

warhoon



FRESH!



WARHOON

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Close readers of Wrhn won't be surprised by the format changes in this issue. Surrendering what Bob Parkinson calls my "forbidding" opening page for a series of covers that promise to be as light as the one that leads off this issue (yes, you can believe your eyes) may be even a bit more than what old time readers have come to expect, but perhaps not. You people who read issue number 9 know, of course, how inflexible are the editorial dicta that govern the magazine. At that time, I read the riot act to fans who dared suggest that Wrhn could use some spot drawings. I answered the complaints with logic I still can't refute and promptly demonstrated merciless determination to produce the magazine my way by filling the next issue with numerous illustrations.

Fans who remembered that example of obstinacy have surely been speculating about what new color paper Wrhn would be printed on. You'll recall in last issue Bill Donaho's mild objections about this blue stock were shredded into an expensive grade of confetti and that his comments on the magazine's layout received a bit less attention (probably because it penetrated a lot deeper). Oddly enough, in the very issue that I half-heartedly defended my, ah, conservative approach to layout there appeared some layouts which for Wrhn were unexpectedly daring -- notably the headings for the Harp and the Berry column. Future layouts won't be any more dazzling than those, but I don't expect headings to slip back to the unassuming simplicity of number 9, either.

Those who correctly read all indications that Wrhn would now have a new color reckoned without the possibility of some other alteration that would relieve the pressure of Bill's criticisms. I couldn't say just when the festering reached the danger point, but I'd guess that the infection first revealed itself one evening a month or so ago when I casually tossed a conversational gambit at the Shaw's, "Do you think fandom is quite ready for a cover on Warhoon?", I casually tossed. Noreen caught it, answering with all the diplomacy required of a Hugo Committee member, "You should do something like that." No fannish wars for this girl -- clearly she had no intention of being caught between the anti and pro Wrhn cover factions.

Whatever the catalytic agents, Wrhn has taken the last step towards looking like the full-fledged magazine it became after the 18 page issue number 8. Perhaps I could blame my contributors as the subversive elements in its downfall, but it must be obvious that to an artist attempting to make a magazine pleasant to look at is its own reward. If contributors like it better this way, that's an extra dividend. The rather packed appearance is here to stay, I'm afraid. The trouble is that my writers have so much to say (a happy trouble, less fortunate faneds will assure you) that to spread it across more pages to lighten its appearance would rocket the cost of the magazine into a prohibitive range. You'll have to be content with things as they are-- those who insist on more open spaces are invited to glance out a convenient window at

the horizon line every other page or so.

Probably it was the success of the "stuttering" rubber stamp, and KKK spots in the last issue that inspired the idea of an equally frivolous series of covers. Whatever the motive, they should serve as a reminder that while the material in Wrhn may seem of a serious nature that it's being produced for the fun of it. When it ceases to be fun it'll cease to appear -- even though the "menaces" I sometimes write about continue to threaten. Martin Helgesen dropped me a line that expresses my feelings on the subject a little less personally than I'd like, but beautifully all the same: "This is a hobby, not a way of life -- Let's keep it that way!" At any rate, submissions of ideas for future covers are solicited -- are you there Bob Shaw, Bill Rotsler, Walt Willis, Art Thomson?

An issue of Wrhn wouldn't be complete without an announcement and a welcome for a new column and this issue is complete. This issue's welcome goes out to Mr James Blish. I don't have time to wait for you to catch your breath, but you won't have to hold it very long in any case. It would be redundant for me to cite the qualifications that indicate that his column, "Accidentals and Nomics" will make lively and entertaining reading. If Redd Boggs was able to introduce a masked Blish column with the observation that his work speaks for itself in the matter of qualifications, it should be apparent that an unmasked one speaks for itself before it's even started. As with all material in Wrhn, excessive comment and criticism is invited.

All material in Wrhn got there because it interested me. Someone found the 50 page last issue "boring as hell" because of the 5 page article on the John Birch Society. I'm afraid that if 5 pages can sink an issue then this one is as good as gone -- a few of you may not be interested in the article on SAPS, or the one on Bob Leman, or the one on "A Stranger In A Strange Land". A word to the wise: this is just a fanzine; you don't have to read every word. If you find a piece boring you; skip it, you're probably insulted somewhere else in the issue. Fanzines should be read by fans; not by martyrs.

QUO VADIS, SAPS?

"...SAPS was begun as a joke. It was intended to be a sort of parody of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. We (SAPS founders) felt that FAPA was stuffy, self-centered, self-important, and dictatorial. There is also a possibility that we were mad because we couldn't get into it." Thus Lloyd Alpaugh reminiscing on the beginnings of the Spectator Amateur Press Society in HERE THERE BE SAPS #5, July 1960.

But the playful considerations of Lloyd Alpaugh were balanced by other thoughts on the part of the practical founder Joe Kennedy: In HURKLE #7, Autumn 1951, Joe revealed: "From the first, I must confess that I felt a tweak of conscience for helping to launch a club which conceivably might drain some of the lifeblood away from FAPA... But on the other hand, I reflected, mightn't this smaller club fill the function of the 'FAPA Jr' which Walter Dundelberger had suggested sometime before? Possibly the SAPS could serve as a field for fledgling fan editors to flutter their wings -- a field where criticism of their first flights might be more kind."

If the original inspiration for SAPS was parody it was soon lost as members quickly developed loyalty for their new apa. But what of the suggestion that SAPS might be a training ground for FAPA? Has the more long range vision of Joe Kennedy been borne out? Any allegation that SAPS is intended as a training ground for FAPA would be met with firebrands and cross-bows, but has it in effect become that?

While you're still gasping from the suddenness of that unanswered thought, lets

turn now to an item in the August 1961 FAPA mailing. LIGHTHOUSE #3 contains some fascinating and excellent thoughts on deadwoodism by Terry Carr. Terry correctly states, "...what gives FAPA its over-the-years continuity, its lasting flavor, is the fact that it is loaded with brilliant deadwood." When I was a member of FAPA a large part of the anticipation of the mailing wasn't just the expectation of the latest HORIZONS or SKYHOOK but was also the wonderment at finding a sudden vivid blast from Francis T Laney or an occasional issue of PHAMPREY. Rotsler and Hoffman became intermittent publishers but their infrequent appearances were more than made up for by their quality. At the same time FAPA had its industrious faction consisting of Boggs, Warner, GMCarr, Silverberg, Danner, Grennell, and others. FAPA's hyperactive core was complimented by a group of more quiescent fans like Laney, Burbee, and Speer whose contributions were infrequent but looked for. Thus FAPA has its active core that operates in a nutritive bed of fallow fans -- any of whom may return to the active core as Speer, Bradley, and Burbee seem to be currently doing. Recently Boggs has assumed an inactive status but in keeping with the traditions of Burbee and Speer his infrequent contributions are of the expected quality. FAPA is so set up that it contains the seeds of its own regeneration. Its organization has retained many of the finest fans of the last 15 years.

And SAPS? Well, only a neo-fan would dispute the idea that SAPS has an active core. Most of the people who retain their memberships for more than a year operate at buzz-saw speed. But does SAPS have a nutritive bed of half-active fans steeped in its lore who may become active again or remain to pass on its flavor and traditions when the hyper-active fans drop out? If the flavor of FAPA may be said to derive from its brilliant deadwood, ie., in Terry's lovely line that "Fapa is a fanclub dreaming softly in the passage of the years", might it be said that SAPS is a spirited game of musical chairs presided over by Wrai Ballard and Art Rapp?

If the answer to that question is affirmative, it could be added that the first part of it is deliberate. Wrai Ballard, writing in OUTSIDERS #15, March 1954, tells us "...the rules were especially drawn to keep the members active as fleas on a hot griddle under penalty of being tossed out if they did not keep up their activity." The second part would be due to the fact that Wrai and Art trace their knowledge of the club, and perhaps memberships, as well, back to the earlier mailings and due to their intermittantly heavy activity over the years have preserved many SAPS traditions. (Walter Coslet may have been a member longer than either, but much of his activity seems to have been devoted to other than fannish interests.)

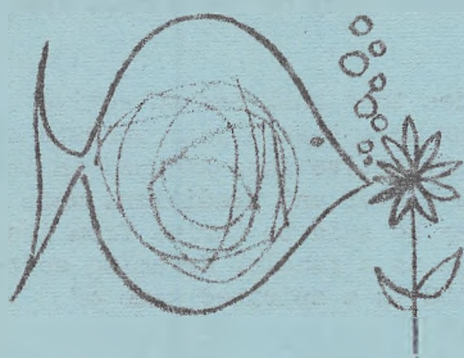
Thus on the one hand we have an apa organized to accommodate the varying passions of active fans and on the other an apa set-up in such a way that a six month gaffia tion on the part of even its most valuable members will eliminate them from the club. Is the effect of this that FAPA has accumulated the largest body of talented and intelligent people in fandom, and continues to do so, while SAPS, in discarding members for a loss of interest, has lost the very people who would attract the more talented fans to join and remain members?

If such has been the effect of these constitutionalities, they insure that the center of fannish gravity will remain FAPA. Was this all a plot of Joe Kennedy's? SAPS' service as a field "for fledgling fan editors to flutter their wings" has been minor. Most members were active as publishers before they joined the club. But is SAPS then merely an appetizer that whitts the neo-apate's appetite for the main course, FAPA? An answer based on the patterns seen over the years would be, I think, negative. One might on initial study note that fans who first joined SAPS and later left it for FAPA include Ev Winne, Royal Drummond, Bob Leman, GMCarr, Richard Brown, Marion Z Bradley, and perhaps most recently, Ed Cox and Bjo Trimble. All is not well even now in SAPS for portentous, if familiar, refrains are being heard from the Busbys --

relatively fresh additions to the FAPA lists, significantly enough. But these names, though one more reckless than I might advance them as a partial answer to the question in the preceding paragraph, are a mere handful compared to the number who have left and not gone on to another ajay group or who have dropped SAPS and ceased completely to publish. The ex-SAPS is just as often the ex-fan as well, which disposes of our considerations of Joe Kennedy for the moment.

But the concern of any apa, if it is to remain a valuable and attractive group, should not be those fans who leave it and fandom but should be those fans who leave it for another group. If a significant trend away from SAPS to some other club, on the part of people who remain interested in ajay publishing, can be demonstrated then it may be time SAPS did something about it.

Does that trend exist? Lets see: Rick Sneary was one of the first members of the organization, and surely an all time favorite fan. He's still active in FAPA. Likewise Bill Rotsler. Bjo Trimble is currently vacillating in a negative manner on



the waiting list -- after once being a member. She belongs to FAPA. Bill Donaho was due to become a member with this, the 57th mailing, but according to a recent letter won't be joining due to a lack of time and will be "turning HABAKKUK into a FAPazine as soon" as he's admitted to that organization. Vernon McCain got into SAPS just long enough to prove that it had been possible for a waiting-lister to get his SAPSazine distributed. Redd Boggs "never made a secret of the fact that HURKLE was a minimum activity contribution -- though it appeared often" and eventually dropped the club. Lee Hoffman dropped from the SAPS

waiting list. A list of ex-SAPS who retained later FAPA memberships was mentioned earlier and others like Sam Moskowitz, Ted White, and Bob Silverberg can be added. To examine the present membership roster for evidence of a trend: Terry Carr is thoroughly disenchanted with SAPS though he retains the high estimation for FAPA he had when he entered our group. Karen Anderson has reorganized her fannish priorities and SAPS has now taken a second position to FAPA. Elinor Busby now suspects "that it's impossible to be really enthusiastic about more than one apa at a time...or perhaps it's just improbable." Elinor doesn't say whether she's presently enthusiastic about any apa at all, but, in the saddest blow of all, confesses that she no longer has "it where SAPS is concerned." And FMBusby has admitted that SAPS isn't as much fun as it used to be. It would be more than dangerous to suggest that Art Rapp is unhappy with SAPS, and I imply no such thing, but it's notable that some remarks in the last SPACEWARP were offered on occasion by other perhaps not so constructively inclined people: "Obviously not all SAPS are capable of turning out a zine of the quality of... RAGNAROK or WATLING STREET. However, I'd like to see them try and fail, rather than waste time and money on the inconsequential rambling which fills all to much of the bundle nowadays. ... some more ingenious ploy is needed than to chatter about your social activities and minor acquaintances. It has been done too frequently to hold interest any longer." This has been part of the attitude of people who gave up SAPS for FAPA but I don't think it necessarily indicates such leanings on the part of Art. One might finally note that 2 members of FAPA are on the SAPS waiting list and that 12 members of SAPS are on the FAPA waiting list.

The answer to this brief is, of course, "So what?" Fans are free to make their own choices, and will do so in any event, and SAPS also has members who love it. Cranted, but it should also be pointed out that most of the above who are or may have

been members were among the most popular members of the group while they belonged, according to our own poll results. Can SAPS afford to continue to lose its favorite members and then shrug it off as their choice when they're no longer with us? Can we do anything about it?

It might be of interest to those who didn't see the Terry Carr remarks mentioned earlier to quote further from LIGHTHOUSE as part of the examination of the direction the SAPS current is taking. Terry goes on:

"The deadwoodists keep FAPA from ever becoming so FIAWOL-oriented that everything bogs down in incredibly minute ploys and counterploys and arguments over the most obscure (and unimportant, even in the microcosm) points. I am thinking of the rather dreadful fate that is even now overtaking SAPS, which went through a very fine upsurge of talent and enthusiasm a few years ago and is now, apparently, falling into the doldrums, precisely because the big producers have followed their spiralling FIAWOLness to the point where their fanzines are damn near unreadable. There are exceptions, of course (though even Bergeron gets pretty far out at times on this score). But I know of at least five SAPS members who were in last year's SAPS Top Ten who are simply so turned off that they are either dropping out of SAPS or rechannelling the bulk of their serious fanac into FAPA or general fandom."

A dazzling indictment, to be sure, but one whose refutation will have to come from SAPS for the time being. My examination of it will be conducted with waldoes. For instance, whether or not the charge that the big producers in SAPS "have followed their spiralling FIAWOLness to the point where their fanzines are damn near unreadable" is valid it's interesting to note that Wrai Ballard once wrote and SAPS long ago conceded that it "abounds in...allusions and semi-private jokes that are so accepted by the long time member that most are surprised they may be unintelligible..." Earlier in this LIGHTHOUSE we find Ted White describing a conversation with Terry and Pete Graham, "The two of them throw back and forth lines whose antecedents are often buried in Berkeley and San Francisco fandom's esoteric past, and I sit there feeling very stodgy." Anyone who meets Terry will be impressed by his knowledge of the most minor points of fanhistosry -- thus we see that his disgruntlement is one of kind rather than degree, sad to say. In the meantime, is it true that sapszines have reached the point where they're "damn near unreadable" due to "their spiralling FIAWOLness"?

There is a slight anomaly in Terry's comments which should be pointed out before you all rush in and comment on them. I have it on the highest possible authority that the reference to "last year's SAPS Top Ten: is a reference not to the poll conducted earlier this year based on last year's material but rather refers to the poll conducted last year based on the material distributed in 1959 in mailings 46, 47, 48, and 49. I was bit surprised by this but legalistically, Terry is quite correct: the hierarchy of last year's Top Ten was, of course, based on the 1959 mailings -- just as this year's leading members were selected on the basis of work produced in 1960. If you can follow us through this incredibly minute ploy without becoming bogged down, it's interesting to note as a beginning that 1/5th of 1959's Top Ten are no longer with us. The best possible authority assures me that Terry didn't include Bjo and Bob Leman in his total. Thus we see that if Terry is right, 70% of last year's SAPS Top Ten are either no longer in the club or are "simply so turned off that they are either dropping out... or rechannelling the bulk of their serious fanac into FAPA or general fandom". I have the best possible idea of just which members of this particular Top Ten Terry might have been referring to and it should be interesting to see their reactions to this question: is he right, SAPS?

Terry's examination of that Top Ten seems to fit the thesis that there's a trend away from SAPS, but if we overlook the fluctuations of the Top Ten and look at the

membership list in the mailing that distributed that poll (the 51st), just a little over a year ago, we find that 18 people now members were not on the roster at that time. A complete turnover of 50% in a little over one year.

What, then? If a glance at the center of gravity for the best fans of the past, and a look at the waiting list of the two clubs, and a comparison of the current membership roster with that of a year ago doesn't indicate, at the most charitable, that SAPS has trouble keeping its members, then what does it portend? I must confess, less you think otherwise, that it's a personal displeasure to draw this conclusion but -- to paraphrase another President -- fans have been voting with their feet and the results have not been beneficial to SAPS.

If this examination is pursued further it must either consist of aimless reiteration of the above points or proceed into hypothetical realms based on two assumptions: (1) that something must be done about the situation if SAPS is not to continue to lose its most valued people and indeed most of its membership every couple of years, and (2) suggestions as to what the necessary remedies might be. It would be more foolish than brave to proceed with prescriptions before we've found out if the SAPS agree with the implications drawn from the evidence presented and from Terry's readings of last year's Top Ten.

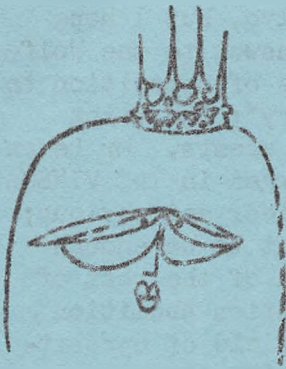
As I see it, there is a problem and that recognition suggests half the solution by itself. It suggests a solution that means the most far reaching organizational changes SAPS has ever undergone.

THE MIND OF ROBERT LEMAN

Those less reckless than I might be prone to sing supplication to the Patron Saint of Lost Objects rather than write this article whose title implies the search for the object. The temptation to petition heaven and abandon this quest is great and is fortified by the fact that I've already told a number of fans that there would be no political article in this issue. But, alas, I was operating without knowledge of the inspirational powers of THE VINEGAR WORM, Vol 2 #3. The current issue of that magazine offers a set of opinions and conclusions that invite this search.

Readers of the most recent issues of Wrhn and the above fanzine will understand its lure. Conversations with the Shaws and others had given me the feeling that I'd made most of my points against "Operation Abolition" and lacking the incentive of organizing my thinking on the subject the prospect of writing out and elaborating the points seemed an unpalatable repetition. I felt as though I'd said it all, already. But this issue, as treated in THE VINEGAR WORM, convinces me that I've barely scratched the surface. It might be preferable to schedule this article immediately following the final "What So Proudly We Hailed" installment, but I want to see the film again before doing the piece and that won't be possible before this issue is distributed. And the review won't have anything to do with the mind of Robert Leman -- my present puzzlement.

As a fan of Bob's of long standing (his things are always so interesting that I rip them open and read them right at the mailbox and there's no chair out there), I consider this attempt at rationalization to be long overdue. Bob and I have had disagreements before and they were among the most stimulating challenges I've had in fandom, but it never struck me that they were anything more than logically arrived at divergencies. After the revelations triggered by THE VINEGAR WORM I am forced to other conclusions. It saddens me to confess that henceforth a fan for whom I've had the highest respect in all departments will be read at llo with the same amused



tolerance that greets the arrival of THE NATIONAL REVIEW. In the words of an ESQUIRE article, as with Bill Buckley I'll defend to the death his right to amuse me by disagreeing with me. The operational sadness here is in the word "amuse", indicating as it does not taking the disagreement seriously. After the current VINEGAR WORM, Bob Leman hardly deserves to be taken seriously.

The disillusionment is not easy to come by for Bob Leman is a man of wit and a much more than competent stylist. Many of his passages verge on the Perlmanesque in their polished sequence of words and often topple right over the edge into hilarity. My pocket Merriam-Webster, which is so abridged that it usually seems breathless, defines "wit" as "1. Mental faculty, or power of the mind and 2. Good judgment; wisdom." Because of Bob's careful use of words, first readings of Leman give the impression that here is a strong mind, a judicious mind. The impression is only half correct, but Bob still qualifies as a wit for he fits the final three Merriam-Webster qualifications, which have to do with the clever use of words. The quality on which I must fault him is, however, the one element of wit that commands respect for man. It has become apparent that Mr Leman is often as judicious as Rosinante.

Let's examine justice through the eyes of Robert Leman: "I am deeply concerned with the rule of law, and this trial clearly goes outside the law as we know it. Justice? That's another matter." Thus we see a valid distinction between law and justice: after all it's possible to have laws that punish unjustly and it's possible to escape just punishment through the provisions of the law. But it must not be forgotten, whatever the isolated gaps in the fabric of the law, that its basic weaving is designed to administer not laws, but justice. The rules of evidence, the supposition that a party is innocent until proven guilty, and delivering the burden of proof to the accuser, are procedures whose aim is to protect against the unjust imputation of guilt and unjust punishment. Defamatory judgments that are based on anything less than personal knowledge or beyond all reasonable doubt do an injustice to the named party (apart from whether the judgment happens to be correct or incorrect) because they are arrived at unfairly outside the considerations to which even the accuser is entitled. If we consider it an injustice to be named as murderers or subversives merely on the basis of the books we've read or the company we've been seen in, it would seem a natural corollary that in the interests of avoiding becoming agents of injustice we'd refrain from making such judgments ourselves.

If we look beyond the distracting qualities of charm and talent, it becomes apparent that the injudicious nature of Robert Leman takes the form of implication of guilt by association and the ad hominem.

In the 95th FAPA mailing, May 1961, Dave Rike distributed "Errors and Distortions in 'Operation Abolition'" by Burton Wolfe. If a critic were to content himself with loud denunciatory charges that "Operation Abolition" is a distortion, its defenders would be quick to point out that the attacker's foot is where his tongue should be. Wolfe presents a brief of 14 particulars in fault of "Operation Abolition". The logic of debate demands that if something is denounced as a lie it's necessary to show cause or risk not being taken seriously. Failure to do so would certainly be greeted by the retort, "For all your yelling you've not shown one single thing wrong with it" -- and quite justifiably so, but Bob, after conceding four of Wolfe's points, dismisses the rest as "concentrating on minutiae and ignoring the real point, which is that the extremes of opposition to the HCUA are in many cases directed by agents of Russian foreign policy, and that a lot of innocents have been used by

Communists." If Bob choses to change the subject, that's his perogative, but I hope he's not operating under the delusion that the tactic consitutes an answer to the Wolfe article. The point at issue is not (at the moment)that "the extremes of opposition to the HUCA are in many cases directed by agents of Russian foreign policy"; the point is whether that opposition in a particular case was directed by those agents. Mr Leman didn't seem to have much doubt about the point at dispute when he charged in THE VINEGAR WORM Vol 2 #3 that "what was going on /in "Operation Abolition"/ is clear and obvious; the slick disingenuous performances of the professional agitators ought to be enough to convince anyone at all that the little folk were being used." Most of the rest of Wolfe's points are directed at this very charge,as presented in "Operation Abolition", but confronted with these answers Bob suddenly finds that the entire field of opposit-ion to the HCUA is at issue and professes a sort of "sour admiration" for the Wolfe article, "as one must admire the fast-talking of the expert con man." The slippery ground here is the changing of the point at issue. If the rest of Wolfe's particular's are a satisfactory answer, Bob, to your earlier charges and your interest in the matter is to find out on which side the truth lies, why not either answer or concede? If your aims are diversionary rather than educational, changing the subject is admirably suited to them, but if you're interested in finding out the truth it's cus-tomary to either refute or confirm.

Bob writes: "Wolfe quibbles and pettifogs about the film's calling Archie Brown 'second in command' of Northern California's Communist party, whereas in fact he's lower down, and about the film's saying that Brown received 35,000 votes for super-visor, whereas the actual figure was 33,583, and about the film's calling Harry Bridges an 'international Communist Party Agent' whereas nobody's been able to pin it on him yet." I suppose that if accuracy and truth are small items, then Bob is correct in his highly superficial retorts on the above points. If calling someone an "internat-ional Communist Party Agent" is something you take lightly, you may find "Operation Abolition" quite an amusing film. But I expect more from "Operation Abolition." I expect that a film which tells us that "films, taken by newsmen on the scene and edit-ed on to the point of removing repetition, show a clear example of the lack of res-pect for truth, which is common practice within the Communist propaganda press" will exhibit the most circumspect respect and attention for the truth itself -- lest we confuse it with the attitude for the truth called Communist. I expect that a film, which was submitted to my Congress for the purpose of enlightenment and which is therefore intended to influence legislative votes, will give my Congressmen the most accurate information and the truth so that legislation that is passed in my interests will be based on the needs that the truth suggests. Surely these are not excessive expectations.

Bob goes on: "The soundtrack says that Wachter was an 'agent trained to carry out Communist Party activities.' Wolfe says, 'Not a shred of evidence has been presented to support this statement.'..."Now the real fact...is that Wachter was an official delegate to the 1959 convention of the Communist Party...Well, you know, he may be right; it may well be that no one has had occasion to present evidence in a court of law that young Wachter is an 'agent trained to carry out Communist Party activities.' If that's what you're trying to prove, the mere fact that this man was a delegate to the Communist Party convention is not legal evidence that he has been trained to carry out Party activities." To begin with: If that's not what they're trying to prove, why charge it? Elsewhere the film states that he attended the convention "together with his father, Saul Wachter" at what must have been the age of 17 (since he was 18 at the time of the riots in 1960). Bob described the "undergraduate dupes of the Communists" who ranged anywhere from 18 to 30 years old, as "pore chillun," "the kinder," "the youngsters," and "the little folk." Elsewhere he conceeds that "'witless creatures' was a pretty strong term to apply to a bunch of young people who are firmly convinced that they are acting in a good cause" but Bob's delicate sensitivity

for the various shadings in the meanings of words fail him when confronted with this young conventioner: it immediately follows that he's an "agent trained to carry out Communist Party activities." The association is the most potent possible, but I don't think guilt necessarily follows it. By the same logic that Bob supports the HCUA's charge it follows that Bob is a flaming liberal for he's often confessed that he enjoys THE NATION, THE NEW REPUBLIC, DISSENT, and THE REPORTER and it's equally obvious that I'm a reactionary conservative for I've read "The Blue Book" and enjoy THE NATIONAL REVIEW. No, in the interests of justice we cannot assume that Wachter is an "agent trained to carry out Communist Party activities" on the basis of (unsubstantiated) evidence thus far given. We may be justified in having our suspicions about him, but to make the above charge is to invite action that will sustain justice on the side of Douglas Wachter, unless you're a member of Congress and can recklessly say things like that without fear of reprisal. Leaving guilt by association where we found it, for the moment, I should add that I doubt "Operation Abolition's" charges against Wachter on better grounds than mere fairness. It hardly seems likely if we're to credit the Communist Party with the guile and subtlty granted them by Bob Leman and this film that they'd have exposed their personable young agitator in the forum of old informers and disguised FBI agents that make up a healthy part of the Communist Party conventions.

The spectacle of guilt by association in a seemingly intelligent person is arresting enough to substantiate with more than one example. As an answer to A J Budry's observation that "Operation Abolition's" credit has been badly impaired in a court of law" we learn that "the acquittal of Robert Meisenbach, who as accused of slugging a police officer during the riot...persuades me of nothing at all, He did, after all, pose, after the trial, with his arm around Betty Jenkins; his attorney's were, after all, Charles Garry and Jack Berman; and he did, after all, have as his guest at a victory dinner, Benny Bufano." I haven't the faintest idea who these people might be, but judging from the tone of the rest of the paragraph, I assume they were the pall bearers at Stalin's funeral. Actually, it couldn't matter less because the point decided by the trial was whether Meisenbach was guilty as charged, not who he drinks tea or vodka with.

The examination for proof of my charges against Bob Leman must extend beyond the confines of the issue at hand for if they're true they'll be found in his conduct of other matters. The January 1958 GEMZINE contains a particularly vivid example of guilt by association in the form of close-mindedness and pre-judgment: (names are omitted to prevent the example from taking precedence over the issue) "I haven't read anything by...,but the content of his stuff seems pretty evident from your paragraph on...and I hope you'll accept my congratulations on the way you've ticked him off." The burden of GMCarr's comments were that...was anti-American because he liked POGO and THE REPORTER and had quipped that after reading THE SATURDAY EVENING POST he felt like joining the Communist Party. At first glance the citing of this archaic example seems almost as relevant as it would be to suggest that someone is a Communist because of opinions he held in 1930, but I think it's more relevant than that. Granted that Bob was a neo-fan at the time, but this was no kinder looking through fandom with his father. This was a grown man, with wife and child of approximately 7 years, and persumably the character of his thinking had already assumed its present form. GMCarr's answer is still as good as it was then: "Much as I need the moral support, Bob, I must refuse to accept. It isn't fair to...for you to judge him sight unseen -- merely on my say so. If, after you have read...comments, you agree with my interpretation of them, I'll be only too happy to know that somebody besides myself got a little bit fed up with his attitude. But to prejudice him merely on the basis of someone else's opinion -- that isn't fair either to him or to me."

Bob asks: "The boys at Harvard and the kids at San Francisco thought the matters

at hand were very important; each group had thought about as deeply about the matters as the other. One idea began as a jape and the other as a part of a long and sinister conspiracy. If you doubt this, you might ask yourself why washing people off steps with a hose has raised such an awful amount of noise, while the Harvard tear gas has not aroused a single peep. I hope it's clear by now that I don't go around hollering that a liberal is a communist, but I also hope I've made it clear that I wonder why more of you don't take a look at the parallels and dissimilarities in performances like these, and ask yourselves why one group is't treated like the other."

The principle of judgment based on parallel opinions was recently put to rest by J. Edgar Hoover. His comments are relevant to the above invitation and the example from GEMZINE: "Because communism thrives on turmoil, the party is continuously attempting to exploit all grievances -- real or imagined -- for its own tactical purposes. It is therefore inevitable that on many issues the party line will coincide with the position of many non-Communists. The danger of indiscriminately alleging that someone is a Communist merely because his views on a particular issue happen to parallel the official party position is obvious." The parallels between the Harvard and San Francisco riots escape me, Bob. Granted that civil disorder at either Harvard or San Francisco is not to be condoned, I seem to have missed the official U.S. Government report denouncing the Harvard riots as Communist dominated. I wasn't aware that there's an official government agency operating at my expense describing the Harvard riots as "toying with treason." Are the Harvard professors describing opposition to the university as Un-American? (And even if they were, they wouldn't be doing so in my name.)

Perhaps the police "might well be justified in using harmless means to push us off the steps of the building", as Bob says, but I'm not persuaded by the mere statement that such was the case here and that the police "were exceptionally gentle in the face of severe provocation." I'm listening.

According to the San Francisco Chronicle of Friday, May 20, 1960, Mayor Christopher of San Francisco estimated that the riots cost the city "some \$250,000"; due mostly to water damage. That doesn't sound very gentle to me. I suggest that the proper way to deal with disturbing the peace (and you've suggested nothing more in your illustration) is to place the offending partys under arrest -- remember not everyone was in the rotunda chanting against the Committee; there were a couple thousand people circling the Hall peacefully; this is also shown in the film. If there was police brutality at Harvard, I imagine the reports have been circulating, but it hasn't become greatly prominent because the issue isn't being prosecuted day and night in private film showings across the nation. The Washington Square disturbances received a good share of publicity if I remember correctly.

To dispose of the ad hominem before this becomes a case history: "I think that the well-meaning students who participated in these shenanigans were having at wind-mills, and in doing so were serving the Russian cause"... "the student demonstrations aided and comforted the Communists." J Edgar Hoover presented the basic argument against this a few paragraphs ago. Bob isn't claiming that opposition to HCUA identifies one as a Communist but he is advancing as an argument against such opposition that it parallels the Communist position. So what? Is our favoring or rejecting a position to be settled by reading the Daily Worker or Pravda and then deciding the exact opposite? Some Congressmen from the South have pointed out that the Communists in this country have favored civil rights legislation. Do we oppose civil rights legislation because Communists favor it? With Richard Bergernon, who, curiously enough, seems to be using my address, in ESOTERIQUE #6, let's "try to adopt positions that make sense...without bothering to examine any particular label they might come with." Even the chairman

of the HCUA, Congressman Walters, who originally voted against establishing the committee, maintained as recently as May 1960 that its function should be within the framework of the Judiciary Committee rather than as a separate standing committee of the House -- a position some "left-wing" elements have advocated, if you want to examine labels. Hoover goes on to say: "Both Hitler and Mussolini were against communism. However, it was by what they stood for, not against, that history has judged them."

The end is in sight: "The HCUA has not, in simple fact, ever harmed an innocent person -- nor, as best I can tell, a guilty one." It seems odd that someone, like Bob, who feels that "If we can restrain this beast, the government we can remain people, not slaves" should see no harm (and by implication no need for restraint) in the unsubstantiated statement, in an official report, that someone is an "agent trained to carry out Communist Party activities." Westbrook Pegler wrote in 1959: "The actual committee hearings are mostly mere circuses. The investigators feed verified material to friendly reporters to build up public interest for the hearings which thus crash the papers with stuff that has been lying in the committee folders for a long time." If part of the intent of the Committee is exposure -- as implied by Pegler and as maintained by most of its chairmen -- then does not this indicate harm to, at the very least, the guilty?

Elsewhere in this VINEGAR WORM, Bob generously admonishes Harry Warner for a reply to Sam Moskowitz: "Why lend weight to this sort of nonsense by replying to it at all?" If we can judge the sort of nonsense Bob means by Harry's reply, it was partially, "It's senselessly vindictive and potentially hard on innocent wives and children for Sam to keep pounding away at temporary communist leanings that his old enemies possessed a generation ago." And yet this is precisely the same thing Joseph McCarthy and the HCUA did and are doing. Why is it nonsense coming from Moskowitz, but not from McCarthy, Bob?

(By the way, what legislation was passed to stem the Communist tide following the California hearings? Chairman Walters said, "The ramifications of the Communist operation in California are so extensive and malignant that additional investigative work must be done before the actual hearings can be held." What measures were taken to deal with this "malignancy", other than moviemaking? As a citizen I'm most alarmed that a malignant and extensive Communist operation was detected in California and I certainly want to know what steps were taken to protect me from it; and if none were taken, why not?)

I know that this has gone on much too long as it is, but there is one final point I want to cover. If there are others any of you feel I should have touched on, I'll be only too glad to give them my attention in next issue's letter column or in plain brown envelopes.

Bob takes as a premise at the beginning of his article that "the film contains nothing that did not happen." I'm willing to grant him this if he means by it that what was recorded on film actually took place. I do not grant that it happened in the particular order in which you'll see it, however, and neither (with its great respect for the truth) does the HCUA. If Bob chooses to include its soundtrack as part of the content, then the premise falls flat immediately: there was no musical score during the riot. (And what part does music have in the legislative process?) But I think we can safely assume that the things photographed happened. But Bob goes a little too far: he says that the film "contains nothing that did not happen" and also wonders why the critics "are so anxious to disbelieve the evidence of their own eyes." Careful, Bob, it's dangerous to believe your eyes where "Operation Abolition" is concerned. Here are some people who believed their eyes:

FMBusby, who remember only what he saw, said in RETRO #21: "the kids (whether by direction or sheer spontaneous mass-inspiration, which I doubt) sat down in the corridor with linked arms so as to form lines across it and present considerable difficulty to clearing the place, with backs toward the upcoming hoses, and all hunched over in anticipation." Bob Leman, illustrating the situation by indirection: "if I lay prone on the steps of the Senate Office Building, bellowing at the top of my lungs...and had with me a thousand like-minded people,...The Police might well be justified in using harmless means to push us off the steps of the building." M. Stanton Evans, Leman's source, writing in THE NATIONAL REVIEW, May 6, 1961: "What would the critics of the police have had them do? They were confronted by hundreds of students who had been told to leave, and who responded by sitting down, putting their hands in their pockets, and declaring 'We will not be moved.' The only alternatives to the use of fire hoses would have been night sticks or pistols" (and goes on to repeat the parallel with Harvard). Well, you gentlemen, who have all defended "Operation Abolition" in one degree or another, seem to agree generally on what you saw in this, perhaps the most crucial, scene of the film. I hope that it won't come as too painful a shock to learn that you're allied with elements left of center in this matter. If anyone accuses you of unwittingly being handmaidens of the Kremlin because of this, I'll defend you to the death. You see, I agree with you. That's what I saw too. As a matter of fact, to show you what kind of company you're in, The Bay Area Student Committee for the Abolition of the House Committee on Un-American Activities agrees with you: "In the LIFE photograph /May 23, 1960/ the hoses are turned on although most of the students are not yet wet. You will notice in this photograph that the students are either seated or are moving away from the barricade." (my underlinings)

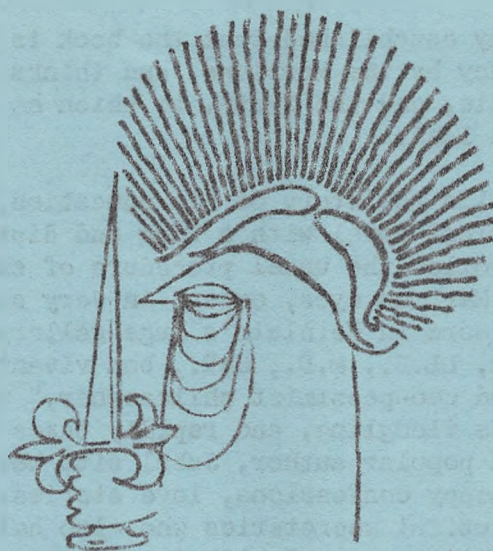
Well, Bob, it's you, Buz, M. Stanton, The Student Committee, and I against the HCUA (greasy little snake pit, isn't it?). We foolishly believed what we saw: Here's what actually happened according to the narration in the film:

"Finally, during the noon luncheon recess, the judges in their chambers give official orders now to remove the demonstrators from City Hall. When an attempt is made to carry out the order, the crowd responds by throwing shoes and jostling the police officers. When one officer warns that fire hoses will have to be used if the crowd does not disperse, the demonstrators become more and more unruly. One student provides the spark that touches off the violence when he leaps over a barricade, grabs a police officer's night stick, and begins beating the officer over the head. As the mob surges forward to storm the doors, a police inspector orders that the hoses be turned on."

Where do we dig in, men?

The above article should demonstrate that the truth about "Operation Abolition" will not be decided by stories about what the Kremlin wants us to think or even by who this or that person was seen with. If any indictment of the movie can be read into this, it would be on the grounds that if Congress is to function in a manner that does not strike apprehension in the land it must require of its committees a scrupulous regard for truth. To the degree that Congressional reports take on the qualities of lobbying exercises, we, as citizens, should take apprehension. To do otherwise is to fail in our duty and so invite that aspect of government Bob Leman genuinely fears.

.....
 "Were you tied to a stick and beaten with thorns?"



ACCIDENTALS AND NOMICS

by JAMES BLISH

This column is more than likely to be a ragbag, on principle. Some of the comments I hope to make in it will find their way in from scratch, so to speak; but inevitably others will be stimulated by what I read in Warhoon, and still others by what I read in other fanzines. That third category, I anticipate, will save me a lot of time and postage. In fairness, I'll do my best to quote enough from The Other Fanzine to make my comments intelligible, or at least to show why I can't make them intelligible, and give specific dates and page references.

To begin with, however, in fond memory of Seacon member #335 -- and in view of the fact that my remarks on Algis Budrys' "Rogue Moon" seem to have enraged everybody in fandom with the possible exception of AJ himself -- I've got a book on hand, Robert A. Heinlein's "A Stranger In A Strange Land".

Price and pagination of this new adult novel by Heinlein can't be specified at this writing -- this review is being written from a set of galley proofs. Nevertheless, I can say without doubt that the book is l-o-n-g: 141 galleys, with the text proper starting on galley #5. The bound book hence will run to more than 400 closely-set pages. If this is not the longest single science-fiction novel of the last three decades, at least it has very few peers.

Despite its length, it seems crowded, and for good reason: it is about everything.* In the course of unfolding the plot -- which is itself very rich in incident -- Heinlein explores politics, aesthetics, ethics, morals, theology, the occult, history, economics, a double handful of sciences, and a whole hatful of subsidiary matters. The result is not only impossible to do justice to in a review, but almost impossible to describe or characterize; I hardly know where to begin.

In such circumstances it is the part of wisdom to follow the author's lead and begin at the beginning. The book is s-f, as the opening sentence establishes firmly: "Once upon a time there was a Martian named Valentine Michael Smith." Smith is the bastard of an adultery which occurred on the first manned expedition to Mars, and the

* I am told that the MS. was longer, but that the author did his own cutting.

sole survivor. (It is quickly established that the book is not a juvenile, either.) He has been raised from infancy by the Martians, and thinks of himself as one of them. He is the stranger of the title, and the Earth, to which he is brought back at about the age of 25, is the strange land.

Ostensibly, the novel tells the story of his education, career and fate on Earth, a standard gambit for a satirical novel with a long and distinguished lineage. Heinlein, however, does not follow the usual procedure of showing how ridiculous our Earth customs are to Smith's Martian eyes, except in very small part. This role is allotted to an Earthman, one more in Heinlein's huge gallery of marvellously crusty eccentrics "Jubal E. Harshaw, LL.B., M.D., ScD., bon vivant, gourmet, sybarite, popular author extraordinary, and neo-pessimist philosopher," who takes Smith in when the heat becomes too great for the fledgling, and rapidly takes on the role of Smith's foster-father on Earth. As a popular author, Jubal sits beside a swimming pool in the Poconos dictating amazingly soppy confessions, love stories, and anything else he can turn into money, to three beautiful secretaries who also help run his household; as a "neo-pessimist philosopher," he is charged with interpreting everything on Earth to Smith, to everybody else in the plot, and to the reader. He is livelier as a philosopher, but much more expert at soppy copy; of this, more later.

As for Smith, he is often amazed at Earth customs but tends to be uncritical, largely because it is Martian to grok every experience (the word means to drink, to drink in, to understand, and a host of related concepts) in the hope of embracing it, rather than rejecting it. Thus he is enabled to accept many Earth customs for which Jubal has nothing but scorn, and sometimes seems to Jubal to be in danger of being swallowed up in one or another of them. And in fact one does swallow him: sex, which on Mars is completely sensationless, accidental and uninteresting.

From about this point on, "A Stranger In A Strange Land" becomes so heated on this subject that it may well inspire twice as many would-be book-burners as "Starship Troopers" did. Heinlein supplies no on-stage orgies, no anatomical details, and no washroom graffiti, nor does he ever adopt the pornographers's device of treating a woman solely as a sexual object; indeed, his attitude is about as far toward the opposite pole as it is possible to go, short of "Barchester Towers". I choose my example carefully, for Heinlein's treatment of the subject is confessedly, avowedly, specifically reverent -- and this very reverence has produced the most forthright and far-out treatment in the whole history of s-f, guaranteed to turn blue noses positively white.

At this point I am going to abandon the plot, which has already developed as many knots as a gill-net, and which in any event can be depended upon to take care of itself. It goes, as good Heinlein plots always do, and this is a good one. Now, however, I think I have reached a position from which to characterize the novel: It is religious.

No communicant to a currently established religion is likely to think it anything but blasphemous, but its dominant subject is religion, and its intellectual offerings and innovations are primarily religious too. The sex, the politics, the sciences, the action, all are essentially contributory; the religious material is central. The religion is a synthetic one, of which Smith is the messiah (or perhaps only the prophet), and the main task of the novel is to show it as sane, desirable and exalting -- in contrast to both the systems of large established orders such as Islam and traditional Christianity (toward all of which Heinlein is sympathetic and apparently well informed) and those of highly commercial enterprises like the California nut-cults (some features of which, with Smith's Martian assistance, he also manages to view with at least moderate tolerance).

Heinlein-Smith's eclectic religion is a fascinating pot pourri, amazingly complicated to have come from a single brain rather than from centuries of accumulated haggling and hagiography; it contains something for everybody, or bravely gives that appearance, though by the same token it contains something repulsive for everybody too. I am not going to say which parts I like and which I don't, this being a purely private act of value-judgment which must be reserved by each individual reader to himself; but the purely intellectual parts of the structure are well worth some analysis, particularly since they are often in conflict with each other as are those of all other Scriptures I have ever encountered.

Heinlein-Smith's system is pluralistic: it admits of no single God, but instead says "Thou art God"; and if you are capable of understanding this sentence, then you are God whether you agree with the sentence or not. In other words, every being capable of thinking, understanding, embracing, is God, and that is all the God there is. Since a proper God cannot really die, survival after death is granted by the system (dead Martians continue to hang around the planet composing art-works and giving advice, but dead Earthlings go somewhere else, location not given); Heinlein shows directly (that is, without the intervention of Smith) that the dead are busy running the universe, as befits gods, and suggests in at least two places -- though not explicitly -- that they are at least occasionally reincarnated as "field agents". Because all who grok are God, there is no punishment in the here-after; even the worst villain in this life graduates directly after death to being an assistant Archangel, though he may find himself not in a position to give orders to someone who was less villainous than he.*

Thus far, then, the system resembles that of the "Perelandra" trilogy in its especial emphasis on intelligence and empathy (you will remember that C.S. Lewis says that any hnua or reasoning being is a special child of God regardless of its shape or demense); it also includes much of Schweitzer's "reverence for life" whether thinking or not, as is demonstrated early in the book when Smith is reluctant to walk on grass until he groks that it grows to be walked on; but there is no overall deity. The suggestion of reincarnation, if I am not misreading Heinlein in raising this question at all, is a common feature of Eastern religions, and I think it would naturally appeal to a writer trained in the sciences because it is conservative of souls, thus preventing the afterlife from becoming overcrowded beyond the limits of infinity and eternity. The implied dubiety about what really happens to the soul after death is Judaic, though without Judaism's 600-fold intellectual modesty on the subject; and the absence of any sort of punishment in the hereafter might be traced to many sects, a number of them Christian (see for example the heresy of Origen, who maintained that such was the pity of God that if there is a Hell it must be empty).

Now, what are the implications of this for the living? That is to say, how should we behave if all this should be true? Here the Heinlein-Smith religion, asked to supply its ethical imperatives, becomes a little murky, but at least a few

 * My flippancy of tone is not intended to denigrate the subject-matter, but to reflect the treatment. Like George O. Smith, Harry Stine and other engineers-turned-writers, Heinlein sometimes tries to prove his characters wits and sophisticates by transcribing page after page of the painful travelling-salesman banter which passes back and forth over real drawing boards and spec sheets. There is not an intolerable amount of this in "A Stranger In A Strange Land", considering the length of the whole, but unfortunately the conversations of the dead in heaven are conducted entirely in this style. Though I value the Laughing Buddha for his laughter, I don't want him to sound like he is about to sell me a set of vacuum-cleaner fixtures as soon as I'm suitably off guard.



LOVE

doctrines can be fished up. Since there is no death -- only "discorporation," a MaryBakerEddyism if ever I saw one -- murder is not necessarily a crime. It is under some circumstances wrong to push a soul on into the afterlife if it doesn't want to go, but if the adept "groks wrongness" (for instance, if the offender is threatening someone else's life and no easy alternatives present themselves) then he may kill without compunction. Smith frequently does this; he's the bloodsheddingest holy man since Mahomet, though he is delicate enough not to leave behind any actual bloodstains. The system implies that the true adept will always make the right decision in this matter; and besides, even if he's wrong, he won't be punished. Not even the gas chamber can punish him, since for the true adept discorporation can be no more than an inconvenience or an inartistic exit.

In many other ways the system is ethically even more permissive, and it has no visible use at all for custom or morality. Because all experiences must be grokked to the fullest and embraced, and because the act of every grokking being is the act of a God, it would be very difficult to predict under what circumstances an adept would "grok wrongness", other than in circumstances when his own will or desire is about to be thwarted. Heinlein-Smith shortcircuit this objection to some extent by making the sharing of experience (which equals the sharing of Godhood) superior to solo grokking. From this value-judgment emerges the novel's emphasis upon promiscuity, communal mating, orgy and voyeurism; there is an extended defense of the joys of strip-teasing and feelthy pictures which is both extremely funny (Heinlein's wit is surer here than it is almost anywhere else in the book) and rather touching (because it emerges from the completely unclouded naivete of Smith, who does not yet recognize, and indeed never wholly recognizes, how much heartbreak can be bound up even on the peripheries of sex). But the same value-judgment also allows Heinlein-Smith to read many people out of the Party as people it is not possible to grok with, and who therefore can be rejected and discorported ("murdered" is a word I am fond of in this context) because they are boobs. (And besides, boob, "thou art God" and it doesn't really hurt.)

One of the more curious acceptances of the system is cannibalism. In part this emerges out of the givens of the plot: the Martians conserve food as they conserve water, and after an adult Martian discorporates, his friends eat him before he spoils, praising as they do so both his accomplishments and his flavor. This Martian custom is explicitly, if delicately, carried over into the Heinlein-Smith religion on Earth: In very nearly the last scene of the novel, Smith deliberately cuts off a finger, and his father-surrogate and his closest friend make soup of it. (It turns out to need a little seasoning; one suspects that so critical a remark would have been blasphemy on Mars, but the pun for once is pungent.) This scene has been prepared by a long analysis, by Jubal Harshaw, of the role ritual cannibalism has played in almost all the great Western and near-Western religions, in which the well-known present-day facts are buttressed at length from Fraser.* Heinlein, also a very thorough-going Freudian --

* A minor puzzle is why the author has made Jubal so tentative on this point, especially in view of the enthusiastic way the novel tramples on toes considerably more sensitive. I do not see that it would have offended anybody -- and it would have strengthened Jubal's case considerably -- to have pointed out that in most major communions of the Christian faith, "Take My body and eat; take My blood and drink" is not only a symbolic command, but also and most explicitly a literal one, since the wafer and wine of the Eucharist not only represent but become the body and blood of Christ through the miracle of transsubstantiation (a point perfectly clear to every medieval Englishman through

as has been evident ever since "Gulf" -- does not mean this equivalent of love, death and breakfast to pass unnoticed, but it is more interesting for its unorthodoxy than for its patness; Freud, a reductionist on the subject of religion, is here made to serve as the theorist for a ceremony of reverence. It's also interesting that in this scene the father eats the child, an act unsanctified in any society less primitive than that of guppies, and ruled out on Mars by the givens of Martian society; this is to my eyes the most extreme example of Heinlein's permissiveness, and he may have inserted it to suggest (as Smith himself has earlier suggested) that the Martianizing of Earth has gotten more than a little out of hand.

Almost all of the other ethical questions in the novel are subsumed under the head of bilking the mark, from the world of the carnival to the world of high politics -- a subject on which Heinlein is as expert and amusing as always (and as infuriating to readers who believe that all grokkers were created equal). Their exploration takes up a substantial part of the novel, that part devoted mostly to Smith's education, but they pose few ethical problems unique to the system. Most of the crises are brought off by Jubal, not by Smith, without reference to the system, which is still in a state of very imperfect revelation while these machinations are going on. Most of the interesting minor characters, however, get in their licks in this earlier part of the book, and tend to fade back into the tapestry as the theology emerges -- which is a shame, for they're a wonderful crew while they last. Thereafter, only Jubal and Smith continue to appear in the round. The others are ghostly and disconsolate, their promise not so much unfulfilled as pushed off onto a spur-line while the Powers and Propositions thunder by.

Nor does it seem to me that Jubal Harshaw's rather extended remarks on the arts constitute a true system of aesthetics referable back to the central vision. Mostly, they are made in defense of representational or story-telling art, and this is what might be expected from a glorified, curmudgeonly and rich hack-writer, which is how Jubal is defined, so perhaps they are only characterization. The only other hint we are offered in this area is an account of a work of art which was being composed by a gifted Martian when he inattentively disincorporated; though Heinlein says that the nature (that is, the medium) of the art-work cannot be described, he makes it plain that this too is a story-telling work, and that the Martians are prepared to spend centuries thinking about its value. On this showing, if the Martians ever do turn out to be a menace to us we can ship them the score of Liszt's "Mazeppa" or a Saturday Evening Post cover and immobilize them to the end of time. Heinlein-Jubal reads a fine story, instinct with the courage the author has always admired and which is vaguely integrated into the religion of "A Stranger In A Strange Land", into Rodin's Fallen Carytid, but except for a few such insights his aesthetics have always been those of an engineer and continue to be so here, neither contributing to nor detracting from his present subject.**

the much more vigorous, if more homely word "to housle"). However the character Jubal is speaking to presumably belongs to a Middle Western Protestant sect which retains the ceremony but does not expouse transsubstantiation; a poor excuse, all the same, for dodging this point in favor of Frazer, whose doctrines are preached in no church whatsoever.

** This raises once more the perennially interesting question of what Heinlein actually thinks, a form of mind-reading I would prefer to eschew if it were not that so much of this novel is specifically author-omniscient -- that is, presented without the intervention of any character's point of view. The passage about the Martian work of art is one such; but again, it could be dismissed as only the groundwork for a plot point (though not a plot point of which the novel stands in any need, or of which any

The final question I would like to raise -- not the final one raised by the novel, not by a thousand -- is that of the metaphysics of Heinlein-Smith's system. Ordinarily this is a very late inquiry to bring to bear upon a religion, because it is usually accepted that God is only acting sensibly in not trying to make His early prophets explain quantum theory to a pack of goat-herders; better stick to the ethical imperatives, which the goat-herders should be able to understand with no difficulty, especially if the orders involved are accompanied by a rain of fire or some other practical use of physics. Later on, medieval scholars may presume that the God wrote two works, one being the universe conceived complete and perfect, and the other the Scriptures ditto; and still later, somebody (who will be burned for it will ask why the metaphysics of the first work are so badly out of true with the metaphysics of the second. In the first or prophetic stage, however, this question is generally deemed unfair.

But it can hardly be deemed unfair to ask of a science-fiction writer, who starts from assumptions about the nature of the real world which are as sophisticated as modern knowledge allows (this is not true of most of us, but it is true of Heinlein, at least by pure and consistent intention). In "A Stranger In A Strange Land" he enforces the current acceptances of modern (scientific) metaphysics by beginning every major section with an author-omniscient review of how these events look in the eye¹⁹⁶¹ of eternity; furthermore, he is scornful throughout of anybody (read, boobs) who does not accept this specific body of metaphysics.

So it is fair to ask him about the metaphysics of his proposed system; and it is, to say the best of it, a shambles. Smith appears on the scene able to work miracles, as is fitting for a prophet; in fact, he can work every major miracle, and most of the minor ones, which are currently orthodox in Campbellian s-f. He can control his metabolism to the point where any outside observer would judge him dead; he can read minds; he is a telekinetic; he can throw objects (or people) permanently away into the fourth dimension by a pure effort of will, so easily that he uses the stunt often simply to undress; he practices astral projection as easily as he undresses, on one occasion leaving his body on the bottom of a swimming pool while he disposes of about 35 cops and almost as many heavily armored helicopters; he can heal his own wounds almost instantly; he can mentally analyze inanimate matter, for example to know instantly

important use is made) rather than an illustration of the author's biases. This view would have the advantage of allowing Jubal's aesthetics to remain strictly Jubal's and never mind that he is obviously the wise man of the novel -- the only one who can grok without reading minds -- whose opinions are more to be respected than anyone else's, even Smith's 90 percent of the time. :: It would also leave unposed the question of why, if story-telling is the essence of the best art, Heinlein is on record with an expression of contempt for opera; under Jubal's aesthetics, the opera, the tone-poem and the song should be the supreme forms of music, while "absolute" music such as string quartets without accompanying literary programs should be as beneath notice as non-representational painting (presumably the work of composers who can't read music, as abstract painting is said to be the work of painters who can't draw). This is clearly one of the few questions about which Heinlein has not had the opportunity to think very much, and has formed convictions in the absence of data; he has never, for example, shown any interest in or knowledge of music -- in "A Stranger In A Strange Land" he invents a "Nine Planets Symphony" from which he can extract a "Mars movement" for a minor plot purpose, rather than invoking the famous work of Gustav Holst which, being real, would have served his purpose much better, and have spared him the embarrassment of being caught with the notion that nine movements is a reasonable, let alone a likely number for a symphony. (I am aware, to be sure, that "Das Lied von der Erde" has six; but Mahler did not call it a symphony.) :: The consequences for the novel in question are vanishingly small, of course; but it's interesting, if fruitless, to think of how much larger they might have been. Suppose that Jubal, during his tippy-toe discussion of the Eucharist, had happened to think of "Parsifal"?.... Oh well.

that a corpse he has just encountered was poisoned years ago; levitation, crepitation, intermittant claudication, you name it, he's got it -- and besides, he's awfully good in bed. My point is not that this catalogue is ridiculous -- though it surely is -- but that Heinlein the science-fiction writer does not anywhere offer so much as a word of rational explanation for any one of these powers. They are all given, and that's that. Many of them, the story says, turn out to be communicable to Smith's disciples, but the teaching, unlike the love-making, never takes place on stage and again is never grounded in so much as a square pood of rationale.

The more general features of the system fare equally badly. In what kind of continuum or metrical frame do the Martian Old Ones and the Earthly sub-Archangels live on -- and in what sense do they live on? How is an intricate relational system like a personality conserved without a physical system to supply energy to it? What role in the vast energetics of the known universe can be played by the scurrying sub-managerial dead souls, and how are the pushes applied? What currently warrantable metaphysical system requires this illimitable ant-hill of ghosts; or, what possibly warrantable system might require it, and if so, how would you test the system?... I think it more than likely that a brain as complicated as Heinlein's might have produced a highly provocative schema of metaphysics in support of the rest of the system; I don't pose these questions because I think them unanswerable, but only to call attention to the fact that Heinlein didn't even try.

Or perhaps he did, and the results got cut of the MS. If that is the case, had I been the author I would have cut the aesthetics instead, since they have nothing to do with the system; but I'm not the author, to the gratitude of both of us; so all that remains is that there's no accounting for tastes, as the master said as he kissed his Sears-Roebuck catalogue. Certainly the version left us in the galleys, for all its omissions, is as provocative, difficult and outré a science fiction novel as Heinlein has ever given us. Buy it; it will entertain you for months -- or perhaps if it does what it sets out to do, for the rest of your afterlife.

--James Blish

doublemint

"I hold with Hemingway's theory that a man cannot write what he does not know. I once tried to do a story about yachting -- my experience with the subject being two days scraping a ketch belonging to a friend -- and the story never sold. I did not pause to wonder why. When I was ready to write about juvenile delinquency, I joined a kid gang and ran with them for ten weeks so my background was authentic. The next question from the mezzanine is probably, 'Then what the hell makes you think you can write science-fiction? When did you get back from Mars?'

"To this belligerent I adopt the defense attitude of all science-fiction writers before me, who contend that their work is larger than life, actually satire or allegory. However, if the reader expects to find a scathing denunciation of anything at all in this book, he may be rudely disappointed. Though this book is an experiment -- both in content and style -- for me, it is basically a story. I have never been to Mars, but I have done the next best thing to permit me in all conscience to write knowledgeably in the science-fiction vein: I've been a science-fiction fan. Now chew on that a while.

--Harlan Ellison's introduction to "The Man With Nine Lives."

When did you get back from fandom?

.....
 "I am no trucler to the authoritarian lexicography."

BY THE WAY

THE HARP
THAT ONCE
OR TWICE
by
Walter
Willi

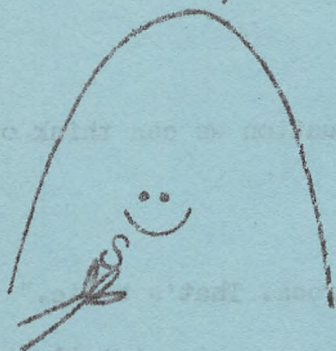
One day many years ago I was cycling along a mountain road in County Donegal when I passed some "road-menders" drinking tea out of battered billy-cans. Nothing unusual about that of course: the roads in the West of Ireland are festooned with roadmenders drinking tea out of battered billycans. This picturesque addition to the Irish landscape is, I suspect, provided by the Irish Tourist Board. Hidden somewhere in the Great Bog of Allen is a clothing factory turning out their uniform of greasy brown cloth and string, and a little steel mill fabricating billycans battered into the traditional shape. There must also be a training college where they are inducted into the mysteries of their craft, one that is vital to the tourist industry.

Ireland is a very small country, the Tourist Board have realized, and they have to spin it out. Americans trying to "do" the entire West Coast in a fast car between lunch and dinner must be slowed down somehow, and what better way than one which entails their spending several nights in an hotel while a new spring is flown out from Detroit? Hence the Irish road, and the Irish roadmender. His craft consists in preserving the salient features of the typical West of Ireland road, while simultaneously conveying the impression that he is levelling them out. His solution is beautiful in its simplicity: he just reverses them. Where there were potholes he erects little mountains of sharp flints, where the road had sunk he builds a plateau, and the rest he leaves. Yesterdays potholes have become bumps, and there are new potholes where there used to be road. Then he sits by the side of the road ostensibly drinking tea and chipping road metal (when you were a child did you think that road metal was really metal and kept hoping to come across a gleaming alumninum highway?) but really checking the speed of traffic to make sure nothing can safely go faster than 20mph. For all I know those queerly deformed billycans are really portable radar speedmeters, but I doubt it because road menders as a class are crude uncultured men.

Or at least so I thought until that day in Donegal I was telling you about. I had cycled past these roadmenders, paying them no attention except for the ritual greeting of "Fine day". (Actually it was cold, damp and overcast, but as it wasn't actually raining at that very moment it was what we call a fine day. If it is pouring too hard to be ignored the proper greeting is "Soft day". As you can see there is no such thing in Ireland as bad weather. That little old Tourist Board is really in there pitching.) "Fine day," corroborated the roadmenders, waving their clay pipes. Then, as I cycled on, I heard them resume their conversation. "Oh aye," said one of them, "but that was after the War of the Austrian Succession."

I nearly fell off my bike. If I hadn't been going downhill I'd have turned and gone back. I mean, very few people you meet know much about the War of the Austrian Succession, and even those who might casually mention it to you when passing the time of day in the street don't date things from it. Even I, who am as cultured as the next man, providing the next man is an ignorant clod, only know anything about it because I have a dirty mind. I know it was started by the Empress Maria Therese, who had trouble with her sex life and, embittered, made fornication a capital offence, which wasn't a very popular law because young couples persisted in losing their heads over one another, until eventually the Court Physician gave the Empress's Consort some advice which I could not possibly quote here and she revoked the law and everyone lived happily ever after.

IT'S
DELICIOUS



And that, after twelve years of expensive education, is all I know about the War of the Austrian Succession. Yet here were these rude roadmenders in the wilds of West IrelandI ask you. But after many years pondering the problem I think I have the solution. I think those roadmenders were just pulling my leg. I think they got bored with years of sitting by the side of the road chipping flints and drinking tea and they invented this new way of startling travelers, a sort of mental pothole. I believe that through the years they have thought up a whole collection of mysterious remarks like this which they throw out within earshot of passers-by, and if the victim doesn't run into the ditch at least they'll know he'll spend the rest of his life trying to puzzle out the significance of what he overheard.

As I said, that day in Donegal was a long time ago, nearly 25 years, and those were old roadmenders who had been plying their craft since the Nineteenth Century. So I would like to bring to Richard Eney's attention a necessary erratum to the next edition of the Fancyclopedia, as follows:

"Interlineation: Invented by Irish roadmenders, circa 1890...."

THESE BEATNIKS!

"I see this process working with my sister who washed the kitchen floor daily with the first child..." --Habbakuk #6

THE NAKED AND THE BED

Kenneth Tynan, reviewing the play "Lady Chatterley" which has recently opened in London, was caustic about the scene where the heroine is seen in bed with the game-keeper. "It was ruined for me," he complained, "when I perceived that Connie, so far from being naked beneath the sheets, was wearing a flesh-tinted corselet of bullet-proof impregnability." Within a few days the theatre management had called a press conference. The critic was right, they confessed humbly, the scene was not in the spirit of D.H.Lawrence. They had been wrong, terribly terribly wrong, But it was not too late to make amends. The leading lady, they announced proudly, a personable young creature called Jeanne Moody, had nobly volunteered to play the scene without any clothing at all. The leading man, they went on recklessly, would be naked too...though for some reason they didn't seem to think this was so great a sacrifice on his part. Photographs of the scene as published in the less reputable newspapers appeared to bare out their claims. A Member of Parliament then wrote to the Home Secretary suggesting that the theatre be prosecuted under the Vagrancy Act, 1824: not because of any indelicacy on their part, but because by inviting the press they had overstepped their rights as a club theatre. Meanwhile, in response to journalists representing the keen interest of the great British public in questions of artistic integrity, the theatre management made it clear that there was a sheet between the couple at all times: it also appeared that for some reason the leading man was now wearing "a pair of very small knickers."

So D.H.Lawrence has stopped turning in his grave, the theatre and the MP are delighted with the publicity, and Kenneth Tynan must be impressed by the power of his criticism. So as a matter of fact am I. It occurs to me to mention that

at the last Chicago Convention I attended I was disappointed in the fancy dress worn by young ladies like Ginny Saari and Bjo Wells. I did not feel they were in accord with the free-ranging spirit of science fiction. It is not going too far to say that the last Chicon fancy-dress ball was ruined for me....

THICKENING PLOTS

"All right," said Bob Shaw, "we'll take the most basic situation we can think of and develop it."

"Boy meets girl?" suggested James White.

"No," said Bob, "it's been done. Take a man sitting on a rock. That's basic."

While our professional authors trained the batteries of their massive intellects on this little target, watching for a plot to scurry out from behind it, my frivolous fannish mind was examining it for puns. There wasn't much to go on. Types of rock... pleistocene, basalt, no....gneiss, purely visual...Igneous? Igneous is a louse? *Hum*, it was a lousy pun so the sooner I got rid of it the better. If you suppress them they sort of fester at the back of your mind. I started to push the conversation round. "Suppose it isn't really a rock at all," I suggested, "but some sort of big hibernating creature, a chrysalis or egg?" "Boy meets rock!" exclaimed James, and before I could head them on to the concept of giant lice he had postulated this planet where the inhabitants turned periodically into rocks. The man was actually sitting on his girl friend waiting for the next spaceship. He wrote it up and sold it to Nebula.

Which just goes to show that one of the ways of thinking up plots is to examine some situation, that any situation will do, and that you never know what you'll end up with. Another example is my "The Spanish Main" in the last Void. But before I go any further I'd better say I'm not presuming to tell anyone how to write fiction...that would indeed be brash from someone whose professional earnings from the sale of fiction have so far amounted to approximately \$5.00 (though mind you I have a 100% record of professional acceptances).... just how I try to do it. It's the sort of thing that interests me and I only hope it interests you. I don't know what the reaction to the last instalment of this column was like and I would have held this bit over to see: only for the fact that "The Spanish Main" was published recently. It may have been no great example of the results of the creative process, but it was a good example of how the technique of free association channeled by logic can produce a reasonably well constructed story.

It started with a copy of SFTimes in which I had ringed an item in pencil. Weeks later I dug it out of the tray where I throw such things until I have to write something, and looked at it again. It was a brief news item to the effect that Fantastic Universe had been sold at an auction and that the new owner had no plans for publication. I'd never heard of a promag being auctioned before, but even more peculiar, now I came to think of it, was why anyone would buy one and not want to do anything with it. Maybe he bought it by mistake? No, not the old gag of someone nodding his head at the wrong time, but suppose he bought it along with some other items, a job lot? OK, what other items then?

Now the office where I work is some five miles outside the city and when anyone is going down town to buy something at lunchtime they ask the other people in the room if they want anything. The ritual reply is, "Yes, thanks, Two bags of cement and a sheet of corrugated iron." The concept of carrying this epitome of awkwardness through the rush hour is a satirical comment on the lack of consideration from which



they themselves may have suffered in the past. All right, we'll try that. Someone has bought two bags of cement, a sheet of corrugated iron and Fantastic Universe, what now? Well why doesn't he just put Fantastic Universe back into the auction if he doesn't want it? Maybe he doesn't know he's bought it. Let's have him buy something else in which Fantastic Universe might have been concealed, some sort of receptacle. I visualised the bags of cement and the corrugated iron. I saw them amid the other junk of a builder's yard, like old baths. OK, let's have the purchaser buy an old bath too.

Now to think of a reason for him buying this lot. Nobody would go to an auction to buy cement and corrugated iron: the bath seemed more plausible. OK, so he wanted a cheap bath. To keep fish in perhaps. Goldfish. Gold. Horace Gold. Horace Gold's well known agoraphobia. The opposite, claustrophobia. A goldfish with claustrophobia, that was a nice idea, and obviously the poor creature would need a good big bath to swim in. But how would its owners know it had claustrophobia? Who could tell them but a psychiatrist. They had taken it to a specialist in neurotic goldfish, a fish psychiatrist. So now I had my characters. Not rich people, or they would have bought a swimming pool, yet they took their pet to an expensive psychiatrist. I saw them as a quiet middle-aged couple whose uneventful lives centered round their pet goldfish.

So now I had characters and a promising situation, a pair of goldfish lovers who have bought a science fiction magazine and don't know it. But I didn't like that cement and corrugated iron. I would have to either take them out again (though I needed something to cover up Fantastic Universe in the bath) or work them into the plot. I couldn't just leave them lying there like Dumas's umbrella. (Dumas's son wrote a play and his father pointed out he had ruined the whole thing by having a character come in in the first act with an umbrella and lean it in a corner. For the rest of the play, he pointed out, the audience were watching that umbrella suspiciously.)

It would be nice, I thought, if I could use the cement and corrugated iron to resolve the conflict between the goldfish and Fantastic Universe. Sort of economical and well rounded -- thesis, antithesis and synthesis again. But all I could think of was that they might use the building materials to make newsstands to sell Fantastic Universe from and I couldn't see any profit for them in that. I decided to continue the third draft as it was going, get my characters deeper into trouble, and see whether my benevolent instincts could figure a way to get them out of it. (I like happy endings because I always identify.) What trouble would they get into? Well since magazines don't have their own printing presses all they would really buy would be a lot of back issues, and the only trouble with them would be their sheer bulk. I tried exaggerating that to make the problem clearer. I had so many back issues delivered that the house was surrounded with them. I liked this because it repeated the claustrophobia motif and having brought this out and reported the dialogue of my characters as I imagined it under the strain, I saw them more clearly. These simple people wouldn't want to make money selling those old copies of Fantastic Universe, they'd just want to get rid of them and go back to their quiet contented lives with their goldfish.

Being mildly eccentric they might plausibly do it in some fantastic way. It

would be nice too if they got some unexpected good out of it. Where could they get rid of old copies of Fantastic Universe where they might be unexpectedly appreciated? Somewhere the magazine was not obtainable. Behind the iron curtain. But it would cost them money to mail it or ship it. How else were books got into Russia? Propaganda balloons. I started the fourth draft, adding 2000 VOTE FOR NIXON balloons to the auction lot, and took it to the end of the cold war. But it still didn't seem complete. The goldfish wasn't in the synthesis. The plot had really started with him, it should go back to him. I thought about my characters again. I'd wanted something nice to happen to them but I saw now they wouldn't want anything for themselves, they'd want it for their goldfish; so it was a question of making the goldfish happy. Well, what would he want; he had a bath. Water, of course; not chlorinated New York water, but warm fresh water from his native Caribbean flowing through the taps in the old bath which had started the story. The title then supplied itself from a pun I'd made months before in a different connection. So all I had to do now was write out the final version, polishing here and there, clearing up the political angle and introducing a Senator from Texas for the pipeline, and adding faucets to the bath.

Easy, wasn't it. But it didn't seem that way when I started. If you've got the kind of mind I have you've just got to start writing in the faith that something will occur to you, and help it by continually asking yourself questions. If you'd like to try it yourself here's another item from that tray of mine, a copy of the Season Progress Report mentioning that closed circuit television is installed in all the hotel rooms. Suppose some mundane hotel guest who doesn't know what's going on turns on the tv to watch his favourite program?

-- Walter A Willis

by any other name

The following enigmatic entry appears on page 2085 of "Webster's International Unabridged Dictionary." Walt Willis once opened the dictionary at "random". I opened it at:

"REDD -- 1. To clear or clean; to put in order; to make tidy, as a house, the person, etc.; often followed by up; as, to redd up a house. 2. To free from (entanglement or embarrassment). 3. To take apart, or separate, as opponents. 4. To bring to an end, or settle, as a quarrell. 5. To set right; to rebuke; scold; -- usually with up.

"Redd --1. Act of redding. 2. That which is cleared, or is to be cleared, away, refuse.

"Redd -- Cleared for a new occupant; used esp in void and redd.

"Redd -- To deliver' rescue; free, as from trouble, loss, etc. To disencumber of; to free of.

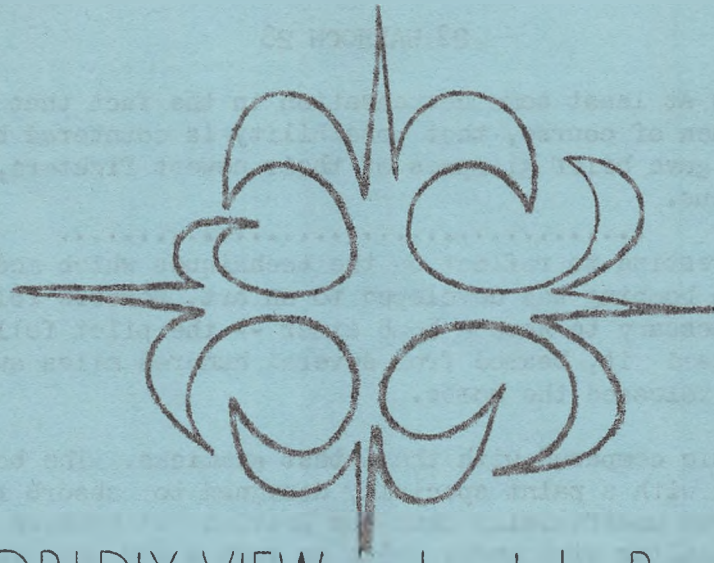
"Redd -- Spawn of a fish; also the excavation or nest made by some fishes for spawn.

"Redd -- Counsel."

best educated children, department

"The consequence of this is of course that children grow up to use slovenly English. Do you ever watch television? If you are seeking an opportunity to writhe in discomfort, listen for a while to the grammar and pronunciation current on that great educational medium. Do you ever read newspaper columnists? These gentry appear not to know the subjunctive mood from Adam's off ox. (I hold Mr. Westbrook Pegler, for example to responsible for the frequent use of the word "gender" where "sex" is intended.)

--Bob Leman in THE VINEGAR WORM



A WORLDLY VIEW by John Berry

As an aviation enthusiast, I always look forward to the Annual Russian air display. There is always one surprise or another: a helicopter moving a house, an ultra-supersonic fighter whizzing across the sky so fast that it is impossible for Western air attaches to get any more than a rough idea of the physical features of it, masses of gliders and parachutists to demonstrate the sporting activities of the Russians.... but this year, the Air Display on the 9th of July shook the world.

Gone was the sporting theme. Instead was revealed such a magnitude of military might of new design that it is a fact that the Russians are undoubtedly ahead of the rest of the world in war 'planes. There is no doubt about it. Since the absolutely stupid action of the British Government as far aback as 1948, in stopping development of a supersonic design which would have put Britain more than half a decade in front of the world...and the consistent cancelling of futuristic prototypes almost every year since, America has always led the world in quality and quantity. Until now. Honestly, I get irate when I consider the activities of the fumbling blockheads who control the planning of the R.A.F. It is most embarrassing as an Englishman to admit this, but in 1957, four years ago, a White Paper was published saying that no more fighters were being produced for the R.A.F. No one but an idiot would make such a decision. Despite the fact that America was producing a succession of superb semi Mach.2. fighters, which far-sighted European NATO countries ordered for their air forces, Britain said that after the 1,300 m.p.h. English Electric Lightning (which has only just reached squadron service) there would be no more fighters. Imagine the situation. All of the major powers except Britain, have had squadrons of Mach 1.25 plus fighters for two or three years, even Sweden and small European NATO countries have, and the R.A.F. has a mere two or three squadrons of Lightnings. And mark this. The most astounding Russian revelation, a superbly beautiful bomber (a contemporary of the American Hustler...but faster) called by NATO (appropriately enough) the 'BEAUTY' is several hundred miles an hour faster than the Lightning, our fastest and only supersonic interceptor. And now I'm going to make an even more incredible statement. Consider. The Russian BEAUTY is at least Mach.5 faster than the fastest R.A.F. interceptor. The Russian fighters, named by NATO FACEPLATE and FISHBED, are at least 1,000 m.p.h. faster than the British 'V' bombers.

This unforgivable ineptness of the planners in the British government just makes me want to vomit. The most heavily taxed country in the world, and for what?

Not that the American air forces can feel too complacent. There are no operational American fighters which can attain the same speeds as BEAUTY, or in fact FACEPLATE and

FISHBED, but there is at least some compensation in the fact that such designs are but a matter of time. Then of course, that possibility is countered by the fact that on July the 9th, Russia gave brief glimpses of their newest fighters, which seem well capable of Mach .2 plus.

.....

I think it interesting to reflect on the techniques which modern bombing presages. In the last war, when bombing was developed to an art, bombers followed radio beams -- it wasn't even necessary to have a bomb aimer -- the pilot followed a certain beam, and when another crossed it, beamed from several hundred miles away from the one he was following, he released the bombs.

But that is simple compared with the latest gimmicks. The bombers will be (and probably are) painted with a paint specially designed to absorb radar. This is just a start. It is rumored unofficially that the British 'V' bombers have radio equipment which is capable of dealing with enemy radar in such a way that the radar waves reflected off it do not signal to the operators that aircraft are in fact overhead. When the bombers are within a few hundred miles of enemy territory specialist missiles are sent over enemy territory to follow enemy radar waves to their source, and thus eliminate them. Whilst all this is going on, dummy missiles are also fired over the enemy countryside. These missiles are designed to attract enemy anti-missile missiles so that, in theory there will be enemy retaliation to the Skybolt and Blue Steel missiles fired from the bombers. I think it is fascinating to conjecture what the defense is to this strategy..Is it logical to suppose that the remedy would be an anti-missile anti-missile missile? I just the planners who decided the R.A.F. shouldn't have any more fighters four years ago aren't concerned with it.

.....

I must give you a quote from a British newspaper theatre critic, writing about Sammy Davis Jr. I'm not quoting verbatim, but this is, in effect what he said:

"Sammy Davis Jr is a negro, a jew, and has only one eye. What he needs is a gimmick."

.....

I've always been intensely proud of personally knowing Bob Bloch. You all know that he is my fannish hero. Whilst I was at the Detention back in '59, Bob wrote an airmail to my wife (he'd remembered her christian name) letting her know that I was getting on OK. I thought this kind act (which, by the way, he didn't tell me about at the time) to be just the sort of thing a humble fan could expect from him...typical of him, in fact. And it gave me great pleasure to tell Diane that the film "Psycho" was written by Bob Bloch, and she told all her friends that the author of "Psycho" had actually corresponded with her. Then her friends began to rebel. They said that "Psycho" was extensively advertised in the National newspapers, and yet they hadn't seen the name Bob Bloch mentioned. He wasn't, in fact, getting what I consider to be his just egoboo. So we just told her friends (and my friends, too): "Take it from us that Bob Bloch did write it."

So last week, in another National newspaper, was a blurb about "The Naked Edge", and it stated that "only the man who wrote "Psycho" could have written this . And yet the author was given as "Joseph Stfano"!

Rog Ebert, Illinois fan, of whom I shall write later, explained to me (and I suppose that, knowing the facts, it should have been obvious) that the stf in the name of the author of "The Naked Edge" was to indicate that Bob Bloch was at least giving science fiction a mention even though his own name wasn't mentioned.

Now I feel sure that there is some valid professional reason why Bob Bloch isn't getting his egoboo, but I'd dearly love to know what it is. Why credit "The Naked Edge"

to a fictitious "Joseph Stfano"? Why not mention Bob Bloch in the blurbs for "Psycho" in the newspapers? Hitchcock got his egoboo with a vengeance. Everyone was talking about another great Hitchcock film...Why didn't Bob Bloch become a household name over here in the British Isles too?

I mentioned Roger Ebert.

He visited Irish Fandom for four days at the beginning of September 1961. Walt and Madeleine Willis, Ian McAulay and myself (we saw him every day) are quite unanimous in our appreciation of the demeanor of this American fan. Diane, my wife, thought him to be the greatest export she'd seen from America. He was at my house (with the rest of IF) one night, and he really was in sparkling form, taking the centre of the stage not by sheer force of personality, but by his sincere appreciation of our interest in what he had to say. Diane was delirious with laughter at some of Ebert's anecdotes...all about a flying saucer type building in Illinois which, it is planned, is to be supported with six hundred miles of pia wire...about his experiences in Rome with a Vespa he'd hired which ran away from him for three blocks, and which a policeman stopped, turned round, and shunted back to Rog again...the joke about the old dame who had been in the Salvation Army for forty years, and because she'd carried the banner all that time, her navel had slipped five inches...all that and much more of sheer scintillating repartee, delivered with a sense of the dramatic which was awe-inspiring.

I know that Rog is a devoted Wrhn enthusiast, and that he'll probably read this, and that he'll therefore discover that we in Belfast think a mighty lot of him, and hope that he'll be able to repeat his trip shortly.

James Blish doesn't think a great deal of my sense of musical appreciation, but I feel that he won't criticize my appreciation of the cream of science fiction.

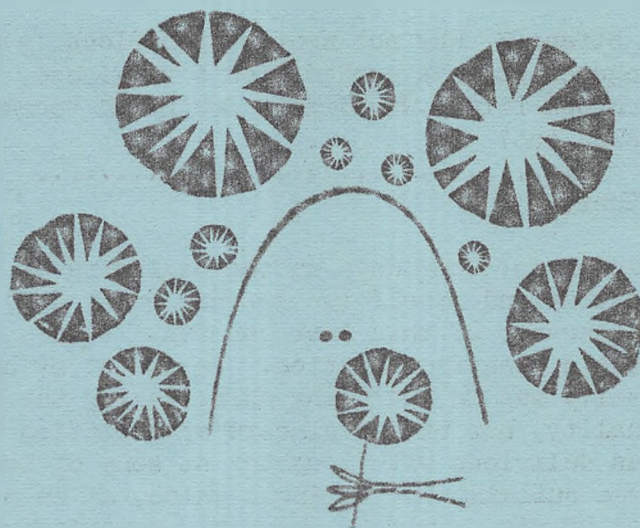
I stated in my "The Compleat Faan" in 1958 that the best sf story I had read was Blish's "Surface Tension." Such has the quality of sf deteriorated recently that re-reading "Surface Tension" makes me feel even more awed by it.

I mention this specifically because Walt Willis was talking about sf to James White the other day (in my presence) and told James that his latest published story was the best sf he'd read since "Surface Tension."

I haven't read the latest White offering, so cannot give a personal opinion, but such praise from the Master makes me optimistic.

/John's riddle about the Guardsman drew four principle guesses. They were:
HARRY WARNER: "...my guess would be that the poor guy was hunting some place where he could hide from American tourists who wanted to take his picture with color film. I had a similar disconcerting experience a couple of years ago: a policeman pounding on the door at 1 a.m. That time, a little boy had been found wandering around the neighborhood after sneaking out of bed and his home, he wasn't able to say where he belonged, and my house was the only one that still contained a light so the policeman naturally assumed he belonged to me." ALVA ROGERS: "My guess as to the explanation for his visitation by the Royal Household Guardsman is that he was probably someone returning from a masquerade who wished to use either Berry's phone or his WC." JAMES BLISH: "...my guess is that he'd run out of sword-polish on a lonely road, and mistook Berry thinking about spies and Polaris submarines and such for the sound of swords being polished. If so it's a good thing his mishap didn't overtake the good Captain anywhere near Colorado Springs." and JERRY PAGE: "I suspect that the Guardsman was asking directions from someone. It would be natural, at that hour to select a house where lights were

(Concluded on page 44.)



IN CONTRARY MOTION

An examination of two opposing viewpoints on human destiny, as presented in "The Star Dwellers" by James Blish (Putnam, 1961) and "Starship Troopers", by Robert A. Heinlein (Putnam, 1959).

by ROBERT A. W. LOWNDES

At the risk of offending some readers who may resent their inference (not my implication) that they are being charged with ignorance, and boring others who may not want to be bothered with such considerations, I am going to start with some very elementary propositions.

Many, if not most, examples of science fiction (including the two specimens under discussion) can be likened to problems in Euclidean geometry textbooks: we start with something given. A fundamental rule of the game is that the reader should not start arguing the validity of the given data, however nonsensical they may appear to be at first glance.

We will now leave geometry, since the given is never to be questioned in geometry textbooks, while in science fiction, the given must be justified one way or another by the time the story has concluded. We demand further of the science fiction writer that his extrapolations follow with a reasonable degree of logic from his initial premises; and if his starting point is in flat contradiction to what (at present appears to be established scientific fact, or the best theory, then we shall expect that, somewhere in the story, he will present us with a plausible explanation for this contradiction.* We do not demand that the story wind up with an overwhelming aura of truth so that we shall permanently discard the established scientific facts which have thus been thrown in doubt, but only that the author's fictional dissent be reasonably convincing on its own terms. And we must have similar rigor with respect to his subsidiary propositions: that each one either flow logically from the initial premises, or that any apparent contradictions be satisfactorily resolved, so that (at the very least) while we are reading the story we do not get the feeling that any one of various other possibilities (both as to plot and background logic) might just as easily have been employed.

* Making allowance for theories considered acceptable when the story was written. The Hayden Planetarium shared the authors' preference for the dustbowl theory of Venus (as described in "The Duplicated Man") at the time of writing.

A story which convinces while it's being read can be considered good in this respect, whatever leaks may be found in contemplating it later on; a story which stands up to rigorous examination after the spell of reading has evaporated rates higher.

For example: in "The Sixth Glacier" by Marius (Amazing Stories, January, February 1929; author's identity still unknown), the justification of the glacier itself goes down reasonably well while one is reading. However, the author's assertion that the great ice descended upon New York with the speed of an express train is justifiable only if there is a special explanation for such un-glacierlike activity: alas, there isn't.

In "The World of A" it is given that Gosseyn behaves according to the discipline of Korzybski's General Semantics; however, all through the story Gosseyn shows evidence of confused, disordered, etc., semantic reactions -- an outright contradiction of the attitudes and behavior Korzybski proposes as proceeding from successful indoctrination in General Semantics discipline. Van Vogt does not account for the discrepancy.

In these stories, neither the question of whether there ought to be a new glacial period, or whether Gosseyn or anyone else ought to follow the formulations of General Semantics discipline, is a legitimate starting point for assessing the story's value, as science fiction. One can, and usually does, take sides on the philosophic, moral, etc., implications of stories, science fiction or otherwise (and in fact on such implications in any and all art forms -- although the imputation of moral statements to music, as such, is irrational to say the least*) but this is a different question. The first question of importance in regard to any work of fiction is: is it well done? If the answer to that question is "yes", then we have a good story regardless of how anyone answers such secondary questions as, "Was it worth doing?" or "Do you (or should you) agree with the philosophic propositions presented in the story?" And the question that is almost invariably asked, "Do these propositions represent the beliefs of the author at the time he wrote them?", while of psychological interest, has nothing whatsoever to do with a story's value as fiction.

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We have here two novels with the same theme, although the outward differences are so great as to obscure the fact. Each story, in its propositions about the fundamental questions, is in contrary motion to the other, and the second ("The Star Dwellers") was to a certain extent planned that way.

The common theme of "The Star Dwellers" and "Starship Troopers" is this: Given (1) that human beings are not the only intelligent life-forms in the universe, (2) that Man's nature is such that he must try to expand throughout the universe, (3) that in the course of this expansion he will encounter other intelligent life-forms -- what assumptions ought to be made about such encounters, a priori, and what attitudes and behavior patterns necessarily follow?

Blish does not offer any explicit philosophic rationale for (2), although it is implied throughout the story; Heinlein's Professor Dubois specifically states: "Man is what he is, a wild animal with the will to survive, and (so far) the ability, against all competition. Unless one accepts that, anything one says about morals, war, politics -- you name it -- is nonsense. Correct morals arise from knowing what Man is -- not what do-gooders and well-meaning old Aunt Nellies would like him to be.

* The question of predictable affective results of a particular performance of a given work of music is another matter entirely.

"The universe will let us know -- later -- whether or not Man has any 'right' to expand through it."

Blish's constructs recognize the Heinlein definition as partly valid, and show implicit agreement that correct morals arise from knowing what Man is -- but Man is not dismissed simply as a wild animal with the will to survive, etc. And, in fact, Heinlein modifies this definition in practice, inasmuch as he (like Blish) asks: in what way must this wild animal be tamed and trained in order to fulfill its manifest destiny?

We accept the right of science fiction authors to rig their problems and questions, to set up the sort of human societies wherein: (a) the sort of illustrative situations desired will necessarily arise, and (b) the sort of behavior desired in meeting the situations will follow logically.

Heinlein further assumes, in relation to (1) that among the intelligent life-forms in the universe which Man will encounter are other wild animals with the will to survive etc.; and therefore such an encounter is bound to lead to inter-species warfare. Blish assumes in relation to (1) that any other intelligent life-form which has a technology capable of waging interplanetary warfare may also be capable of realizing that "...his willingness to kill you also means committing suicide."¹¹ (He does not, however, state that such realization can be considered a certainty.)

The society required by Heinlein in order to illustrate his thesis is a military utopia; and his presentation of this society places "Starship Troopers" among the great Utopian novels, however the reader may like or dislike the society depicted. It is not presented as perfect: "Under our system every voter and officeholder is a man who has demonstrated through voluntary and difficult service that he places the welfare of the group ahead of personal advantage. ...

"He may fail in wisdom, he may lapse in civic virtue. But his average performance is enormously better than that of any other class of rulers in history....

"... we have democracy unlimited by race, color, creed, birth, wealth, sex, or conviction, and anyone may win sovereign power by a usually short and not too arduous term of service ... Since sovereign franchise is the ultimate in human authority, we insure that all who wield it accept the ultimate in social responsibility -- we require each person who wishes to exert control over the state to wager his own life -- and lose it, if need be -- to save the life of the state. The maximum responsibility a human can accept is thus equated to the ultimate authority a human can exert..."

This, then is Heinlein's answer to the question "Given that Man's nature is such that he will periodically find himself fighting for his continued existence, during the course of his expansion throughout the universe, what is the most rational social order for him? What are the best measures to insure against this social order being corrupted?"

The social order we find in "The Star Dwellers" is not alien to that which we know today. Blish assumes that the continued existence of human civilization at an expanding level of technology involved the subordination of national sovereignties to the control of the United Nations. Diplomacy has successfully staved off intra-species nuclear warfare.

Both novels are juveniles in the sense that the leading characters are young men, under legal age; both deal with the training of young men for responsible careers. In the Heinlein novel, this involves military training and a term of duty in the service, after which the lead, Juan Rico, will be a voter, and eligible for civil authority. In the Blish novel, the lead, Jack Loftus, qualifies for training as a foreign service cadet: he, too, will -- if successful -- be qualified for a position of high civil service, diplomacy, intra species and inter species.

In both stories, this highest type of service is voluntary (there are no conscripts in Heinlein's armed forces), difficult to get into, and easy to get out of -- either through flunking or resignation. In both, the training conditions are rigorous: Juan Rico discovers that boot camp was made "...as hard as possible and on purpose." The purpose is to discourage and weed out every recruit who does not really want to be in the army, or who is simply incapable of measuring up to the requirements, however willing he may be. (There is a place, however, for the latter.) The end result is an efficient individual soldier, who knows that he can count upon the soldier next to him in a crisis insofar as human frailties allow certain and sure dependence. Thinking is not only permitted the soldier, it is required -- despite the area wherein unquestioning obedience is necessary.

Jack Loftus finds that while he is not under the full measure of regimentation one find in Heinlein's army, he must go through a rigorous course of study which includes dangerous field trips, and must take a vow of celibacy during his training period. Dr.

Langer explains: "... heuristics -- the theory of learning. It all derives ultimately from a gimmick in the brain called imprinting. In ducklings, for example, the first twenty-four hours after they're hatched are crucial. The first moving object that they see during that period, they accept as their mother -- whether it's a live duck, a rolling ball, or even a man. At the end of that day, you can't imprint a duckling any more -- or unlearn any false impressions it may have gained.* Something of the sort takes place in people, too, but in people it goes on for quite a long time.



"While we are teaching you what we want you to know, we want it to stick. That is why we teach you solid geometry and many other rather hard subjects as early in your high school career as we can -- at the imprinting age. Once sexual awareness enters the picture (and by that I mean just a simple interest in the fact that there are two sexes), you have encountered a very powerful biological force which heavily interferes with imprinting. Some men never become able to cope with it, and their brains freeze. Hence the celibate rule. ...

"... We can use it" (the imprinting mechanism)" to teach you now what you need to know now. But to do that, we have to keep you away from the stimulus that most affects the imprinting surfaces of the brain, so that the space that's supposed to be occupied by knowledge and skills doesn't get displaced by pin-up pictures, soupy poetry, dismally bad popular music, and all the other props of chain infatuation."

* Blish gives the permanent damage to the nervous system resulting from the conversion of left-handedness to right-handedness in early childhood as an example of imprinting that cannot be unlearned. Whether the side-effect of stammering is (or will remain) incurable remains moot: but the fact is that, according to today's knowledge, there is no cure for such stammerers. Another side-effect (which may or may not be universal, but is known) is permanent confusion between left and right; such persons are unsafe drivers and may also have considerable mechanical disability.

Both novels demonstrate present-day education of children and young people as insane, considering "education" as total environment, not merely what is taught in formal classrooms. Heinlein's Dubois uses the "juvenile delinquent" problem as his illustration, stating that no man has any moral instinct or is born with moral sense, but that the latter is acquired. Rejecting the term "juvenile delinquent" as meaningless in that, "'Delinquent' means 'failing in duty'. But duty is an adult virtue -- indeed a juvenile becomes an adult when, and only when, he acquires a knowledge of duty and embraces it as dearer than the self-love he was born with. ...'", Dubois describes the situation thus:

"'These juvenile criminals ... Born with only the instinct for survival, the highest morality they achieved was a shaky loyalty to a peer group, a street gang. But the do-gooders attempted to 'appeal to their better natures', to 'reach them,' to 'spark their moral sense.' Tosh! They had no 'better natures'; experience taught them that what they were doing was the way to survive. The puppy never got his spanking' therefore, what he did with pleasure and success must be 'moral'.

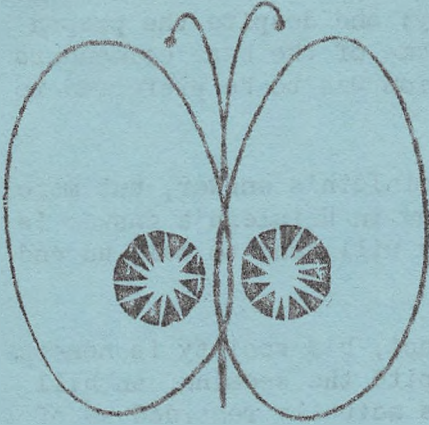
"'The basis of all morality is duty, a concept with the same relation to the group that self-interest has to the individual. Nobody preached duty to these kids in a way they could understand -- that is, with a spanking. ...'"

Blish uses the issue of corruption of taste and censorship as examples of social insanity, and uses popular dance music as a factor in imprinting. Dr. Langer says: "Of course, music for dancing has to be different from concert music in kind. But in those days it was vastly inferior in quality, too; in fact most of it was vile. And it was vile mainly because it was aimed at corrupting youngsters, and then after that job was done, the corrupted tastes were allowed to govern public taste in music as a whole. ... The stuff that was being peddled to young people was aimed at exploiting their inexperience in man-woman relationships; the producers knew that their targets weren't very well equipped by experience -- and experience is the only teacher in that realm -- to tell the false coin from the true, and there was a lot of money to be made by exploiting them. And nothing could be done about it."

Both of these examples are valid, though the Heinlein is weakened by half-truths, and gives the appearance of saying that all we need is not to spare the rod in order to avoid spoiling the child. The Blish analysis is more penetrating; corruption of taste, and exploitation of young people's inexperience, has a far wider effect than debasing the arts, and I think the author is implying this, too.

At first glance, I thought the argument was weakened by exaggeration; the author seemed to me to be saying that certain evil people set out to corrupt youth and, after casting about for a method that would be both most effective and most profitable for business, came up with this one. But discussing the matter with persons well acquainted with the advertising industry convinces me that I'd gotten the order mixed up. The initial question was, "How can we make a lot of money" Answer: by corrupting youthful taste; the evil lies first of all in the willingness of such people to use such means of making money, and the results are the insanity we see around us (although in many ways we may ourselves be tainted to the extent that we do not recognize it). To recapitulate: the purpose of corrupting youthful tastes is to imprint attitudes which will make consumers for the particular products; the advertisers, etc., are not concerned with other by-products of the corruption. It's a lot like the Old Dope Peddler in Tom Lehrer's song: "... he gives the kids free samples/ because he knows full well/ that today's young, innocent faces/ will be tomorrow's clientele."

The corruption is to a large degree irreversible, and in many instances incurable by today's psychotherapy.



Heinlein does not make it clear (even briefly) just how the revolution in attitude toward juvenile delinquency penetrated to the bottom of society; but neither does Blish, in speaking of his educational revolution; however this is something which we can take as given, particularly where an author does not have the elbow room to develop his society in toto. Blish gives a hint:

"It was already an age that suffered badly from censorship, which is itself a crime against the mind. They couldn't suppress the trash without putting the same weapon in the hands of people who would have used it against masterpieces. The answer, as they gradually came to realize, was to fortify the minds of the youngsters against trash -- in short, the educational revolution. ..."

Jack Loftus suggests that they might have ruled that the bad stuff was a form of dope, always a tempting solution; but Langer points out that no one had the power to make such rulings, and that legislation over taste is a cure worse than the disease.

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The authors' initial assumptions about the nature of Man and the good society -- that social order best suited for the fulfillment of human potentialities -- result in a fundamental difference in the way men go out into space. Heinlein's spacemen are armed to the teeth, expecting trouble and ready to overpower it; Blish's spacemen are unarmed, expecting that trouble can be handled with rational diplomacy. And both authors have exercised their right of setting up the situation so that their answer is logical and seems to be been justified by the events.

Both hedge about the violence question, Heinlein with an ingenious half-truth (Professor Dubois is a master at countering ingenuous half-truths with brilliant half-truths), and Blish with an evasion. Heinlein answers the half-truth objection that "violence never settled anything" with the half-truth that it certainly has, and gives valid examples. What Dubois neglects to mention is that all violence really settles is the question of who can be the more successfully violent, and that resort to violence further changes the subject whenever that is not the original question. (Violence certainly settled the question of whether the Confederate States of America could get away with secession from the Union; it did not settle the question of whether, under the Constitution of the United States, 1860, a group of states legally had the right to secede. Upsetting the chess board solves no chess problems whatsoever.)

In the Blish novel, Dr. Langer notes the matter of violence changing the subject, and acknowledges that the old pacifist problem is a real one: "'How do you cope with a man who's perfectly willing to kill you to gain his own ends?'" But he doesn't answer this question; he evades by pointing out that, "... when both sides have nuclear weapons, as is necessarily the case in any conceivable interstellar war, that man has to bear in mind that his willingness to kill you also means committing suicide.'" Fine. But the history of mankind shows that innumerable men have been perfectly willing to commit suicide under just this sort of situation; and since we have no data whatsoever, we have to assume that the possibility of meeting another equally irrational intelligent species is as good as the possibility that human beings are unique in this respect. Since Blish does not justify his given material at this point, Heinlein comes out a little ahead on the question; his men in space are prepared to use

either violence or diplomacy. He postulates a rational military -- one which does not fight for the sheer love of warfare and is not trigger-happy; and despite the preponderance of trigger-happy militarists in Earth's history, some of the best commanders have been rational: the threat of massive violence as coercion was to be preferred to assault whenever possible.*

Please note that I have not stated that I agree with Heinlein's answer, but merely that he has given an answer, where Blish did not. The flaw in Heinlein's answer is that when men are ready and able to resort to violence, they will tend to call an end to diplomacy earlier than may be necessary.

Although Heinlein declares that man has no moral instinct, his society is nonetheless rooted in two very high-order moral propositions. Despite the seeming anthill regimentation of the military society, (1) the individual is actually regarded as of infinite worth: one unreleased prisoner is sufficient reason to start or resume a war, (2) "Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his friend." These are commonly regarded as Christian values in our society, although holding them does not automatically make the holder a Christian.

Blish's unstated ethic strongly suggests the principle that it is better to accept the role of victim if violence is perpetrated on one, rather than partake of the insanity of violence, even in self-defense. While the limitation is suggested that this applies to situations where the alternative is nuclear war, it is not clarified as well as it might be. The spacemen go out unarmed. What if they are attacked by beings who do not have nuclear weapons, but are still willing to resort to violence with such lesser weapons as they do have?

Should we take it as given that no intelligent aliens who might possibly resort to violence or threat of violence, but who do not have nuclear weapons, exist? Or is it a question of the self-perpetuating nature of violence -- which, once started, is deemed as such that even lesser weapons must be put aside? These questions are not raised, and very likely in the compass of a novel this length, they could not be raised. The second one involves a philosophical problem which has been debated throughout history, and no one man in 1961 can be flunked out for not answering it to everyone's satisfaction.

What we are left with seems to be a "thus far, but no farther" ethic; violence is forsworn, whatever the price, when the alternative is the sort of suicide involved in nuclear warfare. Opposed to this is the Heinlein implication that an interstellar nuclear war might be won by one side, which further implies survivors.

Heinlein's military utopia has a flaw which is almost inevitable with fictional utopias. (I know of none which avoids this flaw, so Heinlein is in very good company.) We are introduced to this ideal military some time after it has been established, and the ad hoc assumption is that the system is still operating at maximum level and will continue to do so -- because the old evils which caused the irrational and venal behavior in the former societies were eliminated. (Few actually put it quite as baldly as that, and Heinlein doesn't, either.)

But what keeps the ideal army from being convincing is the total lack of corruption in it. Not only do we see no evidence of corruption in Juan Rico's experiences

* See Liddell-Hart's "Strategy"; some of the greatest military victories have been achieved with the least fighting, and not a few without any clash whatsoever. The enemy, outmaneuvered and in a hopeless situation, resigned from the game.

(which would not be absolutely necessary in any event) but there's no indication that either (1) any sort of corruption exists, or (2) any sort of corruption is possible. It's not just a case of scandals being efficiently covered up; there just aren't any scandals. Now granted that the rational set-up for this military ought to reduce corruption drastically, and make it less likely at any given point than in any other army (real or fictitious) in human history, the author has not substantiated his given material here.

I am not speaking of crimes committed by military personnel, or evidences of misjudgment, downright stupidity, etc. This is granted; this does happen in the story. But I speak of corruption of the military system itself, either in small or in large. The civil system, Heinlein grants, can suffer corruption.

A similar flaw mars the convincingness of the assertion that the society as a whole is the most democratic that the world has yet seen. We are told nothing about one of the essential aspects of any social order: what manner of redress is open to the citizen, voter or not-voter, who is victimized by failings (criminal or otherwise) of the administrative and justice process itself? What about the person who is wrongly accused or convicted of crime? One way of assessing the true measure of "democracy" in any social set-up is to determine what means of redress for this sort of wrong are open and legal. Is a man accused presumed guilty until proven innocent, etc.? Is his only recourse revolution? (Irrespective of his chances, of course.)*

Let's recapitulate just what it is I have against Heinlein at this point. Professor Dubois contends that civilians in this military utopia enjoy full democratic rights, and enjoy them in a larger measure than in the former society. But the author's failure to make clear whether or not civilians had at least as full a measure of civil redress against official injustice as we have today makes the contention unconvincing. Just one reference to an example would have made the difference. (In this point, however, as in the earlier point of corruption of the system, all other utopian novels I have read fail, too; Heinlein is by no means alone.)

Blish, not attempting a utopia, but merely a development (melioristic) of present-day society has an easier task; he gives indications, without going into great detail that corruption is still with us and that, irrespective of failures of justice, the sort of redress I am speaking of is present in the structure of society.

And, assuming that suicidal irrationality is a strictly human trait, the aliens his heroes meet are necessarily rational and open to diplomacy. Diplomatic skill, is, in fact, Man's only weapon in dealing with other species. It succeeds; a mutually acceptable compromise and treaty issues from contact with the Angels, one of the most fascinating life-forms encountered in science fiction.

Heinlein's bugs are no less fascinating and convincing. And it is made clear (as many military writers have made clear in dealing with terrestrial wars) that while the nature of the antagonists leads to conflict the extension of it is due to the failure in communication. Not only communication failure, but inability to communicate

* On the surface, this point may appear to have been covered in Professor Dubois' statement that the civilization recognized no disabilities on the basis of race, sex, or creed, and his demonstration that advancement in the army is on ability only. However, it is possible to have all these desirable features in society without the type of civil redress against miscarriages of justice, etc. mentioned above. There may be full democracy of opportunity and a citizen may still be guilty just because some official said he was.

in the first place. Earth does not want the war to continue to its mutually disastrous finale -- the total destruction of the respective worlds in question. But only establishing communication can possibly bring about any sort of armistice; scientists labor on this problem -- meanwhile, the army must fight.

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Is inter-species warfare the only acceptable alternative when communication fails, or cannot be established and the "other side" won't give way? Blish, as we have seen, evades the question. Heinlein's basic assumption about human nature suggests that the answer is "yes" -- but it is not clear whether, in this instance, Earthmen had the opportunity to avoid conflict by withdrawal from bug territory or whether what Blish calls the Patrick Henry syndrome settled the question: "... the Patrick Henry syndrome, emotionally stated as Give me liberty or give me death, but at the bottom meaning only Agree with me or I'll kill us both." In relation to the bugs the "liberty" would be the liberty to expand throughout your territory as we will.

(In the mouth of a pacifist, the same phrase could mean: If I cannot live on my own terms, I choose to die, without requiring any death other than that of the speaker. But this is not the Patrick Henry syndrome.)

The characterization in "Starship Troopers" is especially vivid (in "The Star Dwellers" it is good, but not outstanding), and Professor Dubois, who is the vehicle for a preponderance of the philosophic background, stands out. He is a master of the propaganda trick, who seems to believe what he says, and someone whom I would not want to meet in argument: brilliant, witty, biting, and strongest at making the opposition argument look like idiocy and the holder of such opinions an object of pity, at best; for all this, there is a great deal of genuine warmth in Dubois.

Major Reid, who takes over Rico's education later on, is also interesting as a worshipper of symbolic logic -- which seems to be the most charitable way to put it -- and appears to be ecstatically unaware that all propositions are not accessible to proof or disproof by such means. Note that "appears"; it might be that Reid's frequent instructions to "bring a proof in symbolic logic to class tomorrow", in relation to some proposition which won't even stand up to semantic analysis are an attempt to get the student to see for himself that the assignment is impossible, meaningless, or both. As with Professor Dubois, I'll give Major Reid the benefit of any doubt -- but a mark should be chalked up against the author for not clarifying later on.



(We should give the characters the benefit of doubt, in cases like these, in order to avoid what P. Schuyler Miller calls the Oliver Wiswell syndrome -- the automatic assumption that an author's characters necessarily reflect the author's own convictions, opinions, etc. While they do at times, the principle of proof beyond reasonable doubt should be invoked in the author's defense-- particularly when the opinions, etc., are ones you, personally, consider loathsome, irrational, etc. Nor is the fact that the author himself, at one time, may have expressed similar opinions as his own to be considered as proof positive. It's relevant, surely; but a previously held, now rejected, viewpoint may certainly be useful to an author for the purposes of fiction.)

Of course the term "juvenile delinquent" is technically a misnomer; there is nothing essentially wrong with Dubois' definition of responsibility in this relation. But what his argument conceals is that (a) the way the generality of people use terms now is more relevant than any dictionary definition, and (b) the term represents a rational progression from an earlier position of looking upon children as miniature adults and treating the young offender in the same manner as an adult criminal.

The distinction between discipline and punishment is so carefully blurred by Dubois, that I may be falling into a semantic trap myself by charging him with maintaining the false and irrational proposition that delinquency and criminal behavior are correctable by punishment -- thus charging him with ignorance of their being symptoms of illness, illness needing healing. Punishment is always injury, always vengeance; discipline is healing, and while the process may be painful, the manner can avoid injury.

This sounds pretty dogmatic, so let me qualify. After all, we see many people around us who certainly fit the description of moral imbecility and make Dubois' assertions seem valid. But what has been generally established in psychology is that this is a very good description of the psychopathic personality.

(See Lee Steiner's "Understanding Juvenile Delinquency," Chilton, 1960. The author notes, in describing the psychopathic personality: "There is a total lack of feeling for people; lack of closeness to anyone; a total disregard of responsibility; bizarre thinking, and a pathological amount of egocentricity. ... These are the people who fill our courts and prisons. The characteristic that gets them into trouble with the law is that they cannot postpone their wishes. All desires must be immediately gratified, regardless of consequences. Characteristic also is that punishment has little or no effect other than to make them vindictive. They do not learn from experience. ... Usually their antisocial behavior is caused by their inability to coordinate their wishes with the rules of society. Their way of thinking admits of little or no consideration of the rights of others." "There is no known therapy that will lift this disorder." Mrs Steiner goes on to note that such personalities often are combined with a high degree of leadership qualities such as to make them irresistible to persons whose moral sense might be described as weak, but who generally do not get into criminal behavior unless they are led into it. Whether the condition is actually incurable, through any means of therapy known today, may be a moot question; but it certainly seems to be beyond cure in most instances, and there is no doubt that punishment does not work.)

Are they born that way? No, it would rather seem that the psychopathic personality arises from early imprinting, possibly a permanently-established identification between punishment and discipline. Loosely speaking, you might call the infant a psychopath -- but with discipline he can go beyond that stage. Some, as we see, never do; early experience fixes them there.

Is this the same as Heinlein's saying that human beings have no moral instinct? I don't think so. What this is saying is that human beings have the capacity to respond to discipline (love), but in some cases this capacity is destroyed in early life -- and we do not know of any way in which it can be restored, no medical or psychiatric techniques, that is.

Punishment, as noted above, is always injury, always vengeance, and you cannot heal a person by injuring him. This raises the question of how discipline (which is often as painful as punishment) can be distinguished from punishment. To oversimplify, the difference lies in the manner. The man who is being punished is rejected; the hatred (and guilt) of those administering punishment are projected upon him. The man



who is being disciplined is not being rejected; there is neither hate, nor vengeance, nor the projection of guilt from those administering discipline. The manner of the process includes reassurance that the subject is not being condemned nor rejected.

Obviously, calling punishment "discipline", or discipline "punishment", is not going to make any difference. The difference lies not in the words used, but in the unspoken attitudes revealed (although what is said may play an important part). Note what happens when Juan Rico is whipped. He is badly hurt; he is made to feel that his actions have been bad -- but he has not been rejected. His worth as a person and as a member of the group has been reaffirmed, not denied. While the particular manner of it may be crude and debatable, this is still "hurting for the sake of healing"; however primitive the method may be, love, not hate, is being expressed. Rico is able to endure this and come back stronger later on because he has understood the difference between the whipping he received and the whipping that others, who were being rejected and cast out, received. Rico was disciplined; the others were punished.

Was Dubois actually expressing these thoughts after all? We have to bear in mind that he is known for intentional obscurity. His purpose is to provoke, irritate, sometimes seduce, cajole, and exhort his students into thinking. And whether or not Dubois-Reid=Heinlein, the purpose behind "Starship Troopers" is to make the reader think.

There are no such semantic pyrotechnics in "The Star Dwellers". Dr. Langer is also trying to get his students to think; but when he explains he aims at maximum clarity. Let's go back to the question of legislating against bad taste. Jack Loftus has said that they might have ruled that the bad stuff was a form of dope-- which, in effect, it is. Langer replies, after pointing out the unfeasibility of determining just what is "bad stuff" by law or administrative decree, "...the very worst way to deal with dope is to make the traffic in it a crime. Addiction is a sickness; if you make it a crime, you can't get the victims to submit to treatment, and you run up the price on the stuff until it becomes so profitable to deal in it that some people are delighted to break the law to make their fortunes. The same goes for literature. Tell me, have you ever read any books with really wild sexual material in them?'

"A few. It gets kind of dull after a while.'

"Precisely. But in those days, publishing that kind of thing was against the law -- so an enormous amount of it was published, and commanded huge prices."

::

In both novels, the lead character, being a juvenile, would not ordinarily play a star part in historically crucial events, and this is one of the problems the writer of juvenile novels has to solve. His leading character has to take over in the main crisis; the situation where this opportunity arises has to be plausible, and the fact that the lead is capable of doing the job has to be made believable. In the good juvenile the author has so worked out his entire novel that this assumption of authority on the part of the lead proceeds naturally; in the poor juvenile, it becomes clear that certain peculiar events (or behavior on the part of other characters, or situations) have occurred just so that the hero can step into the starring role.

Heinlein's set-up is made to order; in military service, promising young men are groomed for positions of authority and a place in the chain of command as soon as

possible -- and once a man is in the chain of command any emergency may thrust him into the star position. Thus, Juan Rico's rise is convincing at all times, both in the fact that it is a normal occurrence in this frame of reference, and in that the author has been working toward it convincingly all along.

In "The Star Dwellers", the crisis and command-taking are plausible and the single arbitrary contrivance did not strike me for what it was until after I had finished the story. ("Arbitrary" in the sense that while the event is justified in the long run it does not have the full flavor of inevitability.) To specify would be to give too much away to the reader in advance.

::

To summarize: the mere act of writing a novel in contrary motion to a recognized masterpiece (and published by the same company, in the same series of books, within five years) requires courage. Comparisons are bound to be made, and examinations will be more rigorous than usual otherwise. It does not demean "The Star Dwellers" to say that it is not a masterpiece; on the contrary, to say that it comes out as a good work under these circumstances is to rate it highly. And very good it is.

--Robert A. W. Lowndes

A Worldly View -- conclusion

still on. It has to be an explanation like that: either asking directions to somewhere or wanting to use the phone or maybe his car broke down (or rather his horse broke down -- do horses break down?) and he needed help or to call for help."/

I didn't immediately recognize the officer, because of the burnished helmet, which had a metal peak almost covering the eyes and nose. He, however, anticipated my request that he should enter, and with his sword at the 'ready position' marched past me into our living room.

A smirk denoted the officer to be the University student next door...and this is what had happened:

He was in an amateur opera company, and had thought (quite wrongly) that we would love to see him in his outfit in the early hours of the morning.

Told you it was mundane, didn't I? But I didn't think so at the time.

I must close with a superb example of Willisian wit. A pun so potent and spontaneous that even Ebert was bewildered.

Cleverly, Willis brought the conversation round so that Ebert delivered an oration on spreading jam on bread and butter.

Not to be outdone, I told a true story of how, on my honeymoon at a big hotel, there were so many dishes of jam, etc, on the table, that I inadvertently spread chutney on my bread and butter. (Chutney is a spiced sauce made of fruit, vinegar, etc)

Quick as a flash, Willis snapped: "I presume that was to your discomfort."

He had to explain to me, of course, that 'conforture' is the French for jam.

-- John Berry.

.....
 "Gem's Hobby is fixing things..."

UNPREDICTABLE REACTIONS

HARRY WARNER revealed: I'm not as caught up with things as such a prompt set of comments on Warhoon might indicate. But I wanted to compensate in some way for the long waits that you've been having lately on my account, and I had hopes of getting comments to you before you departed for vacation, and besides, I ought to keep up the illusion that occasionally I do something as soon as it should be done. :: Of course this is a particularly splendid issue because of its meaty bulk, and I don't mind a bit the blue paper, or the lack of illustrations on most pages. The phenomenon that a magazine is easier to read when it's broken up with lots of pictures is one that I've encountered, but I strongly suspect that the procedure is really that of subconscious relief that it won't take as long to read this magazine because so much of its bulk is occupied by pictures. In the case of a magazine with first-rate material like Wrhn, the subconscious doesn't have any desire to get to the end in a hurry. :: We differ considerably on vacations. My policy is to take along absolutely nothing from my Hagerstown life except the necessary clothing and personal items. This prevents me from sticking books into my baggage or pockets, because they would be part of my most-of-year life and the vacation wouldn't be the sheer escapism on which I insist. So I usually buy something to read as soon as I arrive at my destination if I'm driving, or on the way to the terminal if I'm using bus or train. And I don't get much reading done while vacationing, a time when I take the greatest delight in doing absolutely nothing for two or three hours a day, a practice that I can't bear to indulge in while I'm not vacationing. :: Warhoon has told me at least ten times as much about the John Birch Society and Robert Welch than I'd known previously. I'm still hazy on some points, such as the significance of the meter slogan that you reproduced on page five. The slogan strikes me as extremely sensible, and I can't be sure if you disagree with the statement or are trying to call attention to deviance between the slogan and Welch's actions. :: It would be interesting to know by studies if fans really are more prosperous today (allowing for the changes in the real value of the dollar) or simply spend more money on fandom than they were formerly willing to spend. I might point out that the Vick campaign suffered from the bad repute into which previous importation campaigns had fallen. The import idea at that time was still tied up in the fan mind with Ackerman's first unsuccessful effort to bring Carnell across and Ackerman's popularity was very low in fandom in the early 1950's. :: I'm not sure that I wouldn't want to sign the document used in that Bloomington test, because I'm so far back on current events that I don't even know that Great Britain has a king these days. Oddly, I used this very paragraph in abridged form to comment on a FAPA magazine in Horizons a while back. I think two or three people in the next mailing indicated that they recognized the text, which I didn't enclose with quotation marks, and I assume that the rest thought it was something I'd made up myself. :: I admire tremendously a person like Willis who can sit down at a typewriter without subject matter and eventually think of a topic. I find that absolutely impossible. Ideas come while I'm doing other things but never if I stare at a blank sheet of paper. In any event, it is a tremendous relief to know that Willis struggles like this. Life wouldn't be worth living, if someone could sit down and turn



out that kind of writing as easily as he answers a letter. :: It's nice that the United States has publicized the sub-space flights so promptly and honestly. But I wonder how the policy would be if this nation had, like Russia, launching areas far from heavily populated areas where it would do these things without observation by millions. The inconsistencies in the Russian reports on the Gagarin flights sound to me more like the universality of careless reporting than any deeprooted communist sneakiness. :: The television program Jack Speer was thinking of was a Twilight Zone production, and there was no implication of an insanity explanation: it ended quite clearly and unmistakably with the man slipping back in time and using the opportunity to slip off onto another timetrack. (I have not suddenly slipped onto a new timetrack myself, wherein I spend time watching television instead of doing sensible things. This was aired during the first days after I got home from the hospital and could do very few things without tiring myself out badly at home.) :: I can't imagine your confusing Vic Ryan and Art Hayes; they're so different in writing style and purposes and so on. But I keep mixing up various fans, particularly Lee Jacobs with Ed Cox. When I first learned of Lee Hoffman's status as a girl, I had a terrible time remembering which one she was, because I had her confused at the time with some non-entity who never did become a girl. You are so right about the impression that Walter Breen gets, although I obtain that impression from his writings rather than his talk: I get the feeling that I am just beginning to understand what he was saying a few months ago, as I read something that he is writing now. (423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland)

RB: Of course the actual flight of the astronaut could still be kept secret. After all, millions of people can't detect with the naked eye whether the capsule contains a man or not. :: There was some controversy last April about the John Birch Society's use of that slogan on their postal meter but I can't see why they shouldn't use it. The Birchers had a good answer, I thought: they indicated some willingness to drop the message if they could replace it with another one: "I pledge allegiance to the flag and the republic for which it stands." The matter seems to have been dropped.

BOB SILVERBERG noted: The magazine does improve by leaps and bounds each issue, and that's saying a great deal considering that I hailed the first issue I received as one of the most stimulating fanmags ever. The presence of the Boggs and Willis columns is, of course, noteworthy, not to mention nostalgic for tired old Sixth Fandomites like myself. File 13 indeed! :: And welcome to Money Fandom. This is a group Boyd Raeburn and I are haphazardly organizing, consisting of those fans who a) have some money and b) show an active interest in getting some more. We plan to hold a convention in the Caribbean some day as soon as we get organized, which won't be soon. Your list of stocks rather amazed me -- art directors don't get paid that well -- but on the second time through I divined your secret: you're buying Mutual Funds. That's the only way I can imagine your acquiring high-priced stuff like Polaroid and Dupont, unless you're either buying one share of each or operating with inherited wealth. (New York)

RB: Membership in Money Fandom sounds like something that has to be earned -- my membership would have to be strictly honorary. You're right, my share in those stocks comes from a Mutual Fund. A small Mutual Fund. The title of that article was chosen to give away the secret. Doesn't anyone remember the Laney article in which he dramatized minor facts of his life and made them sound like major accomplishments?

WILLIAM F TEMPLE admonished: Used to fancy my spelling was pretty good until I became a regular reader of Wrhn. When I saw "tendancy" and "seperate" cropping up therein I charitably brushed them aside as mere typos. At first. Now I find they're standard spelling in Wrhn, and I'm getting confused. My typewriter keeps tripping over its own keys and falling flat at points like "tend" or "sep" and asks plaintively: "Where do I go from here?" My dictionary (almost spelt it "dictionary"...or is it?...) is becoming dogeared. :: "Rachmaninoff" or "Rachmaninov" -- hitherto the world has

had the choice of either. But Wrhn rejects them both. It's inevitably "Rackmaninov," with a subtle innuendo of torture. :: G.B.Shaw left most of his large fortune to be applied to the reformation of English spelling, without any result whatsoever. But I can see that before long, like it or not, we shall be conditioned to accept Standard Bergeronese. :: Re Bill Donaho's plaint about the Wrhn lay-out: it's true that when confronted by a solid page of Wrhn type, with hardly an indent, one has to take a deep breath before plunging into it. Sometimes I feel I'm struggling with the British Times, with its cast-iron early Victorian format. However, probably it's preferable to those tabloids which chop up the news into such small digestible pieces that the page is all sub-headings and no story. That's dizzy-making, too, when the sub-headings refer to some incident (like "Breaks Neck with Paper-weight") which has been subbed out of the story altogether. Who broke who's neck with what paper-weight?...one never learns. :: There must be a golden mean. :: Sitting here in London and watching the rain falling on the just and the unjust, the Anti-Nuclear squatters in Trafalgar Square and the police dragging them to jail for "disturbing the peace" (!), and reflecting that in each globule is a speck of Strontium-90, a present from Kruschew, I feel almost like writing one of those letters you receive from John Berry, the Scourge of the Reds. His sharp pen-point is an asset to the armoury of the West. When Kruschew threatens "We shall bury you," it's comforting to know that the West can make the deadly riposte: "And we shall bury you." :: There goes John Osborne, by the scruff of the neck, to join Bertie Russell in the pen. Good thing, too. Let people like that get away with it and next thing you know England will become a police state. (England)

ALVA ROGERS postaled: Although this probably won't be read by you until you return from Diamond Head and Waikiki, here are a couple or three titles I would have suggested taking along -- time and weight limitations permitting. Have you read Theodore H White's "The Making of the President 1960" yet? This is a marvelously readable and detailed account of the recent elections and the events preceding them, which clearly illuminates the differences between Kennedy and Nixon -- on the one hand Kennedy's depth of character and incisive and wide ranging mind and on the other hand Nixon's inherent weaknesses and shallowness of mind. /Yes, it's fascinating reading, but don't miss Murrey Kempton's review of it in the current NATIONAL REVIEW. I write on Sept.27th. --RB/ Another fine book that I found highly informative was Kennan's "Russia and the West Under Lenin and Stalin", a learned and objective study of contemporary history as influenced by these two titans of the twentieth century. I also read Donner's "The Un-Americans". This is a book, I'm afraid, that will convince no one not already so convinced that the real "un-Americans" in this country are those fear warped souls who subscribe to HCUAs interpretation of patriotism and loyalty. Notwithstanding, this is a well documented and perceptive examination of a frightening aberration in the mind of the body politic. (This book has had very poor distribution in the Bay Area, being available only ((as near as I can determine)) in the larger book stores specializing in paper backs. Brian Donahue informed me that two or three drug and liquor stores informed him that they sent their copies back to the distributors, refusing to handle it at all. How extensive this practice is I have no way of knowing, but I suspect it's rather widespread.) I would suggest to anyone reading Donner's book that he read at the same time Telford Taylor's fine history of congressional investigations, "Grand Inquest", available also in a Ballantine paperback. For a rather startling, but beautifully written, picture of Christ I recommend heartily Nikos Kazantzakis' "The Last Temptation of Christ" brought out by Bantam for 95¢. In a different vein one could do worse than to read "The Beardless Warriors" by Richard Matheson, in my opinion one of the best books yet written about WWII. :: I found Redd Bogg's "File 13" striking a few responsive chords, particularly in the "After Twenty Years" section. I too entered acti-fandom in the early Forties, an event that was preceded by six or seven years of reading and collecting science fiction magazines. My intro to the world of fandom was Julie Unger's newssheet, FANTASY FICTION FIELD, to which I subscribed because I was at that time primarily interested in the pro field and

in collecting. FFF eventually led me to discover the existence of the LASFS just 120 miles away (I lived in San Diego then.) I soon moved to LA where I became active in the club, remaining active until late in 1945. I went almost completely gafia following the 1946 Pacificon -- not because of lack of interest, but because circumstances forced me into it. I remained in the dark limbo of gafia until about a year and a half ago, except for a brief emergence to attend the Westercon in Oakland in 1956. :: Redd's comparison of the fandom of 1941 with that of today is undoubtedly valid from his viewpoint, but I can't entirely go along with him all the way. I'm inveterately nostalgic for the days of yore, remembering the high old times we had in LA during the war. Whereas Boggs was primarily a fanzine fan (I assume), I was a club fan with major interest in club activities, personal associations and contributing artwork to a few select fanzines. The void that intervenes between 1946 and 1960, as far as my knowledge of fandom is concerned, is almost unbridgeable for me. I get glimpses here and there of personalities and events that are significant during those years, but not enough to really inform me, just enough to make me wish I knew more. I wish now that during my period of gafia I had continued subbing to fanzines, but my gafia extended even that far. Ah, well. I'm back in fandom now and have every intention of remaining in it. I've even convinced my wife, after all these years, that fandom is a worthwhile activity to indulge in. I might add that gafia should not be lightly entered into, unless one is totally and absolutely disgusted or disillusioned with fandom. If one's gafia is dictated by outside pressures (as mine was), then some contact -- no matter how tenuous -- should be maintained against the day when one emerges from the gloomy netherworld of gafia into the full light of fandom. Selah. :: Redd's statements anent the rising conservatism in fandom particularly amongst the older fans -- croggled me. I still find this hard to swallow. There was a time when a conservative fan (not to speak of a reactionary one) would have his Science Fiction League button stripped from his lapel and be drummed out of fandom in disgrace. There were a few exceptions, but not many. In order to truly qualify as fans one had to be radical (or at least liberal) in politics; an agnostic (or barely acceptable, Unitarian) in regards to religion and generally bohemian in overall attitude. This, of course, is an exaggeration, but one did feel that a devotion to science fiction -- which is after all the seed from which fandom springs and still gives us our reason for being -- would indicate that the devotee was a free thinking, free wheeling individual with a strong sympathy for radical thought in any aspect of life. I must confess that the extreme

radicalism of my youth has been tempered by the years to a Stevensonian form of liberalism; but, at any rate, my advancing years, acquisition of property with the concomitant privilege of paying taxes, family responsibilities and worries, position (such as it is) in my community, etc., did not push me into rank conservatism or the Republican Party (or the John Birch Society) as it has with other formerly militant radicals. For which ghod, Cthulhu, or Klono's Brazen Bowels (take your pick) be praised! :: "The Harp That Once or Twice" I enjoyed very much and brought forcefully to mind one of the things I apparently seem to have missed the most during my gafia -- Walt Willis. The writings of Willis are almost unknown to me, and what very little I have read just whets my appetite for more -- particularly his earlier stuff. :: The letters were all interesting, but the only ones I wish to comment on are the ones dealing with politics, HUAC, the JBS, etc. First, I would like to go on record as saying that I believe the threat of internal subversion on a significant or dangerous level in this country is nonexistent. In order to believe in such a possibility one has to hold with Welch that high officers in our government are, one and all, amoral men. This applies specifically

to President Kennedy who "...usually lives up to the appearance of excellent morals, because it is expedient for his purposes...But as a member of the United States Senate,



running for the presidency, and smart enough to know the strong Communist support behind-the-scenes which he will have to get in order to have any chance of being nominated in 1960, such an amoral man can do a tremendous amount of ball-carrying on behalf of the Communist aims here in the United States..." ("The Blue Book"). Welch * two Eisenhower's (and in fact the whole kit-and-caboodle of the current administration) to be far more dangerous and evil than Hitler -- who, after all, was merely immoral. Only if one's mind follows in a similar nightmareish groove can one really believe in the treasonous culpability of the members of our government. If one can't accept this harsh judgement of those who govern us, then (if you still believe in the strong possibility of internal subversion) one has to believe that they are instead naive fuggheads, unable to detect or recognize the viper nestled to the bosom of the country, waiting only for the signal from Moscow to strike, sending its poison through the bloodstream of the nation. If the mind boggles at either of these premises, but still the belief is held that the threat of internal subversion is a greater threat to this country than nuclear war, then such a person is obviously illiterate as far as any knowledge of history, political science, geography, economics, or any other of the multitude of factors that play a role in the struggle for power and mens minds going on between the East and the West. The seizure of power over a vast and complex country like the United States by hidden group of subversives -- no matter how dedicated or well trained they might be -- is not as easy as some fear it to be. No, subversion of this country by the Left is a myth, I feel; but subversion by the radical Right is another matter entirely, and is much more likely than the former, if one has to assume that any sort of subversion is a distinct possibility -- which I don't. :: Welch's equating all of this country's hard fought for liberal advances attained over the last couple of generations, and particularly during the last thirty years with communism's goals is deserving of nothing but contempt. By this reasoning time should be turned back to the days of unbridled laissez-faire economics with government playing a minimal or nonexistent role in the internal affairs of the country; where states rights are supreme and Capital is Holy; where the rights of children to work long and dangerous hours at heavy labor is a right not to be traduced. This is the millenium according to Welch, Goldwater, et al. (5243 Rahlves Dr., Castro Valley, California)

REDD BOGGS: Do you know what that Hebraic means, or must we get Avram Davidson or someone to translate?

AVRAM DAVIDSON translates: Where did you get your Yiddish item on pg16? The type is not every clear and the text not continuous, but I make it out as follows:
 the narrow ("?" is a letter I can't make out, or can't make into a word. /is
 lungs-??? conjectured/. "x" is that I can make out a word but don't know it.
 xxxx by ? "Nutzt", in this case.) Would you have pity and explain these
 the delega/tes/ tantalizing fragments? If not, I can only say, "nutzt" to you. "::
 only heart In reference to Bob Tucker's being horror struck that 49.2 of the
 Jerusalem. people asked to signify approval of paragraph one of The Declaration
 grandson of of Independence (tho not identified as such) by signing it, refused;
 is opera/tion/ pardon, not "approval of" but "agreement with" -- I cannot, of course,
 prove it, but I do very much doubt that a higher percentage would have
 obtained -- outside of Congress -- on July 4, 1776. Or at any other
 time in the meanwhile. Does Mr Tucker know that the Supreme Court has decided that no
 point of law can be upheld by an appeal to the Declaration? There have always been
 Tories, Copperheads, Dunderheads, and Shitheads among us -- and in number I would not
 say their total has ever fallen below 49.2. (410 West 110th St, NYC 25)

RB: I knew that anyone who attempted to translate that cartoon would only end up in confusion with a bunch of the ends of lines of type. The point of the gag wasn't in the wording, but rather in the incongruity of a Yiddish Klansman.

*considers the type of amoral man as personified for him by Kennedy and /Continued above/

CHARLES WELLS: As for your note that fans are becoming more affluent, this is something I have noticed quite acutely. As a college student with a part-time job, I have more money now than I did in my former incarnation as a high-school student; although not much, at least I don't have to skip lunch any more to put out a fanzine. But many other fans seem actually well-off, and everybody seems to have more small pocket money now than they did then. I suspect there are two factors: (1) The apparently greater average age of fans today, and (2) the general affluence of people today compared with those even five years ago. :: I suspect that you have lately been investing in a mutual fund. :: "File 13" was a pleasant sight to behold, after all these years, and I congratulate you most ~~heartily~~ sincerely. This one, however, tho enjoyable, was not quite to my tastes: somehow, I don't enjoy Boggs as much when he is Reviewing Fannish History, i.e., being nostalgic. This could be because when he is nostalgic, he is nostalgic about an earlier period of fandom than I an nostalgic about. :: On the other hand, "Harp" was absolutely superb. No one else, except perhaps Al Pope (you remember ol' Al), could have written such a marvelous example of literary instructions which were a satire on their own precepts. Such involuted satire has always fascinated me; have you seen the Speedball lettering textbook which has a series of words which exemplify their meanings by the style of lettering used? :: Perhaps, on Walt's article, "satire" is the wrong word to use. What I mean to say is that he wrote the article by the method which he was describing in the article, and he constructed the article according to his pattern in an unusually clear and bare-boned fashion, so we could all see just what he was doing. What I'm trying to say is that the thing I appreciated most about his article was that it exemplified what he was writing about. That kind of thing always fascinates me: it is a very elaborate example of the same genre as "You should never use tautologies that say the same thing twice" and so forth. It's a sentence which exemplifies its subject matter. For the same reason, Goedel's proof, in mathematics, fascinates me. (Goedel, by a very obscure process, converts arithmetic -- its numbers and symbols and operations -- into a code with which one can translate the meaning of certain English statements. He then translates the statement, "This statement is unproveable", into arithmetic by means of this code and comes up with some VERY peculiar results.) (681 Wilson Rd NW, Atlanta 18, Georgia)

DICK ELLINGTON: Boggs to the contrary, most hack writers, whether they are, when unrestricted, really good or not, don't mind hacking out adventure novels for loot and most of them get a definite gleeful joy out of making them as inane as possible, though others with a more creative bent manage to sneak their own lines in without any effort and still make the books acceptable to the cheapjack market. Read for instance, "A Man of Cold Rages" by Jordan Park -- from Pyramid I believe -- which was Kornbluth's last novel or to get out of the field, thumb through the westerns on the pb stands and try to locate a copy of Edward Abbey's "The Brave Cowboy." Two completely ignored, startlingly efficient books." (1818 Hearst Avenue, Berkeley 3, California)

RICK SNEARY contributed: Regarding the probability that there is more money in fandom now than 10 or 15 years ago, I would agree. But as with national wealth, it is not evenly spread out among fankind. Recently LASFS popped another \$130 into the Willis Fund, via an auction, but most of this was put up by only six members. The 30 or so other members either lacked interest or money, to fight them. The current teenager does seem to come by a buck a lot easier than in our day, but still not without some thought. The point I'm making is that while fandom as a group has more money to do Big Things with, not all fans do. And it should be remembered by anyone who has thoughts of soaking all fandom for something -- such as a raise in Convention dues. (I'm not arguing this to y u, just passing along a thought.) :: It is good to see "File 13" again, but I wonder how long you will have it. Interesting as this one is, he is talking about the past: something that he was lamenting about Willis's column in SCOTTISHE, rather than doing something new. Added to his views in FAPA and letters in zines, it sounds like Boggs was getting braced to go gafia. One can hope it will not

be so. :: Willis, as he and Warner frequently do, made me feel sick. I have never claimed to be much of a writer (though I am able to say I have more words published in professional magazines than Mr. Willis), and frequently admitted my inabilities in spelling were only equaled by my lack of understanding of the laws of English. But still, I have gone right ahead putting words down on paper, in my own way, for a long time. Now Willis comes forth and reveals how writing should be done. I feel something like a person who has played music by ear all his life, and is suddenly introduced to formal musical compositions. :: I might add to Speer's comments on authors who violate the conventions a Kuttner story, "The Fairy Chessmen"; in which the sub-hero is merely talking on the phone, and suddenly is willed out of existence by a nut with God-like powers. As it was totally unexpected, it came as quite a jolt.

ED WOOD doubts: very much if fans are becoming millionaires because all you have to do is look at the attendance at the World Conventions. Let me ask you how much do you spend for science fiction magazines and books compared say to 1952? Fellow, look around, there's not too much to buy. Also consider that we are all older, the fellows who used to spend tuition for college are now out earning noney. Even the factory worker has had an upturn in income over the years. :: Before you single out a very few who own planes, take airplane trips at the drop of a hat, so to speak, produce free fan magazines, I suggest you take a look at the number of free meals, certain conferences and conventions have to provide for the less fortunate. I think you will find the money distributed among fandom as among the general population. A very few could buy out the others, lock, stock and barrel. :: By the bye, I sell my old fan magazines. If other fans give theirs away, that's their privilege and their loss. There is a lot of scholarly information locked away in certain of the old fan magazines. :: Speaking of fanzines brings me to "File 13" and the sanguine Mr. Boggs. "...never before have there been so many eager and talented fans and so many top-quality and engrossing fanzines." Horse manure and tons of it. Where today do we have a RHODO-MAGNETIC DIGEST, a FANTASY ADVERTISER, what compares to FANTASY COMMENTATOR, THE ACOLYTE, not to mention FANTASY MAGAZINE or FANTASY REVIEW? Or what about a DESTINY, FANSCIENT, or even SKYHOOK. You're not going to tell me that NEW FRONTIERS and a few others can overbalance those titles. Recently I have found more discussions about science fiction in the Australian fan magazines than in either the English or American ones. We think we're too sophisticated to talk about science fiction. A dangerous doctrine left over from the Hoffman-Willis period of the early 50s. And what have our "eager and talented fans" done? They have produced wonderful fan magazines of lamentable emptiness. Yet one of the old-timers in Tasmania shows us all up by producing what we could and should have done ourselves. (160 2nd St., Idaho Falls, Idaho)

ART CASTILLO commented on: the opening of Madam Bradley's letter. :: The criticism is well taken. Mrs. Bradley tried to puncture in mid-air what she took to be a piece of unmitigated snobbism, but unfortunately it falls a little flat because she doesn't know what she's talking about. :: First of all, the topic under discussion was what happened to be our favorite piece of classical music, not what kind of music we would recommend for beginners. Secondly, the "1812 Overture" is not a "simply-appreciated lovely thing". It is an ill-conceived, ineptly constructed, gaudy piece of fol-de-rol, in a class with certain monstrosities which burgeoned in the Twenties and which relied on sound effects for their impact (such as Massolov's "iron Foundry"). I would not recommend it for children; I would not recommend it for my worst enemy. If children want to enjoy loud noises they can just as well go outside and listen to the traffic at rush hour, or go down to the fort and listen to the big guns. :: This is not to say that I am condemning Tsyehowsky in toto. The "Pathetique" does happen to be a masterpiece, if somewhat banal in the emotional department. I would recommend it to children; I would also recommend Ravel's "Bolero", Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony", and Bizet's "Children's March". But I would hardly regard Mozart as a child's composer -- the first 50 symphonies of Hadyn, perhaps, but not

Mozart. People too often confuse Mozart's superficial gloss with a kind of charming, simple-minded, naivete which simply isn't there. Not even Bach was capable of writing six-voice invertible counterpoint. :: Mrs. Bradley doesn't seem to realize that the fact that people in this country shy away from "esoteric stuff" is a sad commentary on Anglo-Saxon culture and not on the nature of contemporary music. Music-lovers in Europe and South America and Japan not only flock to hear the latest in avante-garde composition, they demand it, just as the citizens of Mozart's and Beethoven's day demanded the latest in musical creation and not what was stale or cliché. And please remember that Mozart and Beethoven sounded as strange to the ear of that day as Stockhausen and Blomdahl sound to ours today. (Precisely because of a certain element with Mrs. Bradley's attitude, Mozart was forced to retract his so-called "Dissonant" Quartet, whose practically atonal opening fugue put him a century ahead of his time). :: Oh, yes, lest Marion Bradley feel too badly about my putting her down in the music department, I should add that in the realm of sex and children her comments are usually without peer, and I agree with the rest of her letter 100%. :: I was somewhat amused

at Willis' statement that "Helgelian and dialectical materialists say that this process--thesis, antithesis and synthesis --is



the essential nature of all phenomena and there there's no doubt it is somehow pleasing to the human mind, even if it's really just a symbolism of sex". The carelessness of the attitude lies in the use of the adverb "just". To accurately paraphrase such a statement, one might say, with equally biased intent "Biologists and nuclear physicists say that this process -- sunlight, photosynthesis, and nutrition -- is the essential nature of all ecology and there's no doubt that it is somehow beneficial to the human body, even it's really just energy derived from the sun". :: Similarly, Donaho's comment concerning the relationship of sexual repression to war and patriarchal societies wavers from a mild distaste, perhaps, at the inclusiveness of the idea. Most people resent being told that whole aspects of human nature are "only" manifestations of sex, which is as absurd as to resent the fact that a printing press is powered by electricity. Of course Donaho and his "authorities" are mistaken in assuming that what is repressed is solely sexual energy. What is involved is the basic metabolic energy of the body, of which sexual intercourse happens to be one major outlet. Laughing, crying, labor, athletics, mystical inspiration, creative abstraction, happen to be others. In all these outlets there is, or should be, an admixture of "erotic" pleasure however, and to the extent that there is not, mankind becomes "repressed", often for reasons of a whole complex of traumatic experiences which become legitimized into "cultural" traditions. :: Now, unquestionably, there are certain basic aggressive instincts that run through the entire animal complex, man included. But from a strictly economic point of view, the drives to satisfy hunger and sex should vanish or be ameliorated once there is an adequate supply of food and the opposite sex. The fact that in an overwhelming number of instances they do not, and that men will fight over the most preposterous reasons -- symbols, flags, honor, pride, or out of sheer boredom -- pretty conclusively demonstrates the psychological vacuity of the Darwinists and economic determinists. :: It should not be overlooked that there may well be another basic instinct which is in conflict with the narrow schizophrenia of pride and patriotism, a basic intuition of the biological solidarity of the species. Certainly those ideologies whose doctrines and iconographies have most cunningly appealed to this urge have been the most historically successful. In the Nazi concentration camps, those individuals with the highest rate of survival were those whose private faith in "brotherhood" was able to override in a crisis dog-eat-dog disintegration, Catholics, Marxists, or old style aristocrats with an overweening sense of noblesse oblige. The weak middle-class, lacking any inner security beyond a vague concern with money and

prestige, was the first to crack up. These are statistical facts. :: It is a truism that a superior force can always overcome a weaker, but in the last analysis, history indisputably shows that 95% of mankind has never been prone to seek a fight where one could be avoided. Organized warfare has usually been at the instigation of a psychotic minority whom the masses, lacking sufficient sophistication, are unable to resist. And it is also true that in an automatically restrictive environment, hemmed in on every side by planning, technology, and abstraction, riots, crime waves, and juvenile delinquency are a dime a dozen, creating a situation which the first paranoid to come along can always take advantage of. How else can we explain the fact that the most over-educated, over industrialized, over-systematized, over-moralistic nation in the world (Germany) reverted within the short space of 10 years into the most sadistic, nihilistic, destructive society ever to exist on the face of this planet? :: I think that most men would rather steal than work or fight and would rather hunt than steal. Man was a hunter for 600,000 years before he was a peasant or an urbanite, and any social system which does not guarantee the excitement and stimulation of stalking and pursuing a definable goal must face the consequences. It is quite foolish to draw a line and group "competition" on one side and "co-operation" on the other since, as dialectic is a reflection of the living process itself, any co-operative enterprise will contain elements of competition. What has to be watched and avoided are social conditions (particularly relevant to Twentieth-century society) in which a complete schizophrenic cleavage occurs and both competition and co-operation become carried to their logical conclusion, i.e., "competition" becomes lethal, and "co-operation" becomes regimentative. :: It is probably true that, as men such as Otto Rank and Lewis Mumford have pointed out, the agricultural phase of human existence was essentially a female invention, developed and labored over by women, whereas the great cities of the Mesopotamian plains that pitted god against god were purely masculine inventions, softened somewhat by the persistence of the female phenomenon of Culture. ("Culture" comes from the Latin "cultere" meaning "to cultivate". This is also the derivation of the word "cult", referring to the fact that all culture was religious in origin, preoccupied with the processes of life and death). Women can certainly compete on any physical or mental level with men but it is nevertheless true that woman's whole body is designed for containing, simple carrying, coddling, nutrition, and regardless of one's personal ambitions, this can hardly fail to color her whole psychology in a way that it would not color a man's. Woman would naturally always be more preoccupied with security than a man. It is not that woman's "place is in the home", but that, as an architectural friend of mine always used to say, "Wherever woman is, there is Home". Or as Mark Twain put it in "Adam's Diary", wherever Eve was there was Paradise. Or as Alan Watts expresses it in "Nature, Man and Woman", the human male, detached from reality, restless, repressed, befuddled, and caught in the paradoxes of his own abstractions, finds in woman the only real gateway back to nature, and insofar as Woman casts away this essential function, she sacrifices her birthright. (604 Kearney St., Manhattan, Kansas)

JAMES BLISH: "Cruel and slashing attacks" on Ike and Nixon must have been pretty rare anywhere in the U.S., since they were highly uncommon even in New York, Washington and St. Louis where there are more or less liberal newspapers. Nixon I will leave to you, Dick, where he seems to be in good hands, but I wouldn't want Betty Kujawa to languish in Indiana without awareness of Wm. Shannon's consistent attitude toward Ike as president -- that he was an obfuscator, an ignoramus and a moral coward. This seems to me to sum up the case very accurately. There was a time when I took the rather Birchesque view that the old boy was also a conscious charlatan, but by the end of 1953 I was forced to concede that it was unreasonable to accuse him of consciousness. But I think you slightly evaded the issue put to you by Miss Kujawa. Granted that Nixon has no consistent position on the Cuban issue, or on anything else for that matter; but I think she is right in implying that the Cuban invasion attempt was a horrible fiasco and hurt us badly, and that Kennedy -- as he has himself stated -- has to be held wholly responsible. It is true that Nixon is a jerk, but he wasn't president of

the United States at the time; JFK was, and he botched the job completely. He has a tendency (as I seem to remember Nixon observing during the debates) to shoot from the hip and think afterwards, when it's too late -- a characteristic which makes my knees knock when I look forward to October.

RB: Of course I didn't meet Mrs. Kujawa's issue at all. The quotes were partly an attempt to incite her to riot. It didn't work but it was interesting to note that she was equally unmoved by her candidate's demonstration of the art of hypocrisy. Nixon said somewhere that the debates were a wonderful thing because they would acquaint the American people with the thinking of the two candidates and allow them to make an intelligent choice -- he must have had a private wink for Betty at that moment. :: Betty must be parched for criticism of the Cuba mistake. Even most of the Republicans seem to be so stunned at the gargantuan proportions of the blunder that they've lost their tongues. As far as I'm concerned the subject is in that category of topics on which the consensus is so unanimous as to preclude discussion.

BOB PARKINSON reports: Eric Bentcliffe can cease to be worried about ^{how} the military intelligence consider fandom. I work within a security area and nobody blinks an eye about me being a faaan or having wide international contacts. I'm going to try walking into the office with a copy of PRAVDA one of these days! (52, Mead Road, Cheltenham, Glos., England)

FRANK WILIMCZYK returns with comments on issue #11: I especially reacted to the first section of John Berry's column. What touched me off was his wondering "what psychological motive there is in an educated man...taking it upon himself to personally attack the US Navy in a canoe?" (as an aside, to call this an "attack" seem a ridiculous overstatement -- Semantics, anyone?) :: I was immediately reminded of a guy I knew back in the late '40's, Jim Peck, whom I can visualize in the same situation. The last time I heard anything about him was when one of the Freedom Riders' busses was burned up, and passengers beaten. Jim was one of the riders hurt badly enough to be hospitalized. :: When I met Jim, I was working for a small news service, for which he wrote occasional articles, usually about situations in which he had been involved. At that time he was primarily concerned with the freeing of conscientious objectors who were still in prison (Jim had served time in federal prison as a CO, but was released when the war ended.) One of his zanier stunts made most of the New York papers, together with a large photo of Jim. A few weeks after he and a group of COs had picketed the White House (dressed in rented convict's uniform), Jim joined a group touring the White House. Trailing behind the group, he suddenly pulled off his shirt, revealing the stencilled words "FREE THE COs", and handcuffed himself to a bannister at the head of a flight of stairs. It took the police a couple of hours to disengage him, plenty of time for photographers to take pictures, and for reporters to get Peck's story. At the time, I guess I took Berry's condescending attitude toward such antics, especially since when Jim showed up at the office he usually sported a set of lumps, bruises and bandages. Since then I've come to admire people like Peck, and even the anti-Polaris canoeists, though not necessarily agreeing with their causes. It takes plenty of guts, for instance, to attempt to sail a small boat into an atomic test area, as Peck and some friends did a few years ago, to dramatize the menace of radioactive fall-out. :: Now, getting back to Berry, aside from his stated question about psychological motivation, which is subject to a number of interpretations, there is an implied question: What gains this? It seems to me that the very fact that Berry devoted close to a full page to these incidents unwittingly answers the question. He assumes that American papers did not carry stories covering the demonstrations. Perhaps this is atypical, but the three dailies I read regularly (Times, Post, and World-Telegram) did carry the stories. On the other hand, if the canoeists had written neatly worded letters to the Edinburgh Times (if there is such), they wouldn't have been picked up by the wire services, much less the NYTimes. And whatever the reaction to

hokey stunts, there is at least some reaction, and as a result some dissemination of information. In these times of BIG stories, small groups of dissenters obviously find it impossible to reach any appreciable audience for their views, and difficult to impress themselves on the memories of the small few they do reach. :: After my first humorous reaction to the newspaper stories, I was taken with the frightening analogy to The Way Things Are. The irony of a canoe, practically the most primitive watercraft, confronting (not "attacking") the most modern and possibly most deadly watercraft, is not easily outdone, even though by modern standards such a confrontation is actually an understatement. And should certainly be identifiable to anyone sane enough to have an annihilation complex. Or should I say phobia? :: Personally, I find individual protest engages my sympathy for more readily than a mass demonstration (or even a dozen people), and I think that's a fairly widespread feeling, as witness the fact that the mobs demonstrating anti-and anti-anti missile bases attracted an inversely proportional amount of attention in the press -- and in Berry's column. Which is another ironic touch, since it's mobs (and I consider any group of people pretty much a mob) that are now rendered ultimately impotent in an atomic set-to. Whereas the individual is hardly a target for the Ultimate Weapon.

FRANK WILIMCZYK comments on issue #12: I might indicate that I think Warhoon, is editorially, the most neatly done of the many fanzines I've been receiving -- there's a rare integration between editorial matter and columns; partially, I suspect, because there are echoes of comments made in submitted material, but mostly because there is a rapport among the people involved, making it seem like a group effort. And I certainly disagree with Bill Donaho's complaint about blue paper and lack of tricky layout -- I find Wrhn extremely comfortable reading visually. :: The John Birch article was admirable in its organization -- from this and your other writings in #11 and #12, I envision a roomful of file cabinets with a computer-controlled cross indexing system. I image you remember the anecdote which appeared in the Post's series on the Birch Society. A woman reported on a Henry George School meeting she'd been to, and concluded "They're all Communists". When one of the other attendees pointed out that the Single Tax is based on the private ownership of property, and therefore could not be communistic, her answer was "They're all Communists!" Say, is David Lawrence a member of the John Birch Society? /He's too left-wing.--RB/ :: Redd's and Willis' columns are almost too subjective to invite much comment, other than sympathetic reminiscences.



Redd's reference to SCIENTIFICOMICS interested me, since it was the first fanzine I sent away for, too. I received the second issue, and, since I was a 13-year-old kid still wearing corduroy knickers, was enchanted by it. I had hektoed our Home Room paper in JHS, and so was impressed by the amount of time that must have been spent on its preparation. Of course, the drawing was pretty crude, and the story possibly cruder, but somehow it didn't deter me from exploring further into the realms of fandom. I think Redd was lucky not to have gotten involved in fan publishing in those days, since unlike a number of the rest of us, he can look back on this period of fandom without feeling sheepish about teenage gaucheries. Of course, having been involved myself, I can't escape being a bit nostalgic about the early '40's, and cannot help feeling that fanzines then were better looking than they seem to be now. :: Marion Zimmer Bradley's letter probably drew quite a bit of comment -- I'm tempted to write a couple of pages on it, but I've made it one of my cardinal rules not to discuss child-rearing with parents -- especially mothers. For one thing, as a non-parent, I'm vulnerable to the oldest

cliché of all" "What do you know about it?" and, most important, I've found that mothers are dangerous critters, who should not be disagreed with. But I'd like to throw in a couple of brief observations on this adult-child thing. I was a kid once, a snotty-nosed character waiting for the day when those corduroy knickers would be a thing of the past -- and for the first five years of my life I could only communicate

with adults: we lived on a farm, and I hadn't learned to speak English, and other second-generation kids hadn't bothered to learn Polish -- even so, I preferred the company of other kids. I guess I was a dope. :: Why shouldn't a kid be equally comfortable in both worlds -- it certainly isn't impossible. And what happens to a 13-year-old child-adult who wants to get a date with a 12-year-old girl? I mean, does he say, "How about that performance of Bach's Chaconne by Szigetti -- wasn't that the most?" Wanna bet? :: I was going to quit here, but I find some notes here which resulted from Berry's mention of Rackmaninov. I'd never seen the name spelled this way before, and decided that this was probably the standard British transliteration. By coincidence, I had at hand a copy of Dutton's "Everyman's Concise Encyclopedia of Russia", a British publication, so I decided to check this. They spell it Rakhmaninov, in spite of the fact that at the end of the biographical note they list three references, all of which use what I think of as the standard American spelling: Rachmaninov. The Encyclopedia Britannica says Rachmaninoff, and I guess there are as many spellings as there are of Chikovsky (!). :: A couple of years ago I ran across two articles, one in SCIENCE, the other in the MODERN LANGUAGE JOURNAL, I believe, both of them scoring the fact that scholars increasingly ignore what used to be standard transliterations and invent their own (they've got to display their first-hand knowledge of the language involved), adding to an already complicated situation. This is particularly true of Chinese, where everyone spells names according to his own foibles, and of course makes indexing practically worthless. The article in SCIENCE complained about the handling of Russian names and terms on the same grounds. Parenthetically, in the technical field, there is the parallel problem of translating arbitrary terminology. Recently a technical writer, who translates from a number of languages, told me his group had to decide how to translate the Russian word "gostok" -- which means glob or blob. They decided to use glob -- which was wrong, because American technical literature requires "blob" -- so, blub! Anyway, since obviously anyone who knows the Russian alphabet is entitled to do his won transliterating, I've decided to use my own spelling: Rukmon-enough! It's certainly as accurate as any other, providing you roll the "r".

(447 10th Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.)

EARL NOE: Many thanks for the copy of Wrhn. Here is a fmz to which I am capable of becoming devoted purely on the strength of externals: the neat layout, professional repro, those illoes, and the fact that here is a fanpublication that isn't afraid to consist mostly of prose. :: As far as the material is concerned, I will frankly state that it was out of my line; I would have much preferred that it talked about science fiction. And not only am I not interested in politics and politicians, but I am (as you might surmise) completely at sea and filled with a cynicism that can only be fed by the asininity of the perennial circus that is public life in Texas, where such areas are concerned. However, after leafing through number 12 for a while, I decided to substitute it for the slated fare for the evening hour or two during which I customarily read science fiction. I must admit, I thoroughly enjoyed the magazine. For some reason, I haven't been overly successful in plowing through those giant HABAKKUKS, but I found the material in Wrhn surprisingly easy to read. The political article was skillfully enough done to be interesting on its own merits and without presupposing that one is a constant follower of such topics. While I don't plan to rush out and embrace the life of Political Science major, I emerged from the article with the pleasant feeling that I had learned a great deal more than I heretofore knew about that noxious phenomion of our times, The John Birch Society, and that I had been entertained in the process, too. :: /Most of Earl's letter retroactively considered the "Starship Troopers" controversy and I tried to feed his interest by supplying him copies of the remarks of Eney, Breen, Busby, etc on the subject, but I thought the following paragraph might still be timely -- appearing as it does in this issue with some related thoughts by Robert Lowndes:--RB/ The warring Heinlein predicts with these aliens denotes that he hates the "different" races is a shaky conclusion. The truth is, the insect or hive-type entity Heinlein used is one that

achieves almost perfect co-operation (and thereby, I suppose you could say an almost perfect degree of "civilization"). But it is also an entity that would feel none of the human qualms about snuffing out mankind either singly or in toto, or about injury or loss of its own individual members. The truth of it is, any aliens we encounter are apt to be just that -- completely alien to the realm of human experience. I recall how obvious this concept seemed when I first read "Out of The Deeps" after a long spate of juvenile space opera where the ET's were always either good guys or bad guys, but never simply alien guys. No, I believe in my heart that I can forgive my brother his "different" color, his "different" customs, and his "different" creeds, but in all honesty I think that I would hate and fear anything that was totally and incomprehensibly different (especially if it happened to act so as to be effectively hostile), from all human experience and motives. I don't know, perhaps this is intolerant of me. But I still say the analogy is faulty: Equating Heinlein's warring with the aliens with intolerance is fatuous. Conflict with aliens is apt (and is, in the particular case Heinlein used) to be about as pertinent to intolerance as a man killing the ants in his garden. Nobody defends the morality of killing ants, it's supposed to be self-evident (In the strictist sense, I don't know if it's morally defensible or not; I certainly don't intend to go into it). But would fighting them if they were a bit larger and mechanically clever, but just as impersonally inimically motivated as the garden variety be immoral? (3304 E. Bellknapp, Fort Worth 11, Texas)

RB: An un-nerving thought. Would we make war on cows if we found them piloting a fleet of inter-stellar space-craft?

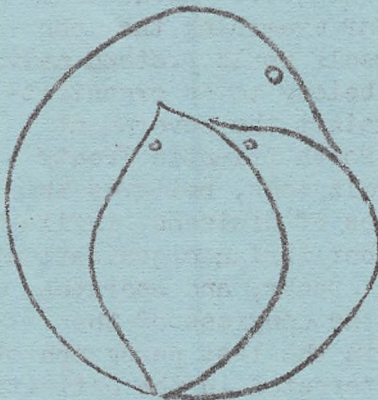
GM CARR was shocked: at the intensity of the attacks on Robert Welch and the John Birch Society. It is out of all proportion to the cause. Welch and the JBS are receiving the full anti-McCarthy treatment with all stops out. With McCarthy, such treatment was understandable because McCarthy was actually provoking rebuttal by his attacks and exposures. But in Welch's case there is no such provocation. He is being badgered for expressing an opinion which, though probably a foolish exaggeration, he was nevertheless entitled to hold. Many people who never heard of Robert Welch were bitterly disappointed with Ike's 'softness' toward the Communist menace. I dare say there were many citizens besides Welch who must have felt that Ike's failure to stem the threat to this hemisphere could be due only to stupidity or deliberate intent -- and a stupid man does not very often become President. Welch put into words -- imprudently, without a doubt, -- an opinion he personally derived from his interpretation of the former President's actions ..an opinion not intended for publication and certainly not intended as a public accusation. Good Lord, haven't fans often enough written letters with imprudent judgments which were later published to their subsequent embarrassment? Why should I now attack Robert Welch so fiercely for the same thing? :: There is even less provocation from the JBS to account for such bitter attack. This poor group has done nothing at all except merely begin to exist. The only thing it could possibly claim is that it serves as a focal point around which the Conservative elements of the political picture could rally. As far as I can make out, it's been about as effective politically as the N3F. But the mere fact of its existence at all has stirred up such a storm of vilification as to be shocking. For heaven's sake, WHY? And, even more puzzling, why do you lend yourself to this incredible assault, Richard? :: The violence of the opposition to this Conservative movement is unbelievable. Are the 'liberals' so frightened of any organized opposition to their political ideologies that they must attempt to smother this Conservative movement in its cradle? And why such incredible bigotry and hatred* toward a group whose only aim is to protect the political ideals they hold? Even McCarthy at the peak of his effectiveness never unleashed such a sudden hysteria as this. It is understandable that the liberals should be unhappy to see the Right-wing voters moving toward an organized bloc --

* /Now who's getting violent, hmn?--RB/

especially after all these years of conservative disunity, milling around confusedly as the minority group in both parties. But surely such a vehemence of outcry stems from some deeper emotion than political expediency. It sounds like the hatred of fear -- a hatred out of all proportion to the cause. I, personally, am astonished at the emotional resistance stirred up and especially at the extent to which fandom should have so suddenly become permeated with this anti-JBSism. Why should fans be afraid of it? Like, what threat are either Robert Welch's opinions or the John Birch Society to YOU, Richard? (Seattle, Washington)

RB: At first I thought it might be an interesting conceit to interpolate my comments on this letter into the body of the letter itself, breaking up paragraphs and, in some cases, even sentences with contentuous interjections. But I decided that the ploy wouldn't be worth the distruction of the letter's flavor, that it's an essentially rude technique to interrupt a letter writer before he's completed his remarks, and that not even a "ring-a-ding tiger with stainless steel claws" deserved such treatment. :: If an example of the method of reviewing the critic rather than the criticism were needed, this letter would be it. Inasmuch as you once wrote, GM, that when fans "say things that other fans disapprove of, the latter have every right in the world to say so...in fact, sometimes they have a moral duty to say so -- otherwise, they condone by their silence the very acts they should have protested", can we assume that you agree with my points (1) that under Welch's principle of reversal it can be demonstrated that the Communists support the HUAC? (2) that Welch himself has, in effect, taken the Fifth Amendment by refusing to give evidence against himself?, and (3) that the John Birch Society suffers through guilt by association with Mr Welch? If we were to credit your earlier statement, and I have no reason to think that you didn't mean what you said, then you've condoned by your silence the above positions. Thanks for the support. :: The supposition that a movement must necessarily be a threat to me personally before I'll become inspired to give it my attention is a novel one. I assure you that many things having nothing to do with me personally, among them science-fiction, the art of the ancient Egyptians, and other dead forms of expression, have and will continue to arouse my interest. Aside from fannish mental horizons, there are other creditable reasons for examining the John Birch Society and I'm amused that a suspicious soul like yourself would pretend naivete about them. Two members of the Congress of the United States belong to an organization which is attempting to sow seeds of doubt and suspicion against the Government and its leaders, opposes foreign aid, the United Nations, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, collective bargaining and the social gospel of religions, believes in the organization of "fronts", disruption of peaceable assemblies of citizens, infiltration into legitimate organizations, and is a monolithic authoritarian organization with policy dictated from above and no dissent permitted in its ranks, and operates a massive lobbying drive aimed at implimenting those dicta at the Congress of the United States. All of this is quite proper, as I indicated in the last paragraph of my article last issue, and I assure you that I'd be just as interested in the activities of this group and these Representatives if they were of the Communist party rather than the John Birch Society. If a simple interest in my country is too dizzyingly abstract a notion to motivate attention for the JBS, perhaps, as one who has been called a liberal, I can offer another. Robert Welch, in the July 1961 bulletin of the John Birch Society, asked for lists of names to help build up "the most complete and most accurate files in America on the leading Comsymps, Socialists, and liberals." Mr Welch thinks, "these are files that we are going to need before we can ever give the whole truth -- or enough of it to save our country -- to the American people." :: Basically your letter is irrelevant as a comment on my article. I might have given it an equally irrelevant answer thus: What threat is an attack on the John Birch Society to YOU, Gem? Does the John Birch Society support the long list given above because the Communist party also does? And where did you learn the technique of reviewing the critic instead of the criticism? In the Blue Book of the John Birch

Society where it's outlined? As one can see such investigation will advance discussion of the John Birch Society very little, and will rather lead to a state of confusion, suspicion and name calling; if, indeed, it doesn't start there. :: As for your letter: anyone is entitled to any opinion they care to hold about anyone, as far as I'm concerned. I made that clear last issue, also. But how can you compare embarrassing quotations of "imprudent judgments" from fan's letters with Welch's "The Politician"? A fan's letter usually goes to one person -- "The Politician" was reaching enough people to require that it be printed and bound in hard covers to facilitate its handling. Surely Wrhn or Gemzine go to many fewer people than "The Politician" did, but I haven't seen you refer to either of these publications as "letters". You say the "The Politician" contained "imprudent judgments", but Welch seemed to think, at one time, that his judgments were well enough considered. In August 1960, he wrote in one of the monthly bulletins of the Society that "The Politician" was printed when he "had decided not to make any more additions or revisions." But the point is moot, for I don't attack Welch for his expression of opinion -- and you fail to document your charge that "fandom" has -- I'm just amused that he refuses to admit his statement after piously promising that no member of the Society would plead the Fifth Amendment (except possibly General Walker, it seems). :: The Society serves as a focal point around which "the Conservative elements" rally? Pardon me, but it's Barry Goldwater who thinks Welch should resign as head of the group -- I can't think of a single liberal who's called for that particular move which is in itself interestingly suspicious when you stop to think of it; it was the arch-Conservative Los Angeles Times that called it a "peril to conservatives", and that warned that "Subversion, whether of the left or the right, is still subversion"; and George Sokolsky ridiculed the idea of impeaching Chief Justice Warren and referred to Welch's attack on Eisenhower thus: "obviously the former President is not a Communist; he is a golfer." The conservative, or should that read "radical"? support for the JBS is fairly widespread, but the attack on it has been more bi-partisan and even more bi-ideological than your letter indicates.



MOTHER

JOHN BRUNNER sent something I should include, since this issue doesn't have any controversy: For heaven's sake tell John Berry about Gagarin's spacesuit, will you? By an odd coincidence the words for "red" and "beautiful" in Russian are the same -- hence Red Square -- and the suit was probably both blue and, to a much impressed farm-worker beautiful. Not red. But an easy mistake to make in a hurry when translating out of context. :: From this side of the water it looks certain that your Mr Kennedy dare not stop short of nuclear war now; he's done so much damage to American prestige in a few short months that unless he orders war he'll probably be lynched by an indignant populace once the returns are in. Until yesterday I must confess I was at a loss to know why he was condemning us to death, but we

went to see the Soviet Exhibition which is on here at the moment and it all came clear. He's scared of the States being reduced to the status of a second-class power unless Russia is wiped out. (38 Sarre Road, London NW2, England)

TOM DILLEY: Indeed, it appears that "Harp" is not first draught, but must in reality be more meticulously constructed than nearly anything else of its sort. The nearly interminable stages that Mr Willis' works seem to pass through before they are loosed upon the world form a most impressive chain of production, and I am amazed that the process does not take so long as to thoroughly age the end product before it is at last uncorked. I believe that were I to try to exercise as much care in writing as did Mr. Willis when describing his 1928 radio; production on the article and the radio would have to begin at the same time in order to finish the former by this year. ::



Some points in the article touched lightly the keys of familiarity in my memory. For example, in the few attempts I have made at turning out something from the pen, I have experienced the "inspirations" which seem to pop up only while preparing what one hopes is the final form. One point which puzzles me, however, is that Mr. Willis would appear to compose on the typewriter -- indeed he asserts that the mechanical operation of typing assists his composition. This strikes me as nothing short of amazing, for I have never had any success in producing anything on the machine; every composition to which I attach any importance must be first written out and revised thoroughly in longhand, and finally typed. (Of course, there is nothing to uphold the proposition that I have ever had any success with this method either. :: Mr Berry: My actual guess is that the Captain of the Household Guard required the use of a telephone, perchance

due to a failure in transportation, but it sounds far more interesting to ask if perhaps you had been too liberal with the mails. :: Concerning the matter of the blue paper I am somewhat in agreement with those disputing its use. The only reason I have for this is that I generally get around to reading fanzines at some time or other when I'm next to going to sleep, and when I'm next to going to sleep my eyes feel as if, given the chance, they would fall clear out of the sockets, were it not for all the friction of that gritty sand holding them in. At such times, I find the black print on blue paper painful in the extreme to stare up at (I'm flat on my back by then.). Of course, reading *Wrhn* at that point of the day necessitates my writing these letters by the process of somnscriptulance (or maybe it's somnscriptance) -- in my sleep anyhow. (Box 3042, University Station, Gainesville, Florida)

BETTY KUJAWA sent a bracing letter: Speaking of sharks and the dangers thereof -- check with any Florida friends and see just how many of them ever swim in the ocean or Gulf -- none of mine do, I can tell you -- and they think the best of us mad for even thinking of such a thing. I've seen enough of them myself when on the beach -- oh well, I liketh not salt water anyway...ruins me hair do. :: Jesus, radar certainly IS traceable! Ask me -- I know -- gotta ex-Radarman swabbie husband -- checked with him and he said "damn right you can trace it!" He added maybe there have been croggling improvements since WW2 -- but he doubted if there were that many improvements on radar. Anytime you wanna know bout radar, carrier (air craft, not typhoid), the north or south Atlantic -- or where houses in South America -- ask me. (uh Gene was stationed in the w.h.s as a shore patrol temporary guy when in port -- at east that's HIS story. :: Yep, we fen are getting more and more affluent, ain't we, now? Must be galling to some of the socialistic liberal -- or the likes of Eunice Reardon in HAB-AKKUK who seem to go for things like the abolition of inheritance and all -- you had me in fits of giggles with those references to us and our plane and all -- you clown, you... A joker is what YOU are..."Though I believe Betty K. tends to lean toward the Republican Party" -- Christ whatta understatement! :: Peering into MY portfolio and smiling happily, I hope you, too, have some like -- Bethlehem Steel, E stman Kodak, General Motors, R.J. Reynolds, G.E. Reynolds Metals...and on down the pike??? These are mine not Gene's, thanks to that terrible custom of 'inheriting' -- so need I add Eunice did NOT ring any bells of joy in MY hear with her schemes? :: The really really gilt edge stuff is what I fortunately inherited and the main stuff is not listed and pays like sheer heaven every quarterly and every years end.

At this time I'm too tired to say anything wittier than: Also heard from were: ART HAYES, ROY TACKETT, HILL DONAHO, BOB COULSON, JERRY PAGE, who threatens to have me analyzed, JERRY DeMUTH, BERNARD DEITCHMAN, KEN BEALE, MARTIN HELGESEN, PHIL HARRELL, NORM CLARKE, SETH JOHNSON, BRUCE HENSTELL, THEODORE COGSWELL, ALMA HILL, Thanks to everyone who wrote, I wish there were room to quote you all.

DISSONANT DISCOURSE

Comments on the 56th SAPS mailing:

SPY RAY -- Richard Eney: The reappearance of "File 13", the Harp and other strange happenings had me so brainwashed with the idea that fandom is under-going a cyclic revolution that the appearance of a packet or seeds in mailing 55 was taken in stride without comment. But the repassing of "Surrebuttall" must be noted with a nod to Dick for completing the last detail of the ploy. :: After checking your list of qualifications, it seems that I'll last a total of 3 minutes and 37 seconds in the post atomic-war world. :: If I've missed the relevant paragraphs, I apologize, but it's strange that these discussions of survival characteristics haven't made mention of Heinlein's writings on the subject though the interest stems from the debate surrounding "Starship Troopers". It's odd that though, as Gregg Calkins pointed out in Wrhn #9, Heinlein wrote in "Farmer in the Sky" in 1953, "Survivors survive. I guess that is the only way to tell the survivor type for certain.", there is a more positive listing of survival characteristics appearing as early as 1942 in the Heinlein canon. In "Beyond This Horizon" we're told that the characteristics are: "This inventiveness of yours, which you disparage, is a very strong survival factor... It can be of crucial importance to your descendants. It can mean the difference between life and death." "...but I did not say that combativeness was the only survival characteristic. If it were, the Pekingese dog would rule the earth. The fighting instinct should be dominated by cool self-interest." "Man is an unspecialized animal. His body, except for its enormous brain case, is primitive. He can't dig; he can't run very fast; he can't fly. But he can eat anything and he can stay alive where a goat would starve, a lizard would fry, a bird freeze. Instead of special adaptations he has general adaptability..." :: If I may momentarily don my disguise as confounder of the Patrick Henryites again while we're in this proximity, I'd like to know whether the liberty or death attitude includes the willingness to die while other people are engaging in the cataclysmic struggle to protect or win their freedoms. To drive the theory to its logical ridiculous test, I suggest a world in which the French and the Algerians both have the weapons used in "On The Beach". Now what is the attitude of the Patrick Henryites in this country while the Algerians decide to take liberty or Death? The answer to that proposition will demonstrate whether you read the statement as personal or general.

WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP -- Al Lewis: I don't agree that complete mailing comments are in any sense necessary. The guiding rule should be to comment only those matters about which you have something to say. If you feel you can't ignore anyone but haven't anything to record that you think the entire membership should be bothered with, you can always drop the editor in question a card saying whether you enjoyed the thing, opinions on the reproduction, etc. Some of the best mailing comment sections covered only the magazines that inspired comment: notably those of Don Wilson, Laney and McCain.

MEST -- Ted Johnstone: Brief but enjoyed. POT POURRI -- John Berry: Impressive.

WATLING STREET -- Bob Lichtman: A return to top form. :: At least one other fine SAPS member of the past, Ev Winne, used the editorial 'we'. That was in the days of BOFFIN, HURKLE, and GEM TONES -- my favorite SAPS period. I don't know whether Art Buchwald demonstrates the inherent possibilities of humor in the use of the editorial 'we' or whether he demonstrates the inherent possibilities of humor in anything handled by Art Buchwald. :: The answer to getting out of the "day-to-day work rut" is to find work that provides large amounts of the refreshment of a hobby and the means of earning a living. There are such jobs but many of them mean enforced bachelorhood -- like collecting sea fans from the ocean floor. :: Oddly enough, I find it easier to write five pages about a subject than to write a single succinct paragraph on the same topic in these mailing comments. When I make up my mind that

space is no object the full ramifications and associations of a subject flood in on me and the article begins to write itself in logical progression. A second draft eliminates the redundancies and excesses (it says here) and tightens it up still further. :: I imagine there must have been a couple dozen people who recognized the name Burton Crane in the Edkins piece. Did you notice the article by "Burton Crane" on "Good Buys For Bad Times" in the August 1961 ESQUIRE? The publisher's pages note that the article is by the author of the book "The Sophisticated Investor." Is this our Burton Crane? If so, it's refreshing to read something by a former fan in a professional magazine which hasn't first been trumpeted to death in the fan press. :: Other than a hasty attempt to join the stampede disassociating itself from the term "New Trend" there was no examination of such as such in "Fandom on the Half-Shell." There had already been more discussion of that than I'd care to see, but your observation that it's not "so very new at all" is well taken. The definitive remarks on the subject remain Ted White's in VOID 24 (no date) wherein he notes that serious discussion has been enjoyed unself-consciously for years in FAPA; "ever since the days of its earliest Brain Trust, which included Speer, Widner, Stanley and others." The others, I might note, included Warner, Ashley, and Elmer Perdue. FANCYCLOPEDIA II informs, "...all had a catholicity of interests and did not hesitate to question authorities in any field." :: Harry Warner offered the same compliment, but I can't agree that "Fandom on the Half-Shell" required great patience in the execution. As with most matters that interest me intensely, a mention of it sticks in my memory. The article was almost completely written in my head as far as research went before a word was put on paper. The only actual research required was looking up some comments by Terry in FANAC and tracking down the Boggs article in HYPHEN*. And given our interest in fandom, isn't research through things fannish the most interesting of all? Far from requiring patience it required some effort to cut down the browsing through irrelevant but fascinating material. The article wasn't really a single article on a single subject but was rather a sort of hash of several facets of fandom that have been of great interest to me since I discovered it; the proper attitude for worthwhile fanac and whether there was a guiding principle underlying the work of the most popular and admired fans, timebinding, the validity of considering the source of an opinion rather than the opinion, etc. Terry's series of articles in CRY gave me an excuse to wrap these thoughts around a loosely unifying theme.

A BRIEF INDEX -- Terry Carr: Wrhn #1 was dated January 1952 -- a full five months before the first Terry Carr publication. It doesn't seem possible.

FLABBERCASTING -- Burnett Toskey: I'm always willing to explain anything I've not made clear enough, but in the absence of any cited examples I can only take your inclusion of me with Willis for advancing arguments "in obscure and circuitous stylistic phraseology" as a compliment. :: Do you compose your fiction on stencil? If not, then how do you differentiate between the intent of fiction and mailing comments. If it's on the basis of entertainment vs. communication then isn't it all the more necessary for communication to be successful as entertainment in order to communicate?

THE NO HOLDS BARRED GUIDE -- Anderson: Dangerous. SAFARI -- Kemp: Enjoyed.

SPACEWARP -- Art Rapp: The Joe Kennedy reprint, "Every Man His Own DeMille" was interesting and should prove useful to Harry if he plans to do a section on fannish movie making in that book of his. The amazing simplicity of making people appear and disappear on film must be why it never occurred to me. I discovered the Mad Scientist effect the other day at work when the lunch I'd order was delivered with a chunk of dry ice to protect the sherbert. Amateur film makers should try dropping a piece of it into a chemical beaker of hot water -- amazing quantities of pure white fumes boiled

* Thank you, Richard Eney.

out for at least 15 minutes. The picture of idiocy was complete when I added a few drops of vivid green vegetable dye and pretended to sip the lethel looking brew. It would be the fannish thing to do at a convention business meeting to be calmly sitting there thoughtfully fingering a drink that looks as though it came straight from hell. Has this been done at a masquerade? :: If you ever decide on a more permanent type of book case, I'd be pleased to offer plans for as sturdy and presentable a one as I've ever seen. All you need is 4 brass pipes, a drill, some screws, as many boards as as you need shelves, and about \$20 for these items (borrow the drill).

IGNATZ -- Nancy Rapp: How can you claim that SHARE THE RAPP was dedicated to the capture of Roscoe by ignatz? The piece I contributed showed the very happy beaver I used on Wrhn #6 with a much cowed rat in his stomach!

CRUDE DETECTIVE STORIES -- Les Gerber: Les tells me that a good deal more material was prepared for this publication--including mailing comments and a Harry Warner column. I find it hard to believe that this was intended as its title. :: "Get Out of Town" was one of the best items in the bundle. Fully as good as Laney at his worst.

OUTSIDERS -- Wrai Ballard: I wasn't disputing the idea that some fanzines are so good they inhibit people from submitting material to them in asking Elinor to name some titles. I wanted to compare her selections with my own. I agree with her that A BAS and INNUENDO were such fanzines and I'd add SKYHOOK and HYPHEN among others. Actually my list is pretty long. I shouldn't make that confession: now when I build up my nerve and submit something to a fanzine the editor will think I must have a pretty low opinion of his magazine.

SPELEOBEM -- Bruce Pelz: The numerous disputations and interpretations brought forth by my question about the intent of the knight's upsetting the chess board in "The Seventh Seal" makes me think it might be a good idea for Lee Jacobs to collect these comments and publish AN AMATEUR PUBLICATION FOR INGMAR BERGMAN. Perhaps with all the comment in one place, we'd be able to determine whether or not we all saw the same movie. Whence comes the Donaho, and others', assessment that this is a great film if few people who saw it can agree on what they saw? Is this ambiguity or multi-level profundity? Is it incoherence or a many-sided message that keeps getting entangled in itself? :: There's a difference between comparing the idiocies of neofanhood to the more considered pronouncements of the same fan in the flower of fanhood and choosing between the varying opinions that were offered in the space of a year and making some rational attempt to find which is the valid opinion. I warned that I was commenting on positions not personalities, but the point was somewhat lost in the welter of vivid contrasts. Much the same thing happens when a brutal example is used to buttress a minor point in an argument: it would happen if I admitted that I was a murderer just to prove a point in an apa discussion. The topic would immediately change to how I could be apprehended and the discussion about altering procedures for admitting waiting listers would be forgotten. :: What's this about "Sic transit Edco again"? He has 60 copies of one of my air-brush covers.

TOLETAN -- Bruce Henstell: Welcome. SAPristi -- Andy Main: Likewise.

WAFTAGE -- Vic Ryan: The problem may be that many fans are "spreading themselves pretty thin, among club activity, publishing for three or more apas, circulating a genzine, writing letters of comment, and so on." Some fans, like Harry Warner and Terry Carr (though even Terry writes few letters of comment), can keep up a high pace of activity as well as a high level of quality, but such cases are rare. Certainly when fans must belong to every apa merely for the sake of belonging to every apa or have to comment on every fanzine for the sake of commenting on every fanzine the idea of fandom as an outlet for which to produce entertaining material has been subordinated. That's

quite alright, however. I don't think the choice is between quality or quantity; the choice is between what the fan wants to do and what his readers think would be best for themselves. I concur with Rich Brown: "Let us each fan in his own time and in his own way." As much was implied by my comment in "Fandom on the Half-Shell" that it can hardly be disputed that the primary purpose of fandom is self gratification." However, I did suggest that "if the fan's first interest is to be read with attention and enjoyment and thus garner egoboo, then his first law must be not to bore his readers" and mentioned some not necessarily infallible means to avoid spreading boredom. I imagine that there are more important things to fans than being read with attention and enjoyment. Self gratification takes many forms. :: If the varying interpretations of events in "The Seventh Seal" weren't enough to make me consider getting a new prescription for my glasses your answer to my request for an explanation of your statement that "Federal Aid to Education...necessitates direct payment to teachers... and would put them far too much under the Federal Hand" would do it. Our understanding of the Democratic Party's theories toward Federal Aid for Education were drawn from the same source: the first Nixon-Kennedy debate; and I also recall Kennedy's answer to "Nixon's contention that this type of educational aid would necessitate direct (a quote) payment to teachers." But where did you get the idea that "Kennedy didn't deny it but stated, in an offhand, sandy-haired way that this wasn't bad, that it was in the American character to do this without reprisal...in other words, so what"? I just happen to have the text of the first debate in my hip pocket. This is what Kennedy said: "I do not believe the Federal Government should pay directly teacher's salaries... The issue before the Senate was that the money would be given to the state. The state then could determine whether the money would be spent for school construction or teacher salaries... I don't want the Federal Government paying teacher's salaries directly. But if the money will go to the states and the states can then determine whether it shall go for school construction or for teacher's salaries, in my opinion you protect the local authority over the school board and the school committee." I don't mind healthy opposition to Democratic candidates and Democratic proposals but it should be based on something more than an assessment of an "offhand, sandy-haired way" of speaking.

SAP ROLLER -- Jack Harness: I find it difficult to fathom the thinking of a fan who cares so little whether his material is read that he reproduces it on colored paper only a few values removed from black alternated with vivid lighter hues that sear their way into the retina of the reader. Oh well, I suppose Jack gets his ego-boo from such complaints as this, but I wonder what Art Rapp thought when he found his fine story printed on paper that made it almost impossible to read?

SEVEN EYES OF NINGAUBLE -- Larry Anderson: Beautifully produced from cover to copy

RESIN -- Norm Metcalf: If we rule out the attitude that an intelligent man may effectively criticize an expert in the expert's own field, then Redd's comments on the U-2 could be of interest only as a curious personal reaction unless he is "an expert on internal and external security...the war plans of Russia...the CIA." In order to have any significance, criticism of the U-2 flights would have to take these factors into consideration; unless we can read it as the common sense of an intelligent man.

THRU' THE PORTHOLE -- Bob Smith: The theme music from "Exodus" was better than the movie itself. It was as turgid as any other Biblical epic I've seen. Oddly enough it's the movie "The Guns of Navarone" which captures the suspense, drama, and engrossing qualities of the book "Exodus".

YARST! -- Lee Jacobs: I'm currently engaged in protracted negotiations to get one of my columnists, whose initials are JB, to see "La Dolce Vita". The only American film of recent vintage that I'd care to recommend might be "The Sand Castle". Foreign

films that are to be missed only if you don't mind missing some of the great experiences of a short life are "The Bridge", "La Dolce Vita", and "Big Deal On Madonna Street".

THE ZED -- Karen Anderson: I think you'll find that even in FAPA such things as "starry tissue paper and gold medallions" may be admired (often silently) but are about as necessary to producing a good fanzine as technicolor is to producing a good movie -- in fact, as in the case of technicolor, they may merely divert attention from the message at hand. I admired the lovely ZED #795, but I can't say I'd have voted for it because it was a beautiful package.

FENDENIZEN -- Elinor Busby: I must confess that I rewrite only because I have to. Some people can write lucidly and entertainingly on stencil, but I have to revise at least that first draft to do half as well and often don't even succeed in that. It's misleading to cite the examples of Laney or Burbee in support of on stencil composition because few of us can compare with these fans in ability (though if I could do as well as you, I'd not bother drafting these mailing comments at least), but even though these fans could do very well on stencil you'll note that both urged rewriting. :: Anthony Trollope is probably correct that "with practise and self-discipline a man should be able to write what he means coherently the first time" but I'm not sure what he means by "practise and self-discipline". Re-writing is a form of practise and self-discipline which excercised over a long period may result in the ability to express oneself clearly the first time -- surely a minimum attainment. :: There are forms of rewriting and forms of rewriting, of course. Some people can organize their material brilliantly in their heads before putting it on paper and others find it easier to organize the material on paper -- both are forms of rewriting; the latter perhaps requiring less mental gymnastics than the former. Take the example of Daniel Webster: John F Kennedy writing in "Profiles in Courage", tells us: "He prepared his speeches with the utmost care, but seldom wrote them out in a prepared text. It has been said that he could think out a speech sentence by sentence, correct the sentences in his mind without the use of a pencil and then deliver it exactly as he thought it out." A fabulous ability, to be sure, but one I suggest most fans might profitably leave to the Laney's, the Burbees, and the Websters. :: I can see how Buz's rewriting might trip up the "rapid and careless reader" but tend to the opinion that anyone reading Busby rapidly and carelessly may deserve to be tripped up. The "rapid and careless reader" would probably miss parts of the unedited Busby as well. :: Sorry, I didn't mean to give the impression that you are hostile to fanhistory. That's like being hostile to eternity. :: Speaking of the obsequiousness of Jack Parr, did you see his show the night Richard Nixon appeared on it? :: The term "Tricky Dicky" is offensive to me and particularly ill-suited to political discussion as are all such catchphrases designed to evoke an emotional rather than rational response. :: I agree that an apology should free a person from being continually berated for his conduct but it cannot free the person from his own record -- which must be referred to for judgement of character, performance, and whether or not the record merits voting for the man. An apology from Kennedy will hardly eliminate the Cuba fiasco from our history books or from the 1964 Republican campaign. I think you're wrong in suggesting that I've been a "bit petty and narrow" in reminding everyone "over and over again" of this matter. The most caustic article I wrote about Nixon ("The Freedom of Opportunists" in Wrhn #6) made no mention of Mrs Douglas. She came into the discussion as part of some historical references for Bob Leman who for some reason is "continually astonished" at the anti-pathy the "left" has for Nixon and thereafter became part of a set of ping-pong mailing comments between myself and the Busbys. :: Yes, Nixon seemed to apologize for his behavior in that campaign, but the words "in that campaign" should be underlined. There are numerous instances of the same type of distortion throughout his career: The most recent victims seem to be those good people like yourselves who believed they knew what they were voting for. The man who lectured on the language of the President, because the President is a man whom children should look up too, was also the man who,

in the same forum before the American people, denounced Kennedy as "dangerously irresponsible" for advocating a course of action that was at that moment being implimented by President Eisenhower -- a plan suggested by Nixon himself -- the strengthening of the anti-castro forces. There must be a better example for the youth of the nation.

DIE STAAT, etc -- Dick Schultz: Boggs offered me a copy of "The Harp Stateside" for 35¢, but I already have a copy.

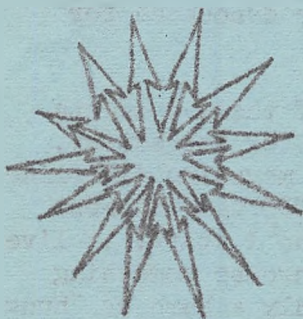
AEOLLADURA -- Don Durward: Criticism of unions is Creeping Serconism, you know. Unions are a private joke between management and labor.

SAP-TERRANEAN -- Walter Breen: And here we have the best mailing comments in the mailing. :: With Khrushcheve seemingly determined to play "chicken" it looks as though my decision to postpone that rampant discussion to the Chicon in '62 wasn't such a good idea. It may all be quite academic by that time. :: I don't recall ever having intended to quote your material on the voting patterns, because I thought it was all quite well known -- anyone who was aware of the bases of support that resulted in the Roosevelt victories or who has read any material on them must have been aware that Italian-Americans, Jews, Negroes, and Catholics tend to vote for the Democratic party. This was true up to 1952 when Catholics found themselves confronted with a choice that challenged their traditional loyalties to the Democratic party: a glamorous general or a divorced intellectual. When the same choice was presented in 1956 those loyalties were eroded to the dislodging point. Granted that Kennedy's triumph in pulling them back to the party was in significant part due to his own religious affiliation (but don't forget that Nixon, due to his strident anti-communism, was also a very attractive candidate to many Catholics). It's interesting to compare Kennedy's Catholic vote to Truman's -- rather than Stevenson's (who could hardly be regarded as a normal candidate, for them). I don't think his percentage (Kennedy's) is alarmingly larger than Truman's.

COLLECTOR -- Howard Devore: I hear that Shapiro may be doing a column for Rog Phillips' magazine. :: The graphic detailing of the projected ploy for the Pittcon between you and Ted White was superb (you should write like this more often). I'm sorry it wasn't carried out -- in spite of the one "cool individual in the room who might have calmly bashed one of you with a bottle". He could always be denounced for Creeping Serconism.

RETRO -- FMBusby: Less the seeming tendentious nature of some of these comments (most of them are disputatious) lead fans to think I don't like RETRO or its editor, let me add that the amount of enjoyment and inspiration I get from a magazine determines the length of these individual magazine comments. On that basis, RETRO was the most enjoyable and inspirational fanzine in the last mailing. :: Where do I start! :: I've always enjoyed Terry's "passes with his needle" since they always arouse something more than ennui, but I imagine that anyone capable of lodging so deadly a barb as "hung up in marvelling over the superb fidelity and rifling of his navel" isn't going to be bothered by a few pages in Wrhn. I might note, if you thought 7 pages on the subject excessive, that Terry's considerations of discussionzines has to date reached the total of 12 pages -- far more, by about 10 pages, than anything the two people who seem to think they're publishing "discussionzines" have written. :: The suggested drawbacks to the idea of making money available from the SAPS treasury for a non-SAPS fannish project are both based on the possiblility that the idea may be repetitious. I'd have thought that fannish Republicans would have brought the same argument against this practise as is brought against Federal grant programs: a flat donation from the treasury would do injustice to those not wishing to take part in the project. Shouldn't the argument read: the money in the SAPS treasury doesn't belong to only those people in favor of the grant, but belongs to the desenting minority as well? :: Your Pacifist's

Dilemma seems a bit mistated ("You can't afford to convert everyone to pacifism... otherwise, who will protect you"). If everyone is converted to pacifism, whence the need for protection? :: Perhaps my proposition that "...physical power cannot destroy an idea" should have been prefaced by "In my humble and quite likely mistaken opinion.." but I thought all that was taken for granted. I'll take this opportunity to make clear that in matters of opinion I can be as erroneous as FMBusby or anyone else regardless of whether I often neglect to burden my sentences with warnings that this is something "I think", or is "in my opinion", and that "it seems to me." More fascinating than the point at issue is the knowledge that it was the "pat and dogmatic" sounding expression of it that inspired your response rather than the idea itself. If qualifying phrases threaten to cost me valuable and interesting answers like yours, then the qualifying phrases must go -- as unpleasant sounding as the results may sometimes be. As for the idea itself, I'll agree that physical force can destroy the effectiveness of an idea. Your rebuttal might have been more economically phrased by the question, "Wouldn't a bullet in Whitney's brain have destroyed the effectiveness or the idea of the cotton gin for that time and for years?" or any other example you might have chosen. :: Your positive statement that no liberals have said "Word One about providing a more just and effective substitute for" HCUA indicates that though you may not be as dogmatic sounding as I in matters of opinion; you have no compunctions against leading the less knowledgeable to think you know what you're talking about in matters of fact. If you'd read Telford Taylor's "Grand Inquest" you might not have made that statement. If you'd read the transcript of "The Nation's Future" broadcast, "Should Congressional Investigations of Loyalty Be Curbed?", which I sent you, or if you'd read HCUA Chairman Walter's opinion (hardly a liberal but worth noting as an unexpected source) that the functions of the HCUA should be transferred to the Judiciary Committee (an opinion Congressman Roosevelt, who you might describe as a liberal, has concured with and advertised for some time) you might not have made that statement. Bills and resolutions have been submitted in your Congress designed to alter Congressional investigative committees by Senators Estes Kefauver, Paul Douglas, Prescott Bush, and by Representatives, Javits, Keating, Celler, Scott, and Frelinghuysen. Dogmatism in matters of opinion is one thing; after all, we should know pretty well whether or not we think something, but dogmatism in matters of fact is quite another since facts may be at variance to what we think them to be. ::



Thanks for the explanation of "The Acheson 'Come and get Korea' speech" remark. I was interested in your charge that "Acheson had stated in the clearest possible terms that the US was not pledged to defend South Korea". Let's see what relationship the charge has to the speech: Dean Acheson, then Secretary of State, on January 12, 1950, in a speech defining our defense perimeter in the Pacific said, in that part of the speech, "The first fact is the great difference between our responsibilities and our opportunities in the northern part of the Pacific area and in the southern part of the Pacific area. In the north we have a direct responsibility in Japan and we have a direct opportunity to act. The same thing to a lesser degree is true in Korea. There we had direct responsibility and there we did act and there we have a greater opportunity to be effective than we have in the more southerly part." "So much for matters of fact. ::

Granted that under hypothetical conditions GMCs self-vote total would have been higher, and add that the practice would be no less culpable if the total had been 10 points or 10,000, but in the absence of the correct information I can't see what suggesting the number of points she might have given herself contributed to the discussion. I thought this fairly surprising coming from Coswal: who not only has the mailings, but conducted the notorious poll. :: The debate in which Nixon "called the reporter on wanting to hear the possible Quemoy-Matsu war plans with network coverage" was the third debate. :: On the whole your opening comments on Communism strike me as so sensible that I can't find the disagreement that might have inspired them -- if there

was one. I particularly like, "we do not need an Un-American Activities Committee; rather, we need...a good potent anti-Communist agency -- one that bites hard but with discrimination" -- though I'm under the impression that the FBI is, generally, performing this last function with the discrimination being supplied by its need for proof before the judiciary can act. (It was the FBI who caught those micro-dot relay station saboteurs earlier this year, wasn't it? And the FBI who announced the defection to Moscow of the two CIA code breakers? Rhetorically I wonder where that bulwark of our freedoms, the HCUA was while these genuine un-American activities were going on? Investigating Lassie, I suppose.) But I thought that Communism, as "a rationale for the worldwide espionage and subversion apparatus of a relentlessly aggressive international war machine", is not entitled to immunity under the guise of a "man's private political beliefs". In part one of "What So Proudly We Hailed" I note that the "Constitutional guarantees of free speech and association do not entitle the agents or would-be agents of the Communist conspiracy to engage in acts of espionage, sabotage, violence, or treachery against the people and government of the United States." According to Telford Taylor, the Internal Security Act of 1950 observes "that the American Communist organization, although a self-designated political party, is in fact a constituent element of the world-wide Communist conspiracy." The one remark you make that seems a bit abrasive is the part: the "usual bilge about how 'Communism is an idea' is a straw man; Communism is in fact the ideological smoke-screen of an aggressive and conscienceless slave-empire." An "ideological smoke-screen" is, after all, a body of ideas. Taylor again says, "Communism also embodies, and the Party espouses, a system of thought -- the Marxist dialectic -- which is intended to be applied to the solution of historical, economic, and political problems". Ideological smoke-screen it may be but it's also a body of thought that has appeal to the hungry and underdeveloped nations of the world. A body of thought which we may be able to suppress at home with our Un-American Activities Committees but a body of thought which we'll have to surpass and refute with more than guns in the rest of the world. :: Have a paragraph, William F Temple. They're delicious:

:: Oh, yes, Richard Nixon: The purpose of our laws is to regulate the activities of our citizens but they also have an implied intent of exerting a beneficial influence over those activities. If laws and their ethical foundations were meant to apply only in the court rooms of the land, they would be worthless. In the case of Nixon vs Douglas, you and Elinor may claim that Dick Eney and I should prove that Mrs Douglas wasn't soft on communism though as judicial presences in court you'd have to ask Richard Nixon to prove the case against her. If our judicial procedures are designed to insure the greatest degree of fair play for the defendant (by your request Mrs Douglas) shouldn't they in the same interests of fair treatment apply to our ethical conduct outside the courts? To fall back on the cliché I used in Wrhn 11, "If I'd heard that Elinor was a Nazi, I wouldn't demand that she prove she wasn't one, but would demand strong proof to support the accusation" even though not in a court of law. Would you have it otherwise? :: Your "kindly neighborhood timebinder", quasi-quoting as he goes, seems to have a penchant for re-writing history within those quasi-quotemarks. At first I thought I might have read you wrong, but recalled that so careful a reader as Richard Eney had made the same interpretation and finally breathed easier after checking your original remarks. According to your restatement you wanted to know "If he smeared Douglas can you prove it?" and "Assuming I know from nothing about Miz Douglas can you show me that whatever Nixon said about her was a smear rather than the truth?" But the emphasis in the original challenge was hardly what the above statements and underlinings would lead us to think. The burden of your questions then was: "To date, I have not seen that argument /that Nixon smeared Douglas/ braced by the contention that being soft on Communism was bad in itself but not true in this case...Now let's assume that I never heard of Helen Gahagan before she was married...How about a balanced account of this woman's activities and attitudes as applicable to her political career? ...I'd like to see the story of Helen C Douglas, from the stagecraft days through the political career...My boy Nixon is accused of having 'smeared' this lady by saying that she was soft on Communism...I ask that you lead me through her career from Broadway to

California to Capitol Hall /??/ and prove the opposite...So show me how and where Helen G Douglas was ever hard on Communism." If your desire was as simple as a "request for proof of the charges against Nixon (that he smeared her)" it would have been simpler and more to the point to turn the inquiry on the Nixon campaign tactics than to ask for a biography of Mrs Douglas. Strangely enough what you claim to have been asking about was only expressed as an afterthought to your opening queries about Douglas:"And I further say that in order to denounce anyone for a 'smear', it's necessary to be able to show that the so-called 'smear' is not true in actual fact." (my underlining) If that was your main case, why "further" say it? (Finally I might add that I recognized this as your legitimate area of inquiry in last issue's mailing comments.) :: If Nixon tried this I could probably write an article about it for the NEW REPUBLIC and launch a column from it in the New York Post, but since it's FMBusby it must be forgiven as a lack of understanding of a fundamental point at issue; like the dialogue between capitalism and communism our very common words seem to have different meanings for each of us; A Busby quote of a passage in Wrhn reads like this: "'As an impartial observer...you'd be asking for an examination of the case (against Douglas) rather than...a demonstration that (it wasn't true)'" while what I said originally (retaining some of your ellipsis) was "As an impartial observer...you'd be asking for an examination of the case (against Douglas)...rather than asking for a demonstration that she wasn't soft on communism." "Asking for a demonstration that she wasn't soft on communism" and asking for "a demonstration that it /Nixon's case against her/wasn't true" are entirely different things, but in the interests of compressing understood parts of the discussion for brevity you indicate that they are. Proving that Nixon's case was fraudulent will not prove that she wasn't soft on communism. It'll merely prove that Nixon's case was fraudulent. :: Granting for the moment that you were asking people to justify their accusations against Nixon, I still don't see how I've avoided the question. Actually after pointing out what your area of inquiry should have been last time, I did go on and give justification for the attack on Nixon -- a justification that seemed to have been noted by at least $\frac{1}{2}$ of the Busby household (Elinor, referring to Nixon's laconic comment on his conduct of that campaign, no longer feels "any necessity for defending him there" since, "Nixon himself has in essence apologized for accusing Helen Douglas." For the purpose of laying to rest my end of this debate (and any of my readers who might still be awake) I'll summarize the case against the Nixon campaign: To the best of my knowledge, every biographer of Nixon has discredited the campaign, including his most favorable; one of the most detailed demolitions of it is Earl Mazo's, whose book was available to interested voters in all Republican campaign stalls in NYC during the election campaign (if Republican campaign workers could accept it and offer it to prospective voters, why can't you?); Nixon ruefully apologized for the indiscretion (inasmuch as he's conceded the issue it does seem a bit tasteless to attempt further justification, but you seem to think it's necessary); and I noted that the principle attempt to justify the Nixon accusation was the "Pink Paper" whose techniques also prove that in the crucial areas of foreign affairs and defense issues, such conservative Republicans as Wherry, Kem and Taft had more suspicious voting records than Mrs Douglas. I submit the question to a candid fandom: is more needed?

how to lose readers, department

"The truth is that I don't know of any group as large as the one I find in fandom that I feel to be my peers in the matters I want to communicate. I'm in contact every day with people who are, as I am well aware, more intelligent than I am; but they are engineers and geologists and such, and, by my standards, only half educated, and sometimes I want a bull session that concerns itself with matters that these people are not interested in and know nothing about. I want to talk to people who know that when I say Rosinante I mean Don Quixote's horse."

--Bob Leman in THE VINEGAR WORM