

# AMERICAN



ISSUE THREE





*i imp*

probable, Vol. 1, No. 3, a fanzine of FANTasy and SF is published irregularly by MI Publishers. Single copies: fifteen cents. Please address all correspondence to 6221 Thorn St., San Diego, Cal. or 2561 Ridgeview Dr., San Diego, Cal.

## SPECIAL

Three Sci-Fi Fables	
by John Mussells.....	5
One For the Road	
by Guy Terwilleger.....	16
The Stars My Destination (Review)	
by Bob Tucker.....	20

## fiction

Composition	
by John Flinn.....	19

## review

The Pros.....	3
Monsters of Filmiland.....	4
Critique.....	13

## column

Ed's Note.....	2
Cameron's Corner.....	9

## lettercol

Backlash.....	23
---------------	----

editor Vowen M. Clark

associate Colin G. Cameron

COVER CGC

ART

Frank Harris, John Flinn, CGC, and VMC

Ed's

## NOTE :

Well, here we are again. I only have a few notes for you this time, so we'll get it over with.

Ø First of all, I'd like to thank all of the BNFs (and otherwise) who helped us out with the first ish and this one. This brings up a pet peeve of mine. Quite a bit of material has been written, telling just how unfair, rude, discouraging, vicious, and just generally ornery those legend-shrouded figures, known only as BNFs, can be. This is hogwash...pure, unadulterated and unabridged junk. Most of this propaganda is written by neos who have received bad reviews of their pride-and-joy zines, or by neos who aspire to join the BNFs by criticising them. The former usually do print a crudzine, and the latter rarely make the grade. So, if there are any neos listening just remember that the BNFs are kinder and more generous than is usually thought. They are not all ogres, even if they say they are.

Ø Anyone have any suggestions about the old 'horror' movies that are being shown on TV? Or maybe the new ones in the theaters.

Ø We're still open for fiction, articles, and/or artwork. Anyone interested?

Ø NEWS FOR SOLACONERS: by way of Len Moffatt we hear that Richard Matheson has been chosen as Guest of Honor at the con.

Ø In case you're wondering (I doubt it) why my story, Landing Site, didn't materialize as advertised last ish, the two following reasons will answer: 1) I want to refrain from printing my own stories as much as possible, and 2) we received some very good material for this ish.

Ø We realize that the repro isn't good, and we're trying to remedy this as soon as possible.

Ø As of now, LIP announces that its schedule will vary from ish to ish. Like most zines, LIP is a spare-time operation and there just isn't any spare-time.

+++++

+++++

+++++

+++++

The lone survivor of the atomic war walked musing through New York's gutted ruins. One building stood as a symbol of mankind... the Empire State Building. The man rode the elevator to the top, then he walked to the edge and stared down - he threw himself over into oblivion. As he plunged past the 34th floor he heard a phone ringing, a comforting sound as he prepared himself for the end.

ooooo

ooooo

ooooo



g Now to the real business of this small ish, which is dedicated to the late, great Henry Kuttner, about whom pages should be written as the smallest possible tribute pointed towards such a talent. Mr. Kuttner (known at various times as: Lewis Padgett, Laurence O'Donnell, and C. H. Liddell) died at the age of 43 from a heart attack at Santa Monica, California on February 6, 1958. He left behind over two hundred short stories and novelets in various magazines and anthologies, as well as several top-notch novels, such as No Boundaries (with his wife, C. L. Moore), Fury, and Chessboard Planet (also with his wife). He helped establish sf and fantasy as one of the leading and fastest growing forms of literature in the country. We of BHP extend our deepest sympathies to his widow, C. L. Moore, who is acknowledged as a top writer in her own right.

-VMC

.....  
(We're cutting the length of our proxine review this time because we needed room for both our fiction and a special review on the next page. We'll go back to regular size next attempt. -VC)

# THE PROS

VANGUARD (Ed.: James Hlish, Vanguard SF, Inc., 50 Overlook Terrace, New York 33, N. Y. 35¢, Vol 1, No 1)

Appears that a fine new mag has gotten a grip (if somewhat shaky) upon the field, and edited by one of the best of Britain, too! Items of interest include two novelets (one by Kornbluth), three shorts (by Gunn, Ray Jones, and R. Wilson), the editorial (very short), and two major departments (Ed. Ray on hand for book reviews and de Camp as boss of another "For Your Information" type of dept). The assorted fiction seemed to hit a pleasant norm, except for a poorly done "Farewell Party" for which Wilson must accept blame. The non-fiction article seemed to become rather garbled after the first page, but the receipt was amply filled by the grand reviews. I hope VSF can only survive long enough to establish a beachhead.

-VMC



20



Nov 5 60  
FILMLAND

Well, now on that special review I spoke about...

"Famous Monsters of FilmLand" was:

edited by: Forrest J Ackerman  
published by: Central Publications, Inc.,  
1054 East Upcal Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

with:

James Warren as the publisher and  
George Frenoy and John Watkins as Art Directors

for only:

35¢

This is really one of the strangest pro publications I've ever had the pleasure of seeing. Included are some 66 pages of photos and text (filled with quips, puns, etc) that runs in subject from the already well-known fact that monsters are good for you to the astounding discovery that there was about giants (another of Perry's very questionable puns). Actually, I was very surprised to learn that Monsters of FilmLand was being literally rushed from the stands. It seems that there was a huge conspiracy that decided to monopolize the copies of this pub. Colin and I searched the downtown area for several blocks. Then, later, a lucky find was made... there was one remaining dealer who still had copies (six of them) on hand. (he now has none, by the way). The written portion of Monsters of FilmLand was notoriously empty of information that most every film fiend didn't already know. The pics were the thing! Over 60 of them, on every subject: Lugosi, Chaney (Sr. and Jr.), Karloff, body snatchers, vampires, apes, and assorted creatures. Really some excellent shots of THE MUMMY, FRANKENSTEIN, DRACULA, and various portrayals of MR. HYDE. Perry included a lot of background history and human (?) interest and topped the little effort off with a quiz which included such toughie questions as: The film DRACULA was based on the book by (a) Ernie Kovacs, (b) Bram Stoker, (c) Mickey Spillane. (Of course, everyone knows the book was authored by Harry Hart, who got the plot for 150 cigarette coupons.) All in all, the text was a little over-done. (Colin informs me that forms of the word monster appeared over 150 times! An example of the often-used, well-worn expression. Perry used and reused. But, for any cost, the photos were worth wading through almost anything, especially considering that many of them are collector's items! So I have two words of instruction for you: BUY IT!





# THREE SCI-FI FABLES

— JOHN MUSSELLS

## I. Play For Me a Simple Melody

Once upon a time in outer space, two aliens were sitting in their rocketship. They were pretty much stock aliens of the tentacled variety, found in just about any science fiction movie. And being pretty much typical aliens, they had pretty much typical alien aspirations. They wanted to take over earth.

"A juicy morsel," said the first alien, who's name was Ghaa, and who slobbered horribly from a fanged mouth. "Ripe for the plucking."

"Indeed," affirmed his equally ghastly co-pilot, who's name was Ech. Somehow, Ghaa's appearance didn't bother Ech. Nor did Ech's looks particularly run against Ghaa's sense of beauty. But this wasn't too surprising, for they'd spent several months together out in space, and they were pretty much used to each other by now.

Ghaa consulted the Space Conqueror's Handbook. "As soon as the language is learned," the Handbook read, "actual conquest can begin. It should always be remembered that the best guide to a civilization is its music. Many important points of information can be learned from a study of music."

"Let's learn the language," suggested Ech.

"Let's," agreed Ghaa.

They chucked a dictionary into a machine, then fitted on their ear-phones. Zip, click: they learned the language.

"Turn on the radio," said Ghaa.

"Done," complied Ech. He did it.

The radio groaned, it wailed, it screeched: "...you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine..."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Ghaa. "The criteria of friendship is the catching of a rabbit. Write that down," Ech scribbled hastily.



The radio hollered and stomped and yelled. "Social pasttim. dictated Ghaa, "include swinging it, grooving it, moving it, rocki it, and rolling it."

"Isn't that a little indefinite?" Ech wanted to know. "I mean, groove, swing, move, rock, and roll WHAT?"

"Doesn't say. But they do it at the hop."

"What's a hop?"

"Doesn't say that either," said Ech, throwing up his tentacles in despair and exasperation.

"...nix, nix," bellowed the radio, "Gonna stick around and get my kicks."

"Superb!" cried Ghaa. "Point of social sympathy: individual refuses to leave place of confinement, but stays that he may be kicked."

Well, this went on for several hours, and after filling many sheets with this sort of carefully culled information, they blasted in and landed. Afterwards, they had to admit they didn't have too much luck with those human beings, even though they were able to hypnotize them into thinking they too were humans. More exactly, their luck was lousy.

The fact is, they found it could be downright dangerous, trying to integrate themselves into society. Especially when Ghaa flashed a small, freshly killed mammal to a group of SPCA people at a hop in a show of friendship.

All in all, it must be admitted that they were quite happy to be back in their rocketship and blasting off to wherever aliens come from. And, somehow, they didn't have the slightest inclination to return.

MORAL: Who believes only his ears and not also his eyes, heads in this world for a terrific surprise.

... ..

## PARLE II

### The Aldebaranean and the Earthman

An Aldebaranean named Moe landed in a field on earth to make minor repairs on his spaceship. He had just taken the last few plates off his drive section when an earthman with a long, ragged beard approached and pointed a finger at him.

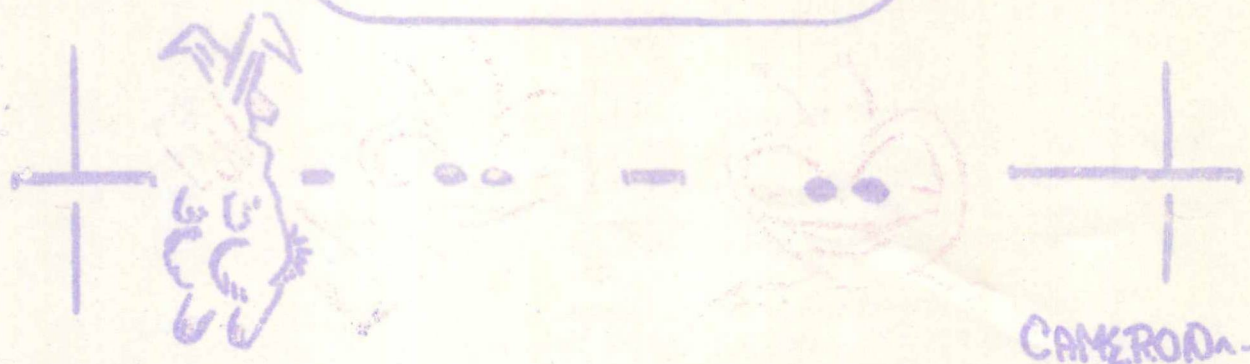
"You," accused the earthman, "are a figment of my imagination." Moe lept back from the little creature, for this sudden revelation was staggering.



Flinn



# SPCA SPONSORED HOP



"What makes you say that?" asked Moe.

"I am an idealist," bragged the earthman. "Nothing is certain except my ideas and sometimes I doubt even them. We can be sure of nothing. This field, you spaceship, you yourself are all figments of my imagination."

Moe squatted down on his haunches and watched the little earthmen rave and agitate. His ranting went on for such lengths that Moe began to wonder seriously if his tongue wasn't loose at both ends, or if he just wasn't able to close his insane mouth.

"Wait a minute," said Moe, breathing in finally. "Are you sure of what you have been saying?"

"Ha!" cried the earthman triumphantly. "You can't fool me! No, I'm not sure, figment of my imagination. Nothing is certain!"

In one swift, continuous movement Moe swept the earthmen up, plopped him into his mouth, munched once and swallowed. As he finished his repairs and flashed out into space, Moe couldn't help wondering if the earthman wasn't just a fragment of his digestive tract.

MORAL: Fabulous gyration breeds elimination.

... ..

PARTIAL III

## The Martians Who Weren't

A Martian colonist named Zeke became so set in his ways that he even began thinking that he was as much a part of the planet as the canals, and that he had come of the Spaceflower. He would talk

Zeke, an old, weathered man with a long white beard, was looking at the two creatures on how much they had learned. He had seen many of the creatures before, but he had never seen one like this. The creatures should be getting the hell out of the planet. He had strong sentiments lost some of their power when it was revealed that in all the years earthmen had been on the planet, no other Martians had ever been found.

One day, out on the desert, Zeke and his son Ichabod were changing a roller on their sandcar when two tiny Aliens popped into view from a slightly off-beamed time warp.

The first leapt back in surprise and whipped his gun to his shoulder. "Egads," squealed, cooing chartruese, "this can't be Tropicana 432!" The creatures were explorers of new frontiers and were headed for a densely tropical planet, one of the last of its type. But in their haste to depart, they hadn't set their sub-space transmitter properly, and had been by-pass to Mars instead.

"Egads," cried old Zeke, leaping to his feet in surprise. "A Martian attack!" He tottered towards the creatures, who moved sluggishly back from him in their glass-domed vacuum suits.

"Get back to back with me, Ichabod!" he shouted. "We'll fight 'em off. I'll take this front. Don't despair, son!" He brandished the curved end of his cane at them.

But Ichabod was horrified and could only wheeze: "Don't, Dad..."

"Blast it," said the second alien, who was quaking in his twelve pairs of boots. "It's huge. We'd better run..."

"Nonsense," said the first. "The larger in bulk, weight and density is a creature, the more profound will be the impact of that creature as it strikes the ground," it reminded its comrade. It raised its rifle. "These will stop a tri-negaton Cort in its paces. Fire when ready."

"I'm ready, I'm ready!" screamed the second as Zeke whacked it on the chest pack. "Take that, you murderous Martian scum," bellowed Zeke.

The first pulled the trigger. Thwack! Zeke broke the second's air hose.

The first pulled the trigger again. Swoosh, crack, tinkle. Zeke shattered the second's vacuum dome. The alien was crushed. Utterly and literally crushed.

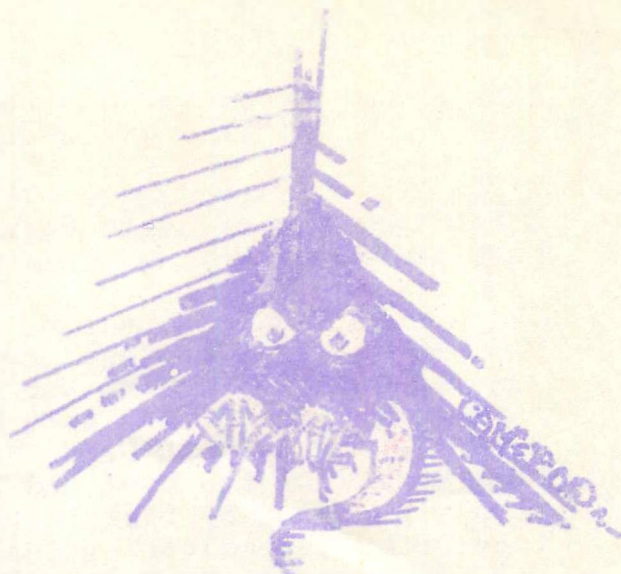
"What are these beasts' structures based on? Silicon?" cried the remaining creature, for he had never before come upon a silicon-composed being and therefore couldn't understand why his weapon had no effect.

Zeke turned his attention to the second creature. "They're ganging up on us, Ichabod," he cried. "I'll get this one!" He tottered in the first's direction, brandishing his cane. Frantically it pumped and waved at the towering old man, then succumbed under many blows and crashes.

NOTES: Nothing is weaker than the... his faced with a... strong in...  
John mussell/s



# GAMERON'S CORNER



catch-all by  
colin cameron -

a parody in financial  
retrogression

"Talk about anything and everything that comes to your mind (?)<sup>0</sup> it says here...right on the note I wrote myself. Okay, will do, but you'll be soorry...

I'm dropping 'Packaged Papers' for two reasons: (1) I don't want to confine myself to the zines, but rather escape specialization yet keep my own material at reasonable size; and (2) I didn't like the name. As far as I can see, if no objection comes in, this will be a fairly permanent fixture in DMP's pages. The title is rather fitting, you must admit, but sometimes Vowen does let me out of my cage and do things like...

## CINEMA

Screen Gems has finally released 'The Thing' (no, not Screen Gems' producer) for television distribution and has been shown here. I still remember the first time I saw this horror classic - many years ago when I was still growing (now I'm shrinking). And I can unfortunately still remember cowering behind the theatre seat, shaking with fear. Missed about half of it, as I recall, so seeing it again on the TeeVee was indeed a treat and a chance to fill in the missing part. 'The Thing' stars Ken Tobey and Margaret Sheridan, with James Arness as the indomitable abominable you-know-what. I consider this to be one of the best of horror films to come out of H<sup>o</sup>wood in many years, and one of the weirdest tales to come from the pen of John W. Campbell Jr. (Who Goes There?, available in pb form). In substitution of pseudo-scientific gadgets and quasi-realistic settings, 'The Thing' utilizes human emotion--tension, fear, and suspense. Very believable, very interesting, very possible.

I didn't hide this time, incidentally....

In the theatre vein we have 'The Fly', 'The Horror of Dracula', and 'Monster on the Campus', all better than average, and recommended by me.





# FISH HEADS

....which means I'd better get these fanzines out of the way before....well, before I get swamped under....

TWIG: Guy R. Terwilliger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho.  
Ditto repro: excellent; Material: fair to excellent; Art: good to excellent; General: very good. 15¢ or 2/25¢

Because of TWIG's schedule, I must review this issue with the sad realization that another will be out, or perhaps several more out before our next issue. #13 is a fair representation of this zine however. Outstanding this issue is THE BAD OLD DAYS, parody by Donald Franson; WHICH WHO, review of the book and interesting question posed and partly answered by Dick Lupoff; THE BEAST OF PLANET FIVE, fiction by the editor; and AN OPEN LETTER TO FANAC, concerning the WSP3 hassle, by Belle Dietz. Other material by Rick Adams, Dan Adkins, and art by Adkins, Tom Reamy, Bill Pearson, ATOM, Stony Barnes, Rod Frye, and Lee. All in all, unquestionably one of the better zines, and still improving.

YANDRO: Buck and Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana. Mimeo repro: very good; Material: good to excellent; Art: fair to very good; General: very good. 15¢ or 12/¢1.50

Another regular monthly fanzine. Yandro usually carries Alan Dod, G.H. Scithers, Gene and Bev DeWeese, Thomas Strattor, James Adams, Lars Bourne, Bill Pearson, Dan Adkins, as well as many others. Although YANDRO has been said to be just an average fanzine (I don't agree), it certainly attracts some of fandom's better talents. One of the best regular features of this zine is Buck and Juanita's two rambling columns. YANDRO is recommended.

INNUEENDO: Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif. Mimeo repro: good; Material: good to excellent; Art: good (mainly cartoons); General: good. Free (all money received will be used in the Tower to the Moon out of Bheercans project).

Of all the numerous fanzines devoted to the faanish part of fandom, INN is undoubtedly one of the most worthwhile. This issue sports an interesting cover parody on the J. Wesley Smith series, penned by Ejo Wells. Inside we find satire on ON THE ROAD by "Carl Brandon", a column-type article reminiscing on past fandoms by Rog Phillips, a study and evaluation of the ART OF WILLIAM ROTSLER by Robert Bloch, two ADVENTURES IN FANDOM, by Bill Donaho, and an excellent column, ALL OF OUR YESTERDAYS, by Harry Warner, Jr. All this INN's material is above average--some of it is excellent, such as the Warner column. INN is recommended for the faanish fan, but you others will possibly like it too. Ron Ellik and Pete Graham assist.

SPUTTER: Bill Meyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tennessee. Mimeo repro: excellent; Material: very good to excellent; Artwork: fair to very good; General: very good. 15¢ or 2/25¢

Don't give up now...there's more.



Outstanding this issue is a G&S parody by Bruce Peitz. THE AND SYMPATHY by stereotaped George W. Fields (including an excellent reviewing job of Walt Willis' HYPHEN); A LOOK AT BOOKS by Renfrew Pemberton; THE BOP BELONGS IN THE SHUTTLE, Harry Warner Jr.; and the lettercol, outstanding letters by Dave Jenrette, Marion Bradley, Walt Willis, Warner, and a confused H.S. Johnson. In fact, this last letter was probably the highlight of the issue, and one can't hope but wonder if it was written in all seriousness. The artwork end of SPACK can use improvement, but otherwise this shapes up to be an above average issue. Give it a try.

CHULA: Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Md. Mimeo repro: poor; Material: fair; Artwork: XXX; General: above average. 10¢ or 3/25¢.

This issue (#1) suffers greatly from poor reproduction. It also suffers from lack of organization, being somewhat impromptu and one-shotish sounding. Material includes a fictitious Lunacon report, fanzine reviews, a catch-all "Crudheap", another catch-all column---all by people such as Ted, Betty Ramsey, Tom Anderson, and Mike Deckinger, who, even though they are unknowns (exception of Mike) to me, show possibilities and can use all the help and encouragement they can get. Ted would be happy if you'd write.

ALLEURS: Pierre Versins, Primerose 38, Lausanne, Switzerland. Mimeo repro: very good; Material: XXX; Artwork: very good; General: XXX. No price listed in English.

Apparently this is the official organ of the Club Futopia, and is written all in French, which is not this child's language. If you can read French, you'll undoubtedly enjoy reading this zine---non-speakers just might like it enough (I did) to get it, as Pierre often puts out English one-shots which are quite interesting.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES: LASFS, 2548 West 12th Street, Los Angeles 6, California. Mimeo and ditto repro: good to fair; Material: good to very good; Artwork: good to excellent; General: very good. 20¢ or 6/\$1.00.

This is the official organ of the Los Angeles Science Fiction Socy. Outstanding material: editorial by Charles Burbee; a "fandom should replace beat generation etc." article by Bob Bloch; "The Likeness of Limbo", poem by Dale Hart; ON THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE FICTION by Al Lewis; and "Party Reporting" by Djinn Faine and Rick Sneary. All in all, an interesting issue---perhaps not up to past ones, but nonetheless entertaining. Write!

There are several other fanzines here waiting to be reviewed, but they will have to wait till next issue to be relieved, cows. Besides, they've been here only a short while, and their masters shouldn't mind too much...

GARBAGE  
CAN

The SOLACON is now over, to be sure, and my report of the occasion will be appearing next issue, along with the other regular features. The next issue, as previously announced, will be done

by mimeograph process, thanks muchly to Wayne Strickland and the  
JOE BTF&PLK PRESS. It should beat hekto...in fact, I know it  
will.

====Master is calling==back to the Cageo  
=====

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

# THE IMPROBABLE FUTURE —

Thanks to those of you who have assisted us so greatly by sending in manuscripts our next ish seems to almost taken care of itself, with little extra effort required.

"That Pass In the Night"...strange title? Well, perhaps, but it belongs to an especially artful piece of work done by one John Boardman. It's really something to look forward to, particularly if you've ever wished you were immortal.

A prophet named R. L. Butler foretells times to come and the invasion they bring, one with slightly surprising results, in "The Counterfeit Invader."

Of course, depending upon space and time (no pun intended), there will be other stories, articles, and reviews.

And remember that we will gladly accept manuscripts and drawings from anyone and everyone.

-vnc

...A Fugg platform was announced, including among its principles a firm stand against SerCon Fans, GRUNCHES, temperance organizations, censorship committees, and higher postal rates... --Dave Rike  
(Califan #1)



TWELVE STORIES THEY WOULDN'T LET ME DO ON TV

Hitchcock, Alfred  
Dell - 35c

Although this collection isn't exactly sf, I think that it's very definitely worth mention in any review of imaginative literature or creative writing. Each of these tales, taken from the larger (and more expensive) Hitchcock anthology, published by Simon and Schuster, is designed to give those who delight in the bizarre and somewhat gory a slight thrill...an objective it attains in most of its stories, especially in Saki's "Sredni Vashtar", through the use of certain devices written into each one of the plots. In the Saki narrative it's a vicious little animal that is the object of a small boys worship. The child is obsessed with his hatred for the grown-ups who are continually frustrating his desires. Of course, in the end, the boy gets his revenge - a bloody revenge. Somewhere in the process of reading this book, the reader begins to feel that something is amiss. There most assuredly is: the characters are all mildly insane. But delightfully so, I'm sure. So pick this chiller up at the first opportunity, and I'm also sure that you'll find it worth your 35c.

'CRITIQUE'

by VMC

*Book Reviews*

CHILDREN OF THE ATOM

Shiras, Wilmar H.  
Avon - 35c

First I feel that I must warn you...about ninety percent of fandom will dislike this book, for various reasons, but especially because of the lack of action or story movement of any type. The entire premise of the book is concerned with a widely separated top intelligence group of super children who are brought together by a pair of doctors and a teacher. The only real appeal that Shiras has given to these children is the constant personality conflict that takes place, both among the children themselves and between the group and the outside world. Other wise, the pseudo-intellectualism that crops up occasionally actually hinders the already slow plot in its forward pace. Also, there is a lack of any concrete climax, as situation which tends to give the reader a feeling that the story was just dropped midway in its progress by a disgusted author...as it should have been.

NO BLADE OF GRASS

Christopher, John  
Simon and Schuster  
\$2.95

This is a somewhat conventional novel of murder and wholesale violence, with an added twist in the form of a virus that serves to destroy humanity's food crops. Not too much can actually be held on either the pro or con side of this story, which caused quite a stir when it appeared for non-sf readers in SFPost as a serial. Although the characters are plausible, none of them are especially well-portrayed, and the writer's technique is passable, if not completely acceptable. Perhaps the saving grace is the fast-

spacing of the plot, which takes the reader from one scene to another somewhat abruptly. About the only thing that may be said is: If you enjoy gunbattles and murder, No Blade of Grass will, most definitely, be able to

MACHINE



make for an interesting evening's reading.

SHORTER comments on some recently pubbed or reprinted books...

The Best Science Fiction Stories and Novels, 9th Series

Dikty, T. E. --Advent-- \$3.00

Hardly worth the money. The only good points were the SF Year and the SF Book Index. Otherwise, phooey!

The Graveyard Reader

Conklin, Groff -Ballantine- 35c

This anthology is very definitely one of the greatest of its type ever to be put together. I know that those are strong words but I just can't help it. Be sure to read at least "The Graveyard Rats" by Kuttner, no matter what happens.

Second Foundation

Asimov, Isaac -Avon- 35c

This little reprint (from Gnome, and earlier Astounding) shows some of the great Asimov's talents, but still doesn't rank with his earlier works

Yonder

Deaumont, Charles -Bantam- 35c

A fair-to-good example of Collier type fantasy for light reading only.

Frankenstein

Shelley, Mary -Pyramid- 35c

Another classic reprint that shouldn't be missed by any reader, let alone the sf inclined fellow.

The Best From Fantasy and Science Fiction, 7th Series

Boucher, Anthony -Doubleday- \$3.75

A collection of some of the best and some of the worst ever to appear in this foremost mag. Questionable.

Outsiders: Children of Wonder

Tenn, William -Perma- 35c

A 'not to be missed under any circumstances' collection. Honestly, it's really a great reprint, although six of the twenty-one tales aren't extraordinary in many respects.

\*\*\*\*\*

A woman is like the world:

Age 15 to 25 -like Africa, only half known and understood.

25 to 35 -like Asia, far away and mysterious.

35 to 45 -like America, streamlined, efficient, and cooperative.

45 to 55 -like Europe, devastated.

55 to 65 -like Australia, no one wants to go there.



It's time someone took a valid stand for the science fiction fan who is really interested in science fiction. Why such a situation should ever have come to the fore is questionable, but it is here with us. The so-called sercon fan has blasted and been blasted from every quarter, called all manner of names, and told he damn well didn't belong in Fandom. The era of totalitarianism in Fandom has apparently arrived. There is no place for the individualistic fan.

The latest explosion comes from a well known fan and appeared in the first issue of SPECTRE. Now, I have nothing against this particular fan. I've seen only one copy of his fanzine, so you see I can't say I really know much about him. But, I do know I completely disagree with the premise he set forth in the SPECTRE article.

It stated that the faanish zines were of a higher quality than the science fiction centered zine. Had a reason been given to back up this statement, I might have accepted it. As is -- no! Faanish writing is, for the most part, nothing but drivel. Now by some fans reasoning I don't need to go on. I've stated an opinion, my point is already proven by the fact that I said it. Being serconish, however, I will go on. Why do I say that faanish material is drivel? Simple -- good quality humor is the hardest thing to write and have it come out sounding natural, not forced. The criteria of humorous plotting is not to intentionally be funny but inadvertently. It has been said that a humorist is born, not made -- and I believe it. I can think of only one fan writer at present who, at least, appears to be natural -- John Berry.

If the faan has a tendency to emulate, say, S. J. Perleman, H. Allen Smith, or Max Shulan, three of the great humorist-satirists of our time, then I say they should go ahead -- they might come up with something worth remembering. The crud that flows from faan minds now is the epitome of uselessness -- much of it is childish, and I don't exclude my own faan efforts from this criticism.

The questions every fan should ask himself on his writing are: "Is it worthwhile? Does it say what I want to say? Does it have a point? and Will it be remembered?"

To be worth printing, it must be worthwhile. Read it over -- does it really point out what you are trying to say. If not, do it over. If it doesn't have a point, other than entertainment, it won't be remembered for long. And, if you want continuing egoboo, the readers must remember it.

by TWIG



The sign of literature is that one thing -- will it be remembered? I doubt that much of the faan type stuff will be recalled. Who the hell cares that so and so got together and had one bang up of a good time and discussed this topic and that? Put it in a letter, not a long drawn out article, and your chances of successes are better.

The faanish fanzine, while enjoyable in limited amounts, is worthless for more than the day you read it. It lacks the quality of having anything to offer. They remind me very much of the idiot who spends a lifetime learning to balance on a wire, or to juggle, and then goes out and appears on Ed Sullivan's TV show. They are remembered for the brief time of perhaps a week and then soon forgotten.

On the other hand, there are numerous science fiction fanzines that I find useful. Useful because they contain information I wanted to know, written by fan I know I can rely on. The information has saved me the work of researching for myself. These lack the childish quality of the faan. They may not be well written -- most fan material isn't -- some may even be supposition to an extent, but they do form a basis to work from.

As for the statement that faan type zines attract more mature people -- that all depends on what you call mature. In all my reading of fanzines -- of both types, and in all my correspondence with fan, and from reading letter columns in both prozines and fanzines, I feel safe in saying that the majority of faan types are teenagers. In this aspect, it might attract mature individuals -- if that is what maturity means to that particular group, but even then you can't exclude individuals who don't happen to meet your requirements. There are a lot of mature teenagers, I certainly am aware of this. But, I am also aware that many of the mentally mature teenagers are set in their mind one way this week and completely different next week, with their sense of values changing most rapidly of anything.

As a group, this age bracket hasn't shown much in the line of pure reasoning, being satisfied to give, and accept, opinion as a logical reasoning process. As in all cases, however, there are a few who are above this level, who can dish out criticism with meaning.

The one thing that strikes me as most peculiar is that the faanish fan seem to feel that the true science fiction fan has no place in fandom. How idiotic can they get? Faanish fiction was, and still is, the direct offspring of the parent science fiction fanzine. It came into existence to add variety to the field -- and it was needed. But to blatantly state now that the originator is the imposter is rather ridiculous. If anybody should leave, it is the faan group. And, I'll be five to one that this group would never have gotten together without science fiction fandom to get them going. Why this persistent name calling goes on is beyond comprehension. (And I do realize that I am calling names, myself in writing this.) Fandom is, or at least should be, big enough for both groups. Further, each side actually needs the other to lend variety to its production. Sercon or faan, both in unlimited quantities tend to become a bore when presented alone.



It is hinted that the true acti-fan is the faan-fan because they turn out more material of better quality. Reams of material don't make quality -- hack work, yes. The science fiction fan usually takes more time in composing and it stands to reason that the soundness would be better. Unless a person is really gifted, the output of material is limited. Can you say that Erle Stanley Gardner is actually a literary genius? Yet, if I follow the criteria of quantity making quality, I would have to accept this. Can you truthfully say that Silverberg or Garret have written anything great yet? Both have the ability to turn out the best, yet the sheer amount of material they do turn out cuts down the chances that they will.

Actually, they are both acti-fen, one being, by design, slightly less prolific than the other. The work is more time consuming for the sercon man.

In reality, fandom encompasses three types of fen at the present time. The sci-fi fan, the faa fan, and the sci-fi faan.

The first is a laudable type of individual who would bite off his nose to spite his face. He lives, breathes, and takes science fiction to his breaths as the only worthwhile thing in life. This is the true fanatic of the present. In the beginnings of fandom, however, most fen were sci-fi conscious, the radicals not being set apart from the more relaxed individuals.

The line of reasoning falls into the greatest disuse with the faan fan. Perhaps they feel that their hobby is not worth the effort it would take to really think out a problem, thus they turn to writing faanish articles about trivial matters of little importance to anyone but themselves, or members of their own group. And they certainly make it known that the whole aspect of science fiction is really a bore.

The mentally mature fan falls into the sci-fi faan category. You can't tell this individual by his lack of insistence that either of the above types is the true fan. To them, science fiction is an interest, not a passion, it has its light and serious sides. This faan can participate, with pleasure, in activities of both the others and is equally adept in performing for either side. His tendencies may be a little heavy on one side, but he never tries to convince himself, or others, that his attitude is the only acceptable outlook.

Who is the better fan? I'd say the one who is a mixture, the one who can see both sides of the picture and still come away smiling, without feeling that he must call someone on the other side of the fence a dunce for not seeing the light and believing as others simply because someone told him he should.

guy e. terwilleger

At last they were alone! He pressed her close to him and talked softly in her small ear. Then she said, "Everyone should have a ghoul around his pool."



//This little item showed up titled quite simply and very efficiently as you now see it. It seemed to fit the mood and besides, what else could you call it? -ed//

It's night time again, I'm glad. Every night my keeper (she's really my mother but she won't admit it) comes in and throws me a traffic fatality. I don't know what a traffic or a fatality is, but they taste good and I can use the long white things to clean my fangs. She won't let me out at night, that's why I have a chain beside the bars. Incidentally, I am proud of my chain. It used to be the anchor chain from the New Jersey. I have almost chewed it in half. (When I'm finished, I'll start on the bars.)

When I escape I'll do it again (that's why I'm locked up). I'll have fun again, if they don't catch me. I'll be more careful this time. I'll only pick little things. I don't think like other people do. I don't think I should be locked up just because I'm a teen-aged cotton picker. All I do is pick cotton (of course, I pick all cotton: clothes, etc.). So I think it's very unfair...

# COMPOSITION

by

John Flinn



Stars  
review by

Bob

my

Tucker

)) NOTE: this review of The Stars My Destination by Alfred Bester (Signet Books, New York, 1957. 35¢) is dated 1957. We wish to thank Mr. Tucker for allowing us to print this review. -ed((

A number of years ago I was one of those readers who came out a'thumping and a'shoutting for The Demolished Man, Bester's earlier and highly-touted novel. I fell for it; considered it daring, unique, imaginative, and something of a brand-new approach to science fiction. I was overawed by the pyrotechnics of the author's style. Goshwowboyohboy!

I lived to regret my words.

The approach to his new book was a cautious one; even perhaps a sour and cynical one. And I didn't like it. The novel seems to be repetitious; the names have been changed, the plot-line twisted, and new patterns have been played on the typewriter keyboard, but still it is repetitious. When all is said and don, the demolished man is riding again, but this time his name is Gully Foyle. Gully has a mission in life. A single all-consuming occupation: to hunt down and kill the person or persons responsible for refusing to rescue him from a space-derelict. A good many people die in unpleasant ways as he pursues his enemy, but when he finally tracks down and confronts the responsible party, nothing happens. Thin's just peter out. He fails to extract any noticeable revenge. (As matter o.f fact, he turns "good," acquires a kind of

destiny in a t.i.o.n



poor man's philosophy, and takes to preaching. Which is a complete demolition of his character, and the death of reader interest in him.

Also involved in the tremendously involved plot are twenty pounds of "Pyre," a pyrophoric alloy which explodes when the proper destructive thoughts are aimed at it. Gully has the alloy, and his rich, shipping-magnate enemy wants it. A flock of other people also want it because it seems there is a war on between the inner and outer planets...and well, you know how those things work out. Everybody seizes and tortures poor old Gully, but he doesn't give up the loot until he is good and ready. Gully's search, hampered by imprisonment and inquisition, comprises the story. (Including a number of remarkable escapes that would astound Houdini.)

Bester is most interesting when he contradicts himself and becomes entangled in his own bootstraps. In the Prologue, and again and again in the story, he forgets his own rules for teleportation. It is clearly and definitely stated that to teleport oneself from here to there, one must clearly see and know the "here" as well as the "there." It is impossible to jump from a black-out room, or to jump into a hidden room, or into any place the person has not previously seen and memorized. Bester states that viewing 3-D pictures isn't enough; "...he had to visualize, completely and precisely, the spot to which he desired to teleport himself." And again: "In jaunting //Bester's term for teleportation. -ed// from New York to Chicago, it is necessary for the person teleporting himself to know exactly where he is when he starts and where he's going." Not just the city, mind you, but almost literally the square foot of land he wishes to land on. And finally: "...limited as much by income as ability; for one thing was certain: you had to actually see a place to memorize it, which meant you first had to pay for the transportation to get you there."

Very well.

Page 12: "There were land riots as the jaunting poor deserted (their) slums to squat in plains and forests, raiding the livestock and wildlife." How, please, sir? How did the slum dwellers get to the plains and forests?

Ibid: "Plagues and pandemics raged as jaunting vagrants carried disease and vermin into defenseless countries. Malaria, elephantiasis, and the backbone fever in Borneo, leprosy, long imagined extinct, reappeared." Those natives really like to get out and see the big wide world, don't they?

On page 29, Gully Foyle sneaks away from his hospital nurse and leaps into the living room of her Wisconsin apartment. He ransacks the place and just happens to find her diary, in which she just happened to jot down incriminating evidence about herself. I'm curious to know how Gully memorized her living room while recuperating in the hospital in New York, and I

have grave doubts about the intelligence of that nurse. She is on the government suspect-list, so she thoughtlessly leaves a diary around which contains all the damning information they would like to know.

On page 92, an advance man from a circus appears and stakes out an acreage facing Lake Michigan. In the following hours the whole bloody circus jaunts in and sets up tent. Any comment would be superfluous.

Also in the Prologue, and many times thereafter, is the statement that no one --not even the experts-- can teleport more than one thousand miles. That is the outer limit, and persons are issued licenses defining their mileage limits. So on page 136 we find "Robin Wadsworth enter the office, still wearing the torn white evening gown. She had jaunted immediately from New York to London without bothering to change."

The book closes with a repetition (with variations) of the typographical tricks first displayed in The Demolished Man. Bester has more fun with his keyboard than any writer I know.

-Bob Tucker

\* \* \* \* \*  
DEFLECTIONS ARE TO DARE GOOD.....  
\* \* \* \* \*



# BACKLASH!

...LETTERS OF COMMENT  
FROM OUR READERS...

Bill Pearson, 4516 East Glenrosa, Phoenix, Ariz. (When we got the letter, that is.)

-Hello. Yep, got IMProbable. Not bad in general. The repro is not the greatest, but I guess Hecto //sic.// is supposed to be about the most difficult to work with - so I won't squeak about it too much. //At last! We've done something about that problem. See next ish. -ed.//

Liked your //Cameron's// story, altho it is an ancient plot. Redmon's bit was cute.

Got a big charge out of that line: The perfect gift for the main two types of people: The man who has everything  
The man who has nothing

Crazy, man.

Len Moffatt was interesting.

//Thanks for the kind words. Some of the reaction was really surprising, considering what we had expected from such a zine.//



The Coulsons, 105 Stitt, Wabash, Ind.

Actually, here is a lack of good fan fiction, and while at first glance it might seem ridiculous, it really isn't. ...good fiction is far harder to write than good non-fiction. I know from experience. I used to write fiction myself, but the more fanac I do the less time I have for any one activity, and so now I stick strictly to articles, parody, and reviews...//That's too bad. I'd like to read some fiction by you. I have to admit I haven't. -ed.//

In the second place, any piece of fan fiction must compete with pro fiction for the attention of the readers. There are so few pro articles that they have little bearing on the field...no matter how good a piece of fan fiction is, there are always better pieces in the promag... //This is the true point, I think. Naturally, if a writer can sell his material, why give it away? I suppose this is just human nature. -ed.//

In fact, while I'm in favor of fan fiction ///, and publish enough of it to draw scathing comments from the fassanish element, I seldom if ever read a piece of fiction in someone's fanzine until the last moment before a review. //Are you implying something? -ed// ...there are very few fan-written pieces that are superior to the professional stories in even such mags as MADGE and SUPER SCIENCE FICTION. //Could anything be that bad? To what is fandom coming? -ed//

...Slight interruption from Juanita... For a while, perhaps still so, 'Frank Arthur Kerrigan a column, BUBBLING OVER, in Sigma Octantis, which was quite readable, but in general, the good fan fiction appears in SO and various other restricted fanzines...you say you are trying something //Not yet. See the inside back cover. -ed//...apparently 'creative writing and drawing'...or something else...orv /// occur out there that we're trying to do something, too... ...let the other guy have an opinion too - huh? //All right. True, fassans have their place in fandom. But let's be reasonable. Besides, I disagree with what you say, but I defend to the death you right to say it. -ed// ...and what do you mean by 'creative drawing?' //I must have made a mistake. I only meant for the 'creative to go only with the 'writing'. -ed// ...all too often this is an excuse to go overboard on the modern motif, which, while it has it //sic// merits, is not the only thing to ever achieve a quality rating in the field of art...//Can't an artist do more than just copy and recopy the stock faces, forms, and scenes? Both realistic and modern are all right. But, does an artist have to be impressionist to be original? -ed//

Back to Buck...we don't publish a lot of fiction...we've never received much fiction worthy of publishing //In your estimation. Have you ever tried to let a group of consultants advise you on a piece of fiction? -ed//

I'm still in favor of fan fiction //Again: ?//, but the quality of the manuscripts that I've read and the stories I've read in all fanzines, even including some in YANDRO, is pretty discouraging. //Could this be a result of all that 'space opera'? -ed//

...there are several fan poets who seem able to turn out a quantity of decent material... //I think that work, to be pubbed, should be more than just "decent". And, besides, verse is much more easily turned out. -ed//

))It is unfortunate that I had to cut Buck's letter so much. I suggest the both Buck and Juanita get a glance at the inside back cover. There, they'll learn that I'm going to try an experiment. -ed//

Dave (Hogue) Harris, 4550 Emerson St., Riverside, Calif.

Well, to begin with rather bluntly, I think it stunk in a few places as far as reproduction goes. This being the fault of the machine, I really can't blame you...but! The fact remains...then again, you are relatively just beginning in



London that you have... if you could get me to iron out the  
kinks and bugs... The Plotter was pretty good, in spite of its  
crude reproductions... The movie review was rather unusual...  
FIRST CONTACT had all the fire and adventure usually found in  
a mag devoted to the realm of outer space and future happenings.  
//I was wondering what LP was devoted to. -ed// A FAMOUS  
MURDER CASE was neatly packaged... to keep it from dragging... I  
didn't read THE CON SPOT, mainly because I couldn't see it...  
TERRACE REPORT was rather clever... AFTER, some fiction by the  
editor was done very well //Ego? -ed// (Clark should put more  
fiction into his issues and less editorials) //You should see  
ish 5. -ed//...Keep crackin' at it ol' man...

//The only thing you can be sure of in printing with Nektro is  
a couple of very sticky hands. Will try to improve, tho.

-Cameron//

John Russell, p.o. box 15, Wakefield, Mass.

One of the oldest dodges in reviewing is the statement:  
'average material but shows promises.' It's notorious as a  
clean-cut way to get off the hook without incurring wrath or  
betraying self-respect.

But I'm going to use it in reference to 'First Contact' in  
the second LPROMABLE...I think you had something more definite  
in mind than a series of events...commendable. Events do not a  
story make...For the most part, the writing was uninspired, but  
here and there were sentences that stuck out and were gems.  
"...the slender needle scratched the atmosphere, it changed  
from energy into matter."...(this) was the best in the story...

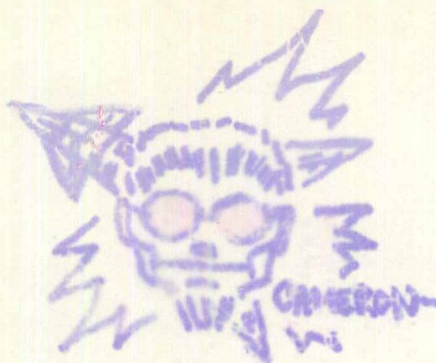
Structurally, you build many characters with a certain  
amount of clarity...then do nothing with them...In a sweep you  
build a character, then you drop him...the result is that the  
story doesn't move properly.

The ending is too vague to be called subtle... //Cameron and  
I have argued on this point in several stories. Just how subtle  
should a story be? Of course, the author has to contend with a  
wide range of readers, each with varying intelligence. -ed//

...I dunno how much good an attempt at defending my  
editorial will be, but I'll bite. I define a fanatic as an  
escapist because he channels his attention...on one subject  
as a means of forgetting reality...Hobbies are a form of escapism.  
...Science fiction has given little to the great body of  
literature... //On the fanatic, there's a little study out in  
a Mentor book known as THE TRUE BELIEVER, by Eric Hoffer. -ed//

//I didn't even like writing 'First Contact' so it's not sur-  
prising that you didn't like reading it! ...I don't agree that  
you can't make a story out of events...Simple: the invaders were  
from earth...Do you really think a person who channels his  
attention is an escapist? ...it's a little more complex...  
...don't you think Verne's S-F contributed anything...? -Cameron//

# SPECIAL



WRITERS, ARTISTS, AND READERS, PLEASE

NOTE THE FOLLOWING

Due to some of the vast quantities of replies I've recently had concerning fan fiction and art work. These two cries have echoed and re-echoed thru fandom: "Fans can't write worth a \_\_\_\_\_!" and "There aren't any good fan artists!"

Now, I've decided to do something to disprove these theories. In IMPossible #5, just after our special con ish, I'm hoping to run an experiment. The entire ish will, if my pleas are answered, be composed of only high quality fiction, verse, and art work. No editorial, no news, no reviews, no columns, no letters, and so on. I've been told that this impossible. Now, I'd like to, with your help, prove that it can be done.

There will be a great deal of competition, so I warn you. But, the rewards are worth the effort. Everyone who honestly tries to get some reasonably good work pubbed will receive a free copy of ish 5, plus his material, which will be turned back to him. And, everyone who makes the grade, will get free the entire second volume of IMP...all six issues!

And, if this experiment is a success, I'll try to do the same thing again in the second volume. But, please remember, everything depends on you. Please try to reply as soon as possible.

**FICTION:** I'll run from 5 to 10 pieces, ranging from plain S-F to the weirdest fantasy. Stories should be no longer than 2500 words and no shorter than 900 words.

**VERSE:** I'll turn about three pieces, one of which should be humorous. Not longer than 30 lines nor shorter than 5 lines.

**ART:** Realistic and modernistic drawings in one or two colors are acceptable. Not larger than 6"X11" nor smaller than 3"X3".

Everything will be selected by Cameron and myself and then reselected by a board of consultants. Afterwards, Cameron and myself will make the final decisions. (Cameron judging art and verse, and myself on fiction and verse.)

Please respond as quickly as possible.

-V. Clark, ed.





IMP



IMPROBABLE PUBLICATIONS  
MI PUBLISHERS  
2561 Ridgeview Drive  
San Diego 5, California

Return & Forwarding  
Postage Guaranteed

PRINTED MATTER ONLY

( ) Contributor Copy

☒ Trade

( ) Review

☒ Complimentary

( ) Subscription

( ) Your Last Issue

☒ Club Member

TO:

*Johnny Boy Shiel*  
*2984 Wilshire St.*  
*Merkham,*  
*Ill.*