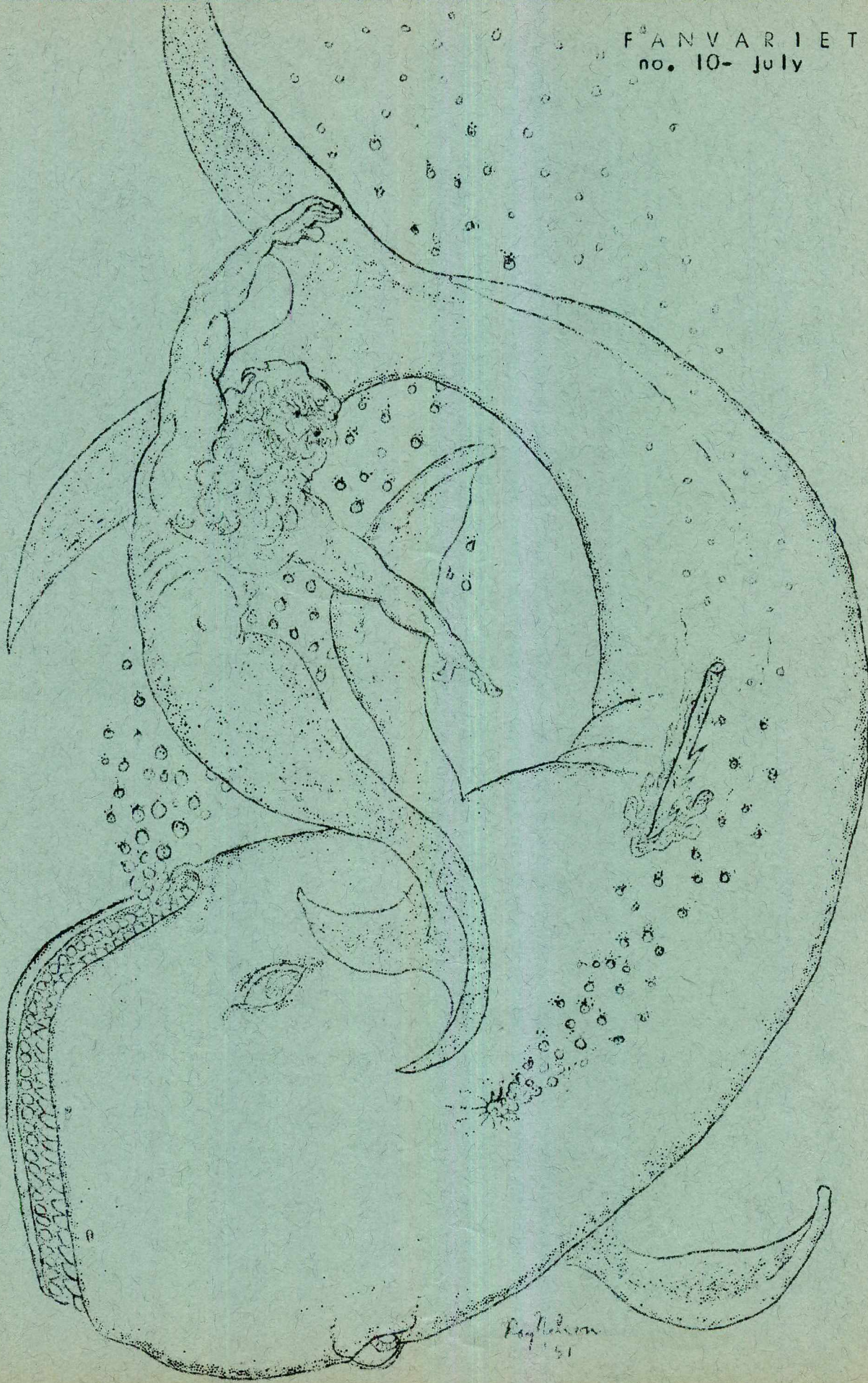


FAN VARIETY  
no. 10- July



# FAN VARIETY

Combined with

# ALEPH NULL

Number 10

July

Monthly

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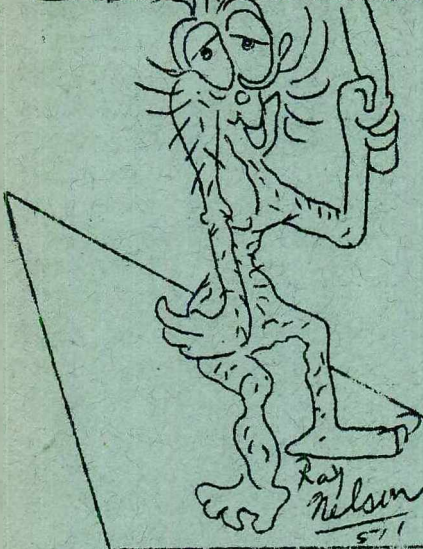
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# Fvleaf



Think I should say a few words about last issue before I get off on something else. I now realize that parts of it were in very bad taste, but when I was putting the issue together I was having so much fun I didn't pay too much attention to it. Please forget about those portions, and I promise it will never happen again.

Fv is slowly gaining a name for its self and I want it to be a good one, so from now on I'll try to treat the mag with the respect it deserves.

Bill Venable, my co-editor is out of college now, and is in the swing again, he's done a great deal toward getting this issue out, as you will no doubt note.

Together with your help we should be able to really go to town.

There were a few fans that didn't get a copy of the last issue of Fv and have written in and said so, if any of you will send me your copy so that I can mail it to them, I'll give you credit for another issue. Now that's a fair deal isn't it? First time I ever came up short, usually have a few sample copies left over. Well I guess I'll have to print more.

Some of you seem to have forgotten the policy of Fanvariety. When I first started off, Fv was ment not only to print stf but material on any other subject. That could be weird, fantasy, music, religion, cars, girls, sex, etc. So you see there isn't anything that would be out of place in Fanvariety. As long as this discussion on religion can be held on the intellegent plane it is on now I'll keep on printing your letters. For one, I think it's go for fans to think. Fv is not printed for entertainment alone, and was never ment to give you a few mintues of escape from the world at large. No one shoul draw hin self up is a shell and say something hasn't a place in fandom.

The letter bection is running rather long this issue, but I think the letters warrent it, don't you? As long as it will be as interestint as this time, it will keep the same length. When I started to change the name of the letter section, I thought about calling it Battleground, but opps naw means about the same thing. By the way that is pronounced OPPTS NAW.

WELL IF YOU FEEL THAT

WAY ABOUT IT, THEN  
YOU CAN GET YOUR  
OWN SOCIAL  
SECURITY CARD



Funny thing happen this issue, we got plenty of letters, but not one article or story was sent in this month. I also sent most of Fv's back log to Bill to look over, so you see I was getting kind of worried. But he sent me some stuff already stencil and it will make up the majorit of this issue. I also tryed my hand at wbitting for this issue. Se what you get for not sending in something, an article by Keasler, well that will teach you.

We do have quite a few promises for material, so things may not be as bad as they look. Something may even come in before I get this issue out. I realize it is useless to ask for material, so I won't waste space doing it.

Next issue may be a little late getting out cause I want to answer all these letters, letters, and more letters that have come in. I really appreciate your correspondence and will try to answer as many as I can. I've got a full time job now, and it hardly leaves me time to get Fv out, much less keep up with my letter writing. I thought for a while I was going to have to give up Fanvariety, but Bill came to the rescue. Unless you've put out a fanzine, you can hardly realize how lucky I am to get such a wonderful co-editor. He stenciled Pickles column, his own and Everett Winne article. That also gave me more time to cut the stencils I did, I hope that I caught most of the mistakes. They are very easy to overlook on a stencil, specially if you've already read the article about a dozen time and know it by heart. Bill is also paying a share of the expenses, if he hadn't Fv might of been a few weeks later getting out. That printed page sets me back quite a bit.

Got to stop now cause I've got to get a ad on this page too, if I can find it.

I've seemed to talked for a page and a half and managed not to say a thing. That what happens when you compose directly on the stencil.

Ah well, things are tough all over.

ever lovân yers

Max

---

HARD COVER FOR SALE 30¢ each pp. Books are in fair to good condition. Money refunded if any purchase proves disappointing.

ANDREZEL, Pierre-Angelic Avengers, Random, 1946 d/j  
ALDRICH, B.S.-A White Bird Flying, Appletton, 1931, 1st ed.  
BARRIE, J.M.-The Little Minister  
BRADFORD, Ganaliel-Damaged Souls, Houghton Mifflin, 1923. One of 200 copies of 1st ed. Cover is waterstained.  
BROMFIELD, Lotis--Awake and Rehearse, G&D 1929  
BURROUGHS, E.R.-Lost On Venus, 1935, G&D  
BUTLER, Samuel-Way of All Flesh, Literary Classics  
SOLOMORE, G.-The Thunderbolt, Seltzer 1920, 1st ed.  
COOPER, J.F.-The Wing-and-Wing, Burt  
DEVEREUX, Mary-From Kingdom to Colony, Little-Brown, inkstained  
DUMAS, Alexander--Page of the Duke of Savoy, Caldwell  
EMERSON, R.W.-Essays, Poems, and Addresse, Classics Club 1941  
HUME, Fergus-The Green Mummy, Dillingham 1908, 1st ed. binding loose  
JEVONS, W.S.-Lessons in Logic, Macmillan 1892  
LEHMANN, Rosanond-Invitation to the Waltz, 1922, 1st ed.  
LINCOLN, J.C.-Cap'n Eri, Burt  
ROCKWOOD, Roy-By Space Ship To Saturn  
WARD, H.W.--The Book of The Grape, Bodley Head, London, 1925  
ANTHONY, J.H.-Matty, Herald, 1st ed.  
WOODFORD, Jack--Trail and Error In Writing & Selling, 1936  
McCOUTIE, W.B.-Where and How To Sell Manuscripts, 1920  
CORELLI, Marie--Wormwood, Hurst.  
R. FLAVIE CARSON--RT, 2--RICH HILL, MO.

-----f a n p h o t o -----

I will explain this picture from left to right.

Starting off in the upper left hand corner, is a Canadian fan by the name of Neil Graham. You know doubt have noticed his work in Fv.

Next in the western outfit is Ralph Rayburn Phillips, ultra weird artist. With cig. in hand is Ed Noble, editor of Explorer.

In the upper right corner is Bill Venable, exeditor of Aleph Null and our own co-editor.

Reading the pulp mag is Guerry Brown, Florida fan. Boy in the checked shirt is Eldon "Kitty" Everett.

In the group picture are, top row: Dave Mc Knnes, Charles "Charlie" Tanner, Fred Rothfus.

Second row: Dr. Barrett, Bea Mahaffeu, Ted Carnell, Carrie & Lou Tabakou.

Bottom row: Don Ford, Roy Lavender and Stan Skirvin.

Fen with the baby is Marion Z Bradley and the next picture is the other half of the Bradley family, Robert Bradley.

Bill Rotsler is the fellow standing in front of the window.

Bottom left hand corner is editor Duggie Fisher of Odd. Next is another picture of Dug With a pipe and glasses.

Explaining how my camera works to Fisher is me, Max Keasler, he took it to soon.

I got some pictures from Walt Wallis after I had this cut made and will use them next time if there are enough pictures turned into warrent a nother picture page. It's up to you, you can at least send in the pictures. Wallis has sent in three pics of fans and as you can see it will take quite abit more to make a full page. Just because you've sent in one picture don't mean you can't send in somemore.

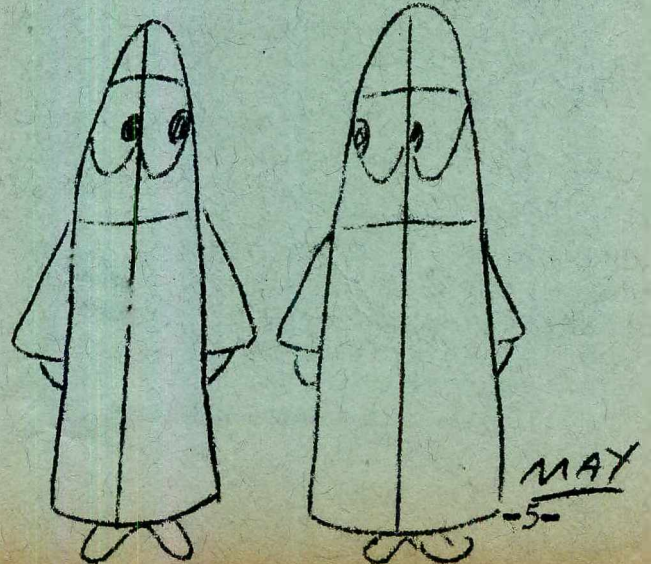
So dig around and find those pics.

SEE you next issue.

....AND DOC I SEEM TO HAVE THIS PRICKING SENSATION IN MY NECK



DOES MOTHER KNOW WE'RE OUT?





# A POUND OF FLESH



being a sort of column by your  
co-editor

Bill Venable

THINGS TO SOON COME: British fans are in for a hot time, says Derek Pickles, the indefatigable Yorkshireman. Feuds are running rampant, with Ken (The Cap'n) Slater pitted against Walt Willis being in the limelight. PHANTASMAGORIA, Derek's up-and-coming fanzine, is playing the battleground. Walt Willis seared Slater in his column in the latest issue of PHANTAS, taking pot shots at Ken's recent attitude and activity. Seems Slater said some naughty things about Walt Gillings' semi-prozine, SCIENCE FANTASY. He also severely criticized F.C. Davies' rather loaded fanzine, INCINERATIONS. Willis also invokes the invective against American fandom in a blast denouncing us as "decadent, reactionary...". Really, Walt. The tone of American stf may be a little pessimistic at times, but we can hold our end up. Walt publishes a neat little fanzine himself, entitled SLANT. # To appear in due time from some NFFF press is a CHECKLIST OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION POCKET BOOKS, compiled jointly by Ev Winne and two Pittsburgh fans, Bob Troetschel and Sam DePiero. This should be a valuable addition to the NFFF stock of leaflets, as it will be more comprehensive than any list heretofore published. Over 500 titles have already been included. # Con Pederson will shortly have a story in the MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, entitled THE AUGUST PEOPLE. Having read it, I can tell you that Pederson is no mean hand at pro-quality fiction. # Ray Bradbury's THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES is already out in a pocket-size edition, while Murray Leinster is slated to edit a new science fiction anthology for one of the large publishing houses, to appear in the fall or winter.

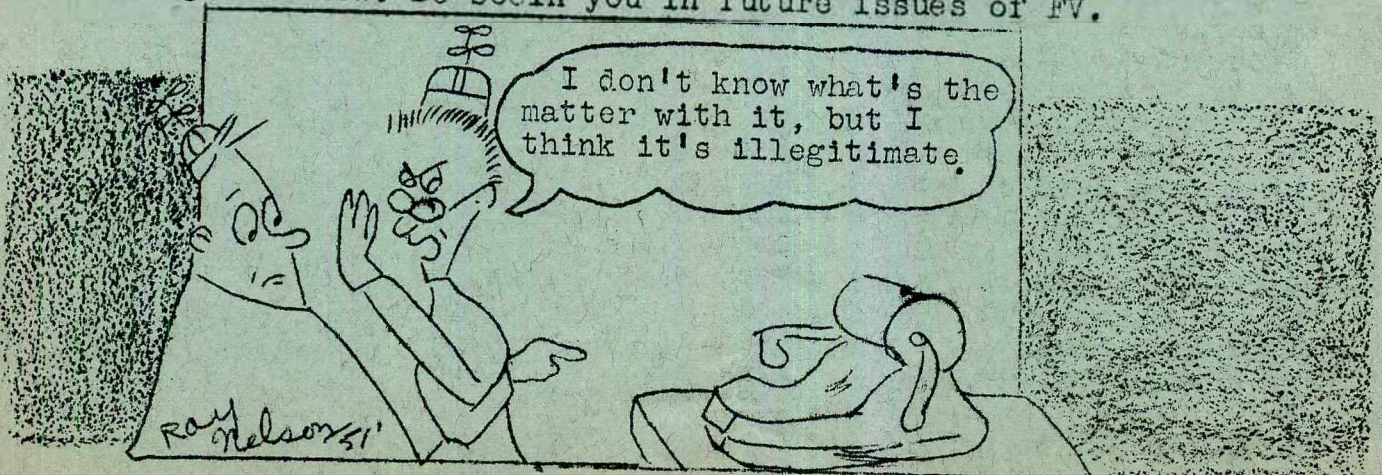
WANTED: CLEAN FILLINGER: Possibly this is not the place to rebuke a personal attack on myself. And yet, I must admit I was somewhat surprised to see Fillinger's letter which appeared in the June FV. Knowing that Fillinger is--- or was--- an associate of Ken Krueger, whom I know and admire, I was all the more jolted. It always seemed to me that a person who has graduated from grammar school has also passed out of the name-calling stage. And yet some fan is always popping off with crude, gutter-level attacks on someone else, with no apparent reason. For your information, Joe, I have also been called Vegetable, Venerable and Vestigial. Not recently, however. If you don't think my story was good enough for publication, say so bluntly and give your reasons. If you have no reasons, the best you can justifiably say is "I don't like it." And that's your right. Every one to his own tastes you know. Your name-twisting attack is not only crude and childish, it shows a mentality that cannot discuss literary merits intelligently and so has to resort to unreasoning name-calling. I challenge you to back your criticism. Don't think with your "intestinals", use your brain, if you have one. Either criticize intelligently or shut up.

## A POUND OF FLESH

I am not claiming it was a particularly good story either. As for my holding some stock in the magazine, go peddle your papers, boy. That is very near to slander. It is a nasty inference and an entirely unjustified one. Perhaps your simian mentality cannot account for the fact that Ray Palmer, who knows just a little bit more than you do concerning writing, must have seen something in it. Are you still childish enough to feel you must back up your tastes in literature by conducting a smear campaign against me simply because you do not like a story I wrote? What possible reason you could have for holding such malice against me I know not. I don't ask that you like me, or my writings. Just mind your own business, and refrain from crude and childish attacks on people who never harmed you or yours. I am not unfair. If you can write a sound, logical criticism of VISION, I will print it. You might also tell me what brought on this unexpected gutter-level attack on myself.

**PEOPLE:** Con Pederson has left Irwin Penna. and headed for his old haunts in Los Angeles. He intends to go to UCLA this fall (or next fall). # Stewart Metchette has left 'Frisco and is now living in Detroit. His column will soon be back in FV, starting probably with the August issue. # Derek Pickles intends to get married, he says, probably this September.

**GENERALITIES:** Many fans are known to be avid collectors of the writings of that great humorist, Stephen Leacock. Can you number yourself among these elite? If not, get ahold of one of Leacock's books in the near future. It is funnier than you-know-what. # Note that the average Canadian is more science-fiction minded than the average American; in French Canada, anyhoo. In LA PATRIE, noted Quebec newspaper, there are no less than four science fiction comic strips in the Sunday edition; Jacques le Matamore (Buck Rogers), Guy L'Eclair (Flash Gordon), Rendez-vous sur Mars (Rendezvous on Mars) and Superman. Quite interesting. Also featured in the Sunday Supplement is a regular feature entitled Le Monde de Demain, or The World of Tomorrow. This gives in idea, in pictures and prose, of what we may expect in the way of future scientific developments. Can you name an American paper that has as many science-fiction regular features? If you can, this column will award free copies of the pocket-book edition of THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES for every paper named. Takers? Will also award same to any person naming three companies whose brand names have a distinct stf flavor. For example, Mars candy Bars. (That's one company eliminated). # Best I sign off now. Be seen in future issues of FV.



# FAN COLLECTORS ARE — FUNNY!



by  
A. Everett Winne

AS A MATTER OF FACT, all collectors are a bit odd, and fantasy - fan collectors are no different from other people who collect all sorts of strange objects. Now in case you don't collect something in the fan collection line, you needn't feel so superior. We'll wager you've done plenty of collecting at some point in your past career. Sure you did! In your youth you assembled samples of every kind of stone you could get. Or you collected big agate marbles or fancy tops or bottle caps. Later you grabbed for stamps or coins\*. Or you went for pictures of baseball players or horses. I remember that as a kid in Albany we collected election cards and played a game with them, a bit like pitching pennies. This, of course, was not a real collection for no ture collector would risk injury or wear to his collection!

I suppose all we red-blodded males have collected pin-ups from Esquire or perhaps Moran, or Petty or Varga calendars. We have known girls who collected dolls, teacups, lace, buttons and, of course, pictures of movie stars. My own wife collects antique jewelry. There is a banker near here who collects one each of every United States coin, bill and government bond that has or does come out. Not a bad idea, anyway--- a pretty negotiable collection.

\*I collect coins too--- from subscribers. Anybody got any? Ed.



Why do people collect? After all, it can take a lot of money, time and effort just to try to assemble a complete set of ASF or AS or all of Burroughs' books or all the Arkham House books ever printed. The first reason is so simple---so easy it is sometimes overlooked. Collecting gives you something to do! As you get along in life & the twenties become thirties and then you see middle-age approaching someday, you find the movies, the radio, current novles, even sports, begin to pall. Everything starts sounding or looking like the stuff of last year or five or ten years ago. You start to collect books or pictures or antiques. The collector also gets a feeling of accomplishment. Looking over his collection as it begins to fill, he feels as if he has really gotten somewhere! He has collected something merely by assembling a lot of different pieces in one place. We believe this feeling is the most satisfying of all.

If you are reading these ravings in a cold-blooded fashion, you may say, "So what?" Well, we believe there is another reason for collecting for people who might take this attitude. This is the result of all the collecting one may do--- namely, the collection itself. No one can take away from you the fact that you actually do have all this material. It belongs to you and some of it is scarce--- perhaps rare and valuable. If you have collected not only fondly but wisely, your collection could be a nest-egg someday if ever needed.\* Some people will tell you that most fans collect to boost their ego. You know what they mean,---a fan collector is supposed to think he is better than a mere fan because he owns so many scarce books or mags. We don't believe this. Instead we think that the fan collector does it for reasons already mentioned--- something to do, sense of accomplishment and the tangible result. If they feel good about it all, it is OK for anyone ambitious enough to do something to deserve that feeling of a job well done. So we believe it is all part of the sense of accomplishment.

You may be wondering, "What is so funny about fan collectors?"-- Up to now everything said is in defense of collectors. All right----- collectors seem odd to non-collectors! We noticed it many times before we, too, started collecting and sometimes we still do. Once, we wrote a fan-friend about a certain book, praising it. He replied, said he owned it, but he doubted he'd ever have time to read it. We couldn't understand such talk-- for 20 years we'd accumulated books and had always believed we'd read them all some day! Sober reflection told us we had only read about two-thirds. We had been collecting fantasy books for about a year and had several dozen--- all of which we had read. About six months later we had fallen well behind in our reading as the fantasy collection grew, and we realized our fan collector friend was realistic. He had other interests, too, and experience had told him he might never read all his fantasy and S-F books! Fan collectors add to their collection to fill it out--- not to get more material to read. When we heard of fan collectors with thousands of mags we knew darn well they had not read them all! They know many are not worth reading at this late date. Many fans call themselves collectors merely because they have saved a lot of mags--- your true collector is different: he is consciously trying to get a complete set of certain mags, pocket-books or books. So some want all Arkhams ever printed, others all fantasy anthologies, still others---

\*...e.g., the banker aforementioned. You might call him a money-fan, or something of the sort. Ed.

all of a certain author. Their joy is simply unbelievable when they get that last Merrit or ASF. Do they sit back and gloat? Not for long—they usually start collecting some other fantasy item— another mag or another author. We've seen it happen many times. Your real collector also scorns hard cash\* and usually wants to trade. He'll swap his scarce items for other scarce items only. We used to think this foolish—why not take the cash and use it to buy some other item for the collection? Hah! The cash prices are often too high when asked by dealers or other collectors. So you are forced to take the same line. Recently a friend wanted to buy some pocket-books from me. Naturally, I haughtily turned down the dough and asked for items on my want-list!

A fan recently quit collecting because he was gypped in a trade. Tsk—not a real collector, they are not that easily discouraged, and such cheaters are scarce\*\*. Another said he was selling out as his eyes were bothering him. We, of course, told him he shouldn't expect to read them all—that's for readers, not collectors! The fantasy book collector often thinks mag collections are second-rate. Books are kept easier, wear better, take less room, cheaper in cost in the long run, look better—he says. And are not all good stories run in anthologies anyway - sooner or later? The mag collector believes that mags are first editions, and more popular, hence more desirable; have all the good illustrations. He may scorn the book collector— claims mags are cheaper, the book prices too high. And will claim nearly all good stories come from his mags and most are still not in books! A technician friend of mine even proved that mags take up less space than books, by actual figures!

Deep down in our hearts we realize we'll never be true collectors. We don't even care if our books are not first editions! And even worse—we've even lent books from our collection to trusted friends even though they were in mint condition. Guess we still harbour the traitorous thought that books are meant to be read as long as they are not torn or soiled in the process.

We've asked several fan friends why they started collecting and the answer was always the same—they just drifted into it. They were buying a few prozines at the stands and throwing them away. Then they noticed fan letters regarding trading or selling mags and began saving theirs—always intending to sell them or trade them for something else. They began to wonder what the old ASF or TWS or Wierd had been like. Fans kept referring to the stories in the good old issues of the past. In one way or another they accumulated some old mags and later filled some of the gaps. Before they fully realized it they was collectors. This can happen in several other ways but the result is the same—the collecting bug has you and you never want to sell or trade all those old mags—perish the thought, you want more!

There are three projects we'd like to see the NFFF or someone do regarding collecting. First—we would like to see that oft mentioned fair price list of out-of-date fantasy mags. It would be a big help to collectors, especially new ones. Of course, we know it is a tough project—many dealers and traders wouldn't like it, though some wud. Traders? Yes, we think some fans would much rather trade than collect.

\*...this would be hard on the guys who collected hard cash. Ed.

\*\*... another scarce item for you collectors. Bulky, but... Ed.

They'll work very hard for an item—then next month trade it away. Second— We'd like a checklist of all fantasy and S-F books in print with a short review of each, by someone like Searles. Everyone knows there are lots of books coming out today that are merely reprints of out-of-date stf. Sure, you can get the dope in prozine or fanzine reviews (sometimes) but we want a regular checklist. Third— We'd like a series of articles by or about leading fan collectors, with a lot of information on them and their collections.

Certainly, we know it's a lot to hope for, than any of these projects will ever be taken up. Why should anyone spend all that time for a few hundreds of fan collectors—many of whom will disagree with the results? But we still hope and expect that the pricelist, the checklist and the series will appear someday. For we fan collectors are optimistic as well as being very funny people!

Ev Winne is serving on the Welcomittee of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. He is at present at work collaborating on a checklist of all in and out-of print fantasy s-f and wierd pocket-books, which will be published shortly as a Welcom leaflet by the NFFF.

NOW--- better than ever! More editors use the NFFF Manuscript Bureau!

A POEM by

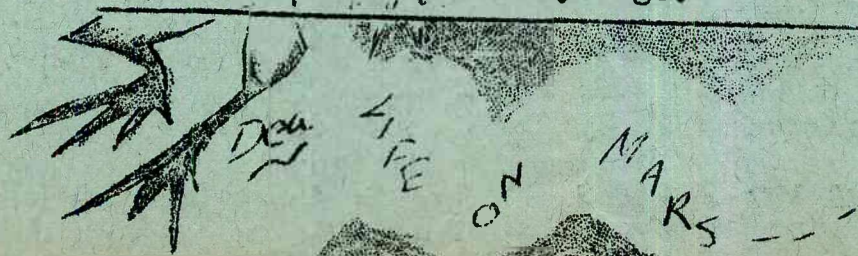
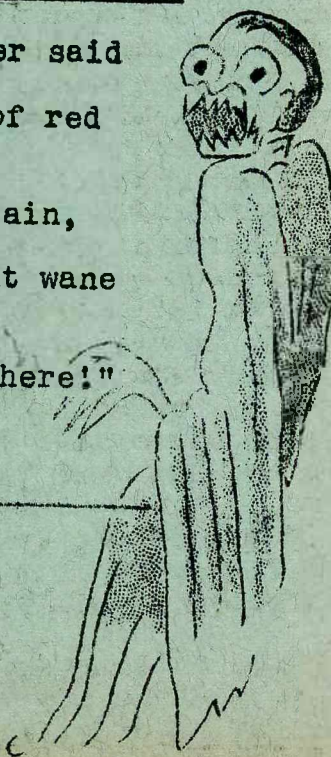
JERRY F. CAO

## The Animal

"There's life on Mars," the speaker said  
And glanced about the room  
His eyes were bright with specks of red  
Reflecting back the gloom.

"There's life on Mars," he said again,  
"Inhuman, alien race."  
The listeners watched the firelight wane  
And play across his face.

"There's life on Mars, for I was there!"  
The silence filled with age.  
I shook my tangled, orange hair,  
And crept about my cage.



What-ho! The above poem is from the NFFF MANUSCRIPT BUREAU stocks! Ah?

Derek Pickles

# CONVENTIONALLY SPEAKING

---

Special to FANVARIETY

---

the FIRST International Science Fiction Convention was held in London over the weekend of May 12th to 13th, 1951. It was the first really international convention in that fans from several countries attended.

From Hollywood, U.S.A., came the Ackermans; from Sweden came Sigvard Ostlund; Holland produced Ben Abas, his wife and brother; Australia had as representative Ken Painter of the Sydney Futurians. The complete staff of SLANT turned up, Walter and Madelaine Willis, Bob Shaw and James White. An independent Irish fan, George Charters, wandered in also. Lee Jacobs came from Paris, where he is serving with the U.S. forces. Naturally there were fans from all over the rest of England; a group arrived from Wales, closely followed by a contingent from the Nor'West SF club of Manchester; from Bradford there were, naturally, myself and sister Mavis, the staff of PHANTASMAGORIA; also Bob Foster of SLUDGE, Britain's newest fanzine. On Sunday Mike Tealby of WONDER appeared and proceeded busily to distribute copies of the latest issue to all subscribers present. Fans drifted in from Scotland, the North of England, the Midlands, and of course the majority of the London Circle were present.

Authors present included Arthur C. Clarke, William F. Temple, John Beynon Harris (of Day of the Triffids), Frank Arnold, John Kier Cross and Paul Capon.

It was a magnificent affair; naturally there were mistakes but it was fun wondering what came next on the programme on Saturday morning, as Vince Clark and Walt Willis didn't arrive with the programmes until early afternoon.

The only fault with the Convention was that two days simply were not enough time to talk to everyone I wanted to. With around one hundred fans milling around in the hall I almost wilted under sheer force of numbers, but recovered enough to wave to most there.

The guest of Honour was Forrie Ackerman, and in his addresses and descriptions of American Fandom he showed just why he is U. S. Fan No. 1. He donated many extremely valuable gifts to the Auctions ---including vanVogt's own copy of THE WEAPON MAKERS, first edition, corrected by the author for the second edition, with forewords by vanVogt and his wife. This went for about 4 pounds 10 shillings,\* (about \$13). With Forrie ~~was~~ his very charming wife Wendayne, who gave a very informative pro-Dianetics talk. During this we discovered that several characters who had crept into the meeting and who no-one knew were members of a London Dianetics group, the existence of which had been unknown by fandom up to then.

On Saturday afternoon Bill Temple gave a talk on "How to Write SF Serials", illustrating his lecture by describing the experiences of his life with Arthur (Ego) Clarke. The story of the "Onion Drive" spaceship was the wittiest, most satirical attack on A.C. Clarke & the unwritten laws of SF that I have ever heard; Temple literally had the audience rolling in the aisles.

On Sunday afternoon Forrie Ackerman accepted the International Fantasy Award for the best work in the field in 1950. Willy Ley and Chesley Bonestell won this for THE CONQUEST OF SPACE. The award was a stand composed of a ball-shaped automatic cigarette lighter and a beautiful model in metal of a rocket in takeoff position, poised on three fins. It was designed and made by a member of the staff of the Royal Observatory in Greenwich.

John Kier Cross, who wrote the radio version of Paul Capon's book THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SUN gave a talk on his struggles to get the BBC to run a series of SF stories as a regular feature. He got quite a long way with it, but the BBC got cold feet and backed out. There are signs that it will come, though, for recently we have heard Conan Doyle's LOST WORLD and THE POISON BELT, as well as the immortal WAR OF THE WORLDS, by H.G. Wells.

Highlights were Walt Willis' speech, the shortest of the Convention, in which he described the state of Irish fandom; there was a bleak silence until people realised that he had finished, then a great cheer. Ted Tubbs' brilliant handling of the Auctions, where wit flowed with every item. The beards of H.J. Campbell of SCIENCE FICTION FORTNIGHTLY and Alan Hunter of NEW WORLDS & PHANTASMAGORIA, Campbell's large, bushy and black and Hunter's small, pointed and fair. The terrific attacks made by Temple, Clarke, Gillings and Ted Carnell against each other at the opening of the Convention. The ability of certain fans to imbibe huge quantities of beer as seen at the various sessions held at the pubs. The display of the Law of Diminishing Numbers made at the South Bank exhibition when 20- odd fans set out at 10 A.M. and by 11 A.M. the number was down to 7, odd ones of which number kept disappearing and reappearing.

THE OBVIOUS GOOD TIME HAD BY ALL. THE MANY MEMORIES THAT WERE TAKEN AWAY OF PEOPLE AND HAPPENINGS.

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\* On Derek's typewriter the symbol for the pound monetary unit is included. On mine, unfortunately, notation in British money-symbolism is impossible. Therefore it had to be written out. Ed.

# HARRY

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* A BIT ABOUT  
 \* FAN BRADBURY  
 \*\*\*\*\*

# WARNER'S

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Most of us know that Ray Bradbury was once a pure and simple fan, before he discovered the way to sell stories. But how many fans in the field today realize that he was also a fanzine publisher? Bradbury put out a little fanzine named Futuria-Fantasia during his Los Angeles days. I find four issues of it in my Los Angeles file, which appeared during late 1939 and early 1940. There may have been a copy or two after these four--it would take a person with a better memory than mine to be sure.

Futuria Fantasia had little to distinguish it from a hundred other fanzines of about the same period. Its standard of material may have been just a trifle higher than the average. The general appearance is quite neat, but that was a characteristic of Los Angeles magazines of those days, and there were many fanzines coming out of LA during those years. Futuria Fantasia contains the green ink which nourished the LA mimeographs in those days and each issue contained up to 20 standard lettersized pages, with a variety of stories, poems and articles. Each of the four issues contains a Bok cover, three of them mimeoed, the other reproduced by a halftone.

One sure thing, you'd never guess that it was Bradbury writing the editorial for the first issue: "The best laid plans of men, it seems, are destined for detours or permanent and disappointing annihilation upon the road to accomplishment." It goes on in this murky, forced style for a full page, explaining why the fanzine appeared a year later than originally scheduled. It also reveals that even though Bradbury lived at 1841 South Manhattan Place, he couldn't spell Mahattan without the use of an e.

If Bradbury ever should become a really important writer, these publications of his youngest youth are going to be studied by the research men and the biographers. So it's really a shame that it's almost impossible to determine whether Bradbury wrote certain items which are credited to other people. Guy Amory, listed as the writer of a biography of Kuttner, may have existed. However, Ron Reynolds appears to be Bradbury in disguise, and as a result, a couple of the stories in Futuria Fantasia become important.

Best of them is probably "The Piper", which may be the very first of the Bradbury stories about Mars to see print. If it is really Bradbury's fiction, it is surprisingly good, in comparison with the majority of the sophomoric stuff he was writing in those days. It isn't too far from the atmosphere of the published stories about Mars, either, although it doesn't quite fit into the future history pattern of The Martain Chronicles. "The Piper" brings in a man

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From Venus: "He's crazy, that's what. Stands up there piping on his music from sunset until dawn!" The Piper plays on a world-Mars--which has been conquered and brutified by earth men. A little boy who is the "last pure Martian alive" learns that millions of these degraded Martians have their residence "out there, beyond the mountains, in the caves, far back in the subterrance." The man from Venus has also been ill-treated by the earthmen. The concluding paragraph's meaning probably was more clear to Bradbury than to the reader of the story, but it appears that the Piper's music one night caused these brutalized Martians to revolt against the earthmen. It's an interesting combination of Bradbury's present style and the work of a boy obsessed by adjectives, these final paragraphs:

"Swirling, jumping, running, leaping, gamboling, crying--the new humanity surged to man's cities, his rocket, his mines. The Piper's song! Stars shuddered. Winds stilled. Nightbirds sang no songs. Echoes murmured only the voices of the one's who advanced, bringing new understanding. The old man, caught in the whirlpool of ebon, was swept down, screaming. Then up the road, by the awful thousands, vomiting out of hills, sprawling from caves, curling, huge fingers of beasts, around and about and down to the Man Cities. Sighing, leaping up, voices and destruction!

"Rockets across the sky!"  
"Guns.

Death.

"And finally, in the place/advancement of dawn, the memory, the echoing of the old man's voice. And the little boy arose to start afresh a new world with a new mate.

"Echoing, the old man's voice:

"Piper, pipe that song again! So he piped, I wept to hear!"

"A new day dawned!"

Compare with this "The Pendulum" in another issue, probably by Bradbury since it isn't credited to anyone. This is the somewhat gruelling account of a man who invents time travel, accidentally kills a lot of famous scientists while trying to demonstrate it, in revenge he is imprisoned in a transparent pendulum connected to his time machine, lives through the centuries in this imprisonment until robots take over the earth and humans vanish, and finally is found dead by visitors to earth from another planet. To get this series of events into fewer than 2,000 words is quite a feat, but that's about all that can be said in favor of the story. One paragraph will be enough.

" He hadn't minded it so much at first, that first night. He couldn't sleep, but it was not uncomfortable. The lights of the city were comets with tails that pelted from right to left like foaming fireworks. But as the night wore on he felt a gnawing in his stomach, that grew worse. He got very sick and vomited. The next day he could-

n't eat anything!"

Bradbury didn't make any claims to be a great writer

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ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

IN those days. In the third issue's editorial, for instance, he wrote: Unlike Finlay, who draws pictures from poems, we procure pictures from Bok and write poems about them. In fact, I blushinglly admit, I even wrote a ten thousand word novelette around that little creature on the cover of the first Futuria Fantasia...which, no doubt, will have its share of rejections very soon, in which case I will foist on my poor unsuspecting public, both of them, this story now titled "Lorelei!"

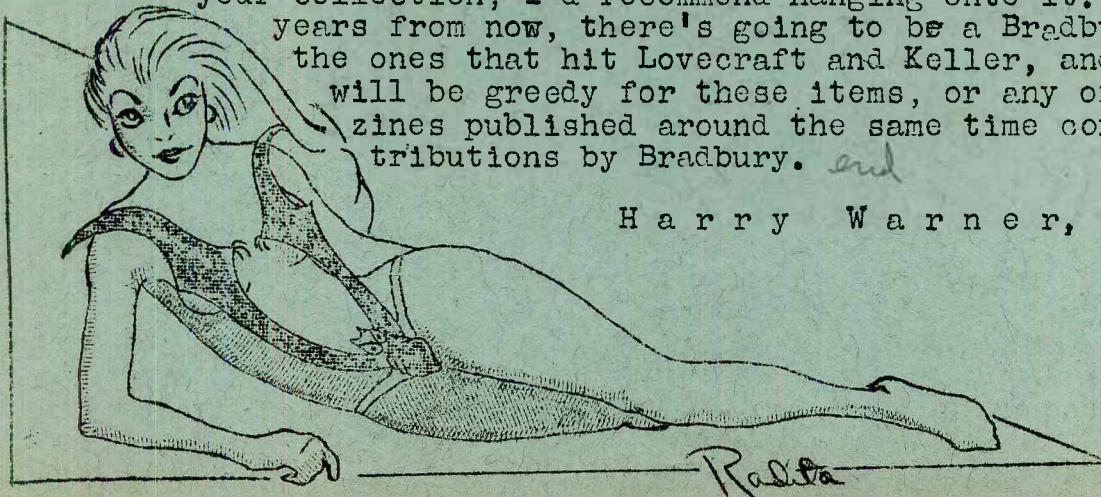
In this same issue appeared "The Syphomic Abduction," apparently another Bradbury yarn. This one shows him completely under the spell of the dictionary. It's a story about the effect that music had on a fellow who liked to turn it up loud and stick his ear against the loudspeaker. I think that a single paragraph will suffice:

"Beneath me was a limitless tract of grey slime which rose and fell torpidly as with the breathing of a somnolent subterranean thing. The moonlight burned brightly on it, and crawling across it from some remote place came---trees---snaky--rooted things whose prehensile branches bore, instead of leaves, flexible lenses...They left behind them red trails on the slime, and excrementory ribbons of thin blue vapor streamed from their topmost appendages. Occasionally they paused to feed, focussing their lenses upon the gelatinous ground, which became luminously white under the concentrated light. The sucking mouths of the serpentine roots absorbed this matter, and red viscosity seeped into the eaten places, greying rapidly under the moons' effulgence, chemically affected by it."

Taken as a whole Futuria Fantasia could hardly be a clue to the fact that Bradbury would go out and sell stories at a great rate in the next couple of years. It was slightly higher than average fanzine, but part of its quality could be laid to the fact that it was produced in Los Angeles, where any fanzine had the advantage of expert help and assistance from more experienced fellows. Bradbury did manage to get quite a bit of stuff by professional writers and the semi-pros. His friendship with Bok was responsible for the covers and interior illustrations, of course. But there was also material by Kuttner, Emil Petaja, Robert A. Heinlein, J. Harvey Haggard, and some lesser lights. The moral would seem to be that even the most inconspicuous fan writer today may be living off his typewriter in the next decade. But it's also well to remember that there have been hundreds of other guys who started off exactly the same way as Bradbury--and didn't end up the same way.

Incidentally, as far as I know, these issues of Futuria Fantasia have not yet acquired any real market value. But if you happen to have the publication in your collection, I'd recommend hanging onto it. About thirty years from now, there's going to be a Bradbury surge, like the ones that hit Lovecraft and Keller, and the collectors will be greedy for these items, or any of the many fanzines published around the same time containing contributions by Bradbury. *end*

Harry Warner, Jr.





# FANTASY

Al La

Brought to you through  
the courtesy of Max Kealsor

Have any of you ever read those comic-strip ads they run in the Sunday paper ever once in a while. Well the other day I ran into one that had a little Fantasy in it. It was about a certain brand of coffee, which shall remain nameless, but we'll call it---say---Sanka. That's a good fictitious name as any. Who would imagine such a name as Sanka Coffee? Sounds downright ridiculous.

Commercial

So the strip started off with a picture of this guy and doll eating dinner at some friends' house. The gal is drinking a cup of coffee which we know is an inferior brand. This is made very plain by a subtle remark the doll says at home to her husband in the next picture. "Tom" she says, "didn't their coffee stink?"

Of course Tom Agrees as they get ready for bed. The dame puts on a negligee like Jane Russell never got a chance to wear and pops into bed. Tom, for propriety sleeps in a twin bed across the room. As I said this must be Fantasy.

In the next picture we see a tall green man, maybe from Mars, coming through the window by the doll's bed. On his chest a big red sign reads "Mr. Coffee Nerves". From the way he looks at the dame lying in the bed, he's obviously got more on his mind than coffee.

So, in the next picture, this green guy is perched on the dame's bed, hitting her head with a baseball bat. (Got that.) "Ohh, Tom," whines she, "I just can't sleep tonight. What's wrong with me?"

So Now Tom looks at her. He says "Gee, honey, it must have been that coffee you drank! My God is he blind. Here's another guy in bed with his wife and he says "It must have been coffee." Why the hell doesn't he yell "No wonder you can't sleep. There's a big green man hitting your head with a bat!" Boy, is he for Thursday.

Well, Tom goes back to sleep and Mr. Coffee Nerves moves in on the poor doll going "Heh, heh, heh! What fun" Imagine this is the American funnypaper.

And now it's the next morning. The doll is talking to a doctor. This is unusual. Most such incidents would be reported to the cops. Guess she wants to keep it quiet. So, she apparently told the doctor she's been unfaithful to her husband and running around with a green man. The doc, in return, apparently thinks she's nuts. He

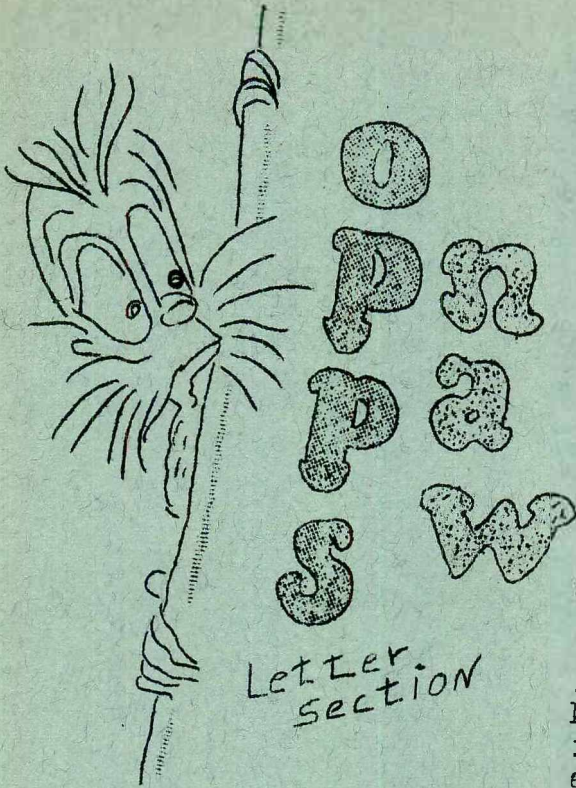
doesn't try to even audit her but tells her to get a cup of coffee.  
(Sanka, of course) and forget it.

So in the last picture, the doll is back in bed and she is saying "Boy, that wonderful Sanka coffee! I had fourteen cups and I still feel like I'll be able to sleep all night long". The only trouble is that this coffee has not only given her the ability to sleep, but it seems to have added a new sparkle to her eyes, given her extra strength, made her hair lovely and her figure beautiful and even made the negligee thinner than before. I guess it also got rid of the man from Mars and his baseball bat, or maybe just his baseball bat. I hate these kind of stories that leaves you guessing what will happen.

Ah well that's fantasy?

Maxie





MARION Z BRADLEY

Except for the exceptional neatness of your magazine, I can't think of anything to compliment you about. I considered portion of the magazine in the worst of bad taste, not because of the sex therein, but because of the juvenile manner of presentation of such sex. If you are going to talk about adult topics, well, try treating them in an adult (sophisticated) manner instead of a gosh-wow-o-boy-we-got-sex! manner. We all know that humans reproduce themselves by means of appropriate functions, that the performance of such acts is the guiding factor of romance, that most attraction between man and women is sex-based, and that most people enjoy sex and are interested in it. We knew it all before. Maybe it's new to you kids, but it isn't to us. I discovered it, believe it or not, almost five years ago! And I'm one of your younger readers! My husband discovered it over twenty

years ago, so naturally your magazine was slightly boring to him, I gather.

I did enjoyed Harry Warner's column. Keep it up.

Now about this Christianity business. First off the bat, I am a Christian and I believe in God. I hope I am a good Christian, though not an orthodox one. Now I never tried to convert any fans or anyone else, but here are a few relevant points; (from the other side, as it were.)

1. First fallacy- "religious" writings. God Forbid! But a fan who is a Christian usually embodies the principles of Christ in his dealings with others and it is these fans who make such a grand place. For instance, Eva Firestone and Gertrude Carr. Neither of these women ever go around proselytizing, but they are Christians and good Christians, and fandom is the better for them. Militant atheists like Ben Singer have never given fandom anything worth having.

2. Statemen ; All the Christians I have ever known, who really practiced their religion, have been the happiest, best balanced people I know. I spent a large part of my childhood with my Aunt's family, said aunt being a church woman and church organist, and said family was far happier than the non-Christian families I saw so much of around my home. I have never known a sincere, practicing Christian who was neurotic or off-balance. I'm not talking about religious fanatic. they are all nuts. I mean the realy people.

3. Atheism never did fandom any good. By the same token, sincere Christianity never did fandom any harm. Name ONE instance of religion harming fandom. You can't do it!

About the DEFENSE OF THE BELLY BUTTON, and the cartoon on page 19, I can only say it's a good thing the PC didn't see them. Nudes are okay, but nudes belong to the art salon, and the other items to the bedroom or bathroom (two places which deserve and get privacy. Would you care to have a glass-windowed bedroom or bathroom) I am faintly disgusted.

MARION Z BRADLEY

Your nudes are okay, as I said, but last time I looked in the mirror I didn't have a bust like that! No one ever did except perhaps a Ubangi idol. Even in an age which idolized the female bust (a nation of mother-complexes) there is such a thing as overdoing it!

Odd sidelight; the best nude women are drawn by other woman. I really liked Perdita Nelson's, on you cover( though I think it would have been better inside the magazine) Now- being a woman myself--the nude couldn't possibly have been exciting to my libido. Or Perdita's either, for that matter. Reason? Once again; this one, the one on the cover, is a nude of the art salon--some of the interiors are strictly bedroom nudes. There's a difference  
Box 431, Tahoka, Texas

Eldon "Kitty" Everett

I missed the ish in which this Christian discussion appeared. May I go on record as saying that religious perjudisses has no place in fandom.

Perdita's art is perdy good. That Nelson character has a shifty look in hiz eyes.

"all Our Yesterdays" was a very nice article.

So U wanna no how that fell-o on Page 22 can get out alive? I no how! He can youse hiz degravitator and float down fasely.

somebody please explain "Red Moonlight" to me?

Will

Hey! Mite az well get a plug in. I've got hundreds of \$-f books and mags. I wanna trade for Burroughs Books, mags, and big little books. Also DRACULA'S GUEST-STOCKER; BRDIE OF FRANKENSTEIN-EGREMONT and the dell cloth-bound edn. of JOHN CARTER OF MARS.  
PO Box 513, Tacoma, Wash.

Redd Boggs

The Nelsons' touch was clearly evident in Fv #9, of course. This issue was the best looking of them all. I liked Perdita's front cover; it's no masterpiece but detail by detail it's completent. Nelson's cartoons are of coursr outstanding, the barroom scene on page 10 especially.

Of the Harry Warner's "All Our Yesterday"--the "s" got left off that otherwise fine heading--was by far the best. I'm a bit vague about the First Staple War myself, but as I recall the Wollheimists claimed victory in the war becasue the spwsstfm's official organ came out clipped together with wire staples. Wasn't this the D'Journal? How can a mystical fanzine be full of wire staples. I remember well that item Harry reprints, "A Fan at Large," and I also remember one very similar to it that appeared is Spaceways, "Joe Fann into Space." By the way, the invention of Joe Fann was a Tucker achievement. In addition to being a topnotch humorist, Tucker has been an excellent book-reviewer. I still remember the reviews he had in the Fantastite and Nova.

What has got into the otherwise keen mind of Richard Elsberry? He says in his review of "the Thing" that the newspaper man is "the most interesting of this somewhat motley group" of characters. My god, Margaret Sheridan, the professor's secretary, was 1023 times more interesting to me!

Kruger's "In Rebuttal" is rather silly. I didn't read (or have forgotten) Joe Gross's "Memories" series, so I don't know how strongly anti-religious he was. I do think, however, that some good old -20-

REDD BOGGS

fashioned satire on religion is a good thing. Religion is given every opportunity to spread its teaching and gain recruits (for instance, the army rule that no man can be prevented from attending church except in dire emergency; the free time given to religion on the radio; the plugs like "A Reporter in Search of God" in the magazines). But the anti-religious elements have no such advantages. That may be because there are really more people who believe in religion than there are those who don't, or it may be because religion is organized and the iconoclasts aren't. In any case, the situation doesn't prove that the religionists are right. Therefore, let's have some anti-religious sentiment-- to balance off the subsidized propoganda of the churches.

I don't like religious prejudice, of course. Anybody who kicks somebody else merely because he's a Catholic or a Jew or a Protestant or a Moslem--or an atheist-- is no friend of mine. But it occurs to me that maybe truth will be served by exposing some religious beliefs and, although I'm not sure what truth might be, I'm will to dump all dogmas if it'll profit mankind in the long run.

"There is no place for religion in fandom," trumpets Kruger. Merely saying so doesn't make it so--especially when Krueger is talking about religion in fandom as he says that. I think there is a place for religion in fandom-- talking about it, satirizing it, advocating it. "Just who in the hell started this sort of crap?" asks Krueger. Well, you'll probably find anti-religious sentiments expressed in fanzines back to the beginning. After all, fans are of the age when they're normally iconoclastic, and many of them by temperament Bohemian and therefore a fertile field for such anti-religious belief. I need not mention such pseudo-religions as ghughuism, FooFooism, Beer-nomia, and Roscoeism, which are reality satirical in intent.

Krueger dramatically asks us to consider the fate of the neofan who suddenly discovers Fanvariety and reads one of Gross's articles. Terrible fate. The poor neofan may have his eyes opened! Of course, I don't guarantee it, but there is a fifty-fifty chance. A good blood-and-guts item like Gross's would be like a ray of sunshine.

What's Krueger doing hoping to God if he doesn't believe in God. Sounds futile. And what's he doing selling Fort books? Doesn't he know that Fort was one of the prime baiters of religion in the modern era? Think of the fate of the poor neofan who wants to "have some fun with the rest of the boys" (what Laney could do with a phrase like that) and sends Kruger \$3.25 for Book of the Damned?

She entitled to her opinion but Eva Firestone's phrase "... many Christian Slans in Slandom reading Slanzines," is the best argument for becoming an insurgent since the last article on "Fandom is a Way of life." Gaw. Slans. Idle query would superman need religion?



Don H. Nabours's unobtrusive little puzzle, "Red Moonlight" was something to keep you up nights. What in hell does it mean? Crazy stuff --or is it? Here's what I think Nabours is trying to say: though Earth has changed, mankind has not. On the basis of this allegorical purpose, I think it was good and worth publishing. Who is Nabours?

Wrai Ballard,

Particulary liked the FANPHOTO'S (have just reread something by Laney, so only comment that comes to mind is "sensitive fannish faces" although I doubt if I mean it in the same way Laney does) Pics of fen always interest me, since that is about the only way I can tell them from people...trouble is that they look like people.

Liked the rest of the mag, even "RocketSh p X-V". All Our Yesterdays (no "S") rates the top of the written material. Read RED MOONLIGHT at least 4 times, and still think I may have missed the point...the only answer I can think of, is that the Girl, and man didn't have a car with a back seat. If so how come you used it, not having a car with a back seat isn't fantastic... they make cars all the time without a back seat. But as I say, I may have missed the point.

Blanchard, North Dakota

Mitchell M. Badler

F-V ain't what she used to be and could stand to improve First the cover...Worst yet! Actifans are the letterwriters to the pro-zines, as a rule, and one of their constant complaints are the attrac-tive nudes gracing the pulps. But fannags are the worst offenders them-selves. Take the nude on F-V #9. Beside being unnessential and dis-connected to anything in the mag, she's not attractive. In fact, she's more on the fen than fair side. Such a cover makes my friends wonder where the mag comes from---they have their justifiable doubts.

Now the Joe Gross business...I have to agree completely with Ken Krueger, both as to personal belief and to disregard for Mr. Gross and his personal dislikes. Please don't start such tripe again.

Can you or author Nar-bours explain "Red Moonlight" to me? I can't comment; -- don't know what's going on.

On the plus side, the Figleaf, Ledderbox and All Our Yesterdays were their usual enjoyable selves. The latter was the best thing in the issue. I also liked the Fanphotos.

Fantypes and the fiction piece were O K if you go for them. Unfortunately I don't.

If at all possible add more fiction and articles---but of decent caliber-- in- stead of some of the personalized gripes and dribble.

1711 Davidson Ave, New York 53, N.Y.

John Davis

I would call Ray Things "Foozies" cause that's what they look like.

I neve realize what a good artist Rotsler was. His heading for LEDDER BOX(OPPS NAW)----W O W !

This issue was about perfect in that 2/3 of the artwork was by Nelson. He is a real artist.

I saw nothing wrong with JOE's stuff. I would like to see more of it. Those people who are too "morally integrant" (I don't think that's quite the term I want) and dislike it, well, why don't they just not read it.

I nearly split my sides reading Tucker's letter from Joe Fann. I hadda laugh at the way You kept misspelling Marie Lousie...Now ya got me doin' it.

931 East Navajo Road, Tucson, Arizona

Neil Graham

Cover--Wonderful, the best ever, and believe me, that saying something, because Fv has had some good covers.

On the Joe Gross Mem-ories deal I remain an interested neutral. I see no reason for calling out the Militia over it. However, on the other hand, I see no reason for not calling it out if you sentiments lie in that direction. (personally, I rather enjoyed 'em.)

Bob Fultz

On the matter of Gross's column: I think, personally, that you should accept his material IF he cuts out what Ken Kruger calls his "anti-Christ crap." After all, to quote Kruger, what good does it do? True it never bothered some fans, including myself, but then, I never took it seriously-- and I prefer to think that Gross didn't write it to be taken seriously, by anyone. He shows lots of imagination and humor and ought to be able to satirize on other subjects than the unfortunate one he picked.

And that cover!!! YOWIE! And by a female, no less. Mrs. Nelson apparently, like Marie-Lousie, is free of inhibitions--almost to a fault. This is the clearest cover illustration I've seen on your rag.

The Fan-Photp were good---and Nelson's pic surprised me. I expected something resembling the guy on page 16--the one reading Amazing. Why, he even LOOKS like a nice guy.

You were rather brief in material this time, the best of it being "Rocketship X-V." This was a welcome relief after the righteous anger of Kruger's piece, the horror of Elsberry's review and the offensiveness of Davis's beamed belly-button.

Say, why would you have a feud on your hands if you revealed any more about the sexocrat's group? The suspense is killing me.

Rte 1 Bx 203 Tamms, Ill

Rick Sneary

Fv #9 is very goos. Of course ost outstanding was All Our Yesterdays.

Litho of fan photos was good, but there seemed a lot of wasted space. I'm glad of the conformation of the rumor that Ray and Perdita were married. This--of little note, but she is the third girl I know that was married withen six months of attending the Norwescon. I wonder if it means it is a good place to trap a man.  
2962 Santa Ana St. South Gate, Calif.



Ed Noble

Not havin' read the Joe Gross gad- get, can't say much about it, which is just as well. Religious argument is not the best thing to be in fan-mags---to many irked sensibilities and stuff like dat, fo one bit of a reason is keepin' it out.

Girard, Penna

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\*\* DON'T FORGET TO SEND YOUR MONEY IN FOR YOUR NEORCON PIN.  
\*\* CAN'T TELL THE FANS FROM THE PROS WITHOUT A PIN. \*\*

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Walt Wallis

Cover OK, except for the girl's face. Don't know how I came to notice her face, come to think of it. In such circumstances you don't usually bother about it. Who looks at the matlepiece when they're poking the fire? Fan photos very interesting indeed. Krueger's article interesting, as articles usually are when the writer feels strongly about what he's saying. Personally I couldn't care less about whether fan-zines print antireligious propoganda, as long as it's funny. But I didn't think Gross's was particularly. Only thing I would ask is for goodnes sake don't let anyone solemn about it, as some of your people are getting. Warner's article was good again, though surely Tucker must have written better stuff than this? Nardizzi's story is absolutely brilliant in parts.

170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, N. Ireland

Richard Elsberry

Ken Krueger should proofread his stuff. Makes it kind of slopoy when you counterdict yourself on the same page. K. sez in line 15... "and I believe in no God." On line 6 the same Mr. K se "...I've never met Gross, I hope to God I never do." Let's make up our mind, Ken.

And by what method of illogical reasoning do you come to the conclusion that there is no place for religion in fandom? Why is there no place-- you make a statement and nothing to back it up. Just empty words. I suppose you'll also say that there is no placé for religion in business, sports, entertainment, etc. Anytime someone believes in religion there is a place for it---even in so nebulous an organization as fandom.

413 East 18th St., Minneapolis 4, Minn.

Walt Klein

Personally, I don't believe that a discussion of religion has any place in a fan mag, but as long as someone wants to write about it, and as long as an editor is willing to print it, it's all right with me. As an example of undiluted virulence and bad taste I think Ken Krueger surpasses Joe Gross. Gross, at least, was amusing.

Religionists cry like hell when someone takes a poke at their beliefs, then go to church and listen with self satisfied complacency when the preacher rants about the immorality, indecency, etc. etc. of atheists.

Tolerance is a two way job. There is freedom to disbelieve as well as believe. As long as the churches send their missionaries to convert the pagans, why can't atheists be allowed to propagate their ideas?

Religion, after all, is a touchy problem. It apparently is impossible to discuss it without heat. But why should it be so? There are a great many beliefs in the world, and shades of belief in Christian. They are bound to impinge upon one another. It should be possible to discuss them calmly, to see what the other fellow has, that we lack. There certainly is no need to get excited merely because someone mentions religion. After all, we can't talk about the weather all the time.

I thought "Red Moonligh" was an exceptionally fine piece of writing. That's the kind of material I like to see in a fan mag.

139 E. Arch St., Mansfield, Ohio

David English

I say keep "Memoirs" Kruger gives a couple of reasons for dropping Gross, but I can't agree with them. For instance: That such carrying on will alinate young, innocent fans--Well, when I first entered



David English

Fandom I was about as young and innocent as any and just as religious (I am no longer any of them, of course) The first mag that I got was Spacewarp. In that issue Ray Nelson was carrying on a feud with everyone over religion. Now, while he was hardly Gross-like with his accusations, he said some rather harsh things...

Another Krugerian reason is that G is spreading hatred. Were this so, yers truly would be after the hide of Gross also. My attitude is unchanged toward Catholics etc. I have not burned any churches, stoned any nuns, nor have I shunned my religious friends. "Memoirs" are obviously such whopping big lies that no one could believe them, and if no one believed them, how can they spread hatred?

203 Robin ST, Dunkirk, New York

Ken BeAle

I think your fanphoto dept. is a fine idea. Few faneds would scrape up the dough to publish a page of offset pix of other fnas, when they could get much more egoboo and subscribers by using it for a flashy cover.

Ray Nelson's Fantypes seemed largely inaccurate. I picture the ASF reader as a scientist, for instance, the Galaxy reader as just any Typical American, the Brawny type reading Planet and the Juvenile reading either Future or AS. I agree on Marvel, OW, and Wt, tho.  
115 E. Mosholu Pkwy, Bronx 67, N.Y.

DO WE BUY ONE OR TWO TICKETS ?



Anna Lee McLead

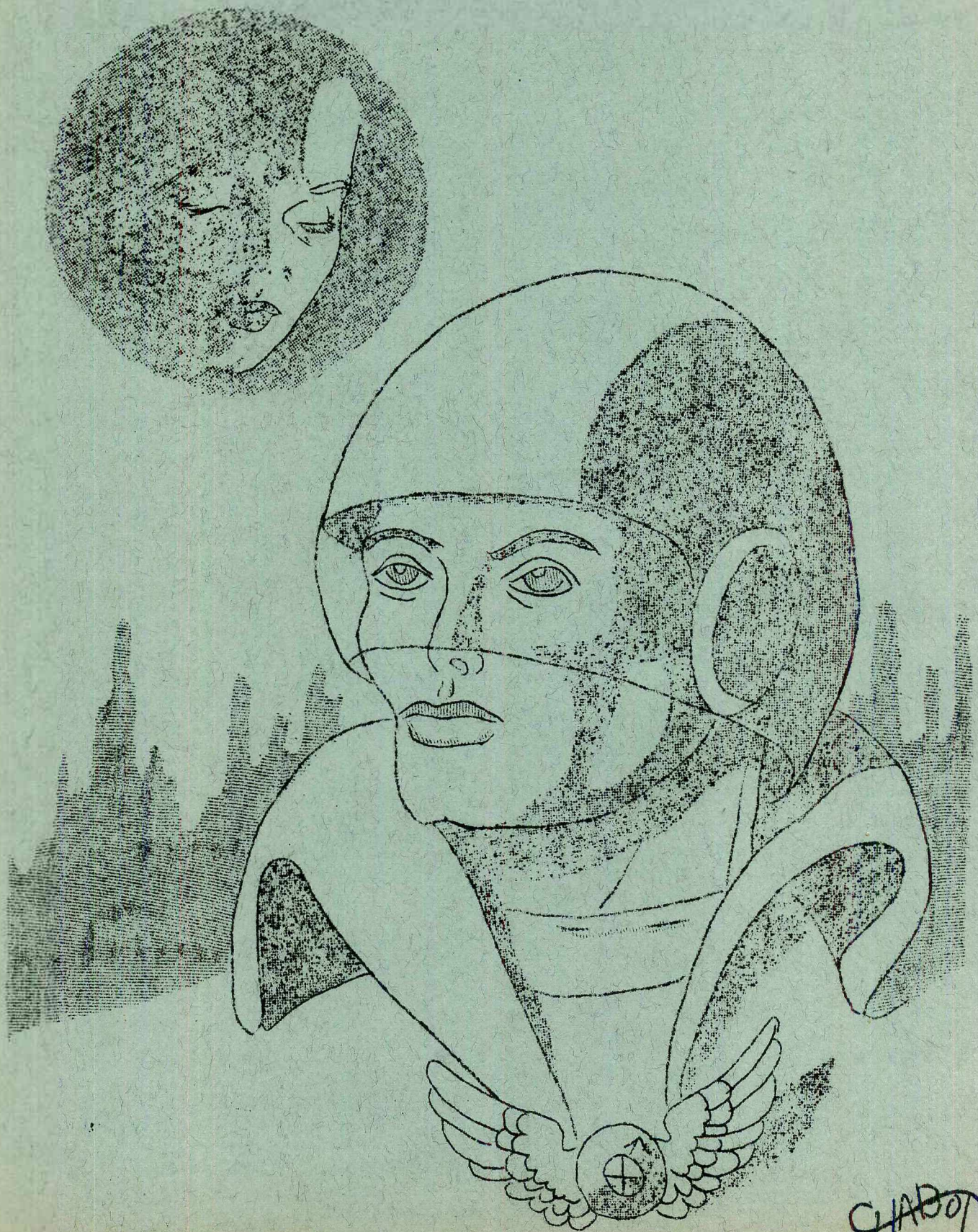
Sorry, Fillinger, I don't agree with you ONE bit. I think that your letter in the current Fv is a thousand times worse than Gross's Memories. In fact, it affects me so. If anyone turned my name from Venable to Verereal, I would become hopping mad. As it is, I can only begin fighting against you for smearing another person; what's the matter?? Jealous because another fellow got a story accepted and printed in a prozine?? In fact, your nauseating letters, all I have recently read, nauseate me thoroughly. You are utterly wrong in giving out with such drivil. True, I wouldn't stop you from thinking what you want..it is just a good majority of us aren't interested in the Joe Fillinger, Jr. set of intestines and what louses 'em up.

Charles Burbee

Enjoyed the fan foto section in Fv this time. My God, does Rotsler look like that? He didn't, last time I saw him.

WE'r producing a Wild Hair next week, which will either be postmailed or included in the August FAPA bundle.  
7628 South Pioneer Blvd. Whitter, Calif.

That should give you FAPA members something to look forward to, and are those WildHairs worth waiting for. That takes care of this month mailing, it was small, but the letters were long and interesting. That's what really counts anyway. For a while there I was afraid the letter section might be too long, but since nothing else came in, it could of been longer.



CHADOP



