

Mr. Gyp is the colleague of the Mrs. Gyp who is responsible for all the sudden, unexplained noises, plates sliding unexpectedly off shelves, collapsing curtains, et cetera, that occur in the lovely garage apartment of the McQueens; familiarly known as "The Eagle's Nest". Mr. Gyp is responsible for any intelligent blunders that appear in this rag. Any mistakes that can only be attributed to something subhuman are, of course, Gilbert's.

Mrs. Gyp was a Miss, but since the creation Mr. Gyp I think it better — I mean, after all . . .!

Since this thing must be in the mail tomorrow with Lee's LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, which I haven't stenciled yet, and since I have to work all day tomorrow, any resemblance to coherence in the editorial comments are purely coincidental and the management refuses to be responsible for 'em.

Seems that the editor of this horror, for a man who is determined to avoid feuds, needs a course in how to be a shining example. Seems also that said editor owes the Futurians a contrite apology for a really low-down dirty crack in the last number. Something stuck in, not for humor, but more or less for maliciousness, and which we were, as usual, thoroly ashamed to see in print. Let it be known, Friends, that we're sorry for said crack 'cause it was so utterly stupid and uncalled for. Y'all know what I mean.

This is entirely on my own hook, by the by; I haven't had any kicks from the Futurians. Michel later, after I apologized for the crack to Lowndes, sent me a letter in which he expressed his opinion of fandom and I, the basic idea being that he was none too favorably impressed. (You remember Michel, don't you, Friends? He was the chappie who stood back and looked intellectual while his friends fought an extremely bitter fight for his Michelism.) The letter was awfully, awfully nasty, and managed to convey the general idea that Michel never went to Sunday School. Tsk! Sich langwich. It made me rather sad because I liked Johny's "Representative For Terra", and "When Half Worlds Meet" under the Raymond name. So I asked his permission to publish the letter, since he naturally was a courageous person who wouldn't mind **having** fandom see the same thing in print. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when the — ah — gentleman backed out like a crawfish who had bumped into an octopus. Rather shocking, really, since the first impression such a thing would have made on an outsider would have been that Johny didn't have no guts. However, we realize that it isn't that at all, but simply the fact that Mr. Michel is a big author now, and can't have the dignity incumbent upon a person of his position jeopardized. Certainly not. If you were a professional writer like Mr. Michel, regularly selling action stories to pulp magazines at a half-cent a word, wouldn't you feel that you were a professional now and couldn't be involved in such juvenile things as fandom and the fans. Certainly not.

Therefore we satisfy ourselves by simply spelling Johny with one "n" to annoy him. You will be annoyed won't you, Johny, purty please?

Another thing that needs a bit of clearing up is our attitude toward the Futurians. 'Sabout about time, I believe, that I say definitely what I don't and do like about them — instead of making all sorts of cracks about them in print. Which I shall do in the edition after next of FAN-FARE. Let it be known now, however, that we think Wollheim is a pretty

okay guy, and Lowndes is one of the grandest, most dependable fans we know, no keed. We don't know enuf about the rest, except -- heh! -- Michel, to commit ourselves.

Incidentally, if you didn't get the last FUTURE FICTION you'd better chase out and get a copy; even the reprint is damn good!

There ain't no even margins on this thing, changing the subject, because there ain't no time for even margins. Instead you'll get them on the post-mailing UNFAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES. Thrilling, isn't it? UFM was held up, by the by, because I picked the best darn story I could find for the first number, and it turned out to be a superb novelette -- which took up eleven legal-size sheets, not counting the editorial and story commentary. What fun!

There's something I'm forgetting, but I'm darned if I can remember what is; so I'll conclude by reminding you to SOUND OFF! when you finish the mailing -- whether it's about the mailing or anything else you feel disposed to discuss.

And now I pass you on to a thoroughly ingenuous and generous fellow whom we like no end because he is so completely and unaffectedly Ackerman (what ho! Koenig).

908 Lloyd Court
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Joseph Gilbert.

FORREST J ACKERMAN:

Well, starting off with SOUND OFF! itself, reading the dissertation by damon causes these comments: I always like "Jurfusketches" (damonesc!) too. Gakspiropo de Fu invariably interests me. HORIZONS unreadable as always? Hectografically speaking, I presume is meant, 'cause the content is OK...ich donko. ((Might say here that three dots in a SOUND OFF! letter, unless spaced thus . . . in dangling sentence form, indicates that a personal passage not meant for publication, etc., has been omitted from the original letter. A series of four dots indicates such a series in the original letter. All clear? I was afraid not. JG)). No, Joe, U're not the only one who manages to struggle thru Harry's horrible hectoplasm; I'm annuder. It breaks my heart that such good material should be so poorly presented but I imagine HWjr must be every bit as unhappy over the appearance of his pub & correct the condition if he could. So let's not heckle Harry. Speaking of "goo", in connexion with the Censored editorial, why not all us pubbers get together and call correction fluid obliterine? I pickt it up from the Aussie pubs and personally feel it fits fine, having a substantial stf sound to it. This also stirs up the thot that I'm indebted to the British boys for "spine", the term applyd to the part of the pros which gives the name of the mag & other data considered pertinent by the publishers. Bfor "spine", I never nue how to refer to what I inadequately called "the back -- but not the back...U noe what I mean." "Nextolastanza" -- sensational, damon! Can this be your evil self? Mention of the Purity Resturant incident brings to the top of my mind a forgotten dream of the past wk -- dare I speak? I dreamt I was attending a future Philco & the fans were to taken site-seeing to the historic spot. I woke up screaming --

I'm glad I'm able to review this FAPA mailing bcuz to do so I'm running thru everything again. And in doing so have re-read Gil's partially forgotten ideas about the N3F Entrance Exams. I'd shore like the adres of "hank Korselaugh", whose pop reputedly has pots of ingots -- I'm sorta skeptical of his existence. It re-arouses an old question of my mind, "Is it a fundamental impossibility for a stfan to be (or become) rich?", for I often have thot how wonderful it woud be to have a really rich slan's son in our midst, a guy who could pay the postage for the

ESFWS, finance all sorts of worthy projects. But to get back to the subject, I thot Gil's ideas on the entrance exam situation miritorious. I agree: The potentialitys must be there if the mems are to bcum potent; acquaintanceship with stfiana is not enuf. ((T'anks, Bud. But one of my most vivid and delightful memories is that of writing a four page impassioned letter to Milty setting forward that idea, and of Milty casually bringing my four pages of carefully assembled arguments tumbling down in ruins with three lines, pointing out briefly that the test was not necessary to pass a potential member; that his activity credentials were his real membership qualifications. Which held me for a while. But then it occurred to me, with my usual rapidity of thot, after an interval of about two months, that if the test was unnecessary, then it was more or less red tape, and why have it at all. I dunno . . . JG)).

This is utterly out of relation to things FAPAish, but if I don't put it down here, I'm liable to forget it for ever ((Hey, Jack! Point of grammar. It's considered okay to spell "forever" as one word like that, isn't it? Most of the fans I know spell it thusly, and I prefer the form myself, but Acky and one or two others use the divided form. Not that it matters; just curiosity. I wouldn't know a split infinitive if I saw it doing a can-can dance in the middle of Main Street. JG)) after, & then U will see what posterity would lose. It's a remark made by Bradbury the other day. Say Ray, when askt how his story-selling was coming along, "Oh, I'm writing a reject for Campbell now!"

And so let us pass to MILTY'S MAG, which is the next to hand. MAR's Superman article: super. Mention of Tarzan calls to mind an item I've not seen in the fanpress yet: Weissmuller is to apear in a civilized setting (NYC) in the next Burroughs film out of MGM, scenario of which, among other things, calls for him to dive off the Bklyn Bridge (Johnny, notEdgarice). Title: "Tarzan Against the World". Johnny Cross grew progressively averse to killing. As I remember Odd Jno, Stapledon said something like "the first time he killed a man it seemed singularly unimportant." Which is the true superman trait, I wonder? ((There're too many unknown factors to make the question answerable by ordinary peeples. Depends on the superman, himself. F'r'xample, if the zooperman was an emotional sort of person, ala Johnny Cross, then he would doubtless have Johnny's aversion to bumping guys off, that aversion being primarily an emotional impulse. Odd Jno, on the other hand, was a cold and rather precise being, I gather, despite his lamentably riotious adolescence. Can't believe, myself, that anything so deep rooted and basic as emotion would be greatly inhibited or eliminated by any single mutuation. Besides, wouldn't the certain degree of conceit necessary for an individual to indulge in a cold-blooded killing, be foreign to the nature of a true superman, who would, presumably, have the mental equipment to perceive the comparative insignificence of humanity? I think so. The question seems to boil down to whether or not your superman would be human in emotional outlook, or non-human, so to speak, and the only way I know of to find out is to ask the superman. The only two persons I've ever met who came close to being supermen are Lester del Rey and Lee Eastman. It might be interesting to get their views on Ackerman's question. If Milty will tackle Lester, I'll ask Lee. Okay, Milt?)). I get an unholy chuckle out of a local stfan-atheist who is also a C.O. but claims he'd have no compunctions about killing anyone religious because he doesn't consider them people! Me, I guess I'd kill even fans, with the proper provocation. ((Boy, I've got the names and provocation if you'll furnish the axe! JG)). Not that I ever seriously expect to kill anybody; I'd rather hate to; & it seems like it might haunt me, sorta spoil my life to think I'd taken someone's life, even justifiably or by accident. But I boil it down to this: If there were only 2 persons in the world --

me & a woud-be murderer — & I'm sitting not disturbing him, re-reading old FAPA mailings from when all the guys were alive (& kicking!); & this potential killer comes around to Earl Carroll's (where I'm housing my collection, since U & everybody else died) with intent to shoot me dead, it's obvious only one of us is gonna walk to the nearest exit & I certainly don't see why innocent me shoud swallow a slug from the mug! I say anyone intending to take my life has forfeited the right to hisers. Well, there U have it; what a certain sykologistfriend of myn calls "the fans' passion to do an emotional striptease". Incidentally, I spell Odd Jno that way beuz nobody can squawk it aint legitimate, & besides it looks odder — more attractive — to me that way.

SUSPRO: Whatre U doin', Jack, ritin' "U235" with the numerals up in the air like that? I allus thot they wuz sposed to be below the line. Jeeze, I must be intellectual, 'cause according to the Hartmann quote in the ish, "Intellectuals...((Omission dots 4e's. JG)) like to make fine distinctions which to others seem like hair-splitting." What's the authority for the up-or-down on U-235, & why don't they just rite it like that, anyway? -- Juffy, a coupla ishes ago, in this or that other FAPAPER of yours, U mentioend a movie for some reason or other, that is, U gave a description of it in the hopes someone coud tell U the title. It wound up with a beautiful woman being carved up by a bunch of vengeful circus-folk & turnd into a grotesk bird-woman. I misst the pic (curse ghu!) but I've a still from it & Olga Baclonova was the object of the operation, the picture: "Freaks". That's just in case no one told U privately. -- Riting things down does not cause me to forget them.

Sardonyx: Schumann's "Prive World?" seems to me coud-be. Oh, Foo! I now remember mos. ago intending to drop Elarcy that one requited postcard to insure the issuance of another Oasis. 'Je suis désolé, mon ami — mais absolument! And if my frog aint keerect, please think that Joe Gilbert bolixt me in copyng, rather'n suspect the original was a faute. Je vous remercier! Gertrude Kuslan shoud not be ignored but I use the convenient excuse that this letter is already growing overlong to dodge the lot of considering it'd require to comment on it with justice. Twoud take an article. I am crazy about "The Listening Post".

NUCLEUS: Editorial — "They (fmz editors) are too deeply absorbed in the more lucrative pursuit of subscription fan mags" (than issuing a decent FAPub). Lucrative? Don't be ludicrous! Here is another subject I see I shan't have time to go into fully — FAPubs vs Subpubs — unfortunately. "The Female Fan": OK, Trudy, so U don't believe stf is essentially great; I do; now we noe how we stand. This opinion is probly not remarkable, tho, but only what U'd expect from Nut #1; so let's hear from some of the "more normal" fans on the subject. ((I second that: What do the rest of youse guys think about the fundamental "greatness" of stf? All you guys who want to argue the demerits of super-doooper Smith join the line to your left, and I'll take you on one by one. Most of the younger English fans take the pseudo-mature and rather Peter Duncanish stand that any author proclaimed as a great stf writer by the fans is bound to stink. Strikes me that fairer and more intelligent arguments on this score are due to be aired by the American fans, and the FAPA crowd are pretty well the cream of the cream, as Trudy Kuslan puts it. What do you chappies really think about C. L. Moore, Stanley Weinbaum, etc.? SOUND OFF! gentlemen! JG)). A lil poll might not be amiss to to determine how many fans figger they fall in the "mad fanatic" class as defined by Miss Kuslan, how many the "true hobbyist". If anybody is interested enuf to argue heesh be a fan, I guess heesh isare.

PHANNY, the Derrière Cri in Co-editing...or is it Dernier? Anyway, welcome to the FAPA fold, Don & Lynn.

HORIZONS: Harry, in the 2 Gutetoj skeded for this mailing, Morojo

attempts to disabuse youse of that new-found fervor for Basic English. Or don't you disabuse easy? "A Year of Amazing", priceless; the summation, that is, not the file! I got a coupla the robin-egg-blue letters from Perdue, too. DBT saying a guy ain't grown-up if he swears by something he don't bliev in. May be. I gave considerable thot to that once; considered publishing a lil "Epithets for Atheists". I say "For Science Sakes!" or "Sacred Science", which is a start; but it is really a difficult thing to buck the "Godamits" one hears on all sides from childhood. I don't believe in God, no; but it has an artificial ring in my ears to say "I hope to Science U're ryt!" nor does it seem like U could get so expressively angry on "U go to a concentration camp!" or something like that, even tho the unpleasantness is positive, rather'n "to hell"; in whose horrors U take no stock. Science noes! I'm willing to try it if only I could get co-operation & not lafs from stfans, but even the slans seem to think "Sacred Science!" a sorta silly epithet.... ((How about snarling "Fudge!" or ripping out a manly "Oh, Peachfuzz!" during those occasions when feels the need for a few vile oaths? 'Course, you have to be careful not to use such language in polite society. JG)).

Well, gentlemen, I guess that concludes it. Didnt say what I had to say too well or brilliantly, but — hey, what am I quoting! The conclu of Heinlein's Denvention speech! Well, U see, fellows, I either've heard that adres, after the one time it was deliverd in person, from fonograf records, or read it, 11 additional times! So at times, lately, I find myself expressing parallel thots in Heinlein's words. Well, I could pattern after worse, I dare say!

Forrest J. Ackerman

Thanks for the comments, Forrie; thanks, too, for the letter from Ted Carnell with its comments on the mailing. Hearken to what Britain's best known fan thinks of us, fellas:

TED CARNELL:

There was much that I wanted to write you about concerning that last issue of The Voice. ((Reference is made here to VoM, of course; the letter was written to Ackerman. JG)). But, like the emptyhead I am, I left the copy at home recently, and now have no guide to go by. Which all adds to the detriment of this letter. One thing, however, does come to mind. A factor I have long overlooked, but meant to do something about . . .

In short the FAPA — for the benefit of the censors, Fantasy Amateur Press Association. (Did you see a recent copy of Austra-Fantasy, where the editor had been hauled up before an Intelligence Officer in Sydney and questioned about the number of abbreviations he had used in a letter to Bob Tucker? That sure gave me a smile, for I visualized the furrowed brows it must have entailed. Anyone that wrote to you or Bob in your language are simply asking for interrogation). Which has little or nothing to do with the point on hand — the FAPA.

I've regularly received the mailings, and noted with deep pleasure that I'm still listed as an active member. Somebody somewhere has been very generous toward me, for activity within the FAPA, as far as I have been concerned, has been nil since I entered the Army. However, it may be that my various articles which you have published are called "activity". If this is so, there is still the question of dues. I haven't paid them, but somebody might have done so. If they haven't, then I'm running up a debt. That's something that I can take care of after the war, I hope. Whatever has been happening to keep me on the active list

and whoever is responsible, I'd like to thank through you, if I may.

I've greatly enjoyed belonging to the FAPA. My greatest regret has been that I haven't done sufficient to help the movement along. I would have preferred to write more articles for them — it may be that with winter coming on now, and leisure hours being spent in "our" little house, I shall be able to get around to something worthwhile. Bob's pep letter, and the recent drive against "dead wood" in the Association, have all helped toward breaking me of my silence. It has been the circumstances that have prevented me from writing so much.

Heck, I dunno how the rest of you good people feel, but, me, I've got a very honest and very sincere admiration for the way these British fans have carried on in the teeth of one of History's grimmest wars. Maybe American fandom would show a similar brand of courage if the unfortunate occasion arose; perhaps. But I'm frankly inclined to doubt it. Another salute to 4e, too, for the time, trouble, and expense he's gone to in order to keep them supplied with information and stf. It seems little enuf to do in comparison with the tenacity of the Englishers, but I can't imagine anyone else doing what Acky has done.

The floor is yours, Mr. Jenkins. And don't try to put it in the shirt and walk out with it, either, because I'm fixing you with a stare like the Ancient Mariner's.

HARRY JENKINS:

HAVE YOU BEEN DRAFTED? Well, I have! Fortunately, I've got four more years before I become eligible for the draft, but still -- I've been drafted. After I'd laboriously thunked over the last mailing and recorded my thunking, I have to lose my SOUND OFF! sheet. It seems that I placed it in one of Eastman's CAROLINIANS ((The now defunct University Of South Carolina literary magazine. JG)), and when I returned 'em to him, I failed to take it out. Well, when I did realize where it was, it so happened that Lee had loaned the magazines to to someone else and that someone had returned it -- minus my precious letter. Aw foo! maybe someday I'll start making carbons os such stuffery. Therefore, this is my second comment. And my stuff doesn't "mellow" with age.

It seems logical that I should start off with SOUND OFF!, which I shall promptly do. Damon and Lynn are both interesting and readable but one of the Gilbert comments draws first prize of a slightly bent staple. Gilbert's description of the armament that he wears in defense of the FAPA is better than the defense. SOUND OFF! need not necessarily be composed of merely reports on the preceding mailing, but can be what it is supposed to be -- the forum of the FAPA. NFFF affairs, fanzine comments, opinions on the pros all can be included. At least that's my idea of what SOUND OFF! is. ((Mine, too, Bud. This is a clearing house for everybody's opinions; whether they happen to be connected with the FAPA or not. No restrictions, either, 'cept that you can't call anybody anything more severe than a dastard. And you have to be sure you hit the "d" key when you write the word, and not the "b" . . . JG)).

Ah Foo-Foo! At long, long last I've gotten a HORIZONS that I can read every page of. (Emerson ain't the only one who can end a sentence with a preposition). And future issues will be legible, 'cause Warner is going to use carbons beginning with the issue in this mailing. We glee, we roll on Gilbert's best rug, laughing over Harry's proposed method of mimeographing HORIZONS. Chee, why can't I think out brilliant methods of purloining things? Say, Harry, here's three cheers and a

whoop for continuing "On Dit". I can think of no more interesting feature, sez I, sez we. Cover ain't so bad; 'tain't bad, 'tain't bad.

WIACKY is insanely delightful. The only thing that's wrong with it is its brevity. At least four pages should be forthcoming, I hope.

This issue of Chauvenet's SARDONYX is the best to date. It's hard to decide which is the best: "Private World" or Trudy's super-sarcasm. That last line of La Kuslan's littepic will linger in my memory -- "And they are quite mad." Whoops, Jeeves, a chandelier and a high chair please. There are some swell little quotations one could take from Rabelais for "The Listening Post", but until Russell starts using asbestos paper, we'll abandon that idea.

I just happend to remember that one of those extremely distasteful DUES will appear my name in this FANTASY AMATEUR. Oh, woe, and Christmas is here, too.

PHANNY's welcomed heartily into the fold. It seems that this ought to develop into the Pro-Mag Commentator of the FAPA. Both Lynn and DE seem to read all, or almost all, of the prozines and both can comment capably. It'll be interesting to compare their comments from issue to issue. Or is that just another pipe dream? But -- my gawd! -- how could anyone like "Tarrano The Conqueror"? I do agree with Lynn when he says that "The Cummings who wrote 'Tarrano' wasn't the Cummings of today." Thank God he's not! ((That goes double for me, too. Lord knows the Cummings of today is bad enuf, but he doesn't write any slop quite as bad as "Tarrano". That was an achievement not even Cummings can top! JG)).

MILTY'S MAG is, as usual, tops! I might just mention that I'm a scooperman, for I sell the soup, but I've already used that one before.

READER AND COLLECTOR: Well, HC, if you really want to learn how to hiss, it's quite simple. First, get a long piece of rubber hose, rather thin. Then rummage around in the nearest pile of old tin and stuff and find a funnel. It must be a funnel with a diameter of exactly 3/4", though. Then it's necessary to get a Bunsen burner -- but you don't need that; it's only to keep you talking. Inspirational, fire of life and all that there srtar cr -- er -- stuff. If you have an auto, take out your auto pump, but if you don't possess that four-wheeled-vehicle-that-uses-too-darn-much-go-juice, why just swipe your neighbor's. Connect all these up with chewing gum and if it falls apart, stomp on it! After you've got it together in any sort of fashion, very, very carefully follow these last few directions. Buy the biggest stick o' dynamite you can find, place it under the mass of stuff that you've gummed together, light it and sit on top of your concoction. If the fuse doesn't go out with a hiss, you will.

Shucks, you'll go out, all right. There was a joke somewhere in that thing but it sora pooped out. Sorta.

Methinks that I get more chuckles from the famous Speertistick figures on the back of SUSPRO than from any other spot in the mailing. Such artistic ability I have never seen. But despite its unattractiveness to a genuwine artiste, I like it! In fact, I like it almost as good as the Rube Goldberg 'things'.

THE NUCLEUS: the mimeoing is very poor and the general appearance is none too appealing to the eye. As for the Spencer article, it inspired me to read Cabell. Perhaps I'm different er sumpin, but I began with The Cream of the Jest and I couldn't read it. Maybe it's a too large dose of realism to suit my tastes. I'm the darndest romanticist you've ever seen, and Cabell has too much realism to suit my tastes. Hot dawg! See the latest YHOS for the rebuttal to "The Female Fan" and -- there'll be a hot time from now on. If Widner slips up on me I'll be dissipated. The editorial bears the full strength of a woman's cutting sarcasm. Gee, Trudy made me mad for a minute er so. But, she's partially the cause of

a ten page JINX in this mailing.

Of course that wasn't a plug back there, was it, Joe? ((Great Fool I hope not! There's been enuf horse-play in this thing already, without dragging in the real thing! Take your time, Boys; it's pretty subtle. JG)).

In summary, the best in the mailing was SARDONYX, second place to Milty and third to HORIZONS and PHANNY. If I was sure that Gilbert wouldn't use his editorial scissors, I'd sorta hint that the next JINX will have outstanding material by Gilbert, Eastman, Fortier and others. But I'm afraid that Joe'd cut it out. ((I oughta, ya'rat! You know you're the only other person in fandom I'd produce an "on demand" article for. If you work anything out of Lee "Belzebub" Eastman, tho, you're a better fan than I am, Bunga Gin. You know as well as I, that while Lee has the cleverest writing style in fandom, he is invariably appalled to see his stuff in print, and consequently "Last Testament", the magazine, is his first published work. He's great at thinking up titles he never uses for anything, tho. We're just waiting for him to die, so we can bring out a special publication — "The Memorial Volume of the Collected Titles of Lee B. Eastman" — what a sensation that'll be! JG)).

We should end this with something brilliant, but it's dark, so how can it be lite, and if it isn't lite, it must be dark, and certainly the dark is not brilliant, therefore how can I be brilliant? I quit.

Harry Jenkins, Jr.

We wanted to make some comment on Trudy's really excellent SARDONYX article way back thar', but weren't sure if we had ~~enuf~~ room. We still aren't sure, but will take a crack at it, anyway.

Principal question is whether or not any intelligent person can be happy, and fans being intelligent, ergo whether or not the typical fan can be content. For one thing, knowledge and intelligence are almost inseparable, and on man can realize his true potentialities without a combination of the two. Very well, then. To gain that knowledge, your intelligent person must be, or have been, rather studious and inclined to read a great deal. That excludes him from associating, to some degree, with others of his kind, and as a result the many tiny traits acquired during youth which make up a good personality probably do not become a part of his nature. That, in itself, makes him unhappy, since he is not equipped properly to get along with people as well as he would like. Then, again, his analytical, and doubtless sensitive mind is able to perceive fully the general futility and abuses in his daily life, and he is, of course, strongly effected by them. If his character is basically weak, he gives way to his sense of futility and become the worst type of worthless dissolute Woodford-Shroyer cynic; unable to detect decency in the human race because there is none in himself. Otherwise, he is able to see the good in life as well as the bad, and comes through scathed mentally, but not too badly damaged in character.

He turns to fandom and becomes an active fan in a field where he'll be given the right to express his inhibitions and emotions freely, and to thus work off his feeling of inferiority — that is, he will, if he's not already convinced that he's God's brother Bill, ala Perdue.

But he's probably never able to get any real pleasure out of life because he has never learned not to analyze all his feelings and reactions, never has learned how to let himself go, and thus, like Conrad's hero in "Victory", is unable to appreciate and enjoy his existence on earth, because he has too carefully studied his reactions and his own mental and physical makeup . . .

Sorry we haven't room to go into the above more fully, but this is the end of the page, you see. Don't forget to SOUND OFF!, Friends!