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The JESTER'S REIGN by Boyne Grainger reviewed by Bradbury

As the bk opens we find a strange SOUND echoing all over the world, a tinkling noise that grows louder. Scientists claim it is caused by sunspots. Some claim it is caused by the Earth's passing thru a comet tail. A Berlin sound expert explains that he caused it in experimentation. The Maeterlinck Society claims it is the lafter of the Unborn Children. A newspaper wag promptly asks Y anyone should laf at the prospect of being born. Snarko, a magician, claims it is all hypnotism. He then builds a temple on the Hudson river, by contributions. Anyway, it makes everyone feel & act silly (almost like scientifictionists). We find, much to our amusement, the Earth under a microscope & one of the Gods in his lab picks out a young man in Central Pk by the name of Edwin & asks him questions. Edwin agrees to a plan, that, if given the power by the god, he will try to alleviate the pain & sorrow on Earth for one month. He is called *The Jester*. The god agrees & chuckles. This was the Sound heard all over the world. Then, all very humorously, singing breaks out all over the world. People sing *O My God ... O My God!* to the tune of "3 Blind Mice". Embarrassed & chagrined, the people find themselves uttering nursery rhymes. Even dogs & cats utter musical sounds. On the screens cinemactors sing their lines. Congressmen exhort in cantatas, pizzicato. Subway riders sing "Where is the subway to Atlantic Avenoo?" to the tune of "John Brown's Body". We can imagine soldiers coming at each other in trenches, bayonets up, singing "Some of these days... I'm gonna miss you—honey!" From here on the bk gets gay. Exposing the plot would be cruel—U'll have to read it yourself. Well-written, pleasingly fresh, exciting; get & read *THE JESTER'S REIGN...*

Coming! Man's Mortality, World Below, Wyndham Smith, Odd Jno--Leslyn & ROBT HEINLEIN, Morojo.

THE YOUNG MEN ARE COMING! MPShie1

Reviewd by Leslyn Mac Donald Heinlein

EITHER this bk is a clinical study in self-delusion or a colossal leg-pull of the whole British Fascist movement. If it is to be taken seriously then it is a tragedy of confusion & if it is satire it is hi-comedy rivalling CULLIVER. & this reviewer is unable to decide which way the author is driving. #The style is, ofcourse, amazing. There are passages of lyric beauty which have both the poetry & incoherence of Wm Blake. & there are catalogings that are magnificent in the sweep of their detail. But somehow there is a self-consciousness about the whole thing that reminds me of nothing so much as Booth Tarkington's "Little Orvie"---"Look, look at me; See! This is the way I do it!" #The plot is amusing (the plot aside from the political tract that is) --- the old man who is rejuvenated & pursues the lovely woman (& women) only to find she is his old wife, herself renewed. The strongest hint that the author himself doesn't think the hero's heroics are so smart is that he gives the character of the wife an amused cynicism toward her spouse's brave-new-worldliness. #This metamorphosis occurs when old Dr Warwick, a great English scientist, finds his garden invaded one nite by 2 beautiful beings from a planet of another galaxy than ours. They kidnap him for a ride in search of a special sand for some of their alchemy, in the course of which he meets the most interesting character in the bk --- an Egg --- an Egg, by the way, with 2 mothers & 1 father. The habits, customs & philosophy of the several types of beings who inhabit the planet from which the Visitation has come make most amusing reading. There is a bit of Epicurus, a dash of Empedocles & Democritus, & a good large dose of Primitive Christianity in the cosmology of the Egg--- but no quotation marks. #When the Guardians of the Egg find he has talked too much to the old earthman they decide to change the latter into a Young Man rather than destroy him for knowing too much. What happens when an old geezer gets an overdose of hormones is the rest of the text. It would be unfair to give away the developments---suffice it to say he plays merry hob with Things As They Are & we never do know what Utopia he is going to bring out of the shuffle. #As for the political philosophy---it's just the same old totalitarianism; the sum is greater than the parts; how holy to lay down your life for the State; come on, let's all forget we're simian & play we're ants or bees. But whether it is spoken in the ponderous sentences of Marx or the hysterical maunderings of Hitler or the molten music of The Cosmic Egg who instructs the hero of THE YOUNG MEN... I still say it's spinach.

The Pallid Giant Reviewd by Paul Freehafer

PIERREPONT B. NOYES was, shortly after World War I, appointed American Commissioner in the Rhineland, where he gained a keen insight into European politics & predicted the inevitable consequences of the folly of the Peace Conference. That foresight is expressed in The Pallid Giant---a fantastic novel pertinent when it was written over a decade ago & doubly so now. The Pallid Giant---it is fear, the fear which even now seems to be driving mankind to destruction. "The ghastly development of war's destructiveness during the last fifty years has made it think in terms of fear, and there is no more deadly poison in human counsels than fear... If the history of the next generation is not more terrible than anything the world has ever experienced, it will, at least, be very miserable." So says Noyes in his novel. Judge & Walters, 2 men connected with the Peace Conference, undertake a search for Cro-Magnon relics in Southern France; & here they discover the Grotto Glorieuse, which contains a mass far older than any previously known record---the record left by the last of a vanished race, human in form & all too human in action. It tells of their civilization & of their self-destruction, brot about by the PALLID GIANT, fear. & this arose from the discovery of Klepton-Holorif, a force of universal death, a ray which could work from great distances & thru mountain barriers, destroying all living things which it touched. All were afraid, addled by the fear that the whip of another might bring death upon them; the that care that only by killing all others who knew the secret might peace be brot about. & so nations destroyed each other until only a few families were left---& even they, driven or by fear, did not dare stop & discard their own weapons, lest some one of them might not do so. So, finally, their complete destruction was accomplished & only a man was left. They devoted their lives to the development of a "sub-human" race---living on distant islands & ignored during the madness---& to leaving the message of warning. #Such madness, so pictured, does not seem impossible but only too real & likely. The lead of the nations cries to his council: "I fear not their desire to kill. Even they are not so wicked as to crave the death of millions. I fear their fear. They dare not let us live, knowing or even fearing that we have a power so terrible, to kill. From now on there is no middle-ground. Two nations, both with 'Klepton-Holorif,' may not live side by side. Such unseen, ever-present threat of death would soon break through man's thin veneer of self-control into the bottomless pool of fear, and then,---either another people would inherit all the earth alone, or we alone. 'If they or we.'" #The bk ends with a hint of the discovery of a deathray, found by the nations even then sitting at a "Peace Conference", & the that that Klepton-Holorif & THE PALLID GIANT might soon be abroad again. After reading it you have a greater feeling of the horror of the events of today & a realization of the psychological forces in man which may remove him & his works from the face of the earth.