







# WARHOON

.....  
Warhoon is edited and published for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association by Richard Bergeron at 333 East 69th Street, New York City 21, New York. This is issue number 22; dated August 1965. It is also available to contributors, writers of letters, in trade for your publication, or for 20¢ per copy or 5 issues for \$1. All material is created by the editor, unless otherwise credited and represents his opinions and viewpoints. Material that is credited expresses the opinions of the contributor. All letters will be considered for publication and may be published unless otherwise specified. So be it  
.....

## THE COLLECTOR

An arabian night of iridescence. A garden of peacocks and drifting lily pads lost in murky essence of amber. Senuous tendrils curling into tongues of flame on opalescent silver. Vases of crimson whose interior light is a delicate blue. Voluptuous maws of pink gold, metallic glass transparent in the sun. An embodiment of the most lavish passages of Abraham Merritt. Such is the art of Louis Comfort Tiffany.

For those of you who don't know, Tiffany made that turn of the century lamp your grandmother was so proud of around the turn of the century and which probably is collecting dust in her attic today having been long replaced by some contemporary Lightolier fixture. The shades of that time which were actually made by Tiffany are stamped somewhere in the bronze with, usually, "Tiffany Studios".

The only relation this has to fandom is that I am collecting such stuff and would be delighted to trade sets of VAMPIRE, CHANTICLEER, or perhaps FANTASY COMMENTATOR for sufficiently tempting examples properly signed "L.C.T." or any one of several variations. I'm quite interested in them if you have any laying around and might even pay money for them if you don't want fanzines.

Tiffany also produced an avalanche of vases, glasses, dishes, and stained glass windows -- most of which are of more interest to me than his leaded shades. I'm willing to buy practically any Tiffany vase (the signature is on the bottom) or even Steuben, Aurene, or Quezal iridescent art glass -- most of which was created in the early 1900's. This glass was produced in a truly amazing variety of shapes and colors; always by hand and often fired many times before it acquired its luminous patina (not to be confused with carnival glass which was a cheap amber manufactured glass fired into the most garish colors and used originally as prizes at carnivals).

Accumulations of Tiffany pieces or art glass often turn up in auctions of old estates, country auctions, or attics and you might check even the local antique shops if you're interested in increasing your fanzine collection.

While you're at it you might as well look for art nouveau bronze, and silver, which I will probably be collecting next.

And I am also desirous of acquiring copies of Dick Tracy or Steve Canyon comic books. And Terry and the Pirates comic books or any comic magazines containing reprints of the daily and Sunday Terry strip by Milton Caniff (Popular Comics).

How about it Pelz? For the right combination of Tiffany glass and Terry and the Pirates comics, I might even be willing to publish Wrhn #23 in an edition of one copy for your collection and throw in the stencils free.

.....  
"Save egoboo for the living."  
.....

SJ



.....  
THE FIFTH COLUMN  
BY  
WALTER BREEN  
.....

I While Lowndes sagely shakes his head and repeats "There are none who are righteous", I unbutton my coat and prepare to rush in where angels fear to tread. In short, this installment will be devoted in some measure to those perceptions and capacities commonly lumped as psi. But the thicket into which I am seemingly rushing is not that occupied by John W. Campbell Jr, and the views proposed here are not likely to be too comfortable to those who have bought what Campbell is selling. I take off, instead, from a potential Hugo nominee, Phyllis Gotlieb's "Sunburst" (serialized in AMZ, then reprinted in revised and expanded form by Fawcett Gold Medal Books).

It would be easy to dismiss the book in a brief review as combining the alien antihuman groupmind of "Midwich Cuckoos" and the bad genetics of "Children of the Atom", with a better than average use of local color and characterization. This is not my idea, nor would it be fair to the book. I will say in passing that it is idea SF of the kind for which Campbell has been screaming, not particularly out of place in early 1940's ASF. But it impressed me for other reasons, and some of its ideas deserve to be taken seriously and discussed as though proposed as present-day possibilities.

Miss Gotlieb assumes for her story purposes that (1) the kind of psychopath commonly found guilty of crimes of seemingly unmotivated violence or vandalism is in fact mentally defective in a specific way; (2) this defect results, in many cases, from chromosomal aberration - accounting for the hereditary tendencies reported by many researchers; (3) this particular kind of chromosomal aberration can in some cases be found in an inbred population as a result of an atomic-plant mishap; (4) most human beings have a kind of screen or built-in defense mechanism against use of psi powers (cf. Katy MacLean's poignant story "Defense Mechanism"); (5) the screen can fail to operate under certain conditions interfering with normal mental function; (6) psi is basically a primitive perceptual mode common to animals and young children, but superseded in more evolved human beings along with most of the animal instincts; (7) fully usable, i.e. unscreened, psi in a group of violence-oriented psychopaths can have most deleterious effects on a nation at large, and its discovery would require most unusual and drastic quarantining procedures.

Aside from assigning such a large role to heredity and begging the question of psi's very existence, these assumptions are not at all unreasonable, and perhaps even these two caveats need not be made. There are good arguments for them. I do not propose to write a defense of her book the way some people have written defenses of Heinlein's more utopian efforts. But I do think that some of the issues Miss Gotlieb is bringing up need to be discussed; and I for one applaud her for putting some bold and well-reasoned speculations into good science-fiction. Not many SF writers have attempted to deal with the question of psychopathic personality; and the few who have, generally have merely made their villains examples of the type, without attempting even cursory investigation of how they got that way.

Psychopathy has been a mystery to psychologists and other authorities for many decades. The type of people displaying one or another form of it used to be called moral imbeciles, but more recently that term has been dropped. In some cases the dominant feature seems to be a positive delight in cruelty or destruction; in others, an especially callous form of sadism. One hears again and again of such people having been the type of children who tear wings off insects or who play pointless and



monstrous practical jokes. Or they again and again commit acts of seemingly motiveless defiance of the social order, blithely not caring whether or not they get caught. A familiar instance is the psychopath in organized crime who regards prison as one more occupational hazard. Neither compulsion, nor overriding drive for money, nor flaming hatred, nor overmastering goals like revenge can be demonstrated in many cases. A superficial injury -- one hardly even known to be such by the person who committed it -- can bring on the most savage reprisals; and after the psychopath has accomplished them, he thinks little of it, treating the whole affair lightly. It is the peculiar motiveless quality, or the disproportion between apparent motive and magnitude of the act, behind many psychopaths' antics, which provides the mystery. Such people are unpredictable and seem to act on a different organizing principle from other humans. It has been claimed that some of them are ignorant of the working of cause and effect in their actions, ignorant that whatever they do has consequences. More likely they are indifferent to the consequences.

Not all psychopaths get into trouble with the law. Some have a kind of superficial appeal which brings them plenty of fairweather friends. They have a good social front and a good line, but neither stands up long to deeper investigation. They are seldom loyal and tend rather to use people the way they might use tools. Many such individuals get into responsible positions, some in the law enforcement agencies (!), others in organized religion, in or out of California. They are intelligent enough to know that acting on their immediate impulses can work against their survival. But their psychopathy shows up sooner or later in a certain coldness, an arbitrary choice of dangerous or deleterious life-games, a propensity for motiveless feuds. (Cf. Aleister Crowley.) This type is not altogether unknown even in fandom, and it is even admired in the sword-and-sorcery set.

Literary studies of the psychopath are not frequent. Iago is the archetype. Fleming's villains show touches of the trait. Gide's "Immoralist" is a classic study, even to the search for the purely free, undetermined, unforced act (read: motiveless) -- which turns out to be an act of murder, at that. Dostoevsky's Raskolnikov has been so described, but he is not a pure example; psychopaths are seldom if ever so introspective. Villiers de l'Isle Adam's Axel may be another; the clue is in his famous line "As for living, our servants can do that for us." Mike Hammer had his imitators also show evidence of it. Most of the types described in Colin Wilson's regrettably sketchy study "The Outsider" show some signs of psychopathy. So for that matter do all too many Ayn Rand characters, insofar as they are anything but cardboard inscribed with Ayn Rand's own sentiments. Insofar as we are given any insight at all into the youngsters in Miss Gotlieb's book, they too seem to fit the genre rather closely.

Psychological studies of the psychopathic types are few. Lindner's "Rebel Without A Cause", often claimed as such, did not quite fit the description; his patient's motives were there, though many were concealed from his conscious memory at the time. Hervey Cleckley's "The Mask of Sanity" is a classic description of one specific kind of psychopath. D.K. Henderson's "Psychopathic States" is a survey of several related types.

I am going beyond both of these in speculating that the element all these types have in common is lack of empathy, and that it can be detected in childhood. Spelled out, this means that for one or another reason they are generally unable to put themselves imaginatively into another person's place and reproduce within themselves how he feels. A few shrewder ones may counterfeit doing so, but close observation will eventually reveal that the behavior is pure imitation and that there is no reality to the procedure. Psychopaths are seldom deeply hurt by anything, and they tend to assume that others are like themselves -- or else that they are weaklings.



II Theorists about the development of man have often found themselves in difficulties in accounting for the human ethical sense, that is, the felt obligations to other human beings and to supernatural forces. Study of other cultures, past and present, has led many to believe that the ethical side of man has evolved along with his physical body. (I mention these speculations, not because I myself believe in them, but because they are relevant alike to psi, to psychopathy, and to the issues brought up in "Sunburst".) Cultures in which cruelty is part of the way of life, or in which indifference to others' suffering is the norm, appeared -- in that view -- to be survivals from a much less highly evolved period of human history, even as the Veddas, Bushmen, negrillos and some Australian aborigines seem to be survivals on physical and other cultural levels. The appearance of psychopathy, then, might -- in such speculations -- correspond to a genetic reversion to former type, just as some inbred flowers, neglected for several years, tend to revert to wild type. On a cultural level, there is normally a continuity: generally from mother to daughter, by oral tradition, the Korzybskian process of timebinding goes on, transmitting from one generation to the next the accumulation of survival skills, folkways, superstitions and intellectual rubbish side by side with usable knowledge. A reversion to savagery would occur, then, with any sufficiently drastic interference with this continuity, such as enslavement, genocide, enforced migration, etc., and slowly (as in Asimov's "Nightfall") a cultural heritage would begin to accumulate over the generations following the ruin of its predecessor.

The main flaw in all that, so far as I can see, is the assumption that man's primordial state was "nasty, brutish and short" as Hobbes would have it, or that anything like psychopathy was the norm. But at a time when everything about man was assumed to have evolved from much ruder beginnings (as the archaeological evidence then available seemed to suggest), that assumption was not at all unreasonable.

More likely, if any mental capacities have a hereditary component, then so do certain emotional capacities; we need not erect a rigid boundary between them and say that this is partly modifiable by heredity and that is completely environmental. For after all not enough research has been done to justify any such conclusion. If the capacity for empathy was a survival trait (as it would almost have to be in mothers), then presumably it would have been affected by natural selection. And tribes, or ethnic groups, in which this capacity was defective might well have survived in far smaller numbers, or even in some circumstances died out. Yet with the same genes mutating time and again, so-called "reversions" -- reappearances of nonsurvival genotypes such as psychopaths -- would recur occasionally the way that hemophilia and amaurotic idiocies do, and perhaps not much more commonly. In some cultures such people would find themselves accepted roles -- the French Foreign Legion is a notorious refuge for psychopaths today, and the marines have been from time to time recommended as an American counterpart. In others they would have no such out, get into trouble with neighbors and the law, and end in prison or on the gallows. In cultures in which such types were unusually common due to genetic drift (from inbreeding), we might even find some of their attitudes becoming cultural norms. Kwakiutl Indians, Balorese, and Mundugumor may be instances of this. Psychopathy was doubtless common in the Dark Ages world of meaningless encounters in knight-errantry.

Miss Gotlieb suggests, more or less parallel to such speculations, that more or less primitive, blunt-instrument-type, psi might have been a similar trait common to early man and more or less superseded as evolution progressed. The supersession probably came about by humans' using other means of communication and of manipulating their environments instead, not developing their psi, not using it, and finally altogether forgetting about it save in esoteric tradition and occasional freak individuals. It is accepted in many circles that some animals and many children have some degree of psi of a fairly rudimentary sort, which the children lose as they grow up. Children often



perceive their parents' emotional states even where they have not been able to hear the conversations communicating them. And I have it from the American Psychical Research Society (with which I did some experiments eight or nine years ago) that children usually can produce significant results in telepathy experiments when these are presented as games; but that the same children, once grown up, can rarely repeat the results. Primitive psi simply was not efficient enough as a means of communication or control to continue being used once spoken and written language and tools were well enough developed. An ability not used is sooner or later lost; an ability not functioning on the verbal level, or for which words do not exist in a language, does not get talked about and its loss is the more rapid. We still do not know how prehistoric man domesticated animals.

For the purposes of her story, something akin to what Sir Oliver Lodge used to call a "psychic screen" or "barrier" had to be assumed as present in most human beings, but absent (along with empathy) in the psychopathic children of Sorrel Park. In Miss Gotlieb's heroine Shandy, the screen was proof against even the strongest primitive psi.

As it happens, there is fairly good evidence for the existence of such barriers, even if we do not adopt Aldous Huxley's metaphysics ("our senses are merely filters"). Human beings, most of the time, want their thoughts to remain private, save for the selection which they communicate. Nor do they tolerate well being inundated by the communications of others around them. One does not easily write music in a boiler factory, nor compose a letter to one's girl friend during a noisy party. This is ample motive for such barriers. But without knowledge of their existence, one is not readily able to remove them.

In a situation in which such barriers were abruptly removed, a person would be overwhelmed. This actually does happen in the acute onset of schizophrenia. Victims of this disorder (thought to be a chemical disorder of the brain) often become telepathic, to a degree which they are no longer able to handle. I have verified this to my own satisfaction -- and dismay -- by hearing my own unspoken questions quoted back at me, and answered, by a friend who was suffering a schizophrenic onset at the time. (After four months of hospitalization, he came out free of symptoms but with total recall for the period; he had no longer any telepathic ability and could not recover it. The barriers were once again up.) Being among other people was almost unendurable for him; the "voices" -- corresponding, verifiably in many instances, to their thoughts -- were intense enough to drown out many of his own thoughts and to interfere with his attempts to pay attention to spoken words. Of course, as the disorder progressed, he became less and less able to distinguish between telepathic impressions and ideas originating in his own head; and the welter of impression became too much for him to handle. I have discussed this with psychiatrists (not, I hasten to add, as their patients) many times and have found even the more anti-psi types conceding that it is almost impossible for a doctor to conceal anything from a schizophrenic in acute onset: they are uncannily perceptive of the doctor's thoughts and unspoken attitudes, quoting them back at him in the midst of seeming chaos.

Nor am I the only observer. Dr. Jan Ehrenwald wrote a book, "Telepathy and Medical Psychology," published in London in 1947, exploring this and related matters, based on his own experience. I know Dr. Ehrenwald well and can testify that however eccentric some of his medical treatments, still he is honest in describing what he has seen and heard. And I have heard from the medium Eileen Garrett much the same thing. Many young people have been brought to her as "psychics" for training, and she found all too soon that they were suffering from schizophrenic onset. The phenomena were real but not usable by the victims.

One may say, in short, that in the acute onset of schizophrenia, and possibly in



some other chemical disorders of the nervous system (and perhaps too in some psychedelic experiences?), barriers are down, and the individual is bombarded with signals received through the long-unused and unfamiliar channels of primitive psi.

Consider, then, the plight of individuals in whom the barriers remain down life-long, from infancy, in the absence of schizophrenia or other disorder. Their life roles would be rough indeed, were they at all capable of empathy; for the sufferings of their friends would be their own as well. Probably any of them find a comfortable obscurity and even a small source of income doing readings -- whether of tea leaves, palms, Tarot cards, crystal balls, horoscopes, or dreams, etc., using these forms of symbolic mumbojumbo as frameworks in which to fit their own psychic perceptions. A few may be able to manipulate their gift enough to use it as enhancing "luck" (via hunches, etc.) in games of chance or the stockmarket, but it is a safe bet that they are not publicizing the fact. Others doubtless spend years in a vain search for self-understanding via ~~fantasy~~ flying-saucer groups, theosophical societies, "metaphysical" groups, the Rosicrucians, etc.

(I am here referring, of course, only to primitive psi -- the absence of the barriers -- and not to the forms of "advanced perception" taught by certain esoteric traditions. These are far more specialized; and of them I will here say only that I have abundant evidence that they can be made to work, and that they have nothing to do with crackpot California religions. I do not "believe in" these techniques any more than I "believe in" using a telescope; I have watched them at work, which is altogether different.)

III Miss Gotlieb asks us to consider the fate of individuals in whom the barriers are absent and in whom a capacity for empathy is also absent; psychopathic children with full-strength primitive psi, in short. And not only what happens with them, but what to do about them in the long run. And by implication, what to do with psychopaths with or without psi.

Psychopaths are notable for their relative indifference to consequences of their actions; and their lack of empathy rules out most personal loyalties which might otherwise have provided a way of relating them to society. To what, then, can one appeal? Naked force and the fear of more where that came from? And is there any place for such people in societies without frontiers?

I earlier mentioned the French Foreign Legion as a refuge for psychopaths. Some judges today seem to regard the armed forces as a safe outlet for such people in the USA; it is commonplace to learn that a young delinquent, with abundant evidence in his record that he is a psychopath, has been offered the choice of joining the army or going to jail. And some take jail, for after all, there they get free support (they think); but others actually do wind up in the army, often making seemingly acceptable records, without too much time spent in the guardhouse. Others drink themselves into enough stupor to limit the damage that they might otherwise do. Part of the trouble, one surmises, is that this culture as yet has not devised what William James used to call a "moral equivalent for war". Not everyone can become a racing-car driver, or an explorer in the jungles; mountain-climbing does not earn a living; America has no Foreign Legion; and the western frontiers no longer offer the kind of opportunity for reckless knight-errantry that they once did (aside from the freeways, alas!). Or in a word, this culture -- unlike some others -- offers nothing that the psychopath will find appealing, nothing whereby he can be kept out of trouble.

Yet such people continue to be born, and we are left with the problem of what to do with them, how to keep them from hurting others irreparably. The answer in "Sunburst"



was born of necessity: early identification and quarantine. Translated into present-day terms, that would mean public familiarity with the symptoms of this disorder and the prospect of permanent institutional custody.

It has been suggested that space travel might open up such opportunities. Ajay Budrys, in "Rogue Moon", presented us with a character whose very dare-devilry spelled out at least a touch of psychopathy, and who found fulfillment in literally dying a hundred deaths in exploring the alien installation on the moon. Present -day requirements for astronauts preclude using psychopaths in such positions of extreme responsibility; but once the hazards of space travel are brought under control, quite feasibly such people can be used in explorer roles -- albeit they would not be particularly appealing samples of terran humanity to confront sapient inhabitants of other planets. But in the meantime, the problem is acute, and unsolved.

All of which is partly by way of saying that the psychopath is sometime, in some circumstances unusually favorable for his particular traits, likely to be brought back on the shoulders of his teammates as a hero -- or even brought back feet first with the decorations pinned to his shroud. Is it pure coincidence that any number of heroic figures in Heinlein books are basically insensitive (read: unempathetic) characters with more than a touch of psychopath in them? If you doubt this, try to imagine yourself, in everyday life, living with one of these fugitives from the space combat service as your father, or big brother, or husband.

Or, in brief, at least one variety of Heinleinian superman is in some respects the obverse of the psychopath; not the pure irresponsible daredevil, but the tough guy with a touch of psychopathy. I use the term "superman" as he himself used it (in "Gulf" and elsewhere) to mean what he considers the favorable Darwinian variant, the supreme survival type who wins out against all odds, and wins because he is tough as well as canny. An uncomfortable conclusion, perhaps, but as Heinlein (the realist and the cynic) has told us over and over again, crooked or not, like the game or not, it's the only game in town.

IV In all too many SF stories -- not by Heinlein -- controlled, trainable psi has been spelled out as one mark of more highly evolved man. Some of the sappier would-be occultists have claimed that the emergence of these powers in greater frequency in the populace is proof of our entering the next age of man, the next stage of human evolution.

Phyllis Gotlieb has managed to blow a neat hole through that idea, a hole big enough so that it will be difficult for any subsequent SF writer to patch it up. Though her alternative concept of the super-normal is weak and vague, at least she has forced other writers to seek elsewhere for their stigmata of homo novus. If controllable and trainable primitive psi can exist in the seemingly atavistic psychopaths, the ones without any of the redeeming features of Heinlein's supermen, then it certainly is not a more highly evolved trait. She spells it out that kids are using psi where more rational individuals would use simpler methods to solve their problems. If psi is a substitute for reason, it is a handicap.

I earlier alluded to a possible genetic element in all this. If primitive psi is largely a matter of absence of barriers, then we might expect to find that in some cultures it is extremely common, partly due to inbreeding (as in the Orkney Islands and some backwoods Celtic and African tribes), partly retained through cultural recognition of "second sight" and the like. Our own culture, of course, is at the opposite extreme, or nearly so. During inquisitorial times, any manifestation of psi (aside from a few celibate monastic mystics who ascribed their gifts to God, of course) was



automatically assumed to be proof of membership in the witch cult. And even the youngest people manifesting it were all too often burned at the stake as witches. The trait was so strongly selected against, both genetically -- through these mass murders -- and culturally, that it virtually disappeared, cropping up only occasionally and even then all too often suppressed. In present-day civilization the degree of quiet and retirement needed for developing psi is rarely available (while in former times it might have been in the more rural areas); further, a child claiming such abilities, claiming to have seen this or that, is likely to be immediately shushed and told most emphatically that he could not because it's impossible and only crazy people talk like that. Not exactly the best way of keeping an ability in working condition... Suppose you found that you were able to make up complicated melodies when you were eight or nine years old, but were scoffed down on the grounds that only professionals could write music and then only because they had gone through prolonged training. The analogy is fairly close.

We are left, then, with the question of whether it is even meaningful to speculate about the traits possessed by the more highly evolved man; whether human evolution has been proceeding in any discernible direction; whether Heinlein is right after all, and if not, who is. There is still plenty of room for science-fictional speculation on the subject, but hypotheses that pretend to a status other than science-fictional have a much harder time surviving.

We might as well begin with the fairly weak concepts elaborated by Miss Gotlieb. The favorable variant, in "Sunburst", turned out to be exceptionally intelligent, over-mature but taking an unusually long time to reach his own full maturity (cf. Sturgeon's "Maturity"), "protected from the mischances of psychodynamic forces" (i.e. well screened from psi -- but <sup>we</sup> need not make this assumption), with "stable moral equilibrium" -- which seems to translate out as early and full cognizance of the consequences of his acts, with ample capacity for empathy. Further, for Miss Gotlieb, such a person would still blend in well with humanity -- on the sound "green monkey among pink monkeys" grounds. Eccentric he might be, but not enough so as to draw down the wrath of his neighbors. His decisions and behavior would be primarily pro-survival.

This leaves out the toughness postulated by Heinlein, and the psi (primitive or "advanced perception" alike) postulated by others, and any number of wild talents. But it at least gives us a basis from which to proceed further.

As human cultures are an almost unimaginably diverse lot, it is not at all clear that what would constitute a favorable variant in one would be even a moderately good survival type in others. Einstein, among the Digger Indians, would be a freak; among rigid hardshell Baptists in Buffalo Crotch, Kansas (thank you, Bjo) would be an out-cast; Bertrand Russell would probably have been lynched. Leonardo actually did serve time in jail. But must we assume the human norm to include such past-oriented enclaves?

Apparently, the most meaningful concept of a favorable variant would be one capable of thriving in an exceptionally wide range of possible environments -- physical and cultural. In some cases this might well mean something like Wilmar Shiras's Timothy Paul, after all. In many others, especially in later life, such people would appear to differ from the norm largely by living an inordinately great luck factor -- and to outsiders they would attribute their consistent success in the life game to exactly that. In intellectual circles they would be at home and likely making original contributions; but outside of them they might well find what I earlier called "comfortable obscurity." It is quite possible, then, that we may never know for sure where, or if, any such favorable variants have actually been around. And it is almost certain that

(Concluded on page 15.)



.....  
AUFGEKNÜPFT  
by  
Robert A. W. Lowndes  
.....

"'LOVE' AS IT IS COMMONLY THOUGHT OF, is a two-way proposition," says Creaht Thorne in the letter section of Warhoon #21, and goes on to say, "In other words, you can't really love someone unless they love you back. I think that most anyone will agree with me on this point."

Well, I agree that love is commonly thought of this way, and when you think of it this way then I have to go along. But I don't agree that this commonly-thought-of definition even bears a close resemblance to what Love is.

Pace, Count Korzybski. I know as well as you that neither one of us, nor all of us put together, can exhaust the definitions or descriptions of what love is, any more than anyone can exhaust the descriptions of what God is. In both instances, even if you're right in this detail, you've got to add "among other things" and "and lots more."

Now the word "love" is often used to express intense liking, tinged with desire for something or someone. I think it is a piece, a pretty small one but still a piece, of what Love is. (It's awfully complicated and gets pretty confusing, so I'm going to make an arbitrary separation here; when you see "Love" spelled with a capital I'm referring to love as I shall be talking about it; when you see the word all lower case, then I'm referring to what I believe to be fragmentary or misleading or even false definitions.) So, according to one definition of love, why I can say I love Warhoon. I look forward eagerly to each issue; I miss it when it does not appear on time; and whether I find parts of an issue uninteresting, or the whole issue really holds me, I feel a certain affection for this expression of Richard Bergeron's being, and the being of others whose words I find on its lovable blue pages.

But I cannot possibly Love Warhoon.

But I can Love Richard Bergeron: I can wish the best for him; I can be willing to do something for him which I am able to do and which I feel he may need; I can be willing to take personal risks for what I am convinced he needs, if he asks me. I can do this whether or not the Bergeron returns this to an equal degree, or even to any degree at all. I can even do this if the Bergeron hates me and is out to destroy me insomuch as he can.

I can do this; it is possible. Can does not mean will.

And the same applies to a possible relationship toward every other human being on this planet, because Love is an expression of one's being and not a contract, not something which depends upon someone else's response. It cannot ever be perfect, because there are no perfect people; and when we look for examples to show the highest degrees of Love expressed, we aren't going to find them all in any one person who is less than God. But I think we can find a good many examples and we can find people who showed more than one particular attribute.

I think that the finest short (however incomplete) definition of Love can be found in the thirteenth chapter of Paul's first letter to the Corinthians. Now some people feel that since Paul said this -- and Paul was a saint, and it's in the Bible, why it just must be true, because Paul said it. And some people have the kind of



signal reactions to Paul that they just have to reject anything he says, because he says it. But I hope that Warhoon's readers do not include either of these extremes. The question is not whether it's true because Paul said it, but whether Paul said it because it was true. And if it's true, it doesn't matter a bit who said it, although it's sort of nice to have an authority on one's side.-- one the reader accepts as an authority, of course. A statement is just as true whether you consider an authority, or Joe Slob, or Bob Lowndes said it -- but let's face the reality; we human beings have a tendency to be impressed by authorities. Even people who fulminate against taking anything at all "on authority" usually quote somebody or other to back up their arguments.

As you probably know, Paul starts out by saying that if you do not have Love, then nothing you do or become is going to be of any real and lasting good for you. You can be a great leader or teacher, religious, political, whatever, -- the Greatest-- but if you don't have Love in your being, then you'll be a Nothing and none of this will give you the inner realization of being a person. You can have the sort of spiritual power and strength which makes it possible for you to do things which look miraculous to people. You can have every brand of ESP John Cambell and his (and other) writers ever dreamed of, but without Love in you, it all becomes dust and ashes in the end. It doesn't satisfy your inner being whatever it may do for other people. You can be the world's prime example of charity and benevolence and self-sacrifice, and even wind up with the most admirable kind of martyrdom -- but without Love that, too, is nothing and does not make you anything.

Because you can do and be any of the above without Love. You can become a Great Leader hating people (which means that you hate yourself), like Hitler. You can have what are called "psychic" powers, and exercise them, in the same condition. You can wear yourself out in service of others (or of an ideal) and finally get yourself killed nastily because of it, in the same condition. Lots of notable revolutionary leaders and heroes and "martyrs" were informed not by Love but hate.

Now the interesting thing is that Paul does not define Love directly. He shows the sort of thing that cannot be done consistently without Love. A person who Loves can be a great leader, can have extraordinary powers (Hitler's charisma is something I would classify as a psychic power, and Napoleon had it, too), can be dedicated to a cause to the Nth degree. But none of this is proof of Love.

What Paul gives is a series of tests, really. Only the perfect human being would have them all -- but if none of them are present, then Love just isn't there. I'm going to use the Philips paraphrase to quote from, because of the many versions I've seen, I think this is the one which spells it out best.

"This love of which I speak is slow to lose patience -- it looks for a way of being constructive."

What is commonly thought of as love, is quite the opposite. It becomes very impatient when frustrated, or not returned. It worries about whether its object is worthy of it. It may conceal impatience for a long time, but underneath the mask lies the constant demand for its due and its rights. Of course, there may be constructive periods -- when things are going well, or when it confidently expects patience to pay off-- but when the stopping point has been reached, it does not look for ways of being constructive.

"It is not possessive; it is neither anxious to impress nor does it cherish inflated ideas of its own importance."

Lower-case love is a contract sort of thing. It makes demands and insists on its



rights. Love certainly can be a two-way affair; there's nothing about it that says that one positively must renounce reciprocation. Where Love exists there is a certain type of exclusiveness, of course, particularly in man-woman relationships. I'm not thinking of the one-right-boy-for-every-girl and vice versa type of exclusiveness, but rather that while it is possible for a man to Love various women, sometimes simultaneously (and perhaps including sexual relationships at times) each relationship will have its particular exclusive qualities. Lower case love demands the sort of exclusiveness that is possession. It may settle for less, but the demand is always there. It wants to absorb and envelop, while Love seeks to share. Lower case love seeks an object to remake in its own image; Love seeks communion (on all possible levels) with a person in that person's own right. The one who Loves is a person and therefore does not require the possession of another.

Albert Ellis, Ph.D. (pray be not offended because he's a doctor) has a delightful comment in the chapter "Sick and Healthy Love" in his book "If This Be Sexual Heresy": "...Romeo, in displaying his ardent romantic passion for Juliet, also showed how unloving he really was. For instead of saying to himself, when he thought that Juliet was dead, 'What a pity it is that this poor girl has gone! But I'm still alive. Now, why don't I go out into the wide, wide world again and find someone else to love?' he obviously said to himself: 'Now that poor Julie's kicked the bucket, and obviously no longer loves me, I am once again reduced to being the worthless slob I was before she came along to make me worthy of living, so I might as well end my pitiful existence.' Which he forthrightly did."

Ellis also describes Shakespeare's Antony as " ... a kook who loved himself so little that he just couldn't bear to face life without Cleo's helping breast -- not to mention, without Caesar's and Rome's plaudits. This may seem, on the face of it, like deathless devotion to Cleopatra. But looked at a little more closely, it is really lifeless lack of devotion to himself -- to Antony."

Doc Ellis probably wouldn't quote Paul (except to select passages which fit into his anti-religious pitch, as he has done), but a great deal of his conclusions tend to confirm Paul's descriptions of Love (and what it is not) willy-nilly. Lower-case love has to be possessive; Love is not. And it starts with genuine Love of oneself. If one Loves oneself, one is not impatient with one's faults, but seeks to be constructive -- which means one does not just say, "Well, that's the way I am", and drift along with them. If one loves oneself one does not make absolute and unrealistic demands of oneself. Lower-case self-love makes demands of self which cannot be fulfilled; in failing, one feels worthless so must possess the love and admiration of others in order to feel worthy of living at all. But others are in the same boat -- thus the best, and a pretty crummy best, is the sort of "you love me as I want to be loved, and I'll love you after my fashion," "you over-look my faults and I'll overlook yours, so long as they aren't too bad", "you indulge my vices and I'll indulge yours, so long as it isn't too much", "you be true to me, and I'll be true to you, so long as nothing else comes along that's just too good to resist", etc. contract.

Love desires the best for the person loved, and starts with oneself. It does not demand. It may exhort -- though not in the possessive way of constant nagging, preaching, etc., which is a demand for conformity with the nagger's ideas and opinions, etc.-- but respects the other person's right to decline, even if wrong. Lower case love just knows that it's ideas and opinions are right; Love is not impressed with how wonderful it is, and how everyone else should follow suit.

"Love has good manners and does not pursue selfish advantage. It is not touchy. It does not keep account of evil or gloat over the wickedness of other people. On the contrary, it is glad with all good men when truth prevails."



Lower-case love may be very concerned with etiquette, the counterfeit of good manners, and does not hesitate to exploit its object in order to gain what it considers as advantages. "For your own good" of course. The person who can Love may have social or political or national preferences -- but is not delighted to hear scandals about them which can be turned to our advantage and does not feel desolate when they show up better than us at times.

"Love knows no limit to its endurance, no end to its trust, no fading of its hope; it can outlast anything. It is, in fact, the one thing that still stands when all else is fallen."

A lot of people read this and decide that Paul's idea of Love is simply masochism-- if you don't take everything without complaint, then you don't Love; nuts. Well, I'd say amen to the "nuts" on that interpretation. But that isn't what's been said above at all.

First of all, Love doesn't go out looking for opportunities to suffer; that would be masochism. But Love does involve the possibility, the risk, of enduring almost anything right up to and including an unpleasant manner of decease. We call people who die for love martyrs (except when we call them damn fools or psychopathological cases, etc.) but the genuine martyr is never looking for martyrdom. Paul wasn't. He knew that his Master, Jesus, didn't; Jesus had prayed that He might be spared martyrdom; but He accepted it when it came.

In "Murder In The Cathedral" the last temptation is to seek martyrdom, and Thomas soliloquizes that the last temptation is the greatest treason -- "To do the right deed for the wrong reason". He becomes a genuine martyr because he will not betray what he believes to be the truth he Loves in order to save his life. But he does not wait to be killed, as many pseudo-martyrs did; he does nothing beyond which he believes is necessary to keep his faith. This includes unlocking the door to his enemies; but he does not bait them or seek to stir them up to violence -- as other pseudo-martyrs very probably did.

The thing is that Love does not set limits to what it will endure, while love considers that, really, one has to draw the line somewhere. Since we're all imperfect, even one who Loves may decide at a certain point, "no farther" -- but this is not something settled upon in advance. Lower case love is concerned, and sometimes very much concerned, about the possibility of its being wasted on an unworthy object; but Love cannot be wasted, and, in fact, the question doesn't arise at all. Yet, bad as the world is, and as sorry an example as we see daily in the papers, etc. (and sometimes in our mirrors) you can find persons in very age of recorded history who have shown aspects of Love as Paul describes it. And the more one Loves, the more capable one becomes of Loving.

The most difficult, at least to contemplate, is what is called Loving the unlovable. In this frame, "unlovable" does not mean a person whom you do not like, or who seems to lack what you consider lovable qualities -- although any given unlovable might have these elements, too. Rather, the "unlovable" person is the one who will not accept Love, his response ranging from offhand rejection to positive malice and hatred. Yet, this too, has been accomplished by imperfect human beings who had Love in them.

Once you start looking at it from this angle, you can find quite a number of examples from history, and perhaps from your own experience or acquaintance.

I do not say that Love unreciprocated is better, or more to be desired, than Love



shared; I'd look with suspicion on anyone who claimed to prefer the former. But I do say that it is possible to Love someone who does not Love you back.

And in the end, Love is realistic -- love is not.

LOOKING OVER SOME OF THE MUSIC DISCUSSIONS in back issues reminds me that I've been lisztening to a bit of Liszt in the past few years, and not without enjoyment. There was Battle of the Huns, some of the Transcendental Etudes, the Malediction, the Todtentanz, the two Piano Concertos, the Hungarian Rhapsodies #2 I, 2,4,5, the Hungarian Fantasia (Cherkassy at the piano, von Karajan at the podium) Mazeppa --(the latter two and HR #4, 5 quite ear-filling in stereo) not to forget that old hair-raiser, Les Preludes, in the ancient low-fi but still exciting Mengelbery performance. And, in addition, one which I found really impressive, the Piano Sonata, as performed by Vasary. Silverberg and others say that Vasary underplays it, but that did not impair its value for me; although perhaps a hearing of a more traditional performance might alter my feelings about it. In past years I've heard the Dante Symphony, the most familiar Valse Oubilee, the familiar Liebstraum, Tasso, and the Mephisto Waltz, but I do not recall these well enough to comment.

In fact, I'd just acquired the record containing the items conducted by von Karajan and listened to Mazeppa and the HR#5 in my lunch break while typing the main part of this department. Happily, although I'd glanced at the program, the only thing that stuck was an impression that it starts off with Mazeppa being tied to a horse and the horse turned loose -- which, if correct, might account for the snapping sound with which the piece opens. No matter. Really knowing the program would not have made it sound any better to me, and not knowing it did not make Mazeppa any less than enjoyable as light music -- music of little substance, but moderately rewarding to pay attention to, now and then.

I suspect that I'll find some of the other piano music a little more durable.

In any event, I'm in favor of Liszt so long as he isn't touted as a great composer. Cherkassy's performance in the Hungarian Fantasia is what made this record worth buying for me; and my feeling is that these selections are all what I also like to call good bad music. I do want to have the Vasary Piano Sonata at hand, as well as the concertos, but for the most part, I'll hear Franz on FM, if, as, and when.  
--Robert A. W. Lowndes.

.....  
THE FIFTH COLUMN - CONCLUSION:if any have appeared at all, there have been several different types, and most of them did not make frontpage news. Nor will most of their successors. I do not believe it a coincidence at all that many of the famous child prodigies of the past found niches for themselves where they no longer made headlines. Apparent exceptions such as Mozart do not really destroy that rule.

But it is also, I fear, regrettably true that such individuals will also live their own lives out without doing, for the most part, anything strenuous to slow down our present culture's toboggan-slide into oblivion. --Walter Breen.

.....  
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO: Redd Boggs' article on Buck Rogers, the fanzine reviews Bill Blackbeard was going to do for Shaggy, the Rotsler comic strip Sam Martian, the first draft of Shirley Camper's article on fandom, Ted White's memoirs, Forest J Ackerman's "The Autobiography of a Happy Fan", Redd Boggs' Pacificon report, The Fan Poll, the unfinished issues of A BAS and VOID, "The Anatomy of Fanac", Larry&Noreen Shaw, Baby Jane?  
.....



.....  
DISSONANT DISCOURSE  
Mailing comments  
.....

Comments on the 110th mailing and, while we're at it, Walter Breen for FAPA president.

THE RANGER REPORT - Ellern: This comes a little late in the century to qualify as fantasy. SERENADE: Yes, Jack: Joan Baez, S.J. Perelman. A PROPO DE RIEN - Caughran: The romance of mathematics has always managed to elude me, but from your description of its challenge it sounds rather like my attitude toward the Jackson Pollack jig-saw puzzle, which I couldn't leave once I had . started it -- unlike a math problem, which I could never wait to leave. I don't recall having that fascination with language "which most fans probably had". PHANTASY PRESS - McPhail: I read section 3.1 of the FAPA constitution to mean that two members can receive credit for the same 8 pages: "Renewal credentials consist of contributions...or...one issue of a... (fanzine) of which the member has been the editor or publisher, in a real sense." Thus: one member could write the contribution and another be the publisher and both would have produced constitutionally recognized activity. Can anyone shoot down this fantastic notion for me? THE BULL MOOSE - Morse: Your comment to Buz surprised me. When you poke through the bars at the tiger you have to expect him to growl at you, after all. KIM CHI - Ellington: Did you?

THE QUATT WUNKERY - Wells: But I didn't deduce the names of any blackballers. AVANC - Eney: Scithers: Your remark that the Lush Nude costume had "nothing science-fictional about it" follows a paragraph about authentic Indian dancing at the convention which doesn't mention whether or not that had anything to do with science fiction. Perhaps it had something to do with fantasy? I can't think of a program item less calculated to hold my attention & I'm afraid I'd have been milling around too. (I guess I didn't miss much though, at about the time the convention was having its Indian dance I was putting as much distance as possible between myself and one in Disneyland - a rain dance, which turned out to be a sunny failure, thankfully.) :: How long have the Hugos been "the gold rocket ship"? The Wrhn Hugo is chrome. THEMIS - Janke: Embracing Deckinger as a fellow Goldwaterite would be funny if it weren't so sad. And the rest of this fanzine tells me a little more than I needed to know about Curt. The complete picture throws some comments into a more comprehensible perspective but all criticism should be evaluated apart from the critic's handicap. Though if anyone has more right to ba black view of life, I can't imagine who it might be.

LIGHTHOUSE - Carr: Unbelievably good. If you can keep this up on a quarterly schedule you'll head off QUARK on its way to a Hugo. :: I'm afraid fandom has killed any interest I might have had in Tolkien. Just enough information has appeared on the trilogy to make it sound like a fairy tale. :: Terry must be inordinately proud of Carol. "Stuff" is brilliant and easily the wittiest thing in the issue. Her description of groveling through the garbage reminds me of a friend in Boston some years ago who used to scavage the street gutters when he was out of cigarettes and none were easily obtainable. I could never understand why people will go to such lengths to ruin their respiration, taste, and chop a number of years off their life. Can anyone explain the joys of cigarettes? / Carol says that her "lungs itch" now that she has stopped smoking. Could they be healing? / The first of the very funny Helpful Home Hints has its counterpart in books on oil painting which start out with incredible detail on what parts of the world the purest pigments are found, how to ground them down, how to mix the oil, etc, and a book on etching I have which literally reinvents the process from the time of Rembrandt. / "Apathy 1965" is terrific. / Are you



spoofing "The Red Desert" here, Carol? I liked it but not because of the color, which I didn't think contributed a great deal. "An expression passing fleetingly over her beautiful, pale face" is what I refer to as 'Monica Vitti emoting at the peak of her powers.' But that's unfair, since that's probably all Antonioni will allow her. I think I've actually seen her laugh in another film. :: Lee, how many copies of each issue of FANHISTORY did you publish? Terry's mysterious somebody who is trying to corner the market on them and not reveal his hand sounds like W.S. Houston: A Most Mysterious Fan who has been appearing and disappearing from fannish membership lists and mailing lists for years. :: From what does 'sic' derive? :: But on the other hand, newspapers usually don't give the addresses of celebrities whose names get into their pages. I suppose this is based on an assumption that people will realize that the Richard Burton they know isn't the one who married Elizabeth Taylor (if they know who she is), but the effect is that the little man who finds himself in the public prints is exposed to the crackpots of a newspaper circulation, while the person who makes his living by being a public interest is actually more protected than you or I would be. :: Thanks for explaining the Brandon matter; now you see how some misinformation creeps into print. Brandon became active at a time when my own interest in fandom was at its lowest ebb so any impression I had that he was overshadowing his creators was retroactively gained and, apparently, erroneously, as you point out. But the impression did tend to be fortified by Ted White's remark in the end piece to "The BNF of IZ" that Brandon was so "completely successful a hoax - that his reputation eclipsed that of his creators". Actually, come to think of it, I didn't know enough about the Brandon hoax to have supplied Mrs Camper with Ellik's name (though I knew you were involved) so I imagine he came into it through her question, which might indicate that she was on the way to a garbled account when I shoved her over the brink. At any rate, I've never found this sort of thing particularly amusing (it hardly matters if someone you mail your fanzine to has one name or another, since any name is no more than a label under which we mentally file opinions and creations) but everything I've seen about it indicates you have a great deal to be proud of in the matter. :: It's interesting to see what items draw the most comment in the next mailing. Several people went into my question on newspapers entirely ignoring, naturally, the things I wanted comments on and also several of us answered Pelz's question about why we're in FAPA and in the process seemed to maneuver Bruce into a corner from several different directions. His answers should be interesting. By the way, I'd be fascinated to know what stuff of mine you've "noddled sagely at". I almost never try to pin people down on egoboo but in this case most of our exchanges have been disagreements and there just doesn't seem to have been occasion for pointing at items we agreed with. What I'm after here is not just a bigger head (your comment has already done that) but information about you. :: And I'd like to know about that story of yours Sturgeon recently "picked as among his five favorite s-f stories ever published". Where did he write this? In the NATIONAL REVIEW? And what is the story about? :: As a stylist you are impressive but the line "I was particularly fond of the following interchange" seems jarringly Paulish. :: What's this bit of pointing out my typos? Leave that to Speer. Let's not divide the ranks. :: Well, I have a pretty low estimate of Laney (based entirely on his own writings) but would agree with you that he "was one of the most entertaining writers in fandom." But if Walter isn't convinced by "Ah, Sweet Idiocy" or "Syllabus for a Fanzine", both of which have reappeared during Breen's time in fandom (and surely Walter has had access to collections that have contained Laney's work), I don't think an Entropy Booklet will do much good. :: The comments on "Unwillingly to School" re the bewildering meaninglessness of a fight based on "freefloating hostility" define precisely the feelings I had a couple years ago on Hudson Avenue when I was attacked by three children ranging from 6 to 11 years of age. I couldn't believe my eyes. I grabbed one of the little monsters by the top of his jacket and moved him up against a brick wall while the other two clawed my back like demons. The kid's head was touching the brick and I could have bashed it in for him in an instant, but luckily I started wondering what the hell



this was all for and how it would look in the papers so I got out of there quickly. :: Coney Island still has a carousel with the brass-ring. I got about 10 of them on my first ride but they ask you to return them. :: The things Rotsler mentioned as beautiful are so rarely celebrated as such that I didn't find it "repetitious and tedious". It's all a matter of taste, isn't it. :: As one who is currently heavily influenced by Picasso I suppose I should support your argument that an artist doesn't have to be "original" to be good. (Would you still advance the argument if that last word was "great"?) But I can't shake off the feeling (perhaps imposed by my critics?) that the only important contribution an artist has to make is his individuality and somehow when the creation is in another artist's manner it seems to me to that extent to cease to be a personal statement and become a borrowed one. Great art tells us something about life that we may not have realized before or from a fresh revealing perspective -- when an artist is too heavily in debt to another his work is more apt to tell us something about art rather than about life. Of course art is a part of life but it is also a vocabulary and art about art is akin to talk about talk. A lot of contemporary art is about art and it's already enough of a vicious circle without the artist using a very close interpretation of another's style to say it. / At another point you say "Each artistic creation should be judged in a vacuum, without reference to its sources and indebtedness to others" and at another that "each work of art tells us something about the artist behind it: his techniques, themes, conceptions, etc." However if we judge an artistic creation apart from all others we might assume that the artist invented styles, perspective, forms, techniques that are only borrowed or part of the vocabulary of art. Unless we draw the line where Terry Carr tells us to -- too authoritarian a method of evaluation, I think -- we can't judge a work in a vacuum for surely your public won't. This is especially true of prozine readers and I don't think there's an editor in the business who doesn't realize it. :: I'm glad someone is keeping alive the custom of listing 10 most enjoyed items from the mailing. :: "One Ounce of Correction Fluid" is awesomely good piffle. All that talent devoted to a bottle of correction fluid; it's like Michelangelo decorating Kleenex boxes. Never has more talent been lavished on less consequence in FAPA. / And what was Boggs stenciling? :: Enjoyed "Gunfight at the N3F", even if there was no gunfight at the n3f. I too got a large charge out of westerns in my early reading. I wonder if Ted has found Zane Grey's Silvertip series, which featured a hero with that name and a villan called Barry Christian? I'd like to see his comments on them. :: Whenever I read in an excellent fanzine like this that the editor is planning other publishing projects -- like Entropy 2 and an Entropy Booklet -- my reaction is a sad fear that the fan is over enthusiastic and is heading for burning himself out in short order. Terry, I would guess that you have a longer fuse than most fans but I'd still prefer to see you slowing down a bit and concentrating on something like Lighthouse which I find so richly rewarding and which will, I'm sure, return more gratification, in terms of response and reader involvement than any series of reprints could. There's a great temptation in reprinting from the best of fandom but a regular fanzine of Lighthouse's quality is a joy now and for years to come. Lighthouse could make a strong mark for itself, but a reprint can only recall a mark someone else made. :: What happened to "One Summer With Elinor"? :: Walt Willis' installment of "The Perforated Finger" is commendable as an attempt to pour oil on the troubled waters left in the wake of the Boondoggle but I found it baffling. I can't agree that the affair was a credit to fandom because everyone felt they were acting in the best interests of fandom. With that argument one could find credit in any number of moral outrages. If the actions against Breen were conceived with the best interests of fandom at heart they soon went so far that their perpetrators forgot just what the best interests of fandom are: as Tom Perry suggested to Donaho, fandom should not be "a willing audience for people who believe they have a duty to defame publicly persons they suspect of having committed a crime. There are police and courts adequately set up to deal with criminals". Regardless if Donaho was "in fact making personal sacrifices" one wonders what is commendable in that when one notes



that Donaho was also sacrificing the simple principle that a person is assumed innocent until proved otherwise -- a sacrifice which leaves fandom, as well as society, poorer once it's made. It surprises me that so morally sensitive a man as Walt could overlook this principle (especially when he points out "All I have seen of /Breen's/ behavior has been impeccable."). Also I think Walt over-estimates the fallout from the McCarthy period when he finds it "heartening to find so many people willing to leap so wholeheartedly to the defense of someone accused of something so repugnant" who "were willing to make personal sacrifices to that end." I don't know of anyone who feared they would be accused of being a fellow-traveler for defending Breen and what sacrifices were involved in protesting the rape of our moral and legal system in the peculiar terms of The Committee vs. Breen? I certainly don't feel I made any sacrifices and if my stand alienated any people I'd prefer that they be alienated by my statements than deceived by my silence. / I can think of many good things to say about Norm Metcalf but of his tactics re Breen only that his reproduction was excellent.

JESUS BUG - Main: I keep seeing repercussions to Eney's "opinionated opinion poll" but still haven't seen it. Will anyone accept \$25 for a copy of it? I can name at least one person who didn't accept 25¢ for one.

SELF-PRESERVATION - Hoffman: Do you know about Vatican Art Casting Stone available from Sculpture House? It might be of interest to you as a stone carver. After modeling your subject in clay to any degree of detail you desire, give it several coats of a rubber liquid. Peel the hardened rubber off after it dries and you have a perfect mold into which you pour the Casting Stone -- a powder that mixes readily with water and dries to stone in about 30 minutes. You can make as many copies of your model as you want and paint them or leave them in the original stone -- which comes in several earth colors. The grey-green looks like it might be the color of an ancient Indian temple. I did a series of castings of a small knight-owl (it's so ambiguous that it could be either) and painted them in different pure enamel colors. The 11 of them face each other in a circle like a conference out of Tolkien. Oh yes, I was the one who anonymously sent you the casting of the blind satyr head a while back. :: I find it hard to believe that if you had a Hugo you'd "certainly show it off." I think you'd leave it in a closet where you store your fanzine's and letters and things -- like I do. It's much too embarrassing to have to explain. It would be interesting to find out what has happened to the Hugos that have been awarded. :: I can understand the "true scrounger's and jerrybuilder's instincts" because a similar pride in craftsmanship and doing things for one's self motivates the model airplane builder or the artist, but one has to draw the line somewhere in order to leave room for the multitude of things one would rather work at. But, yes, you can do anything with anything you buy at Lawner's. And the prices are incredible.

SNICKERSNEE - Silverberg: I don't see many similarities between Walter Coslet and Ted White. :: "who expects adolescent daydreams to come true?" I do. Because most of them have. Some of mine involved publishing the number one fanzine, which actually happened for two or three years, becoming president of SAPS, publishing columns by Willis & Blish & Boggs and finally having the kind of job that I dreamed about when I entered art school. In fact the only adolescent day dream that hasn't come true is having money so that I don't have to work for the rest of my life. Considering the . . . remarkable average on the others, I'm quite curious as to how this one is going to come about. :: I hope you didn't see the Ford pavilion, which I found corny. :: I didn't think the General Motors exhibit looked "like a bunch of old Paul covers" -- more like the reformed Bergy. The Bergy who suddenly started doing beautiful metallic space ships and cities instead of metallic females. The GM exhibits had a similar sleek finesse rather than the ungainliness of Paul's world. NULL-F - White: The carnage on Wesson is accomplished with verve -- this is the sort of thing



Laney used to do so brilliantly and a line like "'Heavens, Sheldon, they've tossed old Edgar out!'" is worthy even of him. :: The din of fireworks in Chinatown on Chinese New Year makes the sounds in the rest of the city on the 4th of July seem like peace and quiet. I was down there one year and people were openly throwing fire-crackers around. It seemed like the Boxer rebellion all over again.

HORIZONS - Warner: Thanks for the explanation of why newspapers give addresses in some cases. I've always felt it was an invasion of privacy and even a potential source of danger -- especially in large cities with their proportionally larger numbers of crackpots. :: Anent this disputed tradition of obtaining permission before re-printing something, I would like to add that Ted Pauls didn't ask permission from me to reprint one of Willis' Wrhn Harps in KIPPLE (though he may have obtained it from Willis; I didn't see the issue it appeared in). I don't mind that he reprinted it, but I would have referred him to Walt if he had asked. It seems to me that the author would be more sensitive about a reprint than the editor and any permission that would be required should come from the author rather than the editor. :: I understand Pelz has made some effort to collect the Kteic carbonzines (perhaps going as far as to have them recorded on micro-film?) I made Xerox copies of a few issues. :: I wish I could share your enjoyment of doing the mechanical work on a fanzine. I also wish I could avoid stenciling these pages. I like to have published; but I hate having to slave over the details of publishing. :: You mean you don't make carbon copies of items you send to fanzine editors? I would have thought that anyone who had been burned once would have learned to take this precaution. And I should certainly think that Jennings' holding an article 3 years without publishing it had long passed the time when you could rewrite it and submit it elsewhere or publish it yourself. If I were you I'd have given some other desperate and active publisher permission to print the article if he could get it from Jennings. Blish had some difficulty getting his convention speech back from Metcalf and I certainly don't think you or other authors should be put to this kind of aggravation -- let the editors do it for you. At any rate, I am aghast that you don't make carbon copies. :: Was that comment on the cover EEEvans used made by Laney? :: "All Our Yesterdays" is a treacherous title to use on a piece of fanfiction, but it's just about the only way you can get me to read fan fiction these days. I think it's a bad habit to blur the distinction between fact and fiction in this way in a place like fandom where so much depends on our taking what's written to mean what's said. After "All Our Yesterdays" I don't know whether or not to believe "That Bleak November" and I don't like distrusting you in this way. :: What was the name of your fanhistory, again?

ASP - Donaho: What happened to that cover I sent you about three years ago? :: Since you admit you weren't a witness to the scene how can you say that "Metcalf and Breen were perfectly aware of what was going on and both were trying to outfox the other for propaganda purposes. And both got burned."? Metcalf was a witness and nowhere in his account of Breen's statements can we find anything that could be read as an attempt at what he later charged Walter with. It's magnanimous of you to share Norm's guilt with Breen in this way. I don't consider anyone "burned" just because they were accused of something -- but I forget: proof in these matters is incidental. :: As a former card carrying member of the Film-Makers' Cinematheque, I enjoyed "Across the country...and into the Underground" very much. :: Isn't it Ron Rice? :: I like Barbara's comment on "Sleep", "Naturally with only complete idiots left in the audience, anything could happen", but her remark on "Empire" isn't too impressive considering that she didn't see it: "They wanted to get pictures of the building swaying. The fools should have known it doesn't sway at ground level." The first part of that statement may be true, though I doubt it since Warhol's idea of motion picture making seems to be the less motion the better but the last part makes me wonder who the fool is. The film was shot from high in the Time-Life building about 20 blocks from the Empire State building and shows the full length of the building



except for the ground level. Next she'll be criticising sf books without reading them. :: I saw a program of Warhol films at the Cinematheque last year and a description in the hand-out sheet was most apt: "We watch a Warhol movie with no hurry." The selection consisted of excerpts (thank god) from "The Shoulder", (a long, long close-up of a shoulder), "Dracula" (the best of the lot, a moody, depressing, very over-exposed study of the Count in a swamp with a nude woman held in his spell -- the best bit of Dracula footage I've seen), "13 Most Beautiful Men", "13 Most Beautiful Women", 5 minute close-ups of perfectly immobile faces seemingly selected at random and posed against a blank background) and "Henry Geldzahler" (a long close-up of a curator of the Metropolitan Museum (there seems to be method to that particular piece of madness) looking at the camera, smoking, relaxing. I left after 3/4s of an hour but understand it went on for hours). :: I don't agree with Fitch. I think the legal restraints we have to observe in polite society should govern our actions in fandom as well. :: Bill, you're a bastard, but a hell of an entertaining writer. :: Eklund: Re your fascination with old newspapers: I have an old Harpers Weekly with a cover drawing of the Pope unleashing the dogs of war on a reeling Europe. Which gives a fascinating first-hand glimpse that his holiness was not always treated with the reverence he is given today. / I'm afraid I got much the same impression from your RPM letter as Terry and, the Clarkes did. I wasn't very happy about it because I've always liked your stuff but I didn't comment because, what the hell, anybody has a right to be a prick if they want to be. But you must admit that your RPM humor was in a jugular vein. DESCANT - Clarkes: "I'd like my Cult dues refunded, please." is a fabulous line as was the rest of the issue. And I think I'm in love with Gina. She's a nut.

THE RAMBLING FAP - Calkins: Your comments to Stiles raise a question: if we are "debating" neither the "(unproven)" charges made against the prospective member nor "his value as a writer" but merely "whether or not he should be admitted to FAPA" then on what basis are you "debating"? You've said that no reason is required for blackballing a prospective member but here you've used the word "debating" which implies that a case can be made for and against. Since you are defending the right to be against please elucidate the 'debate' from that standpoint -- omitting the unproven charges and his value as a writer as having no bearing (as you say). By the way, if you think that Breen's value as a writer is unproven then you are saying that the circulation of pages of writing in FAPA in the past year in no way indicates whether a person's writing is of value to FAPA. A glance at the FAPA egoboo polls during the time Walter wasn't a member suggests the value FAPA did put on his writing. I'm curious why you would say that his value is unproven? :: Was pleased to find that old drawing of mine on your cover. I'd completely forgotten it. Do you have others you haven't used? :: I note your applause for a statement in "recognition of the fact that the secret ballot is something other than a cloak of cowardice" but in TRF 34 you were ominously saying "The Australian ballot of the Egoboo Poll may have been secret, but the petition to reinstate most certainly wasn't, and that may prove significant before this is concluded." Significant of what? That the reinstaters aren't afraid of saying where they stand but that the blackballers "need have no reason for casting a vote" and can do so in secrecy? :: I've heard of various forms of bait to get people to go to Las Vegas from New York. Certain casinos will pay your airfare down and back if you'll buy \$900 worth of chips in advance. There's nothing to stop you from cashing in your chips once you get there, enjoying the town and returning. The casino is obviously gambling that you'll lose at least your airfare and probably the rest of the stake once you get within range of the lure of those tables. I saw a man toss away \$1500 in \$100 bills in about 10 minutes at a blackjack game. He was a weathered looking man, too, with rough hands, but he probably has an oil well in his back yard. Taff could operate for three years on that 10 minutes. Sad. :: In TRF 34 you wrote "The secret or Australian ballot is a political measure adopted to ensure that any strong faction among an electorate cannot bring undue pressure to bear upon the other voters who still feel they have a right to make up



their own minds..." A public ballot would not change the fact that members have made up their own minds. FAPA is a mail order madhouse, remember, and the fact remains that no attempt could be made to change a vote before it becomes effective through publication. By that time it's too late. So when you say you reserve the right to make up your own mind (great, who's disputing it?) "and even to change it on occasion if this proves indicated" prey tell me how you would retrieve your vote once cast? What you actually seem to be saying is that you don't want people to present arguments that might make you realize that you had cast the wrong vote. In a vote in FAPA (public or private) you've already effectively made up your own mind before anyone has anything to say either way. :: You've tossed a large amount of egoboo my way over the years, and I see another example in your comments on DEADWOOD, but it has puzzled me occasionally. I've finally decided that it must be prompted by a sort of pateranil affection: I still have our early correspondence and doubtless you recall the illustrations and abortive column I did for the young OOPSIA! It certainly can't be a matter of kindred spirits because I more often than not find myself disagreeing with positions you seem to be most passionately committed to (perhaps you find as many points of disagreement in Wrhn) and I'm always in a head-to-head with one of your favorite people. But inspite of all that, I find you one of FAPA's most genial members.

SYNAPSE - Speer: What number is this? :: He was charged with bribery, I can recall at the moment, and Warner may have known about this even as you did -- though you say you "don't know of charges in any other fanzine". :: Addressing the specific question "Does he? and if so, what should we do about it?" To the first part: I don't know but I think not until proven otherwise as common humanity demands and the second part is a matter for the courts to decide. :: "Walter Mothball" is the sort of thing prejudice inspires. After name-calling, what next, Jack? :: Hansen's paper personality struck me as "saintly" too, as I said, and I hope when he sees your similar comment he'll realize that I wasn't trying to pull a "gag". There's a quality of forbearance about his fapazine though this has lately been obscured by righteous indignation over things that don't deserve it. :: I wouldn't have thought that the "tag-gimmicks" of the Bob Stewarts and Al Lewises had "noticeably sped their rise to BNFdom". There's one Al Lewis who writes such intelligent things that I'm usually pleasantly surprised with a piece by him but the confusion over names is such an unpleasant association that I quickly try to forget about him. There's enough problem distinguishing fans with different names without troubling with fans who make no effort to create their own clear cut identities. :: I believe Hubert Humphrey once sent me one of those programed letters while he was in the Senate. During the Democratic convention of 1960, I had collected money at work to send HHH telegrams urging him to support Stevenson for the nomination. Five minutes after I'd dispatched a huge batch of telegrams he did come out for Stevenson. Oh well, he acknowledged them, at least. But I'm sure my letter from Jackie Kennedy wasn't programed. It was too badly typed for that and it does have her signature on it. Here is genuine evidence that the reports which said the Kennedys were scrupulously following up every bit of support during 1960 weren't kidding. I wrote two letters and got two answers. One was a letter of advice about the debates which I sent to Mrs Kennedy (I thought it would never get through to Jack) and which turned out to be as redundant as the telegrams to HHH because Kennedy made the very point I argued in the second debate before my letter had a chance to arrive and the other was a letter to JFK which was answered by a staff member -- indicating that my instincts to write Mrs Kennedy in the first instance were correct. :: I found "The Brink of 2001 completely indigestible. What was it about?

THE FANTASY AMATEUR: The egoboo poll came as a pleasant surprise. Nice of FAPA to remember that I placed 7th in 1954 and to return me to that position in the poll based on work distributed in 1964. / Of the top ten the following didn't vote in the poll: Terry Carr, Rotsler, Boggs, Clarke, Busby, Main, Leman. / The new number one



fapan, Terry Carr, didn't vote last year either, though in 1962 when he started listing favorite items from a given mailing at the end of his mailing comments he said "it'll give me a handy checklist at the end of the year to use when voting on the egoboo poll." Presumably he made it too easy for himself. / This year's top fapan was not in the top ten at all last year. And 4 others, Rotsler, myself, Main and Leman weren't in the high list either. / Next year I hope every member of FAPA makes the top ten. :: I protest the secrecy of voting under the blackball provision and mention that my own vote in the latest blackball is no secret. But I suspect that most of the rest of my fellow voters will be as reluctant to operate in a public forum as were most of Breen's blackballers. I won't be able to play my completely non-indicative shell game this time because Caughran's list is incomplete and there's no reinstatement list to check it against. :: The deafening sound emitted by FAPA's guiding document (if not it's vice-president) tells me that Pavlat's pragmatic action was unconstitutional, but I don't much care about that. The purpose of the blackball was to demonstrate that dangerous power had been invested in the hands of a few and that as Pavlat said in BOBOLINGS, long before the blackball, "We can't all keep from being silly all the time." However, we can all be as pragmatic as Bob: if FAPA's constitution contains defects then let us go about repairing it, rather than digress into arguments over the scaffolding keeping the tottering institution erect. The scattering of the waiting list was not the intention of the present blackball: we assumed that 33 members of FAPA would have enough loyalty to at least one friend on the waiting list to be willing to save them from the "silly" few. But if the expressed Fapathy of Clarke, White, and Calkins is an indication then we have much to be thankful to Pavlat for. I don't care if it takes an administrative fiat to rescue the waiting list -- that's certainly preferable to losing the waiting list. FAPA, as a constitutional entity, is only good to the extent that it works and our only concern in this area should be with a view to increasing its efficiency. With this in mind, I hope to be able to be one of the sponsors of an amendment suggested by FMBusby. See the current Fantasy Amateur for details and please feel free to write Evans asking to be listed as a co-signer when it comes up for a vote next mlg.

SERCON'S BANE - FMBusby: If Wrhn were Alva's only medium of addressing fandom, I might feel sorry for not having published his letter. The extensive circulation of the Committee Report convinced me that he could find a large audience when he wanted it (I see there are even copies of that in FAPA's surplus stock) and would be able to bear up under my unwillingness to circulate more "suspicion in defense of a case that is based on it" and my lack of interest in being involved in a law suit. He went on at some length about a fan who had told him "that if I ever mentioned her name in print in connection with the Breen Scene she'd see that I ended up 'in Leavenworth'". This was the first time libel and litigation were ever cited as compelling reasons for not publishing something in Wrhn. That far I will not go even for Rogers. But if Alva wants to publish it, I promise to write to him in Leavenworth. That far I will go. :: Good comments on BOBOLINGS. :: The last four paragraphs of comment on the Lowndes article are particularly good. Especially concur with the feeling "that introducing a child to pederasty is on a par with introducing him to heroin, re his own welfare." It hardly seems as though the laws covering this could be strict enough, but I suspect they are barbarously strict. :: Thanks for the admissions re Gibson. It's not unlikely that you may someday point out where I've been in error on an issue and return the favor. The only thing I regret is that you weren't able to give me a more difficult to surpass example of grace in capitulation.

#### A FEW COMMENTS ON FAPA MAILING #111:

SYNAPSE - Speer: If you didn't expect him to admit it (as you said in an earlier issue) then why should you expect him to deny it? And if he did deny it, why should you believe him since you didn't expect him to admit it? :: I usually skip the



Queebcon reports, too. :: Why did your views on Black & White change during the war? Have your views on a Catholic Vice-President changed, too? :: Loved the sticktoon on page 11. :: Could you explain why "a lifetime in FAPA is no preparation for" saying "something to ease the hurt of those who miss Morojo most"? :: In the first paragraph on Serenade: when you say "Bergeron says the standing invitation to all fans went out when Laney came in." are you saying that you have a standing invitation to all fans or that all fans have a standing invitation to all fans? Your standing invitation doesn't mean that "by enjoying something written by Chessman, /or a fan, that I/ impliedly invite him into /my/home or encourage /my/friends to associate with him" to refer back to what you originally said. I think such a situation did exist before Laney (and Degler -- they were contemporaries) but my impression is that that isn't the case today. :: Re your second comment on Serenade: I didn't apply the approach to anyone; much less selectively. I was just questioning Hansen. And below that: I didn't cite the Biblical injunction. Hansen did. Yes, our attitude toward the Bible is the same, though I don't recall quoting from it "when it happens to back up a position I'm urging". I might do so if the other party accepted the Bible as an authority and the text contradicted his position. It would be pointless for either of us to quote it to the other, though. So your interesting comments on the Text are directed at Charles; not me. But why didn't you comment on these statements when he made them two mailings ago?

ASP -- Donaho: The trouble is I think you are serious. :: "I didn't really see the necessity for barring Breen from the convention." and the next sentence "I also said that I would like to perform a surgical operation separating Breen from fandom." !! Incidentally "surgical operation" is pretty heavy with semantic irrelevancies for a quote from the dispassionate, level-headed, unexaggerated document you describe the Boondoggle as. I think it was as unexaggerated as your description of it. :: I've said before that one of the charms of our democracy and fandom is that any opinion can be stated and I still think that's the ideal we would all like to cling to, however, I've since observed that a bitter price is sometimes exacted for voicing unorthodox opinions. "once my rationalizations are stripped away I don't think seducing children is all that bad" is the sort of statement that draws the flame... as we have seen. All it draws from me is disgust, but you must be aware that fans are ready to read such remarks as admissions.

DAMBALLA - Hansen: Your comments on Serenade are well taken and you have my apologies for all those unkind implications I managed to crowd into that sentence.

CAC - Metcalf: Yes, Alva, I offered to publish "corrections" of Prentiss' account of the incident with Bill, but, as I said, I thought "enough sordid interpretation" had been given and I found your "run through of the incident in substance identical to the version given in the report". And here you are conceding that "Perhaps what I had to say was not entirely new..." If you don't think your initial presentation addressed to a world science fiction convention, and god knows how many other people who didn't even belong (like myself), adequately circulated your story then I'm afraid Wrhn can't help you. Your facts do not support your suspicions. You said as much in the committee report and your retelling of them in this letter doesn't make them do so either. :: "Bergeron saw fit to reprint it for the same audience that saw it the first time through FAPA." Did I? Actually, I didn't think anyone in FAPA would read it twice. I said that I'd reprinted it (in an attempt to give fandom at large a more complete picture of the reaction to the Pacificon committee's preparations for the convention." What attempt did the committee make to advise the membership of the reaction of vocal fandom (while we're examining "liberal" credentials)?

SERCON'S BANE - FMBusby: We could go on for years, couldn't we? I make a charge (as lurid and inflammatory as possible, of course). You explain 3 years of fanactivity



that has gone before with a 5% margin of error, which I have to point out and correct and you have to reply and retell the history of the debate with a 5% margin of error, which I have to... by now FAPA should get the idea. And if you're getting the idea that I'm as worn out with this as you are, Buz, you're right (for once). (Old Chinese joke.) Actually, you're not always wrong (FAPA faints dead away). That suggested amendment makes a lot of sense and I was most happy to help you move it off the ground. Too many good thoughts are unimplimented because of a failure to do anything about them. Harry Warner has been advancing ideas of various degree of practicality for years now but they rarely seem to get beyond that stage. But my confidence in the amendment has little to do with you. I can tell that it's worthy because I can think it all through for myself. All the reasons for it are right on the surface and nobody has to take anybody's word for anything. Why did I buy your "version over those of Speer and Warner", etc, etc? Why, because I thought it was better, of course. In the very issue of Serenade you are commenting on I said "I'm sure your convictions are honestly arrived at as you see them. I trust you, but I don't trust your judgment..." And don't take offense at this, because I don't trust any judgment based on factors I can't check -- unless it's totally necessary and it isn't in matters of opinion. I really don't want to go back through the last several exchanges and explain how this works out re you but I can offer a simple example in this strange matter of the letter I'm supposed to have sent you apologizing for cutting a letter in a 1961 Wrhn. Well, I have that letter in my files and had it before you kindly sent a Thermofax copy of the original. The trouble is I don't know what it's doing in your files, but that's your problem; not mine. I didn't send that letter to you. The part you quote is fine, but perhaps you can figure out who the letter was sent to by reading the rest of it. The part you don't quote for FAPA: "While I'm in the locality, I might as well ask you to tender my congratulations to Buz on taking the #1 spot in Best Mailing Comments in the SAPS poll. Don't recall who my votes went to in this category -- think I voted Rapp #1 myself -- but this was certainly a selection I couldn't quarrel with. And, by the way, congrats on taking 5th MC place yourself, Elinor!" Now, Buz, if it isn't obvious that the letter wasn't written to you, I can only conclude that you only read the section that you assumed substantiated your charge and only quoted for FAPA the part that substantiated your charge. I repeat that I've published everything you asked me to in Wrhn. Your letter in the April '61 Wrhn is complete and you had no letter published in Wrhn before it. :: Once before you accused me of creative editing for quoting part of something I had previously quoted intact (which, I later argued, made the point in part and in whole). I'm not going to accuse you of the same thing because I just don't believe it and because you would have known I wouldn't allow you to mislead FAPA in this way, especially not when you sent me a copy of the entire letter. (Though your remark "That's the gist and about 2/3 of the letter, with no omissions or editing whatsoever in the quoted part" indicates that you must have noticed the last paragraph even if you didn't take it into account otherwise.) You'd have had more trouble explaining into existence the 1961 letter of yours I was supposed to have cut and if you had taken that tact probably wouldn't have made remarks like "he can trust me at least a little better than he can trust the completeness of his files or of his memory", etc. Ah well, we're all human. All make errors. Sometimes just getting up in the morning can be an error in my case.

MY SECOND CONVENTION: Since I have boycotted practically every convention during my time in fandom (a tradition inspired by the Chicon II), it seems doubtful that I donned my disguise as the Shadow and attended the recent Comicon at the Hotel Broadway Central. Actually I was visible to everyone but the sf attendees at the Saturday sessions. Conventions don't seem to have changed much, but for some reason I enjoyed this one. It seemed so much more adult than my last convention. It was heart-warming, I tell you, to see all those children transformed into greedy little capitalists under the watchful eye of CBS, as the fans opened the Business session.



.....  
LOVE LETTERS  
The Readers  
.....

JACK SPEER: I did some overdue reading over the holidays, including part of the FAPA mailing. FAPazines with letter sections, like Warhoon and Cadenza, are an invitation to comment by letter rather than on stencil, which I do much more copiously than I would in Synapse, with the expectation that the comments will be edited if printed at all. :: Have you followed up on the prophetic powers of that friend who dreamed the assassination the night before? My mother got excited about some female medium who was written up as having predicted the assassination, and I clipped her further predictions to save. I suppose they are saved, but I don't know where I put them. They were vague and ambiguous, and my impression is they didn't work out very well for '64. :: Lowndes was not particularly consistent. He disclaimed any basis for analysing Breen, about whom a good deal of information is available (though you did not print it for readers who had no other source than Wrhn), but undertook to characterize the psychology of those who denounced Breen. Minimal common sense would say that the most basic thing to know in judging the conduct of all concerned is "Does he or doesn't he?" If Donaho, Rogers, and the others are just imagining things, this would put their actions in a different light -- and Breen's in an utterly different light. :: There is an error or two in "Truth is a defense against libel, providing you can prove it beyond reasonable doubt; however, you must also show that there is no malice involved in stating this truth." :: My impression on John Baxter's article was that he didn't know what he was talking about, or else our experiences are very different. I know of no provisions for censorship in apa constitutions, mailing comments are not mandatory in FAPA, etc. :: GMCarr apparently has a theory that there is someone who was involved in all the instances she mentions of attempts to throw somebody out. It's not likely that anyone else has the same theory, so she ought to name who she has in mind, lest the idea be lost. :: Purdom has a good point in s-f uniquely being about man against history, and mainstream (or mundane) being limited to private lives. :: Do you conclude from the fact that Metcalf signed the reinstatement petition that he could not have been a blackballer? /No -RB/ Addresses are given almost every time a newspaper mentions someone other than a public figure, so that someone of the same or similar name cannot claim that he was negligently libeled or embarrassed. (New Mexico)

THEODORE STURGEON: I step out on the balcony of my ivory tower within moments of my perusal of Wrhn 21, an act, and speed, so unwonted that I must apologize to some of your readers for the shock it may cause them, but the only means I know to underline the expressions which follow. :: Doc Lowndes, in his AUFGEKNÖPFT, has taken every shred of horror, of disgust, of disdain and of sheer astonishment I have felt over the persecution of Walter Breen, has organized them as I never could, has removed the smoke and scald with which I would certainly have decorated my structure, to its detriment as communication; and has presented a sober, sound, and reasonable document which should (it won't, but it should) be the last word on the subject. It is necessary and sufficient, and for it I honor him. He has properly evaluated the whole ugly story in its concentric parameters, from the personal through the social to the philosophical, with a level-headedness of which I declare myself quite incapable. :: Thank you more than I can say for sending it to me. You know, in my mystical moments, I sometimes think that the rotten deal, the hard time, the back-of-the-hand from Fate, are set quantities at birth: the cup of gall contains just so much, and there's a lifetime to dispense it. With some the cup is larger than others, and some have it dribbled in small sprays through their journey, so that the droplets are educational or even spicy; and some have it dumped in a great agonizing gout, right in the face. If this be so, and if there is real justice and compensation, then



Breen has had the worst and he's had it all, and his life, and Marions's and their child's, will be the song they should be. :: And if that happens, there will be some creeping rock-heads out on the Coast who will want to know what he did to deserve such a song. (Woodstock N.Y.)

FRITZ LEIBER: Congrats to Robert A.W.Lowndes on his prolegomenon to any future analysis of the case of Walter Breen -- and let's hope there aren't any. My own view is simple and perhaps a trifle stark: The human body renews all its molecules every nine years and the human brain its ideas maybe every nine months or seconds. It's a new world every dawn. Heck, the heart (which I hope is loving) beats about 75 times a minute, so it's a new day every  $4/5$ ths of a second. So certainly it's a new SF convention every year and the slate should be wiped birth-clean (or "mother nude", as Seabury Quinn sometimes puts it). Nobody should be barred in advance (or, behaving with minimum decency, at the gate) from any science fiction convention. What the deuce! --every con has to deal, by improvisation, with a number of gate-crashers, wandering kooks, a couple of obnoxious drunks, and even occasionally a sneak-thief; it can so deal -- I mean, by improvisation -- with any troublemakers. We're supposed to be brainy alert trouble-shooting guys of the future, aren't we? -- not anal-type let's-make-a-new-rule boys. :: I was intrigued by Rick Sneary's reference to non-sf, non-fantasy stories of mine and Blish's printed in sf or fantasy mags. On a guess, he refers to two stories in MF&SF: my "The Secret Songs," Blish's "Who's in Charge Around Here? I'd guess that in his day Old Doc Boucher would have down-thumbed both tales on the grounds that they were purely psychological or realistic stories with no fantasy or sf assumptions. Correct. Yet, oddly, both, I think, arouse the sense of wonder: 1) that there should be such weird operations of blind beggars, charcoal sellers, etc., in NYC as in the Blish tale; and 2) that the human minds in "The Secret Songs" should have such fantasy-like contents. Harry Altshuler tried to market my tale for a year or more at various mainstream and avant garde markets with no success, so I eventually took my bucks from Mills, then editor of MF&SF. Maybe Jim Blish had a similar experience. We writers identified with stf have a bitch of a time selling to mainstream markets. Blish had to take his stuff to England. Esquire has had for three years a mainstream story of mine called "The Winter Flies" -- I guess after buying it they found I wrote for these science-fantasy magazines. (California)

ROBERT A.W.LOWNDES: In his comment on "Fellini's Inferno", Jim Blish noted that it was only marginally about the movie "La Dolce Vita"; and while I'm not sure I agree entirely, he does have a point there. It was about what I considered the film really to be about but required some knowledge of the film on the part of the reader. :: My column on the Walter Breen case, however, is only very marginally about WB -- at least, that was my intention; and what I attempted there falls into two parts (1) an explanation of why I felt I could not speak intelligently about WB himself (2) a discussion of the universal matters that the incident involved -- why the suspicion of certain types of sexual behavior results in extreme reactions; why in this frame of reference suspicion and accusation alone puts a group like the Convention Committee (a group bearing that sort of responsibility) into an awful bind; why once a ball like this starts rolling it's almost certain to get out of control. The intent was not to blame or condemn any persons, but to point out certain types of reaction as irrational (such as considering that anyone who defends a person suspected of or accused of certain offenses as condoning this type of offense), and certain types of follow-up action (such as trying to force the ostracism of a suspected or accused offender, who has not been convicted of the offense) as malicious. If the article was valid, or valid in the main, then it does not stand or fall on the question of WB's guilt or innocence of particular charges, nor does it depend upon precisely who can be legitimately charged with maliciousness. So I do not see any inconsistency, such as Jack Speer charges me with; reverse the old saying to read "if the shoe does not fit, then don't bother with it." I did try to look into the character of persons who go



to extreme reactions and behavior when the subject of someone's being accused of certain types of sexual offenses comes up -- that is, when a specific person known in any way to such persons is so accused. If this does not fit anyone in this particular instance, then there's nothing to get excited about -- just say "nope, it doesn't apply here." but this sort of thing has happened in the past; it happens pretty constantly; and it's going to happen in the future, because the dynamics through which it happens have not been altered and are not likely to be altered in the visible future. And to get right down to it, the comments I've seen in print lead me to believe that it did happen in this case. Which is why I wrote the column as I did, at this time. :: Jack Speer says: "There is an error or two in 'Truth is a defense against libel, providing you can prove it beyond reasonable doubt; however, you must also show that there is no malice involved in stating this truth.'" I'd appreciate being shown the error or two; I got this from a couple of attorneys when I was myself a co-defendant in a libel suit-- but, of course, any two attorneys could be mistaken. My memory could have misled me, too, but the impression was fortified by material on libel that I've read since -- which also might be erroneous or misleadingly incomplete. So I'm not being sarcastic, Jack. I'd really like to know about the error or two. :: Terry Carr wonders about my citing in one place that I agree with the title of a book "Ninety Percent of What You Know About Sex is Wrong", so far as the generality of people is concerned, then saying in another place that among the qualifications I would list in defining a "normal" man is being reasonably well informed about the facts, rather than the fictions and folklore of human sexuality. Am I saying that a person is reasonably well-informed if ten percent of what he knows about sex is right? :: Well, that's what I get for succumbing to the temptation to be subtle, or artistic, or whatever. That seeming discrepancy was deliberate and intentional and I expected that some readers would link the two passages up and come out on their own with what I hadn't bothered to state bluntly -- that I consider no more (actually much less) than ten percent of the generality of people as "normal". And I do not mean legal definitions of normality. :: I really expected a lot more dissent and adverse comment; the subject of the department as a whole is very controversial -- but, with this letter I've said all I have to say about it in Wrhn until the time comes when I have a lot more understanding than I have now, which won't be this August. Applause is always nice, and I enjoy it as much as anyone around, but when it comes to writing for free that's not what I'm mainly after. Wrhn gives me a chance to tell who I am (and sometimes to find out, because sometimes when I set out to unbutton how I really think and feel about things I'm surprised at what comes out) and while I'm not letting anyone else define me, still anyone at all can show me things about me that I didn't know before. :: One thing I can say right out that I am not: I'm not consistent and I never came across any person, in depth, who I'd consider sane and who could also be called consistent, except in a very relative way. You have to widen the screen in just about every possible dimension to find the fundamental consistency of a personality and I think you need a whole life before you to find it even then. Then maybe you can see a thread running through there, and that old saw, "the more they change the more they remain the same" comes in. But in the shorter run, which is about all we see of each other for the most part, I think that the closer a person comes to consistency, the farther he is from humanity and sanity. With mathematics and mechanics, yes; with human souls, no. :: I hope you'll run Harry Warner's comment on my article, though. It's the most delightfully devastating comment I've drawn on anything in Wrhn yet. Love that Warner! (New York)

HARRY WARNER (in Horizons): I can't think of a topic more charmingly appropriate to the Aufgeklopft title of Lowndes's column. But I believe that Beethoven used the term to refer to his own mood, not the compositions as such.

TOM PERRY: Walter Breen says I have done him "a disservice, and a disastrous one" by suggesting he got his DNQ information about Heinlein from Heinlein at the Chicon. All I can say is to point out that I made it clear what I said was an impression I'd



got from Walter's letters on a matter about which he declined to be specific; and to add that by saying there is something he can't tell us, he invites speculation about what it is. I suspect all it amounts to is that Heinlein has become a disciple of Ayn Rand's "philosophy", with its distorted versions of economics, history and psychology, and if that's the case I can understand why his friends would want to protect him from its becoming public knowledge. :: Whatever the hell the big secret is, though, I still maintain Walter does himself a disastrous disservice by accepting such confidences. If he continues writing criticism he must do so without being able to inform his readers fully of the facts on which he bases his analyses -- in effect asking them to take his word for something that requires full and free discussion. I'm afraid some of us may balk a bit at that, especially since the source for this secret is apparently as secret as the secret itself. That's Walter's problem, of course, but I hate to see him hogtie himself this way. :: John Baxter's argument that face-to-face fandom is the only sort that can be organized successfully overlooks the fact that much fanning is done absolutely facelessly, through fanzines and apas, and that "clubs" are really a different sort of thing altogether. The N3F's failure has been in trying to organize activity that doesn't need organizing -- correspondence, writing, pubbing, reading, etc. The apas are I think the big success story of organizations in fandom, despite the emergence in late years of a bureaucratic temperament that wants to juggle rules for their own sake. (Parkinson says an organization has become effete when jurisdictions are used to evade responsibility for action rather than assume it. I think this applies as neatly to FAPA in the Martin case as to the FBI in the Oswald case.) John apparently wants fans organized informally but their writing organized formally, if I interpret his condemnation of mailing comments correctly. (Where, by the way, are they mandatory? Not in FAPA certainly.) Whatever IPSO was, I suspect it "folded quickly" less because it banned mailing comments specifically than because any such restriction on the writer's and publisher's freedom is alien to the vitality of fandom. Mailing comments are to apazines what letter columns are to genzines; if John would prefer not to have his article commented on, he's a rare fmz contributor. :: But he illustrates very well his own point that "... in a genzine ... it is necessary to back up one's views in public debate, but the insulated atmosphere of an apa encourages breaches of good taste." Such a breach is his own attack on Ethel Lindsay, made without offering evidence to back up his views. I doubt very much that his paraphrase reads anything like her actual statement in its context. In any case, in citing a statement made in a restricted forum like OMPA, John owes it to his readers as well as to Ethel to give it verbatim. I assume this failure on the part of a previously responsible writer is the effect of Warhoon's circulation in FAPA's insulated atmosphere. Shall we see John Baxter in the future only in genzines chock full of good taste and documented public debate, such as G<sup>2</sup> and KIPPLE? (Omaha, Neb.)

DWAIN KAISER: Did you know at the con an issue of Wrhn was auctioned off, issue #17? The auctioneer told how it was a Hugo winner, a great fanzine, almost 100 pages. Then he said that there was material in it by Blish ("Also Walter Breen" I said), an article about Pablo Picasso ("Also a 40 page con report by Walter Breen", I said again), some really great letters...and some great material ("With a fine con report by Walter Breen"). It was great fun, the auctioneer didn't want to tell about the really great Walter Breen con report, and I didn't want him to not say there was a con report by Breen in there. The copy sold for quite a good sun if I remember right (I don't remember if there was more than one issue of Warhoon on sale or not, it is possible). I thought the whole thing quite funny. (Las Vegas, Nevada)

HARLAN ELLISON: Many thanks for Warhoon. Though my comments on it in the past have been as infrequent as its managing to reach me through capricious mails, my enjoyment of it has always been constant. If for nothing else (and we both know there is much "else"), the incredible quality of your reproduction. I imagine you are about as deathly ill from hearing your reproduction praised so much as Asimov is.



to hear that he hasn't written anything as good as "Nightfall". I trust the social intercourse of the compliment will be accepted as offered. :: There is a certain ineluctable quality to fandom, all the "way of life" jazz considered, and so, despite my sworn intentions every few days to get the devil out of the sphere of fanzines and adolescent fans, I find myself inexorably drawn back, for one or another dim, shifty reason :: This latest foofaraw with the Hugos is one of them. What started out to be a service to the fandom from whence I sprang -- the image of Athena leaping full-blown from the forehead of Zeus, an inevitable mental-image -- has turned into some sort of insane nightmare, with finger-twiddling louts such as Richard Eney insisting I am a product of Madison Avenue, a Caution For Our Times, and a reprehensible seeker after unearned laurels. All this, merely because I let people know I had a television show airing, that I felt rather proud about. The thought of advertising for Hugo never crossed my mind. But so it goes. Once more fandom (which Dick Lupoff sensibly and futilely keeps reminding me is not a great, anthropomorphic blood-beast, out to get me, but a rather small group of separate mouths, each attached to bodies seemingly incapable of not translating half-formed thoughts and rumors into mimeo copy) has rewarded effort with -- if I may coin a phrase -- a colorful "mad-dog kneeling in the groin". Where have I heard that phrase before? Oh well... :: So it comes as pleasant shock to see the kind words GMCarr had to say about me in Wrhn. Mrs Carr is a woman whom I have only met on one or two widely-separated occasions, and if anything, I had the feeling she considered me with vast disinterest. Would you please pass along my thank you for her perception, and my gratitude. As for you, Bergeron, illustrator of my youth's periodical...one of these days I'd like to get together with you and have rack of snow hare, Huburtus, at the Forum of the XII Caesars. (California) /Best offer I've had since the fall of Carthage. -RB/

RICHARD KYLE: What fandom does not seem to comprehend is that the guilt or innocence of Breen is not the real issue in this affair. The issue is whether any man or group may publicly impute criminal acts to another man -- endangering his reputation, his liberty, his profession, the entirety of his life -- without any evidence that would be of worth in a court of law. If they may (if this little society that is sf fandom permits it) then any member of sf fandom may make any charge, no matter how loathesome, about any other. If they may, then sooner or later a man's or a woman's whole life is going to be destroyed, for sooner or later charges of this kind are going to find themselves into the public record -- or into the pages of a newspaper or a company's or a federal agency's personnel and security reports. :: After thirty years of escalating feuds, backbitings, slanders, libels, moral knifings, neurotic cruelties, and the rest of the general nastiness that makes up the "togetherness" of sf fandom, it has come to this. I want nothing of it. God knows how many people fandom has injured already; the number must be considerable. I know of another was was virtually destroyed by sf fandom (that is, by one respected member of it, who behaved with the moral coldness and suppressed paranoia that is common to the group), and I genuinely fear there will be more. Unless sf fandom takes itself in hand and insists that its every member behave with the ordinary courtesies and civilities of healthy human association, it will one day have a suicide on its conscience, or some poor devil permanently in a madhouse. (2126 Earl Ave, Long Beach, Calif)

ERIC BLAKE: I feel that you have misunderstood my remarks on the late Senator McCarthy. His investigations of Communism in government cannot be compared to Robert Welch's accusation against President Eisenhower. Robert Welch, as a private citizen, made a statement which I am sure he regrets today and which cannot be substantiated. Senator McCarthy was a chairman of a congressional investigating committee, and had evidence to back up his charges. ( P.O.Box 26, Jamaica 31, N.Y.)

SETH JOHNSON: What croggles me is that you too should resort to the timeworn gambit of slandering N3F. This seems to be sort of a rite of passage with neofaneds



first entering an apa. They have to prove they are no longer neofans by saying something nasty about N3F or writing a whole diatribe about it. But certainly I had thought you were far too mature and responsible to seek cheap plaudits by harming a person or group of persons who have to the best of my knowledge done neither you /? -RB/ nor Baxter any harm. :: And the hell of it is Baxter admits himself he doesn't know what he is talking about and yet your readers will be accepting this evaluation as gospel truth and final authority on the subject. There was a time when I would have replied in kind and tried to defend N3F against all attacks. But to the best of my knowledge to date this has only brought on more attacks and personal maligning and abuse. :: Yet I would like to make just one little point. Without the massive recruiting of N3F all the apa snobs who so gayly malign her would find their waiting lists dwindling to the vanishing point. Actually it is the only national organization to which the neofan can belong without so much as attending a meeting or pubing a fanzine or even possessing a typer for that matter. And an organization in which the neofan does pick up these skills and eventually graduate into apa fangdom. /As I did. -RB/ :: To the best of my knowledge N3F has never asked the help of apa fangdom except in my own case when I was trying to start the Fanzine Clearing House and appealed to every fanged whose name and address I could get hold of to contribute bundles and fanzines for distribution. :: Actually there is very little formality in N3F. When a fan joins we have the Welcommittee to write personal letters to the fan and try to get him or her involved in some form of Neffer fanac such as round robins, quads, /? -RB/ fiction writing, story contests and the various other bureaus of N3F. And most of these bureaus and directorates are more or less the property of the individual fan or fans who are doing the work. So actually there might be as many as 100 different little committees, robin participants and bureaus of five or so people working at their own particular fanac and learning the skills and usages of genfangdom. And without something like N3F there would be literally no place for fans to develop into faneds and the like. :: So why not give them a little encouragement and a pat on the back once in a while instead of a kick in the teeth. Or at least give one of the leaders of N3F equal space to make refutation of such attacks in the same issue. :: As to his remarks on conventions I can only remark that all this conviviality and room parties are just fine for fans who have large roster of fiends and correspondents to glad hand when they get there. But how about the stranger at the con attending for the first time. For him you need a formal program and something to make the con worth while even if he don't know a single person in the place. And it might just be that the people who attend all the events at world cons just don't write for fanzines or publish fanzines. But still paid their dues and some pretty expensive carfare to get there. :: I agree with Perry on use of DNQ and feel that it is merely a protection for scandal mongers who should be promptly exposed in their nefarious slandering. Certainly a person being maliciously attacked and slandered should have a RIGHT to know from where the lies emanate. And GMCarr makes a nice point there in that there might be one person behind most of the more vituperative abuse circulated under the protection of the DNQ. :: I wish you would write Heinlein himself and invite him to write an article informing fangdom as to just what his philosophy and views really are. Certainly there is no way of telling from his novels. /I have and he wasn't interested. -RB/ :: Creath Thorne has a good point there. Possibly if I saved all the Wrhns and read all at once I would get some idea of what you are really like. However I must confess I haven't the faintest idea other than that you are left of center politically and something of a liberal. But then so is John Boardman and I don't think you're anything like him. :: So how about it, Rick. Next ish how about telling us all just what you really are like. /I really belong to comic fangdom. Right, Andy Porter? -RB/ Or addressing the nest Lunacon or something and letting some percentage of your readers see you for themselves and decide. /? -RB/ Or simply announce that you will spend first Sunday night of each month at some convenient gin mill in your own neighborhood and let those seek you there who will. You might even hold up the proprietor for a commission if business is dull on Sundays. (New Jersey)



ROY TACKETT: Tom Purdom's questions are, I think, unanswerable; or if there is an answer, it is: you don't. Can this man Tom writes about be motivated? ... How do we give this man a liberal education (in some school districts called a conservative education)? How do we teach him enough to hold a job, be a good citizen, make sensible political decisions (is there any such thing?) and appreciate what Tom no doubt considers "the finer things of life"? Ah, how indeed? I'm somewhat inclined to say that Tom Purdom's man must be motivated -- that he must be instilled with the desire for all these things. But I'm not at all sure this is the answer. :: A good teacher -- and there are a few around -- can motivate his students. I have seen teachers inspire the want to know in students. I have seen these students eagerly pursuing the great search for knowledge, animatedly discussing the arts, sciences, current events, political affairs and all that goes to make up an intellectually aware person. :: And I have seen these same people a few years later interested only in their job -- which they gripe about -- and a bottle of beer and whatever froth is showing on the boob tube. No interest in the arts, the sciences, current events, political affairs or anything at all. :: The "why" of that is another intriguing question. (New Mexico)

PAUL WILLIAMS: Kennedy was, I think, for most of us -- without our having realized it then -- a symbol of youth and idealism. He never was enough of an idealist to satisfy anyone, of course, and never a very functional president. He did not get things done. And yet, we have lost a great deal in not still having him our president, for Lyndon Johnson is a thoroughly honest man who apparently believes what, theoretically, a president ought to believe: that one must follow the people, and do what they wish. Ah, but democracy is finer than that. What Lyndon does not realize is that we are not interested in having someone follow us, though we resent bitterly not getting what we want; no, we do not want to be followed, but lead. The president must, in a way, be ineffective, for he must be ahead of his country, he must propose the important bills too early, in order that they may be beaten down and may still rise in time. Kennedy was a leader, as it was easy enough to see after his death, as our wishes caught up with him -- he had never been that far ahead. But just far enough, so that without JFK, America, with all its progress and prosperity, seems lagging rather than surging. Youth is dead -- assassinated meaninglessly, but not unexpectedly, for we have all always known that such things do not last. I cannot help being moved by Jackie's sentimental identification of Jack with T.H. White's King Arthur; were the two not the same symbol, in truth, the same man? (163 Brighton St. Belmont Mass 02178)

BANKS MEBANE: I wish I had read Jim Blish's article, on which several of the letter-writers in this issue make comment. Tom Purdom makes a valid point, that mainstream literature today is little concerned with social or historical man. This is true, if you consider mainstream writing as that which is touted by the critics. I wonder if the modern introspective literature will remain readable by future generations. Man's social responses retain some validity from age to age, but his modes of introspection shift drastically: if you don't believe that, try treading some of the 17th Century devotional writing. John Baxter is right in saying that the objective novel of ideas rarely achieves critical success today, but wrong in denying it financial success. I can think of two such books that made a lot of money in recent years: "Anatomy of a Murder" and "Advise and Consent". I found them both fascinating, not for the writing and characterization (that ranks at an acceptable slick commercial level), but for their treatment of facets of the social organism with which I seldom get direct experience. Of course, I have a recurrent suspicion that this sort of thing is best done by non-fiction: carried to the extreme, this fiction becomes completely didactic, which is almost as bad as the incomprehensibility that results when introspective fiction is carried to its extreme. (6901 Strathmore Street, Chevy Chase, Maryland, 20015)

.....



