



bergeron

DeGaulle willing, this is Waftage 3, intended for the Fifty-Fifth Mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society. This is a quarterly magazine, published and written in the main by Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Illinois, who forgot to include this particular information in his last effort.

ARTWORK: cover by Richard Bergeron; Bob Warner and staff artiste G. Larcone contributed the rest.

I had only three notes in my SAPS notebook, notes which I had hoped would provide me with sufficient thought to pen at least two pages of straight material for this mailing. I discarded one, however, for two reasons: the first was that all three were politically orientated, making for a paucity of interest; the second was that this note concerned Adlai Stevenson, about whom I wanted to write an article, for Rich Bergeron's sake. However, I find myself without any time to dig out old Stevenson newspaper clippings, so, rather than botch up the job, I'm postponing it.

It's the policy of our state legislature to procrastinate to an alarming degree; the members recess frequently, and get little done in session. As a class, the eighth grade at Vachel Lindsay, upon visiting the legislature, found a normal day's work in progress--that is to say, the speaker was working, and 90 per cent of the remaining members were reading everything from newspapers to Comic books, and drinking great quantities of coffee and milkshakes. The subject under discussion was rape, and its effects, and what should be done about it legislatively--but still, no one paid any attention. Except us, needless to say.

Illinois politics are pretty messed up.

At the most recent convening of the General Assembly, the Republican leader, Secretary of State Charles Carpentier, called the meeting to order, and discerning that the Republicans, who held a one-member edge, were not at full strength, immediately adjourned the meeting, over shouts of protest and "take a roll-call vote!" He did neither, and led the Republicans in a walk-out, hoping to have time to gather forces to elect a Republican Speaker of the House.

The Democrats proceeded to hold business as usual, without a quorum, electing a Democratic Speaker--and the fireworks had started, each side subsequently claiming infringement of the rules, and that the opposition had acted without legal foundation, etc.; obviously, both parties were in the wrong, but neither was willing to admit it.

Finally all was forgave and a Democrat elected in the continued Republican absence.

Illinois politics are damned skewed up, certainly.

This is group politics and party action, to a large extent, and reveals only party and organizational weaknesses. But the individuals are rather mediocre personalities, too.

Take Paul Egan.

Whatever caused the voters of Aurora, Illinois, to elect Egan mayor several years ago escapes me; whatever the cause, however, the events have been astounding. Paul first attained nation prominence several years ago when he suddenly decided, for some obscure, Freudian reason that his entire police force was corrupt. "None of this is fair Aurora," he must have said, "no dishonesty." On this basis, he fired the police force in toto. However, he promptly ran into a slight hitch.

The police force wouldn't be fired.

This was intolerable. Egan's sense of duty spurred him on to the only logical conclusion--outside aid in ridding his city of these corrupt law officers. Who else to turn to but Nikita Khrushchev? "Nikita, can you help me?" was his refrain, when he chanced to call the Big Red in Moscow; the object of the call was to gain the use of some crack troops to oust the police. Although he undoubtedly would have liked a force within striking distance of St. Louis, Chicago, etc., Nikita refused.

And what's good enough for Nikita is good enough for Bill Stratton, ex governor of Illinois, who has since joined the group including such infamous personalities as Adlai Stevenson. Egan attempted to solicit gubernatorial aid by breaking into a party which Stratton was attending; Bill left by the back entrance, and Egan by the front--escorted by a group of police and carrying rather tenderly a broken arm, suffered in the exclusion.

Undaunted. Working at the base of the police force, Egan hired a new chief, to take over and run things the way he wanted-- a red-headed woman. The city council turned thumbs down on this, so they were subsequently added to Egan's ouster list.

But Egan failed, and in the soon-to-come city election he is attempting to gain public support for his sweeping program. As previously, he came in second of six in the primaries, so he's trying to repeat his win.

Jay Hunter, 12, 097; Egan, 2,844.

If Egan isn't every bit as fabulous a character as Claude Degler, Rappy Chandler, or Burnett Toskey, then just who is?

And who says 9300 votes is a lot?

+ + + + +

This weekend was spent in Champaign-Urbana at the state basketball tournament, which saw my high-school edged by a pair of free-throws with a few seconds remaining. The trip wasn't a total loss, however; I saw Rog Ebert, who was busy making the rounds of the cheer-leaders and tournament queen candidates (in a strictly business-like manner, of course--he was helping with the all-state cheerleader selections).

And then there was the Catholic priest in Paxton who held my friend's hand, and invited him to a party downstairs, and the girl who thought we were the basketball team, and I was the star center. But enough of that for now; see you next mailing.

let's be pound-wise

(Reprinted from Oblique #7)

Fannish enthusiasm for favorite authors is a wonderous thing. Hardly a week goes by without a correspondent raving to me "G. Watt Tangs is the best writer since Robert Heinlein!" And not a fortnight goes by without my exclaiming to a literate friend, "... Yonk is the most promising newcomer since Philip Jose Farmer."

Such snap judgments are all very well in the privacy of correspondence or conversation, but too often some of us are silly enough to commit such a wild estimate to print. Long before the article appears we realize that it was 97 per cent too enthusiastic, and we wish we hadn't written it and hope that the fanzine folds before the article appears. But, of course, the article appears all too soon and all too legibly, and our half-fascinating, half-gruesome judgment haunts us for years afterward.

I don't know what can be done about the situation, and I'm not too sure that I want anything done. Fandom would be a dull place without at least one Harlan Ellison (and I don't think we could stand two) burbling over Algis Budrys or Robert Sheckley. Some of us, however, are interested in trying to "refine our tastes to distinguish more clearly between good science fiction and bad--and the other day, I ran across a method guaranteed to equip the critic to "evaluate almost any unfamiliar book at first sight and form a just estimate of its worth." I found it in one of Ezra Pound's Polite Essays entitled "How To Read."

Pound devised the system primarily for the purpose of evaluating the language of poetry, but his subsequent discourse indicates he meant it to be applied to a broader basis; of course, I naturally thought of applying his method to science fiction.

Pound's method consists of dividing the writer of the work into one of six categories: a) the inventors; b) the masters; c) the diluters; d) the minor masters--Pound gave no specific title to this category; the term is mine; e) the belles lettres; and f) the starters of crazes. The first two classifications are the most clearly defined; the others are less discriminate.

Just for fun, let's try to fit some of fantasy's famous writers into these categories, following as nearly as possible Pound's original structures.

The inventors Pound defines as "discoverers of a particular process or of more than one mode or process." A few names come to

REDD BOGGS

mind when we try to apply this category to the fantasy field. E.E. Smith invented space opera; David H. Keller, the human interest story; Stanley Weinbaum, "Slizk" science fiction; Ray Bradbury, the science fiction fable. Of course, these authors didn't invent these modes in literature, but merely first used them in science fiction. I'm not familiar enough with the weird tale to venture a listing of important innovators in that field--Edgar Allen Poe and E.T.A. Hoffmann, perhaps--but in the "pure" fantasy field I would tentatively suggest "Saki". But of course, the most important inventor of our favorite literature was H.G.Wells, who not only invented the time-travel story, but may be considered the inventor of all science fiction.

Perhaps Wells would better be listed under Ezra Pound's second category, that of the masters, for Pound says, "The term is properly applied to inventors who, apart from their own inventions, are able to assimilate and co-ordinate a large number of preceding inventions." Wells undoubtedly did this in science fiction. Pound further states that the masters "either start with a core of their own and accumulate adjuncts, or they digest a mass of subject matter, apply a number of known modes of expression, and succeed in pervading the whole with some special quality of their own, and bring the whole to a state of homogenous fulness." Who can we call a real master of our genre? On the fantasy side of the fence I'd suggest two names: H.P.Lovecraft and A.Merritt; and perhaps Algeron Blackwood and M.P.Shiel belong there too. The science fiction masters, under this definition, are a very select group. I would select these: Olaf Stapledon. S.Fowler Wright, Robert Heinlein, Fritz Leiber, Henry Kuttner, and Theodore Sturgeon.

The diluters, according to Pound, are those writers who follow "either the inventors or the "great writers", and who produce something of lower intensity, and some flabbier variant, some diffuseness or timidity in the wake of the valid." We think immediately of any number of obvious names: Hannes Bok and his imitations of Merritt; John W. Campbell, who took up space opera under Skylark Smith's example; John Russell Fearn in his neo-Weinbaum facet; and, of course, perhaps the most important of all, August Derleth, Donald Wandrei, Frank Belknap Long, and the other pastiche writers of the Lovecraft school. But we also think of Edmund Hamilton, Jack Williamson, and almost the whole crew of writers of the Gernsback era, who busied themselves in imitating Wells, Jules Verne, E.E. Smith, and Abe Merritt. In fact, Keller and Weinbaum were the only major writers of the 1920's and '30's who invented their own modes. In more recent times we are all too familiar with Charles E. Fritch, Clive Jackson, and other "diluters" of Bradbury.

The minor masters produce the great bulk of all good writing. They are the writers who "add but some slight flavor, some minor variant of mode, without affecting the main course" of all the history of literature. In this classification we find all the important writers whose work forms the backbone of just about any issue of Galaxy and F&SF and often Astounding. These are the writers who rate high, and justly so, on any list of favorite writers: Arthur C. Clarke, Clifford Simak, Poul Anderson, Anthony Boucher, Philip Jose Farmer, James Blish, Damon Knight, Cyril Kornbluth, Isaac Asimov, Jack Vance, Wilson Tucker, William Tenn, Frederick Pohl, and Raymond F. Jones are a few of them; you can name a dozen others. The minor masters in the weird category are the writers Derleth thinks about as soon as he has chosen a Lovecraft story when he is

editing an anthology. In the pure fantasy field we would think of R. Bretnor, Jane Rice, and many of the science fictionalists mentioned above who double in both fields.

The belles-lettres category is a difficult one to define precisely. Pound describes it as consisting of the writers "who are not exactly 'great masters', who can hardly be said to have originated a form, but who have nevertheless brought some mode to a very high stage of development." For some reason, the names which come most easily to mind here are the fantasy writers. I think immediately of Lord Dunsany, Thorne Smith, James Branch Cabell, Frank Owen, and John Collier, though I will not argue too strenuously if someone insists they belong in some other category. Robert E. Howard belongs here as does C.L. Moore--on both sides of the fence, fantasy and science fiction. But science fiction has a very small list of specialists who contribute, not to the mainstream of the literature, but to minor, if interesting, bypaths. John Taine, Norman L. Knight, Alfred Bester, L.Sprague de Camp, Frederick Brown and Eric Frank Russell at their most characteristic have each "brought some mode to a very high development" and though perhaps deserving of the title of "minor master" are best known for their individual contributions.

As for the craze-starters, Pound describes them as writers "whose wave of fashion flows over writing for a few centuries or decades, and then subsides, leaving things as they were." The stream of our literature is too short and too narrow for us to observe such waves in their proper context, so there was only one name on my original list, and that followed by a question-mark: A.E.van Vogt. In light of Pound's description of the craze-starters as those who afflict literature with various "diseases", I can list one name which few will argue over, though perhaps he does not fit into the original structure. He is Richard S. Shaver.

As Pound points out, and as we have seen, "the first two classes are the more sharply defined, and the difficulty of classification for particular lesser authors increases as one descends through the list."

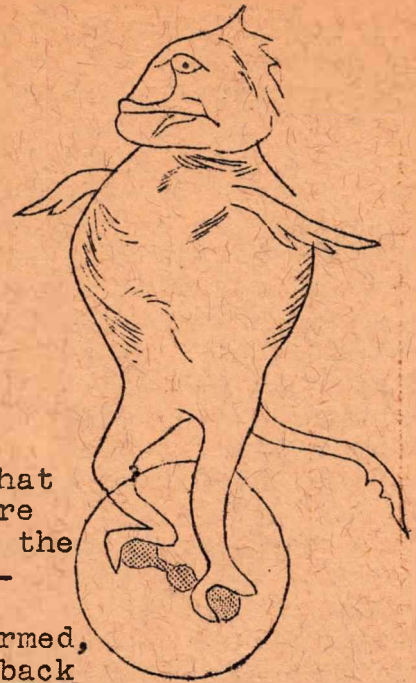
He declares that the fact that different critics will place an author in different categories does not invalidate the method. I agree with this point, for it seems to me that the method of categorizing the author of a particular work is a means of objectifying one's viewpoint. No matter how much enthusiasm you feel toward a writer, you will think twice before placing an untried young author beside Kuttner and Sturgeon--up among the masters. If the Pound system was applied by all critics, the writers would receive ninety per cent less egoboo but perhaps would receive ninety per cent more valid criticism.

At least application of the Pound method would deter most of us from--as Pound says--"emitting the most imbecile estimates."

- - - - - Redd Boggs

{ The foregoing article's date of origin is undeterminable, but the particular issue of Oblique from which it comes appeared before the '57 Worldcon, so judge the evaluations accordingly. Perhaps Redd, a letter would serve to bring this up-to-date? }

the trend OF MOVIE MONSTERS



In the relatively short length of time that Hollywood has been turning out horror and, more recently, science fiction, from about 1920 to the present, there have been definite trends existing with the movie monsters.

The first great era was that of the deformed, yet human monster; from this we got The Hunchback of Notre Dame, the Phantom of the Opera, and numerous Boris Karloff and Lon Chaney epics with Frankenstein taking the lead. For a change we had a giant ape, such as King Kong. That was the infancy of the movie monster. After this era, it developed that giant anything were the rage, and thus giant lizards, ants, apes, praying mantises and various hordes of prehistoric monsters were set to the screen, and the respective producers and directors leaned back to count their money.

But with the advent of the "space" age, circa 1950, the public began to grow annoyed with the earthly, mundane monsters that were forever challenging the Earth and forever getting destroyed. When The Earth Stood Still introduced one of the first alien protagonists, the giant robot Gort, taken from the story "Farewell to the Master" by Harry Bates. While the plot line in this was changed during its transformation to the screen, it at least served to satisfy those hungering for new and different monsters. With Hollywood's ingenuity, anything from a common spider, made 50 feet high by trick photography, to bulky, metallic suits in which a very uncomfortable man resided, could be classified as a monster. Flying saucers, in addition, became accepted as a mode of travel for visitors to our planet.

And so the alien from the stars was used countless times over. One of the most effective presentations was Howard Hawks' The Thing, adopted--rather loosely, too--from John Campbell's terror-tale, Who Goes There? The greatest asset of this particular film was suspense, and coupled with the fact that The Thing represented the unknown, WAS the unknown, made this film an unbeatable one.

Then the public had to wait a few years to get another alien-invasion film that could be considered, by some, to be outstanding: George Pal's production of the H.G. Wells classic War of the Worlds. Hollywood had a field day in the special effects department here, and proved that while they were capable of turning out some extremely poor films, they were never lacking in applying some truly marvelous techniques to a "quality"

picture, as in the case of War of the Worlds. The Martians in this film were pictured only briefly, but they were not as much a menace as their

M. DECKINGER

futuristic war machines.

Again there was a wait, while the minor productions entered the void, but with one notable exception: This Island Earth, based on the Raymond F. Jones novel with the same title. This film had some remarkable interplanetary scenes. However, at last came Forbidden Planet, complete with a monster in which Walt Disney is said to have had a hand: the "id-monster" of Doctor Morbius--perhaps the only "adult monster" ever presented. The color photography of this particular film was excellent, and the scenes of the long-dead Krell workshop were triumphs for the boys in Hollywood who created the sets. My objection to the film was the fact that the humans in the saucer which reached Altair were members of the Space Patrol, and I have an instinctive dislike for any film showing uniformed members of such an organization. This seems, to me, to represent a juvenile touch. Of course, Robby, the humanoid robot that walked, talked, and was even most adroit at creating things out of broad air, cannot be forgotten.

But now, it seems the trend is shifting a bit. Of course, we're still getting monsters from outer space, plus a few die-hards from Earth, but now they're getting to a less stable form. We are now entering the era of the "liquid" or "colloidic" monsters. Thus far four films have their monsters in the liquid state: The Blob, The Space Children, Enemy from Space, and The H Man. It seems only natural, with all the giant insects destroyed by fire, bombs, or whatever, that the shapeless beasts should tread the path to "fame". We very briefly passed through the "robot age" with Gog about the only noteworthy product, so it seems safe to say that in the months to come we'll be getting more "flowing" aliens menacing Earth, until they are done away with in the last reel, as usual.

And after this, who knows? Perhaps inter-dimensional beasts, maybe members of the undead. The only people who know are the big bosses in Hollywood, and they sure aren't telling anyone.

And thus the line is continuing, bringing up one "horrifying" thought; something that makes me wonder if perhaps we aren't advancing too rapidly.

What if...what if Hollywood should run out of monsters?

What then?

- - - - - Mike Deckinger

(From an overly dated manuscript.)

NOTED - S A P S 54

MEST -- Ted Johnstone

I enjoyed reading your impressions upon reading Pelz's copy of Ah! Sweet Idiocy, particularly since I just recently purchased and quickly read the same work, myself. As you say, the work was highly partial, but if you hadn't associated with L.A. fandom for quite some time, it might have appeared to be quite different--for an onstencil composition, it's certainly highly persuasive.

(I thought it was amusing to compare Laney's account of various LASFS happenings with those of Alva Rogers, in the latest Inn; I certainly wish Forry would write his memoirs, for a third side of the story.) Now that I notice it, whattaya mean, "practically" no active homosexuals anymore?

DIPLOMACY sounds like great fun; got any more?

The police don't need a search warrant to examine your suitcase, just as they don't need any such documents to search a car, trailer, bicycle, etc.--all are readily movable, so there's danger of the evidence getting up and leaving. Hence, no warrant required.

Let's see that article on practical jokes, eh? I enjoy reading material of that ilk, but, as in the case of dirty jokes, seldom remember them when the occasion arises.

"The Travelling Trufen" makes fine reading, and seems quite singable--as if you needed encouragement.

Pot Pourri -- John Berry

It's positively enviable the way everything in your magazine, John, particularly Locke's fiction and your canasta essay, is written about as aptly as could be conceived. You do quite a fine job of editing--and that's not idle praise, either.

WARHOON -- Richard Bergeron

Welcome to SAPS--as if you were a newcomer, anyhow.

It's hard to pick out a really outstanding item in this particular issue, but I would whittle my final choice down to a selection from Willis' philosophizing, your report on fannish voting habits, and your suggestion that intentional post office goofs might be quite profitable.

Incidentally, as something of a political sidelight, the new Postmaster-General, J. Edward Day, is an ex-Springfieldian; parts of his family still remain--in fact, I've dated a girl that's his niece, once-removed, I believe--but I may be wrong (never bothered to ask--he wasn't a wheel at the time.)

My mother went to school at the same time and place as J.E.; it seems he was regarded by the kids as something more than just a little queer, and a momma's boy, and not at all a desirable friend. Just how much of this has factual basis and how much is typical childish fuggheadedness, I can't say--probably a little of both.

Next issue: further sidelights on Kennedy's cabinet.

Since you asked, Richard, Mike Deckinger writes film reviews for New Frontiers and was supposed to be writing them for one of Beck's magazines, but I've forgotten which one; he'll probably mention it this mailing, anyhow.

I'm sorry that I don't have time to do some research on a special Stevenson issue, just to satisfy your hunger for an argument. Until the time that I have some time, a few short squiblets will have to do. (If you're still interested, this summer I'll get some back news apers and write a loong article; maybe I'll even dedicate an issue to Adlai, and decorate the borders with silk handkerchiefs).

My opinions may not even be wanted, since you seem to have the impression that Waftage is published by someone named Art, but they are this: Adlai lacks enough backbone to stand up for what he really is. My opinions aren't just pure emotionalism--no more than, I suspect, your favortism of the same character. I lived in a state governed by Adlai Stevenson, and while I didn't pay excessive interest at the time, I did sit up and take notice of the after effects--the crummy, disorientated financial status, and so on.

Adlai would sit on the porch of the governor's mansion, a scarce two miles away, sipping pink lemonade, while friends of our family who knew him well said that he would drink in private--but, it seems, at all cost, this intellectualism must be preserved. He lacked the backbone to present himself as he really was--instead, he hid under the cloak of an intellectual, which I suppose was the best he could manage, having no personality or particular organizational-co-ordinating aptitude.

I'm surprised to see you advocating abolishing the electoral college on so minor a basis as an excuse for eliminatin the problem of soldier voting. The elimination of that particular organization, altogether, would result in an immediate state race to see which particular unit could most lower its suffrage requirements. Alabama would say, "Why look, state X has a million and a half qualified voters; if we lower our voting age to fourteen, so would we!" And the race would be on.

ART RAPP--Spacewarp

It's interesting, Art, that you should mention fanzine circulation; I've been prowling through old fanzines of late, searching for information of that ilk, in the possibility of perhaps making a survey to circulations, past and prior; you certainly might be of help, sixth-fandom-wise, if you'd be willing. It was interesting for me to note that one issue of Fanews had a circulation of over 3,000, while, today, editors complain if their mailing list happens to push a hundred.

Your impression of Europeans impressions of us is pretty accurate; a Danish girl attending Springfield High as an exchange student says that she, before coming here, pictured the average American as fat, sporting a huge, ten-gallon hat and fifty-cent cigar. Nice the way the word gets around, eh?

Speaking of lost stencils floating about fandom, Oblique, from which I reprinted the Boggs article in this issue, has some, I believe, that Gould never ran off; considering the quality of that magazine, it might be worthwhile for some California fan to look Clifton up, and see about taking them off his hands.

TRESKA -- Mike Deckinger

WELCOME!

I'm sorry that I can't relate, for sure, just who John Galt might be, but haven't you ever heard the expression, "Galt's well that ends well?"

Your comments on the electoral college surprised me almost as much as did Bergeron's. For my opinion, see the middle of the predecing page.

Yes, I was completely serious about Amazing producing our classic novels in time to come--but everyone seems to have misinterpreted this remark to mean that I think Amazing produces great literature. In my opinion, it doesn't now, and never will--but it does produce the most-read novels, while hardcovers and often pbs go unnoticed; after all, a book can hardly become a classic if it isn't widely read.

Cuttin phys. ed. classes sounds like great fun, fun I'd like to apply to chemistry. However, if one is absent from class without a parental excuse, the result is a yellow cut-slip; the result of the cut-slip is an automatic failin grade for the term; and, quite often, a failin grade for a term will alienate a teacher into failin a student for the semester, thus eliminatin all credit.

Great fun.

BRUCE PLZ -- Speleobem

I still think that my appellation of Joni Cornell as "a t-minute co-ordinator of PAJ was correct; after all, weren't all "last-minute paintings" to be sent to her for transportation to the Pittcon? I'd call that co-ordinating, and I'd think you would, too.

"An Introduction to a Manual for Plonkers" makes interesting reading, and such, but it makes me wonder: just what sort of esoteric connotations does the word "plonker" have to the mundane world? (If you wonder, just try shouting it in a crowded elevator, and see the reaction. Should be interesting.)

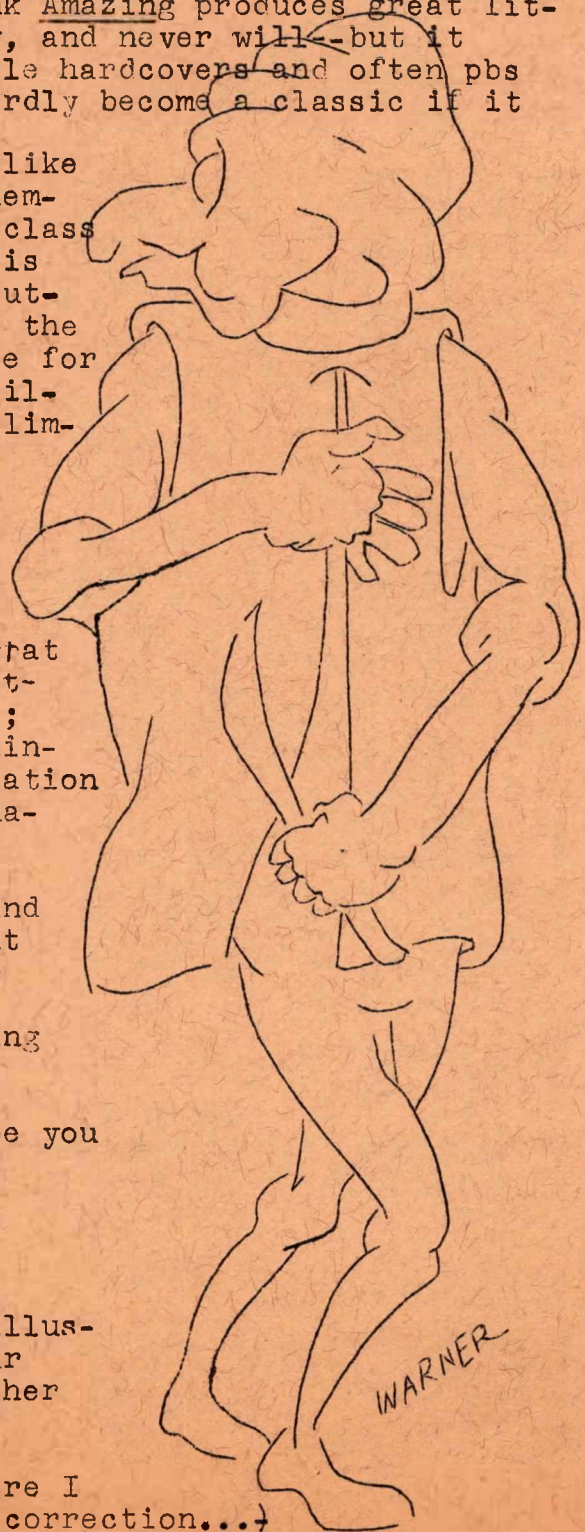
Thanks muchly for the photos; hope you make some good ones at the Pucon.

Spy Ray -- Dick Eney

From your cover illustration, Richard, I would say that your have been scraping the ground--and rather severely, too.

Let's watch that.

← Please forgive the above section where I spilled the foul corflū and botched correction...→



RAGNAROK -- The Carrs

Carl Brandon deserves some terrific kudos; "Egoboo for Algernon" was damned terrific, to say nothing of being fine stuff, the best in the mailing, at least.

I kinda liked it.

Miri, your mention of McComas' stfnal collection being under glass reminds me of a school-friend and fellow English Lit student who tried to check The Decameron out of the state library, and found it in a case with inch-thick glass and a padlock which'd do San Quentin justice. Love those public libraries.

RETRO -- Fine Mind Busby

The auction Bloch is a terrific idea; in fact, it definitely should be used more often, especially in mundane life. For three years or so I've been trying to convince school authorities to provide for a similar "auction", with an hour of a teacher's time as the prize. However, there're always objections as to such-and-such riff-raff winning and subsequently humiliating the poor teachers, etc. In the first place, the teacher should be a good enough sport to take some kidding; they dish out enough, on the whole. In the second, ground rules are pretty easy to formulate, as the school officials have found out. What a potential source of funds for P.T.A., clubs, American Field Service, etc. You think it's sound?

As to what I think of Oscar Levant--well, really, I dont, to speak of; the impression he's made upon me the few times I've seen him--mostly on Parr's abominable show--is one of stark realism--he certainly doesn't seem to be faking, and, as you suggest, is therefore pretty much a candidate for suicide. Come to think of it, I haven't heard anything about/from him in months; perhaps he's back in a mental hospital?

Coroner's are quite irresponsible, in many cases; ours is an eye-doctor, and not even a good one at that; since business was slow, he went out and got elected to office. Coroner's reports are a favorite target of government reform committees--such things as cause of death are particularly paid attention to, producing such gems as: "Nervous indigestion, heart attack, or diabetes..." "Found dead.." etc. Would probably make a fine book.

Earl Kemp -- VTS

Sorry you didn't call on your previous trips through Springfield, but perhaps we'll meet at the Midwestcon, Illwiscon, or later this fall, since Northwestern seems my most likely college choice.

And Jim O'Meara's section:

Hell, Jim, there's little doubt that the Chicago political machine is as corrupt as they come; the only difference of opinion is which party is the more crooked. When 150 people in a precinct with 100 registered voters cast their ballots, something must be wrong. Also, a local doctor had a friend who was killed before his eyes in the Korean War; strangely enough, the deceased friend has been voting in Chicago elections ever since. Every election he casts his ballot, faithfully.

Watling Street -- Bob Lichtman

I couldn't agree more with what you say about the labor union's good effects on this country; however, many of today's labor unions are certainly not carrying out their basic purpose--that of helping the laboring man. You need look only at the smug leaders such as Beck, etc., who have their hands in the till, confident that no one will be able to prove it.

And what about the violence directed against labor investigators, and the compulsion towards those who do not wish to join a union? Is beating up a non-unioner to make him join strictly for his own good? And what about striking against the public good?

Also, isn't it rather ridiculous for workers to carry on a three-week strike for the purpose of a five cent/hour raise, when it'll take a number of years to make up for the money they lost while out of work? Is that for their good? Or the bosses?

Knight's fiction was fun; relay the message, hmm?

Seems I'm out of comments on another of your fine issues, except to commend the free use of the Bergeron artwork, something you haven't done before; in all, this display should have sealed Richard's position as top SAPSartist, if ever 'twas in doubt.

hal shapiro -- Halberd

Welcome to ya.

"The Bible Hour" wasn't exactly original--you can read stuff like it in The Daily Atheist any old day--but the manner in which you presented it--with little comment--was excruciatingly fine.

Roger Dard's statement that "the British have no girlie magazines at all" isn't exactly true; Don Allen has sent me some papers which have little or nothing but pinups and cartoons; I believe one was "Top Spot" but I can't be sure. Also, there are reprints of a lot of "going" American items, such as a collection of Jayne Mansfield fotos, etc.

I doubt if we ever corresponded, since at the time you were first active fannishly, my similar tastes, nebulous that they were, were pretty much confined to Heinlein's juveniles. Perhaps you are thinking of FAPAn Dick Ryan ?

SYLLABUS -- Vicks

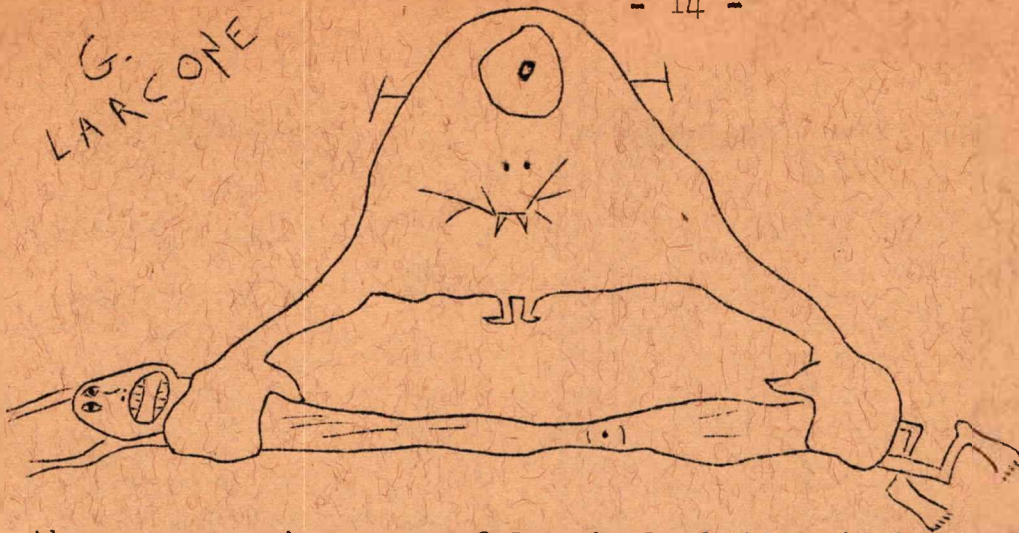
It's always unpleasant to hear such and such a fan is cutting down on his activity, and this is no exception; however, since, by your narrative in thossue and past examples, it seems Lynn Haven or Panama City has become the fan-center of the far South, so you do indeed have a duty to uphold.

ELINOR BUSBY -- Fendenizen

Thank you for the fotos.

'Twas interesting to discover that you've tried your hand at showing a dog. I think it was one of the most rewarding things in which I've ever participated; especially the way in which weeks of patient training pay off in a satisfactory performance.

G. LARCONI



Elinor, no dog ever really needs a beating; if a dog is worth having, it'll have a disposition which is hurt more by scolding than by beating; if, however, it needs beating to force it to behave, then it has an error in its "make-up" and probably will never be ei-

ther a companion or useful animal; better it be turned over to a service organization or some such, where friendship for master is of little benefit.

 Flabbergasting -- BRToskey

On this page, you'll find an example of the work of a fine new artist, G. Larcone; hope you like it.

One practical joke of several years ago, not unlike your college friends' fake-murder, was an elaborate hoax played by the athletes of one Southern school on their visiting counterparts. The day before the game, word would be passed around that a Negro who had raped a white woman was to be hung that very night. All would gather in a secluded grove, to witness the event; they'd see the Negro fall from a pedestal, as the rope tightened around his neck--and all the visiting boys would promptly get sick, and leave. Actually, the same Negro--one who could terrifically expand his neck muscles, and remain unharmed--was used time and again.

Thanks for the portrait.

 OUTSIDERS -- Rye Ballard

It isn't easy to get a driver's licence this day--or at least it isn't in Springfield. First there's a puerile test, which anyone could pass, ditto eyes' sign reading tests. But in the actual driving--through the heart of downtown traffic for several miles--and one slipup, such as a cut-corner, incorrect backing, improper lane usage, bad left turn, etc., spells automatic disqualification. I was lucky, and passed first time, with perhaps the only good driving I've done since.

Sorry I didn't see you when you were through here; but join the club, eh? Ted Johnstone and Earl Kemp and, I believe, Metcalf are already members. Perhaps some other time?

 COLLODION -- Robert Lee

As you say, Lolita is being filmed in Great Britain, with a great deal of secrecy; seems no still pictures are allowed, and outsiders almost totally excluded. I wonder if the film will capture the repulsiveness of the book?

Howard D. -- Collector

I wonder if you too were offered a share in the play "How To"? I was, though probably by the virtue of the fact that I was a Galaxy subber at the time; I imagine a good deal of SAPS was given the opportunity. If the shares had been such as TWA @ \$16 or so, I might have bought one, for interest, but it so happens that these were a couple of thousand dollars or some such, and I didn't feel at all interested.

Norm Metcalf-- RESIN

Ham radio seems to be quite a fascinating hobby, with as many nuts/membership as fandom, at least. Al Swettman, my former co-editor (on Quid) is still active in this field, and has quite a number of amusing stories about forays to uninhabited islands and improperly-inhabited bars. Perhaps I can get him to write an article.

Add IPSO to that list of apas with membership of less than SAPS tho of course it hadn't even been formed when you wrote the paragraph in question. All in the interests of bringing Elinor up to date.

Por Que? -- Doreen E.

Jai-Lai, or "Hi-Li" must be quite fun; I've never seen it played "live", only in film-strips and such--but it seems like quite good fun.

Your mentioning a "money tree" reminds me of a song by that name I heard in Florida--but never anywhere else; perhaps it caught on there, only? Twas by "Patience and Prudence", and, considering the fact that it was a reasonably pleasing ditty, it should have at least been played elsewhere.

What's so hard about absentee voting? Isn't it merely a matter of getting the voting form and probably a certificate from the County Clerk of your residence county?

Jane Jacobs--Psilo

Life covered the Birgitte Look-Alike contest which Portland Mason almost won. To me, however, the very fact that she is mature and sophisticated for her age--as well as being fairly tall, apparently--disqualifies her for the role. After all, she's supposed to be portraying a girl who, by your own words, was "not old enough to know better".

I was suprised to learn of French dating habits from an exchange student at SHS; for instance, a boy wouldn't think of asking a girl for a date unless he first gained her parents' permission--to do otherwise would be to be refused, in all likelihood.

MRAOC -- Lee Jacobs

What, perchance, are your call-letters, and when are you on the air? Might be able to talk to you some day, over Swettman's rig--call-letters K9QFR.

Bog-- Otto Pfeifer

Your words on the basic purpose of the Olympics-- that of self-competition--are completely true--the prestige of a nation shouldn't be at stake. However, I'd rather see the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. competing in a 440 or the broad jump than in WWII. The prestige factor is a race to see which system will produce the finest athletes, believing the best athletes indicate the best system.

It's something of a slap at our particular athletic system that athletes must pay to use facilities to practice their individual talents, where, in the Soviet Union, the athletes are expected to use the best equipment and facilities, for free. We just aren't interested enough, I suppose.

Karen Anderson's fanzine

Of course stf heroes nevr go to the can-- it's rare in any literature form--other than the modern ultra-realistic--when they do. Harry Warner wrote an interesting article on this lack of realism--said article appearing in FAPA and Ape. Did you perhaps see it? (Stf authors, it seems, have too-high minds to think of such things...)

Walter Coslet--Yesterday the Future

It isn't that the Republicans are anti-union--but rather that they are pro business, and the modern practices in both fields--specifically trusts and fuggheaded union leaders--almost inevitably brings about conflict.

A half crown in 37 some-odd cents, in our system, as a crown is five shillings, 70@--hmm, seems I mis-guessed--a half-crown would therefore be 35¢.

I agree with you re speed of driving--not only am I less bored, but going at a good rate, I have to concentrate less on obeying a speed limit and consequently not going a mile or two over, than on the road. It's a help.

L.N.F.--Durward

In all likelihood, your cover-chick would be wanted with or without the Mdnfrm. bra. Where did you have this run off, and did it arouse some curiosity?

Thank you, Les Gerber, for the account of your meeting with Harry Warner; thank you, Karen Anderson, for a historically important document in The Zed 795. And thanks to most all the members for a warm welcome. (I'll also thank you if you neglect to mention that I have only 8 pages of mailing comments in this issue. Time seems to fly.)