



WODGE - WODGE





April 1954 .....HODGE-PODGE # 8 .....10¢ per copy

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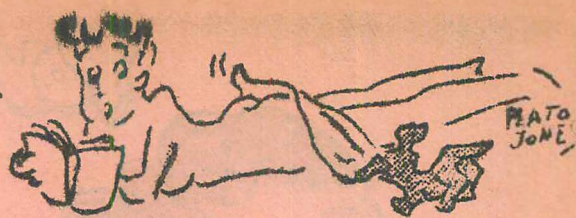
COVER by Nancy. Interiors by Plato Jones, Dave English and Nancy

HODGE-PODGE is a monthly fanzine published and edited at P.O. Box 31, Danville, Pennsylvania. Subscription rates: 10 issues for \$1.00, or 1 issue for 10¢. Articles, fiction, features, poetry and artwork will be welcomed greatly. Subject matter can be anything since HP is not one of those fanzines devoted strictly to stf. Anybody care to send us a report covering the con at Indian Lake next month?

FANZINES RECOMMENDED: STF TRENDS ( for good artwork and good contents) SKYHOOK ( for its neat presentation and maturity of comment), HYPHEN (for crazy fun and enjoyable content), VAMP (neatness and enjoyable content..liked best in this #9 ish was the con report by Macauley) SPIRAL (Good mimeoing and a few Rotsler illos!), PSYCHOTIC ( Very neat appearance and some good stuff in almost every issue.I like this zinem who every so often something Geis sez sets my teeth on edge), DEVIANT (a newcomer, and quite good. Some lousey artwork, some good artwork and a bunch of little willie verses which I detest. get a copy..only 15¢, from Carol McKinney, 377 East 1st North, Provo, Utah). Addresses of the other zines: Stf Trends (Lynn Hickman) and Skyhook( Redd Boggs) all of you already know. Vamp (10¢) is pubbed by John Magnus, Federal 203-B, Oberlin, Ohio. # Spiral by Denis Moreen, 214 Ninth St., Wilmette, Ill. (10¢) Psychotic (10¢) from Richard Geis, 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Ore. Hyphen.. everybody knows WAW!



What a crazy mixed up issue this one is! Hardly any illos, a monstrous letter section, and you'll find the regular feature "OBS" way back behind the letter section since Edco sent it after I'd already stenciled all the other material. So since it arrived (allah) just about the time



MAN'S BEST FRIEND

ML was going to stencil PODGE, she cut it on her typer, and even used a part of her Podge stencil. # Oh yes..didn't have room to answer one of Ed Cox's questions in Box 31, so I'll answer it here. About those 200 odd islanders: They weren't warned at all. According to newspaper reports, the island to be used in the tests were cleared of human life, but this particular island I was talking about was supposed to be out of the danger-zone. Not only were (was?) 200 islanders hurt (some required hospital aid), but also 28 US weather-men stationed on the same island. Most of them weren't hurt seriously, but if I'm not mistaken I think 2 or 3 of those 28 men had to be hospitalized. And just because the mds said the men weren't hurt visibly, does that prove some defect in genes won't show up later in the mens' offspring? What about the new headlines this week about all those fishing boats arriving in Japanese docks loaded with radioactivity? As I recall, all but 2 boatloads of the fish were too contaminated to be sold or eaten and had to be dumped overboard. Grrr, Ed, you want a fight about it? I choose the method of torture..wrestling. # Just had a letter from Claude Hall (who's drowning in Germany's mud puddles now. Its raining over there, you know) and tho I've sent Claude copies of HP, for some odd reason they never arrived at his tent. So he wants me to insert this plea..will somebody give or sell him copies of HP #'s 5, 6, and 7? For his collection, he wants them yet. # That cartoon at the top of this page, by Plato Jones, does not refer to me. I am not man's best friend by any means. Who wants to be a "friend"? How uninteresting! # ML says (In podge..hurry and look on the last page..) that I am all wet. I resent that, slightly, I think. I am not all wet. And my good old harmonica isn't a foot long either. She exaggerates..humph, if I wanted to be mean I could tell you all about the times we've gone for rides in her squat chevvy. Always, we are getting lost..until I gallantly get us found again. If we start out on a ride (on a new road we've never been on before) heading south, and keep getting deeper and deeper into unknown territory (dash it all, Livingston, get off the road, old chap) how does she figure up which way to head back home? North? Ah-haw..my good fellow..not she (her?). Off we go to the west or east, but never to the north. Pretty soon, the road gets rougher, bumpier and more broken up until suddenly there ain't no such thing anymore. Only dirt lanes. Off we zoom into deeper unknown territory (confound you, Livingston!). Until I suggest maybe we should go north now? I know what all you folk are thinking.. "howcome you don't just turn around and back-track?" Tut, how dull...who wants to do things the easy way? Besides, we'd already seen the scenery that way. And I most certainly do NOT always play Shall We Gather at the River. She just has no ear for music, is all. # Anybody hungry? I'm sitting here shoveling spoonfuls of orange marmalade into my mouth (love the stuff!) and would be glad to offer you some. Darn good stuff. Slurp. # Er..Mez..you ever try to crochet a bedspread? I did. Figuring it must start out like a doilie, I started a round little center and keep going around and around...got a 3 foot doilie but no bedspread. Tried to square up the corners somehow so it'd fit my bed, but no luck. Guess how my big beautiful pink bedspread-doilie ended up? As a rag for car washing. Who's car? One guess. After seeing the sad bedraggled mess that 3 foot doilie-spread was after being dunked into car wash and dust I have no ambition to continue crocheting. Tennis, anyone?



# YOU'LL DIE LAUGHING, DARLING!

-BY- P.H. ECONOMO ♡



"Oh, Carolyn--don't snap now--I'm sorry the phone woke you but I simply had to talk to someone. It's my wedding night, darling! I'm waiting for the groom and I'm bored to desperation. So be a good girl and keep Marcia telephone company for awhile. Don't shriek so, Carolyn--of course I'm sane.

"That's why I called--to tell you all about it, dear. You'll die laughing!

"I sound frightened? Nonsense! Don't be a goose--it's just the excitement wearing thin. My nerves are a bit edgy, I guess, but I'm certainly not frightened. Why, there's nothing to be frightened of....

"Sorry, Carolyn--I'm not trying to break your ear drums. It was just a branch scraping the roof--I think. Startled me. That's why I squealed.

"This 'honeymoon cabin' is so isolated I'm not even sure just where it is. I guess they forgot about there being a phone here....

"My husband? Oh, Carolyn--it's the most ridiculous--Now don't leap at me so. I'm not taking marriage lightly--in fact, I'm taking it very darkly, if you'll pardon a pun. Why even my wedding nightie is coal black.

"Now you're really indignant at



me, darling--but it's the honest, literal truth. My nightie and my wedding gown. Veil and all. Utterly gorgeous but black as pitch. Don't keep gasping 'Marcia!' I'll tell you--hold on a minute...

"What was I saying? Of course I'm all right, Carolyn. I don't sound scared, it's just your imagination. I'm perfectly calm. I thought I saw something at the window. Reflection of the candles, I guess --

"Electricity? Oh yes, there are lights but the master switch is off. It's outside and I have no desire to go prowling around out there in the dark. Besides that's part of the bargain. That and the candles and incense.

"It certainly does sound like a queer honeymoon, Carolyn--queerer than you can imagine...

"You remember Max Tzabor--that overcast creature I met at the Evanses? That's right--the one you said looked like a gypsy with indigestion. No--he's not the one I married--not quite, although...

"But it all started with him. He got me into it--the cult, I mean. It was simply fascinating--and they all seemed to take it completely seriously--they really did! Do, I should say because this is all a part of it--

"But I am explaining--trying to anyway if you'll let me. They worship the devil--Old Nick himself, horns, hooves, tail and all--but utterly gorgeous, dark and broody and too dreamily sardonic. The portraits I mean. That's what Max Tzabor is trying to imitate I think. They call him Lucifer. Their devilgod--not Max, silly.

"I'm not joking. They actually have all sorts of weird ceremonials--now Carolyn, don't be so stuffy! What harm if I did join in? It was all for laughs, Nobody really believes in that sort of thing anymore. Except them, I guess. Max? I never could quite make up my mind. He would treat it as a big joke with me but I'm not so sure...

"Anyway, one of their yearly customs is to select their most beautiful girl and marry her off to Lucifer in a whale of a bang up wedding. Of course I was chosen--they have such a dreary bunch of horse-faces...

"Certainly I 'really did', darling. I simply couldn't back down and spoil all their fun--could I now? And it was a fabulous experience. I wish I could have taken movies of the ceremony--the thousands of candles that somehow burned red--the strange shadows they cast. The incense must have carried a drug, it all seemed so unreal.

"And, Oh, Carolyn--the music! Scary shivery, but it made you want to do--dreadful things--incredible things...I don't know where I learned the dance I found myself doing at that great, stone altar....

"Uh-huh. Did you ever hear of anything so absurd in your life? Me - Marcia- Mrs. Lucifer! At least, darling, you must admit it's original. After the 'wedding' those ridiculous creatures brought me to this cabin way in the middle of the woods somewhere, lit candles and started incense burning before a horrid sort of shrine beside the bed. I can't bear to look at it--the shrine I mean, silly. I don't know why--I just can't...



"You should see me! The made me up all beautiful. My skin is painted a sort of bluish white, blood red lips and a design in black on my forehead that just won't come off....

"So here I wait for my satanic groom, in this frenchy, black nightie, feeling like a lady vampire at a wake.

"Carolyn! Stop that laughing this instant! You're hysterical. You can't take anything like this seriously....

"I know it was dreadful, dear and I promise I'll never go back there. But if you want my opinion, I think it was an elaborate scheme Max Tzabor cooked up to get me alone out here--and in this rig! I'll lay odds he is due to turn up any minute now....

"Don't be naive, darling. Anyone who works that hard deserves---

"Sh--wait--what did I tell you Carolyn? I heard something outside. I told you he'd come--

"Just to punish him I'll make him take me back right away. I feel sort of woozy. Must be the incense. Wait up for me. I'll bunk with you tonight so I can tell you all about it. Bye now--see you soon....

"Carolyn? It's me again. I just called to let you know that I won't be back tonight--or any night if I have my way about it!

Max? No it wasn't Max after all! It was the devil all right. His Satanic Majesty himself--the jerk!

"No, I'm not crazy. I'm just plain furious! And he's not going to get away with it! Why--the nerve--the--the

"Get away with what, you ask! Why, Carolyn--in all honesty you know darn well I'm the best looking girl in our crowd. Any man we know would love to have a date with me--I have to fight them off....

"What's that got to do with it? Everything! This great, conceited hunk of brimstone doesn't want me. ME! Says he's got too many wives. Every devil-worshipping sect in the world keeps tossing them at him by the dozens.

"But he won't get away with it! No male--man or devil-- is going to shunt me off like a peasant. He's mine and I won't let him go. I'll roast in Hades first!

- the end





# THE MOROSE COLORED SPECTACLE

- By C H U C K   H A R R I S

All those well-informed fans amongst the Circulation who read "Hyphen" will know already that I have SOLD. It came out yesterday, and there, right on the cover, in letters almost two-sixteenths of an inch high, it said: "OMEGA - Short Story by Chuck Harris". And again, inside on the Contents Page, "Omega...Chuck Harris...Page 54". Page 54 was the finest page I've seen in any prozine yet. There was an illustration picturing either Jesus or St. Francis along with a wolf-hound, and another "OMEGA by Chuck Harris" in great thick black letters that even James White could read without glasses.

I admit there were six typos in it, but Willis to the contrary, that was hardly my fault,---I did NOT have to set the type.

The yarn started: "Well", said God. "Let's finish it all off." Pretty wonderful, eh? You might even think this is the best opening since "In the beginning, God created Heaven and Earth"---and if you do I'd like to hear from you,--and especially if you happen to be Horrors Gold.

Confidentially, it's a pretty good feeling to see your own stuff in print just like a real author's,--and even more so when you think of the check that's in the mail. Originally, I'd cut the Opus on stencils and sent it to Stuart Mackenzie for his fanzine "Space Times". Now Stu is a sort of embryo JWC Jnr,--a discerning young fanged who can spot a genius first glance. He was whelmed and overwhelmed by my thing, changed the title from "The End" to "Omega" (This was either to cut my word-age or because "the End" seemed rather too Californian a title), ran off a limited edition of one, and sold it to Scion Publications,-- the Vargo Statten mob--on the usual terms, "Payment on Publication".

The first I heard about this was when Stu saw me in "The Globe" and started apologizing(!!!) for selling it without permission. He wouldn't accept the usual 10% cut for agenting it, but settled for bitter instead.

The news soon got around the pub, and for the last two months there have been hordes of people coming up to congratulate me, and tell me how they always knew I could do it. They mostly drank bitter too. I was pretty popular. The pro-eds, of course, drink Scotch, but they too seemed interested in me in a vague, nothing-definate sort of way.

Last night it was a bit different. Sure, they liked "Omega" but they all seemed equipped with one of Walt's special barge-poles for not touching my proffered mss's. with. I got very small hellos from my Colleagues, and in the corner the three pro-eds were whispering together and looking at me .

When I got home I found out why. There was a long "Scion" envelope waiting for me. Instead of the overdue check there was a long legal form..."Meeting of the Creditors under Section 293 of the Companies Act 1948, deeply regretted that this course has to be taken..agreement terminated."



#####

No, don't go away yet. I'm not quite finished. I have to review something. Marie-Louise suggests I comment on Huxley and say something (Preferably intelligent), about his stuff, and especially about "Brave New World". This, unfortunately, is impossible. You see, I've worked for the Ford Motor Company ever since I left school, and with them, Huxley is about as popular as the Sales Manager of General Motors. Huxley lampooned the Ford Mythos, and they've never forgiven him for it. I'd as soon as flaunt a copy of "Das Kapital" in the plant as carry a "BNW". I read the book natch,--but since then I've been doing my damndest to forget it.

I doubt whether it's the same at Detroit, but at Dagenham they do revere His Memory just as Huxley predicted. Right outside the Front Office we have a life-size statue of The Boss staring blindly up the Thames; in the Works newspaper they regularly repeat all his little jokes about history is bunk and how you can have any color you want as long as it's black; and even in the local schools the kids learn more of Henry Ford than they do of George Washington.

And I'm indoctrinated.

Now Huxley of course, didn't satirize Ford the Man, but rather Ford as a figurehead of The Machine and Mammon. As a True Individual Cynic Fan I can applaud and admire this, but the unfannish Harris has been taught- and believes- that Ford was rather more of a genius than Huxley himself. I do praise "Brave New World"--but very very faintly.

After such a masterly job of not commenting, I think I'll leave the rest to Dean Grennell to finish up. Dean and I,--along with Willis and Clarke, and proba bly you, gentle reader--are founder members of H. Allen Smith Fandom. This, without any excuse at all, except that I like it, is an extract from Smith's "The Compleat Practical Joker (Doubleday \$3.50), that Dean copied for me.

"As a dedicated historian, seeking the origin of the hot-foot, I have gone back to the ancient times pictured by Geoffrey Chaucer in Canterbury Tales, specifically to the matters set down in The Miller's Tale. This is the story of a carpenter's young and beautiful wife, named Alison; a student of astrology named Nicholas, and a parish clerk named Absalom. The significant action occurs on a dark night when the student and Alison have, by trickery, persuaded the carpenter to leave his bed and sleep elsewhere. Nicholas then takes the husband's place in the bed. He and Alison are kissin' and huggin' and all that sort of foolishness when along comes Absalom, the parish clerk, who is also deeply smitten by the young wife. Absalom stands at the window and pleads with Alison for a kiss, not knowing that she has Nicholas with her. Alison sees an opportunity for a little joke, goes to the window and in the darkness tells Absalom to step forward and receive his kiss, and then she presents her bare backside to the window. Absalom kisses it at some length, then realizes that he has been tricked and goes away, furiously determined on revenge, no longer stirred by love for Alison. He hastens to the blacksmith's shop and obtains a red-hot coulter, which is a small blade belonging on a plough. Now he returns to the window, and once again summons Alison and tells her he has brought her a ring, which he

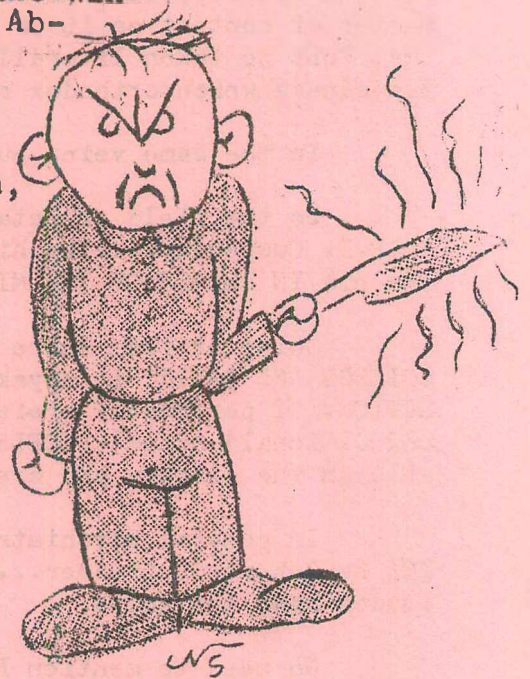


will give her in exchange for just one more kiss. Within the dark room, Nicholas the scholar now decides that it will improve the joke for him to receive the kiss from Absalom. Accordingly, he presents his bare bottom at the window and receives, of course, a fiery kiss as Absalom rams home the red-hot coulter.

This was not, of course, a hot-foot..."

Ah well,--- if that's not incentive enough, the cover of the book is by Shas. Addams.

--- the end ---



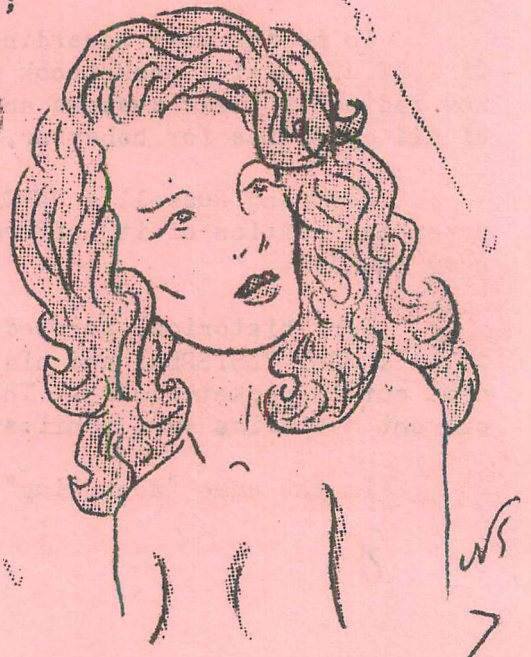
GIRL WITH RED UMBRELLA

BY WALTER KLEIN

Curved line of poised perfection, from tilted head  
To tilted ankle sheathed in spiders' thread,  
And balanced on tall heels with casual care  
Upon the curb, surrounded by the tread

Of hungry feet, she stands. Soft winds caress  
Her, all unmoved by their fond wantonness,  
And bear as prize a hint of perfumed hair.  
She moulds with subtle pride her sculptured dress;

The pink reflections stain her face, enhance  
With mellow color her indifferent glance;  
Her cool eyes brush the world, all unaware  
That cloven hooves whirl at her side in dance.





At the risk of appearing "anti-science" I must recommend to you:

THE BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT (one-volume edition, Henry Holt, or through the Fortean Society, Box 192 Grand Central Annex, NYC). Here it isn't so much a matter of content as it is approach or method: only the wilfully obtuse insist that Fort be taken literally....actually, he was a great champion of the open-mindedness which orthodox scientists profess but do not practise.

In the same vein, but lighter, is Anthony Standen's SCIENCE IS A SACRED COW.

In the field of metaphysics and parapsychology, I suggest TERTIUM ORGANUM by P.D. Ouspensky...also his A NEW MODEL OF THE UNIVERSE (probably even better) and his IN SEARCH OF THE MIRACULOUS. All published by Knopf.

Going on from there to semantics, you'll find everything from Korzybski's SCIENCE AND SANITY to Hayakawa's much touted and revised LANGUAGE IN THOUGHT AND ACTION. I personally prefer the much simpler TYRANNY OF WORDS by Stuart Chase... and C. Donald Adams' PEOPLE IN QUANDRIES. The latter two should be generally available in the library and are well worth reading.

In general psychiatry, try the recent (last year's) PRESCRIPTION FOR REBELLION by Robert C. Lindner...in which a psychiatrist takes a few of the current attitudes over the jumps.

No need to mention Philip Wylie's well known GENERATION OF VIPERS in this connection...but you might not be acquainted with his smaller but very interesting work AN ESSAY ON MORALS (Rinehart) in which he gives Jung a workout in exposition.

For politics you needn't wade through THE PRINCE...just hunt up a copy of Serge Chatokin's RAPE OF THE MASSES. (Fortean Society is the only place I know of where you can buy it new). This, on the surface, is a detailed account of how Hitler rose to power in Germany: actually, it is the story of how all power-groups succeed and why.

If you haven't run across Bergen Evans' THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NONSENSE (Knopf) it will prove fascinating. Unlike many of the above titles, it is easy and entertaining reading, too.

A very stimulating approach to sociology is provided by Stuart Chase's THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND (Harper). Also pleasant reading.

To me the most rewarding anthropological work is Ruth Benedict's PATTERNS OF CULTURE (Mentor pocketbook #M89) which takes three primitive societies and shows how radically their customs and attitudes vary, thus giving the lie to the foulest of all apologies for behavior, "you can't change human nature."

Bertrand Russell's UNPOPULAR ESSAYS (Simon and Shuster, who put out a \$1 paperback edition of it) offers a very stimulating philosophical approach...and is easy to read.

For "historical perspective" you must, of course, go through Fredrick Lewis Allen's ONLY YESTERDAY and his SINCE YESTERDAY (Harper's, although I think both came out in pocket-books). These two volumes offer documentary evidence that current hysterias were manifest almost unchanged in the '20's and '30's.

In the same "debunking" vein, try Morris Ernst's TOO BIG (a study of corp-



oration psychology" and standardization which is far from being dull or dry) and his THE FIRST FREEDOM, which is a bit more preachy but does show what has happened to the press and communications. (Little, Brown & Co.) Also, THE ROBBER BARONS... a rather nasty survey of power-grabbing by an author I'm ashamed to say I've forgotten. However, it's a standard work.

A hard book to read is Bernard de Voto's THE YEAR OF DECISION (Little, Brown & Co.) but it's rewarding: he covers the year 1846 and includes much fascinating material on the Mormons, the Mexican War, mountain men, pioneers etc... and most importantly, makes you realize that "history" evolves from the same hodge-podge (adv't.) evidenced in our headlines today.

Fictional documentation of this can be found, of course, in such standard but interesting-to-read efforts as Robert Graves' I, CLAUDIUS, and CLAUDIUS THE GOD. (The former in some pocket-book form now, I think) Also his SERGEANT LAMB'S AMERICA, and PROCEED, SERGEANT LAMB, which give a surprising slant on the Revolutionary War and do a much better job than Kenneth Roberts' much touted OLIVER WISWELL which is nevertheless rewarding to read. Graves is published by Harrison Smith & Robert Haas (the CLAUDIUS books) and by Random House (the LAMB books).

Interesting, too, is H.L. Mencken's TREATISE ON THE GODS, and his three-volume THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE. In connection with the latter, read David W. Maurer's THE BIG CON (Pocket Book #618). It is wonderfully rewarding on the surface, and its implications about suckers and crooks is even more so.

For magazines, advertising, comic-books, comics, and general current reading in appraisal, there's a tricky but eye-opening volume called THE MECHANICAL BRIDE by McLuhan (Vanguard Press) which is an education in itself.

Then take six months off and read Spengler's DECLINE OF THE WEST (knopf) and by that time you'll be on your own.

Your own what, I couldn't say !

\*\*\*\*\* E N D \*\*\*\*\*

1, 001, 954 A.D. by Garth Bentley

When we think of distant days to come and changes they will bring,  
We are confident that humans, too, will get refurbishing.  
The men--a million years from now--will have a god-like stance  
Without the ugly spindle shanks they now must hide with pants.  
Nor will man have a bulging waist or darkly stubbled chin  
(Perhaps he'll have no chin at all) but shaves will be built-in.  
His manly muscles will command the distaff crew's respect  
He may be eight or ten feet tall -- but what do you expect?  
Where women of the present have to hold themselves in shape  
With weird and wicked harnesses of rubber, steel, and tape,  
The filly of the future will undoubtedly be blessed  
Without a sign of hips but with a sixty eight inch chest.  
Nor will she need to lave her locks with lotions and shampoos  
Or douse her curls with henna-rinse, or paste them down with glues.  
She'll lose her savage hair-itage and probably will be  
As bald as baby's backside and a lovely sight to see.  
The antiseptic moppets of that dim and far off day  
Will all be born in test tubes in a scientific way.  
They'll be raised in incubators neath a plastic, germless dome,  
And disease-proofed and house-broken long before they're taken home.  
If you chance to doubt this forecast or consider it too strong  
You can stick around a million years and see if it is wrong.  
But I'm sure that most who read this will be satisfied somehow  
To live it up like crazy in the world that we have now.

the end

9



I just discovered I got a picayune mind. I was leafin' thru an ancient Astounding-1938 in fact-I have a few dogeared old stf mags around (the adolescent or pre adult era) that I like to look thru once in a while when life gets dull and the glossy modern stf palls (after all how many times can you reread Shaver??). So I came to this back cover ad of this 1938 Astounding & I tell you that it was fascinating reading--a Camel cigarette ad it was & they had the homely touch in those days (none of this 'scientific surveys show' business either-nosir they come right out and said even then 'they are the LARGEST SELLING cigarette in America') This ad was a friendly homely type interview with pictures of a typical average American man- shows him working on a boat, while a nosey type guy asks him in the caption "do you think that Camels are really so different as some people say Bill?" (he is H.W. Daly-rayon salesman)& Bill says "You bet, John! A fellow in any work as hard as selling ((ha-he complains about it being hard-in those days you were lucky to have any kinda job)) has to figure a lot of angles on smoking, such as how it agrees with him ((that sure is a lot of angles)), and just notice how many salesmen smoke Camels..(( I guess the doctors hadn't discovered camels mildness yet in those benighted days))

There are snapshots (real posed candid) of Bill kissing Marita & they are at pains to point out this woman is his wife- it says "A kiss from Marita (Mrs. Daly)"-they were no fools-taking no chances of a lawsuit. She smoked them first but 'now it's camels with both of us' she said ((you know who's the boss in THAT family)) & there is a picture of her with a big market basket full of stuff (camels displayed prominently of course)& she says "we enjoy entertaining, I like plenty of Camels at the table. Camels cheer up ones digestion (thas a new one on me-so who needs tums or alkaselzer?))& they even cheered up Bill's disposition" ((Philip Morris and Luckies are just getting around to that angle, or is it a return, after all its pretty hard to keep thinking up new gimmicks year after year.

Another little picture shows Bill as a camera fan'on weekends'-& explains so you understand the poor guy deserves his weekends--on week days he 'pounds the streets' (for the benefit of future students of semantics this is a colloquialism & he didn't ACTUALLY pound or strike the thorofare)) ((just wanted to make that clear))& he says further "when I get tired, I get a quick 'lift' with a camel" ((It is unnecessary I hope to point out that he doesn't in fact get raised off the ground when he sticks a cigarette in his mouth?))

This isnt exactly why I became aware of how my mind works-just because I read a 16 year old cigarette ad--but because-by godfrey-I started actually worrying-wotever had become of HW 'Bill' Daly & Marita after all these years-he was according to the ad, 34 years old then- why hed be 50 now, if he was still alive-wot happened to him during the war, is he still a rayon salesman? Who buys rayon anymore? Maybe he switched to nylon? They ever have any children? What happened to John? Do they still smoke camels? You see I actually started worrying & couldnt get it out of my head-here we had briefly met thru the great media of stf-even if they werent aware of it& passed like ships in the night to what strange destinies ((doesnt it make ya all choked up)) ((it does me I cant go on))

10 Maybe one reason I read the ads so avidly in these old mags is be-



cause there's been a lot of 'em in this April 1938 issue "The Faithful" which I personally always considered these days, & there's DeCamp's "The Faithful", which I personally always considered a mere finger exercise for Sprague, & there the first installment of Thomas Calvert McClary's "Three Thousand Years", & the conclusion of Arthur Burks "Jason Sows Again", which I gather from the synopsis might not be too bad a story. I did read THE FAITHFUL by Del Ray because the illustration showed a dog working some knobs on a televiewer (or television screen as they called them then) And I thought maybe it was a 'primitive dog civilization story- a prelude to Simak's series & it was too. These dogs had been operated on too so they talked, but Del Ray went farther- these mutts flew airplanes & 'dropped tiny atomic bombs over the cities of the Rising Sun Empire' which wasn't bad predicting at all at all. The story ends with the last human dying & the dogs going in cahoots with intelligent apes who had also been operated on..not bad, but there was a story by Raymond Z. Gallun (always wondered wot that 'z' stood for)) called ISZ T\* EARTHMAN & I'm afraid I couldn't get past the first couple paragraphs-pretty sad story for such a great writer.

& of course not all the ads are so fascinating-lot of them are familiar today- Everready batteries, Lee Overalls, Good ole ICS, & 'study radio at home courses' (now its television), & usual 'bothered with pimples?' & 'men over 40' ads and 'good luck charms' for sale. & that old favorite of mine that I havent seen for years-not since the ol Spider & Avenger mags- 'Follow that man! learn to be a finger print expert and detekattiff at home' & there's a little Army-Navy surplus ad, you could actually get a springfield rifle 50/70 for \$3.50 & a 'flint pistol' for \$ 6.95 & geewhiz-a real army saddle for only \$9.85!!

But I think I liked best of all the Union Leader smoking tobacco ad (& it was only 10¢ too-wonder wotever became of it?) Gee it read like a soapopera--" Its TRUE LOVE when it lasts for 30 years..when a feller wins the right gal he dont go blind ((hey now isnt THAT an eyecatching opening!)) But, if hes smart, the only wandering he does is with his eyes..and not too much o' that" ((from the picture of the guy telling it, this is obviously a typical-average-real-sincere-pipesmoking-middle-aged- american man; and his wife- bet he calls her 'mother'-is sitting there asmling gently-bet shes saying 'oh you...' Good heavens tho- just struck me-this is probably what Bill and Marita look like today- settled down in their middle age & hes switched to a pipe now-& theres a resemblance too bygosh..)) the ad goes on-"its kind o' like that between a man and his pipe tobacco. Take me..I been married to Union Leader 30 years, come fall ((thas a powerful heap of years come fall any way you look at it)) Sure, I've flirted with other brands in my time (aint that sweet and touching) But Ive always had the horse sense to come back to Union Leader. I figure that a sweet, easygoing disposition should be treasured in a tobacco--or a woman--thats why Ma (wal I wuz close) and me and Union Leader are still a happy family" ((a woman is just a woman but a good smoke is a smoke)) ((heh heh))

Wonder wot kinda ads the 1926 Weirds had...??????

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# THE HARMONICA THAT SELDOM EVER

-By JIM HARMON

Rex Ward's views of bullfighting in HODGE-PODGE (and I have noticed that there is a lot of bull in HP to fight) has aroused quite a controversy. Someone should sound a note of sanity in all this fury. Unfortunately there's nobody around but me so the notes sounded will have to come from my harmonica.

To inject a new thought into the mayhem, hasn't anyone of you ever heard of the way things are done in Portugal? Bullfighting, I mean, although some of the other ways they do things over there are interesting too. In Portugal the bull is never killed and after a few fights is retired to pasture. After all, the kill is only symbolic. The bullfight is a play--a graceful tragedy. Even Shakespeare never found it necessary to do in the actor playing Hamlet to achieve his affect.

Obviously, the bullfight as practised in Mexico and Spain is cruel. Not only the bulls suffer but horses are constantly being gored. The most cruelly, discompassionately inhuman thing I can conceive is the way pickadores stuff sawdust into horses' guts so they may prance out to the blair of horns and flash of crimson once more. Nowadays the horses are padded, of course--for the benefit of the spectators; it doesn't help the horses much.

More than this, matadors are constantly being gored and ripped to death. Not being an anti-vivisectionist by nature, I don't think this is their due. I would gladly see every bull in existence tortured to death to save one human life. Still they go into the ring by choice and I wouldn't deny them the glory or the money. But if men can't be saved because they can make their own decisions, the bulls who can not decide for themselves should be spared.

The death of the bull adds nothing to the sport except gore and sadism. Without it, there is still the grace, skill and courage of the matador. I would not deny the man his sword. A man's bare hands against a bull's horns is not a fair match.

But with or without the kill, there is some doubt that the bullfight is any more cruel than the normal routine slaughter. It is a sad, disgusting thing, too. But not being a vegetarian, I think it is a painful necessity. If the bull had his choice, I wonder if he might not prefer to go out among the fury and spectacle of the bullring than in the cold blood of the slaughterhouse. Perhaps bulls, too, like their share of glory.

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What ever happened to THE TWONKEY ? everybody keeps asking. Well, when last seen it was heading out of Mt. Carmel, Ill. for parts unknown. Yes, I've seen the picture-- by accident.

Several months ago, Arch Obler's Bwana Devil was finally scheduled to appear here but for some reason or other Obler production (yes) arrived and the theater had to show it. Another B picture was sent to fill in the program. So for 1 (count 'em) 1 night, the bill at the local picture house was THE PHANTOM FROM SPACE AND THE TWONKEY WITH SELECTED SHORTS. Just to surprise you, both pictures were pretty fair with the Twonkey being the better.



The whole picture was underplayed like *"Birds"* with a sparkling cast including a definite hero or heroine, but effective if not emotion-stirring.

If you're not familiar with Kuttner's story, the Twonkey is a robot from the future (those of you familiar with the story still will not be familiar with the movie, probably) who disguises itself as an Admiral television set. The boys at Admiral must have thought long and hard as to whether the display of the name Admiral was worth giving it an adverse stigma in the public mind. There is an adverse stigma attached to the set. It supplies its owner (the wonderfully clever Hans Conreid who plays Hans Conreid under another name) with everything he wants-- except freedom. If he's lonesome the set brings willing females but if Hans tries to read Lincoln or Tom Payne, it blasts the book out of his hands with a ray. He must not be allowed to think. Finally the Twonkey perishes when an old lady breaks the speed laws and drives too fast--right into a crash. It warns her that she is wrong, and of course since no one can have freedom around it, she is so old, she has the God-given right to be wrong.

There are ~~Two~~keys on the market if you are interested. They don't say Admiral, though. I believe the name is McCarthy in some parts and Malenkov in others.

This seems like a good place to announce that I no longer have a television set in the house. I have considered writing a confession story called "I GOT RID OF MY TELEVISION SET" but I'm afraid I would be investigated by the Un-American Activities Committee. Bradbury might appear as a character witness for me, tho.

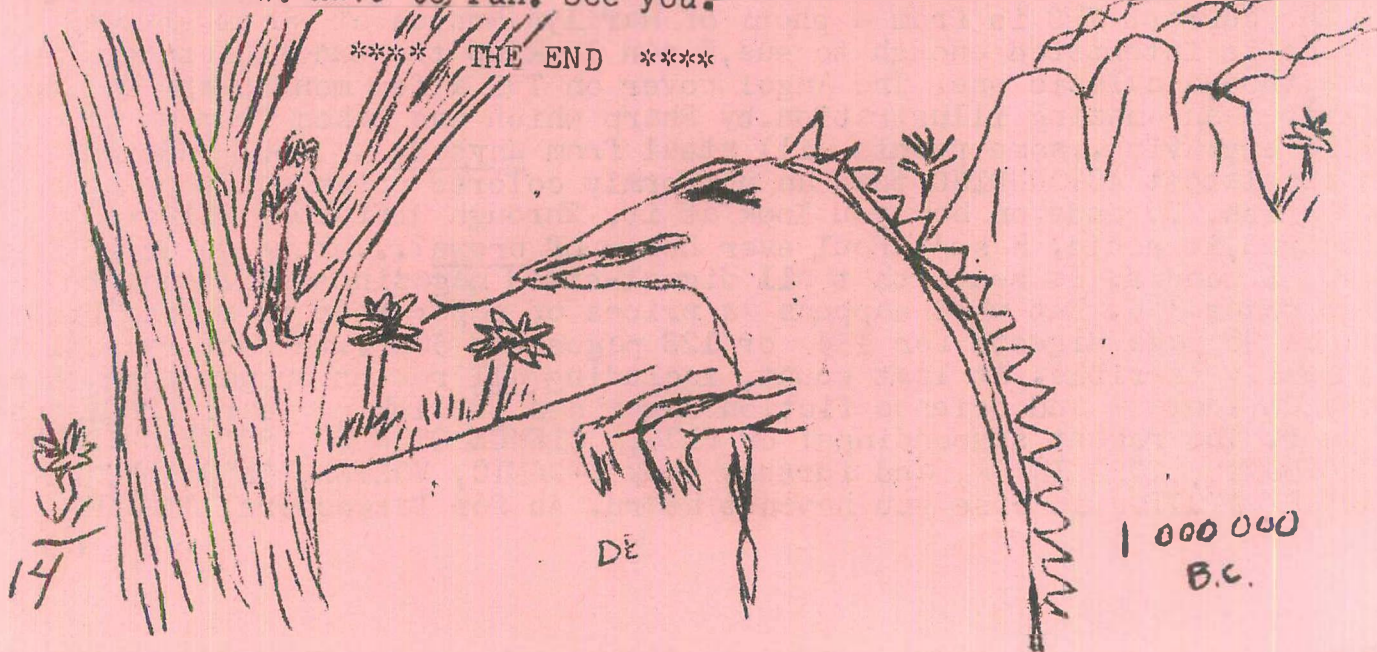
\*\*\*\*\*

Prozines shrink! Not, I am not missing the right letter in that last word! Compare the present UNIVERSE with the first issue. It is a half inch smaller at the top and bottom. IMAGINATION shrinks, too. On a current pocket-book are the words: "Robert Bloch-- His was the Most Monsterious Crime of All". I presume the honest publisher means the book--a sex story. The latest PLANET carries a story by Evelyn Goldstein. Could this be the beautiful Evelyn Page Gold in disguise? The way pro artists pirate each other's work borders on incest. Napoli copies Finlay who copies photographs. One Napoli drawing in TWS or SS a few years ago was taken from a Finlay which was taken from a painting in Esquire which was taken from a photograph in a PHOTOGRAPHY ANNUAL. Another Napoli (both were nudes) was taken from a Finlay which was taken from a Al Moore painting for an Esquire calendar which was taken from a photo in a nudist's magazine. A few years ago Napoli copied a Jane Russel photo and the frontispiece by Finlay in the current TWS is from a photo of Marilyn Monroe at about sixteen. If anyone is interested enough to sue, I can look up the exact pictures. One more, tho--a classic one. The Angel cover on TWS a few months ago by Popp was from an Amazing illustration by Sharp which was taken from an old Bible engraving...some people will steal from anybody... Poul Anderson says in the latest ASTOUNDING that an uniformly colored patch can't be both red and green. Depends on how you look at it. Through different filters of the spectrum, it could. Hasn't Poul ever heard of brown?...Where do we go from here, I wonder. It seems that all digest-sized magazines will soon be 128 pages, 35¢. But what happens as prices of paper keep on rising? Will we get 96 page digests for 35¢ or 128 pages for 50¢?..the stf recession is really terrible. At last count, including all recent suspendings, there were 24 fantasy and science fiction magazines publishing nearly 200 issues a year. The recent suspendings: SF PLUS, SCIENCE STORIES, SCIENCE ADVENTURE BOOKS, TOPS IN SF, and further back DYNAMIC, VORTEX, SPACE SF, and FANTASY FICTION in case you haven't heard. As for latecomers: AMAZING is



returning to pulp-size, FUTURE is going digest-size, the newest magazine is SF DIGEST..I've got word from Howard Browne that AMAZING and FANTASTIC will not under foreseeable circumstances fold..I made the Hall of Fame! In announcing the biography of Jules Verne on that program, a backdrop predominately of April SPACEWAYS was shown, commenting on the modern writers who carried on "The Great Tradition". I also got cited in the WRITERS NEWSLETTER with Forry Ackerman among Post and Ladies' Home Journal contributors. This is heady wine, I tell you. I'm almost beginning to believe it-and that's a bad sign..The cent of ten years ago was worth about three times as much as it is today. The cent of ten years from now may be worth one-tenth what it is now. But the basic payment rate per word for writers will probably remain one cent. The solution is simple. Writers will just have to work ten times as hard to make a living. Yeah, Gad, I sound professional! Gripping about rates and everything..The cover of the last HP by Don Duke is fine--the girl is very sexy. But it makes me wonder why slightly dissipated women look so sexy. A girl spends half a day with make-up erasing the lines from her face when she would look more attractive by just sitting up half the night...Did any of you see that story about a real-life Mike Hammer in the papers a few months ago? This Houston private detective was having his usual day, making rounds of the bars, but he noticed that everybody kept looking at his head. Then one of his friends suggested that he go see a doctor. "Why?" asks Mike. "Because you've got a hole in your head", says the friend. Mike thinks about this for awhile and finally decides that having a hole in the head is maybe something you should see a doctor about. Sure enough, he goes to the doctor, and Doc tells him, "Mike, you've got three bullet holes in your head. Somebody shot you in the head three times." Mike finds this hard to believe, but after he thinks about it awhile he remembers a run in he had with a burglar a few nights before. In the fight, Mike thought the burglar was hitting him on the head with a hammer but it seems he was actually pumping .45 bullets into Mike's head. Using these snide tactics, he got away. Mike admitted that he had had a headache for a few days but felt his usual self except for that. At the doctor's insistence, Mike was operated on and three bullets were dug out of his brain. At last reports, he was recovering nicely and was expected to go back to work soon. I swear this is Real Authentic True Fact..I collect odd newspaper items in my head as sort of a Charles Fort, Jr. Another item concerned a man who loitered on the top of a tall building all day. Police arrested him, fearing he was going to jump. "But," he protested, "I was just waiting for a spaceship!"....Oops, here comes my rocket now. Have to run. See you.

\*\*\*\* THE END \*\*\*\*



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# A LETTER FROM MARION BRADLEY

First day of spring-- and for once the weatherman is living up to the calendar's promise. The last week has been dry, cold, with sand lashing in on the wind and hanging like a dry unbreatable fog in the air; but some mystical liason spurred on by the equinox seems to have joined the calendar with season, and today the air is clear, almost moist, without sand; and the sun is shining in a dustless sky and it's warmer than many New York summers. Sunday---I didn't go to church, though; I seldom do. An Episcopalian and enamored of ritual, the bleakly orthodox, fundamentalist Methodist service leaves me with a vague feeling of frustration, as if I hadn't been to church at all.

HODGEPODGE came in this morning. I realized that for the first time-- isn't it the first time?--I failed to write to you between issues, and for the first time, I think, have neither a letter or an article. Oh well, those readers who abominate my entrails will have a welcome rest, and those who like me will be all the happier when I come back. Smug little devil, aren't I?

HODGE: Nancy, I can crochet, too. Yep--I learned before Stevie was born--what else can a moderately active person do, when she's turned twice the size of a moderate barrel? I created several snarls, trying to master the technique with dainty thread and a delicate hook of slim steel; then with most unmaternal profanity, threw the blasted mess into my wastebasket and bought some large bone hooks and heavy wool. Before I finished, I had crocheted a baby-shawl, two pairs of booties, a bonnet and an afghan. After Stevie made his appearance, though, I never touched the apparatus again. If I ever have another baby, maybe I'll make some doilies, although such frills are worse than useless in Texas dust-belt country. The sand gets into everything, but hard-boiled eggs.

Quite a few writers take issue with TORNADO, and almost all on the same points; first, my avowed fatalism, and second, the purpleness of my concluding prose.

With your kind permission I'd like (briefly, of course) to justify both. As for the purple prose: I have spent two or three years trying, and learning, to strip my normal prose style down to the artificial, lean and stripped prose requirements of the pulp magazines. Science-fiction fans, by and large, are not well-read, and an unusual adjective, a colorful turn of phrase, or an unconventional treatment of an emotional situation, will "floor" them, being different from the semi-literate conventions accepted in the cheap magazines which form their main reading. Virtually all commercially-slanted fiction is lean to the point of emaciation. In fact, most pulp fiction, printed, in these days, is verbal cliché fiction; written by free-association tactics, using the obvious word or phrase rather than the genuinely apt one. The continual writing--or reading--of pulp fiction will blunt anyone's sense of words, his feeling for genuine style, for the even flow and balance of sentences, the beauty of words, and the thoughtful use of the paragraph. Pulp fiction--and its hardcover counterpart-- strives for shock value and the capture of wandering interest in the ill-educated and uncritical mind.



It is common, in these days, to undervalue the competence of genuine literary craftsmanship. A well-turned phrase is taboo; a large vocabulary and a careful balance of sentence structure is termed "artificial" and an attempt at conveying abstract ideas by oblique reference is termed imitative. I was annoyed and irritated at those who spoke of ON LENDING BOOKS as high-flown, or a flagrant imitation of William Hazlitt (of whom I have vaguely heard but whose writings, at the risk of seeming ill-versed in English literature, have formed no part of my education! How can I imitate Hazlitt if I've never read so much as a line of his prose?)

I'm not implying that I have a good literary style, or even that I have a style at all. Most writers need several years to develop anything like a distinctive style, unless they take the easy way out, by substituting shock for stylistic competence. However, although I write straight for my own commercially slanted fiction, when writing for my own pleasure--and in HODGE PODGE I write only for pleasure--I take pride and enjoyment in deserting the meagre bones of pulp formula, and writing out of my personal self, rather than writing with cold reason and contrived plot. There is much to be said for reason in writing, and I am not implying that I write science-fiction without heart or emotion; but with word-conscious editors I can't revel in pure style and the creation of elaborate conceits and fancies. HODGEPODGE is, in this sense, a writer's recreation; the word recreation used in the sense of re-creating a style which is sorely cramped on the Procrustean bed of formula.

Now; the business of fatalism. I think most readers seem to have misunderstood my reasons for shunning storm-cellars. A tornado is a freak storm; what assurance have I that a house will not be shifted atop the storm cellar? I'd rather be destroyed in the open, than trapped underground.

The various arguments they muster appear to be sloppy rationalisation of their own apparent fear of death, which snivels and drools from every letter which rebukes me and hypocritically pleads with me to "at least make sure Stevie gets into a storm cellar". The argument that I wouldn't deliberately drive through a brick wall or off a cliff, doesn't hold water. Why should I go and seek death? Death is perfectly able to come and find me when he, she, or it wants me. As long as I'm alive, that's fine. But I don't hold with the morbid timor mortis which has gripped the American public.

Here is something which no science-fiction writer has yet envisioned. Modern doctors are trying everything to prolong human life, to slow up the process of aging, and eventually, so they claim, to eliminate death. I wonder if it has occurred to them that such a victory would be a final defeat for humanity? Man's learning\*power (now don't everybody quote a million exceptions about Granny who learned shorthand at 96) man's learning power and his general adaptability normally terminate somewhere between thirty and forty. The rest of his life is normally devoted to giving advice; to tempering, with the voice of experience, the impetuous younger people; and to enjoying the fruits of his earlier years. The older half of the population, naturally conservative and non-adaptable to new thoughts and new ideas, serves as a balance-wheel to counteract the radicalism of youth.

But what happens when a majority- a plurality- even a stiff ninety per cent of the population has passed that upper-limit of adaptability?



Not unthinkable, we might have the dreaded static culture, the deadly status quo.

A civilization improves and evolves with the push given from the new generations. Children, to use a platitude which is very true although it is a cliché, are the hope of the future. But with the elimination of death--or even a very sizable lengthening of the life-span--new generations would necessarily be reduced in volume and would be suppressed and terrifically out-numbered.

And to what end? Merely the enabling of one specific individual to live a few more personal years for his own selfish pleasure. Even multiplied by thousands, the problem still comes down to the fact that each individual man and woman is individually and irrationally afraid of death. Even those who sincerely believe that death is the doorway to a better life, still cling to this one as long as they can by normal or artificial aids. It has come to the point where a man or woman, no matter how seriously ill, no matter how old or ready to die, cannot die in peace unless he does it suddenly. Otherwise they will try to revive him with stimulants pumped directly into the heart, or even direct heart-massage--in some cases, merely for the sake of keeping the heart beating and the body's organs in a state of "aliveness" for a few hours or days more. If this extravagance of the medical profession continues I can foresee the day when no old person can die with dignity, even of old age, without buying a gun and shooting himself.

Oh well--I see that Rex Ward's article on bullfighting has also stirred up a hullabaloo. My sympathies are all with the dissidents. I am not a lover of animals or even a member of the SPCA, and I find that persons who wax emotional about dumb creatures usually harbor a deep dislike or contempt for their fellow humans; and yet I can see damned small sense in tormenting a creature merely for the pleasure of the crowds, whether or not the great pageant is dignified by beautiful costumes, music and a lot of semi-delirious sensual excitement thinly bowdlerized by being called a divine tragedy? Of course even in the United States one finds preachers in pulpits who go into a virtual sexual ecstasy when shouting and gasping about the precious Blood of Christ, the Blood of the Lamb whereby we are Saved, and who gloat on Christ's agony as precious to their Salvation, as if they themselves took deep and thrilling joy in the thought of every moment of agony, every nail-wound. This is one reason why I rarely go into Fundamentalist churches; the sexual frenzy of the sweating preacher gloating over the dying pangs of his savior. Poor Christ, who threw his life away for these yelping fiends!

If one must pantomime and express in symbols the conflict of man against brutality of nature, I prefer the Western rodeo, where the cowboy goes into the arena with bare hands and a thin rope, weaponless, to hog-tie a vicious steer, or "bulldog"--wrestle with--a savage bull. There is no trickery here; man and brute beast are on equal terms. The man masters his savage assailant by superior reason; the beast meets his opponent in full vigor, not hounded, tormented and wounded by pin pricks and goads. The "bronco-buster" has a saddle and spurs, but the furious horse has his superior strength, and he uses it against one man, not an armored horde. If a rodeo cowboy is in danger, somebody in the back-ground may shoot the steer or horse--but seldom, for there is an audience to be considered. Usually, in the event of danger, the rodeo clown--"The bravest man in the rodeo"--goes unarmed into the arena and distracts the attention of the animal--without picadors, lances or ribboned goads. The beasts in the rodeo are neither hurt, tormented or killed; they are wrestled and roughly handled, but they are not savaged. The contest is open and decent; man against animal, clean and harmless, with no perverted sadism. Man pits his reason against brute instinct, and masters the bull



of the world, but he does so mercifully, and without inflicting pain or death. The contest of man against brutes has been openly played, without stacking the cards.

Or the Cretan bull-games, played five thousand years ago in the amphitheater at Knossos, where adolescent boys and girls, naked and weaponless, went into the arena with wild bulls, to dance upon their backs, wrestle with the bulls and leap upon their horns. They were trained for this, as extensively as a ballet-dancer of today. The games were meant to symbolize, and did symbolize, the conflict of man against the primal bull--his own animal nature. There were accidents; bull-dancers were killed, perhaps more frequently than modern matadors or rodeo cowboys; but then, too, brute force all too frequently triumphs over the brain of man.

And the bull should have a chance.

This letter is already long enough for an article, but there is a good reason for this; I had intended to write an article for HP on style, one on death and modern medicine, and one on bull-fighting, where the bull has a chance. But that would take time--which I haven't got these days. So briefly I express these views, for you to print or not, as you see fit.

Love to both of you- Marion Bradley

or is it

by Walt Klein

it is Wonder  
that hangs, a silver  
ball,  
and moves on columns of air  
up and down, up and down,  
twists  
and turns, its brilliant surface  
flowing through blended shades of  
silver, suspended on glowing  
atmosphere, shadowed with  
delicate curvature in limpid  
light,  
spinning in awe, awe itself  
and arousing awe in awe.  
What then, o love, shall we mount  
the ball, and know  
wonder, the globe, and love?





BOX 31

AL TOOTH, PORTAGE, PA Wot you mean implying that cover on HP would shock me? Heck didn't bother me- my glasses started over and smoke came out my ears, and my eyebrows went up and down like ventian blinds & my tongue lolled out at half mast, -outside of that it didnt bother me at all at all..Im cool man cool--& so is she-quick someone get her a sweater before she catches cold..& wottya mean suggest- ing I take it to my sunday school class- the idear..you think theyd be shocked? Ha you dont know these hill billies-they probably got girlie mags hid in their hymn books..purty blue paper- dont tell me this was for free too also yet? # Wanderers Return - dont want to sound patronizing but not bad fan fiction- fooler at the end, thot it would turn out to be a bunch of VIPs in never never land, but he fooled me- mama buy me an android like that dame on page 6- nice illoing Nancy, esp that goaty guy with the leer in his eye, chasing the nekkid girl who dont look too unhappy about it- tsk tsk # Gibsons article- hey now that is interesting- The Russians got rocket clubs- next thing theyll claim they invented science fiction, tsk..# Art Rapps stuff the usual great Art Rapp # For Nancy- huh? wot he say- Nancy is this another proposal- wottsa matter Manes aint enuf?? # Kleins Minor Lament I liked..# Cox's Observations- that 'alien with packrat mentality' theory appeals to me. theres an Unknown type story there- so whynt ya write it Cox? Oh I dunno about that alien life never being alienly described in stf--wot about Shapledon? He invented some doozies & if I wasnt so damn lazy Id look it up to verify..I liked that 'inanimate objects attack' type story-cant all be plain human stoopidity and the law of gravity- maybe its a kind of feedback thing-all that hate and frustration gloating around... See Nancy-George Sokolsky drinks beer for breakfast-why dont you--it goes good with parodies(heh heh)--also with that Nancy Share Special-potato chips with mustard, mustard with peanut butter, peanut butter with onions--you got to get something to take that horrible taste away..wots more middle name Nancy? You never told me..# P 14,15 & 16, more nekkid people chasing each other- tsk tsk- must be Spring..# Liked wot Dean Grennell had to say about fatalism..& covers on other cruddy mags- fans is just self-conscious..no ones snickering at you cause youre carrying that Planet with the girly cover--theyre laffing at YOU--Yah this Miller revival-typical Hollywood heavy handedness-they couldnt dub in the real Miller music-heck no-they put out Miller 'arrangements'-phoc..Thanks for telling me about Lindy & Mumblesparrow - not that I was losing sleep over it, but its interesting info..that sounds like fun..biting off a pore lil defenseless birds head yet-we had a bunch of fun loving ancestors there..aw I was just kidding about longhandled warming pans & (blush) bundling-I knew wot they was..comments on wimmen-hes got good points there..Yah how about that-agnostics and athiests arent persecuted for their nonbeliefs..# KISMET- brief and bitter & evocative # Harmons theories-real crazy(like I said) wots he mad about- I didnt mean he was crazy crazy, I meant hes cool crazy-theres a difference?I mean ! # Plato Jones- crazy pics # Liked Harmons acrid comments on the critics..didnt he ever hear of John Carter Dickson saying you cant be both stf fans and 'tec fans? Carter Dickson or Dickson Carr is more fantastic than a lot of stf writers. That crazy pun..& dig that crazy answer to the dig that crazy hole puzzle..soon as I read it I sez to myself-wots half a hole- oh I got brains I aint used yet..# Box 31-big & fat and sassy as usual-wattsamatta nobody likes bullfights? See Nancy, Art Rapp says you should drink beer for a cold.. busted a gusset at Blochs letter-



~~goulding~~ singing it in school-then it came to me-~~tsk~~, such a thing to teach inn-  
percent kids..#You hear wot Lee Jacobs said? You hear how he insulted me?  
Saying I sound like a fugitive from Vizigraph! Oh I shall gnash my teeth  
(crunch)-the idear-never was so insulted in me life(wots vizigraph?)Lee  
dont like nothin do he?Altho he has got a great idea there that ArtRapp  
should bring back Morgan Botts..ha I sneer..him giving you a quarter for  
a good cigar..when those delicious parodies are two for two bits-who  
needs a good ceegar?(that dont sound right somehow) #Ed Cox's letter-he  
wants stf authors to write about things asthey are? But I read the stf  
because thats preciesly what they dont do--pick up any pktbk collection  
of short stories if you want that drab-dreary-life-is-sure-hell-type  
writing.# Liked Gem's waspish comments- and honest curmudgeon type-nothin  
phoney about her..# Leverentz's language always amazes me-he sounds like  
he reads the little mags, or should be writing for them..he didnt like  
nothing either tsk tsk- hes got a point here tho about the purple pass-  
ages..# Got a cackle from Harris' comments on the nude's feet, & was  
fractured by ML's Steinbeck type adventure and characters-I think Ill  
always remember that Easter sentiment- "Dont gimme no gawddam choclits"  
..wannerful..taking her life in her hands she blithely wants 'everything'  
on her hamburger,&Nancy eats potato chips and mustard(this is the weaker  
sex??)

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WRAI BALLARD, BLANCHARD, N.D. I like that cover on # 7. I has something.  
Haven't quite figured out just what yet,  
but sooner or later I will. A complaint..no not about the cover..no com-  
plaints about that from me, but HODGE was too short and too business-  
like. # Wanderers Return..didn't get it. The writing was good, but dunno,  
the story just didn't touch any chord. Good artwork with it, though..the  
art work made me read the story in fact. I still don't get it. #Gibson  
And Rapp and Ed were as good as I'd expect them to be, which is quite a  
lot to expect from anyone, but perhaps the best single item in the issue  
was the letter from Grennell. I am beginning to think this Grennell de-  
serves the title of "Fabulous character" not that he is a character you  
know, just fabulous. #Checking over the letters in Box 31, I noticed one  
thing. Either the writers were all for the bull or else they only touch-  
ed the article in passing. Strongest in favor..by which I mean least  
against bull fighting was Dean Grennell. Also in my letter which arrived  
too late, I was in favor of the Toreador..well if not in favor of him, not  
too much in favor of the bull. Dean also is farm raised, which leads me  
to remark 'tis odd the people who feel so much pity for the bull are all  
city people, none whom have, I suspect, any experiences with bulls. Act-  
ually my opinion is too prejudiced to be very valuable. I don't like  
bulls. We've had too many, neighbors have had too many, and I've had too  
much experience with them to be overly sympathetic. Admit I don't think  
I'd care for a bull fight, and doubt if I'd go to see one, except once  
as a curiosity. But I wouldn't be cheering for the bull either. Heck  
those bulls are paying for years of living high on the fat of the land  
and being catered to. People should have it so good. Personally I think  
anyone that gets in the ring wiht even a tired bull have a lot of guts.  
One of them gets killed every once in awhile and injuries are common. The  
ring bulls are bred for fighting, which makes them bad stuff because an  
ordinary bull can turn into a mean bastard overnight. I said I am prejud-  
iced..weell, if any of the writers favoring the bull had been caught in  
a corner of a stall by a bull and been saved mostly by the fact that it  
was too short for the bull ot get around and also so weak that the wall  
was battered out using his (my) body as a battering ram, they might be  
less detached. Or if, for example, another young bull charged thei horse  
like one would do with dad, they'd perhaps not be so vehement. Guess what



I am trying to get at, even though I wouldn't care for a bull fight, I still prefer people to bulls anyday. What makes me so mad at the bull, was, I was trying to do him a favor. The ingratitude still rankles. Observations: an excellent job as always. Ed asks us to cite any book or mag describing a completely alien life form. Heck that's easy.. AH SWEET IDIOCY by FRANCIS TOWNER LANEY. Anyone disagree? # Dean touched on a sore spot in talking about bundling.. but that is another story which I'd just as soon forget. Wonder if Lee Jacobs, that foine broth of a bhoý will mention the cover of #7? # Hey, got a bone to pick with Leverentz. He says, in regard to Edco's bit on Hill Billy music, #But to be expected to read the effusions of sundry yokels and dullards in defense of this "materia naiseum!" I protest on behalf of us yokels and dullards. I do not like Hilly billy music and most modern popular music. And I am as sundry as any one man can be. I, sir, being a yokel and dullard, take exception to the bland assumption that all yokels and dullards like hill billy music. # Better thank Chuck Harris (keep airmailing him his HP and keep him obligated to write letters of comments just like he was WW or Ghod) for his comments on Not-poetry. But, chuck, flattered as I am, I must refresh your memory by reminding you there is a certainty a large percentage of the not-poetry you credited to me was written by the foremost (by actual voting) practitioner of that not-art.. Art Rapp. I am merely the man who brought that form of art into the open. But your praise is appreciated, as only a man with a mission in life can appreciate when his mission is praised. You notice, Nance, the man did not say anything good for Am-So poetry. // Sir ballard.. the man's praise of am-so poetry is so boundless that to express it in mere mortal words is not easily done. Give up, yet?? ns// # I also want more PODGE. One remark has aroused my prurient curiosity "A round creature with a horsey tail and a rear end like my chevy rose and put a dime in the juke box". What was it? # Can't forget Harmon.. like his column and keep him writing, always enjoy his stuff.

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G.M. CARR, SEATTLE, WASH Loved that remark by al toth.. "I got a cousin whos always smokin them stinkers, & hes got five kids and never had a sick day in his life.." I wonder if his wife could say the same? Or if smoking "them stinkers" had anything to do with the "5 kids"--if so, would not smoking them stinkers qualify as a recipe for not having "five kids"? Lots of ideas in a statement like that.. # Ed Cox's gruesome little article contained a depth of thought which is all too often ignored, though I must admit the most poignant expression of it was in the life of Marie Curie where it described her horror at the death of M. Curie--he was run over by a carriage and his head was crushed, and ( sorry, I've forgotten the exact quotation) all that priceless brain was spattered over the cobblestones. Such an awful loss of knowledge.. any death is a loss of knowledge, of course, because even the most ordinary and uninteresting individual must have suffered and thrilled and known passion. I suppose it is only our egotism that makes us think OUR particular experiences are more precious than those of others, though in the case of M. Curie such a thought would be justified. # Dean Grennell's letter, too, had a couple of points wrth commenting on. The "Kismet" idea does have some startling support occasionally. Local papers here are full of a story of a man whose auto ran off a dock with him and his 5 yr old son inside. He forced a window open under water and pushed his boy out, then climbed out himself. Both were rescued. The next day he was found drowned in his bath tub. Possibly just coincidence.. or even if we say it is probably just coincidence, still if we wanted to use it to bolster the idea that "it was his time", it makes a neat bolster. Your (Dean's) mention of the "Y" chromosome reminds me of the circles science sometimes runs around in-- like a dog chasing its tail. When



erary England. That's one reason I like Agatha Christie's murders... they have such impeccably English backgrounds. Right now I am visiting Littlegreen House, although poor Emily Arundel is very dead. U.S. authoresses undoubtedly write just as good if not better murders, but that beautifully frosty background..Wodehouse and Jane Austin also give me that "weekend back home" feeling. # For HEVVIN'S SAKES! I was just going to comment a word or two here and there, and LOOKIT WHAT I DID! Tsk, tsk. Maybe you'd better censor this letter. Good heavens, I might even be saying something naughty that the boys shouldn't hear! # P.s. The cover gal looks as shocked as she ought to be for such "indecent exposure".

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ART RAPP, FT.SAM HOUSTON, TEX It makes me feel like a cad to remove HP# 7 from its concealing envelope, the cover girl is so obviously shocked at being spied upon. But chivalry is shredded by the necessity for crifanac, so with one last drool we wrench our gaze from the cover and proceed into the mag. # Haw, you damnyankees are behind the times. Reddish leaf buds, yet! We-uns have roses in bloom, a lawn that has to be sprinkled every night to keep it from shriveling under the Texas sun, and I even have an electric fan whirring across this typer. That last makes it a real fannish letter, doubtless. # Hodge was interesting as usual, but inspires no comment other than the above meteorological observations. Joe Gibson's article sets me to wondering what will happen in Russia to the Rick Sneary typ of fanwriter who uses a language and syntax all his own. As I understand it, the English language is almost unique in being comprehensible under such circumstances. So I suppose instead of delighting in the individuality of their Sneary, the Reds will liquidate him. # "For Nancy" is not not-poetry so it must be poetry. Very difficult to read though. Too much competition from the illo. Is that a self-portrai, Share? It is? I want proof!//  
.....//From Edco's column I deduce that these days he has time to read the prozines. This makes you unique, Ed; most present-day fans don't even know what a prozine is. That's why fandom is getting along so well lately. It is necessary to disagree with edco's sweeping generalization about the number of seconds in a year. I don't know where he got his figure of 31,558,000, but with the help of the World Almanac and a bit of multiplication I find that( the answer all depeneds on what year you mean) the Tropical Year has( take a deep breath) 33, 284,925.97632 seconds; the Sidereal Year has 31, 558,149.53856 seconds; and last but not least, the Anomalistic Year has 31,558,433.00832 seconds. So as you can plainly see Ed's figure is at the very least 149. 53856 seconds off. Synchronize your watches, men! # It is startling to notice that Dean Grennell and Walt Willis make identical recommendations as to MZB's conduct in case of another tornado. Are Dean and Walt two facets of some Sturgeon synergy? If Walt and Dean ever meet, will all fandom vanish in a clap of thunder? #The greatest deterrent to reading MALE or similar zines in public with the cover showing is that you keep getting pestered by people wanting to borrow the zine after you're through with it. Personally, I would read either MALE or PLANET with the cover showing in public, but I can't say the same of HODGE-PODGE. # There were Friday the 13th's in February, March and November of 1953( another problem solved with the help of the World Almanac)# Had it not carried his byline, I'd never have recognized "Kismet" as Ed Cox's work. It, is a radical departure from any other examples of his fiction that I ve seen. This is commendable, even though this particular story is not of itself outstanding. It shows that Ed is exploring various styles and ideas; when he discovers the technique that fits him, I 'm afraid we're going ot see Edco's name splashed on a lot of prozine covers. # Box 31: I won't go so far as to say that Lee Jacob's "forlorn opinion" of me is a base canard, but it



Mendel's experiments first started science on the serious track of genetics, science assumed that sperm was literally "seed" and carried a little man in itself already to be planted. (Prior to this time, it was assumed that the 'little man' or 'little woman', as the case might be, was stored up in the mother's body, waiting for the father's "life" to animate it and start it growing, but mama picked out which one to vitalize). Then came the discovery that instead of a "seed", there was an "egg" which needed a corresponding set of chromosomes to start it dividing. Sex then being assumed to be a matter of **chance** as to which "predominant" gene or chromosome of what-have-you just happened to prevail. Now we are back to the homunculous theory again, and, in literal truth, it is the father's sperm that determines the sex in the child, but having in itself the mysterious "y" factor which makes a boy--or not having it, which produces a girl. No doubt the next discovery will prove that this "Y" chromosome is cancelled by some female characteristic, so that we will be back again to the idea that it is Mama's fault that the baby was a girl.. But Dean's spirited (and sensible) rebuttal in defense of women reminded me of a book I just read. "Enthusiasm" by Rev. Msgr. R.A. Knox, Ph.D., Oxford Press, \$6. (I'm just bragging to show that I read other stuff besides stf and Detective stories!) Msgr Knox takes really nasty pot shots at middle aged females with a yen for piety.. even to the extent of tracing religious heresy to the influence of some woman. Middle aged female, at that. According to the distrust and suspicion he exhibited, you aren't saying the half of it when you give women credit for being "superior right now to a hell of a lot of men in many respects". He gives them credit for being able to inveigle the pillars of the church into heresy, and twist honest doctrine into horrible parodies of itself. Even powerful protestants like Whitefield, Venn, and Toplady were twisted around ladylike fingers, and even the stouthearted Wesley himself barely escaped being drawn into a certain "middle aged lady's" retinue. # Got a kick out of Nancy's experiment with crocheting. I've recently had a lot of fun for 50¢ myself. I'm back in the refrigeration shop again 5 days a week, but this time have decided NOT to indulge in fanning on shop time. Leaves a lot of empty hours that even Agathie Christie can't fill.. so I wandered one noon hour through the local Salvation Army secondhand store looking for something to fill my time. I found a box of old fancywork--horrible junk, most of it--and bought it for 50¢. I spent an entire afternoon untangling it to find what was in the box. Some of it I sold ( 60¢ worth- got my original investment back, anyway, plus a dime profit!) and since then ( that was 3 weeks ago) I've put crocheted edges on every towel in the house. I was real proud of my ingenuity in adapting nightgown yokes and doilies and piano-scarf-edges into suitable lace for bath towels. That type of lace-making seems to be another vanishing handicraft. TV takes up the empty evening hours, and the new emphasis on jobs eliminates the long daytime hours of boredom that these crocheted pieces served to fill up. Besides, who has patience to bother with making lace any more when you can buy it so cheap? #No, Nancy, I won't scold you for mentioning McCarthy.. I'm too interested in watching his antics. He's undoubtedly my favorite politician, and I've been tickled no end at the anguished screams from the army when he had the audacity to actually talk back to a GENERAL! I'm surprised the heavens didn't fall in from such lese majeste. I'll bet nobody's dared to talk back to Zwicker since he was a Lt....# Marie-Louise.. I enjoyed Huxley's "Swan", too.. though I found to my surprise that on re-reading it several years later, the characters all seemed to change emphasis. I mean, the ones who seemed most strong at first reading, like Mr Propter, seemed weak and pathetic on second reading, and vice versa.. I wonder what new things I'll find in it next time I visit that monstrous castle. I share with you (no puns.. down, pun, down I say!) your enthusiasm for lit-



is at least a treble canard. I sit in the barracks, yes, and it is even painted a sort of ivory, though the only times it can be said to gleam is just before inspection and just after a GI party. And if only dribbles of what I write see print, it is because, the following morning 9/10ths of what I have written the night before turns out to be (a) inane, (b) incomprehensible, or (c) both. Occasionally, lacking in inspiration and desirous of egoboo, I allow something like that article in HP#6 to slip by, and am invariably reminded by alert readers like Leverentz and Will- is that although you can fool most of the people most of the time, fans are slans. Incidentally, I'd be insulted by Leverentz's scorn if I didn't agree with his opinions of that particular article so thoroughly! Not that it was an insincere article, but just that it's been said so many many times before in fanzines! # Redd, I won't contradict your statement that Plato, St Thomas Aquinas and John Dewey have "altered history's current" more than did Hitler, Napoleon and Caesar. I merely contend that the diversionary tendencies of all seven were negligible. My theory is that history (and philosophy) would be much the same if its famous figures had never lived. For instance, in most history Newton is hailed as a genius who made possible the Industrial Revolution by inventing its mathematical basis, the calculus. But a closer scrutiny reveals that Newton's credit for developing this important branch of mathematics has to be shared with many other Europeans of the same era, who were working on lines of reasoning which sooner or later would have duplicated Newton's discoveries. The same thing applies to most other historic events. Columbus gets the credit for discovering America, but he was neither the first transatlantic voyager nor an individual far in advance of his contemporaries. With all the nations of Europe vying for sponsorship of spectacular voyages of exploration, it was only a matter of time before someone would commission an expedition to "the ends of the earth" and find someone reckless or desperate enough to undertake it. Columbus happened to be the guy. # "Podge" was even more interesting than "hodge" and was a fine windup to a fine issue of a wonderful magazine. Like the writer of Podge, I would be overjoyed at a chance to see England. So far the Army hasn't cooperated. But they did send me to Germany, which was an eminently satisfactory experience (my ancestry is German; Deutschland competed with England as an object of my youthful imaginary voyaging). And, with quite a few U.S. troops stationed in England nowadays, I can always hope, can't I? # Speaking of foreign service reminds me that I must take issue with Joe Gibson's remark about no actifan seeing combat. Of course, I am not sure just what he means by "combat" or even by "actifan" but it should be pointed out that Wilkie Conner was on Saipan and Okinawa with the US Marine Corps (he became interested in fandom when he met Virgil Finlay on Okinawa). I believe Many Bannister was in the Pacific with the Marines also. Russ Woodman, who published several fanzines was killed in action with the 7th Infantry Division in Korea. Ed Cox, as a member of Radio Platoon, 45th Signal Company, 45th Inf. Div., was not exactly a rear-echelon goldbrick during the Korean campaign. George H. Young served in an Engineer Construction Battalion which was probably within enemy artillery range during most of its activities in support of X Corps near Yanggu. Fred Reich might not be well known in fandom, altho I don't know how more active than he you can get; he built the bomb that was set off on my lawn to shatter 5th fandom. Fred was in a front-line Infantry company of the 45th Div in Korea. Going back to the war before last, Redd Boggs served in England and France with the Eighth Air Force, and Martin Alger was with the Signal Corps in Mediterranean Base Section. But enough of such martial remarks. Pending another remarkable issue of Hodge-Podge, I go now...

PAUL MITTELBUSCHER, SWEET SRPINGS, MO

I should be strongly tempted to speak rather disparagingly of the



opinions and/or philosophy's held by Mrs. Bradley and Rex Ward as put forth in # 6 but messers Willis and Grennell have done so to such an able degree that further remarks are pointless. I am a trifal disappointed in one James Harmon who's reference to the superiority of men to women leads one to believe that la Zimmer's decidedly unkind remarks anent James provoked him to a rather unlogical "striking back" which scarcely does him credit. If I wasn't cynically inclined recent developments would leave me sadly disillusioned, for it seems that nearly all of those I respect and admire in fandom have proven to possess the proverbially feet of clay..alas..Silverberg terms R.E.Howard "An uninspired hack", Grennell admits he dislikes letter columns, McCain attempts to prove Lil Abner is superior to Pogo, and Boggs confesses that he likes BEYOND. Is there no staward upright intellect whom one can have confidence in, Eu ta Harmon..#// what are you anyway? A frustrated, loney intellect gazing scornfully at all these dullards and lowly fans? Shame on us, shame!// #The young lady rather happily displaying her glands on you cover(#7) is an indication of something or other, in part the fact that your zine tends more than any other to be "sexy". Just why I don't know. Personally I find sex as subject matter to be neither shocking or particularly intersting. Naturally I realize that HP is merely an extension of a SAPS zine and as such is intended to have "general" appeal, however a casual reference to science fiction once in awhile would be a bit more pleasing. // Just a minute, buster. HP is NOT an extension any any sapszine. HP, also, was never intended as a stright-stf zine. There's plenty of those types of zines around if you like that kind.

HP is a stf mag in as much as it is devoted to fans and fansom instead of strictly science fiction.// You definately have published some excellent "off trail" stuff but this type of thing can be overdone. If you wish to continue in this vein why not just drop any pretentions to pubbing a SF fan mag? I'll still enjoy HP anyhow.// huh???// While I shall doubtless earn a number of severe chaistisments for having the gaul to say this I can not truthfully say I care for Arthur Rapp's work, at least that which I've read (very little). Cox's column is of little worth also..not so his short fiction effort "Kismet" which I consider very well done. #It may be quite the thing to admit one is a mystery story addict Jim but I shall linger with the hindmost by stating here and now that I do not care for mystery fiction in any of its forms, neither the cross-word puzzle or "blow their guts out" form. I suspect Lee Jacobs to be of the type which so infurates people like Ed Wood. His rather superior way of referring to the "serious and constructive" and reference to the fact that "there's nothing fannish here" his continual use of the term "fannish" in a manner implying that anything NOT fannish is literary nothing..but NOTHING. Some unkind person might point out that his alledged preference of Spillane over Wolfe is an indication of his low tastes, however I shall refrain from doing so. Actually I have no great quarrel with zines of HP's caliber which choose to stress fans and not sf..a few such are not unwelcome..its the fact that so damn MANY young impressional neo's get the idea that this is the only true fan mag material and that a QUANDRY is superior to a SKYHOOK. With all due apologizes to Grennell and recognizing the fact that fans are interesting people I believe a trend or reversal back to S would not be out of place. I appreciate guys like Leverentz and Harris, why, well perhaps because they are, or appear to be, even more cynical than I. Harris is particularly obnoxious most of the time, he goes out of his way to provoke angry retart, a glutton for mental punishment, subconsciously he probably enjoys it, it may even be a psychological necessity. No bombs, Chuck, just send Willis in a plain, sealed envelope..that should do it. #Leverentz's military experiences doubtless have rendered him even more bitter than he was previously. Unless on has spent time therein



one can not imagine how utterly P.O.ed at people (and the world as a whole) he can get. I sympathize with you Al, and applaud your definition of Hill William music as "Anthems of the illiteracy" ..the foul and nauseing clamor of unwholesomeness of "dear John" and especially that "thing" about a wooden indian left me contemplating just how low the public's taste can sink.

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JOE GIBSON , JERSEY CITY, NJ Who's Don Duke who did the cover this HP#7?

I don't remember seeing him at Philly last year--among other things I don't remember-- but I see he met the same girl I did. Funny that I didn't see him around when I walked into that room. I know he wasn't under the bed 'cuz she said as long as I was there I may as well have a drink, and that's where the ice was. There's one place I didn't look tho, come to think of it. But by the time she got behind the shower curtain and turned on the water, I was already pouring. Didn't even think to ask if she'd forgot the soap, much less got in to see about it-- usually I am more thotful about little things like that. #Speaking of nudes, there's something I've often wondered about. Classical American art has failry well defined the streamlined chassis of female-type nudes; and the uplift bra ads have no doubt influenced the shape of a nude's front bumper. But what about the parking light on that bumper? Most artists seem to prefer a mere coupla dabs of red which only suggest these fixtures. A few times, I have seen imaginative nudes by guy-artists whose knowledge of the subject was either very scant or who apparently thot li'l round shiny red berries were more artistic. Girl-artists are a bit more realistic, tho, usually- at least when it comes to parking lites. But that's where I get puzzled. Do girl-artists draw the same type parking lites they have, or what? # Ah well. may as well see what's inside this HP...h'mmm..For some reason, it seems hard to comment on fan fiction. In fact, it's hard to comment on pro fiction. Reminds me of all the letters I had in the TWS-SS colyums without ever once mentioning the stories in those mags. And speaking of mags, didja see the new s-f slick biweekly on the stands this mid-march. It's called some crazy mixed up thing like Colliers or sompin. And speaking of crazy mixed up things, I saw the movie "RIDERS TO THE STARS in Out of This Worl Color" recently. This cornball begins with a rocket doing what it does after being fired into space. It blasts a hole in the desert with pieces flying--including the instruments which, strangley enuff are e-jected at this moment to hit the chute, which they do after being thrown 30 feet. But that's a mere nothing. The rocket was being tracked by radar & radio telemeter jeeps--and after the rocket hits, these jeeps go bumpity-bum around the desert "zeroing in" on its point of impact. Which is real gone radar. #It seems cosmic rays are altering the molecular structure of the steel in these space rockets. Natch, there's one perfectly good li'l piece of machined structural brace that is still okay after smacking the desert, so the Project Boss can bang it across a brass humidor on his desk, splintering it like rotten ice to show how the steel was weakened by cosmic rays. And natch, since meteors hit Earth in perfectly hard, solid condition, those meteors must have an outer shell that protects 'em in space and is burned away by earth's atmosphere. So of course they gotta send manned rockets into space to gobble meteors and bring'em back and study them outer shells. So they start weeding out a bunch of shy guys for who's gonna be rocket jocks. One of the tests is to whirl the guy around in a centrifuge up to 12 G's--so they borrow the centrifuge that's been used to test inflatable G-suits up to 6 G's back in preWW2. This rig has a seat on the end of the big whirling arm, and the seat swings outward as ventrifugal force is built up--but it's an upright seat and it isn't enclosed. Guys who rode this rig at 4 G's had helmets and oxygen masks to protect their faces,



but not our hero! He takes 12 G's with no more than drooping eyelids while the wind plays thru his curly locks! But things are real scientific with acceleration chairs. Natch, the pilot has to be sitting up when the rocket's standing on its tail, so when he fires his jets out in space they'll kick him in the pants and not the back of his neck. Anyway, they get three volunteers, and you see a Viking take off twice, then a Mike missile goes up with a pretty smoke trail for number 3. The trio chases a meteor swarm which Palomar somehow spotted before they became shooting stars, and there are shots of polished rocks being swung back and forth on wires while the V-2 type rockets close in using staggered V-formation. First guy opens his nose-scoop and goes after a meteor. He don't approach too fast and rams it. He just picks one too big. But we can't just have it dent up his scoop--so the whole rocket explodes with a nice white blast of smoke and flying pieces. There's a fairly good glimpse of a corpse floating around in a torn spacesuit; second guy sees it and goes nuts. Then our hero uses up all his "braking rockets" which somehow work thru the crate's tail-nozzle to gobble an 11-inch meteor. They can see this pebble on the raydhar scope on the ground, natch! But man, talk about radar! Our hero makes a hot dive for earth with his precious prize and no more rocket juice--so they bring him down by remote control, plus that real crazy radar. They not only flare him out a few hunnert feet off the ground, but belly him into a crash-landing somewhere out in the desert--and the ship's spark skids across the green radarscope and stops! But the ground it hits don't even make a blur! Just shows what ya can do with a plate of green glass and a guy behind it waving a pencil flashlight. Spacescenes in this cornball show an Earth the size of Phobos from 50 miles up, plus some V-2 black/whites where the nose-camera's rotation gives a slow spin effect. Undoubtedly, a scene was filmed where the purty gal scientist comes on in skintites' long flannels and wiggles in & out of a spacesuit, showing the heor how it's done. The movie ads show the gal in skintites. But this scene got censored, so you'll not see her wiggle. This flicker has names tho. Herbert Marshall and Richard Carlson, who also directed, and screenplay by Curt Siodmak who is undoubtedly a relative of Clifford D. Hollywood, y'know. Relatives.

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 DEAN GRENNELL, FOND DU LAC, WIS Sorry, but I can't say as I cared too much for the cover this time. For one thing, it's not especially well-done. For another thing, it's lifted from a photo in some old photography magazine--I have a vague recollection that Jack Howard too it, but wouldn't swear to this. For another thing, its probable effect on non-fans is such that I thought it best to lug HP about in its envelope till I got around to writing this. It's not that I'm especially prudish but a lot of people do judge a book by its cover and I don't want anyone to think I'm an aficionado of "Feelthy peecktyoors". There's something unmistakably different between a picture drawn by itself and one that's picked up-by any means--from a photo. Given reasonable competence, the direct drawing is more pleasing to me than the cushion-shot off of a photo type. I like Nancy's inferior work--all of it--quite a bit better than I do that cover. Granted, I've done drawings from photos myself and doubtless will again. But as long as you have such a talented art directorix on tap, why not have her do some of them again? You could always have..uh..Don Duke..send you the plates, Nance, and you can draw the cover on them and send it back to him for reproducing. My favorite cover so far was, I think, the one on #4. But I'm not asking you to change just for me. If the rest of the readers like that sort of cover, go ahead and use it. But just keep sending envelopes with it, hmm?# You may be happy to hear that, at current reports, they are thinking of getting up a petition to have



McCarthy recalled from the Senate hereabouts. //yes, I heard about that. At last reports, most of the 4,000((40,000?)) signatures had been secured.// Bloch and I are both pleased as it's no special fun to have everybody blaming you for his fulminations (McCarthy's, not Bloch's). They say they need something like 400,000 plus signatures to put it through but if they bring it to Maple Avenue, I intend to sign all my pseudonyms which numbered 45 the last time I took census. If it's any consolation to the rest of you, the general tone of public opinion that I've been able to sample is that they are pretty well fed up with Joe's tactics. Even some of his old supporters were jolted when he sold us down the river on the Tideland Oil matter(I have hopes that the Cadillac the Texas tycoons gave him as a wedding present may not be so free after all. It might cost him his seat in the Senate and there are those who feel that if Joe lost his seat it couldn't happen to a nicer guy). I think we would have been rid of him last election if only they would have had any kind of competition for him in the primary. But the guys against him were harmless nonentities at best, as was his Democratic opponent and, with all the egoboo Joe got, he was the only one most of the people had heard of and so he got some votes. But it may be worth noting that he didn't get as many votes as Eisenhower by a long ways. There is, I assure you, a tremendously large number of people here that voted for him last time who won't do so again. I hope the foregoing doesn't bring the ire of GMCarr crashing down upon my head but McCarthy and the cold winters are the two things I like least about living in Wisconsin. You've no idea how intense the feeling is against him in other parts of the country unless you experience something like some friends of ours did. They were traveling in New York state a few years ago and stopped at a motel for the night. The proprietor, on seeing their Wisconsin license-plates, refused to put them up, saying that anyone from the state that sent that (deletion here of an extremely interesting term) to Washington was not welcome in his motel. Ironically, the people are staunch Democrats and said so, but to no avail. # It's not that I have leftist tendencies--not at all. If there were or are communists where they shouldn't be, then by all means, I'm in favor of getting them out. But, as so many have said before, I can't condone or sanction his methods in the least. And I'm getting more than a little tired of taking the rap for him. But even if McCarthy had never heard of the communist party, he is still no great shakes of a senator in my opinion. I had occasion to correspond with both him and our good senator(Wiley) a couple years back regarding some firearms legislation that the NRA wanted some action on. I wrote both of them a lengthy letter giving them my views and profuse supporting arguments. Wiley sent back a detailed and satisfactory reply. McCarthy sent what I assume to be a standard brushoff letter. "I have read your views and shall convey them to my associates". The legislation passed, by the way, but I gave scant credit for this to our junior senator. It might be interesting to pass on various comments I've heard from Joe's fellow-Appletonians but you don't catch me saying such things about anyone as suit-happy as Our Boy. No indeed, Ma'am! # I saw something the other day that brought home to me as few things before have the fact that we are inexorably journeying toward the day of Galactic Confederacies and robot scullery-maids. It was an A, my Recruiting Poster showing three GI's tracking a Guided Missile. The pic is a fairly typical sf-looking thing and could well have graced a copy of ASF in the late thirties. Somehow, it seemed just around the corner to the day when you walk up to the post office and see posters emblazoned with "Young Men--Join the US Space Force! See the canals of Mars at the Taxpayers' Expense" etc. And it seems like only yesterday that television barely existed outside of ASF..these are jittery times and tempus fidgets.

#Ed Cox's column is entertaining as always. Yes boy- I think that there are occasional " inanimate" objects endowed with sentient life of sorts.



I'll try to give you an example if it will let me. I'm referring to Smith-Corona #5S343420...a deviationist portable with a keyboard that can foul up most people without even trying. The apostrophe lurks over where your machine most likely has a ¢ sign. So anyone sitting down to this will, when they want an apostrophe, shift and hit the 8-key. But they don't get what they expected. The virgule (/) is over the 8 here. Conversely, I, who am familiar with the thing, am hexed when I use another machine. It just doesn't come out right. # I made a fearful boo-boo in that letter. There are such things as "Y" chromosomes...or so Jean informed me when she read it. And she went over and produced a reference in a book to prove it. Jim Harmon also pointed this out to me in a letter. In fact, Jim and I have continued the discussion via private circuit since we both feel that, no matter how genteel you are, such a thing in a fanzine will be interpreted by some as a bloody vendetta. So we are hashing it over like the fine old southern-fried gentlemen we are. # Maybe I should have said "Southern-Freud" gentlemen. I mention this next with the gravest trepidation but Sigmund's name, misspelled four times in 3 lines is more than I can ignore. "Freud", not "Frued"-the "e" preceeds the "u" in this as well as feud, pseudonym, amateur and deuce. And have you heard this new record "She's the Sweetheart of Sigmund Freud"? There really is such a record. Honest. Different tune, tho, from the old college weeper. # Skipping on now to PODGE...your account of your venture into that cafeteria was thrilling, sorta. One of the restaurants where I eat is much favored by truck-drivers. It is favored by me on account of when they serve ham and eggs, they lug out a hunk of ham that must practically ruin a whole hog. It used to be run by a beefy old gal named Doris and I used to like to sit and listen to her hurl bandinage back and forth at the truck drivers. Remember once when one of them complained, "Hey Doris, this coffee's cold as hell!". She waddled over, stuck her finger in the cup up to the second joint and grunted, "Damned if it ain't." # Hmmm, you've got a Smith-Corona too, eh? # Out in Portland one time, I went in a place and ordered a bottle of Milwaukee beer. The guy says, "You want Milwaukee Wisconsin or Oregon?" Developes they have a little town near Portland named Milwaukee..named, I think, solely to house a number of breweries making "Milwaukee beer". # Was slightly surprised to see Walt Willis react the same way I did to Mrs. Bradley's article.. and in so close to the same words too. Liked that bit too about Bloch's letter standing out "like a naughty deed in a good world"! Funniest thing in the whole issue, tho, was Chuck Harris' "I don't care for Plato Jones..Lynn Hickman always amuses me." Did that make you howl too? # Random miscellany--it recently occured to me, in reading Bob Tucker's book, "Wild Talents", that Grenadine means coming from Grenada. Must file that away in case I ever want to start another column (Foo forbid!) "Grenadine" would make a good title for it. Yours in a pousse cafe.\* Note\* A "pousse cafe" is a cocktail containing grenadine. Did you ever try the version made with very dry claret? They call it a "Sour Pousse".

# SPACEDOGDITTY BY P. H. ECONOMOU

Spacedog Cy, a moral guy, hit the lanes to Pluto  
Parades out, he heard a shout, "I'm in the hold, come let me out!"  
A slowaway without a doubt  
Twas Lily Bigbazooto.

"So what?" you snort, "that ancient plot won't make my heart beat faster.

"An upright guy like Spacedog Cy, would leash the beast and rather die

"Than leer at Lil with lustful eye

"For kicks they'll play Canasta."

But listen pla, this Lily gal preferred to be a baddie

So lush as pie she sauntered by and brazenly she leered at Cy

Alas weak flesh--our Spacedog guy

Debarked a Spacedogdaddy!



PHYLLIS ECONOMOU, MIAMI, FLORIDA

I hope you will agree with me that even an appalling scrawl like this is better than no acknowledgement at all of your very nice letter and HP. My typer ~~is~~ is at the office and I simply cannot let this wait any longer. Right at this time I am alienating friends wholesale because the nicer they are or the better I like their fanzines, the longer they have to wait to hear from me. I so want to write comprehensively and am always optimistic that tomorrow I will find the time. But tomorrow is worse (for example, it is now 1.20 a.m.) As you probably read in GRUE, we are selling our business and moving, and the loose ends are staggering. I just now wound up 3 months' book-keeping but it will soon be over and then I shall fan and correspond and write stories to my own satisfaction, and probably everyone else's satiation! At any rate, I know you will forgive me this time if I do not comment at length on HP as I would like. Except to say that I have really been missing a treat, I find it delightful. Dean--that priceless lamb--has been recommending it to me, but it was one of those things on my "list to do".

CHUCK HARRIS, ESSEX, ENGLAND

Look honey, whatever you do, don't write to me and underline things like "what I want is you" again. I just didn't wait to read any farther...in thirty seconds flat I'd distributed blank voting forms to all of the neighbors that can write, phoned Walt Willis that I'd changed my mind about being nominated for the Transatlantic Fan Fund, informed the family that I intended to bull my way aboard the first boat leaving for the States tomorrow (call me early in the morning, Mother darling, for I'm to be mean on the quay) and put down the first installment on a wedding ring. And then (ah, the shame of it) I read on. "On our contents page" indeed! I haven't been hurt so much since that time I told you about when Lee Hoffman jilted me for a gelding. I almost wish I'd started off by proposing to Nancy instead of letting you prevaricate with me. Look how she gets along with Al Toth--wouldn't you like men to start sending you cigars too?((NO!)) And another thing--you don't seem to realize what a Big Wheel I am. When you ask a fan of MY Caliber--you'll notice how modest I am in assuming that there are fans of my caliber--for material, you don't just pray solemnly "God bless Mama and Papa and the President and Chuck Harris." First, I am past praying for--I was beatified last week--and secondly, how does the President come into this? What gives him precedence? Will he write a column for you? Will his name on the cover double your circulation? And does he proclaim regularly every month about how honorable his intentions are towards you? People have been dropped from "Operation Fantast" for less than this. Don't expect anything about Huxley though. I suppose I do vaguely admire him, but I don't think I know enough to write critiques about his stuff. And I can never forget what Walt says about scholarly reviewers and serious constructiveness.."Do you really want to read fuggheaded accounts of fuggheaded fanclubs, or reviews by people on whose opinion you wouldn't buy a roll of toilet paper?" There was a lot more in this vein but you get the general idea. When this sort of thing is done by experts like Boggs, Atheling, and (especially) Bloch, they are interesting and thought-provoking, but when an ordinary, vague-sort of fan like I am attempts it, the result is invariably a godawful mess. HODGE-PODGE is as nice as usual, but I didn't go for this swain song of Calvin T. Marsden. What's "white the gull-sheen in blue-sky" mean? If we must have fourth rate serious poetry, the very least you can do is make it pornographic. Surely he doesn't need 500 words to tell Nance that it's Spring and his fancy has turned That Way. Notice that Al Toth doesn't go all maudlin and starry-eyed like Cal does..and I bet Nan enjoyed the cigars more than the poem, too. And will somebody please tell me what the last line of MY WILD IRISH ROSE is? Look, if you really do have a yearning to visit Europe, why don't you save up for a year and come over? I have doubts about a girl who wants to "see parts of England, Scotland and Germany" but makes no mention of Belfast and Rainham--the twin meccas of True Individual Fandom, but if you would really prefer to see the Louvre instead of the "Hyphen" duplicator it's no concern of mine. The cost, of course, varies between one trip and another. But if you didn't stay at flossy hotels and don't intend to go home loaded with souvenirs I should think you could spend six weeks here on say \$500.



Rita Krohne, a friend of Bloch's (imagine facing Anglofandom with a handicap like that) came over last year and had a whale of a time cycling through France and Germany and seeing London and part of Devon and she was just an average sort of girl with no more dough than you could save up. If it was possible for her to do it, it's quite possible for you, too. If you're really keen on the idea Bloch or I would put you in touch with Rita and she'd probably be happy to Tell You All.. Be interesting to see what Ed Cox complains about when he gets this cover. Ghod. You can almost hear the Purple Hearts clinking in Joe Gibson's letter. I'd be sorry to spoil any tawdry little egoboo he might collect as the only actfan who ever saw combat, but I have an idea that there was an N3Fer with an even stronger claim than Gibson's. He was killed. I'll be damned if I'll blow my own trumpet or the collective trumpets of Anglofandom over this, but if he must specify artillery shells, then the best example was Bill Temple at Anzio. Other fans saw combat service in the Air Force and in the Navy. But what's the point of such an argument? If Gibson volunteered to stretch out in that subterranean ranchtype, and always stepped forward when the Japs (or the Germans) needed target practise, then I can only salute him. He's a dam sight braver than I am. If, however, he was there because he was damn well ordered to be, then there is absolutely nothing at all to shout about. From my own personal experiences and from what I know of other fans I never had any feeling that it was something to be proud of to go off to war and get shot at. When I was accepted for the Navy the only feeling I had was a vast relief at getting away from London with a whole skin and a vague worry about "if she'd write." (She didn't.)

WALT WILLIS, BELFAST, N. IRELAND

That's a nice girl you have there on the cover, but what's she got her hands up for?

Is she frightened by a mouse or covered by a Mauser? From here it doesn't look as if she's covered by anything, even a gun. Aren't you afraid she'll catch a Colt? I'd hate to see anything happen to such a good Luger. Something awful happened to your pagination this issue but I suppose Walt Klein has already written you a rude letter about it. Don't take it too much to heart. Lay that epistle down, babe. Lay that epistle down. It was a good enough story to make us sort out the pages and read one of them again. Joe Gibson is one of the strangest people I've ever met. Such an extraordinary mixture of sophistication and naivete! His letter in Box 31 of this issue is intelligent, sensitive, even profound. But this article about space flight in Russia is almost childish. Does Gibson really think that the concept of space stations etc. has only just occurred to the Russians? Joe, the Russians have been reading and writing science-fiction for years and years. From all accounts it's as popular there as in America if not more so. And even if it weren't, the Bolshies are no dozers. They probably know more about what's going on in western scientific circles than most Western scientists. Doesn't pay to underestimate those lads as the H bomb scientists found out. Better be careful that the first space flight isn't made from some base in Central Asia (a steppe rocket, of course) and Mars becomes really the Red Planet. A real nice nude, that, on p 12. Congratulations. Dean Grennell's letter was excellent. You hardly need other letter-writers when you've got him. It's one of those letters that are better than the things it comments on. Say, there's an idea. Next time you find yourself with a load of indifferent material, don't bother to stencil it up and print it. Just send it off to Grennell, and maybe Vernon McCain and print their letters of comment! Plato's cartoons of fan personalities are the best work I've seen him do yet. Both of these are quite brilliant. I wonder can I take any credit for this change in his work. The Harmonica That Seldom Ever. Hmmm. I have a suspicion that Harmon is parodying me. No, not just the title. The style. That chain of association technique--the depth charge pun--all the horrors of WAW. Letter section the best thing in the issue, as ever. Jacobs and Geyerentz were particularly good, but I thought the best single sentence was Chuck Harris' "This is just the sort of thing that will one day bring about the resurrection of Laney!" I think this must be added to fannish mythology..the dreaded giant Francis Tower Laney sleeping among his stamp collection like Barbarossa until the day comes for him to rise in his wrath and smite the hosts of the fuggheads. The new catchword will be, "Careful, you'll waken Laney."



ROBERT BLOCH, WISCONSIN

I am happy to see Marie-Louise discovering AFTER MANY A SUMMER DIES THE SWAN....first rate science-fiction, although

from the way it has been ignored by most fans, you'd think it was a study in ornithology. Marie-Louise may also be interested in Huxley's post-atomic nightmare, APE AND ESSENCE...which received, in my opinion, far too little attention from the field.

And in his more metaphysical TIME MUST HAVE A STOP in which "Mr. Propter's" ideas are elaborated. I've read somewhere that this character is modelled on Gerald Heard, who (in addition to writing fantasy of his own) established a group out west and numbered Huxley amongst his disciples. Personally, I consider Huxley to be one of this century's greatest Inquiring Minds...one of the few (Philip Wylie is another) who believes there is more to the field of "scientific investigation" than can be contained in a test-tube. One of the few who doesn't arbitrarily equate science with technological development for profit which in turn is equated with progress according to current standards. Naphta, in THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN, as I recall, goes so far as to question the concept of "knowledge". He upholds the viewpoint of medieval theologians that nothing is worth knowing unless it contributes to the soul's salvation. I'm not espousing this particular theory...merely pointing out that there's more than one way of looking at things. Nowadays we're so much inclined to regard all science as "physical" that we forget how recently this notion came into vogue. In current science-fiction, the majority of writers go all-out for the idea that technology is the thing: their concepts of the Glorious Future seem Spengleristic, with depictions of megalopolitanism triumphant. They're interested in tomorrow's Super Truck. I'm interested in tomorrow's truck-driver. If he's no better than the specimens you ran into in that hamburger jernt, I for one am not inclined to raise any huzzas about "progress". And for "truck driver" you can substitute "nuclear physicist" for all I care. I think we have a long way to go in our investigation of what makes humanity tick--why some people get an archetypal kick out of slaughtering male cattle and why others think some mystic Sky-Writer appends their name to tornadoes. To say nothing of whether pigs have wings. Anyhow, Huxley is my boy. I applaud his interest in subjective phenomena and his refusal to consider "subjective" as a derogatory label in an era where everybody prides himself on being "objective" (except, of course, when reacting on the emotional or subliminal level, which is a mere 98% of the time). However, you will find that this view of mine is most unpopular and Mr. Huxley is generally regarded as a "mystic." This word "mystic" has the same damning connotation today as "egghead" and is out of favor in a world where no one is supposed to get excited about anything except today's baseball score. As for Nancy's reading: she can find a hundred or more volumes similar to THE DRUG STORY in the list put out by Tiffany Thayer and the Fortean Society: but again, the expose or debunking vehicle is unpopular in our time. We are supposed "to boost, not knock" lest we be accused of Communism. Mr. Wilson struck the keynote with his "What's good for General Motors is good for the nation". And may the Lord pity those who dissent. Maybe both you gals will be safer if you confine your reading to the daily adventures of MARY WORTH or any of the popular (and interchangeable) novels about doctors, soldiers, and handsome young men who go on secret missions for famous historical characters and get involved with a series of females who have all apparently had prolonged access to efficacious bust-developers. On the other hand, if you two want to corrupt your tender minds with speculative or iconoclastic or offbeat literature, I will gladly smuggle you a reading list if the FBI doesn't get it first. Take courage in the thought that HUCKLEBERRY FINN was banned from a number of public libraries for its blasphemy against religion. All of which has nothing to do with HODGE-PODGE, or does it? Insofar as HP represents your collective viewpoints, I'd say it does: the more you read and reflect, the more your reading and reflection will be mirrored in the pages of the 'zine. As it is, HP today is a bright and polished glass, and the present issue sparkles gaily.

REDD BOGGS, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Who is Don Duke and why is his name signed to one of Max Keasler's drawings? It must be a Keasler pic-

your front cover illustration, I mean. I don't know about the mammary display, but the wench's face is familiar. I seem to remember her from when I was FAPA official editor. and looked at her 68 times one day when assembling a bundle in which Max had an issue of AL LA BABOOM. Your mimeo is developing a blind spot in the first quadrant.



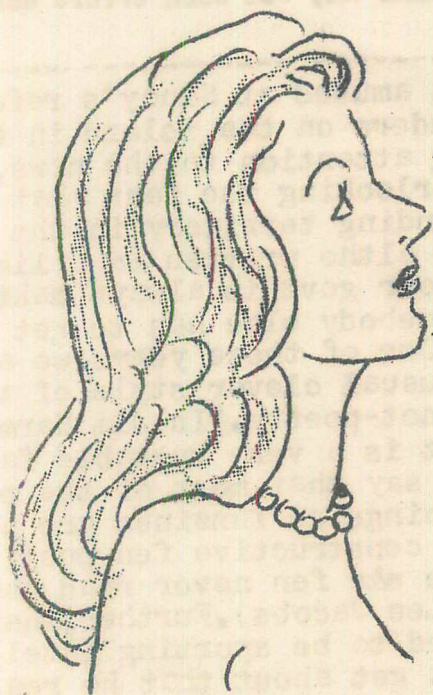
I realize this is probably not news to you..even tho you crank out an issue in three or four hours and probably don't notice such things till you have it all done. Try building up the spot with some kleenex under the ink pad. Haven't commented on HP's poetry for several issues (did you miss my comments?) outside of Rapp's stuff, and since I long ago used up the superlatives in Roget I'll refrain from commenting on Sour Grapes. "For Nancy"---was it really for Nancy?---narrowly misses being pretty good. I'm afraid Calvin T. Marsden, whoever he is, got a bit too intoxicated with fine-sounding phraseology, and inverted word order, which is a pity because if he had condensed this poem and used some specific detail instead of "trees weeping sadly" and so on, he might have written something actually worthy of being dedicated to Nancy---or for that matter, to Marie-Louise. "Minor Lament" is indeed minor, especially for Walt Klein, who has done some admirable things. I don't know whether the triteness comes more from the phrase "heart is cold with pain" or from the similarity of "the sunlight slant of Autumn" to Emily Dickinson's fine and famous phrase "There's a certain slant of sunlight on winter afternoons." Ed Cox's Observations about H.L. Gold's editorial on paper clips, rubber bands etc. is the second fan comment in recent weeks (the other was Carol McKinney's in SWARM) In both instances I don't rightly know whether the fan is kidding. And speaking of GALAXY, what's the story Ed refers to about "inanimate objects doing their damndest to foul up the normal state of human affairs"? I must have missed it and I'd like to read it but Ed is no help in finding it. Further along he says "the golden boom is bust." I wish I were DAG or WAW, I could think of something clever to say. BOX 31 was as amazing as usual. Al Leverentz sounds like Chapter 4 of THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR. He reminds me of a story Burbee and Laney told me on wire once. A fannish woman who belonged to the LASFS was berating the members for being jerks, clods, etc. telling them they ought to "get out and live", ending her lecture by pounding herself on the chest and screaming "LOOK AT ME: I'M PERFECTLY NORMAL!" Chuck Harris to the contrary, I think "Box 31" is better than the letter dept. in SKYHOOK. But maybe the two shouldn't be compared at all. The letter section that most resembles yours is the one in HYPHEN (plug.) I suppose I should comment on PODGE which is always one of the best parts of the magazine. Do I sound "bewildered, baffled, and frustrated" when I comment on HP? I think you are reading things into my critiques that aren't there. Of course I'll admit I wish you would use a bit more "loving attention" to some things in HP, but I assure you I don't expect you to aim at perfection. SKYHOOK is the sort of fanzine I like to publish; it is certainly not the only sort I like to read. I am afraid the fanzine field would be very dull even to me if all fmz were like SKHK. Every typo and mis-spelling in SKHK quite literally wounds me, but such errors don't \* bother me too much when some other fanzine does it.

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ED COX, CANOGA PARK, CALIF. In Hodge, I was a bit amused at Nancy's reference to the 200 islanders on the island in the atomic experiments. Unless I haven't been paying attention to the news, were those people killed or hurt? Or are you overlooking the fact that the govt carefully evacuates the islands and surrounding territory in the experimental areas? Jersey Joe Gibson's article altho written in a lighter vein is worthy of consideration. Seems as if our govt is always making a try to come behind in situations like this. Somebody else has to get the jump on us before any positive action is taken. One of these years we aren't going to make it. "Sour Grapes" was in the usual clever style of the great Not-poet altho I'm not inferring this is not-poetry. In Jim Harmon's column I find an item which elicits comment. That is a very unstable fact he presents there about s-f fans. I'd venture to say that most of the people involved in the field which produces such things as fanzines are not s-f fans. They are fandom fans. Only serious and constructive fen publish and write and so on. And everybody knows that the s&c fen never read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff (to steal a phrase from Lee Jacobs). Further, where did this business start wherein a fan is supposed to be sporting intelligent and intellectual aspirations by letting it get about that he reads detective novels? Mickey Spillane? Brett Halliday? Raymond Chandler? Or maybe Carter Dickson, Ellery Queen, Agatha Christie and Erle Stanley 33



Gardner (who was known for his fantasy fiction well before he became nationally famous for his staff of mystery writers). In short, despite the excellence of some of the older actual mystery fiction, the idea that it is an intelligent and intellectual feather in somebody's cap to be seen reading it is pure blather. # One of the best items in the issue is Dean Grennell's letter. # Since Bob Bloch mentions it, the pop ballad field is nauseating too. The more ridiculous the damn things are, the greater the sales volume. # A gag that the exploding cigar faction can pull on people who smoke cigarettes instead of cigars is this: Borrow a couple of horse-hairs from a horse, a long needle from your mother (wife, sister..mistresses don't usually have to sew..or somebody) and carefully thread the horsehair into the cigarette. Snip off and tamp down the ends so nothing is suspicious looking. When the smoker takes a good long drag from that butt, they'll know their cigarette is tasting differently lately. If there are no horses handy..tough. But come out to Calif. Horse-back riding is the fad these days in the outlying sections of this small souther-calif nation called LA. # Ha, do I care whether three and a half dozen hill-billies in New York (from the Dorothy Shay fanclub) write in and say they like the stuff? As long as OBS inspires comment by readers on some topic I mention, then I guess it's worth it. And by the way, Chuck Harrie, old bean, what has happened to the days when a woman's beauty was partially estimated by the size of her feet? I full well realize that the size of something else is of more import these days, but you'll find that most women still like their shoe size to be several times smaller than their bust size. Furthermore, the Old Tradition of bound feet in the oriental countries went out with coon-skin coats. At least it isn't so widely practiced ~~any more~~ in China and Japan. Women are more than ornaments in Japan these days and in China they are probably vying with the horse in the fields for the glory of the People's Republic. # You know, it'd probably be the last thing I ever did, but in view of his past purges on the subject, I'd like to pull the old Calif joke on Laney. "They told me everybody in California is either a hot-rodder and a queer and I don't see any wheels on you!" # This has been, in part, a commentary concerning, partly, an amateur publication that is based on, in part, the reading and criticism of science fiction. Any resemblance and/or connection with s-f is purely unintentional and coincidental.

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SHARE



## "OBSERVATIONS"

Maybe it was Horace Greely who once said "Go west, young fan, go west."..or some thing like that, but in the annals of fandom, Los Angeles always seemed to be the Golden Mecca. Fans by the slew are migrating out to California. Nearly the whole Wash. D.C. contingent now resides in the San Francisco area. The whole Maine contingent (me) migrated to Los Angeles. Here I am, in L.A. Don't feel any different, tho.

Maybe it's just another one of life's little disillusionments. Of course I never did consider myself real "fannish"(a word I dislike muchly). Wrai Ballard, that estimable Outsider up in North Dakota said he thought I'd be very fannish. But no. First time I saw Lee Jacobs, and he, me, we didn't even recognize each other. Being fans, we should have had that fannish appearance. But no bells rang when he strolled by in a recreation park here looking for me. Shortly after that, upon arriving home, he was there and the conversation that ensued centered mainly around music, electronics and beer. So you see, Los Angeles won't do much for making you become a fan of greater stature.

But L.A. is rather fabulous, I guess. Places like Hollywood, Culver City, the Palladium, Grauman's Chinese Theater and the LASFS clubroom in it. Helicopters shuttling mail from one post-office rooftop to another, huge freeways, ungodly traffic, ultra-modern buildings; sheep in the streets, owls hooting in the trees, chicken farms and hot rods. But the average drooling movie magazine reader would be greatly disappointed in a lot of places here. Drove by the corner at Sunset and Vine....big, bare, empty place. No people, not much traffic, no movie stars. Didn't see a single Chinaman at Grauman's Chinese Theater. But they do have the search lights! First night I was here I thought there were a hell of a lot of air-fields, all those searchlights in the sky. Turned out to be gas stations mostly.

But a science-fiction fan will still find things of interest around here. Walked by a hardware-home furnishings store one day and you should've seen their wall paper. Just the thing for your stf den, it is. All covered with space ships (a la Buck Rogers) and planets and stars and stuff. No BEMS tho. But even better they got bars here that are open seven days a week. And more brands of beer than pro mags. Then there are the TV stations. Something like ten of them in this area counting channel 28 on UHF. More science-fiction shows to gawk at..why look at this lineup...Capt. Video, Rocky Lane-Space Ranger, Superman (he flies) (without wings) Space Cadets, Flash Gordon, Space Funnies and probably more. For avid wrestling fans such as Nancy Share there are three big nights each week.

Another fine feature is the almost total absence of hill-billy and western music (which I know would greatly disappoint Marie-Louise Share and Al Leverentz should they migrate). Of course they do have the usual run of popular ballads (excepting Wrai who's in a different category.) Which brings me to carry this musical depreciation discussion a little further. In the previous HP a lot of comment spear-headed by Bob Bloch (Ray's famous brother, you know) tore down the popular ballad as well as the western type junk. The fact that I didn't mention it does not mean I like to listen to it.

But if the lucky fan living in LA wants to, he needn't resort to radios and jukeboxes for music appreciation. Lots of fine places to pick up on modern progressive and dixie-land jazz plus outfits like Jerry Gray and (ugh) Lawrence Welk. Where does the fan get the money to go to these joints (for the fare i.e. drinks) Being serious and constructive fans, they don't read the pro mags and therefore have all that money for serious and constructive fan activity. Lee Jacobs is a shining example of a serious and constructive fan.

However, I particularly disagree with that term! It should be used, if used at all, to designate those sterling characters who liven up the proceedings of such organizations the LASFS. That is really serious and constructive. They read book reviews there. And give fanquets. For the previous mentioned activity I hereby make a motion that the much more illustrative term "beerius and destructive" should be adopted. Do I hear this seconded? But to get back to the topic.



You know there's been a lot of jokes about the Californian weather. Liquid sunshine and all that. It ain't true. Only rained for a solid week after I got here. "Very unusual weather". Winter, down here, consists of a few rainstorms considered average back east. Why, on the other hand, who'd have thunk I'd be getting a sun tan in March!

In closing this session, let me assure you all that I am not getting a damn cent from the Chamber of Commerce. This has not been a discussion on why you should come to California. Hell, it's too crowded here, now. end

\*\*\*\*\* P O D G E \*\*\*\*\*

A perfect avalanche of mail struck Box 31 this month. As a consequence we had sadly to omit the latecomers. Messages from such friends as Lynn Hickman, Celia Block, Jim Harmon (who says "Al Leverentz is a conceited fool, obsessed with his own sense of importance and imaginary talents.") and John Hester, who contrariwise likes Al and applauds his sentiments. Also a letter from Rick Sneary who demands to know if our Rex Ward is the same person as his Rex Ward. Chuck Harris sent me all the way from England the science-fiction magazine VARGO STATTEEN which carries his entertaining tale OMEGA. It sounds so exactly like him no one could possibly fail to recognize him behind it, even if it had been printed anonymously. He's a fascinating person, that one. And Jim Harmon gave me a copy of SPACEWAY that I couldn't find in this area, containing his novelet THE UNCOMPROMISING PEOPLE. Congratulations to you both, from both of us. I notice in VARGO STATTEEN on page 38. a photo of Walter Willis. That old one in FANVARIETY certainly failed to do you justice, Mr. Willis. Too, I must not forget to thank you for your nice words in HYPHEN concerning HP. He says it is "sloppily produced but an utterly charming melange.." I propose a toast to WAW (an Irish one, don't worry) "Health and long life to you! House and land to you! The wife of your heart to you!" It ends "And death in Ireland." Only an Irish gentleman can appreciate the delicacy of such a sentiment. And to Marion Bradley; I shall be delighted to lend you MANY MANSIONS as soon as it is safely returned to me. You've no idea what a treat lies in store for you, Marion dear, and I'm looking forward to your reaction to its big bold beautiful theories. I notice Ed Cox likes Dixie-land jazz. My weakness also. I detest boogie-woogie or that other meaningless din specified as be-bop. But Dixie-land gets me. You should get a load of our jam sessions. When I sit down to the keyboard everything that isn't nailed down shakes. Gwen's husband plays a mean guitar and doesn't sing badly, either. Marty, hidden behind his drums (and with an astonishing sense of rhythm) gets hotter by the measure, and everything is good until Nancy hauls out her foot long harmonica and decides to join us. We wouldn't mind. On the contrary, we welcome additions to our jam fest. But no matter what Nancy plays it sounds like "Shall we Gather At the River?" Very disconcerting to be pounding out red hot rhythm and suddenly at the best parts comes a long drawn mournful wail from the harmonica. "O Nance, we're playing That's A'Plenty!" we yell. "Well, so am I!" she says indignantly, but it sure is a weird arrangement. We are "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee" while Nance is already gathering at the river. O well, she's all wet anyhow. On the subject of popular tunes, Robert Maxwell's EBB TIDE is a most beautiful composition, especially if it's played in five flats. The original piece of music is written in C. But I like to fool around and transpose until I discover the best way to play a tune I enjoy. And EBB TIDE in five flats rolls out deep and exciting and as it was meant to be played. Everyone in our house (well, practically everyone) plays the piano. I am utterly serious when I say that so far we've worn out two of them (pianos I mean). I do not envy people who cannot work out via fiery Rachmaninoff Prelude the fury and the anger and the awful knowledge of one's pitiful inability to make oneself heard as one hears oneself. I've been reading Sara Teasdale and in this volume I own is a portrait of her when she was in love with Vachel Lindsay. Not even the crazy hair-do and the old-fashioned garments can conceal how lovely she must have been. Her long, fine hands, and great sad eyes, and the wide-lipped generous mouth. The face of a dreamer whom happiness eluded all her life. I like to speculate on the wherefore and why she never could find joy with any man. Perhaps she found none who might satisfy her fastidious mind as well as her heart. I like that poem JOY of hers. And there IS joy in each line of it.... "I am wild! I will sing to the trees! I will sing to the stars in the sky! I love, I am loved, he is mine! Now at last I can die!" I can imagine Al Leverentz's opinion on all this. Poco