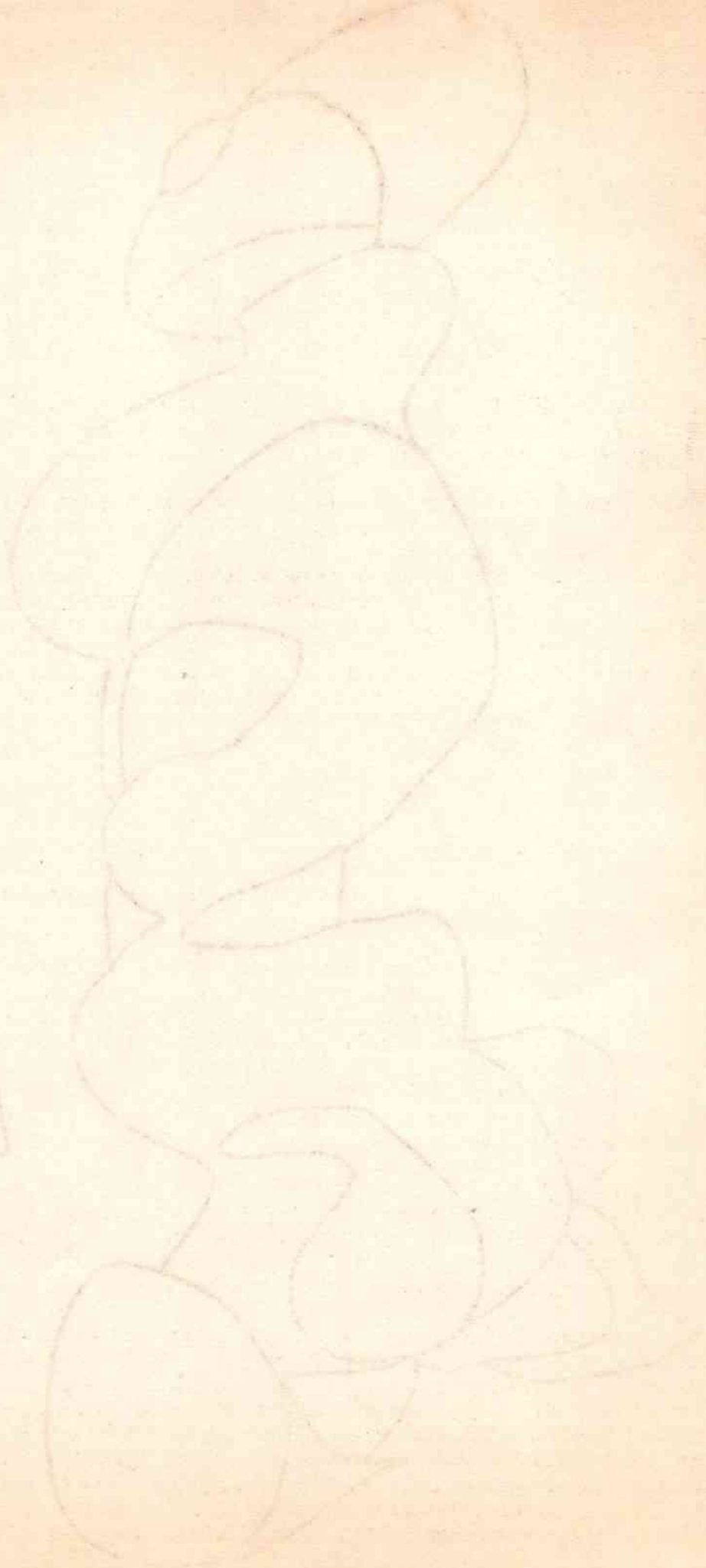


FAHRD

FAHARD



# FAFHRD VOL. I NO. 5 AUG '56-CONTENTS

#1, leading off once again, we have the editorial, which is called THE ROARING TRUMPET. TRT is short this time--through an effort of will I have limited myself to one page. Find out why by reading it. Page 2.

#2, adding a gregarious note to the issue, is a game, of all the unimaginable things to find in a dignified fanzine like FAFHRD. However, nonetheless and with no rhyme or reason, there it is--The Rules for Playing INTERPLANETARY, second edn, as revised and edited from the original rules written by Art Widner in 1943 by Steve Metchette in 1956. Don Wilson, Howard Miller, Steve Metchette, Ed Cox and Lee Jacobs heartily join your editor in recommending it for a wearing night of fannish fun. Page 3.

#3, something else you didn't expect, is THE UBLIQUITOUS SLIPSTICK, an article in the ever-popular Grennell style as imitated to perfected by Dean A. Grennell, an expert on the subject. This is a one-shot sort of mathematical article, not a column...but with a little bit of luck, as the song says, there might be more coming out of Fond du Lac in the future. Page 9.

#4, an old standby now, is Desmond Emery reviewing books under the title of WITH FOLDED HANDS... Emery is getting to be quite controversial nowadays, what with his wild-eyed, fanatical opinions on stf and the "sense of wonder". Of course, it seems that ANYBODY with opinions on stf these days is controversial. I refer you not only to the letter column but also to Page 12.

#5, unusually, is two items combined into one. It seems that Lars Helander, who last issue wrote the first installment of a column about Swedish scientifantasy and folklore, went on a European tour right after. On this tour he stopped in Belgium at the residence, specifically, of Jan Jansen who, last issue also, wrote the first installment of a column about BELGIAN scientifantasy and, more especially, European fandom. These were titled Lite Svenskt and Chocolate & Cheese, respectively, so this issue we have the product of both of them together--A Little Chocolate and Svenska Cheese. See Page 15.

#6, another old standby, is the letter column, which I dare to call ...AND SEARCHING MIND. All these fancy, breath-taking titles must shock you new readers, but I've no doubt that when you read the letters you will find that we're really quite unpretentious around here--just one big happy family. I refer you to the battles which are clouding up the fannish horizon on Page 19.

Art Credits: Cover by Ray Capella; interior artwork by Capella (some not signed, but the stuff in the style of the cover is by Ray--anything else not signed is probably a fly crawling across the page), DEA, Bourne and Rotsler. Headings by Howard Miller; diagram for INTERPLANETARY by Art Widner, reproduced from original Rules by Miller; the two cartoons lastish by "BC" were by localfan Bradley Carlson who thanks you for your kind comments. I am Ron Ellick ; I live at 277 Pomona Ave., Long Beach 3, California, and don't charge for this fanzine which circulates free to friends, trades, letter-hacks and FAPA. If you've never seen a fanzine before, please don't judge them by this one. This is Page One of an unadulterated Mess.

# THE ROARING TRUMPET

Well, sir, I finally made it. Not punctual, but willing, that's me. This issue has been delayed by the New York Convention, college, and an unbearable amount of correspondence which is just now beginning to clear up for the first time since last July; trips all over the continent this summer haven't helped things any. You are doggone lucky to see this magazine at ALL.

Must be brief--I am only using one page for an editorial because this way the RULES FOR INTERPLANETARY can be taken out of the magazine as a unit. Also, the extra copies I am mimeoing will have the correct page numbers on them. Extra copies (so you don't ruin the mag, you fiendish collectors, you) can be bought at ten cents a head; limited supply. Of a similar nature is ANTWERPSE LETTERKUNDIGE en WETENSCHAPPELIJKE GAZET which is pages fifteen through eighteen inc. of this ish. This "newspaper" is being run off about 50 times more than the 200 for FAFHRD, and is being circulated as a unit in OMPA. OMPAns on my mailing list get it twice--and there's nothing you can do about it. Furthermore, I am on the waiting-list of OMPA, and you are about to get ME, besides. Run, duck or hide.

I can add nothing to the report of my efforts to start a Fan Blood Bank as reported in Jan Jansen's CONTACT #3, except to say to the people who didn't get that little newspaper (1) you are missing something (2) write to me to find out how I am trying to help fans with a sort of communistic blood program.

The abstract artwork in this issue is an attempt in a new direction by Ray Capella. It was not intended for fanzines and was done some time ago, but before he left Los Angeles for the Bronx Ray gave me two large sheets covered with planning sketches for the etchings which at that time decorated the walls of his bachelor apartment in LA. He kept telling me they weren't intended for fanzines, but finally admitted that they MIGHT turn out well. Opinions, please.

Remember--FAFHRD is a spare-time project. Nobody has a subscription, strictly speaking, and certainly no one has any RIGHT to get it. Thus, when you all stop getting it next Spring let's not have anybody howling. There will be one more issue (we hope we hope) in early February, and then I go into the Marine Reserves (as announced (sort of) last issue and again in CONTACT #3). There will probably be no FAFHRDs after that until winter falleth once again on sunny Southern California, because after I get out of training I will be in college (who knows where???) and FAFHRD will probably be delayed until this time next year--November or maybe even Christmastide. I am reasonably certain that I'll be able to publish a parting issue before I go--would anybody like to contribute a good, long article for that issue, just to make it memorable? Haven't had a good article since the only one we've ever had--Wilson on Lovecraft. That's quite a pair of boots to fill...

FAPA and OMPA obligations will probably be kept up during that period by the proverbial skin of my proverbial teeth which at this moment hurt from some orthodontistry done last week... Correspondence will probably be even more spasmodic than usual... But, like that fellow with the corn-cob pipe--I SHALL RETURN.



Second Edition,  
 as revised and edited by C. Stewart Metchette (1956)  
 from the original rules by Art Widner (1943)

## OBJECT

To overcome all the difficulties, finance an expedition to Pluto, and bring back a cargo of "Immortality Dust" to Earth. The first player to do this wins the game.

## PREPARATIONS

Place the planets anywhere in their proper orbits. The Banker gives each player five "space ships", consisting of two exploring ships (X ships) and three cargo ships (C ships). Put the packs of concession and meteor cards in their proper places. Players roll dice and highest total plays first, the rest following to his left. Players start from Earth.

**THE SPACE SHIPS** — Before a player can bring back a cargo from any planet he must have landed an exploring ship there, and returned to Earth with news of his "discovery". I.e., when an X ship lands on a planet, the player draws one of the "concession" cards for that planet, and thenceforth, upon his return to Earth with the X ship, is entitled to ship as many cargoes as he wishes of that particular commodity from that particular planet.

X ships cannot carry cargo, although a C ship may secure a concession.

To ship other commodities from that or other planets, or the same commodity from other planets, however, another round trip by an X ship must be made in order to secure the proper concession.

X ships move the total of the numbers shown on the dice roll. C ships move the larger of the two numbers shown.

No ship can start for Jupiter until a cargo (by any player - not necessarily the player wishing to start for Jupiter) from one of the minor planets (Mercury, Venus or Mars) has been delivered on Earth.

No ship can start for an unvisited outer planet until a cargo has been delivered (by any player) from the next inner planet.

A cargo ship cannot start from Earth until at least one X ship has returned with a concession card. Players may ship only cargoes for which they have a concession.

A player is not allowed to have more than two of his ships in the spacelanes at any one time. A disabled ship is not counted.

Players may not enter inter-orbit paths, unless they intersect at a circle. (E. g., on the direct Earth-Pluto path, it may be entered only at Earth, Saturn or Pluto's orbits).

Players throwing doubles get an extra turn. Three doubles is the limit.

After a cargo is brought back from Saturn, all ships move at double their former speed.

Players may buy or sell ships as expedient, from the Bank. The Bank's buying price is 500 credits for an X ship and 1000 for a C. The selling price is 1500 for an X, and 2500 for a C. Purchasers or sellers must wait their turn to arrange a deal.

No back-tracking on the same move unless salvaging a ship. (I.e., if a player was three moves from a disabled ship & rolled a six, he could move three, pick up the ship, & return three moves, finishing where he started.)

**CONCESSIONS** Upon successful completion of a trip with cargo, (landing on Earth) the player is paid by the Bank the amount shown on concession card.

If convenient, a player may send an X ship to more than one planet without returning to Earth, & secure a concession on each. C ships can carry only one cargo per trip, & therefore must return to Earth, unless damaged. When repaired, only the original cargo may be brought back, even if the player happens to have a concession on the planet where repairs were made.

Any player drawing a thionite or Rich card has the option of rejecting it & drawing a substitute. If the drug card is the only one left, he may draw one from the next nearest planet. If he decided to carry thionite and lands on a space marked D, he is caught by the Space Patrol and is out of the game.

Players may buy, sell or trade concessions among themselves or with the Bank. The Bank will buy concessions at the value of one cargo. If an X ship is lost while returning with a concession, that concession is lost also.

As soon as a cargo is taken aboard, the player must place a green marker on his ship, or if the cargo is a drug, a blue marker.

**PLANETS** Move the smaller number shown on the dice at each throw.

A ship overtaken by a planet automatically makes a landing, & is carried along until the owner decides to move it off, on one of his turns.

A ship makes a landing if the number on the dice which governs the ship's move is the same or greater than the number of spaces from the planet to the ship.

The planet to move on each turn is determined by the orbit the ship is in or approaching when it has finished moving.

**THE PLUTO SHIP** A special ship must be obtained for the trip to Pluto. Its cost is 10,000 credits in cash, ships or concessions, or any combination of the three. Its speed is the same as an X ship.

**PIRATES** Any ship landing on a "P", & not already a pirate, may become one if the owner wishes, & places a red marker on his ship.

Pirates landing on a "P" are caught by the Space Patrol (whether opportunity for looting is present or not) & that ship is out of the game.

If a non-pirate is on a "P" space & another ship lands there, the second ship may turn pirate & loot the first. Decision to turn pirate must be made on a player's turn.

Players caught pirating three times must retire from the game.

Pirates travel at the same speed as X ships.

Pirates must land within one space of a ship in order to loot it.

Looted ships lose cargo & one turn for refueling before setting out for new cargo.

A ship landing within one space of a pirate may be looted.

There is no honor among thieves--one pirate may loot another.

In order to loot a Pluto ship, pirates must match velocities exactly--i.e., land on the same space.

Pirates cash in looted cargo on Mars at half-price.

Pirates looting Pluto ships & bringing the cargo to Earth win the game.

**PENALTY 5** Players landing on an "I" space must pick a "meteor" card, which has seven possibilities. (1) "HIT". Lose one turn for minor repairs. (2) "Partially Disabled". Proceed to nearest port at half-speed & pay Bank 200 credits for repairs. (3) "Totally Disabled". Must be salvaged and pay 300 for repairs. (4) "Severely damaged". Must be salvaged and pay 500 for repairs. (5) "LOST". Ship is removed from board. (6) "MISS". Ship is safe & proceeds as usual. (7) "Match Velocities". Extra high-grade beryllium ore found, 500 credits. (Keep card until return to Earth.)

Players landing on an "S" space fall into the sun & must remove ship from board.

Players landing on an "N" space are victims of poor navigation, & must take their next turn in the opposite direction from the one they had been following. If in a planetary orbit, they cannot be picked up by the planet until they have had their backward move.

All penalties are void (including Negasphere) if a ship is on a planet & is carried onto a penalty space, or if a ship makes a landing on a planet that already occupies a penalty space.

Players landing on a "T" space lose one turn for minor repairs.

Players landing on an "E" space remove ship from board. (Explosion).

Players forced to move at half-speed, & receiving an odd number on the dice, are granted the advantage of the odd number--if you roll 11, move 6, not 5.

All penalties take effect immediately even if the ship would ordinarily be picked up as part of the same turn.

Players losing all ships and not having enough assets to purchase another must retire from the game.

**THE NEGASPHERE.** A ship hit by the Negasphere is lost, & must be removed from the board. A ship is considered hit if the Negasphere either lands on or passes over the space occupied by the ship, or if ship passes over negasphere spot. Planets are unaffected by the Negasphere. The Negasphere moves the smaller number shown on each dice roll, just as the planets.

**SALVAGE** Any undamaged ship may salvage another which is "totally" disabled or "severely damaged", by occupying or passing over the same space, & moving the salvaged ship along with it to the nearest visited planet.

The two ships must proceed at half-speed.

The owner of the salvaged ship must pay the salvager  $\frac{1}{2}$  the worth of the ship. I.e.,  $\frac{1}{2}$  of what the Bank would pay for it; 250 for X ships, 500 for C ships.

Ships needing to be salvaged remain where they are until picked up.

A disabled ship in a planetary orbit, if picked up by that planet, does not have to be salvaged, but payment for repairs must still be made.

Pirate ships must be salvaged by their owners with another pirate ship.

Pirates may loot salvaged, salvaging, & ships needing salvaging.

Damaged ships that are looted by pirates must still pay salvage & repair fees if brought to port.

**AD VENDA** On any roll, the Negasphere moves first, the ship second and the planet last.

Players are not allowed to buy or sell ships unless they are on Earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ED'S NOTE

On the following pages you will find diagrams for the construction of the board used in playing INTERPLANETARY, plus suggestions for the accessories needed. Plywood or some other form of stiff wood of the proper size may be hard to find, but is probably not expensive; have no official information from him, but I believe that Steve Hetchette put the whole shebang together for a very nominal sum, using Widner's instructions. Information on how to put one up for even less money would be appreciated by Southern California fandom.

# THE MAJOR

INSTRUCTIONS for making

## INTERPLANETARY

- Planetary orbits
  - ==== Inter-orbit paths
  - ##### Negasphere orbit.
- Ships can use neg orbit only on double lines.

The board is 28" square, made of plywood, wallboard or cardboard.

The diagram is not drawn exactly to scale, which is why some of the space appear crowded and others strung out. Follow the indicated dimensions & you'll be OK.

For ships I bought a Bingo game in the 5&10 and used the little wooden c counters. Approx 5/8" diam. I marked enough Xs & Cs on them in ink and colored the whole disc with crayons. I.e., 5 ships with each color. I used the same for planets merely marking the planet's initial on it. To eliminate confusion between Mercury and Mars, I marked Mars B for Barsroom. The neg asphere I made completely black.

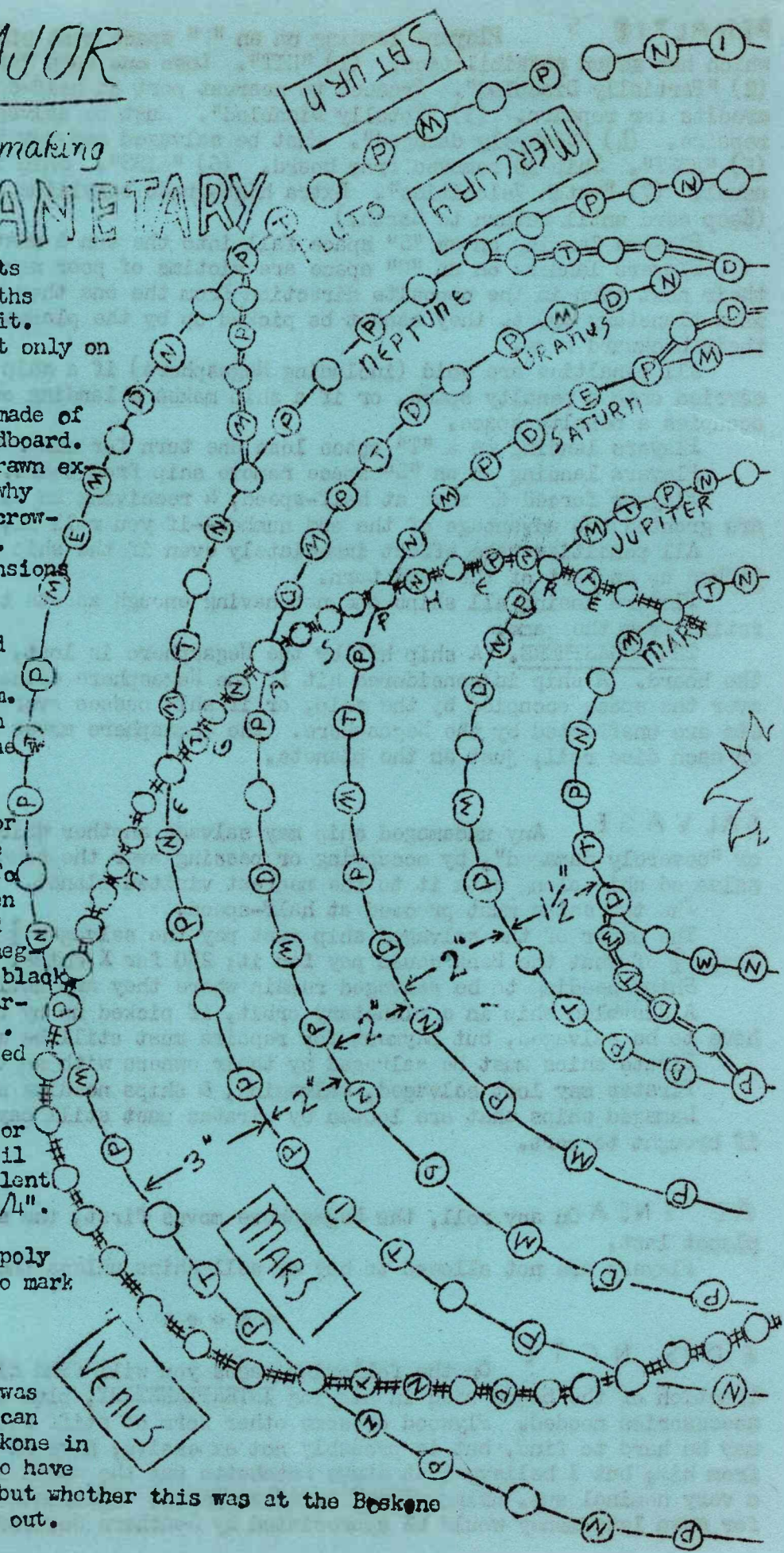
For markers I used variously colored thumb-tacks.

For Pluto ships I used Monopoly tokens.

For concession & meteor cards I cut up a few stencil backings, which make excellent material, into size 3"x1-3/4".

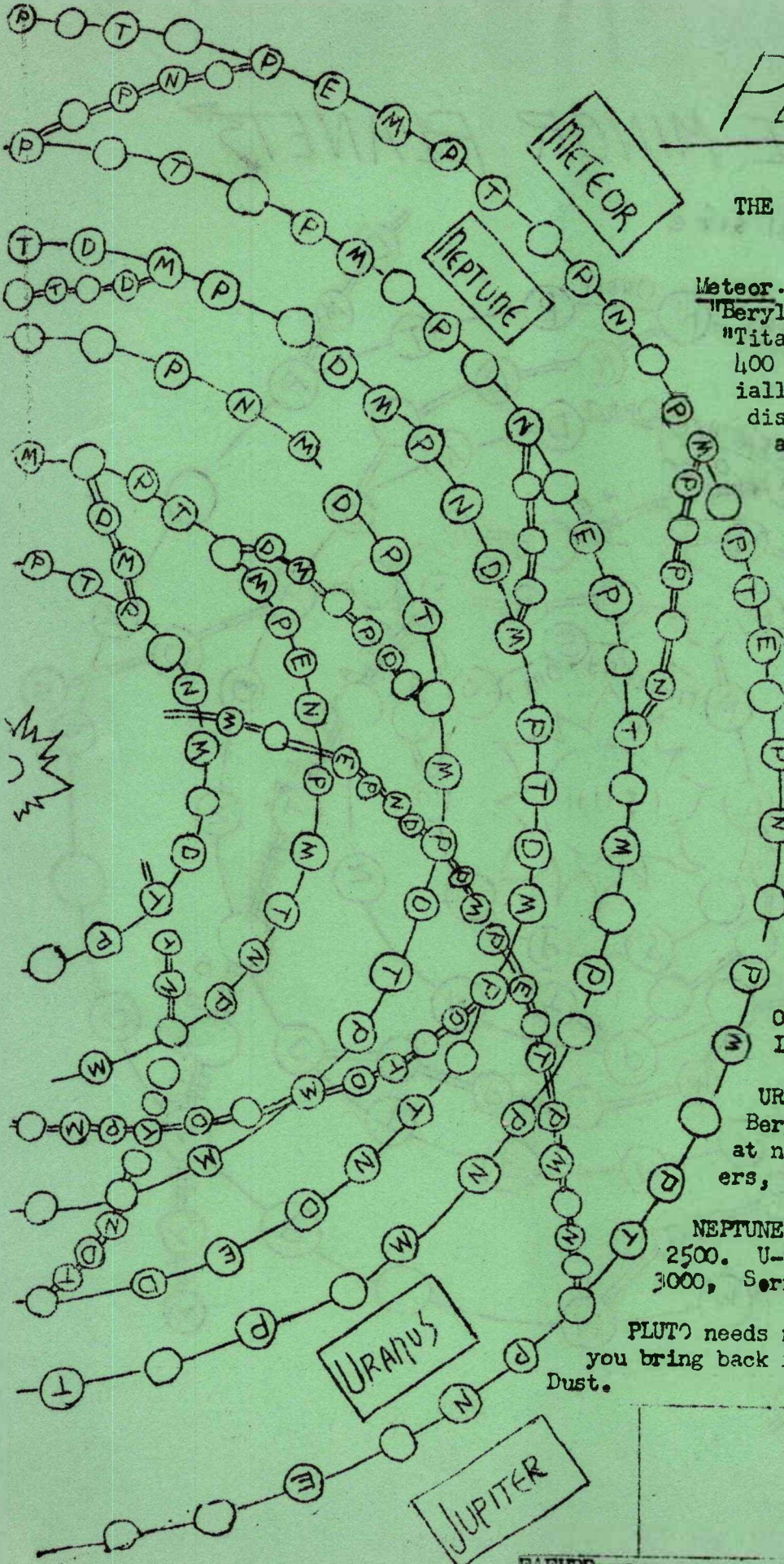
For money I used Monopoly money. Gold thumb tacks to mark ships needing salvago.

Purely filler-type comment by Ellik: INTERPLANETARY was first played, as far as I can find out, at the first Boskone in 1943. Lee Jacobs claims to have played it during the war, but whether this was at the Boskone or elsewhere I didn't find out.





# PLANETS



THE FOLLOWING CARDS ARE NECESSARY

Meteor. 3 "Lost", 4 "Hit", 1 "Beryllium 500 Credits", 1 "Titanium, 300 c", 1 "Diamonds, 400 c", 2 "Miss", 4 "Partially disabled", 3 "Totally disabled", 3 "Severely damaged".

MERCURY: Beryllium, 300. Diamonds, 400. Tungsten, 400. Peacock lizards, 300. Rainbow rock, 500.

VENUS: Barjo leaves, 200. Platinum, 300. Argil Hides, 300. Diamonds, 400. Giant Pearls, 500.

MARS: Copper, 200. S Silver, 200. Gold, 300. Beryllium, 400. Rainbow rock, 500.

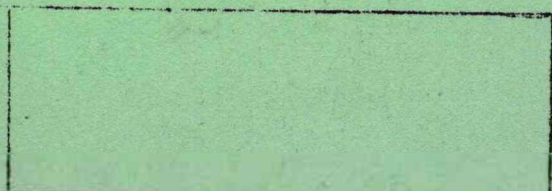
JUPITER: Radium, 700. Throium 700. Oil, 700. Rith, 1000. U-235, 1000.

SATURN: Diamonds, 1000. Oil, 1000. Radium, 1200. Imdos, 1500. Thionite, 2000

URANUS: Titanium, 1500. Beryllium, 1500. Glarks, 1000 at nearest planet. Jing flow-ers, 2000. Thionite, 2500.

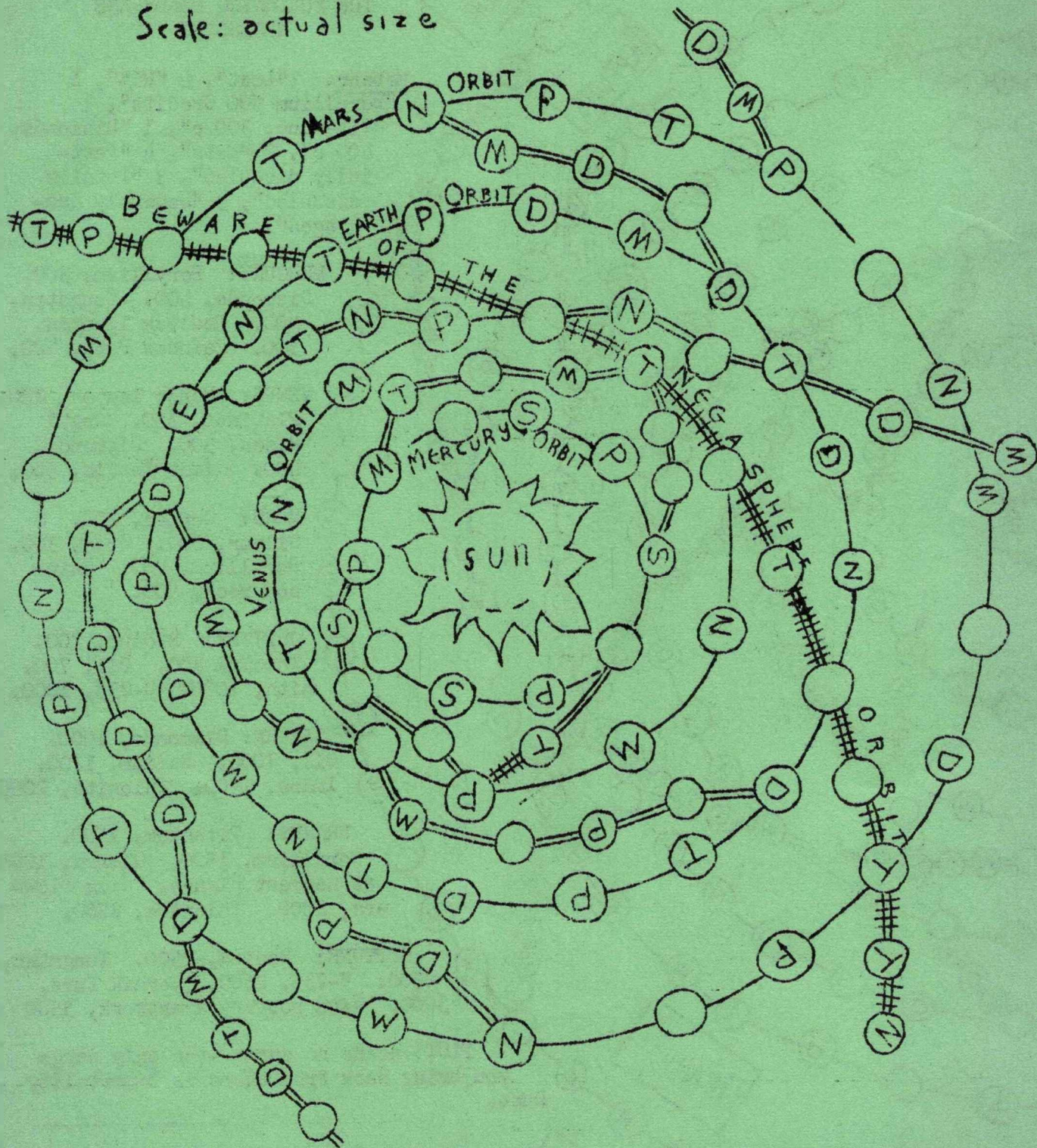
NEPTUNE: Radium, 2500. Tungsten, 2500. U-235, 2500. Mornik furs, 3000, Sorn pottery & artwork, 3500

PLUTO needs no cards—the only cargo you bring back from there is Immortality Dust.



# THE MINOR PLANETS

Scale: actual size



# THE UBIQUITOUS SLIPSTICK

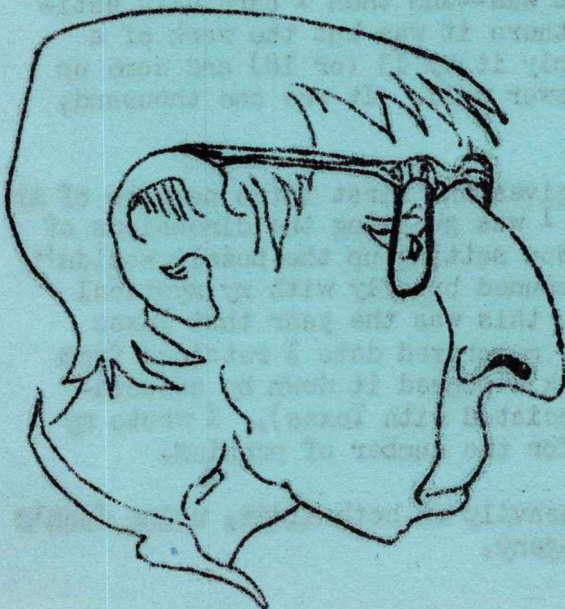


"In my pocket I carry a pistol,  
It's never away from my side,  
And the notches carved in the handle  
Show how more than one man has died..."

—"The Gangster's Larning," an  
allegedly popular song of c. 1931.

In my pocket I carry a slide-rule, it's never away from my side except when I'm sleeping, swimming or engaged in some other activity in which I don't wear a shirt with pockets.

A slide-rule is the engineer's stethoscope, his badge of distinction. People who don't know how to "run" a slide-rule often impute enormous wisdom to the operators thereof. Prior to the fall of 1941, I felt this way about slide-rules. Happily, though, I fell under the tutelage of George Kroening for not long but long enough at the Racine Vocational School. George bore a faint resemblance to Edward G. Robinson and could maul more mathematical savvy into a person's brain, in less time, with less effort, than any teacher I ever encountered before or since. After having spent my prior lifetime hating math with intense fervor, I found that George and his ubiquitous slipstick suddenly set the jumbled pieces to falling into place like the break-up of a log jam. In the few short months I spent at Racine—November through March—George changed me from a cowering wretch who trembled visibly at the sight of an exercise in long division to a person capable—with a bit of guidance—of threading his way through elementary trigonometry. At the end I could even look unflinchingly at a logarithm for as long as six seconds at a time.

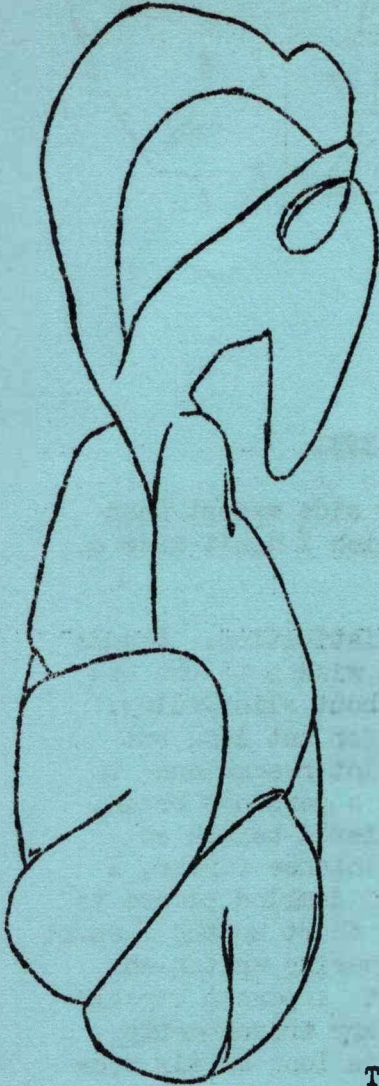


log e<sup>x</sup>

Nearly five years intervened before I again had occasion to look upon slide-rules. My pitiful stock of precariously held knowledge of trig and whatnot had long blown away. I doubt if I will ever explore the field again. However, it is handy to carry a pocket slide-rule for the sake of multiplying and dividing. One finds a lot of uses for it and I am hopelessly helpless at doing sums on paper. If I come up with the correct answer to simple addition and subtraction, it's a coincidence. However, if you set and read a rule properly, it can't make a mistake. So I depend on it rather heavily.

PAFILED page nine  
GREENELL, page one

ES OUNER



In fact, I find myself starting to use it for purposes which would surprise more established mathematician. Any curiosity on my part about anything connected with numbers is very apt to trigger a reflexive motion of my right hand under my left lapel in an unthinking reach for the rule. Let someone ask me what day it is or if I know what the temperature may be, and out comes the slide-rule and I stand there looking foolish. That, of course, is the easy part.

Ten years ago or so Crockett Johnson drew a cartoon strip called "Barnaby". It was hailed by LIFE as "the comic-strip with the high IQ" or something like that. Judging from old fanzines, it had a brief vogue in fandom in the days before POGO came to power and MAD comics was still but a gleam in Harvey Kurtzman's eye. One episode in Barnaby had a character called Ajax the Mental Giant who went about carrying a slide-rule habitually. Barnaby and his fairy godfather enlisted Ajax' aid in guessing the number of beans in a jar once--Ajax worked it out on his slipstick--but at the last moment they played a hunch instead. Of course, it turned out that Ajax' figure was correct to the last bean.

This all came to mind one day a couple of years ago when I was passing through the local bank and saw that they had a small model house with plexiglass walls which was filled with pennies. According to the sign, you were supposed to guess how many pennies were in the house, write down your guess on a slip of paper, drop it in the box, and--if you guessed right--collect a \$25 war bond.

This was my chance. I carefully scrutinized the pennies and finally decided to base my estimates on either 13 or 18 pennies to the cubic inch--I forget which it was--and then I carefully estimated off the dimensions of the enclosure. From there it was but the work of a moment to find the content in cubic inches, multiply it by 13 (or 18) and come up with the answer. In this case, I remember the answer well. It was one thousand, eight hundred pennies.

Now, as most people know, a slide-rule only gives the first three numbers of an answer with any degree of accuracy. What's more, I was guessing the dimensions of the house in the first place. Obviously, the person setting up the puzzle wouldn't use a round, even number like 1800 or 1000. I communed briefly with my mystical powers and decided to pin my hopes on 1845 because this was the year that Texas was admitted to the union (this is almost the only memorized date I retained from several years of studying American history--I think I pegged it down by associating it with .45 revolvers which were in turn associated with Texas). I wrote my name down on the slip and added the figure 1,845 for the number of pennies.

For good measure, I bracketed the 1800 mark heavily on both sides, using Jean's name and the names of all the various Grennell progeny.

page eleven page/ubiquitouslipstick, pg. three

Next week when I dropped by the bank the houseful of pennies was gone. In its place stood a little placard giving the names of the winners and, down at the bottom, the number of pennies the blamed thing had actually contained:

\$18.00 worth, E V E N !

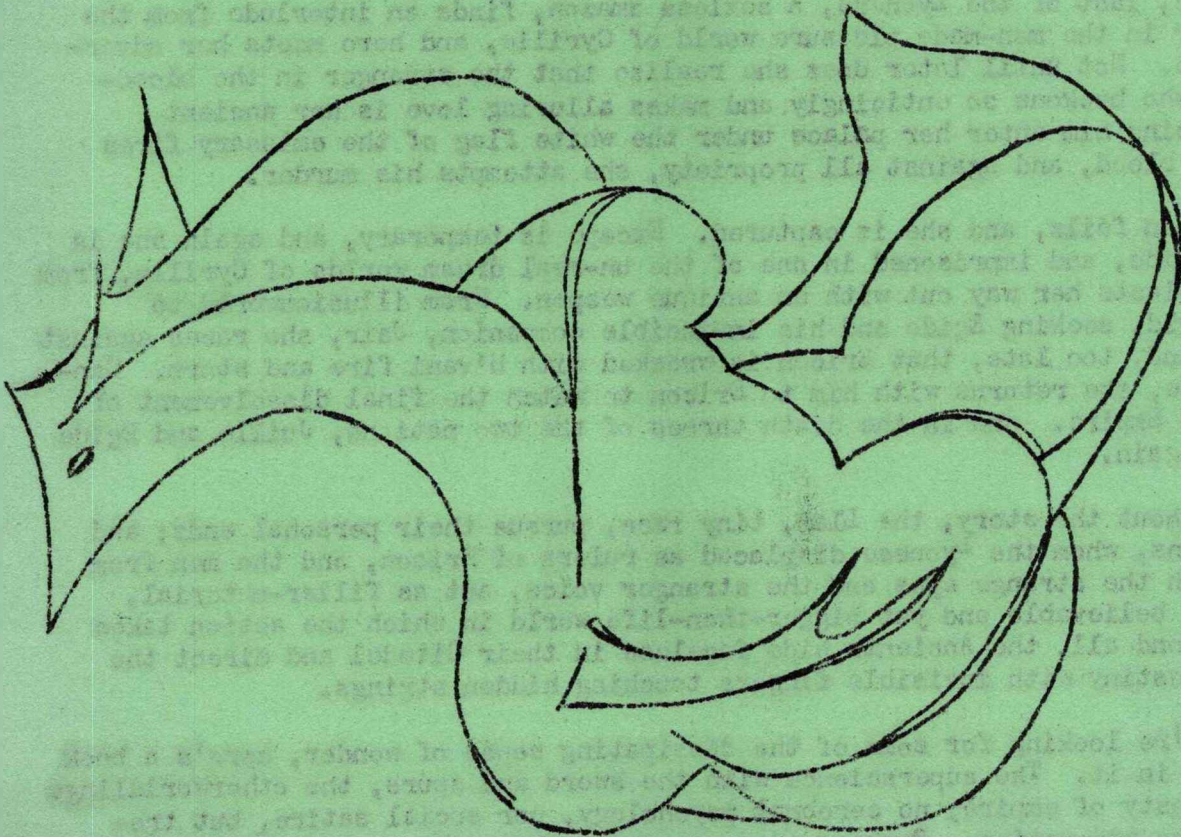
Moral: Slide-rules are all very well, but for moving mountains you can't beat faith.

—Dean A. Grennell.

NOTE: This, so help me, is true.

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Ellik sez: Sure, it's TRUE, but the ending was sort of vague—so I dashed off a note to Grennell asking for a completion: Did you guess 1800 as one of your answers, or did somebody else win, or what? Grennell sez, dated 9 July 1956: The truth is, close as I guessed, someone wasn't afraid of round figures and the three prizes were awarded and we did not get any of them...first prize went for exactly 1800, and 2nd, 3rd, were only off a penny or so. Ain't that a beast, though?



# With Folded Hands

SOETHING OLD: Judgement Night, by C. L. Moore - 1943, Street & Smith  
1952, Gnome Press.

The story of Judgement Night begins with a promised victory and ends with a promised tragedy. In between times, the victory turns to defeat and the tragedy turns to a happy ending.

The Ancients of Ericon provide the background material against which Juille of Lyonese and Egide of H'vani - princess and prince - struggle, fight and love, to find a strange destiny in the midst of war.

The Ancients, strange unseen rulers of Ericon and, through Ericon, the Galaxy, permit the petty human quarrels that set up dynasty upon dynasty in the area of the planet allowed them. Advice is freely offered to any inquirer, but only the Ancients know whether the advice will lead to quick attainment or annihilation. Within their limits, mankind pursues their perverse paths to power.

Juille, last of the Lyonese, a sexless amazon, finds an interlude from the arts of war in the man-made pleasure world of Cyrille, and here meets her adversary, Egide. Not until later does she realize that the stranger in the blood-red cloak who beckons so enticingly and makes alluring love is her ancient enemy. Seeing him enter her palace under the white flag of the emissary fires her amazon blood, and against all propriety, she attempts his murder.

Her plan fails, and she is captured. Escape is temporary, and again she is taken by Egide, and imprisoned in one of the un-real dream worlds of Cyrille, from which she blasts her way out with an antique weapon. From illusionworld to illusionworld, seeking Egide and his invincible companion, Jair, she races against time, to find, too late, that Ericon is wracked with H'vani fire and storm. Capturing Egide, she returns with him to Ericon to watch the final dissolution of the Lyonese Empire. And in the death throes of the two nations, Juille and Egide find love again.

Throughout the story, the Llar, tiny race, pursue their personal ends; and the Andareans, whom the Lyonese displaced as rulers of Ericon, and the men from Dunnar, with the strange eyes and the stranger voice, act as filler-material, providing a believable and yet bigger-than-life world in which the action takes place. Beyond all, the Ancients hide faceless in their Citadel and direct the course of destiny with invisible fingers touching hidden strings.

If you're looking for some of the dissipating sense of wonder, here's a book that revels in it. The superscience with the sword and spurs, the otherworldlings and the majesty of empire; no cerebral psychology, nor social satire, but tremendous scope and action. Perhaps space opera - perhaps not, but exciting, with the magic fire that only C. L. Moore can evoke.

## SOMETHING NEW:

Star Science Fiction Stories #3. Edited by Frederik Pohl; Ballantyne, 1954

This is the fourth of Fred Pohl's collections for Ballantyne, and contains some of the best that he has yet managed to drag from his authors' machines. Of the ten stories, only Asimov's "It's Such a Beautiful Day" and Bradbury's "Strawberry Window" are less than I'd expect from the authors. Asimov turns his story of an indoor-civilization deftly enough, and I enjoyed the story, but somehow I feel he should have added a fillip to make "Afternoon" indubitably Asimov.

"Strawberry Window" is indubitably Bradbury, but lacks that certain quality of his - empathy - that I consider his strongest point. His other "Martian stories may not have covered Man's advent on Mars entirely, but this item doesn't add enough to that saga to warrant its inclusion here.

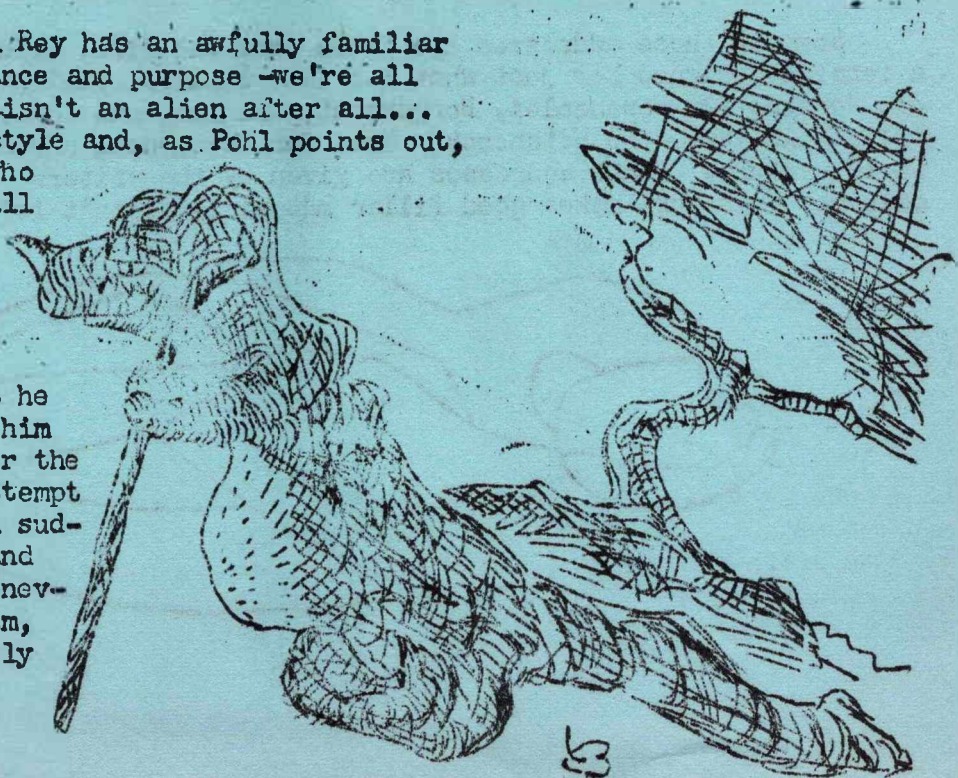
Gerald Kersh's "Cuckoo" doesn't have any appeal to me, but then I don't care much for Kersh at any time. Others may like and appreciate him, and for those who do, Cuckoo may be good.

One story I've been waiting for hopefully is Arthur Clarke's "Deep Range". It's what I've been expecting him to bring up, from the deeps which he is now inhabiting, and is a different kind of sea story with several unusual trifles included. There's a good proportion of new ideas underlying these stories, of which Clarke's is probably the freshest. Richard Matheson's "Dance of the Dead" is pretty well self-descriptive, and I would hesitate to describe it in any other way but that.

Phillip Dick presents a commercialized survival pattern which leaves the reader with a nagging worry that it could happen, war or no war. "Foster, You're Dead", and so is everyone else without the four bits admission to the Public Shelter. Jack Williamson hits a change of pace, both for himself and for his story-theme--"Guinevere for Everybody" turns the familiar "Deus ex Machina" into "Dea ex Machina" and Williamson uses hack fabric--"Machines were never evil, except when men used them wrongly" -to drap her effectively.

On the other hand, del Rey has an awfully familiar alien- in both appearance and purpose -we're all used to the alien who isn't an alien after all... But del Rey has that style and, as Pohl points out, he's the only author who has been included in all four STAR books:

Jack Vance's "Devil on Salvation Bluff" is apparent half-way through the story, but he doesn't let it bother him and it shouldn't bother the reader. There's no attempt to spring the solution suddenly on the reader, and the problem itself is never described ad nauseam, but developed adequately in the action of the story.



Slight complaints Although Ballantyne advertises these as all new stories, I've read Chad Oliver's "Any More at Home Like You?" in two different books before, and Pohl himself says "Copperal Cuckoo" has appeared previously in England. Aside from that, anyone who has had any of the STAR series before will certainly not want to miss this one - "the very top of what is...the freshest and most hopeful area of writing in the world today."

—M. Desmond Emery,  
Literary Critic.

# ADDRESS CHANGES

NOVEMBER 31, 1956

Peter Graham  
2315 Dwight Way  
Berkeley 4, California

Jim Broschart  
Box 60, Hamilton  
University Park, Pennsylvania

Eddie Robinson  
3031 Hickock Way  
Riverside, California

A/2c Trimble, John G.  
AF 28 23 01 92  
APO 75, c/o Postmaster  
San Francisco, California

**BOX #92**

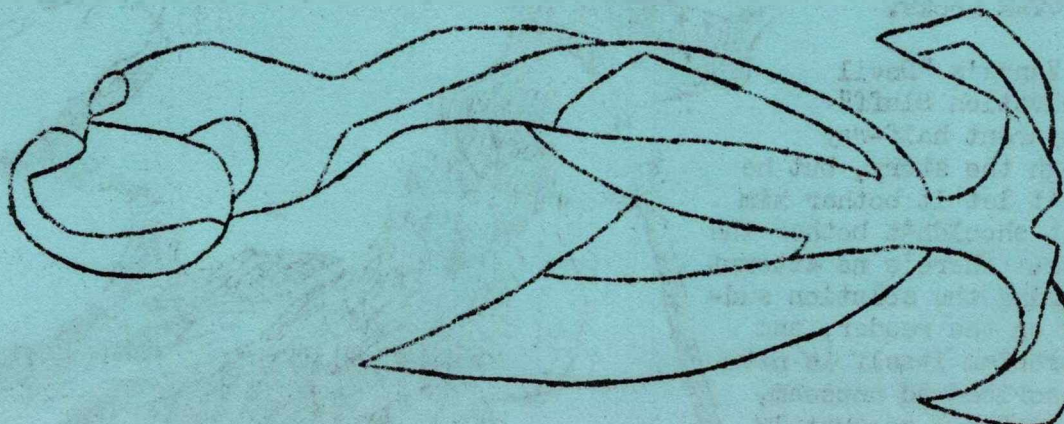
Lt. David V. Jenrette  
AO 30 39 13 1  
85th Bomb Squadron  
APO 22, New York, NY

Robert E. Briney  
Graduate House 521B  
M. I. T.  
Cambridge 39, Mass.

Julian Parr  
Dusseldorf/Stockum  
Begonienstresse 26  
Western Germany

Charles Athey  
1721 Cortez Road  
Bradenton, Florida  
(this is a winter  
address—Chas will  
be in Ohio next  
Spring, I'm sure)

Some of these addresses are taken from the first issue of CONTACT, which is a fanzine designed for just what its name implies, published twice a month by Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Borgerhout, Belgium, and edited by Jansen, RonBennett, Ellis Mills and John Hitchcock. Free for the nonce, maybe to be charged for in the future. Other addresses are given by the writers' letters in the letter column. This sure makes good filler material, doesn't it?







by Jan Jansen and  
Lars Helander.

"I entered the dwelling of somebody called Janse, in case you heard of him. He starts service me a cup of tea and brings up the cakes, and finally confronts me with the terrible task of bringing something up to discuss in a joint item for Ron. I rack my poor brains, pacing the floor, hopefully staring out the window - and I constantly am bothered with the gruff voice of this cruel fan. He thinks me can make things easier for me by continually muttering Chocolate and Cheese. Chocolate and Cheese.

"I tried to pacify him by remaining silent and aloof while heroically refusing his hospitable offer. I admit liking both chocolate and cheese, but I wouldn't care for them together, at least not in the same mouthful, and according to Jan this something fantastic cheese fan, a displaced person in Germany by the way, even he couldn't stomach it. Then I suddenly remembered that Belgian chocolate is said to be wonderfully tasteful and I wonder whether I could possibly distract Jan's attention and put the chocolate in my mouth and the cheese in my pocket."

-----"In the meantime, much to Lars' surprise, Sonia had vanished from the room and returns with a bar of chocolate now on the table. Only pity is that I can't supply the exquisite Roquefort cheese that would make the ideal mouth-companion to this."

"It's a pity there isn't any of that cheese here, Jan. I've heard that with some of it, the real good stuff, you just whistle and the cheese comes crawling towards you. Now isn't that a new plot for science fiction authors? 'The Creepy Gonzala - 'Roquefort in Space'..."

-----"Oooh. But I know of another one. You see, there's this ship coming back from the moon. It's on an Australian expedition, and they run out of fuel just after getting away from the moon's gravitational field. So now they're coasting along, frantically figuring how they're going to reach the space station near Earth, and how to break speed when they get there. Do you know how they solve it?"

"Would it have anything to do with kangaroos?"

-----"Well, I hadn't thought of that. Can you do anything with a kangaroo in this situation?"

"No, not really..."

-----"Well, don't you know the theory that if you chuck something away the force of throwing it away produces a counteracting push moving you back?"

"Yes, that's right. So they have a couple of dozen kangaroos and their jumping off...."

-----"No, that wouldn't be enough, you have to continue doing it to build up speed. Even tons of cargo wouldn't do...But...if you remember, a boomerang always returns to its starting point and can be used over and again!"

"Why the heck do you think they'd have boomerangs?"

-----"They're more likely to have boomerangs than kangaroos!"

"Maybe they use kangaroos instead of plants to purify the air or something"

-----"Lars, how long has it been since you visited the zoo?"

"Well, I've never been here before..."

-----"Now look, just because this place is in one bloody mess, it doesn't mean that it has anything to do with zoos."

"I know. It was your reflection in the teacup that put...ouch! Stop it!"

\*\*\*\*\*

-----"Lars! Lars! Lars... What's the matter? You sleepy or something? Get up off the floor. 'nother cup of tea?"

"No thanks, haven't finished my first yet. And I doubt if I ever will if you go on using me as a punchball. But have you been to see Tarantula yet?"

-----"No, but it is showing in town, so I'll probably run along sometime this week."

"Well, you're a fan - so you'll go and see it in any case, but I'd be scared to recommend it to anyone. No wonder people start laughing when you mention science fiction."

-----"You think a film like Tarantula creates a bad impression on them? Brother, you should have seen those TV shorts they showed here about Space Sheriff, or was it Space Commander Cody or something? They were absolute tripe. At least this probably has some semblance of a story. Or has it?"

"Well, yes, but rather than science fiction, as we've come to know it, it's just a new fangled version of oldtime horror movies."

-----"One of those, huh? Perhaps this new Super-eroic Other Scope, "Forbidden Planet" will be a bit better."

"Let's hope so, Jan. Perhaps the Russians will be making a good science fiction film in the near future. They've got a wonderful magazine, anyway."

-----"Have they? Have you seen one? I've heard there is a mag but haven't actually seen a copy so far. How does it compare with British and US mags, or even your own Häpna?"

"I did better. I brought it along. Picked it up on a newsstand in Stockholm waiting for our train to arrive. Here it is--can you read Russian?"

-----"Heck no. If I had a Russian typewriter I might be able to copy the title...but I can't figure out which letters to use here. Do you know what it means?"

"Yes, Space Adventures. I gather it is more of a character serial, you know like Raffles, or Nick Carter. You do have those I believe? But the presentation is certainly wonderful, even better than Hapna, and believe me that's saying a lot."

-----"I should say so, four color cover, slick paper throughout, and two color (tones rather) illos to each story. Boy!"

"And that photosection inside. Look at this, shots of rocket bases, experimental models, and what looks like a series of film stills. After all, they can hardly have managed to float around in space so far. Wish I could read it. Perhaps I should send it to John Hitchcock, he can have a go and let us know."

-----"Oh, surely you can find someone in Sweden, or if you'll leave it here, there must be some people who can read it well enough to give us a good idea of what is there."

"Would it be worth the trouble, though, Jan? Actually, I only bought it sort of to show off, it's quite possibly tripe. Wouldn't be the first slick mag on the market to publish rubbish. Though these last ten pages look very much like a letter column to me."

-----"Humm. Could be. Those the addresses, and letters. They all start off with the same three words; Dear Comrade Editor, I suppose. They might be the proof there is a fandom over there as well. In that case it might be interesting to drop them a line or so. Well, you try. I'm busy enough at the moment with so much to catch up with. But let me know if anything comes of it."

"Sure. What's that paper over there?"

-----"Have you ever heard of the New Cosmology worked out by Professor Jansonius? About the cosmos originally being one huge mass of gas?"

"The mass that froze due to the cold. First into a liquid and then into a solid. Then the Worker came along and with his icepick broke it up, chucking the pieces around him as he went along..."

-----"Yes, that's right."

"No, I haven't actually heard of it. What's it all about?"

-----"Well, those pieces started to thaw, some of them. And they first formed the oceans, and then the atmosphere, and the dirt they'd scraped from the sidewalk made the continents. Wonderful idea. Logical, too."

"It would explain the mass of humans ending up in a gutter."

-----"Not that I know of. But the Professor might be able to work it into his theory somehow. I'll inform him."

"Talking of theories, have you heard the one that says the moon is made of cheese. Green cheese, as a matter of fact. (Though from those stencils of ALPHA, I gather it's stale cheese!) Now if we wait long enough, perhaps it'll turn into the strong Roquefort cheese, and you know what?"

-----"No...unless it made moonlight nights smelly ones."

"Well, we fans join hands, whistle, and the moon will start crawling towards us. Look at the fuel that will save us. You haven't heard that one, have you?"

----"I should have. This is the second time you bring it up in a couple of hours. But what worries me, where has the chocolate gone to?"

"It's still on the table."

----"Waiting for the cheese?"

"Well, perhaps that could be the recipe for waking up a Zombie. And we need such a recipe. But enough of this, Jan. I've got to be on my way. So, cheerio. I hope I'll be seeing you again, perhaps in London next year?"

----"Hope so, Lars. Thanks for passing by, and do drop in again."

"Cheerio."

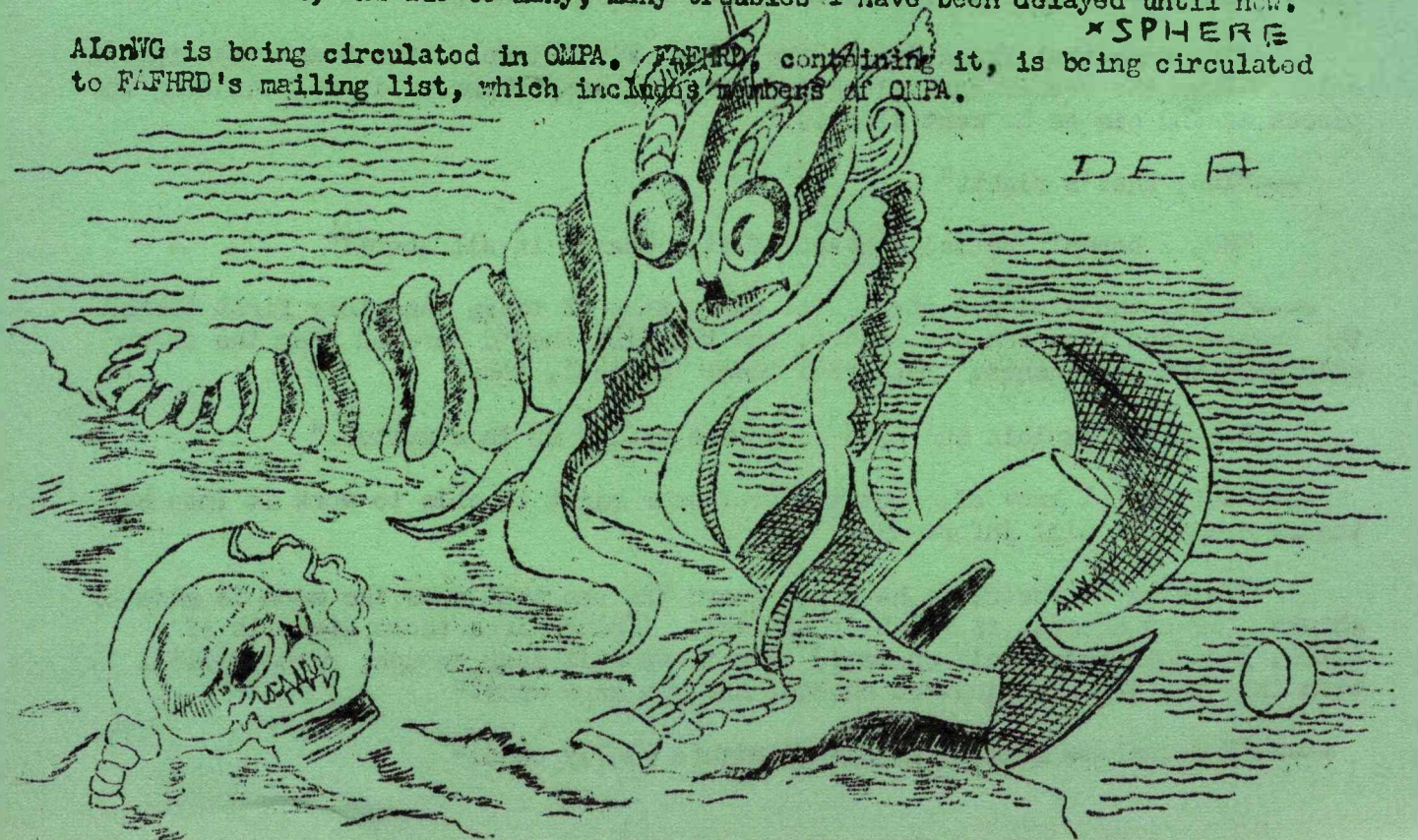
-----Jan Jansen  
Lars Helander.

This has been "Antwerpse Letterkundige en Wetenschappelijke Gazet", issue number seven, edited by Jan Jansen and published as a part of FAFHRD #5, November 1956, by Ron Ellik, 277 Pomona Avenue, Long Beach 3, California, USA.

This installment tells how Lars Helander met Jan Jansen on his (Lars') trip around Europe. He went also to Italy and Israel that I know of, and probably many other romantic, exotic places--all of which I'm sure he will tell about in the first issue of his proposed fanzine, SFAR, which means \*in Swedish. Speaking of Swedish, for you people who didn't know it, Lars started out from Sweden--to be specific, he started out from Lehegatan 11, Eskilstuna 3, Sweden--last June 9. This report reached me in August, and the report plus what surrounds it, FAFHRD, was supposed to be published and circulated immediately...but time and college wait for no fan, and due to many, many troubles I have been delayed until now.

\*SPHERE

ALONVG is being circulated in OMPA. FAFHRD, containing it, is being circulated to FAFHRD's mailing list, which includes members of OMPA.





Greg Benford  
c/o LtColJABenford  
G-4 Sect. Hq V Corps  
APO 79, NY, NY

FAPHRD, then. I pronounce it as if the a were an ah sound (rhymes with 'dof' or 'scoff') and a-rard. In other words FAPA-RARD. So there.

Gad, where did you find this paper? Looks like reject butcher paper. Doesn't appear to ink very well, either...or have you been glancing at blondes out the window while you run the mag off? Something, anyway.

The material was pretty good, but I missed the large piece that you usually have to dominate the issue. Emery's reviews are better this time, too. Was vaguely interested in the Swedish column. Should have included more about stf, I think.

How long have you corresponded with Cliff Gould?  
←(Far too long.--rde)→

Dick Lupoff  
POBox 4981  
Ft.Harrison Branch  
Indianapolis, Ind.

Be that as it may, I found "With Folded Hands" quite interesting, and certainly worthy of comment. I think I can clear up the mystery surrounding the "mysterious character named Zarnak." Zarnack was a comic strip hero. Said comic strip had come in with the new regime when WONDER STORIES became THRILLING WON-

DER STORIES in 1936. Unlike the comic book, which was bound into each issue of the later OUT OF THIS WORLD ADVENTURES (1950), Zarnak was printed in black-and-white, an integral part of the magazine. Nakki later made it into the real live comic books published by the same outfit that produced TWS, but as far his disappearance from TWS, he just seemed to fade away, like that lamentable serial in the last days of the pulp AMAZING. ←(You mean MAN FROM TOMORROW?--rde)→

Having presented a few facts, let me now tear off with opinions, taking advantage, if it's not already too late, of your invitation to do so. Emery apparently dislikes the TWS (and others?) of the late thirties. His objections are based upon a comparison of 1938's magazine with today's standards. The magazine does not show up well at all.

well, before I go into that, let me repeat a discussion--or monolog--of a psychologist friend of mine. "Animal psychological experiments fascinate me," he says, "But I question their validity. For instance, we set up a problem and test a snake, and he doesn't do too well. But we tested him in human terms. We say that he is less developed than a human is. But all we've proven is that a snake is a poorer human being than a human being is."

"Now, suppose we could somehow get a snake-devised test, and give it to a human being. We'd probably find that a human being is a poorer snake than a snake is."

I'm not sure there's a point there, or if it applies to literary criticism, but if there is and if it does, I think it's this:



Des Emery puts a 1938 TWS up against 1956 Emery standards and finds it lacking. But it's not a 1956 magazine. It's a 1938 magazine, and to get a fair judgment of it, Emery should put it up against 1938 standards, in which case I'm not sure but I suspect that it would do pretty well. It would come out worse than ASTOUNDINGS of that era, by far, but I think it would top its contemporary AMAZINGS.

Hell, putting a 1938 publication against 1956 standards is no more fair than putting a 1956 TV dramma against a medieval morality-play-oriented audience. They would probably find it dull, pointless and almost

completely incomprehensible (even if the language barrier were overcome).

If Emery just don't keer for 1938 TWSs, he don't hafta read none. But to submit them to judgment against 1956 literary standards and then say (as critics must to be more than just whim-spouters) that the zines are just lousy in some objective sense of the word— that just isn't fair.

←For this eloquent argument in favor of a long-dead style of writing, Lieutenant Lupoff has received from your editor the knightly title of "Defender of the Wraith", which he has been so kind as to accept with much be-fitting modesty. —rde→

And a postcard from Chu/ick Derry 1811-62nd Avenue Cheverly, Maryland

Thanksly for the FAFHRD. The cover was perfect. ←Dear that, Morton? MORE!--rde→ I found myself agreeing with "itter in his AS TIME GOES BAD and that review of the old "STARTLING" was interesting; did we really like those stories, back then? I guess we did--at least, I did; oh well, we get older. The

whole issue was good, very good. You've got a nice line up, and there is something 'cohesive' about the whole thing.

The only thing wrong with FAFHRD is the lack of yourself. Please correct this, at once.

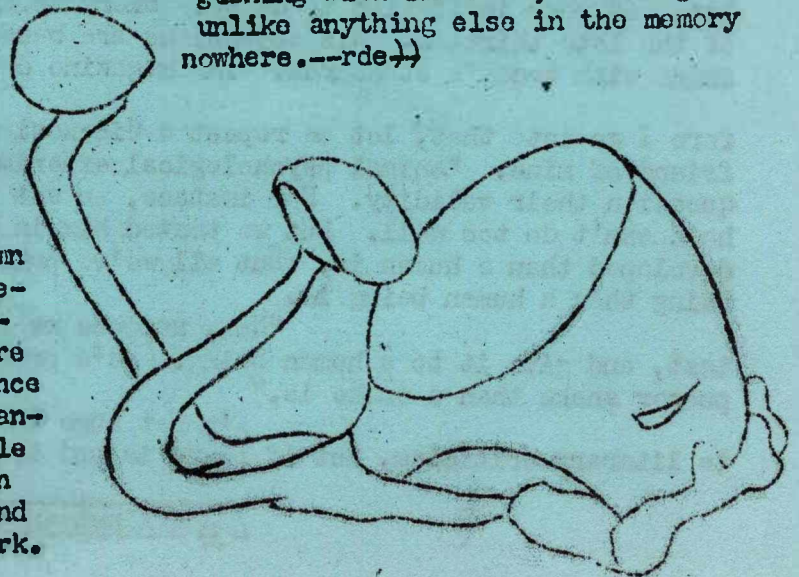
answer to this letter, simply prose, brilliantly cohesive and of man---but flattery will get you

←I would write a fourteen page gushing with immortal, sterling unlike anything else in the memory nowhere.--rde→

Noah W. McLeod Armament Test Naval Air Station Patuxent River, Md.

I was particularly interested in Lars Helander's column and his write-

up of Swedish folk-lore and its relation to Swedish fantasy literature and the beginnings of Swedish science fiction. I was brought up in a Scandinavian community and knew a little about folk-lore. Swedenborg was an interesting character, a mystic, and yet he did important scientific work.



Another interesting feature was AS TIME GOES BY. Altho I am not a collector of science fiction, I have had experience with the difficulty of obtaining out of print books. I still haven't got Scott's "History of the Land Mammals in the Western Hemisphere" or "The Postage of the Transvaal", both of which books I should like to obtain.

Clever way to sneak in a free ad, old friend. I wonder if perchance FAFHRD's many and varied readers happen to hold somewhere in their homogenous mass copies of those books. Maybe I should start selling ad space...--rde-->

To the tune of the Wedding March we hear from Mrs. Jan Sadler Perry 7120 Willow St. Apt #2 New Orleans 18, La.

Many thanks for FAFHRD #4...by all indications you're the only American left publishing. At least, everything else I get is from places I can't afford postage back to. Or maybe it's my fault, being down in this Ghawful constant bath commonly called New Orleans. How'd you find me? Oh, yes, my mother forwarded.

Hm. Guess I can't berate Cox for deserting his fannish duties, because that's exactly what I did. This be the first fannish letter I've written since May...but with going to school morning-time (math), and studying out of school (two kinds of math, descriptive and mechanical drawing), keeping Husband happy and fed, and holding down a job afternoons...well--

Oh, the poor, hard-working little thing... Send her some fanzines, gentlemen--surely, you must have within your hardened fannish hearts SOME chivalry! Besides--you might convince her to leave her husband,...--rde-->

Dick Ellington 299 Riverside Drive Apartment 11A New York 25, NY

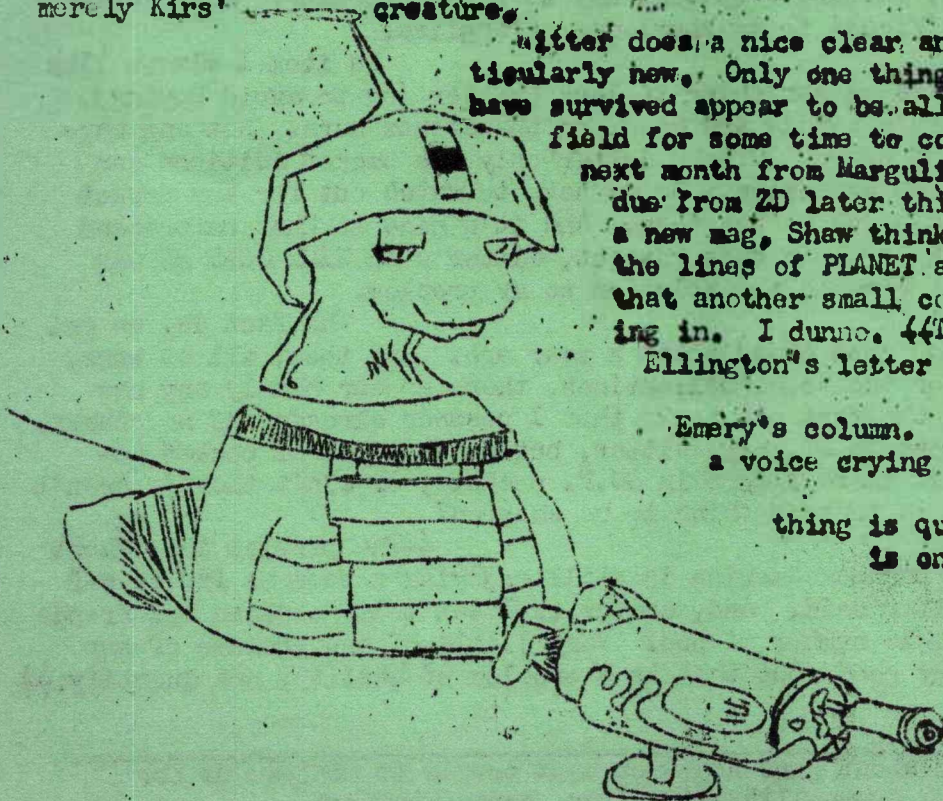
Geé, free fanzines. This I like. Have a bad habit of never getting around to writing for copies of Fanzines I haven't seen, but when comes through the mails one that's as interesting as FAFHRD I can't resist asking for more.

Thank Ghod the ad for OBLIQUE is a hoax. If about one more fan turns to be nonexistent after that Joan Carr bit I shall be forced to admit that I am merely Kirs' creature.

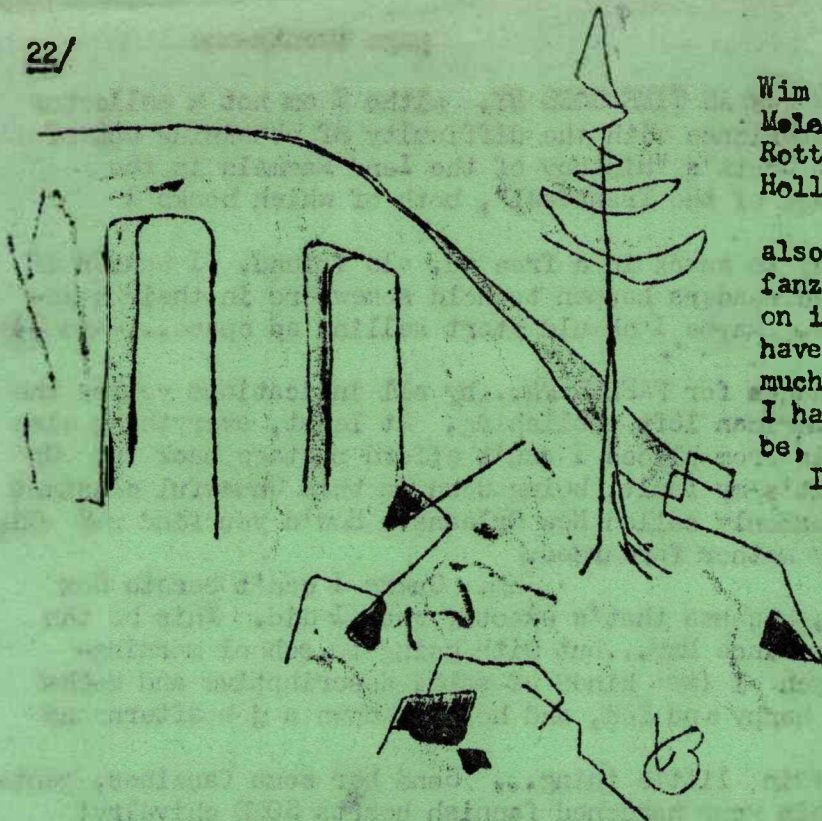
Witter does a nice clear analysis but nothing particularly new. Only one thing... "The few magazines that have survived appear to be all that will appear in the field for some time to come." SATTELITE due out next month from Margulies and Merwin, DREAM WORLDS due from ZD later this year, Creston talking up a new mag, Shaw thinking of getting something on the lines of PLANET and the rumor goes round that another small company is thinking of jumping in. I dunno. --(This shows how long ago Ellington's letter was written...--rde-->

I like Emery's column. Reads well. But maybe I'm a voice crying in the swamp.

Even Helander's thing is quite nicely done, and this is one of those pieces that I usually strenuously object to. Will blame my liking it on the writing.



Bowman



Wim Struyck  
Molenwyver 10E  
Rotterdam (N.)  
Holland

Thanks a lot for sending me FAFHRD. Of course I knew your name already, and I'm glad you also got me acquainted with your fanzine...And now you want a comment on it, of course. I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint you. You see, much as I enjoy receiving fanzines, I hate writing comments. Or, maybe, "hating" is not the proper word. I'd gladly write comments, if I only knew how. It's so easy to say, this is good, or that is bad, but from which standard (norm) do we go? It doesn't seem fair to compare a fanzine to professional magazines. So we must accept certain shortcomings as being normal and to be expected.

Should

my standard be: "How much do I enjoy a fanzine". Maybe, but as a matter of fact, I do enjoy nearly every fanzine I get, and that's not flattering you or any other faned, but plain truth. Maybe I've been lucky, but I've never received a fanzine that was really bad or below any standard. There's always something interesting, something enjoyable in the things I get. With some, the printing isn't always very clear (one of your shortcomings, too). On the other hand, your artwork comes out very nicely. (Often a failure with other fanzines). Some have good stories, but hardly any letter column—or vice versa. I like both. I think I don't like very much is the quasi-scientific articles some other fanzines favour. But this may be my shortcoming. Being Dutch, those articles are a bit difficult to my knowledge of English.

An item I always like are book reviews, as they give me something to look out for (or to avoid buying). As you know, of course, there's hardly any Sc.F. on the stands here. Not any magazines, and only a trickle of books. Of the latter only the pocket editions can interest me as the rest is too expensive. So we have to watch out for any pocket editions that appear, and be quick to get them. And it's nice to know beforehand what titles you have to look for. In this respect, Witter's AS TIME GOES BY was interesting though it didn't give me the solution to my problem.

The fact is, we got a lot of pocket editions (and good ones) about a year ago. And then, all at once, the flow stopped. Except for the Sc.F. Ballantines, there appear hardly any new ones now. Every week I see the same old books that I possess already and no others. Now, what is the reason? Less Sc.F., says Witter, but still a lot of pocket editions, says Witter. Now, is there a drop in SC.F. pockets, or ain't there? Aren't they shipped to Holland, or is there nothing to be shipped?

⌋The problem is, almost certainly, in the shipping, because America is still enjoying a boom as far as s-f pocket-books go, just as Witter said. And, as far as I can tell, England and France both are producing a remarkable number of pbs. Very little of the produce of any of the three countries is any good—but that is a problem of quality, not quantity.⌋

---

"We'd better stop talking about guns now—you want people to mistake us for Dean A. Grennell?"—Rich Kirs, correspondence.

---



Archis Mercer  
434/4 Newark Rd  
North Hykeham  
Lincoln, England

I dunno. . . Every now and again I seem to receive an un-requested fanzine from California. Just what Califen expect to get out of this, I'm not quite sure. I usually just slash the mag to pieces by return post, upon which they either send me the next three as well or drop quietly out of fandom.

But I haven't told you what I think of the zine yet. Come to that, I can't remember what was in it. There was a column by Jansen, and I always like columns by Jansen; and there was a column by some Swede or other.

Let's see, then. The Roaring Trumpet -- or Ciallar-sy rears its ugly mug, if I may be permitted the corny pun. Then there's Witter and his column: Real Solid, as the saying says, and readable enough, too. Ditto with the reviews, which as a class I'm always in favour of anyway. Then this column in English -- I like that, too, as it happens. Ditto with Jan's cheesy choos, of course. The letter column is mainly reverberations from something I'm not in on (to wit and specifically: the previous issue) and is also too short. Which is that.

Lost you think my report looks too favourable, though, I may say (a) I detest your artwork and (b) you've got nothin' OUTSTANDINGLY readable. Just a generally readable, and not unpleasant zine.

P.S. I haven't come to think of it;

thanked you for sending it.

[[A very favourable report, on the whole, considering the rumour going around that you are seven years old and have just learned to read. If I keep getting letters like this I may very well take up chasing women and tor hell with fandom...rde]]

Fred L. Smith  
613 Great Western Road  
Glasgow W.2, Scotland

He ((Witter)) also makes conflicting statements, when he says that the dollar book club is printing the better material and then goes on to say that "the overwhelming majority of remainders...have been anthologies." This is rather strange when you consider that the majority of

book club releases are anthologies, although I understand that in some cases the book club "editions" have actually been the remaindered original editions. And how does this tie in with Witter's claim that the magazine vein is worked out, when these same anthologies are made up of stories that originally saw magazine publication? I think the answer is that, while Mr. Witter has possession of some of the facts, he hasn't ALL the facts and furthermore hasn't organized them properly, nor drawn the proper conclusions. Which is not saying that he hasn't made some sensible statements regarding the position of book publishing. It's just that he hasn't answered his question. "What's wrong with sf?"

I found the review of the Feb '38 TWS particularly intriguing, since this is one of the earliest SF mags I remember reading, and it was rather strange to compare Des Emery's current reaction to it with my fond memories. I don't suppose I can really quarrel with Des' opinion of the stories, although I enjoyed them at the time. After all, I was only 11 years old then, and my tastes have somewhat matured...

[[Again, FAFHRD extends the courtesy of equal time to anyone who would care to dispute Fred's arguments--especially, I should like to hear from their author again, and from Dick Witter. Like Sam Mines, we are pleased to accept the position of referee, but refuse to join in the combat...-rde]]

George W. Fields  
3607 Pomona Blvd.  
Montebello, Calif.

As far as FAFHRD being free and purely an effort of spare time (which I know you have little) I would rate it very high. As compared with some of my favorites which are all pay zines, I would honestly rate it low. I can best give a detailed opinion of the issue by taking it from cover to cover, something I rarely attempt. Don't stop reading now. This gets better as it goes along!--rde]]

The cover is plain, somethin' I like. The little creature staring wonder-  
ingly at the title as I first did is surely the cutest thing I've seen in years.  
Too cute. ((Betcha you'd look just too cute too, with your rump in the air))

The contents page is a good idea but the heading is much too big. One can make them  
too small, but this is an extreme the other way. I can see no purpose in it being  
that large with no apparent layout except the box effect. ((I need a PURPOSE?))

The editorial was a bit rambling. Some good in it, too. But for what was said of  
worth, it could have been half as long.

Mr. Richard Witter has a fine article. He seems to have my analysis of the so-called "boom" except he is one who still has  
the "craze" answer. If I had the energy, I would tear that one apart. Let me drop  
a fact to Dick: the '53 boom period reveals that the magazines had extremely low  
circulations as compared with '52. We almost had a long, mild boom, but the in-  
flationary mags flooded the market. And you know what happens then. As for his  
boom in "back issues", I'd like to see some proof.

Des' "Something Old" is good. Except he took a magazine from a rather insignificant period in stf and for no  
reason, as he stated. He should have a better reason than he did (if you can call  
it one; more like a whim). Like to hear some reviews of AMAZING in the 20s and  
ASF in the 30s as compared with AS, plus the 40s.

The article by Lars Helander was all right, but much too long for what was said, written as if I could read Swe-  
dish and would go madly rushing out to buy all I could, with all the American stf  
I have to keep up with.

The illo for "...And Searching Mind" is meant to be sick-  
ening, I gather, as it sure made me sick.

((He then goes on to tear into Courtois, but this takes up MUCH too much space.--rde))

All and all, FAFHRD is enjoyable read-  
ing. Keep them coming. I don't intend to leave fandom if I can help it. I've made  
too many good friends here and I intend on making more. We've got this thing in  
common. We have to help it along. ((...))

A note to Smith ((Dale R.)): Fandom  
will leave more of a mark than mystery fans, "esterns, etc. It's being more pub-  
licized than them and I think will take a new breath, a sort of renaissance.

((Well,  
last issue it was Courtois, this issue we have Fields. Here's another boy who  
should be discovered by fandom: Surely his philosophy, saying, "There must be a  
purpose, it must be concise, there is a MEANING to fandom," is just as important  
as Courtois' "To hell with it". I ask again for your commentary, good people.))

And thus we slam down the door on the fingers of the hot little fans still  
trying to get in, and bring to a glorious close the fifth issue of a  
fanzine which may not be frequent or regular, but it sure is  
controversial... Maybe I should stop  
printing these letters that get you  
kind, dear readers all wrought up--  
but that's the only reason I publish  
a free fanzine, to get people wrought  
up so that the mail-box contains some-  
thing interesting once in a while.  
You can look for another FAFHRD in  
February, after which there  
will be another six month gap  
because of military service.  
Remember, tho...

