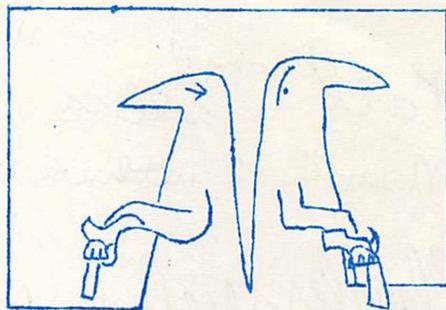


# Vamoso 16

JULY 1958



Forest J. Stokman 1st Haffa Larry T. Shaw<sup>00</sup>  
Robert A. Mattle Bob Silverberg  
Bob Tucker

Robert Bernathy  
Berwick Morris  
Robert Clark

Ken Beale

Inira Perlson



Harlan Ellison

L. Sprague de Camp  
Frank M. Robinson

Joe Gibson  
Roberta (Mrs. Joe) Gibson

Sam Mashowitz

Jean Smith

~~Walt~~ Andy Young  
Jean Young  
Lalshbach

Edward Wood

Allen Bulmer  
G Evelyn Page Hoed

Karl Olsen  
Mary A. Southworth  
Charles Wells

Jack Harness  
UNINHABITED

ROBIN, UNINHABITED

James E. Gunn  
Mark Clyton  
Isaac Croom  
Russ Winterbotham  
Robert Block

Anthony Roub

~~W.C. Collins~~

Ron Smith

Cindy Smith

Bill Hamling

L. D. Hamm

Edward E. Smith, Jr.

Bill Dignin  
~~Richard (X)~~

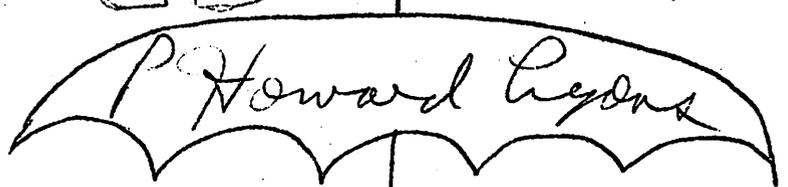
~~Francis~~

Jack C. Meske

Jim Harmon  
Marilyn Freeman



David a English  
("De")



Howard Lyons

Pat Patterson

Oswald Train

variations

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david duncan's Occam's Razor

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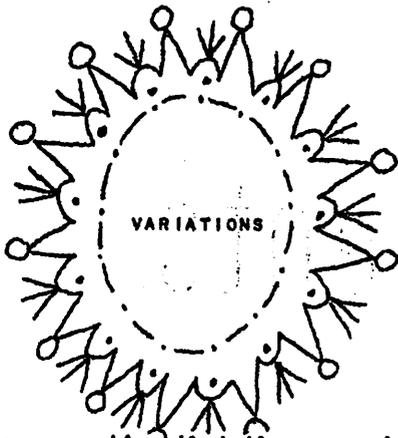
covers: drawing by william rotsler  
lettering by harlan ellison  
signitures by our ass't eds

figures by rotsler

detoons by david english



Varioso 16: July 1958  
25¢ a copy 6 for \$1  
put out by John Magnus  
6 S. Franklinton Road  
Baltimore 23, Maryland



You may notice that the man in the barber shop never lacks an opinion on any subject -- unfortunately, such glib opinions are usually unfavorable. There is another quality common to many uncaredful opinions: those relating to a given subject are usually pretty much of a kind--similar in wording, codified.

Lay psychological opinions, for example, are usually stuck back somewhere in Freudianism.

Where is science fiction criticism stuck? Somewhere back along the line where somebody discovered that when they used the word "characterization," people looked at them as if they knew something about literature. The word was tailor-made for low-class literary teas. Its virtues are many: (1) It sounds technical (2) It has rightiously meaningful connotations which are (3) vague enough so that everybody thinks they know what it means.

Whether or not you've read a half-dozen of stories during a year, you can pee-pee authors, whole magazines, the whole damn field by bilging out something like "cardboard characters," or "the people don't live." Clearly this is the easiest and most useless form of criticism in history. It's really boring to want to discuss a particular story, and learn nothing except that the story lacked "characterization."

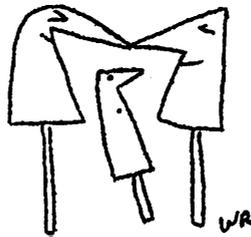
And I do think science fiction is complex enough to deserve a critical vocabulary of more than one word.

SINCE TODD DIDN'T CONVERT to psionics, "Around the World in 80 Days" will probably hold its position as the greatest science fiction screening of all time for another decade or so.

I wonder why more modern sf writers ignore the possibilities of the episodic plot. Homer and Mark Twain, among others, have done pretty well with it. When such thoroughly repugnant episodic stories as Russell's "Symbiotica" can become classics, it's a wonder everybody isn't filling the mags with the things. Editors, are you closing your checkbooks to newer used writers who prefer incident to development?

But "80 Days" isn't merely a series of episodes. The variety among the chapters would make a nearly-complete file of examples for a book on short-story writing.

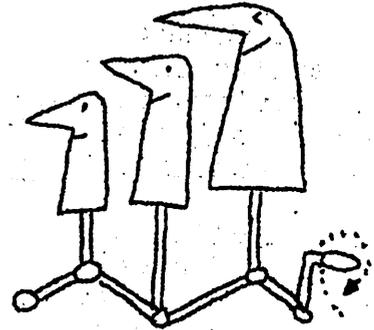
And the book would be science fiction even if it were published today, since the premise of its denouement is based on an inherent flaw in our time-reckoning system. But I won't press the point any further.



I'd like to see a thick anthology done of pre-Amazings of from the popular magazines of the day. I have a list of periodicals, gleaned from I know not where, which featured stories with some of interest. Since no anthology is likely to be forthcoming, I would at least like to see a checklist of these stories.

This is the list I have scribbled down: The Thrill Book, Cosmopolitan, Harpers, Atlantic, Godey's Ladies' Book, Pearsons, Living Age, Argosy, All-Story, The Black Cat, Munsey's, Mac-

Clure's, People's Favorite, The Cavalier, Popular, Modern Electronics, The Blue Book, and of course, Gernsback's Modern Electrics, Electrical Experimenter, Science & Invention, and Radio-News.



## DISCOGRAPHY

Lunaverse Records, 105  
"Martian Melody"  
"Flying Saucer the 2nd"

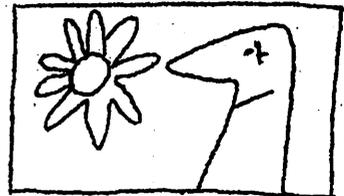
King Records  
Moon Mallican  
"Rocket to the Moon"

Pacific Jazz, PJ-1231  
"Suite for Horn"  
1. Allegro  
2. Zen  
3. Science Fiction

by Fred Katz  
From the 12" long-play record titled Zen, the music of Fred Katz with Paul Horn and the Chico Hamilton Quintet.

Flying Saucer  
Buchanan & Ancell  
"The Creature"

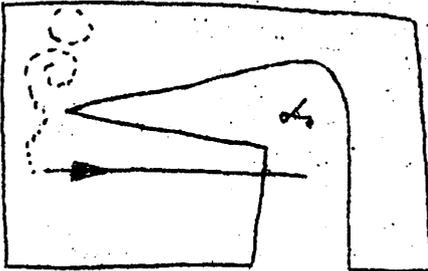
Porter, 109  
The Rocks  
"Satellite"



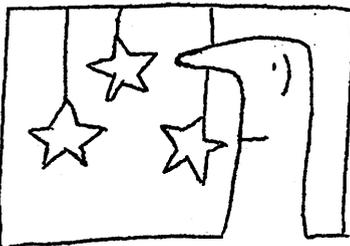
I suppose it's time to mention that the movie-ad spoof in Vari-ese 14 was drawn by Mary Young, thunk up by a trio including her & Bill Dignin & myself, polished up by Ted White, and capped off with review parodies by Larry

Stark. Also uncredited in that issue was the cartoon by Ray Nelson.

Some people were confused by White's title of "publisher," and were blaming him for all manner of things. I'd go over to White's house & the two of us'd run Varioso off on the Qwertyuiop Press Number One. There is now a Qwertyuiop Press number two installed at 6 S. Franklin town.



While reading about the Russian town that was panicked by a science fiction story, I wondered how the story was allowed to get into print, since the party denounces sf as decadent. Only then did it occur to me that the reason for this brilliant literary criticism was that sf writers ordinarily depict a world of the future still lorded over by capitalists.



Most of you are by now aware that a science fiction novel by a mainstream novelist, Nevil Shute, has been riding the best-seller list, and has been printed in instalments in many newspapers. But you may not be on your guard for his earlier, and much better book, In the Wet, which is now out in Permabooks. I can assume that On the Beach will come out in similar format when hardcover sales abate, though the newspaper run may scare off pb publishers. But it seems to me that the newspapers

have created a reader market in people like me who missed a number of the daily chapters.



WHAT THEY SAY...  
ABOUT THE OUTSTANDING FICTION OF JOHN MAGNUS...

ANTHONY BOUCHER: "Obviously put a lot of thought into this story..."

H.L.GOLD: "Well told..."

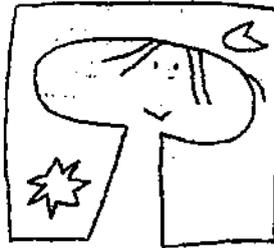
ALFRED GRENET: "We want your story."

what else they say

A.B.: "...but pretty heavily and awkwardly presented."

H.L.: "...but leave the sermonizing to those who want to compete needlessly."

A.G.: "Our current rate to all authors is 1¢ a word."



SF FRINGES GET THE AXE...

No one in their right mind would be satisfied simply to ask "But is this man right?" and expect a yes or no answer.

If anyone asked me such a question, I'd first be disgusted. Then I'd express my disgust with some obscene gesture. Finally, I'd ask him why he was asking for a word when obviously what he wanted was an idea. A word like "right" has less than no meaning out of context, and in context it is redundant.

I'll do unto others and not suggest whether Martin Gardner's rebuttals are right or wrong in

his book Fads & Fallacies in the Name of Science. I will satisfy myself by suggesting that the book makes for good scuttlebutt in science fiction circles, as over half of it is scorchingly devoted to debunking directly impinging on the field of science fiction.

Campbell and Hubbard are among those who come in for it heavily -- the latter for you-know-what and the former for the same, plus a heavy blow or two for psionics machines. Van Vogt is also decimated for his dianetic leanings, and fractionalized in the name of general semantics along with Korzybski.

But specific personalities are not all that's of interest. Flying saucers, ESP & PK, Bridey Murphy, Atlantis & Lemuria, and Fortianism are all well-spaded by Gardner. The rest of the book is of general interest as a catalog of ingenious scientific fads. The author leans a little heavily toward simply presenting the outré theories in an unfavorable light, rather than exposing them to acute analysis. But that's all most of them deserve, and when he is not summarizing with his caustic touch, he is quite tolerant and not at all dogmatic.

The occasion for this mention is the book's appearance in a paper back edition from Dover: \$1.50. The title of this book when it first appeared in 1952 was simply In the Name of Science. This new edition is amplified, however, which brings it up to date as a summary of the mainstream scientists' view of fringe movements, sophisticated and less so.

IF YOU MISS COPIES  
YOU SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN

IF YOU RECEIVED DEFECTIVE  
COPIES

write...

It is easier to adjust two or three mistakes than to laboriously check 250 copies. +++

# modernity in science fiction:

## TWO REVIEWS IN CONTEXT

by Ted E. White.

There was once a time, not so very long ago, when in science fiction everything hadn't "been invented." In those unjaded days, any new story might reveal a new wonder of science or pseudo-science. The idea might be -- and often was -- so overpowering that the characters could be cardboard, the action nil, and the plot nonexistent, and still the story would be an intensely exciting one -- to a science fiction reader.

A science fiction reader was usually then, and still is to some extent, attracted by the panorama of new ideas, the breathless scope of an unfettered imagination. He wasn't too interested in action stories -- there were dozens of crime pulps for every stf mag -- nor in really good stories. He was fascinated by the daring of the new ideas. Perhaps the ideas weren't really new, but to him they seemed so. By this definition, in fact, we might say that the average science fiction reader is of above average intelligence, because one of the purest forms of intellectual enjoyment is the discovery and molding of new ideas, the meeting with challenging concepts. The reader, of an adolescent, is forced to think, to question that which he has always left unquestioned. Thus the natural train of adolescent rebellion is speeded considerably, and more often he is rebelling for rather than, as is the usual case, against.

This very change, the upheaval of ideas, the presentation of new vistas of thought, is perhaps the basic element of that oft-speculated-upon Sense of  
W O N D E R

But one becomes used to the new ideas, discovers that many are not so new, and gradually his tastes become jaded. The Sense of Wonder fades away. The reasons are simple: very few new ideas have been introduced into science fiction in the past fifteen years. Gradually through the years stf writers have worked the mines of known lay science to the point of diminishing returns. And so today, we see a concentration on "human values" in science fiction. Actually "human values" is a misnomer. The values, the stories themselves, are seldom more human. But the emphasis has been shifted away from physical science.

Today we have GALAXY and its "sociological" stories, with the emphasis on absurdly extreme cultures, and even more absurdly cardboard characters, who exist only to be clever and to follow the plot. We have an entire school of "action science" best represented by Larry Shaw's SFA, and worst by the Ziff-Davis rags in which overwhelming action is substituted for plausible characters and plots.

In other words, we have retreated from science fiction towards something neither properly science nor fiction, but a bastard pulp

form. And we've lost something. We've lost that influx of new ideas. We don't realize our loss until we find a story or book which does unveil a new idea, and then we are usually unable to pin down why the book seemed so much better than the usual fare.

Granted, then, that new ideas are diminishing; what must replace them? I think not so much the concentration on people to the exclusion of ideas, but rather a reappraisal of the ideas themselves and a restoration of the balance between science and fiction.

Luckily, this is not an impossible fight, though still a tough one. Some of our best writers, consciously or not, have been doing just this. Properly speaking, they fall into two groups. The first is the smallest; it is composed of men who have been, and still are, introducing new ideas and combinations of ideas in their stories. By contrast these men seem brilliant, if uneven. The rather mystic Arthur C. Clarke, in Against the Fall of Night and Childhood's End reveals himself to stand in this group. The erratic Alfred Bester with his pyrotechnic Demolished Man and The Stars My Destination also belongs in this group.

Few others do.  
The second group is larger.

It is composed of writers who have re-examined the "used-up" ideas and have mined new meaning from them. The list is too large to include here; but I'll now review an example of each group.

Damon Knight probably best belongs in the second group. Certainly his "A for Anything" (F&SF, November 1957) is one of the most painstaking re-examinations of an old, old idea -- the matter duplicator -- ever written. The numerous ramifications of the "Gismo's" impact on Western society are carefully detailed. They range from the petty (a fan who duplicates his "perfect fanzine") to the Utopic, with any number of stopping places in between. Unfortunately, the story is marred. For in order to present his ideas Knight has stopped to an old fault: he has let his plot control his characters instead of vice-versa. In fact, the story smells suspiciously of straw men, easily toppled by the breeze from Damon's typewriter. Each character is not a person, but rather a type, and Damon should know better. The truly unforgivable sin is that he has not managed to be consistent, even along these lines. His main protagonist, Ewing, is at the beginning of the story a forceful, purposeful individual who defies his father and Authority in general, and who foresees at least some of his machine's ramifications. He is stubborn, and a bit pigheaded. Contrast this with the Ewing who, at the end of the story, after letting himself and his family be pushed around and his best friend killed, meekly decides that he is "the slave type." This thinking in types runs throughout the story, including even Forrest Dean Tucker, the gross caricature of a neofan. Yet, despite these seemingly glaring deficiencies so easily exposed in hindsight, the story is a powerful one, one which explores an Idea more deeply than those before it, and one which leaves the reader satisfied at the end.

There are those who suggest that Knight the Critic closes his eyes when Knight the Writer sits at a typewriter. Yet, I am astonished that so good a critic is also as good a writer. The two are seldom synonymous.

David Duncan is a much harder writer to come to grips with. He leaves an initial impression of strength, of power of felling, and of complete assurance of his subject. Unfortunately, the latter is not true -- his pseudo-science is unhappily false. He strikes me as a person who is fascinated by science and science fiction, and who has the ability to appear logical when he is not. He happens across an idea -- in this case that of Occam's Razor (in the book of the same title, Ballantine #230) -- and exploits it into a theory which has Vast Meaning. But don't laugh; the man has enough story-telling ability, he is a good enough writer, to make all this take on form and dimension, to seem plausible. The initial reaction of the reader is probably "Wonder why no one else thought of that!" The actual reasons why no one else thought of it -- or discarded it if they did -- are obscured by the progress of the story.

Perhaps the real reason, then, why Duncan's stories are not just the bumbblings of an amateur is that he still retains his own Sense of Wonder. He is still dazzled by ideas, and the attractive paths of thought. I can see him congratulating himself on his own development of an idea with a "Geeee, did I do that?!" of pleasure. And then, of course, Duncan is not a sf writer by profession, but rather a Writer. He still retains Story as well as Idea. And certainly if one does not plumb the depths of his ideas as one reads his stories, they make excellent reading. The only discord is Duncan's axe-grinding with the military mind, a common thing among today's writers in general.

Duncan's ideas seem fresh because to him they are fresh. And in his telling, they become fresh twists on little-used ideas. Certainly Ballantine is to be congratulated for publishing him.

Contrast either of these stories -- for all their faults -- with the average story in, say, a Lowndes magazine, a Shaw magazine, and it becomes obvious that though the magazine story is not bad, it is, like most of today's magazine sf stories, hack work. Men like Silverberg, Lesser, and the others who appear regularly in these mags, haven't the time for new ideas, or even a thorough exploration of past ones. They usually content themselves with transplanted incidents, lifted from a western or detective story.

THUS, by contrast, any writer who can explore ideas with a fair degree of success will always appear far better.

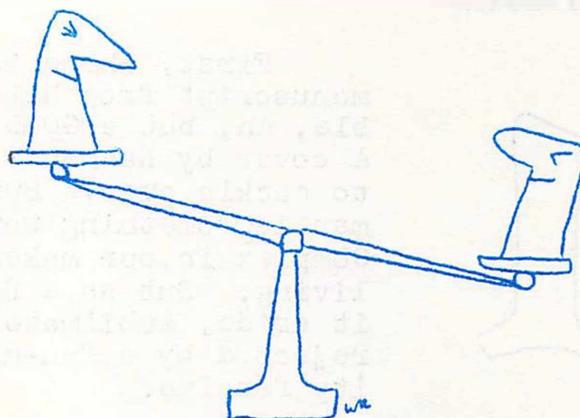
-Ted E. White



IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE: I walked into the kitchen to see what Jeany was preparing, and happened to glance out the window. There in the sky, about as big as the o on a typer, was what appeared to be a super-evening star. We all flowed out the front door to get an unglassed view of it all. "It's a balloon!" said Andy, craning his head. We all gaped. "I can tell it's a balloon," he said. We followed its motion through the sky...you could barely tell it was moving. "I'm SURE it's a balloon," he said. "At last they've come for us," I exclaimed. "Yes," Andy said. "There's no doubt about it. It's a balloon." "And after all these years," I sighed. "Indeed it IS a balloon, quoth Andrew. eeee

# quality factor

harlan ellison



AS WITH any magazine, of any type, with any purpose, a fanzine must show a certain degree of improvement with each issue, and an unquestionable amount of quality. Why it should need to be so coldbloodedly stated is something I have not been quite able to understand. It would seem apparent to anyone going into the publishing game that the end result -- the product -- is all, and in the bettering of that end product lies any purpose the fan might be seeking.

Yet, more and more as the years pass, the amateur science fiction publication is appearing with morbid contents, miserable reproduction, worthless commentary, childish and immature standards and a dearth of any redeeming features.

With very few exceptions, the fanzine editor has assumed an attitude composed of several parts immaturity, several parts belligerence, and more than several parts blind stumbling stupidity. Someone has told him he is in the publishing field for fun and fun only...to Perdition with quality! Out of this information and this ignorant attitude has come a group of fan magazines catering to the lowest standards imaginable.

Certainly fun is a consideration. A very great consideration. But there are different brands of fun. I know a particularly dense -- no, dumb! -- hillbilly girl who thinks fun is smashing the headlights on people's cars. And I also know a young man who considers fun the ability to keep a string of esoteric pun-references going for a hal hour. Each, I suppose, is fun in its own way. But which is healthier? Which is more substantial and lastingly satisfying?

So it is with fanzines. Pages and pages of Terry Carr's "Face Critturs" may be amusing, but think of the satisfaction to be derived from the same number of pages devoted to a satirical essay by Walt Willis. Some difference. This is not to deride Carr's drawings, thought I for one think they were over-done; it is merely a statement of seeable, knowable fact. Everything in moderation, understand.

What then, you ask, makes for this quality factor, and along with it, how is quality fused into a fanzine? What makes a quality fanzine?

1

First, there is the ability to lose your awe. A manuscript from Robert Bloch, per se, is not publishable. Ah, but a GOOD manuscript from Bob is publishable. A cover by Naaman Peterson, as such, is not something to cackle over. But a well-drawn illustration by Naaman is something wonderful. We all have the God-Worship Complex in our makeup. It makes for more interesting living. But as a fanzine editor, you must lose it, set it aside, sublimate it. There is no one too big to be rejected by a fan-magazine. That is, if you want a quality fanzine.

2

Second, there is an obligation to the readership. You must provide for them stimulation of many kinds. You must offer them aphrodisia in so many guises, they will be stunned each time your periodical hits their mailboxes. Ideas must fly like storm clouds across the horizon of your magazine. You must have symposiums by famous fans on why humour is stagnating in fandom, you must have science articles by men of knowledge on the effects being brought to bear on science fiction by such things as artificial languages, Peenemunde, rocket research, Palomar's sightings, you must have literary efforts of unquestionable quality (and if you can't detect quality yourself, get someone who can), you must feature poem stories comprised of verse by several different lyricists, you must, oh, there are a million and one things you can do.\*

3

You must offer the reader something no one else can offer: the vitality of your mind's imaginings. The fire and dance and verve of your own new concepts.

Third, you must pay attention to design, format, reproduction and the hundred-odd other factors which separate a crudzine from a publication of true worth. Save the money, take the time, make the effort to drag your magazine up from the mire of illegibility to a fresh new state where the quality of the material can be appreciated. It isn't a simple job. But neither is quality an easily attainable factor.

4 5 6

Fourth, fifth, sixth and so on. They will come to you as you progress. There isn't any room for mistake. You must make your errors -- then never make them again.

You also owe a debt of gratitude to the field for giving you what it eventually will, when you have hit the public eye with your magazine. It made you what you are, you must, in turn, help others to strike out in new directions. You must create new talent for your magazine and in that way help not only the new

seeker, but yourself as well. For quality is not a static thing. It has a vitality that can only beget itself in a field of advance. New talent is something that each good fanzine can readily procure. For like draws like. A good magazine will attract good material. It never fails. A good magazine is good because the editor knows what is worthless and what is worthwhile. That difference of nine letters can make or break a fanzine. And as stated, a quality magazine will attract new fresh faces with something to offer. People like Bill Dignin, Jim Harmon, John Magnus, Joel Nydahl, Charles Ryan, Noreen Falasca and a million others, myself included, got their first chances in fanzines. And you've had it thrown up to you too often already to remind you of where Hannes Bok, Ray Bradbury, Chad Oliver, Bill Venable and their class started.

There should be no taboos in a fanzine. By this I don't mean that unreserved smut and obscenity, atheism and slander, puerility and snideness, should be condoned. They should be stamped out like the most deadly forms of disease. They can do nothing but poison and corrupt a good magazine. Too many fanzines have come directly down the drain under the weight of feuds, gossip, obscene stories or artwork and any one of a multitude of other pitfalls.

But what I refer to is freedom of thought, a bravery that stems from knowing that things must be said and saying them. A fanzine can go on for a long time without controversy, sure, but check that lily-livered publication (and its editor is most usually the same type) against the forefront-striding article that shouts to its readers and all fandom, "Look! This is wrong! This needs reform!" Not too much similarity, is there?

**TABOO MATERIAL** is good material, if weeded out from the smut and attempted bravery of childish antagonisms and prejudices.

There are worlds of adventure still untouched in the fanzine ranks. There are areas unseen, problems unsolved, adventures unexperienced. They are there for you and you and even for you, little neofan hiding behind your letters to the prozines.

Take pains, strike out unashamedly in new directions, and approach the task of publishing an amateur magazine as you would anything of lasting value. Think of it as some small rock left in the road of progress, as a milestone of posterity.

How do you want YOUR name remembered?

—Harlan Ellison



DEFINITION #13: Science fiction is that form of literature which tests an unproven hypothesis as if it were a proven hypothesis in order to pursue human nature in a manner (1) more objective (2) more inclusive (3) more exclusive than would otherwise be possible.

DEFINITION #14: Science fiction is the depiction of events which are now logically improbable, but categorically probable in the syntax (sic) of the story.

ETERNITY PERHAPS

SAMUEL JOHNSON

ATLANTIS

RACE MATHEWS

Wrapped in his mists and his darkness  
The ancient one gives voice,  
Gives voice in his sounding waters  
To name his city's choice.

"Waves your outer wall are pounding,  
Hear you not my sea throat sounding  
'Choose, Atlantis, choose.'

Should my waters breech your walls  
Devil fish shall walk your halls.  
Towers shall topple, torrents swell,  
Should my ocean hear your knell.  
Heed, Atlantis, heed.

See, the lightning splits the sky,  
Jove has climbed the clouds on high.  
Hear his thunder's distant boom,  
Portending now your present doom.  
Fall, Atlantis, fall."

"Oh, God!, my God, I cried out in terror  
While through an eternal nightmare I ran  
    paused  
And ran until my breath fell as a bloody froth  
Upon my heaving chest.

Nightmare of nightmares was all about me  
And my sanity, dear God - and my sanity left me  
    alone  
In a wilderness of madness to which there  
Was no end.

Aloud I cried, and to no avail for there  
Was no one to whom my cries of horror  
    screamed  
Could reach; I was so dreadfully alone  
With only thoughts.

I ran, dear God, I ran and continued to run  
As one possessed, toward that terrible glow  
    bloody  
Which held my gaze in a net of terror  
Almost of sentence.

Screaming in a nightmare of utter confusion  
I beheld the white heat of rocks shimmering  
    melting  
And flowing toward me as I followed my eyes  
With my feet.

Then, bellowing like something possessed,  
I watched the monstrous creation spit forth flames  
    death  
And heat, and I repeated, "I must go!"  
"I must go!"

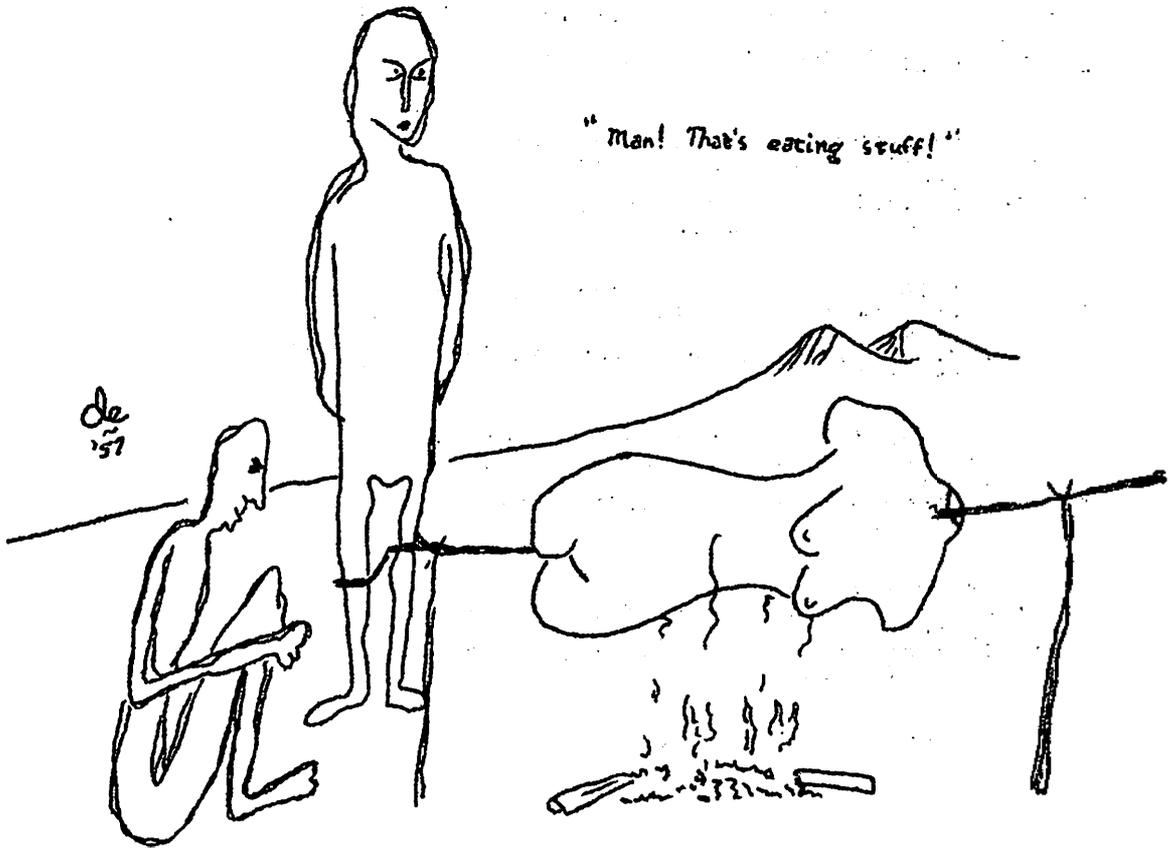
For a while, eternity perhaps, I stood  
In silence and stared up into creation  
    wondering  
Unthinking until the heat aroused me into  
Thought - perhaps thought.

Now I sit alone, listening to the death cries  
Of creation and write meaningless words of pity  
    pretending  
Self pity, perhaps, but for everything else I feel  
Only an emptiness.

Even as the earth devours itself after man  
Has begun the conflagration, I wonder awhile:  
    pensively  
Watching the paper begin to crisp in the searing  
Heat of Destruction.

I wonder why God has allowed...; Death,  
Destruction, Heat, a roaring Hell of Fire  
    creeping  
That slowly creeps toward myself in something  
akin to anticipation.

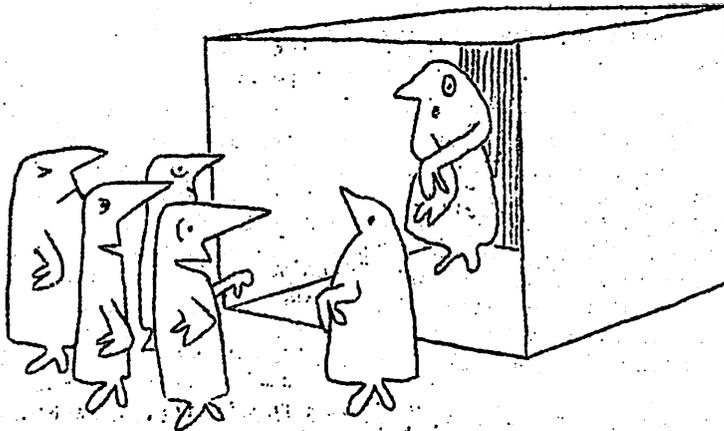
Now I lay me down to sleep...



"Man! That's eating 'stuff!"

de  
57

IT TAKES ALL KINDS



H. KEN BULMER

Varioso 14 came into Tresco with the impact of an H-bomb. Says I to meself, says I: "Good old Magnus -- on the ball again -- it's grand to see Varioso in the lists of fandom once more." And you can take that word lists to read the bloody jousting bar if you so desire. As I am usually pretty bad at answering letter, as anyone can tell you, I was not at all surprised when V15 came in. I do apologise for not writing sooner to let you know how much I appreciated seeing your name again in ampubbing. I mean -- there was so much in this issue of nostalgia for me. Seeing as how it was mostly done about the time I had the pleasure of meeting you. And it is remarkably good stuff, too. But on to 15. In "Duck, David Gordon!" you say the sf writer is "the freest of authors because he can select his own 'given'," "given" here being background to the story. Well -- the Gordon story from your review seems to be the sort of story that we all deplore, the "ignorant crud" type story. And I agree with your scalpel work; this is the sort of thing that gives sf a bad name in the field where serious sf might be taken seriously; and merely titillates the jaded palates of mainstream people and at the same time gives them an opportunity to denigrate sf. They can enjoy it without feeling that it is important or serious. The only item on which I have a crit is this business about the sf author being the freest in the game. 'Tain't so. If you mean merely that he can invent a man with esp power and then write a story, and put the story on another planet and think up a neat different-type society and thereby point out all kinds of morals and make us think -- well, you're right. He can. But in doing that he find himself not the freest of authors but the most shackled. Your 'tec writer or your western hack has merely to state that his main joe is somewhere and then get on with the story. The sf bloke has to tell you all about where he is and anything else pertinent to the following action of the story before he can get on with it. Of course, a writer plants the background as he goes along and trims it all in and smooths off the edges. He doesn't, as you imply Gordon does, pull gadgets out of the hat where you wouldn't logically expect such gadgets to exist. But doing all this makes him the craftiest craftsman in the business. The failures are many; we read too many stories that aren't sf making out they are. And we don't, know, read 'em where there are ten pages of explanation of where we are and who's what. The balance to be struck between the two extremes is where this business of freedom comes in. SF writers are free only so they can voluntarily shackle on their chains of logic. Would like to ask Redd Boggs what he thinks are the "problems of sf and its fans" and why he wants to "advance" the "cause" of sf. He needn't read comic books, need he? Advancing the cause of sf created the boom and bust, in part, and where did that get us?

Well, I guess that'll have to be about all for now. Needless to say, I enjoyed Varioso enormously. Wish you could have made it to the London con; but no doubt when your million dollars is safely put to bed in the bank you'll be over on a European Tour? See you then, huh? [yeh]

HARRY WARNER, JR.

A letter of thanks for Varioso should be a bit more respectful and appropriate than expressing my appreciation again on tape. As Jean Young said on that tape the last time, it is rather chilling to realize that any egoboo, bright remarks, or other valuables that may have been contained in taped comments are irrevocable and permanently destroyed as soon as the tape is used the second time.

I have been looking for a long time at the cover, which does not look like Jean Young's work to begin with, and which must possess some significance which escapes me. [see Grennell's letter, below; I suppose that it could represent either the general theme of the passing of time, or the more specific idea of something that began in 1955 and is climaxing in 1958. I am unable to think of anything in particular that will happen next year except South Gate. [come now, how about this issue of Varioso? The line above the dates looks like a proofreader's kill symbol, there is obviously a stencil in the typewriter, and something drastic has obviously happened to the typist's usual place for placing his typewriter, because I know of nothing less satisfactory as I type-writer stand than the roughly smoothed off stump of a large tree on which this one is obviously resting. I hope that Jean knows what it's all symbolic of. [I hope you do, too, now]

On the other hand, I liked and understood equally well the interior illustrations. I'm inclined to agree with Redd that too much fiddling around with tricky formats distracts from the more important matters involved in publishing. If I had the time and the patience to illustrate my publishing efforts, I think that I would do just about as you've done in this current issue.

I haven't read David Gordon's story, but the chances are that I would react to it pretty much as you've done. But it is really extremely difficult to write science fiction stories which it is impossible to consider as disguised mundane fiction. There have been places and times on earth in the past or present when conditions quite similar to most of the science fiction basic themes have really existed. The real crime is to write science fiction so clumsily that it sounds like bad mundane fiction in disguise. Gordon seems to have compounded his crime by turning out a pretty bald imitation of the Ellis Parker Butler story. Heck, you could write an article proving that Heinlein simply borrowed Shakespeare's The Tempest when he wrote Universe, but it has never occurred to anyone to do so, simply because he wrote a good story.

I would disagree with your editorial only to the extent that you seem to imply at the end that the person who can make a living out of his favorite hobby can combine business with pleasure and get along without any means of escapism. It doesn't work out that way for many persons who are perfectly suited to and happy with their jobs; an avocation is still advisable, if only to provide rest from a physically exhausting job or exercise after doing brainwork for bread and butter.

Not too much I can say about the movie reviews, since I've seen none of those four movies, and none of any other motion pictures produced in the past year or longer. You are properly realistic when you point to the need for attracting big audiences. But there must be ways in which movies could be produced more economically so that slight contraction of the box office would still mean profits. Shorter movies, for one thing; most features don't contain enough to warrant more than an hour's running time. Omission of extras, for another thing; lots of people milling around in the background and crowd scenes are distracting from the main action. Not one movie out of a hundred is helped by the use of color, I believe, and many could also do without orchestral background music. However, I admit that this is rather unrealistic conjecturing. If Hollywood really managed to contrive a way to create movies that would show a profit with audiences one-fourth the current size, probably ninety percent of the movie theaters in the nation would be forced to close down immediately, because they make their money on the sale of refreshments rather than on admissions.

*Harry*

DEAN A. GRENELL

Good to hear from you again, ole one. I have your letter here and the latest Varioso (and the latest Varioso is very late indeed!) and I think I wrote you the next-to-last letter I wrote you from about this same spot, perhaps in the fall of 1955 or so. I'm not sure. It's been years since I tried to maintain complete carboncopy files of my correspondence.

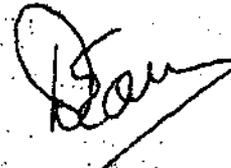
I feel oddly like the cover of V regarding Grue of late. [Harry Warner please note, But I am pleased to report that, while it won't be possible to get it out by midnight (got to attend a Black Mass and all that bother) so as to keep up a pretense of annuality -- last ish was Oct 56 -- I can perhaps get it out in November for a thirteenmonthly schedule, I hope. [they ca-a-ll him the great pretenser;

I don't feel like siding on either side of the argument re: getting kidded about reading sf and/or striking back against same. I, personally, cannot recall having anyone so much as lift an eyebrow at my choice of reading matter in the last 20 years or so. If they had, I'd've most likely passed it off lightly the way you say you did... "I sort of get a kick out of it." I might have shrugged (that will make Boggs wince!) and I doubt if I'd have made an issue out of it in any case. Maybe I don't patronize the same kind of drug stores that Harmon and Ellison do... and perhaps it's just as well.

Oh, I can recall participating in various forms of the puny intellectual against brawny morons conflict in my early years but as I look back I can see that, to some slight extent at least, I helped instigate the initial embroilments that caused the trouble. One can either slip through the sea of life without ruffling to waters, like a racing shell, or go bulling through like a berserk garbage scow (or some midpoint degree) and it takes practice at human relations to be able to slip along without undue fuss and without sacrificing liberty and principles in the process. But it can be done.

With all the current prattle about juvenile delinquency we tend to lose sight of the fact that j.d. has been around for a long time (and I don't mean Jack Daniels). [would that Juvenile Delinquency could be sold to competitor as easily as was Jack Daniels, I can recall when an older generation was every bit as concerned over the antics of Flaming Youth, "It" Girls, "Flappers," "cake-eaters," jitterbugs, and of the effect on them of jazz, ragtime, boogie-woogie, swing, the Big Apple, be-bop and what not. The primary difference today is that commercial exploiters have become aware of the fact that teen-agers have money and can be induced to spend it and, since they exist in great numbers this can be a lucrative field in which to work. Therefore you will find the adjective "teenage" (with or without hyphen) cropping up almost everywhere.

But gang's of children terrorized the streets of New York in the days prior to the civil war according to "The Gangs of New York" by Herbert Asbury and it is safe to bet that they have been doing so since time beyond record. Doubtless they will continue. Take a look at the relevant paragraph in miscellania in the current Grue to see the ad for a movie that appeared in Fond du Lac the day I was born and compare the blurbs quoted from it with the blurbs for "Hot Rod Girl" or any similar production of today. See what I mean!



JERRY DEMUTH

I think you were trying to sound too intellectual in your editorial though you did manage to make some good points. But the whole thing would have been more effective if it had been written more simply and clearly. [can offer specific suggestions, nebbe?]

You made some damn good points in your "Hornbook for Movie Reviewers" -- why the hell didn't you follow it in your reviews! Your "cute" comments could have been of any movies instead of those you specifically "reviewed." [specificity again requested. Also, see contrastic opinions, below]

As for equality -- there is no such clear-cut thing as equality. You can't go and simplify anything and especially this term without distorting it. People are so different from one another -- yet their likenesses are still far greater than their differences. And these differences are caused mainly by environment -- which is the thing to remember in speaking of equality. When I think of equality I think in terms of not discriminating against someone for something which has nothing whatsoever to do with the situation. Like not hiring someone because of their race, not because of their lack of the proper abilities.

In an ideal situation automation is fine. A machine is invented to take the place of certain jobs but this machine creates other jobs to balance things out. And besides you have increased and more efficient productivity. But then take a look at the jobs the machine takes the place of -- they're mainly unskilled -- and then a look at the jobs the machine creates -- they're

highly skilled. Now this is fine as long as the people as a whole become more advanced -- i.e., more skilled. And to a large extent this is happening. But then discrimination stops much of this. Minority groups, especially the Negroes, do not receive the same educational opportunities. In large parts of the country, at least. And many who do receive the proper education are kept from more advanced jobs because of discrimination. I know of Negro college graduates who have to do semi-skilled work. This can only cause greater unemployment among the minority groups which heightens the social problems involved.

But this is not a black mark against progress -- a reason why progress should be halted. Rather it is a reason why people should stop being so goddam stupid and prejudiced and hire a person for his abilities and give a person a chance to obtain a decent education so that he can receive these abilities.

*Jerry*

LYNN A. HICKMAN

By golly -- it's sure nice to see a Magnus zine again. Wondered where you were. Last I'd heard you were in NYC writing. If you have time drop me a line and fill me in on what you've been doing. I'll send you some of the zines I've published lately when I get home this week-end. I'm covering Illinois and Missouri now selling farm & orchard sprayers and irrigation pumps. Since leaving N.Y. I've graduated from Oberlin College, studied astronomy at Harvard, taken over the business end of the Magnus Mfg. Co., written about 100,000 words, and ruined my health at fan gatherings. Besides my job, I'm taking 10 hours of math at Md. U. & attempting to regain my health by staying the hell away from fans.

*LYNN*

TED E. WHITE

A few words on *Varicoso 15*. It seems as though the name is quite appropriate, in that not only does the quality of material from issue to issue vary, but also you seem to be running "themes" in each issue which cause the entire "policy" to vacillate from issue to issue. This issue, for instance, seems like a Skyhook type issue, with of course Magnus modifications. Don't get me wrong; I approve of the trend, and the specific policy employed this time, and I considered it an excellent issue, especially in the light of the fact that you wrote everything but the letters.

And I can't really take issue with or disagree with your criticisms. Both they and their preliminary frameworks seem excellent, and I hope you continue to develop this talent for criticism. I'd also like to see you do something along this line for *Stellar*.

When we get on to the letters, I find a few checkmarks in the margins, indications that there's something I want to comment on. Onwards!

In light of the Personal Efficiency course we've been taking, Harmon's comments show up his own limitations. I'm referring specifically to his comment that "People like this must be confined or destroyed in one way or another." This is plainly on the Enforce level, which brands Jim as being one of those who should, by his logic, be ultimately confined or destroyed. Actually, he has posed a false solution. The true solution being to raise these people beyond the point where their goals are destruction. This is, ultimately, no more difficult than to sort them out and confine or destroy them, and would have less unpleasant ramifications.

Harmon's statement that you sound "suspiciously like a conformist" is laughable to anyone who knows you. And it leads me to something else. A writer, to be a good, or great writer, must have some degree of insight into -- affinity with -- People. How well he can make his creations people depends on how well he knows what people are. Harmon evinces appalling ignorance on the subject, which leads me to wonder about his powers as a writer of fiction (I haven't read anything he's written). His last paragraph clearly shows that he is somewhere around Anger or Resentment, hardly the most healthy place for a human being, despite the number of people on that level.

Redd Boggs' letter was a pleasant surprise; one I still am receiving a warm glow from... But it strikes me that a one-shot is a far better place to try out innovations in. Because it appears only once does not reduce its permanency, as compared to one issue of any subzine. And whereas a subzine -- *Stellar*, *Varicoso* -- has a temporal identity extending from one issue to the next, tying them together into a group gestalt, which an experiment such as *Dynamic Layouts* might well

disrupt or corrupt, a one-shot exists solely in itself and not in what has gone before or after, and thus is a far more appropriate place for experimentation. All of which is not to say I don't experiment in Stellar -- I do, but I am not quite so obvious about it...

I'm also glad to see that Redd liked both my ad for Believism and the "story." This offsets the reactions I've received from several "judges of humor."

As to the claim that a zine loses its identity when I publish it, I think that every zine I've printed for another fan is a refutation of that. The greatest extent to which I can impose my own "identity" is in the selection of paper, done with the editor's permission. Take a look at the zines I've put out in the last year for other fans:

CHAPTER PLAY for Tucker. Looks more like the old CP's than the zines Grennell ran off for him.

VARIOSO for you. Everything about the zine shouts "Magnus" at the top of its lungs, from DEToons to vicoler.

ABERRATION for Moomaw. My only influence was the use of Masterweave paper, which I believe Kent wanted anyway.

BIRDSMITH for McCain. Looks just like it did when Wick was running it off.

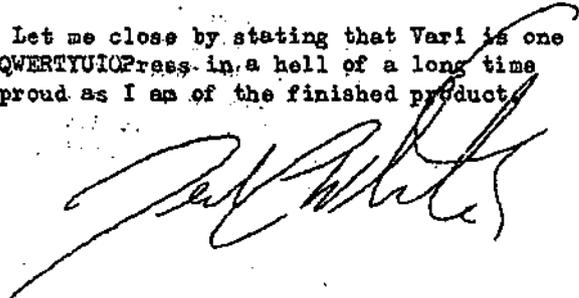
There are others, but that, I think, proves the point adequately. The main thing is that I don't type the stencils, and thus the editor chooses his format, his typeface -- everything but the actual run. The only real danger in investing me with so many publishing duties is that if anything ever happened to me, it'd knock out half the fanzine world...

When Kent Moomaw speaks of "combatting the evil influences of the comic-book element," I think he is actually rationalizing the fact that he finds it difficult to cut illos onto stencil -- not having much equipment for it, or the experience. Personally, I'm all for filler illos -- fillies -- if they are well done. (An opinion I hold for most of those published in Stellar, and for those you've published over the years.)

The statement "Someone once said if everyone really understood his enemies there would be no hatred," ties in closely, it seems, with ARC, all of which only goes to show that the Scientologists are merely repeating what has been known for ages in a slightly more up-to-date fashion.

I must clear my name of the implication that I can no longer create fresh layouts. The layout for "Mobile Fan" was done last summer -- 1956 -- at your request. The layout for "Century Note" was done considerably later, around December 1956, at Eney's request. Add to that that I know only one style of lettering particularly well, and there you have it. But the last time I did one of those things was three-quarters of a year ago...

That appears to cover the comments I wanted to make. Let me close by stating that Vari is one of the most beautiful jobs I've turned out from the QWERTYUIOPress in a hell of a long time (since Vari 14, to be exact), and I hope you are as proud as I am of the finished product.



ARCHIE MERCER

Your Variations editorial -- double-talk. Escape is more or less present in ALL forms of entertainment, but the amount present depends not on the entertainment so much as on the entertainer. The only valid way of subdividing entertainments is surely between active entertainment -- such as digging the garden or publishing a fanzine -- and passive entertainment -- such as listening to music or reading someone else's fanzine. Ideally, I suppose the first is the higher type -- but being at heart bone idle, I tend to favour the passive variety for personal recreation. So what? So I think that listening to music or reading can be more active than gardening, if it involves more personality engagement, & I'll venture it does;

"Duck, David Gordon!" -- well, some time back I stopped reading ASF altogether. If my action has stimulated JWCjr into printing some readable stories for a change, hooray. As a matter of fact, this was the first I'd heard of this story. But I saw the cartoon-film of Pigs Is Pigs the same evening as I saw/heard George Lewis in person, so I remember it kindly.

"Hornbook" -- now THIS makes sense. Very good sense by the look of things, too. Basically it's an extension of Sturgeon's Law -- 90% of EVERYTHING'S crud, but it's very well thought out and set out. Of the four films you cite at the end though, I've only seen "X the Unknown." I remember the title distinctly. But I DON'T remember the film distinctly -- nor does my friendly neighborhood movie-fan whom I asked -- so it couldn't have been very memorable. Particularly as the films I see are very few and far between -- once a month maybe, or less.

The letters is the sort of meaty subject I like to get my teeth into, if only I knew what was going on. By next issue I should, so it remains to be seen whether I'll feel impelled to write a letter in reply.

*Provine*

### JEAN YOUNG

Notice how some of our letters come out funny? Susan, Child typist. Or perchance, pianist. I'm not quite sure, when I'm watching her, which she's trying to do.

Yes indeed, Andy is making busy little discoveries right and left. Galaxies and all that. Just last night he discovered that the center of the galaxy is held together by springs, not gravity. Really. Only not quite. Something about spring-like forces, rather than gravitational ones, or something. If he gets time to write, he'll explain.

You and Redd Boggs are both imploring the "public" for juicy articles on science-fiction; how many people you think there are that'll write that kind of stuff these days! Andy, if he had time, maybe. Larry is still trying to get one done for Hitchcock. Jim Harmon. Who else? We got Jim Harmon. His column, Harmony, will begin next issue.

There was supposed to be a new sf film down at the...um...Keith Memorial, I think -- "Love Slaves of the Amazon" c/w "The Monolith Monsters." The first was a technicalor girlie thing, judging by the previews, and featured remarkably ugly females at that; the other looked as though it might be fun. I don't know whether we've missed it completely; I hope not. There were a couple of shots in the previews of these "monsters," "growing," tall and rocky, in the Far Hills (these things typically take place Out West), which was really impressive; to my mind-in-a-rut, it was strongly reminiscent of a Barlach drawing called "Der Feis," which is an old favorite of mine.

*Jan*

### RAY SCHAFFER

Sure, men become angry when their work is swiped from their grasp due to automation. However, don't forget that men are also easily discontented when they do have work. Not discontented because they work, but disconted because they have no choice. Let's dwell on this phase of the discussion for awhile.

I was reading the other day where the University of Michigan Research Center has discovered that four out of five working stiffs above the unskilled-labor category, if each were given (no strings attached) a million dollars, would continue to do what they are doing. Only one of five would risk boredom by chucking everything. This seems to signify that most working stiffs are smarter than cynics give them credit for being. It appears that they're smart enough to know that humans are happier when they're busy doing something that keeps them interested than they are when goofing off. But upon thinking this over, what accounts for the fact so many men lead "lives of quiet desperation?"

Well, I'd say the answer is to be found not in what they do to earn a livelihood but in the fact they resent the nagging compulsion to do it on terms over which they have no control. Instead of being engaged in the pursuit of happiness, they're obsessed with the idea they're being pursued

by something that has deprived them of self-determination. The Near-Sheer Research Center, a strictly private organization with no tax exemption, has discovered that what four out of five working stiffs would do if they became financially secure would be to redouble their efforts to turn in satisfactory work on terms which would give them more say-so about their working conditions. A surprisingly large number would set aside only a fraction of their windfall for personal use. The rest would be used for the benefit of others -- for education, philanthropy and that helping hand in the right time and the right place which might make the difference between another man's unqualified success and his modified failure. And the fraction set aside for personal use would never be touched, aside from small portions for purchasing small luxuries. 'Twould be held in reserve against the time when its existence could justify a decision to pursue happiness in greener pastures.

Men aren't discontented because they work but because they have no choice. Even drudgery could be more palatable if a drudge had the option of doing something more interesting. Actually, some workers have the option without having the million. They never feel chained down. And there used to be tens of thousands of them going and coming like migratory birds. Yeah, they were called hoboes if they had a sense of responsibility, bums if they lacked it. But they never quite attained respectability. They seemed to prove what cynics believe to be true about all working stiffs -- that they wouldn't be worth the powder to blow up their fringe benefits if they weren't driven by necessity. Maybe so.

But not necessarily so. Michigan U. has uncovered important evidence to the contrary -- evidence in harmony with what optimists prefer to believe about their fellow home-saps. Yassir, most of us like to work. But 'tis apparent that we're chafed by the feeling we have no self-determination. Our pursuit of happiness becomes less important than that ole debbil necessity breathing on our necks all the time.

Roy

## DON FORD

Received Varioso 15 a month ago while sick in bed. I am now steadily wading through my mail requirements & I'd like to say a few things about your mag.

Your editorial impresses the reader with the idea that us fanzine eds are the REAL high quality men of fandom, doesn't it? The collectors, etc. are the ones with "small ambition."

The movie reviews served their purpose & the letter column enabled me to get a glimpse of the previous issue.

Probably the most important feature of Varioso to me is that it stimulates thinking; even if it does not agree with your viewpoints, and that is a refreshing change from a majority of your contemporaries.

Don

## HOWARD DEVORE

I am writing to thank you for recent issues of Varioso, and several issues of Rumble Newsletter. Believe me, it's encouraging to see the younger generation showing such a strong sense of wonder!

I was especially pleased and surprised to receive the last issue of Varioso. As you may know, I was a friend of your father's, and think it is a wonderful gesture for you to resume the publication so many years after his death.

In his younger days your father associated with all the great names of fandom -- Ellison, Hall, Maltog, etc. A true fan in every sense of the word.

May I suggest that you make the same preparations, and file all material for this fanzine carefully. In the event of your demise we may be forced to wait another generation for the next issue.

Plans for a motorcade to SOUTH GATE are progressing nicely. A few New York fan are planning on joining us now.

The first meeting of the "DETENTION IN '59" committee was held last week. They made a formal decision to put the commas OUTSIDE of the quotation marks, and now that that is all settled everybody is busy making plans (a different set for each fan of course) and things are really starting to roll.

Howard DeVore

## CHARLES LEE RIDDLE

Just a short note to give you my new address and to let you know that I'm not entirely dead, but just partly breathing as far as fannish affairs go. I've suspended Peon indefinitely due to my being so busy setting up PEON PRESS, and have just about given up everything connected with science fiction and fandom, except reading a magazine occasionally.

Was very glad to get a copy of V again. I thought you had given up also, which leads me to believe that Peon might rise again from the ashes, so to speak! I'd like to be kept on your mailing list and one of these days perhaps I'll be able to send Peon in return.

Lee

## ARTHUR THOMPSON

A little, but not too late, I hope, to say thanks for Varioso 15. Which arrived in a few weeks ago. And again thanks for the various Rumbles that arrived after Varioso. All were welcomed, I'd seen and read some of Chuck Harris' Variosos when I was raiding his fmz files a year or so back, and 'twas nice to see it reappear and receive it direct.

I noticed that it came courtesy of the QWERTYUIOPress, but was sorta pleased to see that it had its own personality, rather than another White type offering in style and layout and design people we have, but as I say -- Varioso suffers not in the fact that it hasn't been "stage managed" in the inimitable White way. In that it wasn't submerged under the QWERTYUIOP label. [see White's letter, above]

I was going to argue with you on the Variations theme of "escape" but the more I think about it the more confused I tend to get in effort to collect my argument. I've read Variations several times trying to get a point to put, but I'll only say I agree and disagree, and leave it at that.

I read your "Duck, David Gordon!" before I bought the ASF containing the story. I'd forgotten your points enough to read the story through without having to say huh! on happening on the "contrived" pieces. After finishing the story I read the "critique" again (I use that for want of a name) and found myself in agreement with you on all the main points. One further point I'd put from my own personal reading is the build up and relationship between captain and ecologist -- I found it false and somehow, to me, a jarring part of the tale. I could believe in the ecologist, and I could believe in the captain, but not when they were both together acting out the tale.

Again, I found myself nodding in agreement with the statements in "Hornbook." I don't movie go much these days, and certainly avoid most of these so-called "weird" films. Last one I did see was "This Island Earth." Thought the story horrible, but enjoyed the colour effects of the alien planet. "Conquest of Space" fell into this category, too. Beautiful effects, but a trite dialogue and story.

A nice line-up of names in the letter column, some prettily put views too. In fact, like the rest of the zine, pretty good to read.

Arthur

## BOB TUCKER

Because you have shown unmistakable signs of becoming a movie reviewer, and because in the pursuit of that new career you have likewise shown unmistakable signs of intelligence (something rare in movie reviewers, mundane type), I am sending you under separate cover a trade magazine called Box-office.

Peruse it gleefully. [well said]

Be most careful to read pages 20-21, 28, 32, and 71-72. I say unto you, sir, there is a veritable flock of "science fiction horror thrillers" coming your way. Don't miss a single one! [ugly thought]

Query: have you ever heard of a "novel by an anonymous author" entitled Quest for Pajaro? (see page 32 of Boxoffice) But anonymous or not, I just know it is going to be good! Just imagine -- a man "flies" into the future and meets a sweetheart who hasn't yet been born! Smashing, I tell you, smashing. [one of them science fiction plots, ain't it?]

Aside: the National Geographic people in Washington recently put out a newspaper feature story telling all about space -- the three varieties of space. In that story, the kindly scientists advise us science fiction fans that we must prepare ourselves for a bitter disappointment. It seems that, contrary to the cherished beliefs of us fans, space is really a vacuum, neither hot nor cold, and that we will not find thundering, fiery comets swooshing about as we journey through it. [shades of Pal George! Say it isn't so! Does this mean that girls will have to wear space suits? Oh nooooo]

*Bob Tucker*

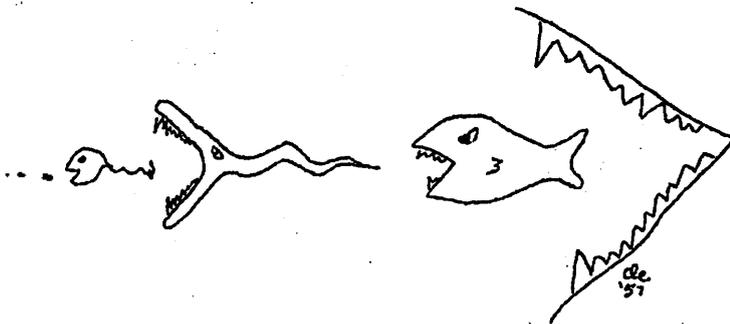
MARGARET CURTIS

Varicoso 15 has quality if not quantity.

I thought your editorial was interesting but a trifle obscure. You never said exactly how the hobby was supposed to enrich your life. If you simply mean that it helps one to get more enjoyment per minute of the day, fine. If not, maybe you could explain further...

"A Hornbook for Movie Reviewers"...quite good! Although I personally get quite a kick out of the type of review you term "gossip," your type of review is refreshing.

*Margaret Curtis*



Stu Hoffman

Jim F. Schreiber

Ben Chorost

Jean Carroll

Dan Curran

Samuel Tarentan

William D. Grant

Charles M. St

Don Ford

Ray Schaffer, Jr.

-Whitby

Everett Evans

P. Schuyler Miller

Melvin Korshak

Roger <sup>W.</sup> Sims

Fritz Lieber

Hugh Brachert

Edmund Hamilton

Roy Phillips

Earl Kings

Herald A. Steward

Fred Raeburn

Ron Kidder

S. L. Barrett

~~Wm. St.~~

Jonathan  
Dawn Power

Noven Kane Falasca

Nick Falasca

Ben C. Jason

Honey Wood

Aleph F. Schultens