

ISFA



ANNISH  
NO. 11

FICTION

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# THE SAFETY VALVE

(Wherein yeed blows off steam with harm  
to no one but himself and a few readers)

HERE it is again - thought I'd never make it, didn't you? Actually, ISFA is on schedule, since the last 3 or 4 issues were also late. Hate to break tradition, you know. It's been quite a struggle to get out this issue. I wish there were 30 hours in a day, or that the human body (yes, in case you wondered, yeed is a human) required only 3 or 4 hours of sleep a day (I scrape by on 5 or 6, but that's all I can cut it).

The cover this time should be somewhat of a surprise to you - a pleasant one after the last cover. One of the joys of fan-editing is receiving material - so you can imagine my surprise and delight when I received a brown envelope with some color work by Marvin Bryer. And he asked if I'd be interested in one for a cover! Let's hope that Marv can be persuaded to do future covers (Hint, Marv!); at least, I'll certainly try to get him to do more. I have here a beautiful sample of an abstract print that would make quite a cover. How about it, Marvin?

As you probably have noted, this is an annish - in name at least. It's been over two years now since a little 19 page youngster crawled forth into the jungle of fandom. During those two years it has almost lost its way a few times, has never become knig of that jungle, but has given a lot of fun to yeed and, presumably, a few fen. It has never launched a crusade - against censorship, McCarthy, or Ellison - has never advocated a new fandom, nor even tried to clean up or reform the old one. We've been humorous and sobor - and have enjoyed both. Although the youngster has changed, many things have remained the same. The wrap around covers and white paper, Buck's book reviews, and a yen for doing a little experimenting (which didn't always turn out successfully, as witness last issue's cover) have all been with the zine from the start. We've had three yellow-on-black covers, which, I've been told, was rather unique; now we start the third year with a color illo, thanks to Marvin. ISFA may never be a guiding light in fandom or rise to the top ten, but you can bet it will be around for a long while - regularly or irregularly.

Alright, alright, you say. So this is the annish. It certainly doesn't look like one. Hah, that, dear reader, is where you're mistaken. Did I say earlier that ISFA has never indulged in crusading? Well, now it is. I've decided to buck the trend. To emancipate my fellow faneds. To strike a blow for freedom - from the tyranny of large size annishes! What

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happens when one of you has a birthday? You get presents, probably lots of them. But what happens when a fanzine (and hence the faned) has a birthday? The poor faned goes broke, loses sleep, weight, his girl friend - and for what? Simply to try to top every other issue he's put out - if not in quality, then at least in size, in sheer bulk of material. This year I refuse to go along with the trend. Hence, instead of being a super-duper, lavish extra colossal issue, this issue is smaller than usual; ISFA is getting a present! Fellow faneds, follow my example! Arise! Cast off your chains of annishes! You have nothing to lose but your readers!

With that off my editorial chest, let's pass on to something more important. After rereading Neal Wilgus' article of protest, I felt an urge to write a lengthy reply, but I've managed to curb it - for the most part. Neal is apparently one of those readers who wants everything speeled out for him. I doubt whether he reads or enjoys Milton, Browning, or Elliot; Dostoevsky, Chekhov, or Galsworthy. Any elementary writing course will teach you that in writing a moral or idea story (or more correctly, a theme story) you cannot separate, or as Neal says, "lay emphasis on", the moral or idea and the 'story'. You can't add them later on after you've written the 'story'. They are inextricably bound up in the story - they are the story. What thinking person could read Orwell's 1984 or ANIMAL FARM, and then divide them up into two completely separate elements, theme and 'story'. The story is merely the theme stated in concrete terms (and more subtle, I hope). Many of Neal's points are valid - for a mass circulation magazine. But ISFA isn't - nor am I pretending it's a 'literary' mag, but I do feel that the readers of ISFA are of above average intelligence. Maybe I'm wrong or overly optimistic. Personally, I thought that "The Gift" was pretty good - no masterpiece, but certainly not hard to understand. Ah well, we live and learn. As a sort of footnote to the above, you might be interested to know that "Triumph", which Neal mentioned, won a literary prize at Butler University - or did I mention that in a previous issue (I never read the editorial section of ISFA)?

I've already written more than I intended, but just a couple more items. You've probably noted the almost complete lack of fiction in this issue. There's plenty on hand, but not enough room this time. The author of "The Lesson" asked, for some reason known only to himself, that his name be withheld. I'll only say that he is well known to ISFA regulars. And he is NOT yeed! Also a note to those whom I owe letters - Dan, Larry, Mark, etc. Be ye patient. I'm barely keeping my head above water, thanks to studies, a job, and ISFA. But I will get around to replying - eventually. Till next issue then,

Ed McN

All animals are equal, but some are more equal than others.  
George Orwell, Animal Farm

## THE LESSON

What was that, Kid? You think you're good enough with your guns? If you're eager for suicide, I'll oblige you. But you at best are but a rank amateur, and I'm a professional.

That's better, Kid. Come on, sit down. I'll buy you a drink. My names MacDirk. Wipe that amazed look off your face. I know I've got a bad reputation, but never forget this: a Free Agent never kills unless he has to. If you'd drawn, I'd have burnt your wrists. You wouldn't have challenged many off-worlders for a week or so, but you would've recovered. Sit down, and I'll still buy you that drink. Waiter!

One double Scotch on the rocks, and... Bring me the clip.

Coke! You're about as much a-killer as a doe rabbit! Why'd you challenge me?

Hmpf! With friends like that you need no enemies!

I meant it. Sure, I've killed more men than any other Federation Free Agent, but that's just a statistic, not an honor. I just happen to be in the wrong place at the wrong time more than any of the other boys. None of us are upper-case Killers - maybe lower-case, but not always that. Killing isn't our job. We're commissioned to keep the peace. In fact, our motto should show that. It comes from the Tellurian Bible. The Son of God said it while He was on Tellus...

Tellus, Sol III, First Sector. Little barbarian world that used to be important; blew itself to savagry in an atomic war; rebuilt without help; and shortly rediscovered fission bombs.

Yeah. Thought you'd know what it was. Like I said about the motto. Some people think it's sacrilegious, but, well... I'm a Tellurian...

Yeah, that's what I said. The Free Agents recruited me secretly. Back to the motto. The Followers of the Son on Tellus leave much to be desired. Christianity, as they call the religion there, seems to be a good idea for everyone else, but no Tellurian would be caught dead adhering to its precepts. They even support a class of men - priests, or ministers they call 'em - for no other purpose than to find loopholes in the Word. They call it interpretation, which boils down to nullifying the unpleasant parts - like the rules about adultery, and so forth. I don't have much use for my own people.

Oh, the motto. "We come to save mens lives, not destroy them"...

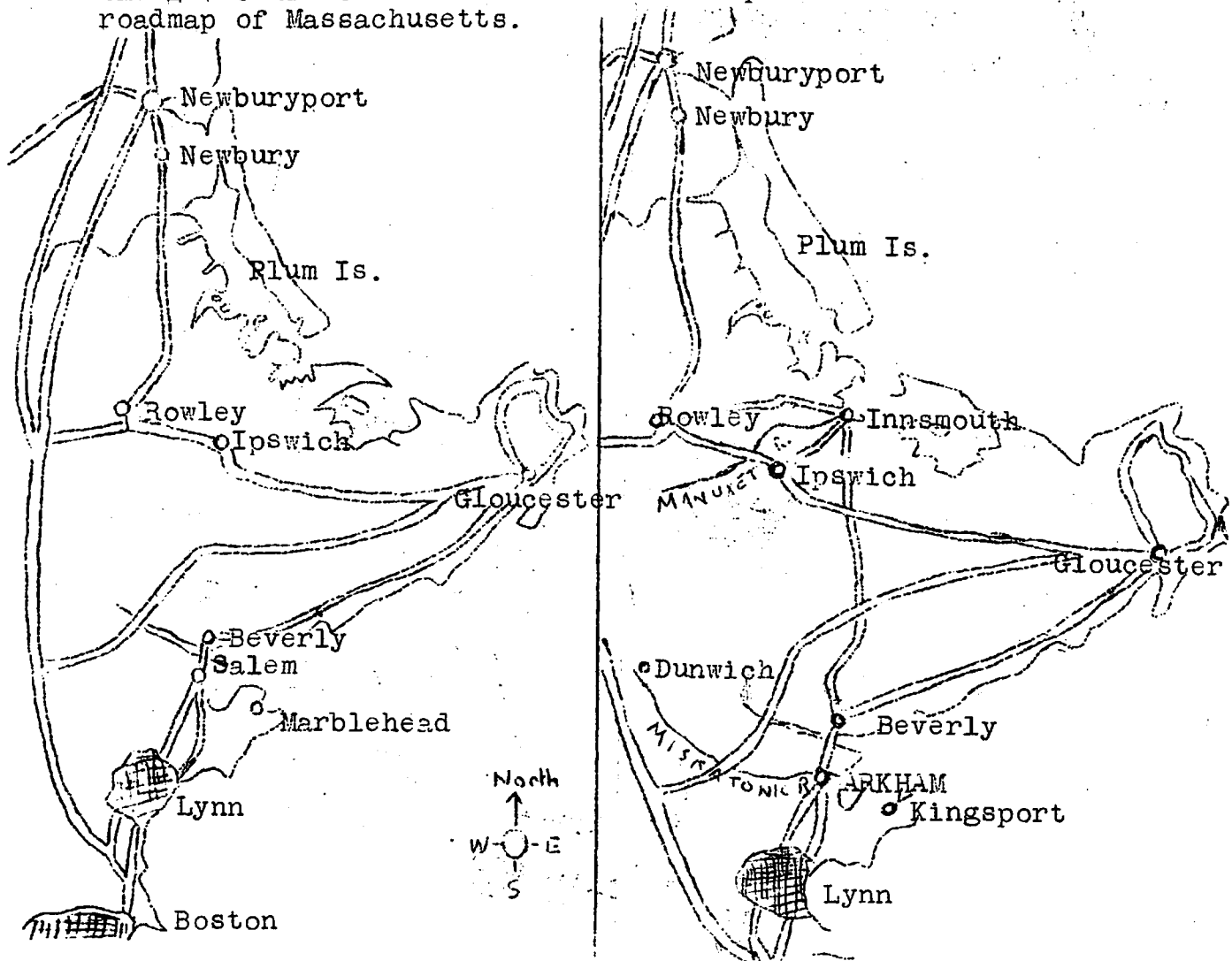
# ON LOVECRAFT AND MAPS

by NEAL F. WILGUS

Most sf fans - whether HPL students or not - have read at least one story that has had the fictional setting of Arkham, Massachusetts or the surrounding country. Most fans know, also, that Arkham House was originally founded to publish the works of H.P. Lovecraft. Few, however, unless they have the out-of-print book *MARGINALLIA*, have more than a hazy notion of just what Arkham is really like or just where it and the other fictional New England towns are.

This, then, will be a short discussion of where these fabulous places are, and how they relate to the "Recluse of Providence". To completely place and understand these things, maps - both original and copied - are printed with the rest of the article.

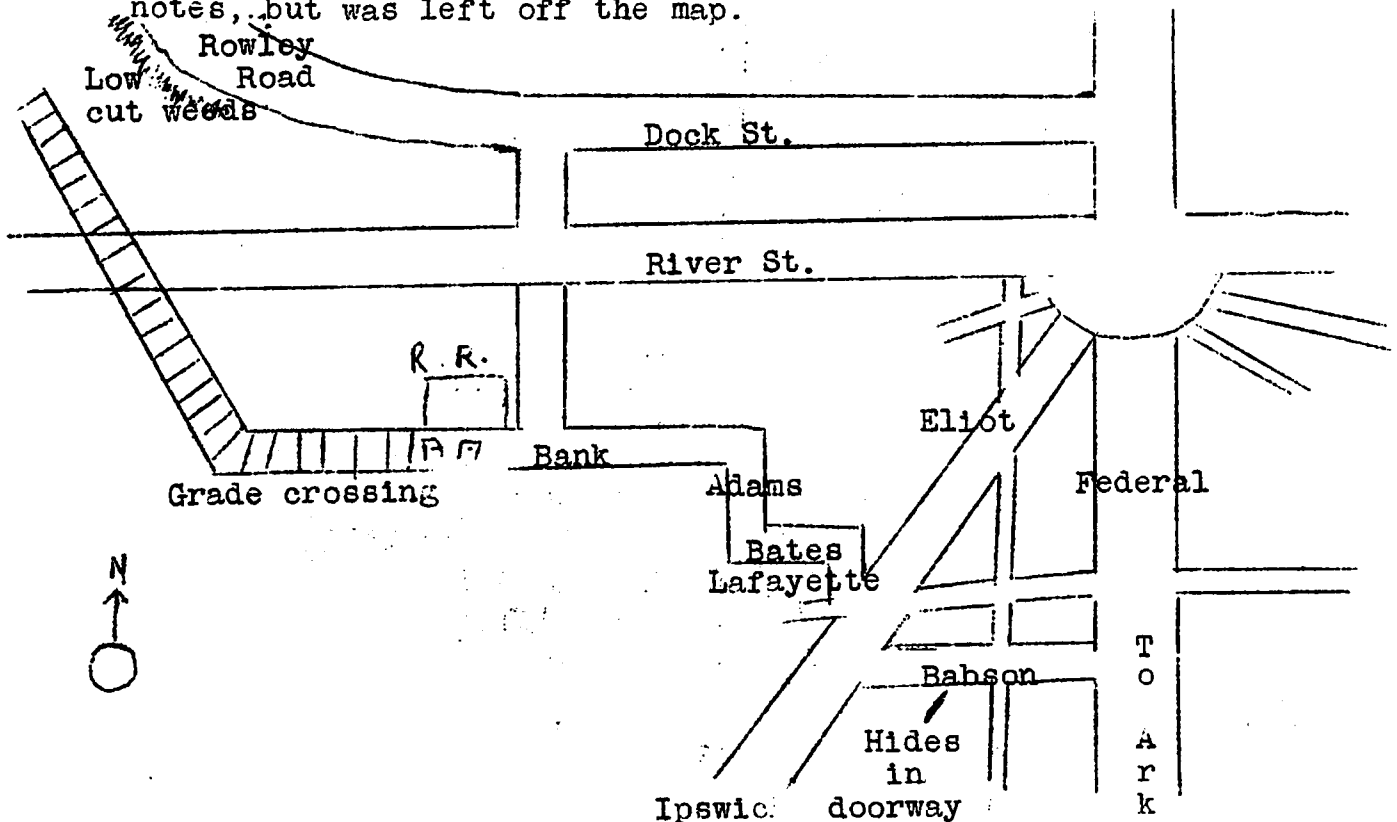
The first map below is a double one showing first, the real New England area of these stories, and second, the same map with the Lovecraft creations added. This map is taken from a 1954 road map of Massachusetts.



Of course, there are many small towns - real - that were left out on the preceding map, but these are not important. The Lovecraft town of Bolton is left out because it is merely a suburb of Arkham and described as very small. As John D. Clark said of the map of Robert E. Howard's Hyrule, the map "flopped out on the paper, squirmed about a bit, and clicked together into an indubitable and obviously authentic map."

It has been said that Lovecraft denied that Arkham and Salem are one and the same; however, in his AUTOBIOGRAPHY: SOME NOTES ON A NONENTITY he says, "The 'Arkham' and 'Kingsport' figuring in some of my tales are more or less adapted versions of Salem and Marblehead." Dunwich and Innsmouth, the two other most important HPL creations, however, are not real towns with new names, but completely Lovecraft creations. Dunwich is described as being northwest of Arkham at the headwaters of the Miskatonic River. You reach it by leaving the Aylesbury Pike (I have no information on this, but I assume that it is HPL's creation) at Dean's Corners - not on the map I have. It is a small one-street town that has degenerated through inbreeding and traffic with the evil gods that are always trying to get a foothold on earth. As far as I know, Lovecraft never drew a map of Dunwich, and I won't attempt it since it's so small. The general description of it is that it's deep in the wooded hills at the mouth of the Miskatonic, and only a few broken down houses remain.

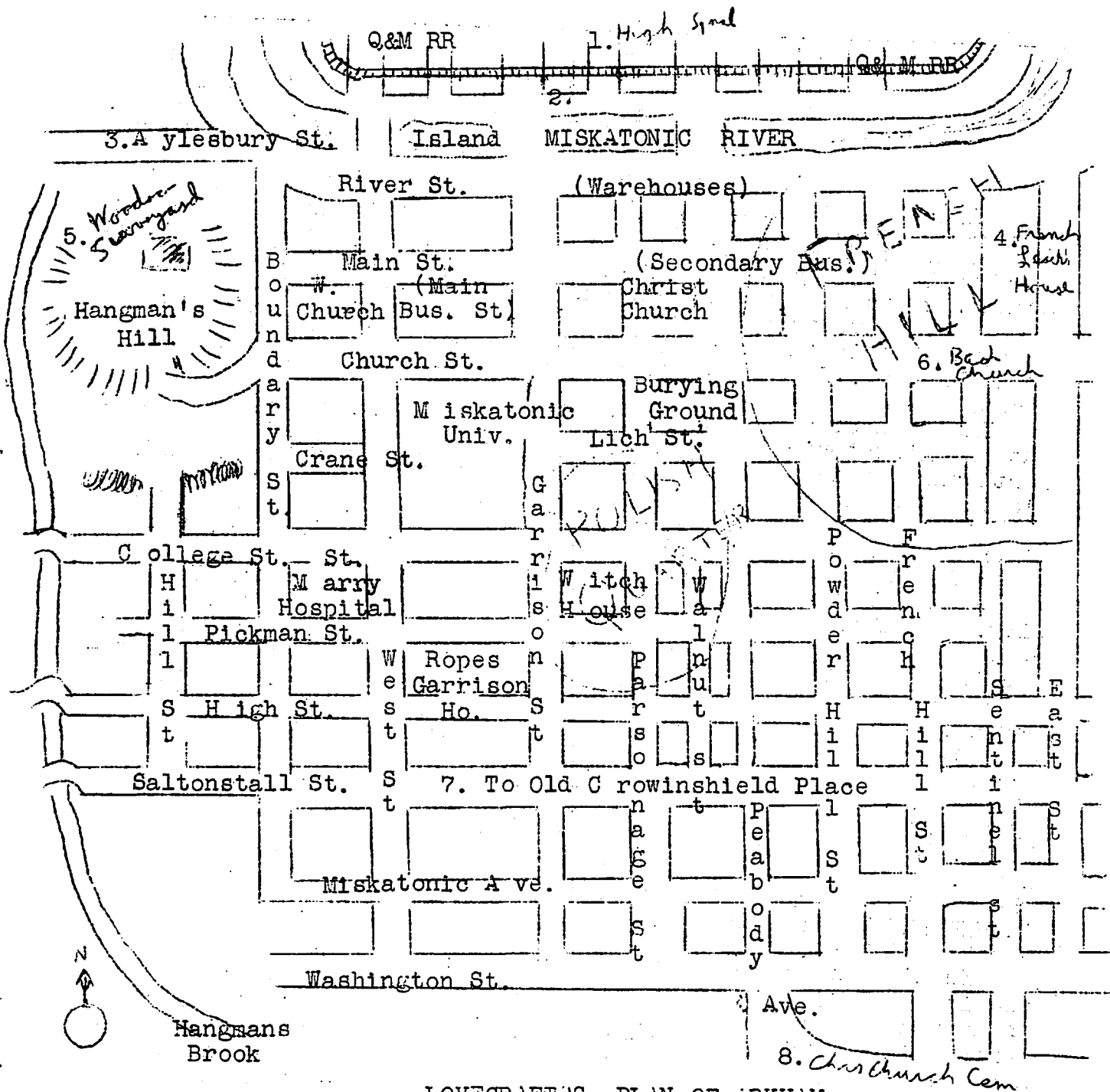
Innsmouth, a little larger, but just as degenerate and inbred, is more definitely situated. HPL even drew a small map for the story "Shadow Over Innsmouth". The original map - from his notes in SOMETHING ABOUT CATS was drawn "upside down" with north pointing toward the bottom of the page. I have here inverted it and added Bates St. which is mentioned in the story and notes, but was left off the map.



This map is redrawn a few times larger from one in the Notes from SOMETHING ABOUT CATS (Arkham House)

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LOVECRAFT'S PLAN OF ARKHAM  
(Redrawn from one in MARGINALIA -  
Arkham House)

1. Unintelligible on original map. Probably High School (Or High Signal)
2. Unintelligible. Possibly Railroad Station
3. Here Aylesbury Street. In stories Aylesbury Pike.
4. Unintelligible. Possibly French Leach's House.
5. Unintelligible. Looks like Woodo graveyard (Voodoo Graveyard)
6. Unintelligible. Could be Baptist Church.
7. Here "Old Crowinshield Place" is on Saltonstall St. In THING ON THE DOORSTEP it is on High St. (One block north).
8. Unintelligible. Probably Christ Church Cem.

Note: This is just Arkham south of the Miskatonic River.



This map, of course, is incomplete since it only covers the part of town concerned with a specific part of the story. It doesn't show the relation of the town to the river and sea coast. In the story other streets are mentioned, and the town is generally described as being larger.

The location of Innsmouth on the coast was fairly easy, since in SHADOW OVER INNSMOUTH it is mentioned that it is south of Plum Island on the stretch of coast before the coast line juts out. It is also located by the map from the Notes, since it is north of Arkham, northeast of Ipswich, and southeast of Rowley.

There seems to be no map of Kingsport, but it is not an important town in the series. It is, of course, in the same place as Marblehead. Not far south and east of Arkham, it too is on the coast.

The Manuxet and Miskatonic Rivers are both Lovecraft creations but the Miskatonic is the only really important one. It winds north and northwest of Arkham to Dunwich after cutting through the middle of Arkham itself.

Other cities are used in Lovecraft's series, Boston and Providence being the most important. Providence, HPL's home, is used almost as many times as Arkham.

Arkham is modeled after Salem -- although Salem has no University. The Miskatonic University is in the center of town. One copy of the dreaded NECRONOMICRON is in the University's library and is one of the most used. The University and its personnel provide many stories in the series by sending expeditions to the South Pole and Australia. Often the protagonist of a story is a student or instructor there. The map on the preceding page is accompanied by notes explaining some of the inconsistencies or mistakes. Lovecraft's handwriting was never very clear, and some of the notes on the original map were unintelligible -- to me at least. If any Lovecraft student has successfully translated the notes, I would appreciate knowing what they are. Potter's Field -- the burying ground -- is not on this map, and since it is stated in HERBERT WEST: REANIMATER as being near Bolton, both must be north of Arkham.

In his autobiography Lovecraft says: "My native New England and its old lingering lore have sunk deep into my imagination, and appear frequently in what I write." I think this is very important in figuring the significance of the Arkham-Dunwich-Innsmouth territory in Lovecraft's stories. All are old -- all have the same atmosphere of early New England towns -- even English towns. Providence was much like Arkham, and I think Lovecraft -- both consciously and unconsciously -- strove to make all of his New England towns the same. He loved 18th Century England, and many resemblances between the two are noticed in reading his works.

Before ending, it should be noted that HPL also created almost endless numbers of dream countries -- Celephais, Mnar, Kadath, Leng and many others. No maps that I know of exist of these places. They should be left unmapped and unexplored. It would be possible to attempt a dreamworld map since abundant description of their size and location exist in the stories, but I shall never try it, and I hope no one else does. The dream countries are better left as they are.

NFW

# THE NAMELESS COLUMN...

Lest you think there's something mysterious or clever about the title of this column, let me explain. When Bill Ludington (who happens to be the author of this column) sent the manuscript to me, he asked me to think up a name for it. However, it's too hot here for much creative thinking, so at the last moment I decided to call it just what it is - The Nameless Column. I presume that in the future it will be more comprehensive - it'd better be. Right, Bill?!

THIS column is to be devoted to whatever its author feels like expounding in the hope of arousing a controversy, brawl, or just some halfway original thought. (A commodity damned rare at present. In fact, we can almost say it's extinct, if it ever existed.)

Science fiction fans claim to be original, or free, thinkers. But like any other halfway original group, they tend to think alike. The group thinking is original, when compared with the crass majority. But the majority of fans are not original in themselves. This proves only that most people are born to be led.

But to return from the tangent; our first book is Jean Paul Sartre's new paperback (Vintage) NO EXIT AND THREE OTHER PLAYS. The writings of Sartre are not for the majority mentioned above, but for the few isolated INDIVIDUALS.

Perhaps the best known play in the book is "The Flies". It has been produced in this country many times; from Broadway to the various college workshops. Even Ball State here in Indiana made an attempt.

The theme of all these plays, of course, is freedom - freedom in the intellectual sense.

This philosophy is only interesting or applicable in the case of exceptional people. It's nice to know that philosophy has at last abandoned the cause of the average man.

RUSSIA: PARTS I AND II (50¢ - published by le Blanc Pub. Inc.) These two booklets are most interesting for several reasons. Although they are anti-semitic and anti-negro, the author manages to illuminate the matter of why communism works in Rus-

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sia. Most of the information on the evolution of Russia is plagiarized from Spengler. However, for those who would like a popular condensation of THE DECLINE OF THE WEST, these pamphlets are a must.

FIFTY MINUTE HOUR, Robert Lindner (Bantam, 35¢) Dr. Lindner is a professional psychiatrist, and the case histories contained in this volume certainly make fascinating, if a bit melodramatic, reading.

The author appears to be that new type analyst who worships normalcy with unrelenting devotion. He is constantly comparing his patients' ideas on various subjects with his own. His somewhat unscientific attitude makes the book a mere popular document comparable to the works of Dale Carnegie.

MENTOR PHILOSOPHER SERIES - AGE OF BELIEF - AGE OF ANALYSIS This series gives us an idea of what mass circulation can do toward the dissemination of first rate original works. Both volumes give the reader a good knowledge of the period they cover. The words of the philosophers themselves are used, with a brief commentary on each man's thought by the editor.

#### ACHTUNG!

As some of my older readers may know, one of my more energetic crusades has been against censorship. Hence, when Buck Coulson suggested that an anti-censorship association be formed, I was interested.

A fairly large segment of the population is opposed to censorship. If these people were even loosely organized, some progress might be made. The leaders should be adults and from other walks of life in addition to fandom. A magazine or perhaps a two page tract could be published to arouse interest in the movement.

Among other objectives would be, in the far future a legal organization to give advice and go to court for authors whose books have been censored.

If any readers are interested in such an organization, please write either to ISFA, YANDRO, or me. If enough people are interested, we may be able to start the organization in Indiana, although a nation-wide organization would be far more effective.

Well, that's all for this issue. Please write with comments and criticisms.

Bill Ludington

marionettes, inc.

postulating shaverian influences  
of dero-origin,  
knowing i am alone with the puppets  
with muddled slanthoughts thick  
as any rigelian air;  
i-walk-with-cautious heinleinesque  
movement; vogtian  
supermanism  
for gulfs between are closing in  
and folding hands  
upon my stone-dry throat knowing  
the weapon-makers from weir  
have captured me  
in a vacuum with cries of  
morlock.

ronald voigt

Falls the Forever

balanced between the black and white  
i sit, grey-perched  
in a silver prison seamed with steel  
there are the imponderable pebbles  
turning over on an endless shore  
spectral facets, still as eels  
underwater

here are days like yawns  
seeking the circle of suns and gods  
the yawn becoming god  
so this is the way the world ends  
check-mated by a pawn i never moved  
elbow on thigh, chin in hand

another number is counted forever  
and still i sit between the black and  
white

watching the casual stars.

ronald voigt

# THE | UNQUIET GRAVE

by

ROBERT COULSON

After reading book reviews in several other fanzines, I've begun to feel a bit defensive about my own style; enough to try and explain it. I believe in keeping reviews to the minimum wordage. I will not give a synopsis of the plot - after all, the idea is that the readers of this column may want to read the books themselves, so why spoil their enjoyment by telling them everything that is going to happen? I do believe in stating my opinion of the quality of the books under discussion. As some have pointed out, opinions of quality are pretty much an individual matter; on the other hand, it is fairly simple for a reader to discover how closely a reviewer's opinions coincide with his own, and, with this yardstick, to make his own judgement of the book's quality. I will not point out every flaw in the work under discussion. I'm not the equal of Damon Knight, and I refuse to be a poor imitation.

With that off my chest, I can get down to business:

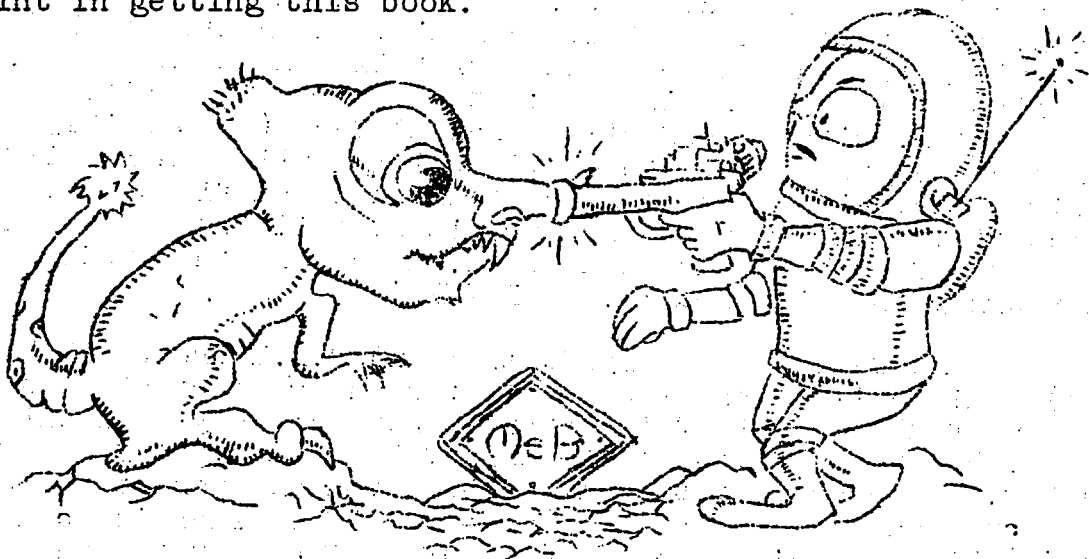
THE AGE OF THE TAIL by H. Allen Smith (Little, Brown & Co. \$3.00) This is the first full-length fantasy by one of America's foremost humorists. Written in the form of a monograph, it details the social, economic, and cultural changes wrought by the sudden appearance of tails on human babies. The first tail appears in 1907; the monograph is written 40 years later. With a perfectly straight face (or possibly straight typewriter) Smith provides information on furniture design (including 2 pages on certain bathroom fixtures), tail etiquette, tail diseases and parasites, tail ornamentation, and other facets of the phenomenon. He covers the subject thoroughly and hilariously. READ THIS!

NO BOUNDARIES by Henry Kuttner and C.L. Moore (Ballantine, 35¢) This collection of 3 novellates and 2 short stories has but one fault - most of the stories have already been anthologized. However, if you don't already have them, they are worth buying, and even if you do have them, you may want the book for the cover and the one brand-new story, "Home There's No Returning" (which I can't describe without giving away the ending). Others included are "Vintage Season", "The Devil We Know", "Exit The Professor", and "Two-Handed Engine", all of which are eith-

er are so familiar from previous anthologizations, or from recent publication, that I won't bother to describe them. The book isn't one of Ballantine's better collections, but it is worth 35¢.

ATOM CURTAIN by Nick Boddie Williams, and ALIEN FROM ARCTURUS by Gordon R. Dickson (Ace Double Novels, 35¢) As far as I know, these are both original stories, though the Dickson may be a reprint that I missed in the original. ATOM CURTAIN is a strange and wonderful mixture of A. Merritt, John Taine, and Richard Shaver. The world is literally divided in half by a "curtain" of atomic force surrounding the Americas, which has been in place for nearly 300 years when the story opens. Emmett O'Hara, member of the International Patrol, which is devoted to watching the curtain, accidentally penetrates it and finds himself in the American "lost world", eventually finding natives and a beautiful woman, in the true Merritt tradition. He learns that the atomic forces have caused reverse evolution in America, a plot ingredient lifted bodily out of Taine's IRON STAR. From there, Shaver takes over, in the form of the degenerate descendant of mighty scientists living in underground cities and wielding forces which they do not understand. Williams's portrayal of the ruler of America lifts the story out of the Shaver rut, but not far enough.

ALIEN FROM ARCTURUS is a typical adventure story, comparable to some of the older STARTLING novels. A reasonably entertaining tale of a few humans striving to make enough scientific advances to lift the Galactic quarantine from Earth, while the sinister Company tries to prevent them. Unexceptional in any way - it can provide an entertaining afternoon, and be forgotten by the same night. Unless you're a collector, there isn't much point in getting this book.





**TUNNEL IN THE SKY** by Robert A. Heinlein (Scribners, \$2.50) This is not one of Heinlein's best juveniles. Personally, I consider even run-of-the-mill Heinlein to be far superior to the best efforts of all but one or two other sf authors; if you don't agree, you can ignore my Heinlein reviews. The idea of this story is that with mankind expanding to the stars at a furious rate, classes in planetary survival will become commonplace in our high schools and colleges. Taking the final exam in one of these courses, Rod Walker is sent to an alien planet with any equipment he can carry. All he needs to do to pass the exam is to survive for 10 days, which, considering that he isn't informed as to the type of planet he's going to, is harder than it might seem. It gets even harder when, due to external conditions, the matter transmitter fails, and Rod and his class are marooned. The one tremendous advantage Heinlein has over other writers is that he can provide thrills and suspense without ever having his hero doing anything impossible. The Kinnesons and slans of sf get out of difficulties by using their super-normal powers, which makes it easy for the author. Heinlein gets his heroes out of trouble by methods usable by the average man; a much more difficult - and much more convincing - style of writing. Anything authored by Heinlein is worth reading, and this novel is no exception.

**FAR AND AWAY** by Anthony Boucher (Ballantine, 35¢) This collection of eleven stories contains both sf and fantasy, plus a few stories which lie on the borderline. The quality varies somewhat - some are excellent, and others are merely good. Combined, they form one of the best books Ballantine has yet produced. "The Anomaly of the Empty Man" contains two mutually exclusive explanations of a mysterious disappearance; "The First" is a short-short about cave men; "Balaam" records the reaction of a rabbi to a warlike contact with aliens; "They Bite" concerns a peculiarly nasty type of ghost; "Snulbug" is an incompetent demon; "Elsewhen" chronicles time travel and murder; "Secret of the House" is about cooking and romance; "Sriberdegibit" details the trials of a lawyer trying to outwit a demon in the matter of a curse; "Star Bride" is another short-short, this time about an interplanetary romance; "Review Copy" concerns an author who felt so strongly enough about his critics to take action against them (Asimov and Doc Smith take note); and the final story, "The Other Inauguration" records the fate of scientists who decide to change the results of an election by transferring to a "world of if". A pretty wide variety to have come from the pen of a single author (and one

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who is not particularly prolific). A fine collection.

ALIEN DUST by E.C. Tubb (Boarberman 9'6, or about \$1.35 plus postage) This British product is equal in quality to the best American books. Though called a novel, it is actually a series of short stories about a single theme - the colonization of Mars. It provides a nice contrast to Bradbury's MARTIAN CHRONICLES; Bradbury uses the poetic approach, and depicts the height of imaginative fantasy, while Tubb is the realist. ALIEN DUST contains descriptions of the everyday brutality which must accompany any actual colonization. From the first landing, with a ship destroyed and the survivors forced into cannibalism in order to exist until a rescue ship arrives, until the finale, where Earth is forced - at gun point - to supply the colony with the equipment needed to survive, there is nothing of a lighthearted nature about this book. It is grimly realistic, and one of the finest books I've ever read.

THE GIRLS FROM PLANET 5 by Richard Wilson (Ballantine, 35¢) Some reviewers have called this novel a satire. Personally, I found nothing in it of enough significance to be worthy of the name satire, but it is fairly entertaining - at least up until the last few pages. The story is about a U.S.A. ruled by women with the exception of Texas, which is the last stand of the he-men. Not content with this, author Wilson throws in alien spaceships filled with Amazons, a few alien monsters, and brews from this mess some fast-paced entertainment which unfortunately begins to curdle along about page 170. The climax fizzles, leaving me, at least, with a bad taste in my mouth. Not recommended.

THE LONG TOMORROW by Leigh Brackett (Doubleday Book Club, \$1.15) This book will come as a surprise to those readers who (like me) considered Mrs. Hamilton as strictly a mistress of the PLANET-type adventure. The novel is another of the after-atomic-destruction stories. In this one, the Amish and Mennonites, being better equipped than the average to survive in a world thrown back to primitive farming, have gained converts, and the U.S. is again a nation of farms, small towns, traders, and river boats. There is a rumor, however, of Bartorstown where scientific knowledge, now regarded as evil, is being kept alive. The lure of the forbidden proves irresistible to two boys, who find Bartorstown and discover that it isn't as romantic as they had believed. Again, the ending is weak - almost, but not quite, weak enough to ruin the book. On the whole, it is a good novel, although, like so many of Doubleday's, it isn't as good as it could have been. Recommended with reservations.

R.C.

The following have been written in protest of something or other in ISFA. So on with it, boys....

AN OPEN LETTER TO JACK DANIELS  
from LYLE AMLIN

Re, "A Defense of Fandom", ISFA, Vol. 2, No.

Jack, I believe that I know the cases of the two zines you mentioned, PSI and BRILLIG, better than you, I being the editor of PSI and knowing Larry quite well. We have both started pubbing again. Larry, I believe, has had it tougher than myself. His guardians have forbidden him to do type of fanning. So what does he do? He rents a box and receives all his mail there. Then he spends most of his time over at a friend's house where he puts together BRILLIG. I myself can fan only if it doesn't interfere in any way with; school, work (away from and at home), and what my father would like me to do (pleasures such as movies, etc., when I would rather be at home typing stencils.).

But, let's say, that my parents would forbid me to do any type of fanning as Larry's guardians have done. I would do the same as Larry is doing. No, parental objection is not an insurmountable obstacle. Look at the footnote Ed put in, "...I know from personal experiences myself...", and has Ed folded? No, he puts out a huge 48 page mag every three months. That doesn't quite look like gafia to me.

The pat answer to "what is stf?", "Oh, you mean that crazy stuff about rockets and flying saucers," is going down the drain. Why? Because of the "Mouse" project. People look at you and mutter, "Gee, he isn't nuts after all."

That fandom teaches different philosophies and points of view isn't entirely true. There are the insurgents, the fun-loving fans. Let us take a look at a medium-insurgent zine, MERLIN. Now, in MERLIN you won't find anyone trying to give you his philosophy; no one trying to palm off on you his idea of life. Only fun and laughter. The insurgents play an important part in fandom - they make it livable. I would find it very dull indeed to wade through the heavy stuff in each and every fanmag. This type of zine doesn't help you grow up, it doesn't retard you, either. It just exists for the plain hell of it.

That fandom teaches you about economics I agree. A basic law, yes. I know, I thought of making money too. Ha! Pardon me while I laugh up my sleeve.

Does fandom teach you to grow up? I don't know. Let me cite one case that happened not too long ago. Out here in sunny Cal. there is a university called Santa Barbara, and in that university there lived one Pete...Need I go any further? Do you think he grew up because of fandom? How many feuds was he

---

in? A dozen? Fifty? Did he grow up? Did he change from a little brat who, if he couldn't get his way, would fight that person? Now this person has quit the confines of fandom, but I think that he'll go on being the obnoxious person he was. Fandom is not the "cure-all" for growing up. Sure, it may help you, but you'll need more than fandom, and fandom isn't a prerequisite.

So, you see, Jack, fandom doesn't teach you to grow up; rather it HELPS you to grow up. So, the thing to do with parents is to coexist peacefully with them; don't show them any of the fan-ning that you are doing (not even if they ask), and you will get along fine.

I guess that about ends the sermon,

Lyle Amlin

### SO WHY WRITE IT?

by Neal Wilgus

Someplace in the SCIENCE FICTION HANDBOOK by DeCamp (I can't find exactly where, now that I look) there's a question to the tune of "Why write it if it's not written to be understood?"

And this is by no means a new question. I suppose it's been asked a million times, but the time that comes to my mind is the point made by Algis Budrys in his article in INSIDE a few issues ago. I don't agree with most of what Budrys says, but I'm very much in favor of including social reform and problems in fiction, but I will agree with Budrys in one respect - most stories of this type are unfair to the reader. If you agree with the opinion stated, are forewarned about it, or just happen to see it, well and good. But if you just pick up the story and read it with no indication as to what the opinion of the author is, you may be in for a surprise.

Don't get me wrong, however, for I realize that the best way to read such a thing is with an open mind and no preconceived ideas. I'm just saying that the author should give the reader a fair break.

However, to get back to Mr. Nelson, I ask my question of his two recent stories in ISFA: "Triumph" and "The Gift". (Actually, Neal, you're talking about two different Nelsons - Bill and Ed. You apparently didn't read my editorial a while back in which I cautioned the readers not to get the two mixed up. Ed) I have been accused (friendly-like) of missing the point of both of them. I must defend myself.

Now I'll admit that "Triumph" is pretty fair to the reader, although I still say it leaves a lot up to the imagination. Maybe this is as it should be. Anyway, it was the story of the power of love winning over a dictator. Very symbolic, fairly well written, and (in my opinion) very hackneyed. Be that as it may, it had a point, and the reader was supposed to comprehend and agree...

- "The Gift", you'll remember, was about a small boy who received from some aliens a gift that was supposed to be able to save the world. The present looked very much like an agate, and the boy lost it in a game of marbles... The point of this one being, I am informed, that man throws away everything good and wholesome on nothing.

Now it just so happens that I agree with both points. Love is powerful, and man does squander his talents. I agree, and I'm glad to see such points brought up in fiction, but still I complained about both.... Why?

Well, it's mostly because they seem to be written with the idea in mind that the author (and probably the editor) know the point trying to be made, and the readers just have to figure it out for themselves. Trouble with this attitude is that most readers don't give a damn about the point unless it's pushed in their faces. People, including me, are very lazy. They're especially lazy when thinking comes into the picture. If they can sit back and think that the story was badly written or poorly handled instead of thinking about the point in question, then they will do so. Nobody is going to put himself out enough to think about the problem unless it is actively brought to his attention. Nobody, that is, but the ones who already go along with the idea in the first place, and they are the ones you don't have to convince.

In other words, you're writing for a small group (those who agree with you) and are boring the rest of your audience. And Bill Nelson is only one of the many who are doing it.

Maybe this is what's causing the bust in s-f right now, but let's not get off on that subject...

The thing I'm pointing out about both of these stories (and all the others of this type) is that unless you put on your thinking cap and sit down for an evening of intellectual entertainment (reading hidden meaning into every paragraph), you're going to find the stories flat and uninteresting. To me "The Gift" was just a rather dull story of a little boy who goofed up the whole human race - it had no special meaning until it was pointed out. Of course, this is my fault, in part, for not

seeing the allegory, but it also the author's fault for not putting his point across with conviction.

What should be done (in my unauthorative opinion) is to lay the first emphasis on the story and then work in the idea or moral. That is, this should be done if the story is to be aimed at the real fiction market. Of course, you can make it an all out satire or a straight essay, in which case you would put the idea first and forget about everything else, but if your material is to be fiction (either pro or amateur) then the story is first.

I don't mean you shouldn't be subtle, or that you shouldn't have deep and hidden meanings, but they should fit the mood of the story and should be clearly understood by the reader when he's through with the story.

This may sound hard to do, and it is; but any form of writing is hard, and the moralist (again amateur or pro) should know this and be able to handle his problem. Otherwise he shouldn't preach.

Well, in the long run, it boils down to liking what you understand and understanding what you like. I don't care for either of the stories, and I probably didn't understand them (at least at first reading). If you liked and understood them, then I've ground my ax in vain, but thanks for listening anyway...

But I still ask, Why write it?

Neal F. Wilgus

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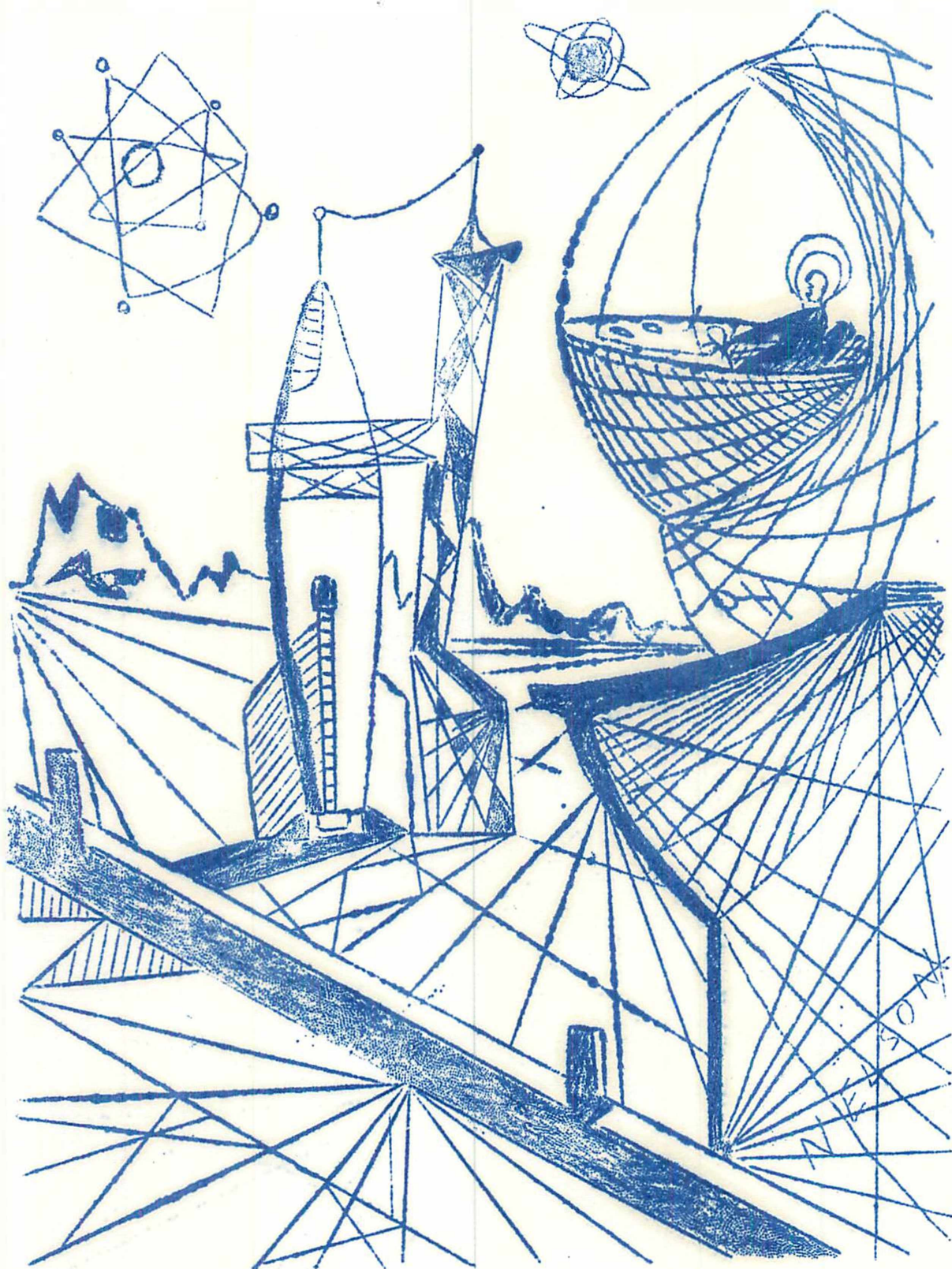
DO YOU NEED : WASTE-BASKET LINERS, ?  
HAND TOWELS, RAGS..

WHY NOT USE OLD ISFAS? Satisfied customers report that they have used back issues of ISFA for: confetti, contributions for paper sales, door mats, bathroom mats, toilet seat covers, handkerchiefs, and many more. One person even admitted that he READ them (Poor fellow, he died shortly afterwards of insomnia). ISFA is also useful in ridding your house of mice, rats, termites, and mother-in-laws - just leave a few copies lying around. An amateur chef claimed that the addition of 2 pages from an old ISFA gives fresh zest to left-over muligan stew. If you're interested, there are a few copies left of all back-issues - only 2 or 3 of the first, however. The price is still 15¢ - Yankee or Confederate (I'm bound to be on the winning side).

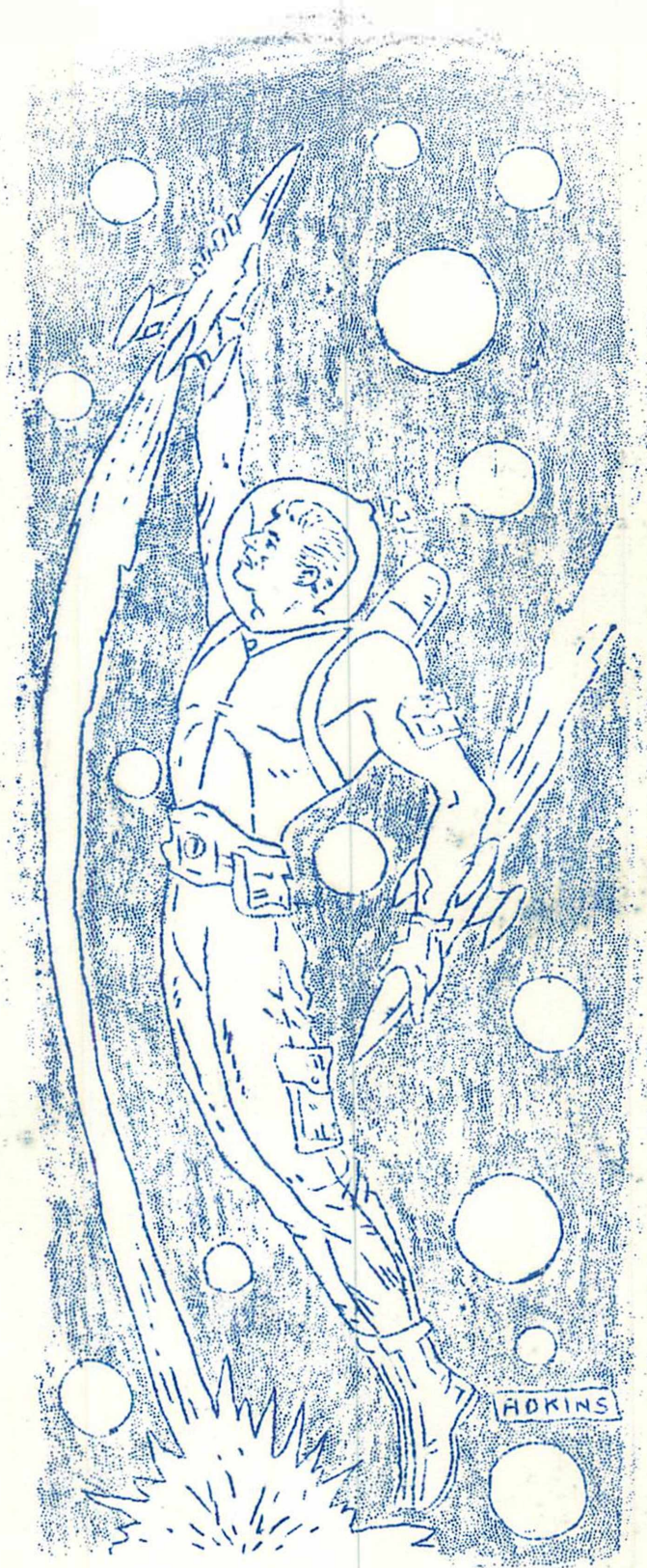
Yeed













# MOVIE REVIEWS

The first two films are reviewed by Alan Dodd, British fanatical, practically adopted fan and a fanom.

One of the more unusual double-feature science-fiction programmes that Hollywood produces from time to time is to be found in "Neandethal Man" and "Donovan's Brain" now going the rounds.

"NEANDERTHAL MAN" is the first half of the programme and despite its recent production takes us back in theme to SF horror films of the early Thirties. The plot is certainly not original and as I go along you will probably familiarise yourself with several old friends.

A number of deer and sheep are found horribly mutilated in the California Sierras by some unknown animal. The local game-warden driving home one night finds himself attacked by an animal resembling a Saber-Toothed Tiger which he beats off by hooting it away. He reports its appearance, together with a plaster cast of a footprint, to a Los Angeles zoologist who combs the hills for signs of this supposedly extinct creature. Together with the game-warden he succeeds in trapping the animal and killing him but after leaving for a remote farmhouse to get help in dragging the carcass away (It is apparently too heavy for two men and a Nash Station-wagon to cart away!) he returns with help from the farm to find the dead carcass missing.

Unknown to him at the time, that conventional character of the Thirties, The Mad Scientist, is experimenting in that same farmhouse under the guise of medical experiments. The zoologist manages to get lodging there for a few days and in searching around the photos in the scientist's dark-room, he finds the secrets of the saber-tooth monster.

Having had his theories scoffed at by learned men, the scientist is testing a secret formula which will turn civilised being and domestic animal into their savage Neanderthal counterparts of ages past. An ordinary pussy becomes a savage saber-toothed tiger, his female mute assistant becomes an evil fanged monster whose transition changes are recorded

by camera while the Mad Doc experiments on himself and like Jekyll and Hyde turns periodically into a hairy headed horror. This is accomplished very crudely by fitting the actor concerned with a huge paper mache head covered with hair and a pair of fur-bearing gloves. The saber-toothed tiger is even more clumsily constructed if that's possible. In close-up shots we see a picture of a stuffed, fanged tiger's head, - yet in long shots we see an ordinary tiger with no tusks. In the mind of the producer we are supposed to connect these two disjointed items and make a saber-toothed tiger out of the juxtaposition of the two shots. Needless to say we don't.

Thus transformed into the gorilla-like being, the scientist strangles two men who see him out and kidnaps another female while hordes of police close in on him. Still powerless in the grip of the drug there is little he can do but run and as he does so he encounters the sole survivor of his hideous experiments, the one remaining saber-tooth. Ironically it is this, and not the police that destroys him. As he dies, like Jekyll he changes from the ape-like being back to his original self. Neanderthal Man has reverted once again.

Every effort has been made to economise with sets, props and the like, the final result being that like so many small budget films it lacks completely the atmosphere of realism which is not necessarily added with the addition of more money. Like so many of the early horror films "NEANDERTHAL MAN" has one fault above all others. It is incredibly slow and moves throughout with all the turgidity of a snail crawling through molasses.

The second half of the programme is a different kettle of fish altogether. "DONOVAN'S BRAIN" is something of a science-fiction classic having been filmed at least once before around 1940 and having been printed in several books and magazines all over the world. It appeared in the U.S. "Famous Fantastic Mysteries" only a few years ago and whereas I only just missed the original version on film with Richard Dix a while ago, the new version with Lew Ayres has much to recommend it.

The author, Curt Siodmak is something of a phenomenon, being not only a highly competent science-fiction writer but also an experienced Hollywood director. "The Magnetic Monster" was one of the many films he directed of SF interest a few years ago. Surprisingly though, the one story he is best known for - DONOVAN'S BRAIN - he was not given the assignment to direct. Instead the film is directed by an even more skilled director, Felix E. Feist whose work makes the Brain as a film run more like oiled clockwork instead of being bogged down mid the mass of improbabilities present in "NEANDERTHAL MAN."

In the latest edition the mechanism is geared high. Donovan is a ruthless financier whose hatred of income tax and the government has made him place his considerable cash wealth in a hundred different banks and vaults throughout the U.S. in a hundred different phoney names. None of this saves him however when his plane crashes in the California hills near doctor Lew Ayres' laboratory when he is undertaking experiments to try and keep a monkey brain alive in a chemical bath fitted with electrodes. So far the monkeys' small brains have been insufficient to withstand the shock of being kept alive in this manner.

Donovan, his body smashed by the wreck lies on the operating table of Dr. Ayres where rescue men have brought him. His body is mutilated but his brain lives on. Swiftly before the doctors from the nearby hospital arrive Ayres and his assistant saw the top of Donovan's head off, remove the brain and place it in the bath. Then they sew the skull up. Donovan's brain functions perfectly in the bath. The other doctors arrive from the local hospital to take away Donovan's body - now minus brain. Only a hawk-eyed reporter at the mortuary notices the stitches around the skull.

Dr. Ayres tries to get in touch with the brain telepathically but instead it is the superior brain of Donovan that takes over Ayres' body by remote control and gradually changes him. He begins to walk with the same limp that Donovan did, he smokes the same expensive cigars, wears the same suits and has full knowledge of Donovans secret money hide-outs.

Guided by the brain he forges Donovan's name, cashes cheques and buys expensive equipment to keep the brain alive. His drunken assistant, realising the change in Ayres, attempts to electrocute the brain by pouring the electricity supply into its electrodes but Donovan stops him through Ayres who by now is being blackmailed by the reporter who has put two and two together and has come out with the illegal experiment that is going on. Visiting the brain the reporter is hypnotised and under this power hurtles his car off a cliff, killing himself.

The doctor has now to all intents and purposes become Donovan, so his wife and assistant rig up a plan to connect the electrodes leading to the brain to the lightning conductor so that at the first storm that night the brain will be cooked alive. Just to make sure the assistant fires his revolver into the brain who forces him to turn the gun on himself. The Brain, then still alive, forces Ayres to strangle his wife but just as he does so a lightning bolt hits the conductor rod and the brain, writhing in flames,



is roasted alive. Immediately free from the influence of Donovan, Ayres automatically resumes his old character and every thing is fine. Even the assistant recovers from the bullet wound. What more do you want?

"DONOVAN'S BRAIN" is a far smoother film than that billed as first feature but there are still too many minor incongruities that will annoy the keen observer. Does the Brain have to look so much like a rubber special effects prop, which it actually is. Couldn't they have used something a little more lifelike than a rubber monstrosity which puffs and blows like an asthmatic football bladder and don't somehow things like hunting lodges, Washington politicians and big black Cadillac limousines seem - somehow out of place?

Nevertheless despite the occasional patch which leaves you thinking "Why doesn't something happen?", DONOVAN'S BRAIN is a film well worth seeing. Even if you do have to put up with NE-ANDERTHAL MANTO to see it.

A.D

"ON THE THRESHOLD OF SPACE", strictly speaking, is not science fiction. And yet it has much of interest to the sci fan. The story itself isn't too bad; it doesn't get in the way of the main interest of the film, yet it keeps it above the level of a documentary. Of course, the main interest of the movie is the Air Force experiments dealing with high altitudes. Included are; high altitude parachute jumps, the rocket-sled test (to see, among other things, whether or not a man's eyes will pop out at high speeds - pleasant thought - or whether his head will come off), and a manned balloon flight up to 100,000 feet. Not being in the Air Force, I don't know how authentically the experiments were depicted; but to me at least, they all had an air of credibility. I couldn't help but feel that we are on the threshold of space - I only hope that the larger non-fan audience felt this way. If so, the picture will have achieved its purpose.

Production-wise, the movie is also excellent. Filmed in cinemascope and color, it was a joy to behold, with the huge strato-jets soaring through the clouds. And the view of the earth from 100,000 feet was well done. I couldn't help but think as I watched a flight of jets at the end - what a stirr this movie would make if it were possible to take it back 15 years and show it. Then it certainly would be labeled science fiction - by many, fantastic. This is one of the few you shouldn't miss; there aren't any babe-snatching beams or flaming meteors and roaring space ships, but you won't miss them.

EMcN



## QUANDRY

How do I stand before the threshold of the night?  
How do two forces impell me - one, forward into  
blackness; the other, backward into light?  
How has what lies cold before me numbed me  
to the sun at my back?  
How do I hesitate at the threshold of the night?

How can I stare at the crank at the threshold of night?  
How does the calling of truefandom push me into the black  
depths?  
And the pull of the prozines into the light?  
Why do I dread the inked sheet?  
How can I shun the glorious light?

I advance.  
It holds a strange fascination for me.  
To grasp.  
Turn.  
To Ooh and Awh at the printed sheets.  
The staples  
click.  
This is the blackness of night.

I retreat.  
The wrapper falls away beneath my eager hand.  
I read  
And Ooh and Awh at the printed page.  
The typer  
clacks.  
This is the welcome light.

How can I turn from the comforting light?  
How can I leave the fabulous night?  
The crank.  
The mag.  
Fah.

David M. Shafer and  
Mark Schulzinger

THE NORTHERN KENTUCK SCIENCE FICTION SONG:  
Entitled

VALLEY STILLNESS

Composed by Lean F. Sugwil  
Illustrated by I. Drew Andrew

I

Up here in the hills, so some folks say,  
We don't do nothin but sleep night and  
day.

Wall, that may be true, least we don't  
work none,  
But when the revenoors are gone - wall,  
we have fun.

(Chorus)

Oh, thar's a still in the valley,  
Ef it's still in the valley,  
Ef the revenoors aint got it yet.  
An ef that Still in the valley  
Is still in the valley...  
Wall, we can use every drop we can  
get!

II

However that there may be, we do get  
sompin done,  
For we read them stories bout them  
planets an the sun.  
Yes, we all belong to the Kentucky  
Northern SF club,  
An a fanzine (The Kentuck Stillzine)  
we even pub.

(Chorus)

III

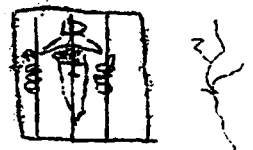
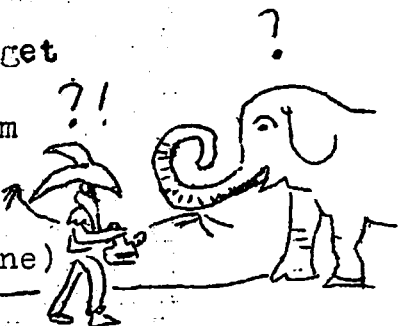
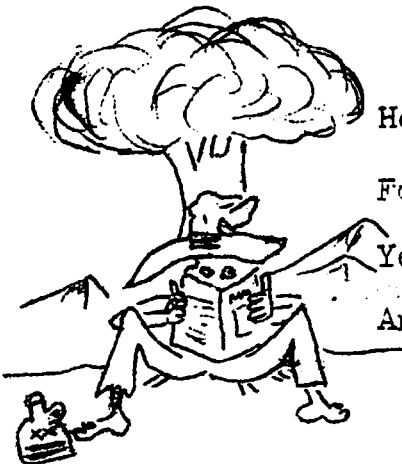
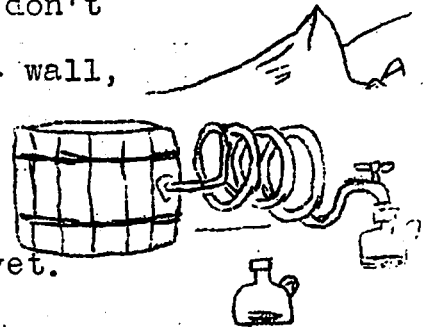
Now this is the story of our trip  
Down to the valley to hear the corn  
drips.  
Yeah, we all went down to get a drink  
An watch the elephants - orange and  
pink.

(Chorus)

IV

Wall, we dun it up fine - that is fer a  
while,  
Then we begun fightin in grand fan style,  
An when the revenoors come we wasn't  
prepaired,  
An some of the boys got mighty scared

(Continued on page 32)



## COLLECTOR'S ITEM

by Lean F. Sugwil  
Ill. by I. Drew Andrew

Book Shop

Wandering 'long the street one day,  
A sunny day in June,  
I passed a little book store  
('Twas next to a Saloon.).

I wandered in, no thought in mind,  
Just thought I'd look around.  
The clerk, he hurried up to me,  
His face solemn, long, profound.

"Can I help you, sir?" he asked of me,  
His voice was icy cold.  
I had in mind," I did reply,  
"Something very old."

He nodded, smiled, and I went on,  
"A collector's item," said I.  
He jerked erect, the smile fled;  
A tear came to his eye.

"This way, sir," he said to me,  
And hurried toward the rear.  
"Collector's item" spun through  
my mind,

THE OUTSIDER? WEIRD TALES? FEAR?

I hurried after, eager in my quest,  
And followed through a door.  
The room behind was large and dark  
With books stacked on the floor.

Far in a corner, way in the rear,  
He opened a little box,  
And removed therefrom, in the musty  
! dark,  
A Package marked : Keep Under  
Locks!

"Collector's item," he chuckled at-  
me,  
"Well, here, my friend, you are!"  
Then pushed it in my hand and said,  
"This book, my friend, comes far!"

(Continued on page 32)

THE NORTHERN KENTUCK SCIENCE FICTION SONG (Contd.)

(Chorus)

IV.

But the jail here's nice, cool an all  
(Though you should hear some o the fans  
squal!)  
An here's the thing -- the guards serve  
bbeer,  
So we're thinkin o havin meetins here!

COLLECTOR'S ITEM (Continued)

And with a lear he hussled me  
Back to the front of the shop.  
And dazedly I paid for it;  
I'd gone too far to stop.

I left behind that cursed place,  
And hurried to my home,  
Wondering all the way - how far?  
Egypt? Greece? Or Rome?

But when I opened it, I was in for  
a surprise,  
That cursed little book!  
For I at once knew what it was,  
Knew it at first look!

'Twas written, or so the binding  
said,  
By Egial Rubel Gars;  
Its title - WHAT EVERY MARTIAN SHOULD  
KNOW.  
Yes, it was a book from Mars!

# DEAR ED....

A LETTER COLUMN OF SORTS...WHY DON'T YOU WRITE???

Dear Ed: (As you can see, the title of this section isn't too original - Ed)

Received ISFA a couple days ago. Read the Jack Daniels article and decided to argue with him. So, enclosed is an open letter to him which is intended for you to print

Ed, confidentially, the cover was very crude (This seems to be the majority opinion - including mine after I had printed the darn thing - Ed) Ed, how come the letter section reprood better than the rest? (A good question) Ed, you mentioned me twice (Don't let it go to your little fannish head - Ed). Ed; I liked the art folio. Ed, get more by Link; I like him. Ed, I wish that I could meet Thomas Stratton in person; is he really as nutty as he appears in his writings? Ed, can I be a Cat Woman? (In answer to the first, Tom Stratton is even nuttier in the flesh. He's the only fan I know - with the possible exception of my ex-columnist Lew Forbes, and he doesn't really count since he's subhuman - who can carry on a conversation with you in one room and play chess in another - at the same time, or bring both wives to an ISFA meeting, dump them in a corner with a record player, and go off with the boys - Ed)

That about covers the comment. (Covers, Ha! Like a fish net!)

Lyle Anlin

307 E. Florida  
Hemet, Cal.

Here's another fan at variance with Jack Daniels:

Dear Ed:

Got ISFA today. As I am supposedly working tonight...I am doing first year Economics at Uni... my remarks will have to be curtailed by a shortage of time. (I can readily sympathize with you - Ed)

Cover: looks rather childish, but otherwise not bad!

THE GIFT: for a fan-story this is not bad...in fact, it would be good if there were not so much striving for effect. It is a sorta Ellison type story...horrible thought.

AWAY IN THE MANGER: Interesting, but a bit egoistic compared with some reports I have read.

A DEFENSE OF FANDOM: Very childish; the author is obviously a pseudo-intellectual who considers himself an intellectual (I am a BUM and I know I am a BUM). Parag.1: Daniels misses the point that parents generally only step in when the fan spends so much time on things fannish that he neglects

all else. I am not so sure that fandom is harmless...like Asperin it is safe only in small doses. Parag.2: We must remember that man is a social animal and parents don't like their kids to grow up as misfits(I feel real sorry for Mr. & Mrs. Daniels). Two questions: Has friend Jack tried reading out of doors? How much stf is literachoor? Parag.3: What is a knowledge of reading?...only the ability to comprehend? or something more? Why not just read a dictionary? (As a matter of fact, while in grade school, I spent many a fascinated hour pouring through the unabridged Webster - Ed) Another question: do the belles of Daniels home town go for pimps? He infers that they do.

Well, I could criticize the rest of this article in a similar biased fashion, but it would be too much trouble. Come to think of it, this article may be a humorous one and Daniels is trying to be funny...is it satire? (If it is, Jack neglected to tell me - Ed) I'd like to point out that fans aren't the only people with a knowledge of music, literature, and philosophy. It's just that fans air their little knowlege a little more often than other people. I finish this inquisition with a quote; "A good many fans aren't that intelligent, but they can't be blamed for this". Agreed, but when they express their ideas in print, they must expect to be criticised. You know, Ed, if I had some time; I could really go to town on this piece. (tell you what, Rog, when you get time, why not write an article presenting your views? Ed)

THE ART SECTION: a good idea; tho I liked the two "blue" illers better than the "red" ones.

THE SAGA OF UNDERTAKER UNTERMEYER: an over-long, badly constructed mediocre story that was not worth wasting 5 1/2 pages over. Another question: Why the hell not just burn the bodies? Link's science is very shaky, and he uses double-talk that went out with Gernsback's Radio Experimentor (hyperbole).

The two poems stink...the lines don't even scan!!!

The rest of the mag is quite interesting...the film review is good. In spite of the above, I enjoyed ISFA and hope to see some future issues. Please don't include any more lousy poems and childish articles. Come to think of it, there's very little by yeed..

Roger Sebel  
13 Carrington Ave.  
Bellevue Hill NSW  
Australia

And here's a letter from the perpetrator of "D.o.F!":

Dear Ed,

Gee, you did print my article! Now I can, in my little neo-fannish way, show your magazine to all my friends.

I liked this issue of ISFA. Good material, and so much of it! You're going to have to watch that - if the mag keeps on getting bigger, I can see you going the way of DIMENSIONS.

Can't say I cared much for either story, though the last line of Link's thing was very good. Trouble was, his story was

too long to be carried entirely by the punch line - and Nelson's was too short to be fully developed.

The best items in the issue were; 1. The con report, 2. "Cohan the Chrysmarian", 3. "Philosophy of a Realist". Special mention should go to the movie review, which was excellent, and Buck's book reviews, which were as good as usual.

Liked most of the illustrations, except for the ones on the con report, which looked like they were turned out in a hurry to meet a deadline (which they were - Ed).

Jack Daniels  
Sevastapol, Indiana

Dear Ed,

I can't understand why you keep including "The Unquiet Grave" as a regular column. Coulson hasn't the faintest idea of how to review books. Reviewing 7 books on 4 pages doesn't allow nearly enough space to adequately review each book. Any book worth reading is worth a page of review. And his statement that Bradbury's style "is simply the typical style for juveniles applied to adult content" is absurd. Bradbury's style does bear a superficial resemblance to that of certain juvenile authors, but the differences far outweigh the resemblances.

Aside from this column, your magazine had a very good issue this time. (Then may I assume that you don't care for H. Coulson? Ed) Both pieces of fiction were better than the average for fanzines; Jack Daniels authored a very penetrating "Defense of Fandom"; the editorial, artfolio, and movie review were all excellent. "Cohan the Chrysmarian" was a trifle juvenile (Anything like Bradbury? Ed) but still a fair parody. I did not like "Away In a Hanger", but then I seldom like convention reports with their affected humor. Nancy Shapiro did a good job on her poem.

The artfolio was quite good. I wish I could say the same for your other illustrations and the cover, but I'm afraid I can't. However, I feel that the writing is the central ingredient - illustrations are merely decoration, and poor ones do not necessarily lower the quality of the magazine in which they appear. All in all, this was a very successful issue.

Vernon Hamilton  
529 Hilton  
Anderson, Ind.

Since Buck Coulson was mentioned (or should I say assassinated?) above, this is as good a place as any to include it:

Dear Ed,

I must say I find Vol. 2 #4 of ISFA (I see you've quit dating them - smart lad) a vast improvement over previous issues. Somehow, the caliber of your contributors seemed higher this issue.

The conreport suffers from the previous publication of a dozen or so others. Nothing against it really (I'm very fond of



Stratton's writings somehow), but it is a bit dated. "Cohan the Chrysmerian" was very good -- one of the best items in the issue. Wilgus' drawings bear a remarkable resemblance to those of Leo Hershfield who illustrated the H. Allen Smith books. Stratton's "Man From Yesterday" seemed a bit short, but, since this was due to my grabbing half of the column for YANDRO before you ever saw it, I can hardly complain about it. Daniel's article is the first serious thing I've seen by him. He is possibly overly vehement, but then I was fortunate enough to choose the right kind of parents, so I never had any difficulties. (Lucky boy - Ed)

"The Saga of Undertaker Untermeyer" was the best of the two pieces of fiction. I didn't care for the way Nelson developed his idea.

Enjoyed Gene's movie review and Nancy Shapiro's poem. The artwork in this issue was better than usual. I am especially fond of Nelson's road sign in the artfolio (I suppose it is a road sign - there's an arrow in it and a lot of little squiggles which seem to indicate a very winding road). (Perhaps it's on the cowpath meandering from Indianapolis to Bellefontaine, Ohio - Ed) The Gibson thing at the back seemed to have been loused up in the mimeoing - reproduction was very poor in my copy - but looked like it started out all right. And of course I liked Juanita's work.

Hamilton's poem had very nice meter, but I can't say I admired the sentiments. He seemed to be interested in discrediting people who are trying to serve their country. Perhaps serving in the army isn't Christian, and Perhaps - as you mentioned some where - the power of love is great enough to vanquish evil. However, the triumph of love is

going to be quite gradual - almost unnoticeable - and the first people who try it are going to get trampled on, as they always have. Personally, I prefer being slightly unChristian and be alive to being a dead martyr. (It would take too long to reply here; however, the subject is fascinating - if there's enough interest on the part of the readers, I'd like to write an article on the subject. In the meantime, Buck, I wish you'd read more about Gandhi and the current boycotts of the Negroes in the South - you see, there are those who seriously believe that there is an alternative to violence to achieve an end. By the way, if any of you are wondering why the half line of blank space way back, it's because this stencil tore. Ed)

Comments on the letters: To Alan Dodd - I review pb's because I can't afford to buy hardcovers, and the companies refuse to send out review copies to me. To Warren F. Link - YANDRO needs articles too. Address below (Don't you dare leave off my address, Ed!) To Neal Wigus - No, no! Juanita did not write the con report for Fantasy-Times! And I agree with you on sex in stf. (Those of you who didn't read the last issue will just have to puzzle over the last two remarks. Will serve you right - Ed) And a final comment on the editorial: Considering ISFA's past schedule (Please, sir! The subject is a very painful one for yeed-yeed), you're not going to get away with blaming Beam if the next issue isn't out on time! This poor, long suffering fugghead is being foully maligned.

Robert Coulson  
40 1/2 E. 6th  
N. Manchester,  
Indiana

Dear Ed,

ISFA arrived this week as big and beautiful as ever, but I've noticed you seem to be having trouble with that other mimeo of yours. The artwork printed in various blues and reds comes out with fine clarity, but when you get to the typescript it seems to get very faded and in parts almost illegible. I think the fault lies with that muddy grey paste of an ink you use and too light a touch on the stencil. If you used a blacker ink and cut the stencils a bit deeper, you'd get a much clearer impression on paper. It seems a pity to waste such expensive looking paper which must have cost a small fortune on poor mimeoing. On the other hand, if you use a rotary, it might be the impression roller at fault. I found the other day on the Roneo duplicator I use for CAMBER that the rubber roller had been mysteriously eaten away at the edges. I'm either using very strong ink, or maybe we have very TALL mice. (I think, Alan, the trouble lies with my portable typewriter - it just doesn't hit hard enough. Most of the stencils for this issue are being cut on a standard LC Smith, so maybe there will be an increase in legibility - at least I hope so. Ed)

The cover is simple, yet very effective. I might try two colour mimeoing myself one of these days - though what I'd with two colour mimeoing all over me I don't know. I think /do/ you use two differently colored screens on a flatbed duplicator to get your two colours, but if I want black and red, I have to change drums on a rotary, which sounds easy, but is about as simple as removing an appendix. One reason I seldom do two colour work is that some assassin once used the red drum for black ink and now when I use it it comes out in a plaid tartan (Hoot, mon, what's so bad about that? It'll give your zine that air of uniqueness, of distinction. Ed) No two covers alike. (My mimeo that I use for color work is also a rotary drum type - an old Speedoprint - Model L, I think. To change colors all I do is change the ink pads, and wash the drum off with a rag soaked in kerosene. Can't you exchange ink pads instead of drums, Alan? 'twould be much simpler. Ed)

Yes indeedy, it certainly was a big issue. In fact, if you'd had just three eensy weensy pages more, I should now be calling it "The Encyclopedia McNultia".

Jack Daniel's "Defence of Fandom" is quite the best item in the whole issue, though I'm inclined to think Jack Daniels must be a pen-name like Alan San Quentin - pen-name, see? No? Wotcha mean, no? Jack Daniels is also the name of a Tennessee sour-mash whisky, I believe; in fact, an abbreviated version of it - JD- is the title of Lynn Hickman's fanzine. (You're more observant than U.S. fans - because of that, I'll forgive you for that atrocious pun. Pen-name --ooooohhh!!! You would sure have a time at an ISFA meeting - especially with Tom Stratton and Lew Forbes, the Nemises of Indiana fandom. I'm sure that Jack will be very flattered to hear that he's named after a Tennessee whisky - you know that could be very embarrassing for him at a temperance meeting. Ed)

Stratton's Conreport has a highly appropriate title, though perhaps I should point out to him that the Hotel Manger rhymes with anger and not stranger. I have it on good authority from a native Ohioan (They come from Ohio, you know!), and he ought to know how they pronounce their own hotels, shouldn't he? And he was sober at the time in case you wonder.

The main theme of "The Saga of Undertaker Untermeyer" isn't new, since I believe the idea of floating coffins has been explored several times in the past in PLANET and STARTLING, but Link has a cleverly descriptive build-up to the suspectedly ironic climax. Best story I ever did read using this idea was in one of the Manning Draco epics in which his arch enemy, the Rigelian, was found buying up second hand asteroids to use as floating graves with his usual sinister purpose behind it.

The illo fronting Bill Nelson's "The Gift" is very appropriate considering there were three little men, and they resemble the Magi. So Thomas Stratton wants to see a British fan without a beard at the next convention - I've noticed quite a few of 'em myself, so you can take my word for it - they do exist. Unfortunately, they're all female. (THAT is unfortunate??? Ed) I often notice they don't seem to have beards. I'm observant y'know. (Yeah, I know. Pen-name - mumble, mumble....I'll have to remember that. Ed)

Usual competent book reviews by Robert Coulson; I particularly like his take-off on Jessup's "U.F.O." book. Really funny, and long overdue. Finally, to the letter column. Now I really can't understand how you keep spelling Neal Wilgus' Toksun, Arizona wrongly. A name like Toosun is surely easy to remember. I mean it's not as if Tuscoon were an entirely unknown place. I know Neal hates Toskoon, but there's absolutely no need whatsoever for you to consistently spell it Tucksun, is there? I should object too, if I lived in Torksun, and you kept spelling it Tucksooon. The name is TOOKSCUN, got it? Tuskon! See! (Yeah, I see. My apologies to both of you. I never realized at the time what a dastardly error - nay, sin - I committed in misspelling Toozon. Why in the heck can't fans live in nice little towns like Kuybyshevka Vostochnaya, U.S.S.R. It would be so much easier on faneds! Ed)

I enjoyed ISFA as much as ever, and I'm glad to see you're keeping it going. (After a fashion. Yeed) Walt Willis, having seen my review of ISFA in CAMBER, asked me if he could borrow my copies of it as he hadn't seen it before. So you do get around, y'know. (Gosh. Is he willing to trade, or did those copies scare him off? Ed)

Alan Dodd  
77, Stanstead Rd.  
Hoddesdon, Herts., England

Speaking of Twosun, here's one from that far corner of the earth:

Dear Ed -

Well, I'll start with comments on the contents and work up from there. THE GIFT seemed a little pointless to me. And not much of a story at that. If the aliens give the kid a present that's going to save the world or somesuch thing, then he, for story purposes at least, should either do something with it or at least surprise the reader with what he does with it. This story does neither. It just petered out at the end as if the

author were tired of it. (I'm afraid you've read too many PLANET type stories, Neal, wherein our HERO goes out and saves the world from whatever EVIL threatens it at the time. This didn't happen to be that type of story, so don't try to judge it as you would a space opera or adventure story. The boy did do something with the Gift. Like his supposedly wiser elders, he took his Gift out and foolishly lost it. I can see how you might miss the point, but not your judgement of the story itself. 'Nuff said, Ed)

As for the SGA OF UNDERTAKER UNTERMAYER, I have the same complaint that some have of the works of Olaf Stapledon, Fiction is not just history, interesting as that history may be in Stapledon's case. Instead of narrating the whole history of Untermeyer, in my own little unimportant opinion, Link should have taken just one small incident in Untermeyer's life and played it up, with the rest of the history and background implied. The case of the spaceship-coffin exploding exploding, for instance. If he had concentrated on one little incident such as this, he could have had a very good story, but as it is, Link's story is little more than a case history. (But what a case! Ed)

This may sound silly, since I've sent some so-called poetry to you, but I don't care for most poetry - especially fanzine poetry. Hence, I haven't even looked at the two poems in this issue. They may even be good for all I know. AWAY IN A MANGER was good. I enjoy con reports, even tho I may have complained about them in the past; and of course, Stratton is always good. A DEFENSE OF FANDOM - One of the best items in the issue, if

not the best. I feel like passing it around to my friend or pinning it up on the wall. I agree 100%. Fandom forever! THE MAN FROM YESTERDAY - so what else is (un)new? THE SOAPBOX; ART FOLIO, UNQUIET GRAVE and CAT WOMEN OF THE MOON are all pretty much what you'd expect in any fanzine with such features.

Letters - Ah, letters! Letters are the backbone of fandom.

I love letter sections. On to the letters: Ray Youstra, Jr. - I agree with about everybody else. The editorial interruptions in OVER THE COALS was about the best thing in it. Everone (I thought) knew that it was all in fun. Besides, with a guy like Forbes you have to interrupt. (AMEN!!! Yeed) Joe Chambers -

How come he gets longer staples? Mine falls apart too! I'm on his side tho on criticising society at any time! We haven't ever (and I'm talking about the whole human race now) come even close to any kind of real civilization. WE've still a long way to go. (Ditto. We - or should I say society? - need criticising, but that's not enough. Criticize all you like, but then go out and try to do something about what needs correcting. Don't be like the SOB who continually gripes about how rotten the government is, but never takes the trouble to vote on election day, What little social and political - and yes, scientific too - progress we have made in the last few thousand years has come about by the actions of a few men who not only criticized, but did something about it. Ed)

And who's a Shylock? Just because I'm Scottish in descent, doesn't mean I'm tight. But hoot mon, I do like to save a cepper now and then...(I'm not sure what you mean, Neal. Did I call you a Shylock? If so, my apologies. Ed)

Neal F. Wilgus  
Tucson, Arizona

Hi Ed;

A couple of days ago I received ISFA and find myself almost blackmailed by the fact that you published the letter that I sent you. I won't be blackmailed. (All right, we'll just call it intimidation. Ed)

I especially like the art folio, which seems to be a regular feature of your publication. One part of the zine I didn't read, and with me it's almost a policy - the poetry section. If any part of the remainder pleases me, then the poetry can be tolerated. In ISFA I found to date many things that I like. I doubt if every issue will match that, but it would be miraculous if everything pleased me all the time.

48 pages of art work, articles, and fiction. For a higher price, I think it still would be a bargain. If you can keep up the good work, do so. (Thanks, Art, we'll try. Ed)

Arthur Hayes  
P.O. Box 135  
Matachewan, Ont., Canada

Dear Ed,

Instead of commenting on ISFA here, I'll try to do a more professional job in IMAGINATION, in the issue after next. In the interim, you might tell Thomas Stratton that the Cleveland Convention speakers had to shell out \$5 for a banquet ticket just like anybody else (at least, I sure did) and that if he figures on beating the rap by offering to speak, he'd better change his plans. When I was Toastmaster at Chicago, I still paid...though I did get a free ticket at San Francisco for the same chore. Tell Lee Ann Tremper that Damon Knight wants to get hold of a copy of the pro skit from the Con. (I hope he has it by now. And I'll be looking forward to that review. Ed)

Robert Bloch  
Weyauwega, Wisconsin

Dear Ed,

Rog says you got a good fanzine, so here's my coin. Here at 10,000 feet I hunger for outside news about stf and all that. So if you're not too swamped, stick a copy aboard the first west bound stage. O.K? (O.K. But there's no stage running out of Indianapolis, so I sent it Poney Express. Hope it arrived alright. Ed)

Richard E. Vaughan  
Leadville, Colorado

Dear Ed:

Jack Daniels in "A Defense of Fandom" writes on a subject close to home with me, for I am one of those peculiar varieties of Homo Sapiens known as the under-age fan. And, like Lyle Amlin and Larry Bourne, I've begun to run into trouble with regards to parents and fandom. Nothing serious at this time, but the potential is there. Permit me to illustrate.

A few weeks or so ago, I was foolish enough to leave a copy of PSYCHOTIC lying around the living room, where my dad was foolish enough to pick it up. (Let it be known here that he is not anti-stf; in fact, he probably uses my hardcover collection for reading as much as I do. However, this was his initial encounter with fandom.) Leafing through its offset pages, he skimmed over part of a Con report by Peter Graham, a few daffy interlineations, and some Bob Kellogg cartoons. When I returned to the room, he gestured with the fnz, and asked me something like, "Do you actually read this silly stuff? Why don't you do something better with your spare time?"

Well, I naturally attempted to explain, and ended up by giving him a cut-rate fannish background which took about five minutes. And he, naturally, was unmoved. "Well, it's your business" was his final comment, "but you certainly should be doing something more constructive." So.

Well, that in itself has been nothing to cause concern, but I'm wondering what the reactions will be when I begin publishing (as I hope to in the near future) and attending conventions (first of which will be the Midwestcon here in Cincy this coming May). Will thou consider pubbing an extravagant waste of time and money, and put their foot down? (They're liable to - as mine have. My advice is, if possible, to get a job to earn enough money. Fan pubbing costs a heck of a lot of money - postage alone for ISFA costs about \$6. In my own case, this has relieved a little of the parental pressure since I am footing the bill. A fellow downtrodden fan) Will they consider fans and conventions poor company, and intercede? I wonder.

ISFA is a very good zine for the price, if this is a sample. Best articles/poems/stories/etc are: "Away In a Manger", "The Unquiet Grave", and the aforementioned piece by Daniels. The Warren Link story depends upon its punch ending to make it readable, and I found the punch more of a love tap; ergo, I don't like it. The poem by Nancy Shapiro is excellent, but the Hamilton verse drives me to nausea with its sloppy religious sentimentality. "Cohan the Chrysmarian" is a poor imitation of Rog Prices' work in MAD... a very poor imitation!

Few writers have the ability or memory or whatever it takes to write a convincing story with a youngster as the protagonist. Bill Nelson is evidently not one of the few. Bradbury is a master at it, as are van Vogt and Leinster, but Nelson in "The Gift" draws a very poor portrait of a fifteen year old boy. Tell Bill

to read "Hail and Farewell" and "Zero Hour" for good depiction of kids by an adult writer.

Kent Moomaw  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Ed,

You're not the only one who has his little problems of getting a zine out. SATA has been ready now for almost two weeks. Except for one article which has not arrived yet. So, here I am, waiting for that article; then the first ish will be done.

In short, about ISFA. The wrap around cover is different and good. The cover, no like much. The reproduction is fair, but nothing to rave about. THE GIFT, fair, little plot or anything. AWAY IN A MANGER, don't remember this as to my liking or not liking. A DEFENSE OF FANDOM, good, and I agree. ART is best by Juanita. THE SAGA OF UNDERTAKER UNTERMEYER was ok. Poems, no like. THE MAN FROM THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY, liked. THE UNQUIET GRAVE, also liked. CAT WOMEN FROM THE MOON, can't remember. COHAM THE CHRYSMERIAN, slightly enjoyed. And I always like letter columns.

I suggest; keep wrap around cover, improve reproduction, a longer editorial, come out six times a year with a slimmer zine, try to get more articles like A DEFENSE OF FANDOM, keep fiction short, use art that deals a little more with science fiction in the folio, and by all means, get some "Adkins" art. I like him! (Hmmm. The latter suggestion is up to you. As to bringing ISFA out in a smaller issue six times a year, I use to do it. However, it's a lot easier to put out four large issues than six small ones on account of college and my job. And right now let me again ask for articles - whether or not they're like A DEFENSE OF FANDOM. I have lots of fiction - it's articles that I need. Or would any one like to write a column? Ed)

Not a bad zine, slightly above many and somewhat below a few. I like.

Dan Adkins  
Glendale, Arizona

Dear Ed:

Have been meaning to comment on the latest ish of ISFA, but haven't had the chance. I must say, it's a pretty good issue, but the stenciling isn't so good. The use of a mimeo scope or at least a flexible writing plate will help matters immensely. The front cover was not the best thing, either. (That's the understatement of this issue! Ed) Almost any of the illos in the art folio could have been used instead of the one that was featured.

Have been looking at the written material today (I quit writing this letter yesterday and am continuing it today). There's some very good stuff in the Vol. 2, no. 4 ish. In the fiction part, THE GIFT was fair; THE SAGA OF UNDERTAKER UNTERMEYER was very good - it held my interest, and was well written. The poetry was so so. About the articles: Away in a Manger - funny, course; A Defense of Fandom - good; The Man From Yesterday - so so; An Informal Roadmap to Coham the Chrysmerian - Eccch.

All in all, ISFA is a good zine, and if the illos were done better, ISFA would rise much higher in my estimation.

Larry S. Bourne  
Portland, Oregon.

That's it for this issue. How about the rest of you oiling up your typewriters or reinking your pens and letting me know what YOU think of this issue? Ed)



# OVER THE COALS

Darn it! Here I am again reviewing fanzines. Bob Adair has run off to Duke University, and Lew Forbes somehow managed to sneak into Hanover College (I think that he's actually the janitor there), so that leaves me with the fanzines to plow through. Why have a fanzine review column you ask? Hmmm, why indeed? Well, before I talk myself out of it, or lose courage, here's the first zine:

SCHNERDLITES - no that's not a typo, that is the title of the thing. This little zine - it's three quarter-size - is perpetrated by Nigel Lindsay at 311 Babbacombe Rd., Torquay, Devon, England. This is strictly for the informal, dyed-in-the-tentacles fan - er, FAN. Some of the humor is pretty thick, but all of it is enjoyable. If you're down in the dumps, SCHNERDLITES should bring you out. 's two samples, both "ads", of what you will find in the zine:

When a nagging wife starts causing strife,

It's useless to rebuke her.

A blushing bride should be supplied

With a SCHNERDLITES PRESSURE COOKER.

(It lets her blow steam off...).

Amazing New Invention.

SLEEP (Pat. Pending) Banishes that Tired Feeling.

When you feel worn out and ready to drop, try SLEEP.

It soothes nervous tension and lets you relax and rest.

That's why you feel fresher and alive the next day.

A little SLEEP every night, preferably after supper, will make a new man of you. SLEEP works pleasantly and leaves no harmful after effects.

Send today for free sample

SLEEP comes in 3 sizes: SHALLOW SLEEP, DEEP SLEEP, and DRUNKEN STUPOR.

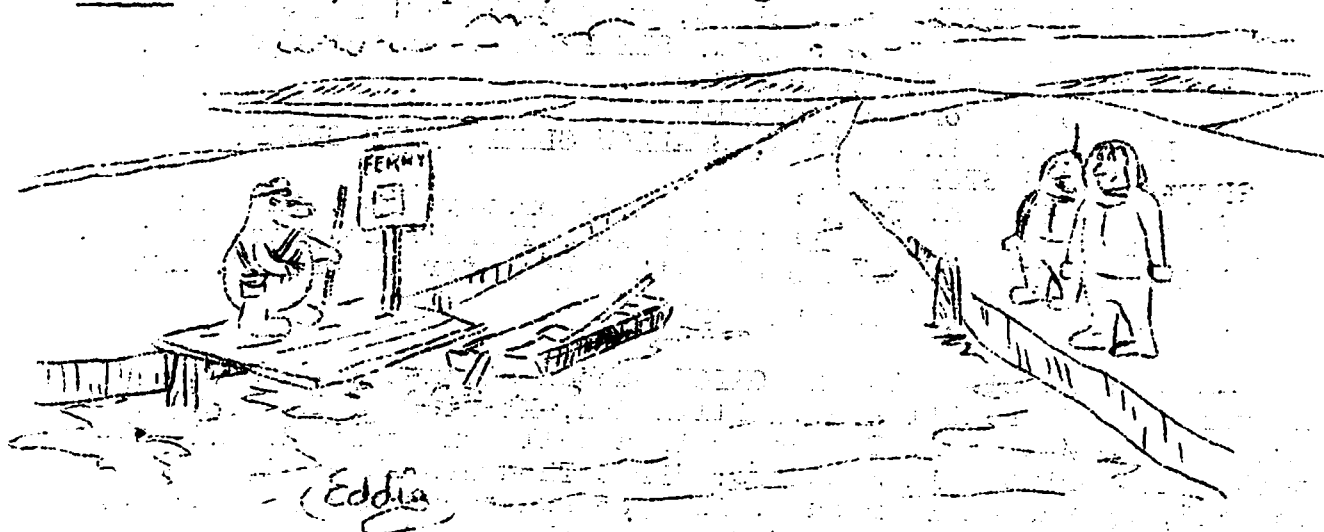
See what I mean? The mimeo work is pretty good, the art ranging from average to slightly below. There's no price listed, but I imagine Nigel would part with a copy for 15 or 20¢. After that, you can haggle over the price.

Another English zine is ORION pubbed bimonthly by Paul Enever at 9 Churchill Ave., Hillingdon, Middlesex. This one is priced at 50¢ a year. The cover is a well done cartoon and contents page printed in 3 colors. "Free Thoughts About Free Speech", by the ed I presume, is a somewhat caustic (in places) discussion of the abuses of free speech - by fans and non-fans.

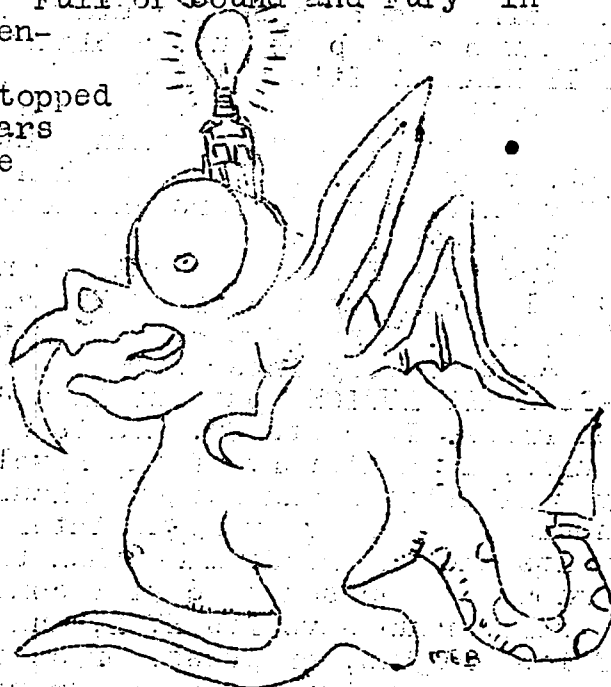
Also included are: a letter column, a film review, an article on collecting, and - ead! - a fanzine review column. The mimeoing in a few places is worse than in ISFA, but for the most part it's pretty good. The artwork and cartoons are good - in fact, more should be included. A fair-to-middlin' which needs a little improving.

Crawling forth out of the trackless wilderness of backwoods Indiana is an unpretentious little zine YANDRO, put out by two fellow Isfans, Buck and Juanita Coulson at 407½ E. 6th St., North Manchester, Indiana. As usual, YANDRO is excellently mimeoed, with good artwork throughout. In this issue is the 2nd part of a serial by Hal Annas; The Confused Rooster by Will Hee Lay; 2 editorials - Ramblings & Rumbings; A Doddering Column by none other than Alan Dodd; It Came From Beneath the Sea, Dammit by Thomas Stratton; and a letter column. Yandro isn't earth-shaking in its contents nor high brow in its aims - in short, you can have a heck of a good tongue-in-cheek time within its pages, especially since it sells for the miserable sum of one nickle.

OUTRE' (A fanzine just like mother used to make) is put out with evidently loving care by George Spencer at 8302 Donnybrook Lane, Chevy Chase 15, Md.; and sells for 15¢. Physically this zine is a beaut. Printed on thick, different colored paper in 3 or 4 colors, it is a pleasure to behold - you scarcely notice the occasional (at least in my copy) spotty mimeoing. This issue contains the usual entertaining editorial "The Shrunken Head", "A Short History of Fanzine Publishing in Canada" (Which seemed a little too short) by William D. Grant, a fanzine review column entitled, of all things!, "The Fanzines", two short stories, two poems, and a long letter column. I almost



FORGOT William Deeck's column "Full of Sound and Fury" in which he seems to fiendishly enjoy picking H.L. Gold apart - not that I care for Gold (I stopped buying GALAXY almost three years ago), but he does get a little vehement at times. Contents-wise, OUTRE' is only slightly above average, but from the standpoint of layout and production it is one of the better new zines. Don't miss it.



HOCHAH - no, that's not a comment, it's a zine instigated by Ronald Parker at 714 W. 4th St., Tulsa, Okla., and can be had for 15¢ a copy. This zine is strictly for the rabid E-C fans. It includes various articles on E-C such as "E-C Before 1950", "E-C Confidential - What is Potrzebie", "The Search for the Crypt Keeper", and many more. One item worthy of note is a short story by Archie Goodwin called "Peace Conference" about - well - a peace conference - only a rather different kind of a peace conference. Very good. The mimeoing is pretty good, though the artwork could certainly stand a lot of improving. To an E-C fan HOCHAH is well worth the money.

Hmm...the artwork on the cover of this SATA looks awfully familiar...A skins, now where have I seen his work before? Well, well, the zine is also edited by Dan at P.O. Box 258, Luke Air Force Base, Glendale, Arizona. And only 10¢ a copy. (Something tells me Dan isn't going to get very rich off this zine) I'll skip quickly over the contents - which aren't bad - two short stories, a fanzine review column (those things pop up everywhere), and an article. This is another zine that is pleasant to look at - in spite of the purple type. SATA is put out by a spirit duplicator process which is swell for good artwork, which Dan has in abundance. The two color illos are really attractive.

That's all I care to go over now - I have a number of others - some excellent such as VAGABOND, and some just so-so. Is there anyone who reads fanzines and would like to review them? Here's your chance to see your name in print.

EMCN

DAGRAT IT! After assembling the stencils, I see there's one more page needed to round out the issue. Ah well, a faned troubles are never over. Now what can I say that will take up an entire page? Maybe I could mention that there's a fascinating new pocket book out, a Signet Key Book called THE UNKNOWN -- IS IT NEARER? It's a 160 page book on ghosts, clairvoyance, precognition, telepathy, and other psychic phenomena. I haven't had a chance to read anything but a few pages of it, but it looks very good. If by some chance you haven't seen this book, fly down to your dealers and demand it. It should be a must for every stf-fan.

Or maybe I could speculate on Dianetics. Is the Cult dying out? I picked up a copy of Hubbard's book in a second hand book store here. More of a curiosity than anything else.

Another very interesting book is Bertram Wolfe's THREE WHO MADE A REVOLUTION, put out in a 650 page paper edition by Beacon Press. It costs \$2, and is worth every cent of it. This, of course, is a history of the revolution in Russia, an exceedingly well written and rather exhaustive history. It's a book that should be read by everyone interested in current international events and who reads more than the headlines. Too many people I know are opposed to Soviet communism because their newspaper or some group says its EVIL, and not because they know anything of its origins, progress, or doctrines. Maybe that's why the average communist seems so superior in some respects to the capitalist. He, you can be sure, knows the history and weaknesses of the West - and how to exploit them. Note how they have so cleverly turned Britain's historic policy of imperialism against her.

The space between these two lines is dedicated to those who have noticed a lack of that hideous invention of fandom - the interlineation.

While typing this, I'm listening to "Symphonie Fantastique". Beautiful - and weird. Every lover of fantasy should have this in his library - especially RCA's version with the tremendous cover on it. Ahhh, here's the movement with the rather unnerving bells... Hmm, wait a minute, they sound rather high pitched. Let me take a look... yeeeks!!! I've been playing a 33 speed record at 45 speed. That's kind of hard on records. Ah, well, as I seem to recall saying somewhere before, we live and learn.

Say, now, here I am just getting wound up, and I see I've almost used up a page. One thing I do want to say. A few of you may be after my scalp for including very few illoes and using very narrow margins this issue, contrary to our usual practice. Frankly, I was trying to crowd this issue - this way I can not only save on stencils, but more important, I could also save on time in printing. And right now time is at a premium for me.

Well, this time it is so long until next issue - and don't you dare ask when!

Ed McN

