

FANTO SEE



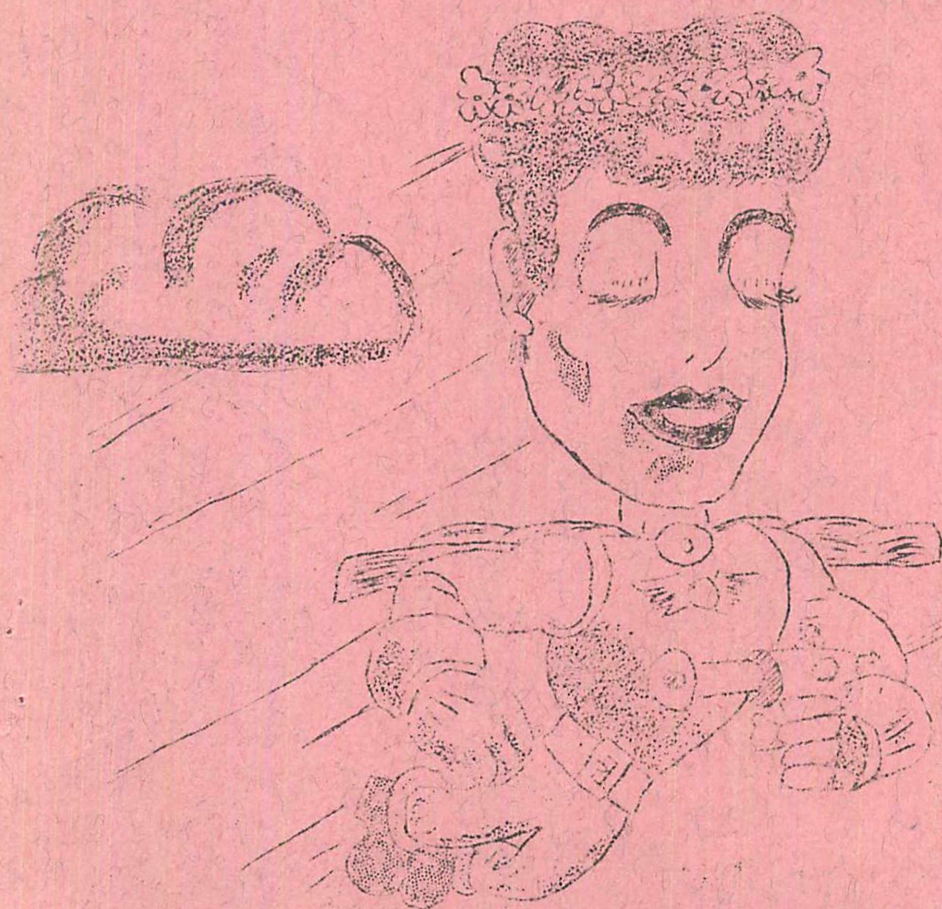
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FAN TO SEE

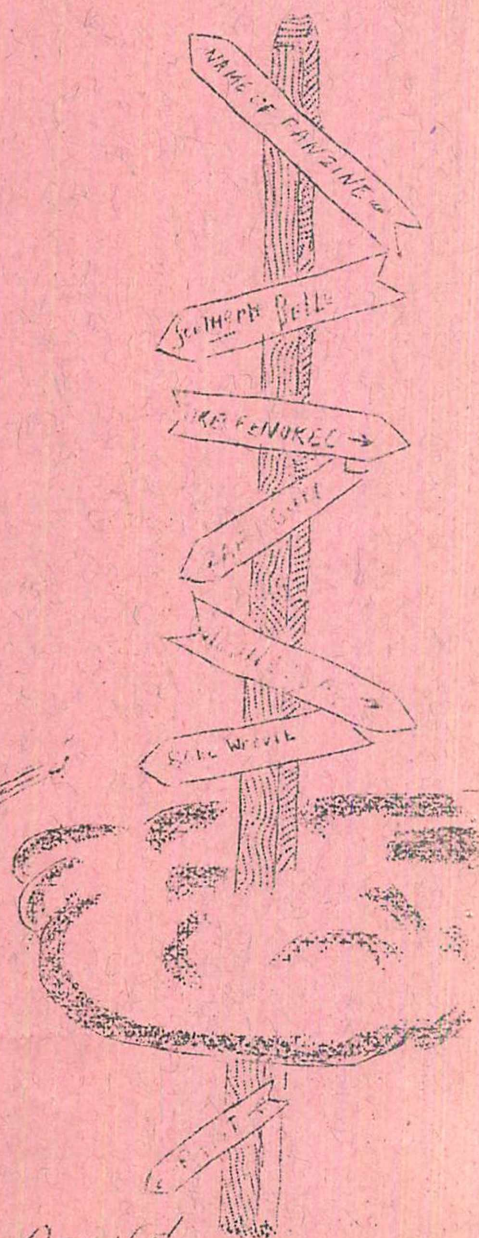
VOL 1

NO 3

"THAT" FANZINE



Lee Hoffman "Superman"
(Photo to B. E. S.)



Don't let

Easton -

FAN TO SEE

VOL 1 NO 3

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THE RAPID, RABID, RANDOM RABELINGS

OR AS THEY SAY IN FAN TO SEE

THE EDITORIAL (WHOT ELSE?)

Hear we are again, all you happy faaaaaaaaaaans, in keeping with all my fellow editors and such, I am gonna make a prediction: FANS WILL BECOME VERY POPULAR THIS SUMMER. There I said it and I'm glad.

hal shapiro was in town last week end. Unluckily I had to work Saturday night, but from what I hear tell the boys had quite a time. Hal dropped in at noon on Sunday, and gave out with some quotable and unquotable quotes of what went on the night before. Hal said that Keasler was raving about the sex in NIAGARA starring MARILYN MONROE, so off we went Hal, Venita and I, jumped into Hal's old car (a mere 52 Studebaker).

I must admit that there is some sex in NIAGARA, but just "some". Hal and I were afearred for awhile that good ole Marilyn was gonna dislocate herah.....hip, but even tho she tried for all she's worth she didn't succeed, maybe it's because she got knocked off too early in the picture.

After tracking and back-tracking ourselves all over St. Louis, we ended up in a Chop Suey joint on North Grand Blvd. Even tho I claim to be a fan, I could not get up enough courage to down a plate of Chop Suey. so I settled for a nice Turkey dinner, and Venita took fried chicken. OH US FAKE FANS!

After we arrived at the olde homestead once again, I tried, but to no avail, to convince Hal that a one-shot was in order. Hal seemed to think that he was too sober. Anyway he was busy digging through the pile of fanzines that I collected over the past 1 1/2 years looking for the ones with his articles and showing them to Venita while I sat calmly between the two (gotta protect my interest you know). Hal had to get back to the base early the next day, so he left early, about 10:30, all the taverns were closed anyway so it was a typical dead St. Louis Sunday evening.

Before leaving Hal gave me a copy of SEVAGRAM, a sub zine edited and published by Van Splawn, 4942 West Pine Blvd., St. Louis 8, Mo. 10¢ per copy or 3 for 25¢. Course Hal talked me out of a zine or two, and a pocket book "The world of Lil Abner", so I guess he thought he owed me something in return. While on the subject of SEVAGRAM I might as well review it briefly. This issue is small in size, but large on quality. For example the fiction piece "IN MAN'S IMAGE" by W. Finch is what you'd expect to find in a pro-mag. Three well written articles by Redd Boggs, Paul Carter and Clint Ford. Ford's article entitled "SCIENCE FICTION MINUS!" gives out with opinion of SCIENCE FICTION PLUS. Also two poems, plus a cover by Van, frontispiece by Bill Price, and interior illos by the same, added with the excellent mimeographing, equals an above average fanzine. As Paul would say "GET IT"

After this issue I'm going to take over the fanzine review, I doubt if I can equal Paul's fine efforts, but I'll do my best to give out with a fair review to everyone. The CONDOR'S NEST in this issue may be the last for some time to come, as Paul is now the property of the U.S. A.F. and his time will be limited for awhile. However, after Paul gets out of boot camp, maybe we can twist his arm a slight bit and get a column out of him for each issue. LOTS OF LUCK ON YOUR NEW ADVENTURE, PAUL!

CONT. ON PAGE 13

TAIN T NECESSARILY SO

BY HAL SHAPIRO, ab

It has happened many times. Times too numerous to mention and too numerous to record, even if all the incidents could be put down on paper. And when you come to hoaxes, people are fooled by the simplest things. It always seems that the most obvious hoax is the one which works the best.

Let's take examples. We have, for instance, the classic example of the Cardiff Giant which, while proven a hoax beyond doubt time and again, still managed to garner admission money from the gullible herd who wanted to see, and would not believe the pronouncements of the scientists.

Then there was the case of Hugh Tray, a wealthy artist in New York who, in 1936, hearing that John D. Rockefeller deplored the practice of digging up the streets, appeared with a friend in front of Rockefeller's town house on 54th Street. Dressed as laborers, they erected barriers, red lanterns, and proceeded to dig a vast hole in the middle of the street. At noon they stopped work, took out lunches, ate and, after eating, continued to dig. Three o'clock came and they put out night lights, and left. Twenty-four hours later, when complaints poured in about the messed up pavement, the Public Works Department looked into the matter and discovered that they'd sent no one to dig up the street.

Of course, one of the classic hoaxes still must be about Germany's annexation of a portion of Patagonia, at the southern tip of Argentina, early in this century. An item on this appeared in the London TIMES. The TIMES said that its source was the Berliner TAGEBLATT, "a usually authentic and reliable Continental publication."

The land was a veritable paradise, a land of milk and honey, where the climate was perfect for tobacco and tropical fruits and was heavily timbered with the "Vinegar Pear" tree. It was even intimated that Germany's interest in the land was due to this unusually hard wood, found nowhere else in the world, and which was urgently needed for an extremely mysterious, top-secret military matter.

Argentina blew its top, wanting to know what right Germany had to encroach on sovereign territory. The US State Department reminded Germany of the Monroe Doctrine. Great Britain took the matter up through her ambassadors in Berlin. The story was widely publicized and, for a time, diplomats were running hell bent for nowhere, frantically striving to avert an international incident. After four months of hilarious musical-comedy intrigue, the double talk was reaching the shooting stage when someone finally checked and found that the area described, had it existed, was 600 miles off the Patagonia coast. It was found that there was no such thing as a "vinegar pear" tree. Some laughed, Some were bitter.

Orson Welles' broadcast of Mars' invasion of Earth is too well known to be listed here.

Not so well remembered is the 1835 hoax of Sir John Herschel, the son of a famous British astronomer. In 1833 young Herschel took off for Capetown to make celestial observations from the southern hemisphere. Frequently thereafter, London and New York newspapers carried articles of his star-gazing antics. All were plausible enough until August 25, 1835, when the New York SUN ran an item stating that Herschel had observed Orville creatures on the moon, human in appearance, as well as herds



of small, cowlike animals, grassy plains, wooded areas, strange buildings, and a unicorn. According to the SUN, the news came from a reporter for the Edinburgh JOURNAL OF SCIENCE. The fellow had received letters and photographs from Sir John. The New York JOURNAL OF COMMERCE asked for and received permission to reprint the items and soon asked for more material, which was supplied by the SUN. Even blurred photos were published. With each installment the story got better. He must have spent every hour with his eye at the telescope, for there were night and day scenes, Lunarited making love, picking "vinegar pears," milking unicorns, butchering the strange-looking cattle (which they ate raw), harvesting crops of grain which looked like sheaves of wheat.

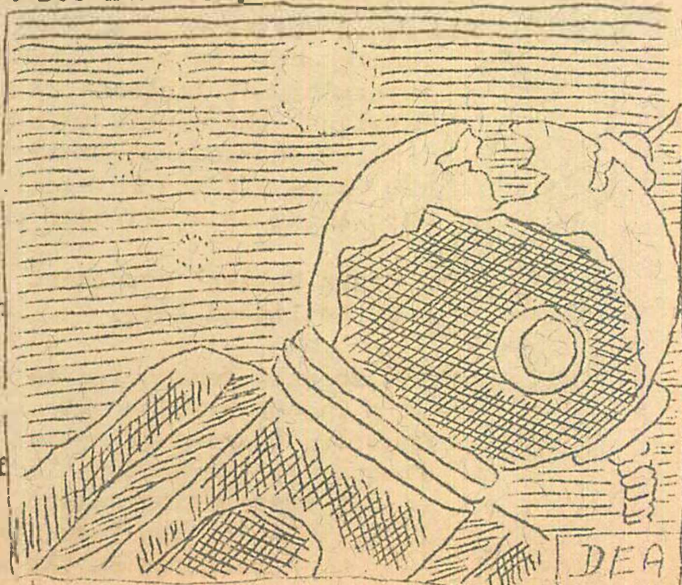
No one knows how long this lunatic adventure might have continued to fool the people had not some prof noticed a sentence stating that the lens of the telescope was twenty-four feet in diameter. It seemed odd, to say the least, for nothing of that description had ever been manufactured. It also came out that the Edinburgh JOURNAL OF SCIENCE did not exist. The metal regurgitation that followed the unmasticated gulps of scientific exploration by the JOURNAL OF COMMERCE were frightful to behold. What they didn't call the SUN is useless to remember. However the SUN's circulation jumped from a few thousand to 19,360.

Of course, hoaxes and incredulity is not limited to the mundane outer world. Fandom and science fiction itself has had more than its share of hoaxing and being hoaxed. One of the classic examples of a hoax in stf writing must, of course, be dredged from Ziff-Davis' AMAZING, circa 1946 and later. I'm speaking, of course, of Shaver's and Palmer's efforts to convince the world of the existence of deros, teros, Lemuria, ad nasem. Of course, there is the vague possibility that there is truth in their mendacity, but Palmer's editorials in OTHER WORLDS concerning Shaver's latest writings put that thought to flight.

We cannot fail to mention the two Tucker Death Hoaxes. The first, planned and executed by Tucker himself, was very succesful because of the fact that no extreme publicity was given to it. News was allowed to filter out as it would do if he had died. Then, late in 1949, Ben Singer and Tucker got together in the home of the "Sage of Bloomington," and planned the second Death Hoax. Art Rapp, on Singer's instructions, mimeographed a letter which was sent to many fans and reported the death of Tucker. The circumstances of Bob's "death," and his uncompleted plans, as announced in that letter, and a listing of things he had done in the past, unknown to fandom, would seem to have been a "dead" giveaway. And yet the fan world, with rare exceptions, believed to the hilt that Bob had died.

Some years ago, an article by C. Stewart Metchette (presently with the US Army in Korea) appeared in SPACEWARP. It told the story of "A Stf Master No One Knew." It told the fabulous story of an author named Horace O. Axtell. Despite the obvious initials prefacing each name, scores of letters were sent scurrying about the world, by people who had fallen for the gag.

Oh, there are other fan hoaxes. ODD TALES was a promag to have been produced during a dearth of the things. A copy of the proposed cover was even reproduced in a prominent fanzine. What no one noticed was that the first initials of the names of the authors, as printed on the cover, formed the word, HOAX.



Then too, there was the Singleton Death Hoax, and many others.

However, a hoax which I can write of authoritatively is the InVention Report. It was a report of the First Annual Science Fiction Invitational Convention. It all came about the afternoon of Sunday, April 6, 1952, when Rich Elsberry, Redd Boggs, John Grossman, and this writer gathered in the home of Elsberry and discussed various fan hoaxes and conventions. Thus, the report was born. Distributed at the Third MidWestCon, and mailed to non-attendees, it told the story of an invitational convention which, by the very nature of occurrences described, could not possibly have happened. And yet many fans fell for it. Walt Willis wrote: "I wonder if I would have caught on if I hadn't known it was a hoax. But I think . . . the title InVention would have tipped me off. Don't know though--I'm very credulous. . ."

The thing about the InVention was the fact that the perpetrators of this "hoax" had not planned it as a hoax at all. It was merely to be a satire on all the other convention reports which had been written and convention which had been held.

Bob Silverberg wrote recently, glad that he hadn't fallen for it, "Because then I'd probably be as embarrassed as Bob Farnham, Gregg Calkins, and the others who believed that Laney and Furbee would travel half-way across the country for a con and that Harry Warner would break a fifteen-year hermitage just for a unheralded affair."

The reason for this mention of Silverberg is that today (January 11), as this is being written, I have just finished reading the January issue of his fanzine, SPACESHIP. In it is an article by Larry Saunders, which purports to be the review of the SCIENCE FICTION FAN YEARBOOK.

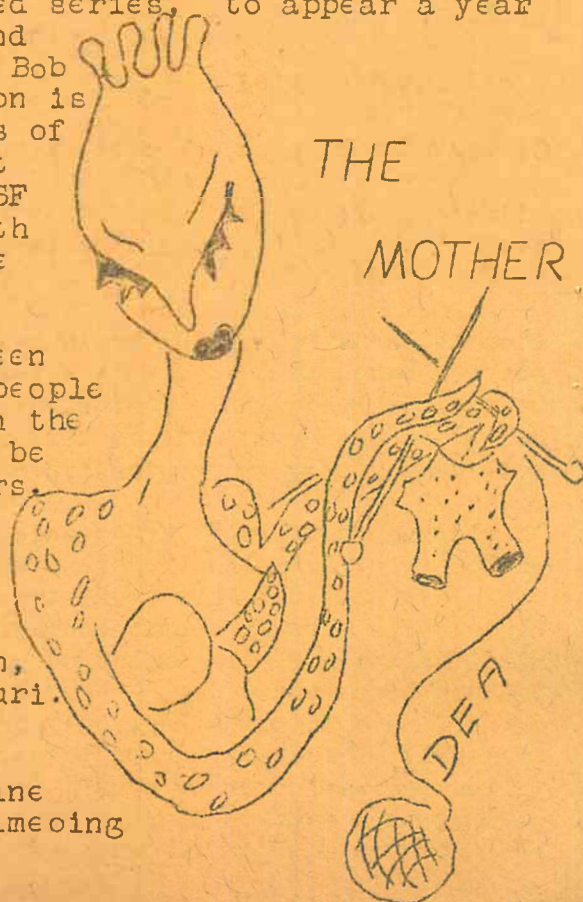
Selling at \$2.00, this first of a projected series, to appear a year apart, is said to cover the year, 1951, and to be published by two Philadelphia fans, Bob Haskell and Rich Phillips. The description is of a marvelous book, but the circumstances of its publication, distribution, et al, just don't ring true. Who knows, perhaps the SF FAN YEARBOOK will take its place along with ODD TALES, The Tucker Things, and even the Loch Ness Monster.

No plausible excuse for hoaxes has ever been found, except that, as long as there are people with fertile imaginations, and others with the necessary credulity, hoaxers will always be with us, as they have for hundreds of years.

---hal shapiro, db

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I nonimate this zine for the best mimeod zine that I have seen. (and here I thought my mimeoing was good, this puts me to shame.)



MEMORABILIA

BY

D. O. CANTINE

Once upon a time there lived, (and I use the word in it's broadest sense) a Phoomph (?) on the planet Hymockp. This Phoomph, whose name was Ghorkail, was an author, at least that's what he called himself. He was a very poor writer; he used his carbon paper twice, and was frowned upon by his fellow Phoomphs for this act. He was also a very unlucky chap, the period fell out of his typer and he had to spell the work 'period' after each sentence, which made his sentences rather awkward to read. One day, in desperation, he decided to sell his typer for food, he had not eaten for six months. So he left his hole in the ground, with the machine straddled under his arm, headed for the nearest pawn shop. But on his way to town he met a little bem, crying on the side of the path, "Boo an' Hoc" cried the bem, as 'he' brought out a handkerchief and dried his eyestalks.

"Whuffo yo' am crying'? Sick?" asked Ghorkail.

"No, (sniff) I'm not sick, I'm Jack. An I'm crying 'cause ten years ago I came to this planet from my home on REKCUT with a scheme to make some dough." Jack put away his handkerchief in the folds of his skin.

"How dat? " pueried Ghorkail, " Wha' was yo' scheme?"

"I came here from my planet with a whole bagful of periods, an' I sold 'em to writers whose typers lost said periods." answered Jack.

"A gleam came into Ghorkail's three eyes, "Shay, has yo' an extra period yo' could sell me?"

"Sold out," replied Jack.

"I couldn't have paid for it anyhoo," Sniffed Ghorkail.

"I made aforthne tho " said Jack as he patted the sack at his side. "But the authorities won't let me take it back home -- that's why I'm crying" he concluded.

Ghorkail's never-resting brain came into play, "You mean you've got to leave all that mazuma behind? Why you POOR thing!" Ghorkail rolled up his four sleeves and said: "Tell ya what I'm gonna do, seeing as this is bargain day, and I'm a good fellow, I'll swap you my ginyewwine typer for your filthy money."

"Wouldyoudothatforme? Youareaniceman,butyoudon'tunnerstan, whatihaveinthisbagisnotlegalcurrencybutmerelybeans." It is quite obvious that Jack spoke that last sentence rapidly to confuse the already overly-confused Ghorkail. Being of weak mind, Ghorkail gladly exchanged his machine for the bag, thinking the bag contained money. When he arrived to his hole in the ground, he opened the bag, only to discover -- "BEANS" he bolleried, "I fear I've been taken. That miserable grasshoppole has pulled the wool over my eyes." He chewed his lower lips for a minute, then said to himself consolingly, "At least I can eat 'em," as he brought a bean to his lower mouth in an attempt to eat them.



Ben
19

MEMORABILIA (2)

As he spat out his broken tooth, he said to himself; 'This reminds me of a story I once read, about this guy who planted his beans an' the next morning, a big.....' He ran outside and planted his beans, just as the moons were rising.

The next morning he ran outside of his hole in the ground expecting to find a youknowwhat, but it wasn't there, it wasn't there the next day neither, nor the next. To put it bluntly it took a year before his youknowwhat rose from the ground. by this time Ghorkail was getting hungry, he had chewed away all his lips. But he forgot his hunger when he saw his plant rise; a space-ship tree! Already three lil' ones were sprouting, Ghorkail could hardly wait to use a fully grown ship and go to one of the moons, besides he had to, it was in his contract.

The day finally came when he was ready to leave, he was all packed, to the gills. The lem who had swapped the beans with our hero was hiding in the bushes, he was not really a bem, but a native of Ghorkail's planet, wearing a suit he had worn to the 101st Annual Stf Convention. As he watched Ghorkail leave, he said to himself, "There goes a good kid...." (Ain't he tho.)

"The moon," Ghorkail cried, as he leapt from the space-ship door and began to devour the cheese. "Hmmm...green," he mumbled, for he could taste colors.

He loaded the ship with food, namely cheese, and was about to leave when he bumped into (you guessed it) a giant!

"Are you a giant?" asked Ghorkail.

"Dodger," answered the tall fellow as he picked up our hero, and opened his mouth to eat him. "Wait 'till next year..."

Ghorkail wrigled out of the big monster's hand; raced to the space-ship door; and took off, headed for his hole in the ground.

All the excitement Ghorkail had been through demanded a lot of energy, he therefore ate all of the food on the ship save a little morsel the size of a pea. Not being a wasteful fellow, on his arrival to his hole in the ground he made a twelve quart vat of cheese soup, Phocmph style. This story could go on and on, but this is a good place as any to stop, besides, this narrative has lost so many readers along the way its hardly worth printing anymore.....

---D. O. CANTIN

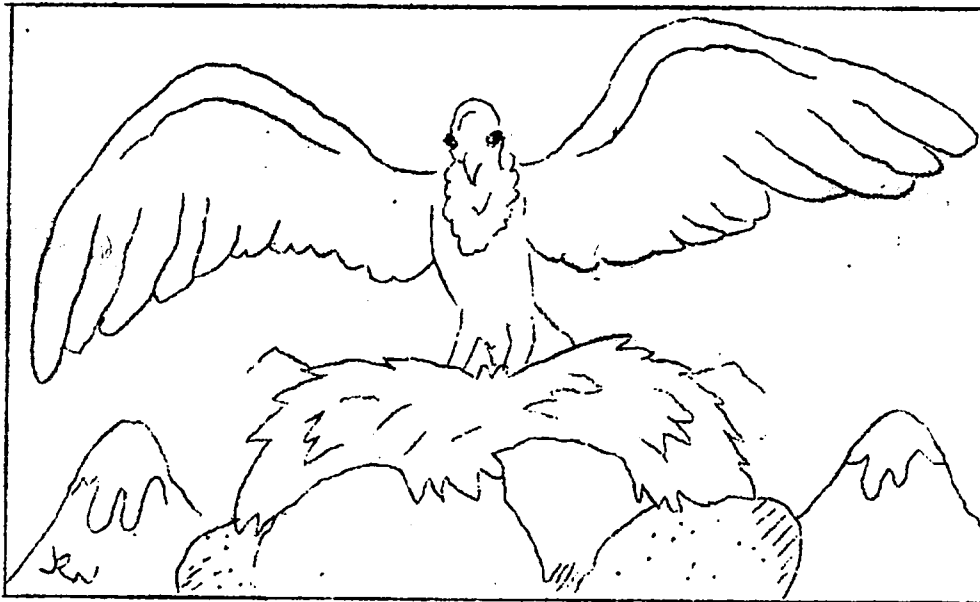
THE SPACE--SPIDER

She spun her web in an endless sky,
Grew lazy watching a planet die,
She had to wait but a few short years--
Then Earth expired in her net of fears.

---E. R. KIRK 9



THE CONDORS NEST _ _ _



BY PAUL MITTELBUSCHER

Readers of FTS #1 will remember my blast at the person of Groff Conklin, certain individuals have expressed the idea that I had no cause to heap ~~worls~~ of scorn on the head of said person. Let me state here and now that I have NOT read any of Conklin's Anthologies, however numerous fans and pro's have assured me that they are without parallel and I can but respect their opinions. Doubtless Conklin employs able judgement in the selection of his stories, however the mere fact that he is well qualified to determine the worth of SCIENCE FICTION does not also make him an authority on FANTASY, and after all that is what "SWORD OF CONAN" is.....out and out fantasy. Now to set up a FANTASY book and judge it by the restrictions of SCIENCE FICTION is to me utterly idiotic.....the attitudes of many editors and SF reviewers of today towards the well liked authors of the past verges on the "Holier than thou" phyllocephy. Too many of this clan choose to sneer at the fondly remembered "classics" of yesteryear. Many hold the belief that no SF (or FTS) of any worth was published before the 50's. Such writers as Howard, Burroughs, Smith, Merrit, etc. are openly sneered at. No one is attempting to say that these authors did not have faults, the characterization of Burroughs for instance was non existent but this is no sound reason for assuming that merely because these persons did not write in the vein of Bradbury or Matheson they should be ridiculed at every opportunity. Certainly "SWORDS OF CONAN" is full of blood, sex and sadism.....so is "THE NAKED AND THE DEAD" a book by Norman Mailer which was praised by almost all critics. This book altho portraying life (and Death) at its lowest ebb was hailed as an outstanding contribution to literature.

Remember artist ROD RUTH who did a considerable amount of work for Ziff-Davis from 1941 to 1951? He now illustrates the widely syndicated comic strip "THE TOODLES"

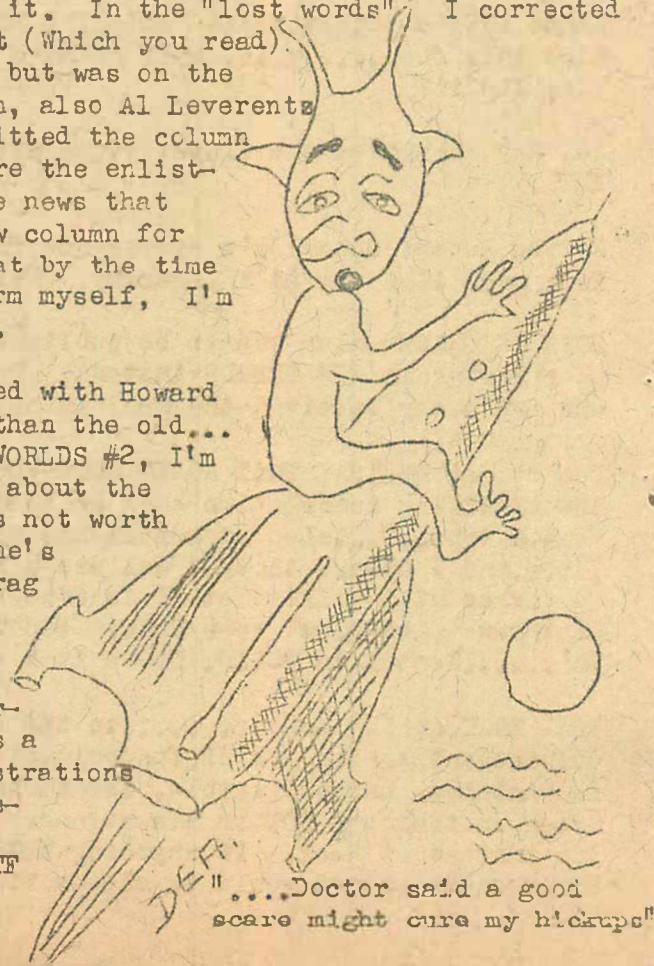
Falson Books publishers of cheap paper-back "sex" novels have released a new one by Bryce Walton.....Lion Books out with "THE HAPLIODS" by Jerry Sohl, their first adventure in the field of Science Fiction.....The star of Robert Sheckley new SF writer is rising fast.....I predict that within two years Sheckley and Alan Nourse will occupy a position comparable to that now held by Bradbury and Heinlein.....Its hoped that Sam Mines will find a replacement for Jerry Bixby; since both STARTLING and AMAZING have dropped their fanzine review columns "MADGE" has been left alone to publicize the vast number of zines being pubbed today.....Bixby, incidently hopes to spend a couple of years in Paris.....Ooo' La La.....

The new SCIENCE FICTION PLUS is virtually a "slicked-up" version of the earlier AS... the presence of Gernsback is felt throughout the magazine,.....some fan are of the opinion that Frank R. Paul has improved as far as the duplication of humans are concerned.....Terry Jeeves of jolly olde England has had some of his artwork accepted and published by NEBULA SCIENCE FICTION.....and who in the heck is Boyd Ellanby?... ..When, oh when, is some book publisher going to gather up all of Neil R. Jones' "Professor Jameson" stories for publication?.....How does Robert W. Lowndes manage to maintain such high standards for published material?.....Can it be the fact that he is well liked by many writers.....how, explain writers like Jones, Simak, Kornbluth, Smith, Anderson, and de Camp regularly in the pages of his mags? They are willing to take low word rates simply to help Bob out....."Greater love hath no man.." ..John D. MacDonald is finding Prosperity, his slick sales are phenomenal..... nice for John but not so good for us fans since this prevents him from writing any SF.

I Recommend.....the "Space-Trails" series published by PEGASUS PUBLICATIONS, Box 2075, Buffalo 5, New York.....15¢ a copy for these booklets written by pro authors (Wilson, Tucker, Basil Wells, Arthur J. Burke, Betsy Curtis.....),.....not judging a fellow too hastily. I had formed a rather harsh opinion of Hal Shapiro based on the assumption he was a wise guy who was sex crazy. After reading numerous letters and other material penned by Hal, I have found that he generally makes sense in what he says and is not quite the "character" his publicity would seem to indicate..... "IF", a magazine which is better than it is given credit for..... Joseph Eberle, Illustrator for Weird Tales who has a distinctive style which is most pleasing to the eye....."Thou Good and Faithful" by John Loxmith in the March ASF.....TYRANN edited by Bert Hirschhorn..... any fan fiction by Andrew Duane.....

I beg all you gentle readers pardon for last issues edition of "Nest". Once again (as we did in the first issue) information not entirely factual was passed on. Due to a misunderstanding the second part of "Nest" for the Feb. issue was not printed, apparently Larry mislaid it or forgot about it. In the "lost words" I corrected some of the mistakes I made in the first part (Which you read). Rocket Stories was not put aside as reported but was on the newstand not long after my column was written, also Al Leverentz left for military service even before I submitted the column. Other things which failed to be mentioned were the enlistment of Dave Hammond in the Air Force and the news that Calvin Thomas Beck was to do a fanzine review column for SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY.....I might add that by the time you read this I will be wearing a blue uniform myself, I'm scheduled to leave for the Air Force April 8.

As one fan to another, I'm thoroughly disgusted with Howard Browne. The "new" Amazing is little better than the old... after reading Browne's article in FANTASTIC WORLDS #2, I'm more than ever of the opinion that Browne is about the worst editor in business today. FANTASTIC is not worth 5¢ much less the 35¢ they ask for it....Browne's "policy" disgusts me....his philosophy is "drag in any 'name' writer just to sell a few more copies." This practice of using writers unfamiliar to the field and also those from the ultra "slick" women's magazines is deplorable. Any cheap stunt is alright if it sells a few more copies.....UGH! The interior illustrations in both FANTASTIC AND AMAZING can only be described as ink smears....they are utterly and completely horrible. Also the printing of STF in a fantasy mag is an example of Browne's stupidity. SCIENCE FICTION has no place in



THE CONDOR'S NEST (3)

FANTASTIC.....I wonder what sensationalistic trick Browne will try next? Don't be surprized if he prevails on Al Capp to do a special "Lil Abner" strip for FANTASTIC and labels it "FANTASY"

Glad to see that Ed Valigursky has attained the position of art editor of IF. Valigursky and Emsh both got their start with Ziff-Davis and Amazing, of the two, Valigursky is the most talented....yet Emsh appears in almost every SF mag. I'm at a lost to explain this.....wonder if Emsh blackmails all the editors?

I predict.....Bob Silverberg will sell an article to a pro mag in '53.....
...John Magnus's SF will be forced to go BiMonthly.....Su Rosen will one day be number one fem fan.....Quandry will fold.....Norman Browne will be recognized as the top "personality" to come along in years.....Charles Catania will become a pro author.....attendance at the 11th Annual Convention in Philly will fall considerably short of that reached last year at Chi.....FANTASY will go month.....Redd Boggs will not like this column.

I Nominate.....The job of fanzine reviewer as the most thankless in fandom.....if you praise you are accused of offering no constructive criticism.....if you pan you are accused of discrimination and foul play.....Poul Anderson as one of the nicest guys in the writing business.....Rusty Silverman as the most beautiful fem fan and also as the gal I would most like to get stranded on an asteroid with.....(No! Tucker I HAVE NOT seen Peggy Gordon.....)

I heartly recommend Ballantine Books edition of STAR Science Fiction. Here, my friends is a real bargain.....worth more than 35¢. Featuring a fine cover by an artist named Powers and edited by a man who knows good SF.....Fred Pohl.

To me 1953's top story is "BREAKING POINT" by James Gunn in the March SPACE, don't miss this one.....well SPACE's conversion to a "monthly" schedule didn't last long did it?

del Rey unearthed the finest young artist to come along in many years when he discovered EBEL.

Notice Robert Sheckley's appearance in CLIMAX, one of the slicks? A SF story too, with full page illo by Ed Valigursky, entitled "SPACEMAN IN THE DARK".

SONS OF TRANE which was to be published by Lynn Hickman in book form will be run as a serial in STF TRENDS instead. Don't miss this story by Basil Wells, an author who has never received the acclaim he deserves.

Department of "SAY THAT AGAIN BROTHER".....Hal Shapiro in SFB #11 gives out with the startling information that he holds only contempt for "Modernistic" jazz of the Kenton type.....also expresses his dislike of Wagner-type operas and Hill-Billy music.....and I always thought Hal was a real "gone" character.....I can see his point as far as Hill-William stuff is concerned, I detest the screeching, off key howling of these "plow boys" (((PAUL, YOU TRAITOR.....lgt))) but Stan the Man.....OH NO!.....Kenton is SOLID. Lo-ve that guy. Wagerian operas are my favorites.

"SAY THAT AGAIN" cont.....in the same issue Gregg Calkins laments Calvin Thomas Beck's appointment to the job of fan columnist for "SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY", charges Beck's "Asinine, unintelligible, irrational and illogical". I have to go along with Gregg on that but NOT on his strange theory that Rich Elsberry should have gotten the job instead of Beck. If anything Elsberry is even MORE "asinine, unintelligible, etc. My personal choice would be either Wilkie Connor or Bob Silverberg.

Harlan Ellison seems to get himself involved in more fueds than a Kentucky mountaineerlatest "mud slinging" contest pits him against Joe Semenovich. Its one of those "Ah your zine stinks,...." deals. Before that Harl waged war against Dave IshEllison is well adapted to defend the honor of his person however, he has a rather large command of first grade insults and generally out argues his opponent..... I would personally like to see Harlan matched against that master of calcuated insult and All-American dirt thrower Richard Ellsberry who's vocablurary persumely includes almost every disparing remark ever expressed.

I can't understand this strange fannish preference for Digest sized mags. I'm so sick of these "carbon copy" Galaxy type mags that I am haunted by them in my nightmares....I much prefer a trimmed edge pulp like STARTLING. Digest size.....Gaaaaaaa

One of the most talented persons in fandom is Bill Venable, the mind staggers under the realiation of all he can do.....unfortunately for fandom Bill will no doubt have to serve his country for a while after finishing college.

No longer news is the fact that Joel Nydahl (editor of VEGA) had a story in the April "Madge".....Hamling's mag seems to be the first stepping stone for a lot of new writer many of them fans.....Venable and J.T.Oliver preceeded Nydahl in its pages..... remember also that Robert Sheckley's first sale was to "Madge". As a matter of fact I believe Alan E. Nourse's was also.....

Contrary to my tather asinine "prediction" in FTS #1, Popular Publications are NOT considering bringing back several of their ' ' molding ' ' corpses (Super Science, etc.....) in fact with the discontinuing of FFM they are completely devoid of any SF-Fantasy mag.

I don't believe that either FANTASY or ROCKET STORIES will have a very long run, if each lasts 18 months it will be surprizing. Look for Mines to drop one of his zinesWONDER STORY ANNUAL is the best bet at the moment. The plain facts are ladies and gentlemen that we have an over supply of SF mags at the present.

As I write this, UNIVERSE Science Fiction's first issue has just appeared. It features some good writers and has the usual format. I've been told that Geo Bell the editor pays a standard 3¢ per word for all material. If he continues to get good material UNIVERSE may be on par with GALAXY. The mag apparently will have no departments of any kind....."just the best fiction I can get" is Bell's phylosophy. Biggest gripe I have against it is the poor artwork.....but apparently ALL mags today are unable to get artist who have ability.

Did you know that Rory Magill who recently had a story in IF is really none other than Rory Faulkner Californad fan?.....Department of Buttons and.....confusion..... most unorginal title of the year was used by Tom Wilson in aSF March issue...."Buttons,, Button?.....Issac Asimov had a story of the same name in the Jan "Startling"

---Paul Mittelbuscher

"DONT TURN IT OFF, I WANNA HEAR THE CHUGG-CHUGG!"

EDITORIAL (2) Alan Hunter of The Fantasy Art Society sent me a BIG stack of artwork, drawn by F.A.S. members, and the best part of all is that its all TOP NOTCH illustrations. I received these too late to inclu with this issue, but a number of them will appear in the next and future issues. Those English Lads are on the ball.

There are many changes that will take place in FTS. Some are already in effect and other are forth coming. Fiction and poetry are no longer being solicited, and the same goes for full page illustrations as FTS has a lar

DEAR MR. EDITOR

a column of discussion by HARLAN ELLISON

AUTHOR'S NOTE: last issue's column received but one lone letter in response, and that from Paul Mittelbuscher, assistant editor of the very magazine you're reading. His suggestions are being followed to a certain extent, but I'd much rather see ten or twelve letters of a more controversial nature, than a letter telling me what stories to tear into. Not that I don't appreciate Paul's letter, because I most assuredly do, but I'd have enjoyed it more if Paul or someone else had thought I was full of prune juice. Let's have a little more comment this time from you readers. Send all gripes, information, suggestions, napalm bombs, etc. to: Harlan Ellison, 12701 Shaker Blvd., Apartment #616, Cleveland 20, Ohio.....he

THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL by John Loxmith (Astounding Science Fiction -- March 1953)

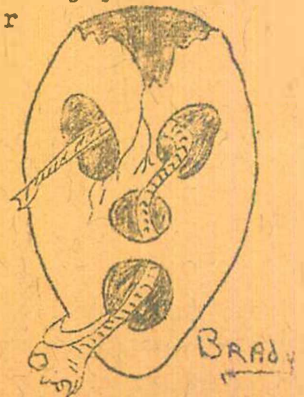
Somehow or other, when I finished this story, my inclinations were to sit and look confused. Though I look confused quite often over the most simple of problems, this time I think I would have a most definite reason for doing so. Somewhere at the base of Ellison's small brain there is a biting suspicion that THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL was written by someone quite a bit better known than John Loxmith. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if "John Loxmith" was the nom de plume assumed by some big-time stf author for a new or different, for him, style of writing.

The story itself is about as old as the canals of Mars. Take a Galactic Observation ship, take a planet, mix well with the fact that one has never been to the other, stir in a random factor (in this case a world full of highly developed robots with no visible, or invisible, masters running them), and let simmer in forty pages of sheer, unadulterated, cliff-hanging, Saturday serial-type suspense, and you have a corny formulae inherent in THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL. Loxmith's yarn hasn't one new idea, save the ultimate, and disheartening, hinge upon which swings a long novelette. For John Campbell to accept a story merely because it utilizes for it's fimmick the fact that a race has passed into another state of being and left its robots with a lovely planet all to themselves, the robots of course turning melancholy because "They ain't got nobody to serve..." to borrow a song cliche, is a most adequate sign of the ever-increasing desent in standards of ASF during the last 2 or 3 years. In short, this story'll hold your attention, but after its over you wonder just why random and uninteresting factors such as blind-eyed wallaby-like animals were interjected, sonfusingly, into a hopelessly confused already story. Poor try.

RETROGRADE EVOLUTION by Clifford D. Simak (Science Fiction Plus -- April 1953)

Perhaps this borders upon heresy, seeing as how the modern trend is to spit distastefully upon Greno Gashbuck's periodical and say, "Go back to the hills, you crumb, this ain't 1926!", but I find, to my ultimate pleasure, that I rather enjoyed the second issue of SCIENCE FICTION PLUS. Perhaps it was because a better selection of stftales was selected, perhaps it was because Hugo boy wised-up, or perhaps it was just that I felt such compassion for the poor slob since he obviously is trying to do a sincere job. But at any rate, I thoroughly enjoyed Cliff Simak's RETROGRADE EVOLUTION,

Another one of those world-not-visited-for-umpteens-years-found-radically-changed-five-hundred-years-later things, with one of these occasional masterly sociological concepts strung in to make the tale an outstanding one.





--- DEAR MR. EDITOR (2)

The protagonist, much like Kornbluth's Herald Allen in THAT SHARE OF GLORY (aSF, Jan. '52) is one of those characters sent along on routine trading ships to the stars to make sure that the noble Savage is given a square shake and doesn't sell Tau Ceti V for thirteen bucks, a green loincloth, and a bucket of f'arwater. The Kzyzz (helluva stupid name for a race), not having been visited for five hundred years, when their culture had been a high-type, are re-visited by a trader seeking the babu root. However, when the trading ship lands, the culture has retrogressed something terribobble and the people are eating like two-legged pigs in slovenly huts et al. The problem: why and how did they retrogress. The vehicle: a story in which a planetwide chess ...or is it mah jong?...game is played, a riotous tribal banquet, a confused and then terrified hero, and a race with a cultural gimmick of such simple complexity, that it must have taken Simak a good three or four weeks to just think out the rudiments. The conclusion: one that fulfills all expectancy insofar as the story has built up, but is a mite weak in spots.

This story is most thoroughly recommended, and if Gernsback wants to feed us more of this type SCIENCE fiction, fine by me. But if we get much more of that Gus N. Habergok slop, I will personally dynamite the offices of the Daddy-O of Modern Stf Stuff.

JUPITER FIVE by Arthur C. Clarke (IF: Worlds of Science Fiction - - May, 1953)

Here's a surprisingly adroit little tale. Surprising in that it has no new concepts, no startling plot, no racing action, no gimmicks, and nothing that any other author couldn't have whopped up. It has just one thing, however, that most other stories don't have. Arthur, the Ego, Clarke. Art Clarke has here surpassed himself. This is one of those remarkably "slick" little stories that you'd expect to read, if in a "slick" at all, in Collier's or the Post.

The story? A Professor has suspicions about the fifth statellite of Jupiter, since all the others are about seventy times as far away from the Celestial Giant as #5. An exploratory ship (this is just in the years when space travel was first rolling out to the outer planet wastelands) goes out; finds Five is in reality a monstrous spaceship, 18 miles big, that brought Culture X from the stars to the Solar System where their dust is intermingled with the Martian remains.

They get into the inside of the sphere, discover many facets of Culture X's background (oh yes, they've been gone five million of our years) and suddenly find that their story is no longer one of the adventures inherent in discovery, but hinges upon another ship that has just arrived, bearing a Life reporter who is matching up 100 year old Bonestell paintings with photos of the real thing, and who has an itchy-fingered urge to swipe souvenirs from this Galactic PX of metal. Of course the Prof. and his friends frown upon this and retrieve the "Mona Lisa" of Culture X, that is, the only statue they found, that depicted a Jovian, have to throw the poor fellow, with his girl sweating bricks, into the bulk of Jupiter.

Jolly fun for a Sunday afternoon, eh wot?

At any rate, the story bears a most light handed touch, pleasing for a change of pace from the ponderous stuff we've been absorbing recently, and includes many interesting and informative bits of spatial info. This is probably what Gernsback was refering to when he spouted about sugar-coated science.

t25?





DEAR MR. EDITOR (3)

All in all a truly worthwhile story, leading off the new lineup for IF, which is a most promising publication, since Larry Shaw started co-editing, deftly, the mag.

One of the best stories of this or any other month. And as I say, surprising, because the damned thing has very little to say. In fact, I don't quite know while I like it.....but I do.

AUTHOR'S CONCLUDING NOTE: there's the resum'ee for this issue, and if there are any suggestions, as I hope there will be, for the lead stf from the proz to review next month, I wish to Hell you'd send them, with comments, to the address I gave at the beginning of this fiasco. Sorry about not being able to lay into BREAKING POINT by James Gunn from Space Science Fiction, as Mitty asked, but I found that I had such a small amount of time left over for reading, after writing this and about five other columns, doing thirty some pieces of other material, working days, going to night school nights, editing SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN, being Vice Pres. of the TERRANS, and trying, occassionally (boy did I misspell that), to sleep, that my science fiction reading time is reduced to 2.00009 minutes per day. But next time perhaps I'll cut the comments down and talk on four or five stories, instead of the traditional three. OK?.....he

—Harlan Ellison

"AH, COME ON FELLAHS, BE A FAN!"

THE EDITORIAL (3)

backlog on this material. Fannish articles and small filler type illos are badly needed.

As everyone knows, anyone subbing to FTS, was also considered joining the MWSFL. After 7 months, since the club was first organized, the club now has about 40 members. This is far below the mark I had expected and hoped to reach. As the MWSFL is more or less a world-wide club, as it has some members in other countries, this number of members is small, much too small to continue operations. With much regret I announce the MID-WEST SCIENCE FANTASY LEAGE is no more. All of the members will receive 9 issues of FTS for their dollar, and is not satisfied with this, their dollar will be refunded, with no charge for the first three issues of FTS.

SCRAPS has been dropped, there was some dispute as to whether or not this column was a fanzine item. I think it was, but....alas....the author of SCRAPS has found an unfannish interest, namely a woman. But, such is life. We all gotta go sometime. HA! I should talk, I already went.

Some of the material I said I'd use in this issue is being held up to next because of lack of space and will be used in the next issue. Venita suggested I cut out the editorial. THESE GHOD FORSAKEN FAKE FANS!



DON'T GO AWAY. THIS EDITORIAL IS
CONTINUED ON PAGE 18 (onward)

FLYING SAUCERS EVERYWHERE

by MAX B. MILLER

(This is the first column of a series devoted to unidentified aerial phenomena——commonly called "flying saucers" ——and related subjects. Anyone who desires a question to be answered on the saucers should send it to us. We will answer as many questions as possible. They should be concise and to the point. All clippings, observations, and information will be acknowledged in this column, but not personally unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is also enclosed. All correspondence should be sent to: Flying Saucers International, P.O. Box 34, Preuss Station, Los Angeles 35 California.)

The latest book out on saucers is \$4.75 worth of nothing. It is by a well known prof. who claims saucers are just mirages. You can waste your money better ways . . . The Skully mystery is all over but the fireworks . . . There is now a book out called "I Rode a Flying Saucer" by George W. Van Tassel. It's paper-covered, 8"x5", and sells for one buck (can be had through our headquarters.)

Who says "A Dweller on Two Planets" by Phyllos (written over 50 years ago) doesn't hold all the answers? . . . the May "SIR" mag bears it out . . . The June "MAN TO MAN" has a real killer on "People From Other Worlds" . . . (Shaverites can't afford to miss those two above mags.) . . . Yours truly had a letter in the April "Pop Science" and May "FATE".

The latest "saucer" pocket-book ~~ix~~ out is "IS ANOTHER WORLD WATCHING" by Gerald Heard, President of the Civilian Saucer Investigation. Take it with a grain of sale. Pub'd by Bantam p-b's . . . Evangelist O. L. Jagers has a new FREE (impossible) saucer book out. Want a copy? Then just write to: ~~SE~~ O. L. Jagers, Los Angeles, Calif. (just don't forget to mention where you heard about it).

I wonder how the radio contacts carried on with the saucers in Prescott, Ariz. is coming along? . . . Kaye Mullindore (the Dr. K. M. in "The Saucers Started It All" Vol. 1, No. 2 FTS) is reported to have said a terrible earthquake and terrific winds are supposed to hit us sometime in May. I wonder if that's supposed to happen in So. Calif. (I still re—"Hey, Ma, we're being atom bombed"—member the last quake.)

Anybody know if Fred Reagan's story (May '53 "Action" mag) is true? . . . I wonder how Silas Newton made out in the "fraud" tiral in Denver? A guy named Flader (Flader Land C claims Newton sold him a \$50 oil detecting gadget for fifty grand. Who's gonna laugh last? . . . Some "unreliables" claim it was a "put-up" job.

Prof. George Adamski, who claims he was contacted by the flying saucers several times has six witnesses to back him up, including Dr. George Williamson, Sc. D. (Source: Nov. 24 '52 Phoenix Gazette) . . . He had two articles in "FATE" several years back about his "photos" . . . He is now supposed to be writing a book about his "contacts" . . . Everybody claims he is a mystic . . . The E.S.R.A. had a rather interesting report of the whole affair earlier this year. The latest rumors (and they're no more than that) claim: . . . The Navy will "tell-all" within 30 days (it started that long ago) . . . Ray Palmer is supposedly to have ridden a flying saucer . . . The Coast Guard supposedly "shot" at a saucer, but nothing happened . . . Guess who caused the "green snow" on Mt. Shasta? . . . The Extra Terrestrial Research Organization has folded (a verified rumor).

FLYING SAUCERS ...EVERYWHERE (2)

I wonder if any of you superficial saucer skeptics believe in prophecies? Nostradamus and other great prophets predicted flying saucers. But Ezekiel, Chapter 1 in the Bible may be the most prophetic:

verse 4: "...I looked, and, behold a whirlwind came out of the north...fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber, out of the midst of the fire." verse 7: "...and they sparkled like the colour of burnished brass." verse 13: "...their appearance was like burning coals of fire... and the fire was bright, and out of the fire went forth lightning." verse 14: "And (they) ...ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning." verse 16: "The appearance of the wheels...was like unto the colour of beryl...and their appearance and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel." verse 18: "As for their rings, they were so high that they were dreadful..." verse 27: "...I saw the colour of amber, as the appearance of fire round about within it...I saw as it were the appearance of fire, and it had brightness round about."

But that book of the Bible may not be the only one. Joel, Chapter II, verse 30: "... I will shew wonders in the heavens..." Jeremiah, Chapter X, verse 2: "...be not dismayed at the signs in the heaven..." Zechariah, Chapter V, verse 1: "Then I turned, and lifted up mine eyes, and looked, and behold a flying roll."

In closing I will leave you with this thought: "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee." Proverbs, iv:25.

—Max B. Miller

FREE BEER AT PHILLY! NO MILK?

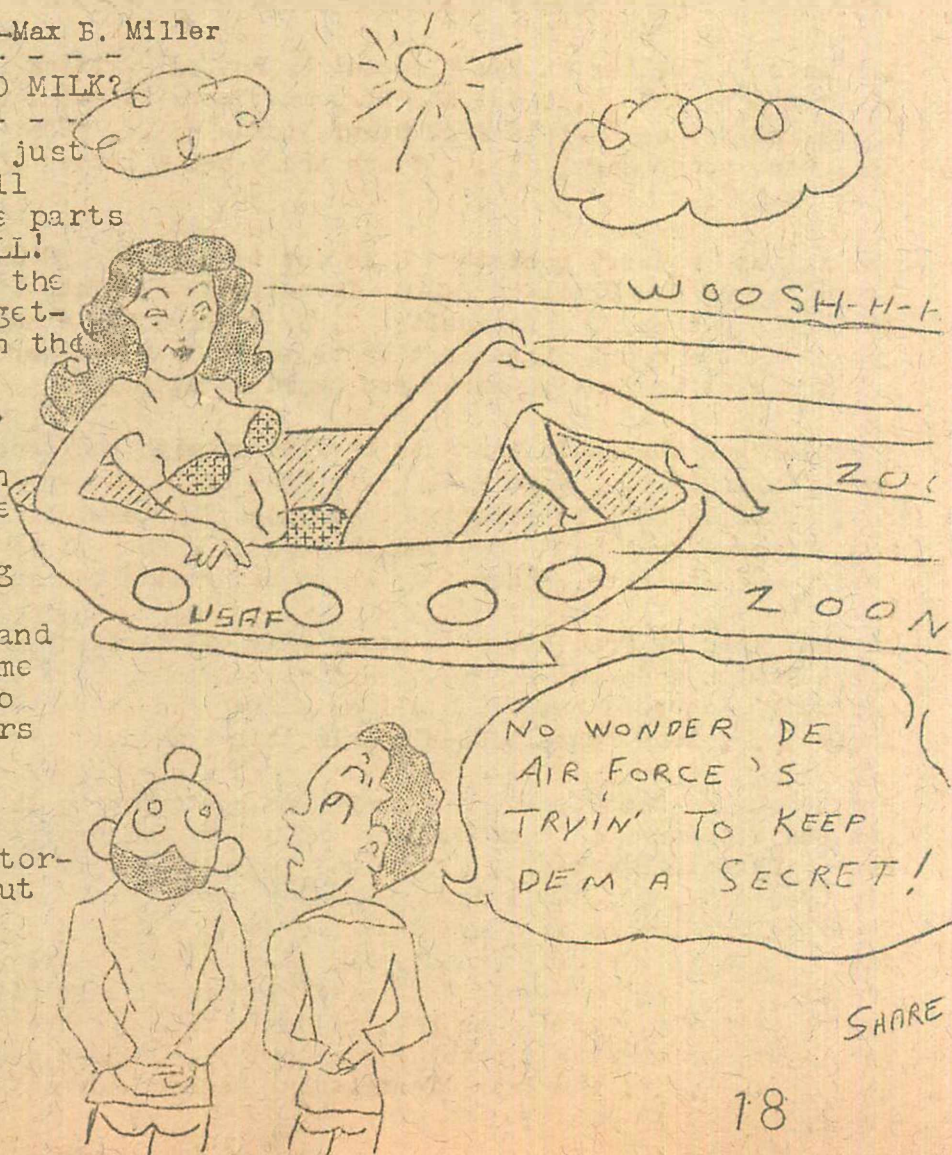
EDITORIAL (4) Don't you just love to search through all the pages to find all the parts of the editorial. OH WELL! I could forget to number the pages. Speaking of forgetting. I forgot to slip in the cushion sheet on the last bit of editorial I typed.

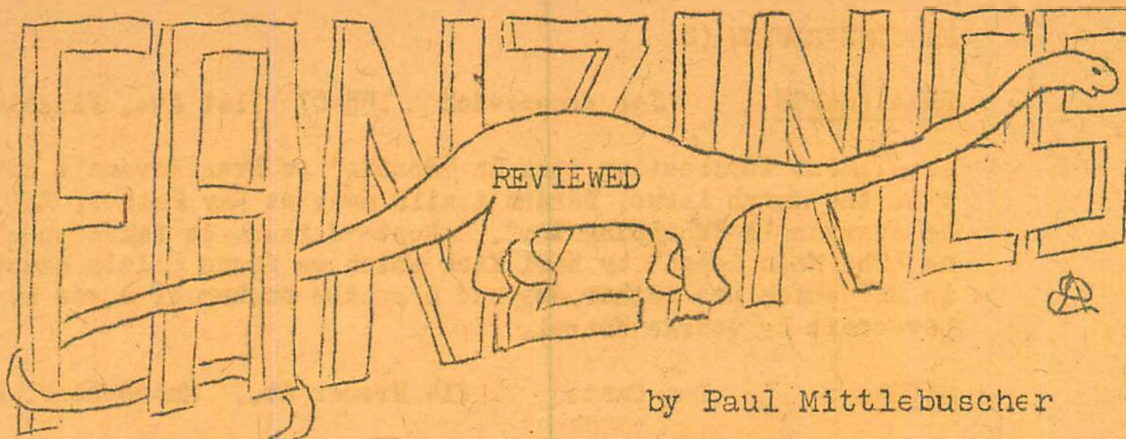
I hope that sometime soon I will be able to include a page of photo offset fan photos. I'm planning to take about 3 rolls of film at the MidwestCon, and will probably include some of these photos, and also those of the contributors of FTS.

This looks like the last space I have for the editorial, so I guess this about winds it up for this editorial.

Until next issue.

ADIOUS
THIS IS NOT CONTINUED!





by Paul Mittlebuscher

PENDULUM Bill Venable & Don Susan, 610 Park Place, Pittsburgh 9, Pa.

.....This zine is now a quarterly and considering the many activities of its editors its a wonder its published at all.....however, don't get the idea that its a hastily contrived, ill done zine. On the contrary its format is very good and the contents above average. Joe Gibson makes one of his infrequent fanzine appearances with an article entitled "The Ridge". Dick Clarkson and H. J. Campbell editor of Authentic Science Fiction contribute articles while Derek Pickles author's "News Flashes" a column devoted to news from Merry Old England. Another column by Harlan Ellison we found most interesting, "In the Limelight" Discusses the history of the MAGAZINE OF F & SF. JABBER (Editorial) and ALEMBIC (Letters) round out the issue. Cover is by Don Susan. 15¢ per copy

DESTINY Malcolm Willits & Earl Kemp, 3457 North Clark St. Chicago, Ill
or 11848 South East Powell Blvd., Portland 66, Oregon

.....much in the style of the old Fanscient "Destiny" is primarily dedicated to fiction tho its articles and features are of professional quality. This is one zine we recommend without reservation. If you don't like DESTINY then you don't like ANY zine. 25¢ per copy.

ABBY Ken Krueger, Box 2075, Buffalo 5, New York

.....This zine's major fault is poor mimeographing. Devoted in large measures to fiction and poetry. This the 7th issue is notable for carrying a story by Bob Silverberg, the first FICTION I've ever read by Bob. Well illustrated by DEA, Hoffman Rotsler and Stone. "A Fan Has A Date" by Neal Reynolds provides humor while Ray Nelson and Gilbert Cochrun contribute articles. 15¢ per copy

INFINITY Chuck Harris, 85 Fairview Avenue, Great Neck L.I., New York

.....a most superior job for a first issue. A first issue often shows the true ability of an editor, especially if he has to practically write it by himself. Chuck with some help from Bob Lawrence, his associate ed, and pro author Algis Budrys has managed to assemble a competent and interesting zine. With a few subs and donations of material this young man can have one of the top zines. How about helping him out? 10¢ per copy.

INDIANA FANTASY Lee Tremper 1022 N. Tuxedo St. Indianapolis 1, Indiana

.....the mimeographing tho readable is faint in spots, we suggest using a different type paper. IF is a club zine being the voice of the INDIANA SCIENCE FANTASY ASSOC. Contents include articles by Dick Clarkson, poetry by Andy Duane and Norman Browne also with fiction by Juanita Wellons, Bob Kruse, Brian McNaughten and Jerry Hunter. "Black" by Wellons is particularly well done fantasy. Issue is readable throughout. 20¢ per copy.



FANZINE REVIEW (2)

RENAISSANCE

Joe Semencovich 155-07 71st Ave. Flushing 67, N.Y.

.....Most interesting item in "Rennie" is Fran Bordna's column. In this the March issue, Bordna flails away at Ray Palmer, RAP seems to be everyone's "Whipping Boy". Rest of issue is taken up with such as "The Moon Local" by Karl King which we found mildly amusing. "Toys in SF" which was rather dry and a goodly number of words about H.P. Lovecraft by George Wetzel.

MICRO

Don Cantin 214 Bremer St., Manchester, N. H.

.....Micro is a rather odd item presumably devoted to humor. The first issue has an above average table of contents. Much as I hate to say it, a character named Tuzinsky captured top honors with his "How to get past the Censors" written under the alias of O.V. Seagrams. Only serious thing in MICRO is Mosher's article, the rest is designed to amuse or confuse, I'm not sure which. 10¢ per copy

SEETEE

Peter Graham, Box 149, Fairfax, California

.....a small size zine with a little of everything, including poetry, fiction and special features. Terry Carr who did the cover and some of the interior illustrations seems to have a big hand in the production of this zine. 10¢ per copy

CATAclysm

Robert Briney 561 W. Western Ave., Muskegon, Michigan

.....this is a poetry zine and consequently if you don't like or appreciate poetry you probably wouldn't enjoy this one. Personally I enjoy it very much, especially a poem by Stephen Craig (Dave Hammond) called INCUBUS. Other fine pieces are "Chant by Moonlight" by Keran O'Brien and "Escape" by Brian McNaughton. The last named person also happens to be the publisher of this zine. Good amateur poetry. 15¢ per copy.

TYRANN

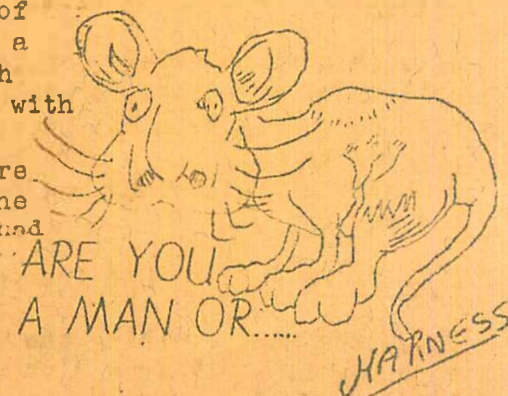
Norbert Hirschhorn 853 Riverside Drive, New York 32 N. Y.

.....There is little doubt that TYRANN will soon be one of the leaders in the field. Much of the credit for its quality must go to Bert Hirschhorn who is ably assisted by his co-ed Henry Ebel and Rich Bergeron his assistant ed. Hirschhorn's dominating presence is felt immediately, his editorial for this the 5th issue is one of the finest I have ever read. Bert is one of the most intelligent and talented fans in fandom today. The slight dryness of both Ev. Winne's column and Bill Venables "satire" is more than compensated by the excellence of Fred Chappell's story "The Song" and an article by the "king" of article writers, Bob Silverberg. As always Bob's contribution is informative as well as being interesting and entertaining. 15¢ per copy.

FANTASIAS

Dave English 63 West 2nd St. Dunkirk, New York

.....this the Feb. ish is marked by a superior piece of fan fiction called "Judgement Day" by Charles Catania, a fine article by Ray Nelson "Fans in Pigeonholes" which names and discusses the different types of fans, along with column by Dick Ryan and Fred Chappell. Both Dick and Fred are natural columnists who breeze through 2 or more pages with seemingly no effort whatsoever, yet leave the reader wishing their columns were longer. This issue had a fine cover by Richard Z Ward and is excellently mimeod. Main gripe is absence of interior illos and shortness of letter column. 15¢ per copy



FANZINE REVIEW (3)

OOPSLANNISH

Gregg Calkins

1429 Talisman Drive, Salt Lake City 16, Utah

.....the temptation on this is to go "overboard". I will say that this is the finest mimecd fanzine I have ever seen and let it go at that. Of course this is a "special" being the Annual of OOPSLA. The table of contents is so long and so full of illustraion names that a listing is impossible. I especially appreciated Vernon McCain's article on "Unknown Worlds" and the 10 full page illos which make up the "Art Gallery". OOPSLA is probably the best all around fanzine being published today.....15¢ per copy.

FANTASTIC WORLDS

Sam Sackett

1449 Brockton Ave. Los Angeles 25, California

.....FW has been so well publicized that little needs to be said. Actually its a semi-pro publication featuring short stories by professional authors along with articles second to none. My advise is get it. 25¢ per copy.

COMET

Karl Olsen

R.F.D. #2

Allendale, New Jersey

.....this is sort of a "little brother" of SOL, it suffers from one of Sol's adversities that of poor mimeographing. However, the large majority of its pages are readable, only certain pages refused to take the print. Than too few first issues are perfect, We found COMET #1 interesting and recommend that you send for a copy of issue #2. 10¢

SKY HOOK

Redd Boggs

2215 Benjamin St. N. E.

Minneapolis 18, Minn.

.....a FAPA zine which might not be of interest to the general fan. I found it fasinating since it was my first look at an FAPA zine. Principal items within are Jim Blisn's comments on his "Okie" series and an article by Phil Rasch titled "Lost Worlds of Mu". 15¢ per copy.

MOTE

Bob Peatrowsky

Box 634

Norfolk, Nebraska

.....very fine midget sized item.....Good material and well dittoed. Columns by Bergeron and Lupoff. Cover in 3 colors by Naaman Peterson. 5¢ per copy.

REASON

Tom Piper

464-19th St.

Santa Monica, California

.....First issue with the faults of many "firsts"...mimeoing not so good, Material fair. Needs interior illos and better material, why not contribute. 10¢ per copy

ECLIPSE

Ray Thompson

410 South 4th St.

Norfolk, Nebraska

.....Another of the fine new zines appearing for the first time in '53 is ECLIPSE. The slight leaning to fiction is balanced by the superior format. Worth more than Ray is asking for it. 5¢ per copy.

STF TRENDS

Lynn Hickman

Box 184

Napoleon, Ohio

.....Sucessor to TLMA and "Corpulse". This zine can only be termed "Excellent". Above average artwork and material together with perfect mimeoing. "Trends" is now running Basil Wells "Sons of Thrane" as a serial. 25¢ per copy

FIENDETTA

Charles Wells

405 E. 62nd St.

Savannah, Georgia

.....Fast rising zine, nice format, extremely readable with material from the best of fan writers. This zine is deserving of the overworked and to often used word... EXCELLENT. 15¢ per copy.

THE FLYING SAUCER TRICK

By: E. R. KIRK

Yamir Gaa, chief observer and signalman on Planet Mars, called the Martian councilmen together hurriedly.

"Gentlemen," Gaa addressed the council members. "Our delicate instruments show that Gaea Earth is constantly bouncing radar beams off our planet in an attempt to establish communication directly with us. Now, as you all well know, we could have answered them long ago, but hesitated to do so because of uncertain conditions that exist there. Today, their signals were received by me and this time I was again able to translate their message demanding a return signal... The question arrises — shall we answer their demands?"

Tamor Rah, a giant Martain standing all of three feet tall and weighing well over forty pounds, stood to his feet and was granted audience.

"Mr. Gaa and fellow Martains," the huge councilman from Z-district spoke softly. "Again I ask you, why should we, a planet of peace and plenty and brotherly love for so many years, even consider a reply to the evil Gaea Earth Men? Why should we risk our beautiful paradise with contamination from barbarians who think that they are civilized but slaughter and murder one another like savages? No, gentlemen, we cannot, at this time, lower ourselves to the common filth of Earth. We must wait..."

There was a moment of silence as a telepathic vote was taken in the Martian council chambers. The result was negative. It would be too much risk to associate with so base a people as those living upon Gaea Earth, people who are so dumb that they think it necessary to kill in order to survive.

Then an obscure little Martian, Zamir Zee, from X-outerarea, offered a brilliant suggestion which was accepted unanimously by all the assembly.

"Gentlemen," Zamir Zee winked his third eye jestingly, "why don't we just send a few of our flying saucers near Earth and scare the hell out of them? Maybe they would quit fighting among themselves, like beasts, and prepare for transtellar travel...if we keep it up long enough..."

*** — E. R. Kirk ***
FANZINE REVIEW (4)

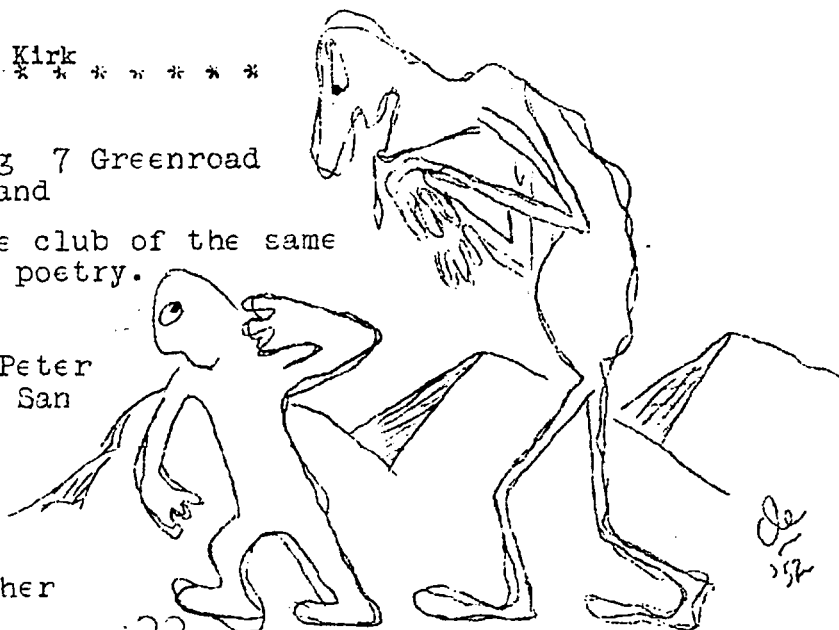
STAR ROCKETS R. E. Multog 7 Greenroad
Road, Pikesville 8, Maryland

.....SR is the voice of the club of the same
name. Contains fiction and poetry.
10¢ per copy

NONSENSE Terry Carr and Peter
Graham, 134 Cambridge St. San
Francisco 12, California

.....A cartoon zine, could
be better put together.
Two for a nickel.

---Paul Mittelbuscher



REPORT FROM SAN FRANCISCO BY TERRY CARR



There were a goodly number of people who disliked this column, according to the letter column in FTS #2. Reading back over those letters, I realize that the criticisms were, on the whole, well-founded. Hence, this column will see some changes. The first two installments, anyway, were mainly to get the readers acquainted with San Francisco fandom; from here on in I'll devote more time to personal sidelights of happenings around here and to news of general interest concerning San Francisco.

Bill Knapheide's THE GOLDEN GATE FUTURIAN SOCIETY, 1948-1952 is out; costs 15¢. Strikes me as being written mainly to cut the Little Men of Berkeley...you'll see what I mean when/if you purchase a copy. That's Bill Knapheide, 992 Oak St., Apt. B in San Francisco. XENERN #1 is out, also, as well as XENERN BULLETIN #1. The former is an index-zine covering a lot of material each issue, the latter covers more specific items (for instance, #1 lists all sources of information on FANTASY TIMES). XENERN costs 15¢ per copy, XENERN BULLETIN 5¢.

Dave Rike's fanzine has changed its name from DAV's DAYMARE to FANTOME, I hear. It'll be a FAPazine, as is LOOKING BACKWARDS, issued by Peter Graham and myself. Dave is working on the first issue right now.

Second issue of NONSENSE is out. If any of you want a copy, send a nickel (for 2 issues) to Keith Joseph, 105 Richland Ave., San Francisco 12, Calif. It is a cartoonzine, hekto'ed in three or four colors. While you're at it, you might send for the first issue of OMEGA, out about a week ago. Legal sized, mimeo'ed, with Calkins, Capella, N.G.Browne, Duane, Rike, and lots of others in it. Keith Joseph again is publisher... 15¢ a copy.

Bob Stewart's BOO! has now seen three issues, and has improved greatly. #2 was neatly hekto'ed, with stuff by Cantin, Rike, Ledyard, Thompson, Serxner, and myself, among others. With #3 Bob made the Plunge, and bought a mimeo. #3 had material by Ledyard, McComick, Rike, Thompson, Cantin, and quite a few others, including yours truly again. #4 should be out by the time this sees print. This is rapidly developing into a good fanzine. Costs 10¢, or twelve for a buck from Bob Stewart, 274 Arlington St., San Francisco, Calif.

Two more new fanzines to come out of San Francisco (gad, what a fool's paradise this is) are TERRA, from Gilbert E. Menicucci, 675 Delano Ave., and MICRO-FAN, from Keith Joseph, 105 Richland Ave. Gilbert has a column from Ray Capella, stories by Peter Graham and

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yours truly, and a promise of an article from Marian Cox. Pretty Good for a first issue, no? Keith has fiction by Bill Knapheide and Ken Calloway lined up for M-F, plus a really nice cover by Frank McElroy. The first is hekto'ed, letter sized; the second mimeo'ed, letter-sized.

Rumor around here has it that the Little Men of Berkeley are just about finished. They have lost the use of the Garden Library, their former meeting place, and are now moving from site to site with their meetings...a precarious situation to be in, believe me. Also, it is reported that Donald Baker Moore has resigned from the club, another bad sign. It seems evident now that the chance of having a convention--world or regional --in San Francisco is very slight, at least until either the Little Men reorganize, or the GGFS builds up its strength.

Oh yes, that last mention reminds me that on Saturday, March 21, the GGFS held its elections. Results were: Chairman - Terry Carr; Vice Chairman - Bill Knapheide; Secretary - Roy Seiler; Treasurer - Ralph Shouts; Sergeant-at-Arms - Bill Collins.

There wasn't a great deal of changeover in the management; Knapheide and I simply switched positions, and Collins took over the office of Sergeant-At-Arms from Maurice Lemus, who resigned from the club.

Was looking over the second issue of VULCAN the other day, and was struck by the prophetic power of Peter Graham. A poem that he wrote over a year ago, months before he even dreamed of the Willis Death Hoax, predicted its effects perfectly. To quote:

I am a nut of great reputation.
I am a nut who is known far and wide.

Peter's crystal ball was sure sharp when he wrote that one!

—Terry Carr

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B

The new mimeo ink I'm using seems to be pretty darn good, but I've been pouring it in, whereas last ish I sort of starved the cylinder. The name of the goo is IMPRESS if anyone cares to try it out.

A

I've got a bad habit of typing too far past the right hand margin guide lines, so if a few words at the end of the page seem chopped off a bit, that's the reason. Will be corrected as of now.

C

In the announcement about the MWSFL on page 16, I left out a few words, should read as follows: "All of the members will receive 9 more issues of FTS for their dollar, and if anyone is not satisfied with this, their dollar will be refunded, with no charge for the first three issues of FTS."

K

The illos by Morton and McIntyre, on this page and the back cover, are those sent from the F.A.S. I would like your comments on the "comic strip" on the back cover, and also some ideas for future strips of this kind. Anyone sending in a idea that is used will get credit along with the artist, and will receive a free copy of that issue.

L

The letter section will be back with the next issue, and only letters of controversial nature will see print. I believe Paul's column will supply enough fuel for an interesting letter column.

A

Starting with next issue Nan Share and myself will co-edit FTS, so any contributions can be sent to either Nan or myself. All subscriptions should be sent to me. FTS will continue to stay on its irregular schedule, but I doubt if the delay between issues will be as long.

S

OOPS!
Almost
out
of
room
to
write

H

The FSI wants some members in the St. Louis area, any saucer fans that are interested are asked to write: Irvin Norfleet Jr., 329 W. Essex, Kirkwood 22, Mo.

That about winds it up for this trip. Hope to see you at the MIDWESTCON, Beatley's Hotel (Indian Lake) Russell's Point, Ohio Thas it.....



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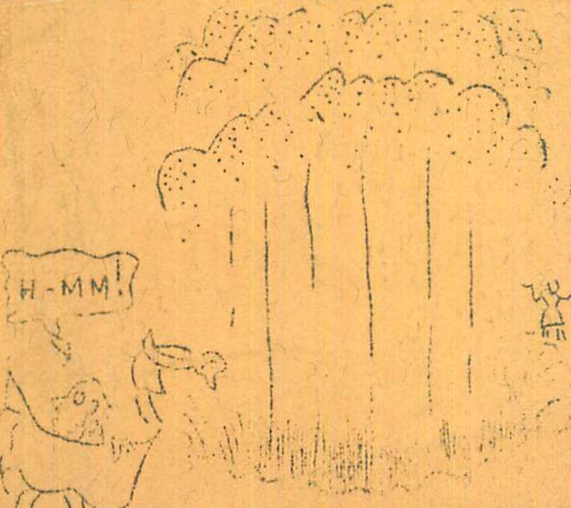
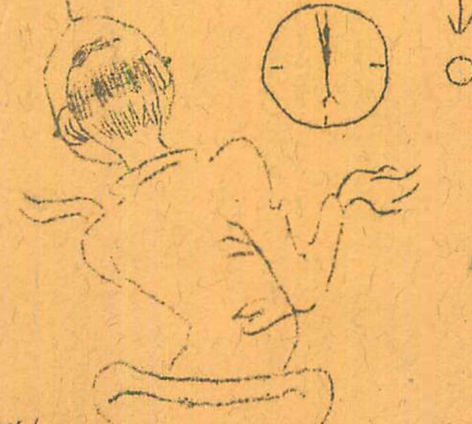
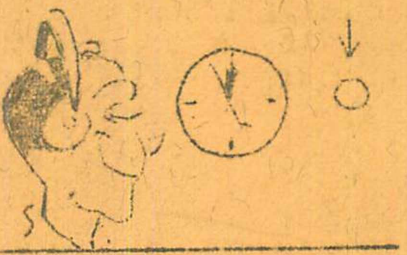


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BY KEN MCINTYRE



MCINTYRE