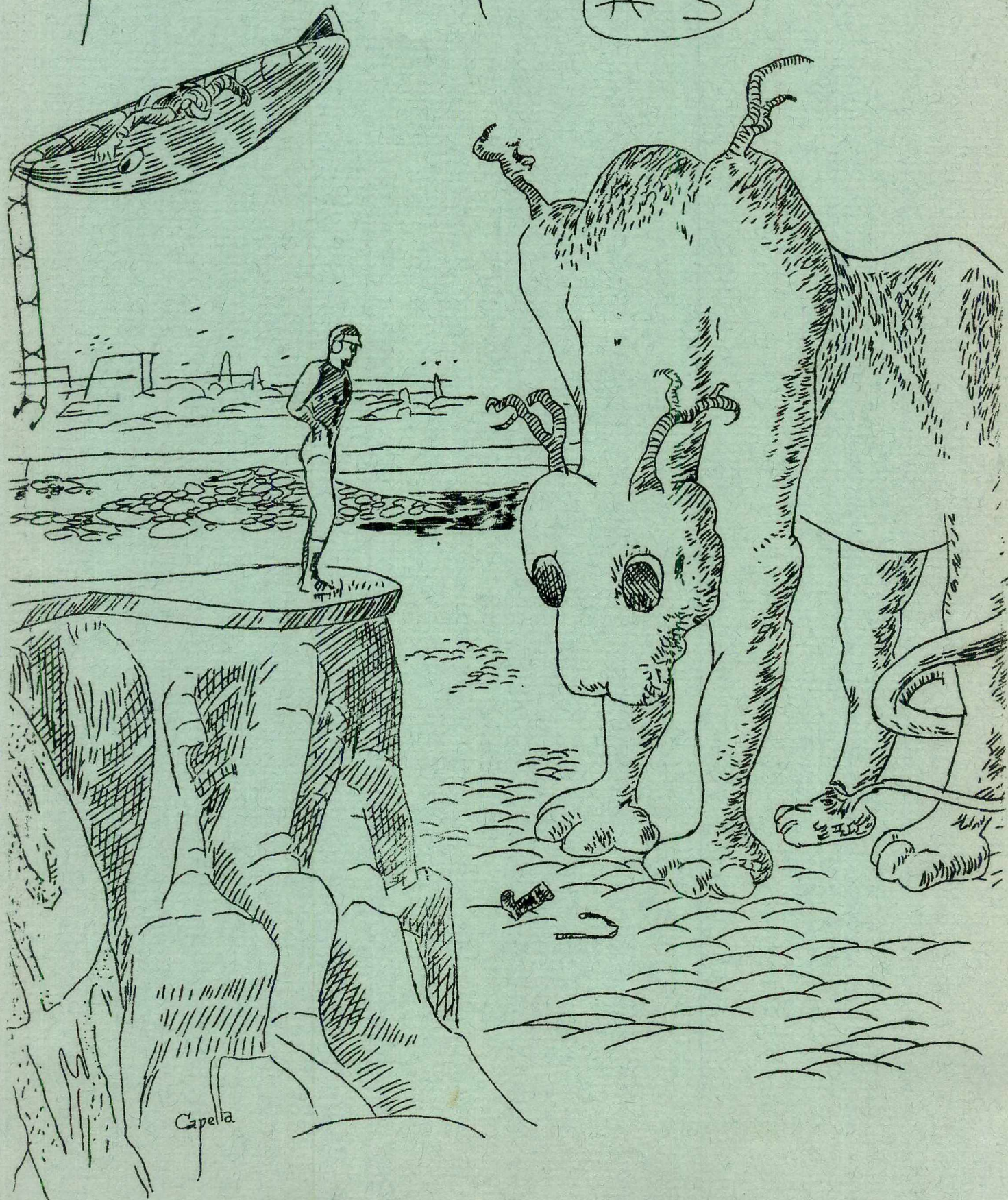


F A H R D

3



FAFH RD VOL. I NO 3 NOV. '55-CONTENTS

#1, once more, is THE ROARING TRUMPET, where the editors get their chance to complain and bemoan this and that, explain some other things, and in general cause quite a bit of confusion--mostly amongst themselves. Pg. 2.

#2, instead of a Westercon report (only one to a customer) is a story by Redd Boggs reprinted from DREAM QUEST #6. It is reprinted because of the recent speculation in fandom about the effect space travel will have on science-fiction--and on science-fiction fans. No, thank you, Ellik is not trying to turn FAFHRD into a reprint fanzine. This reprint business was Cox' idea. Pg. 4.

#3, initiating a new column around here, we have made WITH FOLDED HANDS..., a book review column. Now, let's not have people telling us they can't figure out where we got this title--we're tired of explaining titles. Tear the top off your nearest mail-man and send it to G.M.Carr, Director of N3F Information Bureau. Ask her. Pg. 13

#4, surprisingly, is Cox, back with FANZINIA. Now, Cox does not seem to receive all the current fmz, so he's making do with what he has. Let's snap it up out there, and get the mags in in plenty of time before deadline. Pg. 18

#5, titled at last, is ...AND SEARCHING MIND, the letter column. Now, what we said for WITH FOLDED HANDS... goes for this, too. Except, of course, if that's the only excuse you can find to write a letter we'd be glad to hear from you. There are more letters this time because more people wrote in saying they'd like a longer letter section. Wheels within wheels, no? We think somebody out there is confusing cause and effect right about now. Pg. 22

ART CREDITS There were a lot of complaints concerning the artwork and the reproduction of same in the last issue. We hope Claude Hall likes it better this time. The cover is by Ray Capella, with interior illos by Capella, Grossman, DEA, bourne and Rosin. All headings, stencilling and the letter illuminations (last issue) are by Howard Miller. Lettering guide work done with ABDick lettering guides and stylis, stencils are VELLAM and ABDick 1160, paper is NEKOOSA bond, ink is TEMPO 610½ black mimeo. Are you happy, Leeh?

FAFH RD is co-edited and co-published by Ed Cox, 115½ - 19th St., Hermosa Beach, and Ron Ellik, 277 Pomona Ave., Long Beach, both of which cities are in California, "overlooking a rolling sea." (-Alan Dodd). Free to everybody, being exchanged for FAPAazines and fanzines, letters of comment and reviews, and included in FAPA 73, Nov. 1955.

THE

the
commercial

ROARING TRUMPET

BY THE EDITORS

A WORD ABOUT subscriptions: Postage is our most prohibitive cost, with paper and stencils next, in that order, to judge by proportions. We spend more money on paper than postage, but by using less paper we use less postage--and conversely. Anyhoo, to offset this cost we MIGHT start charging five cents each for people who are not in FAPA, or don't trade or review. NOT YET. It's still free, because the bookkeeping involved with sub rates isn't worth the money it would bring in.

AGAIN, THERE ARE some people who are not fulfilling their end of the bargain. All we want in exchange for FAFHRD is a letter of comment, a fanzine, or a review somewhere. We've decided that people who don't write at least every third issue will find themselves without any FAFHRD in a short time. This means you, Gleicher.

COPIES OF THIS issue of FAFHRD are going to all sorts of people who have never seen it before. People in England, mostly. I'm taking addresses from letters in CAMBER and PLOY and SIDEREAL and HYPHEN, in hopes that we can interest our fannish bretheren across the PUND in writing us and sending their mags. According to Ron Bennett there are approximately 16 or 17 fanzines produced in England--and I've only seen 5 or 6 of them. Tsk.

A WORD OF reassurance to Mike May: MALIGNANT #7, with Le Zombie reprints, is in the process of coming to life. Undaunted by smart-aleck remarks in EPITOME about my publishing frequency, I have roused myself once more to publishing my reprint fanzine. Four stencils of approximately 26 are cut, and all the other material is ready to be cut. Relax, Mike.

AND ANOTHER WORD, this time to LASFS members: SHANGRI-LA for November, 1955, is also on its way to completion. Subs at 10¢ a throw are being accepted, and trades are welcomed. Trades for Shaggy will be incorporated into the LASFS club library, while subscriptions go into the treasury. Yes, Helen, I'm working again.

THIS DAMNED EDITORIAL is sounding like a "personals" column in a newspaper.

REPRINTING THE STORY you see following this editorial was Ed Cox' idea. After the announcement by our worthy President (no, I mean Ike, not Sam Martinez) that the US would launch a sattellite (sp?) sometime in 1957, there was a great deal of speculation concerning the effect that space travel will have on science-fiction--and, indirectly, on us fans. This led to a very interesting issue of FANTASY TIMES, and several interesting editorials in the prozines.

SO ED, BEING a master of the retentive memory (a mnemonics technician of the old school), recalled to me that there had been an excellent bit of speculation in DREAM QUEST #6 by Boggs concerning this very same thing. You can follow it from there. He convinced me that for this issue we could use reprints. After all, he pointed out, we didn't have anything else to use as a lead, did we? Besides, this had Grossman illos we could copy.

I AGREED, AND here it is. Reprinted by permission of Boggs, Wilson and the N3F Bureau of Copyrights (G.M.Carr, prop.). The Grossman illos are reprinted by permission of Wilson, for nobody knows how to contact John this decade. Truly a loss to fanart, his dropping out.

A COMPLIMENTARY COPY of this is being sent to the Walkers, so they can see what Andy Young thinks of them. Andy knows what he's talking about, that's for sure--this particular book review is by no means idle speculation on the part of a layman. Furthermore, I believe this is Andy's first contribution to any fanzine besides his own efforts.

SEEING AS HOW I might very likely be stuck with the job of FAPA Official Editor after this mailing, there will be a terrific strain around here. I'm publishing ghod knows how many fanzines, corresponding with ghod knows how many people, belong to ghod knows how many clubs, and still have to keep up decent grades in high school. Ghod knows how I can do it--without sacrificing some of my correspondents. So if a few of you get tersely worded postcards in response to two and three page letters, don't feel hurt...

I have only one thing to say, Ron.....quit school !

Just in case anybody might take Ron seriously, the N3F Mss. Copyright Bureau had nothing to do with it. I might add that the story is somewhat representative of fandom as it was when science fiction was a major factor, still, in fan-doings. So it is very likely that some of the references will be obscure to many of the newer fans.

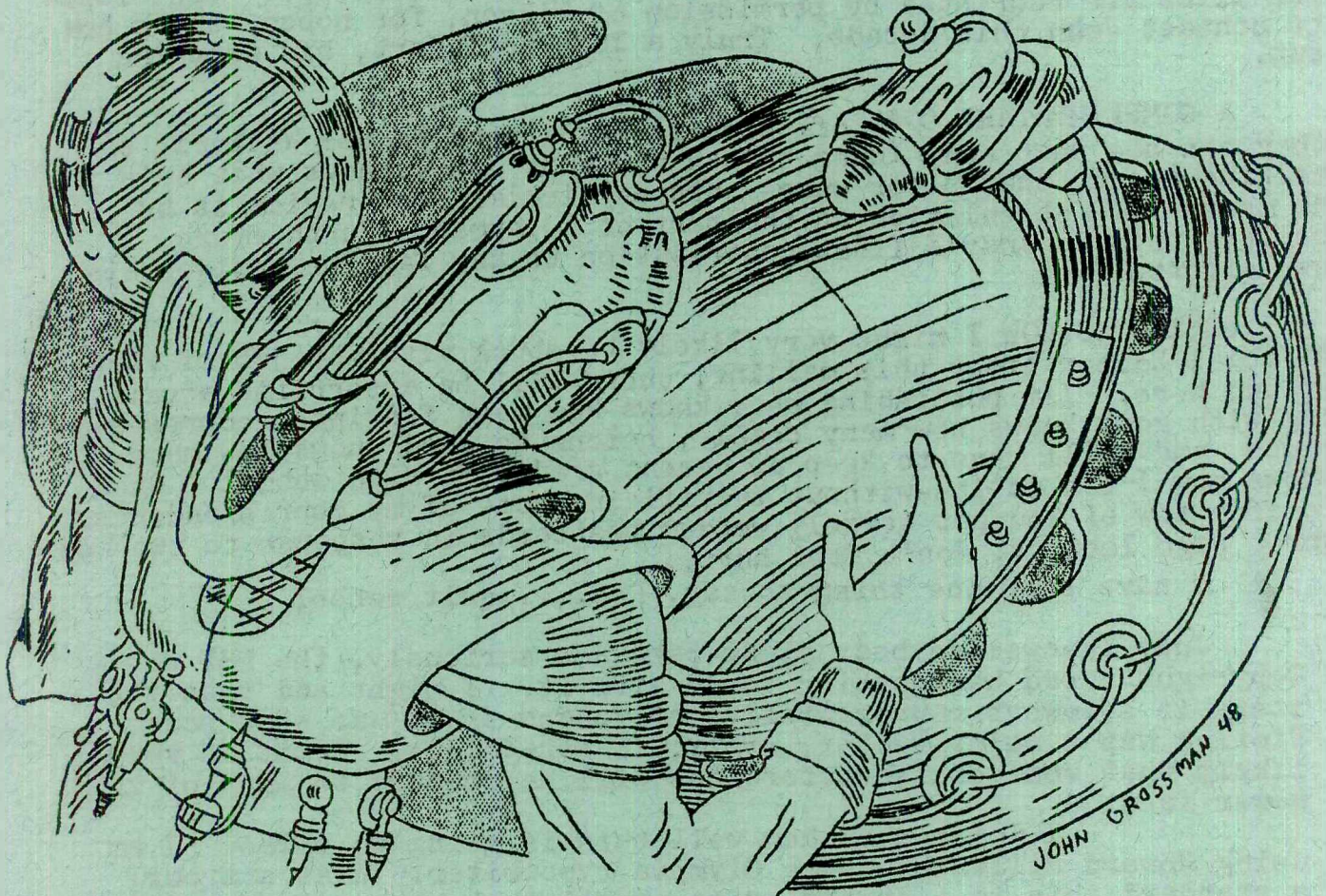
I don't know how well this is going to mimeo. I am using Howard Miller's German Olympia typewriter. What a typer; a standard this is. It has every symbol that an American typer has plus these: = + ° ¤ £ ! and ¼. Maybe more. It is quite a machine but I think a more detailed description of it has already appeared elsewhere previously.

This issue has turned out about a half dozen pages shorter than planned. No telling what will be turning up in the future. In fact, considering that Dream Quest and other fine fanzines have glorious fine back files, full of material ripe for the pulling. We do hope to create a back file of our own, too, ripe for future publishers to excerpt material from which.

The deadline ¼- M-minute -- draws nigh; the Fapa emergency crew is here, and the time is ripe for the running off of this issue. Selah.

--Ed Cox

THE CRATERS



THE CSFS MEETING was scheduled to convene at 8 o'clock in Jimmy Matthews' den, but at 7:45 I arrived at his house to find the whole membership bunched on the front porch, staring quietly toward the east where the moon was rising. Except for some scattered "Hi-ya's" and a "Have a seat for the big show -- here on the bottom step" from Jimmy himself, the group took little note of my arrival. Undismayed, I plunked myself down between Jim and Gil Donovan and tilted my gaze parallel with theirs. I knew what they were watching.

Coming over on the streetcar, I had seen the moon rising pregnantly from the city's haze. It was the kind of a moon we used to have as kids when we ganged up to soap windows and swipe trashcans and push over outhouses -- a real pumpkin orange, saucer-size Hal-

OF THE MOON

BY

REDD BOGGS

lowe'en moon that stuck out against the luminous sky like an egg-stain on a tablecloth. There was one difference: this moon had three little lights twinkling sharply in the midst of its serene yellow face. Signals from the Regals expedition!

I turned away from the moon and gazed on the upturned faces around me. Here were the happiest guys in the world, I thought: science fiction fans witnessing their most cherished dream coming true. For history had been made that day, June 19, 1970. Brian Regals' lunar expedition -- flying the first piloted space-rocket, the Asgard -- had "hit" the Moon, landing uneventfully and setting up three mighty signal beacons that beamed news of man's conquest of space back toward a thrilled Earth.

Most of the faces surrounding me were smiling or were definitely pleased in expression. I looked over at Clint Martin, CSFS director and famous author of a hundred top-notch yarns of interplanetary travel. I expected to see him looking happier than all the rest. I remembered his novel in an early WSQ called "Lindbergh of Space", which in the past twenty-four hours had become a prophecy fulfilled. But Clint Martin's face was unreadable. Behind his thick glasses which glinted in the moonlight his eyes were hidden, and his mouth was expressionless.

The light signals from the moon twinkled on. Finally Jim got up and said, "There's not much to see. Let's go in and have the meeting. Maybe we oughta cut a tape tonight and record our thoughts on this momentous evening for posterity." He chuckled a little as he said, it, but perhaps he was serious.

"Take a note to posterity," said Gil, coming alive. "Posterity -- Gentlemen: We, the loyal members of the Centerville Science Fantasy Society (unincorporated) and of the National Fantasy League (formerly the NFFF), of FAPA and VAPA, and ex-members of the Cosmic Circle, do solemnly swear (or affirm) that we, in close harmony with the rest of united fandom, did in the late 1920's and early 1930's foresee the inevitable event of this momentous June 1970, and we believe that man's glorious conquest of space was in full measure due

to our untiring efforts on behalf of the popularization of science fiction, and more specifically of space opera -- "

Clint Martin coughed loudly, cutting short Gil's monolog, which might otherwise have continued all evening. Perhaps Martin felt that the reference to space opera was a subtle dig at certain of the Martin "classics", but whatever the reason, his throaty cough effectively broke up the gathering there on the porch under the moon. We all took Jimmy's suggestion and filed, chattering again as of old, into the house.

As we found places to drape ourselves around Jim's den, I found myself sitting next to a pile of old, good-condition copies of Clayton Astoundings on one side, and our only femme fan, Polly Parker, on the other. Honestly, I was more interested in the Astoundings, because I didn't have some of them in my collection. But then, I didn't have a girl like Polly in my collection, either. Not one like Polly.

She surprised me by remarking, mostly to me, and that was strange -- usually she shouted her remarks to the world at large: "This is the end of a world." I was leafing through the April 1931 Astounding, wondering if I had time to read Williamson's "The Lake of Light" before the meeting began. "I know what you mean," I spoke the first cliché that came to my tongue, without any "semantic pause". Then I forgot the magazine, and thought of her remark, which sounded rather pretentious and melodramatic. But it was true; it was the end of the old world that was bounded by the stratosphere. Now, like it or not, the people of Earth must accept the whole universe as part of their world. It gave a new, frightening horizon to our silly little narrow thoughts.

"But it's the beginning of a new world," I said suddenly, grasping a new thought. I felt like a van Vogt hero, doing a double-take like that.

"That's not the point," Polly said. "It's the ending of the old world that's important -- to us here."

That stumped me. Usually Polly was full of stereotyped jive talk, and here she was, talking in riddles like a Padgett story. I was relieved to hear Director Clint Martin call the meeting to order.

Clint perched on a cleared spot of Jimmy's well-littered desk, puffing a cigarette in his usual highstrung fashion as he slammed Jim's copy of "R" Is For Rocket on the edge of the desk. When the noise and boisterous conversation had subsided, he tossed the book aside, and mumbled something about dispensing with the minutes of the last meeting and other official business. Everyone blinked at that, for Clint was usually a stickler for parliamentary procedure. But no one made a comment; it was obvious that Clint was up to something. Suddenly, he stuck a finger at Jimmy.

"Jimmy, how did you start reading science fiction?"

One thing about Jimmy -- he's fast on the up-take. "I read a Clint Martin yarn in Wonder Stories for April 1936," he said promptly, grinning. "Want to know the name of it? It was----"

"That's better forgotten," Martin said, with only a flicker of amusement in his deep eyes. "Gil, how about you -- and the honest truth, if you please."

"I bought the first Startling, read the fanzine column, sent for a sample copy of Fantasy News, sent 'em a news item they never used---"

Clint cut him off, by pointing at me. After I had recited the facts of my introduction to fantasy, Polly Parker was called upon. She told, with some embarrassment, how she had become interested during the Shaver hoax controversy in 1946 -- a confession that brought a strangled laugh from Gil. Martin, however, remained serious, and kept pointing around the room till everyone had told his story.

Clint lit a fresh cigarette. He always smoked in chain fashion. "Let's summarize," he said. "No one was introduced to fantasy by Heinlein's Post stories. Or by Alfred van Vogt's Simon & Schuster books. Or by Campbell's best-seller, Tomorrow's Starry Track, the book he wrote last year after leaving Street & Smith."

"How did you get started, Clint?" someone asked.

"I read a magazine called Science and Invention, edited by some joker named Gernsback. It was quite a few years ago."

"Gawsh," breathed Gil, in mock awe. "He's been a fan longer than Forry Ackerman." He stood up and salaamed deeply.

Martin wasn't amused. "What I'm getting at," he continued seriously, "is that all of us are old-timers in the field. All of us came into fandom through the old pulps we have collected and kept all these years. All of us -- except Polly, who has proved herself a real fan, for all that -- were around during the golden age of fandom, in the mid-1930's and early '40's. In retrospect, that period reveals itself as the peak of the science fiction movement. That sounds strange, perhaps, because science fiction has become a big business since then -- since Hiroshima. But it's true: fandom was at its greatest when a science fiction fan was an oddity, unknown to literary critics and feature writers. Subconsciously, I think, we have known and understood that. In some subtle fashion, we've resented all this publicity and popularization of our favorite literature. All of us were alarmed when the atomic bomb fell -- alarmed, in part, because it was a horrible weapon, but equally because it brought fulfillment of an old science fiction dream. Like all dreamers, we science fiction fans enjoy the dream more than the dream-come-true."

He dragged at his cigarette thoughtfully, not looking at us. "The advent of the A-bomb," he went on, "was bad for science fiction, but the Regals moon expedition is going to be worse. For one thing, the time has come when a large part of the yarns in our tattered collections at home are out of date, made silly and pale. The odds are that Brian Regals and other space-explorers will find wonders and incredible phenomena that will make Weinbaum and Kuttner stories sound like Land of Oz stuff."

Jimmy Matthews interrupted. "Some science fiction has already been out-dated by Regals. How about Asimov's 'Trends'?"

"It's just the beginning," said Clint. "Interplanetaries make up a huge part of science fiction. But that's only the negative side of it. The other side is worse: Science Fiction is going to lose its monopoly on interplanetary stuff. Any month now -- I'm surprised it hasn't come already -- you can expect Adventure, Thrilling Love, Redbook, and other such mundane mags to start printing interplanetary stuff. Talk about fantasy becoming popular! The thing is, will this new stuff be real science fiction? Of course, as long as it is speculative, it will have to be classified as such, but it probably won't be of the type the fan enjoys. I'm anticipating space opera twenty times lousier than Planet's lousiest. But as soon as all the planets are reached, this interplanetary stuff will no longer rate as true science fiction."

"We'll still have interstellar epics," suggested Gil. "And time-travel and end-of-the-world stories."

Clint nodded. "For a while, sure. But the danger is that once the other pulps and slicks take up interplanetaries, they will soon branch out to the rest of fantasy. Then all the readers of Love Book's torrid serial, 'Tessie's Travels Through Time', and Good Housekeeping's 'Claudia and David on Venus' will qualify as quasi-science fiction fans. Which 'ain't good'. We old-timers will be submerged by the new fans, who are all goose-bumps about the interplanetary love story or temponautical adventure yarn. Obviously, they will never have the true spirit of we who started reading the stuff when a rocket was a Fourth of July gadget. But no longer will we be avis rara, except in the matter of sentiment toward science fiction. And such sentiment won't set us apart much. The old-time fan is a thing of the past."

"We're anachronisms!" said Gil hollowly.

"What can we do about it, Clint?" asked Jimmy. "How can we fight the trend? Some sort of an all-out effort by fandom?"

Clint shrugged. "We can bow out gracefully," he said sadly.

"Nuts!" shouted someone from the corner. "So what if we're not 'rare birds' any more? We don't care -- we can go on as before, can't we? What's the difference?"

"The difference? A couple of light years!" said Clint, removing the cigarette from his lips. "I've explained all of that. We're anachronisms. We're like the tobacco grains in this butt, which is getting too short to smoke. The butt itself represents all of fandom. The butt's worthless, and similarly fandom is now purposeless, and therefore just as worthless. The CSFS has served its purpose, too. Therefore, like this cigarette that's burned past its time, the club should be extinguished." Viciously, he mashed the smoldering fag in an ashtray.

"In fact," he continued in a calmer voice, "I hereby call for a formal motion to the effect that the CSFS be dissolved immediately."

A dazed surprise took possession of all of us. This was the most unexpected incident in a crazy-dream day. That someone would propose that the club be abolished had never entered our heads, I am certain. I believe that all of us had come to the meeting with a rosy feeling that the old CSFS, in common with all of fandom, was going to be bigger and greater than ever, basking in a vast radiance of ego-boo, newspaper publicity and magazine features.

The stunned quiet was broken almost immediately by Jimmy Matthews' voice: "I move that the CSFS be dissolved." I knew -- everyone knew -- that he said it out of loyalty to Clint. Jimmy wasn't kidding, entirely, when he said he became interested in science fiction by reading a Clint Martin yarn. His was a case of hero worship, not the juvenile kind, but hero worship nevertheless. Gil, Jimmy's sidekick, seconded the motion. Numbly, I heard Clint call for a vote.

It was crazy, it was unbelievable. The vote was standing at 8-2 against dissolving the club when Jimmy and Gil voted -- on Clint's side. The trend continued. The votes stood even -- 8 to 8 -- when Polly, our newest member and the last on the list, voted. Calmly, she spoke the decisive "Yes" for disbandment. By the margin of one vote, the Centerville Science Fantasy Society was dissolved on the night of man's conquest of space!

A strange lethargy fell over us. I was thinking, had anyone else proposed breaking up the club, he would have been laughed at. But it was Clint Martin, respected and popular fan and pro, who had brought up the subject, and like puppets we did his bidding. Polly Parker's vote which had decided the issue hadn't surprised me as much as my own vote: I, too, had voted on Clint's side!

Martin broke the silence. "We might as well go home," he said wearily. He looked like a man who needs a drink bad. I shook my head. Like the others, I couldn't figure things out. Events had moved too swiftly.

The meeting broke up quietly, everyone seemingly going his separate way. Usually, after the meeting we all went to the Little

Grand cafe downtown for a soda and some more rag-chewing, but I could see that none of us was in the mood for that tonight. Out on the porch I met Polly again.

"Want a lift?" she demanded. She owns a 1946 Ford that still hangs together by some miraculous means. I started to shrug noncommittally, but she was staring up at the moon -- not looking at me. I said, "Sure, thanks."

"What did you think of the meeting?" she asked, after we had driven along for several minutes.

"I'm still dazed by the suddenness," I told her. "But it was all crazy. Clint's crazy. We were all crazy."

"I noticed you voted on Clint's side. Now you say he's crazy. What gives? -- oh, you don't have to answer. I know. You are all kidding yourselves. You pretend you're glad that Brian Regals hit the moon, but you're not. You hate it like poison."

I protested hotly. Polly paid no attention. "Oh, you'll find out. Remember what Clint said about dreamers liking the dream better than reality. Remember what I said before the meeting? It's the end of a world, you reactionary you! Science fiction fans are willing to peek into the future, but when the future creeps up on you, you start looking back."

"You voted to dissolve the club, too," I snapped at her.

"Uh huh. I'm sick of pretending, play-acting and dreaming about something that's here! Now, I'm going to volunteer for service on the moon."

I slumped deep in my seat. Would Polly, this slim seventeen-year-old, really volunteer to go into space? It sounded fantastic, and I doubted it silently. But, I promised myself bitterly, if she volunteered for any sort of extra-terrestrial service, I would too. No silly girl was going to show me up!

"Take you anywhere in particular?" she asked after a while.

"Oh, just anywhere," I said glumly, still thinking darkly.

She dropped me off at the corner of Sixth and Jordan, and I decided to walk over a block and take the crosstown bus instead of a streetcar the long way around. The high silver moon, flashing constantly like a neon beer sign, followed me all the way, sort of leering over my left shoulder, where I had to twist my head to see it. I didn't want to look at it, but it hung there, silently demanding my attention.

The corner of Seventh and Jordan was brightly lighted, and the moon drew away a little. There was a big sidewalk newsstand there,

a bank of garishly-colored magazines and out-of-town newspapers. My bus wasn't in sight, so I ambled over and began to squint, only half-seeing, over the pulps. It was force of habit. The news-dealer, whom I knew as Jake, recognized me and came over flourishing a "slick" magazine.

"Here's the latest Science Fiction, sir," he said, eagerly. "Come out twos days ago, you know."

I had forgotten about it. In the old days I used to case Jake's newsstand a week ahead of time, hoping that the magazine had shown up early.... I looked at Jake, blankly. He looked so damned eager-beaver. What did he want -- a tip for remembering what I had forgotten?

"Well, don't ya want it?" he demanded. He shook the mag at me.

"I want a Teck Amazing, a Wonder Stories Quarterly, Unknown..." I mumbled to myself, helplessly. But I put my hand in my pocket and fished up money. I looked the magazine over. It was the third issue of it in the Time-size. I winced anew at the unfamiliar format, all the while insisting to myself, "I like it I like it I like it!" At least, the full-color photographs were an improvement over Kramer and Swenson. I wondered how the hell Schneeman liked being put out of a job by a professional photographer; then I remembered his name was on the masthead as "art editor". What a science fiction fan I was! I knew who had illustrated the first installment of "Skylark Three", but I didn't know who was art editor of the current issue of Street & Smith's Science Fiction!

The stories looked dull. Indirectly, they all reflected the big event of the hour, because everyone had known that within months someone would reach the moon. Aware of the possibility, Editor George O. Smith had picked a bunch of socio-political stuff, set in the remote future. There was also a wacky time-travel paradox by some name I had never heard of, but the first paragraph gave it away as a yarn by Geosmith himself. Hell, I thought, Raoul de Koven was a silly pen-name....

Suddenly, I became aware of a minor bedlam. A news truck was just pulling away from the curb, and Jake and two assistants were already sweating over three huge bundles of newspapers. One fellow was twisting the wire fastenings off, while Jake and the other man were hawking the sheets to a milling crowd of people. "EXTRA" was splashed in red letters across the top of the front page.

After a while, there was a lull and I slid over and caught Jake's eye. "What happened? Did Brian Regals fall down Tycho crater and break his neck?" I asked sarcastically.

Jake laughed as he handed me a paper. "He ain't nowhere near Tycho crater, sir. He landed near Timocharis crater. It says so right here in his exclusive report, transcribed from light-signal code direct from the moon!"

That "Timocharis" came out glibly, although I wasn't sure that he had pronounced it correctly. Even a semi-literate newsdealer was learning all about Earth's remote satellite. It was a hallmark of the new age. Abruptly, I felt hot.

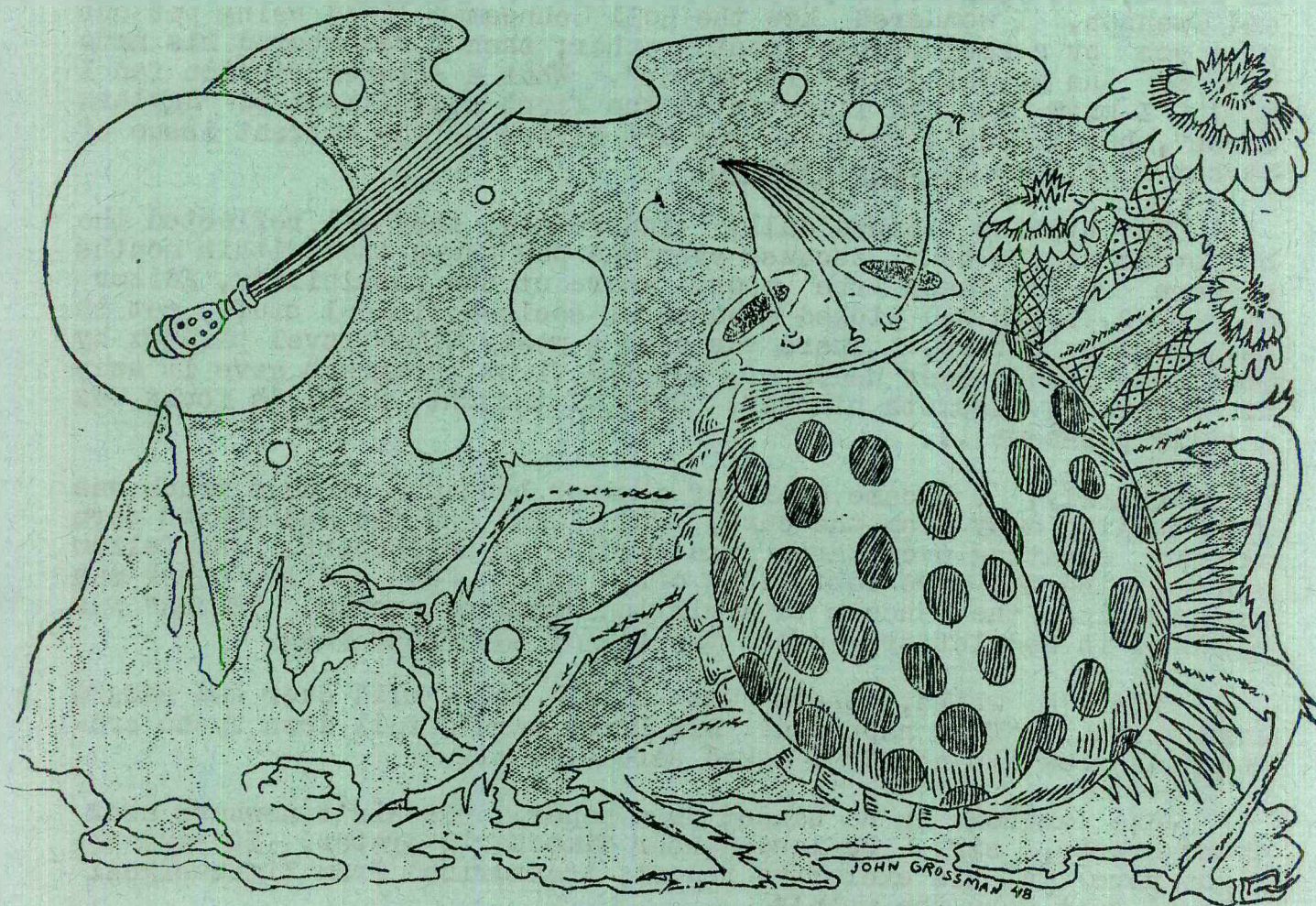
"R. S. Richardson would be proud of you, Jake!" I snarled. I crumpled the "Extra" in my hands, and then ripped it across, and again and again. I hurled the tattered, wrinkled sheets into the gutter.

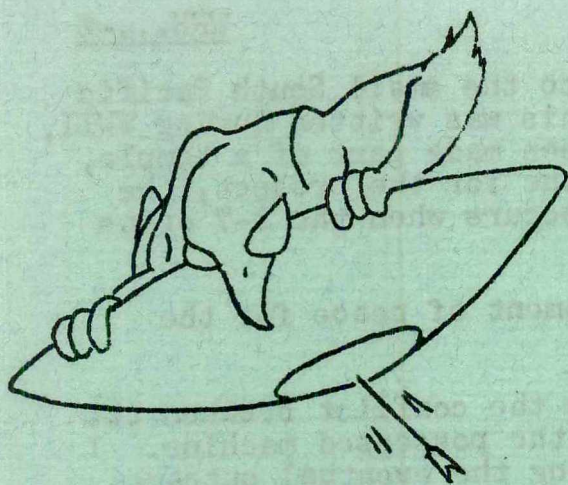
Jake gaped at me. "Don't you want to read about Brian Regals' new theory about how the moon craters were formed? And about the microscopic life he thinks he found?"

I spat on the ripped-up newspaper.

"The hell with Brian Regals!" I shouted.

the end





WITH FOLDED HANDS . . .

A BOOK REVIEW COLUMN

We of the editorial staff of FAFHRD have been looking for some time for a good book-reviewer for the zine. We have found one in Desmond Emery, and thoroughly intended to feature him, all by his lonesome, this issue. However, we had also been plaguing Andy Young for material of any sort--and he chose to send a book review. Thus we present both of them this time, both with unique styles of reviewing. Comments from the readership, please.

SOMETHING OLD —

SOMETHING NEW

by M. Desmond Emery, Canadian.

SOMETHING OLD : "Killdozer", by Theodore Sturgeon. Originall published in aSF, 1944. Those newcomer fen among the readers who envision Sturgeon's writings as so much schizophrenic gush should try to get hold of this oldie. Originally appearing in Astounding in 1944, it has only once been anthologized (to my knowledge), in BEST OF SCIENCE FICTION, 1946 (Conklin).

The slight prologue, perhaps a couple of hundred words, is the only part of it that presages Sturgeon's present style. The rest of the fifty-five pages (in very small type - I'm reading from the anthology) is sheer space opera of the type that makes older fen weep for the good old days. --But Space Opera on as high a level as his own BABY IS THREE, or Bester's DEMOLISHED MAN, in psycho-type str. It's a story of possession - possession of a machine by a mutant electron-being, survivor of an age utterly unknown to Man.

The machine is Daisy Etta - a D-7 bulldozer.* The possessor is a sort of metal-loving, flesh-hating robotform, "Spawned in mighty machines by some accident of a science before our aboriginal conception of its complexities." In the last battle before the end of civilization, the mutant escapes the destruction that overwhelms the rest of the world by hiding in an envelope of neutronium, where it is trapped. Until...



RC.

*Ed's note: "D-7" in the Spanish language is pronounced "day-see-ay-tay," or Daisy Etta.

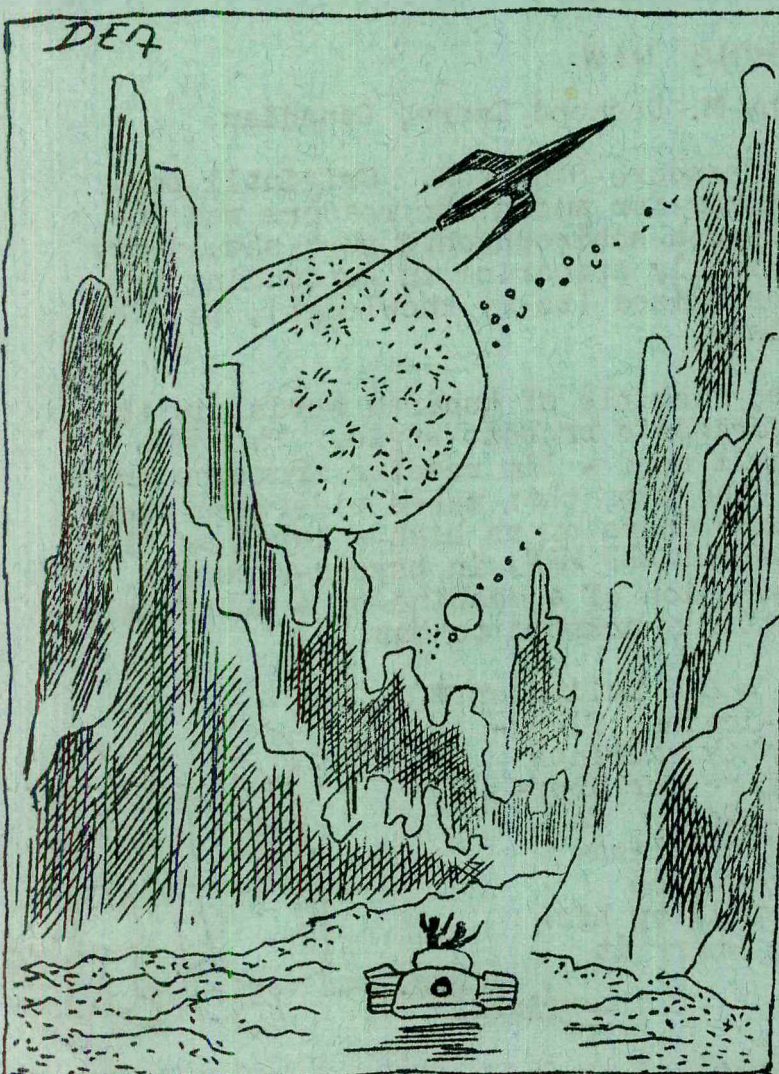
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A construction company sends a crew to the small South Pacific island to convert it into an airbase. (This was written during WWII, remember). The neutronium envelope has been made part of a temple, now long disused, and in trying to get stone for the project, the temple is to be dozed down. Possession occurs when the D-7 opens the mutant's prison.

From that point on there's not one moment of peace for the reader.

The major part of the story continues the conflict between the few men who are working on the island and the possessed machine. I wouldn't want to spoil it for you by telling the eventual outcome, but for real suspense and excitement, I don't think I could recommend better than this.

Knowing that Sturgeon was in construction work in Puerto Rico at one time, I wouldn't be at all surprised if he had applied to this story the advice so often handed to a writer:- base his characters on real people. There are no stock players here, except maybe the hero, who is everything a hero should be. Everyone of the men in the construction company does seem like an actual person, which is unenough in any kind of literature.



Even more unusual in these days of sex-stf (altho I suppose it wasn't, then) is the absolute non-appearance of the female form divine. The only feminine thing on the island apparently is Daisy Etta, who wants to kill men, not make love to them. I think this story is one of the main reasons why Sturgeon is one of my favorite authors.

SOMETHING NEW :

"Not This August," by C.M. Kornbluth.

This should turn out to be a sort of preview review, since the book hasn't been issued yet (at the time of writing, that is). If Ellik and Cox get this out before the publisher gets the book out, I imagine we should have a fannish first on our hands. ++The book has already appeared, and two reviews have already appeared in other fanzines. Sorry, Des....--re++.

Several fans should have read it by now, though, in the serial form in which it appeared this spring in Maclean's Magazine, since I gave them the three copies in which to do so. For you others, I can only suggest you rush out and buy the book early. (This is a pretty hearty commendation, and I do think Mr. K. should dedicate his next book to me.) ~~44~~I believe you have Kornbluth confused with Knight, Desmond. It's Damon Knight who is in the habit of dedicating books to fans...re++.

The theme of NOT THIS AUGUST (I'll let you find out where the title comes from) is not at all unusual or startling. There must be at least several thousand pages of stories of the War Between East and West floating around. However, beyond the theme, the resemblance to the theoretical several thousand pages is non-existent. The story is in fact quite startling, perchance even shocking to some. The first shock comes when Mr. K. allows the West to fall before the hordes of the East in ignominious defeat. Those who believe the West is Best, Right Always Triumphs, etc., will probably find this rather jolting. And to give them still further tingles in the eyeballs, Mr. K. makes the Russians quite human for most of the story. He has sound historical basis for such heretical writings, tho, since the West has fallen before, and since the Russians are of woman born.

After the triumph of Might Over Right, the North American Continent (ah yes, even we Canadians are evidently caught with our pants down) is divided down the middle with the Russians occupying the Western half and the Chinese occupying the West. The story centers mostly in New York State, and we are only given a few oddments concerning the plight of the West. It's the story of one man, but at least two of the other characters have that indefinable quality of fictional reality. It isn't the story of the last man after Armageddon, or "Hero Conquers Continent." There's no seductive Russian woman spy posing as a ballerina for the hero to seduce. Female interest is a Plain Jane, who does what she has to. There is, however, a sturdy plot with strong characterization to back it up. The ending may be considered a trifle on the weak side, but on the whole has no ill effect on the story-line. Don't miss it. I may even be prevailed upon to lend my Macleans' to some worthy soul who can't wait.

SCIENCE -

OR SCIENCE FICTION?

by Andy Young, Scholar.

I have just read one of the most unusual books I have ever seen. It is "The Origin and History of the Earth" by Robert Tunstall Walker and Woodville Joseph Walker. If these names are not familiar to most science-fiction fans, it is not surprising; they are a pair of economic geologists. This seems pretty far afield from science fiction, perhaps, but the ideas set forth in this book are of the imaginative and speculative sort that appeal to many fans.

In general, I wish to point out that in spite of the very unorthodox notions of the authors, the book is not the work of cranks. It is lucidly written, well illustrated, printed on slick coated paper and neatly bound. The authors are very plainly sincere, and show admirable restraint in presenting their views. They emphasize throughout that their hypothesis is just that, and not a theory nor an all-encompassing interpretation of all human experience -- as some, such as Velikovsky and Hubbard, have done in their enthusiasm.

Basically, their idea is this: The current notion of a cooling and contracting earth, resulting in the formation of folded mountain ranges and the other gross phenomena of geological activity, does not fit at all well with their experience in studying the crust of the Earth. Therefore, they postulated the converse, namely that the Earth is expanding instead. The cause of the expansion was assumed to be a mass of very high density in the Earth's core, decomposing radioactively into less dense materials and thus expanding. The high density of the white dwarf stars suggested that the high-density "Nucleus" might be similar, and from here they went on to develop a picture of the origin and evolution of the Earth, and of the Universe as a whole.

This picture assumes that some two- to four-billion years ago all the matter in the Universe was concentrated in a relatively small lump of atoms with fantastically high atomic weights. Such atoms, called "Q-atoms" by the authors, might be either extremely heavy atoms similar to the common everyday variety, but with atomic numbers in the hundreds of thousands and weights correspondingly large; they might be neutron aggregates of nuclear size, stable only under high pressure; or they might be a sort of super-neutron, behaving much like an elementary particle, but very massive and capable of disintegration into more conventional particles and atomic nuclei. (My reaction to this is that the second idea is the most likely.) At any rate, the "Primordial Mass" became unstable at its surface because of the low pressure there, and began to explode slowly, blasting off pieces which became the galaxies. The common two-armed spiral form of many galaxies is suggested to be a result of tidal bulges produced on the galactic masses, modified by their rotation. With the pressure thus reduced, the galactic masses of Q-atoms would continue to disintegrate into stars and solar systems by a similar procedure on a smaller scale.



The evolution of a typical stellar mass is pictured as being a result of the gradual disintegration of its nucleus; it starts out as a white dwarf, then becomes a hot blue giant as its atmosphere is produced by disintegration of the nucleus, and gradually becomes less luminous as the nucleus shrinks and the atmosphere becomes heavier. This is accompanied by an increase in density as the star cools, and finally the object uses up all its nuclear fuel and solidifies. The Earth is pictured as being at almost the end of its nuclear power supply, with a very slow evolution of heat and slight expansion of the rigid body of the Earth as the remaining nuclear material disintegrates and expands.

Many more details are presented than I have space for here -- after all, the book has some 240 pages and took me five hours to read -- but I must say that the authors manage to make out a fairly good case for their hypothesis. It certainly makes fascinating reading.

However, I am not convinced, and I doubt that many other people will be, either. In the first place, it is evident that the authors are technically accurate and fully competent only in their own field, namely, the Earth's crust. They suffer from the same thing many of the editorials and "articles" in ASF suffer from: inadequate tech-

nical background. It is just not possible to guess successfully at the behavior of atomic nuclei without a detailed basis in quantum mechanics. For the explanations set forth in introductory texts and popular writings are necessarily simplified and pictorial; but in fact the atomic particles do not behave in a manner which can be accurately pictured in terms of the concepts formed in common experience; as Heisenberg points out,

"It is not surprising that our language should be incapable of describing the processes occurring within the atom, for, as has been remarked, it was invented to describe the experiences of daily life, and these consist only of processes involving exceedingly large numbers of atoms. Furthermore, it is very difficult to modify our language so that it will be able to describe these atomic processes, for words can only describe things of which we can form mental pictures, and this ability, too, is a result of daily experience. Fortunately, mathematics is not subject to this limitation."

-- and as a result, only the mathematical formalism of the quantum mechanics can adequately deal with such problems as the possibility of "Q-atoms", and most of the pertinent research along such lines is guarded in the name of Security. As this is the cornerstone of the whole thing, I doubt that the Walkers have much justification for their major premise. The non-technical nature of the references they cite strengthens my doubt.

Similarly, they show a lack of knowledge of astronomy in crucial spots; the red supergiants are not accounted for, and they say that comets and meteorites are similar, which is certainly not the case.

But when they get back to Earth, they are on more solid ground (so to speak), and the geological information is well-handled. I do agree that the evidence is against shrinking of the Earth, but it is possible that a shrinking crust and core of fixed size might produce effects similar to a fixed crust and expanding core. Certainly the geological evidence is more convincing than anything else.

In summary, then, the book presents a fairly detailed exposition of an hypothesis which will not stand up under closer scrutiny, but which shows great imagination, sincerity and care. The authors cannot, I think, be blamed for their errors -- they have simply bitten off more than they could chew adequately. The book is written interestingly and well, although some technical terms are left unexplained. If life seems dull, I recommend this curious monograph.

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE EARTH, Walker & Walker, Bradford-Robinson Printing Company, 1954. \$5.00, postpaid, from The Walker Corporation, Box 1068, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

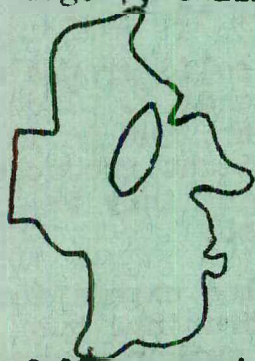
In addition to the official list of FAPA surplus stock being offered for sale in the FANTASY AMATEUR this mailing, prospective buyers might be interested to know that we (Ed Cox and Ron Ellik) have a large pile of duplicate FAPA material from 1947 to 1950, and some items from more recent FAPA mailings. We're not offering it at a page rate, but will haggle happily with any customers. If you're interested in any specific FAPA mag or mailing, please mention it, so we can give you definite information on it.

FANZINIA

by Ed Cox

TACITUM #3. This was about the first zine that arrived here for review, so it shall be first this trip. A semi-slim zine this Silent One, but it does feature a pretty decent piece of writing by Race Matthews entitled "Believer". The rest of this elite-typed zine is filled with reviews and letters. The former includes one of the many Oklacon articles, fanzine and pocket-size recaps on the works of A. C. Clarke compiled by Noah McLeod. Pleasant if not exciting reading all the way through. Benny Sodek of 1432 Calhoun St., New Orleans 18, Louisiana, is responsible, and a dime will get you one, a quarter 3 of them.

OBLIQUE #4. Cliff Gould goes all out with a photo-cover that reflects what I'm coming to think is the typical Gouldian humor. What other faneditor would spend money for a photo-cover for such a subject despite the reason? Inside you'll find similar stuff. Such things as Bill Courval's article about a publisher's mad-treatment of the "Confidential"-type magazines and Raymond E. Banks' article-autobiog lead in interest-value. A WesterCon report, letters and fanzine reviews ably conducted by the editor and something called "Go East Young Fan" that I couldn't read thru complete the zine. Quotes and interlineations galore fill up the cracks. If I might be so bold as to say so, this could, just possibly, be on your MUST! list. Copies can be obtained through the Black Market or at 1559 Cable St., San Diego 7, California, for three-fifths of a quarter per volume. Try it.



TYPO #3. Now this here zine is a sorry sight. I suppose that's a hellova thing to say, Walt Bowart, when you so kindly sent me a copy, but considering your means of reproduction (fanzines only), you could do a more even job. But then, what do I want for nothing? At any rate, howsomever and such, the main deal in this deck is Kent Corey's ALICE IN FANLAND, which is a rea-a-a-l faaanish version of that well-known Walt Disney movie. Pretty well done and well illustrated, but slightly boring to me since I'm not fully acquainted with all the events therein. Chester S. Geir gives a novel style of how to start writing that story you've been intending to. Fanzine reviews, some letters and editorial commentary finish out this issue. Well, not quite. Ron Ellik had something in there that I didn't try to read (if you cut this, Ellik...) (well, why shouldn't I cut it? K. Corey read my "something", and at least thought enough of it to use foul language on it.) (and on me) and Alan Dodd has a column of sorts. What I'm wondering about now is what are they (ALICE and TYPO) going to advertise as the "Big Thing Coming" now that ALICE IN FANLAND has appeared. To find this out plus how Chet Geier would have you learn to write a story, send 15¢ or 60¢ (for a year) or almost anything else beloved of fanzine eds (see our contents page) to Walt Bowart at 306 E. Hickory, Enid, Oklahoma. Of course, we all know #4 is out by now and possibly #5 before this review sees print. (That's what I like--optimism.)

Since I'm reviewing zines that were sent me despite knowing that other issues have since appeared, I'll just tromp happily on.

VIEING #1. I think it's number one. ((It is.)) This is another slimmish item which features a good deal of reprints as well as a short story by D. F. Galouye. The story is a reasonable variation of one of the eternal themes, the gathering of souls by those who hanker for them. Burbee and Tucker are present as reprints and as such, these will be sort of vague to current fans who have no great knowledge or library of the older fanzines. There is a review of Chambers' almost-legendary MAKER OF MOONS (as newly released by Shroud Publishers) by Helen M. Urban. This review is, possibly, typical of present-day attitudes toward what used to be rare and sought-after enjoyable fantasy. Jan Sadler writes a poem and Terry Carr is in the feature-article spot with "Ian T. Youngfan", a convention-report...sort of. I liked the editorializings better than the rest of it but if you want to know what Helen Urban thought of MAKER OF MOONS or what sort of convention report Terry Carr wrote, drop a note to Wayne Strickland who lives in Apt. C in Bldg. 113 at the U.S. Naval Base in New Orleans 14, Louisiana. That's part of the United States, you know.

With all the "current" fanzines recieved duly reviewed in order of receipt, let's put on our boots and go over to the European zines.

ALPHA #11. No doubt everybody knows who publishes it and where it comes from and so on, so I won't make any funny cracks about not being able to read Flemish. I've already done that somewhere. Anyhoo, inside the zine can be found all sorts of interesting stuff. Naturally, since this is my first copy, I'm not sure who all is who as mentioned in the "Twerpcon" item, but there is a "Podge"-type article by Marie-Louise Share, a number of book reviews from all nations by a very enthusiastic reviewer who, much to publisher's delight, no doubt, isn't a bit shy about saying "BUY IT!" A very fine short piece by John Kippax is entitled "The Marksman" which is based on the rock-bird-conception of eternity which appeared in somebody's fanzine some time back. Best item in this issue. Vernon McCain writes a fine article concerning fanzine reviews and Eric Bentcliffe does a sort of article on pornography in stf. The sum total of items in this zine makes too much to review in detail, so why not send money to Dick Ellington, 113 W. 84th St., Apt. #51E, NY 24, NY, to find out what else there might be. 'Tis 90¢ for a six-issue sub and probably very much worth it.

THE NEW FUTURIAN #5. This is the first issue I've seen of the NuFu as they call it. And I'm slightly sorry that I've not seen any of the earlier ones. In it is packed a variety of well-written, extremely interesting articles covering a number of subjects designed to appeal to people of different tastes. For the historically-minded there is Walter Gillings continuing essay on British science-fiction and its growth; musically, Harry Warner (who else?) disserts on the trail-blazing of Stravinsky in his field; Thyril L. Ladd sketches twelve "Most Fantastic Plots" in a manner that convinces you that you've missed something if you haven't read the books and somebody masquerading behind the by-line of "Pheonix" writes a column that, despite its inner-circlish basis on British fandom still proves to be enjoyable reading. Ron Bennet covers the stf content in the British edition of ARGOSY followed by John K. H. Brunner who writes searchingly concerning the usual theme these days, whither stf and so on. But he does it so much better than most and

writes with a convincing authority. Reviews, biblio info, letters and editorializing round out the magazine. While absent are the slathers of artwork pertinent or not to contents {{But Ed...don't talk disparagingly about "slathers of artwork...look around you!}} and not one single interlineation at all, this zine is well worth the 15¢ asked per copy. {{Not without interlineations.}} He will also trade, will be glad to see contributions on similar subjects, and so on. Try one from J. Michael Rosenblum at 7, Grosvenor Park, Chapel-Allerton, Leeds 7, England. If you wish to buy land, a house or rent, etc., try 2, Brunswick Street, North St., Leeds 2 (telephone 26638). Also handles insurance. {{Maybe that's where you get your interlineations after reading NuFu.}}

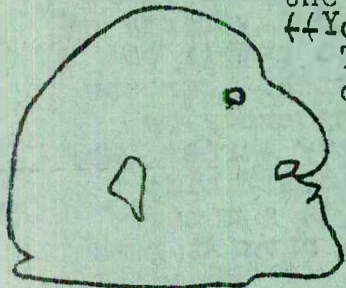
PSI #4. This was the first of two zines that arrived one after the other awhile back. Both were mimeoed on salmon orange paper. Now this zine {{PSI, he means}} had blue ink which wasn't too bad when there was enough of it... Material-wise, this issue is a shade better than the other one I've seen, due mainly to a MidWesCon report by Juanita Coulson. {{Due mainly to your letter they printed, you hippocryte!}} There is a horrible thing stuck in there entitled "End of a Fan" and it will be the end of Lyle Amlin if he uses more stuff like it. Autobiog stuff by Ron Voigt, an aborted column by Bob Hoskins, editorializing and a two-page "poetry" section complete this 16-page zine. Of course, there were letters and a back cover pic of a girl with two left legs. This can stand a tremendous heap of work. (The fanzine, that is; the girl is stuck with the two left legs.) Lyle Amlin, 307 E. Florida, Hemet, California. 10¢.

FANDOM DISPATCH #2 and last. This was an attempt by David Rike, proprietor of Hashish House Pubs., Inc., Ltd., to do a fairly journalistic type of fan-news-zine. Since, as he indicated in his editorial, most fans already knew about most of the news and were also lax in sending in the hot scoops, he folded it. It is replaced by

OPIUM TRIBUNE "The Bay Area Dope-Sheet". I've a couple of copies here. Single sheet, one side of the page, dittoed jobs that are dispatched to the recipient as often as a page-full of worthwhile news-items are gathered. This is a more informal type sheet quite the opposite of the defunct FD. Help it along and get your name in print! Dave Rike, Box 203, Rodeo, Calif.

Now that I've gone and reviewed some UStuff in the gala European section, let's get back to said European Section.

VOID #3. This is probably known to most of you so I'll skip some of the obvious remarks and get down to ASF's letter column. {{You slay me, Cox...someday I'll do the same for you}} The feature item in this issue is a long dissertation on the possible aspects of growth in Europe of a fandom combined with a very long blow-by-blow account of a small convention held in Antwerp called, oddly enough, the "Twerpcon". It will prove much more interesting reading to the participants than those who aren't too familiar with European fandom. Reviews of books, movies and fanzines take page-space plus a page of "fiction" by Ann Steul. A good-sized letter column brings the issue to a close. I suppose that with time there'll be improvement in all respects, especially considering that the scope is limited and fans here in the States are generally not up to date



on what fans in Germany consider "current". With more material and neater presentation, VOID will soon become a fair representation of continental fandom. Of course, one of these days, Greg's family and VOID will move back to the States, and continental fandom will then have to start producing again. Right now, tho, you can get it from Greg Benford, c/o Lt.Col. J.A. Benford, Hq. 594th F.A. Battn., APO 169, New York, NY.

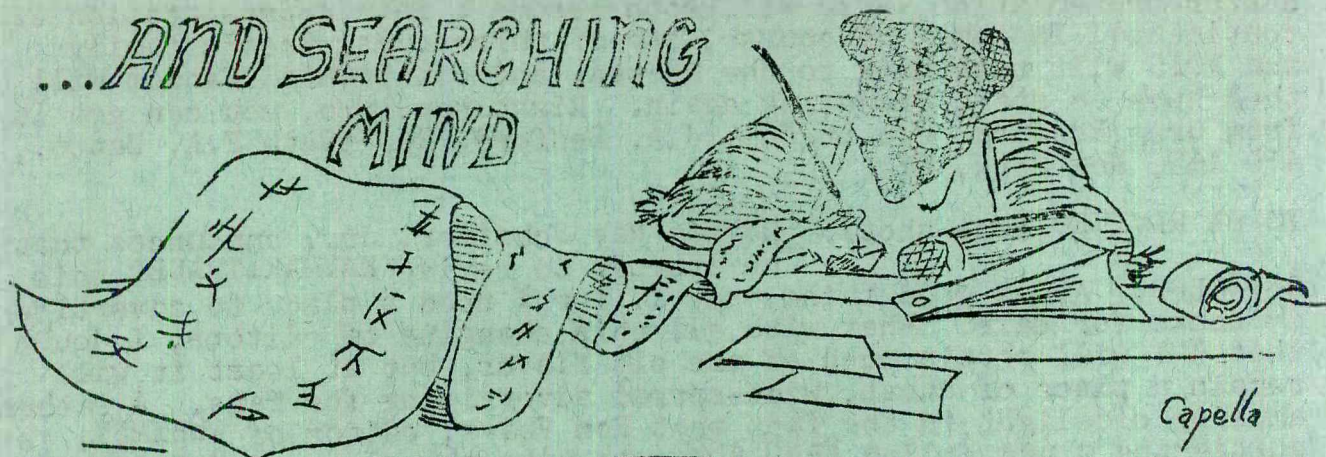
TO BE REVIVED (one-shot). Herein Ray Schaffer, Jr., announces that he intends to revive KAYMAR-TRADER this December. And a good thing, say I, for I need a place to advertise my books for sale. What with all this changing of editors, I doubt that K-T will retain much of the old flavor, but at least it will remain a place of cheap, wide-spread advertising for fans. A rather amusing sidelight is the fact that Ron Voigt, editor of WWWHIMSY, is initiating a mag called FANCLASSO--to take the place of K-T. Well, like the signs say, advertising benefits everyone. I guess two cut-rate magazines won't provide too much competition for each other. The address on the new K-T STF TRADER (Ray's title) is Ray Schaffer, Jr., 4541 Third St. N.W., Pleasant Hills, Canton, Ohio, after Nov. 20th. Probably very few people will see this before then anyway.

ECLIPSE #13. What with addition of a new column (DRAGON'S ISLAND by J. M. Graetz) and two stories (one piece of amateur science-fiction by Terry Carr and one piece of fan-fiction by Linda Perry) ECLIPSE is no longer the care-free, individzine it was an ish or two ago. It is now a respectable subzine, bighod! Editor Thompson tries valiantly to remain happy-go-lucky in the fanzine reviews and the letter column, but he is betrayed by the quality of his mimeographing--nobody tries hard to master a mimeo if they aren't interested in the magazine. Shame on you, Ray--you're going sercon. #If you want to get ECLIPSE, however, and help us scornThompson, you have to send 10¢ to 410 S 4th St, Norfolk, Nebraska.

EPITOME #6. Amazingly enough, there is no progress discernible between EPITOME #5 and #6. If anything, #6 is poorer than #5. Illustrations are still poor, reproduction doesn't seem quite as sharp, there is less material, less work evident in the format, and poorer reviews. GLOOMER is back, which might be a harbinger of almost anything, from a lack of material to a mental regression. PIT this time is unsatisfactory--the only decent thing about it is the letter column. Dallas fans should take a hint from this and other fanzines they've been publishing: It isn't important how often you publish, but how well you publish. It would have been much better if Janke's article had been incorporated in some other Dallas fanzine which had some other material to back it up, and the rest of this issue never saw print. A good question to ask yourself when deciding whether or not to publish material is "Does this fit?" Address is Mike May, 9428 Hobart Street, Dallas 18, Texas. 5¢.

OFFHAND,
I'd say that there should be
somebody out there
interested in a whole slew of duplicate fanzines I have

...AND SEARCHING MIND



This time we've pulled another switch. The letters were written to both of us, mostly to me, so I'm answering them instead of Cox doing in, in order to thoroughly confuse the readership. This will teach you to patronize schizophrenic fanzines.

Claude Raye Hall, 2212 San Antonio, Austin 5, TEXAS: I will review FAFHRD in MUZZY #8--due in a month or so. Trimble did finally have the pleasure of meeting me. ~~++??++~~ We shot the bull for three or so hours. #HPL item was the top material of the issue. The artwork and its presentation was terrible.

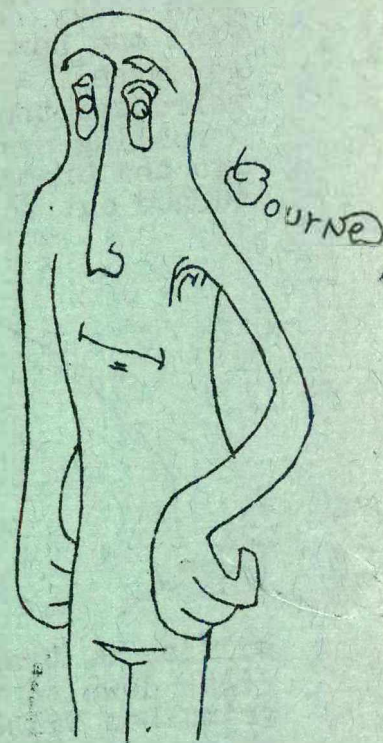
~~++Trimble wrote a brief account of his visit with you, but by a unanimous vote of the editorial staff, FAFHRD has decided to cut VOICE OUT OF EXILE for the time being. Too many people simply did not like it.++~~

Ray Schaffer, Jr., 122 N. Wise St., North Canton, Ohio: I must say, with all sincerity, the repro is fabulous. And the use of the blue and green paper makes for an even more attractive mag. FAFHRD must be a work of love, as it is simply beautiful, beautiful... And now to the material, ah yes, the material. Enjoyed immensely the Lovecraft essay by Wilson. I haven't read much of Lovecraft's works, but this essay article has induced me to try my darndest to get my hands on all the HPL items that I've missed. Looking forward to more items of a similar nature in future ish. #If the Westercon report is 100% authentic, it (the Westercon) makes the Clevention look like an extremely 'dry' con, as the vast majority of the attendees at Cleveland were rather conservative in their drinking. #See you in the next mailing, which I have high hopes of making, finally.

~~++You won't see ME in this mailing as there is only one authentic copy, and the FAPA constitution says I'd have to have 68. Jacobs will be quite happy to hear that you are making this mailing, as he thought he'd have to do all the OE's work this year. #Reviewers please note: We do not ordinarily print such rave letters as the above because it makes us look like we'reegotistical. We print such rave letters as the above ordinarily because we are egotistical.++~~

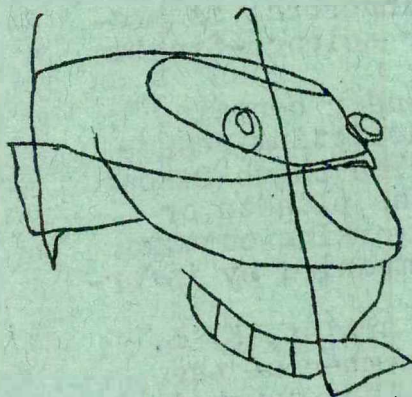
Jeremy J. Millett, 1446 Garden St., Park Ridge, Ill: Received FAFHRD #2 a couple of days ago, and I am not in the least curious to know what the name stands for, nor how it is pronounced. #As regards the convention report, there are two steps to maturity. One, learning how to hold your alcohol, two, not bragging all over the place about how soused you got last night. So who cares if some bum named Stuart got himself so high that he started leaking dynaflo fluid? I sure don't.

{{JJMillett, cont'd.:}} #The Lovecraft article was the high point of the issue. I read the thing all the way through, and I'm not even a Lovecraft admirer. One small thing, tho. I found that if you take all the large letters that start paragraphs, you come out with CBTIA, which is a pretty dirty thing to put in a family type magazine like yours that should cater to clean, wholesome and pure entertainment. #Actually, it wasn't bad, but it could be improved if you'd enlarge the letter and review sections. {{But if you take out CBTIA, you wind up with paragraphs starting with words like OMPOSING and ASICALLY, which, while not dirty, are rather confusing...}}



Andy Young, 10 Summer Road, Cambridge 38, Mass: Here, at last, is something I hope you can use for FAFHRD. In looking it over, I feel that I haven't done an adequate job of describing the novel notions of the Walkers, but on the other hand I seem to have been so dull and technical that few sf fans will find my account readable. I do think, however, that this odd book will appeal to some fans and collectors of outre and Fortean literature. It held me spellbound from 10:30 pm until 3:30 am last night, anyway. I doubt that many fans will have access to a copy, as it is a bit too technical for the average public library, and too unorthodox for most technical libraries. If anyone really wants a copy, it's \$5.00 postpaid from the Walker Corporation, Box 1068, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

{{We don't mind if sf fans ignore the review, and the book. We try to cater to fantasy and outre enthusiasts with FAFHRD, and not to the sf fan all the time. True, our mailing list is, allegedly, all made up of sf fans, but that definition doesn't limit them or us to sf only. As a certain chap from Hermosa Beach said last issue, there is more than enough room in fandom for FAFHRD, as there is an abundance of the generalzine and gossip mag about us. And in FAFHRD there will always be more than enough room for off-trail material.}}



Mary A. Southworth, Apt 214, 612 W 11 Mile, Royal Oak, Michigan: Just received FAFHRD, and thought I'd write and let you know how I'm doing... {{Then she takes two and a half pp. (legal size) to tell how she's doing, all of which I enjoyed, but none of which had anything to do with FAFHRD}}. Enough of my chit-chat. I didn't care too much for the WESTERCON article - it tells where everybody went: "We want so-and-so--then we did so-and-so..." The article on HPL was interesting.

{{There are people who are going to wonder why I printed the above letter. Let 'em wonder, I say.}}

"Will you please wipe that face off your grin?"--teevee

groping through British fog replete with full convention gear appears to your left as Lars Bourne and I see it--that's even more riotous.}}

course--as a matter of fact, none of the above feature the complete missive--but that's the part Ed and I wanted to publish. We're letting Bill reprint the article--hah hah, letting him. Hah...}}

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Nova Studios of Minneapolis, Minnesota, is producing a calendar specifically designed for science-fiction fans and space-flight enthusiasts.

The artist, K. L. Ridout, long-time science-fiction fan, and member of the Society for the Advancement of Space Travel, has devoted many hours to research and development, assisted by Robert G. Newman, to create a calendar which they believe will become a collectors' item. It will be printed in limited quantities. Price, \$1.00 postpaid from Nova Studios, P.O. Box 5201, Minneapolis 7, Minnesota.

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