

IN DEEP FREEZE

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((Aren't thirty-plus pages enough for you?))

Art Work: Cover by Ray Nelson who isn't to be held responsible for the lousy job a staff member did cutting the stencil. Interior stuff by Ray Nelson, DEA, Nancy Shaw, Dave English and Betty McCarthy.

The contents should've been spread out a bit more, perhaps double-spaced, so it wouldn't be necessary to blather about all over the stencil to cover the emptiness.

Of course, if you don't mind looking at a blank piece of paper, it's all right with us. We'd just as soon leave the damn thing blank. But, somehow, it doesn't look quite right. Maybe we're too particular but, be that as it may, it still does not look right.

We could be witty here and tell you some of the gags heard at ChiCon, but most of them won't bear repeating outside of the usually smoke-filled rooms.

We could mention that, on the cover of the November issue of Radio-Electronics, a highly technical journal we can't understand, in bright yellow letters, are the words, "Hugo Gernsback, Editor." They're all in upper case letter, but, does anyone really care?

If we were really pressed for something to say, we could put in an interlineation like this:

-----A local pants factory announced a closing due to "seasonal letdown"-----

We often wonder, though, if these interlineations do any good, except to separate various items of interest or non-interest, depending upon who the reader is.

Above is an example of ending a sentence with a proposition which is never a good thing to do. Misprint one letter and you're ending a sentence with a proposition. This is liable to lead to a slapped face. And those fingernails stay and stay and can prove embarrassing at times.

Oh yes, I almost forgot the announcement that this is:

ICE: THE FRIGID FANZINE

Where frivolous fans furtively fight frustratingly fallow, yet fastidious, fetid, fabulous, famous, profound, emphatic, furious, fashionable, foundering, form fitting and far fetched, facetious, farcial, fatal, fathomless, febrile, fervent, flimsy, feverish, fiendish, fiery, fishy, flaccid, fluctuating, foolish, forbidden, frantic, formidable, fortuitous, frequent, frozen, fustian and futile feuds.

Or don't you care for alliteration?

ICING

This is the last issue of Ice you'll ever read, or throw away unread. In fact, this is probably the last subzine that will ever be put out by the Outhouse Press. It isn't a long-lived one for the very simple reason that we don't feel like putting out a subzine any longer.

We looked around and discovered that there are over fifty subzines being published today. That's too damn many. So we're cutting it down one. Perhaps if a few other faneds will follow suit we'll be left with very few fanzines, but they'll all be good ones.

Meanwhile, those of you who subscribed to Ice need not feel that you were cheated. You'll get back every cent. Ice #1 was a sample issue and, rather than charge anything for this issue and take ten cents out of each dollar, I'll just mail that subscription money to Van Splawn in St Louis and you'll get a sub to Prometheus, which should be an excellent fanzine. Saw some advance proofs last week and it seems like it'll be among the best.

In any event, we received a lot of letters since last issue and we'll let you read some of them.

Fred Robinson: I'd like to mention that I like your stated policy [in the BSAW] of getting fans together socially rather than creating a ponderous organization primarily devoted to voting people into executive positions, publishing reams of check-lists, etc. I've personally found fanning to be at its best when a few fans get together and just talk shop. /37 Willows Ave, Tremorta, Cardiff, Glam, S. Wales, Great Britain.

Robert Bloch: Load of ICE just arrived and I am duly pleased and impressed. I gather that the job was done before the ChiCon [true!], although I could swear [careful] the young lady on p. 25 was present in Chicago -- seem to have seen her in Tucker's room, although I didn't catch the name. # I am inclined to brood a bit about that figure of 28 prozines. It sounds dangerous to me. Might give the fannags some competition. Although I'm sure they can't touch fanning artwork. On the other hand, some of the promag artwork can't be touched either -- with a ten foot pole, yet. /740 N Plankinton Ave, Milwaukee, Wis.

Oh yes, almost forgot. Here's that all-important letter which Beck bases most of his column on this time.

Howard Browne:

Running an item that begins "It's in the wind" is always suspect, particularly when it's from a source not noted for accuracy. I refer you to a portion of Calvin Thos. Beck's column AT LARGE in the initial issue of ICE. # Want a few facts about the flatulence from Mr. Beck? 1). No "move" (outside of Beck's dream-world) is being made to "bring Palmer back" to this zompany. Ray is doing beautifully as publisher of FATE and OTHER WORLDS and wouldn't come back if he were asked. In fact, Ray would still be editor of AS and FA had he not voluntarily resigned to go into business for himself. 2). The second issue of FANTASTIC showed an excellent increase in sale over the first; the third, according to "The Lookout" -- a trade information sheet put out by LOOK magazine -- will be, very likely, a sellout. Is the "circulation chief" -- whatever that is -- mentioned by Mr. Beck another dream-world character? 4). At no time in its history did AMAZING STORIES sell half a million copies per issue -- nor has any other science-fiction or fantasy publication. 5). AS is the largest selling science-fiction magazine in the world today, with sales the best since the war years. 6). For Mr. Beck's information, circulation figures are the actual number of copies sold. He is obviously confusing the term "print order" with "circulation." # I'm very much afraid Mr. Beck is still stewing over a Rog Phillips review in the April '51 "Club House" of a fanzine put out by Mr. Beck. Such enduring pique seems child-like; but then dream-worlds are common with children. / Z-D pubs.

More letters are from:

Ralph Harding: Put me on your want list for Ice. If the words burn the paper away, just shovel them into a tin and send them to me. I will sort them out. Make sure the tin is lined with asbestos. /38 Central Ave, Maylands, West Australia.

Rodd Boggs: Ice will never set fandom afire. Not at this rate it won't. Of course, I figure maybe it will improve in an issue or two, but all I can say about the first issue is that it shows promise. Notice how worn those type faces are? I wonder how often I've said that about a new fanzine -- "shows promise"! Next time I'm downtown I'm going to buy a rubber stamp with those words on it. # Man Made Satellites was so serious that it almost made me cry. It's funny, but newspaper articles that seem pretty interesting in the newspaper seem merely dull and badly written when they are reprinted elsewhere. # Calvin Thomas Beck in "At Large" seems extraordinarily well-informed about the FBI and internal affairs in Russia and the color TV situation. Is he the same guy who rushed into print in Fantasy Times last month with the important scoop that the InVention never happened. If so, I am afraid I will take his predictions with the extra-large salt I use with Droop Larson's predictions. # Dick Ryan will probably go down in fan history as the most reluctant fan editor of all time. F Towner Nancy bitched about the fan editor's life louder than Ryan, maybe, but not much louder, and he didn't explode till after his subzine was laid away, while Ryan popped like a string of Chinese firecrackers all through Mad's career. At least, it seemed that he did. # It occurs to me at this point that I haven't told you in what way Ice shows promise. I guess it is too tenuous to describe. However, the fact that you have access to a fast-action mince is a good indication of things to come. No fan in such a fortunate position could fail to publish a fanzine. So I think we're assured of other issues to come. From what I have seen of you, I think you have the ability to publish a good fanzine, but golly, Hal before you publish another issue gird your loins or something like that. Minicographs are fascinating things that accept white paper and cough out paper all full of black marks. But some of us can read these marks. So instead of merely soiling a few pages next time, put something on them that we can read. /2215 Benjamin St NE, Minneapolis, Minn.

Wrai Ballard: Since you don't want anyone to crack that it left them cold, more than likely saying "it's not so hot" would have the same effect on you. # ICE is a very odd first issue. It doesn't seem like a first issue, and unlike most first issues, it seems to fit together as a whole, rather than be made up of a number of odds and ends thrown together. I'd say that, unlike the usual first issue, ICE is entirely cohesive, only I'm not sure that I'm spelling or using cohesive correctly. # I might say that ICE passed the acid test. I was so rushed for time that I first read it in the toilet, and it emerged with all pages still attached. /Blanchard, North Dakota.

/Well, it is an Outhouse Publication/

Nancy

Share: I got a bone to pick with you. You ask did I cut those stencils with a pencil. Now I ask you, are you for really real? For this I should hate you to my dying day. Please. I did not use a pencil. I used the sharpest butcher knife I could find. And, if I do make it to the Chicon, I'll bring that same knife along with me, and show you how sharp it is...right across your throat. Hmm...maybe I should cross out the last four words of that sentence since (according to Beck's article) the FBI is going to start quizzing me. On second thought I shall not cross it out. They might send a real pretty one to quizz me. /Box 31, Danville, Pa.

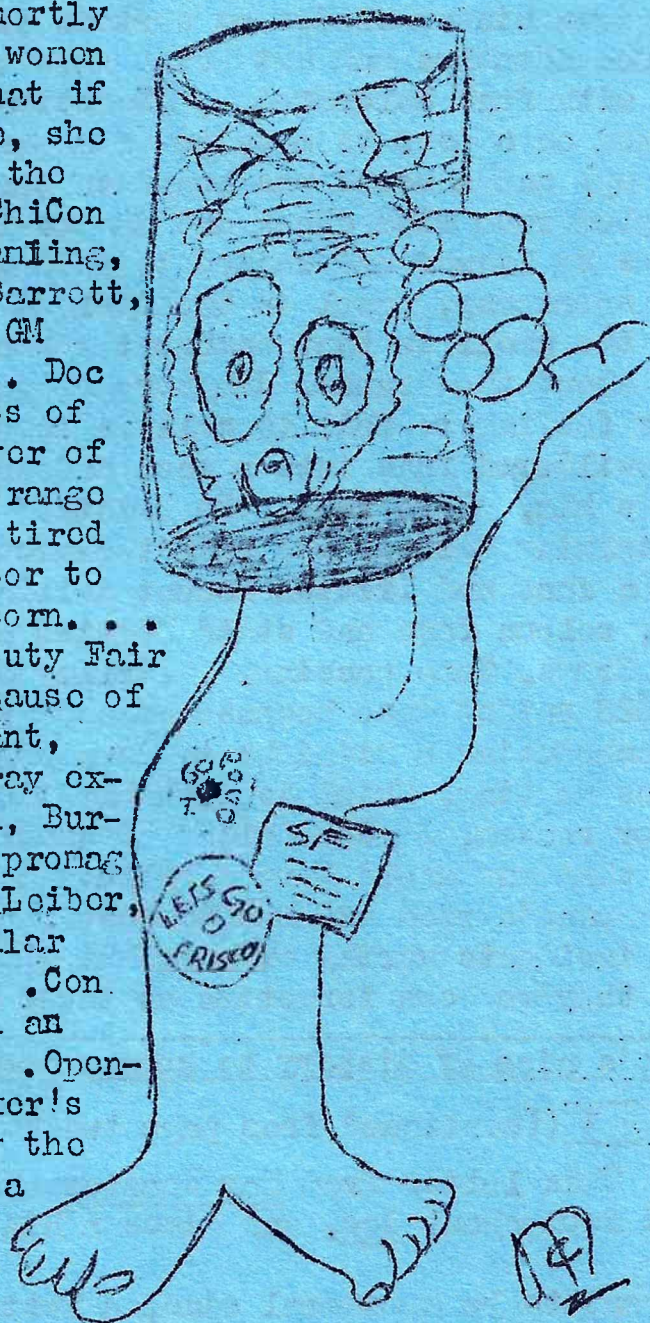
Dave English: I rather liked ICE. That's not quite strong enough. I was mildly obsessed by it? Hardly. What then? I dunno. I guess I sort of liked it though. # I think ICE is good enough to be traded for my Fantasias. There, I said it. Now go ahead and sneer like the rest of the rabble. /516 Deer St, Dunkirk, NY. ((skip over to page four))

XCON XCEERPTS 3

((being disjointed remembrances of the time spent in Chicago at the Tenth World Science Fiction Convention. Appreciation extended to Joe Gibson, Manley Banister, Orville Mosher, Dick Clarkson and others who knowingly and unknowingly helped me remember many of these incidents in order to record for posterity))

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Harlan Ellison spending over \$200 gathered as subs to his fanzine on auctions and such. . . The fellow from Pittsburgh who called people at all hours asking, "Wanna buy a birdbath?" . . . The Stefan bellhop, called Lover-boy, who got into everyone's drinks and parties and provided much entertainment, eventually getting canned by the Morrison Management. . . Briggs being accosted in the hall shortly after leaving a room and accused of molesting young women in the hall. . . Su Rosen acting on the assumption that if she couldn't say something nasty to or about someone, she wouldn't say anything. . . Jim Harmon trying to yank the pants off of Hans Santesson. . . Over a thousand at ChiCon and only ten at the business session. Plaudits to Hanling, Sykora, Burwell, Kyle, Saari, Diane Reinsberg, Doc Barrett, Carson Jacks, Dewey Scarborough, Doc Montgomery. . . GM Carr got her headbone caught in an elevator door. . . Doc Montgomery expostulating long and loud on the merits of the southland. . . Retouching the original to the cover of the October OW so as to remove the spaceship. . . Strange how that model looked like Bea Mahaffey. . . A fan, tired of the rotten elevator service, "borrowed" an elevator to go upstairs. . . Bixby almost strangling on Georgia corn. . . Many thanks to Don Ford for bringing that fifth of County Fair bourbon. . . Les Cole afraid to check out Tuesday because of possible damage charges on the pent house. Wood, Grant, Burwell and others took up a collection to help defray expenses. Wasn't needed. . . Les and Es Cole, Finnigan, Burwell, Quinn, Wood and Grant planning a new possible promag to be launched this winter, with stories donated by Leiber, Merril and others that will not be published by regular editors because of off-trail themes, tabboos, etc. . . Con. committee refused to give a financial report or even an estimate. A confused report was presented in SFNL. . . Opening talk by Dr. Winter exceptionally boring. . . Tucker's tape over the heads of most attendees and unheard by the rest due to faulty planning. . . Official con almost a complete fiasco. . . Ken Beale living up to all the bad publicity he'd received. . . Garry Davis, World Citizen showed exceptional stage presence with a comic skit on the splitting of the atom. This he followed by a serious talk which very few understood, when they bothered to listen. But it was politely applauded anyway. . . 'Frisco cheated out of their right to the '53 con by a coalition between New York and Philadelphia which smacked of dirty politics. . . TV movies at end boring most who stayed, especially since commercials weren't cut. . . Pros proving that they could run a con every bit as badly as amateurs. . . Passing off Bill Hanlin of Seattle as Bill Hanling of Imagination to the gullible herd. . . Gregg Calkins passing out a "huckster badge" to Tucker. . . Carr and Racy Higgs passing out NFFF application blanks. . . All kinds of people passing out here and there . . . ((next page))



"HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU!"

A lot of nice people there: Shelby Vick, Henry Burwell, Rich Elsberry, Ray and Portita Nelson, Al deBat, Betty McCarthy, Manley Banister, Andy Harris, Leo Jacobs, Frank Kerkhof, and all the rest who're mad because I failed to mention them. . . Pros likes best included Kenny Gray, Bea Mahaffey and Poul Anderson and others, not necessarily in that order. . . Nominations for jerks of the convention include Jack Jardine, Ken Beale and Su Rosen, again not necessarily in that order. . . People not for the first time who weren't what we'd expected physically included almost everyone we met for the first time. . . People I missed because they couldn't come included Ben Singer, Nancy Moore, Lynn and Carole Hickman, Janie Lamb and Bob Silverberg. Should be others, but can't recall 'em off hand. . . Paper airplanes sailed nicely in the airshaft. . . House detectives who acted like spoiled children confirmed opinions that the con committee had picked the wrong hotel. . . Young girls attending a Catholic convention on decency or something providing much entertainment by failing to pull down window shades at certain times. . . "Weak Eyes" Korshak attempting to introduce notables and not being able to see any. . . This truly was a pro's convention with fans tolerated. . . Sometimes not tolerated as witness the time Bill Hamlin knocked on a door to a suite of a pro where a party was going on (he's been asked to come up) and a voice was heard to say, "Ignore it. Probably a fan." . . 1628 became a sealed room with cloak and dagger-like policies after too many fans helped themselves to liquor and failed to chip into the kitty to buy more. Just like the old-time speakeasy, panel in the door et al. . . We almost ate at Omar's, but couldn't take the snell in that basement restaurant. . . Sam Mines stating, "I don't give a damn about the drunks. I'm here to meet the science fiction fans." . . Switchboard never failing to fail to call at requested times. . . Rive Smilansky dragging a pair of bewildered fans into a room and pointing at a reclining figure and shouting, "See that's him. He's real. He exists." And nearly scaring the pants off the lad and his talking partner who hadn't expected the shriek. . . Walt Willis, with his long, solemn face and British accent telling a joke or linerick made funny merely by his long, solemn face and staid British accent. . . Rich Elsberry being passed off as Rodd Boggs. Some passing. . . Willey Loy and Walt Willis comparing accents. . . Party in 1628 raided once because of some sort of noise someone was making. . . Con committee scheduling a midnight to dawn masquerade to be followed at nine a.m. with a business meeting. Which is probably the reason only ten showed up. Can't think of a better reason. . . Scheduling of small club meetings so that a person who belonged to more than one would have a helluva time choosing. . . Doug Mitchell locked himself in someone's room and had to have a chambermaid help him get out. . . There are many more incidents worthy of note but they will not be noted here for the simple reason that they've been forgotten as these words are being typed. . . See you in Philly. .

It's nice of history to keep repeating itself--considering that we never listen

Being 3 ((continued from page two))

This letter from Max Keasler about his Opus, I guess, pretty well sums up the way I feel about Ice, and gives a hint as to reasons for suspending publication:

I do not want to be a general zine, a letter zine or anything. I just want to put together stuff I like and what comes out comes may. If no one likes OPUS, I'm not going to change it for anyone. If it gets where no one likes it or everyone starts tearing at it, I'll just drop it. Gee, I'm editorializing, that's what I get for making my editorial so much like a letter, cause now my letters sound like editorials. # I read all the material in ICE, which is unusual to say the less. Nothing really bad, and all good for a first issue. Being vague like this prevents a lot of feuds, don't you think? 420 S 11th St. Poplar Bluff, Mo.

The next letter, over on page twenty-nine, brings up a point that puzzles many a fan who didn't have any trouble getting into fandom. Indeed, with most of us, we were dragged in. However, this lad seems to have just the opposite problem.

((continued on page 29))

THE ADMINISTRATIVE SYSTEM

5

BY NICHOLAS CARR

The following points illustrate the steps that can be and must be taken if we are ever to realize a better world. The Administrative System Party must follow this plan closely and in the order in which each step is listed if the entire scheme is to succeed.

STEP ONE: FORMATION OF A PARTY

Learn the laws relating to forming a party in your state, then try to get enough people interested so that leaflets can be distributed; an office rented to which members can go for instruction and advice; and candidates put up for election to public office.

Members must understand the reason for belonging to the ASP, and must realize that it is not a party to reform but to change society altogether. No class war advocates are wanted; members must be ready to abide by the laws of their state and their country, and must be willing to welcome new members regardless of race, economic status, or former political belief.

Interested persons must also understand that membership in the ASP is not a social gathering or a sparetime hobby, but, rather, hard work which may, in the majority of cases, go unrewarded. New members must be honestly informed as to what they can expect if they join the party. In this way, only those who have the moral fiber to withstand disappointment and lamentation would be most likely to join ASP.

Those who did not care to join under such conditions as are outlined above, could always, if they are so inclined, aid by donating money to further the work of informing other citizens that there is a choice between political slavery on one hand, and economic slavery on the other.

STEP TWO: MONETARY SYSTEM

Let us assume that the candidates of the ASP have been elected to political office. Once this has been accomplished, the next step is for the President to proclaim a certain day as Registration Day. On this day everyone who works, including housewives, will be issued a monthly card which entitles them to all the goods and services they desire and need. On the same day that the workers register so, too, would all those on relief, collecting unemployment compensation, or otherwise unemployed.

On R-Day, all those who work in factories, stores, offices, mines and mills, warehouses, and in transport and communications sign up at their place of employment. Housewives, farmers, the self-employed, and those on relief or otherwise unemployed would sign up at any currency exchange or at the bank where they deal. Also the schools would be closed and teachers would register additional citizens.

One week after R-Day all those citizens on a pension would register for lifetime cards. These cards would be permanent until the "pensioner" had died, after which they would be returned to Washington and destroyed. The person returning the Lifetime Card would be the one who signed the death certificate -- the doctor in attendance or the county coroner.

There would be twelve cards, each differently colored to reduce counterfeiting, issued at the start of each month. The monthly card would bear the person's name, social security number, and the month for which it would be valid. The Lifetime Card has, in addition to the above, the pensioner's date of birth and the words: "Lifetime Card."

A new monthly card is given out by the payroll department on the last workday of the month. In return for the monthly card, each citizen contributes 30 hours per week service to the nation--housewives, self-employed, and clergymen excepted--in

((next page))

the line of work where his or her skills render the person most useful to the nation.

Those holding Lifetime Cards would be considered as having done their bit for the country, and thus free from obligation to the nation. This freedom from service applies only to those citizens 65 or over, and not to such occupations--like doctors--that may hold Lifetime Cards.

These cards would be the "money" of a society based on production-for-use and with them citizens would obtain food, clothing, housing, entertainment, could travel on all forms of transport, and generally live happy lives so far as material factors were concerned. In short, for contributing his or her services to the nation, the citizen is entitled to the full use of the nation's resources.

Coins up to and including quarters would be used for the vending machines that supply candy, cigarettes, and other items. This would release more workers to the factories and offices and farms and thus, perhaps, hasten the day when the hours of work could be reduced to ten or twenty hours per week. Our present-day currency exchanges could supply coins to the citizens when they ask for them, and, in return, the coin supplier is given a monthly card by the government. With the exception of coins, there would be no other money; nor would there be further need of stocks, bonds, royalties, etc.

When a person reaches the age of 18, he is eligible for a student card, which is good for everything except liquor. These student cards do not let the teen-ager "free" himself from parental authority since, if a parent feels a purchase would do more harm than good to the future character of his son or daughter, the parent could override the purchase. At the age of 21, or when the person begins to work, he or she is entitled to apply for a monthly card since he/she is assumed to be wise enough to "buy" good sensibly.

STEP THREE: HOUSING

After the money question, the next step is for government to condemn vacant slum property and place it under Federal control. Then, this accomplished, the construction of multi-storied apartment buildings and the moving of citizens from slum and near-slum areas. When all the vacant land within slum areas has been built on, the razing of the empty slum dwellings, and the construction of as many more housing units as would be needed. The remainder of the razed areas could be turned into parks and playgrounds for children, or could be set aside for future building sites. That would be up to the local inhabitants.

Since there will be no money in the usual sense of the word "money," the occupants of these apartments would form Tenant Control Councils whose duty it would be to make minor repairs, hire maintenance men to keep the buildings clean and provide heat during the winter, and maintain order among the tenants. The council would meet once a month, and attendance would be compulsory for the head of each family--except in the case of illness or death in a family, or if the family were on vacation in another part of the country.

From time to time, an inspector from the Land Board would drop in unannounced to see that each tenant was keeping his apartment clean and in repair. Violations would be punishable by a discontinuance of electrical service. Example: 1st offense--one hour without electricity; 10th offense--ten hours without electricity. Beginning with the eleventh violation of Sanitary and/or Fire Regulations, the punishment would be doubled. (10 plus 10 equals 20.)

Though the tenant signs a contract with the Land Board tying the tenant to his assigned apartment for a period of five years, the right of all citizens to live in their own homes is a sacred right. No one would be forced to move into a housing project, but, once having moved into such a project, the tenant could not move out until after the contract had expired.

At the termination of his contract, a tenant has the right to move where he pleases, or to remain in his apartment until he gets the urge to move elsewhere. There would be no further contract after the first five-year period, and this leaves the tenant freedom of movement. When he does move, though, he must notify the board (a phone call will do) so that the Board will have an up-to-date record of vacant

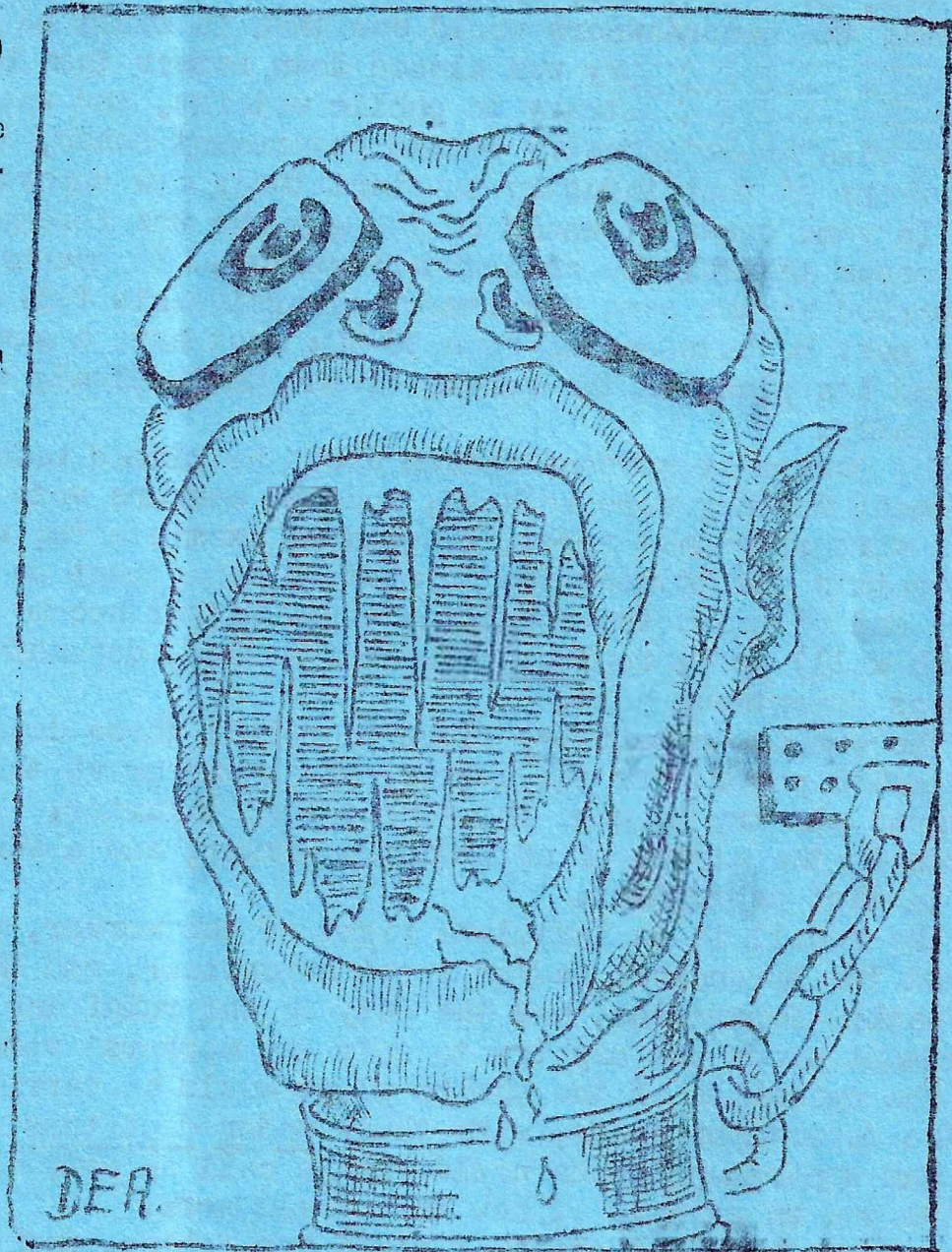
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apartments and houses. This is so citizens seeking locations nearer their work can simply contact the Board and secure information of such locations.

A brief digression: If citizens have unlimited purchasing power, why construct these apartment dwellings? Why not allow citizens to have their own private houses built, instead of using up materials and manpower in erecting buildings that may be vacant after the original five-year period has expired?

The answer is three-sided. (a) The construction industry couldn't fill the sudden and overwhelming demand of citizens for private homes, when the citizens obtain their monthly cards. (b) Slums must be razed; otherwise they will become breeding grounds for rats. (c) Racial prejudice won't completely disappear until some time after the Administrative System has begun operating.

The Land Boards, which would be staffed by those citizens now working in real estate offices, would be local affairs, though land itself would be Federally-owned. Each town, city, and village in the country would have its own Board independent of Boards in other cities. The Land Boards would survey and keep a record of boundary lines, issue deeds to residential owners entitling them to a lifetime lease, and keep a file of all vacant apartments and houses, and aid the citizen looking for a new residence, if he intends to remain within the city or town limits. Leases to factories, office buildings, hospitals, museums, ball parks, etc. would be on a fifty-year basis (which could be renewed for another fifty-year period) after which the structure would have to be razed to make way for a more modern building.



Hotels would be the only type of dwelling not under the jurisdiction of the Board, with the lone exception of issuing a fifty-year lease to the hotel owners. Persons living in hotels would not have to notify the Board if they move, since most would be out-of-towners on either business or pleasure. However, the hotel sweller has the right, if he desires to settle in a town, of asking the aid of the Board in getting an apartment or a house.

A person wishing to build his "dream house" consults the Board for a list of vacant lots in the section of town where he wishes to reside. Then, after looking over the sites, the citizen selects one, signs a lifetime lease with the Board, and the contacts the architect of his choice. After giving the architect a general idea of the sort of house he, the citizen, wants, and after approving the plans the architect will draw up, the citizen then leaves the entire matter to the architect, who notifies the citizen when the house is ready for occupancy. That is, after the plumbing and electrical connections have been made.

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STEP FOUR: ORGANIZATION OF INDUSTRY

Once the above three steps are underway, the President would ask the owner or owners of basic industry, including transport and communication, to donate their businesses to the nation. If the owner or owners refused to so donate, as he or they would have a perfect legal right to do, all sorts of things would happen.

Raw materials would not arrive per schedule; finished goods would lie about on loading docks waiting for trucks and boxcars which would be unaccountably delayed; electrical service would be uncertain to such establishments that depend on electrical power; in short, they would be coerced to donate their businesses.

Thus the owner/owners would see that it would be better to donate. If, on the other hand, the industry was closed down rather than being donated, government would consider it an act contrary to public welfare, and would confiscate.

As each basic industry became government owned, the President would authorize the workers of that industry to elect their own department heads and immediate foremen. In some cases it would be the guy who was foreman under private enterprise; in other cases it would be an ordinary worker. To become a department head, a man must have worked in the same department alongside his fellow workers for a minimum of two years; must be between the ages 30-50; must have a general knowledge of the department and its place in the scheme of the whole plant; and must have a desire to serve his country.

The person or persons chosen would be placed before the rank-and-file of the department he/they were to head, and the workers vote either approval or rejection. If the workers cannot agree, government examines the work record of the "candidates" and appoints one to head the "disputed" department on a tentative six-months basis, at the end of which the appointee would either become permanent (provided he does his job well) or be replaced by someone else, depending on the appointee's own actions as department head.

The workers retain the right to recall these department heads who try to assume dictatorial power over the worker, those who prove themselves incapable of the job, and those who try to make the worker feel inferior. The department head so recalled reverts to the status of an ordinary worker, and a successor is elected by the workers in that department.

The recall is an inviolate right of the worker, since it is his only protection against the tyrannical and/or inept supervisor, and the government, acting through its Justice Department, has the duty of enforcing the workers' ballot in the case of department heads who may try to defy the workers' vote.

The operation of the entire plant would be carried out by weekly meetings of all the department heads, with their major decisions subject to rank-and-file approval, and department heads could always call an emergency session when necessary. Let me give you an example of how that would work.

Assume that production of steel has fallen, and in their meeting all the department heads agree that an extra hour each day is needed to overcome the decline. So the question is put to the workers in an after-work assembly. The majority don't object, but some wonder how long this extra hour business will continue. "Four to six months," the department heads estimate, and the workers decide to okay the measure. At the end of six months production is still lagging, so the supervisors call another general meeting and ask the workers to continue working the extra hour. But the workers are opposed and the measure fails. Then the department heads call an emergency meeting among themselves to review the situation.

The other plants of the industry have no spare workers to "loan" during the production crisis; there are no new machines available to increase output. So, suggests one supervisor, why not spread our orders? Plant X is short on orders, and so is plant Y, while we're putting in a 35-hour week. So the workers, government, and other plants agreeing, this is done. Of course, this would probably be done the moment production began to decrease in any one plant, but I wanted to show you the entire procedure. Spreading of orders is possible in the steel, coal, oil and similar industries. It would be a problem in industries like automobiles, jewelry, candy, softdrinks, etc. where the consumer is directly involved. ((next page))

The Administrative System 5

Once every three months--maybe six months--one department head is selected by the others to represent that one factory in a general convention of the steel industry, let us say. Here department heads from each separate plant thrash out the problems of their industry, and the solutions reached at these national meetings are then placed before the rank-and-file for either approval or rejection. Those proposals rejected by the workers would be postponed until the next national convention, when they would be again presented in a modified form.

Once government is sure that each industry it has taken over is running efficiently, and that the workers in the industry understand their rights and duties, government will withdraw, turn the industry over to the workers, and maintain only the right to enforce the workers' ballot and to reduce hours of work when the market becomes glutted. Increasing hours of work remains with the department heads who are better able to judge production.

STEP FIVE: ORGANIZATION OF AGRICULTURE

There are three types of farms: the Factory Farm, worked by a manager and a gang of farm workers; the Personal Farm, which is usually owned and worked by one family; and the Specialized Farm, being either a Personal or Factory Farm where special products are grown.

The Factory Farm would be operated by having the government designate as the manager a Federal agent who would direct overall operations, arrange for shipping the produce to market, see that decent housing is provided the farm workers. The farm workers do the actual manual labor, maintain the farm machinery in working order, and elect their own immediate foremen. Farm workers retain the right to recall those foremen and managers who attempt to exploit them, or who show that they are otherwise unqualified for their positions.

The Personal Farm would be run by a co-op system in which the farmers band together. All farms so linked would be worked as one farm, though each individual farmer continues to own his farm and to receive his monthly card as an individual, which he can use as he so wishes. The co-op meets once a month, maintains the farm equipment, trucks the produce to town (where the railroad workers can take it over for shipment to processing centers), and hires such farm workers as would be needed during the busy season.

The Specialized Farm, of course, would be worked by whichever method is the most efficient.

A number of difficult questions arise in connection with farming since this occupation isn't as calculable as factory or office work. The hours are long during harvest time, under thirty hours at other times, but, everything considered, I think the farmer puts in the required hours per year to merit his monthly card.

What about sharecroppers and tenant farmers? These two groups must be abolished, but without imposing hardship on either group. In the cotton belt, AD 1950, the Rust cotton picker is squeezing hundreds of them off the land and into the cities (where they help lower the factory wages), and while that is a solution to this problem, the short term result is misery for these rural dwellers, since few of them have had any factory experience. (Employers want experience these days.)

So, while opposed to the ways this wholesale eviction is taking place today, I realize that the cotton belt, AD 1980, will be a healthier region, though the cotton surplus will be a worse headache for Washington than at present.

Under the Administrative System, the sharecropper and tenant farmer must be integrated into the organization of agriculture by (1) teaching them the three R's, (2) teaching them to operate farm machinery, soil conservation, etc., and (3) Linking the entire cotton belt into one gigantic "farm" under sectional managers, appointed by government, and subject to the approval of the cotton farmer.

But whatever solution is worked out regarding the cotton belt, the ultimate aim for agriculture in general is to so mechanize and electrify the farm that a minimum of farms will supply foodstuffs and raw materials, and, at the same time, reduce the number of men earning their living from the soil. ((next page))

STEP SIX: SHOPS AND STORES

Once the above five steps were underway, the next step would be for the President to issue another proclamation "closing" certain businesses to those over three months of age. These businesses would be: grocery stores, clothing and hardware stores, and drug stores, though the chains could continue to expand, if they so wished. This proclamation would be effective on midnight of the day issued, so that there would not be a "rush" to set up for one's self. Need I say that enterprises established before the proclamation would not be affected? All this would mean would be that a start would be made in bringing order into the jumble of independent stores--much as Rockefeller brought order into the oil business--though without causing anyone undue hardship. The next step would be a law encouraging the chains and followed by a third and last step, the urging of all independent storekeepers eligible for a Lifetime Card to close up and retire. No force would be used; the independent could continue operating until he dropped dead for all the ASP would care. The real purpose of this proclamation is to ensure that eventually, only the chains would be left to "sell" food, drugs, hardware, etc.

The six-hour day would apply, just as in factories and offices, and the staff would elect their own department heads and have the right to recall them, same as in factory or office.

The independent, being in business for himself, must work a minimum of six hours per day, but can stay open as long as he pleases. However, anyone employed by an independent is allowed to work only a thirty-hour week.

Question: If grocers are allowed to work only a thirty-hour week, how will citizens eat over the weekend?

Answer: It would be up to each household to have enough food in stock for that period, the same as in many places today.

Question: If everyone works six hours a day, how will single persons have the time to obtain food?

Answer: Grocers would open three hours later than offices and factories; restaurants two hours later. Also, there would be Day Restaurants and Night Restaurants, the latter located near theaters sports arenas, hospitals, etc.

STEP SEVEN: ELECTORAL REVISION

Thus far I've been outlining the economic issues, and I guess you are wondering how non-economic questions would be settled. Before we enter into this, however, let's take a look at the structure of our government. There would be a President and a Vice-President elected for a term of four years; there would be ASP members elected for the same term of four years; and, in addition, there would be a specially elected body of citizens, the Critics, whose function would be to ask questions, make constructive criticisms, and suggest alternate points of view to governmental officials.

Furthermore, the Critics would be expected to expose power-hungry officials so that the citizenry could recall these offenders, if the evidence warrants such action. The Critics serve for four years, same as ASP members. The ((next page))



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Critics would be provided with credentials which give them access to any government files, or to call suspected officials to an accounting in a public hearing. These Critics would not be able to vote on any legislation or to engage in filibusters, their sole function being to act as the people's watchdog.

However, a Critic could not get away with making false accusations because a Critic must have proof, or witnesses, to support any charge he may bring against governmental officials. The penalty for false charges would be imprisonment, and term of imprisonment would depend on the seriousness of the false charges.

Once a year all questions of national importance, that are the concern of all the people and not just one industry or group, would be submitted to a referendum. When Referendum time rolls around, government designates a period of three months as "campaign time" so that citizens can examine the proposed questions; so that any citizen can speak his mind via coast-to-coast radio forums; so that the press can present the questions factually without any pro or con arguments. The personal views of newspapers and magazines must be confined to editorials and special columns and labeled as personal views.

At the end of the "campaign" period, the last day of the third month, citizens vote. At the same time as national questions are being decided, local areas can also decide, on a separate ballot, purely local matters. Local areas have the right to hold special referendums, but national questions can only be decided on a yearly basis. The months of January, February and March, with the last day of March being Referendum Day, would be "campaign" time.

Questions to be placed on the ballot could be submitted by anyone: members of the ASP, Critics, and private citizens. Each yearly ballot would be limited to twenty questions, though if any really important question needed immediate attention, and the limit of questions had been reached, this could be presented on a separate ballot. Any such question would have to be approved by a two-thirds vote of the Critics and ASP. Otherwise, any extra questions, no matter how important, would automatically be deferred until next Referendum.

Two-thirds of the national vote would be required to either pass or defeat any question, and each question would be either approved or rejected separately. To explain. Say there are three questions: A, B, C, and A gets two-thirds approval and passes; B gets two-thirds disapproval and is rejected; C gets two-thirds approval and passes. Tied questions are automatically placed on the next year's referendum. If deadlocked a second time, the measure is "tabled" for five years.

Once every four years the members of the ASP and the Critics run for re-election, and are either defeated or re-elected in their record. It would be up to the newspaper, magazines, and the citizens to examine carefully the record of each ASP member holding office and Critic before voting. The ballot will, of course, be secret and the right to disagree will not be tampered with.

Only members of the ASP could run on the ASP ticket, of course--this includes President and Vice-President, too--but anyone, even you, could run as a Critic. Both ASP members and Critics must be at least 25 years old to be eligible for office, and President and Vice-President must be 35 years old.

STEP EIGHT: GOVERNMENTAL DISENGAGEMENT

When ASP candidates obtain office, all departments of the government will undergo a careful investigation by the President and his cabinet. Then they will be re-organized along the same general lines as industry: department heads, workers having the right to recall, etc. When this has been accomplished, government will put each governmental bureau on a semi-autonomous footing with the ultimate objective of completely separating certain governmental functions from government itself. This separation of some governmental units would be undertaken with a great deal of caution, so as not to unduly upset the functioning processes.

First would come the Postal Service; then the Census Bureau; followed by the Department of National Parks and Shrines; Weather Bureau; Fish and Wildlife Service; Geological Survey; and such other Federal agencies as could be successfully set apart from government proper.

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Ultimately, however, it should be possible to declare government unnecessary, but that is a job for our grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Our task is to begin the winding-up process.

This concludes the steps. Now for a few items that cannot be quite fitted into those eight steps.

RELATIONS WITH FOREIGN NATIONS

Assuming that other nations do not adopt the system herein outlined, for one reason or another, the only thing to do is to maintain our defense forces until the time when the entire planet is under one economic system. However, we could, I think, accelerate the trend toward the Administrative System throughout the world by broadcasting overseas, distributing information in American occupied Germany, Japan, and Austria, encouraging and aiding any mass movements toward the Administrative System anywhere in the world.

On a more prosaic level the USA would still maintain consulates in other lands and allow foreign governments to maintain consulates here; maintain the Quota system for immigrants; keep a customs check on products entering or leaving the country (to reduce the traffic in narcotics); enter into economic agreements with other countries which have products we need in exchange for our manufactures. Example: One hundred sacks of US wheat for one hundred sacks of Cuban sugar.

Those foreigners who have capital invested in American industry and agriculture would be compensated by shipping them the original investment in Fort Knox gold. Since gold would be rendered worthless here once the card system had begun operating, it would be foolish to keep it and a needless hardship on foreign investors to confiscate their invested capital.

Travel to and from the US would be rather a difficult matter considering the card system would be worthless outside the country. One of the primary duties of the government would be to work out an agreement with other nations whereby US nationals would be allowed ten dollars a day (pre-ASP rates) during their stay in another land, and foreign nationalists would be granted a card covering their stay within the USA.

POLICE AND PENAL INSTITUTIONS

An analysis of crime by type reveals that most are based on economics (ie. the attempt to get money by unlawful means). Therefore, once the card system of "money" has been established and everyone has the means to satisfy their material wants, and desires, I would expect a very notable reduction all crimes connected with money and property. There would probably still be some cases of stealing and economic murders, but they would be less than at present.

However, there wouldn't be any real decline in sexual crimes. murders based on marital and love difficulties, crimes based on hot tempers and other emotional outbursts. Drug addicts would still provide a market for narcotics. The latter, however, should gradually decline into merely a medical problem as the drug addict finds he has nothing from which he needs to escape, as far as economics goes.

There will probably be some counterfeiting of cards by and for those who have no desire to contribute to the community, but I think that the number of counterfeiters to the total population would be insignificant. My reason for saying that is that the majority of the people are honest under the profit system with all its harsh dogmas, like "get while the gettin's good!" Therefore, under a stable economic system which provides material needs to all impartially, I would expect that 99.9% of the citizens would be honest, so far as economic items are concerned.

The counterfeiting of cards would be a Federal crime, with a duplicate of all cards filed in Washington and checked against a daily list of names and numbers sent to Washington by shopkeepers and other businesses. Whenever a name and a number didn't check with the duplicate, the false card would be photostated and sent via wirephoto to the various state capitals. From the state capital the police would take over the job of warning local police forces who, in turn, notify the businesses in their area. It would be a slow task but, eventually, the counterfeiter would be nabbed.

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The local police would be left under local supervision but, as at the present time, all police forces would work together with the FBI in tracking down criminals. The six-hour day would not apply to policemen, since crime doesn't go according to any schedule, and they would be on twenty-four hour call. The same would apply, by the way, to firemen.

When a person is sentenced to a penal institution, he would be (a) taught a trade so that he could be assimilated into society, (b) interviewed by the prison psychoanalyst who would explain to the convict why he rebelled against society and try to cure him of his anti-social attitudes. Once every three months, the parole board would interview applicants recommended by the psychoanalyst, and every attempt would be made to re-assimilate convicts into society, especially first offenders.

One fact that isn't understood enough, I think, is that men are animals; intelligent, but still animals, and will act according to treatment given. I could take a gentle dog and, after a few months of cursing and cuffing the dog, the creature would become surley and, maybe, even dangerous. The same is true of men. Therefore, convicts would be treated like human beings. The vast majority, I am convinced would become assets to the community in which they would take up residence. Never mind those who wouldn't or couldn't reform. They would be persons of subnormal intelligence, and the police would have no difficulty keeping them under control.

The personnel who would staff prisons would also be on twenty-four hour call, and every effort would be made to see that prison guards were mentally fitted for their work. They must be firm, but not brutal, and have a sincere desire to reform the men under their supervision.

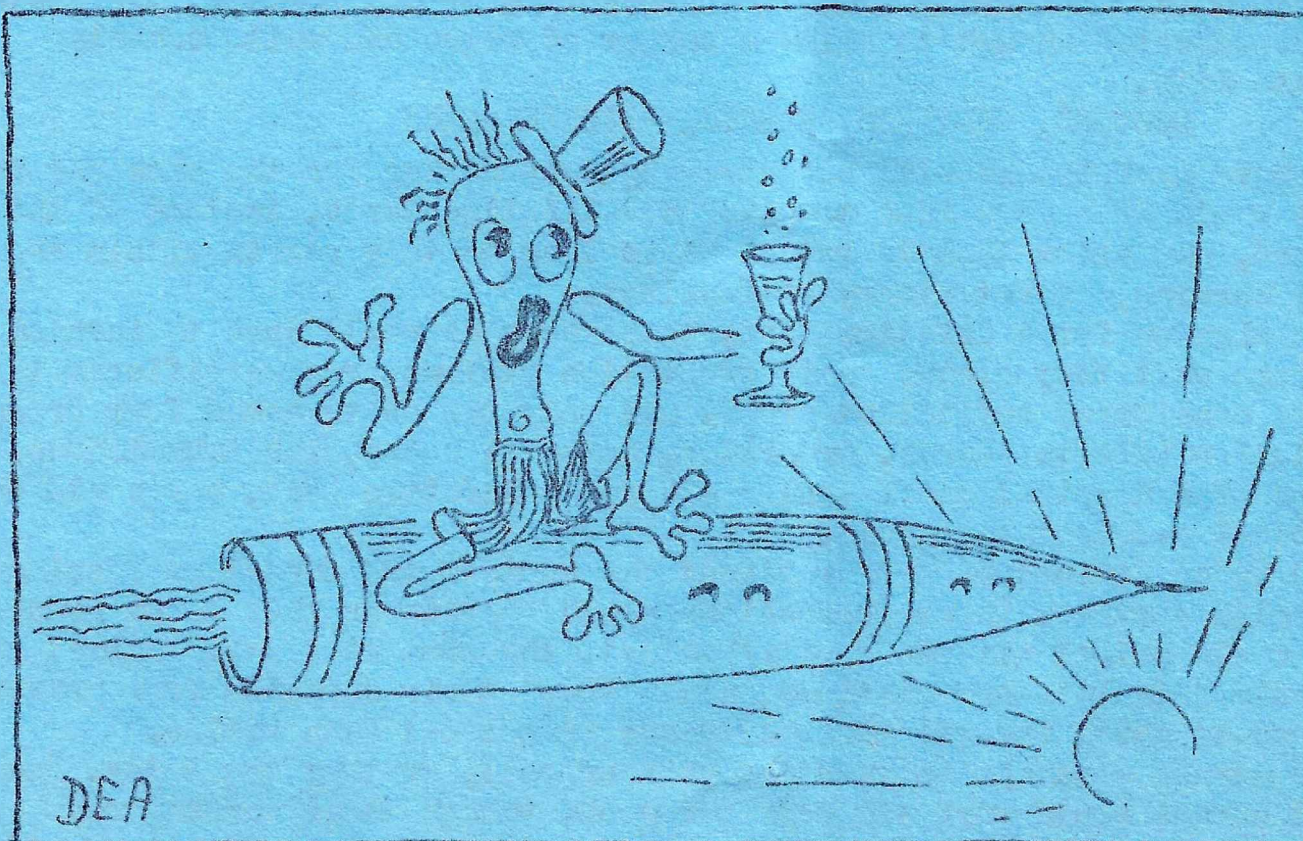
EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

Education under the ASP would be transformed so that children, when they become adults, would know how to govern without recourse to leaders and political organizations; would be taught to accept anyone on individual merit, regardless of race or religion; and would be indoctrinated with ideals of service to the nation so that a relapse toward private enterprise wouldn't take place after the original members of ASP were dead and buried.

There would be less emphasis on business as a goal in life, and more attention would be given to educating youth for technical, scientific, cultural, and public service careers. Sports would be continued about the same as present, though students would be encouraged to think more about their country and its problems.

The study of American history would be presented in the coldlight of truth, and

a lot of myths (like Washington and the cherry tree) would be suppressed. Special emphasis would be given to the development of the US between 1865-1914, and an entire semester would be devoted to a study of the New Deal era in which the students would learn why the New Deal couldn't realize its goal in ((next page))



of a better life for all and still remain within a capitalistic frame. The study of American history in general would be presented as one continuous story and correlated with events in Europe and Asia showing how conditions affected, and were affected, by the United States. This would be a four-year course and compulsory for the student.

Another compulsory four-year course would be Civics, and the student of this subject would compare our present-day political and economic structure with that prevailing under the ASP. Such comparison wouldn't be slanted since the truth about political corruption and deals between businessmen and politicians would render such slanting unnecessary. As part of the study of Civics, students would be taken on tours of the local government and any Federal branches located in their town; and the ASP would maintain contact with the Civics teacher, keeping her informed of booklets that would benefit the students.

Sex instruction would be compulsory from the first day the student enters elementary school until the day he leaves high school; and the teacher would be someone with medical training. The emphasis would be on the perfectly natural function sex has in our lives, though equally emphasized would be the fact that it is not the whole of living.

The rest of the curriculum would be left to local authorities, although the Federal government reserves the right to set standards of education. No trades would be taught since (1) few students have a definite idea of what they wish to do once graduated, (2) their trade learned in school may be obsolete by the time they graduate, or on the way to becoming obsolete. Trades would be reserved for post-high school vocational schools. Vocational schools would be independent of the regular school system, though they would work in close touch with both public schools and industry.

University education would not be compulsory; that would be up to the individual graduate and his parents. If a grad did not enter a university, he would either be expected to attend a vocational school or file with the local employment agency for a job.

Private schools, and schools run by religious organizations would not be tolerated. All citizens must have the same general views on government and economics, and must be educated to take the national view rather than a regional, racial, religious, or occupational view on questions facing the nation.

The dual school system of the South would be maintained, but the Negro school must be as well-equipped as the white school and the same views must be drilled into Negro youth and white Southern youth. In a generation or so, perhaps, the Southern white will be educated enough to allow a merger of Negro and white schools without going into fits.

DOCTORS, DENTISTS, NURSES, VETERINARIANS

Since the above professions will be extremely busy caring for the sick and infirm, I think it would be a good idea to give them Lifetime Cards, instead of the usual monthly card, and allow them to retain it as long as they remain within the medical, dental, nursing, or veterinary professions.

However, to sign up for a Lifetime Card, these persons would have to furnish proof that they are what they claim; their graduation diploma or a certificate to practice would be considered sufficient proof. And only the above named four groups would be eligible for Lifetime Cards. Orderlies, hospital cooks, lab technicians, and other members of a hospital staff could not get a Lifetime Card, nor could unstructors in medical and dental schools.

There would be no attempt made to regiment the medical and dental professions in a national health service. These professions would operate as they do at present, and the patient could select his own doctor/dentist, the same as today. Medical and dental people could join into associations, would "buy" their supplies from private drug firms, and would still receive their licenses from local authorities.

Doctors and nurses would be on twenty-four hour call, as they are today. Dentists and dental nurses would work six days per week, though their working day wouldn't begin until 3:00 PM, when the office and factory workers ((next page))

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quit for the day. On Saturdays, the hours would be from nine in the morning to three in the afternoon; weekday hours - three in the afternoon until eight in the evening. And the members of the medical and dental professions would have annual vacations, just like other workers.

Since it would be to the interest of doctors, dentists, nurses and vets to reduce their hours of work, they would probably work along with local authorities in distributing information in preventative methods re sickness. This, plus the mental stability that would result from a balanced economic system, the elimination of bad housing, of long hours of work, and the increased consumption of food by present day low-income groups, should greatly reduce the number of sick and infirm.

RECREATIONAL ASSOCIATIONS

For the majority of citizens, the reduction of working hours wouldn't leave them at loose ends. They would attend movies, listen to radio/television programs, tinker around the house, and generally enjoy themselves.

But there would be a minority who would be "restless" outside their working hours, and if their energies weren't directed into constructive ways, these citizens might become criminals in their pursuit of "exitemont."

Therefore, the government would, via advertising, try to interest these citizens in developing the creative side of their lives. No one would be forced to join anything. That would be up to the individual citizen.

Science clubs, writing associations, and all sorts of amateur groups could be formed, and government could award yearly prizes to the clubs and club members who had done the best amateur work in their selected fields.

The linking up--to use one example--of writing clubs in various cities to form a national society would probably follow as a matter of course.

And, I think, it would be a good idea for government to sponsor a club of political-minded citizens whose job would be to get out the vote on Referendum Day, call to the attention of government officials and Critics errors in administering. Lastly, but most important, members of a political club could simply sit about and gab about the political and economic setup, and send suggestions for improvements to Washington where, if the suggestion was important enough, it could be placed on the following year's Referendum. Anyone could join a political club; and could also resign whenever he wished to do so.

PROFESSIONAL GROUPS

Writers, artists, sculptors, musical composers, movie and radio people, and suchlike groups whose work is not a day-in, day-out affair would still be able to obtain monthly cards since it would be assumed that such persons put in the required number of hours per year.

And, in the vases where the required yearly hours have not been met, a monthly card would still be issued for the simple reason that the enjoyment and mental stimulation given ordinary citizens by books, music, movies or radio broadcasts cannot be calculated. And besides, our economic system today, even with all its waste, can easily carry a few thousand intellectuals, and the same would be true under the better balanced system of the ASP.

The same goes for professional sports like baseball, football, hockey, etc. They, too, have been, are, and can continue to be carried by a modern industrial society.

New writers, musical composers, painters, etc., would probably arise from the amateur groups and from the after-work efforts of such factory and office personnel who have a desire to entertain and inform their fellow citizens. The elimination of a monetary urge would probably cause a rise in the cultural quality of writing, painting, music, etc. The desire to leave one's name to posterity would also probably play a part in enriching the culture.

((next page))

CONCLUSION

And that's that. Aside from two or three questions in this outline, I haven't attempted to answer some very debatable points herein; nor have I attempted to give a detailed picture of a future world. I can answer any question you care to ask without being too evasive or idealistic. The only thing I ask is that you keep comments separate from the questions you shoot my way.

-----FINIS-----

-----"I'd rather be right than be number one fan." --Paul Cox-----

If anyone is interested in asking questions concerning the above article, please write directly to Nicholas Carr, 1308 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Illinois. Letters sent to the editor will probably not be answered when referring to this article, but all letters will be considered for publication.

-----What about Marilyn Monroe in a three dimensional movie?-----

FROSTING

((Being editorial comment from Alice))

I don't know why I'm writing this editorial. I didn't do anything for this issue. Hal was going to strike off my name as assistant editor. For some inexplicable reason he left it on and, as I lay down the knife, he insisted I'd have to do an editorial. I couldn't get out of doing one this issue by saying I'd typed enough stencils to get me tired as I didn't type any. No typewriter. So all mistakes must be attributed to Hal's misunderstanding my longhand.

I'm not sure whether I should use the ego-centric "I" in here or the editorial "we." Might as well use the first mentioned, though, because I am me. ((A profound statement.))

I learned with amusement that Rich Elsberry (who I have yet to meet) and Bob Tucker (who I am told I must never meet) got together in Chicago and decided that I was Hal, or vice-versa. Gee, a real schizosphronic and we never know if.

It's not ethical, I'm told, to mention competition, but if Palmer can do it, so can I. It's just that every time I see Emelby Vick's Dear Alice column in Oopsla!, I can't help but feel that it's directed at me. I was named after Lewis Carroll's creation. My brother says that when I was born and my mother took her first look at me, she said something about "Curioser and curioser" and decided to name me Alice. There's one Michigan fan who's been reading fantasy since he was four years old. But I'll bet that I'm the only person who ever was pre-natally affected by a fantasy story.

I'm very sorry for not answering the mail which has been probably piling up in Detroit. It's just that I've been away for so long and the mail is not being forwarded. So I can now be reached if you'll write to me in care of Hal at Box 804, Kirksville, Missouri. I promise to answer all letters. Or almost all.

I'm going to stop now as I've seen most of the material for this issue and I don't want to be responsible for crowding any of it out. Most of it is excellent and, where I didn't like an item, I was overruled. Blame it all on Hal.

I'll try to do better next time but, gee, I'm just not used to editorials.

SEX and SCIENCE FICTION

17

BY ROGER DARD

Leland Sapiro, in a series of articles in the Rhodomagnetic Digest titled, "The Cliche in Science Fiction," has had some scathing things to say about the sex element, or rather the lack of it, in stf. Women in most stf stories, Mr. Sapiro has pointed out, were pale, sexless creatures, who screamed and fainted at appropriate moments.

This article is not an attempt to prove that Mr. Sapiro is all wet, but merely to give a somewhat sketchy outline of some stf I know of, in which sex has been of a more uninhibited nature than those examples quoted in RD. Perhaps this article is poorly titled, since the examples I intend to use cover the entire fantastic field--science fiction, fantasy and weird horror, and not merely the science fiction field.

Of the three associated fields, weird horror stories have always had a greater leaning toward a lusty sex element than either fantasy or science fiction. The pre-war editions of Weird Tales became famous for the "Brundage Nudes" and the sex element in some of the stories. However, I do not intend to attempt to cover Weird Tales in this article, but shall move on to some lesser-known magazines.

The first of these is a short-lived prozine named Sinister Stories, and in the story "Satan's Studio of Sin" by Len O'Dell, we find a story typical of the sex-horror type of story which graced the pages of the weird pulps some years ago. In "Satan's Studio of Sin," the heroine, Jane, is overpowered and taken to the studio of a nutty artist named Tony Farrence by Farrence and his henchman, Ivan. Jane recovers consciousness to find that she is chained, spread-eagled against a wall in the artist's studio. "Her arms were stretched out at a slight angle above her shoulders. Her legs, too, were spread apart and chained. Ivan had ripped her skirt almost in two, and as his big fingers fumbled over locking a manacle around a slender ankle Jane felt his hot, hateful breath on the quivering flesh of her bared leg."

Jane is then stripped, the description taking on an almost clinical aspect. "Hooked fingers caught at the collar of the dress, tightened, tugged... With a sharp ripping sound, the sheer summer print gave way...and the dress dropped in a heap on the floor. Only her panties, sheer as moonlight cobweb, and a brassiere, moulded to her young breasts, half-hid the loveliness of Jane's charms. Exited, her breathing agitated her breasts until they stirred pathetically. Then he /Farrence/ ripped off brassiere straps and caressed one glowing shoulder with his clammy hands...Farrence's hands were fumbling with the strap on her brassiers. One snap. Two. Then the stir of cool air around her feverish breasts, and Jane knew they were bare to his avid gaze. And to Ivan's beastlike stare!... Farrence's hands caressed her flesh obscenely... His fingers worked under the elastic of her panties, and then with a wicked chuckle, he tore this last shred of delicious clothing from her body! Jane was naked to their sight! Every delicious curve, every shaded delight revealed to the maddened, gloating eyes of those two hateful men." (I like that part about Jane's panties being "as sheer as moonlight cobweb." This guy, O'Dell, should be writing ads for a lingerie outfit.)

((next page))

At this point in the story the reader would be forgiven for fearing that Jane's virtue was in danger. But no. The two creeps have plans for Jane, and violating her virginity is not one of them. It is at this point that the reader realizes that Farrence and Ivan really are butts.

After some dialogue, in which Farrence and Ivan make pointed remarks about Jane and her anatomy, Jane is rubbed with an acid lotion, following which she is whipped. "The last-edged voice of Tony Farrence shattered the desperate whirl of thoughts: 'Make her dahce, Ivan! Make her dance!' All thoughts of modesty were lost in the sheer agony as Jane squirmed and twisted, every charm of her shapley white body was revealed, exploited. Her soft breasts agitated by her frantic movements, bobbed and fluttered, their rosy crests dancing wildly like impish eyes...Perspiration, stinging against the seared flesh of her back, trailed slowly, tantalizingly, from the shaded cleft between her breasts down across her burning stomach..."

One could go on with this sort of description, but why bother? Jane faints, is revived, whipped again, and so on until the happy-ever-after ending when Jane's boy friend and the cops come bursting in to rescue her in the nick of time.

This story is typical of the curious sex element in the weird and horror pulps: women are whipped, are chained to plows, and treated like animals, but they are rarely violated sexually. The closest any horror pulp heroine has come to cohabitating with the villain occurs in Russell Gray's "The Blood Farm," which appeared in Startling Mystery Magazine.

Commanded to love the villain, Baron Protoski, heroine Nan Billings, wife of the story's narrator, Fred Billings, refuses. The Baron ties Nan by her thumbs, with her toes barely touching the ground. Then she is whipped, the description not varying greatly from that in "Satan's Studion of Sin," or a hundred other pulp stories. Then the Baron throws away his whip and becomes playful. "Lewdly he ran his dead-like hands over Nan's nude body. Then he began to swing her back and forth. As one pushes a garden swing, he pushed her body forward and let it swing back by her suspended thumbs. The pain was frightful. Scream after scream tore Nan's throat...Between shrieks she gasped, 'Yes, yes, anything!' Nan was released. She dropped to the ground, crawled to him--kissed his shoes, licked his shoes with her tongue."

Following this, Nan is taken by the Baron to confront her husband, also a prisoner of the Baron's. The Baron has a cute idea. "'You shall see this woman whom you call your wife, love me. And this divan shall be our love-bed--while you look on.' His obscene chuckle was like a white-hot knife piercing into me."

At this stage of the story, and before the Baron can consummate his plan, the Baron (who is only creep number two) is bumped off by Creep No. One, a character dressed as a Devil. This playful schmo decides to take up where the Baron left off. Surprisingly, Nan seems to have joined in the spirit of the thing, for, "Brazenly, Nan dropped the torn parts of her gown, and sidled toward the Devil, her hips rolling voluptuously, desire expressed in every motion of her body."

Of course, it is only a trick to lure the Devil into reach of the hero, thus enabling justice and virtue to triumph, as it subsequently does.

Potential one-handed readers who contemplate rushing down to the nearest newsstand to buy up all the horror pulps can save their time and money. Stories like the two above went out a decade ago. Censorship cleaned up the weird-horror pulps until the few remaining today are merely magazines of stuffily-moralistic supernatural-cum-crime stories. Wyatt Blassingame, one time prolific author of horror stories, writing in Writer's Digest late in 1939 had this to say: "Before World ((next page))

Science and Sex Fiction 3

War II started, the sex element had been cut to heaving bosoms and flashing thighs. ...Our censors clamped down, and our girls had to have their morals and clothing returned to them."

Stories like the two examples quoted here were extremely common in the hey-day of the horror pulps, so that a writer looking for erotic passages had a vast field from which he could go on quoting almost ad infinitum. Vastly different, however, is the science fiction field. Stf has never been particularly interested in sex--other than the tame variety Mr. Sapiro has quoted--and one needs to do much research to come up with stories in which the sex factor is to any extent uninhibited. Two of the best examples I have encountered originated in England. These are two pocket books published by the Gaywood Press, London, about a year ago, and titled: "Freaks Against Supermen" and "Captive on the Flying Saucer," both by Ralph L. Finn.

The first of these, "Freaks Against Supermen," is one of those end-of-the-world stories in which humanity is stricken by a mysterious and deadly plague. Showing great restraint, Mr. Finn allows the reader to wade through 22 pages of text, before he takes off the wraps and lets sex rear its ugly head on page 23. The narrator of the story sorrowfully recounts: "I could not blame the handful of wretches who were left for what they did. No woman was safe from them. They stormed into houses looking for females upon whom to let loose their savagery and lust. Women were accosted by gangs of youth and men, raped by twenty and thirty as a time, and left half dead to crawl toward the next marauding band."

The narrator walks down Fleet Street and comes upon a woman being menaced by some would-be rapists. She, however, is not entirely averse, saying, "'Come on, have me, take what you want. I've stood you all before.'"

"PARDON ME, I'M A CELEBRATED
BNE WHO NEEDS NO
INTRODUCTION."

Rescued by the narrator, the woman confides that for weeks she had been held prisoner in a cellar, and tells of the jolly goings-on: "'I was the only girl there among twenty fellows. They gave me no rest at all, mister.'" The narrator, a scientist who has been searching for an Elixir of Life, discovers that his serum is the only thing which can give immunity against the plague. With the girl he had rescued Betty, and a small child of ten, he finds that they are the last three people left alive in England, probably the entire world. Strangely, the narrator does not think of making love to the girl, and it is left to Betty to take the initiative:(next pg)



"Suddenly the woman got up and swagger toward me. She thrust her bosom toward me and postured on her legs, putting her hands into her trouser pockets and drawing the material tightly around her so that her curves and the lines of her flesh stood out tantalizingly. 'Come un, duckie,' she said, 'There's no time like the present.' and with that she suddenly unfastened the trousers and stepped out of them, wriggled the shirt off her back and stood there before me naked and unashamed. She was delightfully moulded... bosom maturely upthrust, her navel set round and firm in the swelling of her belly."

The hero beats her off with a club (silly boy!) and it is not until 14 pages later that the gal has her way: "She came slowly toward me and stood before me, one well-shaped nyloned leg thrust a little forward, her arms low down on her hips. I wanted her. I fingered, then cupped her full breasts and felt passion stir within me. She started to make love to me and... soon I was devouring her with kisses. Then she zipped her frock, and let it fall about her ankles. She stepped out of it and stood there in a tightly uplifted silken brassiere and black sild step-ins, with the nylons held by suspenders to show a couple of inches of her softly rounded flesh. She stripped before me, stripping with the ease and effortlessness and casual indifference which betokened a woman of the world, and when I cried aloud for her, she stepped back and made me fumble after her, stepping away from me, laughingly, smilingly, tantalizingly, till I held her to me, till I was crushing the life from her. Only then did she give herself to me."

The narrator and Betty live together as man and wife, but Betty is sterile and cannot bear a child to help re-populate the world. So the resourceful gal suggests to the narrator that he should take the child, Ann, now sixteen years old. At first, the narrator refuses, but one night:- "Ann, having sat opposite me all evening, her lovely young legs crossed, her skirt high above her knees, I found myself longing for her and, when she had gone to her room, I hurried to find Betty to satiate my passion on her."

But the clever Betty, seeing a chance to get her Repopulate-the-World Movement started, has locked her door against the hero. The poor fellow (poor fellow!) ((?)) is forced to look up Ann. "She had removed her dress and there she stood in a peach elastic girdle which reached from her thighs to her breasts. Her stockings were taut and gleaming upon her slender, perfectly curved legs. Above her stockings, the flesh gleamed like marble. She put out a hand to ward me off. I seized it and pulled her toward me, bent her backward across my chest, and pressed my lips on her. I fumbled with my fingers, found the zip, tore it down, so that the girdle fell away from her as she lay in my arms, her lovely rounded breasts bare and upflung, her thighs round and firm... She fell back across the bed and began to sob in sheer terror. She was crying when I took her, and her cries continued for a long time."

And so the story goes on, with the world becoming populated with a decadent race who in turn reproduce by incestuous intercourse. This race is in turn destroyed and, at the story's gloomy climax, the narrator and Ann are alone in a deserted New York, realizing that homo sapiens is all washed up.

After taking a cold shower and cooling down, I got onto Finn's other immortal masterpiece, "Captive on the Flying Saucer." In this, as in the previous book, the puritanical Mr. Finn occasionally allows sex to creep into his story. Gerald Hanson, a young Englishman, is captured by a flying saucer and taken to the saucer's home planet, Venus. Here he is given some interesting facts: "'Our women are terribly over-sexed, as you will discover, according to your standards, though to us it is normal. They are the persuers, unlike your women who appear to be the persued. But our men, unfortunately, are very under-sexed, many of them being quite impotent.'" ((next page))

A planet of over-sexed women and under-sexed men is obviously a bad set-up, as the Venusian shows with his next words. "Thus, most of our females are lesbians, not through choice, but necessity. Sexually virile as they are, they must find some way to sublimate their desires or else pander to them physically... You will find that many men who can reproduce their kind are taken over by the state and set up in houses where they are sent the best of our women to fertilise. They are allowed to marry up to three wives and keep them constantly, but they are also under penalty to cohabit with any female chosen for them by the state. However, since even our most fertile males are not capable of sexual excitement more than two or three times a year, it often happens that these state-sponsored matings fail to achieve any direct results. The male who has fathered is surrounded by women who fawn and flatter him, hoping that, when his period of virility re-asserts itself, he may take one of them in preference to his wife. This causes much argument and quarreling... Our courts are crowded with women fighting for a man, and murder and killings in this cause are not uncommon.

"The women were, at one time, demanding artificial insemination, but there was a lack of suitable spermatazoa, and in cases where we used it... we have produced freaks... hairy, ungainly throwbacks to the ape period. These creatures have virility, unfortunately, and in the cases where they have raped our women, as they will do at the slightest provocation, have caused them to produce even worse throwbacks."

Landing on a planet with this state of affairs is, of course, a cinch for a lusty, fully-sexed Earthman. In no time at all Gerald is "surrounded by a mob of predatory women. Some of the women grew daring and began to paw him. One of them, a very lovely looking young girl... put her hand on his thighs and felt his muscles, then turned and said something to the crowd, who began to laugh in a queer sort of high-pitched cackle... They /the women/ touched him. They prodded him. They patted his face, stroked it, touched his skin. A few bold hands explored underneath his skirt... They had torn the tunic off him."

Gerald takes to his heels, pursued by the sex-starved girls, and is (supposedly) rescued by another lone girl. However, the moment they are alone, "Suddenly she pressed the switch in the wall which brought the bed out, and then hooking her legs about him like a wrestler, had thrown him down. She fell atop him... She stood away and in one lithe movement slid a concealed zip right down the front of her blue costume, and in a moment she stood naked before him. She was perfectly formed. Her breasts were small and boyish, but hard and uplifted... She had a tiny waist, like a doll's, and below that the muscles of her stomach rippled and gleamed. Her thighs... and legs tapered away into a well-curved slimness. She stretched and postured before him like a cat stretching itself after sleep. She twisted and contorted her body. She bent over and touched her toes, then, like a well-trained athlete or ballet dancer, suddenly leaped high in the air, arching her back and throwing wide her arms, pushing her belly toward him, convexly. Then, standing as close to him as she could, she spread her legs wide and began to make definite vulgar and suggestive movements... but as if that were not enough, there then began such an exhibition as made Gerald feel quite sick. Even had he been disposed to feel anything at all for this girl, such a depraved and deplorable show of obscenity would have turned him off the whole project."

Sickened, Gerald tries to take a powder, but, "In a second she had flung herself upon him and was tearing at him like a wild cat. As he struggled... she fought in fiercer and fiercer fashion. She was bent on raping him... Once she had got a grip or a hold, not anything he could do could make her remove it. She was as slippery as an eel, and as tough as a length of steel wire."

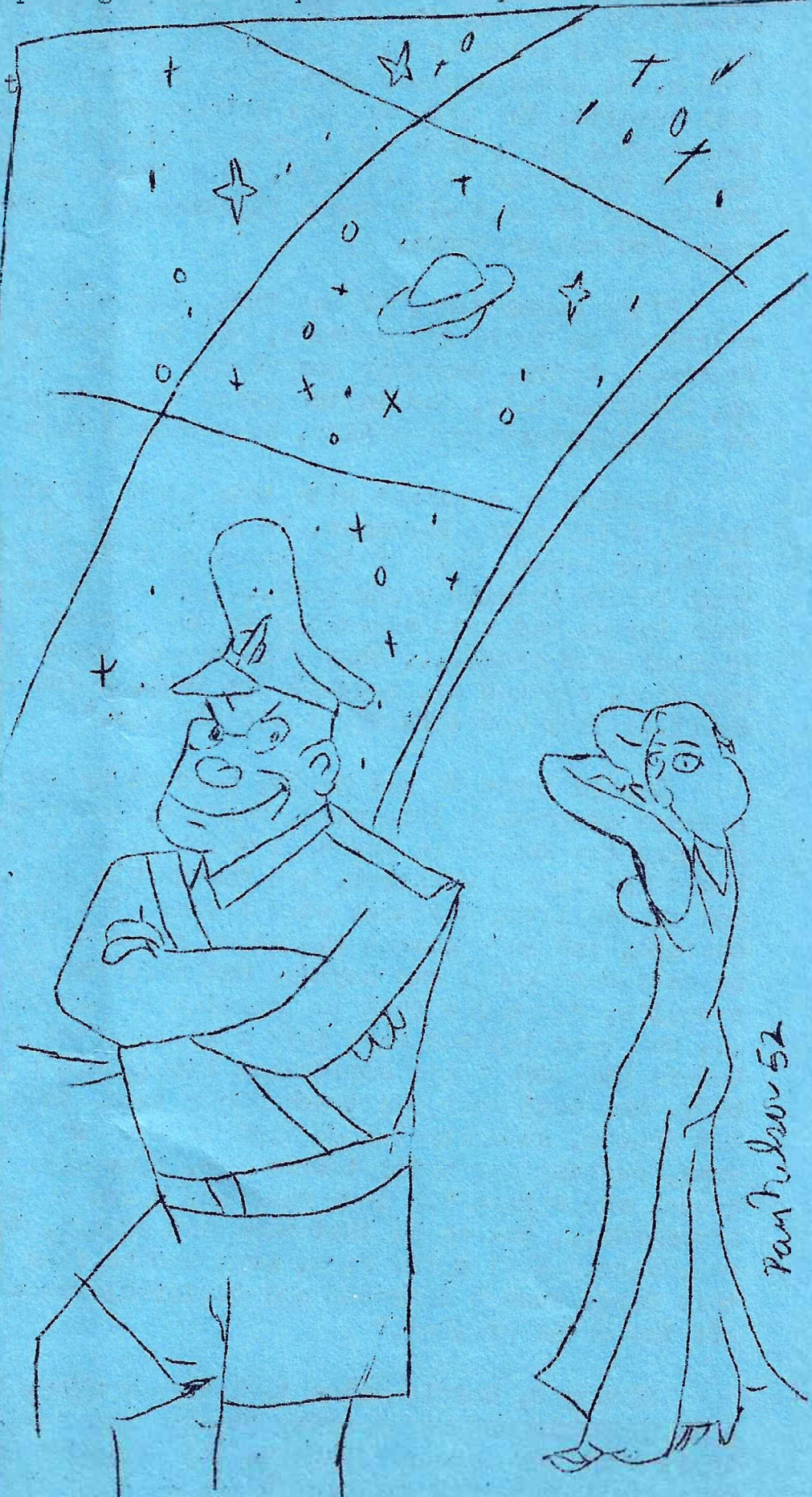
((next page))

Gerald tries to fight her off (don't ask me why. Some guys are never satisfied) but, "Wenna (the Venusian gal), maddened with the desire which has been building up in her a long time, was like a tigress, clawing, biting, scratching. She bit his lips in a passion which had them bleeding and numb... She gripped his shoulders, her sharp little nails tearing into his flesh, and suddenly brought her knee up sharply into his pelvis... She ripped the covering from him so that he lay almost naked. Eagerly, feverishly, excitedly, she went to rip the last vestige of his covering away." Unfortunately, the poor gal doesn't quite make it, as Gerald makes a recovery and knocks her out.

After this little episode, it is difficult to feel any sympathy for our hero, Gerald. But following his adventures on Venus, we find him being taken to see the Venusian queen, who looks like none other than Rita Hayworth, or so author Finn tells us in all seriousness. ((He ought to know, Rog)) The queen is wearing a transparent dress, this giving Mr. Finn an opportunity to indulge in one of his clinical-like descriptions of the female form divine. The queen tells him that the Venusians are contemplating making war on earth, but sportingly give Gerald a chance to avert this tragedy: "I have below the most beautiful concubines in all Vix /Venus/. We love each other, you understand, because the men of this land are so feeble, and feminine and weak-kneed. We shall try you out on them. We shall see how much of a man you Earthmen really are. If you prove yourself, you can save the Earth from destruction, rapine, and war--for it is our women who will stalk your world, raping and slaughtering."

Gerald, bewitched by the Queen's neauty, makes a pass at her, but she holds him off saying, "You must be tested first, before the Queen can mate with you. My concubines even now wait to set upon you as she-wolves upon a rat."

Gerald is taken to the she-wolves, pardon, concubines, and they all indulge in fun and games. "There were six of them, and they all wore a thin, transparent swathe of ((next page))



"You didn't tell me that this is what you meant when you asked me to be first mate on your space yacht."

gauze around them. It started at the neck, and swung down to the knees, and was wrapped tightly around them... They surrounded him, laughing and shouting, and dragged him toward the end of the room where there was a divan and a screen. They began to dance... making the kind of gestures Wenna had made. Suggestive, rapid movements linked with swgy of bodies and a shake of breasts and hips which made Gerald's face flush scarlet. Then they were stripping... with artistry and grace, and the entire gamut of sex appeal. As one removed a swathe and let it flow, so the next one... continued where the other left off... until the orange haired girl flung herself before Gerald and removed the last of her trappings, then turned around, quite naked, in fast, thrilling movements which had Gerald trembling. Then they were all whirling naked before him, and closing in upon him gradually... and, suddenly, they were stop him, tearing at him, writhing, biting, kissing all parts of his body. His coverings were torn from him, and they wrestled naked with him, rolling off the divan onto a thick carpet... Wherever he turned, there was soft flesh and white bodies and luscious hips, and all the dreaming splendor of girlhood... They moved toward him in short, quick spasms, lying with him for only a second or two, before making way for another... As soon as he had embraced one, another took her place, yet, all the time, the others pressed around him, fondling him, caressing him, making all sorts of thrilling approaches. Gerald was carried away with the sheer delight of it all... but the more he held to one, the more the others pulled her away until... Gerald found himself holding the orange haired beauty... climaxing with her in with her in a tempestuous throe of complete abandon."

Gerald is then told that he has passed the test of the Fertile Man's Delight, and is informed that if he had failed he would have been handed over to the concubines for castration. "Poetic justice... They avert themselves men, and if they are not, they are then emasculated by the same six women who have shared the Delight with them, Sharp knives are used... on the very sensitive male organs, and the victim is allowed to bleed to death."

Gerals is taken to mate with the Queen, who firsttells him in detail of her lesbian experiences, and explains to him the reason the Venusian women are obsessed with sex perversion and sadism. Waerying of small talk, the Queen "pulled him down upon her, so their bodies were close together... Their lips met in a long, passionate kiss. His hands moved slowly to carress the living flesh of her breasts, the up-thrust, finely moulded mounds which were as cups in his trembling hands. They roamed over her body, finding her skin warm, and her form as lithe and svelte as perfection can be.... Herhands were caressing him too... and as passion arose, they both tore away the impediments which concealed their bodies, so that they lay naked in each others arms... They mated in beautiful accord, until all passion spent, they lay uncovered side by side..."

The Queen is so pleased with Gerald's performance, that she tells him she will make war upon the Earth in order to capture thousands of virile Earth men to be used for the pleasure of the Venusian women.

The rest of the story is typical space opera. Shocked at the realization of what they mean to do, Gerald escapes, spikes the Venusian plans for Invasion, and lands back in Merry England.

I will conclude this article at this point, as I have not time to write any more. The next saucer is leaving soon for Venus.

-----THIRTY-----

((Swoop low over Missouri when leaving Earth, will you, Rog? Then lower a grappling hook. You aren't the only one who wants to be on that saucer for Venus. Any more?))

the InVention ReVeLation

by rich elsberry
& hal shapiro, db

((Editor's note: The InVention was a mythical convention held in Minneapolis. Convention reports were sent out last May and, if you did not receive one, there may still be a few copies available from the Outhouse Press))

* * * * *

The InVention. The First Science Fiction Invitational Convention was held at the Andrews Hotel in Minneapolis, Minnesota, during the week end of April 4, 5, and 6. That's what the InVention Report said.

The InVention Report. Mailed to many fans and fanzine editors. It was a hoax. We had meant it as nothing more. We figured that it was so obvious that most fans would see through it at once and accept it for what it was. Redd Boggs stated: "I thought the report as pubbed was very good, very funny, and even if it fooled no one it was still worth while as a tour de force."

Fans were fooled. Vernon McCain, in a publicity issue of Confusion stated that a "hoax is always evident to the hoaxers." Although it wasn't a serious attempt to hoax fandom, there were many who did fall for it.

Here, then, is the story behind the InVention, how it came about and what actually happened in Minneapolis during that infamous week end.

On Friday, April 4, John Shay and Hal Shapiro, on a three-day pass from their radar station in Missouri, arrived in Minneapolis. They had a gay time, attended a meeting of the Minneapolis Fantasy Society and did the town in general that Friday night. Saturday was devoted to personal affairs, and Sunday afternoon saw a meeting at the home of Richard Elsberry between Shay, Elsberry, Shapiro, Boggs and John Grossman for the ostensible purpose of putting out a one-shot. Talk started, and with Shay mixing some very potent hi-balls, conversation veered about the universe and back and finally settled on a combination of great fan hoaxes of the past and various convention antics. A probable convention was discussed where everyone would act just as they felt and inhibitions could be thrown to the winds. Things we would like to see at conventions were also discussed.

That was the signal. As if it had been prearranged, some one said that the week end had been just like a small convention. "We had a convention," said someone else, and the stampede was on. The InVention was planned in two or three hours. That is, events were discussed and notes taken in triplicate and distributed.

Then followed several weeks of frantic correspondence while we planted stray rumors here and there with various faneds. Very few of the rumors took. Finally, early in May, at an all night session, Shay and Shapiro started cutting stencils. The following day they were mimeographed, stapled and mailed out. Other copies were distributed to all comers at the MidwestCon in Ohio.

Let's go over it a bit. The cover was done with a spirit duplicator and mimeo. The publisher's preface, signed by Shapiro, was largely suggested by Boggs, and the introduction on the same page, signed by Elsberry, was written by Shapiro at the last minute to make the page balance. The Prologue, signed by Grossman, was torn bodily from the beginning of the Elsberry report and edited slightly. We had planned signing Boggs' name to it but, afraid we couldn't emulate the Redd head's style, we utilized Grossman. The Elsberry report was written by Elsberry and the Shapiro sidelights by Shapiro.

((next page))

Of all the quotes, only Shay's was an actuality, with the rest made up out of whole cloth. The linericks in Sidelights were written by Poul Anderson and Shapiro. However, they were done weeks after the convention supposedly took place.

Too, there were a couple of exposes in Lee Riddle's Poon and in Fantasy Times which, no doubt, hurried this ReVolution along a bit. But that's just as well.

A lot of things that were mentioned in the Report actually did take place. For instance:

Redd Boggs was visited in the wee small hours following the MTS meeting. However, we didn't nince a one-shot there.

John Grossman does work in a new syit and bow tie. We assume that he also wears shoes, socks and underwear. Oh yes, he was drafted just before ChiCon and is now a member of the US Army.

Shapiro did stay in the Andrews H tel, in room 742 that week end, and he has a table lamp and towel to prove it.

Alice Douglas took to Wrai Ballard when she first met him. Although this did not happen at the InVention, when she read thereport she decided she'd like to know him better, so dropped in on him for a while some time in May.

There were other little incidents that wormed their way into the Report. Some happened in Minneapolis. Others occurred in other places. Members of the Cincinnati Fantasy Group know of various members who used to prowls the streets at night staging snatchos of Gilbert and Sullivan Operettas. Certain members of the University of Chicago Stf Society know who ran across the UofChi campus, screaming bloodily every fourth step.

But, the rest of the ReVolution shall be devoted to the letters received following distribution of the Report.

To Rich Hisberry:

From Bob Farnham:- Received the InVention Report and got such a wallop out of it as you will never know. I could picture in my mind every move you-alls made. # Doesn't a selected gathering like an InVention smack of discrimination, Rich? Not that I gave a darn--I understand how you might want offensive people kept away. . . # I see that two Objectionables managed to crash the gate tho. # But are Burbee and Lancy really as bad as they have been painted? # Your account of the Invention is one of the best pieces of reporting, and written in the best style I have seen in either fan or prozine yet--and I've read stf and fantasy since 1925. That isn't flattery. It's deserved recognition.

From EEEvans:- Your account of the InVention was very interesting and brought back many memories of a most delightful occasion. # However, I object strongly to one word you used in your account. Damn it, I'm NOT an old man!

From Lee Jacobs:- I had a fine time in Minneapolis last month, and expect to look at you thru smoke-filled 770-type rooms in Chicago... Again, thanks a lot for inviting me to Minneapolis, and hope to see you again at InVention # 2, just after All Fools Day. ((next page))

"OH, I'M JUST A SNAKE!"

IDEA BY ENGLISH

From Russ Watkins:- I do wish to thank you very much for your confidence in and trust you've put in me by sending me the report. I assure you that I will not expose you. I want also to assure you that I am a regular guy and a regular fan and will not expose you because I AM that and not because I CAN be that. I am merely stating these facts because of the opinion you seem to have of me judging from your write-up of the report.

[All together now, "Russ Watkins is a regular fan."]

From Dick Clarkson:- Thanx muchly for the InVention Report. Wish I'd been among the selected few to be invited. Just the same, I couldn't have come. How did you manage to do it all? # Your con sounded right terrific. The secrecy was well kept. All I know was that something was cooking in Minneapolis about the first of April. Somebody told me (I forget who) that there was a con scheduled, or something, but I forgot what he said. Anyhow, well done.

[Predeterminism, Dick? If he knew the Invention was to be held before those who planned it, got him to give you a tap in the fifth at Belmont.]

From Chuck Harris:- Ta for the InVention Report. I suppose you'll be overjoyed to hear that it fooled me. I'm incredibly naive about these things--it's about time I learned not to believe anything I see in fanzines. Even when I came across my own name I just thought that it was the usual Elsberry talent for over-writing. As soon as I finished it for the first time I sat down and wrote a figgheaded letter to Leo Hoffman about it. # Quote from my carbon, "Just had the Invention Report from Rich. I see I got egoboo under false pretences. I sent no cablegram. Must be my agent again, I guess. Seems like this was pretty good. Would have liked to see Lancy and Watkins together. Would liked to have read more about Burbee but I suppose that would be asking too much. FIRST OFF I THOUGHT IT WAS A GAG. Never heard a word about it anywhere until I got this." # Ghod, I'm still a stupid opaque bastard. I didn't even stop there. I had to go and heat out a letter to Max. [Keasler] about it too. "Hey, Elsberry sent me a report of the Invention. Is this a gag or did it really happen? Knowing Rich, I wouldn't be in the least surprised if he made the whole thing up but it does seem pretty lifelike. Especially the bit about Fran Lancy chasing Russ Watkins with a broken beer bottle."

From Walt Willis:- Read the InVention Report today. It's beautifully done. I wonder if I would have caught on if I hadn't known it was a hoax. But I think the bit about Burbee and Lancy and the title InVention would have tipped me off. Don't know though--I'm very credulous, as you should know.

From Bob Tucker:- I wish to squelch all rumors that I lost at poker. Actually, I found practically no time to play as I spent most of the convention reading science-fiction in the bathtub in my room. And if you don't believe me you can ask Bloch. He was with me all the time.

From Bob Bloch:- I wish to squelch all rumors that I made money playing poker at the Invention. In reality, I spent most of the time sitting in the Tucker bathroom, reading science-fiction to him while he soaked.

From Leo Hoffman:- The rumor that Bob Tucker had rocks in his head is untrue. They were bricks. I should know--I spent most of my time counting them.

Writ to Betty Sullivan:- I see from the Invention Report that you were there. Could you write up the convention for a report in TNFF? /s/ Ray C. Higgs.

((next page))

Writes Lee Hoffman in Quandry:- Speaking of the InVention. Now that the con-reports are out, will we be able to keep attendance limited to the invited next year?

Writes Royal Drummond in Pipsquak:- I honestly didn't know whether this was a hoax or not. It sounded so much like a BNF's daydream that it didn't seem possible it actually happened. What finally tipped the scale in favor of belief was Elsberry's breezy pattering narrative, and the inconsequentialists that no one would have the ingenuity to invent. # Who was the silly person who thought up the subject for that third day panel discussion "Can Fandom Get Along Without Homosexuals." What a notion! Of course it can't. The homosexual fans can't for obvious reasons, and the hetero's must have a subject for gossip, hate, and fear. Fandom without homos would be like Kenton without bon go drums---just an empty shell of its present lustful self. If there were no homosexuals, Fandom would have had to invent them.

The following letters were received by Hal Shapiro:

From Ev Winne:- You fellows certainly kept the affair a secret--I had not heard about it previously. Damn good idea to start out with a tour of a brewery--only an Elsberry could think of that masterpiece. Oh yes--naturally I don't believe that the InVention was really held either--too good a turnout and a few incidents too good to be true--but it made wonderful reading.

[That was the type of letter we'd expected. However, looks like Willis isn't the only credulous one in the fanuniverse. Wonder who'll believe in the next InVention?]

From Poul Anderson:- Right well done. Trouble is, you made it sound so good that now I'm going around wishing it had happened. [Didn't it?]

From Stuart Hoffman:- Haven't had such a good laugh in a long time. Must have been quite an affair. Hope I can wangle an invite to the one next year.

From Jim Harmon:- Delightful. But why wasn't I invited? ((next page))



From Janie Lamb:- So the Invention was to weed out undesireables? Who did they weed out besides your truly? [And in a later letter/ Oh, oh. Some folks are angry over the Invitation con. Have had a letter wondering why they were not invited. Some who never miss a con. Oh well, what could you expect? I'm now trying to put two and two together and see how it adds up. Too many things smell...huh? For instance, how can a person be in two places at the same time? And yet they were. I'll finally figure it out, given enough time.

From Calvin Beck:- I found it to egocentric in tone, primarily Elsberry's introduction which was next to yours. One particular paragraph or so which chafed me a little was: "Those of you who did not receive invitations should not feel slighted. We were aiming at a small select group. It will be up to the sponsors of next year's con to decide who they will and will not invite." # In my not so humble opinion, the above portion, as well as all of the Elsberry Introduction, is atrophied with its own self-importance and unmitigated pomposity. Now, if I were the average guy who'd receive a copy of this report I wouldn't even dream of attending next year, even if I lived fifty miles away. [Beck is above average. He's been heard to admit as much himself/ I think this is a typical Elsberry report, anyway, and as such should be read with a tongue-in-cheek as not "necessarily representing" the views and character of the other alleged "wheels." [And in a later letter/ About three letters ago you actually insulted me by trying to pawn off this inane adolescently "cute" item as "fact" upon me. The first few days I truly thought this was an actual event. Around a week or so later I was informed by several fans and intimate correspondents of mine that there wasn't such an animal.

[Do you mean to say that you actually believed such an "inane adolescently 'cute' item," Cal?]

Harlan Ellison [Overheard at the MidWestCon/:- The thing that makes me mad as hell is the fact that I wasn't invited.

From John Shay:- Every time I read the thing over, I become more and more convinced that it actually did happen.

From Bob Silverberg:- It will rank high in fannish history. I imagine it has fooled quite a few, and I'm constrained to say that it is the most carefully done hoax in the last five years. . .and future Fandom will rank it with Singleton, Tucker's Death, Odd Tales, and similar items. I'm happy to have been a fan while the InVention took place. (And that name is a stroke of genius...InVention...Ken Boale called me up a bit annoyed because he hadn't been invited!)

[Now we're famous. Or is it infamous? Anyway, Bob saw through it at once and also thought it was a better hoax than the hoaxers thought. Seems we fouled up in stating that Lee Hoffman was in Minneapolis when she was in Cuba. And Lynn Hickman had been a busy little letter writer that week end. Hmnnnn, wonder what we could have done had we planned this a few weeks in advance and tried to fool Fandom.]

From Malcolm Willits:- Your InVention Report reached me and was, well, wonderful. What better to do at a stf convention than to be toured through the local beer plant. Honestly, I almost died laughing.

[We almost died drinking.]

From Gregg Calkins:- I never even knew a bout it--it was really a secret. Very interesting Elsberry, plus a very capable comment or two by you at the end. Very capable, the whole thing.

From Lee Tromper:- Really?

From Joe Semenovitch:- Got quite a laugh from it. What surprised me most was that I didn't know a damn thing about it. I knew Elsberry would have something to do with it.

From Bob Farnham:- Got Invention Report and pulled Elsberry's leg; got card from him, "Who's pulling whose leg?"

From Eva Firestone:- Was interesting to read. . . What is your opinion of [Claude Degler]? You met him at Minneapolis.

[Sorry, hazy memory]

And, soon after returning to Missouri, this letter turned up from Rich Elsberry. We quote:

Got a letter from the Andrews Hotel the other day. It seems that they finally got together all the debris left over from the InVention. Among items in their possession were: 19 bottles of half-empty Vat 69, two baskets of "Doc Evans for President" buttons, one brassiere, 39 assorted bricks, three bales of hay, a packing case with 200 copies of The City in the Sea, and one old truss, five little fishes, and two small loaves of bread. The "Van's" buttons were claimed by Burbee and the rest of the stuff was found in Tucker's room, except for the last two items. It seems that a religious conference followed the InVention, and they were left over from the banquet. # I also have to inform Bob that we no longer have the hay. One of the visiting delegate's donkey's ate it. However, the rest of the stuff has been forwarded, express collect. I'm sure Tucker will appreciate this noble act on behalf of the InVention Committee. End of quote.

-----End of InVention ReVolution-----

Nothing clogs traffic like an out-of-town driver obeying all the signs

Icing 4 ((continued from page four))

Charles Danowski: I would like, if possible, to pilfer a portion of a sentence by Cal Beck. As far as I'm concerned fandom, in general, has "seemed to satisfy the petty ambitions of little cliques of selfish individuals, and the like, rather than . . . the fun, the stfield, and the added success of it." # I have tried to break into fandom thru various methods--all to no avail. # I have joined clubs. # I have bought fanzines. # I have commented (thru letters) on fanzines. # I have commented (thru letters) on prozines. # I have submitted stories to fanzines. # I have submitted articles to fanzines. # I have submitted art work to fanzines. # I have corresponded with fan. # My stories, art, etc have been used, or I should say misused. Even when I enclose stamped, self-addressed enveloped, my work is not returned! (I always ask eds to return my work) Nor is it acknowledged. Most of the time I never know whether my work is used or not. # I have neither time nor finance to edit a fanzine. But I try to contribute work to other fanzines. What must I do? Erect a statue of Leo Hoffman, Shelby Vick, Sam Moskowitz or other BNF to be allowed to enter the golden door of fandom? (No personal insult meant to the three. Just examples) # I hope that I'm just an isolated case--not one of many--because that would mean that fandom is trying to stifle its own growth. My own personally friends--some of whom are fan--can't understand this lack of response by the editors who refuse to return manuscripts and art. They (my friends) like the work and encourage me. But why? For more lost work? # Forgive me as I seem bitter, but I am quite frustrated by fandom. /Glen Cove Road, Greenvale, LI, NY.

I think that that letter is self-explanatory. There are, of course, faneds who will abuse the privilege of getting and/or rejecting manuscripts. There are many know never bother to answer letters. But, I think most fans are pretty swell people who will try to help. ((now to page 35))

AT LARGE

with CALVIN THOS. BECK

AN AMAZING STORY - A crank letter we received came from Howard Browne. ((Reproduced in Ice's letter column)) HB, an Amazing editor, apparently had his feathers ruffled at what we said in a paragraph in our first column for ICE. Obviously from what happened we'd think all his feathers got plucked. To wit, he wrote to tell how lousy he thought our column was. Well, let it not be said that we aren't always glad to hear from our fans, even if they have bric-bats instead of bouquets to toss at our furrowed foreheads.

In answer to some of the hi-lites of Howey's epistle, it is only fair to let some of you know why we cannot adhere to most of his policies and ideals, in case some of you are unacquainted with the facts.

Since HB ran off with the editorial chair in Ziff-Davis it has been obvious even to the most run-of-the-mill reader how much 'zines under the Browne aegis have deteriorated into the most mediocre of their type in the field.

Perhaps most obscene of all have been the editorial hi-jinks that have taken place in the past. Back in the March '51 issue of AS we read something in HB's editorial (2nd column, 3rd paragraph, p. 6) that kinda sickened us. What was said in part is as follows:

"We keep bumping into writers who . . . want nothing more out of life than to buy our lunches and keep our glasses filled. . . Most of them have an ax to grind. . . All we know is that we enjoy being lionized. . . If you think the average pro' writer isn't an expert at that line, then it's a cinch you're not in the business."

In so many words, it seems HB stated how much he delights in having hard pressed writers slobber and grovel around him to seek any special favors that the Maharajah Browne has to bestow. Despite the fact that many of us wrote to protest against such an underhanded editorial squib no retraction nor explanation of any sort has been made to date in order to attempt in clarifying the motive behind such a declaration, as if any further clarification would be necessary. It also appeared as if HB has a bad habit of making many statements without carrying them out, and without any simple explanation for their not being fulfilled, i.e., the blurb which HB made about two years ago that AS would go "slick, large size, with colored illustrations etc.", just to name one incident.-- Needless to say, the publishing and magazine trade is better off without people like Browne to add to its troubles.

Another item: Readers of FA & AS have been cheated in the past. Obviously a reader tosses 25¢ or 35¢ for a 'zine to find at least some of his money's worth inside.-- As we understand it, it is now the general consensus of opinion among the majority of fans that often such writers as Rog Phillips, Milton Lesser, and others, including Wm. F (Leinster) Jenkins have been responsible in filling up an average of 65% and often 75% or more of AS' & FA's contents, aside of using their real names along with their pseudonyms. Of course there have been a few issues where each story was written by a different writer, but we hear that such issues have been exceptionally rare, and also that most of past issues to date have been written by three men at the most. Simple arithmetic shows what this means if there have been say eight to 12 stories per issue, to be divided between three writers.

This is not only unfair to readers who expect original stories but a highly vicious circle to the many writers, old, young or amateur, who would like to sell their stories. The danger, of course, is obvious. It could even become contagious and spread out to other 'zines if it hasn't already started. Both as a fan and pro' writer ourselves we frown and detest such cir- ((next page))

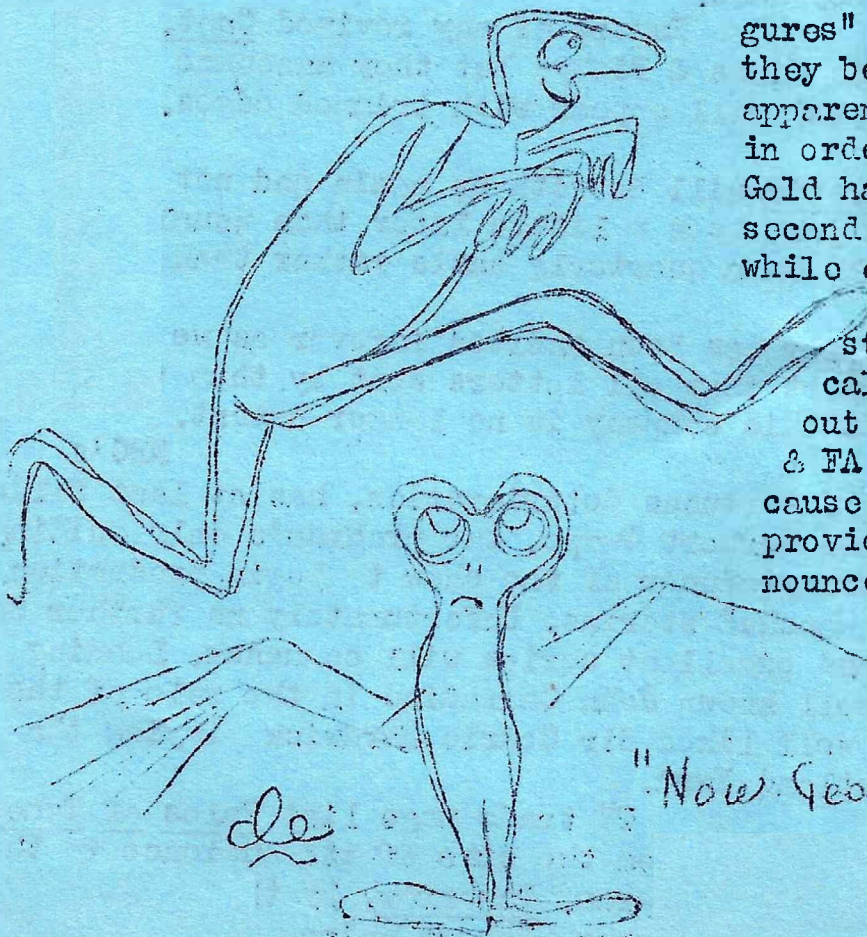
cunstances as, no doubt, many hundreds of others like us do. Sure, it's far easier, and cheaper, to have a few multi-named staffers hack out thousands of words at a half cent or penny per word, rather than encourage vigorous free-lancers, but have to shell out 3¢ a word and up!

Next, HB accuses us of being a "source not noted for accuracy," or so he says. And this coming from one who's batting average for accuracy has been zero! -- It was "in the wind" and still is that RAP might get reinstated with Z-D in his former editorial capacity, an opinion still held in high hopes by myriads in fandom. But no other claims were made other than it was "in the wind." There is a big difference between stating a very strong and popular rumor as it is, namely a rumor, and in passing it off as documented and legitimate fact. As far as we can see there was nothing said in our last column to indicate there was any certainty about HB getting sacked.

It's still "in the wind", not are we referring to one of the flatulences from the HB editorial chair. We suggest that it mightn't be a bad idea if HB tried checking with the Z-D "brass" just to see how much weight the "wind" carries. Or is there some lurking fear in yonder heavy breast of popping any queries that might bring the wrong answers -- wrong as far as HB stands?

Far from being in any "stew" over a blurb done by Rog Phillips in the April '51 "Club House", this represents but a minor phase of what a lot of people don't like about the present Z-D set-up. The only thing that particularly amused us at that time was a case of distorted facts and misrepresentation which was then involved. It appears as if we at that time sent a few mimeographed copies of a fanzine we published back then for so-called review to Phillips, and the latter gave us very unfavorable mention in return, going so far as to state in the Aug. '51 "Club House" (first column in that edition of Phillips' section) that our mags were only carbon copies from a typewriter, and that they were sent in purely for "ego-boo" so that he, the Great Man, would look down and notice us. Why we got an unfavorable review was that we "dared" voice a few of the opinions about AS & FA and HB & Co. which already have been stated in this column so far. From what many fans have said, we still think Phillips a fine fellow despite the bad company he keeps.

As for the "circulation figures" that HB is waving to contradict us with, they bear no more weight than his brain, which apparently would require an apothecary's scale in order to register any sizeable amount. -- HL Gold has emphatically stated that Galaxy has the second largest circulation in the SF mag field, while everyone knows that Campbell's Astounding is still the number one seller on the stands to date. Obviously HB is trying to call us and Messrs. Gold & Campbell out and out liars. -- If we made any error on the AS & FA circulation figures, it was merely because we relied upon what statistics have been provided by these Z-D mags, wherein they announce to prospective advertisers that for about \$8.50 a "one inch ad will reach 133,500 readers" whoever dares take the risk. We calculated on totalling the figures for AS & FA combined and estimating that 240,000 would be an average circulation, giving HB's 'zines a big edge. Instead we now find we've erred seriously. Accordingly we apologize for this oversight. ((next page))



"Now George..."

A statement given to us by an advertiser-friend of ours states that:

The circulation represented to prospective advertisers means the combination of all Z-D pulps added together... that the 133,500 circulation doesn't just represent only one of the Z-D pulps, but all! Breaking it down for every one of their mags, in short, designates the lowest volume of circulating than any other STFantasy 'zine in the business, with the possible exception of Weird Tales.

Hence, the only confusion that rests here is with HB (and I don't mean Kaltenborn, though he's actually HV).-- The new Fantastic made a hit in sales, but only insofar as the #1 issue went. We gather that the subsequent #2 issue was viewed with grave disappointment and was contrary to everyone's expectations, aside of falling down in sales. The #3 issue seems even worse, and obviously usage of old and worn-out reprints hasn't helped in the least bit. The sloppiness of the alleged two-color process that's used is far from being anything to rave about and, incidently, was tried with far greater success in old issues of Unknown and Astounding, and only the war brought a halt to that experiment.

STFANTASY REVIEW AND ODDS & ENDS DEPT - Several of the 'zines announced as forthcoming in our last column will be a bit delayed in arrival but shall nevertheless appear by the end of this year at the very latest; that is, as far as those which are definite are concerned.

The new Dynamic Science Fiction has just come out. Another Doc Lowndes mag to be added to the already happily bulging list of SF mags. Like the other Lowndes 'zines this, too, is awkward and a little sloppy in format. The paper used is coarse and uneven, and interior illos nearly suggest that they were printed on blotting paper and the ink became absorbed or ran off. In spite of the poor format, story quality is kept on a fine level as in all of Doc's mags. Dynamic will be issues on a quarterly basis.

The new "Space" publications Science Fiction #1, has already made its initial appearance. Its editor, described as "Phillip St John" is Lester Del Rey's newly acquired pen-name. Doc Roy's Rocket Stories, which has been delayed, is due out any time now, including the so far "unnamed" 4th fantasy mag to come out under the del Rey hand.

Rumors of any revived Capt. Future mag have been permanently squashed by ods Mines & Bixby; but they announce that from herewith all issues of SS or TWS (or both) will appear with trimmed edges.

2 Science Adventure Books and Walt Gibson's Fantastic will be with us again and not dropped as was being planned recently. They've just been a little later than usual in news stand appearance, and Fantastic shall be on a quarterly basis rather than a bi-monthly basis instead.

The Mysterious Traveler has been shelved forever as we hinted in our last column. Associates of ours report that all letters sent by them to the Traveler were returned, indicating that this company is no longer extant.

NBC's

Light's Out, after a prolonged series of tortuous deterioration, has at last folded up. The switch was made this Spring when Herbert Swope, the program's only guiding light, left from his TV post as director-producer of the show to begin production on a filmed TV series of Rohmer's "Fu Manchu" stories. Unfortunately no further data is available as to when this long and excellent series will commence. Leading principles in the series will be the well known John Carradine in the role of the insidious Dr. Fu Manchu, and the very well liked Sir Cedric Hardwick playing the part of Inspector Mayland Smith of Scotland Yard.

TV trade mags list Tales of Tomorrow as having one of the best program ratings from the size of its audience to the size of the roll sponsors shell out for each program. Tomorrow, by the way, was recently given a citation plaque by Galaxy's publisher, Robert Quinn. ((next page))

Too bad TV agencies and big brass don't take a hint and build up about a dozen more SF package programs. From all evidence the TV public is weary of the excessive hack and monotony of private-eye murder mysteries and other inept features brought out by TV night in and night out.

HL Gold, one of the nicest guys we've met in the SF bizness, is following the pattern of the big slick mags, like Collier's, Harpers, and the Saturday Post, in graduating the word payment rates to writers who continue being accepted often by Galaxy. Gold will pay minimum rates of 3¢ per word to start with and will increase rates to 4¢ per word the more stories are bought from a writer.

The current market reports have it that the big slick mags are offering somewhere in the bracket of \$675 for short stories bought for the first time from new writers. The rates keep on accelerating \$100 or more for each successive story bought from a writer thereafter. Rates are, of course, far higher for the more well known and established writers. As for non-fictional efforts—when and if accepted they're terrific on what they pay—no precise info available on the rates, though we hear they're two times higher in scale than the fiction pay checks. All one has to do today in order to comfortably retire is sell a few short stories and a novel or two to the slicks and he's made! Movie, radio, TV, book, reprint and other royalties quickly follow in succession. The only catch is that a writer today must be just as good a businessman as he is a writer—he must go out gunning for the extra markets in the beginning to make them pay off, or have a good friend in some agent who can help him out.



I DON'T KNOW HIS NAME, BUT
I SAW HIM IN NEW ORLEANS
LAST YEAR.

Temple's "Four Sided Triangle" has now been under production for a number of weeks. Barbara Payton has been given the leading feminine role.

Farmer's "The Lovers", which appeared in a recent Startling, has been considered by USA's leading fan as the best original SF novel for 1952. One of the big sfantasy publishers just grabbed it a few weeks ago for hard covers in early '53.

Bradbury's yarns will be appearing regularly in all EC "comic book" publications. For those who haven't discovered the unusually fine EC "horror & sf" publications we recommend them as the most original in their field, with some of the best illustrations available for any type of 'zine and a superb faculty for excellent entertainment.

((next page))

Something should be done about SF fantasy novels appearing in cheap pocket book or any cheap reprint format only a few months after they're published in the more expensive book editions. Book dealers everywhere say this is killing their business since, apparently, all the fen are now waiting for 25¢ to 35¢ copies of the \$2.50 and up editions, and they won't buy presently existing hard-cover original editions. This obviously means that books which are not sold entirely out of stock are nearly impossible to sell when their cheaper counterparts appear. It would be far wiser and better business if a new pocket book market were instead created for original novels and material. The usage of hard-cover SF novels for pocket editions is a cut-throat business against the dealers who have to be stuck on such deals.

Recently we've been rediscovering HG Wells again. It's been a number of years since we've delved into the old master's works, and we're happy to state that he's still able to stand head and shoulders over most prolific SFers of today. It appears to us that too many of our contemporary pros are trying too hard to act like writers and less like story-tellers. Many of their stories momentarily impress and awe us with complicated and melodramatic lines and paragraphs. However, how many of such yarns are ever remembered after they've been read? How many ever carry an air of basic individuality or a personality all their own? What we obviously need are more stories from writers who are themselves and not trying to impersonate Hemingway's style or that every phrase they write will stand out as great literature. Too much pomposity and little modesty is the real core of the trouble.

An entirely new revolutionary phase of motion pictures was revealed when we were guests of "Cinerama" a few nights ago. This is unquestionably the highest 3-dimensional type movie reproduction we have yet seen to date, and we've seen a couple various types so far. No special glasses or apparatus is used in this challenging development to encumber the audience. The "screen" is a concave device, or three screens, which surround the entire audience in the theater, and with the aid of three-dimensional type acoustics of the most modern kind, the viewer is assured that the old type flat "silver screen" theater will soon be an antique of the past.

We are proud to see an idea we started backing up over two years ago has finally germinated into the form of the Science-Fantasy Writers of America. Though no claim can be made by us as being the sole originators of this organization, we happily remember how we were the first ones to approach various writers and editors in the field who would be essential towards the fulfillment of this idea. We're sure that if carried out somewhat along the lines that Bill Hamling suggests in the latest Imagination the SFWA should be a large asset to the SF fantasy field as a whole.

--THIRTY--

They had to stop feeding the baby chlorophyll so they could find him in the dark

Comments on At Large will be welcomed by the editor. It is expected that this column will move to another publication very soon, since this Ice is the death rattle of a young fanzine. And comments on Beck's writings will be forwarded to whichever subzine editor will publish At Large.

When we decided to begin publishing Beck, we did so because we figured that any fanzine could use a catalyst. Well, one look at our letters will convince skeptics that Beck has indeed been a catalyst enough to steam up Ice. In addition to the letters we print are those which said the same thing and those whose letters were not at all printable. I am also informed that Beck received some mail which we couldn't print.

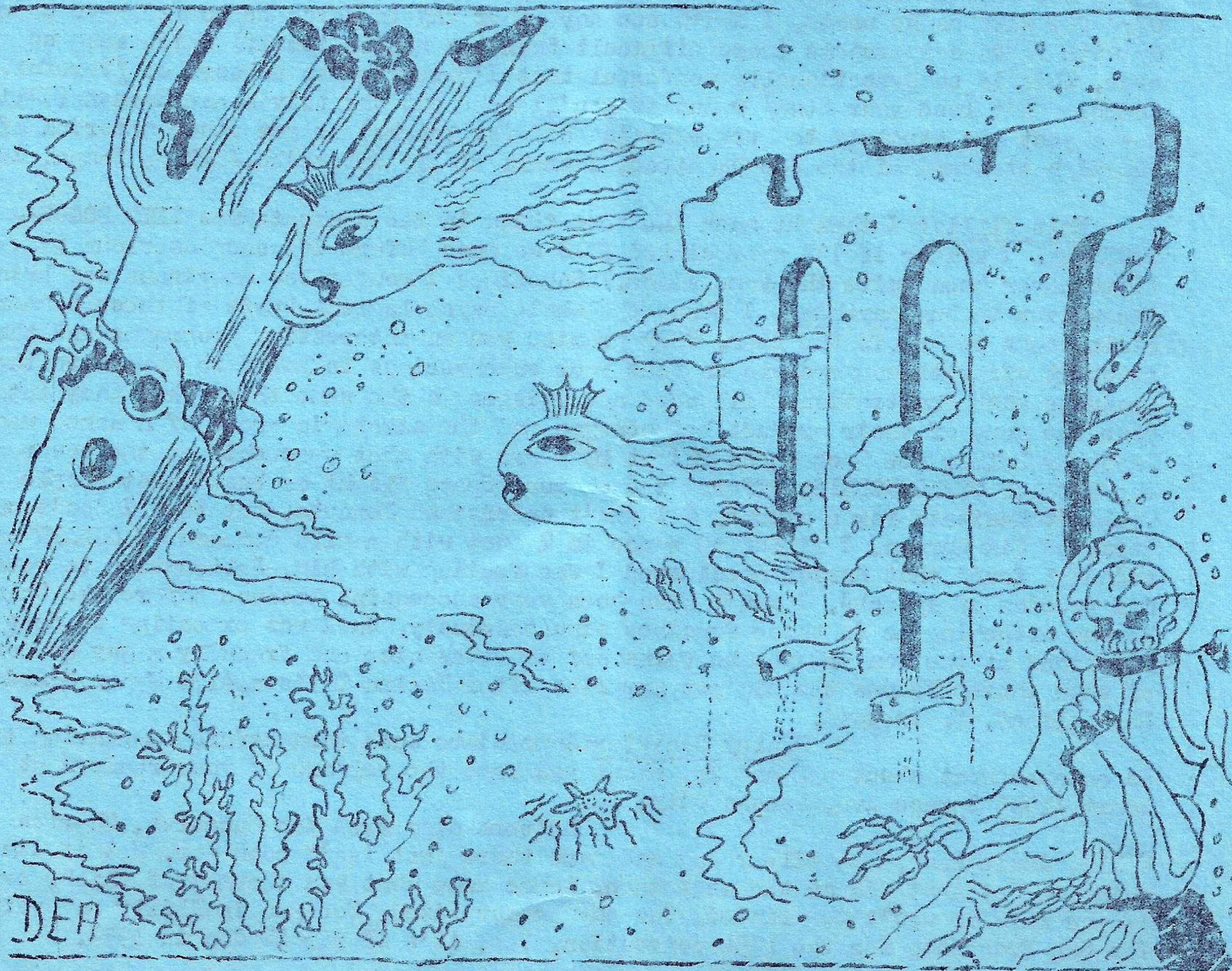
All told, it seems that when a subzine ed goes after a catalyst, he usually has no trouble in finding such an item.

We'll end this page with the question: Is a car that is no good is a lemon, what is a lemon that is no good?

Bill Berger: Maybe my critical ability has dwindled, but I consider all the articles and stories interest building. One should not expect a great hunk of literature in fanzines, but to only get a picture of doings, thoughts, personalities and changes in fandom. /912 E 140th St, Cleveland, O.

Joe Gibson:

'Tis sad, Play no that "september Song" chun--I am grown old. Even in therealm of San Hines' letter-columns they refer to Gibson as "Methuselah"-- # But godamnit, I just don't enjoy these fanzines the way I usetch! When as thinks back to th' Dad, Old Dayd -- Tucker's Le Zombic, Ackerman's Voll, things like Spaceways and Chanticleer and FIDO from blitzed England and -- # It just ain't the same any more. It even seems that fans (they had not become fen yet) those daze had more fun than you do today....you were crazy, then, to read such trash as stf (it was stf then, not S-E; even as-F was Asf)--you were an outcast, a fanatic, a Mad Thing, just by picking up a Trenayne ASTOUNDING at a newsstand -- people sneered, laughed, and taunted! Fans were revolutionaries, plotting foul plots in griny basements, spreading their insidious ninco-propoganda thru mails -- oh hell, we had lots of fun! # But the old fire is gone -- probably not so much outta fandom, as outta me! I have matured, alas. O horrible fate! I has ripened. And now, foulest of all foul things, I am a dirty, old pro!!!! Even H.L. Gold knows me!!!!!! Now, Tucker or Bloch can maybe take such a catastrophe in their stride; they merely stay drunk and ignore it. But Gibson has changed. He's shed hus Jekyll and there he stands in his bare, nasty Hyde. You can see him for what he is-- # And I just dassn't enjoy fanzines, Matter o'fact, I dassn't enjoy even prozines anymore! /24 Kensington Ave, Jersey City, NJ. ((more ed this on the next page))



Icing 6 ((continued, as usual, from the preceeding page))

Vernon McCain: My biggest objection stems from the slightly rancid aroma your magazine takes on by the use of such psychopathic crackpots as Deek and Harmon. Perhaps you feel like some other editors that this is the way to make your magazine controversial. Well, perhaps, it is, but I don't think this is the sort of controversy in which most fans delight. There are plenty of controversial fans such as Boggs, Keasler, Silverberg, etc. whom you could use who don't indulge in scurrility. If you do want to put out this magazine, why not get Dogler as co-editor, scuttle your good items, and add half a dozen opinionated 13 year olds to your list of contributors. Then we could all ignore the magazine without fearing we were missing something. # Deek's column this issue is a particular joy. I could easily write three pages pointing out his various inaccuracies, misstatements of fact, and to borrow a word from one of Mr. Deek's dearest enemies, general fuddheadedness, but what is the point? Most of your readers (and doubtless you, also) spotted them for themselves. . . But I did particularly enjoy that gem about Mr. Deek's having inside information from the FBI and the really stunning realization that they are now engaged in tracking down crimes which never before came under their jurisdiction, including some which most of us were under the impression had never been made illegal. # Rodd Boggs, Superfan. This, as you no doubt fully realize, was one of the most brilliant satires any fan has ever produced. /Take your bow, Jacobs and sit down./ It wasn't a very good satire on fandom (if it tried to be) though a very funny one, but what it did to Superman shouldn't even happen to him. In my humble opinion, without even waiting until the end of the year, this is the top humorous piece of the year, and much as I hate to admit it, I'm even including the slightly sensational lead article I have scheduled for WASTEBASKET #4 in that appraisal. I think Lee Jacobs must have recorded one of the Superman programs and paraphrased it word for word as he wrote. I don't see any other way in which he could have come up with radio commercials (more difficult than the action itself) which rang so true. This is so sensationally wonderful that I'm tempted to subscribe. /Careful, there, don't lose your head/ # But if you'll take out the trivia and Harmon (I'll not object too strongly to Deek - he is good for laughs) or get other material of the high standard of the Jacobs piece, I shall gladly subscribe. /IED 3, Mampa, Ida.

Walt Willis: I thought much the best thing in the contents was REDD DOGGS--SUPERFAN. I wonder if I'd appreciated ID-S so much before I'd seen American tv. (I've never been quite the same since.) Sometimes I wonder how Americans can bring themselves to buy anything. I mean, the whole psychological basis of these commercials seems to be off the beam. They promise you an interesting programme and then fence it off with commercials so that your subconscious is bound to associate their products with frustration. Billboard advertisers do the same thing when they interpose the name of their product between you and the strategic areas of a naked woman. Probably Palmer set back space flight 10 years with that spaceship on the cover of the October OTHER WORLDS. Offered the choice 'Space flight or bust' most people wouldn't hesitate for a moment. # I don't understand Peanuts, but then I don't understand Jim Harmon. I filled up space in Q once with a mild defence of GALAXY and suddenly found that Harmon considered I was fouling with him, "attempting to retard his freedom of speech". I can't have been very successful because before the Chicon he was attacking me in three fanzines simultaneously. So I was expecting to meet a firebrand at the Con and yet he turns out to be as nice and friendly a guy as most of them there. He was the biggest surprise after Harlan Ellison. /170 Upper M'Ards Rd, Belfast, N. Ireland.

Manley Danister: Appreciate such thoughtful, timesaving tips as announcement about pp2 and 25. Shows you have the welfare of your readers at heart. /1905 Spruce Ave, Kansas City, Mo.

Letters also from Ian Macaulot, Charles Wells, Janie Lamb, Bob Silverberg and more there just isn't room for. Not if I'm going to get that pic on the next page. Lemme know what you thought of this, even if you know it won't be printed. You may be surprised. See you in Philly and vote for San Francisco for the 1954 convention. Yop, it's SF for SF Con in 1954. --

LAST MINUTE ADDENDA

Well, today, as this is beigg typed, it is Wednesday, 26 November 1952, just eighty-two minutes before Thanksgiving. And, as things stand now, this last issue of Ice will not be mailed until some time around the first of December. Lemme tell you why, as if you care. It all began in October. This mag was stenciled and ready to be mimeod and mailed on October 25, or November first, as planned. But, came the end of October and the mimeo was on the blink. So the stencils were placed in my car until an opportune moment would arrive. Then, just before the opportune moment, a bolt came off of a rod and that rod knocked itself through the block. This happened fifty miles from the base, so I could not get the stencils until shortly under a week ago. Another engine ran me a couple of hundred bucks. 'Sanyway, to cut the story down to half-page length, I now have the stencils and they shall be mimeod tonight, or early tomorrow morning. When payday rolls over here in just about a week, I shall trot down to the post office, buy stamps, afix said stamps to thish of Ice, and mail same. Thus endeth the tale of the struggle between fanzine and fanzine ed.

But that isn't all. There is news to tell. The announcement made on an inner page to the effect that unexpired subs to Ice would be tunned over to another fanzine, named Prometheus, is not entirely correct. I havd just been informed that P shall not be a subzine. Therefore, anyone who has sent in money for a sub to Ice (bohh of you), if you do not object within the next three or four weeks, that money shall be forwarded to Larry Touzinsky in St Louis and shall be applied, in your name, on a subscription to the official magazine of the newly formed Missouri Science Fantasy League. Incidentally, if you're interested in the MSFL, contact Larry Touzinsky, 2911 Minnesota Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

Well, it's been fun. See y'all at the PennVention in Philly over the next Labor Day week end.

AN ICE EXTRA



UNTITLED by DEA

A NOTE OF EXPLANATION

There was originally more stuff planned for this. But, like Topsy, it just grew until now, with forty pages. I'll have to wait until the first of November for enough money to buy stamps to mail the thing. But, as is explained inside, that's all my worries now.

Last issue there was a mistake in Peanuts. The label that said fued Should've read Froud instead.

The article on The Administrative System was originally written back in 1949 when Nick and I were discussing various governmental forms.

Chances are, if you're getting this and you didn't get Ice #1, you're getting this because of the InVention ReVolution. That is, you got a copy of the Report, and we're just making sure you got the follow-up.

Is a nudist colony an unvested interest?

In any event, now that we're out of the subzine racket, we may be able to oozcour way out of debt as well.

Unless you've published a subzine, you don't realize how much it is possible to lose on a subzine. We didn't either until this little adventure.

Well, let this be our fling in fandom. From here on in, activities of the Outhouse Press will be restricted solely to SAPS and FAPA, with, perhaps, an occasional one-shot put out for the benefit of a few people.

If we're on your exchange list, please keep sending your zines and also a bill or something. We have a few subs left and want to keep receiving most of the zines so, if we owe any dough on anything, let us know in a hurry. It's either let us know or wait another month until another pay day rolls round to collect your money.

So, as I end the typing in this column, I shall end forever my career in subzine publishing. It was fun while it lasted, and I may help out other faneds in the future. But speaking for myself: NEVER, NEVER AGAIN.

From

hel Shapiro
po box 804
kirksville
missouri

printed matter only (micrographed rather)
return postage guaranteed

NO

Stanley O Skirvin
192 W 8th Ave
Columbus 1, Ohio

