

DIMENSIONS 16



BEGINNING OUR FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION ----- ISSUE 16, JANUARY 1955

In This Issue: "Ponce De Leon's Pants" a fantasy by-- MACK REYNOLDS

Walter A. Willis, Randall Garrett, Hal Shapiro, David Ish,
Harold Van Dall, Marion Z. Bradley, Dean A. Grennell, others

This is DIMENSIONS 16, and the
editor is Harlan Ellison, who wishes
it known that the entire contents are copyrighted 1955.

AN EDITORIAL PROMISE:

When Dimensions first started, over four years ago, we vowed to ourselves (and here I use the editorial "we" advisedly) that it would be the very best amateur journal of science fiction we could put together. Not for one moment have we ever shaken that resolve. There have been times when the material we printed was not superlative, but that can only be blamed on the prejudices--small, but present--of the staff. There have been even more times when we have done things improperly, but in those cases the blame falls to experimentation without experience.

Now on our birthday, we re-state our promise: Dimensions will strive in the future to present the best material in the best format, with the least amount of ballyhoo, and to that end we will continually strive. We trust those of you who have been with us this long will continue your support and interest, to a better magazine.

— he

an amateur publication for those who enjoy
science fiction, fantasy, and a wide
range of allied subjects, including fandom

Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the staff, unless so stated. Material submitted for publication to this magazine MUST be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, if not previously solicited. Material submitted is done so at contributor's own risk as no responsibility is assumed, though a reasonable amount of caution will be exerted. It is to be understood that all letters submitted to this magazine are eligible for publication unless stated otherwise therein.

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THE WAY TO A FAN'S HEART DEPT.

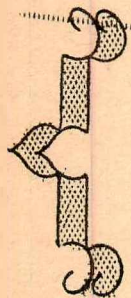
Very sincerely, from the bottoms of
both our fannish hearts, we thank you,
OMPA, for the splendid meal. . . .

Larry

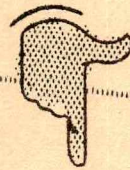
Liz



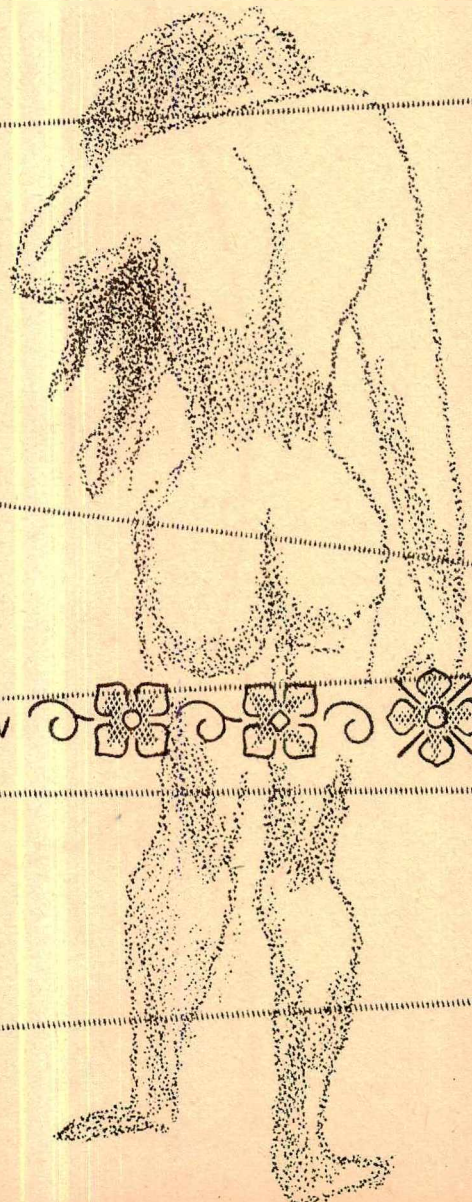
I am a fan. I meet and work with writers, sadists, sex peverts -- people at the edge of ~~fandom~~—and some who have passed that edge. This is my story--searching, revealing, perhaps shocking. But it is the raw stuff that life itself is made of, and therefore I am not beyond help.

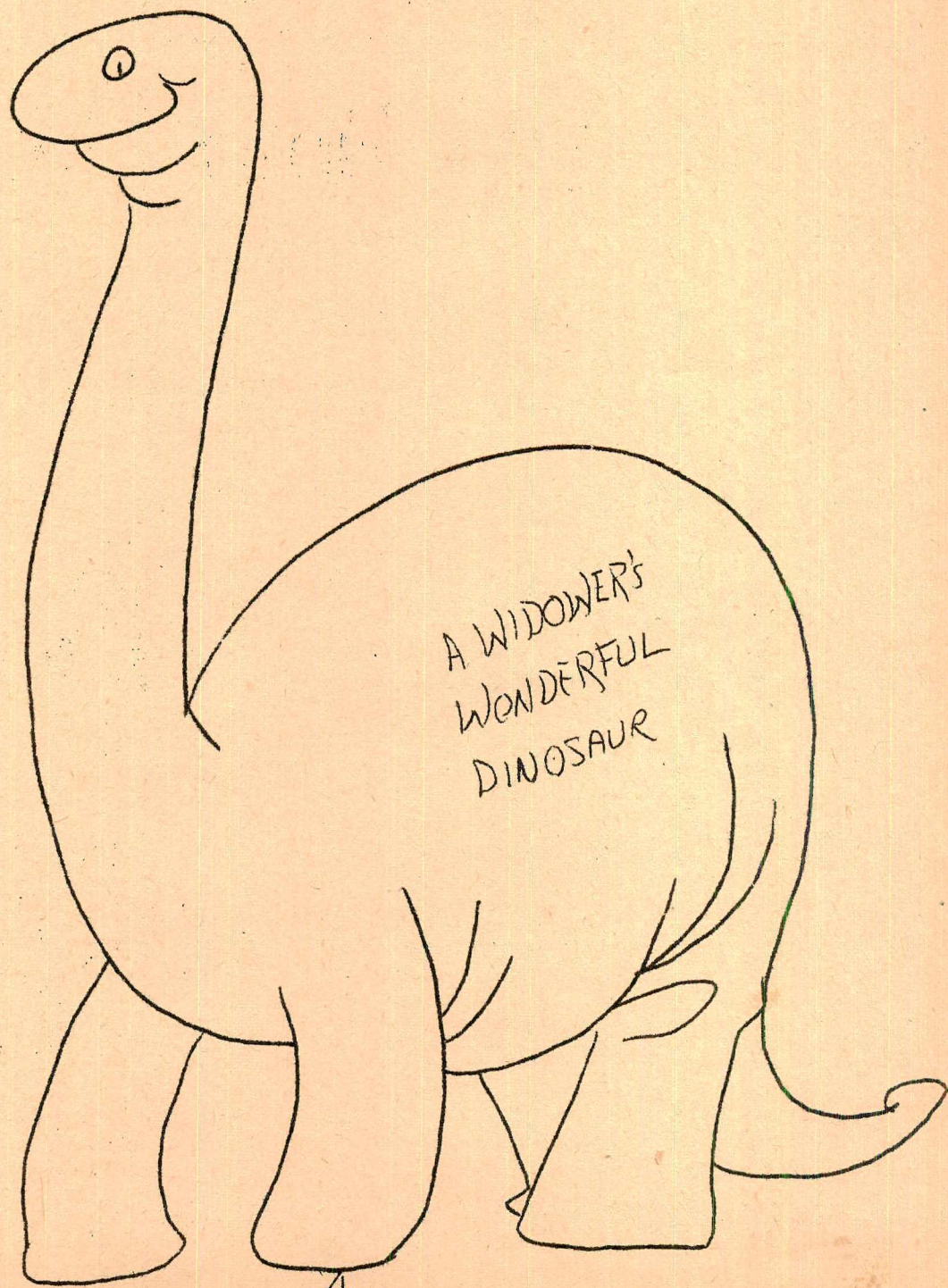


The Five Hour Hour



This section by Lee Shaw





come over fan rover

Lee Shaw

"It was midnight on
the ocean, the sun
was shining bright..."

S omewhere in OMPa there is a fan, and that fan, perusing the membership list, has wondered "Who is this Lee Hoffman?" or in the case of the last mailing, "Who is this L. Hoffman Shaw?" This is a good question.

Well, back in March Larry loaded me on a KLM Constellation. It took off. It was a big, modern ship, well staffed and extremely comfortable. It was equipt with everything including little white bags. The meals were wonderful.

I got sick.

About a month later I recovered. In the meantime considerable had happened. For instance, I had found myself over the Atlantic ocean viewing a green sunset. And on top of that I saw the sun rise at midnight (EST). And I was plane sick.

We lnded in (that's obliterate for Glasgow) where we changed airports in a little bus. It was nice. I was awed, partly by being in Britain at all and partly by the beautiful scenery.

At Renfrew or somewhere we took a BEA plane and got to Londonium. From the plane we took a bus to the terminal building, and from there another bus to Waterloo station. There, much against the will of the driver who thought anyone who'd take a taxi from Waterloo Station to Catford was crazy, we went to TRESCO in a taxi. There we found that the Bulmers, anticipating our arrival, had evacuated. Diligently I hiked over to the Clarkes only to find they'd managed to get away within the hour. Undaunted, and with the aid of neighbors (wonder what the Bulmers did to antagonize those neighbors?) we got to some railroad station or another where we nosed out the Bulmers. There is no escape!

The Bulmers helped us locate food (a very difficult commodity to locate in England. There is plenty of it, but the places serving it are always closed at the hours an American gets hungry). Then they took us to Kettering.

Stowed in our rooms in the Royal (I think), Larry and I settled down. As is natural, I set out to the W.C. (British translation). Coming back I passed a small group of fans in the hall. It didn't occur to me at the time that they might be fans, since I'd been told all the fans were over entertaining each other at the St. George (or were we at the St. George and they at the Royal?) So, not realizing these were fans, I looked sternly past them, walked to my room and ducked in. As I slammed the door a strange thought materialized in my mind. I turned to Larry and said breathlessly, "There were some people out

LeeH (2)

there and I - I - I think I know them."

Larry looked at me like he thought I was mad. After all, how many British fans did I know by sight. Three: Ken, Pamela, and WAW.

I said, "I think it was Walter." But I was too shy to look. So Larry looked. The hall was empty.

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to me, Walter was hiding away nail-chewing over why I was cold-shouldering him after all these years as 16-year-old-twin-brothers.

Shortly after that I got sick again. And when I try to recall further details of Kettering, only a few return to me, most of them overshadowed by a sensation of slinking illy in a corner and failing to meet and talk to the Most Imperesting People.

I do recall those two stalwarts, Ch8cch and ATom (see what kind of nickname that gets you, Chuch.)

Possibly here I might digress enough to apologize for this monstrous typing. I apologize. This is the noiseless Remington, which to anyone who has one should be explanation enough. P.S., yes this is the tyer the horse tried to eat.

Anyway, Chuch and Arthur are good kids and well worth the trip in themselves. I'd advise all U.S. fans to vote for London in '57 on the grounds that is it glutted with delightful people. Also the environs are too.

So forgive me if my narrative of the London trip ends abruptly. I don't recall any better than I type. Only a wonderful impression of fun.

Coming back I got so plane sick I was ready to jump. Fortunately we put down at Gander (an icy wasteland) and I was able to rest a while. Bless Larry, I'd never have made it without him.

Now that I'm over my spasm of illness, I look back on the whole trip with a sense of regret...regret for the fact that I failed so miserably to meet so many people, and for that fact that so many people whom I did meet I didn't identify properly. I don't hear too well to begin with and what with the problem of the language barrier, I missed a lot.

solitary

FANTASY OBSERVATIONS FROM THE SICKBED UNDER THREAT OF THE A-BOMB

Actually that is a bit of an overstatement. I'm not in bed and really not very sick. Wednesday I came home from the stable with a bit of a sore throat. Yesterday I spent the day in bed, today I'm up and around waiting for an adventure in "American Preparedness", namely an air-raid. Oh, yes, we indulge in a mock air-raid now and then to keep Americans on their toes and buying government bombs. It had been announced regularly on the radio today that the nation is generally observing an alert. Pearl Harbor and Puerto Rico have been bombed (nuclear, of course) and NYC will get it at exactly 4:10. That's about three quarters of an hour now, so maybe I'll still be here (at the typer) when it goes off.

CULTURES, COMMUNICATIONS, and FANDOM

I had not realized until I got over there how much difference there really is between the average American and the (if you'll pardon the expression) average Britisher. The mult~~is~~ oops, something jammed. (I hate this typewriter!) The multitude of superficial similarities in the British and American languages lead their speakers to erroneously believe that can communicate with each other. I can rather picture the whole American Revolution as having resulted from just such a problem. Words which had the same primary meaning in both languages carry distinctly different minor connotations. It's a mess.

To the casual visitor the most obvious difference between our two cultures is that of obtaining nourishment. In the States it is accepted that one may obtain reasonable nourishment at any time of day or night, although between the hours of midnight and four in the morning some eating places are closed. On the other hand, eating in England seems to be a matter of tight schedule (you all know how that word is pronounced), and strict rules as to what is eaten when. I never quite got that straight.

I remember in Kettering though, a bootleg food-easy where Larry and I were taken for a little after-hour food. It was a remarkable place where Chuch produced cokes, straws, and ice-cream for the creation of (snhh) ice-cream sodas!

GAD! WHAT EXCITEMENT!

For a full fifteen minutes the great metropolis is to be a ghost-town, its great arterial roads devoid of traffic, the airwaves empty, the tv screens blank, the roar of the city's pulse dulled to impure silence. Men, woman and children huddled at their radios, listening to survival news over the emergency frequencies....

Ah, there it goes now, the pulsing beat of the warning siren, howling through the air. And now the streets under my window, the people tense with excitement, running out to see what is happening, windows flying open and heads looking out. Cars rushing madly past trying to get to their destinations before the bombs fall, the laughter of children racing through the almost-barren streets.

And overhead the drone of planes growing intense...

The voice of CONELRAD stutters over the radio, weakening as the signal transfers from a nearby station to a stronger one. Survival news. An emergency kit in your car, and the voice blasts out as the signal changes to another station, a water supply and concentrated ready-to-eat food in your survival kit. The mayor of New York saying that millions of people are under cover. Outside the sound of a car being started, and the roar of planes again. And now on CONELRAD an announcement from the secret government hide-out outside of Washington--there it goes, the steady cry of the All-clear. And down below the children return into ~~mm~~ to their apartments and the re-operative TV receivers.

Despite the kids it makes a difference. Traffic is beginning to roll again and more adults are on the streets. (Apparently kids are expendable). Damage has been negligible, due to the fact that no bombing was done.

The All-clear, with its steady note, sounds like the warning of WWII.

WELL, IT'S ALL OVER

and just in time too. It is almost time for the latest episode of Jet Morgan and The World In Peril, as we Journey into Space in 2072 AD. This, as you undoubtedly know, is a space-opera-serial which we are wont to compare to our own juvenile SPACE CADET, but might what a comparison. Despite its touches of serial technique, it is excellent. Can any of you tell us more about it? Seems I recall reading something in a fanzine, but I cannot remember what.

CORRECTION, PLEASE

Since Larry and I have decided to combine our memberships into one, we'd like it in both our names, rather than just mine. So please list us as either "L. Shaw & L. Shaw" or in our unincorporated corporation name "L. Shaw, Ltd." And please send everything too big to fit into a penny matchbox (the approximate size of our Village mailbox) should be sent to Royla Publications, 47 E 44th St. New York 17, N.Y. USA. Better make this our official OMPA address, instead of the Sullivan St. Address, please.

P.S.

If all the fan usage of my maiden name is a hint that some fans doubt the legality of my marriage, I am duly insulted. No less a person than John C. Johnson, associate editor of Infinity witnessed the ceremony.

Of course there was a little trouble when we took our blood tests...my test took the regular three days, but the laboratory took a week to analyse Larry's.

WE SAW THAT RABBIT

a good science-fiction movie, a few days ago. FORBIDDEN PLANET with Walter Pidgeon. Bill Bowman recommended it to us, and we pass along the recommendation.

IF ANY OF YOU WOULD LIKE TO GET MAD drop us a letter.

OH, HOW I'D LIKE TO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY BUT GREENWICH VILLAGE IS FUN DEPT.

The sound of music took me to the window where I saw a trio of street musicians, a sight I haven't seen since the depression. Two of them were street musicians, to be exact, and the most lithe passed the hat and collected cash tossed from apartment windows. The others played a guitar and violin, quite nicely too.

Meanwhile a small group of young boys were pulling a distraught-looking pair of snakes in and out of a puddle in the pavement. I do not think the snakes were indiginus to this street.

On looking out the window again, I see a car parking over the puddle, and a boy holding one of the snakes, which looks considerably limper than a while ago.

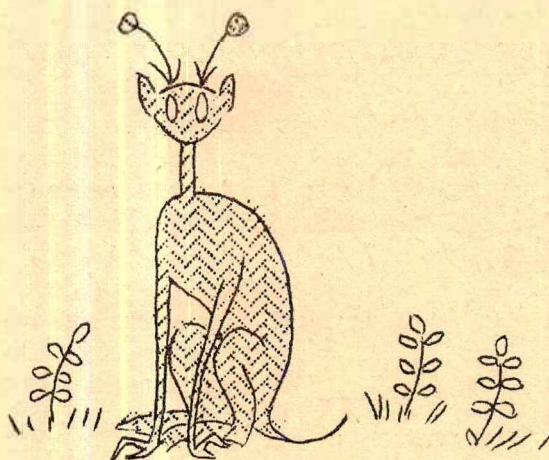
C'est la g vie!

MEMORIES OF LONDON Dept.

Killing time alone, we blundered into a movie house where we saw a THREE STOOGES comedy, a Charlie Chaplin picture called THE ADVENTURER which seemed to end somewhat more abruptly than originally, and a chapter of a serial called BLACK ARROW or something similar, a Western, of course.

WELL, LARRY IS HOME NOW and thus pass a few solitary hours at the typer which would have been reminiscent of my f mlish youth perhaps, had the typer been anywhere as pleasant to use. This ~~type~~ machine puts in extra letters and leaves out the ones I want to use.

Which reminds me, do any of you remember that once upon a time I was actually complimented on the fine typing and lack of typos in my fanzines?



A HERRINGBONE ALIEN

THE JET-PROPELLED HORSE

Actually is propelled by plain old fashioned feet.

It is a nice horse and it is mine. Larry bought it for me. It is maintained on Staten Island, a large pleasant place reached by ferry boat. The trip consists of shanks mare to the subway at Houston Street (remember the Alamo!) and thence by subway (or as Arthur Thomson would translate it "underground") to the new ferry building where one takes an escalator up to somewhere and then goes onto the boat. Some half hour or so later one reaches Staten Island where one takes a bus to somewhere and then Shanks' mare to the stable where Shaw's gelding is boarded.

For those among us who might be interested (namely me) the hoss is about 15.2 hands, 8 years old (at least his teeth are eight years old) and he is a strawberry roan of the type typical to the Roan Allen branch of the Tennessee Walking Horse. That is he has reddish brown hair all mixed up with white hair on his body, large splotchy white stockings, and a flaxen mane and tail. Also he bites.

Larry rides a horse name of ANXIOUS which was at one time an Army horse but which has been demobilized. He is half thoroughbred and half mustang and three years younger than the hills. Not Larry, the horse. Larry is considerable younger than the horse.

In case you're curious the name of this here new horse of mine (the fourth) is REBEL.

[A series of rhythmic, slanted vertical strokes, resembling a stylized musical notation or a decorative border.]

Speaking of Staten Island, as I was on my way home from there today I blundered on what must be the most imbecilic statement on the year, of the whole geophysical year! I would quote it to you exactly but a little old lady took my copy of IF and ran off the subway train at Chambers Street with it, so I'll have to rely on memory.

In the science quiz the question ran something like this:

Mass and _____ are equal and are interchangably according to the theory of relativity.

The answer they gave was "energy".

This gives us the Relativistic formula E equals Mc^2 which leave us with a problem of something like 34,596,000,000 give or take a few million (or as Einstein so aptly put it " C^2 ") seemingly ignored.

Looks like IF's A-bombs are gonna make mighty puny explosions.

SONGS ANOTHER TAUGHT ME

Recorded by Stinson on SLP#7 and 8, these Chain Gang songs, which are done by Woody Guthrie, Sonny Terry and Alek Stewart, are quite interesting. I quote from the record jacket:

"Out on the road from before sun-up until after sundown; dressed in dirty and faded stripes and noisy chains; hovered over by an ugly guard with an uglier disposition and a loaded rifle; eating the same sloppy mush or corn pone, or fatty meat every meal; returning to the camp or stockade and the rows of iron cots with the straw-filled, croacus sack mattresses when the backbreaking work of the day is over. Such is the life of the Negro convict laborers who make up the chain gangs. The same monotonous order of things, day after day and week after week until a man works out his time, outruns the bloodhounds, or dies, with one form of release being about as frequent as another.

"The songs in the album are the truest expressions of the poor Negro whose place on the chain gang is more often determined by the law of supply and demand for labor than by the "lawful" punishment of some petty crime. Woody Guthrie, Blind Sonny Terry, and Alek Stewart get together in singing these songs as they should be sung and are sung on Southern chain gangs."

Apparently these songs and notes were taken down during the period in which the chain gang was still in existence in some Southern states, notably Georgia which was the laast state to forgo the striped convict uniform, some years after it gave up chains for road crews.

Still the chain gang was in existence recently enough for me to remember having seen crews on the roadsides in chains when, during the depression, my parents took me on their annual trak from Chicago, Ill. to Lake Worth, Florida.

Notes on the second album are as follows:

"Negro chain gang songs are a major and unique contribution to the varied musical forms existing in the United States. These are the work songs and blues of men who are driven incessantly in all kinds of weather. Under a hot, blazing sun or in winter's cold, these men slave in the turpentine camps or on road gangs. They pick cotton and cut sugar cane, forced to do without pay any kind of work for which the state needs cheap labor.

"The Negro chain gang worker sings to make his work easier and his existence more bearable. His songs tell his troubles and complaints about his food, his work his 'captain'*, and his woman. He sings about how he got in and how he's going to get out. In every case he sings in order to express himself---not for amusement, or to pass time or to show off. His songs are a medium for relating personal experience and coordinating experiences shared in common with his fellow chain gang prisoners."

*chain gang foreman

A Chain Gang Song

RED RIVER

Goin' down to the camp
And tell my brother, Bill,
That woman that he's messin' with,
Has got him on the ball and chain.

Which-a-way, which-a-way,
That blood red, Lord, river run,
Runnin' from my back door,
To the risin' sun.

There's trouble here, trouble here, babe,
And trouble everywhere I go.
I ain't never had so much trouble
Lord, in my life before.

My heart is achin'.
For my life's all full of pain
How long I got to
Hold on to my ball and chain.

I want to come see you, pretty mama,
Lord, just as bad as I can.
But I can't come to see you, pretty mama,
I'm down here on this old chain gang

Now it's T, T for Texas,
And it's T for Tennessee
Now it's T for that woman there,
Always teasin' me.

I'm a standin' on the corner,
With a dollar in my hand.
A-waitin' for a woman
Maybe that's a -waitin' for a man.

Well, that dumper told the loader
(What did he tell 'im?)
Oh, send me six foot of clay.
For that blood river risin'
Six feet every day

I don't want no sugar
Get mixed up in my tea
Cause any woman I'm lovin'
Is sweet enough for me.

CHAIN GANG BLUES

Paper boy hollerin' extra;
Have you read the news?
Shot the brown I love
And I've got the, old chain gag blues.

Refrain:
That's why I'm singin'
Tryin' to drive my blues away.
Oh, the sun gonna shine
In my door some day.

I got them old coffee grinds my coffee
Big boll weevil in my mild
Tack in my shoes
Keep on stickin' me in my heel.

Well, she used to be my sweet milk,
But she soured on me;
Yes, we ain't together
Just like we used to be.

It was bad luck in my family
And it all fell on me.
Yes, look at the troubled people
In this world I see.

That's why I'm singin'
Tryin' to drive my blues away,
Well, I'm so glad
Trouble don't last always.

Snatch from another item:

"If I'd a-known,
My captain was blind,
I wouldn't a-come to work
'Til ha-past nine."

DESTINY'S CAT

We had a cat. Well, for a couple of days we had it. It was a brindle and white kitten with inadequate hind legs. Its name was Bob and Ray. We had named it after those inimitable radio comedians, Bob and Ray. There was some question as to whether one cat qualified to have a plural name like Bob and Ray but since it had two mothers we supposed the name would be acceptable.

We brought the kitten up to the apartment and settled it down in a large box where it seemed happy. At least it curled up and went to sleep. The next evening coming home from somewhere at a reasonably late hour, we were met at the foot of the steps by one of the kitten's mothers, which set up a meowing and fidgiting about our feet.

SUDDENLY DISCOVERED UNUSUAL FACT DEPT:

Our range, a gas model, has the name of famous Irishman, Robert Shaw, on it. The name is engraved in neat upper-case sans-serif letters in the oven heat control.



The sole remains of an unpublished
fanzine - namely the letter column

Bob Tucker
P O box 702
Tuckerston, Ill.

Odds bodkins!
69 - Plus Pages!
So soon!
Hiya, Faaaan!

Robert Bloch
P O box 362
Weyauwega, Wis.

Dear BNF: 54-40 is 100%! You have done a remarkable service to
Fandom in ruthlessly exposing both Leery Pshaw and demon night. I'd
always wondered why the latter insisted on spelling his name in low-
er case letters, but when I met him I understood...he is one of the
lowest cases I've ever seen. It is just my tragedy that I'm morbid-
ly attracted to such characters despite their depravity and hence
remain fond of them both. But then, I have no serious objections
to you, either. And I'm most pleased with your serious constructive
'zine.//Kiss Pam for me and ignore Ken// THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME
doesn't stand up too well in a re-showing, except for Cedric Hard-
wicke. Ed O'Brien was a seppy juvenile then.// Some day I may write
up the Weyauwegacon if Grant doesn't//Tell Charles Wells that if I
looked like my pictures, the Post Office would ban me. Hoping you
are the same.

[Bob]

"Fort Sumter has been fired upon."

-Wm Tenn

LARRY T. SHAW HAS SWITCHED TO HORSES!

I finally gave in. For years, people have been telling me I should. (Ken and Pamela can testify to the number of people who insisted I should "Get a horse!"); For years, I've been ignoring this well-meant advice. But when Lee shouted "To horse!" what could I do? So now I'm taking horse lessons (just last Saturday I learned how to dismount in the middle of a brook), learning what I've been missing all these years, and urging all my friends to do likewise. Since Lee's first horse was named Kehli pronounced Kelly, I have decided it will be appropriate to name my first horse, when I get one, Murphy. I haven't picked Murphy out yet, but he is going to be a particularly fine horse, and deserving of nothing but the best in food, lodging, and equipment. So I'm reading all kinds of books on saddles and such. Thus, when I do acquire Murphy, I'll be prepared to provide him with exactly the right gear. In other words, I'm doing . . .

an



production

RESEARCH TO BRIDLE
MURPHY

Thus begins Larry T. Shaw's very own section. Enter at your own risk.

OTHER VOICES

HAVE YOU a working observatory near your home, a big one with a good-sized telescope? ... Ask the chief of it ... why photographs of Mars taken last summer and showing a curious off-and-on, seemingly cloud-made gigantic "W" were suppressed ... The puzzling object or cloud formation or whatever, shows on plates made at all the major observatories in this hemisphere ... A California scientist, who saw the strange thing, spilled the fact that all observatories agreed not to give the pictures out for publication ... Why not? So it was a cloud formation which happened several times in an identical way ... Or was it?

--Whitney Bolton in the Savannah
Morning News, Nov. 26, 1955

(Well, Walter?)

--oOo--

WORM PICKING MAKES COMEBACK IN BRITAIN

By James F. King

LONDON (AP)--The lure of the American market has led to the revival of an ancient craft in Britain--worm picking.

Emil Kekich, commercial attache at the U. S. Embassy in London, became interested when the Wholesale Bait Co., of Hamilton, Ohio, appealed for 25 million lobworms.

A decade ago Britain was a big supplier. The industry fell into decay with changing economic conditions and stepped-up labor costs.

...

(Nonsense! Since when do worms have a union?)

--oOo--

NEWER CARS POZE GASOLINE PUZZLE

--New York Times, Aug. 5, Business
Section, page 1

NEWER CARS POZE GASOLINE PUZZLE

--New York Times, Aug. 5, Business
Section, page 4

(Well, puzzles are habit-forming, you know.)

FOR COLLECTORS ONLY

At Smithfield in Belfast--a fannishly fabulous place which was easily worth the cost of the entire trip to me and which I may someday describe in detail unless I can persuade someone better qualified to do the job--I bought nine copies of a magazine entitled STREET & SMITH'S DETECTIVE MONTHLY. As a British Reprint Edition, this is unique, since it has and had no exact counterpart among American magazines. Most issues, apparently, reprinted a Doc Savage novel plus short stories from DOC SAVAGE magazine; a few, however, were made up of material from another Street and Smith magazine. S&SDM's page size is approximately that of an American pulp, its edges are trimmed, and it contains 64 pages. The covers of the ones I bought are also reprinted from DOC SAVAGE--but since all except two are taken from the digest-sized American edition, this means that the paintings were blown up (or, possibly, redrawn) to the larger size, and the results in some instances are embarrassingly crude. To me, this is a very minor quibble when compared to the joy I have in owning the things at all. I only wish that Atlas Publishing & Distributing Co. Ltd., the outfit responsible for them, had gone all the way back to the early issues of DS for their material--but that, of course, would have been too much to hope for.

Here's a checklist of the issues I bought, with the American edition from which the novel and cover were taken in each case noted wherever I know it:

BRE issue; Novel; American issue

- Vol. 1, No. 5, April 1955; "Rock Sinister"; ?
- Vol. 1, No. 6, May 1955; "The Disappearing Lady"; ?
- Vol. 1, No. 7, June 1955; "Danger Lies East"; March-April 1947
- Vol. 1, No. 8, July 1955; "I Died Yesterday"; Jan.-Feb. 1948
- Vol. 1, No. 10, Sept. 1956; "Fire and Ice"; ?
- Vol. 1, No. 11, Oct. 1955; "The Devil Is Jones"; ?
- Vol. 1, No. 12, Nov. 1955; "Once Over Lightly"; ?
- Vol. 2, No. 1, Dec. 1955; "The Green Masters"; Winter 1949
- Vol. 2, No. 3, Feb. 1956; "Up From Earth's Center"; Summer 1949

The last-named American issue, it may be noted, was the final one to appear; the novel was the one in which Doc visited the fringes of Hell and returned alive but shaken. (It seems obvious to me that Lester Dent, who was supposed to have taken over full control of the series again at this point, knew he was writing the Savage swansong, and chose this method of effectively ringing down the curtain on further adventures while leaving Doc alive just in case.) That's all of significance that I know about STREET & SMITH'S DETECTIVE MONTHLY, but if any collectors in the audience have further information (particularly, is the magazine still being published?), I'd be grateful if they'd make it available.

GENEVIEVE

It may not be the best movie ever made, but I guess it is my own all-time personal favorite, all right.

I saw it recently for what I think was the seventh time. I have not grown tired of it. In fact, I enjoyed it all the more this time for having been to England; there were a few points that I could understand more fully, both emotionally and linguistically. Then too, while in England I fell in love with Austin Sevens--and the one the nurse drove in the expectant-father bit was a beaut.

The print--there seems to be only one over here--is getting badly chopped up. Lee suggests that various projectionists have cut choice scenes out for souvenirs, which seems probable. The coffee-spilling scene has been gone the last few times I've seen the movie. Now the crash into the rear end of the Allard has vanished too, much to my disappointment. I guess I'll have to return to England in hopes of seeing it intact again, if for no other reason.

I have long admired English movies for their marvelous handling of transitions between scenes, and "Genevieve" contained perhaps the best one I have ever seen: the hilarious jump from the bedroom scene to the beginning of the rally. The audience always takes a few seconds to catch on, and then howls with delight.

I would also give a lot to have a recording of the background music.

But I could go on all night listing things I love about the film. So I will merely say, instead, that I have decided British movies are better than any others, including the much-praised Italians. The English, it seems to be, make by far the best use of the medium, without going to extremes on any one particular quality. Even when British movies are bad, they're pleasantly bad.

I also bought a novelized version of "Genevieve" in Foyle's. I treasure it, though I haven't had time to read it yet. From glancing through it hastily, it seems to preserve the dialogue from the movie practically intact, but the rest of the text is one cliché after another. James Dillon White did it.

"Forbidden Planet" is good, too.

SCIENCE FICTION: I am a prophet without prophecy. At Kettering I said I thought the American magazine market had stabilized. Now I'm going to have a new one, Margulies is launching SATEL-LITE, Ziff-Davis is coming up with DREAM WORLD, Mercury has another in the works, and an outfit named Crestwood a fifth. If you want predictions, don't ask a science fiction editor....

PARTIZAN

Over the drivel of thoughtless words
In grammarless haste we go. . . .

This is a word I discovered in the Tower of London. I thought it would make a lovely individzine title, but it doesn't look as though I'll publish a separate individzine. I thought too that it would make a lovely title for a review department--but, strictly speaking, I'm not going to publish reviews, at least not this time. These will be haphazard comments; reviews are something else. At any how, opinions expressed herein are those of LTS.

NOISE LEVEL 6: Much appreciated by noth Shaws; I'm a folkfan too, although I don't have Lee's knowledge of the subject. The writing technique deserves a special nod. John chooses his details wisely and well; the reader* is left feeling that he has learned something, but that there is more to know and that the remainder is worth looking up. . . . Incidentally, John, do you know the version of "Casey Jones" that is told from the union viewpoint? It makes Casey out to be a slob and a scab, who took out a train he knew to be unsafe while the good union men were striking for, among other things, trains that would be safe. It's interesting, though I can't say I really like it; I'm generally pro-union but I dislike seeing Casey de-romanticized and villain-ized. . . . I consider union songs as at least closely related to folk music (though some of them work too hard at establishing that very relationship), and if this one isn't part of your collection I'll dig up as many of the words to it as I can for you. . . . Lik't Bacoer Babblings, too.

MORPH 8: Fascinating throughout. The original Dracula is one of my own favorite movies. The special effects were crude, but successful in spite of their crudity, and the film as a whole was much more creepy than most of the current crop of shockers that I've seen.

SCHNERDLITES 5: Lots of fun, though I confess I enjoyed the little things like the Cottle, the Pedigoese, etc., better than some of the more extended jokes.

ARCHIVE 8: Archie has a flair (do you hear, Arch?--you have a flair) which makes practically everything he does aces in my book. I have even gotten over the disappointment of learning that he works in the office at the Malleable Iron Works--though it was a shock, after picturing him standing, stripped to the waist, his hairy chest gleaming with sweat, silhouetted against the leaping flames, catching white-hot ingots spat out by a fiery furnace in his naked hands and bending them, with super-human strength, into all sorts of odd shapes.... It's okay, Arch, you can work in the office if you want to. I'll vote for

* Or me, anyway. (Copyright 1956 by Damon Knight.)

remember when and where?), I am in favor of government by laws, not by men. The only trouble is that the laws are made by men, which puts us right back where we started. ... See, Sandy? You inspired me! I hope you keep doing it.

MINI 2: "...a paragyric blasting Ted E. White..."? Hmm. ... But thanks for making that important and perceptive point about the Shadow. ... Actually, I know how you feel about things like this. I once published a one-sheet "magazine" just because I had a cover I wanted to get into a particular apa mailing, too. ... And I do like this format.

ZIP 8: Always fascinated by tales of battles with the post office.

ZIP 9: Brilliant!

ZIP 10: Dearthless prose? August Dearlith? Dear dear!

BURP! 9: I share your admiration for Ernie Pyle, and enjoyed "Home Country" better in a way than his war reporting, which was gathered into three or four books. Maybe it's because there was so much war reporting, and so little honest depicting of the American scene. If I can ever find two copies of "HC" for sale, I'll buy one of them for you. ... "The Spoon River Anthology" is easier; I'm tired of my copy and will gladly send it to you, if I don't forget; you can pick up something good for me someday in return.

THE HARROGATE CRUDBIN QUARTERLY: What outrageous behavior?

ALW GAZET 3: But shucks, think of the mighty clangor of clashing slogans as the opposing factions meet: South Gate in '58! Harrogate in '58! Yea team!

THE LESSER FLEA 4: Me and Joy and Katie Hepburn--what a thought! Cosmic, kid, cosmic!

LAUNCHING SITE: Slight, but pleasant and interesting throughout. This sort of thing is a constant challenge to those who argue for more formality.

ONE SHOT: This sort of thing isn't. Ouch!

THIS SCEPTERED ISLE Part 1: Magnificent! Absolutely magnificent! I will treasure it for style as well as content. The tale of the Keeper of the Printed Books was lovely, and well worth including, for instance. Someday I hope we'll make extensive practical use of this, too--and I'm glad we inspired it.

SCOTTISHE 7: Entertaining, but not evocative of much comment. Loved the cover.

you just the same, for any office you desire. ... I've encountered a couple or three humorous comments recently on how Britishers use briefer abbreviations than the supposedly terse, hurried Americans do. Maybe they do mostly, although there is "advert" instead of the much handier "ad". What brought this to mind was the ab. "frig", which I found in here somewhere. It's a fine ab., but if you spell it that way it will be mistaken for a version of an obscene word Americans use when they want to get it past the bluenoses.

GALLERY 2: Especially enjoyed page 4. The bit about Lobelia just began to get interesting when it stopped; I would love to know more.

KA 3: A sketchy issue, but your opinion of INFINITY redeemed it, Mark. Thank you kindly.

THIS GOON FOR HIRE: Completely fabulous. Absolutely wonderful. Indescribably pleasant, and pleasantly ineffable. But then, green always was my favorite color. ... Actually, I indulge in loud applause for all concerned. The book titles on the inba-cover alone were worth the price of admission.

SATAN'S CHILD 2: This was nicely put together, but seemed to be full of rather pompous nothings, not very well written. Sorry--but also sure you can do better, given better material, Dorothy.

HARD LINES 2: Lovely to look at, but not much to read. The clout-casting bit was dandy, though.

THE DIRECTORY...: An excellent item. It will be handy to have--and if I make as much use of it as I would earnestly like to, I will soon wear it out. ... Next time, though, make sure you include L. Shaw, Ltd.

DOUBLE WHAMMY 2: Without necessarily wholeheartedly endorsing everything they do, I like this Washington-Baltimore bunch fine. Maybe it's just that in some strange way they remind me of myself as a youngfan--but I think their existence proves that all is not yet lost in fandom. ... There was more of the "Every Issue Better" gag than anybody really needed, certainly--but it was a clever idea.

RUNE: I enjoyed this, and am looking forward to further installments of "Fandoms Return." However, in our brief and often interrupted conversations in Kettering, I acquired a great respect for your opinions, Norman. Why not put more of them in your magazine? I'm sure your reviews of the other members' magazines would be interesting and worthwhile, for instance. Come on, boy --give!

OMNIBUS 6: One of the most enjoyed items in the mailing--also one of the few that inspires me to argument. ... Now, look. I value my freedom, such as it is, as much as anybody else, including Steinbeck, values his. But let's not talk nonsense about it. What does he mean when he says that "the free, exploring mind of the individual human is the most valuable thing in the world"? "Valuable" is the key word here--valuable to whom, under what circumstances, and measured by what yardstick? I'm more than willing to agree that the free, exploring mind of the individual is a valuable thing, but how can any one thing be the most valuable in the world at all times and under all circumstances? ... And what if a system is built on a pattern arrived at by free minds; what then, eh? Should the same free minds destroy the pattern merely because it is a pattern. ... Freedom is one of the few things in the world worth fighting for, sure. But is it --always and invariably--right for me to curb someone else's freedom by fighting for my own? And who's going to decide where to draw the line? ... The crux of the matter, to me, is that absolute personal freedom is basically a selfish desire, and as the world gets more and more crowded there is less and less room in it for selfish desires. You and Steinbeck may not like this, but I'm damned if I know how you're going to change it. Not by arguments based on some referent-less "value", that's for sure. ... As for me, I'm perfectly willing to be individualistic, as long as that means doing the things I really want to do. But I'm not going to work at it, if it comes to a matter of being individualistic for the sake of individualism. ... Fascinating bit about the steam-train in the underground. But didn't it occur to you that Bulmer must have been behind it, somehow? ... Automobile advertising has taken to playing up safety instead of speed and horsepower this past year, and especially since Congress started looking inquiringly at the entire industry. I don't expect this to last, though. ... I agree with you about the undesirability of censorship, but not necessarily with the expressed reasoning behind it. Not quite. Either comic books should be censored or they shouldn't; arguing that letting the censors have their way with comic books would make it easier for them to get their way about censoring other things is missing the point completely, it seems to me. Actually, it's at least possible that comic books should be censored. A fine theoretical case can be made out for censorship; print can be a very potent weapon (let's never forget that!), and arguments can always be found for putting safeguards around weapons or making sure that they don't fall into the wrong hands. The real problem is one of definition: exactly what are the dangerous things that should be censored; precisely which are the wrong hands? If anyone can invent a means of recognizing the potentially genuinely harmful material, a means which will work every time automatically and without mistakes, I'll be willing to let him--or the means, rather--go ahead and censor. But the rules must cover all possible cases; it can't be a matter of a new decision by a human being on every new problem. As Heinlein once said (anybody

UGH 3: This one too. Contents fine, especially "Classfn. - Tempy." and the bacover.

STEAM 2/4: Atom's cover was one of the best things in the mailing, hands down and no holds barred. Practically brings tears to my eyes every time I look, it's so beautiful. Six pages will be fine as long as they're this good, Ken.

OFF TRAILS 2/4: We want Archie! We want Archie! We want Archie!

EVENING STANDARD 41,046 and 41,051: Both copies had pages missing. Can't stand these careless editors!

ARCHIVE BETWEEN MEALS 8: We want Archie! We want Archie! We want Archie! (Gets monotonous, what?)

NOW AND THEN 7: Another thoroughly enjoyable item--but then this one is consistently excellent. Liked the tale of the hairy poltergeist so much I'm reprinting it (pending Eric's permission, of course) in the "Fanfare" department in INFINITY (which boycott). Another proof of good fansmanship, or something.

STELLAR 8 (1): I like this, too. A good idea, well executed. The format is a joy, with one exception: on page 30 "Jacob Edwards" looks like the title of a new story. (Never liked this type of illo in Astounding either, though.)

ALL IN ALL, I'm glad I'm in OMPA. The proportion of worthwhile and/or enjoyable stuff in this mailing was as high as could reasonably be expected, it seems to me, and I fully expect it to rise. We maybe need a few more good hot arguments going, but that shouldn't be difficult....

"...writers are always quoting each other..."

A lonely heart plagued Selma Smart;
Men fled from every bid o' hers. . . .
Now a much-kissed miss, she owes her bliss
To Widower's Wonderful Widowers.

Pickled Blog?

NEWS NOTE: The city council in Kimball, Nebraska, has authorized a plan whereby cars of persons who refuse to pay parking fines will be shackled to the curb. A police officer will unlock the chains for a fee of \$2 plus the fine for overtime parking.

(Can't you just see future archeologists trying to explain those artifacts, now?)

PARTIZAN POSTSCRIPT

Just after I finished my comments and had carefully included everything in the mailing, two more postpostings came in. So:

HOW unnumbered: Any deliberate relationship between the titles HOW and UGH, or is it just coincidence? ... My orderly, indexed-type soul rebels at unnumbered fanzines, but as long as you provide a date I can forgive you. ... I disagree with you about awards. That is, I agree that there may be a lot of hair-splitting involved, and that since no two members will apply the same standards of judgment the awards won't prove anything--but I think they provide enough pleasure to those who like to vote and those who win to be worth the small amount of trouble involved. They seem to work in FAPA, anyway; why not in OMPA? ... The remainder of the contents was thoroughly amusing.

ESPRIT 5: Enthusiastically approved with only one reservation: I wonder why practically all female fans are always drawing naked women and inserting them in their fanzines. Others do it much more often than you, Daphne, but your cover gives me an excuse to bring it up. ... As for your share of the written portion, I can only call it charming, in the best sense of the word. ... Ron, of course, had already told me about the self-justifying typewriter, but I am glad to see it in print, even if it is a trifle--er--abstruse. A marvelous concept, and one I'm sure Ike would enjoy. Can you, by any chance, send me an extra copy to be passed on to him? If not, I'll loan him mine. ... "Song in Exile" is one of the best science-fictional poems I've ever read (not that there have ever been many good ones), and the fact that it can be sung is pure gravy.

Boycott SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES

HISTORICAL NOTE: The Fancyclopedia is not specific on the point, and for a long time I assumed interlineations were a purely fanish invention. A friend informs me, however, that they were in use in radical newspapers of the 1930's, and that the editors thereof called them interlineations. Said friend opines: "It's an old mimeographer's term, I guess." Does anybody know for sure?

Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy boycotts girls.

WE'VE reached the end of the line. There are no new titles for science fiction magazines. No good ones, that is. When we decided that INFINITY was going to have a brother, we made a list of possible titles covering almost two pages--but almost all of them were bad, and the few that weren't couldn't be used for one reason or another. So we decided on SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, because it describes the contents better than anything else. I realize indexers will hate me, and I'm sorry, but I was backed into a corner. Does anybody have any good titles that haven't been used? I'd love to know what they are.

AW, LOOK, NOW . . .

This is the second time I thought I was finished with my "reviews" and wasn't. I typed the "Postscript" page on Friday, and yesterday **DUPLICATING WITHOUT TEARS!** arrived. Today, while doing a spot of "cleaning up" (moving stacks of junk from one place to another, and ending up with more stacks than I started with) around here, I discovered **SNOOZE**, which must have come in some time ago and been laid aside, because I hadn't read it. So:

DUPLICATING WITHOUT TEARS!: I am flabbergasted at the amount of valuable stuff we're getting through OMPA. I am also impressed with the amount of permanently valuable stuff that is emanating from the Clarke household. . . . This didn't contain too much that I didn't know--although some of it was stuff I had forgotten --but it will certainly be wonderful to have it all in one place. Thank you, AVC.

SNOOZE 5: Pleasant. We seem to have differing opinions on a lot of matters, Geoff, but I can't find anything to argue over. It's interesting to note (perhaps) that on this magazine, as on practically any other in the mailing, I could have rambled on at great length if I'd had the time--but I haven't the time.

TODAY, incidentally, is Sunday, August 5. And this magazine is growing and growing. I have no idea how large it will be when we're through. But in another day or two (as soon as I remember to buy the necessary mimeo supplies), we will stop typing stencils and start cranking.

This page, also incidentally, represents a departure from my usual practice. I'm composing it on the stencil. Lee does this all the time, but I have some psychological quirk that makes me write everything first, and then transpose it onto the stencil. Ideally, I like to polish and polish and polish before letting anybody else see anything of mine. But this is a bad habit most of the time, and obviously impractical in an apa. So perhaps I'll try this method more often.

Does the spearmint lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight?

ANNOUNCEMENT: A phone call from a real estate man, a few minutes ago, informed us that we will be allowed to move into the apartment we looked at yesterday. It is on Staten Island, and is somewhat roomier and much more modern than the old one in Greenwich Village. We start paying rent immediately, but won't actually move in until we can buy some furniture for it. It means I will commute to work, in the conventional manner, instead of the present set-up under which Lee commutes to Staten Island every day to ride. So by the time you receive this, our address will be: 545 Manor Road, Castleton Corners, Staten Island, N. Y. Please use it.

Progress Report, a guest editorial in Larry's part of this mag,
written by Lee

By Bloch, do I feel fannish. It comes back as I crank the mimeo
handle. Ah, the ghlory of it!

Here am I in pajama bottoms and a blue denim ranch work shirt, and
there is Larry in a T shirt and paint stainted slacks, and there
on the dinner table that we reserve for company is the mimeo, the
traditional old Quandry mimeo that all but the atavistic few have
forgotten, and there is the phonograph with Carl Sandburg plunking
his guitar and singing the most wonderful songs....John H.K., have
you got the one about Jay Gould's Daughter?...hare we are sipping
sugar-free ginger ale, listening to music that is doubly good be-
cause I just put a new needle in the phono and burned a little of
the dust out of the v.c....here we are running off a fanzine with
the mimeo, as is traditional, dripping ink on the ~~mupman~~ paper
roller and flying apart at the slightest provocation and here am
I at the keyboard of an unfamiliar Underwood (the ex-Ellison
machine which Harlan sold cheap but not cheap enough) and telling
the sad tale of it all. Bloch, how I hate noiseless typers. They
will not cut a decent stencil at all, even this cork-rollered mon-
strosity. Nontheless, it floods over me, as it must flood over
even Willis Himself when some familiar stimulus is encountered, I
am all come over with fanenthusiasm. I gles.

Cuss this Bloch-damned noiseless, and the other one too. The
duplicated pages look terrible. I'd like to take and smash both
of these typers into a heap of malleable iron.

Question for T ed Tubb: why Ronald Reagan's picture on the front
of ASF #71?

Colophon: This fanzine was duplicated onpaper by
mimeograph, with old mixed up sloshy ink,
by the use of stencils cut mostly on typers.

A product of the Quandry Press, a subsidiary of L. Shaw, Ltd.
All complaints should be addressed to our Lost and Found
Department which is presently Lost, somewhere in Siberia.
Write if you get lost.

Lee Shaw
Cranker

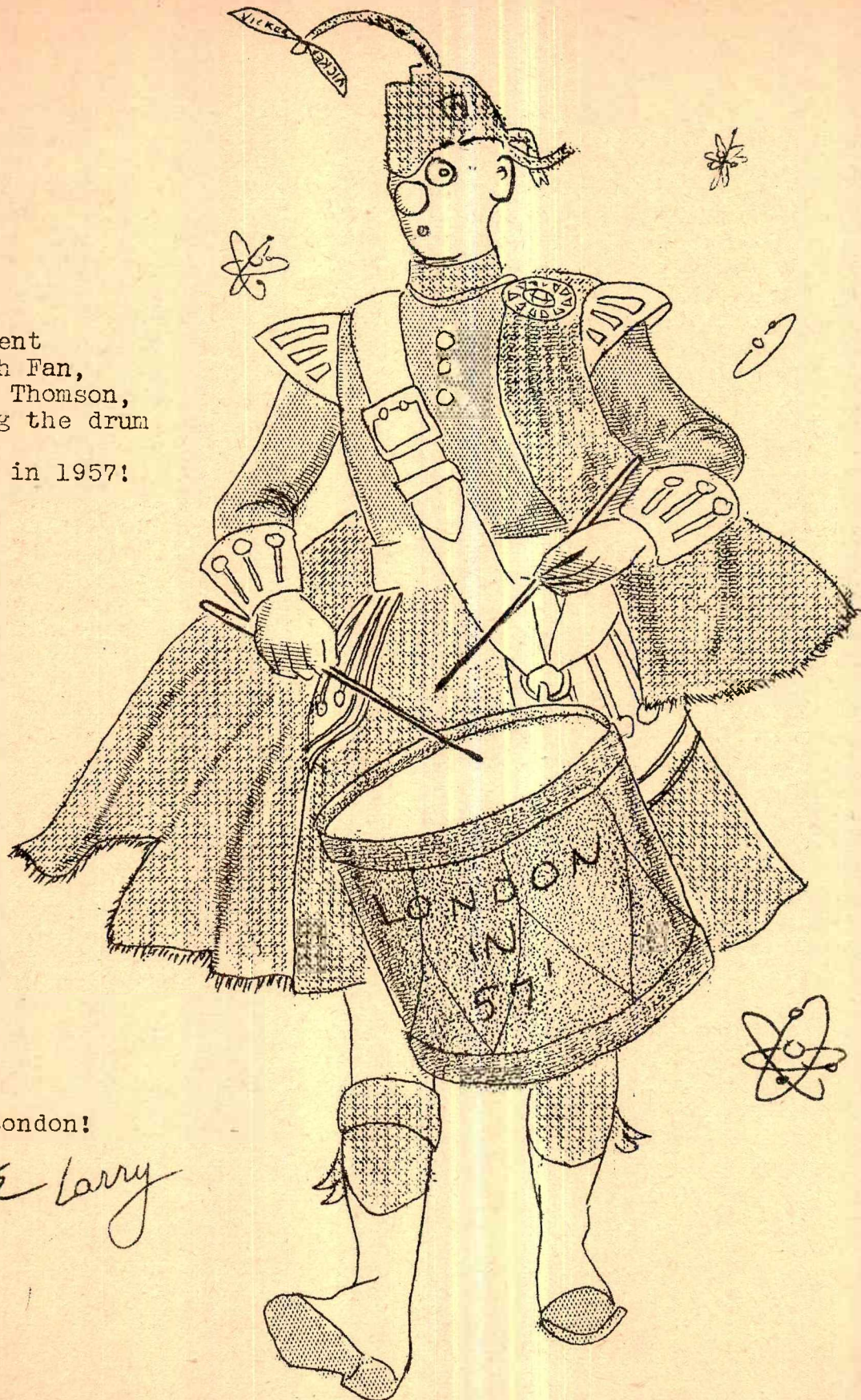
Editorz

Larry Shaw
Put togetherer

Music by Carl Sandburg, Woodie Guthrie, Burl Ives, Oscar
Brand, Stan Jones, Cisco Houston, Clarence Cooper, Martin
Wolfson, George Tyne, Lotte Lenya, Jack Elliott, Ed McCurdy,
and others too numerous to mention.

Sound equipment by Webster Chicago (cartridge by G-EO
Lenses by Bausch & Lomb Set decorations by Miller Saddlery

Prominent
British Fan,
Arthur Thomson,
Beating the drum
For
London in 1957!



We go London!

LEE Larry

LEE

