards its completion in approximately a quarter the time. The WAW With The Crew In '52 movement revolved around the vortex of the whirling dervish Shelby Vick, but there were an impressive number of minor hurricanes of activity as well. There were the four Willish producers, Gregg Calkins, Dave Ish, Dick Ryan, and Dave English,

and there was Lee Hoffman, and, of course, the fabulously active Willis. But for all this impressive activity and this is not to demean the attainment in the least, it seems strange that the total of the itemized list of donations comes to \$290. The day before this issue goes to the mimeographers, I'll call up Larry Shaw and you'll find the most recent information on the present financial status of the new Fund right here; /\$545.00/. I'm willing to bet a vase from Bonnier's that this figure raised by three months of activity which, compared with 1952, is so strenuous as to verge on tedium can be used as evidence to support the idea that the Vick campaign happened in another dimension.

Any lingering doubting Thomases among you might be interested in the information that this issue of CONFUSION is devoted to the pillars of the movement and prominently featured in this section we find GMCarr, one of the largest contributors and, I believe, North West representative of the campaign. But our factor seeking historian might have detected an inkling of less happy times to come in Shelby's observation that "such fen" were nice people "at heart."

There's a note here from Bob Bloch, guessing that the next big fund-raising campaign would be to "SEND WILLIS TO THE MOON". Bob expected to keep writing and selling for another 50 years or so before he'd be able to subscribe to that pet project, but I have a feeling that if you'd asked him then he'd have given you good odds that fandom would get behind his project as the easier of the two rather than launch a drive to import both Walt and Madeline.

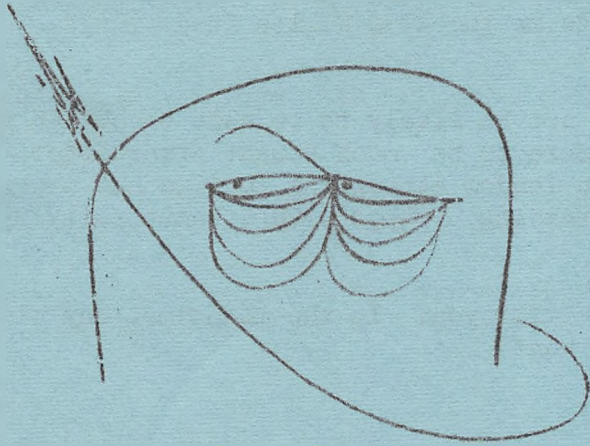
I see a mention that I donated a Hubert Rogers original which was apparently raffled away at the convention -- something that I'd completely forgotten -- but can't find any other evidence to contradict the memory that I wasn't particularly active then. Doubtlessly if Bob Silverberg had been reckless enough to predict in "Last and First Fen" that the popular Harp would one day appear in Wrhn, he'd have been laughed out of fandom and his article wouldn't have been taken as seriously as it was.

The thing that impresses me most about the Shelby campaign was its sheer franticness. Of course, Shelby had less than a year in which to succeed or fail and was in a sense racing against the clock compared with the present one. But it does seem odd to me that the expenditure of time and effort in that campaign resulted in a painfully slow acquiring of funds compared with the negligible amount of work that has gone into the present one and considering the amount of money raised by this small effort. A case is presented elsewhere in this issue for the idea that fandom has a new economic base and I'm seriously wondering just how broad it is. For instance, one evening the LASFS casually held an auction which brought in \$50 for the Fund. If this campaign switches even momentarily into the pace set by Vick it isn't unlikely that we'll be able to bring the rest of Irish Fandom over with them.

I tend to believe the theory of a new fannish economic base myself, but if this gets discredited in the next issue the explanation might be advanced that fandom is more responsive to Soft Sell techniques rather than high pressure persuasion.

The attractions of this theory for lazy people like myself don't have to be explained. I can do as little as possible for the campaign and still kid myself that this is the most effective form of activity and that harder work would just be resisted. Actually it isn't as easy as you might think to find something to do for the drive and if everyone does just a little bit it'll very likely be more effective than a few doing a lot.

The problem, of course, is to find something to do after you've made that monetary



contribution to Larry Shaw at 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, New York (and remember when sending large amounts it's safer to use a check). Of course, one can go on giving money, a perfectly respectable and highly welcome activity, but I feel vaguely anti-Democratic towards this campaign. That promotional flyer for the Fund, which I could redistribute, I suppose, if I weren't convinced that you all have ten copies of it already, is a skillful plea to Get Fandom Moving in support of the campaign, but when you start to think about it there seem to be few outlined procedures for taking part in it. This isn't to say that the committee has been without inspiration or that fans haven't contributed several very worthwhile ideas -- they can be found in the pages of AX, but there seems singularly little press agency involved in their promotion (it might be a

good idea to recapitulate the various ideas in a single department of that magazine). The ideas that have been presented thus far have been excellent but seem aimed at fan groups. Generally there have been few suggestions that would make use of the energies of the isolated fan, like myself. My thought that fan artists might like to allow some work to be sold for the Fund at the art show at the convention is a start in that direction but is too parochial to cover many fans. I think that anyone who has an idea should jump right into implementing it, but a word of caution for fandom might be in order here: any activity involving the Fund should be so set up that money involved goes directly to the Treasurer, Larry Shaw, or at least to a member of the executive committee.

It occurs to me that people who don't collect their old fanzines might like to donate them to the drive and if everyone reading this offered a few; enough money for the tickets could probably be raised from this alone. I know you all must have attics full of old prozines and sample fanzines that have accumulated through the years without realizing that added to similar ill cared for collections could comprize a collection of some value. I've occasionally read about faneds giving away the bulk of their fanzines -- Gregg Calkins did this a couple years ago -- but if you haven't thought about clearing out the things recently why not donate them to the Fund? Shipping them off to me would give you, the isolated fan, something to do, but, better yet, if you're that interested it might be a good idea to send me a list of the items and a carbon of it to Noreen Shaw, Secretary of the executive committee. All lots sent direct to me would be acknowledged with an itemized listing of the contents as a receipt and a copy sent to Noreen. All items received would be recorded in a Sale Sheet and given as wide a circulation as possible. Money would be sent to Larry after confirmation from me of availability of the order and as soon as I heard from him the magazines would be sent from myself or the donor. I can think of several things I'd like to purchase myself: if there are any FAPA members who'd like to donate or sell their mailings I'll offer \$3 for each new mailing and \$2 each for mailings prior to January 1961.

To start this little ball rolling, the following duplicate fanzine are for sale:

HYPHEN #3, February, 1953: A great issue containg "Willis In America" by Bob Bloch and an answer by Willis, "Bloch Exposed". Other material by Bob Shaw, Vincent

Clarke, James White, and Chuck Harris. In good condition. 28pgs. Price: 50¢

SKYHOOK #14, Summer 1952: An 8 page article by Sam Moskowitz, "The Face of Facts", investigating the transition from Tremaine to Campbell at ASTOUNDING. "Lost World of Lemuria" by Phil Rasch. "Twippledop" by Boggs covered, among other subjects, a per-sistant membership in the N3F and Redd's comments on the 1952 Willis Fund. 26pgs. Price: 35¢ Price to Redd Boggs: 50¢

WHY IS A FAN?, 1961: Here's an item you'll not be likely to be able to obtain unless you belong to one of three fannish apas. Sure to be much sought after after distribution. Represents just about everybody in fandom attempting to find out where the ticking sound is coming from. Fascinating reading. 64pgs with a beautifully re-produced cover. Price: \$2.00

A postcard request will hold a specific item for you. In the meantime, any old fanzines, old prozines, old lamps you no longer want?

STATE OF THE UNION

News report concerning an anti-communist educational film: "The second film was produced at Harding College, Searcy, Ark. It shows the United States virtually engulfed in a world gone either Communist or socialist, including all of its NATO allies except Portugal. Among those whom the film narrator cites as responsible for this condition are President Franklin D Roosevelt, for having recognized the Soviet Union, and Gen. of the Army George C Marshall, for having 'made possible' the Communist take-over of China. :: Thes eficlanhupko,S mcnstda"

--The New York Times, June 19, 1961

Stop that man!

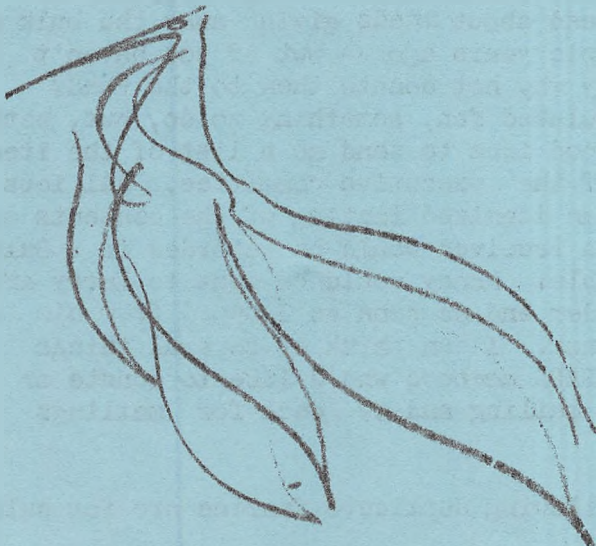
I'M A GREAT BIG MAN TOO, LANEY!

It was just last month that I was musing about the state of fandom; as one of my correspondents will remember in a few minutes. With all the speculation in fanzines about Significant alternations in the face of fandom and about New Trends it seemed strange to me that there has been little mention of one of the most fundamental and

readily observable transformations, though Elinor Busby did devote a paragraph to a solitation of funds in CRY #150 and touched on the subject:

Fans are becoming millionaires.

Ten years ago when I first entered fandom it was still not uncommon to see this or that fan complaining about the cost of producing his fanzine; fans were still counting their pennies, but now the fanzine that depends on subscriptions in even a mild degree is rare. Giant magazines like HABBAKUK and regular ones like DISCORD and Wrhn are avilable for letters of comment and in the latter case is inflicted on people whether they're interested or not. That will have to come to a halt one of these days, but I can't imagine where all





the money is coming from, and it's reflected in the quality of the reproduction of fan publications that come my way. Fans seem to purchase Gestetners at the drop of an ABDick mimeo drum and those who aren't spending it on duplicators seem to be taking off for tropic isles (Are you there Boyd Raeburn?) or Fancy Expensive Restaurants and places like that. The present wild extravagance of fans even extends to the British isles and it's not an uncommon sight to find an occasional fanzine from over there with as much as $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of white space lavished on a layout (10 years ago there were no British fanmags of the size and regularity of APORRHETA or ESPRIT). The Kujawa's have their own private plane and take off for Puerto Rico with all the aplomb of a neofan asking GMCarr if she likes Kennedy. And unless you keep a sharp eye on the flight schedules, you'll not know whether to find Walter Breen in New York, San Francisco, or Detroit in any given two week period. I think the casual unfrantic manner in which over half a grand has been raised for the Willis trip points in this same direction. It's odd that such a predominately monied group should be so equally predominately Democrats (though I believe Betty Kujawa tends to lean toward the Republican Party). Harry Warner, even, no longer seems to count the difference between 4¢ and $4\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ on the postage on his extra copies of HORIZONS. Fandom has changed drastically in this respect in 10 years, I think. Certainly the hekto operators of the 30s would never recognize us.

After drawing up such a brief of evidence that fans are rich, I guess I really should attempt to assign some reasons but my guesses would be as wild as anyone's. I might say that fans have come into their own because with the folding of so many prozines they've been forced into giving up their silly ambitions to write for magazines paying $\frac{1}{16}$ ¢ per word and are getting into work that rewards their natural intelligence. I might say that...if I were considering giving Willis any competition for his position as top humorist.

For myself I'm content to run my fingers through all that folding stuff in my mailbox and speculate about the Toskey mansion, or the solid gold hanger the Kujawa's must have for that airplane, or the Hickman multilith.

Since you're obviously all interested in money, I thought it might be diverting to go into a small part of my own financial condition. One of the lessons of having money, as most of you probably already know, is that if it isn't working for you, you really have about half as much in terms of what it really should be worth if properly invested. So I got down my Portfolio of Investments and took a look at some of the securities I've collected in the past six months.

The above is about equal parts hyperbole and truth but the following is as true as anything you'll ever read in a fanzine. I have no intention of listing amounts of the various stocks in the portfolio -- I don't want my hot tips to be glutted with fannish investors and an indication of which investments have the largest share would be a giveaway. Anyway, I'm not quite sure of the extent of my holdings in some companies and could only give a frustratingly incomplete picture.

Opening the portfolio my eyes fall first on the envelope devoted to Drug and Cosmetic stocks. Avon Products is the principle Cosmetic holding but among the Pharmaceutical manufacturers we find Mead Johnson and Parke, Davis with Chas. Pfizer thrown in as an antedote. Elsewhere in the portfolio, I'm up to my neck in oil. There are shares here in Standard Oil (New Jersey), Canadian Oil Cos., Texas Pacific Coal and Oil and a particularly clever investment, if I do say so myself, Skelly Oil. I have a touch of gas: Arkansas Louisiana Gas to be exact. It would get a bit

tedious, and take more time than I can afford, to list the complete empire, but a few names from this pantheon should suffice to acquaint you with its extent: Polaroid, is here, of course, Grand Union, Cessna Aircraft, Aluminium Ltd., (and I'm aghast at all the money we've been spending on "Omnibus"!) E I du Pont de Nemours, Kimberly-Clarke and Union Carbide. I could go on endlessly with this, but I know you can't.

At any rate, the above should partly support my opinion that fans are no longer strangers to money. In fact you can all prove that by telling me how I managed to pull together this financial polyglot of most of the pillars of the American economy in the space of six months, while at the same time holding down a taxing job as an editorial and advertising art director.

LETTERS FROM LOVECRAFT

A note to Joan after Christmas: "I sort of thought you'd like "Observations", but most of all I was apprehensive that someone else might have had the same idea and given you a copy also. After all, it is so you, don't you think: slick, talented, and expensive. Other than being sorry about forgetting the Christmas wrapping paper before packing it, I'm sorry that I didn't get more than a brief chance to read it. The Capote prose is some of the most Kromekote word juggling I've ever seen. I can still remember passages like the comparison of a vaguely untidy beautiful woman to a banquet where one "had had the misfortune to glimpse the kitchen" and the equation of Monroe being divine: "as a banana split is divine." An altogether brilliant combination of accomplished people." :: The salvation of Ray C Higgs: "At one time years ago when I commented that an invention should be found that would harness the boundless energy of Racy Higgs, I had the idea in mind that an essentially worthless apa member, such as I considered Higgs to be, whose own ajoy interest lay strictly in publishing and who had no ability for writing, could be persuaded to publish a fanzine for his apa made up of contributions from the waiting list. For years Higgs churned out TNFF for NFFF but if someone had taken him in hand and edited the type of magazine I'm thinking about he'd have had all his delights of stenciling and publishing and the apas might have had a distinctly valuable member rather than the one who desperately submitted beautifully reproduced NFFF reprints. Unless I'm mistaken, Boggs once edited a FUTURIAN for NFFF which Higgs published. If Racy had had a competent editor for his apazines, there's no reason why the same principle wouldn't have worked here."

THE RETURN OF SUPERFAN

If you don't think I'm greatly delighted over the title and by-line of the next section of Wrhn, then you're not the authority on faneds I though you were. The exhumation of "File 13" in these pages is a source of much pleasure to me. Its appearance here confirms the restorative effects of a secret incantation passed on to me by Roscoe and you shouldn't be surprised, after this, to find an installment of the resurrected "Fanzine Scope" in a future issue.

I'm not sure that Redd, with a six-weekly fanzine on his hands that consumes a fine part of his writing, is interested in producing a regular quarterly column, but on the theory that good fortune should also be given a good chance I'll here extend the sincere invitation once again. There's always room in Wrhn for one of the two finest columns ever to appear in fandom. The only things I can promise, Redd, is good reproduction and that Wrhn wouldn't be a restful home, but you should find that out soon enough.

.....
Gagarin of Outer Space
.....



FILE 13 by Redd Boggs

AFTER SEVEN YEARS

I was just going to say, when I was interrupted, that on this part of the planet the dogwood may not bloom for many springs in a row, and that if a sun-change ensued the blossoms might never return. The last instalment of this column, ending with the promise to "see you again when the dogwood blooms," appeared in Bob Silverberg's SPACESHIP sometime early in 1954; after that, Agberg, having sold a juvenovel that was finally published as "Revolt on Alpha C", became preoccupied with pro writing and announced that his fanzine would "irregularize" henceforth, and diminish in size and scope. Though he offered to continue "File 13" in the ensmalled Sship, I was only too happy to seize the pretext to quit the column, as I hoped, for all time.

I confess that I have never been able to comprehend the popularity of "these crude products of my uncombed fannish boyhood," as I might call them, and I was ready to forget the column. Readier, as it happened, than others were. As soon as it was discovered that "File 13" was no longer running in any fanzine, I received a number of flattering offers from various fan editors, but I was able to reject them all without feeling pain.

A few months ago, however, having unwarily promised a contribution to WARHOON to pay off a fannish debt to your editor and mine, I felt my eyes light up like the great robot Gnut's when Dick Bergeron suggested that this might be the season for the dogwood (Cornus sanguinea) to blossom again. The perfect symmetry of the cycle that brought "File 13" back between the same covers as the "Harp" exactly a decade after it happened before appealed to my esthetical sense. And I decided that "it would be a curious experiment to shake the same bough again, and see if the ripe fruit were better or worse than the early windfalls," if I may quote Oliver Wendell Holmes again on this page.

For those who have come into fandom -- indeed, for those who have come into the world -- since "File 13" was begun, I should explain that I started writing the column for Art Rapp in the days when SPACEWARP was fandom's "top monthly." The first installment, title and all, was conceived and written 19 September 1948 (not the 20th, as I once stated) and published in two parts, in SPACEWARP for October and November 1948. After 13 instalments, fittingly enough, in Warp, "File 13" appeared once in QUANDRY (1951), and finally moved into SPACESHIP. Only in Warp, however, was it ever a very regular column.

I have the carbons here of all those old columns, but it is not easy to reread

them. Sneaking a few distressed glances at them out of the tail of my eye, I discover ideas there which were delivered to the microcosm ten or a dozen years ago that I have found again recently, writhing around in my mind, and set down on paper as the latest cry of the Pythian priestess for fan editors who were spoiling diapers instead of mimeo bond when I set them down for the first time. Thus I cannot forbear to quote a fourth and final time from O.W.Holmes: "He must be a poor creature that does not often repeat himself....I shall never repeat a conversation, but an idea often.... A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations."

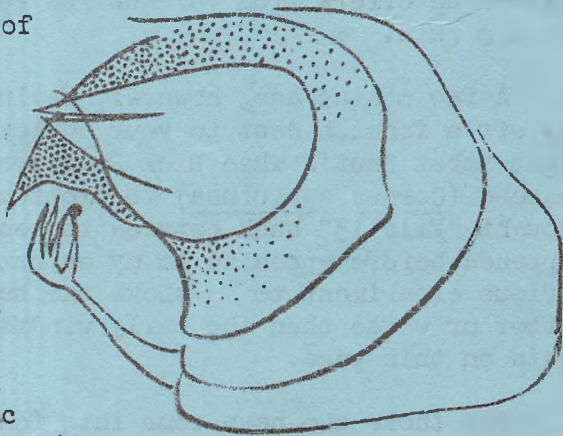
Somewhere, I remember, I quoted that passage long ago, and for the very purpose that I quoted it here.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

One day in the late winter or the early spring (which on this part of the planet may mean anytime up to the Fourth of July) of the year 1941 I sat down and scribbled a note, to which I affixed a dime -- probably by means of Scotch tape, if that indispensable product had been invented in those days -- and sent the letter off to a fan magazine. During that period of my life I kept a diary (a vice I soon afterward foreswore), but I find no evidence that I considered the posting of the letter an act of sufficient importance to note down anywhere, beside the observations on weather which chiefly constituted the diary entries. Nevertheless, just as in the ads for the International Correspondence Schools, this simple act changed the course of my life.

I had been reading magazine science fiction for more than five years then, and my proudest possession was the neat stack of ASTOUNDINGs and UNKOWNs I had collected. The founding of UNKNOWN in 1939 had led me to take the fatal step of reading more than one fantasy magazine; bad habits lead to worse ones, and in 1939 and 1940 I gradually began to buy the other gaudy-covered magazines ranged alongside ASF and Unk on the newstand -- PLANET, FFM, TWS, and at last STARTLING, with its fanzine column.

Of course I own that, as I read every word of ASTOUNDING not once but many times -- I had time in those days to browse through back issues -- I had already been enlightened as to the existence of "fan magazines" through the occasional plugs Campbell allowed to appear in "Brass Tacks", but it was easy to forget this matter in the glamor of the more exciting business at hand: the perusal and reperusal of Heinlein, Van Vogt, and Sturgeon in the front of the book. It was not till I beheld, rather dumfoundedly, the long lists of fanzines printed in STARTLING that I realized to what extent fanac was carried on throughout the civilized world. And then, with one thing and another, it was not till I discovered the review of a fanzine published at nearby Hastings, Minnesota, that I finally gave in to the itch to see one of those publications and sent a dime to Phil Bronson for SCIENTICOMICS.



There was, as I recall, some delay in reply, but a month or two later I received a postal from Bronson explaining that SCIENTICOMICS had folded many months before, but that in the interim he had founded a new fanzine called THE FANTASITE. He would, he promised, send me the April issue, recently published or soon to be published, as

די שטאט
לונדאן
נאנט ביי ד
די דעלעקט
נאנט דער
ירושלים -
אונזער פון
אין אונז



the case was. The magazine arrived eventually (from examining it now, I take it that it was sent to me rolled into a tight cylinder, a barbarous practice that was abandoned by all fan editors except John Berry sometime around 1950), and I was both astonished and disappointed with it. To tell the truth it was a less ambitious enterprise than I had expected, but I enjoyed reading it, and I puzzled for hours over the method by which the even margins had been attained, and the patterned shading in the artwork. My final impression was fannish enough: I decided that I could publish a better fanzine than this myself.

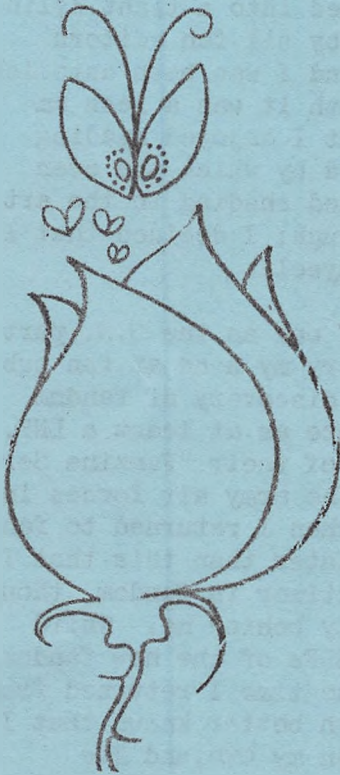
Actually a whole war -- or as much of one as the U.S. participated in -- intervened before I could try my hand at fan publishing, but in the year that followed my discovery of fandom I indulged in sufficient fanactivity to rate as at least a LNF. Tucker and Warner listed me on the roster of their "Fanzine Service for Fans in Service" when I entered the army air forces in 1942, and Van Splawn recognized my name when I returned to fandom in the summer of 1946. It was hardly later than this that I found myself accounted something of an oldtimer in fandom, though I had scarcely more than a year of activity behind me. Third Fandom had ended during the war, and the BNFs of the new fandom, which FANCYCLOPEDIA II says began about the time I returned from service, were comparative newcomers, though better known than I; their activity had begun more recently than my own, and Joe Kennedy, the #1 Face of the day, began to treat me deferentially when I was able to explain the circumstances of something that had happened way back in 1941. When they learned that I had subscribed to SPACEWAYS, THE SOUTHERN STAR, and other legendary

fanzines of the past, the young whippersnappers (as tradition demanded I should refer to them) seemed to suppose that I wore a long white beard and traveled in a wheelchair like Tucker.

Actually I look so youthful that Ruth Berman still supposes me a high school sophomore, and the role of elder statesman of fandom is one I have tried to avoid. Nevertheless, on the occasion of the completion of my second decade in fandom, I am afraid it is required of me to write a nostalgic essay such as this one, and to disparage fandom 1961 by contrasting it with the Good Old Days of 1941. It is a source of acute discomfort to me to discover that I am unable to disparage fandom 1961 according to custom, for it seems to me that despite the lovely light that nostalgia casts upon the ancient times, 1941 compares quite unfavorably with fandom today. We live, indeed, in the best of all possible fandoms; never before have there been so many eager and talented fans and so many top-quality and engrossing fanzines. The best fans and the best fanzines of the past have never been surpassed (though sometimes equalled), but never before has there been such a bumper crop.

Fandom has grown larger in these two decades, and produces more, but much of the growth has taken place in Britain and in the outer marches, which the FANCYCLOPEDIA calls fandom outside Angloparrlantia. And in the mysterious manner that new energy is seeping into the universe according to Fred Hoyle, new fans continue to trickle into fandom, despite the closing of nearly all publicity channels in the prozines.

Fanzines are better than ever in nearly all respects, despite the fact that printed journals are, perhaps, rarer than ever before. NOVA, published by Al Ashley, E.E. Evans, and others, during the war years, was probably the most attractive mimeo-



graphed fanzine ever produced up to that time; fans exclaimed over Ashley's mimeoscope -- seldom seen in those long-ago days -- and crogged over Ashley's willingness to spend \$50, it was said, to produce each issue. Today even small fanzines, though casually and inexpensively produced, match NOVA for looks, though because of the postwar inflation they may also cost \$50 to produce and be smaller and less flossy. The advent of the Gestetner and other paste-ink duplicators -- not generally available in America till the fall of the A.B.Dick monopoly a decade or more ago -- was partly responsible for the general sprucing-up of fanzines since the early 1950s. The introduction of new products such as the electronic stencil played its part. But I suspect that fanzines are more pleasant to the eye than they once were merely because fans are able to afford better equipment in these times.

If we could picture the typical fan of 1941 we would probably discover a callow youth of 17 or 18 still attending high school, just beginning to be interested in girls, and working part time in a filling station. The average fan of today, as we all know, is an adult, already well launched on his chosen career and making good money, very much married, and living in a house in the suburbs well-cluttered with kids, pets, and mortgages. The costs of fannish activities have gone up and up, but not as fast as the earning power of the average fan.

While this change has brought us fatter and flossier fanzines than were generally possible for fan publishers in 1941, it has brought other changes that are less welcome. The fact that a greater percentage of fandom falls into the adult class and consists of people saddled with families, homes, cars, and responsibilities has caused an astonishing shift in social and political attitudes among fans. G.M.Carr, entering fandom about 1951, raised the first voice -- the first loud voice -- for conservatism I remember hearing in the sacred groves. She was the only apologist Senator McCarthy managed to muster in fandom aside from the infamous Wetzel, and her fanatic support gave McCarthy a notoriety in fandom he might never have attained otherwise, since most fans of the era were, like the rest of their generation, silent. While FAPA favored Eisenhower in 1952 by a margin of two to one, this was probably no indication of a basic conservatism, for fandom supported Stevenson four years later. Nevertheless, Republicanism has quietly gained a beachhead in fandom in recent years, a development that would have stunned and distressed the young men, flaming radicals and liberals all, who peopled fandom two decades ago.

In their fannish moments, these conservative fans -- like the rest of us -- are capable of wrenching their eyes away from the depressing but secure past to squint in awe at the whirling, tinted future. And like the rest of us, they deplore the fact that science fiction having lost its sense of wonder, is no longer capable of mirroring the exciting prospects before us. But isn't what's wrong with science fiction today an appalling tendency to cling to secure things and not launch out speculatively in was wild a fashion as it did two decades ago? In short, isn't what's wrong with science fiction that it suffers from a paralyzing Republicanism of the imagination?

AFTER ALL!

But everybody who finds the science fiction scene a murky vista full of decaying dreams and jerry-built visions ought to take a short excursion, as I did recently,

into the realm of commercial fiction outside the field. Science fiction appears to be in relatively good shape compared with the "foreign intrigue" field, at least on an esthetic level. I'm sure that such novels outsell science fiction by a wide margin, but I wonder how long readers will sit still while such tasteless decoctions as Robert Sheckley's "Dead Run" (Bantam, 1961) are offered to them as the newest and best? If one is disdainful of modern science fiction for its lack of speculative audacity, what can one say about a novel like this? Cut to a careful pattern much like the one outlined by Algis Budrys in DUBIOUS #2 in a "Service" report on Gold Medal novels, "Dead Run" has had every drop of imagination pumped out of it, and been drained of every foot-ounce of gusto. The end-product (and I use the term advisedly) bears about the same resemblance to a good novel as a merry-go-round horse bears to Carry Back.

One could, I suppose, feel sorry for the readers whose tastes lead them to read "foreign intrigue" and are fed such claptrap, but I'd rather feel sorry for the writers like Sheckley who, finding science fiction unprofitable in these times, are forced to grind out such balderdash. It must take away most of the fun of being an author to wake up in the morning and remember that another 5000 words of such swill have to be set down on paper before the day is over.

Such a writer must face his typewriter with the sick anticipation of a drunk reduced at last to the dry heaves. -- Redd Boggs

REVENGE

"Just listened to the President's Inaugural Address. It feels wonderful to realize that after so many years integrity will again be the mode and that decency and self-respect need not hide behind a facade of flippancy. What this may mean to fandom is already evident. The first faint shadow falls across Ken Beale's Phillycon report and points out the intelligential aspects of that fan gathering rather than the physiological. Perhaps you did not notice it, but I did, and was pleased to read a report of a fanmeet which did not mention drinking or...immaterial trivia."

--G.M.Carr, OOPSIA! #10, Jan '53

"Just watched the President's inaugural address. It feels wonderful to realize that after so many years integrity will again be the mode and that decency and self-respect need not hide behind a facade of complacency. What this may mean to fandom is already evident. The first faint shadow falls across Ruth Berman's Pittcon report and points out the intelligential aspects of that fan gathering rather than the physiological. Perhaps you did not notice it, but I did, and was pleased to read a report of a fanmeet which did not mention drinking...or immaterial trivia."

--Redd Boggs, DISCORD #10, Feb '61

AN INTERNATIONAL TOUCH

"Richard Bergeron (address), mit dem ich bis jetzt noch nichts zu tun gehabt hatte, sandte mir 30 SAPS-Fanzines. Fanzines, die innerhalb der Spectator Amateur Press Society herausgegeben werden. Richard Bergeron ist Mitglied dieser "APA" und mir gab er so nett, wie er nun mal anscheinend ist, einen kleinen Vorgeschmack auf das, was mich nach dem Eintritt in die SAPS erwartet." -- From GOSHOBBOBOY, Klaus Eylman's German fandom newsletter.

Monumentum aere perennius!

"I'm a ring-a-ding tiger with stainless steel claws!"



THE HOME OF THE BRAVE

by Bob Tucker

Recently, in Bloomington and Normal, Illinois, a local high school's American Government class conducted a survey among the townspeople by using a loaded document. The results were startling and not a little alarming. You should know first that Bloomington is a city of about 36,000 and is solidly based on farming, Republicanism, and isolationist tendencies; it is a heavy insurance center (somewhat like Hartford, Conn.) and boasts some manufacturing. Normal, an adjoining city resembling a suburb, has about 13,000 population and only one major industry: a university. The high school in question is a special one tucked under the wing of the university, and is used as a training ground for teachers. The loaded document used by the students was the complete second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence -- but it was not identified as such in the survey.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world."

The high school students presented this anonymous document to 240 persons in the two cities and asked them to sign the statement if they agreed with it. Among the 240 people were high school and college students, teachers, law officers, clerical help and salesmen, housewives, business and professional people, skilled and unskilled laborers, and government employees.

118 persons (49.2 percent) declined to sign it, offering a variety of reasons for their refusal.

25 would not sign the statement because they believed it was communistic. 31 others refused to sign because they claimed not to understand it. 20 people would not sign because (although they agreed with parts or all of it) they said it did not apply to life today. (Of these same 20, some said it was too radical, some were afraid it would bring about a revolution, and several feared they would get into trouble if

they signed it.) 10 people recognized the paragraph but still refused to sign, saying they favored only restricted parts of it. The remainder would not or could not give significant or coherent reasons for their refusals.

The occupational groups with the greatest percentages of non-signers were: unskilled laborers (77.8), business and professional people (70.5), sales clerks and salesmen (69.2), teachers and law officers (tied at 66.6), and government employees (62.5). The class instructor said the results would be about the same if the survey was conducted in any other area.

I hope not. Are you as disturbed as I am?

I realize that generalizations are dangerous but lacking specifics, I can only generalize. One can partially understand the unskilled laborers refusal to sign the statement, if it is accepted that such laborers largely represent the uneducated or semi-educated classes. But the business and professional people? The teachers? They cannot be lumped together with unskilled laborers in the matter of intelligence or perception, so what are they doing there? I'm not too surprised to find the police in this group -- it hardly seems necessary to cite reasons -- and I believe I can understand the reluctance of government employees to sign anything but anti-communist oaths. Political retribution forever hangs over their heads. But again, what in hell are teachers and professional men doing in this group? (I'm willing to separate businessmen from professional men; my estimation of businessmen already being low. Do you chortle, as I do, when in an election you see the slogan "A businessman for a businessman's administration?")

For whatever it is worth, the occupational groups with the highest percentages of signers were: college students (74.5), high school students (64), skilled workers (50), housewives (44.5) and clerical workers (42.9). I'm not too impressed with those percentage figures of fifty and under, and I wish more and better information had been provided to the public about that large mass who could not or would not give understandable reasons. I don't fully believe that.

Would 49.2 percent of our total population (high school age and up) refuse to sign the statement? Would one out of every five refusals claim it to be communistic?

I'm tempted to say a dirty word here, but I won't. -- Bob Tucker

OPERATION OPERATION

Reconstruction of a scene from the June 25, 1961, program "Open Mind" on NBC:

"Mr Murray Kempton (columnist for The New York Post): Can you tell me one thing then? Why is that terrible film 'Operation Abolition' continuing to be shown around the country under the auspices of the Defense Department?

"Mr Adam Yarmolinsky (special assistant to the Secretary of Defense): It isn't.

"Mr Murray Kempton: It isn't?

"Mr Adam Yarmolinsky: No.

"Mr Karl E Meyer (editorial writer for the Washington Post): I can find it for you.

"Mr Adam Yarmolinsky: Well if you do, it'll just be an example of what we were talking about. /The discrepancy between official policy and scattered performance./"

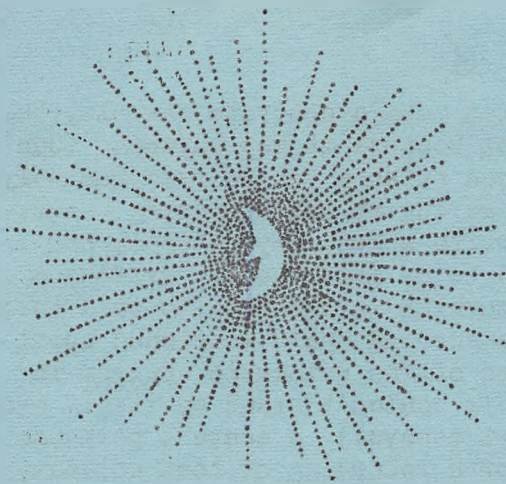
THE HARP THAT ONCE OR TWICE



"Tell me," asked your editor the other day, "is The Harp all first draft material?" I laughed lightly, banging my head nonchalantly against the nearest wall. I could see myself as I usually am before a Harp deadline, sitting at one o'clock in the morning before a dying fire, kept alive only by an occasional first draft, and still hammering away at the x key on my typer. (I used to use the m key for x-ing out because it was more effective than the x-key, until Evelyn Smith told me my letters looked as if they were interspersed with lascivious humming. Since then it's looked like that to me too, and those are inconvenient ideas to get at one o'clock in the morning.)

But later it occurred to me that some of you non-writers might be interested to know just how I do write this stuff. It might even be of some help to you if you'd like to write for fanzines. After all most of the advice you see about writing is from writers, and all they're really telling you is how to use a gift you haven't got. What you really want is a fellow non-writer to tell you how to write. Well, I'm a non-writer. I don't get brilliant ideas and dash to my typer in a fury of inspiration. I don't find complete articles and stories writing themselves in my head. If it wasn't for fandom I dare say I wouldn't have written a line since I left school. But, what with publishing a fanzine and making rash promises to other faneds, I find myself periodically driven to try and write something, and this is how I go about it.

To sit before a blank sheet of paper with nothing to say is an experience so dreadful that writers will do anything to postpone it -- change the typer ribbon, clear the desk, tidy the room, fight with their family, go and get drunk, even commit suicide -- anything to evade that terrible endless moment of truth. The trouble, I think, is that they are so appalled at the gap between what they want to produce and the blankness of the paper and of their mind that their subconscious has stalled. So start it off again in low gear by telling it you're not really trying to write just now, you're just making a few notes. Then type out something, anything. Here's where it's a help to have a notebook in which you've jotted down throughout the day anything interesting you've seen or thought of or remembered. It doesn't matter that you can't see any potentialities in it at this stage -- I never do, and usually I finish by trying to cut it down to four pages -- the point is that you're breaking the hypnotic spell of that blank paper and releasing your subconscious from its inhibitions. Now let your association centres loose on what you've written. What do you associate with it, what does it remind you of? A contest, a similarity, a contrast? Write them down. Each one in turn should remind you of something else and if your association centres are properly free the proliferations are infinite. Don't worry if everything you thought of still seems banal. You're still not writing yet, you are merely freeing your subconscious: some writers can do it all in their head, but if you're a non-writer like me you may need the mechanical process of typing to occupy the front of



by
Walter
Willis

your mind while your subconscious makes its associations. I use the typer something like a dowser uses his twig, to roam over the surface of words looking for a lode.

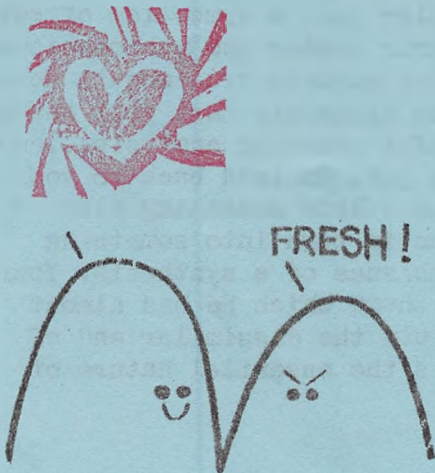
But it's no use roaming about unless you know what you're looking for. Your subconscious will create but your conscious mind must select, and both are equally important. You must have a clear idea of the way the piece you're trying to write should be constructed.

Now there are fundamentally two types of fanzine non-fiction, the article and the essay. Articles include reviews, conreports, attacks, defences, analyses, surveys, histories, reminiscences, and generally everything where you know pretty well what you want to say. This makes them pretty easy from the constructional point of view (though they and fan-fiction present their own problems which I'll talk about next time if you're interested) because all you have to do is say it as clearly and as brightly as you can. Their form is dictated by the subject matter. But an essay, in which you don't know where you're going, must have form imposed on it by you. It must seem complete, not mere aimless maundering. Paradoxically, the imposition of form on an essay makes it easier to write, not more difficult. One reason is that anything done within a strict artistic discipline has added impact, which is why a thought that sounds trite in prose can seem profound in poetry. Another reason is that the canalisation of your subconscious thought-flow, by the search by your conscious for form, can divert it into channels it might not have found by itself.

The ideal construction for an essay is sonata form. That is where you have two themes, apparently contradictory or at least unrelated, and you finish by combining them. Hegelians and dialectical materialists say that this process -- thesis, anti-thesis and synthesis -- is the essential nature of all phenomena and there's no doubt it is somehow pleasing to the human mind, even if it's really just a symbolism of sex. An essay in this form, even if entirely frivolous, gives your reader the subconscious feeling that he has witnessed something constructive. Unfortunately true sonata form is not always possible, but you can often counterfeit it so plausibly that your reader won't notice the difference unless he subjects it to careful semantic analysis...and you will have other readers than Redd Boggs. The trick is just to lead back to your opening statement. The development of your opening statement into something else takes the place of the antithesis, and then its conversion in turn into something reminiscent of the opening theme gives your ending the semblance of a synthesis. Your reader, having been led unexpectedly back to the opening theme which he had almost forgotten has that sense of recognition of the similar within the dissimilar and of the dissimilar within the similar which it has been said is the essential nature of all aesthetic enjoyment.

But all this must seem a bit up in the air, so let's take a concrete example, the piece in the last Harp about the automatic changer. Not because it was anything much as an essay, but because it's the one thing of mine I can be sure you've read recently. In one way this is a pretty good example of what I was saying at the beginning because at that time I was absolutely stuck for something to write about. My notebook had been scraped clean for Hyphen baquotes and I was forced to my last resort, writing a letter to somebody congenial and trying to think of something interesting to tell them. This time it was Noreen Shaw, and in the letter I was answering she'd mentioned about her father having come from Westport, and I was reminded of the automatic changer in the shop window. It seemed reasonably interesting but it wouldn't stand by itself even in a column (which is usually just a collection of short essays.) A context perhaps. But I had already written up the only other incident worth recording of that holiday, Madeleine's attempts to throw away a pair of shoes, in an Oopsla Harp. Maybe I could follow up the gramophone record angle, with the peculiar histories of other records in my collection, but then the piece as it stood opened with that Tchaikovsky record and closed with it. It seemed complete as it was, so I thought I'd better look for something else, something similar perhaps. I thought of other obsolete electronic equipment and remembered the old 1928 radio I have with the brass tuning condensers. Good, fans are inclined to be nostalgic about radio, as witness Jim Harmon's articles about "I Love A Mystery", and lots of them are interested in electronics. But there should be a more logical-sounding connection. What had both those items in common besides age? Answer, craftsmanship, so I described the old radio from that angle, led on to general remarks about the gradual decay of 19th Century craftsmanship, instancing the time machine in the film, and thence to the Westport record changer. So far so good: I already had humour, nostalgia and a touch of seriousness, a pretty good basis for an essay as Bob Shaw's work shows, though from the constructional point of view it was a bit jerry-built. Reading the bridge paragraph again, the time machine reference struck me. Fans are interested in time machines as well as electronics and old radios: wouldn't it be wonderful if you could get old programmes on old radios, as you can get old car performances on vintage cars. So I rewrote what I had again adding in that bit, mentioning old radio programmes both British and American. That fitted in nicely with the nostalgic mood of both the holiday reminiscences and the decay of craftsmanship, and tied up the first two paragraphs solidly. Having sufficiently firmly established the theme I could then "be reminded of" the Westport changer and bring it in apparently spontaneously. (I'm sorry to have to tell you that essayists are seldom really reminded of things when they say they are any more than funny things happen to comedians on their way to the theatre.) While I was at it I rewrote the Westport episode, adding a little local colour and slightly pointing up the nostalgia, expanding the bit about the changer itself which could now stand it since it fitted in

with a general theme, and tying it in more closely with the Victorian craftsmanship angle by comparing it to old clocks and toys. That reminded me of the old railway station slot machines that showed public executions and things which had fascinated my children, so I threw those in too figuring they might interest American readers. I now had seven paragraphs but they were still incomplete so I left them for the night. Whenever I'm lazy like that I tell myself I'm just turning the problem over to my subconscious, and maybe I am, but next night I could still see no solution. So I did what I always do in such a plight, typed the whole thing out over again. One thing that was obvious was that the opening was very pedestrian, nothing to catch the reader's attention. I mentally reviewed other old electronic gear I'd come across and selected the gas radio because it was inherently the most



bizarre and might seem even more so to American readers, and because it was the most striking example on the theme of technological obsolescence and yet was closer to the old radio angle than to the craftsmanship theme introduced later, so that the development from it would appear a progression. To establish a personal relationship with the reader right away I put the first sentence in the form of a question; "Would anyone like to buy a gas-operated radio?" Then immediately x-ed it out and substituted; "Er... would you like to buy a gas-operated radio?" to make it more informal and because a writer has only one reader, you. Then through the rest of the thing as before, polishing as I went.

By the time I'd got Madeleine and I out of Westport again it was obvious that the end must be near, because eight paragraphs is quite enough for one item in a column, so I read it through again looking for something I could hark back to to finish it all off. The best theme to re-introduce was the very beginning, which must obviously now become "Would you like to buy an old automatic changer?" But why would you? What did an old automatic changer do that a modern one didn't? Answer: it damaged records and horrified discophiles. What profit could there be in that?

There was no answer, so I got out the carbon paper and started typing the item in final form for sending to Dick. No, I hadn't given up...I'd never really send away an article while I still felt there was something to be done to improve it...it's just that I find that if you write drafts too much you find yourself writing them as drafts, a sort of masturbation which can lead to mental impotence. Whereas the stimulation of actually writing for publication, the renewed sense of being in actual contact with the reader, stimulates the subconscious again. Having got a beginning and a middle which seemed to belong together, I felt that my subconscious would be able to supply the ending now that it knew the sort of thing we were looking for.

I found it in the sixth paragraph, in the bit about the old slot machines. Public executions, that was it. That automatic changer was publicly executing records. People would pay to see public executions, at least my children would, and discophiles might find the same morbid fascination in the public execution of records. So I added in a sentence about my children running to me for pennies to watch the old slot machines, to prepare the ground for this comparison later. Then in a new and final paragraph I reintroduced Ian McAulay representing conveniently both the discophiles and the younger generation (cf. my children), made the suggestion about the New York hi-fi shop, and finished off with a sentence in which I repeated in the new context some of the phrasing from the first paragraph. In fact if you're interested enough to check you'll find I led back, unexpectedly but more or less logically, to no less than seven earlier references. Like a series of closing parentheses. It isn't just chance that it is sometimes possible to arrange an article in such neatly concentric circles: if your development has been soundly and progressively constructed, your re-introduction of an opening theme tends to involve a sort of recapitulation in reverse of that development: so that last paragraph could be, as it were, composed on stencil.

But no, Dick, the Harp is not all first draft material. -- Walter A Willis

THE STATE OF THE UNION

"Washington, March 10: Fifteen representatives of newspapers, Government and Congress held a three-hour, twenty-minute session today on 'freedom of information' The meeting was closed to the press."

--The New York Times, March 11, 1961

And please DNQ.

A LETTER FROM MARION Z. BRADLEY

I've enjoyed the various controversies on a classical "top Ten" lately, and have derived a lot of amusement from those people who loudly profess to scorn such popular-classical pieces as the "1812 Overture", etc. They may very well thank themselves for the detestation of classical music among people at large who have little chance to grow familiar with it; they are the ones who would fill up concert programmes with esoteric stuff which demands a childhood of musical study and appreciation to reach. An adult new to music-appreciation cannot enjoy Delius, Bruckner, etc, until he has been led through Tschaikowski and Mozart by easy stages. Even Bach is difficult for a novice to appreciate. But these people, secure in their own good taste, decry these simply-appreciated lovely things as "hopeless cliches" and fill up concert programmes and radio broadcasts with esoteric difficult things, and the ordinary music-lover, who would soon grow to appreciate them if he was fed at first on a soft diet of Schubert and Rossini, turns away from ALL classical music under the impression that it is all like Strauss's "Elektra" -- which, to one who has progressed through Puccini and Wagner, is lovely and harmonious, but at first sounds like a lot of discordant noise.

As for me, I put my hands over my ears when I hear Liszt's "Leibestraum" or Schubert's "Cradle Song", but by using them guilefully I have convinced people brought up on Bing Crosby that classical music is much lovelier and more beautiful than any of the syrupy music they were brought up on; and from there they can explore by themselves.

My own favorites? I am not a great lover of instrumental music, preferring opera, but I'd choose Ralph Vaughn Williams' "Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis," Max Bruch's violin Concerto, Dvorak's "American Quartet", the prelude to Act III of Puccini's "Manon Lescaut, Beethoven's third Leonore overture, Mozart's Clarinet Quintet, De Falla's "El Amor Brujo," Mendelssohn's so-called "Scotch Symphony", Sibelius' "The Swan of Tuonela," and Benjamin Britten's "A Ceremony of Carols."

I also like several "cliches" -- I admit that I can still enjoy Rossini's "William Tell Overture" and Liszt's "Les Preludes", in spite of the use of both in the Lone Ranger (and though of course the Wm. Tell Overture is known as Hi-yo Silver, somehow no one ever seems to have identified those exciting surges of sound which used to come at climatic moments in the old radio program as being from the Liszt work!) And I am even fond of the Wedding March from Lohengrin, provided it is well sung by a fine choir and not torn off on an electronic organ; though my fondness for Debussy has been wrecked by hearing too many youthful pianists go after "Clair De Lune" with the avowed intention of beating and stamping out what little life was ever in the poor thing, and the same thing applies to most of Chopin: I think most ex-music teachers must loathe Chopin and Debussy as I do, just as most voice teachers come to have a detestation for Grieg (Greig?) and most conductors of operatic auditions for the Leibestod.

Jerry DeMuth makes a good point and one I wish I could enforce. My husband cannot understand WHY it is that I have an absolute detestation of coming in after a movie has started. He hates arriving early and waiting, but I would rather wait for half an hour than come in even ten minutes after the start of even a mediocre movie. If one sees a movie from the middle, then round to the middle again, one is simply muddling one's eyes and killing time; and a person who can do this has no interest, I should think, in the movie as a story or as a work of art but simply in sitting and being entertained by anything which passes before them. I have often said that I would prefer not to see a movie at all than to see it from the middle. Unfortunately I am in a minority, or theatres would not admit patrons after it has started; and I think "Continuous showing" is what has probably forced standards lower and lower.

Ted White's remarks baffle me mildly, because, though I was subjected to physical force by a few teachers, etc, I was never conscious of adults as "the enemy", and so

I suppose it took me a while even to realize that other children sometimes thought of adults as a "race apart". Oh, there were stupid adults, just as there were silly girls who spent all their time painting their fingernails and gazing at Frank Sinatra and movie-magazines, so these adults could think of nothing to say but "Well, how is school going?" but my parents and teachers were not of that ilk, nor were the wonderful old farm people I visited quite on adult terms as a kiddy of nine or ten.. I think even then I imagined that the "how's-school-going" adult was simply an individually stupid person rather than a representative member of an enemy group.

I was amazed to realize how many adults DO treat children as a separate race, but even more croggled to realize that some youngsters PREFER the company of other children to that of adults, or some adults think it healthy for children to be with "their own age group". Possibly this divorce of children and adults is what makes it difficult for the young to be integrated peaceably and easily into society; in many primitive societies there is none of this age-group nonsense and so the young people grow peacefully to take their part in the adult world without any of this "rebellion of youth" business. To a small degree this mold-smashing may be valuable -- probably IS valuable -- but some very stable and good societies have been built on the premise that childhood is not a thing apart, but simply a sensible preparation for adulthood. The current notion of worshipping childhood as a separate form of life has not had such good results that we should consider it one of society's major successes, has it?

In our family my husband is 62, I am 31, and my son is 10. We all have separate interests, but equal, and our conversation is invariably conducted on a horizontal, not a vertical level; if I sometimes degenerate into a level of "For goodness sake, Stevie, go and wash your face", it is balanced by my husband's "Who hid the broom?" -- ie. not a matter of authority but one of different individual preferences -- and I am just as apt to ask Steve for information (for instance, he knows twice as much about electricity as I do, and though I can read a full-sized orchestral score, I can't blow one damned note on his clarinet) as he to ask me or his father. (However, his teachers sometimes note that Steve seems impertinent -- ie. he doesn't say "Yes ma'am" and "No, sir" -- and lacking in respect to adults, by which they mean he speaks as he would to an equal. His 4th grade teacher was a very perceptive woman who noted that Steve's quickness was not the result of insolence or impudence but simply confidence; but she was, quite justly, perturbed because the other children brought up to regard adults as their enemies, with their suspicious, wary yes-ma'ams, regarded Steve as a pert-spoken and rude smart-aleck at times. It's a problem, but between the two alternatives I would rather have Steve get on well with adults than with children. This is an almost heretical viewpoint; but the fact is, he will need to get on with children only for three or four more years: with adults he will have a lifelong relationship. Why should he spend fifteen or so years acquiring a talent which he will lose when he becomes an adult? Because the sad fact is' children who get on well with children grow up to be adults who get on only with their own contemporary adults and find older men and women, OR their own children, a race apart -- life for them is divided into age-groups. While children educated to get on best with adults, grow up to be adults who get on equally well with old people, contemporaries and children -- because to them all humans are simply humans, not "old people", "children", or "my own kind.")

I can usually gauge a teacher's intelligence by her reaction to such a quick-thinking, "pert" child. Not Steve alone, but the brighter children I know when I was teaching. Without exception, the duller teachers regarded these kids as "smarty" -- "rude" and on a level with the really rude, thoughtless, hooligan types whose brash remarks covered ignorance. The brighter teachers, though admitting that they are difficult to handle, took their confident adult speech in stride and treated them as uninstructed equals, to be taught, not as rebels to be smashed into the mold of the ignorant ones. -- Marion Z Bradley

A WORLDLY VIEW by John Berry

Since my last contribution to this most excellent fanzine, the whole world has been amazed (yes, I think that's the word) by the flight into orbit and subsequent return to Earth by Russian Major Gagarin. America followed shortly afterwards with the Shepard flight, which was really rather an anti-climax, because Gagarin went completely round the world; it seems a great pity to me that America didn't try and achieve the Shepard flight first, because it isn't exactly the magnitude of the conquest which is attained which counts, it's the fact of getting there first. It would have been a great boost for the Western World if Shepard had gone aloft first, even though the Gagarin orbital flight was a much more important achievement technically, it's the prestige of having the first man in space which counts. I mean of course it counts most for international prestige, technically and scientifically it's just a drag. And the plain fact of the matter is that Russia got there first with the greater achievement.

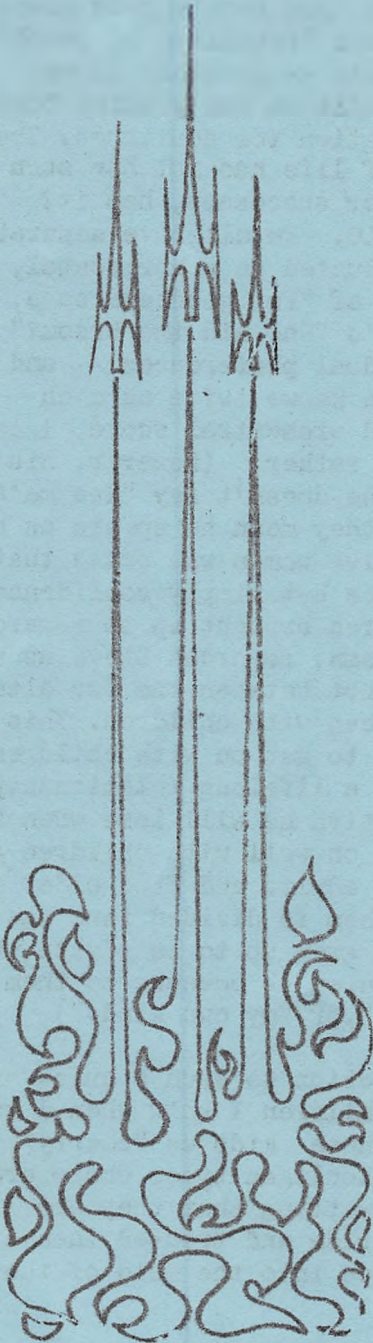
But then comes the nagging doubt: You will recall that when I was writing about the U-2 flight over Russia last year, I praised the Russian handling of the affair. They didn't put a foot wrong, or I should say they didn't put a comma wrong, and I also said that I thought America had bungled the affair.

But I consider that the tables have been turned most effectively with the Gagarin and Shepard flights.

Take the Shepard flight: it was seen all over America on TV, and even the placid BBC was able to interrupt programmes and give second by second blows of the take-off and landing in the sea and subsequent picking up by helicopter. A masterly propaganda stroke was achieved by showing Shepard getting out of the capsule, then sort of clicking his fingers and getting in again, sorting around, and coming out with his helmet. His own family even saw the flight on TV whilst it was taking place.

Now let's discuss the Russian handling of their flight: There are many strange facets to the affair. A couple of days before the Gagarin flight, correspondents and TV men, etc, waited in Moscow for an imminent announcement of the first orbital flight by man. After a couple of hours they were sent away again. Two additional facts make this most significant. The British Communist Party newspaper, the Daily Worker, published a story announcing that Vladimir Ilyushin (son of a famous Russian aircraft designer) had been put into orbit, but had suffered 'after-effects'. This story was after the debacle mentioned earlier in this paragraph. Secondly, Moscow announced after the Gagarin flight that Ilyushin was in a hospital in China after a motoring accident. I recall in some of my aeroplane periodicals that many months ago the name of Ilyushin was mentioned as being the possible first man into space.

Questions: (a) If a Russian space flight was imminent, what was Ilyushin doing motoring in China?



(b) Where did the Daily Worker get its facts from, which seem to me to have an element of truth in them. I reckon, therefore, that it is more than likely that Ilyushin did make the first flight, and it was on the day that the TV men and reporters were called to a meeting, and then sent away again.

But I've only just started to explain some inconsistencies. The flight of Gagarin is full of them. I'll summarize them herewith:

(a) One report says Gagarin wore a 'blue' space suit. Another says it was red.

(b) An important Russian rocket scientist said that the capsule carried no portholes. Later, Gagarin said that he was able to see the Earth through a porthole. Reports state there was more than one porthole.

(c) The official Russian details about the flights say that it started at 7.07. At 7.22 it was over South America. At 8.15 he was over Africa. In simple language, fifteen minutes after take off he was over South America, and yet it took him almost an hour to get to Africa, from South America. This is obviously rubbish.

(d) Reports from Russia after the flight said quite clearly that he landed by parachute and by capsule.

I give Russia credit for having a superb propaganda machinery, and their method of dealing with the U-2 proves this. So why the complete mix-up over the Gagarin flight? Why should there be so many inconsistencies?

Back to science fiction, er, fannish science fiction: You've probably all heard of Kingsley Amis. He attended the British Science Fiction Convention in April of this year, and this is what he wrote in the newspaper The Observer on 9th April 1961. (This newspaper is a most staid and influential one.)

"The world of Fandom --revealed by all this is an odd one...hearty, parochial, often incredibly learned, as often confused in mind; but enthusiasm, energy, even a sense of mission were unmistakable -- and here Science Fiction is unique, for who could imagine a convention of woman's magazine readers or tough-thriller addicts?"

You may have seen this quote elsewhere, and I have to thank Irish fan Ian McEulay for showing me the cutting. Just thought you'd like to know.

I took up a couple of pages last issue with a sort of documentary account of the spy trial in England, when five people, including an enigmatic Russian, recieved tremendous prison sentences on being found guilty.

Perhaps you may be interested in an appalling fact which a Government Inquiry brought to light in June 1961: Remember Henry Frederick Houghton (he got 15 years imprisonment) who worked in a secret Admiralty station. The Inquiry revealed that as long ago as 1954 Houghton was reported for taking secret papers out of the establishment. The officer to whom this was reported did nothing about it. Then, in 1956, Houghton was twice reported as a security risk, and yet he was allowed to work there for another four incredible years, passing secret after secret to Russia.

I mean, I ask you, how can such inefficiency be allowed to exist?

You'll all have gathered from reading my stories over the years that some very queer things have happened to me. But one of the strangest occurred only a couple of weeks ago. It wasn't very much, really, just one of those things...

It was after midnight. I was sitting talking to Diane, my wife, and we both gave a yawn or two, and glanced at the dying embers of the fire, and decided to go to bed after we'd had a cup of tea. Whilst Diane was putting the kettle on the gas stove, I heard a kick at the front door (still haven't fixed the bell yet) and I wondered who it could possibly be. It wasn't anyone who would normally come to our house, because the kick was tentative rather than forceful. So, I paused, and there was the knock again. I got up, walked down the hallway and opened the front door.

I closed it again very quickly. And I went all hot and cold.

I had guessed that the caller would be someone or something unusual; besides the gentleness of the knock and the unusual timing, there was an atmosphere -- I don't quite know what I had expected.

But in all my imagination (and some folks say I have a gifted one) I never did expect to see a Captain of the Royal Household Guard in full ceremonial regalia.

But that's what I did see. Behind the closed door, I gathered my senses. I said to myself, John this is you. You just opened that door, and on the front step, facing you, was a Captain of the Royal Household Guard, attired in burnished silver helmet with long white plumes showering down either side, scarlet tunic, blue trousers with red stripe down the sides, and the hilt of a whacking great sword, highly polished, protruding from the buckled waistband. I said to myself, John, have you been overworking? Things were quiet at the office, but I'd had a couple of tight fannish deadlines to catch a day or two previously, and sometimes, when ideas are hard to capture, it can be rough on one's mentality.

I counted slowly up to twenty, and the door knocked again.

"Who is it?", shouted my wife.

"A Captain of the Household Guard in full kit," I answered. She must have noticed a quaver in my voice, because she came hurrying out. She opened the door, looked, uttered a sob, and closed it again. She looked at me and nodded dumbly.

Now came the question. WHY? Why did a Captain in the Household Guard come knocking at my door at well after midnight? I fancy that most of you reading this will think that I am up to my fannish fiction larks, but I swear that what I have written is perfectly true. So did it happen, so help me. Every word is Gospel, etc. And it occurs to me that it would be rather interesting to see if any of you can come up with a logical explanation for the reason of the visitation. You can forget such reasons as booze, hypnotism, ghosts, etc, the facts are truly as I've stated them. The actual explanation is, unfortunately, rather mundane, too. Unusual, even intriguing, but mundane. I'd like to see if any one of you can get near the mark. If anyone comes up with anything original, I'll quote you, and also give the correct explanation.

I mean, consider for a moment. You hear the door knock in the early ayems, you open it and see a fully dressed officer of the Royal Guard. It's bound to be bewildering if you imagine it happened to you-- almost as bewildering as hearing bagpipes at the Nunnery in New York.

.....
It isn't often we fans are mentioned in mundane book reviews. I would refer you to a review of Wernher von Braun's "First Men In The Moon." It was reviewed in AIR PICTORIAL for June 1961. This is the pertinent quote:

"The most striking thing about this book is the way it spells doom to whole

herds of science-fiction fen (plural of fans, please note), for with facts so fast encroaching on fiction, who is to say that the fiction in this book may not be fact tomorrow, or at least be next May Day."

There are Prides of lions, Covey's of partridge, Gaggles of geese, and now herds of Science Fiction fen. With the present standard of science fiction stories being so lamentable, I can understand this lowly classification.

Betty Kujawa, amongst others, asks for some dope about the National Health Service over here in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. This is how it works in my case. I support a wife and two young children, and a certain amount is stopped from my pay every week. I actually get paid monthly, so the amount (within a shilling or two) is two pounds per month, ie., about \$5. For this amount, I and my family get free medical treatment. If one of the children is ill, I telephone the doctor, and he comes round within an hour or two, does the examination, and makes out a prescription. When the prescription is taken round to the chemist, a charge of two shillings is made for every prescription -- although until recently it was only one shilling. If, for example, a child had to go to hospital, this would also be free -- even if (God forbid) the child was in hospital for months or years.



In the case of a pregnant woman, all pre-natal treatment is free, as also is hospital treatment. The mother also gets a cash grant for necessities. If the mother has the child at home, the doctors fees are paid by the government, and as a sort of added incentive, she gets a much larger cash grant than the woman who has her child in hospital. The baby also gets orange juice, Rose Hip Syrup, etc, and milk, in its formative years, for a very small charge. If I was ill, and unable to go to my office, all my treatment is free, and for the period I am sick I don't have any money taken from my pay for the National Health.

Of course, it is not essential for a person to join the National Health Service. If anyone wants private treatment, that is OK, they just pay for it. Similarly, if a woman is having a baby, she can go to a private nursing home, and has to pay for the confinement, etc, although if her husband does pay National Health contributions, and he wants her to go to a private nursing home for the confinement, she gets a grant from the National Health.

My daughter had her eyes examined at school, and she had to wear spectacles. She had to go to an optician for proper examination. This was free. Then she had to go to another optician for spectacles on the National Health. Now the spectacles she was given, although the lens were presumably adequate, were very crude-looking. The frames were steel, and they looked frightful. Kathleen, from a distance, looked as though she was looking through twin portholes for going underwater fishing. For a payment of \$4 we were able to obtain quite presentable light pink frames for the lens and we aren't afraid to take her out anymore.

Of course, the National Health has its critics, but as far as I am concerned, it is a wonderful arrangement. The doctor does quite well out of it, too. He has a set amount of money for each patient on his books each year. I'm not sure of the amount, something like \$2.50, and if he had, say, 1,500 patients, he gets almost \$4,000 per
(Concluded at the bottom of page 49.)

UNPREDICTABLE REACTIONS

Last issue contained the longest letter column I've ever ran, but it was also unusual for another reason. It was the first time Harry Warner failed to be present in this department. Harry's reasons were uncontrollable and I'm sure fandom joins me in asking him to be careful not to let it happen again. Welcome back,

HARRY WARNER: I think I'll start with the latest issue, in which you're probably most interested at the moment, then spend whatever space remains on the earlier one. :: I have also been impressed with the cyclic nature of the Willis return, and I even proposed to Ted White that we should try to bring into being the things prophesied by Speer in his Virgil parody that led off the last INNUENDO, just so the repetition wouldn't be too monotonously complete. I'm sure that if Sykora and Wollheim again came face to face in Philadelphia, there would be no monotony. However, I'll probably break up this I-have-been-here-before matter in simpler but more drastic fashion. I am strongly considering attendance at the 1962 convention. :: Your dissection of Terry Carr is every impressive. I can't think of any other fan who would have had the patience to document such an article so thoroughly. I suspect that what really has been happening has been a slight subconscious bristling in Terry every time someone issues a fanzine whose quality begins to approach that of INNUENDO and FANAC: he seems to be trying to convince both his readers and himself that they are doing something entirely wrong. He rarely criticizes harshly the poor and useless fanzines. However, I have noticed in my own self a vigorous desire to criticize adversely opinions and new proposals, simply because I feel that my ability to think up objections gets an invigorating workout in this fashion. This might also account for the inconsistencies in Terry's writings. :: The John Berry column this time makes me want to know something more about these microdot photographs. I've read much about them but never their specific characteristics: the exact size of the negative, the type of film in use and so on. I know that it is impossible to use an 8 mm movie camera for microfilming purposes, when the material to be copied is pages of a book or typed letters or anything of similar complexity. Kodachrome has been the best copying film to my knowledge and its resolution is supposed to have been only about 22 lines per mm until the introduction of the new type Kodachrome which doubles that resolution power. I assume that the microdots are not more than two or three millimeters wide, and wonder if all major nations are equipped with some secret film or optics that aren't available to normal photographers. They would have to be awfully good to overcome the exposure errors and other fumbblings that a spy would normally make. :: Walt Willis recalled to my mind the luxury-type record changer that a local hotel had back in the 1930s, but that one treated the discs with such tenderness and had so many built-in safety devices that I don't see how a disc could have been broken, and in fact I don't see how new ones were inserted and old ones removed. :: I hope that Rick Sneary's letter will start an argument as interesting as the one that you are ending about atomic war. There are pages and pages that could be written about this question of talented people amounting to something and I wish I could decide completely about it myself. :: My fan history is not yet named. I have a secret ambition to call it Foutline of History but I'll probably get chicken and choose something less dignified. :: Comments on Wrhn 10 follow: As you probably have read by now, Ackerman still considers the Fantasy Foundation as existing, in the sense that he has made plans to leave its holdings and his own collection to fandom as a permanent-type institution. The difficulty with this is that Ackie isn't getting most fanzines these years, he may live another three decades, and the resulting collection will be short on many fannish treasures when it becomes available. I incline to trying to find a large library that will accept fan publications, catalog them, and make them available on inter-library loan. :: I don't think there's much ground for saying that FAPA is conservative and SAPS radical in organizational policies. SAPS was modeled after FAPA as surely as FAPA was modeled after the mundane ayjay groups. SAPS has introduced only the scuttling of the extra officers, the more stringent activity requirements, and the largely ignored bans on postmailings and previous distribution of material.

In the past few years, FAPA has pioneered much more than SAPS in changes of its organizational procedures: the system for getting rid of waiting listers who aren't welcome, the requirements for activity by waiting listers, the fluctuation in dues as the treasury grows larger or smaller, and most significant of all because I invented it, the use of jiffybags for sending out bundles. :: The ban on admitting people to "Psycho" after its start was publicized widely in Hagerstown but ignored at the theater while the film was being run. (423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland)

JACK SPEER complained: Yeah, sometimes I'm real depressed when I think about the quality of material that fills even FAPA, I mean, discussions of friction belt buckles, soft versus hard bread, baseball teams, kay tiel plu. In the face of that how can I bravely say, as I recently did to a newsman, that the fan press is the ultimate in free speech? As someone wryly commented a few years ago, after all our labors for free speech it turns out that, at present, we have nothing to say. :: /I'd written Jack that the impact of the first death scene in "Psycho", aside from the fact that it was brilliantly done, was largely due to the stunning realization that the character we'd come to accept as the leading one was bleeding to death in front of our eyes -- I hope Jack won't mind if I quote his remarks on conventions here in the spirit of bringing a fresh breeze into Wrhn, -RB/: I certainly found it hard to believe that Janet Leigh had been killed. There are many conventions binding author and reader together, and when these conventions are violated, the reader is likely to feel a sense of outrage. The Lady or the Tiger is a successful violation of such a convention; nevertheless it destroys the basic agreement, that the reader shall pretend that the author is telling him a true occurrence. Even the "Challenge to the Reader" in detective stories is to some extent a breach of manners. On the stage, Thornton Wilder violates a similar convention, apparently with success, though I don't like it. But there are many other conventions, which I have so little seen discussed that I can scarcely express them. There is, for example, the assumption that the story is going to add up to something (unless it's by Saroyan). There is also an assumption that certain moral principles will be respected (my wife disliked The Great Gatsby because the weak and foolish couple escaped any penalty for their fault), which assumption is probably strongest in a Hollywood movie. :: One such convention is that an author will not present something as fact which is fiction. Yankee Lawyer may be presented ever so solemnly as autobiography, with even the copyright notice naming Ephraim Tutt rather than Arthur Train, yet everybody who reads it is expected to understand that it is fiction. Another convention is that fantasy will not be injected into a story which we assume is mundane (and, reciprocally, no story in a fantasy magazine shall turn out to have a mundane explanation); if the story appears in the Saturday Evening Post and does not immediately reveal its fantasiac character, the title, blurb, or illustration must give the warning. Now, these two conventions result in robbing many stories of impact. A recent fanzine review of a werewolf film berated the doctor for taking so long to admit that the descendant of Dracula just might possibly be a

thermianthrope; but we might have gone along with him if the film had not been advertised as fantasy, not to mention our attitude if it had happened in real life. (On the other hand, I do recall that many good s-f movies have not been advertised as such (whereby I have missed them), and I suppose a person seeing such a show unawares from the beginning must get a considerable charge when the perhaps-impossible first intrudes.) The very fact that something is fiction can take the excitement out of happenings which would be tremendously exciting if they occurred in real life -- GMCarr mentioned having a mentally unbalanced person in her office, and how slow people were to realize it. To

carry the thing one step further, the very fact that something, though true, is deemed interesting enough to be narrated by someone you know is often in itself a tipoff that deflates the anecdote as much as giving the punchline at the beginning of a joke. :: The foregoing is an elaborate justification of what I have been doing in my fapazines lately. Fan fiction is the one field in which no one can complain if what seems to be a mundane story turns out to have an element of fantasy. But, just as in mainstream the fact that something is a story reduces to a fraction the effectiveness of incidents, fantastic or mundane, so in self-confessed fan fiction we are pretty nearly shockproof. My violation of a convention in order to get around this difficulty was probably not justified by the result, but perhaps it breaks ground for someone abler. There is only one restriction that should be put upon such convention-breaking: after it has served its purpose, the author should acknowledge that he has done this, in order that there may be no permanent doubt as to what the facts are. :: The many references to Crane in "Critique on Criticism" make me wonder if Burton is indeed back in this country. Come to think of it, it's dated 1952, but I rather think it was earlier than that that I last heard of him, in the Orient; I know it was. :: Willis' references to "screening cans" and "precision air-spaced trimmers" leave me wondering if this is Anglotalk or double talk. His idea of hearing broadcasts from the past on one of these old radios was the theme of a TV drama a few months ago. It implied an insanity explanation, but it depicted the old fellow hunkering down beside the radio, grinning as he heard some long-dead quip, or the voice of Major Bowes, usw. Walt's melancholy over technological obsolescence sent me off on a long train of thought that touched upon telegraph, shorthand, and much remoter subjects: Obsolete learning, for instance. Who today respects a classical education? If a person reads and wants to disagree with some interpretation of Shakespeare in a 1901 annotated edition of Hamlet, he could conceivably find someone in the Shakespearean societies and journals to discuss it with, but he must be oppressed with the thought that the coinage of this culture no longer passes current. And this led to still remoter thoughts, about fandom, and whether it makes any difference that there may always be some people of peculiar tastes digging through ancient fanzines. But for that matter, everything is vanity. :: Ted White has always been weak on spelling, but "thoughtless kant" is going just a bit too far. Whatever one may think of "The Critique of Pure Reason," it could not fairly be called thoughtless. :: Thom Milton's letter is an interesting example of how a man convinces himself that his subjective feelings are objective facts. There was a great deal of this among people who believed they believed that Nixon's experience qualified him for the presidency while Kennedy's did not. :: Ellington says transmission to a Polaris submarine wouldn't give the location of the sub even if radio were used. Then why were we forbidden to play the radio on the USS Cape Romano in 1945? And is it really true that radar isn't traceable? :: If you people keep hurting my feelings about the legibility of my fmz, I'll go and produce one using the ditto carbons that got caught in the flood, and then we'll see whether ditto runs in water. :: Didn't that first computer report also indicate by what odds its prediction was true? When I heard it, along with something like "the chances are 19 in 20 that Nixon will win", I felt real bad. Surely somebody has told the computers what the average variations from one election to the next in random precincts have been. :: I jotted down a note for an interlineation in ODUSSEUS, "FAPA da! SAPS nyet!" But I decided it would be inappropriate, like an incumbent president agreeing to debate with a challenger. (Snoqualmie, Washington)

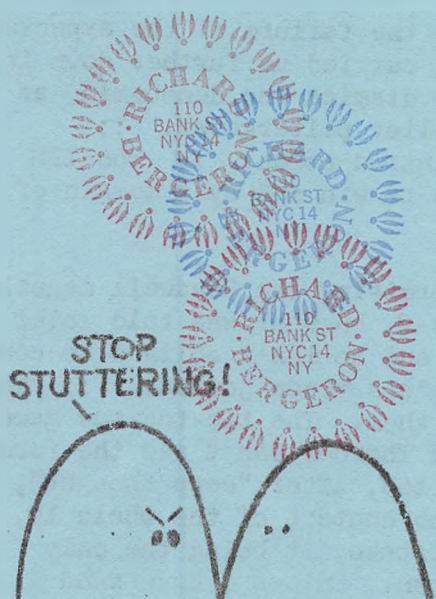
RB: Speaking of rupturing literary conventions: a recent "Thriller", the Boris Karloff journey into television terror, built up a fine skein of suspense revolving around the likelihood that a child was being plagued by a poltergeist. The logical explanation at the end was that the child's half demented grandmother had "the Power of

Levitation." The wall's of my imagination were strained by the failure of the expected clarification into rationality by an explanation that only carried us further down into unbelievability and left us there. The tendency was to dismiss the denouement as preposterous and back up one stage to accept the more familiar poltergeist. ::

"Critique on Criticism" was dated December, 1944, in my introduction. :: The IBM odds in the first computer returns were 100 to 1 for Nixon to win and by a margin of 459 electoral votes to Kennedy's 78.

JAMES BLISH wondered: ...if Carr, back when he was praising the Cogswell magazine that consisted of practically nothing but letters about s-f, knew or was told later that the magazine in question is circulated only to pros, and so isn't obliged to consider what fandom might or might not find interesting. It's a trade journal. :: The spot drawings are a pleasure and I hope you'll go on with them. The tic-tac-toe game and the floral stamp were particularly delightful; too bad Thurber can't see the former. :: Berry's nine additions to his list of musical favorites, after "deep thought", aren't much improvement on his original 10; in fact, in the context of the whole 19, the inclusion of "Wagner's Mastersingers" looks like a mistake, it being the only thing on the combined list that isn't a piece of purest corn. Unless I have read Temple's letter incorrectly, Temple isn't trying to dictate to him, but is gently mocking him for the utter predictability of his choices. However, everybody has to be a beginner sometime; and the fact that Berry didn't yet own a record player at the time of writing is sufficient further indication that his experience is limited. :: Lowndes' list reminds me that it is sometimes difficult to pick ten favorites from the work of a single composer. It's not so hard in cases like those of Bruckner and Mahler, whose major works number only about 15 each; but when you are confronted with composers of enormous prolificity, e.g. Mozart, Stravinsky, R. Strauss, the going becomes tough indeed. However I think all of Lowndes' entries are at least logical candidates except the Reger; that's pleasant, but Mozart variations by Reger in a list of top 10 that contains nothing by Mozart himself? Can't see it. :: Like everybody else, I think Willis is great and regardless of Mr Edkins, that's all I have to say on that subject. :: Do the Col. Scott, the Mrs Hart and the dog named Oscar, mentioned by Roy Tackett, appear in a Thorne Smith novel? I have that impression but I can't pin it down any further. (Milford, Pennsylvania)

ERIC BENTCLIFFE liked: ...John Berry's writings in this issue, particularly the piece where he comments on the Spy trials; he's right, some facets of this recent schemozzle are much stranger than fiction. Incidentally, I'd greatly appreciate it if you'd request him to elucidate on line two of paragraph 4, pg 14. I'm eager to know what this 200lbs found in a bedroom was? Blancmange, TNT, Plaster of Paris? The mind boggles at what it could be, but I suspect (disappointedly) that this is a typo and you actually meant £200.0.0. Pity, I was conjuring up all kinds of weird things. :: His little bit about "They Always Keep it in the House, in Dollars", has me a little worried. I have a tin box with my secret hoard of dollars in it. /So that's where they've all been going! -RB/ You think I should cash them quickly in case? Carrying on in this train of thought, I wonder, if security got tighter and tighter in the 'free' world if fans wouldn't be one of the first groups to be investigated. Consider the mail angle! presumably some occasional check is made on people receiving a large amount of mail from foreign parts. I don't mean censorship, not here anyway, the mail is pretty sacrosanct, but if I were an intelligence officer I'd ask the postal people periodically for the addresses of people who received inordinate amounts of mail from all over -- people who had a seemingly harmless 'cover'. I wouldn't look for just those people who corresponded with 'Iron Curtain' countries, this would be too obvious. some other manner of communication would obviously be arranged with the Head Office..and, indeed, the most successful spies are generally those sent out to gather information and then pass it on to a more 'disposable' agent whose job it is to



get the information back. The real spies generally don't communicate direct with the Head Office. :: If I were this metaphorical intelligence officer, I'd look for people who were able to pass information readily about in the free world, and I'd probably investigate them further. As I said before, I'd look for people with a seemingly harmless cover -- and an even better cover than a position with an international business house, or a travel bureau, would be some kind of world-wide hobby. Hobbies like Science-Fiction Fandom, for instance. :: Can't you just imagine our mythical (I hope!) counter-espionage man reporting to his chief: He stands in front of the green-baize covered desk, its only light shadowing the features of The Chief. "Sir, I think I'm onto something. I couldn't believe it myself at first, but I found what I think is a code-word, or, FANAC... yes, I know sir, but... All I need to get additional information is a decent typewriter, and a duplicator..." :: You know I think I will cash in my secret hoard of dollars! (England)

BILL DONAHO wrote: "Fandom on the Half Shell" was of course much appreciated. Just in passing though, Terry's reference to an article that needn't discuss anything ("on the basic works of Aristotle") was a Bergeron-type reference to an article of his "An Article on the Basic Works of Aristotle" which appeared in Jim Caughran's OMPazine A LA'BANDON (March 1960) and which was a bit of fluff that didn't discuss anything; the title was because he wrote it using the book "The Basic Works of Aristotle" as backing for his paper. :: "Critique on Criticism" certainly deserves reprinting. Edkins is so right, particularly in his point of view that you should say why you like or dislike something, not just that you do. :: Calkins puts the matter of nuclear warfare, biological warfare et al quite cogently and I agree with him almost 100%. However I think that he overstresses the value of competition or at least does to distinguish clearly enough between competition between species and competition within a species. But I'm sure that Gregg would admit that competition as manifest in western society is just a little too much of a good thing. Also, he is completely wrong about war. War is of comparatively recent development in human history, dating back 6,000 to 8,000 years (not 2,000 as Willis said) which is a pretty small fraction of man's existence. Conflict -- bashing in of heads, etc -- existed of course and even clashes between groups, but not prolonged organized clashes. War as such didn't develop until patriarchal society did. Thus many authorities claim that war is a development of sexual repression which naturally always goes hand in hand with patriarchal society. But of course it just may be that given a choice most men would rather fight than work -- even at the risk of getting killed. And undoubtedly it does take a certain standard of civilization both to develop warriors and to have anything worth looting. But be that as it may history does not prove man to have always been a warlike animal. Or even an aggressive one. There have been quite a number of non-aggressive and un-warlike cultures. But of course Heinlein is perfectly right: they aren't around today. Up until our own day warlike cultures (with some exceptions) had a pretty high survival value. I wouldn't bet on it now though. :: Jack Speer's letter represents the liberal point of view at its worst in his comments on fluoridation. Fluoridation is a benefit, yes, but "no sensible position against it"! In other words people shall be done good to whether they want it or not. There is no essential difference between this and the communist position -- or that the ends justifies the means. :: I am surprised that the usually perceptive Jerry DeMuth missed the point of that scene in "The Seventh Seal". Jerry was right when he said that "The knight knocked over the chess figures to distract Death's attention so that Joseph, Mary and the child could escape. This

was the one good act he wanted to perform.." but Jerry was wrong when he completed "and he achieved it." Death was not fooled. He allowed the knight to think he was because it amused him. One of the themes running through "The Seventh Seal" was that each person was taken when Death chose and that there was nothing he could do about it. Death might stay his hand for a bit for his own reasons -- as in the case of the knight, but Death's inescapability and omniscience is stated and restated throughout the picture. Neither the knight's right thinking -- his moral code is unimpeachable and his philosophical interest and discussion most assiduous -- nor the squire's right action -- in every practical situation he always did what was right and most effective -- had any effect on staying death or saving their own lives, souls or peace of mind. The only two who escaped death were the knight's lady and the squire's mistress, both of whom accepted him and escaped for the time being since they were not in the dance of death that Joseph (and the audience) saw in the end. :: And even though Joseph was unaffected by Death in the picture (among the many symbolisms used in "The Seventh Seal" is Tarot Card symbolism and in Tarot cards, the juggler/fool affects all and is affected by none) he sees himself following along after the dance of death and for that matter it can be argued that he was marked for death the first time we saw him as he is bitten by a flea which we know to be the carrier of the plague which is death's instrument in this picture. Sometimes the different symbolisms do get a trifle involved here, don't they? I am not even sure how the obvious parallelism to the holy family fits in -- maybe it's just to provide an extra emotional wallop. :: I am extremely susceptible to colds myself and before I discovered vitamin C used to have three or four beauties every winter. But with vitamin C this has been reduced to one at the most and oftentimes not even one. And never, never, never is my nose stopped up and head clogged. The relief is tremendous. Reminds me of a remark by Adelle Davis to the effect that people who take health and nutrition seriously are nearly always mistaken for cranks on the subject of vitamin C and the B vitamins. :: Well now, for general impressions: Wrhn is a damn fine fanzine.... There are two things I don't like however: (1) Damned blue paper and (2) Layout. The blue paper is just a little too dark to have text printed on it I think -- not enough contrast. It also gets monotonous in the extreme. The layout doesn't help there either. I belong to the school that thinks that the primary purpose of artwork in a fanzine is to break up the space and to provide opportunity for interesting layout in the Ted White manner. If the illos are good, this is an added bonus, but it's far better to have bad ones than none. :: Of course I am primarily interested in the text and many times won't even notice the illos, but if they aren't there, their absence has an effect on the way I react to the material. And books are an entirely different matter as the book page is a different size and printing on white paper looks different anyhow. In the last issue of Wrhn you had almost enough illos -- but a cover would have been nice -- but they weren't large enough. They only served to interrupt the text, not to organize the space. Also the blue paper didn't do them justice either. They would have come through much better with more contrast. (I must admit I feel extremely odd arguing with an artist about the way he reproduces his own work and even about layout). :: As an example of the effect that layout can have: Here in Berkeley we passed our FANAC poll ballots around. Nearly everyone voted for DISCORD and Wrhn like the Siamese twins. One or the other might be first, but they were always together. One fan didn't and I asked him why. His reply was that both DISCORD and Wrhn had monotonous layouts but since DISCORD was short it didn't particularly matter. He dug the material and voted it high. He voted Wrhn low because even though he liked the material he found the layout so monotonous that he got fatigued reading it. While it doesn't have this strong an effect on me I know that it does have some and I suspect that I would have liked some items in Wrhn even more if they had been presented with a pleasing layout. In a way this is similar to my reaction to micro elite. I underrated VOID a long time just because it is largely micro elite. And even though I know I have this reaction I



can't always compensate for it. Evidently everyone doesn't react this way to layout, but a great many people do although I have no idea of just what percentage. So anyhow I tend to feel that it's better to have an interesting layout even if that makes you have to cut down on material. Which I hope it doesn't. But Wrhn is one of my favorite fanzines in spite of the layout. (1441-8th St. Berkeley 10, California)

RB: Several people have mentioned the blue paper, but the only other person who didn't like it was Bill Temple, who said that "the color of the paper, if it were wall-paper, would give the room's occupant a nameless depression ere long." But this must be a personal reaction on your part, because this paper is the same value as HYPHEN green, a little lighter than 84 pages of the green used in INNUENDO #10, the same value as SKYHOOK granite gray, and about the same value as most of HABAKKUK #5 and certainly a great deal lighter than the brown stock used on the first 36 pages of that issue -- in addition the company IBM used in stenciling Wrhn has a sharper cleaner impression giving greater contrast than the stenciling in Hab. :: I believe the only reason people complained that Wrhn had no artwork is because I'm an artist, but I'll go along with you on the point that they break up space and I enjoy doing them so it's a pain-less operation. However, I'm not interested in creating breathtaking balances or otherwise organizing the space thus broken up. Wrhn is primarily a vehicle for personal written expression, though all my favorite people are invited along for the ride (Hop on, Bill), and while I admire creative layout I have another editorial outlet that allows me to indulge that admiration from 9-5 in full color. :: I don't agree that bad illustrations are better than none: would FANTASY COMMENTATOR, HORIZONS, CRY, or SPACEWAYS have been improved by L Garcone drawings? I don't recall any complaints that AH! SWEET IDIOCY was monotonous because it was unillustrated. :: The success of the above mentioned publications indicates that perhaps that fan who voted Wrhn low because of the layout didn't really care as much as he seemed to about the material. But regardless of the fact that it's printed on white paper and is a smaller size, I would think that a person so sensitive to monotony would not be able to get through a 300 page book. :: I don't care for micro elite myself.

ROY TACKETT can't: ...quite figure out whether Terry is protesting a flight from fannishness, a flight from seriousness, or a flight from science-fiction. If the first two, then my reaction is "ecch"; if the last then I will join him in his protest. :: Certainly Bill Gray's comment that discussion of science-fiction is childish and inhibits "deeper levels of thinking (whatever that is) puts him in nomination for the fugghead of the year award. :: I do not necessarily hold that stf should be the only subject of discussion in fan circles but it should not be forgotten that this is science-fiction fantasy fandom and that stf is the binding force. We can get into deep-think discussions elsewhere and we can get the equivalent of fannish foolishness elsewhere but we have one hell of a time finding an intelligent discussion of stf elsewhere. However, fandom is broad enough to embrace all facets and it is the variety of discussion that really makes it interesting. I find that the far extreme of deep sercon and the far extreme of complete fannishness both become insufferably dull. :: It would be extremely difficult to eliminate opinions from our writings. If you discount fiction then it would appear that the bulk of fan writing is made up of opinions. And certainly opinionating contributes much to keeping fandom lively. When it comes to "personal essays" such as Anglofandom is noted for, I find myself tossing the fanzine on the shelf and looking for something else to read. I can enjoy sercon discussion and I can equally enjoy faaan writing but personal reminiscences are, in my opinion, the worst examples of fan writing. :: One more point while we're still on the half-shell. You mention that one would get the idea that Terry would reject comic book articles out of hand regardless of the quality of writing. I don't know about Carr but I can say with some authority that the editor of DYNATRON would hand has. So I'm fuggheaded about comic book articles. Quality of writing does not make up for a

boring subject and I class comic books only slightly above personal reminiscences...
 :: The greatest overall danger to the United States today is communism. The declared objective of the Soviet is to communize the world and the United States stands as the largest obstacle to the realization of that aim. They will attempt to put us down in any way they can and I dislike hearing people talk of playing the game by the rules because this struggle is definitely not a game and there are no rules. :: Perhaps the greatest internal danger in the struggle against communism is that fear of it will send us skidding too far in the other direction. The rise of the John Birch Society, the American Nazi Party, and other fascist-like organizations would seem to indicate that the constant crying about the internal danger of the communists has a large portion of the population on the verge of hysteria for fear umpteen zillion reds will suddenly come swarming out of the dark corners to take over the country. Consequently the public seems ready to embrace any screwball philosophy which promises to save them from the bogey-man and to hell with the cost. Herein is the internal danger, that the populace will unknowingly embrace the black wolf of fascism inside while attempting to keep the red bear outside. :: The HUAC has been around for several years and doesn't really seem to have accomplished much. Of late it seems to have become a sort of traveling road show, with the same script and the same cast, wandering from city to city. It is, as you say, redundant and while the FBI quietly and efficiently does the job the HCUA purports to do, about all the committee accomplishes is to add to the hysteria. :: The communists in this country are known and their activities checked and double-checked by the FBI. I would opinion that the possibility of internal subversion by the communists is, at the present time, minimal. This is not to say that it could not easily become our greatest danger if we were to relax our vigilance but so long as our present checks on it continue we are pretty safe from communism from within. I should think that the HUAC would be more useful -- if it is possible for it to be useful at all -- if it were to investigate the activities of such organizations as the Birch Society to determine their motives. Totalitarianism is totalitarianism whether it be a home-grown fascist variety or the alien communist variety. Both have the same ends -- the superiority of the state (and the small clique which runs the state) over the individual and both are equally repugnant. (Iwakuni, Japan)

MIKE BECKER to the contrary: One thing that's worried me more or less recently has been the apparent resurgence of just that -- but, rather alarmingly, accoupled with a sort of alarming "liberal McCarthyism." The current KIPPLE, for example, has a letter from someone asking why the government "doesn't do something about the JBS." (Oops -- that's no letter -- that was Ted Pauls speaking.) As far as I can see, there really isn't much the government can "do" about the JBS without violating their own principles of freedom of speech and assembly. Reprehensible as the Society is, I've seen to date nothing indicating that it has done anything illegal. Granted that pressure tactics of the type that the Society tends to use are, particularly when misused, to be abhorred -- but what is there morally wrong in a letter suggesting -- or even "ordering" on pain of dismissal from the society -- that persons boycott certain stores, products, etc.; that is not wrong in, for example, sit-down strikes, or boycotts of non-integrated organization. The only difference seems to me to be in the ends; no, I take that back the Bircher's actions cannot be punished, for they are not attempting to force anyone to do anything by illegal means (their most serious threat is dismissal from the organization, something any organization may do: I'll be kicked out of school, for example, if I patronize a local brewery more than my principal would like), nor are they refusing to obey any law: the sit-down strikers, meanwhile, are trespassing on private property whenever they are ordered out of Woolworth's and refuse to leave. One danger that seems all too prevalent these days is the tendency to, in abhorring McCarthy and his fellow-idiot, attempt to use on people of such persuasion the same tactics they would like to use on their enemies. Please. Sure, nobody should be arrested for saying that they'd far prefer to live under the Russian system than ours, or even for trying to assure that we do by words and such alone

(treason is another matter, as so, come to think of it, are inciting to riot and downright spying, both of which can be done by words alone), but certainly nobdy should be jailed for saying that all Communists (or all teenagers, or all Good Humor Men) should be jailed. (5828 Conway Road, Bethesda 14, Maryland)

RB: I wasn't aware that there was a general "liberal" call for investigation of The John Birch Society, though I know that Senator Jacob Javits, who is usually described as liberal, has urged one. But the American Civil Liberties Union, Brooks Atkinson, and The New York Post, to name three voices, have opposed the idea. I was under the impression that the loudest call for the investigation was coming from "conservative" sources such as The New York Herald Tribune, The Los Angeles Times, Thomas J Dodd of the Senate Internal Security Committee, and Robert W Welch. Investigation of the Society should be opposed on the naive grounds that this is a free country and on the practical grounds that investigation would probably only result in having the imprimatur of the House Un-American Activities Committee stamped over the cancellation of the Eisenhower Red label. A member of the House Committee is on a list of endorsers of the Society.

RICH BROWN gaffiates: Two things in defense of Gregg Calkins, one of which may be stated quite simply: you're right in that some of the things that have been brought up are not entirely relevant to the discussion, but wrong in criticizing Gregg for it, since he pointed this out as being one of the faults of the argument. Then to the statement itself: Yes, Patrick Henry's crucial commitment was "Give me liberty or give me death!" And I don't know whether he would have been able to answer your proposition in Wrhn 7 by saying "Give me liberty or give everyone death," or even being more fair to Mr Henry, "Give us liberty or give us death!" This rationalization must have been made, however, by whoever master-minded the hundreds who lay down on the road to Benares while the British tanks tried to roll over them. The thing about liberty is that it's relatively new in such large quantities is it worth dying for? Or put it this way: if you could fight for it or die for it, which would you do? (Florida)

RB: I'm sorry if I gave the impression of criticizing Gregg particularly for bringing up a point which I questioned the relevance of but I later mentioned that limiting the debate proved impossible. I wanted to examine this point because it seems to have become a rallying cry for the Right, but if I were only indulging in identifying the irrelevancies I could have picked a dozen from my own or Walt's comments on the subject. :: If I agree that we're being more fair to render the intent of the quote as "Give us liberty or give us death!", I'm automatically surrendering my position that it was a personal choice. Without tampering with his opinion it becomes, in atomic terms, "Give me liberty or give everyone death!", but since he didn't give it in this context it's open to question whether he'd have answered in this way. At any rate, "Give us liberty or give us death!" still implies speaking for a group and Patrick Henry explicitly prefaced the remark with "I know not what others may say, but as for me..." :: The road to Benares is a poor allusion, since regardless who master-minded it, the people in front of the tanks could still get up and run away-- a choice the par-boiled Bahammian won't be given. :: If I can stop that slip away from the basic proposition, your question should read: "The thing about liberty is that it's relatively new in such large quantities' is it worth ending all possibility of any future generations living in liberty for?" Your question rests on a premise that life will continue after an atomic war; something I, in my Ghod facet, ruled out completely. How does one die for liberty by dying in such a way that there is no possibility that liberty will again exist

BETTY KUJAWA: The next issue of Wrhn is one I really look forward to, you know. Yes, I want to see just how you'll manage to turn it around and make the facts come out that this gawd-awful fiasco with the Cuban Invasion is the fault of that Evil Man Richard M Nixon. /See back cover.-RB/ Now don't let me down -- I'm counting on you!

We may see now if the Democrats amongus can take it as well as dish it out. Remembering the cruel and slashing attacks on Nixon and Ike, and reading in papers and hearing on t-v commentators reporting that world opinion has been saying that JFK did more to foul up American prestige in one week than Ike did in eight years, I am curious to see how some fans react to some deserved criticism of Their Boys in D.C. (Indiana)

BILL CONNER noted: In "What So Proudly We Hailed" you implied that the House Un-American Activities Committee restricts freedom of speech. I wonder where you got this ridiculous idea from. The Communists most certainly have been exercising their freedom of speech against the HUAC. Apparently, even you have been taken in by this. Not once do you specify as to just how the HUAC infringes upon one's freedom of speech. :: I do know what the Communist charge concerning freedom of speech, however. They contend that because they cannot say what they please when they please before the HUAC, their "rights" of freedom of speech are being infringed upon. Well, as you should know, no one has this right, not even at a PTA meeting! There are certain rules of order that must be followed in order to prevent chaos. Now the obvious Communist tactic is to create chaos and prevent the HUAC from doing its work. Archie Brown, 5th Amendment Communist of "Operation Abolition" fame, did just this when hauled before the Committee in San Francisco. Archie Brown may have the right to denounce the HUAC, but not while appearing before it. One can cuss out a judge, too, but not in the judge's courts. You see, Dick, there is an old and honorable democratic tradition that the officers of a court or the Congress of the US are due some respect from us citizens during the proceedings of a court, inquiry, or investigation. That is why we have laws to punish those found in contempt of court or in contempt of Congress. However, outside these official meetings, a person has the right to give 'em all the hell he wants. :: You made another statement that seems to indicate a lack of understanding on your part of just how our government's basic machinery works. I think that you should become more acquainted with the processes of our government before passing judgement upon them. But don't be offended at this remark; it is one that I often make to liberals. Well, you seem to think that because "The activities of the Communist Party are tightly regulated and possible subversion is under constant surveillance by the FBI" and since we have laws against the subversive activities of the Communists, the HUAC is rendered redundant. Do you realize that the FBI is nothing more than the police force of the Federal Government? A police force cannot prosecute anyone. The FBI can only submit evidence to the Justice Department or to the President, and this does not mean that any legal action will be taken against these suspects. :: For example, J Edgar Hoover, when testifying before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, said that "from November 8, 1945, until June 24, 1946, seven communications went to the White House bearing on espionage activities, wherein Harry Dexter White's name was specifically mentioned." But despite these warnings from the FBI, your friend Harry Truman, on January 23, 1946, promoted White from Assistant Secretary of the Treasury to United States Executive Director of the International Monetary Fund. The FBI also warned Truman about the traitor of Yalta, Alger Hiss. This occurred in November of 1945. Truman did nothing, and Hiss went on with his scheme to load the Secretariat of the UN with American Communists. Some people who got UN jobs with Hiss's warm recommendations are still working for the UN even though these people have questionable backgrounds of loyalty to the US. Although it is blasphemy to liberal ears to say this, Mr Ralph Bunche is one of them. Bunche's protege in the UN, Jack S Harris, took the 5th Amendment when asked about his affairs with Bunche in the UN before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. Bunche has a record of extreme left wing writings in the 30's. I quote from a pamphlet by Bunche written in 1936, called "A World View of Race": "If the oppressed racial groups, as a result of desperation and increasing understanding, should be attracted by the principles of equality and humanitarianism advocated by the Soviet Union (and it is both logical and likely that they will) then racial conflict will become intensified. In such case, however, racial conflict will be more directly identified with class conflict, and the oppressed racial groups may win the

support of oppressed, though previously prejudiced working-class groups within the dominant population." "...class will some day supplant race in world affairs. Race war then will be merely a side-show to the gigantic class war which will be waged in the big tent we call the world." Bunche was also a good friend of Alger Hiss, and made this perfectly clear by sticking up for him when he was exposed as a traitor. I agree that guilt by association is wrong, but American members of the UN staff should be beyond question loyal Americans. Bunche should be transferred from such a sensitive position. :: I hope I have made my point, The FBI is completely impotent without the help of the President, and if he won't take any action, or won't let any action be taken, then I certainly hope that Congress has committees to tell the American people the reason why! (Chilliocothe, Ohio)

RB: I'll try to answer as much of this in this melting space as I can, Bill, and take up the rest of it with you in a letter. :: What "legal action" do you propose taking against "suspects"? :: I'm glad you agree that guilt by association is wrong -- it's refreshing to find a conservative who thinks that way -- but what do you mean by "5th Amendment Communist"? :: I'll not divert the discussion by claiming that that "old and honorable democratic tradition / that officers of Congress/ are due some respect from us citizens" should work both ways, but does contempt of Congress, as awarded by the Committee, have much to do with physical contempt openly expressed? Rather the cases of contempt that I've heard of have to do with the arrogance of the witnesses who refuse to answer the Committee's questions on the grounds of the First Amendment. These people by claiming that right, a right the men awarding the citation are sworn to uphold, thereby reveal their contempt. Archie Brown, who, according to "Operation Abolition" was thrown out of the committee room twice for his contemptuous conduct, was not, to the best of my knowledge cited for contempt. William Mandel, who also appears in "Operation Abolition" couldn't have made his disgust and disdain for the Committee more explicit: "Honorable beaters of children, and sadists, uniformed and in plain clothes; distinguished Dixiecrat wearing this clothing of a gentleman...if you think I am going to cooperate with this collection of Judases, of men who sit there in violation of the United States Constitution...you are insane." I'm not aware that he's been cited for contempt. :: The Hoover statement means nothing unexplained: Hoover's own name must have been "mentioned" in those reports -- he signed them. With men running around who think Eisenhower is a Communist, I wouldn't be surprised to find that everyone in government has been "mentioned" in at least one report. Thank you for a good letter.

ROBERT BLOCH says: Wrhn helped beguile me in the terminal stages of convalescence from virus; now that I'm back at work, I find it has infected me with renewed interest in the field. Just wish there was more time available for actual participation -- being ill for a month has, of course, resulted in complicating the work-schedule still more. Hope to revise a screenplay and do a novel before the end of June and then relax over the summer, but it's a rough route. I've not vanished into TV and motion pictures entirely, though this month "The Dead Beat" comes out in Popular Library, reprint; then a novel, "Firebug", from Regency; then a novel, "Kill For Kali", Belmont; then a reprint of "Pleasant Dreams", Belmont; then a hardcover collection, "Blood Runs Cold", Simon & Schuster, and maybe another novel before year's end. So don't think I'm goofing off. And I do feel that this Wrhn is the best yet; you're doing a terrific and stimulating job! /Wanna do a regular column for Wrhn? -RB/

Once again we come to that saddest of paragraphs, The Realm Of The Half Living, wherein we find WALT WILLIS, who thought the Half-shell article "made very good reading, though in fact the actual difference of opinion between you and Terry Carr seems infinitesimal." Also heard from were DEREK NELSON, RICK SNEARY, ALAN LEWIS, DICK ELLINGTON (sorry), FELICE ROLFE, SETH JOHNSON, BILL ROTSLER, WALTER BREEN, BILL DANNER, TOM PURDOM, SCOTTY TAPSCOTT, LEN MOFFAT, LARRY SHAW, BOB LOWNDES & FRANK HILLER.

DISSONANT DISCOURSE

This issue inaugurates a new presentation of this section devoted to the previous SAPS mailing. Installments that went before were cast into a sort of relaxed continuous essay style that brooked no interference from matters like instant recognition of the name of the magazine in question or specific editorial credit. Even SAPS members had to read the department with careful impatience until they found their own titles. The layout was as popular outside SAPS as it was inside, but still that didn't stop me. It wasn't until Noreen Shaw batted a few eyelashes at me and lodged a complaint about the matter that I saw how unfair I've been. SAPS members will already know what the change was but the rest of you can just glance below. At the moment, I can't think of any hands other than Noreen's in which I would prefer to be putty. :: Comments on SAPS mailing number 55:

SPECTATOR -- Richard Eney: I don't know if I should thank Eney for his performance as Official Editor, since it's supposed to be a thankless job, but it was appreciated, Rich. :: Well, good grief! How could you expect me to figure out the meaning of MBLDOACTSAOF, the official title you bestowed on me, when it isn't even true? I deciphered the "Mad But Loveable Donor Of Airbrushed Covers To SAPSzines" part, but "And Other Fanmags" is sheer fantasy.

WAFAGE -- Vic Ryan: My crediting your magazine to "someone named Art" last issue is explained by the fact that up until a few months ago I had accumulated no clear mental picture of your accomplishments or material and was constantly confusing you with Art Hays. In other contexts, I still find myself checking or forgetting if a particular piece is by Bob Pavlat or Bill Evans, Bruce Henstell or Jeff Wanshell, or Alan Lewis or Al Lewis. Blish once held forth against "funny hat characterization" but it sure would help if at least one of you would duplicate his material in white ink on black paper. I'll not apologize for calling you "Art", Vic, since I note that in no less than two places in this issue you credit me with Jack Speer's remarks on the abolition of the electoral college -- a more flattering than confusing error. :: Your comments on European impressions of Americans as "fat, sporting a huge, ten-gallon hat and fifty-cent cigar" seem partially borne out by John Berry's "Worldly View" note that one newspaper reported the happy leers of a Proteus crew member for his "rather common" female welcoming committee as being expressed "through cigar puffs." :: I didn't think in asking you to substantiate your opinion that Stevenson would be willing to scuttle our national defenses on a request from Khrushchev or would do anything political bosses asked him to do, that I was revealing a "hunger for an argument." Don't under-estimate your powers of persuasion and don't over-estimate my stubbornness. I might add, to save you a lot of space, that any support of your contention you could advance from a partial review of Stevenson's gubernatorial conduct would only be of biographical interest. It would only be necessary to cite as few as five instances, ranging from Adlai's nomination in 1952 to the debate of nuclear weapons testing in the 1956 campaign, to cast considerable doubt on any case you might make against Stevenson as the puppet of political bosses. And if he was so reluctant to be persuaded by political bosses in the above matters I fail to see how it's any more likely he would be receptive to Khrushchev's orders. Actually the statement seems too silly to be worth discussing, but I must confess fascination over how you'll solidify your position on this slippery perch. For the time being I fail to be convinced that Stevenson would obey Khrushchev by your mention that Adlai once sat on his porch and sipped pink lemonade.

COLLECTOR -- Howard DeVore: What professional writing is Shapiro doing?

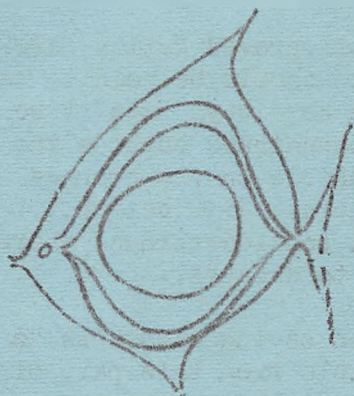
SPACEWARP -- Art Rapp out of Richard Eney: Let's see, three inch high lettering in that style on the cover would have ran the title off the edge of the page into its own spacewarp. :: This issue will join those confusing issues of the past that even Art isn't sure of in his index: it has no date; no number.

PILLAR POLL RESULTS -- Lee Jacobs: I suppose only someone who was nutty enough to have published Warhoon #1 would have been nutty enough to think (at the time) that its editor would someday become President of SAPS. I'll confess that even I was not so crazy as to entertain such thoughts and the winning of the post is one of the pleasantest shocks I've had in fandom. Sincere thanks to everyone who awarded me points in the poll. This must still be the season for close elections: I note that Art Rapp received almost as many points and I can begin to appreciate some of President Kennedy's morning after sensations. If it hadn't been for my five point lead Art would have tied for the second time for the Presidency of an apa. Some of you may recall that he and Marion Z Bradley once received an identical number of votes in a FAPA Presidential race. Of course SAPS doesn't have a Machiavellian character around like Laney to hand down a helarious decision on a tie vote, but if Art wants to thank anyone for his narrow shave he can thank me. I elected myself President of SAPS with those five extra votes. Your new President confused the line awarding five points for "Voting" to be a signature line (there seemed to be no other place for it and it was logical to assume this was necessary to avoid receiving ballots from the waiting list). Now I know what JFK feels like when the nightmare that his family voted for the other guy passes through his head. :: What makes such a close election so fascinating is that 22 people can blame themselves for the result: "If I had just switched that third place vote!" :: The fan who embellished his return with the remark "The man who thinks so little of SAPS that he will not vote has no business in the organization...it was not designed for freeloaders!" has his comeupance built into this report: John Berry, the Carrs, and Dick Eney, proved that it's possible not to vote and not to be a freeloader. :: Can anyone explain what "Non-conformist who conforms" means? :: Someone gave Robert Lee points for "Voting", but he didn't vote. A curious section. :: I keep telling myself that I'll make a copy of my ballot for later reference and comparison so I can't tell, but it seems to me that I was the person giving the highest number of points to another, "consisting of first place votes in five separate categories." At any rate, the fan who got the highest number of points on my ballot was Terry Carr.

OUTSIDERS -- Wrai Ballard: A number of people commented interestingly on Bill Rotsler's selection of "survial types" in fandom. Several, among them Len Moffat, made the point that adaptability would be a more crucially necessary quality than a rugged psychic or an aggressive attitude (a point Bill doubtlessly took into account). I'd not be too flattered at being selected as a survival type if survival depended on the nerve to slash your grandmother's throat before she got to the last loaf of bread first. :: Do you really think Pfeifer's marriage was the factor deminishing his SAPS activity? Judging from the effort that seems to be going into WRR, I'd say the reasons were other than that. :: The practice of using material in a fanzine after previously roughing it out in a personal letter has been a habit in Wrhn for some time. No one has complained.

EXPERIMENT -- Lee Jacobs: Successful. IT -- Ed Meskys: Not so successful.

WHY IS A FAN? -- Earl Kemp: Recently Ted Pauls in KIPPLE claimed editorial distinction as being one of a small group of editors who have made typos with a lettering guide. Ted cites the most famous of them all, Redd's rendition of "Astouding" in the cover title of an Astounding story key (by the way, I'd never seen it mentioned or noticed it until Willis wrote a short article about it), and recounts some Ted White errors and his own "Februarary" from the previous issue. Since Ted thinks "White will probably go down in fannish history by virtue of being credited with two lettering-guide typos", I'd better lodge my claim to pre-eminence in this art at once: On a Presidential poll ballot of fandom I spelled a candidates' name "Jonnnson." In the last Wrhn "The Ceiluloid Scene" was corrected to "The Celluloid Scene" moments before it went to the mimeographer but "by Gerry DeMuth" slipped through. If any of you are wondering what this has to do with a review of WHY IS A FAN? the answer is that having



equalled Ted White I'm now eyeing the Boggs record. Without even trying, I recalled after mailing it to Earl that my painstaking mechanical for the SaFari Annual cover read "WHAT IS A FAN?" :: Richard Elsberry once spelled his fanzine's name "SNULNBUG". :: Laney later became a living refutation of his opinion that "the only alternative" was quitting fandom after you "face the truth about fans and their microcosm, face it fairly and squarely as I have done or tried to do." Evidently there was another "alternative" unless one can be highly active in FAPA and still be thought of as having left fandom. :: Laney would have loved Sam Moskowitz's observation that for young fans fandom offers

"the opportunity for a first conquest in a motel room." Is this true? :: Ed Wood hasn't matured as much as I'd thought if one of his ambitions is to "outlast a lot of the vermin that infest fandom." Merely outlasting vermin doesn't make one superior to them. Offhand, I can think of at least one higher ambition: reading every science fiction story ever written. :: Sneary's remarks on "misfits" call for definition of the term and I suppose his comments are admissible if we assume the normal social relations of a human to society to be smooth and enjoyable. On that basis we can be looked on as misfits collectively because if our relationships were smooth and enjoyable we probably wouldn't have time for fandom. But the word also implies some purpose to life and the idea of "contribution" or lack thereof if we measure the individual against the scale of the genuinely "fit"; this in this context I can't accept Rick's opinion that "the real misfits are the shy types who can only act bold in letters." Isn't it a truism that an articulate and forceful writer may just as likely be unimpressive and not so opinionated in person as not? :: This was a fascinating accomplishment, if terribly inconclusive. I wonder if anonymous contributions would have told us any more than fans were willing to say under by-lines, but perhaps the pranksters would have been tempted to bias the results as much as reticence might have. At any rate, appreciation goes to A J Budrys for the best letter in the collection. :: Larry Shaw and I were discussing the book and I pointed out that if a collective answer to the question was ever arrived at it might indicate the way for the most likely avenue of recruitment of new fans. For instance, if the question had been answered that way, only children who'd been rejected by their parents or only children who'd had too much mother love might be surprised to find themselves receiving strange publications called "fanzines" in a pattern across the country.

POR QUE? -- Doreen Webbert: Good luck! SAP ROLLER -- Jack Harness: Enjoyed.

FENDENIZEN -- Elinor Busby: Perhaps you're right that "SAPS has got a bunch of literal-minded types in it now" but as you say to Bob Lee "does anybody else in the world know hazel means brown? If they don't, what good does it do you and me to know that hazel means brown?" As Adkins said in that article reprinted in the last Wrhn, "Informative communication necessitates mutual understanding of terms, symbols and labels." If you fail to say what you mean clearly you shouldn't complain when you find yourself misinterpreted. I assume that you want to be taken literally rather than have people take what you say as a loose approximation of what you actually mean because I recall that a couple mailings ago you were telling us that "by composing on stencil one trains oneself to say what one means clearly the first time." :: If you think the burden of proof was on Helen Douglas rather than Richard Nixon because "it's up to the job applicant to prove his eligibility" then you must be on the verge of nervous collapse when you contemplate the endless number of Senators and Congressmen who have been elected without proving that they weren't soft on communism. Unless you think this is a test that should be applied to all elected officials, don't you think it's strange that it's a question that occurs in only rare instances; like when someone is running against Richard Nixon? It could be demonstrated that even under the

position you maintain, "the bit about people being innocent until proved guilty refers to putting 'em in jail or handicapping them in some way", Nixon should be held to task because, after all, Mrs Douglas certainly was handicapped in some way. But if we want to, for the sake of the discussion, put Nixon's campaign techniques outside the framework of a basic democratic precept, they're still reprehensible on the grounds of the ancient moral code "Thou shalt not bare false witness against thy neighbor." If you want to put Nixon's tactics outside both legal and moral considerations, where they will be most at home anyway, then there really isn't much to discuss.

FLABBERCASTING -- Burnett R Toskey: The difference between saying a work is "a great book" and saying "I think this is a great book" is invisible from this part of the continent. Each implies comparison to objective criteria and the personal qualification of the latter doesn't make the speaker any the less challengable for justification. After all, merely to state faultly that "this is a great book" is to imply that one thinks it: to explain the fact that one thinks it is redundant. We may consider the source of a criticism, but the source must be irrelevant to the veracity of it -- unless ad personum reasoning is admissable. :: By the way, you admit the distinction between subjective and objective criticism yourself when you say "I enjoyed the Tolkein series very much; I just don't think that they are the greatest thing ever written." The first part of that sentence can be dismissed as true confession but the last part appeals to standards I didn't realize you agreed existed. And what are those standards, Toskey? :: I particularly appreciate your low boiling point.

SPELEOBEM -- Bruce Belz: In view of the Busby editorial your interpolation, "Down, Buz, I jest.)", in the remark that people who met you at the Pittcon thought you were a grouch is most amusing. Did you think that the leader of the anti-Creeping Serconism Movement would take you seriously? :: Didn't someone circulate a fanzine on a moebius-strip in SAPS at one time? How did you bind that? :: The Bloch speech was nothing less than fabulous even though these things often lose much in the reading. To the slow witted, like myself, listening to a Bloch speech is like dueling against a machine gun with an 18th Century pistol.

SCORP -- Walter Coslet: I've finally decided that your mailing comments remind me very strongly of Jack Speer's. They're probably not as profound, but you have a similar knack of noticing minute points that few others note and some of his habit of helpfully picking away at small errors.

COLT 45 -- Leslie Gerber: On a recent trip to Vermont, I paid a return visit to the now dilapidated country building where I received my first six year's schooling. My earliest memories of it are that it was a massive hall, but more recent memories and the last visit confirm the impression that it's shrinking at an incredible rate. By 1970 it should hardly be big enough for a doll house let alone a container for eight grades.

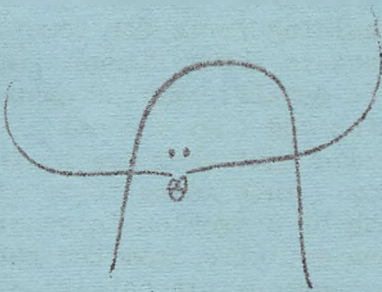
POT POURRI -- John Berry: Is that a rubber band stretching across the top of Dick Eney's typewriter in that cover photo? :: I ignored your admonition not to read "The Big Bluff" if I don't play Canasta. I don't think it's necessary to know the game to enjoy these articles of yours, John. No more than it is necessary to have heard the music George Barnard Shaw criticised in the late 19th century or the plays he reviewed in the early 20th in order to derive enjoyment and education from his writings about these subjects. Or no more than it is necessary to have read the science fiction William Atheling evaluated in order to learn a great deal about science fiction the techniques of writing. Good criticism is both instructive and informative and when practiced by an enjoyable writer may be more interesting than the subject under examination. :: The propaganda for Eney is persuasive (as if I needed to be persuaded) but your concluding line almost convinces me that I shouldn't vote

for him! Certainly Dick is deserving of the trip but I hate to think of it as a "climax" to his career in fandom.

WATLING STREET -- Bob Lichtman: I went to bed at 11 o'clock last new year's eve.

SAP-TERRANEAN -- Walter Breen: "Were you an American Legionnaire today?" is a fabulous line. :: I don't think it's much of a distinction, Walt, but you're the only SAPS member I've met. As for your mention in your listing that I was "quite fastidious", well I warned you that I was in my disguise as a hidden persuader. I'll retaliate by telling SAPS my impressions of you! Walt is the closest thing to a genius I've met yet in fandom. He's easily more like his best fanzine material than anyone else I know tends to speak in the same abbreviated phrases, and betrays a command of the world of ideas that is positively alarming. I imagine a whole article could be written about the Mind of Mr Breen but I'll just say that throughout our conversation I had the eerie sensation that his line of thought was at least 10 minutes ahead of mine, sorting alternatives, evidence, and memories and had already refuted most of the conclusion I could arrive at or had arrived at the one I finally presented. That'll be \$5, Walter. :: I like your 'crack ("a real Digital Computer") referring to my comment that the addition in the Presidential Poll was done on my fingers. That's the type of remark I'm only barely successful in restraining myself from interpolating in other people's material when I'm stenciling. As an example, I'll mention that I was preparing the part of "Worldly View" dealing with the first break in the investigation of the spy Lonsdale (his birth records showed that he was circumcised but he actually wasn't) the urge to break in with "They Were On His Tail" was almost, but not, thankfully, irresistible. :: I wonder if Christine Moskowitz is really looking for "real topics of interest to discuss"? Unless she is a creative pauper, the idea of bringing them up herself should have occurred to her, but perhaps that would be asking too much.

SAFARI OFFSHOOT -- Earl Kemp: The cacophony of anonymous protest re the alleged Pelz perpetrated hoax seems to be so loud that only dogs can hear it. At any rate I think it's wrong for people to make these charges and then let you act as a front for the expression of them. The net effect is to make you appear a custodian of testimony relating to Un-Sapian activity. Personally I fail to get very excited over accusations people aren't willing to make in their own names.



SPY RAY -- Richard Eney: Unless I've referred to the wrong paragraph, Walt didn't express the idea "that incapacitated or incompetent persons automatically have less obvious gifts". Willis, speaking in sociological terms, contends that "mankind owes its pre-eminence to social co-operation -- the strong helping the weak so that their less obvious gifts benefit all". Dividing mankind into these two groups only means that among the weak will be gifted individuals not that all the weak are gifted people. Of course, the incapacitated or incompetent are not automatically superior, but among them are "Beethoven, Mozart, Keats, Einstein" and a philosophy that automatically discards the weak is not only inhumane but impractical as well. Mankind can ill afford to lose the gifted of either group. :: I don't know that the discussion of machinegunning horses is so academic, since it may not be as likely as you think that the wild horse herds are protected by law. The movie "The Misfits" seems to be set in the present time and concerns itself with wild horse slaughter for dog meat.

RESIN -- Norm Metcalf: I always feel just a little bit better after finding a typo in a Boggs-zine. :: But "Typo/press" is a trademark isn't it; like Quandry?

CHICHON -- Don Durward: Marshall Dillon does seem to have the ability to cloud men's minds -- at least the minds of those men who always get the first shot at him. But that doesn't bother me as much as it should, after all, super men usually have super powers. What bothers me are the super horses: even in so carefully made a motion picture as "The Alamo", I searched in vain to find one horse accidentally falling over dead in the hail of gunshot. :: Sorry I can't be of assistance, but plaudits for your hope that someone will hit your views on unions hard so you "might find /your/ own faults and try to correct them." Too many fans seem to interpret the strongest possible rejoinder as an attempt to ride them out of fandom on a rail. :: By the way, if prices are going up "because the men that make the product are getting more money /through the demands of the unions/", how do you explain the phenomena of increased automation and increased prices? :: A great improvement with this issue, Don.

MEST -- Johnstone: Very entertaining. THIS IS NOT THE ANSWER -- Cameron: What is?

CLUNQUE -- Dave Rike: A welcome addition to SAPS and I hope you can be persuaded to produce a great deal. :: Is it true that the Peace March ended in a fight? :: The multi-authored chapter story was fun. It's amusing to see Terry Carr's rather harmless theme picked up and madly run away with into a political framework. The attitude Boob Stewart expresses is a cliché of the case against socialism -- I wonder if he really believes it? The argument that socialistic principles "would rob the individual of all creativeness, all ambition, all of the desire to put not only himself, but the whole human race, ahead" rests on the assumption that the only possible creative incentive is based on greed. Couldn't a system based on the encouragement of intellectual attainment rather than on exploitation result in as much "progress"? If the desire for attainment is entirely economic in origin how do you explain gifted people who go into teaching, millionaires who go into politics, or many others who work hard though in such cases money can obviously not be the spur?

RETRO -- FMBusby: I wasn't aware that "the use of the veto is not even being considered as a means of stopping" the admittance of Red China into the UN. One of Nixon's campaign promises was that he would use the veto for that purpose. :: The thesis that tendencies which are rather diffuse in fandom-as-a-whole are apt to become highly concentrated in a small fast-changing group like SAPS could use some explanation. Certainly the trends you cite, "fanzines stealing EC's label of 'New Trend' for a preoccupation with comic books, gumcards, etc" have no counterpart or high concentration in SAPS. As a matter of fact, I recall from an earlier membership in the club a time when a handful of people in general fandom were holding forth for something called "Seventh Fandom" that that movement was barely mentioned in the mailings. My impression may be incorrect, but it's by no means confined to myself: Bill Donaho in XERO 4 wrote "The apas have always been generally non-fannish and they are not changing too much now. I believe that it was Ted White who said that they belong in another current and do not reflect the state of general fandom. This seems to be true." and the specific trend you deplore is, as you admit, "not much of a problem in general fandom because of the diffuse setup there". What evidence can you give from the past of similar occurrences and from the present case of the barely perceptible catalysts that have infected impressionable and fast-changing SAPS? :: I can appreciate the annoyance when "fans who would normally know better miss the point of a quip and come back with a plonking rejoinder" but it hardly seems worthy of a special "Editorial" loosely mapping questionable trends, denunciations, and the launching of a campaign whose "battlecry is Down With Creeping Serconism!" Surely all this Serious Constructive energy can be deployed to some useful purpose, such as the creation of a WHIRD TALES index. Among polite people misinterpretations like this are usually ignored, but I guess in SAPS the thing to do is start a campaign replete with slogans, innuendos, and Delightful Fannish Hyperbole. Well, I don't intend to take part in it, because if any such campaign is to be successful two of its targets must be those

worthies FM&Elinor Busby. SAPS, whom your editorial is trying to incite, can't have already forgotten that you greeted my outrageous comment that Mrs Carr's reprehensible conduct had contributed something to the club with an explanation that the contribution was't "on purpose". Or that Elinor (in a non-humorous context, but still representing the same type of misinterpretation) addressed the notion that "Lithoed zines do not necessarily fold up" in commenting on my statement that it's possible to engage in satisfactory fanactivity with the litho medium -- to the mystification of not only myself, but Bob Litchman and Walt Willis as well. :: Essentially such a campaign must be self-defeating because it presents a glorious opportunity for built-in fireworks. A favorite neo-SAPish ploy could be to seriously thrust something through the bars of the cage just to watch the reaction. :: It's significant to note that Don Franson's disparaging remarks on apas in Wrhn created no commotion in SAPS. Ballard gave a neat answer that's relevant to the problem that's bothering you: "The apas are, as a rule, too self-satisfied to be bothered by the remarks of someone who has no real knowledge to back his statements, and shows it in his statements. Heated defense of an apa in an apa is rarely seen...the members know the other members know better, so why go to the trouble of making a defense?" Similarly in matters of humor the only yieldy reaction is to realize that your friends know better and not be bothered by misinterpretations. That was my reaction to the fan who told Wrai that Canadians speak mostly English after Wrai had asked one to say something in Canadian. Either the fan didn't know enough about Ballard to realize that this is a typical bit of his humor or he did know better and was deliberately returning a ploy of his own. In either case it's not something worth getting upset about. :: The pitfall that this line of thinking can lead to is shown by several letters of comment I've received from people who remember pleasureably John Berry's humorous material and can't decide if "A Worldly View" is intended as sardonic humor or personal conviction. :: The extreme solution to avoiding such misunderstandings is to write "chuckle" after every bit of repartee as Nan Gerding used to, I suppose, but the other answer is just to ignore such failings. It doesn't bother me when people misunderstand my humor this way, but it does annoy me that people who are easily guilty of the same thing reveal their intolerance by blasting away when others do it.

A WORLDLY VIEW - CONCLUSION

year before he picks up his stethoscope. He also gets a fee from the government for every visit to a patient, and for every visit of a patient to his surgery.

It is a great weight off my mind, not to have to worry in the unfortunate case that one of my family had to have a major operation. Three hearty cheers for the National Health, say I.

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James Elish will, I'm sure, be thrilled to hear that I have at last obtained a record player, cost \$60. I cannot agree with him that Messrs Barber, Tchaikovsky, Sibelius, Rackmaninov, Reznejek, etc, are purveyors of 'purest corn'. My inexperience was proven in one monor point, I will admit. Before I was able to play the records whenever I wanted, I thought that it would be the most thrilling experience of all to play the discs and follow the scores. So when I got my couple dozen long players (Tchaikovsky's 4th and 6th Symphonys, Wagner's Tannhäuser, Rackmaninov's 2nd Piano Concerto, Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, etc) I also got the miniature scores from the library. After following a couple, however, I realized it was just a crushing bore, and I took the scores back again.

Can't wait to graduate! -- John Berry

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Go home, Nomad!

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A SPECTATOR'S CLIPPINGS

During the Presidential campaign last fall, Senator Kennedy proposed helping opponents of the Castro regime, within and without Cuba, to work to overthrow it.

Richard Nixon commented on this proposal in the fourth television debate, October 21, 1960:

"Our policies are very different. I think that Senator Kennedy's policies and recommendations for the handling of the Castro regime are probably the most dangerously irresponsible recommendations that he has made during the course of this campaign.

"In effect, what Senator Kennedy recommends is that the United States Government should give help to the exiles and to those within Cuba who oppose the Castro regime -- provided they are anti-Batista.

"Now let's just see what this means. We have five treaties with Latin America, including the one setting up the OAS in Bogota in 1948 in which we have agreed not to intervene in the internal affairs of any other American country -- and they as well have agreed to do likewise. ...

"But I do know this, that if we were to follow that recommendation, that we would lose all of our friends in Latin America, we would probably be condemned in the United Nations, and we would not accomplish our objective.

"I know something else. It would be an open invitation for Mr Khrushchev to come in, to come into Latin America and engage us in what would be a civil war, and possibly even worse than that."

NEWSWEEK's background to the story of the Cuban invasion, May 1, 1961:

"The Eisenhower Administration assumed that it would obviously be in the national interest to bring the Cuban factions together and persuade them to concentrate on throwing out Castro... Training camps, some disguised as cattle ranches, were set up in Guatemala and Nicaragua... Over the months, a plan of attack began to take shape. At one point Bissell's group proposed that the U.S. provide air and naval cover for the landing, but that only Cuban exiles be permitted to go ashore in the first waves. If the exiles couldn't succeed on their own.

American forces would be landed. President Eisenhower vetoed this plan, at least temporarily. Vice President Richard Nixon incidentally, argued in favor of it."

The New York Herald Tribune, April 25 1961:

"New information was revealed about Mr Nixon's role in urging the Eisenhower administration to act against Cuba. After Castro visited Washington in 1959, Mr. Nixon proposed in a memorandum that the United States help anti-Castro Cubans overthrow the regime. The State Department was divided, and within the Administration Mr. Nixon was in a minority for a year. By March, 1961, however, his view prevailed and the program for training anti-Castro forces was begun."

THE NEW YORKER, April 15, 1961:

"The best news we have heard in the last couple of weeks comes from a 'semi-secret' organization known as the John Birch Society, which is dedicated to 'fighting Communism.' The good news is that the founder and head of the society has discovered each of the following persons to be a Communist agent: Dwight D. Eisenhower, the former President of the United States; Earl Warren, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; the late John Foster Dulles, who was Secretary of State; and Allen W. Dulles, the director of the Central Intelligence Agency. At first glance, admittedly, there is something almost frightening in the thought that so many Communists were able to creep into such high positions in the government. But upon mature reflection the reader will perceive the heartening side of this disclosure. It proves the Communists to be a piffling sort of menace. With the executive and judicial branches of the government safely in their hands, they were utterly unable to make their designs effective upon, or even apparent to, the rest of the nation. So disorganized were they, indeed, that the heads of Communist governments abroad obviously never were informed that America was under Soviet control, and often spoke very harshly, and by name, of their American agents. The conclusion seems inescapable that America is able to absorb conspirators with no ill effects."