

The Shadow Fapazine is, naturally enough, a publication put out by a waiting lister to serve as a credential, and distributed to the membership and other waiting listers at private expense. In no way an official part of any mailing, the SF occupies a peculiar position, but until it is demonstrated otherwise I am going to assume that it is just as legitimate a credential as any other kind of fanzine.

My thanks to those good natured fapans who have sent me individual copies of their publications for no better reason than my somewhat obscure status in the depths of the waiting list. But let me assure you that this gesture, while appreciated, is in no way necessary so long as Bob Pavlat remains good natured (and gullible) enough to let me have temporary possession of the FAPA mailings after he has looked them over.

In the event that any other waiting listers are moved to try this same expedient, I am agreeable to serving as an informal unofficial editor of a shadow mailing. The best deal is to send the shadow mailing out a couple of weeks before the target date of the official mailing, especially in view of the normal size of these recent mailings. Correspondence is invited from WL members interested in the scheme.

WHY SPOIL 15 YEARS OF GAFIA?

Considering that my resignation from FAPA in 1945 was followed by many a blissful annum spent in contented ignorance of all the doings of fankind, a brief inquiry into the end of this period may be in order. The main disadvantage of fanac is the time required, which has a disconcerting tendency to get out of hand if not strictly regulated. Myself when young had plenty of time; this situation changed drastically when I got married, went to graduate school for a couple of years, and had to face the realities of trying to support a family by making good in a new and challenging profession. Certainly the people I met through fandom were regretted; I was never a Singleton to want to cut all ties with the past. But the reading and the publication of fanzines was easily eliminated, nay practically forgotten, under the pressure of more significant events. So the years passed by. And now, older perhaps, but somewhat better established in life, time is again available to indulge myself in my various vices. I can bowl, and I'm on two bowling teams. I can play chess, and I'm on a chess team and sometimes play in tournaments. I can sail, and I own a couple of small sailboats and rarely miss a sailing race in the summer. You see all sorts of fascinating possibilities open to a fairly successful citizen who may be getting on in years but is not quite ready for the shelf.

Among the possibilities remain such things as reading sf. and--yes--FAPA publications. Once started on this downward path the rest easily explains itself. The actual start is less significant, since given the required conditions perhaps any of various starts might have produced the same result. John Magnus and Bob Pavlat must bear the principal burden of responsibility for my eventual return to the FAPA waiting list. The unexpected appearance of SR in 1960 is traceable to the chilling suggestion of Gregg Calkins that the candidate for the WL should have credentials in hand. This is so logical that contrary to expectations FAPA may actually move to do the sensible thing, and demand credentials for admittance to, and retention on, the WL. And my interest in returning to FAPA is in part whetted by the difficulty thereof, so I shall be putting out issues of SR from time to time in sufficient size to meet activity requirements.

Fapans thus have a new problem. Should a shadow fapazine be dignified by any kind of recognition or comment, when the official mailings are already so large that only a dedicated few try to comment on everything? One mus' wrestle with oneself on this topic; no guidance will be furnished by the editor of SR!

THE JBC KNOTTANUT AWARD CONTEST

My truly admirable wife, hereinafter referred to as JBC, views my prospective return to fanzine publishing with a certain lack of enthusiasm. Based on her study of the fannish character in times past, specifically 1944-45, JBC believes it safe to make the somewhat sweeping assertion that all fans are nuts. Naturally taken aback by so broad a statement, and noting with pain that no saving phrase such as "except you" ever followed upon the JBC declaration, I feel moved to seek rebuttal.

To the fan whose essay, in 250 words or less, most nearly succeeds in proving that he (or she) is not a nut, SPINNAKER REACH will cheerfully award one year's free subscription and the egoboo attendant upon publication in a future issue. In the rather doubtful case that JBC is actually convinced by the winning essay, a further award will be made of one year's custody of the JBC Knottanut Trophy, an item which may never rate on a par with an official HUGO, and yet which may earn a small footnote of its own in some future fan history.

Eager contestants are cautioned to submit return postage, in order to avoid the embarrassment of not being able to find their carbon copies in a moment of emergency, and thus possibly being unable to remember why, after all, they did seem not to be nuts at one time or another.

All losing entrants will receive a suitable consolation prize, plus a year's free subscription to Spinnaker Reach.

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THE FAPA ISSUE OF AMAZING SF

The March 1960 issue of AMAZING had so strong a FAPA flavor (Bradley, Silverberg, Bloch) that I put aside my scorn of the Palmer era and bought a copy. It wasn't an outstanding, get-rich-quick transaction, but turned out to be at least a fair bargain. What I liked best was that the flavor of the tales was different from and somewhat fresher than the current line of ASTOLOG. Leafing through the issue again, I find that while I smiled a time or two reading Subterfuge, the story as printed failed to make the plot convincing; the critical switch from missionary to beachcomber was inadequately motivated, especially in view of the missionary having succeeded on other tough worlds. Not uninteresting, but not the best Silverberg. ...Bloch's The Man Who Murdered Tomorrow bristles with technical competence at the trade, but is wholly artificial and thoroughly unconvincing. ...Seven from the Stars by Bradley rounds out the FAPA representation. Maybe I've read too many stories over too long a span of years, but while it reads well enough, it seems to belong to the class of completely forgettable stories concerning which I seem able to recall nothing the day after I've read them. Not Marion's fault that I've grown old, is it?

for me who go, for you who stay -- two autumns. (Buson, 1715-83)

Circumstances are going to limit this issue to 6 pages; all of which are done now except the remainder of this page. Certain articles of more or less general interest are in mind for a future issue, unless I am unusually lazy this summer. No. 2 should appear towards the end of July. The somewhat unusual format is merely a low scheme to use up some surplus legal size mimeo paper that's been lying around here for years; when it's gone, we will probably adopt a more conventional format on 8 1/2 x 11 paper, especially if SR is ever to be included in a regular mailing wherein an eccentric size would be a nuisance.

ce monde est plein de fous, et qui ne veut en voir
doit se renfermer seul, et casser son miroir

Each item is rated on 5 categories in this order:
 Art--Poetry--Mailing Comments--Writing--General Impression.
 Scale: 0 Objectonable; 1 Poor; 2 Fair; 3 Good; 4 Excellent.
 The critic is notoriously hard to please; allow for this.

1. Target: FAPA.....2-3-2	22. The Rambling Fap.....3-3-3
2. Celephais.....2-222	23. The Rambling Fap.....2---2
3. Xtrap.....1--21	24. Directory 59 SFF.....2---3
4. Pleiades Pimples.....1--44	25. Gemzine.....2-333
5. Horizons.....2-344	26. Salud.....2-334
6. Catch Trap.....3-333	27. Burlblings.....---21
7. Revoltin' Development...--22	28. Shipside.....2-121
8. Ad Interim.....1-121	29. Robin Hood.....1--11
9. Alif.....22122	30. Q uotebook.....3---3
10. Klein Bottle.....3-323	31. To Visit the Queen...2--22
11. Happy New Year.....2--11	32. Fappendage.....2--11
12. Phantasy Press.....2-223	33. Gasp!.....--222
13. Light.....-1222	34. Vandy3-323
14. Sercon's Bane.....--323	35. Three Chambered Heart.12-22
15. Phlotsam.....2-222	36. Shipside.....1--21
16. A Propos de Nothing....---11	37. Outfinity.....--333
17. Gemzine (Pt. 2)---34	38. Lark.....2-333
18. Le Moindre.....--233	39. Flowers...Tra La.....23-33
19. Wraith.....--2-3	40. Fantasy Amateur.....2-323
20. Bleen.....2-2-2	PM Apropos de Rien.....--222
21. Day*Star.....22-21	PM helen's fantasia.....2--22

Numbers in front are, naturally, those assigned in FA.
 The - symbol implies nothing there in that particular category.

There's a certain satisfaction is summarizing the mailing so compactly on half a page. Spinnaker Reach will doubtless stick to this method, abandoning as practically hopeless the time-honored method of trying to comment individually on everything. Comments as distinguished from boxscore will merely pick up such items as happened to strike my fancy.

Maybe Bill Danner's STEFANTASY (Feb. 1960) is a postmailing too; at least its half for the FAPA, judging from the heading. It was sort of fun and would come out 3--34 in the Boxscore. (It sweetened the impression when he sent me a personal copy in spite of my lowly status on WL! Also, he threw in an old issue which happened to carry a pic of oldtime fans incl. myself. Conclusion is: Hermits are friendly, sociable people; and I find your place by the sign of the fallen tree, eh? Thanks.)

howcanistayonadietwhenmywifebakesacakeortwoeveryweekandtheyregood?

My equipment is simple: an Underwood portable Champion; an old Speedoprint mimeo; and Speedoprint Thrift stencils. If used right the combination is capable of faultless repro.

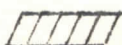
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$$e=mc^2$$

Live under fear, and know the threatened bloom
 Of flowers of fire grown tall among your days;
 Leave the worn comfort of familiar ways
 And walk with danger, know the taste of doom.
 Thence picture Earth as an enormous room
 Where a few shattered pebbles swim in space;
 Look in your mind, and spend among its gloom
 A delicate hour in a lonely place.

Then you shall learn that you shall surely drown,
 Or now, or later, in time's flowing tide;
 Atoms or autos, either weighs you down,
 And when its done, what matter how you died?
 Yet beat on beat the stubborn heart will give
 A constant truth: It matters how you live.

--Russell Chauvenet



CATCH TRAP...The not a circus fan, I find the subject interesting. In a little town, Scottsville, Va., many years ago, I once saw a man slide down a wire balancing on his head; my sheer stupefaction at this showy feat filed it forever in my mind, the other, more valuable data, has seemingly vanished. ...You are interested in magic books? I have "Quicker than the Eye" by John Mulholland, "Modern Magic", by Prof. Hoffman, and "Blackstone's Modern Card Tricks," by Harry Blackstone; the latter two have practical instructions, the former is mostly anecdotal....VANDY...Last year Marlboro had a TV commercial featuring a cartoon with a big oaf wearing a varsity A; it seemed amusing the first few times...That's an eye-opener about needing a special government license to own a mimeo in Argentina under Peron....Tucker's starname thoughts may have merit; "He From Procyon" is a title I remember stubbornly long after reason suggests I should forget it....Juanita might as well face facts: babies are cute. Her contrary impression may be due to their somewhat grotesque proportions as compared to an adult specimen, but no sf. fan at least theoretically prepared to discourse on equal terms with a bizarrely built e.t. should be even momentarily disconcerted by the slight trace of non-humanness in human babies.OUTFINITY...Tis said that at St. Simeon in far California, zebras graze in the open fields to this day, a legacy from W.R. Hearst's private zoo....LARK...Doubt very much if life on earth can be wiped out so neatly as long as the planet remains intact. Adapted or mutated bacteria have been found living in radioactive wastes where the level of radiation was supposedly lethal. The world is a big place, and total, lethal contamination is unlikely. Of course, the human race might succumb to Koolaid, as you fear... Your unexpected comment on Catholic priests, like most such blanket judgments, is as inaccurate as it is uncalled for. It is no easy matter to become a priest, and I have known many for whom I could feel nothing but respect, regardless of my inability to "Believe"....You auto fans who so carefully scorn them may be shocked, but I rather like the "idiot lights". With lights, I always notice when they come on. With actual oil pressure gage on my '50 Plymouth, I drove 95,000 mi. and got out of the habit of studying it because it always showed plenty of pressure. Then one time as I was rolling along out in the country I accidentally noticed the pressure read zero. I had to keep going; by the time I refilled the crankcase, there's no telling how far I'd gone without oil pressure. Yes, yes, you wouldn't do this; but we're talking about me. Oddly, the Ply never complained about this, but not long after I traded it in on a '57 Ford. Of course I had to put in Monroe shocks in front and Monroe Load Levelers in back, but once this was done, the car has given rather reliable service on the whole. Those lil' cars look cute but I'm not comfortable in them. Thinking of a Rambler wagon when I part with the Ford. Am interested to see that several are getting themselves a LARK, and hope we'll get a few reports on it..... You and Harry Warner have made your hermitage hunger plain; as for me, I would say that cold comfort indeed might be available for unannounced and unexpected visitors, but that with suitable negotiations conducted beforehand, something might be worked out regarding hospitality for a visiting Fapafan or two....THREE CHAMBERED HEART...Honest of you to admit to reptilian blood. My impression is that a genuine world-wide peace would eliminate space flight possibilities; it is only the mutual distrust of USSR and USA which leads the 2 countries to attempt the other-wise prohibitively expensive "Conquest of Space." Except in a military or scientific sense, space travel will remain rather impractical until something better than rockets comes along... Your sample doesn't suffice to interest me much in the "Open Society" book. I regard the statement, "Any kind of freedom is clearly impossible unless it is guaranteed by the state," to be inaccurate and misleading. The implication is that stable conditions are possible only when backed by police power, and this is very true of our present civilized societies, but anthropology shows us that in many isolated cultures the state either did not exist or took rather a different form from what we ordinarily understand by the term....

PHLOTSAM...Oil or graphite should fix that sticky stapler. Women seem unsympathetic toward the needs of machines. Fortunately they are by no means so unanimously indifferent towards the needs of men....Bill Morse's fantastic definition of jetsam made this ancient mariner snicker. Flotsam is floating wreckage, jetsam is wreckage washed up on the shore....SERCON'S BANE...Chuckled at that Peyton Terhune & Payson Place gibe...Mutant cats? Well, in comparative anatomy, the class dissected a cat apiece. My dissection of the throat musculature revealed a pair of muscles not in the "book", possibly a small mutant change. Actually there is wider variation from the supposed norm of any species than is generally realized....Many the time I've watched Jim Busby play for the Senators. He was always a centerfielder, and never seen in the infield. Your review of Gemzine was the high spot in your mcs....AD INTERIM...The general feebleness of the effort much brightened by the classic line, "if I read this mailing, I'll never get it reviewed in time."...SALUD...A ray of hope for you, Eleanor. Fake detachable white sidewalls are available. Sears Roebuck catalog, Fall-Winter 1959, page 1341, "Snap-on Tire Trim, the Whitewall look on black tires". Buz can drive around in respectable blacks, you in giddy whites, all with one set of tires. Loved Weber's Seacon plans....That comment of yours on GMC and Lady Chat's Lover is so sweet, simple and devastating beyond belief as to fill me with reverent awe for you....CELEPHAIS.. Most ill-timed weather comment, as I read it during heavy March snows. Why wouldn't Pepsi keep you awake just as well as Coca? ...Sam Youd once was a correspondent of mine. He told me of his vast relief in finding that he could, after all, summon the energy and determination to sit to his desk and write, turning out wordage, whether he felt like it or not. He assured me that he would persist, no matter how many thousands of words he had to produce before any were accepted for publication. I judge he paid the necessary price for success and more than earned such fortune as has come his way since the success of "No Blade of Grass"...If I could endure your purple sea, or if you could repro in some other color, ah, another step towards a better world...TARGET FAPA ..Those HW directions as to how to get to Hagerstown by hitchhiking from Richmond Va, amused me....You have the wrong approach to baseball. It must be played to win, but the game need not be won to be worth watching. The Senators are not too bad a club; they win something like 4 games out of 10 year in and year out. I have spent many an enjoyable hour watching them play. My feeling is that winning is not the only thing; what I want to see is a contest, a reasonably close struggle which puts a strain of both teams and presses them to show their best skills. To be honest about it, I remember the victories longer than the defeats, but the loss of a well-contested game never discourages me from coming back another time....SHIPSIDE..Weak black printing on heavy gray paper is abominable; please forbear...."If I had a beard like yours, I'd cut it off, by heck." "But I had a face like yours; that's why I grew this beard, by gosh."....QUOTE BOOK..Rather fun. TO VISIT THE QUEEN...Faintly interesting in a depressing way.. FAPPENDAGE..these things seldom turn out well...RAMBLING FAP... I don't consider it much of an infringement on personal liberty to bar smoking in selected places such as on a bus. Smokers have developed a rude disregard for non-smokers; how long has it been since someone asked you if it would be OK to light up?... HORIZONS...Your mimeo must be an old job like mine; either you aren't inking evenly, or else you need a new inkpad on the drum.. Your observation in Phlotsam comment is neatly illustrated by Day*Star in same mailing...Altho the picture was taken of the 2d Mount Suribachi flag raising, it was a genuine, not a fake, flag-raising, as they were ordered to put up a much larger flag than the tiny one which was first up. The original could hardly be seen without binoculars, the second one was easily visible and a much more practical morale booster. The famous picture was unposed and was taken of the actual 2d flagraising....You are not suggesting that TV is a suitable way to watch a ball game, I know. So how can you watch a game? Didn't Hagerstown drop out of Organized Ball around 1955? I found all six pages of your baseball article absorbing; I, too, love the game. WRAITH...If one must kill a rabbit (why?) it sounds more logical to use a .22 rifle than a handgun or shotgun...You could invest \$1 or so in patented gadget used by ballplayers, etc., that clips on glasses across back of head, and so prevents them from coming loose. My own solution is to have a special frame with bars hooking behind the ears instead of just resting on top of them...

LE MOINDRE...The statement that the moon is made of green cheese is absurd, rather than improbable.....Oh, I've read an occasional Wall St. Journal, but only for amusement....I must not be the only one to notice that the more the farmer is subsidized the worse off the small farmer generally becomes. The set-up favors the big operator who also (not a coincidence) is likely to have more political influence in Washington. The small farmer is squeezed because he gets comparatively little from the subsidy, yet his overall competitive position is so poor that he can hardly do without the little subsidy he does get. This feedback arrangement makes the problem get out of hand, beyond all reason. To me it seems that we do not have the moral right to store food unused while even a few go hungry....but I am little consulted by the present Administration....Berton is amusing but I am not completely convinced I missed a thing when I passed up the tourist trip to the Lido and went off to play chess in a small Parisian chess club. This goodlooking young Frenchwoman even won a game of chess from me, the only time in 30 years that I have been defeated by a woman. How could the Lido compete with such a phenomenon?... BLEEN...No wonder I never cared for chicken alaking...You people other than oldtimers don't really know what some fanfeuds were like. Its just as well. The Busby-GMC exchange is most polite and restrained by comparison with Sykora-Wollheim etc. of the old days...All 3 are interesting to know, but on the basis of the exchange thus far, this innocent bystander would judge Eleanor B. way ahead.....Well, I got a radio repaired successfully once. Took it to the dingiest, most run-down repair shop in sight. Figured he was going broke because he was honest. He did a nice job at less than I expected to pay. (Has since gone out of business)....Dark green slacks are easy come by but the gabardine spec. might not be so simple to meet. Will keep it in mind... Agree with you perfectly; I also was dumbfounded to learn Budrys ever heard of me.....FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING - TRA LA! was most enjoyable. I dismiss the unnecessary apologetics involved in calling them bastard haiku. Japanese has certain peculiar advantages, for instance in the availability of kireji, or 'cut-words' which have hardly any translatable English meaning but influence the atmospher of the haiku and fill out the rhythm and the conventional syllable count.... It is not ignoble to attempt something in the haiku spirit while using the difficult tool of English. Jean Young and Larry Stark sense the true nature of this poetic form in a way which the others generally do not. The haiku is not simply a picture and no more. Rather, it uses the pictorial elements to suggest other things, undertones and overtones, as it were. Consult AN INTRODUCTION TO HAIKU by Harold G. Henderson, (Doublday Anchor paperback)....Its outrageous that I should like a one-shot that I didn't do myself, but TRA LA was a notable exception and I appreciated it a lot.

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