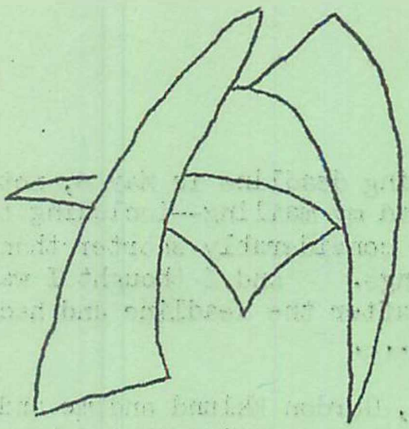


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Vanom

I just had a shock; Redd Boggs tells me that the FAPA mailing deadline is May 8, not May 15th as I had been assuming. (Either Gordon or Alva has had my mailing--including the FA--since a week after it arrived.) So this editorial will be considerably shorter than I was planning and I won't be doing comments on the post mailings. And I thought I was being so provident this time. I got my mailing the Thursday after the deadline and had my mailing comments finished by the following Sunday. Oh well....

So this time around I have mailing comments by Alva Rogers, Gordon Eklund and me and an article by me. There's a G & S theater party this Saturday--the deadline--but I haven't heard whether or not the Pelzen are coming up. And besides Bruce might Get Nasty and refuse to accept a bundle of zines handed to him at the theater. Or even at the party afterwards. So I guess I'll Special Delivery it down. I'll probably enjoy "Yeomen of the Guard" better that way.

I'm facing a hell of a lot of deadlines right now. FAPA deadline is May 8. OMPA deadline is June 5, but in order to get to England my bundle has to be mailed May 15 at the very latest. To add to this the 39-week Cult cycle has swung around and stuck me with publishing my FR in the midst of it all. The deadline for letters to my Cultzine is May 10. So I've been working on my FAPazine, my OMPazine and my Cultzine simultaneously. It's been somewhat confusing. There's a certain amount of cannibalization of course. My article is going in all three, and I'm making so many controversial statements in my OMPA editorial and mailing comments that I'm sending them through the Cult... Who knows, maybe it'll help to get us off That Topic. Of course That Topic is Topic #2 these days. Topic #1 is the Evilness of Rick Sneary.... As Rick says, "Don't I even get credit for being a unifying influence?"

NFFF NOISE Norm Metcalf, dedicated science fiction fan, published the last NFFF letterzine TIGHTBEAM. With the prior consent of the NFFF directorate he cut absolutely everything not pertaining to science fiction or fantasy out of all the letters he received. It was a damned short letterzine. And the anguished screams are mounting heavenwards.

But the reason the NFFF Directorate went along with Norm was that they wanted to avoid controversy. Besides That Topic they wanted to dispose of the question of communism in the NFFF. A few months ago James Wright--who isn't a communist wrote in to TIGHTBEAM and said something to the effect: O.K. fellows. I'm a communist and here I am in the NFFF. What are you going to do about it? Well, they sure got excited. Besides turning him in to the FBI and the post office many NFFFers sort of jumped up and down and screamed. It was an incredible spectacle. One gathered the impression that he was one tean-age kid, about to Destroy the World and all.....

HABAKKUK As most of you know Habakkuk is dead. The cancer spread to his lungs and he had to be put away on February 9. He was 9-years old when he died and I'd had him 7 years. I'd become very fond of the beast and miss him like hell.

It struck suddenly. He seemed in perfect health when I got back from New York. And though the independent old slob came running up to greet me as if he were a dog, he seemed very pissed that I had dared to stay away so long. I'm glad it didn't happen while I was gone.

I'm down to one cat now--Jonah. Delilah disappeared while I was gone. And just to keep his record up, Jonah had a \$34.00 dislocated hip after I got back. Cats! Sometimes I think they aren't worth it.....

Vituperations

DAMBALLA - Hansen In all this discussion of Ellington's attitude towards Kennedy's assassination I think one point has sort of got overlooked in the shuffle: the difference between Kennedy the man and Kennedy the Head of State or perhaps more exactly, Kennedy the Symbol. As an anarchist Ellington naturally doesn't much care for either politicians or for political symbols. And I think that one thing he was trying to do was to point out that a large part of everyone's reaction to the assassination was a reaction to the death of Kennedy the Symbol, not Kennedy the Man. And perhaps he was also deploring this reaction on the part of many people who have in the past expressed contempt for political symbols.

I agree with you about bullfighting and assorted beastialities though. Disgusting. And rather more so precisely because it is an art form. To base an art form on cruelty... EEcchhhh!

Actually I think I get more hot under the collar about cruelty to animals than cruelty to humans, except children. Perhaps it's because they are helpless, complete victims while most humans can do something about the matter. Or perhaps it's because I don't dare let myself start feeling and empathizing.... there's so much misery in the world one might not be able to feel anything else.

On the other hand I also have an uncomfortable feeling that it's very hypocritical to get so worked up over bull fighting. The casual cruelty in any slaughter house quite puts the bull ring in the shade. And so many more animals are involved too. Yet I have no intention of becoming a vegetarian. But if one eats meat animals have to die to furnish same. Most people prefer to ignore that. And so slaughter house procedure is far less humane than it need be.

Yet from childhood people seem to be taught to ignore the fact that meat comes from animals. Witness the ever popular Dr. Doolittle books. The good doctor has his house-full of animal friends—including a pig—and at breakfast they all sit around eating bacon and eggs—including the pig. Doublethink.

But to get back to bullfighting. Perhaps it's just as well that such past times are around to purge people's hostile emotions. Perhaps if it weren't for venerable sadistic pasttimes like these, the hostile emotions would be taken out on other people. If one could only be sure that bullfighting purged sadistic impulses instead of arousing them.....

Various QUEEBCON bits - Assorted kooks Highly enjoyable. Best One shot I've ever seen and the follow ups added.

AVANC - Eney Mike Domina says it was Marion Bradley, not Walter Breen who made the Parent Trouble for him. While this difference makes quibbling possible (Cult definition of quibbling) as Walter can now say "I didn't do it." I hardly feel that it is a significant distinction.

HORIZONS - Warner But Harry, you don't "own a cat," the cat owns you. But if the beast has you shoveling snow for him he seems to be acquiring possession. I read "The Worst of Martin" this time. There are worse things in FAPA now.

WRAITH - Ballard But there is one thing you left out, Wrai. Did giving blood have any effect on your sexual potency? How many times did you make it that night? If you're gonna bring up these bits, you should Tell All.

SERCON'S BANE - Busby -After reading "A Statement of Posture", Buz, I don't think Harlan is "pushing it for the wrong year." Harlan's a very sharp cookie, even if he does have a tendency to fly off the handle, and it seems to me that ASoP is very well done indeed. It should get him the sympathy vote for next year. "Harlan was robbed last time; let's give it to him this year, etc." Same bit has happened with the Oscars several times. Of course Harlan wasn't exactly shutting the door on this year--never give up hope and all that--but I think ASoP was mostly slanted towards next year. But as Tom Perry said if a TV show gets the Hugo, the producer should get it, not the writer.

SERENADE - Bergeron I'm sort of flabbergasted. While of course WARHOON 20 is an excellent job of political propaganda I had assumed you knew this yourself. And I was even respecting you for a job well done--as I do Blackbeard for Q.A.R. (Of course I had a few chortles about your timing and about your reprinting POSTMORTEM.) But your remarks to Hansen sort of indicate that you yourself take it seriously as an impartial survey and/or believe that any future fan historians would not regard it as a polemic document. I am taken about and can hardly believe you serious.

Oddly enough most FAPAns do seem to feel that being a fellow FAPA member or even a fellow fan is a sort of implicit invitation, at least if specific arrangements are worked out in advance or a warning telephone call is given. Of course you are not the only one with hermit-like tendencies, but you carry it further than anyone else in fandom and it is regarded as an eccentricity, albeit an allowable one. But actually you should make your attitude more well known. Very few fans outside of New York know you don't want fans visiting you. But if you had made your attitude clear I guess we wouldn't have gotten Ted White's account of Alan Lewis's trying to visit you which was one of the funniest things to appear last year.

SYNAPSE - Speer Well you must admit, Jack, that the people who think Breen is guilty but who believe the issue of social exclusion is more important are in a difficult position. Pete Graham's position or a variation thereof is thoroughly honest and all, but it is not one likely to win many adherents nor one that one can work up much sweat defending oneself. Actually I can't work up much condemnation for fans in this who I know have lied like hell and can even respect those who've managed to be evasive without lying. After all even the people who think the issue of social exclusion is more important don't have to approve of Breen's activities or endorse him or anything.... And it's much better--or sounds better anyhow--to maintain that it hasn't been proved and won't be proved unless it's proved in a court of law than it is to admit it and say that there are other issues.

I have the same difficulty with Juanita Coulson's initials too. JWC just automatically means John W. Campbell and even after all this time I still do a double take every time Juanita signs things JWC.

You bring up a point that is quite valid: one's political beliefs and one's moral code are not the same thing. However in most people they do seem to be correlated. Political liberals usually have a liberal moral code and conservatives, ditto. But not always. For instance you are politically liberal but morally conservative. And New York fan Dave Van Arnam is politically conservative and morally liberal. (I wonder how you'd get along.) Nevertheless in 99 cases out of 100 the two are correlated. In fact when they're not correlated one begins to wonder why, it's such an unusual thing to happen. And I can understand your version of the non-correlation much easier than Van Arnam's. I know several people like you, but no other like him.

NULL-F - White One of the things left out of my Trip Report last time was my contacts with the Kerista Institute while I was in New York. The first time I heard of it Barbara got a call that they were being evicted from their place on Suffolk St. and that everything in the place was up for grabs, including many books. So we moseyed on over and I met several of the people and picked up a box of books. Then, the following Saturday I went to their "Open House" in their two-storey loft on Broadway and 12th St. In its own way it was even wierder than the underground cinema. There were 19 people living there mostly in their late teens and early twenties. Most of the guys were white and most of the girls were negro. There were also several assorted babies and young children. Steve Gennes was still there, but Presmont had disowned the group, an incorporated religion, and was concentrating on his Carribean venture. However, the girl who was financing everything was still with them so all was well.

During the evening I was there the joint was crowded. Various nude people of both sexes wandered in and out between the bed room and the living room. A promising orgy got started in the living room, but as there was only one girl to three fellows it never developed any further.

There were three principal roads to salvation being preached. Steve was saying that Love is the answer; you gotta love everyone; and he was being very non-violently aggressive about it. Another guy was saying that the answer was "Do what you will" and he preached this, walking up and down, scratching his ---. Still another spoke of the necessity of destroying one's ego; and whenever anyone disagreed with him it was always their ego speaking and it had to be destroyed. His had already been taken care of of course.

One of the underground cinema girls, Diedre, had belonged to Kerista before and left at the same time that Presmont did. She said the only function it seemed to have now was to provide a home for teen-agers who needed to get away from home.

I agree with almost all of your remarks about communities, intentional community, etc. with the reservation that a community apart from society need not imply actually, physically living together. I think fandom might be considered an intentional community.

As for harmonious living together I quite agree that love or friendship is the oil which reduces a great deal of interpersonal friction, but having the same faults and the same type of moods helps a great deal too. People you can live with and get along with the best need not be those you love the most. People you love very much can have attributes that rub you the wrong way, but people you don't care for very much may mesh quite well with your pattern of living. Two people living together are frequently very bad influences on each other; having the same faults they accentuate them. But if they didn't have the same faults they wouldn't be able to stand each other...

As for community living in general I've lived in several "communities": Whitman House in Chicago, the Dive, the Nunnery etc. and I've always found one major difficulty. The people who were the pleasantest to have around, who contributed the most socially, were almost invariably totally irresponsible about either maintaining the place or contributing to it's upkeep. And the people who were responsible about these things were either friction-causing types to begin with or quickly became more and more bitter about other people's not carrying out their responsibilities. The choice seemed to be a rigid strait-jacket of rules which made everyone unhappy or a free and easy laissez-faire attitude with everyone happy as the community crumbled around one's ears.

In my experience it's always been, Petty Rules: Friction; or No Rules: Chaos

I wish there were some other way out, but I don't see any in any case where several people share the same living area.

KIM CHI - Ellington Some years ago I was quite disillusioned to find out that Lucky Strike Green never went to war; there was no shortage of their dye at all. It seems that Lucky Strike's market surveys found out that Chesterfields were outselling Luckies because women preferred the white package. So they switched.

I told Condit about Pete Graham's article about him and Tom said that oddly enough his estimate of Pete was the same as Pete's of him: he thought Pete was a very fine fan but had no place as a radical.

I didn't think that Jim Benford was shocked either, but I don't think Elinor's account gave that impression either. Shattered was the word she used, quoting Jim, and that to me implies his being put-down and out-ployed, not shocked.

THE RAMBLING FAP - Calkins I found all the blackball furore one of the most fascinating things about the Breen scene. I blackballed him myself of course, but--contrary to rumor--I conducted no blackball campaign and didn't ask anyone else to blackball him. (But I suppose it's only natural that I get blamed for everything done by anyone who was anti-Breen; it's much easier to over-simplify and think in terms of black and white.) And actually towards the end there I was even feeling sort of neutral and thinking that everyone else was C*R*A*Z*Y. Like, disliking someone seems a perfectly adequate reason for blackballing him from a club--though not from a public function like a con of course, and I happen to know that many of the anti-blackballers dislike Walter far more than I do. But also I don't really feel that it's very important whether or not his name is on the roster if he were going to get the mailings and appear in them anyhow.

I suspect that Danny Curran's cynical analysis is quite correct. He said that if several people had gotten together and blackballed Breen that hardly anyone would have given a damn and many would have been relieved (like in the Martin affair) and that no Special Rule would ever have been passed reinstating him. But that all the furore etc. about the BOONDOGGLE made it look like a halvey-calvey campaign that should be countered.

Well, if anyone thinks the BOONDOGGLE was timed for the FAPA blackball they have a very silly idea about what good timing is. But then it appears that in the recent fracas almost everyone on both sides was doing a maximum of reacting and a minimum of thinking.

SELF-PRESERVATION - Hoffman "...Be fair, Sam. Who wants a leaky piano?" is my very favorite line from Pogo and that sequence my favorite from the comic book. But in general I don't think the comic book was ever as good as the daily strip. And I don't know whether it's me or the strip but somehow or other Pogo just isn't the same any more. I think Peanuts is much better.

I dig Mexican restaurants muchly and one of the things I found disappointing about New York was that in the 8 years I was there I was never able to find one I considered adequate, much less decent. I'm not saying there aren't any there--I never heard of the Alamo for instance--just that I never found one and I tried every one recommended to me.

I grew up with the same attitude towards Kools that you did. In fact I'm so prejudiced that I refuse to call a mentholated cigarette a cigarette. It's some kind of health doohickey. And on the rare occasions I do smoke if I get hold of a filter cigarette, I'll tear the filter off.

I've never been able to finish a James Bond book and I've tried several times. I had the same reaction to Mickey Spillane too.

SECRET AGENT 8-X - Ellern I tried. I think it was mostly because the repro was so poor I mostly couldn't read the captions; anyhow I couldn't make hear nor tail of it. Better luck next time.

A PROPOS DE RIEN - Caughran I suppose it is a question that merits some discussion, but I'm not sure its legitimate to not count points on the Egoboo Poll for someone who requests it.. It tends to make the poll even more ridiculous than it is.

I quite agree that "educated people" are more influenced by the actual usage of their friends and contemporaries than they are by the rules of grammer taught in school. This undoubtedly always has been the case, but it's just in recent years that there is such a wide gap between the two; the rules are changing but they can't quite keep up.

Yes, "Clear thought is aided by precise language." But on the other hand precise language need not involve precise grammar. I don't know German, but in English the distinction between subject and object ^{often} has no real relevance to anything but grammar and consistency. And I'd say the mistake "Between you and I" is one example of this. The thought will be exactly the same as if "Between you and me" were used.

And again impreciseness in grammar may hinder communication rather than thought, as for instance in the case of pronouns and agreement in gender. The person using a pronoun is almost always aware of what he is refering to, but his audience may not be. For instance the general rule is that in refering to animals you use the pronoun appropriate to the sex of the animal. But many people refer to all dogs as "he" and all cats as "she" and there is a tendency for everyone to refer to any animal as "it". I recall one lovely occasion in which one of the Ellingtons in one rather complex sentence referred to their dog, Snoopy--a female--as "he," "she," and "it." As it happened no one was confused about the meaning, but I thought it was very funny nevertheless.

And naturally the structure and vocabulary of language determines the ways in which we are able to think. I recall a fascinating paper by Boaz on Eskimo language where he said that we have many different words for water: water, ice, snow, sea, lake, river, pond, rain, etc. but that the eskimoos only had one word for water that applied to all uses. Naturally this affected their thinking. And he pointed out that seals were very important to them. We have one word for seal. They had a word for seal sleep^{ing}, for seal swimming, for seal on the ice, etc. Naturally this affected the way they were able to think about the animals...

WHY NOT - Lewis Somehow or other, Al, I've never noticed that fandom has any passion for rules and regulations or strict adherence to same. And fandom has on several occasions given overwhelming support to the idea that the convention committee runs the convention. That's why we got rid of WSFS, Inc. The fannish idea seems to be to elect a committee ~~we think~~ we can trust and leave everything to them. And if we don't like what they are doing, Scream. As you are doing now. But I think it's not quite playing the game to scream about "breaking the rules" rather than the decision.

I've never said anyplace that I think any convention committee is always right or that "all criticism of a convention committee was equally unwarranted." I support now and always the right of any convention committee to run the convention as they damn well please AND the right of fandom to scream if it doesn't like what was done.

I've also made it plain--to London and others--that I think that in general fandom is concerned with tradition and the standard order of procedure and that if a committee departs from these they'd better have a damn good reason for doing so. Or face the screams of an outraged fandom. However one Business Meeting does not a tradition make. And London has gotten almost universal applause for ignoring the Panel of Experts.

(By the way the Hugo Study Committee is not now nor has it ever been constituted as the Panel of Experts. You are perfectly correct that "Chairman Halevy announced to the meeting that Dick Lupoff, Study Committee Chairman, would be empowered to appoint members to the Nominating Committee." But what Chairman Halevy announced would be done and what was done are two different kettles of fish. Al was brought to see the error of his ways and if he hadn't been he would have been overruled by the rest of the committee. We left it up to London. And they decided to ignore it.)

With a great deal of hindsight it is now possible to see that London would have been better off if the drama category had gone on the ballot. But it would have made little practical difference--except we would all have been spared a number of screams. Think for a moment, think. The convention is going to be in London. Most of the membership is going to be from Britain. They won't be able to vote for the things you think are worthy of the Hugo because they've not seen them. In fact even if the con were in the U.S. it is doubtful if they would have been seen by enough fans. I don't think any dramatic production will ever get an award again since the Rule was passed that a TV series couldn't. Except a Special Award of course.

By the way, you're wrong in another place. The Chicon committee violated the Scacon Hugo rules in three places, the Discon in one. The Chicon committee (1) Gave the Short Fiction Hugo to the hothouse series, not an individual work. A clear violation but one I'm not much concerned about. (2) They gave the drama Hugo to "Twilight Zone" again and the rule was specifically changed so that Twilight Zone couldn't win again! Not a series, only individual production, etc. I happen to be strongly against this one, but feel it was there right, etc. (3) They gave Special Awards which were not identical with the regular Hugos. I applaud this one heartily. And they gave three of them. The Discon committee gave two Special Awards and the rules say one. And many fans--not me by the way--feel that giving the Short Fiction Hugo to "The Dragon Masters" was a clear violation of the spirit, if not the letter of the rules there..

I can't think of any convention committee in history that hasn't violated rules passed in previous business meetings. (If there were any such rules to be violated of course.) In fact up until the time Scithers codified the things, mimeographed them and sent them out, nobody even knew what they were, except for the grosser things like the Rotation Plan, the fact that there were such a thing as Hugos, etc. Somehow I have the feeling George should have left well enough alone.....

I'm not against Special Awards per se, but I am against Special Awards which are identical in appearance with the regular Hugo. If it looks like a Hugo ~~and adds little & stuff~~, it's a Hugo even if it is labelled Special Award. And if the Hugos have any validity at all, it's because they are voted on by fans. On the other hand I'm all for the con committee's being able to award Outstanding Merit during the year and all that... So Special Awards should be allowed, nay, even encouraged. But not Hugos given at the "caprice of the individual convention committee."

ANKUS - Pelz I can't see any way out of Rich Brown and the Anti-Blackballers holding us up a gun point. It seems to be a genuine case of a minority saying a majority shall not dictate to them, especially when the majority is allowing a minority to dictate to that minority. *** What say, Bruce.. I'll introduce a motion that anyone who puts in a blackball is expelled from FAPA if you'll put in a motion that anyone who doesn't put in a blackball is expelled from FAPA.

THEMIS - Janke Sorry he's gone. That nerve condition explains his touchiness and vehemence, but it doesn't explain his political opinions in the first place. And aside from politics he had some very shrewd and worth-while things to say. He wasn't always right of course, but at least he was sensible and well worth listening to. I'm glad this last zine went thru the mailing, in spite of his instructions to destroy. There are many members we could spare before we got to him.

Through Darkest Psyche

with Gun and Camera:

The BOONDOGGLE in Retrospect

In Bob Lowndes' column, "Aufgenknopft", in WARHOON 21 he makes a very good point. Psychology is a very popularized subject these days and the catchwords and terms are floating all around, being used and abused by all and sundry. And one can carry this even further. There seems to be a natural tendency for fans to consider themselves Experts on any and every subject they are vaguely familiar with, but this tendency becomes accentuated beyond all reason when it comes to psychology. And become confused with each fan's individual views.

And of course Lowndes is not free from this himself. Obviously he has done wide reading in psychology. But it seems to me he has read psychology the same way I read philosophy. I read philosophy because I'm interested in individual philosophic concepts or insights. Some of these I may integrate with my personal philosophy. But I'm just not interested in the over-all philosophical system or how it's put together. So, although I've done a lot of reading in philosophy—including the complete works of some philosophers—I think it would be only accurate to say that I know very little about it.

I was also somewhat amused that although Lowndes was discussing the Breen scene in the light of psychology he never got around to discussing child molestation; instead he psychoanalyzed the people against it—which is a rather different thing. However, it's an interesting topic so I think I'll follow his example.

First though I want to take care of a legal point Lowndes brought up. He seemed to feel that the Pacificon committee was obviously acting out of malice and that we could be convicted of libel because "Truth is a defense against libel, providing you can prove it beyond reasonable doubt; however, you must also prove that there is no malice involved in stating this truth."

Up until now there has not been the slightest shred of proof that the committee even felt malice towards Breen, much less that malice influenced them. Several accusations have been made to the effect that we expelled Breen, etc. because we dislike him, but no one has even offered the flimsiest reason for that statement, much less any proof of it.

In any case there are several things wrong with Lowndes' statement. We would not have to prove the statements about Breen beyond any reasonable doubt, only by a fair preponderance of the evidence. And in most states malice is irrelevant if the defamation is true; and in states where it is relevant, the burden of proving actual malice is on the plaintiff, not the defendant.

I have some argument with almost all of the points Lowndes makes, but it would make this article far too long if I attempted to go into them, so I'll only pick a few high spots. He seems to share the typical layman's misunderstanding of and emotional reaction to the term psychopath. It's really a technical term and not all that dreadful, but it seems to conjure up visions of axe murderers or Bloch's "Psycho". Probably the simplest definition is "A psychopath is someone without a moral sense." This doesn't mean he's violent or dangerous or can't behave acceptably socially—out of sheer self-interest.

And Prentiss Choate gave a very good description—in describing Walter Breen in POST-MORTEM—of what makes a psychopath: "a part of his psyche got left behind in the growing-up process." But when I pointed this out to Prentiss he screamed that I was twisting his words. Evidently the term is a very loaded one indeed.

But the thing that puzzled the hell out of me was Lowndes' statement "the person who is compelled to seek out ('unnatural') impulses in himself and others and try to punish all wicked people who have such 'unnatural' impulses... is just as much of a 'sex criminal,' clinically speaking, as the opposite extremist who rapes, tortures, seduces and assaults children; the important difference in our society is that in most instances, the law is on the side of the negative sex extremist..." This sounds like it might be good theology. But it's not good psychology. The accepted psychological theory is along the slightly more reasonable lines that, say, a person who is violently anti-homosexual may well be so because he is afraid of homosexual impulses in himself.

But even if Lowndes' statement were 100% true, I don't see the relevance of it. Some anti-Breeners--including me--got pretty extreme. But nobody ever said anything about punishing him. Even those who wanted to run him out of fandom on a rail only wanted to get rid of him. And far from seeking Breen out we would have been most grateful had he not thrust himself upon our attention. I would also add that if anyone is seeking out "wicked people" who have "unnatural impulses" he is doing a damn poor job of looking.

It might be relevant to point out that Wetzel was driven out of fandom by essentially BOONDOGGLE-type tactics and on far less evidence than we have on Breen. But everyone was convinced that Wetzel was guilty and that he was dangerous. Most fans just don't think that Breen is all that dangerous.

To oversimplify a trifle, nearly everybody in fandom agrees that seducing children is wrong, but the opinions about the degree of wrongness vary. In general the anti-Breeners seem to feel that seducing children is in the same class with acid throwing; it's something that is utterly beyond the pale. And the pro-Breeners seem to feel that while it's wrong and sick, it's something permissible in human behavior; it's nothing to ostracize anyone for.

Actually our mores seem to be in a state of flux. Forty or fifty years ago the almost universal attitude would have been "Thumbs Down on Breen." Forty or fifty years hence we may be as permissive as the South Seas. At the present time in fandom we have examples of both of these attitudes and all shades in between. I think though that the attitude of most fans would fall in the middle ground. Most fans would say that seducing children is a Bad Thing, and they are going to protect theirs from it, but they feel little or no social responsibility about it. And someone who seduces children is sick and more to be pitied than censured. But on the other hand, since seducing children is bad, there isn't going to be too much condemnation of someone who does do something about it. The BOONDOGGLE was condemned quite heavily, but it's made little change in my social relationships, even with those who have condemned it most strongly.

But in any case there has been no sign or indication that the committee or anyone else in fandom wants to "try to punish all wicked people who have such 'unnatural' impulses." In fact we have been accused of hypocrisy by some on the grounds that we know about and/or let attend the convention other child molesters and homosexuals.

Well, there were several active homosexuals at the convention. So what? If anyone's really interested I had homosexual experiences myself when I was a boy. I don't see that they hurt me. I have homosexual friends now. And I'm not a homosexual because I think ---ing is more fun, not because I think there's anything wrong with being a homosexual.

But as far as I know there were no child molesters at the convention. And while I do know of three other fans who are reputed to be such, none of them were at the convention nor expected to appear. And of these other three, in one of the cases I know the guy fairly well and don't believe it; the other two are to the best of my knowledge reformed and in any case one of them has been gafia for years and the other is well known to old-time fans.

Well, so much for Lowndes. However, since I do know the subject fairly well--and that's a pun, son--let's see what I can figure out about my motives and all--using a minimum of psychological gobble-de-gook. And a minimum of rationalization. Which is more difficult.

Let's look at the BOONDOGGLE. It is an extraordinary document. And to me, rereading it now, the most extraordinary thing about it is the honesty of it. There isn't a quibble in it. It's an exact statement of what I did, thought and felt re the question of Walter Breen. This article may approach it's honesty because I'm trying, but I was highly emotional at the time--I'm not now--and in portraying those emotions accurately, a hell of a lot of other things came across. Also, I rewrote the BOONDOGGLE seven or eight times and I'm not about to do so to this.

And when writing the BOONDOGGLE I seem to have been in pretty full contact with my emotions too. I was repressing some guilt, but that showed up. Obviously I wouldn't have spent so much time trying to get down exactly how I felt--as if complete honesty could make up for everything--if I had been completely happy about it. Also, while I find Breen hilarious on occasion, I don't find him nearly as funny as I portrayed him. That was a pure defensive reaction. And evidently a fairly successful one. A couple of people with robust senses of humor have told me that the BOONDOGGLE is the funniest thing they have ever read, and I still--in spite of everything--find it funny myself.

Oddly enough I tried to be fair to Breen. Of course in one sense it wasn't fair to write and publish any of these details, but I tried to be fair in the sense of not exaggerating or shading. I also clearly separated what Breen did and what I thought about it. With each of the children involved I did use the worse known incident, but I strove to portray these accurately. And to date only one valid correction has been received for these: one child was followed into the bedroom, not into the bathroom. And even though in the BOONDOGGLE I said this incident was evidence only of an unhealthy interest in children, I have since been persuade that even this was exaggerated. I took my account from his mother's story and reactions as she described them to me at the time. It later developed that her reaction was due to her knowledge of Breen's reputation, not anything overt that he did at the time. However, all the other incidents were at least as bad as described.

And naturally I discarded all incidents that I wasn't sure of, retaining only those that I had seen myself or had been described to me by a direct eyewitness or things substantiated by Breen's own admissions.

So, the BOONDOGGLE is a sincere, intensely felt, highly charged emotional document. Reactions to it were equally as intense. And each reader seemed to colloberate in writing his own BOONDOGGLE as it were. Most of the violent objectors to it have each had their own individual reasons for objecting. In many cases you'd hardly think they were talking about the same document.

Several people complained about "purple language" and "slanted prose" or whatnot. In most cases they turned out to be talking about a different passage and hadn't even noticed one someone else was talking about. Actually a dispassionate analysis will reveal that most of the language used is rather clinical and/or direct quotes. And any slanting is my unconscious bit about making it funny, not in intensifying the incidents. Obviously it would have been more effective if I hadn't done this.

I was also honest in giving my opinions about it all. Readers may recall that among other things I said (1) I wasn't all that convinced that sex with child was that dreadful. (2) I didn't really see the necessity for barring Breen from the convention.

I also said that I would like to perform a surgical operation separating Breen from fandom. I still think that fandom would be better off without him; however, various people have pointed out that it's no one's business or right to make a decesion for someone else

about who he is going to associate with. This is a perfectly valid point. But as I keep pointing out in return, there's really no way to keep people from associating with someone either. No one can be surgically removed from fandom as long as fans are individually willing to associate with him.

Well it's pretty obvious that even apart from the ethics of it, publishing the BOONDOGGLE was a pretty stupid thing to do. And it's an obviously stupid thing to do, fugg-headed in fact. I'm not that dumb I assure you. The BOONDOGGLE seems designed to bring the wrath of fandom down on my head. And I think it was.

Why? To punish myself of course.

I think this may be the point to enter a disclaimer. In spite of the way this seems to be tending, I didn't take out after Walter Breen because I don't like him. No. I think I know myself reasonably well and would not be able to hide that at this point. Obviously I don't like Walter Breen. But there are a lot of people around who rile me more, but I'm still content to live and let live.

Nevertheless I think that personal animosity played a part in my motivation. Gordon Eklund put it rather well in his letter in MINAC. He said in effect that I wasn't doing this to Walter Breen because I disliked him, but I wouldn't be doing it if I liked him. That struck me with blinding effect even through all the rationalizing I was doing at the time. And it's not very nice either. But it's sure true.

But leave us return to the BOONDOGGLE. And remember it is an honest document and an accurate portrayal of my emotions and opinions. And remember I said that I wasn't all that convinced that sex with children was all that dreadful and that I didn't see the necessity for barring Breen from the convention.

However it's unfortunately only too obvious that to publish the BOONDOGGLE to even such a limited circulation as was originally planned for it, only makes sense if I had already decided--on some level anyhow--that Walter Breen was going to be barred and that fandom was going to be told Why.

It's probably relevant to say here that I was only one member of a committee. I'm only talking about my own reasons and motives. The other members have their own ethical convictions and ideas. Even if I had decided against it, it would not have stopped the exclusion. But things would have been done differently.

So, while I wasn't convinced of the necessity of barring Breen, I was convinced of its desirability. Why? Leave us return to the BOONDOGGLE wherein all my attitudes are found. There is one common thread running through my attitudes, one underlying reaction to Walter Breen. It isn't moral disapproval. It isn't even dislike. It's distaste. I'm afraid I objected more to the flagrant display and boasting of his quirks than I did to the quirks themselves. I found them and him embarrassing and distasteful.

Also mentioned in the BOONDOGGLE was the whole question of Responsibility that had been agitating me most severely the previous months. I had changed my views on a number of things and decided that one did owe responsibility to larger units than individuals. I still think that. But I think that somebody who had always had conservative ideas about responsibility would have goofed less badly than I did. Responsibility was a New Scene for me and I didn't quite know how to handle it. And while I didn't think seducing children was Evil, I did think it was Bad and that I had the responsibility to protect the convention members, etc. Whether they wanted to be protected or not.

And this mixed with my distaste to produce the attitude "There will be none of these Goings On at our convention." Or in other words I let power go to my head. And oddly enough this is one thing nobody seems to have accused me of.

I must admit that I never gave a damn about our legal liability and didn't even care very much whether Breen did anything at the convention. I knew he had made contacts at other conventions and assumed he would do the same at this one. And I felt responsible for that too. This is extending one's Moral Responsibility pretty far, but I really felt that way.

However, if it had been a question of the now-gafia child molester I would have done my damndest to do this all without publicity. I liked him. Apart from his sexual sickness he was a nice guy.

And why the publicity about Breen? Let's return to the BOONDOGGLE. I said that I didn't see any reason for barring him from the convention if he were still able to continue his activities in fandom. Therefore, the publicity was not to explain our barring him, but to Warn Fandom about the Monster.

Obviously an Attack of Responsibility coming on fairly late in life is a pretty serious disease. One should get inoculations or something.

But being felled by an Attack of Responsibility and all didn't mean that I had suddenly become a different person. I still had my old standards and attitudes also. So naturally I had Guilt Feelings like all bloody hell. And equally naturally I repressed them. But they still operated. I arranged to punish myself as well as to Take Care of Walter Breen.

Obviously if the only idea were to Take Care of Walter Breen the smart thing to have done would have been to quietly expel him. Naturally he would have told his friends. And they would have screamed with outrage. When the screams reached the deafening level we could have presented our side of the case. And if it hadn't been for the BOONDOGGLE, that is most probably what would have happened.

Obviously I think my Telling All about Breen was unethical. But it's unethical only because I personally don't think seducing children is all that bad. If I did think so, I believe that revealing the facts about Breen would be a highly moral act. If someone is engaged in activities harmful to others, you warn others about him. At least I think so. But since I don't think Walter is all that dangerous I should have kept my mouth shut.

Of course once the BOONDOGGLE was published and we had expelled Breen and the attacks began to come I started rationalizing like mad. Even more so. It'd be an extremely peculiar person who wouldn't under those circumstances. And such odd rationalizations. Not only was excluding Walter Breen the True, the Good, the Beautiful, but it was also the politically-wise thing to do. I kept insisting so at Great Length. This was sort of asinine because if excluding Breen had ever had any political value at all, insisting that it did would destroy it.

Much praise has recently been devoted to the philosophy "Live and let live." And it must be admitted that it does have a great deal to say for it. It's a quite necessary approach to civilized living.

On the other hand that's exactly what all those people in Queens were doing when the girl was stabbed to death. They were minding their own business and living and let living. You have to draw the line somewhere. You can't just lie back and say "Anything Goes." If someone is damaging others--especially children--in your presence or with your knowledge I think it's highly ethical to do something about it or to warn others who can do something about it.

Acid throwing is nice and simple and clear cut. Everyone agrees that's bad. But seducing children is more complex. And I think that each individual has to make up his own mind what's ethical for him, whether to "Live and let live" or to do everything he can to stop it or to protect the person others are trying to stop. Obviously there's going to

be no consensus about it. Equally obviously what is ethical behavior for one person is going to be unethical for another. And my behavior was unethical for me: once my rationalizations are stripped away I don't think seducing children is all that bad.

However, I'm only one member of a committee. The other members of the committee--along with many other fans--think it is pretty bad. And they have massive support from psychologists for their attitude. Also, the other committee members were worried about their financial liability. So in any event I would most probably have been overruled and Breen would have been expelled.

But everything would have gone So Much Smoother if I hadn't had that Attack of Responsibility and all. And oddly enough the anti-Breeners have much more reason for a beef with me than the pro-Breeners whom I delivered plenty of ammunition to. Not to mention that the anti-Breeners have been put in the position of going along with something they don't approve of. (They don't like the BOONDOGGLE either.) I seemed to have ----ed up all around and messed everybody up.

But humility doesn't really become me so I'll close with this quote from Theodor Reik's "The Need to be Loved" which I'll try to live up to:

"One can feel sorry about something without feeling guilty. Feeling guilty is as useless as crying over spilled milk. One may regret having done something wrong without being emotionally crushed by it. Too deep grief would dishearten and humiliate the individual. A clear understanding of the significance of our misdeeds or wrong-doings is emotionally healthier than hopeless misery afterward. 'I have done this; it was wrong; it is done with,' is perhaps the better attitude."

Bill Donaho
April 1965

A FEW COMMENTS ON THE 110TH MAILING

by

Alva Rogers

ASP #4 Inasmuch as these comments, such as they are, will be appearing in Bill's mag I might as well start off with this one. Bill Donaho All I can say about your friends in the "underground," Bill, is that they don't seem much different than a comparable collection of nutty fans. The main difference seems to be that those in the underground produce movies instead of fanzines, and from some of the critical comments I've read about their products much of it seems about as cruddy as many fanzines. Christ! I have a hard enough time, most of the time, staying awake during a movie with characters and a plot without watching some jerk sleep for eight hours. The closest I ever came to anything even remotely approximating the underground cinema was twenty years-or-so ago when a bunch of us used to get together at Morrie Dollens' studio in Studio City (across the street from the MGM studios) to make some wild and (for that time) avant-garde movies. One, I remember, was a very free interpretation of Debussy's "Engulfed Cathedral" combining special effects, models and live "actors." Another was something about either a cave man or a parody of Tarzan, and all I can remember about is me running around with a fake leopard skin draped around my skinny torso, a wild-man-from-Borneo wig on my head, wearing my glasses and chasing Phil Bronson all over the landscape trying to club him with a huge balsa wood club. Avant-garde?!!!

WHY NOT 7 I suppose, like most fans who attended the Pacificon business Al Lewis meeting, I'll never forget the almost comic opera, Gilbert and Sullivanish parliamentary fiasco known as "The Great Hugo Debate." I'm still not sure just what we voted on. Oh, well. You're wrong Al, we (the Pacificon II committee) never said we disapproved of the special award in principal, just that as far as we were concerned we didn't want to arbitrarily select someone or something for such an award. We agreed between us that science fiction book publishers should have a crack at a Hugo, but we also agreed that it should be put to the voting members as to whether or not they wanted to give such an award. In view of the fact that we weren't going to present a Special Award we merely substituted the book publishers for the special award with no intent to set a binding precedent. We couldn't propose the substitution at the Discon business meeting for the quite simple reason that it wasn't until shortly before we sent out the nominating ballots that we even brought the subject up for discussion at a committee meeting.

The Drama Award is another matter. We had the category listed on the nominating ballot, but the thing bombed. To have put it on the final ballot in the light of the nominating response would have been not only ludicrous, it would have been downright stupid. So we declared it a "no award" category simply on the basis of the total (or almost total) lack of intelligent or informed response. Personally, I'd just as soon see the drama category dropped completely. I've always wondered just who rightly deserves to receive the Hugo for a dramatic production: the producer? The director? The star, or stars? Or the writer? Or do they all get it and pass it around like Carr and Ellik do with theirs? I suspect that only those in the dramatic field (writers, mostly) who graduated from the microcosm, i.e., Ellison, Bloch, Matheson, Bradbury, have even the remotest interest in a Hugo award. Certainly, to a hot-shot producer or director or

actor a Hugo can't begin to compare to an Emmy or Oscar, now, can it?

London's decision to eliminate the drama category from the nominating ballot and repeat the book publisher category was as much a surprise to us as it was to most people. You're in error when you say we advised the London committee to follow our lead on the categories and to ignore the Nominating Committee, or that London was strongly influenced by our reaction to criticism of our handling of the Breen Scene. A convention committee perforce must operate on its own authority and to take or reject advice and criticism from without the committee advisedly. A due regard for consensus must be maintained, but no convention committee can expect to meet with universal favor with everything they do or say. For this reason most committees, when they seek advice, turn to those they feel can give it intelligently (mostly ex-committeemen who have gone through the same travail in the past), weigh it, and follow it or ignore it according to conditions and situations currently prevailing. In the final analysis the convention is the total responsibility of those putting it on -- if it bombs, who takes all the blame? Why then should a committee go to fandum for prior approval for everything they do or propose to do? If a committee had to do this every time it turned around nothing would ever be accomplished. No wonder committees almost automatically assume virtual autocracy over everything pertaining to the convention.

Now we come to your proposed Hugo rules changes. Forgive me, Al, but I think you're off your nut. I'm unalterably opposed to any proposal that that removes any significant element of a convention from direct and complete control of the committee, and your proposal would do just that. The Hugo awards should remain the sole responsibility of the convention committee, subject to a reasonably flexible constitution. I disagree with you that Hugos "are an additional burden and an annoying side issue to a committee..." It's not a side issue, it's an integral part of the convention and no more annoying to a committee than any other job of work connected with putting on a convention. Actually, in terms of man hours, our committee probably spent proportionally less time on Hugo business than we did on the program or publications (even taking into consideration the tremendous job you and other Los Angeles fans did in physically producing the pr's program book). Now, just what does your Hugo Awards Committee accomplish? Frankly, nothing that isn't already being done by the convention committees, and that more expeditiously and economically. Under your plan the awards committee sends out nominating ballots (the convention committees routinely send them out with an early progress report, thus obviously saving money and postage). The awards committee receives the nomination ballots for tallying (presumably the chairman of the committee would receive them, tally them by himself, and then communicate the results via the mails or phone to the four other committeemen -- one of them outside the continental United States -- before final verification of the names to go on the final ballot). And imagine, if you will, the additional time and postage consumed in corresponding back and forth if the committee decides to add a few candidates of their own to the final ballot, as they're empowered to do by your rules. And all this time the convention is getting nearer and nearer. Okay, so now the awards committee sends out the final ballots (again, the convention committee sends these out with a progress report. Even if the awards committee sends the ballots to the convention committee for mailing there's still an added postage expense. Or if the awards committee sends the nomination results to the concom there's a time lag involved when there's little enough total time already), and again they're returned to the awards committee for tallying. Now we come to the time when there's really some

work -- the tallying of the final votes. So we have an awards committee made up of five fans unable to get together physically (remember, one of them is even out of the States), so who does the tallying? The chairman, again, all by his lonesome?

Under the setup that has obtained until now the convention committee (all of whom are in the same area and able to get together in committee) tally the nominations and the final votes together, double checking for errors, having the current membership list at hand to check eligibility of a voter whenever there's a doubt, and do all of this in one relatively short committee meeting (that is, one meeting for tallying the nominations and one for tallying the final vote) without a lot of wasted time and needless expense. Instead of relieving a conglom of additional work and mental strain your proposal would compound both immeasurably. As far as I'm concerned, the latching up you suggest would be cumbersome and scandalously wasteful of time and money -- in point of fact, a pointless complication.

I REMEMBER MOROJO A fitting tribute to Morojo by Perdue and Ackerman.
520-07 0328 I remember Morojo, too, with great affection. From
Forrest J Ackerman the first time I walked through the doors of the LASFS
clubroom at 637½ South Bixel in the early forties, to
the last time I saw her when she came to Sid's and my wedding in June,
1947. I remember, at the wedding, being shocked at how she had faded in
just a couple of years; no longer was she the seeming perpetually youth-
ful and vivacious woman I remembered of only a handful of years earlier.
Sickness and age were finally taking their toll. But the image that re-
mains in my memory is the image of Myrtle during the Golden Age of the
LASFS in the years prior to 1946, when she was a friend to all, and a special
sort of friend to a few of us, sweet and kind even under trying circum-
stances.

I remember her generosity and her numerous kindnesses, her humor and her understanding. Little things come to mind, insignificant and unimportant, but typical of Myrtle...like the time I tore my pants most embarrassingly just after I came out of the church following Elmer and Betty Perdue's wedding, and Myrtle took me home, made me take off my pants, and then she mended them most professionally...or the many times she fed me when I was tapped out...or the egoboo she fed me over my artwork, which reminds me of the time I embarrassed the bejesus out of her. I was sitting in the clubroom drawing one afternoon when Myrtle came in and watched me for a while working on a nude for Forry's VOM. Sort of kidding like, she asked me why I always drew nude women, and I said, "Because Forry asked for them and published them on the covers of VOM." She laughed and asked what I'd do if she asked for a drawing of a nude man, and I said I'd draw it for her. She left shortly and I immediately started drawing a nude man on a piece of illustration board about 12 inches high. I put as much care into the drawing as I did for the nude women I drew for Forry and came up with an excellent full length head-on rendering of a muscular young man standing in a classic pose with an anatomically accurate, but exaggeratedly large and pendulous phallus. I went next door and presented it to Myrtle, and she, poor girl, turned about twenty shades of red on every square inch of skin I could see. She took it, but that was the last time I ever saw it. I've often wondered what she did with it -- burned it, I hope.

Yes, Forry, Myrtle was a director of the LASFS. In fact, I was secretary when she was director and I became the director of the LASFS when she resigned that position.

I will always remember Morojo -- who, once having known her, could ever forget her or would want to.

SYNAPSE Samuel Davenport Russell became a "Communist for the FBI" Jack Speer because they asked him to become one. During most of the war Sam worked in a machine shop (along with Lancy) that was doing war work, some of it critical and confidential. The FBI recruited Sam to keep tabs on possible communist hanky-panky in that particular area of the war effort. Sam's reasons for accepting the assignment only he knows. It was only later and by the wildest of coincidences that he ended up reporting on the activities of four starry-eyed idiots in the LASFS (one of whom was me) who, during a seizure of radical idealism, saw fit to join the then Communist Political Association late in 1944 (I believe it was). Once we joined the CPA -- and Sam knew we had because he was at the Futurian meeting the night we joined -- he had no alternative but to report on our activities; however, he told me almost twenty years later, he tempered and qualified his reports on us as much as he could. As far as I've ever been able to determine his reports never seriously hurt me -- about the others I can't say. Whether Sam's work for the FBI was Evil or Good is not for me to say. Suffice it to say that after all these years I personally bear him no ill will for what he did to me -- if he did, in fact, actually do anything to me.

THEMIS I A rapidly approaching deadline and the need to get those sten- Curt Janko cils to Donaho unfortunately prevents me from extensively commenting on this utterly delightful zine. Unreconstructed Goldwaterite and bitch he may be, but he writes so goddam entertainingly on such a variety of subjects that I couldn't care less. I couldn't help but think of Lancy while reading this collection of erudition and strong personal opinion. Too bad he's not going to be in FAPA any longer.

LIGHTHOUSE 12 Always a delight and thanks, Terry, for sending it to me. Terry Carr It was good seeing you again at the con even if you have gotten old and fat. But even nicer than seeing you again was seeing Carol for the first time, and Carol writes just as entertainingly as she is lovely. If you know what I mean. I'm sorry, Carol, but you've made quitting smoking sound so gawdawful that I've decided to stick with my three or four packs a day and trust to luck...Gina Clarke's expose of the Tolkien trilogy was a gass...Also enjoyed Ted White's thing on westerns. Having been born in New Mexico, and having lived there and in Arizona and south-western Texas I started reading westerns at an early age, both books and pulps, but I could never take them in more than small doses. Even so, at times I find them a refreshing change from other forms of fiction...As far as I know Erik Fennel still lives in Hawai, at least he was when he joined the Pacificon. I met Erik at the Westerncon XV when the Alexandria's valet service sent his slacks to my room by mistake the night of the banquet. He turned out to be a real swinger.

by Gordon Eklund

KIM CHI 4 (Ellingtons): I suppose you're quite right in that a conservative would no doubt say that his purpose was "to preserve that part of things-as-they-are that he considers good." I am so certain of the typical conservative's agreement, because all of the conservatives I know would love to leap upon such a statement of principles and call it their own. But on further thought, it strikes me that every political philosophy is built upon the idea of preserving the good parts of the present and destroying and changing the badparts. The great dividing points come not over this basic idea, but over the question of what is to be preserved, what is to be changed, and as to how these changes are to be made. I suppose one might find someone who would say that everything is perfect as it is now; it would be less difficult to track down an individual who believes that everything in the present system is a mess and must be changed or abolished. But these people and their ideas are pretty extreme. Personally I am all in favor of preserving certain aspects of the current System. I am in favor, for instance, of the continuation of sex scandals in government. This is not because I find them overly admirable things, but because they are the only thing I find interesting in the newspaper. I suppose it might be easier for me just to quit reading newspapers, and go ahead and join the committee to abolish sex scandals in government, but then I would feel Uninformed.

THOMAS 1 (Janke): This thing was a gas, sorta. I didn't make any checkmarks as I read through, and I have no comments as such, but it might be worth noting that this publication contained some of the bitchiest bitchy writings I have read in a long time. I can admire this sort of thing objectively, I guess, but fifty or sixty pages of it gets a bit tiring.

SELF PRESERVATION 7 (Hoffman): Have you really thrown away uncountable numbers of stencils as you say? I find that pretty fantastic. I don't think I've ever thrown a stencil away, not after the very first word has been cut upon its surface. I can throw early drafts away without the slightest sweat. I can even throw away material that I have worked long hours in writing, putting a particular piece through as many as three drafts. This stuff I can casually crumble into a tiny ball and flip into the nearest trashcan, but once anything is on stencil, no matter how dissatisfied I may be with its quality, it gets published--often with regrettable results. The placing of a piece of writing on stencil seems to make it, well, almost sacred in a way.

I was fascinated by your tale of leaky roofs and rain in your kitchen. I shuttered at the right spots and smiled in a couple of the wrong ones. I used to have dreams about being in this long, long corridor, in which the roof is continually dripping rain in hundreds of places and it is falling into hundreds of ~~places~~ with suitably horrible noises. I can't really remember when I had this dream, but I have a definite recollection of some such scene. It may have been in a movie instead of in a dream. In fact I may be just making the whole thing up, but the idea seems to vivid for that.

I shouldn't have dreams about roofs leaking. The only really bad leaky roof I have come into contact with during my life was the one found in the second floor corridor in the junior high school I attended when I was of the proper age for attending such an institution. Every year, during the rainy season, we'd have the dig out a half dozen or so buckets and pans with which to catch the dripping water. I think the

roof was repaired just before the last rainy season I spent in the building. Somehow this stoppage of dripping water took a lot of the interest out of school. No longer could one look forward to the tiny adventure caused by a new leak or by the overflowing of a particular bucket. Gee, I almost quit school, right then and there.

I don't recall a cigarette package game played along the lines of the game "Hits and Strikes" as you outline that game here. I do remember something called "Lucky Strikes." If you were walking along with another person and happened to spot an empty package of Lucky Strikes on the ground and if you could get your foot on top of the empty pack before someone else could put their foot in place, you could slug another person in the arm and yell "Lucky Strike" while doing so. This was fun for a lot of people, except for me because I wasn't in the habit of walking around with my eyes glued to the ground as it seemed a lot of my friends were. The game got wildly out of hand when people started using any sort of off the wall cigarette brand instead of the original Lucky Strikes. It was more than a bit disconcerting to be walking along pleasantly discussing the problems of the times with a friend, have him stop short and shout "Camels" at you as he punched you in the arm. It was painful, too.

I wonder whether an interest in fan history signifies an interest in history in general. I know there are a lot of people who claim they aren't the least interested in fan history, that it bores them. I am fascinated by the fandom of yesterday, perhaps more so than by the fandom of today and very much enjoy such fan history bits as Carr's Entropy and Entropy Booklet in the previous mailing. I'm interested in history, too. History in general. You mention that you are as well. I believe Terry Carr shares both interests, too. I guess other examples could easily be found, and perhaps even a few exceptions. It is an interesting thought, though.

A PROPOS DE RIEN 14 (Caughran): Your description of the intricacies of solving a math problem and why mathematics fascinates you were quite interesting reading. I can't quite see the whole thing, however. Mathematics has never interested me much, never given me the sort of thrill you seem to derive from it. But I have certainly not gone particularly far into the field. Whether this is the cause of my lack of interest, or whether it is caused by my lack of interest, I do not know. But the thrill you get from solving a problem in mathematics I can get from other things. I can get it from suddenly discovering a long searched for fact. I can most definitely get it from writing. Writing anything, even mailing comments, when I feel that I'm writing well and am enjoying doing so, produces that wonderful feeling of, I guess, creation and discovery. It makes life almost worthwhile.

WHY NOT? 7 (Lewis): I read that story reprinted from the 1851 newspaper expecting to be bored and expecting never to finish it. I was amazed and joyous to find that it was really a clever and enjoyable little bit. I wonder how many other things such as this may now be moldering away in the files of old newspapers. It makes one sort of sad to think about such a thing. I suppose most of the really worthwhile things originally published in newspapers have long since been rescued from oblivion and published in book format. Not all have, I am sure, just as not all the fine things published in pulp magazines have been rescued. A lot never will be.

I'm curious. You teach junior high school level American History if I remember correctly. I haven't noted any statement that this situation has changed from you. Because of this, I assume that all of these comical quotes from term papers are

taken from papers dealing with the subject of American history. What I am curious about is the apparent subjects of some of these papers. Take P.T. Barnum, for instance. I just can't picture Barnum as a particularly important figure in American history, certainly not as a fit subject for a term paper. I guess he does deserve equal rating with Joseph Smith, though, who, I note, also rates a term paper. The two men had a great deal in common. When I was in the eighth grade, I never had to write a term paper, not even one about P.T. Barnum. The situation has apparently improved somewhat since. In fact I don't think I ever had to compose anything even remotely resembling a term paper until my senior year in high school. Then the history course was an elective and the class I was in was an accelerated one, combined with regular senior English. Hooray for American education and the test system, I guess.

DAMBALLA 6 (Hansen): I used to love to sing in front of large groups. I was even mildly pleased simply to be allowed to sing in front of small groups. I can't quite understand this previous enthusiasm. I am so thoroughly ashamed of my own singing voice at the present time that you won't even catch me singing along with the radio in fear that someone might catch me and have to listen to my atrocious voice. I have absolutely no ability to carry a tune. Not the least. I don't think I ever did have one, but in the 5th and 6th grades, one isn't really expected to be able to do so.

I used to be very unexpectèdly bold when I was in grammar school. I even used to love to stand in front of the class and give reports, a thing that frightened the hell out of me just a few short years later. I remember once that I had to be almost literally pulled from the stage after going on for roughly a four hour period giving a report on spaceships. Things have changed. Things have changed.

I disapprove of bullfighting, too. I also from when the subject of dog fighting or that of cock fighting is raised. I even disapprove of horse racing and most particularly dog racing. I still think your comments on the subject are extreme. Instead of watching a bullfight or a boxing match to release your blood lust, you read a sword and sorcery epic full of bloody beheadings and gruesome sword duels. Or maybe you plop down in front of your television set, adjust the dial, and listen and watch the latest episode of the Untouchables--14 people are murdered this week. The only difference between you (or me, for that matter, since I read those same books and watch those same programs) and the bullfight fan is that his release brings harm onto other living creatures; yours does not. Sadism, if that is the proper word, seems to be a very strong urge in man. We invented television after all in order to control it. We also invented war to help unleash it at the proper time. You have read The Lord of the Flies, I presume. If not, you certainly should. It is very striking in its depiction of the emergence of the primitive in man. It is a lot of other things too; most great books are.

Your descriptions of the Denver fans were most welcome, as was the more general history in the previous mailing. I particularly enjoyed the sketches, because, not knowing the people being described, I could objectively view your ability to make them appear life like. You did a fine job, especially with Roy Hunt. I'd like to be able to do something of this nature myself. I'm afraid that I'd get bogged down in endless tirades on the subject of what is wrong with Fan X. Either this, or else I would be so worried about doing so, that I wouldn't say anything but the most superficial.

SONGS SOME MOTHER TAUGHT ME (Raeburn & Co.): I don't have any meaty comments of a psychological nature to make on this publication, but I think I'll break my resolution not to make ~~any comments~~ I like this/I didn't like this type mailing comments and say that I found these twelve pages, printed on white paper, with the able use of black ink, to be screaminly funny. The rip in Boyd Raeburn's pants was followed closely in quality by the rending of Lee Jacobs' shirt. If Boyd can be kept wearing holes in his Hong Kong pants and Lee can be kept rending his shirt and screaming "CEE-IDENT MIXER" I will be kept screaming, shouting, and yelling, not to mention laughing.

THE QUATT MUNKERY (Wells): I am not great fan of board games, but I can see Chauvenet's comment about how they can be equally as interesting as a conversation. They can be a whole lot more enjoyable, too. But you seem to have some weird notions about conversation ("sharpens your awareness of world and people.") I guess you're right about that, but I certainly don't worry whether a particular conversation does sharpen me up. I don't even care much whether it enhances my "logical skills." Conversation is primarily for enjoyment and for exchange of views. In the exchange of views I can easily see how one might sharpen ones awareness regarding various subjects, not the least of which being the person with whom one is conversing. The logic bit still doesn't fit in; at least it doesn't fit into my thinking about what a conversation should be. Your thinking appears to run closer along the lines of a debate. Personally, however, I am not the least bit interested in increasing my logical skills; I am more interesting in decreasing them. I would explain that last sentence, but the explanation would be far more complicated and lengthy than the subject deserves.

MULL F 38 (White): Your remarks in the Utopia piece about how it is impossible to guage the manner in which individuals will react to each other struck me as very true indeed. I have often been highly surprised at the inability of apparently similar people to get along with each other. Particularly this has annoyed me when I have discovered that friends of mine may like me and I, them, but not each other. The first time this oddity appeared to me was around the age of eight or nine. I had two particularly close friends at the time, one of whom has remained so to this date. The first of these was a kid I had known when we lived near him while I was three and four years of age. He moved away, but our parents were friends and we remained in touch. The other kid was the son of old friends in the family, now residing in the new neighborhood in which we now lived. The two never met each other until after I had known each for years, although I had, of course, told both of the existence of the other. Then I had a birthday party. Both were invited and both came. They got into a huge fight and never did get along in the least during the times they were thrown together in the future--we all ended up at the same high school. I was very annoyed by this, even hurt, because I felt that it forced me to chose between one or the other, which may have been the whole point of the thing actually. I am a bit older now and such things no longer surprise me so much or produce any such emotional turmoil. I know that friends of mine are not always apt to like each other. I know that a lot of my friends have friends I can't stand. I know that they have friends who don't care much for me. It is a very strange bit, I guess, and seems to point to some sort of conclusion resting upon the idea that similar intellectual interests are not of such extreme importance in the success of individual relationships. I have been working under the idea that intellectual similarities are not the least bit important; liking or loving being determined more by some sort of emotional similarity--a smimilar way of thinking, a similar way of reacting to problems. It is a very difficult thing to describe, this emotional response, which, I suppose, is only to be expected.

"...for two or more people to live together in real harmony for a period of more than a month or two, love is certainly an essential." I agree with that remark, I think, but I wish you could have expanded upon it. I have been forcefully thrown into extended contact with a wide variety of individuals, none of whom I have found a great deal of liking for, often for periods greatly over a month or two. I have discovered that the only successful way in which to avoid continual friction in such a situation is mostly by ignoring the existence of the other, acting as though you are living alone, and respecting barriers of privacy much more so than is common. This is an undeclared bit between almost all the people I know in similar situations, all of those except the few who are really close friends with their roommates, exceptions rather than rules. Privacy is a very important thing in all such relationships. As an example, I have published, read and otherwise displayed fanzines under the noses of a half dozen or so roommates. Not one has ever asked me a single question about them. Not once. Such a question would be considered a breach of peace, of sorts, and leave the other individual wide open for any personal questions I might chose to throw at him. As you can see, I do agree with your remarks about the importance of privacy. It is of extreme importance, I think, not only under the conditions in which I exist, but under that more perfect situation in which love actually does exist between the partners.

I can't see why your Mingus piece wasn't published. It should have been. It is easily the best thing you have done on him. I would be most interested, by the way, to see your impressions of Mingus' recent album recorded at the Monterey Jazz Festival last summer. I believe he is now calling it the finest things he has ever done. A lot of people seem to agree with his own evaluation of his work.

You make one very good point in your review which doesn't have much to do with Charles Mingus, personally. This is where you comment on the reluctance of critics to take into consideration the quality of a single side of an LP, as a whole. I know I listen to a longplaying record side by side, not track by track. If one side has a mediocre piece and a good one, I am apt to ignore that side in favor of another in which all the tracks are very good, although none may come up to the quality of the single track on the mediocre side. There is also a certain balance that is necessary on the side of an album, a balance that has little to do with the length of the tracks. I think this whole subject is of more importance than is ever given to it, even though it has nothing at all to do with the actual music on the album. It has a great deal to do with my personal rating of an album, on the frequency with which one side gets played over another, and whether the album gets played more than one or twice a years as a whole.

GOLIARD 835 (Anderson): There was a very fine article in a recent Ramparts about the reasons behind the success of Proposition 13, the California constitutional amendment which banned open housing laws. The article argued that the proposition passed because its wordage referred only to the question of freedom to buy or sell, not mentioning the racial question at all. The author went on to suggest a counter amendment, one to be worded something along the lines of: "The right of the people to buy property regardless of race, color and creed shall not be abridged by law." This amendment, if properly worded, could nullify Proposition 13, if the courts fail to do so. The author thought it could pass. I don't know, myself. I am quite enthusiastic about the state of California and its people and hate the idea that such a large portion of its voting age population happen to be bigots.

THE SILVER SPRING ASSOCIATION (Ellik&Chauvenet): I've managed to pick up two Kennedy half dollars in general circulation. The first I received in change, sometime last summer, at a Berkeley movie theater. I kept it for a couple months, then sold it to a fellow for 55¢--the free enterprise system works again. I asked him about the coin a few days ago. He got it mixed up with the rest of his change and spent it. I picked up my second Kennedy half dollar just a couple weeks ago. I got this one from the Bank of America, while cashing my check. I cashed the check of a friend also and gave him the Kennedy piece when I gave him his cash. I'm just not the coin collecting type and, besides, I am quite aware that there are hundreds of thousands of these coins around and that sooner or later they will come out into the open.

I like California climatic condition, too, Ron Ellik, but I lean more towards the Northern end of the state than to the Southern regions. Up here we have just a slight variety in the weather, just enough to keep things interesting. It is nice to have it rain occasionally, too, just so long as it is only on occasions. Actually I never have been subjected to a really variable climate. Seattle, where I spent my formative years of life, is not noted for variance in climatic conditions. "Forty degrees and raining" is, I believe, the way they put it. I did see snow up there, of course, and every once in awhile, I saw the sun. These were, however, rare and pleasant moments indeed. While I was bouncing around the Southern sections of the country, after first entering the military service, it was mostly summer and fall. The weather was mostly warm and sunny. It has just now struck me that I have gone two consecutive winters now without once seeing a snowflake. I am sure this is a record of sorts for me and is especially notable because I spent the first of those two winters living about equally in three separate and geographically distant states. I think I'll shoot for three...

PHANTASY PRESS 47 (McPhail): Your description of your first airplane flight, in an old decrepid bi-plane, is almost sense of wonderish. I thought such things happened only in the movies. It used to be a typical film bit, around the thirties and early forties. Fred MacMurray would usually be in one of the leading roles. This old plane would come in, you see, and crashland in a farmer's field. His two sons would rush out and pull the pilot from the wreckage. Then the pilot would recover and, out of thanks, show them all about airplanes. They would grow up and become rich and famous and turn into the Wright Brothers, while inventing the submarine.

Actually my first ride on an airplane, an event which I waited nearly 18 years to celebrate, was very anticlimactic. I first flew in the summer of 1963 on a huge, jet driven DC-8, from Seattle to Los Angeles. The plane made fast time and I received almost no sense of being in the air. A lot of this could be blamed on the fact that I had an aisle seat, three away from the window, and that the window seats were occupied by two old and fat businessmen types who wanted to see outside and hated kids. By the time I finally did get a window seat, on a flight from Dallas to Los Angeles some months later, I had flown a number of times in between and was quite blasé about the whole thing. Besides that, the whole trip was over cloud covered areas. I have never been up in a military plane, by the way, despite my position in the US Air Force. This isn't one of my life's greater disappointments. I have seen the beaten interiors of enough military aircraft while on the ground, and have become well enough acquainted with the general intelligent level of the average maintenance crew member that I'm really quite happy to stick with civilian firms. Either that, or stay on the ground.

Are you really serious about how Oklahoma is not, as legend tells us, a small slice of Nothing, situated on the top of a huge slice of nothing, known as the state of Texas. I am disillusioned. Actually I have some feelings of closeness with the state of Oklahoma, although I have never been there. My mother's family spent some time in the state, after spending other long periods of time in Tennessee and Texas, just prior to and shortly after statehood. In fact, my mother was born in a tiny Oklahoma town, one which, I now believe, has disappeared from the map. The family soon pushed on, however, this time to Kansas and to Colorado, adding to Oklahoma's diminishing population. Hey, I just thought of that. Why didn't you mention, in the course of your reply to Metzger, that Oklahoma is one of the tiny minority of states constantly declining in population. Why, if the trend keeps up, in a few years there will be no one left in the state, except you, your family, and a bunch of soldier at Fort Sill.

MRAITH 23 (Ballard): Similar to your mentioning of raises becoming reductions in pay has been the noted fact that the most recent boost in military pay in October of 1964 mostly caused the average service member to shoot into a new tax bracket, actually causing him to lose pay. He? I don't care. There have been two pay bills passed since I entered the service; neither has effected me in the least.

HORIZONS 101 (Warner): Is the Marie Celeste really the "unsolved puzzle of the century?" I'm glad to hear that. When I was quite young, the mystery used to receive a great deal of publicity on television. I remember one half hour program dealing with the ship which projected the view that ghosts had taken over command of the vessel, complete with a reproduction of the deck, the wheel turning by itself and weird whistling noises emanating from the background. I had nightmares for a month and I'm glad to see that they were produced by something so worthy as a mystery.

You seem to have an almost completely opposite attitude towards sports as that that I hold. The clumsiness so evident in football is the major reason for my preference of that sport from spectator purposes over baseball. The element of chance is greater. The suspense is heightened by the knowledge that even a perfect pass may be dropped in the end zone.

As an example of how perfection destroys my interest in a sport, professional basketball is a perfect example. I prefer college basketball as a spectator sport over any other. But professional basketball leaves me cold. Everything is perfect in the game. Every shot seems to drop. There are no bad misses, no obviously stupid fouls, no errors in judgment resulting in a turnover of the ball. Perfection destroys my interest. This is partially true of baseball, although far less so than is the case in pro basketball or even, for that matter, pro football.

Your mentioning of the inclusion of addresses in newspaper articles reminds me of a similar element that has long puzzled me. Why do newspaper articles always include the age of the person being written about. This inclusion of age seems almost universal. Everyone from a pickpocket to a United States Senator can not have a story written about him without his age being mentioned at least once, perhaps twice. Only the President seems exempt from this necessity, presumably because everyone is supposed to know how old the man is.

SYNAPSE (Spocer): I would also tend to expect a political liberal such as yourself to be unusually tolerant towards homosexuality. I'm surprised to find that you are not; in fact, you appear to be uncommonly intolerant. One of the prime pillars behind liberal political beliefs would seem to be a toleration for minority opinion. While this would not necessarily be extended to include minority action, it most often is so extended. I wouldn't say that it is unliberal not to be tolerant of homosexuals or that it is inconsistent of you to so believe and think; it is just extremely unexpected. And, the fact that adultery is not mentioned in the First Amendment (neither is homosexuality, for that matter) doesn't necessarily make the subject outside your providence. After all, marching down the middle of a public highway is not a guaranteed freedom under the First Amendment. I doubt, however, that you are exactly opposed to the exercise of this "freedom" by Civil Rights demonstrators in Alabama.

I don't know where the concept of meteors rocketing through space originated either. It does, however, seem to be a prime and expected portion of any science fiction movie involving space travel. I know that when we played great games of spaceship, when I was a non-fan, it was considered necessary to have at least a half dozen meteors crash into our ship before we finally made it to the moon. I wonder what science fiction, not to mention kids playing spaceship, would ever have done without the existence of the meteor. Invented them, one supposes.

Most people appear to have reacted to the Breen Question emotionally, without recourse to logic. It is only to be expected that a lot of inconsistencies, exaggerations of fact, and even apparent hypocrisy would tend to show up--on both sides. I'm not sure that this is such a bad thing either. It was an emotional question. Perhaps it should have been treated that way. I will agree, however, that some people do seem to have been carried away by their own blasts of anger and fear.

I never did get around to commenting on your article about the victory of liberalism. I thought the article was a finely executed piece. I also thought it was completely wrong. I don't think liberalism has won any war; I think it has lost. It may be dead, if not dying. The last few weeks have seen me running about, telling various people that I have come to regret Goldwater's defeat. I disagree as completely as a person can with Goldwater's answers to the problems of the day. I will say this for him, however, and it is why I almost regret that he was defeated: He recognized that we do have problems. Goldwater did want to change the status quo that has prevailed American life for the last thirty years. Johnson does not. His administration, like that of his predecessor, has been built around the idea of "more of the same." We don't need "more of the same;" we may not be able to continue to survive if we continue to get this same lackluster diet. Johnson's administration is conservative. It does not lead; it does not even follow. It is pushed into doing things only when the public clamor for change reaches such heights that it can no longer be safely ignored. I don't think this is liberalism. I sure as hell hope it isn't.

During the campaign last fall, Goldwater protested vigorously against the growing crime rate in our cities. Johnson ignored the fact. While Goldwater's suggestions for curing the problem were ridiculous, he did at least recognize that there was a problem, a great problem. Goldwater recognized the aimless idiocy of our foreign policy. Johnson said that it was perfect as it was. The problem here is that it isn't. Goldwater's solutions, which would probably have lead us to the brink of World War III were not exactly the ones needed in this day. But he did not ignore the entire problem. Johnson did.

As far as vicotires for liberalism go, I question your definiton of a "victory." You can point to the abclition of capital punishment in one small state. I'll point to the continuing existence of mass execution in Vict-nam and in Laos. You can point to the emergence, at last, of a bill guarantceing the Negro the right to vote. I'll point to the education level of the Negro in the South which won't allow him the ability to exercise this right once he has obtained it. You can point to your grand War Against Poverty. I'll point to the fact that this "war" isn't even touching the really poor, is doing nothing to destroy the causes of poverty, and is just another beaurocratic maze designed to ease of the consciences of the American public. You can point to federal aid to education and the building of new and modern schools. I'll point to the basic sickness of the American education system with its emphasis on competitivness, test scores, conformity and the dehumanization of the individual. You can point with pride to Old Age Health Insurance Programs. I'd rather point out that there are a great many individuals under the age of sixty-five who still cannot afford the exorbitent costs of hospital fces. You can point to a nuclear test ban. I'll point to the overriding fact of all American foreign policy: it is immoral. Immoral and bnet on everything but establishment of world wide freedom. Liberalism hasn't won any wars; it has merely become conservatism.

