

## S P I N N A K E R R E A C H

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### My Own Conreport

SINCE I had never attended a World Convention or indeed anything grander than a Boskone, it was exciting to learn that 1963 would produce this giant fantemmany right down the road a few miles from my door. Anxiously I spent the first few months of the year contemplating my Impersonation for the Costume Ball. I decided to come as Tars Tarkas, and as TT was reputedly 12 feet tall, with two pairs of hands & arms, it followed that I needed some willing goon on whose shoulders I could comfortably stand while in costume. It took but a few weeks thought to nominate Richard Eney for this worthy supporting role, so full of opportunity to underplay a weighty part. Accordingly, one fine Feb. morning I appeared on his doorstep with an armful of the preceding issue of SR, and a heavier burden of guilt for the fate I had artfully prepared for him. Foreseeing my maneuvers, Eney cleverly arranged to be elsewhere at the psychological moment. TT came tumbling down, and I thought wildly of appearing as Professor Jameson whose adventures with the Zoromes contributed to my present day ignorance of anything worthwhile. The high cost of burnished body armor suitable to deceive the multitude into accepting me as a Zorome was an initial set-back, and when my first audience falsely accused me of being a positronic robot the salt in my indignant tears had an alarmingly corrosive effect on the mechanism. What, then, to do? With my mind in a rusted and slightly deranged condition, names of various characters spun madly in my imagination....Joe-Jim? Tumakh? Hamilton Felix? Kromodeor? Dejah Thoris? Moby Dick?....Something was wrong.... these plausible suggestions had some flavor of wrongness behind them. And then it came to me! My mind cleared at once. I need to appear not at all. Evidently I will then be taken to be The Invisible Man, and can win a Hugo for Most Ingenious Costume without coming within miles of the place.

Friday Aug. 30, as the earlcomers gathered at the consite, I came home from work full of enthusiasm. The getaway car was quickly loaded, my son and hiscrew hopped aboard, and we were soon rolling East on US 50, putting mile after mile between us and the dangerous place of the fancentration. Beyond the Bay Bridge lay the long, level farmlands and sheltered estuaries of Maryland's Eastern Shore. We rolled through the summer evening at peace with ourselves and the land about us, till we crossed the bridge into Chestertown. The boys once safely delivered to the home of friends, I spent the night with my brother and his family, enjoying as always my familiar role of elderly uncle to his 3 lively children.

Dawn on the 31st broke grimly on the Convention in far off DC, especially on those who had celebrated reunions a bit too wildly, perhaps. But in Chestertown the same dawn came peacefully; soon I had taken the road to the West, retracing my path.

Back across the Bay Bridge, I scoffed at the thought of venturing closer to DC, and bore left to the placid village of Galesville. Here the West River Sailing Club was holding its annual regatta, and here I was due to celebrate the convention weekend by sailing with a science fiction author. Sure enough, Joseph A. Meyer appeared on schedule (Quick now, name his co-authored meisterwerke?) and we launched my great sailing yacht, SAUCY, Windmill #900. All of 15½ feet long, spreading 119 sq. ft. of dacron, SAUCY took easily to the gentle waves of the West River, and soon we were standing out for the first race. Saucy is named, of course, for Selina Easdale, feminine lead in Sir Toady Crusoe, by W. R. Crockett, a book dear to my heart for some 35 years, but one which is seemingly remembered by no other living soul.

Sixteen tall Windmill sloops turned out for the regatta, including some of our best skippers, and after an undistinguished start we did well to work up to third place, a dizzying state of prosperity we could not hold when Dick Heintz got YELLOW BIRD flying on the second lap and moved past us. In this race Bill Wickner committed a celebrated goof when, after one lap of fine sailing in THE OLD GABOON, he took a notion to fall overboard directly in front of his father's motor cruiser under the astonished gaze of friends and family, at start of second lap. Before his brother could adjust to this development, their boat had capsized, considerably dampening their chances in the regatta. SAUCY at least finished fourth, though soundly beaten by the top three, and we came in for lunch in our usual cheerful frame of mind, which always prevails at a sailing regatta unless I do something unusually stupid. In sailing, one of the biggest attractions is that winning is a long, long way from being the "only thing" enjoyable about the sport; unless you have the misfortune to foul out or meet some other mishap, sailing around the course is in itself a satisfaction, not to mention the extra dividends from the enjoyment of the sensation of sailing itself, plus the fun of doing a few things right and perhaps not coming in last after all.

Carefully avoiding any discussion of his co-authored SF. book (The Invaders are Coming), Joe Meyer and I set forth after lunch to pit our skill upon the water against an increasing weight of wind. Now the boat heeled sharply to the breeze, and keeping her level became a great physical effort. The feeling of sailing changed into something wilder and more exciting; the modest speed (under 10 mph) that would have seemed absurd in a car was felt and experienced as terrific in our yacht. We found ourselves further back in a fleet of excellently sailed Windmills. Coming to the windward mark, we were overtaken by bigger yachts that had started half an hour earlier and were on their second lap. An unwise port tack approach to the mark found us having to make several frenzied tacks to avoid Mobjacks Chesapeake 20s, and others, and we were but 8th in Windmills. On the two reaches which followed, we put our boat on a furious plane, skimming by yachts with more size and sail area---yet we could not gain on the equally well sailed Windmills, and wound up this wonderfully pleasurable race still back in 8th!

Saying a cheerful farewell to Joe, and facing undisturbed this departure of my sole tenuous link to SF on the convention weekend, I saw to the Safety of my yacht, stowing Saucy on her trailer and putting away all gear, etc. Then once more to the Eastward, over the Bay Bridge, back to Chestertown. Here I retrieved my son and his crew, lashed their Penguin to the top of my car, bade farewell to brother and family, and set off homewards through the night. I learned with interest that in the Jr. Penguin regatta at Corsica this day, my son had taken second place after three well contested races in a fleet of 19 Jr. Penguins. We reached home well before midnight, and promptly retired to await the sailing of another day. I chuckled at the thought of misguided convention-goers fighting sleep down at the hotel, under the illusion that the night would bring them what the day denied.

Sunday was again fair, but with diminishing winds. Just to keep his hand in, my son won the Jr. Penguin race at West River, while I shipped a girl crew aboard and set fourth to try my luck again.....yes, you've seen through my pun, I was fourth again. It was a maddening race with very little wind in the middle of it, so that for a considerable space many yachts drifted about almost helplessly. Our race was shortened to one lap, but some of the earlier classes had gone so far before the wind failed that they were allowed to sail 2 laps when it came up again. We drifted up within 20 yards of the first 3 boats; they mysteriously drew away, got wind we never felt, and beat us by a tremendous margin. Others outdrifted and out-thought us, so that when the wind picked up we rounded the last mark back in 7th position. We played the last trace of a vagrant breeze and gained; then as it began to die we abandoned it just as the others came looking for it, and we sailed into a new wind from the opposite direction. We picked up speed and moved into fourth, crossing THE OLD GABOON by inches in a reckless port-starboard situation where they had the right of way. Reed Wickner tacked into the new wind also, stood into it a little further than we did, and as we made for the line, the two of us drew together, with THE OLD GABOON gaining, till finally SAUCY crossed in a tingling finish, half a boatlength to the good. It mattered not at all that the two of us had long since been drubbed by 3 Windmills now halfway back to the club! We looked back in astonishment at a vast wall of sails closing in on the finish behind us as dozens of yachts in all classes stormed down on the line in the new breeze, and felt thankful not to be lost in this mob.

Then much loading of boats and stowing of gear, and a visit to Dick Heintz' waterfront home and chats with Dick and other Windmillers, with a salute to Bill Argus who won the event in his fine Windmill, MOULIN ROUGE.

And Labor Day? O that's another story, that's when my wife held her great garden party and filled our house and yard with friends. So passed the convention days thoroughly enjoyed, as such days often are.

Endconrept. Selah.

## "A NATION APPALLED"

The assassination of President Kennedy, and the events that followed, particularly the subsequent murder of Kennedy's accused assassin, were most pithily summarized by the NY Herald Tribune in the above headline. Grief was spontaneously nation-wide, with the exception of a pitiful handful of fanatics. It was not necessary to agree with Kennedy's policies to feel a deep sense of loss both as an individual and as a citizen of our country. The TV networks certainly earned our respect by their willingness to put aside commercial profit, cancel previously scheduled programs entirely, and devote themselves to a thorough coverage of the national crisis.

In spite of the unprecedented assembly of foreign leaders who came to the funeral, it remains difficult for me to believe that honors paid to a dead body have much significance. I should think that what we honor is the spirit which animated the body, and once it is gone, then its memory is honored. The empty shell, the corpse, should not become the focus of our thoughts. Lincoln is not buried in the Lincoln Memorial, but his spirit is honored there in a way which makes the site of his grave as unimportant as it really should be.

On the day of Kennedy's funeral, rather than sit by the TV or go down in person, I turned my back on Washington and went down to Hillsmere Shores, on the South River as it opens into Chesapeake Bay, and beyond the Bay the oceans of Earth. Here on this lonely shore, in the pale November sunlight, I walked along the beach and gazed out over the water and thought of Kennedy and the United States and of life and death, and what has been, and what perhaps may be. Nature cast symbolism ready to my hand; there on the beach half covered by sand lay the body of a great Canada goose, gunned down by some hunter and washed ashore by the indifferent tide, and as I raised my eyes, two living geese flew wide over the water, strong wings bearing them southward over an untroubled sea. Little ripples ran ever to my feet and died upon the sand. I sat down on an old, weathered driftwood log and gazed out upon the enduring sea. Long I sat there and dark were my thoughts.

Here was a harvest of violence indeed; senseless and insane it seems to us. Yet in the shock of the blow, may not some delusions be shattered, perhaps to our ultimate good? I asked myself if my love for my country might not have blinded me to faults that make her less than she might be. Less than 25 years ago Hitler in his typically savage way ordered the bombing of the heart of Rotterdam, a savage deed which was justly condemned as horrible throughout the world. Yet within 5 years, so changed was the climate of opinion, the United States had carried the concept of total war as far as the destruction of vast civilian populations with atomic weapons, a development which depressed me unspeakably the day it was announced. Then in the Korean war we, the United States (my country, right or wrong!) introduced the use of napalm, jellied gasoline, upon the North Korean villages suspected of harboring enemy troops; and in South Viet Nam attempts were made to destroy the very forests themselves in the course of the Viet Cong war. As I love the United States and the cause of freedom, so much the more do I deplore the use of savage methods in even the best of causes. Alas! Not without reason was it written, 'sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind.' ....

## FAPA MAILING 105

0. FANTASY AMATEUR. One trembles to note that Horizons #93 is to be considered only 92.3% as valuable as others.
1. REVOLTING DEVELOPMENT. Berry makes his trivial anecdote seem fun to read. And '61, '62, '63? Mayhap Pelz is one of those rare people who have even read 'Outlaw of Torn.'
2. DIFFERENT. The comments on Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature were downright tempting altho I have far too many books already. The Herzberg list is a fair sampling of the field. For five books to Mars, I would elect to defy the Sun's gravitational field with "The Handbook of Chemistry and Physics," "The American Heritage Book of Natural Wonders," "Poetry of the English Speaking World," an anthology assembled by Richard Aldington, The Golden Treasury of Chess, and one work of fiction, "Islandia," by Austin Tappan Wright. I would never think of lugging Russian novelists that far; perhaps I don't appreciate the "depths" in Doestovsky, Tolstoy, etc. I prefer Lermontov to the more famed Russian novelists. .... Possibly Pierre Versins collects all editions of every French sf. work, altho it seems doubtful if many of them are popular enough to go thru edition upon edition. The one French author I know solely from his works in French, Regis Messac, does not seem to be widely read. Unfinished projects: translating "Quinzinzinzili" into English for benefit of FAPA. But would it rate credits? I'M not sure of the ruling on translations.
3. IAREAN. Another computer man, eh? ... "They are out there for a purpose -- to make us feel important and 'in'." --- a right honest observation on the WL, Sir. ... Since the list of weapons is specified to be from "Mythology and Folklore," I presume it rules out the inventions of sf. and fantasy authors, tho it seems a pity. Apparently it might rule out straight history?
4. ALIF. "No time to sleep at a convention" -- so she confesses falling asleep during part of the program!
5. ALIF 19. I'll buy that story.
6. AKVAVIT IN AYLNER. Except that Akvavit is the name of John Bieri's Windmill sloop, I don't know what else is good about it.
7. BOBOLINGS. Little does BP know that he has never reclaimed certain borrowed items. My failure to interest Bob in sailing is most regrettable especially as it would in no way conflict with skiing. Bob will soon talk himself out of our ken, unless we see him in Sports Illustrated next winter; I somehow get a feeling this is end of trail for Bobolings. Too bad.
8. ALEXANDRIA TRIO. Cover's rather clever & well done. Anent Speer comments: I'd make a fair proofreader; for example there are over 30 typos in Celephais this mailing. Think extensive reading can give one an automatic sense of 'wrongness' at glimpse of unusual spellings.... I wince at sting of comment, "poetry withers in any case once critical intelligence arises," but somewhere in here may be the explanation for vogue of "modern" poetry. My poetic heros are Arthibald MacLeish and S. V. Benet. There are many poems I know, which I value emotionally (as others may value music), and I would not allow the rise of critical intelligence, if I had any, to deprive me of these pleasures..

The Apex item has some

remote flavor of real conversation, a thing of wonder to a deaf man. Whether the participants consider it authentic is not made clear. ... It is to be regretted that I never acquired "A Sense of FAPA." Anyone tired of his copy and wishing to sell, please quote price. ... Since I never read "Ah, Sweet Idiocy," the concluding section of the trio was of but faint interest altho doubtless a Good Thing To Do.

**HORIZONS.** From 4 basic tastes we could make 16 combinations, but indefinitely numerous variations in the relative strengths of the components permit unlimited numbers of distinct taste sensations. ... The taste that can't take Tolkien is another matter, and a strange one, tho admittedly the first few chapters of the Fellowship of the Ring represent a rather longwinded and none too exciting approach to the trilogy. Once beyond this initial hazard, the narrative acquires more power and pace. ... Tests made by me show letters to Yale Station, New Haven, Conn., proceed at equal speeds with or without zip codes. ZC is useful only where PO clerks might not immediately know the routing of a letter from its address. Last 2 digits of ZC are same as zone numbers in previous use. ... Chronology is no better suited to selecting FAPA members than to award more important Congressional Committee Chairmanships. All that can be said for it in either case is an assurance of apparent impartiality and avoidance of hard feelings. I am not afraid of offending WL personnel by voting to elect some candidate from their midst, but Harry and I are so clearly in a minority that a petition or amendment seems futile. ... Its time to set up my painting equipment, said Tom easily.... The hypothetical "weight" of something not presently on Earth might well always take a conditional verb. ... My wife tells me outside shutters are good to have, but have lost popularity due to effort and expense involved in acquiring and maintaining them. ... H. Warner has yet to forward to me an official petition seeking restoration of Martin and signed by H. Warner. If and when he does so, I may begin to take his comments on Martin case seriously; this is my Last Word on subject. ... GLORY ROAD (in book form; I never saw magazine version) struck me as an entertaining burlesque, no more. But I have a friend who claims he is going to re-read it, looking for Deeper Levels. ... The Waiting Game is neatly done, but with more mechanical competence than enthusiasm, I fear. Turn back to Tolkien, open any page of, say, The Two Towers, and there's more feeling of life to the prose; that is Tolkien cared more about his story than Warner did. (Tolkien didn't have to meet a FAPA deadline nor a self-imposed duty of filling up Horizons!).

**SAFARI.** Proposed amendment to Constitution: Resolved, that to Section 9 shall be added paragraph 9.3, reading as follows: "No material contributed to a mailing by anyone may contain any comments on any preceding mailing." This cure would not please you as much as you think. ... Your voodoo queen was reminiscent of Carl Carmer's "Stars fell on Alabama." That's praise, son.

**CELEPHAIS.** This trip account with all the useful tips is valuable altho the claim that crossing the wake of Staten Island ferry was roughest part of cruise to Europe draws the unbelieving smile.... I liked the short account of the second visit to Westminster Abbey in particular and the trip abroad in general.

KLMCHI. More about the daughter and less about the animals would have been more to my liking but its your world. ... Could not stand the 'Our Own Town' stuff and skimmed it rapidly. Is it possible that any will praise it? ... Seems to me that by and large, 7th Day Adventists are good-hearted people. ... When we went to California and back in '61, we did so in a '57 Chrysler which we picked up for \$1000 plus tax. We had no trouble of any kind except when my wife ran a stoplight in California, and she talked so sweetly to the State patrol officer that she didn't even get a ticket. Now, I maintain that what sort of car we could have picked up for your \$300 maximum price would have given us many headaches before completion of round trip to West Coast. ... In spite of two oblique references to Church of the Brotherhood of the Way, it was disappointing to find nothing that would counter the misinterpretations you complain of. Would like to learn more about it.

BISBIGLIANDO. HWjr. complains of the slimness of these very mlgs. the giant size of which appals you. ... When I once escorted our young 'un out for trick & treat, his dear old granny remained at our door to dispense our hard outs. The origin of this custom would be fascinating to trace, for nothing like it was known when I was a boy in Richmond Virginia only 35 years ago. Now that our boy is grown, we've grown too, and skip both ends of this deal.

APROPOS DE RIEN. DST permitted me to play softball after work for many a glorious year. On standard time we could not have done it. Hence the practical value.... 20 digits should be quite enough for a personal zipcode; 57 is excessive because it implies much unnecessary duplication. ... Susan should know that one's attitude towards travel is but one of many clues towards one's personality and shouldn't be given exaggerated prominence.

THE LOVECRAFTSMAN. Afraid its a bit more labored than inspired.

PSI-PHI. Nelson's article is worth a vote for Best in Mailing. It doesn't follow that I'm going to send you a loc. Life isn't always logical. Solly.

AMBIVALENT AMOEBA. I offer to bet my 26 gun brig, Red Wasp, against your monoplane, that C. S. Lewis did not write 'Mistress Masham's Repose.' I'll put my finger on T. H. White.

PERSIAN SLIPPER. That's a good sketch for a movie skit, alt hough I am too mentally inert to let such things bother me at all, let alone 'violently.' But I take a new interest in your Lord of the Rings project after looking over this sample of your work. How about "Adventures of Tom Bombadil" for a movie scenario a bit shorter than the Ring trilogy? ... Are you sure that reprinting a Rpert Brooke poem gives you a full page of activity credit?

BALDLY. Hyperphasia sounds most unpleasant.

Wish you a speedy recovery.

PHANTASY PRESS. He cometh, and he passeth by.

SALUD. Well yes -- over a period of time I've come to feel that anything which can survive is entitled to try -- regardless of whether it must use 'civilization' or not in the process. ... I'd almost be willing to visit Seattle some day just out of curiosity to see how your descriptive system handles my case. Your word portraits of Art Wilson and Paul Stanbery are good. Nothing like them occurs elsewhere in FAPA. Is Boyd Raeburn to be envied or pitied when you promise to write whether or not you have anything to say?

SERCON'S BANE. The cover bears out much that HW jr cared to say on persistence of this topic, as well as being in somewhat poor taste. Not to mention some historic doubts anent halo distributions.... Boy Astaroth? Astarte, or Ashtoreth in the Bible, was a female principle, a goddess. ... I see nothing in the Constitution stating who is to pay the sums due, so feel you are right in supposing a member could pay dues for another. ... Seems to me I've seen the statement that a good 20% of new car sales are for cash in full. Go ahead and try. ... It was claimed by Olaf Stapledon that Odd John improved the w.c. (or commode, as you delicately call it) but as is typical of great sf. inventions, no details were supplied. An adaption of the vacuum cleaner principle? ...

BOOZE IN THE NIGHT. Boos in the day.

BETE NOIRE. Cover is rather fun. But, Lives and Times of a Schmugian Guk deserves reprinting. Reconsider!

ANKUS. You did not meet me, because the evening I was going to go down to LASFS mtg., we came back from Disneyland so late and tired that my aged bones couldn't take a further trip thru LA jungles.

DAMBALLA. (Postmailed). Well, I didn't want to revive SARDONYX. It seems to have belonged to another me, worlds removed in time and space. You may be less changeable; also it hasn't been 18 years between your terms in FAPA. ... Since you come right out and admit "a con is not a place where you can do much real visiting," I'm still more baffled by the evident joy so many take in such affairs. In general, your account lacks the fetching exuberance of your '62 report, so if you enjoyed yourself as much in '63, it must have been in a somewhat different way.... I know that Patrick Moore in "A Guide to the Moon" holds out not only for the volcanic theory of crater formation, but also for the theory that there is a lunar atmosphere sufficiently dense (at 50 miles) to flash meteors. I have not heard of any direct observational confirmation. His fellow astronomers seem devoted to the meteoric origin of craters, but ignore rather than argue with Moore's point of view. Or maybe I just haven't looked in the right places. ... You need more ink, or a new cotton inkpad, or maybe even a new roller: your mimeograph work is unpleasant to read because of all the faded letters, which certainly detracts from DAMBALLA. ... Shadow Mailing was never well supported except maybe by you, and I'm surprized it lingers on. If I didn't habitually mislay the SM I would be willing enough to comment..SHADOW FAPA Aug-Sept. 1963 just discovered

GRADUS AD PARNASSUM. Your mention of triply doubttable Calvin W. Demmon, one time SHAPADITOR, serves to remind me how I laughed when CWD, having noted that Feb. 1963 Spinnaker Reach ignored Shadow mailing, spoke vengefully of treading SR under foot.... Your attention is called to the rise in postal rates; the obsolete expression 'for two cents....' should be revised upwards to read 'for a nickel....' You seem unaware of my original scheme to have FAPA mailings preceded by SHAPA mailings by an interval of 10 days to 2 weeks. The idea was, of course, that 2½ months after previous FAPA mailing, the members would be faunching for fanzines and might even read SHAPA in desperation, whereas if FAPA bundle preceded SHAPA by some short interval, SHAPA would likely become rather neglected by those who are 'in'. To be sure, this theory was not entirely confirmed in practice. ... It turns out to be your



influence which led me to read my first and only James Bond 'thriller' in some careless moment. "Diamonds are Forever" struck me as a poor effort, more on a level with the Wild West Weekly than, say, John Buchan, S.S. van Dine, or even Rex Stout. It may not be widely known, but Maryland suffers from the legalized gambling plague in certain counties, and any time I wish to watch ignorant people shoveling coins into the slots I can drive down to La Plata in an hour. (I haven't been that way for years). Who needs Las Vegas? I didn't even go to the computer convention held there this fall! ... Benford is entitled to prefer bullfights to baseball, but not to proclaim that an interest in one is "better" than an interest in the other, not unless he is prepared to support such point of view with something more cogent than his own boredom with baseball. To me, boredom with baseball indicates a person who is either ignorant of the game or else unimaginative. The fun of watching baseball is at least in large part due to considering the many possibilities in the play. The typically American game has pauses in the action during which it is possible to review what has gone before and anticipate the various things which may be about to happen. The games which try to maintain a continuous flow of action, like soccer and hockey, have some popularity here but not nearly as much as in other countries. Of course, some people just don't care for competitive games at all but I'm not discussing them just now.... Is E. Busby really a Kelly Girl? I hadn't noticed. ... No TV? Not even our Educational station, channel 26? Your principles are grand, but....? It does not seem to me that boring others can be a FAPA problem. James Branch Cabell once commented gratefully on the fact that in this blessed land no laws compel one to read someone else's book. (I'd hate like blazes to have to read Das Kapital or the collected works of Lenin, such as our misguided Russian friends are compelled to absorb. The irony is that they can't run their country according to these ideas and they know it, but none dares say so, and the pretence meanders on. But I digress.) ... Jim Benford might consider that the hordes of mighty warriors would not be stupid or easily panicked, and the one modern foot soldier wouldn't get very far with no one to guard his back or stand watch while he slept; nor could he expect to stand off a night attack conducted by experts. The longbow can shoot around a corner, which is more than bullets can do, provided the corner is at right angles to a gravitational field. Arrows could have been used effectively in trench warfare of WW I if the commanders on both sides had not been too stubborn to admit it. Of course, to blanket a narrow target like a trench, vast quantities would have been needed, and perhaps small grenades as payloads would have been required. Artillery support does make a bigger bang, I suppose. Maybe I don't really think the longbow could have won WW I after all. ... Its reasonable that the way one writes has a relationship to one's personality but I'm not so sure that it is generally possible to say anything useful about this relationship in an individual case. ...

CORSAIR. Gee, you read FANAC? I used to get an occasional free, unsolicited copy, until one day I weaked and made error of sending in subscription, thus eliminating it from my mail (at least for a while; things could change between end Dec. and mid-Feb.)

.... Atheism never made much sense to me; how can we account for this ridiculous human tendency to call a personal whim a universal law? Confucius' reputed attitude, "Your gods may be; what shows

they are?" sounds like a more defensible attitude for the skeptic to take. For my part, I've come to feel we need God to explain the Universe; as to the relationship between God and man, I'm less certain; it becomes difficult to believe that some one of our many religions holds the pure, complete answer to this relationship. ... You mention Paul Singleton, whom I don't know; I suppose the name is not uncommon enough to warrant a guess at a relationship to Earl Singleton of MIT and the ancient past of fandom. PANTOPON. Interesting to see Ruth still struggling grimly with this.

Since she's up to 9 on WL, such persistence may well be rewarded in a year or two. ... I presume I was also a fool to have been UE altho in this case I'm less sure of the admiration you hand out to Don Fitch and Biff Demmon. ... My favorite among Morley's books is simply "Kathleen," altho something can be said for "Thunder on the Left," and "Parnassus on Wheels." ... I like Poul Anderson's tales but missed "The Broken Sword." Can you tell me more?

The quotes on back page were enjoyed. Thanks, Don.

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To Marie

I think you were my first love, in old Virginia days,  
And I have kept my memories to warm my elder ways.  
It's no bad thing to love a girl with laughter in her eyes  
And see her in the glow of youth beneath the summer skies,  
And help her hunt for treasures lost, till hunger is her need,  
Then watch her gulp the chicken up with young and eager greed!

Of course I always knew at heart that you were not for me,  
But life was in the present then, and time a mystery.  
It was enough to walk the woods and breathe the mountain air,  
And swim within the river pools, and know your form was fair,  
And sometimes look within your eyes, and note that they were brown,  
Till supper showed us all how well you wolfed the pancakes down!

The years have turned the world about and shaken us apart,  
But it is good for me to know that joy is in your heart,  
That Time has brought you all you wish, a son and daughter tall,  
A kindly husband, and your home, a stately manor hall.  
We never waded the ice-pond now, above the earthen dam,  
But they say you're still a wonder with a smoked Virginia ham!

-- Russell Chauvenet.

My Lady

There's something very queer about the girl I love and seek to win;  
I wish that I could find her out; perhaps I have been taken in?  
To doubt a lady were a sin; sincerely, tho, I've come to doubt  
She ever meant to take me in, because I always find her Out.

--T. R. Hollcroft jr.

## The Doom of Men

From years older than we have known the words have come down to us, simple and clear. They leave no doubt of the fate destined for us, the Way in which our feet should go. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself." The wisdom and power of these words is evidenced by the improvement in the human lot which has resulted from the rise of Christianity and the (admittedly imperfect) attempt to practice these principles. It is not without significance that the Fascist terror of Hitler and the Communist terror of Stalin, Krushchev, Mao and the rest could flourish only by suppressing religion and setting every man against his neighbor. As we have seen in Spain and Portugal, a counter-terror in the name of religion is possible, but only at the cost of violating its true spirit.

The problem in carrying out our instructions remains difficult even in a free society, but at least we know that if our enemies hope to subvert us, they must between beginning and end somewhere attack these orders and seek to make them impossible to carry out rather than merely difficult. The Enemy shall then be readily known by his effort to set our faces against either God or our fellow men, or both. When you are asked to hate, the voice is the voice of the Enemy, no matter to what purpose the flattering words may seek to bend your hatred.

It is not easy to look upon eternities of Time and Space and see therein the face of God; nor, if this were achieved, is it comprehensible to me how the grandeur and power and infinitude of an eternal Spirit could truly be loved by Mortal Men. This is not the Way! The mystics who have retired from the world to seek God by lifetimes of meditation and prayer have probably erred. The key to the right approach is also given us: the passage runs, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, so ye have done it to me." We must love God, I think, not in the cold dread of awesome power, but rather in appreciation of what has been given us within the power of our understanding: the joy we take in a happy child, the handclasp of a trusted friend, the keen air of dawn across the fields, or the salt breath of the sea; the endless little details which blend together and make for a contented heart.

Plainly, then, if this view be accepted, the Doom laid on us is not dual, but single: We shall be fulfilling both commands if we succeed in loving our neighbor as ourselves. The difficulty is, that those who approach this goal tend to be regarded as fools when alive (sometimes Saints when dead). Offer to share something of yourself (time: energy: money) with another, and all too often the reaction is to classify you as a meddler, a "do-gooder" of sadly suspect motives. Then even when our hearts bid us act rightly, it is too often our Doom to hesitate and in the end do nothing. How can this tendency be overcome? Given goodwill towards our fellow men, how can we proceed?

Improbable as it seems, the very day (Jan. 6, 1964) on which it was planned to put 30 to SR and mail the stencils to Redd Boggs, in comes the belated Shadow FAPA plus Andy Main on the prowl. Since the prospect of remembering to comment on these some 3 or 6 months hence is negligible, an extra page might as well go here.

JESUS BUG Nr. 10. A case might be made for Andy Main being 21 years old, considering his own admission that he celebrated his last birthday twice but tried to count it only once. ... Its nice to note the friendly spirit of your LA friends, but rather chilling to read of your careless hazarding of your life with a random series of reckless drivers as you thumbed your way across the country. Long years ago I used to pick up hitchhikers on occasion, but so many stories have been given so much publicity about criminals who slug or murder the gullible driver who stops to offer a ride, that now I seldom dare to pick up a stranger. Not that I have forgotten what I was saying on page 11, but merely that I lack the courage to hazard my life in the course of doing a good deed. So, Andy Main, if I did not know who you were, my only response to your signal for a ride would be to tromp on the gas and beat it away from your unknown menace. But if, on the contrary, you were to hold up a sign saying distinctly, FIAWOL, hmm, hmm, brakes might squeal, and long miles be put at your disposal. On the other hand, the sherriff might ride by first, mistakenly assume this to be the name of some subversive outfit, and ..... Andy Main goes gafia indeed.

GRADUS AD PARNASSUM. If it has 9 holes its a Gestetnerstencil? You guarantee this? I've never seen a Gestetner; My old mimeo is a 23 year old Speedoprint which works fairly well for something so obsolete, but RB claims he can somehow adapt 4hole stencils to his Gestetner. If you're not reading this he didn't make it. .. Lichtman is wasting his time with the suggestion that 8 hours a day at a gambling joint to clear \$25 would be worthwhile. Living expenses would eat up such meagre profits, and sooner or later a losing streak would bust the gambler. Besides, it would be a socially useless, parasitcal existence with even less justification than trading on the stock market or in commodity futures. ... I'm on Benj. Franklin's side as opposed to Lichtman & Lawrence, and was perfectly delighted by the way you wound up GAF.

W'BASKET. Disappointing.

PANTOPON. Altho terribly brief, the notes on Boardman were enjoyable even tho I never saw B's original article. Likely enough I've missed a lot of fan discussion of Tolkien's work. Two issues of iPalantir may, for all I know, be all that there were, but didn't MZB one time promise ANDURIL? This I've never seen, tho I have read with joy some of her other material on the subject. Anyhow, its good to know your heart is on the side of the Elves.

QUARK. Its a worthwhile discussion, altho I don't know that we look at ID cards just the same way. For what reason would a free citizen of our country wish to conceal his identity? A request for proof of identity does not seem an infringement on liberty. To ease your worries, ID discs can be worn on bracelets, necklaces, etc.! COGNATE was wonderfully legible, Moonshade entirely the opposite. ##