

SATANAS

3



May 1962



SATHANAS

3

MAY '62

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This publication may be obtained for any of the following reasons:
.25¢ a copy, a LoC, trade or friendship.

SATHANAS is an irregular amateur publication. It is issued as often as I feel like it, which is not very often. Say a semi-annual schedule for the moment. The producer of this noble effort is one Richard (RiP) Schultz, who resides at 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan, USA.

This is KriFanTat Publications, Unltd. Project #16. Apx. circulation, 175.

Among other things, this publication offically endorses: Ethel Lindsay for TAPP: See You In Chi!: DCon All Along: and London in '65. Anything to keep it out of the Midwest for another year.....

CURSES & CONFUSION

HAH! FOOLED YE, DIDN'T I? Thanks to a ¹³ few nice folks out there, Sathanas #3 comes to you much sooner than you expected. Also responsible for bringing this out so soon is the coming Postal rates hike and the necessity to get in a few plugs for Ethel Lindsay for TAFF (see? There's a plug already...) before the campaign is over. Don't pass it by, you nut, it's funny, I wrote it....

No, it's not funny that I wrote it at all, but I intended it...Oh, skip it, will you?

The lead article in this issue is one that I promised Vic Ryan and Ed Gorman a long time ago, therefore it is dedicated to them.

Due to popular outrage, the series on my bitter resentful exciting shallow wasted youth will continue with the next issue, as it was forced out of this issue on account of rain or lack of room or something.

As a matter of fact, a number of people said odd things about Wyatt Earp, but even odder ones about me. But still quite a large number didn't mention Wyatt Earp at all. As a matter of fact, a number of people didn't say anything. So I'm pruning my mailing list down from 200 plus to 170 with a few extras, and bwah, does it feel good.... I think I'll continue the practice so that's why some of you out there aren't reading this.

WE MUST MAKE mention of Ted White (who doesn't like to be called TEW) on being the first fan to move to Brooklyn from Manhattan thereby reversing a trend heretofore unchecked. Ted White also owns a near complete collection of Pepsi bottles. If you have any Pepsi bottles, I suggest you contact TEW as you might have the very one he is missing from some segment of his voluminous collection.

TEW also likes Chili. Yes he does. Send him any full cans of Chili (preferably with the top still on) you aren't going to use as TEW can always use another can of Chili. He is fandom's Internationally Known and Respected Coniesseur of Chili (and Pepsi) you know. Yes he really is. He tries to act bitter and resentful and all (known commonly as the Nasty Bitching Ol' Ted White image) and is trying to come on as a Lecher and Libertine, but don't you dare believe that of good ol' TEW. He's actually an Internationally Known and Respected Coniesseur of Chili (and Pepsi).

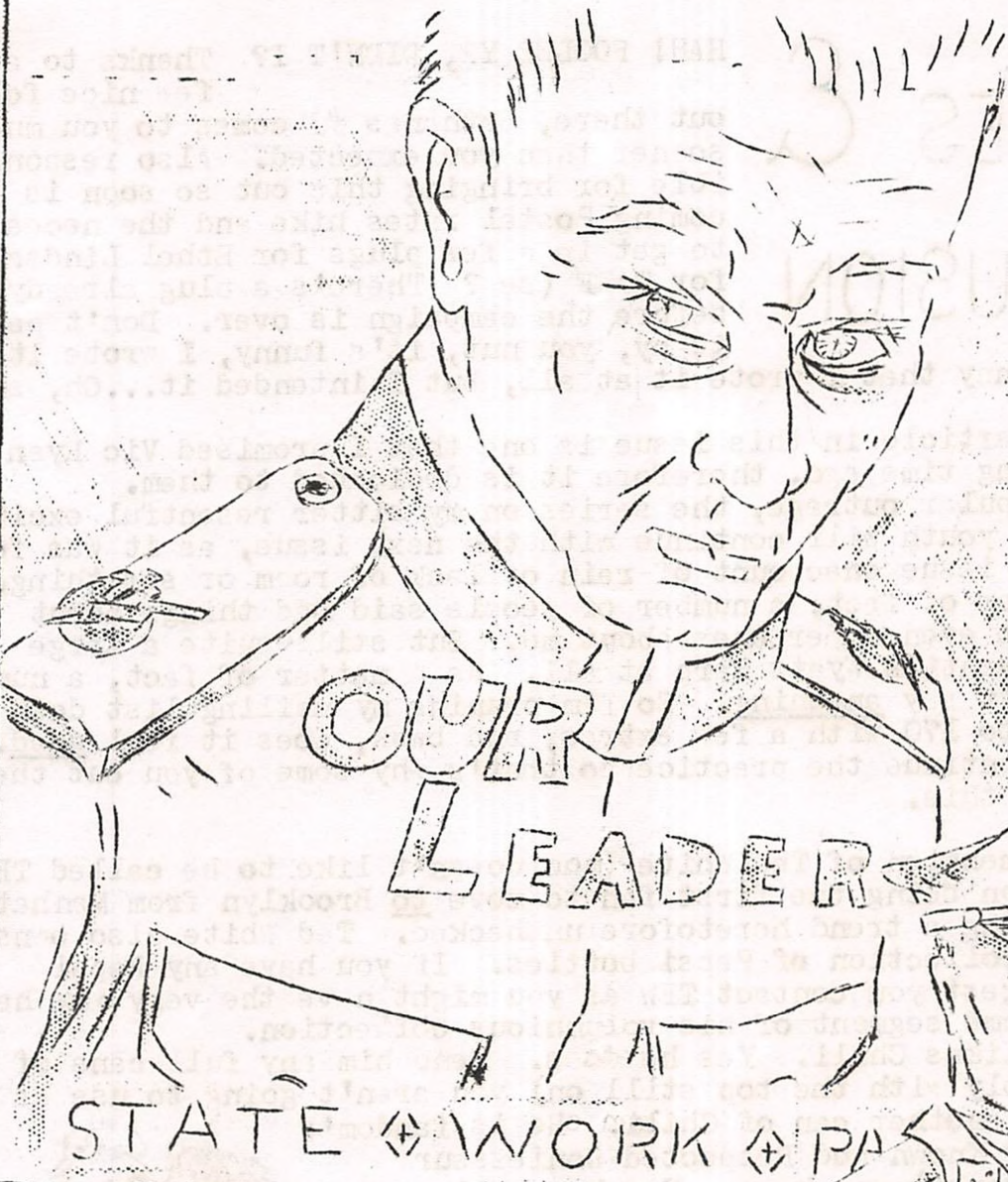
TWO BITS, THAT'S NOT TOO MUCH In case anyone is wondering over charging .25¢ for a lousy 18-pager, let me assure them it's not because of a desire for monetary gain. I've got four, count 'em, four subscribers. With any luck, that'll remain about average. Ye see, since it's a losing proposition publishing this thing anyways, I'd just as soon get letters and trades. A few of the people who aren't reading this now that they'd play it coy and send postcards and double spaced hack letters. Be warned. I'm generous, but....

The most original trade came from Avram Davidson, however, who sent a copy of his slick digest-sized fanzine called F&SF.....

Oh, yes. Tanz Motte means Dance of Moths.



Bye.



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BEHOLD, THE CONQUEROR

by
Richard
Schultz

A darkened street, over which bluish lamps fold out vainly over darkened trucks and occasional personal vehicles. It is an old part of the city, the walls are grimed and chipped. Fading posters line the walls alongside fresh, while yellow light seeps through from the shops and factories. The inhabitants, few that they be, look even more worn and aged than the city.

A surly brute lounges against a street lamp, careless of his dust-blue militiaman's uniform and vacantly observes a sign which gleefully proclaims the happy progress of The People which has been made since the Unions united under the control of The State. An older sign proclaims the passing of the monthly quotas by some obscure factory in the center of the continent and asks why this sector has not produced such champions.

A pale youth, oblivious to the rushing lorries, crosses the street to the same side as the militiaman. The militiaman twirls his nightstick, and idly wonders if he should bother asking him for his papers. The youth lights an ersatz cigarette with a quarter of a wooden match and coughs on the harsh materials. He caresses the home-made knife, in case the militiaman should be so unlucky as to ask him for the papers he hasn't got. Members of the Resistance do not very often have papers.

The militiaman moves on, his blue uniform turning black when out of the range of the streetlamps. One lamp buzzes irritatingly.

The youth flips the dead match at a wall poster. The poster shows The Leader in a benevolent mood, whilst below his shining face lie the words, "Word; State; Party".

This situation seems to us to be as much a part of the Twentieth Century as the automobile and the Atom Bomb. It is a glimpse of the raw face of totalitarianism. The Police State in action. The principle of Pavlov and double-think controlling the lives of a nation. Unfortunately, this is not the past, this is not some street in 1943 France or present-day Warsaw. This is the future and the locale is America.

What is more, it is not some vague half-century or a century ahead, as is mentioned by some sf authors. Unless the conditions I shall outline are revised in some way, we will more than likely be enjoying such a dictatorship within twenty years. And I'll tell you why. You may not believe what I say but it may be your unborn child that will watch the militiaman over his shoulder. It may be.

Indeed, "If this goes on....". For there is no part of this which is impossible. Indeed, I fear that Fascism in America is more probable than it is possible, to misquote a phrase.

Note the word Fascism. Like so many terms born of this century it is full of unborn meaning and semantic twists. In this case I mean it as a State-led nation, with all the resources and personnel of that nation geared to the satisfaction of the aims of that State.

We have been on that road to fascism for some years now. There must be proper soil about before the mind-rot of The State Knows Best can grow. But the most startling present symbol of our present trend first came about when Joe McCarthy found that one can be politically successful by preaching the same brand of symbol-hate against the Bolshieviks--Russians that Goring and Gobbels and Hitler found so successful in their own campaign for power. Fortunately for us Joe always had small ambitions, and he died before he could gain more. But what makes Joe unique in our country is that he preached not against the traditional enemies of yid and n[redacted] and furriner and papist, but against the Neue Crusade of International Communism. And how he did it.

Taking a leaf from Gobbels, he proclaimed over and over again in unsemantic terms that we were being beaten by the Commies ("To Arms!") and being beaten because...we were being betrayed. The borer from within. This would leave the rabble-rouser or bigot but to identify in his own mind those groups which he himself fears and hates. This ensured the widest possible support for the Witch Hunts. For when you use a specific term, you alienate some classes of people. But when you just say "internal enemies", why, that's naturally....and here they used their own term. Jew, colored, asiatic, papist, irish, furriner..... And the "Decent Citizens" gleefully backed Joe.

But there obviously has to be more to the problem than a few bigots and Haters, there has to be more to the drift to Fascism and the Witch Hunt than a few opportunists using the same hate symbols in newer, slicker fasions.

Discounting the millenia of human misery begating more misery, let us say that this particular problem has some of its roots in something called the Industrial Revolution. The results of that innovation, that application of technique have been many. As more and more complex products were produced in more complex factories, a profound sociological disintegration took place.

Before that time, one knew one's place. Man's eternal creaving for security had reached a form of stasis. The classes were firmly established, the citizenry firmly rooted in their trades and farms, the nobility in their games of politics and the hunt. But then we became a world, a culture, with its citizenry once more searching for a new place in the new order of things. As the the spinny wheel and the loom and the steam engine devestated the ancient meanings of class and position, a new order, a new stratification was sought. But it was not to be so. The new nobility craved their day in the sun, and the financier and the manufacturer and the merchant became rich and the new leaders. Or strived to become so.

But the old order was now gone, under the lathes of Pittsburgh and Duisburg as surely as under the guns of Sherman's army and the Army of the Guillotine, the French Revolutionists. So, the people turned to the new Messiahs, ever eager for a following. They welcomed the chance to pander to the desire of the people for someone to tell them what to do, where they were going, what they were. Not just to follow orders, that is a part of any dictatorship. But to give each person a rank in the group, and a mass goal in lieu of a personal one.

In other words, The Leader could give his subjects the satisfaction of all their secondary motivations.

Security. Identification. Pure escapism, a running away from the fact that one is not perfect, neither does one society claim to be perfect. They moan even yet for The Good Old Days, when one was a chain in the suit of chain mail called Society. The Masses.....

As the tide of weltshmerz rose, the demagogues found themselves controlling larger and larger masses of people earnestly wishing to be led. This is a condition of our present world, this is a Truth.

Do you hate and fear the rich or the poor or the Unions of the

Masses, support my Party! Do you feel Germany has been betrayed? I can give you the Reich.

Rockwell. The John Birch Society. The Right To Slander as used by the HUAC. But even more feightening, the millions of citizens who now think it is perfectly all right for The Government, the allproviding father-symbol of The Government, to own and control all industries, businesses, transportation and communication facilities and banks, all the time mouthing vague cliches about Democracy and American Individualism. A great as yet unreaaped field of potential Followers, waiting for The Leader to come and lead them to All Holy Greatness and the Total State, the all-embracing, all protective, all controlling State.

The age of Regimentation is upon us, and we welcome it. We yell for more rules, in the absence of any moral rules of our own. We ask for more regulations, censorship, stronger Police, anything to keep us from having to think or search for our own souls. But still, you ask, won't our Freedom Loving People eventually stop these Hitlers?

Who? I ask. The Unions with their own monopolism seeking State patronage under favorable laws? The Businesses seeking a controlled economy? The Church, if there be such a thing in this disunited and sect-ridden age? Certainly at least three churches (Catholic, Mormon, and Christian Science) would welcome State control of religion.

Let me digress. Have any of you ever studied paranoia? Apart from the highly-cliched, but true, bit about "Everyone's Against Me!", it is also characterized by something called a Base Line.

Every person deviates from the base line, which is a three-dimensional concept, to some degree. The typical paranoid instead of retreating from his shocks and problems, simply builds extra-strong defenses. At some time he keeps building his defenses above and beyond the level of the shock. And just keeps on building, shutting the World away from him. He has reacted too defensively to outside stimuli, why is something concerning hundreds of doctors. He has retreated into a world where stimuli need never bother him again. Or rather, he created his own world around him.

This is an individual. But can it happen to nations? Can they react excessively to outside stimulation? Can whole countries become psychotic? If it can't happen, I'd like to hear a rational explanation for the GrossDeutsches Reich

Obviously I personally relate the paranoid cycle to the present state of mind in the US today. The first and most important item I wish to bring up is the fact that we have a consistent supplier of unpleasant stimuli to our national mind. The Communist World Empire campaign.

They're always doing something, it's almost always an attack on us that sees print in the newspapers every day. Always an attack. A period in which we build up our "defenses" again. Then comes another shock, followed by peace and the building of defenses. And so, ad infinitum. It helps to become a paranoid if someone really is against you.

The commies are alternating their attacks with overtures of peace because this is their traditional method of personally dealing with enemies. It works fine against prisoners, helpless in their hands. First the shock, the pain, the stimuli. Then the kind word, the friendly doctor or officer who "doesn't really approve of this torture". Then around the track again. This is marvelously effective on someone in a cell, but unfortunately for the whole world, the States aren't in a cell. And the Russians unknowingly help us along the road to Paranoia.

John Birch Society and Paranoia symptoms, anyone?

And ever think about how much everyone in the world seems to hate us, not just the news services? That none of "Them durned furriners appreciate all we're doing for them".....

In its final st_ges, the Yankee Paranoism will probably show itself

8) by becoming single-minded about destroying its stimuli, the Commie Empire. To do so we'll probably produce a worse total Dictatorship than even the Nazis or Russians did.

It seems obvious enough that such would happen. For the Masses feel they need a mighty all-controlling State to be able to combat Them.

One thing about paranoids. They ascribe all failures and faults on their enemies, rather than on themselves. Birchers again, anyone?

Deep pressures laid upon an already faulty background (anyone found any perfect societies lately?) will produce neurotic national characteristics. And international Communism, the Neue Crusade, is just one such stimuli. The aforementioned deep yearning for someone to give them a place in society is another. The Population Explosion, nursed along by the Catholic Church is making it necessary for the Government to impose some type of National Economy Control in order to deal with their sheer ever-increasing mass.

Regimentation, all is regimentation, all for the Good Of The People. How soon, I ask you, before we one day notice that the slogan now reads, "For The Good Of The State"?

The trends are there. Big Unionism, Big Business, Big Armed Forces, Big Religion, Big Censorship, the Big Search For The Dollar. And the Neue Klass. The Government employee, the beaurarcy, the civil service that today feels it can decide what is good for the people. As if they were some kind of God, able to devine the course of history, probe the minds of the populace and decide What Is Best For The People. The search for class identity, the satisfaction of the secondary needs.

The really frightening thing about this trend to desire a Leader is that as I stated before, it is unchecked.

And for Pete's Sake, don't be calling the Libertrarian League or a few intellectual clubs a checking group. Every business group wants the planned economy, the government to bail them out in case of failure. Every Union wants job security and standardized prices. And a thousand thousand little groups want this or that group or idea or book or fact to be squashed by The Government.

Everyone wants something from the Government, and additionally seeks aid from The State to silence all of its opposition. Underlying it all again is a need for security, most people can't feel secure if a different thot or idea is presented to them than the one they Believe In. Again and again we see we are a nation unsure of itself.

Let the country alone, however, and I think it could create some new checks-and-balance system to replace what has disappeared. For within our lifetimes there have been two catyclysmic occurences which almost destroyed our world. The Depression (You ever stand in a bread line, Buddy? Then don't bitch about me wanting Security now!) and the Second World War. In effect, our national character was torn apart and it has not yet re-molded.

Therefore we have a cultural up-rooting. A loss of national faiths. The pressures of Communism. And a national seeking for a Big Brother to give us identity and do our worrying for us. And an attitude of, "Let's do something, even if we know it's wrong, just so we'll be doing it!" A movement towards socialism, national Socialism.

Socialism of, by and for the State.

Apart from all this background distress and present pressures, yet two more are apt to enter the picture before the twmnty years are up. For one, an even more devastating upheaval than ever before experienced by our country, aggravated by our own desire for security.

Le Deluge. The flood comes. I speak about the coming Depression.

An economic collapse is as sure as death and taxes, but is not so apparent. However, barring foreign intervention, it should be eventually realigned. That is, disregarding the previous pressures.....

But these pressures exist and are apt to alter the outcome of The Greater Depression To Come.

The reasons why there must be another Great Depression are many and varied. But by extreme simplification can be summed up by: Supply and Demand. When supply exceeds demand, when a saturation point is reached, the economy normally goes into a recession until the cycle is repeated. However, ours is a sick economy. But try to tell that to the nits in the street. "Why the government has too many controls for another Agonizing Economic Reappraisal to take place!" they say.

And show that when The Depression comes, the first thing they will seek is more and more regulations and State control of the economic process. As if Congress can outlaw the laws of economics! Only in an economy where all phases of production and consumption of every product is rigidly controlled and regulated by The State can these laws even be slightly bent.

But lacking these all-enveloping controls, the Government is only asking for a bigger and much worse Depression by it's desperate striving to float the economy a "little while longer". Indefinitely, in other words. The frenetic pace of Madison Avenue to force us to get ourselves into debt is proof enough that all is not well with the laws of economics in this country.

The harder you press a rubber ball to keep it down, the higher it bounces when it slips out of your grasp, to use an old saw.

For some years now our marvelous little automated society has been producing goods of all kinds at a faster rate than we had previously absorbed them. To an economist, the solution is simple, and before this era, inevitable as soon as saturation point is reached. But rather than use the ~~total~~ good will of the people, the all-protecting Government magnimously produced the succor of Surplus Commodities, Farm Aid Programs (Since they do it for Farmers, I'm trying to get them to do it for buggy-whip factories and parosal makers) and other fantastic public expenditures for the Public Good. And has prompted, or at least condoned the use of advertising and artifically-created demands and social pressure ("Why, everyone owns a.....") to pressure the citizen into going into debt. For his Own Good. We have reached the Age Of The Debt, where every man sees nothing wrong in living from hand to mouth in order to rise one step higher on the Social Ladder. The average family, stf-like, has put itself into hock for years to come in order to buy something, not that they need, but which is "the thing" to have in modern suburbia. Madison Avenue has even managed to exploit the Negro into going into debt for clothes, Big Cars and the like since they can't invest in suburban over-priced gimcracks. Yet Joe Schmoo goes on right ahead and thinks that the Government will take care of Everything, which includes them, of course.

Yet Joe looks to this Saving The Day as being in the future when it is bailing like a one-armed paper-hanger now to keep Joe comfy in his mortgaged house. Or hasn't he heard of tariff's, price supports and Corporation Taxes. He calmly says something about taxing the rich when right now the wealthy elite get more of their money and benefits from fringe advantages to their corporate positions than they do from their salaries, for they're taxed so heavily. The Corporations of the US right now is investing so heavily in foreign concerns because it has to retain capital somewhere and their capital is taken from them by corporate taxes in this country.

The Government, the endlessly providing Father Image, has about reached the end of its tether. The only further radical steps it can take now is to nationalize the industries and businesses and bring the economy under State Planning and control. A very likely step, considering the fact that half the railroads east of the Mississippi will have their passenger routes nationalized within four years.

10/ First subsidization, then control, it's inevitable.

Another thing that is bringing economic disaster on us right now is the spiral of wage and price increases. We are bringing in foreign luxury products and raw materials at an ever accelerating rate. And as wages and prices ascend ever again, we calmly price ourselves out of the foreign market, putting a choke on a outlet which might otherwise put some of our supply in the hands of some of the demand, outside the country. But instead we ship less and less overseas and our gold levels go down and down and down and down.

After the Second World War, the Unions consolidated power and forced the industries to listen to them. And one of the first things they wanted was some of the money the bosses had made during the war while they sweated overtime.

And that spiral started. The Unions wanted more, the Bosses wanted more in return. After years of propaganda, the recent Kennedy answer to the Steel price raise put both sides at fault again.

There are two ways now to alter this unfavourable spiral, and get back into the World Market, which would soften the Depression's blow if not alleviate it, entirely.

The first (aside from conquering Latin America and Africa and making it our economic vassal..come to think of it, why are we fighting the Commies so hard for in these areas?) is for us to re-align our wages and prices, not to forget our aims, to enable us to re-establish ourselves back into the World Market. Considering the present amicable state of affairs between Union and Management I hope you won't mind if I think that their voluntarily lowering their prices and wages at the same time is a bit farfetched.

The other would be for the Government to take over the Economy. Lower wages and prices (and savings and purchases to boot), and ram through a program of austerity, to balance things out. Pardon me if I don't believe our present vote-conscious Congress will try to take away The Good Life. A crude and ill-managed Congress could never get itself together to do any such thing. Not when only one man can win the next election by fighting such a proposal.

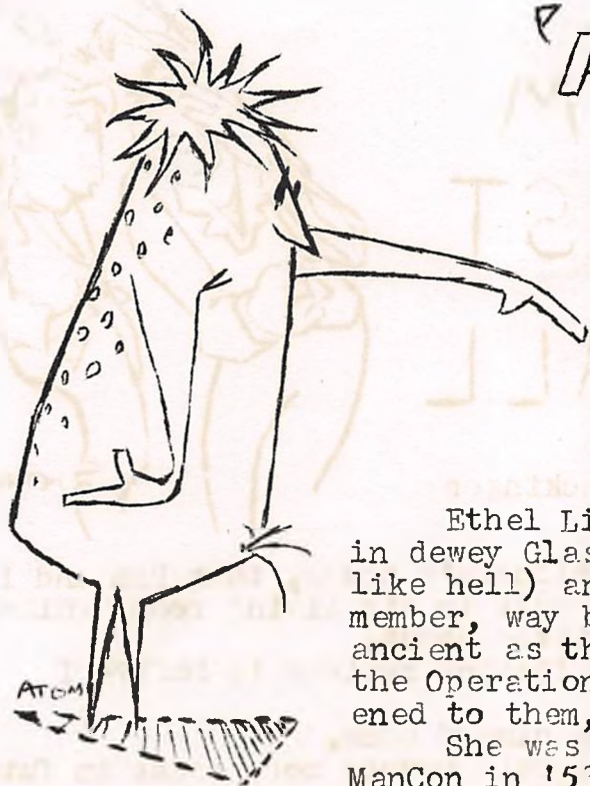
However, comes the awakening, Der Tag. The Depression is here. Then, By God, the People will want Action! And, by gum, we'd better give it to them! New New Deal anyone? The people will want someone who promises to Solve Everything. And beat Communism to boot. Maybe we'll be dreadfully lucky and such a man won't appear. But I'm very much afraid that he will.

Which brings us to the second point. For I'm afraid that this Savior must be amongst us right now. Weaned on telecasts of Joe McCarthy and the HUAC, a brilliant intuitive psychologist and mob-manipulator. An admirer of Goldwater, and one who realizes that the John Birch Society is before its time, and could never quite live down the tinkling sound of laughter, in order to win an election. But all he'll want is their votes, not their label.

Maybe he'll create his own party, or has started. Or is a rising young Conservative in one of the two present parties. But a Conservative he is, no doubt of that. Take Us Back To The Good Old Days might be the major platform of the American Party, and the people will vote the Security Ticket, and follow the man who promises to solve everything and seems to have the way to do it. Just give the Government to him and then give everything to the Government and Everything Will Be Fine.

Deimey Pajas, Pax, the security of the State, as the Reactionary Right takes us all under its wing. The conditions will produce both the party and its leader and the support to carry it to victory. On that day I want to be rowing to Canada before they "re-locate" me and the other intellectuals, dissenters and opponents in a "Camp". And the Neue Messiah shall triumph. God, 1984 ahead of schedule. - ENDE -

'ARF A MO', GUV'NER.....



Do you feel that you need relief from all the claims and counter-claims and high-pressure advertising that is surrounding the present TAFF campaign? Well, the following is straight scoop.....

Ethel Lindsay, The Enforcer, came upon fandom in dewey Glasgow (dewey...that's Scots for raining like hell) and promptly became a Newlands SF Club member, way back in '51, which makes her positively ancient as the hills. About that time she joined the Operation Fantast group and we know what happened to them, don't we?

She was the assistant-Secretary for the Super-ManCon in '53, where I suppose she helped misfile all the memberships and accounts for I've heard nothing from the Super-ManCon Committee since then. Not content with ~~EXBOTA~~ helping them, she volunteered to help with the CitriCon, the '57 London WorldCon and the '61 LexiCon, all of whom accepted her aid. Evidentially the same malady struck them as did the SuperManCon Committee group for nothing has been brought up lately about them putting on a Con.

She moved to London in '56 (Yes, that year...the one where Everything happened). Come to think of it, why do they need Assistant-Secretaries anyways, since everyone knows all Con Committees do all the work on the same day the Con opens.

Has written to hundreds of people hundreds of times, which I suppose is why we have such a fast turnover in fandom. Even has a CRY letterhack card. Being lazy these days, tho, she puts her LoCs on stencil, calls it HAVERINGS and spreads the destruction everywhere.

She also published SCOTTISHE And still publishes FEMIZINE for the delight and edification of general fandom and OMPA in particular. Somehow or other I think I should have said SCOTTISHE when I said FEMIZINE, but no matter, it's probably all a vicious lie spread by Joan Carr who once published FEMIZINE before Ethel took it over.

And I repeat, she's promised to leave her bagpipes home. She might do a Scots dance for us, tho, since she's a member of the Romiley Fan Veterans and Scottish Dancing Society, along with IPSO, the BSFA and is present Chairman of the SF Club of London. That Chairman is a Scots word meaning Dictator, I think, tho that's impossible since Ella Parker is the Dictator of the SFCoL. Ethel is just The Enforcer.

The rumour that Walt Willis is trying to get a bagpipe for Ethel to play at Chicago, I repeat, is an unfounded rumour. No doubt started by Grandpa Tucker, who wants to imply that Walt fears that Bob Bloch, with ten years to work in, has finally gathered the 20,000 snakes for a proper reception of WAW.

So, I think Ethel is the more complete fan, and urge you to vote the racial ticket, get a Scots over! People Who Care For The Best ~~Drink~~ Go Scotch.

Ethel
Lindsay
for
Taff





AVRAM AGAINST A WALL



by Mike Deckinger

It was at a recent party at Don Wollheim's house, that Don and I had Avram Davidson backed up against a wall in his living room, while the thirty-odd other invited guests flitted about.

"Don't you think Avram should use fanzine reviews in F&SF?" I asked Don.

He nodded agreement, keeping Avram pinned back.

"Not only that," Don stated, "he should devote more space in future issues to reviewing the sf pocketbooks."

"Like Ace books?" I suggested.

"Naturally", Don beamed.

Avram is a short man but he knows how to struggle. Keeping his drink tightly clutched in one hand, he tried to break through the human blockade we had erected around him.

"Please, please," Avram muttered, "I just got here and I'm hungry and all I've had is this drink and...."

"But Avram dear boy," Don told him coolly, "we're just offering you some friendly advice."

Avram shook his head so vigorously that his beard nodded assent. "Friendly advice is what I do not need at the moment. I get enough friendly advice as it is!"

"We are merely," I broke in, "advising you on how you can turn F&SF into a big money-maker."

"And don't tell us you don't want to make any money with F&SF," Don warned.

"Maybe Avram wants to promote some deal, like Campbell's always doing," I offered.

"No I'm not," Avram protested, "I want to keep the mag the way it is, only better."

"Maybe he's trying to bring back the Shaver mystery," Don said with a trembling voice.

"Either that," I continued, "or he's probably trying to run sexy psionics stories, like where a girl is raped with a divining rod."

Avram immediately became rigid. He lowered his drink and looked at me steadily.

"F&SF will only publish good, clean science fiction," he declared in much the same manner that the President of the U.S. would use while assuming his office. "Our material will be of the highest literary standards."

I regarded Avram pityingly. Then I turned to Don.

"He really believes it, you know--he really does."

Don shook his head. Burt Unger, a non-fan, working for ACE books who'd been invited by Don came over and asked Don why he was shaking his head. Don told him what Avram had stated, Burt shifted his gaze to

Avram, then shook his head, too.

Avram took a quick sip of his drink and looked at us disgustedly.

"You don't think I have the right idea," Avram asked defiantly, "you think I'm leading up to it the wrong way—is that it?"
Burt, Don and I didn't say a word.

"Well, by God," Avram quaked, "what would you like me to do—publish a fanzine?"

Don blanched at this, and Burt, who wasn't a fanzine fan merely looked puzzled. I thought this proposal over for a few seconds.

"Well," I began, "I do recall reading something by Seth Johnson where he advocated that all pro-eds publish fanzines and circulate 'em amongst the readership, or something like that. It would give you experience in the years to come."

"Experience for what?" Avram demanded.

"For publishing a prozine."

"Dammit, I am publishing a prozine, right now."

"Yes," I admitted, "but have you ever published a fanzine?"

This remark slowed Avram down. He thought it over carefully. At last he admitted, "Well, no, I haven't, but that doesn't mean I'm not qualified to edit a prozine!"

A misty look crept into Don Wollheim's eyes. "Ray Palmer thought he could publish a prozine. John Campbell thinks he can. Even Horace Gold used to get the notion now and then."

"The trouble with you fellows," Avram declared, "is that you have no confidence in your fellow man. Someone you're acquainted with announces he's going to undertake some seemingly difficult task, and immediately you go all to pieces, without even surveying the person's capabilities."

"Now, now Avram," Don murmured consolingly as he draped an arm around Avram's shoulder, "we all feel that you are very well qualified for the task."

At this Avram seemed to brighten. "You do?"

"Certainly," I cut in, confidence backing my voice, "I often say to myself that if there's anyone around who can publish a good fanzine, it's Avram Davids....."

"But it's not a fanzine," he protested, "it's a prozine!"

Burt, who was finally being drawn into things, took the next line.

"Why not switch it?"

Avram looked horrified. "What!?" he ejected.

"Sure," Don picked up, "you can have Ted White mimeo it and..."

"Ted's busy," I interrupted.

"Busy?" Don replied.

"Suing Sam Moskowitz for not introducing him at the SEACON."

"Oh well," Don said, "you can find someone else. Then you can get the top fan-artists, even Barbi Johnson, to do illos for you and..."

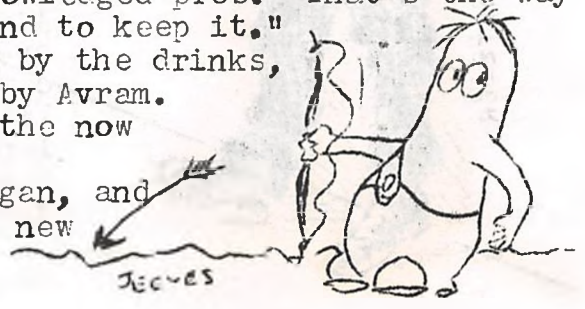
"I suppose you'll want a review of Ace books," Avram commented dryly. Don smiled softly and said, "It would be nice."

"Now look here gentlemen," Avram stated firmly, beginning to fume, "I will not under any circumstances, turn F&SF into a fanzine. It's a prozine and as long as it's under my editorship, it shall remain one. I shall use only art and material by acknowledged pros. That's the way the zine began, and that's the way I intend to keep it."

Bob Silverberg and Ed Emsh, standing by the drinks, had heard the last few remarks delivered by Avram. Their paces quickened as they approached the now hopelessly outnumbered editor of F&SF.

"I just heard what you said," Bob began, and it just so happens..." "And I've several new covers," Ed interrupted.

Avram looked around and groaned.



A LITTLE OLD

(Being a talk delivered to my Sunday School Class...)

Boys and girls, for today's lesson, I want to tell you of a most wonderful little person I once knew. She was a little old lady who lived next door to me when I was a wee little tot like you. I loved her and so did Jesus, because she was the most unselfish person who ever lived.

This little old lady always smiled, because she was always happy. She smiled and was always happy even though she was old and dry and crinkly and had rotting skin. She smiled and was always happy even though she had only one dress, an old and faded and patched blue flower print dress. She smiled and was always happy even though her teeth were very much too tight for her and chafed her gums. Even though this sweet little old lady lived in a shed fashioned of pieces of waste paper and mucilage, she smiled and was always happy.

And even though this little old lady had very little in life and was always very sick because of the rain which would soak the interior of her modest hovel, she was always Giving. Remember this, children; this little old lady Gave all the time. Every week, come Saturday morning, all of us tots would march over to the hovel of the little old lady. There would be hundreds of us, all singing and shouting and laughing. And upon a signal from the head tot in the neighborhood, all of us tots would begin to pound on the walls of the shed of the little old lady and kick at it and stomp on its roof and yell "We want cookies and pies and cakes, little old lady!"

And after a time the little old lady would open the door of her shed and smile at all of us and say in her sweet cracked little old lady voice, "I have baked cookies and pies and cakes for all of you children, though it means that I shall go for another week without food."

And we would sing and laugh and eat the wonderful cookies and pies and cakes of the little old lady, and she would sit all dried up in her doorway of the shed and smile and watch us. And finally we would all finish eating the glorious goodies which the little old lady would make for all of us, and we would say, "We will be back next week for more of your cookies and pies and cakes, little old lady, and if you don't have them we will beat you up and lying in a gutter."

Then the little old lady would smile and say, "Hoho, I shall see all of you children tomorrow in Sunday School." You see, the little old lady was our Sunday School Teacher just as I am your Sunday School teacher. And every Sunday morning all of us tots would come to Sunday School dressed in our clean little suits and dresses, and the little old lady would smile at us all crinkly and say, "Let us all sing songs to God and little Jesus in the manger."

And we would laugh and laugh and kick the little old lady until she was knocked



LADY

by Gary Deindorfer

down and then we would run outside into the air and run and play.

And then the little old lady would run outside after us, all crinkly smiles and inward happiness. And then she would sing very loud, "Jesus Loves Me". And we would stop running and come over to her and join in that fine little song. Then, when we had all finished singing, we would all join hands and the first child in line would grab ahold of the little old lady's ankle, and then we would begin to run very fast and sing and laugh and play crack the whip with the little old lady. And the little old lady would laugh and laugh too until she was all out of breath and her face was all kind of red and all. Then we would let go of the little old lady and she would hobble back to her to her shed and we would run after her and laugh and throw pebbles at her.

The early part of January was a particularly fine time for us and the little old lady, because then there would be many, many Christmas trees to dispose of, and all of us tots would merrily drag them all down to the home of the little old lady and stack them around her shed and then set fire to them. Then the little old lady would manage to hobble out through her doorway just before her house would go poof and we would all laugh very loud and long.

Now this little old lady is a very fine and good example for all of us to follow these days, isn't she? By her fine Giving and her trust in God and little Jesus she stands as a fine symbol for all that anyone could be. Let us all think of this dear and sweet and fine little old lady through this upcoming week and try to act as she would in all we do. Let us think of her when we would otherwise do something nasty like wetting our pants or something. Let us keep in our little hearts a picture of this wonderful dried up little old lady. Let us all hope to grow up to be a glorious and unselfish little old lady just such as she, all crinkly and creaky goodness. Goddamn, but we should be thankful for all the little old ladies of our world, and bless them in every little place. —Ende—

"Lo, our many Yesteryears" —department of reprints

THE WOMAN I LEFT BEHIND ME

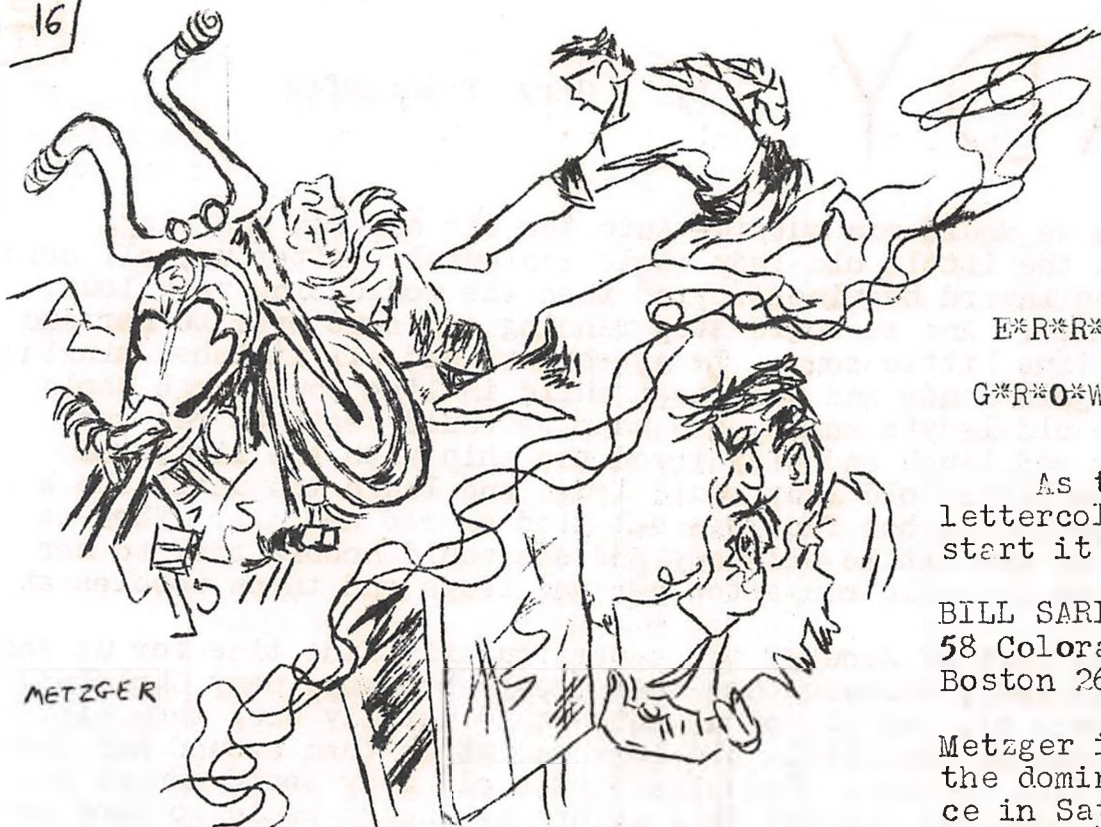
She was a lovely, sensuous thing of voluptuous curves; fragile moon-bright gleamed enticingly on her bare, ivory shoulders, and cascaded down her body to the curiously low cut of her garment. I looked at the magnificent, tantalizing body of her and yearned to hold it in my two hands. It captured my breath, my admiration, my desire.

Some master craftsman had molded that beautiful body, I thought. A creator who would never again produce its perfect twin. I wanted that body, those delightful curves, for my own fingers to caress.

But I could never have it. The damned statue was too heavy to steal.

—Bob Tucker, LeZombie #63, July 1948—

MERELY A DABBLER Dept: John Cunningham in Vom #34: "I do not agree on mass nudism, but small groups must be a pleasant experience."
— Tucker, LeZombie #58, July 1944—



E*R*R*A*T*I*C

G*R*O*W*L*I*N*G*S

As this is the lettercolumn, let's start it with one from

BILL SARILL
58 Colorado St.
Boston 26, MASS.

Metzger is seemingly the dominating influence in Sath #2. His

cartoon on page 8 (the one with the Nazi burning fanzines) is the funniest I've seen in a long time, and his letter in "Erratic Growlings" is typically fabulous. Metzger is one guy whose letters sound like complete finished columns. Someone ought to issue a collection of them someday.

I have a friend who thinks he's God, but I don't really believe it. He can't even perform any miracles—he merely smiles smugly to himself and refuses to condescend to my level by creating a miracle solely to convince me. I got even with him, however; I introduced him to another friend who thinks he's God (all my friends are nuts), and now they take turns at it. One of them plays God on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and the other on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. On Sundays, they both rest. An equitable arrangement, that.

Anent nazism: Locally speaking, I was surprised to see how low its level of support is. When ~~Norman~~ Lincoln Rockwell showed up in Boston to picket a local theatre which was showing "Exodus", he had to be arrested for his own protection. Over a thousand people were waiting in front of the theatre when he appeared, most of them M.I.T. students and juvenile delinquents (very little difference), all armed with stones, eggs and whatnot.

"Wyatt Earp" was good...let's see more in this series. It may not be terribly faaanish, but it is fun. I have never engaged in the sport of cop-baiting, but then I've never met anyone like Wyatt.

Harlan Ellison says that the best in-fighting weapon is a raw potato studded with razor blades. I suppose he should know, being an Author and all. I personally prefer a scapel carefully made from a power hacksaw blade; terribly effective, you know.

(Ah, but an object like that is so conspicuous when the fuzz frisk ye. On the other hand, you can always say you're taking that bicycle chain home to get fixed or you'd been playing baseball with that baseball bat.)

HARRY WARNER
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Maryland

Reading Sath, I felt as if I were being carried far away from familiar things, moving through space and time in the company of individuals whom

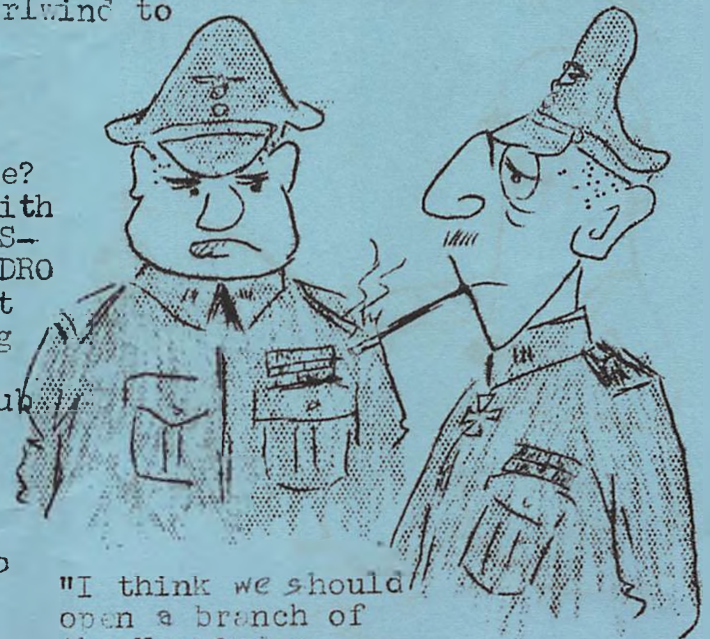
I'd never known or met before. It's no wonder that I had this feeling, because I read the magazine while on a Greyhound bus headed for Washington. And I was the only person on that bus reading a fanzine. So nobody got as much pleasure as I did out of discovering my name listed as a source of inspiration for your leadoff article. I liked it very much, even though it reflects a way of thinking about policemen that is totally strange to me. I've always reacted in just one way to cops: a personal struggle to repress the desire to break out laughing. Maybe it's a censor in me turning a fear of policemen into the reverse. But any kind of uniform causes me to feel like snickering, and the basic job of policemen, rushing in with the lock for the stable after the horse is gone, creates this hilarity in me. I think that policemen are basically unhappy individuals, until they get old and have enough authority to push around other policemen, so I feel sorry for your skinny acquaintance.

Not that I want to take anything away from the rest of the magazine, but I think that Sathanas' principal attraction this time lies in the Metzger illustrations. He is the only fan artist who does a first rate job on depicting motion. His people are never posed stiffly as if waiting for a photographer to snap the shutter. ATOM, Bjo, Rotsler all make up for this lack of motion sense by excellence in draftsmanship, imagination and such qualities. But their pictures don't seem to be moving before your eyes, the figures trying to burst out of their confines, as Metzger's do. Besides, they fit so perfectly with Ray Nelson's writing. I keep wondering and wondering what would have happened if Laney or Chris Moskowitz had gotten involved in Michigan fandom.

BUCK COULSON Somehow, the only reaction I can muster over your editorial, "Wyatt Earp", and Ray Nelson's article is a passionate thankfulness that I never belonged to Michigan Wabash, Ind. fandom. I mean, I'm usually pretty happy about the fact, when I stop to think about it at all, but these things all make me happier. (You have brought a ray of joy into my soul.....)

I like that line in Burns' piece: "it's blowing a fale outside". I keep wondering what a fale is....(Only The Shadow Knows...hehehehoo hooohohawhaw)..it could be a clever synonym for "incompetent fool" but why would it be blowing an incompetent fool outside? He disgraced the coven and they summoned a whirlwind to dispose of him?

Anent Boggs' remarks in the lettercolumn, I wonder how many faneds do sit down and decide what they want their fanzine to be? Oh, a few are obviously planned with a specific goal in mind; XERO, DISCORD, KIPPLE, AMRA, etc. But YANDRO never had any specific goal (a lot of little ones, maybe, but nothing specific) and CRY doesn't appear to have any, except to let the club members enjoy themselves. SHAGGY obviously doesn't have a goal, WARHOON does but it's one which appeared after several issues had been published, and JD-ARGASSY (to name another one that manages to pull in a lot of Hugo votes) simply follows Lynn Hickman's whims. Sitting here listening to



"I think we should open a branch of the New Order in Michigan...."

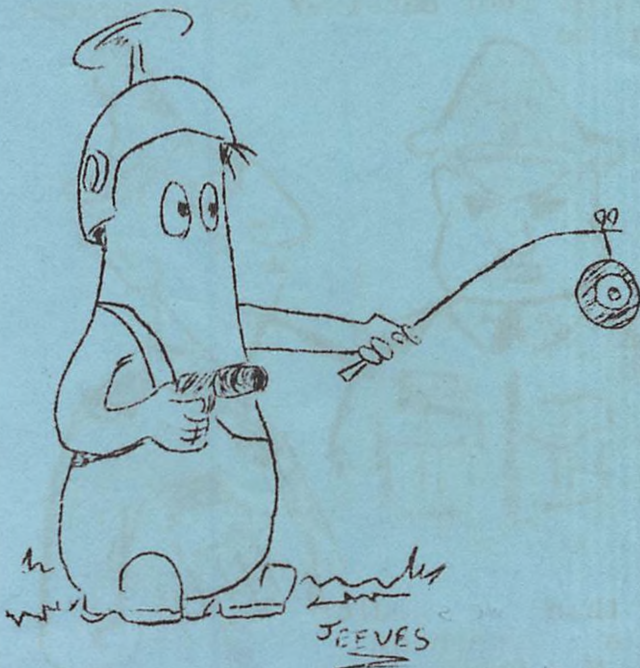
18/ (lettercol continued)

A.L.Lloyd sing "Bluey Brink" — all about an Australian sheep-shearer who was such a drinking man that his only complaint about a cupful of sulphuric acid was that "it sets me to coughin', and you know I'm no liar, but every cough sets me whiskers on fire." Sounds like a recruit for Michigan fandom."

AWAHF: Ted Serrill, Terry Jeeves, Arthur Thomson, Mike Deckinger, Gary Deindorfer, Cyrus Sturgis, Hal Lynch, Fred Galvin, Bob Smith, R. Kristiansen, Roger Cox, Horst Margeit, Jhim Linwood, Seth Johnson, Larry Williams, Dirce Archer, Calvin W. "biff" Demmon, Lenny Keye and Thomas Schluck. See ye all next issue.

— * — * — * — * — * — *

- Last issue, do something.
- We trade.
- Contributor.
- Subscriber.
- Letterhack.
- Material in files, will use.
- Please contribute.
- Please write.
- Please drop dead.



Coventry is a way of life
 FIJAGH is a way of life.
 Jazz is a way of life.
 FAPA is a way of life.
 SAPS is The Way.
 SAPS, Si, FAPA No! SAPS, Si, FAPA no
 Lindsay for TAFF
 London and the WorldCon in '65!
 Was you dere, George?

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