



FANVIEW is published bi-weekly by Johnny Bowles, 802 S. 33rd St., Louisville 11, Kentucky, and is edited by Butch Manka and Johnny Bowles, address of the former being 526 W. Riverside Drive, Jeffersonville, Indiana. Subscription: 4 issues, 25¢. Free copies given for letters and tapes of comment, but begrudgedly; it's always better (for us) if you subscribe. When we're a few days behind schedule, we'll mail all friends' (and fiends') copies by first class mail. Erwin Scudla will henceforth keep us up to date on ISFS news from Austria, and we sincerely thank him for this. We want all sorts of news, and will mention ~~in~~ informers. Our Doody Button for the issue (an award to outstanding givers of news to us) goes to Mike Deckinger for unflinching and stalwart reporting of vital news. May his Button never turn green.

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C R I T I Q U E sville

Since I've been review writing, old childhood aliases have been flung into my face; such aliases as The Mad Scientist, Boris, Manka the Masochist, and Fan. My employer tells me it's the material I review; my Japanese friends blame it on an overdose of Hollywood sf; and my doctor tells me to do anything I want in the next six months, after which I'm not to fight the pain. All these answers are possible explanations--except the one about the material I review. Note the good, clean country fun that follows:

THE HUNGER, by Charles Beaumont, Bantam Books, 25 W. 45th St., New York 36, 35¢.

Mr. Beaumont dedicates this book to Helen (whoever she is); I wonder if he ever apologized.

Mrs. Gentibelle. I calmly laughed off Mrs. Gentibelle's crunching a canary, belonging to her little girl, and splattering blood all over her. And I calmly laughed off her killing Roberta's dog, spilling blood and so forth on her. But it was when I discovered that Roberta used the men's room that I fell ill.

Free Dirt. Hey, farmer! Step right up. What I got for you is a new type of fertilizer that will grow vegetables that will taste better and digest better. Did I say digest better? Yes! Eat two pounds of vegetables, and, instead of slowly sloshing through your duodunum, it will in no time turn to two pounds of dirt, which will disappear long before your autopsy.

Open House. At his house he'll serve such rare dishes as tongue of friend or leg of best friend or breast of wife.

The Crooked Man. This depicts earth as the fire island of the solar system. Location: the future, of course. Picture yourself smooching in the park with your girl/boy friend, then to be suddenly apprehended by the looney squad for abnormal practices.

The Hunger. Hey, Pa, they found Manka the masochist last night sittin' on the tracks a-babblin' to hisself. They says he jumped another masochist. Mighty sad, Pa. /Ain't masochist a state, Pa?/

The Infernal Bouillabaisse. You know, there's nothing better to eat than food.

Black Country. This is the story of what the KKK hates, and of the coming of jazz. Like it was oobedoooo. Governor Faubus, shake hands with Dave Brubeck.

SICK JOKES, GRIM CARTOONS, AND BLOODY MARYS, compiled and edited by Max Rexwin, Citadel Press, 222 4th Ave., New York 3, \$1.

If you feel an urge to run through hospital corridors shouting the following jokes after reading them, then this book is for you.

1. "Aside from that, Mrs. Lincoln, how did you enjoy the play?"
2. "Mommy, what's an Oepidus complex?" "Shut up and kiss me."
3. "You get the number of that woman who hit you?" "No, but I'd recognize that laugh anywhere."
4. "Mommy, the power mower just cut my foot off!" "Stay outside till it stops bleeding, dear. I just mopped."
5. "Sir, I pulled your daughter out of the water and resuscitated her." "Then, by George, you'll marry her!"
6. "Your grandma still sliding down banisters?" "We wound barbed wire around them." "That stop her?" "Nope, but it sure slows her down."

FANSENES:

AMRA, #3 of Vol. 2; editors: Art, Dan Adkins; Text, Elizabeth Wilson. Twenty cents per, 5 for \$1, 10 for \$2. Box 682, Stanford, California.

This is a photo-offset zine of Conan-type heroic fantasies, none of which I understood, but there is supposed to be a number of fans who do. But for those of you who are up on Conan and his croud, thish contains script by Poul Anderson (pro), Bob Coulson, Stephan F. Schultheis (whose works were satirical, I think), G. H. Scithers, and Roy Hunt.

The cover, which strikes me as a depressed juvenile delinquent, is by Adkins. I'm going to tear out the page two art in the middle of the zine--a panoramic piece of excellent art by George Barr.

AMRA is for heroes wherever they are--Hyboria, Rukh-Ansa, Belleview, or the gas house at Leavenworth.

MOVIE: THE MYSTERIANS

This is a Hoto production--or is it Toho--which is Japanese, and is released through MGM--or is it Paramount? Anyway, we have an all-Japanese cast, the same one that appeared in RODAN, GIGANTIS, and THE H-MAN--a cast on which I have hung the name Wong Dramatic Club.

The Mysterians land and, after wiping out a city or two, make contact with some dignified dignitaries and make a legitimate request. They have been traveling in space for hundreds of years, and as a result they want some women sent over. And they are very decent about it--they'll marry the ladies. There was also a side request: that they be allowed to take over the world. The fiction

of the story comes when the Japanese government gets the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. to agree on something, and where, in the space of a few days, the earth builds an aircraft and a ray gun which surpass anything the mysticians have. This movie is nothing but a sf movie in color, and I ask myself, what else can happen to the little village of Ting-ling, which by now has come in contact with giant paradoxicals, atomic jelly, extraterrestrial invaders, and fire-breathing dragons; perhaps an outbreak of firecrackers and binoculars made in America.

A SALUTE to George Reeves, who died June 16th by self-inflicted wounds. I also salute the actors of America.

A SALUTE to Clark Kent, who took his own life on the sixteenth of June. I also salute the mild-mannered reporters of America.

A SALUTE to Superman, who, on the sixteenth of June, fired a Kryptonite bullet into his head. I also salute Charles Atlas for taking over a job that had to be done.

WRM

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NEWS

Our N3F report last issue was misleading. Ralph Holland has straightened us out on the chain of events leading to Paul H. Rehorst's expulsion. It seems that Paul was radically ~~antiradical~~, a phrase we coin after reading Ralph's letter. If Paul would simmer down and be reasonable, he might get back into N3F. One can see how Paul easily got into a stew over the question of Iron Curtain members and/or correspondents, but the methods he used were childish and unfair. We will send a copy of Ralph Holland's letter to anyone interested, but there will be no more printed on this matter.

We printed Honey Wood Graham's name as Phillips; this is her husband Rog's pen name. We like Graham better.

Erwin Scudla will keep us up on Austrian ISFS news from now on. We will present reprints from a recent international edition of SIRIUS soon. Erwin publishes this, and we thank him.

Len Moffatt: The copy you got was sent long after its publication date. We are not (very) late! (You forget that you didn't pay for it.)

Says Bruce Pelz, "Eney should try to convince the Library of Congress that E. Hunter Waldo is the pseudonym rather than Theodore Sturgeon--they're still using EHW on their catalog cards and listing Sturgeon as the pseudo."

Paul Rehorst passes this along: Science Fiction Club Europa, originally called Science Fiction Club Deutschland, having held annual conventions in Germany since 1956, will organize the first European con to be held at Zurich, Switzerland, on August 22/23 this year.

The United Press carried a short item which our local paper put on the show-TV page recently: "Los Angeles--Federal Judge Leon Yankwich" (chortle) "has dismissed a plagiarism suit brought by writer Ray Bradbury against C.B.S.-TV's 'Playhouse 90.'"

"Yankwich ruled yesterday that the theme of Bradbury's story, The Fireman, was an old theme and not subject to copyright law. He had sued for \$50,000 plus a share of profits from the 'Playhouse 90' play, The Sound of the Drummers."

Sandy Sanderson (I believe it was) dropped by the other day, going through Louisville to Cincinnati. He also conned me out of 50¢ for a copy of Dick Ellington's BOSSSES' SONGBOOK, a rowdy piece of literature intended to "stifle the flames of discontent."

Mike Deckinger: Nobody sent us a copy of SHAGGY with our review in it.

Bill Conner is attending the Midwestcon in Cincy, and as I write this he's probably sprawled across the North Plaza's lawn--fast asleep. This guy says he likes girls better than fanac. On second thought, maybe he's not sprawled out on that lawn. . . .

Ann Chamberlain, Bob Lichtman, Ron Bennett, Chuck Owston, Bob Pavlat, Harry Warner, Jr., Bob Lambeck, Art Hayes, Len Moffatt, Bruce Pelz, Clayton Hamlin, Seth Johnson, Paul Rehorst, Mike Deckinger, Vic Ryan, Ellis Mills, and everybody else all get our thanks for writing--and, for Ghu's sake, **KEEP IT UP!**

Anything can happen next ish.

jeb

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A NEWS EXTRA: A serious crime wave has just recently hit the country, and it has authorities baffled. "Amazing," says J. Edgar Hoover, "it seems to have started around June 16th!"

wrm

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REVIEW: MORE FANSENES

VOID 17, Ted White, 2708 N. Charles St., Baltimore 18, Md., 25¢.

VOID has the best layout I've ever seen, and the mimeoing is at least professional. The letters are fannish and interesting, and I'm wondering what Ted blasted Twig for that Twig would get so heated. Fannishly self-centered, **VOID** is fannishly readable and fannishly interesting--which may not entirely be a compliment.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #128, Box 92, 920 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Wash., 25¢, monthly.

The cover is a result of Stenafax and letterpressing. There are 42 pages in wonderful blue. I'VE WAITED SO LONG! Mymymy. Berry's The Way of All Flesh is lovingly **FUNNY!** The letters are nice, too. (And so many.) The minutes of the last meeting of the Nameless, written by Sec. Wally Weber, is/are a howl per line. And the fanzine reviews are decent. Hmm--I forgot to send my dollar. . . .

JD-ARGASSY #44, Lynn Hickman, 304 N. 11th, Mt. Vernon, Illinois, 10 or 20 cents.

It's always a pleasure to receive a zine from Lynn, and I don't think I've written him in some time; have to note that. Bob Madle's A Fake Fan in London is turning into something of a sightseeing tour, but it's fair reading. Les Gerber tells the world what will be coming forth from New York in the way of sf--gad, where'd he get all that info? The Adkins reviews can be taken or left. The best thing in this oversized (20-cent) ish is the piece by Robert Bloch, I Was a Prisoner in a 21" Picture Tube, which recounts the author's adventures on a regular local TV show. Jim Harmon's Harlan Ellison is an extremely side-heaving essay--or would it be an article? Well, get Lynn's zine if you have to do without stamps for a month--it's a bargain at twelve for a dollar.

YANDRO #77, R. & J. Coulson, R.R. 3, Wabash, Indiana, 15¢.

This is an under-par ish of the cat, whose reviews are worse than a menagerie of vomiting animals. The rest is barely fair.

jeb

HOW TO WRITE A sexy STORY

by Mike Deckinger

The first thing to do to write a sexy story is to get a heroine. Now, under no circumstances can one pick the normal, flat girl you see every day. She must be an over-sexed female brimming with delight and desire. She must not be too cautious--for then it becomes implausible--and she must behave in the manner that you'd expect her to.

If the story you are writing is over 100 words, you must by all means emphasize her measurements a number of times to keep the reader interested, whether they be 36-28-36 or even 57-11-29 (which should prove to keep any reader interested). Make it a point to relate how pretty she is, and what men do upon seeing her (how ^{they} pursue her, that is). It's also advisable to have a few scenes portraying her in various stages of undress. In fact, this is the prime requisite for even the most sophisticated breast-seller that you can pick up at the pocketbook stand. Now, honestly, who would have the faintest interest in a female wearing clothes? You must show she is human in other features too, but take care not to turn this into a pornographic story. The only place pornographic stories can sell is in the slicks, and there they call them "men's" stories and the like. Weave in a few bath or shower scenes to show the reader that she is not as prudish as he thinks she is, and thus make him begin to wonder. And that's what you are striving for--once a reader begins to wonder about your stories he'll recall the author's name.

Next, we have the hero. This hero must be the typical anemic clod whose only desire is to serve as a peeping tom. You see what I'm driving at? You mustn't make this hero TOO forceful, else the readers can't associate him with the typical anemic clods that they are. Reader-association is an important point, and one that every beginner should strive for. Getting back to our hero--which I'd rather not--don't make him too much of an ignoramus, for the sake of your audience. Show that he wears pants and knows how to tie his shoes, and on rainy days uses the umbrella, etc. etc. As for looks, don't make him a dreamboat and go overboard in characterization. The normal reader will say to himself, "Now, how would I fit in with a pair like this?" Give this hero a plausible background; for instance, his name is A. X. Herker, his father was an axle-greaser for the Monaco Streetcar Society; his mother worked nights as one half the famous Jane Russell team, when he was three his father and mother were killed in a wild Zebra stampede--only three days before their wedding was scheduled (it's nice to work in a coincidence like this), and the hero inherited a bubble gum factory from an uncle whom he never knew and cared about less. Then you must have a meeting place, say the park. Our hero drops a nickel in front of him, and, as the chancing-by heroine leans over to pick it up, he knows she is for him. And when she inhales and exhales he is certain.

Now take it from there--using the plot and these ordinary characters, write your story. That's all you need, you know. And who knows--you might break into FANTASTIC, or SPICY STORIES.

RIPPLEY'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT: Amazing as it may seem, the largest number of suicides ever was totalled on June 17th of this year, when six million children killed themselves. --wrm

From:

GRANDMA of DRACULA
802 S. 33rd Street
Louisville 11, Ky.
U.S.A.

HOW TO WRITE A STORY



PRINTED MATTER

FORM 3547 REQUESTED

To:

*Richard Eney
417 Ft. Hunt Road
Alexandria, Virginia*

FIRST CLASS MAIL

to wonder about your stories he'll recall the author's name.
wonder, and that's what you are striving for--once a reader begins
not as practical as he thinks she is, and thus make him begin to
Weave in a few bits of shrewd scenes to show the reader that the
in the article, and there they call them "epic" stories and the like.
personality work. The only place where you can tell
human in some feature too but take care not to turn this into a
faintest interest in a female wearing clothes? You must show she is
pick up at the bookstand. Now, honestly, who would have the
the most interesting best-seller that you can
In fact, it is possible to have a story
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(What's the point?) (What's the point?) (What's the point?)
-100-

old whose only desire is to serve as a peeping tom. As you see, I
I'm driving my car through the woods and I see a car ahead of me
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How does it read there--using the plot and these ordinary ele-
ments, write your story. That's all you need, you know, and when
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NUMBER OF SOLDIERS IN OR MORE: - Statistics as it may seem, the largest
number of soldiers ever was killed on June 17th of this year, when
the British killed thousands.