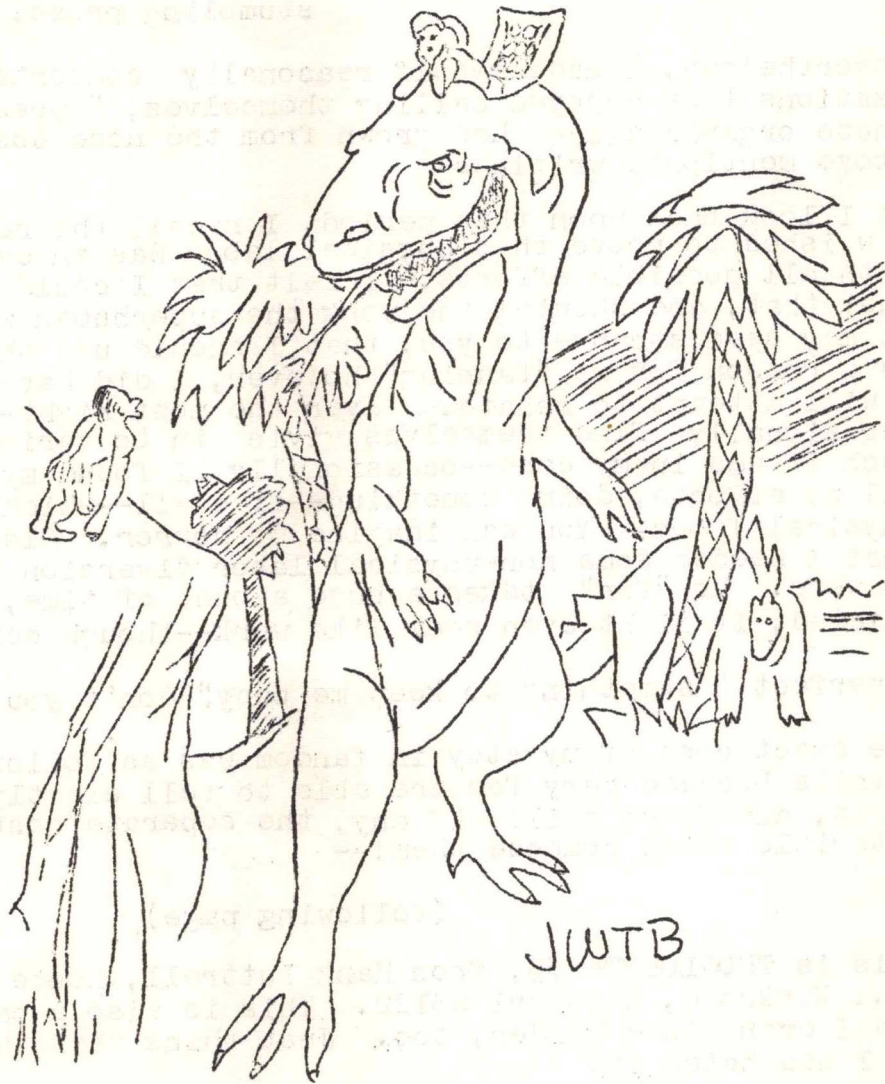


TROGLODYTE 5



(1110: Jim Bogart)



## BALDEN<sup>9</sup> or, Life and Growing Older in Fandom.

By Henry David James Luttrell Thoeaup

### 1.) Economy

When I wrote the following words, or rather the bulk of them, I gave most of my time over to that noblest of all pursuits, fandom. I collected, and even to some extent, read that most strange literature which is called "Science Fiction" though most of it has little to do with science, and indeed sometimes hardly deserving of the name, "fiction" because of the stumbling prose.

Nevertheless, I made myself reasonably comfortable in such organizations that enjoyed calling themselves, "press alliances." These organizations had grown from the none too firm base of the above mentioned writings.

As I look back upon this period, I recall the reasons for my actions. I wished to prove that physical labor was an evil to be shunned with all possible efforts. I felt that I could prove this by doing just that, and showing the work the superhuman which it produced. It may seem strange to you, that I should use the above statement as a reason for my "fanning" however, I did have my reasons, which I will attempt to relate. Even the most right-thinking man will occasionally find themselves giving in to various temptations. Such it was in my case--occasionally, I found myself, in spite of all my efforts, doing something--if small--which might be called physical labor. You can imagine my horror. Cleverly, I realized that I needed some non-physical labor diversion to keep me busy, as it were. To "fan" takes a huge amount of time, and to the uninitiated, it might even seem like work--though certainly it is not.

A perfect "something to keep me busy," don't you agree?

The exact cost of my stay in fandom was as follows; and I give the details because very few are able to tell exactly what their stay costs, and fewer still, if any, the separate cost of various materials which compose them:--

(following page)

This is TROGLODYTE #5, from Hank Luttrell, Route 13, 2936 Barrett Sta. Rd., Kirkwood, Missouri 63122. This is also a parody of Walden. And I even liked Walden, too. Just think what this might have been if I had hated it.

mimeograph	\$154.
paper	55.
bribes	195.
ink	35.
typewriter	50. (second hand)
alimony and misc. law suits	5,000.
postage	60,000.
books, magazines, etc.	35.
trash men's fees (to haul them away)	15.
stencils	78.
corflu	900.
bail	100.
busfare	35¢
envelopes	45.
manila folders	5.
bheer	600.

## 2. What Clubs I Belong to, and What I Belong to Them For

At a certain season of our life, we are accustomed to consider every possible club as the possible site of our activity. I have thus surveyed the country's, and other country's organizations. In imagination, I have joined all the clubs in succession, for all could be joined if one knew the Right People, and I knew the people. I looked over every club's operation, tasted their delights, and joined them, paying their fees, at any price, even put a higher price on it,--took everything but a membership from them--and withdrew when I had enjoyed enough, leaving the members to carry on without me. (Poor Souls.)

I discovered a club not likely to be soon improved upon, which some might have thought too far from the subject of science fiction, but to my eyes science fiction was not far enough away. Here I stayed.

## 3. Reading

With a little less deliberation in the choice of their friends, all men might perhaps become less students and observers, for certainly their nature and choices are interesting to all alike.

No, I don't know what that means, either. I don't even know what it has to do with "reading." But it was just so tough I had to get it in someplace.

To read true science Fiction in the True spirit is a noble exercise, one that will demand more from the reader and offer more in return than is often thought possible in these sad, soft days.

--Now, I remember the days when fans were men and weren't afraid to use their minds, to think. Yes, those were the days all-right. The truly greats of science fiction were around then--Ray Palmer, the wonderful Ray Cummings, and the unforgettable Richard Shaver. We shouldn't forget Chester S. Geier and Frank Belknap

Long, nor the truly literate and significant Robert Moore Williams. Yes, those were indeed the golden days.

#### 4. Visitors

Unfortunately, I am something of a hermit--though certainly this is none of my own choosing. I would be happy to fasten myself blood-sucker fashion onto any live and healthy fan population; but, oh forlorn, Missouri is hardly what might be called a well stocked "fan population."

Oh--I do have some fannish-type guests, but they, like myself, are men of genius, so I won't speak of them, preferring to center the spot light on my well sufficient intelligence and sparkling personality.

#### 5. Goodby to Balden'

Well, my father is very bald, and it rather seems to run in the family on both sides, so I had sort of assumed that I might very well one day become bald. . .but now I understand that they might be very close to a cure for baldness. I don't know if I'm happy or not. I never thought I would look very well bald, but, my logic continued, you don't look very good as it is, and it would be nice not to have to comb your hair all the time, and you can't do anything about it anyway, so don't worry about it, stupid. But now it seems I may be able to do something. I wonder if I shall?

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After writing something as silly as all that, it is very hard to think of something else to fill up the rest of the pages with. I'd hate to use something more or less serious, as this would hardly be in keeping with all that which went before. We will have mailing comments, not because I think they might go well with this, but because they are already cut. I suppose I'll just make with the reviews, as is my custom. . .they might not be in keeping with the above, but we must go with What We Have.

Right now we have (non-fannish) visitors down stairs and outside, and I have a strange feeling that maybe my mother would like me to come down and make a personal appearance. Like, she just screamed at me. Perhaps I should, really. I owe the family these certain favors, sometimes. ---Gosh, gee, I've got to stop acting so conceited, really I do. You people might discover that I'm really and truly like that, and it isn't all an act.

## MAILING COMMENTS

THE ALLAINCE AMATEUR (Fred Patten) With all of 12 people voting in the egoboo poll, I wonder if it is really worth it. I suppose most of you who didn't vote did so because you didn't want to dig out all the old mailings and go through them. . .or perhaps because you don't believe in the poll. I was interested in the results, anyway, and I would have been more interested if I thought it represented what most of you people thought about this stuff.

GUANO #20 (Art Hayes) I really don't think it's much easier to fill up a fanzine with letters than anything else. I spend much more time typing and running off stencils than I do on anything else, and it certainly takes just as much trouble to do that with letters as it does with anything else. If anything, I spend more time reading letters trying to decide what and what not to publish than I do with other stuff. Of course, I don't spend anytime writing letters to contributors urging them to write LOCs; and I do that every once in a while for other stuff. About the only thing that is less lazy--that is, that takes more work on my part for me to publish, is something that I write. In that case, I have to spend time giving the stuff a first draft, before I can slap it on a stencil.

Perhaps I should edit my letter column more intensely--as it is, I do cut out many pages--although no one, including the letter writers, seem to notice. However, I rather like long letter columns, and not a few people seem to support me.

INFERNAL AVENUES (John Boston) That last page of yours surprised me more than anything else in the mailing. Back when fans were trying to get FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES to reprint their favorite novels, THE BLIND SPOT always seemed to be one that they mentioned. Even now Forry Ackerman and a few others seem to think it is Simply Great. I thought it was interesting. [ I'm forced to shove quite a bit of meaning into that one word, "interesting." I seldom think all of the stuff I read in the older pulps I collect are good from any literary standpoint. Generally, if I feel a story has been successful, it will have been more or less entertaining for a little while, and in some cases, it will have pleased me with some little bit of plot or a concept or something. Sometimes, I find the simple fact that this or that author was once read and really liked by early fans reason enough to plod through. Ray Cummings is a very good example of this. I should mention that in addition to finding THE BLIND SPOT "interesting" in that it was once read and thought Great by many fans, I did think it was entertaining. But back to the point. I'm surprised you didn't hate THE BLIND SPOT. (I almost said, "I'm surprised you liked the BLIND SPOT. . ." You didn't like it, did you?) I was under the impression that you were altogether against these heavy-handed, pompcus, old "classics."

ROMANN #4 (Rich Mann) I just can't see "Little Dog Gone" with a Hugo. But then, you said you like Young, and with a few exceptions, I don't, really. (I did like "The House that Time Forgot" in Fantastic, and, really, I liked "Little Dog Gone" more than most of his stuff, but still, not enough to give it a Hugo. . .)

I can't see Rich Raphael's "Once A Cop" either. I guess I'll have to go with Dickson's "Soldier Ask Not" this year, though many stories that I liked more come to mind. These must include Vance's "The Kraken", or one of Cordwainer Smith's short novels.

Right at the moment I'd like to support Cordwainer Smith for the novel Hugo, too, except that I haven't read any of the other books yet, and I really don't know what I might think about them.

Gaughan, IF, Pyramid, and Yandro for the other Hugos. I haven't seen "THE SEVEN FACES OF DR. LAO", but I have seen DR. STRANGELOVE, and thought it was well worth a Hugo.

SPINA #5 (Creath Thorne) There has been all kinds of talk around here lately about some type of Missouri fan gathering--most of it only half serious, but that's a beginning. You'll be at the Midwestern convention? Fine--I'll talk to you there--I hope.

What do you have against a Smith-Corona? This thing here that I'm typing on is an old S-C Silent. It has a few tricks, but nothing we couldn't have fixed if we wanted to go to the trouble. (Find above one of those "Tricks." In the two lines that start out "Gaughan" and then "THE". It doesn't space right all the time. Such is life, or something, and also such are old portable typers.)

I've worked on old Royals and Underwoods, and, frankly, it doesn't make much difference to me. Perhaps the whole trouble is that I'm such a bad typist, that the machine doesn't matter a bit one way or another. Come to think of it, though, I have run into one machine that I hated. Some little Italian thing. I'd hate to cut stencils with it. . .

THEOREM (Al Scott)

(Lon Atkins): I read Transfinite Man by Colin Kapp in its New Worlds serialization, when it was called The Dark Side (I think; something like that anyway, my memory. . .) I enjoyed it totally while reading it. However, after finishing it, and looking back at what the thing had been all about--and how it was told--I decided that maybe it wasn't all that good after all. Have you ever read The Stars My Destination, by Alfred Bester? Kapp's book bears a remarkable resemblance to that book in so far as the style of narrative is concerned. The plot and theme seem to come from several other places. Damon Knight once pointed out that a basic axiom of pulp fiction was that a man (or at least pulp hero-superman) can do anything if he is forced to. This book, The Transfinite Man, takes that notion and rides it around the block. For good measure, the author throws in an element of vanVogtian complexity (although reasonably well controlled), and a Blish-like metaphysics.

I just remembered the title of The Transfinite Man when it was in New Worlds, The Dark Mind. Where did I come up with this The Dark Side business? That's the name of the recent Damon Knight collection, isn't it?

At any rate, Kapp's book was entertaining, and a bit different than much modern science fiction, even if it wasn't altogether original. . . .much of the science fiction published in the two British magazines is quite different from much of that published over here. I think many U.S. readers might find it refreshing if they made some effort to get copies of either New Worlds or Science Fantasy

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WORLDS OF TOMORROW, May 1965 Vol 13, #1

In "What Size are Giants," Alexei Panshin takes a well used theme --should an advanced civilization help one which is underdeveloped? --and simply uses it again. The plot is familiar; the official policy of the advanced civilization in question is no, we won't help the underdeveloped, we will allow them to progress at their own rate, but the hero feels otherwise. And he helps them anyway. The climax has very little to do with the story--or at least with the theme, which the author doesn't try to answer (perhaps because he knows that many other authors have tried this, with uneven results.)

The writing is clear and interesting if not brilliant; and overall, readable.

"Bond of Brothers" by Michael Kurland is a pretty typical psi story, with a pretty typical spy story plot. (Typical, that is, for the James Bondish world of super skys and fantastic intrigue that is.)

If I was as completely surfeited with either psi or spy as some people undoubtedly are, I would surely dislike this story; it's nothing new. But I'm not. (The only type of story which has completely worn out my welcome is the post-WWIII epics.) and this seemed more or less entertaining to me at least.

"Bogymen" by Dick Moore is one of the standard Analog stories of the type recognizable by the following: Given: A problem of some type, involving not too complex physics, and an oh-so-bright hero who somehow solves it. As is usually the case, this one takes place in space. . . .though strangely enough, they aren't repairing communication satellites, or rescuing spaceships in distress-- not very strangely, I guess, they are trying to fight a war.

This kind of stuff tires me out after a while--in this story more than would have been the case if a Poul Anderson had written it-- because of this story's trite characterization and dialog. (If Dick Moore turns out to be a Anderson pen name. . .) Still, in small doses it isn't too bad.

"The Effectives" by Zenna Henderson was as big a disappointment as I've run across in some time. The story lacks almost all of the feeling found in her "People series, and in her various other stories of childhood. About all that is left here is a theme she wants to preach--"Faith is All"---and a creaky plot. The cover calls it "Thrilling." Yah.

"Dem of Redrock Seven" by John Sutherland starts out looking like another of the recent Eric Russel-style things about how great people are. But it isn't. And it isn't any better just because of this, either. Barely passable.

I hope the Galaxy Magazine group under Pohl doesn't fall into the kind of rut well shown in this issue of W o T. None of the stories really turned me nauseous, but none of them were really memorable, not just as all-time classics, which I certainly can't expect every issue, but in terms of good, almost wholly successful efforts, worthy of book publication, at least.

This tendency has shown itself in other magazines, but it seems to me that right now the Galaxy group is the main offender. Analog published Herbert's wonderful novels, Amazing and Fantastic finished up the Ziff-Davis issues with Anderson and Laumer, both, I think, fine writers. (With much in common, though Anderson may be the much better writer.) F&SF finally seems better, with Anderson and Zelazny, both memorable.

The Galaxy group has had--E. E. Smith? Don't ask me what I think of that so far. . .Smith's dialog may be very poor, but at least it is remotely human, where as omniscient narratives about Terrible Machines and Machine Like Aliens just doesn't allow for much reader interest. In this reader, at least. Maybe the next installments of his SKYLARK novel will be better, though. I hope so.



