

CLARGES

JIE  
STATON



\*\*\*\*\* C L A R G E S \*\*\*\*\*

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THIS IS CLARES #2, EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY LON ATKINS, BOX 228, CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA, 27514. ZUGZWANG PUBLICATION #8. THIS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED THROUGH SFPA AND N'APA, AND GIVEN TO FRIENDS, AND BNFS IN THE PRESENT EDITION. THE COLLECTED CRUDSHEETS ARE BEING SENT AS REVIEW COPIES TO MY WORST ENEMIES. LOOK FOR ONE SOON. THIS IS 5 JUNE 1965.  
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# brood

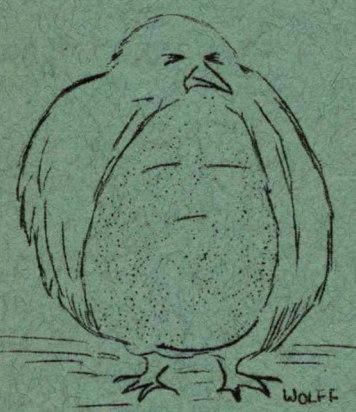
AN EDITORIAL

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BROOD?? WHO HAS TIME TO BROOD?? Certainly not this editor. I've been too busy cutting stencils, taking exams, cutting stencils and rushing around to find an electro-stenciler to even be able to think. This editorial is the last item, and it's being composed on stencil at a terrific rate of non-thought. The mimeoing and collating will keep me up until probably three o'clock in the morning, but I've got a deadline to meet. The bulk of this department will consist of quotes from Roger Clegg. I got a letter from him explaining that the letter I'm printing of his beginning page 16 of this issue is the second of a series, the first I didn't get somehow. Since the stencils were already cut, I include Roger's introductory remarks in the editorial. ## Also, due to time pressure, the article I had told some fans would be in this on my cat Muff was forced out. Also the bacover drawing of her, since the write-up to accompany it wasn't done. Maybe Next Time. ## The mimeography is imperfect in places, so if you have gotten a bad copy, send it back and I'll replace it if I've got any left.## On to the next topic.....

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SON OF FOCAL POINT: News and announcements department. Robert E. Gilbert has an article on science fiction art, both pro and fanzine, in the May issue of TODAY'S ART. It's an excellent job, describing techniques, markets and illustrated with some fine REG paintings and fanzine illos. This article could easily bring some new artists into the field. Good work, REG.



Elaine Wojicechowski writes that the N3F Bithday Card Project needs contributions of stamps and fannish birthday cards. Art Hayes ran some for her as an emergency measure, but those are fast running out. Help in either stamps or cards to Elaine at 4755 N. Keystone

----- NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A ROUND ROBIN!!  
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Ave., Chicago, Illinois, 60630, would be greatly appreciated. Thanks.

The illo and lino are both by Jurgen Wolff; he used them in a round robin we're in together and gave me reprint permission. Thanks, Jurgen.

Nate bucklin has resigned the position of chief of the Chess Division of the N3F Games Bureau because of lack of time. Don Miller has appointed me to replace Nate, so send in your games if you want them annotated and published in the Chess Division zine, BLITZ. Any fairly interesting games will be muchly, muchly appreciated. Send 'em in to me, Woodpushers!

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He reads nothing but Grendel Briarton's stuff .....so he's just a fegh-fan.

ROGER CLEGG: From Roger's letter: "I'm writing to give you some of the basic facts about South Africa, because I gather that Seth didn't send you my first letter, in which I explained such things. Obviously you can't understand the South African situation unless you have some knowledge of the demography. I'll try to be as brief as possible.

"South Africa was founded in 1910 from four British colonies, and has been independent since then. It became a republic in 1961. The four colonies became four provinces under a semi-federal setup. The provinces are, in order of importance, the Transvaal, the Cape Province, Natal and the Orange Free State.

"The chief cities: Johannesburg (1½ million), Cape Town (900,000), Durban (700,000), Pretoria (450,000) and Port Elizabeth (300,000). Pretoria and Cape Town are joint capitals. (Parliament sits in Cape Town but the government offices are in Pretoria,)

"There are five major ethnic groups:

- (1) 12 million Africans (otherwise known as Bantu, Natives, Kaffirs or munts). Just under half of them live in the reserves. The biggest of the tribes are the Xhosas (4 Million) and the Zulus (3 million). The Africans are fairly evenly distributed over the eastern half of South Africa, but are uncommon in the western half, except for some in the Cape Town area. Most Africans speak their tribal language, but the urbanized Africans are turning gradually to English. The Government opposes this tendency, but there's not much it can do about it.
- (2) 2 million Afrikaners, who are descendants of Dutch settlers. They speak Afrikaans, which is similar to Dutch. They dominate the country politically. Until this century most of them were farmers (boers), but there has been a strong Afrikaner movement to the cities in recent years. The Afrikaners are fairly evenly distributed over the country, except that there aren't many in Natal.
- (3) 1,300,00 English speaking South Africans, who dominate the commercial life of the country. They live mainly in the cities, and outnumber the Afrikaners in Johannesburg, Cape Town, Durban and Port Elizabeth.
- (4) 1,600,000 Cape Coloureds (mulattos, mainly descended from Indonesian slaves). Their social position corresponds closely to that of the American Negro. Most Cape Coloureds live in the Cape Province, especially in the Cape Town area, but there are a few in the Transvaal. 90% speak Afrikaans and 10% English, but they are nearly all bilingual.
- (5) 500,000 Indians (ie, people whose ancestors came from India). They tend to be small businessmen, particularly shopkeepers catering to Africans. They live mostly in Natal, but there are some in the Transvaal. God only knows what they speak at home, but most of them can talk you off your feet in two or three languages.

Now I'll try to summarize race relations. There is some prejudice between all the groups, but the English speakers tend to get on fairly well with everybody. The worst racial frictions are between the African and the Afrikaners, the Africans and the Indians, and the Africans and the Cape Coloureds. There is also friction between the Afrikaners and the Cape Coloureds and the Indians (although the Cape Afrikaners are

not very prejudiced against the Cape Coloureds). The only time tension reached race riot stage was in January 1949, in Durban, when the Zulus attacked the Indians. (There have been smaller riots, but these were demonstrations rather than actual riots.)

I'll conclude by trying to straighten out a few misconceptions. Most Americans tend to compare the SA racial situation to that of the US, but such a comparison can be very misleading, because:

(A) The Africans do not in the slightest resemble the American Negroes because they are not Westernized. Your Negroes and our Cape Coloureds share the western civilization with their respective white neighbors, but the Africans don't. The tribal traditions can be very strong.

(B) The American Negroes have no other home than America, while almost half the Africans still live in their traditional tribal homelands.

(C) The white and coloured Americans form a single nation, while the Afrikaners and the Africans each have their own nationalism, and form two separate nations.

(D) The reason why most Afrikaners won't give Africans the vote is not racial prejudice. (The Afrikaners are racially prejudiced, but not as badly as the average (Nothern) white American.) The point is that if the Afrikaners give the Africans the vote, they will lose their own independence. The Afrikaners fought for self government for 200 years, against first the Dutch and then the British, and now that they've got it, they're not going to give it up. My closest friend, herself an Afrikaner (though thoroughly detribalized), said to me last week, "The Nats are positively evil; they don't want to hurt anybody; their one not real aim is to preserve the Afrikaner nation, and for that they will do absolutely anything; they think the end justifies the means."

Any solution to the South African racial problem will somehow have to preserve Afrikaner self-government.

-- Roger

\* \* \* \* \*

Thanks to all my contributors for allowing me to print their fine work.

Thanks also to Father Joseph Woods for giving me the use of the mimeo at the Catholic Student Center here.

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Cast a cold eye

On life, on death.

Horseman, pass by!

.....WBV



# MUCH ADO ABOUT SOMETHING

by Tom Dupree

The erstwhile editor of CLARGES and I have been exchanging letters for about a month, and the text for reference in the article is taken from a letter by Lon, dated May 2, '65. Quote:

"Trufans just don't go to sf (or so-called sf) movies."

\*(( Written half in jest: on the lines of "trufans don't read sf".-ed))

Well, all right. So trufans don't go to sf movies. Then I relinquish any right to call myself a trufan. Because I go to sf movies and love them.

I'll grant Lon's point about trufans not going to so-called sf movies. I saw a film on tv the other nite called THE UNKNOWN TERROR (20th Fox, 1957) . It dealt with a wierd kind of fungus which slid down from cave walls onto our hapless heroes, notably John Howard, Mala Powers and Paul Richards.

The point I'm trying to make is that this grade-Z picture hung on to the loose guise of sf by clinging to the scientific aspect of experimenting with fungus. The pic was not a total loss; the spelunking scenes included were tastefully done and quite suspenseful. But the total impact was lost when ridiculously improbable things happened to impossible people. This is a "so-called" sf movie.

I can think of another example of a "so-called" sf movie. Back in 1958 UA made a film called IT--THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE. The title alone conveys something of what the picture was like, but a clever advertising gimmick was used on posters and lobbies to give it that sf aspect. I've a poster right here: this is what it says: "\$50,00 GUARANTEE! BY A WORLD-RENOWNED INSURANCE COMPANY TO THE FIRST PERSON WHO CAN PROVE 'IT' IS NOT ON MARS NOW!" Of course, the only way to do that would be to make a trip to Mars, so the producers were saved from paying -- but patrons were impressed that they would stick \$50,000 worth of neck out behind the credibility of the film. The pic stunk, to be lenient. But it got people into the theatre. And it was from filix like these that most people -- including most fans -- get the idea that science fiction movies are all terrible, and trufans should not be caught within a mile of any sf pic. I'm not deriding Lon himself; there are many others who share his views exactly, and among fans I would guess that I am in the minority. But these are the facts: knocking every sf picture that comes along is like dismissing all sf as "that crazy Buck Rogers stuff" --- and you know what a Sin that is. It's a perfect analogy; people see/read one type of film/book and immediately classify all other films/books in that category. But we've looked only at the "so-called" sf films now. Lets look at some real goodies: the real science fiction movies.

Science fiction and fantasy lends itself to films more than any other genre. George Melies, inventor of most of the great special effects techniques used in Hollywood today, found out that out when he first experimented with stop-motion photography and animation. This is the reason one of his earliest trick films was A TRIP TO THE MOON. You can do impossible things on celluloid, and can create an illusion of monstrous proportions with realistic effects unachievable on the stage. And for years Hollywood has been grinding out space operas, good and bad. I personally feel that fantasy more than science fiction is most admirably portrayed on the screen. One of the recent fantasy hits that you will remember is 1964's THE SEVEN FACES OF DR. LAO, starring Tony Randall. this film was produced by Mr. George Pal, who introduced many special effects innovations, most notable being his Puppets, which consist of stop-motion photography of solid puppets, thus making a "three dimensional" cartoon. Pal also produced WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, THE WAR OF THE WORLDS, ATLANTIS: THE LOST CONTINENT, THE TIME MACHINE, AND the recent THE POWER, soon to be making the theatre circuit. Also strong on the special effects scene is Ray Harryhausen, who invented Dynamation, a brand-new animation process. He was responsible for 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH, THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND, and many other fantasy films. The fantasy film is a living, profitable branch of filmdom, and there is no need to dismiss all of them as being terrible.

The horror fantasy is also very big. Don't get me wrong; when I say "horror fantasy" I don't mean SON OF THE SECOND COUSIN OF FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER'S HOUSE CAT -- take a film which has some sort of wierd, dreamy quality. One of my favorites has always been THE MASK, a film which every fan of the off-beat should see at one time or another. This film has just enough of the strange and unknown to keep the viewer on the edge of his seat all the way thru, and the three-dimensional technique is certainly not detracting from the effect. It is a shame that 3-D has been discontinued in films; it was an interesting way to see a movie.

Space opers? There have been some good ones. RIDERS TO THE STARS. DESTINATION: MOON (George Pal again -- everything from a Woody Woodpecker cartoon to an actual blastoff was used to make this the most realistic portrayal of a moon shot that has ever left Hollywood). THE QUARTER-MASS EXPERIMENT, in which a BEM from space gradually takes hold of a human, turning him into the slimiest, silliest mass of protoplasm you've ever seen -- but it was good, and you didn't laff when the BEM appeared. There are many more.

No -- deride a film that you've seen if you must; point out its weak points; show the entire world of fans how the Stupid Imbeciles in Hollywood have torn up sf. But please, please don't group the whole sfilm field into one big "pfft". And trufans -- just stay away from the movie theatre in the first place!

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When the Russian designer Nikita Diorski "created" the sack dress in 2772, it set the entire fashion world trilling in joy. The sack dress captured the combined imaginations of fashion designers like nothing else had in generations. Through all the glory Nikita Diorski (after modestly extolling his own great genius) would praise the Communist system as having produced this marvelous work of art. The "Communist sack dress" became a powerful propaganda tool in Russian hands. Only a few historians realized that the sack had existed before.

It remained for Ferdinand Fakeoff, bored to distraction by the bombastic Diorski, to puncture the "Communist sack dress" myth at a cocktail party given by the President. Being asked by Diorski what he thought of Diorski's genius, Fakeoff replied: "Very little. Why even centuries ago man knew about the red shift."



# THE STORE OF HEART'S DESIRE

The closest parking place that day was six blocks away from the used book store. I got out, fed the meter and glanced down the unfamiliar side street. Faded almost away, the sign on a small shop read, "FANZINE SUPPLIES". I stopped, utterly becrogled to find the likes of this little shop in Durham, North Carolina.

Suspiciously I approached the place and peered in through grimy windows. Ten feet inside a narrow counter ran across the store, and behind the counter dropped a dark grey curtain. I went in. On the counter were an old National cash register and a bell.

In answer to the bell a little, balding man in a shabby vest popped through the curtain. Peering at me through steel-rimmed glasses he exclaimed in a thin voice, "Ah, at last! They come so seldom nowadays..... But what can I do for you?"

"You sell fanzine supplies?"

"Oh, yes. Yes. Everything."

"Like what?"

"Well....Enchanted Duplicators and Instant BNF-Hoods, to name our most prestigious items. But they're in an extremely high price range. Just what did you have in mind?"

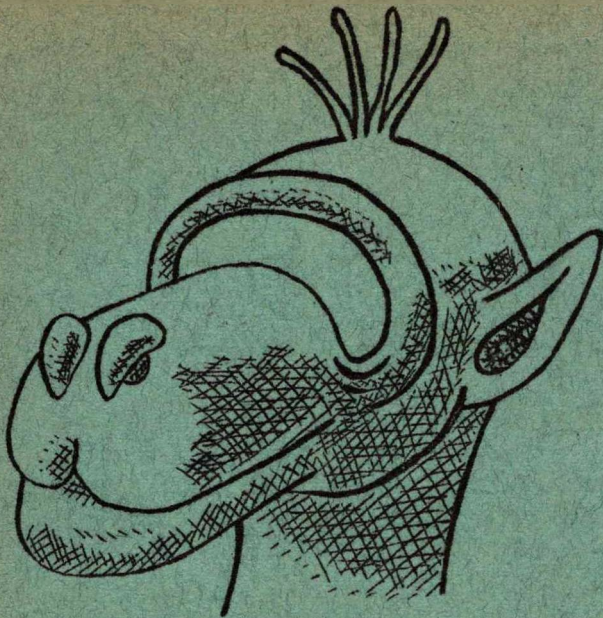
"All I need now are stencils.... Some paper, too. I sure can't afford a mimeo or anything very expensive, for that matter."

"Excellent! Stencils are our fastest moving item. One type in particular we are famous for -- the pre-typed stencil!"

"Pre. Typed. Stencil."

"Oh, yes. Yes. Let me show you some!" And he vanished through the curtain before I could even draw a breath to speak. As the curtains were flapping back together I considered leaving. After all, this fellow was either crazy, or...or...incredibly, for real. Quickly I rejected fleeing -- this would probably make good material for a fanzine article. A faned's instincts took over.

"Here's a selection," he said, popping back into view and slapping down a thick stack of stencils on the counter in front of me. He beamed up at me and launched into his spiel, all the while caressing the stencils lovingly.



REG  
811

"Our cheapest is the pre-typed crudzine stencil for 45¢. But a man of your obvious fine taste wouldn't want these. \*((Alright, you stupid clod fans, that's a quote; so don't make any wisecracks! --ed.))\*

"Perhaps you would like the Super Elite Fapan model, with seven distinct styles of interlineations; one to suit every personality. These PT's (for pre-typed) come with an attractive format -- margins neither too wide or too narrow; neat, tasteful illustrations. A warm, yet sophisticated tone permeates each and every stencil.

"They come at the incredibly low price of only \$9.55 per stencil. How many would you like, sir?"

"Uhh, that's a little steep. What do you have that's less expensive? ...And how do these things work anyway?"

Well, it seemed from his spiel (and I'd set off a long one) that pre-typed stencils were just that -- stencils with fannish writings already typed on them by "a staff of expert's". The purpose is to allow the hurried faned to have more free time "to read stf and to engage in other activities". Or, in some cases, "to somewhat bolster the quality of the fanzine in question". The cheaper models had blanks for the zine name and colophon, and blank lino spaces. The most expensive were custom tailored to a particular faned -- the entire zine being pretyped.

These PT stencils could be found suitable for any apa (even the Cult) or any style genzine -- even classy one-shots were available. Mailing comments for apazines were handled thusly: stencils came with from one to eight MC'S, each skillfully written so as to never refer to the content of the zine being talked about. These could be pieced together to cover an entire mailing -- the name of each zine included being typed in.

Wondering, I asked why they just didn't print up fanzines and sell them completed.

"Please, sir!!" he hissed indignantly. "We have our integrity!"

"Sorry, just wondered. Uh, let me see your medium priced genzine PT's, please."

Twenty minutes later I had selecter ten PT stencils, and the old man was wrapping them. Although I had been swept into the spirit of the shop, and had been proceeding as if it were a mundane occurance, I was still tingling with curiosity. The old man had avoided my early questions as to the origin of the shop with such smooth skill that I despaired of ever discovering anything except prices and descriptions of articles for sale. Now I decided to try again.

"Who shall I make my check to?" I asked.

Up bobbed his head, and his eyes struck like cobras. "No checks!" Then he slipped back into character and smiled. "I'm sorry, but we only do a cash business. I'm sure you'll understand."

A gambit had failed. I searched out the required amount and laid it on the counter. As he rang up the cash register I inquired, "How long have you been in this location?"

"Not long," he replied. Then he ceased wrapping, looked at me thoughtfully and glanced at something beneath the counter. After a minute he looked up and asked, "How do you regard fandom, my good man? Are you one of those who calls it just a gd hobby?"

Suspecting a trap but sensing that I'd best not delay, I responded, "I suppose I'd be closer to FIAWOL, but that doesn't quite express my feelings. Now that I'm somewhat into fandom I see that it's a thing I'd not sluff lightly at all; but neither would I let it completely dominate my life. A mind with but a single focus soon grows rigid, and therefore fragile. I try to maintain about four roughly equal interests. These are rather intense interests, tho."

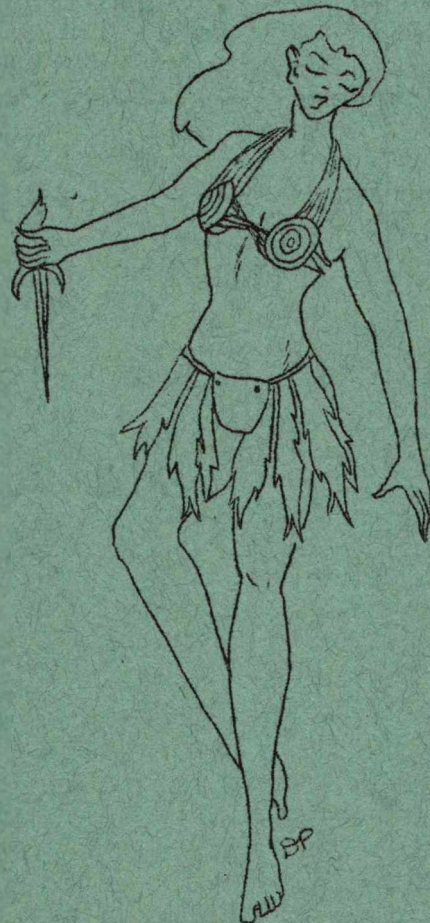
"Hmmm... I think you qualify. Your statement rather confirms the instruments. Would you agree to take a test for seeds of Trufandom? If you pass you will be put on the mailing list of the Shop. But failure means loss of all contact with us. What do you say?"

"Just what does this test involve?"

"Oh, nothing dangerous. Come on around and into the back." He indicated a passageway at the far end of the counter.

Slowly, but not intending to back out now that I seemed close to some explanations, I walked around the counter and followed him through the grey curtains. The room we entered was huge and dimly lit -- it reminded me of a football field in foggy twilight: I could sense the open space surrounding me, but could only see clearly for a few yards.

Now we had reached a low table with a battered mimeo on it. The old man took what looked like an ordinary light meter out of a pocket and told me to take hold of the mimeo's crank. When I had, he suddenly threw up one arm. The light vanished completely and I heard his voice, strangely amplified, ordering me to turn the crank. Like an automaton I obeyed.



All around the mimeo and me a very faint golden nimbus had sprung up to weakly illuminate the area. Deep shadows gave the old man a ghastly mask as he aimed the light meter at me.

Then it was twilight again and the old man was grumping, "Huh! Bare minimum. But I suppose I have to pass you.....Fans just aren't what they used to be!"

Back in the front room I got a desultory barrage of facts and opinions about the Shop. "Never stay in one spot more than a day. Always on the go. I have to cover the whole South -- not like those lucky fools with the L.A. territory. Two Shops for nothing but Los Angeles and I'm stuck with thousands of square miles to cover!" And so on for twenty minutes. Now that I'd passed his test he'd dropped the suave, sales bit and was really sounding off-- as if he didn't get to talk freely very often. I'll spare you the details. The essence was this: spending only one day per street address, the Shop somehow skipped about the South, visiting all towns of requisite size. Fans who qualified by possessing the "seeds of Trufandom" or Trufandom itself, were placed on the mailing list after they had found the Shop and made a purchase. Apparently they would then be contacted by the Shop when it was in their neighborhood.

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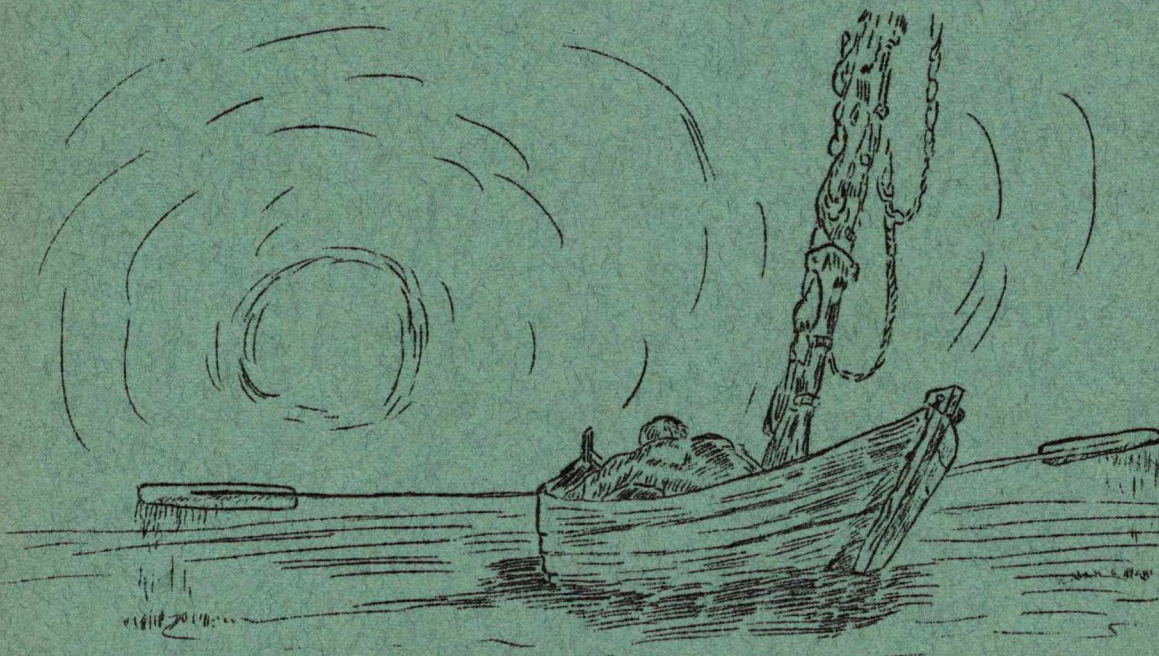
The above was written almost two months ago: several weeks after the events described. Yesterday in my mailbox was a small white card with a Durham address and a date on it. There was no postmark, nor stamp, on the card. Today the card has vanished.....perhaps I misplaced it.

Fortunately I remember the card's contents. On the appointed day I intend to be there. I can think of a lot of those "fanzine supplies" that I could sure use.

---

There is nothing more frightful than a bustling ignorance.  
---Goethe

---



NO WIND

Rot

# -GLARK DAYS-

Reminiscence by Seth Johnson

\* \* \* \* \*

It's a bit odd to think back to the 1920's when I more or less discovered Science Fiction from age ten to sixteen. Guess I must have been sixteen at the time Gernsback decided to publish AMAZING STORIES. I think I'll just reminisce on pre-AMAZING sf.

Probably the very first sf I read was Jules Verne's 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea. After reading that I got all the Verne books available at the local library and ploughed through them in a week or ten days. Also around this time I got hold of some of the Tom Swift books, which were even more to my liking; and started reading fiction written by spiritualists. I especially remember one book which described "Spirit" exploring the moon after release from the earthly body.

Then I came across the ERB series. At first, Tarzan (which was not sf in any sense of the word, although I suppose it could be classified as fantasy all right). It was only when seeking more Tarzan books at the library that I ran into Gods of Mars. And from then to this day I've been hooked as a reader of Science Fiction.

About this time Hugo Gernsback caught my attention in POPULAR ELECTRONICS or some such magazine with serial stories by Ray Cummings and others. I can't even recall the title of the story that fascinated me so, but it concerned Venusians invading earth and an earthman being spirited off to Venus by the Venusian opposition and then all sorts of cliff-hangers on Venus --- and a love story in the bargain.

Then I discovered ARGOSY ALL STORY WEEKLY with its really top-notch fantasy and Science Fiction, along with all other kinds of fiction for that matter. They used to start a new serial every week and conclude one every week, and carried something like four of them at the time along with a novelette, three or four short stories and a readers' department. Most of the stuff that appeared much later in FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES was reprinted from these pages, by the way. Even today stories like The Moon Pool, Face in the Abyss, Seven Footprints to Satan and Dwellers in the Mirage make good reading, even to the most sophisticated fan connoisseurs. Mostly cliff-hangers, of course, but at the same time fascinating reading.

Another mag which had a good deal of sf in those days was BLUE BOOK. They printed some ERB and other top authors of the day, but were primarily a male adventure mag.

Some of the authors of that day whom I personally wish had kept on writing sf are Hyatt Verrill, Stanton Coblenz and a few others. I suppose they would seem odd and different to the modern sophisticated


reader, but to me they represent something that somehow is lacking in modern sf.

What more is there to say of that era. The magic is no doubt in the eye of the beholder, for I know from past experience that the modern reader does not get the reaction that I got and still get merely from contemplating the stories and authors of that time.

----- Seth Johnson

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A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts. --- HWL  
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LACTIVIT

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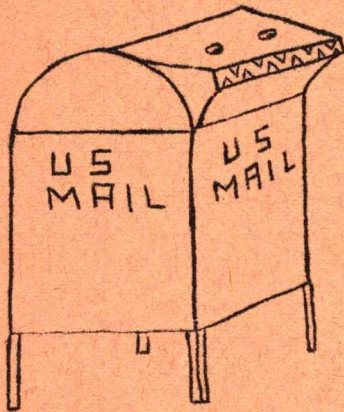
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President Abraham Lincoln  
Washington, D.C.

We have just captured six cows. What shall we do with them?  
George B. McClellan

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SOME OBSERVATIONS AND A QUESTION

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Shown to the left is a sketch of a strange beast I have recently observed on the corner near my apartment. A week ago I was overjoyed to find a mailbox newly installed close by, apparently overnight. When approaching it that afternoon to mail a batch of letters, I noticed a subtle gleam of teeth in the mailchute. Then I espied a beady eye watching me from the top of the "mailbox". Showing no surprise, I walked on past the "box" as if taking exercise. Returning to my apartment some minutes later, I instituted a regular observation of the creature with the idea of discovering thereby its nature and habits. I was certain that the beast was there for no good.

I soon established that no mail pick-ups were made by the Post Office. All mail deposited into the "mailbox" remained there, apparently indefinitely. I estimate the daily input of mail to average twenty two letters, three third class envelopes (large brown) and one package. This should be sufficient to overflow the mailbox eventually, so with patience my vigil should be rewarded if an anomalous occurrence takes during the day. At night, unfortunately, no light bears on the creature and thus I am unable to observe more than a dark shape.

I believe, however, that the strange beast consumes the mail deposited, and that this is its source of nourishment. No facts observed so far clash with this theory, and therefore I offer it as an explanation of one facet of the creature's existence. This could explain the occasional lapses in fanish communication -- the letters and fanzines being devoured by these pseudomailboxes. In view of my discovery, I urge all fans to only deposit mail at the Post Office building itself in the future.

Of late, a morbid speculation has entered my mind and persisted to bother me. These "mailbox" creatures must occasionally nearly starve, as some localities must prove very poor in posted mail, or periods of few letters must occur. Would not the sudden appearance before a famished pseudomailbox of a hurried faned present an overwhelming temptation if the incident took place in the dark night in an isolated region? Those teeth I saw were sharp, and the creature is doubtless omnivorous. Could this explain certain sudden and complete gaffiations of the past?

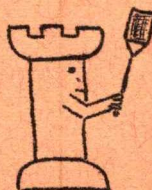
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General George B. McClellan  
Army of the Potomac

As to the six cows captured -- milk them.

A. Lincoln

---



B L E A K P O R T E N T .

When Autumn's wheeze is heard throughout the land  
And little coughs of wind unloose the leaves  
When, like denuded corpses, trees must stand  
While numbing frost through forest interweaves  
When Summer's sigh is but an echo old  
And Nature's murmuring sounds a deeper note  
When radiant solar light turns pale and cold  
And russet shades have dappled earth's green coat  
A promise of some greater threat in store  
Repeats itself in Winter's icy breath  
So that the thoughts of men turn inward, sore,  
And dwell upon the chilling rite of death.  
The yearly cycles show as in a glass,  
Each age of man reflected, as they pass.

.....Elinor Poland



B L I T H E   P R O M I S E

When Springtime's call bestirs the sleeping earth  
And gentle breaths of wind turn frost to dew  
When tight-red buds on trees to leaves give birth  
While birds return to nest and mate anew  
When Winter's pain is but a fading thought  
And Nature's muted waking notes oft sound  
When forest glades in shining gold are wrought  
And emerald-green bejewels all the ground  
A pledging of more beauteous trove in store  
Repeats itself in Summer's honeyed cues  
So that the dreams of men break free and soar  
And verdant hope transmutes the deathly hues  
The yearly rite of Spring brings joy to Man  
And with its magic lengthens life's brief span.

.....Elinor Poland

# LETTERS FROM ROGER CLEGG

## of SOUTH AFRICA

"By the way, I have a series of letters here from Roger Clegg of South Africa. In them he goes into great detail on South African politics, culture, Mau Mau and a lot of other things which might possibly be of interest..."

When Seth Johnson wrote me the above and offered those letters for publication I responded quickly to ask for them and to thank Seth. Today they arrived and are fascinating reading. Dig in!

I

Dear Seth,

Thanks very much for your letter. It's very pleasant to get a letter as long as that, but please don't feel that because I write two air-letters, so must you. As you pointed out, your letters are bigger than ours. (They're also 3¢ cheaper.) My letters will probably get shorter after I get through with explaining Apartheid, etc.

'Kaffir' means roughly the same as 'Bantu': it refers to a group of African tribes in Southern Africa -- including the Zulus among others. 'Kaffir' has unfortunately for some reason become a derogatory word -- it's like "nigger" in the U.S. -- and the Africans don't like to be called "Bantu" either, chiefly I imagine because the Government calls them Bantu.

I'd never realized that American negroes resented being called negroes and wanted to be called "coloured". Some of our Cape Coloureds have now started to resent being called "Coloured". I'm afraid racial names will never be satisfactory to everybody.

You remark that the social condition of the American negro varies, and go on to elaborate. But that's what I meant when comparing the Cape Coloureds to the Negroes. Almost all your description of the negroes would apply equally well to the Cape Coloured -- except that I'm not sure whether there are any Cape Coloured lawyers.

No, of course not all labourers work in the gold mines. The mines employ about half a million, I think, and the railways rather more. But Africans are employed almost everywhere.

The idea of driving from the U.S. to S.A. via South America doesn't look very practicable to me. Buenos Aires is 4270 miles from Cape Town, and ships don't often go that way.

Good idea to give my letter to Bunia. Hand this one on too if you lik

I'm afraid I can't tell you anything about sleeping sickness, and whether there's a cure for it. At any rate, we don't get it here.

You wonder how the Africans manage to breed. Well, I didn't mean to give the impression that there weren't any African women in the urban townships. There are a lot. As for the women in the reserves ((Bantu "homelands"--ed.)) with husbands in the cities -- well, the men go home for a holiday occasionally. Anyway, the Africans manage to breed quite prolifically. They don't generally interbreed with the Cape Coloured.

You don't seem to realize that the Mau Mau was a purely Kenyan organization, and now that Kenya's independent, there'd be no point in starting it again.

About Rhodesia, I might remark that the present constitution was originally accepted by the leader of the African nationalists, so it can't be particularly unjust. Britain took a great deal of time and trouble to draw up a constitution acceptable to all parties, and the whites are very bitter about the nationalists' subsequently changing their minds and starting a violent campaign for immediate power.

I don't want to give the impression that I hold any brief for Salazar's regime. But it's a fairly mild dictatorship, and it's not racialist. Neither can be said about the regime the Angolan rebels would set up; they've made some extremely racialist statements. However, I'd support the Mozambique rebels if they're no worse than Salazar; I don't know much about them; so far they've achieved nothing whatever.

The S.A. road system is unique in Africa. Rhodesia is the only other country with a significant number of cars, and the Rhodesian roads are still generally terrible, though in the rest of Africa they're a good deal worse.

The S.A. whites have a very high rate of car ownership -- almost as high as in California -- but most Cape Coloureds still don't own cars, and very few Africans do. But even the Africans have a far higher car ownership rate than any other Africans or Asians, and more than ten times as high as the Russians.

I was interested in your account of long-distance U.S. trains. I'd been under the impression that long-distance trains had declined because of competition from the airlines. Locally the trains are just holding their own because of low fares, but South African Airways are getting all the new business. The railways are in fact losing a packet on their passenger traffic (in common with U.S. railways, I believe), but nevertheless have a fat annual surplus because they're government-owned, and the government protects them by banning inter-city trucking. (I don't normally approve of government interference in the economy, but I support the ban because it saves the taxpayer a lot of money by enabling the railways to make a fat profit -- and it saves money on road construction.)

In Cape Town, by the way, South African Railways is actually building more suburban tracks, which I think is very noble of them considering how much money they're losing on suburban traffic. They are also just completing a new central station which will be able to handle more than a million people a day. (Present traffic is nothing like a million.

Now about sf authors: I agree with you in liking Anderson, Kornbluth, Tenn, Simak, Pohl and DeCamp. In fact the first three mentioned should go into the "top ten" if there's room for them. E.E. Smith is a grand old man, but I find his stories too dated to honestly put him among my favorites. Heinlein puzzles me. How could he write "Coventry" in praise of liberalism, and then "Statship Troopers" in praise of militarism?

"The Alien Way" sounds a good story. Who wrote it and who publishes it? (( Gordon Dickson and Bantam --ed.))

-----

Now to get onto that discussion of Apartheid I promised you. I think I better start by describing the political setup.

South Africa has four provinces, and each has a provincial council, but it is not a federation because the central government delegates powers to the provinces rather than vice-versa.

Until 1930 the Cape Province had a non-racial franchise based on a property qualification, and the other provinces gave the vote to all whites and to no non-whites. Since 1930 the situation has got worse. At present the Africans have no representation in Parliament, and the Cape Coloureds have four MP's (who must be white themselves). The Indians are also not represented.

The major political parties are:

- (1) The Nationalist Party, which has been in power since 1948, and has 106 MP's (Members of Parliament). It has the support of 55% of the whites, including the great majority of the Afrikaners. It's aims have been (1) to make S.A. a republic, and (2) to keep the Kaffirs in their place. The first aim was achieved in 1961, and the second aim is no longer heard about. It would not be far off the mark to describe the Nationalist Party as neo-fascist. Certainly many of its leaders supported the Nazis during the war, and the Party Constitution, drawn up in 1941 in the expectation of a Nazi victory, is a thoroughly fascist document. The Nationalists ("those bloody Nats", as they're called in opposition circles) claim that they now believe in democracy, but you'll notice that it's a rather weird sort of "democracy", and furthermore I suspect that they only believe in "democracy" because they happen to be securely in power. Until recently, at least, the Nats had hardly any support from the English speakers, but now that the republic issue is settled at last, the traditional hostility between the Afrikaner nationalists and the English-speakers is dying down, and the Nats are attracting some English support. The leader of the Nationalist Party is the Prime Minister, Dr. Verwoerd (pronounced roughly Fair-voo-ert).
- (2) The United Party, which has 49 MP's. It has the support of 35% of the whites and perhaps a third of the Cape Coloureds, but no African support. It has a deliberately vague policy, but for a start will give the vote to the Cape Coloureds, perhaps with an education or property qualification, in place of their separate representatives, and will give the Africans eight representatives in Parliament. It has been steadily losing support for thirty years.
- (3) The Progressive Party, which has one MP. It has the support of 10% of the whites, perhaps 60% of the Cape Coloureds and perhaps 10% of the politically-conscious Africans. It wants a non-racial fran-

chise based on an education or property qualification, and a rigid federal constitution limiting the powers of the central government, with a Bill of Rights. I support the Progressive Party. It will probably lose its MP in next years elections, but has a good chance of winning the four Cape Coloured seats.

- (4) The Liberal Party, which has no MP's. It has the support of one or two percent of the whites, perhaps 5% of the Cape Coloureds, and perhaps 10% of the politically conscious Africans. It wants immediate universal suffrage. The government strongly disapproves of it, but so far has not banned it. The next two parties have been banned.
- (5) The African National Congress (ANC) was banned in 1959 and now has headquarters in London. It is an orthodox African nationalist party. Its leader is (or was) Chief Albert Luthuli, who was awarded the 1960 Nobel Peace Prize. Luthuli is a good man, but the party is heavily infiltrated with communists, and if it ever got into power, the communists would probably take over.
- (6) The Pan-Africanist Congress (PAC) is another orthodox African nationalist party, and was also banned in 1959 and has headquarters in London. The PAC is anti-communist. Its leaders have made some racist statements, but it has at least one white member, so perhaps the statements can be ignored. The PAC and ANC are on very bad terms. It's not known how much African support they have or how it's divided between them.

I think it's safe to say that if either ANC or PAC got into power, S.A. would follow nearly every other African state in becoming a dictatorship or at least a one-party state. And 99% of the whites are united in saying: "It's not going to happen here." It's all very well for the Africans to impose dictatorships on themselves, but they're not going to impose one on us. The Nats may be neo-fascist, but at least they allow opposition parties and an opposition press (a highly vocal press, incidentally, which is very rude to the government). Furthermore, in most of Africa the nationalists have messed up their countries' economics, although the economics were usually very primitive; so God knows what they'd do to an advanced economy like S.A.'s.

I've seen comments by foreigners saying that the S.A. government seems to think that the revolution in Africa will pass it by. This is very far from the truth. What ever one thinks of Verwoerd, it has to be admitted that he's an extremely intelligent man. The Nat politicians are of a far higher calibre than their equivalents in the U.S. South. (( And just how the Hell do you know what Southern politicians are like? Have you lived there and known them personally? I think not. In your second letter you complain bitterly about the bias of the world's press against South Africa. Don't you realize that this same bias is turned against the American South for the same reasons. The good men (and they are the vast majority) in Southern politics are indiscriminately tarred with same brush as the bigots. --ed.))  
You'll never hear a Nat politician saying that the Bantu are in any way inferior to the whites. (Although they might be racialisists in private.) In fact, the most racist statement I can ever remember Verwoerd making was, "I have nothing against the Bantu, but I don't want to be governed by them." ((You might ask St. Verwoerd, "Why not?", and watch the two clauses in his statement clash. --ed.))

The aim of the Nationalist party is to preserve white rule in South Africa indefinitely, and it intends to do this by means of apartheid (pronounced apart-hate), or, as it now calls the policy, "separate freedoms". Apartheid is not simply racial segregation a la Mississippi: it is a far more radical policy. Put as briefly as possible, the reserves ( or "Bantu Homelands", as the government calls them) are to be given independence. All the Africans in South Africa will then be foreign migrant labourers, so the S.A. Government will be justified in denying them the vote.

The reasoning behind this policy is as follows:

- (1) As soon as you give the Africans any representation at all in Parliament, you're on the road to black domination, because the Africans are never satisfied until they've got "one man, one vote". The recent history of Africa proves this. Even if you get the Africans to accept a compromise, they soon repudiate it and start a violent campaign for more concessions. (It must be admitted that there's a good deal of truth in this. Look at Rhodesia, for example.)
- (2) On the other hand, the Africans quite rightly want to govern themselves, and it would be morally wrong for the S.A. government to deny them this right. In any case, in this day and age one



race can't keep another in subjection indefinitely.

- (3) So each Bantu tribe must be given independence in the area which it originally held, before the migration to the cities began. Three of these tribes ( the Bechuanasn Basutos and Swazis) will be getting independence anyway, because their homelands are British protectorates, and Britain is giving them independence. The S.A. Government proposes to follow suit by giving independence to Zululand, Tswanaland, the Transkei, etc, which up to now have been part of South Africa. If these new countries wish to enter into any economic agreements with S.A. (for example, a common market), they will be welcome to do so.

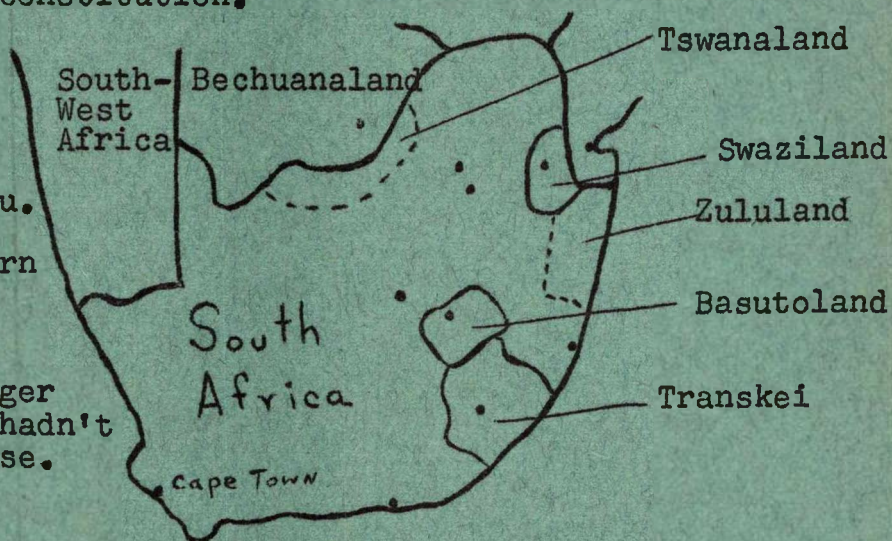
Okay, Seth, now I've answered the first part of your question by telling you what apartheid is, as it would be put by a Nat propagandist. Now I'd better describe how far the policy has got so far.

The Transkei, which is the homeland of the Xhosas, was given limited self-government in 1963 under a constitution which provides for a parliament of which rather over half the members are chiefs and the other members are elected on the basis of "one Xhosa, one vote". Almost half the votes were postal votes by Xhosas living outside the Transkei. Most of the Xhosa chiefs support the S.A. Government because it upholds their traditional authority. Consequently the majority party in the Transkei Parliament is the pro-apartheid Transkei National Independence Party, led by the Chief Minister, Chief Kaiser Matanzima. But most of the elective seats were won by the opposition Democratic Party, led by Paramount Chief Victor Poto. The Democratic Party wants a democratic non-racial constitution. The Transkei situation is fairly hopeful: There is a working two-party system; the Democratic Party has a fair chance of getting into power some time; and the TNIP, although pro-apartheid, is not particularly subservient to the S.A. Government -- the first thing it did was kick out the old government-imposed education syllabus. The Transkei already has its own flag and national anthem, but how long it will take to get independence is anybody's guess.

The Government has announced that the next "Bantu Homeland" to get self-government will be Tswanaland, probably in a couple of years. At the moment Tswanaland is in several pieces, and the Government intends to buy up the intervening white farms and add them to Tswanaland. Zululand will probably be next on the list, but the Government will have a little trouble there, because (a) Zululand is so fragmentary that buying up the intervening farms would cost the earth, and (b) most Zulu chiefs are anti-apartheid, so the Nats will probably have to give Zululand a democratic non-racial constitution.

Except sometimes for Zululand, the reserves are not marked on atlases, so I've drawn a rough map to help you. The other reserves are all in the north-eastern part of the country, particularly north of Pretoria.

(( Dots are cities. Roger had named them, but I hadn't the space to do likewise. --ed.))



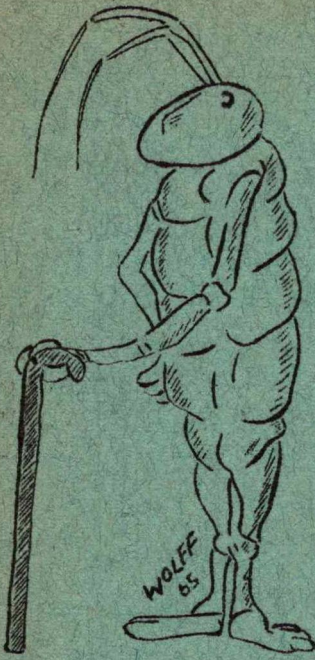
The objections to apartheid are:

- (1) Having the right to vote in elections of some "Homeland" several hundred miles away is no substitute for being deprived of your rights where you live. Many Africans were born in the cities and have never seen their "Homeland" in their lives. In essence, the "self-government" given the Africans is fraudulent. (The Nats might reply that if the self-government is fraudulent, the Xhosas don't seem to realize it. Most Xhosas living in S.A. voted in the Transkei elections.)

- (2) The reserves cover only 13% of S.A. -- 13% of the country for 70% of the population. (The Nat's reply to this is: "(a) Most of S.A. was settled originally by the Afrikaners, and the Bantu have no legitimate claim to it. It's not our fault that the Bantu population has grown so much. (b) Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Swaziland are economically part of S.A. (This is true. They don't even have their own currency.) Counting them as such, the Bantu have half the country, not 13%. In any case, the reserves are to be expanded before being given independence.")
- (3) The reserves are overpopulated as it is. They couldn't possibly accomodate all the Bantu. (The Nats reply: "Why should they be able to? In any case, Basutoland and Swaziland are in the same position. Basutoland, for example, couldn't possibly accomodate all the Basutos, but the Basutos don't complain about it.")
- (4) The independence promised the "Bantu Homelands" will be fraudulent, because economically they'll be completely dependent on S.A. Their economics will be based primarily on exporting labour to S.A. (The Nats reply that Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Swaziland are in exactly the same position (In the Basutoland elections nexth month, half the votes will be postal votes from Basutos working in S.A.), and nobody calls their independence "fraudulent". The Nats also have plans to make the situation more acceptable: they intend to set up industries next to the borders of the reserves, so the Bantu can live in their homelands and cross the border to work every day.)
- (5) What about the Cape Coloureds and Indians? No "homeland" is promised for them. (The Nats haven't really got an answer to this one. Their present policy for the Cape Coloureds (I don't know about the Indians) is to make the Cape Coloured areas of cities into separate municipalities, and give them a measure of self-government that way. The Cape Coloureds strongly oppose this plan, because at present the municipal franchise is non-racial. In Cape Town, for example, there are several Cape Coloured city councillors, and in addition the Cape Town City Council has always been unanimously and strongly anti-apartheid, and has done everything it could to protect the Cape Coloureds from government-imposed racial discrimination. The Cape Coloureds don't want their own municipalities.)

Now the second part of your question, Seth, was what I thought of Apartheid. Well, I think that objection (1) above is unanswerable. Apartheid is a fraud. I don't think the fact that the Xhosas voted in the Transkei elections can be taken to show that they accept Transkeian independence as a substitute for civil rights where they live. And the Africans are very much deprived of civil rights. They aren't allowed to form political organizations; and if they lose their job and don't find another job quickly, they can be sent back to their "homeland". In addition, they (and the Cape Coloureds and Indians) are subjected to innumerable petty sorts of racial segregation -- such idiocies as separate "white" and "non-white" doors to post officies, separate park benches, separate taxis (!) and buses with 20% "white" seats, 20% "non-white" seats and 60% integrated seats. The latest thing in this line is a ban on most racially mixed entertainments (unless you get a special permit) The University of Cape Town Students' Representative Council was refused a permit to hold mixed dances, and I'm glad to say has decided that rather than exclude non-white students, it will hold no dances at all.





The Cape Town City Council has been ordered to provide separate "white" and "non-white" seats at its orchestral concerts, and some councillors want to disband the orchestra rather than comply. At the moment it is simply ignoring the government order.

This sort of idiotic racial segregation is the product of sheer racial prejudice on the part of those bloody Nats -- not that they admit it, of course. It is particularly strongly resented in Cape Town, where it's regarded as the imposition of a foreign ideology. Cape Town has always been an easy-going city, and we've never had any racial tension, but if this sort of thing gets any worse we might get some racial tension. Even from the purely selfish viewpoint of preserving white government it doesn't make sense. Even some leading Nats have realized this, and have suggested that bridges should be built between the whites and the Cape Coloureds and Indians, so that the whites would have some support in a crisis. The Cape Coloureds have traditionally been accepted as part of the white community, but since 1948 the Nats have steadily and pig-headedly been alienating them. But even now they're much closer to the whites than to the Africans, and I think it's still possible that the Nats will suddenly reverse themselves, and forget their racial prejudice in the interests of white survival.

Oh, one thing I forgot to mention when saying that Africans can be sent back to their homelands if they lose their jobs: this sometimes results in the break-up of families -- and this is caused by a government which proudly calls itself "Christian".

Now, what's going to happen in South Africa? This is a very difficult question to answer, despite the fact that foreigners confidently predict a racial explosion. The fact is that, even if the majority of Africans wanted to revolt, which they don't, they couldn't revolt because they've got no leaders. The police have the situation well under control, and have no intention of letting any new leaders arise. The Government has no hesitation in using various arbitrary powers it's taken, which enable it to effectively remove anyone it likes from all politics.

I'll put down a number of points which have a bearing on the situation

- (1) The Nats will not be voted out of power.
- (2) There is (at present) no possibility of an African revolt.
- (3) The S.A. could not be overthrown except by a major war. If the UN decided to intervene, it couldn't be a Congo-type intervention. S.A. is a powerful nation with the technical capacity to make atomic bombs if necessary.
- (4) In any war the Afrikaners would fight to the last ditch. The English-speakers can always emigrate, but the Afrikaners have nowhere else to go. And the Afrikaners can fight hard: they held out for three years against the British Empire, although then their national survival was not at stake. Today it would be.

- (5) If "one man, one vote" was somehow impressed on S.A. by the UN, it would not produce racial peace. The Afrikaners would start a large-scale terrorist campaign for freedom from what they would regard as foreign domination. You must remember that the Afrikaners do not regard the Bantu as part of the South African nation.
- (6) South Africa is not susceptible to trade boycotts, with the exception of a full scale blockade. And any harm done to the S.A. economy would hit the Africans much harder than the whites.
- (7) It must not be supposed that all Africans are anti-apartheid. In the recent Swaziland elections, the African nationalist parties were completely wiped out. Conservative Africans favouring co-operation with the S.A. Government won every seat by a landslide.
- (8) Radio South Africa is broadcasting FM radio programmes in five African languages, and the Government is subsidizing the sale of cheap FM radio sets to the Africans. The point about FM is that, like TV, you can only pick up local stations. So the Africans will only be able to hear local government propaganda. There is at least some chance that the Government will gain some support this way among the urban Africans, and increase its support among the tribal Africans.
- (9) The Transkei Government should not be dismissed as a puppet of the S.A. Government. Kaiser Matanzima is a genuine if unorthodox African nationalist, and he'll try to get independence as soon as possible. It will be interesting to see what happens when the Transkei applies for admission to the UN. If the UN accepts the Transkei, it will in effect be endorsing the theory of apartheid; if the UN rejects the Transkei, it will embitter the Xhosas and hand a staunch ally to S.A. in any future trouble.
- (10) The standard of living of the S.A. Africans is by far the highest in Africa and is rising rapidly. They will soon be able to exert considerable economic pressure by means of trade boycotts, etc.
- (11) The "Bantu Homelands" will be economically completely dependent on S.A., but they will be able to exert some diplomatic pressure on S.A., because the S.A. Government will want very much to stay on good terms with them.
- (12) The present economic boom is the best thing that could possibly happen. The labour shortage caused by the boom has forced the S.A. Government to increase the wages it pays to labourers, since otherwise it couldn't attract workers. And the shortage of white workers has forced the Government to give to Africans jobs which were previously reserved for whites. So long as the labour shortage continues, African wages must continue to increase rapidly.

If I was told to guess the future course of events, I'd say that things will probably work out all right provided the S.A. Government gives some civil rights to the urban Africans. I think it's likely that combined diplomatic pressure from the "Bantu Homelands" and the UN. and

economic pressure from the Africans themselves, will force the Government to give some form of self-government to the urban African townships. Perhaps the townships could get municipal self-government under some sort of joint authority of S.A. and the Bantu Homelands. Perhaps we will wind up with some sort of loose confederation of "white S.A.", the "Bantu Homelands", and various semi-dependent sorts of urban African municipal authorities. And I think the combined economic and diplomatic pressures will force the S.A. Government to restore some civil rights to the Africans even in the "white" areas. Anyway, I may be an optimist, but I think things will work out all right.

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Footnote to my comments above on the recent ban on most racially mixed entertainments: Cartoon in the "Cape Times" this morning shows an official telling a bookmaker, "Only whites may back horses numbered 1 to 5. Horses 6 to 10 are for non-whites only." (Another recent cartoon showed Verwoerd proudly showing off an "apartheid piano": the white keys and the black keys were at opposite ends of the keyboard!)

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I'll try to get hold of "Uhuru".

S.A. does do some advertising for tourists. But we don't get many because we're a long way off, and distance costs money. But I quite agree with you that there is considerable potential for developing tourism in S.A.

Talking about the car-ownership rate here, I said that most non-whites didn't own cars. But I notice that even counting in the non-whites, we're not doing too badly. Cape Town has 200 vehicles for every 1000 inhabitants. This is the same as Great Britain, so presumably it's higher than every country in the world except for the U.S., Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Sweden.

"Lord Jim" was written by Conrad. And he shouldn't be lumped together with Rider Haggard and E.R. Burroughs.

The racial and psychological characteristics of the Xhosas? Well, I guess they're the same as the other Bantu tribes. (You can't tell the tribes apart unless you understand the Bantu languages, which I don't; the languages all sound alike to me.) Physically I'd say the Bantu tend to be slightly heavier and better-built than the average white. Psychologically they always seemed to me to be predominately cheerful and easy going, but I don't really know them well enough to say. If I remember my S.A. history rightly, the Xhosas were in the van of the African migration down the east coast of S.A. in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. In the 18th century they collided with the white migration going east at about what is now the western border of the Transkei. "Xhosa", by the way, is pronounced roughly "Cowsa".

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And that's all of the first letter, which came on four air letters and was written in tiny script. The second letter will appear next issue. It continues with more about South African politics and life in S.A. Roger expounds on his own political and philosophical beliefs. Remember to LOC or contribute so you won't miss part two.

# ON THE ROAD TO NF3

.....by SAM LONG

By the old Mo-ul-mien Slanshack, lookin' eastward to the sea,  
There's a trufemphan a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' me;  
For the wind is in the stencils, an' the typer bells, you see,  
Say: "Come back, you gafia truphan, come you back to NF3."

Come you back to NF3  
Where the 'leventh phandom be;  
Can't you 'ear their typers chunkin' from SFPA to NF3?  
On the road to NF3,  
Where the neos dance with glee,  
Where the mailin's they come reg'lar, an' we've got a good OE.

'Er petticut was yaller, an' 'er beanie cap was green,  
An' 'er name---it was Dolores--jes' the same as Jurgen's Queen.  
An' I seed her furst a-pubbin' on a mimeo black as soot,  
An' a-wastin' phannish kisses on an 'eathan idol's foot:

Bloomin' Idol 'o' egoboo--  
What they call the Great Ghawd Ghu--  
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I gave her some corflu!  
On the road to NF3---

When the mist was on the phanac an' the sun was droppin' slow,  
She'd git 'er little bagpipe an' she'd play "Kulla-lo-lo!"  
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er typer goin' thud,  
We uster watch the fakephans an' the neos pubbin' crud.

Neophans a-pubbin' crud  
In the sqidgy squdgy mud  
Where the repro is so awful that it chills a truphan's blood.  
On the road to NF3---

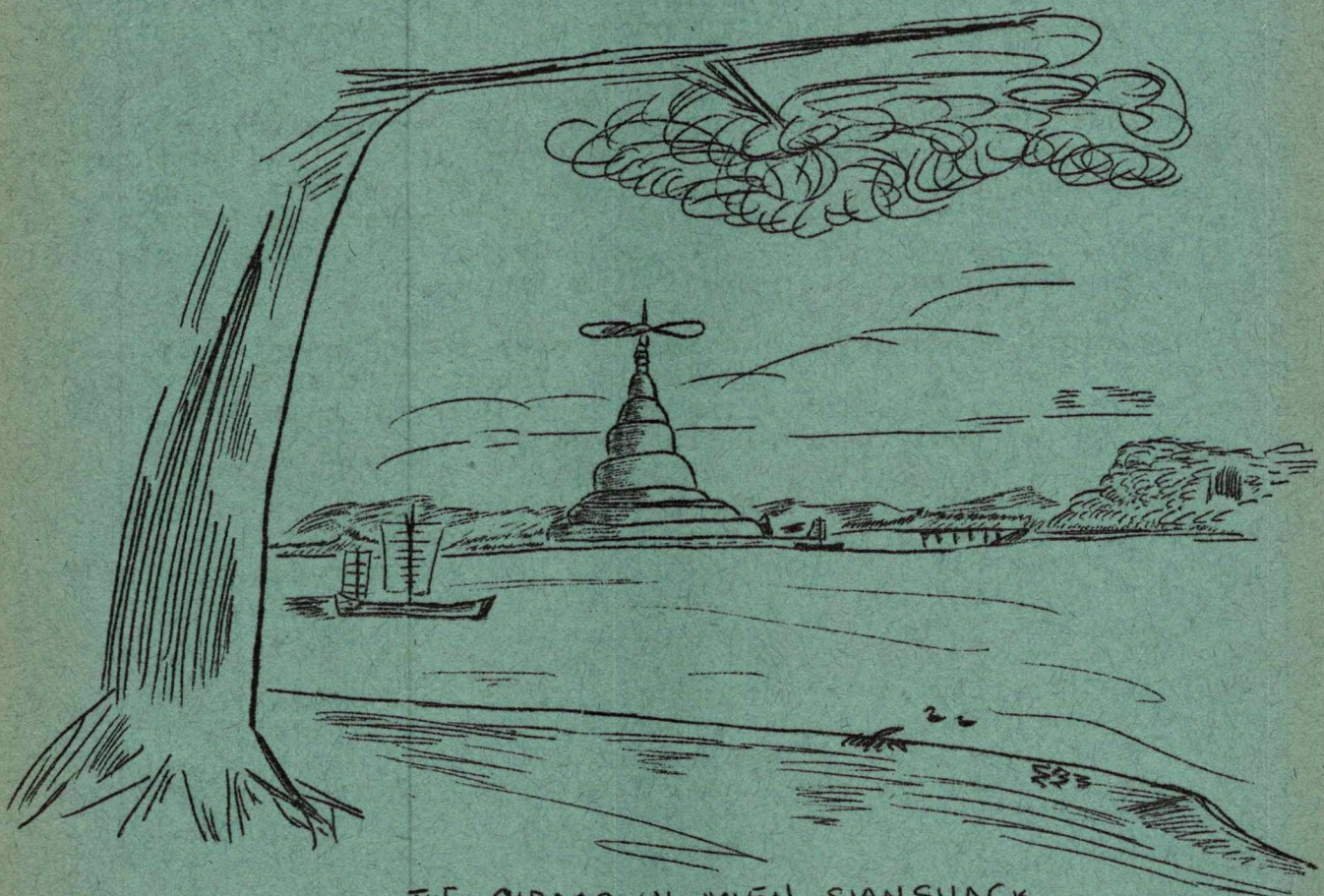
But all that is shove be'ind me--long ago and far from me,  
An' there ain't no busses runnin' from Mundane to NF3;  
An' I'm learnin' 'ear in CH what a ten-year truphan tells:  
"If you've 'eard phandom a-callin', why, you won't 'eed nothin' else  
No, you won't 'eed nothin' else  
But them spicy corflu smells  
An' the 'goboo an' the phanac an' the tinkly typer bells!  
On the road to NF3---

I'm sick o' wastin' money on these cruddy SF zines,  
An' the blasted CH drizzle causes me to be obscene.  
Tho I walks with fifty coeds outer Hill Hall 'ome from band,  
An' they talks a lot o' SF, but wot do they understand?

Pretty face an' body, an'  
Law! Wot do they understand?  
I've a neater sweeter femphan in a cleaner, greener land!  
On the road to NF3---

Ship me somewhere east of LA where the best is like the worst,  
An' there ain't no fen commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;  
For the typer-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be--  
By the old Mo-ul-mien Slanshack, doin' phanac by the sea---

On the road to NF3,  
Where the 'leventh phandom be,  
Readin' mailin's, doin' phanac, with a femphan next to me!  
On the road to NF3,  
Where the neos dance with glee,  
Where the mailin's they come reg'lar, an' we've got a good OE.



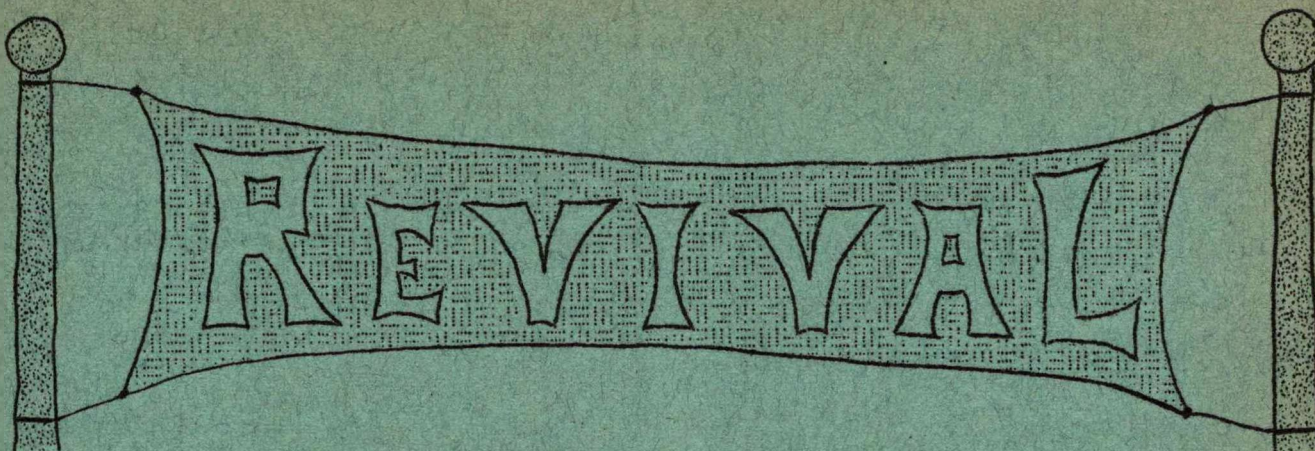
THE OLD MO-UL-MIEN SLANSHACK  
from across the Kor-phoo River

SAM

---

Life would be a perpetual flea hunt if a man were obliged to run down all the innuendoes, inveracities, insinuations and misrepresentations which are uttered against him.

.....HWB



# REVIVAL

.....by ~~ELMER GANTY~~ AL SCOTT

It's almost impossible to describe the kind of rich, steamy emotional scene a Billy Graham Evangelistic Revival is, but about the time I was thirteen years old I was a very real part of one -- perhaps too much a part of one.

The Graham people were holding a massive series of revivals in Charlotte at the Coliseum there. The Charlotte Coliseum had just recently been completed, and Charlotte was the city where Graham himself had been converted, therefore there was plenty of reason to make this a really big effort. The newspapers and radios, TV, etc. all played it up big and the churches went into a veritable frenzy.

My parents were very enthusiastic over it and constantly talked of how great a man Mr. Graham was and how important they thought the work he was doing was. They determined that they would take "the children" one night so we could hear him in person.

Now all this happened while I was in the sixth grade, which is very important. You see, I was in very bad shape that year -- my grades were falling for the first time in my life, I was just reaching some real self-awareness, and was in the middle of a serious emotional depression. My emotions made me a real set-up for what was coming.

I hadn't really wanted to go at all. My religious feelings at this time were a very serious matter between just me and God, and I had the idea of church being a real bore that did nothing at all except occasionally make me feel even worse than I already did. So when my parents finally announced that we were going to the Revival tonight, I felt terrible. But they were adamant, and knew that it would be "good for me".

The Coliseum was full that night and we sat midway up the right side of the balcony. The floor was filled out with chairs, and the Graham people had set themselves up at one end of the oval floor on a raised stand-podium backed up in the balcony behind by a gigantic choir made up of choirs from many local churches. The Coliseum was completely lighted and stayed that way throughout the service.

The proceedings began much like a regular church service might, with hymns, Bible readings and an anthem or hymn from the choir. But the evening didn't really begin for me until Billy Graham himself began to speak.



He spoke of the greatness of Christ, His virtue how He gave His life to help save us. Then he elaborated on what we needed to be saved from, and how we had chosen of our own free will to transgress the rules God had set down for us. He pointed out that not only were these rules right because they were God's rules, but because they were what was best for us. He made us look at ourselves as little children who had refused to obey a loving father, who knew what was right for us, being so much older and wiser than we were. God had done everything for us He could, provided us with life, liberty, and even, after this was seen as insufficient, His only Son. We had failed Him the first time, but He had given us one more chance, and all we had to do was accept this last sacrifice.

Graham has a powerful and compelling voice, and he always makes his points in the most searching manner possible. To him, to even think evil is evil in itself, and everyone there came to quickly think in his own mind what a rotten sinner he was. Oh, how rotten, stupid, foolish and childishly rebellious to have refused to follow the wise advice from the loving Father, who had only wanted the best for us, and who did so want to forgive!

But Graham didn't stop there, because on top of this impressed inferiority complex he had given us, he added, as a one-two emotional punch, the Hope of the Cross. It wasn't too late; God was even then reaching out in His love to save us from our own faults. With His help and forgiveness we could overcome our own rottenness and become pure, holy, great, and eventually united with the Father in Heaven. And there we would finally be able to know the joys of sinlessness in communion with the Father.

You should be able to imagine the effect of this sermon on me, who was already ashamed of what he was at that date. The family analogy of the preaching really hit "home", and I could understand it since I already felt I was failing my earthly parents -- by not getting the grades I ought to. God, I was ashamed, and how I yearned for forgiveness

Then came the capper. As Graham always does, he spoke of how all we had to do was walk down to the foot of the podium where he was standing to show God we were ready to accept His sacrifice. His compelling voice created a great yearning in you to come and be saved, not to be held back by anything in this moment of commitment. Come, come and He will forgive, and you will start a new life dedicated to Him and His cause.

Naturally I went. I was in tears. My parents were almost afraid to let me go in fact. I was completely under his control though, and I wouldn't let anything stop me. They kept reminding me that I'd already become a member of the church and accepted Christ; that I didn't need to go. But I couldn't let that voice down -- I had to go. I had to show I had accepted Him and was aware of how much I needed His help.

Well, I walked slowly down to the podium: hot, tearful and miserable. My one thought was of how awful I had been and how good he was, and how much I wanted to be forgiven and strengthened by Him. There were many people with me from all over the building, and I felt a great oneness with them, for I wasn't the only person in tears; and everyone knew what was in the minds of everyone else.

I must have stood in agonized repentance at the foot of the podium for about ten minutes. I was among the second wave of convertees, having been held up by my parents and by the sheer fear of walking down and exposing myself so. I tried to get close to the very foot of the pulpit, and see Graham as well as possible, hoping that he would see me and understand what he'd done for me. But there too many people for me to get very close, and I was far too weak emotionally and physically to do any type of maneuvering to get closer. I can still remember the hot spotlights on us (some were actually aimed at us and others overlapped, shining on Graham at the pulpit), the sweat that was pouring out all over my body, but mostly how awful I felt.

After all the people had come down who seemed like were going to, something happened that I hadn't expected when I first joined the repentent. The convertees were herded back into the large space behind the stage and shelf of seats behind it for a little further instruction. At first I was afraid: I didn't know what I was getting into and didn't want to get separated from my parents. But I was still completely under the influence of Graham and couldn't resist following as they led us off the floor (I was far too weak to resist anything).

Then the terrible thing happened. They sent us into a special enclosed room and sat us down. Then former Graham convertees from Charlotte were sent among us to comfort us and to follow up on the impetus the Revival had given. I was completely shocked and disturbed by this. A nice, about 60 year old lady came up to me and tried to comfort me. It seems like all the convertees get their own helper (some of the Christian helpers serve more than one person at a time -- there were so many of us), and she did everything she could to make me feel better. But I just didn't want to be near anyone; I just wanted to be left alone to myself to straighten this out. I resented what she was trying to do instinctively. Like any good cerebrally inclined person, when I feel bad I collapse in on myself and try to get things worked out in myself first. She was intruding on a most sacred part of me, for I had been stripped emotionally naked by Graham's words, and needed to patch things up with myself -- I wanted no one to see me now. I wasn't unkind, I couldn't have been at that moment, I realized what she was trying to do and appreciated it. But I couldn't even get my face straight enough (much less my mind) to try and get it across that I didn't want her help, and couldn't use it. I wanted to be alone in my misery and no one could be a part of this.

You could tell she'd been through all this before; she knew everything to say and do, and she seemed to understand how I felt perfectly. But this only made her more obstrusive, and I became increasingly upset.

You could hear cries and moans from the repentent all through our crowd. It was the most collectively misery-stricken crew I've ever seen. A man spoke to us after some measure of quiet had been obtained, accenting the ending of Graham's speech. Now we were saved, he said, the Bible guaranteed it. God had forgiven us and we were on our way to a new life. Remember, he said, and reiterated over and over, the Bible guarantees that we are saved, we are saved.

Later, someone else sat down on the other side of the woman from me and she had to comfort him too. He was in much better shape than I was but you could tell she really had her hands full. Graham does that sort of thing to people.



Then I found out why she wouldn't leave me alone. It seems when you are converted at one of these shows, they recruit you into the Association itself, and you start on a learning program that builds on this first experience. She managed to get my name and address out of me, and gave me some material to study. I was to fill out some questions after reading assigned Bible scriptures and send them to her to look over, and she would send me my next lesson.

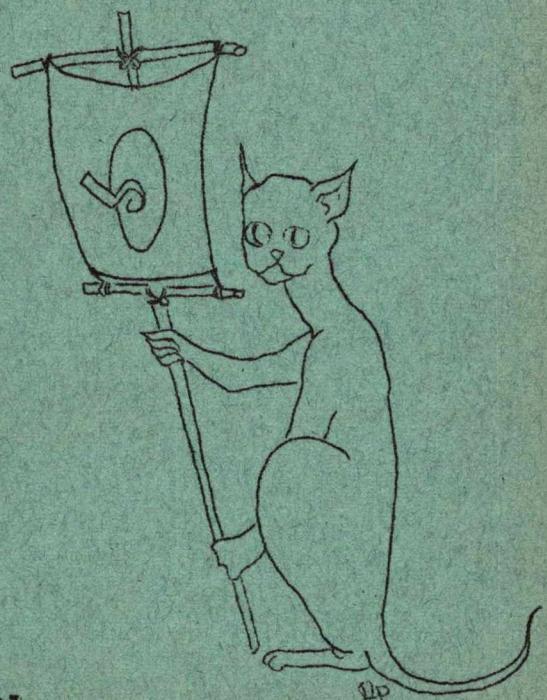
This heaped insult upon injury, and I was completely overwhelmed. I hated this regimentation. We were becoming a part of this great Billy Graham Evangelical Association and this was the worst thing possible that could have been impressed on me at the time. I was shocked and injured by the way I was being pressed into participating in this group, and it really grated on me. I was incapable of complaining about anything at the time, but went along with the business anyway just to get out of that place and alone with myself. The service's effect was shattered, and I hated the whole set-up.

When the man's second, supposedly "up-lifting" sermon, was over and my Christian helper had gotten my name and address and felt sure I was going to become a real part of the organization ("if there is any way I can help you in coming closer to Christ..."), I was let out and found my parents waiting for me outside. The "uplifting" sermon had had no effect on me, and the whole scene had left me weak, miserable and occupied with a very sick taste in the mouth for the whole Graham Association. Fortunately my parents knew me a little better than the woman had, and when they saw my condition they just didn't say anything much to me -- I wasn't saying anything to them at all anyway, just nodding my head mostly.

About a month later my conscience started bothering me to much for the old lady, and I filled out the questions in the lesson she had given me. They seemed very repetitious, and pretty dull or obvious to me, but I sent them on to her. When I got back with the next lesson I found I'd missed every one (they all had a red "x" by them; I never did understand how I missed them all), and she had penciled in the right answers over my answers. Her answers sounded exactly like mine when I finally brought myself to look seriously at what she'd written. But I just shrugged and threw the thing away. I had been anxious about it when I'd written it. For although I'd felt that what they were doing had to be right and that I did have the responsibility to follow them up, I was revolted by what they'd done to me: this incident only convinced me that I should have nothing to do with it. I wanted to forget the whole ugly thing.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)

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Lou Groza is probably responsible  
for more conversions than most  
ministers.  
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# GODZILLA MEETS SAM

North-northwest Department  
Alonzonian Division

HORROR by SAM LONG ~  
No one admitted five  
minutes from the start

To all CLARGES readers, Greetings.

Ghad, it's time for another column for thr lonzine already. Tempus really does fugit, you know. Especially before and during exams, but not after them. The suspense becomes almost unbearable. Hexams I've just had, ghad!

One thing I've noticed about grad students and college teachers in general: they're never in their offices. I sometimes go by Lon's office in Phillips Hall -- and I've caught him there once. \*((Strange how college sophomors always seem to come by your office during your lunch hour or sometime inconvenient. "Sir, I came by at 5:00 this morning, and you weren't here." Or, "I tried to find you Saturday nite to find out about that quiz next Thursday." Tough luck, Smedley. Try a civilized hour next time. --ed.))\* Where they all go I'll never know. Sometimes one can look into an office and see the besought therein, or sometimes find him in the library. But by far most of the time, they have disappeared into thin air or are behind closed doors where they may not be disturbed by such petty things as undergrads. This, tho, is not the most frustrating thing. It is when you go to a man's office and hear him talking with one of his colleagues (they're always colleagues) and wait. And wait. And wait some more, until you decide to leave and come back later. Whereupon you do so. But just as you are out of the building and are in the process of unlocking your bicycle, you see the colleague strolling out. You immediately drop everything and rush back upstairs to find --- the door locked and the man gone. Where? Out the other door to parts unknown.

What is less frustrating than embarrassing is when your prof sees you outside and motions you in, but continues to talk with his colleague. Then you've got to stand there and stammer out your problem, knowing full well that you have interrupted the conversation and that you are making a perfect ass of yourself. You get an answer, often unsatisfactory, and retire in disorder as the prof resumes his conversation on the esoteric discipline whereto he has devoted his life (or so he would make you think).

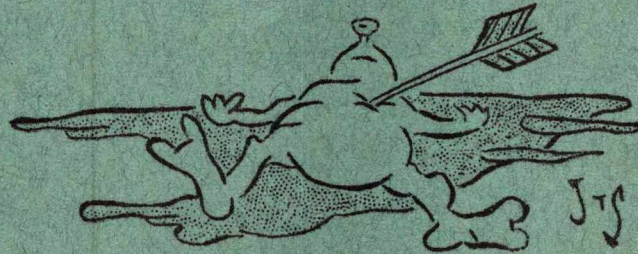
More frustrations: The "so sorry" smiles one gets from bureaucrats. Trying to get a straight answer out of a bureaucracy -- any bureaucracy. Trying to find a person whom you don't know by sight in a place where his hours are irregular. His hours are always so that you cannot be there when he is.

But all is not lost! The student can retaliate. He has nothing to lose but his grade! If the class and the teacher are right, it ought to be easy for any phan, in cahoots with a few others, to destroy a teacher's mind. Possibilities include: clapping when he arrives, truly witty remarks, puns and discussion in general. Any phan ought to be able to add several other methods to this short list. Destruction of the teacher's mind works best when the class is fairly small and highly intelligent (no reflection on phandom), and when the teacher and the subject matter allow for many questions and backtalk. Often the teacher actually enjoys

being driven insane by a highly intelligent class, and much prefer it to teaching a class of dullards.

I can speak from experience here, I can. I had a history teacher in the 11th grade who was from New Zealand and who we nearly drove to distraction. She enjoyed it too. She had a basic class (we were an advanced class) just before us, and she told us that we were like a breath of fresh air. Literally. The deltas and gammas and epsilons in the class before stank abominably, especially in warm weather, and we always opened the windows first thing on coming in. We learned a lot; in fact, one of her students was the best history student in the whole school my junior year. Guess who. But we'd plot and scheme, and usually spend the day talking about everything but what was assigned. Concerted actions like hour-long talks on corsets, trains, politics, religion, the international situation, New Zealand, anything were most effective. One of our best stunts was an ANZAC Day party. ANZAC Day in NZ is 25 April and is their memorial day. One of the girls got a cake with "Happy ANZAC Day" on it, and I made a placard with a Kiwi to stick up in it. Right after the bell rang, we processed (that's what you do during a processional, isn't it?), and presented it to her, whereupon we had no more organized class that day.

Much the same happened in my 10th and 12th grade English courses..... In my freshman year at Carolina, I almost destroyed a German teacher with a one-two punch of two Tom Schnelleys. Destruction of teachers' minds is the duty of all school-going phans.



Now to the last (first) Lonzine. I think it was a pretty good phanzine myself. I'd like to say a couple of things about my article, tho. Four days notice doesn't make for the best phanzine articles, but I did my best. My idea for a Zotbee APA was original with me: I did not get the idea from the Writer's Pool (which I hadn't heard of at the time) or from the Phancyclopedia. By "my pfannish writings only" I mean only those writings contained in those files marked Alonzonian Div., Alscotian papers, or whatever phans I decide to open files on. This does not include my loveletters, &c. Some of my letters to phanlike girls might be phannish too, tho. Ah, I can see it now -- after I'm dead and gone several mailings, some dedicated phan takes my writings and comes out with a postmailing, the Evolution of Phanac, which will trace an idea from its conception to its final stencilling. (I keep all papers by me that have anything to do with phandom in one of several files.) The truphan could even put out The Compleat Longevian Papers, a monumental work that might even vie with the Phancyclopedia in importance and influence. But to leave such morbid speculations.

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Ain't I aegotistical? Like, I mean Supra.

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More physics puns: The unit of magnetic inductance is the gauss, plural geese. They have webered feet, and are vectors. To the vector belongs the spoils. ## She was chosen Miss Timepiece of 1965, he said mystically

The Fakeoffs are longevian, and have my approval. Ye evial editor is really only medieval -- half bad. Also about half there. \*((Gee, Sam, that wasn't half bad: it was all bad. --ed.))\*

Jurgen Wolff was the only phan to answer my challenge. He will get a charge out of the coulomb that I sent him, as per my challenge. ## Ol' Al Scott really got a big kick out of the name of his column in the last lonzine: Nova Alscotia. He's still ranting about it. ## I was in New York the weekend of the Eastercon, on tour with ~~the Glee Club~~ the Glee Club. I didn't go, fot I feared for my life. Sunday morning the Glee Club sang at a Harlem church. ## Keep your eyes open for a big topsecret phanlike classic that Lon and I are preparing for the near future.

Eh bien, voila. Rien de plus.

.....SAM LONG

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thepurpleflashiscomingthepurpleflashiscomingthepurpleflashiscomingthepur  
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\*\*\* REVIVAL \*\*\*      \*\*\*CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31\*\*\*

I guess I have no way of knowing if this happening had anything to do with my later rejection of religion, for to me this whole occurrence was too unpleasant to have anything to do with my idea of "religion". Further, I think that the failing of Graham's methods in my case should not belie the fact that they have succeeded with many others.

A psychological and sociological study of revivals would be very interesting. At least one thing I can add. From a historical point of view it is important to notice that the accent now is more usefully put on personal failings than on the threat of Hell -- Graham's revivals make this clear. Whereas revivalists used to make their audiences fear the flames of Hell, the modern man is generally hardened by modern skepticism against such tactics (whether he realizes it or not). Hell can never again (so long as this culture lasts) be real to him.

But his own failings and feelings of personal inferiority and guilt are stronger than ever. That the mind makes its own Hell is now very apparent. Secret psychological fears and guilts can make us all look for a way out -- a saviour. One of the greatest of modern man's characteristics is his self-consciousness. Some people call this time in America the Confused Age, or Anxious Age. But more fundamentally, it is to me the age of self-consciousness and self-criticism. More than freedom from fear of a physical Hell, we want freedom from responsibility for ourselves and the lives we lead. Casting our sins on God and submitting to His mercy and purpose for our lives is one way of obtaining this end. And, while it is probably too late for most of us to use it, I think, by looking at the successes Graham has had, it becomes apparent that for many people religion still has a great potential for fulfilling this type of need.

..... AL SCOTT

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Every day he could be seen when the gray mists were dispersing in the dawn, driving his dilapidated one-thoat cart, loaded with toilet fixtures, into the great city of Helium. It was his business to convey commodes into that city to supply the plumbers. Driving his old cart, he was a familiar figure to the local residents, and was known to the people as the real John Carter of Mars.

# AN EXPERIMENT IN NUCLEAR FIZZICKS :

## — DISCLAVE REPORT —

For me, plans for DISCLAVE outing began after my projected LUNACON-EASTERCON trip collapsed. Al Scott said, Let's make the DISCLAVE; I said yes, let's. And we wrote for info, got it, read it and lost it. When Thursday, May 6, appeared we had a brief, hazy conference and decided to leave Friday morn at 8:00, since I had some fuzzy memory of noon and a Hospitality Room, or some such.

FRIDAY: We were out of Chapel Hell by 8:30, blazing northward at nine times the speed of light. Driving was easy until we hit Washington: somehow we missed the Beltway and were forced into downtown DC by the relentless traffic pressure. As I maneuvered around the streets gazing at the sights and trying to avoid speeding taxis and belligerent pickets (the American Nutzi Party was picketing the White House), Al was desperately searching the poor map we had for a way out of the labyrinth we were trapped in. Finally he looked up and said, "Find Connecticut Avenue!" By a strange coincidence, we were on Connecticut Avenue at the moment. We lost no time in staying on it, altho there were a few close calls. Washington was doubtless laid out using non-Euclidean geometry.

At 1:03 we arrived at Howard Johnson's. Clumping in with our luggage we wondered if the lobby would be filled with prop beanies, if two hundred brilliant, well-lit fans would be trading fanzines and handshakes. Bracing for the blast of conviviality, we walked into our first con. The lobby was deserted.

We wandered about in confusion until a schedule caught our eyes. It seemed that the DISCLAVE wasn't to start until 8:30. We checked in and dumped our bags in 515, then trotted down to 527, the con room. Locked back to the lobby, but no fans. Al checked with the manager and got a look at the reservation list. It was loaded with fans.

No need to detail the long hours that next passed. Lunch, watching "Space Angel and an old Karloff flick on the tube, spot checks for fans in the lobby/527 --- all these things eventually passed away. Then, at about 5:30, we heard the ring of fannish voices in the hall, heading past us toward 527. We pursued and introduced ourselves to Jack Chalker and Ron Bounds, who were acting advance scouts for the Concom. Shortly thereafter, Banks Mebane came up and we all got official nametags from him. We looked at Ron Bound's Diplomacy set for a while, weighing the chances for a game. The inevitable interruption arrived in the form of

Ron Ellik, who bounced in radiating enthusiasm and fannish wit. We were all to rise immediately and help in bringing up supplies from the parking area. On the way to the elevator Ron refused a request to shout "Fanac!"

During supper with a group of fans (including two young, attractive femfen, who had come with Ronel) Ron Bounds and I discussed the Nuclear Fizz a bit. Ron was to meet Mark Owens in a drinking bout ("glass for glass") that night, and they planned to drink Nuclear Fizzes. I asked if the bout were open to other drinking fans -- namely myself. Ron said "Of course", and we both adjourned to the friendly neighborhood liquor store to purchase provisions for the night.

We returned to my room, 515, and set up bar. The ingredients were mixed into magical Nuclear Fizzes, and we sipped a toast to the CONtest. For me it was NF#1.

Back in 527 the party was beginning as fans continued to arrive. I circulated: meeting fans and a boa constrictor (who may or may not have been a fan). Soon it was time for NF#2. Now Ron and I decided to make a scorecard to have an official record of the capacity (or rather consumption) of each competitor. Clutching fresh Fizzes, we returned to the party.



Wandering into a corner, provided with a comfortable couch, I talked to Bob Pavlat (about the FAPA waitinglist) and to Don Miller (about the N3F Games Bureau). Don and I played a game of chess while he sorted and handed out Games Bureau material to members and possible recruits who drifted near. A second chess game sprang up on the adjacent table. Ron came by to see how my Nuclear Fizz was doing --- it was empty. We went back to 515 and mixed NF#3.

Don Miller's attention was elsewhere, so I was lucky enough to win the first game. As we were setting up for a second, in came Russ Chauvenet, and I dropped the game to go greet him. In a few minutes Russ and I had maneuvered back over to the chess board and began a game. I had met Russ at the Maryland Open Chess Tournament. Recognizing him as a chessplayer (and a very good one) when I ran across his name in the FA, and knowing that the Maryland Open was coming up, I wrote him and asked if he would be there. He replied, "Yes", so I made plans to go. We met, talked and each managed to get through the first five rounds undefeated: three wins and two draws. As if scripted by a Hollywood movie writer, we were paired against each other in the last round. Russ won nicely in a very tense game. As a sort of consolation prize, Russ had given me several back FAPA mailings and the I, Ching during the tournament. These generous gifts really left me goshwowboyoboy grateful. The current game was interrupted by Al Scott, who dragged me off to meet Bob Madle, who had lived in Charlotte (Al's home town) for a while.

When I got back to the chess game, I found that it had been taken by someone who had come up and noticed it sitting there "en pris". I made a quick survey of the position "en passant", then left to mix NF#4. The game was over, and Russ missing when I returned, but he soon reappeared

bearing still more back FAPA mailings, and many Shadow FAPA zines as well. Many, many thanks, Russ, for your kindness. I really appreciate the zines.

Russ and Don Miller began a Go game: I wandered about chatting and meeting fans. Ted White and the Fanoclast group arrived and waved their "New York in '67" banner. Sometime during this running about and the concocting of NF#5, Russ quietly left and I unfortunately missed his exit. Nobody I asked knew if he would be back.

A poker game was shaping up at the big table, and I took 80¢ and entered. The game looked strange to me. The dealer was in "open partnership" with the femfan on his right, who always cut. (He always shuffled.) After dropping the 80¢ I got out hastily. During the game I had finished Fizz #5 and instead of going back to mix another, I took one of the free beers that the Concom was dispensing.

Back in my room a group was forming around the bar when I came in, still sipping the beer. Fred Lerner proposed a walk around Howard Johnsons for some unclear reason, and the suggestion was greeted with rather some enthusiasm by the assembled. Forthwith we made for the elevators. While we waited Fred decided to baptise the group into the Faith of the Sacred Cat, or some such. He borrowed the remains of my beer and poured beer over the heads of both the willing and the unwilling. (Infidels were forcibly restrained while being saved.) We all then boarded the elevators, descended to ground level, made the walk and returned to the party. I stopped off by the room to mix NF# 6.

Al and I now discovered the truth about Con going: you'll never be out of sight of a fan. All the floor space in our room was committed by now, and gladly so. You know: anything for a fan.....

Thus the remaining part of the night passed, filled with talk and Nuclear Fizzes #7, #8 and #9. The scorecard showed the official tallies to be: 1 for Owens, 7 for Bounds and 9 for Atkins. I am told this is a new record. I hope so -- I could never top it. Next we all traveled to the Hot Shoppe and ate midnight (err...Saturday morning) snacks. Then back to hit the sack, or the floor as the case may be. It had been an exhausting first night.

SATURDAY: At 9:30 I woke up and was surprised to find no signs of a hangover. I have a theory that hangovers are 75% psychological, and this seemed to be evidence in that direction.

When I got out of bed, on my way to the shower, I heard a sound like a water buffalo attempting a swan dive. Turning quickly, I saw Jim Sanders land on my bed and vanish under the covers in a microsecond. He had beaten out the rest of the floor crew.

On the door of 527 was a note from Ned Brooks and Phil Harrell saying they were waiting in the lobby for early rising fans. Phil and Ned had arrived early that morning from the direction of Norfolk. Getting a Coke to awaken my stomach, which still felt asleep, I went on down to



the lobby to meet them. After talking for while, a group of us piled into Ned's Corvair to go to Washington and browse in a bookstore with a large sf section. In the bumpy back seat of the Corvair, having only a restricted view of the world, my stomach soon awaked and protested. The Nuclear Fizzes, combined with the car-sickness to which I am very prone, were dealing me trouble. I was effectively out of action during the entire visit to the book store. By the time we got back at noon, however, I felt slightly better. I wobbled over to the restaurant part of the HJ complex and ordered breakfast: milk, fudge cake and chocolate icecream. It was delicious and energy giving.

Jim Sanders was still occupying my bed, so I stretched out on Al's and read the fmzs Russ had given me until 2:00, when the program started. The new meeting room was in the lower lobby; evidently the management thought we could do less damage there. Banks Mebane opened with some introductions, etc. Then Stan Skirvin gave a eulogy on Don Ford. Jack Chalker then took over and called up the members of the panel Jack was to moderate. In order, they were Alan Howard, Ted White, Dick Lupoff and Ben Jason. The basic question was, Can mainstream standards be applied to sf and fantasy, and can the standards of todays sf be applied to pulp era writing. There were some interesting opinions on this, and a few well made side points. A very absorbing discussion, for the most part.

George Heap then sang 20 minutes worth of filk songs, including some of Rhysling's better known songs. The audience seemed to thoroughly enjoy the change of pace. Next Ted White gave an informative talk on the F&SF slush pile, which I'm told came from YANDRO. The talk, that is, not the F&SF slush pile. After this there was a break to allow fans to stretch, and Chris and Sam Moskowitz to set up their slide projector. SaM's slide-talk was on the history of Astounding, with special emphasis on the JWCampbell regime. Contrary to rumors I'd heard about SaM talks, the lecture was extremely interesting, and seeing the fine slides of old covers was a real pleasure. The talk was a excellent finale to a very fine program.

Jim Sanders and I went out for supper to a place he had found called the "Donut Dinette". There was a baseball machine there, and we won enough free games to keep us playing for fifteen minutes or so after finishing supper. The party was to start at 8:00, so we soon headed back to get ready. I poured Coke on the rocks, not trusting alcohol at the moment.

By 8:15 nothing much had yet materialized at the party, and I went back to my room to mix a real drink, having already tired of Coke. Less than five minutes later Jim and Mike McInerney came in. I subbed to Focal Point, and we settled down to relax and shoot bull for a while. Jim borrowed a zine, Alexandrian Trio, that had a song Dick Eney wanted to show to a filk group that had sprung up. Before Jim left he offered to handle the New York end of a membership in APA F for me if I would like to join. Mike and I had been talking about the weekly apas, and he mentioned that there were openings in APA F. I was glad to join, and the next morning even was given a mailing -- they had brought the uncollated zines to the DISCLAVE.

Back downstairs I began drinking the free bbeer, and also learned that the management planned to shut off the party at one. A dirty trick to pull on fans the last night of a con! Well, as usual I just wandered around talking with people and listening occasionally to the filk



group. Then I saw Roger Zelazny standing alone and quickly introduced myself. He was very friendly, giving me his autograph and talking pleasantly for about twenty minutes, before Mike McInerney hauled me off to look at some old fanzines he had for sale. I've always liked Roger Zelazny's work, and now I've been converted to a Zelazny completist.

For the rest of the evening I wandered about the party room. Don Miller had a games set-up with numerous of the exotic games he knows available. I tried my hand at a super version of Fox and Hounds. Also popular was the Jungle Game. I first realized it was 1:00 when I saw Ron Ellik tactfully, but firmly steering people out of the party room. Then I remembered the loaned fanzine -- it hadn't been returned. A quick search revealed a mix-up: Jim Sanders had thought that I was to retrieve it, while I had assumed that since he had borrowed it, he would return it. A trace of its movements showed it to have vanished in the neighborhood of Mike's box of "for sale" fanzines. It must have been mixed up with those and sold. If anyone reading this bought it (Alexandrian Trio: Eney) from Mike, please contact me and let me buy it back, since it breaks up a FAPA mailing, and I hate that. Thanks.

At 1:30 a poker game convened in 527 at the instigation of Ron Ellik. Playing were Ron, Phil Harrell, Jack Chalker, Jim Sanders, a fellow named Gus and mine own self. After a while Ron Bounds came in and asked if a group could move into 515, since they had been thrown out of Andy Porter's room by an obnoxious drunk. Sure, I said. Later, when only Ronel, Jim and myself were left in the game, we went down to 515 and recruited Mike McInerney. He was pretty well potted, but was lucky as all Hell (won 10 out of the first 12 he played in), and soon only Ron, Mike and I remained. We played about with the winnings for a while then quit at 8:05 Sunday morning. I had won \$8 for the game. It was grey and drizzling outside as I went back to the room.

Asleep in my bed was Fred Lerner; he left upon being asked. I tumbled in and discovered a comb and a used sock. Out they went. Then, under the pillow, I found an APA F mailing. I threw it out and watched the sheets flutter down onto the closely spaced bodies on the floor. Then it was 9:45 and I had been awakened by the opening door. It closed and a fan had departed.

SUNDAY: Try as I could, it was impossible to get back to sleep.

Careful to avoid stepping on somebody, I got out of bed, showered, dressed and went out for breakfast. Then I went back and gabbed with fans in the lobby. Several fans told me that Phil Harrell, coming into 515 half asleep, had tried to climb into bed with Al Scott, who reacted violently to throw him out. Later the scene was re-enacted by both Phil and Al, and I roared with laughter.

Bought a copy of Phil's excellent VENTURA II, then went to wake up Al. After 30 minutes of prodding I managed to get "Speedy" out of bed and on the way towards presentability. We checked out with one minute to spare. Last minute operations in our room included reminding Steve Patt, one of our "floorers", not to forget the impressive Dan Adkins painting which he had won at a raffle (conducted by "huckster Mike" McInerney). Back in the lobby Ned Brooks proposed a "truconfan", who would hibernate between cons so that he could stay awake 24 hours per day during them. Good-byes were exchanged, and Al & I took to the road.

Looking back, the DISCLAVE was a wonderful fannish experience. For me it was the first mass meeting of fans, and I made many new friends and acquaintances. My thanks to all the good fans there, especially the Concom, for a memorable fannish weekend.

# Verge . . . . .

A LETTERCOLUMN

HARRY WARNER, JR.  
423 SUMMIT AVENUE  
HAGERSTOWN  
MARYLAND, 21740

I hope that you exist. Long years in fandom have made me suspicious of any new name who appears full-blown in the fanzine world, displaying more capability in his first issue than might be expected. When the address consists of a box number,

there is additional reason for feeling that dread suspicion. Anyway, now that I've proved that I'm too wise to be taken in by a hoax, I'll assume that you are really there, thank you for the first issue of CLARGES, and try to win some time with regard to this contribution that you seek. I've been attempting to do as little fanzine contributing as possible for quite a while; because of a fan history project, heavy demands on time from the job, and general inability to catch up on correspondence and fan-zine reading. If inspiration should suddenly strike, I'll remember that you asked.

But you might really be better off if you could fill CLARGES with material from these little-known fans. (In this instance, I'll be completely naive and won't even suspect for a moment that they might be hoaxes for the sake of your unwillingness to fill up an entire issue with material under your byline.) \*((They're not. So far, I don't use pseudonyms. --ed.))\* A few fans are turning out a great majority of all the fanzine contents today and it's long past the time when other fans started to write for them. The new names in this CLARGES aren't going to force Willis and Coulson and the rest of the prolific fan writers into silent obscurity by providing untoppable competition. But the material you've assembled is mostly competent and what it lacks in polish is compensated for by the fresh approaches and some different ideas.

Glark Days was startling until I got used to the concept. I mean, here is a fan who looks back on 1956 as a sort of golden age of ASTOUNDING \*((Not true. Sorry to give that impression. I look on '45 to '52 as ASTOUNDING's golden age. '56 was picked because of the three serials run that year, all three of which match the golden age material in my opinion. Also because I didn't read the golden age ASTOUNDINGS when they first came out, but years later. --ed.))\* , while the older fans like me have long considered this period as the time when the magazine had finished its decline in quality and had reached the plateau on which it has been gliding along ever since. All this brings up a number of philosophical matters that weren't settled the last few times they were fought out in fanzine pages and will probably be turning up as long as there are old prozines around in the house and new fans to write about them. Is it possible that the quality of science fiction has been declining relentlessly over the decades? Or is there a certain appeal of science fiction that gets lost after an individual has been reading it for a given number of hundreds of hours, accounting for the fondness for good old days whose dates vary depending on the individ-

uals? Or is ASTOUNDING after all a publication whose appeal is lost if it's not read by a youngster who is up to the moment on the technical matters in the scientific world?

Feghootisms have long been an object of horror and aversion to me. But I did read those in this issue, out of some obscure prompting of duty. Although I don't like to read the things, I think it would be a good idea for some sort of agreement on the ground rules. Should the final pun be governed by approximately the rules that govern a good murder mystery, in that all clues should be present to the reader before the revelation occurs? How many syllables out of every ten syllables in the final revelation may permissibly be altered slightly for the sake of the pun? Is it fair to plant in the opening paragraph or two some strange place name or other proper noun that looks as if it will be the basis for the pun, only to leave it out of the denouement?

Your trouble with TiNi problem sounds almost as bad as the last time I tried to do my own mimeographing for FAPA. Besides that gratifying bond of sympathy, I liked the item for the manner in which it conveyed a real atmosphere of the scientist. Although I am not a scientist by the wildest stretch of the imagination, I wince every time I see his activities on television or the printed page confined to the happy ending of an experiment, with all the mistaken attempts and difficulties with the cussedness of nature ignored.

Bill Morse probably has the right explanation for the success of Tarzan. Burroughs may have had that enormous success less because of his writing ability than because of sheer good fortune as the first to use the theme with a novel twist in quite a few years. Of course, the idea goes back and back in literature, bobbing up in all the stories of shipwreck on a lonely island that were once so popular, the infatuation over the Livingston-Stanley incident, it lurks behind many of the novels of James Fenimore Cooper, and it is embedded in many sagas and myths. If all heroic fiction is an outgrowth of the sun-as-hero, it would be interesting to read the literature of a race living on a planet in a multi-sun system.

Dick Tracy fandom is about the only fandom that hasn't been proposed seriously or ironically by someone in recent years. At that, it wouldn't be impossible to write an interesting article on Dick Tracy as a fringe-stf comic. Someone with much patience and a strong stomach could dig out a lot of examples of episodes that involved semi-fantasy themes, as well as non-existent props like the famous two-way wrist radio.

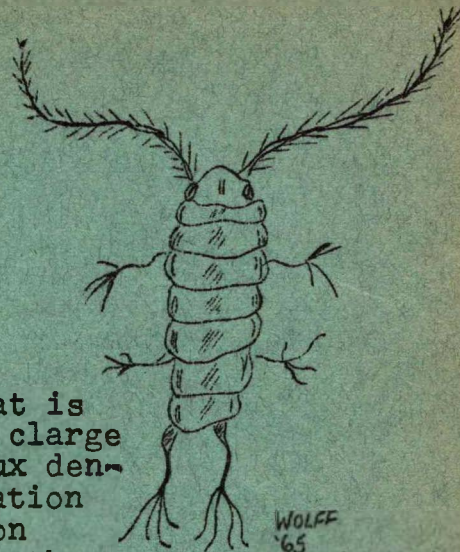


Your cat has obviously been reading Heinlein. Don't lose patience with her, because if she finds that door into summer, you can go through, too.

Yrs., &c.,

*Harry Warner, Jr.*

Harry Warner, Jr.



NED BROOKS  
911 BRIARFIELD RD.  
NEWPORT NEWS  
VIRGINIA, 23605

Got CLARGES #1 today. What is a "clarge" anyway? \*((A clarge is the unit of zarple flux density. For further explanation see any elementary text on quantum hoaxaldynamics. "Clarges", however, is the name of the city in Jack Vance's excellent To Live Forever. --ed.))\* Anyway, it is a pretty good first ish. Easy to read, the showthrough you mention wasn't really bad.

I tried to work out that chess thing at the top of page three, but I didn't know what "oo,oo" meant \*((Castles, castles.--ed.))\* , and soon found that I was supposed to make moves I couldn't make. I was so disgusted I didn't even try the other chess puzzle.

I've had real good luck with the PO here. The thing to do is to stay away from the main PO's where they think they know what they're doing, and use the little branch PO's where you know more about it than they do. Until a month ago, the branch in a drugstore near here stayed open til 7, even Saturdays. I mailed stuff to England surface rate, all sealed up not knowing it was supposed to be unsealed at that rate. They didn't know it either. I didn't care about it being inspected, I just didn't want it to get wet. Any printed matter except books, I just wrote across it "Printed Matter" or "Educational Material". Educational is a very broad word!

The article on TiNi was fascinating. Do you mean by "negative damping" that the amplitude increased all by itself? \*((Yes.--ed.))\*

Your evial puns were pretty evial. The first was better than the other, if such things may be compared that way. Actually, I think puns should be scored with complex numbers, which are incommensurable.

That cat of yours is the craziest thing I ever heard of. Must have a very short memory!

Best,

*Wed*

SETH A. JOHNSON  
339 STILES ST.  
VAUX HALL  
NEW JERSEY, 07088

Wrote you a letter this morning and could have saved a nickel postage if I had opened the large envelope too. Your fanzine arrived at the same time your letter did. And frankly it is a most excellent fmz indeed. Typography as near perfect as any faned gets in fangdom. Congratulations, for it's darn seldom anyone achieves this with their very first fanzine.

Fancy your learning to read before getting into school. I can hardly blame the newstand owner for permitting you to scan his wares free. I must confess you started far earlier than I did, for it wasn't till the fourth grade that I discovered Wells and Verne, and not until the fifth \*((Just what fifth was that, Seth? --ed.))\* that I discovered ERB. However there were no prozines to discover then. These didn't appear until I was fifteen or so, and I was already working then, so I got them all ever since. And sold them all ever since.

Trouble with chess problems is that only the confirmed and somewhat skilled chess addict can read the things. And many who can play just a little bit would still be unable to read the chess cryptography, or whatever you call it. So if your zine is going mostly to chess players then this sort of thing is just fine. If others predominate, tho, it might be a good idea to use illustration or something to describe chess positions.

So already you're getting acquainted with the Post Awfulls. And even their litter carriers. Male men all, except for a few front office clerks. Cheer up, Lon. The worst is yet to come. You haven't hardly seen nothin' yet.

Guess you'll just have to learn to handle beer hall proprietors and bartenders. You should have refused to accept the bottle the first time and stood on your right to buy a can or nothing, and still keep on sitting there. Or else got a sign and started picketing the joint. Either way will sometimes bring recalcitrant ginmill dispensers to heel, but not always. At least this one was honest and truthful about it, tho.

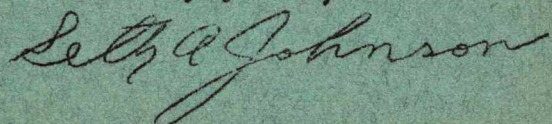
Sam sort of left me agog and burning with curiosity as to whatinell he said. I never thought of physics in connection with barns, but with those other little buildings in the farmyard with a little half-moon cut in their doors.

Your discourse on the TiNi problem was fascinating, and you wrote it up so clearly that even those like myself with no knowledge of physics at all beyond familiarity with Ex Lax, Castor Oil and All Bran could follow. I wonder, tho, if they could make a submarine with a plastic seamless hull and then just coat the thing with TiNi. \*((No!! --ed.))\* Except of course near the propellor shaft. But then they would still have to have metal engines to run the confounded thing, and these would betray the sub magnetically.

I'm not going to say a great deal about Morse and his comments on ERB. I wonder, tho, if a lot of confusion wouldn't be eliminated if we recognized ERB as a great Fantasy writer rather than a controversial SF writer.

Now as to the cover. Good looking girl and nice scenery, but her dinner knife is too large for her. I doubt a femme that size would be able to lift that blade. Tell Staton to draw them with foil or epee next time. Claymores are definitely not feminine hardware.

Fanatically yours,

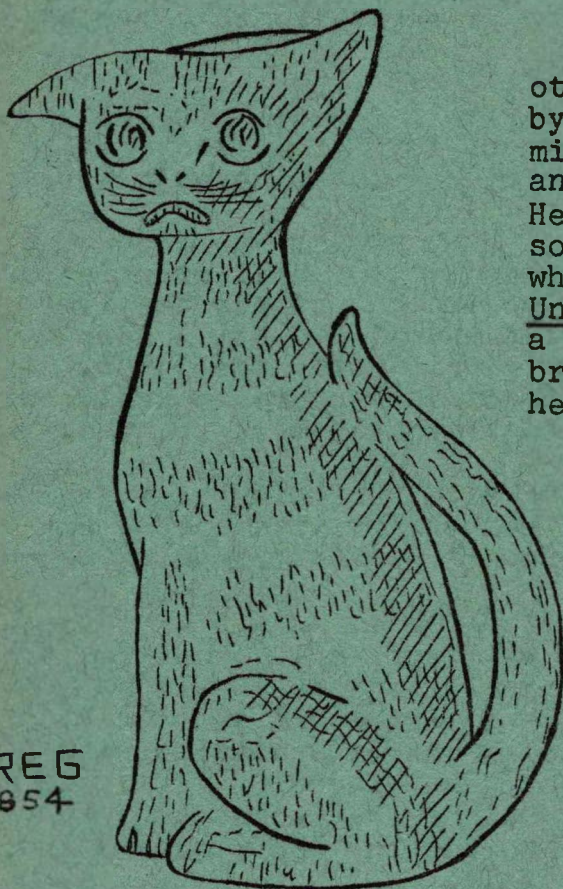


Seth A. Johnson

NATE BUCKLIN  
PO BOX 4  
DOCKTON  
WASH., 98018

CLARGES: liked. Staton covers get monotonous, but he does draw rather well. Why this preoccupation with sword-women? :: You were reading before you went to school? Another one... I was reading at 3, Tarzan and Hardy Boys at age 4... Tarzan not definite, but I do recall that when I started reading him I found him rather juvenile. No, that's a story I made up to confound ERBites. Foocy. Why did I have to get honest all of a sudden?

TiNi problems were interesting, tho I'm not too familiar with the whole process. I used to be interested in science, but no longer; and a preference test I took seems to show I wasn't really even then. Ghyai.  
\*((Ghyai! --ed.))\*



Double Star has been classified as other than pure entertainment, primarily by me. I got a lot of interest out of the minute delineation of Lorenzo's character and its effect on other people. Standard Heinlein, perhaps -- but better done than some of his pieces, with Lorenzo a somewhat more complicated personality. I loved Under Pressure, and after reading it over a year ago, gave it to my then-age-ten brother to read; he also loved it. (I think he got a lot of the point of the psychological study -- he's a good thinker, even though more nearly Average American Boy than you or I.) I didn't like The Naked Sun as much as most people seemed to, and thought it was far from being as good as either of the other two; this was what I'd call almost-pure-adventure (notice the almost). \*((Evidently you didn't read the book very carefully.-ed.))\*

REG  
854

If Everett B. Cole is a pseudo there is only one writer I can think of whose style is nearly similar to his. Cole's writing had a personality which would be all its own save that it was shared almost totally by the late H. Beam Piper. Both had the same talent for writing about a world as though it were commonplace (like Earth to us); this got quite frustrating, because hints about the world was really like came through at all sorts of inconvenient times. Quite frequently, with stories by either, I would have to stop reading in the middle of a yarn because I couldn't figure out what was going on and wasn't interested enough to keep going anyhow. (But there were compensations: "The Missionaries" I remember enjoying tremendously, though I don't recall what it's about, and Cole's "The Weakling" (ANALOG, Feb.'61, and possibly the last story to appear under that byline) ranks with my top ten favorite short novels. For Piper there were The Other Human Race and Space Viking to match the seldom-comprehensible Time Patrol series. --I haven't yet read Little Fuzzy.) Budrys' "The Executioner" was typical' AJB -- i.e., great. I had no idea that Colonial Survey had won a Hugo, and still don't -- I thought that the Hugo was for "Exploration Team"

itself. "Top Secret" is the only short story of the lot I particularly remember, and almost certainly the only of the year that I read at the time it came out, when I was seven.

Tarzan doesn't strike my archetype as closely as he might. I prefer Phaeton myself. No, that doesn't fit. My real idol hasn't been invented yet, but it's not Tarzan.

Alscott: What sheet are you refering to in your KABUMPO comment? \*((Dian had a sheet on the front of her SFPazine marked, "Remove This Sheet". --ed.))\*

Yes, Nate Bucklin tells you that JWright is fafia. I wouldn't be surprised if James' parents had intercepted my last letter to him. :: I've read only two Avalon books, one OAKline and Adam Lukens' Sons of the Wolf. They were pretty bad, but a lot better than some Acetripe I've seen -- at least SotW was, the other being rather sickening. :: I notice the mimeo's pad makes it look as though you had justified margins -- or was that th e intended effect?

Yours,

Nate Ⓞ

JOHN BOSTON  
816 SOUTH FIRST ST.  
MAY FIELD  
KENTUCKY, 42066

Thanks for CLARGES #1. While you mentioned in one of Elinor Poland's robins that this is the way not to do it, I beg leave to differ with you. The way not to produce an apazine for general distribution is to fill it with material incomprehensible to one not in the apa. This had something in it besides mailing comments, for which we should all be duly grateful.

Your review of the 1956 ASTOUNDING suffered from one glaring flaw: It told no one anything he could not have learned looking at the tables of contents of the magazines. In my opinion there are two possible purposes for a review or a critical article: first, to give the reader an idea of whether or not he wants to read the book (as in Miller's "Reference Library"); second, to enhance the reader's enjoyment of something already read (as in "Eternity and Mr. Burroughs" in CLARGES #1). This accomplishes neither, being only a series of story listings and short synopses of novels we've all probably read before. It does give us an idea of your taste in sf, but not a very good idea -- you liked something, but why? \*((Your criticism is noted, John, and excepted as valid for the most part; but my purpose in writing the "review" was not to make a critical evaluation of the many stories discussed, but to bring back the mood that accompanied their first reading. The mere listing of the story titles, along with mention of ASTOUNDING and its departments, is enough to return for a spell my "sense of wonder". This was the effect I was seeking. But you are right, it is not sufficient to carry the aricle. I should have bolstered the effort with critical anaylsis. --ed.))\*



Sam Long: "My mimeo's been stolen!" he cried, depressed. "So this is the red-light district," he remarked tartly. Shall we stop here? Or shall we tell the story of Colonel Power's wife, who called him from a department store to ask him to turn off the electric heater she had neglected to disconnect? Unfortunately, he was out to launch.

"From the 'Campbellists' and 'Gernsback' types to those who dwell vicariously in the Land of Oz, we denizens of Fantasy and Science Fiction all hold a strange respect for ERB and his work." So says William T. Morse. Oy, has he got a wrong number. Let him speak for himself next time.

Feghoots, no less! What are you doing -- training for the Pun-American Conference or something? As long as we're here, you might as well learn about the three deaf Englishmen on the train. The first one said, "What station is this?" The second one replied, "Wembley." The third one remarked, "I thought it was Tuesday." The first one said, "No, it's Thursday." The second one enthusiastically affirmed, "So am I! Let's all have a drink."

Sincerely,

*John Boston*

John Boston

TOM DUPREE  
809 ADKINS BOULEVARD  
JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI  
39211

I just got your CLARGES and I find it a very well done thing. Your "show-through" problem is much less evident than that in some other fan-zines who don't even bother to apologize for it. I am sending SCI-FI SHOWCASE #2 as a trade.

As for the material, I enjoyed most of all the Sam Long thing, with the article on Burroughs running a close second. :: You have a nice style of writing that shows in your editorial, making me think you have had more experience in fanedding than you claim to have had. \*((You and Harry Warner should get together. --ed.))\* :: The SFPA mcs were very good; of course, they didn't mean much to me, being a non-apan, but they were interesting. All in all, a good zine, and I would like to see the next few issues.

Regards,

*Sam*

EARL SCHULZ  
2527 LAKEVIEW  
ST. JOSEPH  
MICH., 49085

Thanks for CLARGES. I enjoyed it all -- except for some of those horrible puns! Not an awful lot to do with SF but still very interesting.

I can see your point about your personal pains in the you-know-where but everyone has this sort of thing happen to him and most just endure it and thank whoever's in charge around here that they are not like that. At least I do.

This article (was it meant to be an article or was it a piece of occupational therapy that you cobbed?) was a little too much to take. My mind is too close to the brink as it is. Maybe you should sober Sam up next time before you let him near a typewriter. Or something. \*((But Sam was sober! That is, unless the guards have been smuggling booze into his ward again. Hmmm... --ed.))\*



A TINI PROBLEM was, in its own confusing way, fascinating. "The prob- concerning apparatus were easily solved"-- and then you detail a mess of wires and mirrors that would confound nearly anyone. It surely was fun to read what you do instead of gigging ditches.

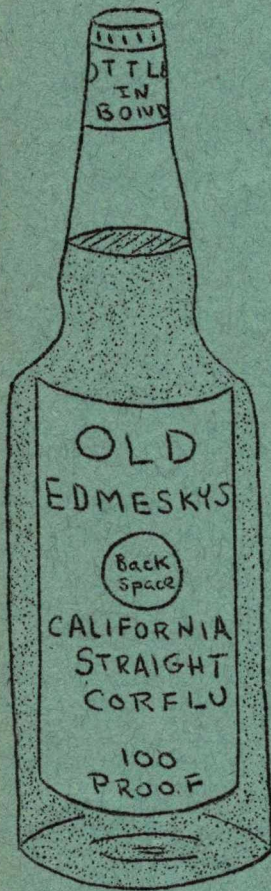
I can imagine the letter you'll be getting from the government in a short while, "Dear Mr. Atkins, Concerning the printing the results of a confidential experiment in your 'fanzine'..."

Nice looking sword on the cover.

Yours,

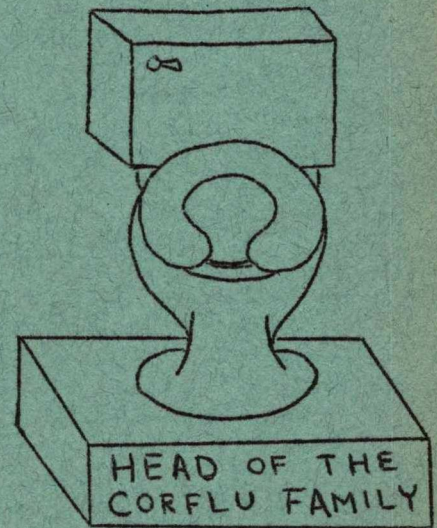
*Earl Schulz*  
Earl Schulz

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Everyone is as God made him, and often a good deal worse. --Cervantes  
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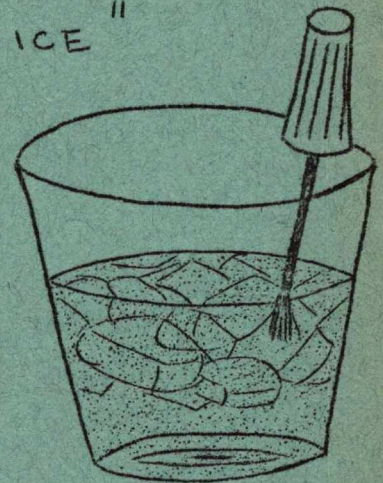
TRY THE  
MELLOW  
ONE —  
OLD EDMESKYS

100 PROOF  
CHOICE  
ETHERS



BOTTLED IN BOND

"THE FANED'S CHOICE"



SOME CORRECTION FLUIDS  
ARE JUST FOR STENCILS —  
BUT NOT OLD EDMESKYS !

NEXT TIME YOU FANED, TRY OLD EDMESKYS.  
AND EMPTY THE BOTTLE:  
IT'S THE FANNISH THING TO DO !

# ON CATS

Several months ago when I first entered fandom, I began asking my fannish correspondents if they liked cats. Some pros, I knew, wrote cats into their stories frequently, and I wondered if this proclivity toward felines extended into fandom. Part of my curiosity came about because I had included a page on one of my cats, Suzy, in CLARGES #1, and had used a drawing of her on the bacover. Would many fen enjoy reading about Suzy?

The answer seems to be yes. From my "survey", most fen like cats and own one or more. (Or more correctly, are permitted to feed and caress one or more cats by said cats.) One of the first replies came from Fred Patten, who sent a listing of various cats and cat people. A few anecdotes from his letter: "Phil Farmer's cat is usually called Everybody because when Bette calls, 'Come to dinner, everybody', the cat is the first one into the kitchen. Poul and Karen Anderson have a couple of monsters (Couerl just caught a gopher the last time I was there, and were they proud of him). Bruce Pelz has a particular cat-fixation. Bill Donaho has been notorious for the families of cats he's had. John & Bjo Trimble have had large families of cats for years; they just lost their last female a few months ago, and they've been remarking how lonely it seems without a house full of kittens. Even Al Lewis likes cats, which is saying a lot since he's allergic to them: I've seen him sitting with one in his lap, petting it, until his sinuses block up completely."

Sparkle-Janey Johnson sent her "Clancy Stories", which included a cat named Mr. Mittens who (with Clancy's help) could teleevitate. Mr. Mittens was based on a real cat of the same name.

Bunia Wyszowski has three delightful cats to judge by <sup>///</sup> their biographies, which she sent. Cloie, the "Senior Cat", is "half <sup>Siamese</sup> from her mother; and her sire was persian... Her fur, instead of being either short or thick and fluffy, is very long, and quite silky -- almost like very soft hair." Klio, "sort of a Tiger cat", is the second, and she has numerous delightful idiosyncrasies, such as standing in chairs, somehow manageing to sound like a herd of buffaloes when walking, being "addicted to whistling!" and sleeping on her back, with all four paws up in the air. Ajax, the "baby", is a "laundry cat", who loves to hitchhike rides in the laundry basket and play with the laundry.

Ping Lee, a young Siamese, belongs to Esther Richardson. The poor thing had been horribly mistreated before Esther got him, but is now reported to be in the best of health. Esther also has a white Persian called Frosty and a "coal black short haired cat" named Candy.

Nate Bucklin writes: "We've been cat-lovers from waaaaaay-back (my family, that is), and currently own one, a longhaired alleycat, pure grey except where it's starting to turn brown, named Tumblrweed. It likes typewriters and people. Our white cat Milkshake and our black cat Morita both liked music."

Gregg Calkins, having had a cat named Gorgeous for nine years, says that "I suppose you could say I am fond of cats".

At one time, Robert E. Gilbert had thirteen "assorted cats and kittens chasing each other around the place".

John Boston observes that "perhaps the reason fans like cats is that sf by nature discourages those with hidebound minds and encourages those of an independent nature.

Finally, Elaine Wojicechowski write that she has a dog that acts exactly as if it were a cat. Everything except meow.

# O O T M O T R I I T C M \*

\* Which, for the curious, stands for Observations on the Manifestations of the Religious Imagination in the Communist Manifesto.

.....by WILLIAM T. MORSE

The basis of the Marx-Engles pronouncements on the nature of society, its historical development and ultimate destination, is in their unique image of man. He is seen as a creature of little intellectual influence on the development of society. The real force governing the organization of and changes in society is a dilectical process founded on the material condition of society. Man is acknowledged to have the abilities of inventiveness, creativity, and the capacity for and production of original thought. However, these abilities and their creations are dominated completely by and the direct result of the dialectical advance of our overwhelmingly material existence.

Marx' use of the word "dialectical" is a twist of Hegel's thesis--antithesis --- synthesis. In the organization of our society at various stages of economic development he sees the thesis, the mode or manner of production; its antithesis, the productive force (human labor); and from their conflict arising the next stage of socio-economic development, or the synthesis. The various stages of this process are the primitive communal tribe, the slave state, the feudal state, the capitalist state and finally the dictatorship of the working class over the remnants of the previous ruling classes -- a state that "withers away" and becomes the true utopia. Men are so involved in the demands of existence throughout this process that intellectual observation and ideas resulting therefrom cannot move men to alter the nature of their society. It is only when the existing form of socio-economic organization has existed long enough for the productive forces within it to organize that the change comes; and it must be violent.

The reason for positing violence is circular and crucial to the image of man in relation to his society as put forth by Marx. He could have said that the present ruling group, class or owners simply would not change the social order to their detriment without a physical fight, but the obvious answer to this is that man will not accede to rapid change without a fight. This is not stated. Indeed the actual need for positing violence is scrambled throughout the Manifesto. The real reasoning is that if change could be brought about by intelligent assessment and promulgation of the needs and desires of society, then the whole view of history as the working out of dialectical materialism collapses.

It is not just that man's ideas cannot change society. Marx states that ideas are merely "ideological reflexes and echoes of man's material life processes". Man's ideas arise from his particular material condition. Men are thus not responsible in any moral sense for their actions. They act as their economic position or "class" dictates. The whole subjective world of the mind is determined by the objective world

of the economy. Greed, selfishness and exploitation by the bourgeoisie are independent of man's will and can only be abolished when in the fullness of time the laws of history bring into existence the perfect human community where, as Marx says, "the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all".

The Manifesto is apocalyptic. The ultimate end of the social development of man is achieved after a series of violent conflicts, each of which results in a step toward the ultimate vision. The deciding factor that assures the victory that results in this ultimate vision is not any supernatural force but rather it is inherent in the very nature of any society of men to move in this direction. Men are caught up in this inexorable development of the society that they collectively constitute. They are, body and soul, reflections of the material conditions of their society.

Although clearly denouncing as empty, useless and meaningless, that area of man's experience considered "religious", the Manifesto itself is a product of religious imagination. Any activity that concerns itself with man's history, his nature and purpose, is clearly dealing with more than a battle plan for class warfare. This manifesto is no mere excuse for righting wrongs. It is concerned with answering the very questions and phenomena to which man has historically replied religiously. A whole philosophy of history, an explanation of man's nature and position in regard to the world around him and a clear definition of his ultimate destination are presented. The imagery in the Manifesto parallels that of most religious imagery. The ultimate goal is the relief of man from his present struggling condition. The road to this goal is full of trial and tribulation, but success is assured. The interpretation of history provides an explanation for the present state of mankind and gives purpose and direction to the feet of the believers. Ethics, the usual guidelines of religious purpose, are reduced to a single, negative ethic. The abjuration of all previously accepted moral standards and the relegation of all moral values to the toolshed of the exploiting bourgeoisie, is a statement of expected personal behavior and an ethic. In the working out of the socio-economic order of things, nothing that can occur can be considered in excess or improper -- anything goes.



The image of the work as a whole is that of a call to arms, a cry to awaken to the vision of the apocalypse. It is the Charge to Quarters which awakens the exhausted, slumbering soldiers for the final battle. In the context of the dialectical materialist process, it is the call to harvest the seeds of the antithesis inherent in the Capitalist world.

The world that produced this document must be noted. At no time, before or since, have the delineations of economic class been so strong. Industrial development in Europe had created a new way of life for large numbers of people. It was impersonal, devoid of whatever men considered dignity, and there seemed no way out for the man who had only his labor to sell. He was forced into an economic position, a class, on a level with coal, water, iron, machinery, the very resources his labor