

7 February 1962; or, World's End +2



Why don't you ask him to Retract...only you, he and his readers know that it is true.

fandac 85

Edited and published by Walter Breen, 2402 Grove St., Berkeley 4, Calif., 20 to 24 times a year (which isn't much less than twice a month at that) and available at 4/50¢ or 10/\$1 or to contributors of usable newsitems or cartoons; locs and certain trades also accepted. Our British Agent, Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Road, N. Hykeham, Lincoln, England, accepts subs at 6 for 4s, 18 for 10s. Cartoons by ATom, Ray Nelson and Gary Deindorfer, all three of them Good Men.

BERKELEY FANDOM FOUNDS A CHURCH. Bill Donaho, as founder and "Patriarch", with Dan Curran and Dick Ellington and Ray Nelson as members of the "Council of Elders", recently started a church, known as the Church of the Brotherhood of the Way. This has been holding meetings since last November but only lately has the name been approved for incorporation. This church is not necessarily theistic, holding that an individual's honest doubts are as inevitable to him as are someone else's firm beliefs, and that if a god exists, he will not necessarily be offended by the former any more than he will be pleased by the latter; love of neighbor and integrity are far more important than blind faith. An individual's positions on particular vital issues are his own business rather than a matter for moral condemnation or "correction". Ethically the church is libertarian, its positions being very close to those of Taoism (hence the "Way" part of its name) as explained in Alan Watts's "Nature, Man and Woman". Its specific and unique approach to human problems is that of making the concept of the brotherhood of man into a living reality albeit on a small scale. It does this through having individuals, when they feel ready to live up to it, exchange with each other (in a symbolic water-sharing ceremony) the Ray Nelson Pledge, quoted below from the back cover of HABAKKUK 6:

I pledge my life and all I own to you and to any other man or woman who will make the same pledge to me. I will not knowingly act against you and if you call on me for help I will not refuse you. I will not rest content until you have food, clothing, and shelter, and I will care for your children as if they were my own. If you are sick I will nurse you. If you are hunted I will hide you. If you are lonely I will talk to you. Let us now stand together so that mankind will not die by its own hand.

Living up to this pledge is then felt as a moral obligation; each member is very nearly face to face with the rest, and of necessity repeatedly confronts opportunities for living up to this obligation.

I have seen the Articles of Incorporation of the Church of the Brotherhood of the Way as a "Corporation Sole" pursuant to Division 2, Part 2 of the Calif. Corporation Code. Dated and signed in San Francisco 21 Jan 62, they specify William L Donaho as "Patriarch" for lifetime or until voluntary resignation, with any vacancy in the office of Patriarch to be filled by majority vote of the "Council of Elders" (consisting of Daniel S Curran and Richard D Ellington and any other in-

dividuals appointed thereto by the Patriarch; the Rev. Ray Nelson, minister of the First Berkeley Agape, has since been appointed). This form of incorporation was originally set up for individual dioceses of the Roman Catholic Church but is now standard for any church. In the incorporation papers the above-quoted Ray Nelson Pledge "constitutes a statement of principles for all members of the Church of the Brotherhood of the Way." Section IV follows, and it contains the meat of the church's method:

"The purpose of the Church of the Brotherhood of the Way is to make the foregoing Pledge more meaningful to its members and to spread brotherhood on these terms to the entire human race. The religious society known as the Church of the Brotherhood of the Way offers not salvation but brotherhood. The society desires not that all men should serve the church, but that all men should be served by their brothers in the church. The society does not claim exclusive truth, but hopes to help men to help one another to find the truth. To achieve these goals the society has organized a Church Spiritual dedicated to Human Brotherhood." (This statement of purpose, agreed on by all concerned, is the work of Jim Caughran.)

The church is organized into groups called "agapes"; an agape (rhymes with seventh day)--originally one of the Greek words for love; and later used to mean a love-feast or brotherhood ritual group in early christianity while it still retained its charitic nature--consists of not over twenty-one members (regardless of age or sex), one of whom is ordained and appointed minister by the Patriarch. An individual can belong to more than one agape. New members are brought in by exchanging the Pledge with one or more members at a regular meeting. Individuals may attend services while they make up their minds whether they feel they can live up to the Pledge. An agape that grows in numbers beyond 21 members divides into two, a new minister being ordained by the second.

Meetings take place generally Sunday afternoons or evenings, outdoors when weather permits, otherwise at the home of one of the members. Group singing, a talk (not necessarily a formal sermon) prepared by one of the members (not necessarily the minister), a meditation period followed by "free speech" in which grievances may be aired, old or new business brought up, the sermon criticized, poetry read (for the church agrees with Walter Kaufmann that the religious experience and the self-transcending aesthetic experience are closely allied and often indistinguishable), or anything introduced for the benefit of the church or the members. At the end comes the water-sharing. Each member exchanges the Pledge with his neighbors (or with all the rest in turn, if the number at the meeting is small enough to make this feasible), exchanging sips from a glass--ideally a long-stemmed goblet or champagne glass--of water; for symbolic reasons this should be pure or distilled water, kept chilled and separate for church use, but in exigency tap water will do. The order and content of the ceremonies are still evolving. There has been some controversy over the wording of the Pledge, but the suggested changes have not lasted and the form quoted above (found both in the Articles of Incorporation and on the HABAKKUK bacover) is that now used. Flexibility of the ceremony is felt as worthwhile because it is better that a ritual grows naturally out of human felt needs rather than being imposed by patriarchal edict. There is also a ceremony for weddings, in the writing of which I had some part; rituals for ordination of ministers and for funerals are now being worked on.

It is impossible to be too emphatic on this point: this church is not a hoax, not a joke, not a mere copy of the Heinlein cult, not a tax dodge, not another of those crackpot California cults (look at the Pledge and ask yourself: is this crackpottery? look at the names of the individuals involved and ask yourself: are these people crackpots?). It is, in all honesty, an experiment in making the ideal of the brotherhood of man into a reality: an ideal easy to pay lipservice to, easy to write about, but less easy to live up to. It's too early to estimate its success, but one thing is clear: the members are not complacent about living up to the Pledge. Some few have become emotionally closer, the Pledge crystallizing & articulating something one hardly dares say in mundane life save in the exaggerations common to romantic love. Others have become more hesitant to ask favors of others because of the implications of the Pledge, reluctance to put this pressure on others. I feel this unease is temporary. § For further information write me, Ray, or Bill, addresses below.

WB: addr on masthead; Donaho--in VIPER -2-
review; Ray Nelson--333 Ramona, ElCerrito, Calif.

THE 1962 ESFACON or Annual "Open Meeting" will be held Sunday 11 March at the Downtown Newark (NJ) YMCA, 600 Broad St. (This is very close to the Public Service Bus Terminal, where the buses from NY's Port Authority Bus Terminal stop, and within walking distance of Penn Station, where both the PRR and Hudson Tube trains stop.) Time not yet definite but probably will be about 1:30 PM. The theme will be, so help me Tucker, The Immortal ~~Boys~~ Storm! Fireworks may be anticipated whether or not the Big Names invited (Damon Knight, Donald Wollheim, James Blish, JWCjr, etc.) all show up. Other details when we learn them. (Thanx, "R") (Hmmm--maybe this should have gone under "Oh Ghod! Dept." at that.)

THE 1962 LUNACON, on the other hand, promises to be a little more pleasant. Scheduled for Sunday 29 April, 1 PM, at Adelphi Hall (74 Fifth Ave., between 13th & 14th Sts., NYC), it will have as Guest of Honor and feature speaker Frederik Pohl. Also scheduled is a SaModerated panel on "The Contributions of Fan Magazines"; so far it is only definite that Terry Carr will be on it, the other invitees not yet having responded. The plan is that these should cover as wide a spectrum of faneds as possible. Tentatively on the docket and not yet definite: a slide show of Virgil Finlay's "experimental unpublished" artwork, in color. There will be, as always, refreshments at the intermission. Other program items, still in the planning stages, will be announced when details are available. (If they include Ensh as in previous Lunacons, I know I for one want to be there; how about you?) This should be fun. (Thanks, Ed Meškys)

A E VAN VOGT had a short short story, his first stf in years, in--of all places!--Scientific American. Hoffman Electronic Co. included it as part of an advertisement, and promised further stories by various pros in subsequent issues--one per month. (I only hope they're not all going to be about computers, though.) Someone was saying that magazine stf was dead...?

STREET & SMITH, on the other hand, does seem to be dead. Long after it had become a legal fiction, a wholly-owned subsidiary of Condé Nast, the imprint stayed on ASF. But now--"The publisher is now The Condé Nast Publications Inc. But old memories come bubbling up: Ned Buntline, Buffalo Bill, Burt L. Standish, Bertha M. Clay, Kid Wolf, Max Brand, Daisy Bacon, Doc Savage, Bill Barnes, F. Orlin Tremaine, and a thousand others pass along on the backs of my eyelids in gaudy but sorrowful array. Frank Merriwell? Gone. Jesse James? Likewise. Nick Carter... Yes, surely, now the great Fan is dead." (Thanx, Redd Boggs)

PLEASE VOTE YOUR FANAC POLL BALLOT even if it's a little late. Flu has held things up here.

BEANIE

BY RAY NELSON



WILLIAM ROTSLER, whose name is mentioned as always as a matter of policy, writes that his latest project is industrial film-making: one is already done for Lockheed Aviation, another is just being finished for McCulloch Chain Saws, others are in prospect for Lockheed (again) and, if you'll pardon the expression, IBM (it's a training film on a computer). "I might even get out of debt this year," says he. He did all the photos and a bunch of cartoons (several of them being fanzine reprint items) in the recent QUIRK (which shows a portrait of WR himself). Editor of the zine is LASFSian Larry Maddock, who has also been collaborating with Bill on a burleycue mag called STRIP! Bill has also been getting egoboo in such places as ADAM ("the orgy is my work"), GENTLEMAN and SIR KNIGHT. The fortunate few in the KTEIC circle will be glad to know that a giant issue is in the works, with about 6pp of photos. § It isn't absolutely certain to meet the deadline for the Feb. mailing, but a "really far-out Tattooed Dragon" is being worked on for FAPA. § In about three weeks, or after the present tenants move out, Bill will be opening a studio in Beverly Hills; address to be announced.

RAY BRADBURY has a terrifying excerpt, "Nightmare Carousel", from his forthcoming novel "This Way Something Wicked Comes", in--of all places--MADMOISELLE for Jan 1962. In the same issue KINGSLEY AMIS contributes a potboiler "The Psyche of the Future" which shows plain evidence of influence both by Bradbury and by Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World Revisited". Amis's particular beef is that the trend seems to be towards universal westernization, the same culture (with the same journalism, the same ads and the same shoddy merchandise, and one would guess the same taboos) stretching from Alaska to New Guinea via Peru, Cape of Good Hope, Iceland and Vladivostok. And that this will in the long run rob the human mind of a fundamental need: variety. (He could have made it a much stronger argument by alluding to recent researches in the pathological effects of enforced boredom.) He thinks that in years to come boredom of inconceivable range and power will be our chief psychic enemy (evidently he hasn't read Heinlein's Season speech--clue him in, someone?); granted that the cosmonauts will have their fill of perhaps terrifying new experiences, almost by definition these will remain their exclusive territory--sharpening the discontents of the rest. "What gives boredom much of its sting is the knowledge or suspicion that others are escaping it." Amis then quotes Bradbury (from "Fahrenheit 451") on ear-plug radios, now a reality--the same ref he had made in "New Maps of Hell"--and makes other references to stf, mostly dystopic ones. He ends by envisioning two possible "outs"--one a public art-form fusing what we know now as tv, cinema, music, painting and sculpture, the other a private artform somewhere between art, hobby and game, beyond all possibility of commercialization. (If son et lumière is an early version of the former, then may not our fandom lead to the latter?)

LES NIRENBERG says: PANIC BUTTON (a quarterly, if you reviewers hadn't figured it out) is coming out in about six weeks or so IF I get enough additional material to make it at least the equal of the last one. I already have for it an article by Jhim Linwood on the Ban-the-Bomb marches, stuff by Sid Birchby, Len Moffatt (refuting Larry McCombs on Moral Re-armament lastish), poems by Rog Ebert ((and me--wb)), cartoons by Plato Jones and Gary Deindorfer, reprints from THE SCENE and DESCANT, and a tremendous artfolio by Eddie Jones on which, incidentally, I had to pay duty: the boys at Customs had classed it as "art treasures", they thought it was that good! The "periodic letters of comment" bit means that I want comments at least every second or third issue. If I haven't heard from you since the last QUE PASADO, you're prolly off the list."

JERRY DE MUTH (addr in COA) had three cartoons and a short written piece ("Nightmare Adlai") in the December (#30) THE REALIST, and a fourth cartoon bought by Krassner will probably appear nextish. The written piece got reprinted in the MILITANT (Socialist Workers Party rag) 15 Jan. Jerry is in Dayton working on the College Projects Program of AFSC--a two-year gig for his alternative service as a CO.

TED COGSWELL is reprinting the Blish and Lowndes pieces from WARHOON 13 in his pro-circulated PITFCS. After his slighting remarks about fandom in his open letter to Bob Leman in PITFCS 128, reprinted in VINEGAR WORM v2n3, this is news, and one may hope a harbinger of a new attitude. It is also egoboo for Bergeron, who got first crack at these items.

PHILLYCON FOOTNOTES. It is still a complete mystery where the Sturgeon speech will be reprinted. None of the contenders for it has had any reply from Ted as yet. § Spy "G"'s leaving early prevented some details from getting into his conrep; these have been filled in by several sources, among others Don Studebaker and Bob Pavlat. In particular there are more details on the two big parties. "The party Harriett Kolchak and her husband Steve threw at the Philcon, in their home, was undoubtedly the most lavish ever given by any private fan. Even the mighty Moskowitz was speechless at the sheer quantity of liquor. (There were two gallons of bourbon left over untouched at the end!) Enough food and liquor for a worldcon, and three floors of people, plus door prizes. You've already heard about Sylvia White's getting a chastity belt and Ed Meskys's getting its male counterpart, which led to some very funny speculations. Sylvia's profession of her undying love for Ed was one of the most amusing things I've seen in ages. ¶ There were enough guitars present to allow three simultaneous folksong sessions --one on each floor--one a battle between Leslie Gerber (a hoax) and Leslie Fish, who hung from the window awhile outside the smoke-filled room. ((Did he also drip green?)) Sturgeon left this one when a Strange Woman came in and got everyone singing "Maria". But then, almost everyone left at this point. Seems she'd been wandering from floor to floor getting everyone to sing it. And everyone was disgusted. ((Is it possible her name was Maria and she thought...?)) ¶ When we went over to the D.C. party, things were just about to close up. ((See below.)) So we all climbed into Jim Warren's car and went back to Harriett's party. Things had almost died, and Harriett was almost asleep, but when she heard Forry and Jim she came downstairs ready to start all over. So we did. Forry carried around something that looked like the Necronomicon, we held the first official meeting of Ella Parker Fandom (we're thinking of starting an apa to discuss snogging) where--I think--there were Forry, Andy Main bem, maybe Mike Deckinger, me, Jock Root, and some other people I was too drunk to remember. About 4 AM...we sat around drinking brandy; Tom Haughey, undoubtedly trying to emulate my successes in mixology, mixed tequila, gin and vodka, and poured chocolate milk into it. The milk instantly curdled, but he drank it anyway with disastrous results...Avram Davidson presented Jack Chalker with a cigar, which Jack had him autograph..." --ds

To which Pavlat adds: "Regret that NY Spy "G" (and gawd how I hate these blind maskers) felt or believed that D.C.'s party was intentionally held down to a small number by 'stealth or misdirection'. Without going into a long sob story, I'll simply say that as of 4:30 that Sat. afternoon I was so pooped out from a cold and from little sleep the night before (Kemp, O'Meara and I had driven in overnight from Ft Wayne, Indiana, and I don't sleep well in a car) that I'd told the Washington gang I couldn't do anything after all and went up to my room to sleep on the excellent advice of Lee Jacobs. At 6:30 Buddie McKnight called and dragged me out of bed for dinner with her family and a few others, and it was only then that I decided I was back on my feet for the evening. We released word via the grapevine ((ay, there's the hangup: you know how stuff can get distorted after 25 or 30 retellings by different people, even if fans are slans & all that)) that there would, after all, be a party, and the room was packed until I closed the door at 2 a.m. to get some more much needed sleep. Maybe I should have gone over to Harriett's and yelled for everyone to come-on-a-my-place, but what I hoped for was two parties, both nicely functioning, and both helping to give the fans a little more fun than they could have had with only one. ((It makes sense, judging by the Seacon's party scene.)) I'm sorry that the door got closed early and that some who may have wanted to come apparently didn't, but by damn I'm not sorry I had the party, for I know that some people enjoyed it, including quite a few people that I'd never met before."--rpk ((FANAC apologizes for "G"'s misinterpretation.))

DCN FRANCON has folded TETRAHEDRON, a WOOW circulated among him, the Whites, the Busbies, Pelz, Warner and Metcalf. This carbonzine saw a dozen or more issues, some very thick and many containing as good letters as I've seen anywhere in fandom, together with a variety of other kinds of material. FANNISH IV will reprint one of the more delectable bits. I guess the fannish energy that went into TET is now going into DF's N3Fac, but I hope it will not be restricted to the N3F.



"God damn, I think I've started something or other!"

THE APA CORNER--SAPS: The 480-pp 58th mailing was once again dominated by WARHOON 14, whose 60pp made up one eighth the total bulk; this zine is as usual important enough to rate separate review elsewhere thish. Coswal, apparently gafia-bound again, was dropped--dues and activity. Ruth Berman contributes a faanish playlet which might do fairly well at a con. Karen Anderson has another appealing conreport, this one on the AAAS con in Denver, followed by a report on her & Poul's visit to the Heinleins' place in Colorado Springs. Not surprisingly, the Sense of Wonder is pleasantly in evidence in both, particularly the latter. Lichtman seems to be developing a knack for Berkeleyish writing--maybe his few months here had a bit more effect than anyone realized. Terry Carr's zine bears an old and honored name, HOBGOBLIN, but instead of consisting of "Wailing Wall" type reviews of fmz, it's principally a long essay on the effect of slow reading on style-awareness, and the kind of books a style-aware slow reader enjoys--and how common elements in these books show up as ingredients of the much-desired Sense of Wonder. Ted White makes one of his infrequent guest appearances with an article "Why I Won't Join SAPS" which is actually a lively set of mc's bound to make him more unpopular with the Coventry addicts than ever. Wally W. Weber's SLUG #1 contains an exposé of Gordon Eklund which ought to be read in context of the latter's BRAMBLE #1; they both sound like something intended for WRR. (Otto?) Many different members grotch at the Bergeron suggestion of either lowering activity requirements (to allow for the development of something like the FAPA brilliant deadwood) or raising the number of members; it looks as though SAPS will probably remain unchanged in structure for some time, with its "non-N3F neos' training ground" image...

Ghu Bless the status quo... Seth Johnson, in N'APA

Ted Johnstone's GIMBLE 3 and nonmember Stanbery's COVENTRIANIAN GAZETTE #1, following on Jane Gallion's (PSILO 4) and Pelz's (SP'BEM 13) pieces on Coventry last mlg ("There are five reality levels to Coventry"), threaten to make SAPS into a Coventry-oriented apa...is this the same Stanbery who pubbed EQUATION? the CG#1 is beautifully reproduced. I note in the Brood Oath, by which a commoner makes himself eligible for advancement in Coventry, a clause right out of Ayn Rand's Atlas Shrugged ("...never to live my life for the sake of another man..."): va.sap.

You mean you dig that crazy Doctor Destructo stuff?

OMPA: Like previous mailings of late, this thirtieth (Dec. 61) mailing seems to consist mainly of Donaho's VIPER and Ethel's SCOTTISHE (both reviewed elsewhere thish) accompanied by lesser material varying from routine to good. Other than another preposterous installment of THE WALL, OMPA's stultiloquent "round-robin" serial--this episode being Donaho's peccadillo--the major piece of news is that the OMPA members are once again listed and numbered starting with the original thirty (Ken Bulmer, Vinç Clarke, Chuch Harris, Mal Ashworth, Ron Bennett, Eric Bantcliffe, John Brunner, Daphne Buckmaster, etc.), Hel Klemm--the latest addition to the roster--being No. 137. The actual number of fans involved is slightly less, as some members had dropped out and subsequently rejoined, being assigned higher numbers rather than retaking their lower ones. Archie Mercer, in his facet as timebinder, did this after Daphne had tried to drop such numbering. Rich brown (see COA) reveals that it was archfiend Norm Metcalf who forced him out of gafia ("and for that, his soul is probably already doomed to fannish hell"--rb). Admirers of OMPA and THE WALL may now cry, if they choose, "Vive la Bagatelle!"

NAPA: Further details on this 184-pp 11th mailing, squeezed out of lastish. "Dispatched by a group of Uninformed Cultists, Old & Tired FAPAns, and Sneaky Insurgents", this bundle is remarkable for Don Fitch's lovely HALF-FOLIO PRESS PUB. #.009 (with a wraparound cover featuring a somewhat GAULish Simpson dragon and a couple of Bergeron humanoids) and another Patten FODFARAW. Buz's NO PLACE 7 closes with an item sounding like a brandonization of "Musquite Kid" into NAPA terms. (He had something very much like this also in SAPS, and Rick Sneary's "Fapatown" bit in MOONSHINE 29, FAPA 96, seems to have started this. Now what copycat is going to put a similar item into OMPA, or perhaps has already?) Ed Meškys's PESKYS 10 duplicated much of the material later appearing in his SAPSzine. (Pelz--Activity credits?) Ralph M Holland's QUOTH THE WALRUS ~~NEVERMORE~~*comes up with a plan we've heard in other quarters--selling space on postage stamps and papermoney to advertisers, shades of Gravy Planet! (at least this might ease tax burdens for awhile). GEMZINE, as earlier mentioned, features the debate between Pat Scott and John Ross: "The John Birch Society: Good, Bad or Indifferent?" Nothing gets agreed between them, of course. § Taurasi was dropped for lactivity; Jeff Wanshel resigned. § Last we heard Lichtman was still unopposed for OE; ballot deadline 15 Feb., but there's no indication that any write-in candidates will challenge his election. He takes over with the March mailing. Members: send BL your zines in 46 identical copies, at 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. NAPA dues to Albert Lewis, 1825 Greenfield Ave., LA 25. The March NAPA YAP will list surplustock at 1/5¢ per page.

CAPA: The Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance, like the CRAP of old, is limited to five members, the gimmick here being that they are all Fifth Fandomites; "Carboniferous" partly because carbon-reproduced, partly because the Carboniferous epoch was the fifth period (in the traditional ordering) of the Paleozoic Era, but anyone who calls these fantiquities old fossils will be banished to Coventry. Present membership: Ed Cox, Len Moffatt, Art Rapp, Rick Sneary and Roy Tackett. The CAPA seems to be set up like the CRAP of old, the pubbed-in-rotation OO being called FIVE....BY FIVE. No waiting list nor provision in by-laws for one; a dropping member can suggest a replacement. No information about activity requirements or frequency of appearance of the OO. One may hope, however, that here(as in the Cult and CRAP) especially good material will eventually be reprinted for wider circulation. Come to think of it, the members being such bheer-insurgent types, maybe that name should be changed to Carbonated APA...

HANS STEFAN SANTESSON has just completed a book on the Black Muslim movement, "Muhammad of America". Not merely a study of Elijah Muhammad, this is an extensively documented investigation of the "disciplined, militant, race-conscious movement (which) now speaks for 500,000 men & women of the Negro community in this country" (says HSS, adding:) "Tomorrow, it will unquestionably speak for more than a million." A press release on this sorn-out book was on p.4 of Feb 62 MUHAMMAD SPEAKS--apparently OO of the Black Muslims--under title "White Author Writes Book On Muhammad".

*My apologies for what turned out to be a ghastly sick joke: see p.14.

FOR LOVE OR MONEY by Ray Nelson
(Given at a meeting of the Church of the Brotherhood of the Way)

Money is an expression of distrust. Money means that I think you are going to cheat me, that you will take from me more than you give me if you have the chance. People who take upon themselves the responsibility for each other's welfare do not count the debits and credits of what passes between them. Friends give to each other according to the formula "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need".¹ Lovers find their greatest pleasure in giving.²

Money breeds the same suspicion and hate that brought it to birth. If I make a profit on my dealings with you, it may be said that I really am cheating you--giving you less than you give me. We know that money is somehow filthy; that's why we speak of it as 'filthy lucre'. That's why we don't wish to see things that really matter, like art, religion and love, contaminated by it. We know what it means when these things "go commercial", when they are "prostituted".³

But we think we need money. We regard it as a "necessary evil". I want to propose a substitute for money. It is really money that is the stopgap substitute, but I'd like to propose a resubstitution. What I propose is to replace money with love, simple human love. I want the farmer to give me food because he loves me.⁴ I want the man at the clothing store to give me clothing because he loves me. I want the building contractor to make me a gift of a home because he loves me,⁵ and I want the chance to give what I have to them because I love them.

The greatest waste in our system is the effort and time consumed in handling money. What a vast load would be lifted from us all if we never had to touch another penny. No more taxes, no more time payments, no more budgets to balance, no more debts, no more banks, no more insurance, no more economic insecurity.

How much more efficient our system would be if we went off the money standard⁶ and onto the love standard. As it is, we don't really have supply and demand; we have supply and ability to pay. In a money system, those who need the most, who have the greatest real demand for things, get the least supply of them. Those people whose real demands are least command the greatest supply. That's one reason we have unemployment. There is no shortage of things that need doing. There is no real reason for anyone on this planet to be unemployed as long as there is one human being who lacks food, clothing or shelter. I'm told we lack the money to help everyone who is in need. I don't think it's money we lack. If we really cared about these people⁷, we'd watch out for them somehow. If money got in the way, we'd get rid of it. We'd get a caravan of trucks and go to Fort Knox and haul every last bar of gold to the sea and dump it. We'd empty our wallets into the nearest garbage cans. We'd toss our piggy banks out the window.

Then we'd get to work. We'd work like demons, the way we work in wartime. We don't pinch pennies in wartime. If it's a question of kill or be killed, we run up a few-billion-dollar debt without batting an eyelash. Why can't we work like that in peacetime? Why can't we put forth the same effort to help people that we put forth to kill them? Why can't mothers send their sons to distant lands on missions of mercy with the same willingness that they send them there to die?

It isn't money we lack, it's love. We don't love those people enough--we don't love each other enough--we don't even love ourselves enough. If you see a man who hates himself, chances are he hates everyone else. If he really loves himself, that love extends to everyone around him too. That is because each man tends to think that everyone else is just like himself. If I look inside myself and see hate and distrust, I think you must have those things in you too. If I look inside and find a tiny seed of tenderness, a crumb of really caring that has somehow escaped the brainwashing of our competitive society, I think you must have within you too that same grain of tenderness. I think that if I somehow reach you, somehow slip through your defenses, I can make it grow into a great tree.

Self-love alone demands a new society. We are all lonely, all confused, all frightened. We all have constantly in the back of our minds the shadow of the mushroom cloud. The men who will

launch those frightful weapons will not be the ones to die by them. The big shots will be miles underground at H-hour, in the only shelters that really give any protection. They'll shout "Give me liberty or give me death" when they press the red button, but it won't be their deaths they are talking about, it will be ours.

Even if there were no threat of impending destruction, we would still need a new society. The present competitive materialistic society has accomplished great things, but the cost in human suffering has never been and could never be counted. We may send rockets to the moon, but at the same time our mental institutions and prisons are filled with the ever-growing stream of those our society has warped and maimed and crushed. The day may come when there will be more people inside the grey walls than outside.

And what about the prisoners on the outside, the housewife trapped alone in her home all day, day after day, sentenced to solitary confinement for life as surely as any murderer in Alcatraz, or the working man whose whole experience of life 8 hours a day, 5 days a week, is slavish subservience to the tyrannical whims of his boss--yet who lives in constant fear of losing that very job he hates so much? What about the salesmen, advertising men, editors and publishers who make their living by lying, and know they're lying, and hate it--yet cannot even stop lying when they get home?

We are all looking for a way out of this hell we have built for ourselves, looking for a way out in drink, tranquilizers, movies, tv, half-hearted love-affairs and soothing watered-down religious dreams. We are looking for a way out everywhere but where it is really to be found. The way out is inward. The way out is inward to the depths of our own inner selves. The only way we will change the world is to change ourselves. We must try to somehow salvage the few remaining fragments of our shattered souls, to somehow reconstruct them, to somehow slowly, painfully teach ourselves how to feel real emotions, how to love and trust and care for each other, how to stop lying to everyone including ourselves.

This church we are trying to found here is our way out. It has a twofold purpose--first, it is intended to provide its members with some emotional and material protection against the jungle around us; second, it is intended as a pilot project for a new form of society. If we can create, on a microcosmic scale, a working model of a safer, emotionally warmer, more satisfying way of life than the one that now surrounds us, the rest of the world may at last be desperate and scared enough to give our way a try. I know as well as you do that the odds against us are a billion to one. We may not even be able to get the model to work, let alone the full-scale revolution. There is not one of us here, including myself, who is anywhere near ready, emotionally and philosophically, to make it really work for us. We are all of us afraid of being had, all of us all too aware of our own "rights", of what is "ours". None of us is free of the tendency to regard each other as possessions, to feel that we can own a human being. None of us is free of competitiveness, jealousy, hatred and falsehood--yet in spite of all this I think we ought to try. I think that the risk of having someone mooch off me is worth taking for the sake of the new world we may be able to build for ourselves and our children and grandchildren. Some people say what we want to do is impossible. "You can't change human nature," they say. Well, I say we must change human nature, or the bombs will come and put an end to us, and when they come it will be an act of mercy that they do.

NOTES (Some issues similar to those brought out in the subsequent "free speech" period)

1. Ayn Rand's interpretation in "Atlas" obviously applied to government use of this formula. But the formula might work on a face-to-face level; Marx spoke as a utopian.
2. And even sex is a giving--a mutual giving of pleasure which becomes its own reward.
3. The money stops being a means and becomes an end instead, to the detriment of the things made for it and of the relationship between buyer and seller.
4. Cf. Allen Ginsberg in his poem "America".
5. Perhaps by co-operative effort and exchange of obs as in "And Then There Were None".
6. Here the technocrats and the anarchists act as one. Cf. Goodman, "Communitas", Plan II.
7. But how thin can one meaningfully spread himself? How love or feel responsible for people halfway around the world whom one has never met? An interlocking network of agapēs?

AMONG THE FMZ: BRAMBLE 1 (Gordon Eklund, 14612 18th Ave SW, Seattle 66, Wash.; usual or 15¢, trades preferred) appears at first glance to be created mostly for trades (and whatever limited egoboo is possible) rather than from any burning need, as pubbing is perhaps less effort than letterhacking. But this appearance is deceptive. Gordon, behind the unassuming format, is slowly but surely developing into a sharp-witted humorist in the Wally Weber manner but with understatement as his forte. His "The Nameless Ones and Me" should be read side by side with www's "The Truth About Gordon Eklund" (SLUG #1 in SAPS). Unexpectedly within the terse chronicle of Gordon's attending Nameless Ones meetings and becoming to www a mystery man (largely because he said little) and afterwards VP of the club (possibly because he attended regularly) are bits like that on GMC's unannounced showing of "Operation Abolition" complete with American Legionnaires telling how to Fight Communism: "I had not previously known that all I had to do to fight the Communist Menace was to attend church every Sunday." And on why he continued to attend meetings: "For awhile I was even enjoying the meetings and now I find it an excellent method of getting away from home twice every month. A more mercenary citizen in the audience would certainly take note of the fact that it keeps me off the streets." Promising and worth encouraging.

CINDER 8 (Larry Williams, 74 Maple Rd., Longmeadow 6, Mass., usual or 15¢) is notable chiefly for some competent and extremely opinionated fmz reviews ("Jung & Thoughtless" by Anonymous) which manage to get in considerable editorializing on such divers matters as Gibson's SHAGGY blast, Laney, TAFF, TAWF & the CRY lettercol in a review section that reads like a continuous article. The lettercol is once again excellent--this time it's Deindorfer, McCombs and Boggs. The resemblance to KIPPLE is a little less obvious this but still there.

CRY 156 (Box 92, 507 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Wash.; 25¢ or 5/\$1, accepted contribs/locs, limited trades) is the 12th Annish and is of special interest to Tolkien fans because of MZB's irregularizing on the psychology & physiology of elves, based partly on Tolkien, partly on other extant fantasies & folklore seemingly pointing to the same kind of humanoids. This is magnificent; I have seen only one other piece of Tolkien-irregularizing so far that compares with it, namely Doc Weir's (on Hithlain in I PALANTIR #1, 25¢ from Pelz) as MZB's own earlier monograph in DAY* STAR is not irregularizing. Buz and Elinor are their usual lovable selves; Jeff Wanshel is suitably croggling; rich brown on the one hand preclaims his departure from fandom (in verse) and his return (in the lettercol)--but see the COA. Recommended, particularly for the MZB item.

DYNATRON 9 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, NMex; usual or 15¢). In a zine whose general approach seems to be "5th Fandom Lives and Japanese Fandom Grows", a New Trend-type editorial intended to refute something I said in FANAC 80 might seem out of place save that it after all is consistent with what Tackett and Rapp have said before--and said, and said. At the other extreme we have Len Moffatt on LASFS and E. Memorable Cox on Weird Tales. These are worth the sub price; one hopes they'll become regular contribs. And then we have Roy advocating UCHUJIN for the fmz Hugo despite its being in Japanese and hardly ever seen outside the Far East, honest to Ghu....Owell, I suppose lapses like this can be tolerated in a zine which has been consistently good to excellent in recent months.

FADAWAY 13 (formerly MON.EVG.GHOST; annish; Bob Jennings, box 1462, Tenn. Polytechnic Inst., Cookeville, Tenn.; this 30¢ if any are left, others 15¢ or usual). The fans who've been grotching that there just isn't that much more one can say about stf are getting their comeuppance here, even as in F*IQUE. Here we have a fairly good piece of space-opera by MZB and a 40-page study of Capt. Future by Jennings, based apparently on thorough reading of the whole series; one marvels at the effort that went into this labor of love. Poor old Edmond Hamilton... Marion Bradley said somewhere that the fanzine format was ideally suited, though rarely used, for a comprehensive overview of a stf author's complete work, or of an entire prozine. The example coming most readily to mind is of course Alva Rogers's study of ASF in VIPER and the present retrospective is a welcome addition. Ed Gorman on the need for a space-opera zine is good. Now if we can only convince a publisher...

GAUL 5 (Lyn Hardy, Lloyd House, CalTech, Pasadena, Calif.; with Larry McCombs, etc.; usual or 15¢ and a bargain) contains almost everything imaginable, from wild Bjo & JH illos (and a Barbi Johnson cover which was part of her Seacon prizewinning group) all the way to somewhat mathematical fables. Things were much simpler when Gaul was divided only into three parts --now Gaul has become France, with dozens & dozens of départements...and in all honesty not all produce equally fine wines. But there's enough really good to make the zine worth getting, if you don't already; light and frothy, sometimes whimsical, not pretending to profundity, and all well done, beautifully laid out and illo'd. The only big disappointments to me were Steve Tolliver's review of "Dandelion Wine" which missed the whole point of the work and withal treated it as a collection of short stories rather than a symmetrical formal experiment, and the Mayhew & McCombs superficial judgments on Tolkien. But these will doubtless have the result of inspiring resounding rebuttals in the lettercol. See you there.

HYPHEN 30 (Walt Willis & Co., 170 Upper N'ards Road, Belfast 4, N.Ireland) Come back, Walt-- we miss you! It's your fanzine, and with only a few paragraphs of editorial by you (shorter than your much-missed PLINTH) it hardly seems like yours any more. BoSh's "Quo Void-us?" is easily the most disappointing thing by him I've ever seen; perhaps it's excusable that he would find Berkeleyisms in (or out of) VOID bewildering (though WAW had no trouble incorporating them in his Xmascard), but when he completely misses the point of Sturgeon's "Some of Your Blood", imputing motives obviously not there and missing important ones that were there, I give up. Walt, where were you when this got in? Berry contributes what can only be a parallel-universe story in which Scrabble has both different letter-frequencies and different rules from its earthly counterpart. But the star of the issue is Harry Warner with another in his widespread series of essays on his hospital experience, each more interesting than the last...unless, that is, the star is Avram Davidson, who seems to be dominating more lettercols these days... I don't know whether Brian Aldiss actually believes what he is saying or is merely exaggerating for purposes of controversy (as in ESPRIT) when he comes on about how he gets "so sick of this crap about the sense of wonder being lost. Forget it; it's merely a yen for carefree adolescence..." If he's serious, then that may explain why his later novels haven't been up to the quality of "Starship"; but his having lost his own S of W doesn't entitle him to make this judgment on others'. The remarks on pp 13-14 of my Seacon report are far nearer the truth, I think, and I'm readier to trust a psychiatrist of Rollo May's stature on this subject than a jaded writer of fiction...but I'll have more to say on this elsewhere. Recommended with reservations.

JACK HIGH 3 (Annish; Phil Roberts, Rte. 1, Bronson, Mich.; usual or 20¢) This faintly hecto'd item is less a fmz for our fandom than a MAD-oriented satirezine. Some of the satire isn't at all bad--that on color tv even looks like color tv--and there is even a contribution from Harvey Kurtzman, f' gawdsake.

KIPPLE 21 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Md.; 15¢ or usual) Two copies here, one of them (atypically on green paper) real, the other on the traditional tan paper & stenciled on the old typer used for all earlier KIPPLEs. The latter is a deadly parody by Peter Graham with Terry Carr, Ted White, and minor assistance by Andy Main, Les Gerber & yhos. The parody issue is easily the most savage thing of its kind I've seen; the fake FANAC 55 (Gerber and Reiss) and PANAC 99 (Bennett & Locke) were crude by comparison but lighter. This one copies every mannerism, every typo, every bit of pretentiousness, every overly-spread layout--and even quotes the "Lost Treasure of Whitebeard" item from #20 which was a Pauls self-parody that didn't quite come off. To people unfamiliar with the original it might well come as merely a dull seacon zine with some superficial fmz reviews attributed to Marion Bradley; only if they read Pete's loc will they find the credit lines. I only hope that Ted Pauls isn't driven into gafia from sheer shock after seeing this.

Now to the real thing, 50pp of it. Unexciting uniform excellence has been the pattern in issues past; this time we find the usual ramblings and clippings in greater-than-usual quantity, here as

always calculated to provide comment hooks for loc writers (and is it any wonder now that the lettercol is running away with the zine?), and two outstanding items. One is Bergeron's counterblast at Joe Gibson, which doesn't overlap too much with Alva Rogers's SHAGGY rebuttal but rather complements it; the other is, of course, Ted White, who effectively disposes of the common stereotype notion that "classical musicians can't play jazz, and jazzmen are hopelessly outclassed in playing classics". The lettercol begins to resemble that of HABAKKUK in manner if not personnel; 27pp plus nearly a full page of WAHFs. I wonder how long Ted can keep up a monthly schedule if reader interest remains this voluminous...Recommended, more than usual.

THE REBEL (John Jackson, RR#7, Box 137-D, Crown Point, Indiana; 15¢, trade or contrib, and he needs contribs the way FANAC needs a co-editor or you need \$1000) Not a Southern Fandom Group zine, apparently, despite the title, but another of those I-publish-what-I-can-get neozines, partly for the purpose of eliciting trades, partly to advertise his stf duplicates and wants. I don't blame him for printing the fanfiction and verses so much as I blame their authors for sticking him with them; in all likelihood he will have better luck later on. Reproduction is extremely good--it looks like Buck Coulson's or possibly Scotty Neilson's, but if it's John's own, he would do well to duplicate others' zines for them.

THE SCENE vln6 (Robert J. Shea, 150 Bennett Ave., NYC 40; 6/\$1) Another, perhaps farther out than usual, issue of this maverick quasi-fmz; thish consisting mostly of an off-beat short story by one L.F. Balaguer ("Skip Kane", and I don't know what the double signature means, either); not stf. The other item, possibly included to stimulate reader reaction, is a plea in favor of fallout shelters plus deadly retaliatory capacity. Since the previous issue consisted mostly of a hilarious play "The Democrats Are Dirty Rats", one gathers that Bob Shea (evidently on a busman's holiday from DUDE & GENT) will print sufficiently good material in just about any genre--and that he pays his contributors, something almost unheard of in fmz. Recommended, for a different kind of experience; and the next fan who wants to try an experiment in the VAHANA tradition could do worse than study THE SCENE.

THE REALIST 30 (Paul Krassner, The Realist Ass'n, 225 Lafayette St., NYC 12; 10/\$3, 20/\$5 & cheap at the price) More freethought satire & criticism in the HABAKKUK manner, and thish is as good as any we've yet seen. It's also, like many of late, a Fanoclast publication: Sylvia White, Bbob Stewart, together with the cartoons and "Nightmare" by Jerry DeMuth, earlier mentioned thish. Among other contributors: Lenny Bruce. Readers who dug Terry Carr's analysis of "Catcher in the Rye" in L'HOUSE, and who've been following the censorship reports in FANAC, will doubtless appreciate the piece on "CitR" by Donald Fiene, a teacher who was fired for putting it onto a reading list. And what does it have to do with science fiction this time? Well, there's the Dept. of Satirical Prophecy in which some earlier issues' "Gravy Planet" type predictions are shown to have come true in the interim...Highly recommended; the cartoons are indescribable besides being exceptionally laugh-provoking.

SCOTTISHE 26 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England; OMPA, usual or 1s or 15¢ to Bob Lichtman, Ethel's agent; all subs will go to TAWF)

This is one of the very few apazines I expect to review here regularly, others being Wrhn, VIPER, SAFARI ANNUALS and TATTOOED DRAGONS when they come out, and maybe one or two more. No hand-coloured cover thish--apparently her circulation is up, as it deserves to be. Special commendation goes to Willis's lovely reminiscences and to a bunch of ATom verses with accompanying illos by him, including several goodies: "Bems and Monsters / blood and gore / Conan tales are such a bore"; "Starship trooper / tell me true / does the vote / mean so much to you?"; "The rockets rise / with sounds of thunder / but where oh where / is my sense of wonder?" and more. "MachiaVarley" has a Berryish Factual Article, "Heava Halsa Bricka Day" (imitation is the sincerest flattery, John). Roy Tackett contributed, to request, a short piece on why he became, of all things, a career marine. It turns out that he just drifted back: "no great dedication or anything like that". And staying in was a path of least resistance from then on. In that case what I'd like

to know is, where does all the righteous dedication come from that he manifests in DYNATRON 9 editorial? Admittedly his first enlistment was in wartime when service meant something to him, but after that? In DYNATRON he says "I didn't like it 20 years ago and I don't like it (military svce) now. But I have stuck with it because I believe it was necessary." That doesn't sound like the reason he gave in SCOTTISHE... Ethel's own natterings are warm and welcome and the zine is highly recommended.

SKOAN 13 (never forget the asterisks, even if you have to fake 'em with ✕ or ✖ ; Calvin W.

"Biff" Demmon, sometimes known as C. Walrus Demmon, 1002 E 66, Inglewood, Cal.; trades, locs or \$1, so help me Ghu.) The same remarks I made about #12, even to the MZB quote, still hold true, and this individzine is one of the fannish phenomena of the decade. Probably the best thing I can do to review *SKOAN* is to quote from Walt Willis's loc: "I took a pile of crud-zines into the office yesterday to polish them off and I came up against yours ((he is talking about No. 12, but it applies to thish as well)); and it shook me. I liked it. I liked it very much. I like the way you go about things, I like what you go about, and I love your little asides like Your Chance To Break Into Fringe Fandom: If yours is fringe fandom, I want to break in, please. Please keep going just the way you are and don't let anybody sober you up. I haven't come across anybody like you since Max Keasler, and you can spell! Such richness!" I can only agree. Highly recommended even to sercon stf-lovers--they need to be shaken up a bit. (Biff--be sure and send one to Dean Grennell if you haven't already: this is one he must not miss.)

VIPER 5 (Bill Donaho, 1441 8th, Berkeley 10; OMPA, locs or 25¢) No, it's no substitute for HAB, but it's a fine genzine anyway. As always, the highlight is another installment of Alva Rogers's history of ASF, about which no more be said than that it is just as good as previous installments. Being familiar with most of the stories, I think Alva's evaluations will go effectively unchallenged--they stem from recognition of merit, not merely remembered goshwow. The Ray Nelson Cartoon Kit is the best summary of types and sources of humor I have ever seen--it isn't merely a how-to-draw item, and any cartoonist could learn from it. (You too, Andy, Steve, and the rest.) The other items are overshadowed by these, though anywhere else they would be highly noteworthy; e.g., Locke's col would really shine in RET, and Bill's parody--I hope it is a parody and not an instance--of confession stuff would be memorable almost anywhere. Alva as art editpr is extremely successful everywhere but the cover, which just doesn't look like a Bjo cartoon--better luck nexttime. Highly recommended, naturally.

WARHOON 14 (Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank St., NYC 14; SAPS, 20¢ or usual) Everything I said about #13 is still true of thish, and I have made no secret of the fact that this zine gets my Hugo nomination. I don't care how good-looking Tackett says UCHUJIN is, I don't see how it could possibly have better material, stfnal or otherwise. It may be time we got rid of our prejudice against the term "focal point", as by any imaginable definition this zine shows signs of becoming one. Certainly it's a gathering of the slans--Willis, Blish, Boggs here, and earlier Calkins and Berry and almost everyone in the lettercols; but where are you, Bloch, Poul A., DAG, AJ, Terry, Burb? And in it just about every important issue in fandom gets discussed sooner or later. I don't mind admitting that I'm tickled pink to have an article in thish--it fulfills one of my fondest fannish ambitions. § There has been some grotching from various members of SAPS, partly because of Bergeron's proposal to change the by-laws to allow for possible FAPA-style brilliant deadwood, but mostly because Wrhn is less a SAPS zine than a genzine run through SAPS and with its mc's ("Dissonant Discourse") exposed to some 200 fans while the SAPS rebuttals reach only a few dozen. RB has tried to offset this by offering disgruntled SAPS space in the lettercol. A few have taken it. I suspect, however, that the outcome will be no change in SAPS and either a separate mc flyer or a hugely expanded Wrhn. On another front, I have heard of youngfen showing parents copies of Wrhn and DISCORD in answer to "what good is all this fanzine stuff?" I hope this practice spreads & succeeds (alas, poor *Lee*!). One final comment: Wrhn's Klansmen cartoons and nameless bems are among the more original things we've seen in quite a while. Highest recommendations, of course.

THE CHICON COMMITTEE SAYS: Effective 28 Jan, 62, Miss Ann Dinkelman will assume the Chairmanship of the Registration Committee (vacated by Joe Sarno) in addition to handling the Masquerade and the Hugo Awards Banquet. The Special Service Committee will be headed by George Petterson (replacing Mark Irwin). The two replaced members and Jerry DeMuth are on leave for military or alternative service. § In addition to these changes, four new positions are: Chmn of the 20th World SF Convention Business Session & Auction Arrangements Committee--Martin Moore; Chmn of Retail Sales Committee--Vic Ryan; Chmn of the Vice Committee & Guardian of the Committee Morals--A.J. Budrys. Press Contact during the Convention--Ed Wood.

By way of program notes, a special panel discussion to determine whether or not there is Too Much Sex In Stf is rapidly taking shape under the capable moderation ((which should be taken in moderation)) of Martha Beck. Already scheduled for the panel: Avram Davidson, AJ Budrys and Tom Scortia; other panel members are expected to be announced shortly. One of the more interesting convention speeches will surely be Fritz Leiber's reminiscences titled "Fafhrd & Me."

Some really excellent auction material has already been contributed, including a special False Night package from AJ Budrys to go as one lot; galleys from FN, galleys from Some Will Not Die, plus the MS. from the latter and one or two more surprises in the package. Several large, exciting McCauley oils have turned up too.

The plans for the masquerade are rapidly forming. We can't give out too many details yet but it is imperative that you start planning your costume now and try to win one of those cash prizes.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS; or, Fans On a Hot Tin Roof

A 2/c Richard W Brown (the Yo-yo of Fandom), AF 19646261, 36 Tactical Fighter Wing, APO 132, NY, NY. (He's in Bitburg, Germany, just across the Luxembourg border. But don't put that on envelopes addressed to him, f'gawdsakes)

Sandy Cutrell, c/o Phil Griffith, 212 Pacific Ave., Venice, Calif. (Temporary?)

Jerry DeMuth, 1044 Nordale Ave., Dayton 20, Ohio. (See p. 4)

George R Heap, Box 1487, Rochester 3, NY (Att'n, Don Anderson, R.A.I.L.S.)

George Locke, 85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Rd., London SW1, England. All fmz there from now on; George expects to be back in London in another month.

Andy Main, apt. 112, 410 W 110, NYC 25. (He's living with Avram Davidson.)

Pvt William E Pearson, US56337294, USAG 4009, Ft Polk, La.

Pfc Leslie Sample, RA14737569, R.U.S.A.H., APO 851, NY, NY. (He's in Puerto Rico; out of fafia once more, wants fmz, correspondence. He lost his address file, so bear with him.)

George C Willick, apt. 111, 410 W 110, NYC 25.

Ted White, 339 - 49th St., Brooklyn 20, N.Y.; thus dies the old Towner Hall--Long Live Towner Hall 2!

STOP DUPER: After these stencils were wrapped up to mail to Ted White, the news arrived that

NFFF President Ralph M Holland dropped dead of a heart attack the morning of 26 Jan 62, age 62. He had apparently been in good health and was working on the Feb. TNFF at the time. President since 1958, just re-elected a month before, Ralph had been Chairman of the N3F Directorate in 1957 and a member for years before. In mundane life he was an engineering supervisor and in earlier years a newspaperman. Of his many clubs and hobbies, fandom--specifically NFFF--seemingly got his most assiduous and affectionate attention. He is survived by a sister, Dora G. Holland, 2520 4th St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. The N3F Directorate will shortly appoint a president to complete Ralph's unexpired term; in the meantime, its chairman Albert Lewis performs any interim administrative duties. Our condolences to all concerned.

FANAC 85, from

Walter Breen

2402 Grove St.

Berkeley 4, Calif.

Ed Meskys t
c/o Metcalf
Box 336
Berkeley 1, Calif.

RETURN REQUESTED

TAFF NEEDS YOU!