

Once upon a time there was a man who felt that his life was a canvas painted in various shades of gray. His job lacked challenge, his friends were dull, and his girl didn't cast her eyes down and blush when he whispered to her of the delights of love.

One day, during his lunch hour, the warm spring sunshine, the smell of the distant sea, lured him on to the waterfront where he wandered around the old warehouses and long forgotten and disused canals.

There, as if by magic, in the stillest corner of the harbor he came upon a lovely small yacht. She was sweet of line, obviously fashioned by master craftsmen, well kept up by an experienced and loving hand, and in perfect cruising trim.

Our man gazed upon her with enchantment. He didn't wonder how she got there; what reached him was the message she spelled, the gateway to the world she represented---a brilliant, colorful, exciting world beyond the horizon over which this boat could so easily sail . . .

Our man studied the little yacht with deep care. He saw her honest compass, the lines well served and neatly coiled, the dinghy lashed securely on deck, the gear that spoke of work at sea.

Then, oh wonder, a comely wench stepped into the cockpit. An image molded of a young man's innermost dream, yet here she was, flesh and blood.

After the usual pause that comes upon strangers when first meeting unexpectedly, the young man shyly inquired about the boat.

"It is my boat," quoth the damsel with pride, "and I shall sail her to the ends of this great and wonderful earth. I shall see the blue seas of the tropics and the green seas of the north. I shall anchor in blue lagoons, swim off silvery beaches, shake coconuts out of the palm trees and slake my thirst with their fresh milk. I will visit the bazaars of the east where gold and silver will be displayed for me, and where the wily merchant will serve me strong coffee in a small cup while I sit on his choicest rug and inspect his wares."

And as the lovely young woman spoke joyfully of the wonders she would go and see in her little boat, her cheeks took color, the blue in her eyes deepened, and her dainty hands petted the tiller as if in encouragement.

"Who is going with you?" inquired the young man with little-masked envy.

The girl cast down her eyes so her lashes shaded her cheeks and sighed. "I am all alone, and I can only go if I can find a man of courage, imagination, and love for the world and the people in it to go with me."

The young man's hand now trembled. "That," he said hoarsely, "shouldn't be difficult."

The lass gazed at him shyly. "It isn't easy. There are conditions. It must be a young man who stands there as you do, and who will step aboard as he is without saying farewell to friends and family, without looking back, without regrets, wholeheartedly and completely. A man who will without hesitation pass through the gate and enter my world forever." She blushed as she finished and looked down.

The man stepped aboard and started casting off the lines . . . (This is a fairy tale for grownups.)

EAST OF THE MOON

The winter evening lay dark on Orly Field before the word came through. Storms over the Azores barred the southern route. We would return by way of Newfoundland. Slowly we filed aboard the huge MATS transport. My travelling companion, tired and sleepy, raised no protest when I usurped the window seat. The motors started in turn, and we taxied out. The takeoff was made with smooth professional competence and with a reassuring reserve of power, but we had only a brief glimpse of the lights of Paris from the air before the pilot took us on up through the overcast. For an hour we flew north at 15,000 feet while the Air Force stewardesses served dinner. Over Scotland, we turned to the West, the cabin lights were dimmed, and nearly all of the passengers composed themselves to sleep away the flight.

Before my window stretched the right wing of the plane, with the two motors plainly visible, their exhausts a cherry-red, the moonlight shining on blades and cowling. The moon itself could be seen far ahead in the western sky. We were flying over clouds, but barely skimming the highest cloud peaks. The prospect to the Northward showed me vast canyons through the clouds, irregular mounds, peaks, and billows of cloudstuff, all sharply split to shade and light by the brilliant presence of the moon. And over the uneven cloud floor, stretching upward as far as the window permitted vision, I could see the stars.

The hypnotic drone of the motors made it paradoxically easy to forget the careful balance of forces holding me suspended three miles above the sea, hurtling through the night, east of the moon, at a pace which kept the moon in view long hours after she would normally have set. An hour west of Scotland the clouds thinned here and there, and looking down, I could see the ocean beneath, sparkling with points of light which could only be the reflection of stars on the sea. To the north, soon thereafter, the horizon above the clouds turned brighter and brighter, and then began the fascinating play of the Northern Lights. In curtains of green and yellow, never quite stable or still, the display blazed forth.

All that I needed seemed here. I was in the presence of elemental forces far antedating human existence; the feeling of being in touch with infinity dimmed and altered my usual awareness of my mortal limitations. In a curious way I felt at one and the same time both completely insignificant, and yet part of an enduring Universe. I dared to vary from the customary attitude of many years, and consider that after all it might not be ridiculous to imagine God might take an interest in individuals of the human race. I felt more sympathy for my religious friends, for against all my previous experience I felt that I would welcome some contact with God, regardless of how far beyond my understanding an infinite Being would necessarily be. As best I could, I opened my mind and heart as I gazed upon this scene of moon and stars and clouds and sea, with ever the Lights along the Northern horizon.

Gradually, speed towards the moon as we would, that reluctant orb slowly settled out of sight in the west. The Lights faded and vanished from the Northern sky. Only a vast sense of the calm impersonality of the universe came back to me. The spell was ending without sign or word. I knew the universe and God no better than before, yet somehow felt rather refreshed than disappointed. Three hours had passed without my noticing them... I fell into sleep until we were all awakened for the Newfoundland landing still in the dark of the long winter night.

It does not seem important that a single such effort was not rewarded with any immediate insight or revelation; there is credible evidence that men have devoted much of their lives to such meditations without always obtaining better results. But I feel that among my gains is the development of a broader sympathy for some views of man and his place in the Universe which were previously incomprehensible to me. For example, no longer would I dispute the value which mystics and certain religious orders place on meditation. There are more aspects to human existence than normal 1960 US life is likely to make us aware of!

FAPA MAILING 91 Et Als.

Now that Bob Pavlat has shown some inclination to take a little time to read the several hundred pages of Mailing 91 (odd, isn't it?) I see that my cozy little arrangement may not work out in time for me to comment on the 91 as I did on the 90. On the other hand, this has obvious advantages to compensate for the lack of continuity and consistency.

Certain FAPA publishers were good enough to send me personal copies of their publications, and so these, at least, are now on hand for comments.

GEMZINE 4/27. I also felt that Chessman was no loss to the world and that it was ridiculous to offer as a reason for commuting his sentence the delays that his own efforts and the safeguards in our legal system had permitted....Delighted to read illuminating and on the whole rather heart-warming account of rapprochement between Elinor and Gertrude in the cause of E. Perdue. As a WL member I can't urge the retention of non-active personnel on the FAPA roster, but as an old friend of the same E. Perdue (whether he has forgotten it or not) I would hate to find him absent when I finally join the ranks. Couldn't FAPA consider the possibility of providing for a new class of Non-Active Membership? Allow say 3 of these "Non-Active", or perhaps, euphemistically, Honorary Memberships. Require the payment of dues, but waive activity requirements. Increase the number of copies of publications to be submitted to the OE from the present 68 to 70. To prevent a mad rush for non-active status, might limit this to members who have been active for some specified period of years (5? 10?).

I have little exception to take with your comments on the aims of communism, other than question this tendency to think of McCarthy as an anti-communist. If Sen. Joe McCarthy had been devoted primarily to the exposure of communist infiltration into the US Government he might have done a world of good. Instead, he was devoted primarily to using anti-communism as a means of ensuring his re-election and increasing his power and prestige. I say this because he repeatedly stood up and said that he had evidence of "52" or some other specific number of "card-carrying communists" in various departments of the government, but he never actually had the facts to back up these sweeping charges; therefore his motives in making them are highly suspect, however sincere his personal opposition to the communist philosophy undoubtedly was. By going to absurd extremes and being demonstrably unfair and mistaken, McCarthy himself brought about discredit on the reasonable and proper investigation of communist influence in our government. Burnside was a Union general, but his attack on Fredericksburg was made in such a reckless, stupid way as to harm the Union cause. That's my parallel to the McCarthy charge against the communists....

Gosh, I thought everybody proofreads stencils by holding them up to the light. More things I once believed that just ain't so!....

I was afraid you would notice WARHOON was better than SR but I couldn't really expect any other result since I feel the same way!

KLEIN BOTTLE I'm pretty sure that Panty Raiser antedates 1945 since tho I had succeeded in forgetting it completely, nevertheless I recognized it at once in your reproduction. And I left FAPA in early 1945.

Tucker was good reading; and Rotsler is too full of energy to be dull, which gives KB a running start. "The Cause" is rather sick stuff, tho. The artwork is good.

HABAKUK It depresses me to pick up anything so voluminous. The expectation is that the merits of the contents have been spread mighty thin. 80 pages ... ! I would read 8 with more care! Better not try to comment on anything more while I'm in this rebellious mood.

Elen sila lumenn' omentielmp

THREE REGATTAS

Not long ago when a friend asked me, "What is the purpose of life?" I answered without hesitation, "To win sailboat races." I wonder why he laughed. Reflection at further leisure has not produced a more convincing answer. In sailing we are pitting hand, mind and heart against the timeless elements of air and water. We intimately touch that which existed long before us, and will endure long after we depart; to the extent that we do this, we become ourselves a small part of Nature's all but eternal aspects. Insofar as we touch upon the near-eternal we become the more human, and sailing is one of the paths to this goal.

Because of innate laziness, sailing alone, idly cruising about, can be in the end less satisfactory than this idyllic picture, tho it need not be. But sailing in competition, racing your boat against others, sharpens awareness, heightens your feel for the wind and the sea, and brings rewards and lessons all its own.

My son sails our Penguin, usually with another boy as crew, and I sail my Windmill class sloop. At Chestertown, Md., some 25 Penguins turned out for the 3-race regatta this year. There was a brisk breeze in the morning and Allen brought 5586 home in a respectable 7th place. In the afternoon the wind was rather light. Allen made a fair start and got his wind clear. Tacking to the eastern shore to get out of the tide, he avoided the flat spots and took advantage of stray puffs of wind to come around the windward mark in 3rd place, just astern of Tad Dupont but 100 yards back of Gil Watson. The wind failed and the boats struggling upstream had difficulties; the leaders drifted downstream with the tide. At the leeward mark Watson could make no progress back upstream to the finish line. Allen worked by Dupont by patient, careful sailing to take advantage of every stray puff, but coming round the mark he too could not sail upriver, so he anchored. When Dupont and Valliant came round the mark, a breeze sprang up. Watson went across to the West, while Dupont and Valliant tried to go upchannel into the tide. Allen raised his anchor and stood to the Eastern shore. Tacking carefully back and forth in a narrow belt of breeze, he sailed up beyond the finish line, then started across river. Though swept down by the tide, he approached the finish only a little below the line, and on tacking to cross the line found just enough breeze to do it. BANG! The committee fired the traditional gun that honors the winner of a race when he finishes. For five years we had come to Chestertown to sail in the Penguin races, and this was the first victory. Year after year we had sailed well or badly, finishing fairly near the front or pathetically far behind, but never had we come anywhere near winning. Now that my son was sailing on his own, he had suddenly accomplished this minor miracle. Standing off the finish line in my lovely Windmill sloop, I was overcome by the joy and grandeur of this achievement.....

Then on Sunday it blew so hard that 1/3 of the fleet capsized; 1/3, including Allen, gave up the race and came in; leaving the rest to finish (with some difficulties!). This meant no prize on total points for 3 races, but as a consolation, Allen's rival Dupont capsized while jibing at the leeward mark. In any case, nice tho the trophies may be, they are not the lure that brings us out to sail week after week all summer long.

The Junior Penguins at Annapolis Yacht Club Annual Regatta was a warmly contested event, with 5 boats grouped within three points of each other after Saturday's races. Sunday dawned fair with an 8-10 mph breeze when the little boats jockeyed back and forth before the starting gun was fired. Dupont made a nice start at weather end, but Allen also started well, and when Dupont tacked to port too soon Allen was in a position to take over the lead. Jane Melvin held way out to sea, however, picked up some fresh breeze, and came from far back to round the mark first. Allen, around second, was too eager, and turned too sharply. Alas'. Patterson swung smoothly and kept up speed, passing Allen, and Scott came up from astern to duel Allen for 3rd place. Melvin and Patterson got away on the reach and run, but a very pretty duel ensued between Allen and Scott, first one being ahead and then the other. Coming round the last mark Allen had Scott

directly behind him, a superb place for an old rival. Naturally Scott tacked at once to get out of Allen's backwind. Too eager to cover, Allen erred and tacked also, but wound up in Scott's backwind. Struggle though he might, Allen could not retrieve this mistake in judgement, and they stormed across the finish line with Scott still holding third by a boat length or two. In spite of a little natural disappointment, a remarkably exciting and instructive race. Cruising about in my Windmill, keeping out of the way of boats racing, I followed the race for a timeless hour, absorbed by every turn of the drama...

The Rock Hall Yacht Club offers an open handicap event for all classes under 16 feet, so here for once I had the chance to sail my Windmill against other competition. Of the three races I will select the second one as the most instructive, since I won the others too easily to be worth recounting. The wind favored a port tack start, so I made one. The boats coming down from the flag end of starting line on the starboard tack had the right of way, but I crossed ahead of them easily and jumped into the lead. Rounding the windward mark well ahead of the nearest competition, my friend Carico in another Windmill, "Vim", I put my own boat, "Daisy" on a course for the leeward mark, and settled back to watch the Penguins racing, the sky, the clouds, and the water....After a while I looked around to see where the competition was, and it came as a shock to see VIM close aboard on my starboard quarter when I had supposed her a hundred yards astern. Sporting a brand new mainsail and alertly sailed by Carico, VIM closed in on me remorselessly, foot by foot. In retrospect I can think of many measures I might have taken to alter the trim of my boat, position or shape of my sails, etc. to try to pick up more speed. At the time, however, my surprise was so great that I made no significant changes, but just altered course a little. VIM swept on remorselessly, passed me to leeward and rounded the mark a boat length of open water ahead. After a year of frustration in which his Windmill was no match at all for mine, my friend had reached the reward his persistence, sailing skill, and new sail had earned...he was out in front of me for the first time! On the beat home, I pressed poor Daisy too hard and did not do her justice; Vim covered me scientifically and took the winner's gun with a comfortable lead. It was a notable triumph for Carico and a valuable lesson for me.

After the regular 3 races (2 Saturday, 1 Sunday morning) the Rock Hall YC generously holds a special event Sunday afternoon. My son, who had done poorly in the regular regatta, braced himself to go out and sail in the Junior Handicap against 6 other Penguins and a couple of larger boats that proved to be poorly sailed. It was blowing up to 15-20 mph. for a good test of the juniors. Allen and his crew balanced their boat well on the beat upwind, and turned the mark with a nice lead. On shore, watching thru 7x50s, I was all in a glow. We have two boats because I want my son to learn to make his own decisions and be captain of his own ship, yet I also want to sail. So I think of sailing as, among other things, good character training. Seeing the right decisions made, and our boat out front, was encouraging. The run downwind in the strong breeze was hazardous and exciting, and Allen lost the lead while being somewhat over-cautious to avoid capsizing. He told me that a large motor boat following the race was manned by people who sent up a cheer "Go, little black boat, go, go" as Glu took the lead, with Quixie second and our boat Calise 3rd. But at the mark Glu tried to jibe on a dime and came to a complete stop. Allen jibed with more care and rounded smoothly, gaining on Quixie and passing Glu. Then the beat home was a boat for boat duel which Allen won cleanly over Quixie, for the gun, the glory, the inner satisfaction (most valuable of all) and a nice silver platter (not to be scorned after all).

There are other weekends and other regattas, both past and to come....but this is your annual sailing sample to justify my title, Spinnaker Reach. In other issues at other seasons we shall talk of different things.

UFOs -- The Annapolis Sighting

At 9:05 EDST Sunday 19 June, while on the Washington-Annapolis expressway about 10 miles West of Annapolis, driving East, my son and I observed two UFOs. Of unequal size, they presented a similar appearance of round blobs of light, the larger being perhaps $\frac{1}{4}$ the size of the full moon. The sky was clear except for banks of cirro-cumulus on the horizon. The objects appeared to pass behind the clouds, then reappeared, headed downwards obliquely, and disappeared for good behind a neighboring hill.

Did we rush to Kehoe with this interesting news? No.

The following week, while standing on the shore at the Baltimore Yacht Club and idly watching 4 jets fly by in formation, I was startled to see a bright ball of light, very similar to the preceding sightings, form on each jet in turn as they reached a certain place in the sky in front of me. A quick glance confirmed the obvious: this was the reflection of sunlight. I could still see the tips of the wings and the end of the tail while the dazzling light was being reflected, but had I been further away, only the ball of light would have been visible to me. Aha! said I to myself.

Two weeks later, while sailing my sloop in Annapolis harbor with a friend, a still more amazing phenomenon occurred. For the first time, I actually saw sunlight reflected in dazzling blobs from the wings of a flock of seagulls as they wheeled around with the sun behind me. All put together, these experiences have been illuminating. I will not call it a UFO again unless I make out detail of a solid structure; odd lights in the sky don't seem reliable in matters of this kind.

A Elbereth Gilthoniel sillvren penna miriel o menel aglar elenath!

The Fellowship of the Ring

The Tolkien epic seems on first encounter to be as remote a legend as E. R. Eddison's "The Worm Ouroboros," but on closer acquaintance comes to achieve a semblance of reality which Eddison could never accomplish. After the lapse of years, I still recall "Conjuring in the Iron Tower" as an amazingly forceful chapter, but never a character of Eddison's can I conjure up thereby. Tolkien's world is built on as wild a dream but he has the ability to make his creatures live by the way they act and speak. Small indeed was the attention I paid to Gimli the Dwarf until he made his surprising request of Galadriel; then he seemed strangely real, and when he later explained what the beauty of rocks and caverns would mean to a Dwarf, he became altogether my friend. Yet, tho of the Fellowship, he was after all only a comparatively minor character.

One reads fiction not to forget the present world, which remains full of interest for a lifetime, but rather to broaden one's experiences and in effect live many lives in the space allotted to one. We call it fantasy if the fiction describes such experiences as are unlikely ever to have occurred, literature if they deal with variations of known aspects of human life, and science fiction if they involve speculation or extrapolation to set up conditions not yet realized but not impossible. That's an oversimplified picture of the situation, but in any case it is surely possible to find interest and value in any of the three.

Though I retain a stubborn, lingering affection for the world of "Islandia" as described by Austin Tappen Wright, I must admit that Wright in constructing the Islandian society has not been completely successful in bringing it alive through the Islandian characters themselves. Dorna, for instance, is more like a sketch than a finished portrait; she gets lots more space than Gimli and talks a good bit more, but never quite comes so fully alive. I love Islandia better than Middle Earth, but the Tolkien work offered a richer experience. (And my thanks to Bob Pavlat who lent me the volumes!).

Na chaered palen-diriel o galadhremmin ennorath. Fanuilos, le linnathon nef sear, si nef aeron! (A Song in Elven speech)

ANOTHER CRACK AT HABBAKACK

Its amazing how your outlook changes after a little sleep. I couldn't face 80 pp of fanzine at midnight, but I got up at dawn in a braver mood. Took it along to read going & coming, since I spend $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. daily commuting to work and don't always benefit much thereby. Turned out that Habakkuk keeps on being interesting long after I would have expected it to peter out. Sorry to hear of puzzling display of police brutality in SF. It seems instinctive in me to regard a policeman as a friend. Even the time I lost my key and was arrested at gunpoint for a burglar while trying to get in my own house, I still felt nothing but respect and friendship for the Law. Painful to read of police brutality; and more so for no valid reason at all. Well, I don't altogether approve of the Unamerican Activities Committee, but it wouldn't have occurred to me to picket them, and if it had, I would probably have regarded the notion and the committee with equal distaste. Well, these monster issues can be entertaining. I may even read Innuendo 10 someday.

CELEPHAIS By accident I have defined sf. on another page, which takes care of one of your problems....I, too, would be interested in the Fletcher Pratt naval game. Hope whoever responds to Bill's request will send me a copy also... We used to fight naval battles on the icepond on our farm down in Virginia some 30 years ago. Used wooden ships, very flat, cut from shingles or barrel staves, equipped with wooden masts and paper sails. (Square-rigged). Safety zone was established at leeward end of pond by stretching string across 6 or 7 feet from the shore. Ships were launched at other end and if they made it to the safety zone, scored 2 pts. To stop them, we wre equipped with 3 inch firecrackers. The fleets made a pretty sight in their red or blue or yellow or white sails. The gunnery was pretty good on the whole, and quite a few ships on both sides would be capsized or damaged, scoring appropriate points according to size of ship or extent of damage. May not have been realistic naval training, of course!Golden Age of Sf. must be when its new to you. I still think fondly of an all but forgotten author, Lawrence Manning. Wish someone would collect his stories. (But would I now appreciate them as much as 25 years ago? Maybe not...). You're 11 years too late to sign me up as a literature abstractor in chemical field. I'm qualified enough or was at one time, but merciffully escaped such a fate (the mere thought of which ruined my native ability to spell back thereaways). Computer programming is my game now; much more interesting work.

GLAMDRING Well, these reviews aren't too exciting when I haven't seen the originals, but I'm interested in the Tolkien aficionados if & when something materializes. The perfect title for the group eludes me, also, I fear... No, wait; don't go away. It should be Elf-friends, or in faanish, Elfrends. Those who have read the books lately or have good recollections will see at once the merits of this thought. I feel qualified to join, if others interested take the notion up and carry it further. A ban on Balrogs, of course.

It just occurred to me some of you may not even know what an icepond is. Those were the days before REA. Ice was cut from the ponds during winter, and stored in straw deep underground in our ice-house. The ice often lasted till August this way tho I doubt it ever persisted till winter came again. In late summer trips to town usually involved fetching back 50 lb. or so of ice. You city types as like as not would scarcely appreciate country life. (Of course there are a few welcome exceptions).

I haven't commented on WARHOON and RETROGRADE and others. W. and R. are publications so much superior to this one that a sincere bow in the direction of Bergeron & Boggs is all I can muster at the moment. Later we may go into the question of why some fanzines are better than others. Later indeed.

this has been an Entirely Uncalledfor Publication eup eup eup eup

FIRST SHADOW FAPA MAILING

Distributed as a Phantom Service

to the FAPA Membership and as much of the FAPA WL as the copies submitted make possible.

Contents:

- 1. Idle Hands #1 Norm Metcalf 5½ pp.
- 2. The Lurking Shadow #1 . Charles F. Hansen 6 pp.
- 3. Spinnaker Reach #2 Russell Chauvenet 7 pp.

Rules for Second Shadow Mailing:

- 1. Minimum of 100 copies required.*
- 2. Must reach Chauvenet on or before Nov. 1, 1960.
- 3. Participant must be willing to share expenses when billed for proportionate share of same.

*Or 65 plus number on WL, whichever is the lesser.

MIMEOGRAPHED MATTER ONLY

Return Postage Guaranteed
Russell Chauvenet
11 Sussex Road
Silver Spring, Md.



TO:

Richard Eney
417 Fort Hunt Road
Alexandria
VIRGINIA

MIMEOGRAPHED MATTER ONLY