

formerly Sci Trends



"The Jack Daniels
of the fanzine
World"

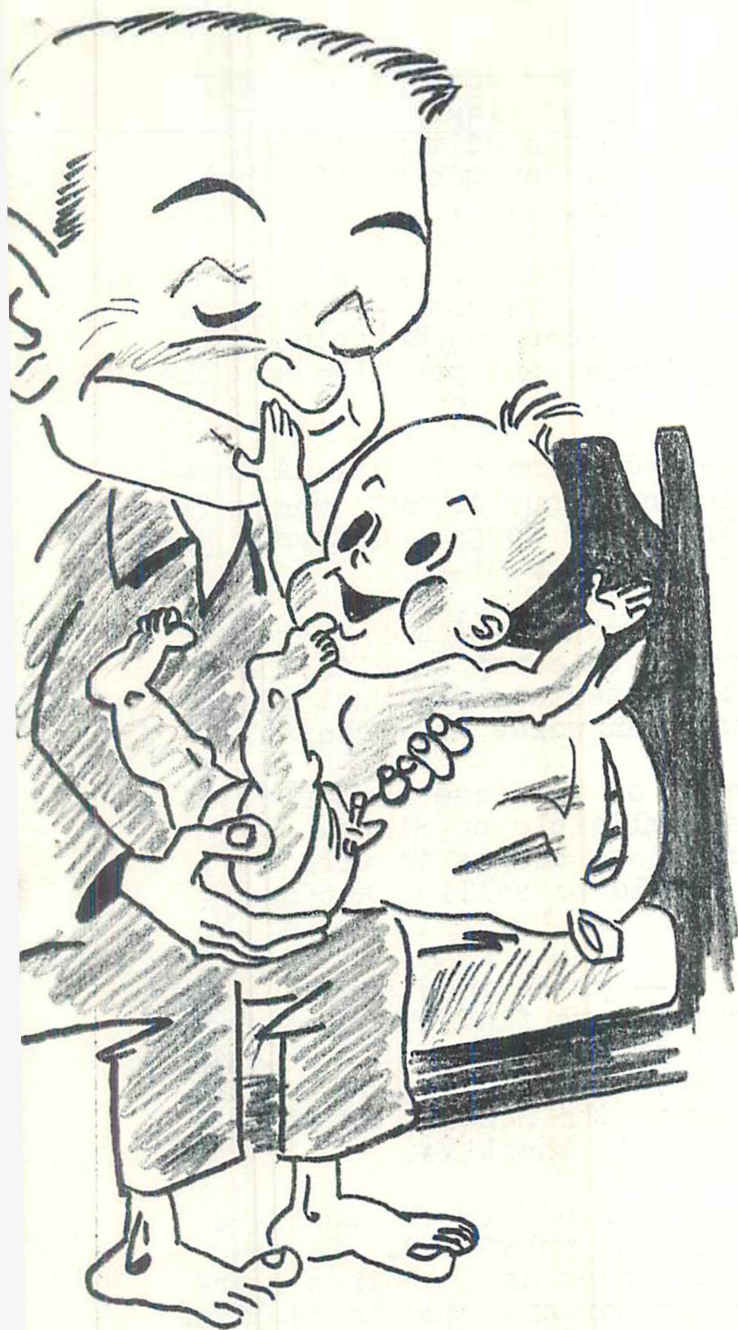


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Had a bit of a time getting this issue finished and in the mails. Had a new baby at our house and the days I've been home it seems I've been commandeered for household chores, etc.

Material in this issue is by Jan Lindel, Basil Wells, Wilke Conner, Hal Annas, Lynn Hickman, Jim Anderson, Dick Ellington, Plato Jones, LACH, Nancy Share, Jack Harness, and Tex.

J D #23 will start my 6th year of fan publishing and while I'm not planning an annual or anything as large as that, I am planning an extra fine issue. Won't say what will be in it, You'll just have to send in your sub-and see.

Fanzines have been coming in fairly steady of late. I picked the last few off the pile to start my review column so that it would be up to date. One more has arrived since typing up the column, that I feel should be mentioned. Umbra #8

published by John Hitchcock
15 Arbutus Ave., Baltimore 28,
Maryland. I won't have the space
to run a review on it but I thought
it deserved mention as it is an 80%
improvement over former issues.
The duplication which had henceforth
been next to unreadable is beautifully
done in this issue. The cover was excell-
ent, the interior illoes and material
were average. If any of you were scared
off by previous issues, give this zine
another chance.



(Continued on page 29)

One of the popular features of the old TLMA - Trends was the guest editorial. Since returning to the subzine field we will once again feature them. Our first one will be by Basil Wells.

MONEY? SHARING OF IDEAS? EGOBOO? by Basil Wells

Why does any near-normal entity spend hour after hour laboriously inscribing his thoughts on rectangular slabs of clay, metal, or thin white paper? Or for that matter why do the editors of the "little" magazines slave so lovingly for their anemic rags? For the editors, at least, the money angle is out. . .

One of the three reasons listed above, and often a blend of all three, impels a man to write. There be other, minor, reasons --- such as the instructor in English Composition who forces one to grind out dreary tales of fiction --- but money, ideas, and prestige are the three true goals of the writer.

To write for money seems to be the accepted purpose today. According to the Jack Woodford school of thinking a guy is nuts who writes principally to be read and enjoyed. Write for dough. Get your pleasure out of the checks bolstering your bank account.

This is all very nice. We can all use the money --- more money than we have --- to buy time and equipment to carry on with the writing or editing, of better and better material. We must also eat while doing this. Money for typewritten words is wonderful.

But, lets face it. In ninety-nine percent of the case histories of the would be writer the cash return is negligible or minus. Only the occasional near-genius, or the lucky dog, cashes in with the real money. For the time invested he should be selling hotdogs along a highway with a detour. . .

Skipping to the egoboo angle --- prestige --- pride in a superior performance --- aristocrat among the peasants --- we find the most common reason for a desire to write. With most of us, however, the desire is the end. We do not carry through. We do not write, but we can dream. If we wanted we could out-Hemingway the master, or dash off a best seller in a few weeks. But we haven't the time.

This lust for adulation and glamor soon wears off if the would-be writer actually creates and has a few stories published. He sees how the fickle reading public creates new heros and heroines overnight, discarding the lauded authors of yesterday. And he realizes that a writing career, like that of an actor, is a very unstable and unsatisfactory life when prestige is its only foundation.

This leaves us with the sharing of ideas. And this, to our notion, is the true goal for any editor, author, or publisher. . . . To open a window into other eras and other cultures. To permit a reader to sense that these strange or exotic vistas mean to the writer's mental eyes and senses, and to make them plausible and realistic. We strive to put into clumsy words and phrases the amusing idea, the alien scenery, the other-worldly mentality that is yet understandably intelligent.

No matter how clumsily constructed, or how limping may be our spelling and punctuation, if we can get the reader to share our thoughts and enjoy them, we are a success. And, how-ever perfect may be our format and structure, if the reader is left cold, we have failed.

Here enters the greatest problem of all; how to share our ideas with the reading public. Editors die, retire, are fired, and get fed up with a writer's use of certain phrases or characters. Magazines cut back or fold. "Name" authors, from other fields, invade our markets. There is competition from thousands of other writers --- many of them technically superior.

It is frustrating to have ideas come to life on paper, die a series of small deaths with every rejection slip, and finally be buried in a filing cabinet or an orange crate full of other dog-eared manuscripts. No one has read or shared -- perhaps greatly enjoyed -- the newly created verbal paintings making up the complete story. And, inevitably, the urge to write is sapped and eventually may be destroyed. A writer must maintain contact with his public if he is to share his private worlds of thought.

Only the most steadfast and dedicated writer (or is it the more-stupid?) persists in his attempts to re-open the closed editorial doors that so inexplicably close him off from his readers.

This writer may study the writer's markets and the writer's magazines and decide that sex and formula are the solution. Later, he tells himself, he will return to his natural style. And so he holds his nose and plunges in. He tries to out-Spillane the master. He has pink, tan, and ivory naked flesh on every page and stolen forbidden passages in arms at the recommended intervals. Depravity lurks behind the most innocent glance.

He does not sell. Eventually, and with a sigh of relief, he turns to the little magazines.

Here he finds a range of fare that runs from childish froth and alleged humor to the most serious type of fiction and articles. He learns, after a few sad experiences, to limit his unpaid contributions to the better sheets. And he gives away his lesser and more offtrail material -- he knows now that after ten or twelve years his rejects are again marketable.

And eventually the day arrives, perhaps, when he is being published, and for pay, more or less regularly again. The words suddenly are coming more freely and plotting is no problem. He knows, instinctively, that some of his work is good. Others are sharing his viewpoint and appreciating his glimpses into the infinite reaches of could be.

For the moment his true goal is within reach. He is happy.

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by Wilkie Konner

Summer, with its joys and pleasures, is almost gone. To me, summer is the best time of the year. I think mostly I think mostly I like summer because of the absense of fuel bills. However, another reason I like summer is because in a way it reminds me so much of the good times I had when I first began reading science and fantasy fiction. More fantasy than scienc, I might hasten to add.

I particularly remember the summer I was 13 years old. There was a depression and prohibition and a republican president. I had nothing to do all day except read. In the mornings, I trudged to the public library and read children's books, fantasies such as Alice in Wonderland, and, of course the ever-wonderful Dr. Doolittle Books. Being a fast reader, and being only allowed two books, I usually finished them both by mid-afternoon. (Children's books aren't very thick.) Then for evening reading -- we had no radio -- I visited the neighbors and borrowed magazines. This was the hey day of the pulps and there were such fine mags as Terrence X. O'Leary and his Battle Aces, War Birds, Argosy Weekly, Doc Savage, The Spider, Wu Fang, The Shadow, Top Notch, Wild West Weekly, Ace High, Black Mask, Science Wonder Stories, Amazing Stories, Astounding Stories..... I could go on and on.

It is a wonder I didn't put my cute blue eyes out. I literally read all the time.

Three or four years before, I'd been introduced to Tarzan of the Apes in strip form--not comic--in the Charlotte Observer. I doubt if you remember how the Tarzan books were serialized. You possibly aren't that old. But here's how: there would be an illo, well-drawn, and below the pic would be a paragraph from the book. I guess the Tarzan books were the only ever to have each paragraph painstakingly illustrated. The summer that I've been reminiscing about I discovered a whole shelf of Burroughs books at the library: Tarzan and John Carter. That was doubtless my first complete saturation in fantascience.

So there you have it. Why I like summer. It is so nice to recall the dim days of my youth, especially the long, long hot days with nothing to do but read, read, read.

Most of you know that the stf boom launched by the a-bomb interest is dead. I can not help but wonder if a new interest in science fiction will develop when the first earth circling satellites are sent up in 1958. Tis a long wait, but it might just happen.

Most of the stf mags will doubtless revert to pulp format again now the boom is over. The pulp-type paper is cheaper, the larger pages eliminate the need for special trimming, ads are easier to fit in, and production costs are much lower. Palmer will doubtless lead the field. I understand he is seriously contemplating just such a move and in fact may have already done so.

The one promag I hated to see go was Planet Stories. It was a damn good mag to read for a change of pace. Pure action, but interesting. I do hope it will be revived soon. Nowadays the only way one can get real action in a book is to visualize the movements of copulation as the hero moves from one bed to another.

A magazine of the Confidential type likens Spillane to the writers who write on bathroom walls. Maybe if a publisher would use Spillane type stuff in stf magazines, he could sell a few books. (Any editors wanting something along that line, there are some wonderfully large crappers near here and I'll gladly copy anything stfish from the wall for the usual rate.)

LONGHAMMER'S HAMMERINGS: Went to see a stf movie but was rudely awakened in the middle of the third reel. A meteor whistled as it passed a rocket ship in deep space! Musta been a female ship.

20¢

from



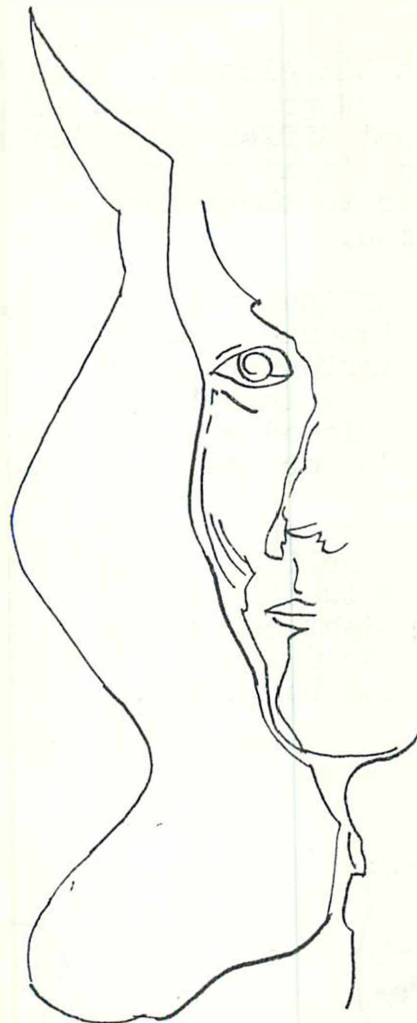
Kent Corey
Box 64
Enid
OKla.

ALICE IS

BACK!



RED, HOT AND HUNGRY



by Hal Annas

Harness

Jon McHenry shook his dark head, tried to shake it free of the cobwebs associated with a hangover. The cobwebs wouldn't come loose. His memory remained clouded. This was no ordinary hangover. It was the sort of haziness that first came to the knowledge of man in the year 1995 with the advent of the Paratime machine.

Blinking, Jon McHenry stepped out into the bright sunshine in company with the dozen other tourists. Nothing was familiar, nothing as he had imagined it would be. The streets were not great sweeping Broadways or Michigan Boulevards flanked by towering buildings. They were not even streets. They were byways of a sort, but no vehicular traffic jammed them from curb to curb. There were no curbs to jam.

But there were people--tall, comely people, wearing rainbow-hued garments that changed colors as they moved in the polarized light beneath the health-giving canopy of the city. They didn't hurry. They appeared to be totally extrovert, interested in everything about them and almost unconscious of self. They gazed at the tourists, not in the superior way of the cosmopolitan contemplating the yokel, but with genuine interest and---a touch of sadness.

Jon McHenry looked down at his clothes. They consisted of light grey slacks, sports shirt and grey jacket. On his feet were webbed sandals, comfortable and not differing radically from those of the people here. He glanced again at a man nearly seven feet tall whose garments were similar to those worn by the local populace. He made up his befogged mind.

Soon he returned to the sunshine from the shop. He had learned two things: Although the language had evolved somewhat in a hundred years he could understand the people here; his money was good here. He was now arrayed in colorful shorts, shirt and cummerbund which literally flowed with rainbow-hues whenever he moved from sunshine to shadow or even moved at all.

The other tourists were no longer in sight. This didn't disturb him. In one sense it was a relief. He had experienced the horrors of guided tours back in the twentieth century, and although his memory was vague on the subject he was happy to be relieved of the suffering now. He wandered aimlessly on his own along byways that wound among low roofless buildings.

Then he met the girl.



They stood facing each other on the moving pedalator. His dulled senses didn't warn him that he was visually drinking in her vibrant beauty until she returned his stare. Her azure eyes were on a level with his dark ones and there was something in their limpid depths that made him catch his breath. They were smiling at him, giving notice that she was going to smile with the rest of her features.

Her bright lips parted, turned up at the corners; her freckled nose crinkled. Crinkles appeared in her peachblown cheeks as the smile spread, and then he knew he was smiling back, for he experienced the warmth of feeling that accompanies that silent but tilting expression of friendliness. Involuntarily he advanced.

"Shireen Oswald," she breathed throatily. "I'm a researchist taking a holiday."

"Jon McHenry," he returned. And it seemed natural. "Just looking around."

She extended a slender hand, waited for his to enclose it, and this seemed natural, too. Her hand pulsed warmly. He didn't release it immediately nor did she attempt to withdraw it.

"I knew--the moment I saw you," she murmured breathlessly.

McHenry nodded. "I did too." He paused, reflected. He couldn't fathom why it seemed so natural to be picked up by a strange beauty over six feet tall in her spiked heels. She was unusually slender but without angles. Her bone structure was no bulkier than that of a girl of five-foot. A glance told him that he could more than reach around her wrist with thumb and forefinger and easily span her ankle in like manner.

"Shall we get off here?" she asked quietly, inclining her coppery head.

He shrugged. "Anywhere. Just so we're together."

She smiled understandingly, stepped off the pedalator, and her movement made him realize that she had the longest shapeliest legs he had ever seen. Her rainbow-hued skirt fell in four sections from her slender waist, flared briefly over perfectly molded hips, and each step parted the sections and revealed creamy golden thighs beneath. Her upper body was bare except for two transparent shoulder-sashes covering the pointed swells of her breasts.

He held his breath, fought down the surging in his body. They went along a flower-bordered walkway to a fountain. She paused, took both of his hands, held them to her breast and looked long into his eyes.

"We're about the right age," she breathed. "I'm forty-eight. You must be about sixty."

McHenry was stunned. He was thirty. He could remember that much. The impact came not so much from her judging him to be sixty as her confession that she was forty-eight. She didn't look a day over nineteen. Every line of her figure, every expression of her features was alive with the fire of youth.

He glanced into the liquid of the fountain. The image that looked back at him hadn't changed. It was the same image for which he had a birth certificate dated Dec. 3, 1965. He caught his breath. The girl's birth certificate, if his figures were right, would be dated 2047. And yet he was thirty years old and she was forty-eight. Paratime.

"You live nearby?" she asked as though to make conversation.

He nodded. He lived within a mile of this place. But, of course, there was another distance. He couldn't bring himself to mention it now. and he couldn't think of her as other than a girl in her teens.

"I have everything a girl should have," she said dulcetly.

Again he nodded, soaking up the beauty and radiance of her, and he was sincere in his acknowledgment that she had everything.

"We can begin living together today," she added, lowering her eyes.

Jon McHenry found himself unable to speak. He felt a prickling in his shoulders and back. He understood that she was telling him that she had a girl's usual dowry, the odds and ends girls accumulate with which to begin keeping house.

She looked up shyly, a shadow of doubt on her smooth features. He knew he had waited too long to reply.

"Or later," she added as the color rose in her cheeks, "If you think we should have a courtship."

McHenry could see that she was uncomfortable as a result of his lack of response. She released his hands, looked away. He felt guilty. It was as though he had brought pain to a child. Involuntarily he put an arm about her.



She snuggled close. "I thought for a moment I'd made a mistake," she sighed. "But now I know I haven't."

McHenry couldn't keep the muscles in his arms from contracting. Her pliable body pressed warmly, molded to his. Her coppery lashes descended over azure eyes; full lips were there before him, parted, waiting. She trembled in response to the throbbing in his body. The scent of her hair filled his nostrils. The warmth of her, the trembling, the waiting, the expectancy made his senses reel. He crushed her to him. He kissed her eyelids, nose and cheek. He looked at the parted lips, waiting, beseeching. And then he heard the shouting.

She drew back weakly. It was as though she had been overcome by the ardor of the moment. Seconds passed before she breathed normally, before the hot flush receded from her features.

"Tourists," she murmured, gesturing.

McHenry looked. It was the same group that had come through with him. They looked wholly out of place, not only in dress, but in stature. Few were over six feet tall. Some were fat; others thin. None of the women were over five feet six inches in height. He tried to understand, and it dawned on him that it was like looking at primitives from the edge of civilization.

He turned back to the girl. She was gazing at the tourists with interest and sadness.

"Imagine!" she whispered. "They're from a hundred years in the past. We'll have to move if they come close."

"Why?" The word came out before McHenry could stop it.

The girl eyed him curiously. "Disease," she said. "We'd have to be decontaminated."

The import didn't come at once. And when it did it came with a sense of horror. He, too, was from the time of disease. And he'd made love to this fragile and diseaseless beauty. It dawned that when she realized the truth she would feel the same revulsion a person of his time would feel upon coming in contact with a leper. More so, because leprosy was no longer an unconquered horror.

A sense of panic came over him. He knew he would have to do something to correct what had happened--or carry on his conscience the guilt of her murder. He quivered. In effort to marshal his thoughts, he muttered something unintelligible.

The girl placed a hand on his shoulder. "I know how you feel," she said softly. "Gives you the creeps to think of disease," She kissed him.

McHenry drew back. She moved with him, clung. His senses became so acute he imagined he could feel germs crawling from the pores of his flesh to enter the flesh of the girl. Seeming proof came in her shivering as she pressed against him. He assumed he had already transmitted fever and chills.

Feeling leprous and vile, he silently cursed himself for the contaminated thing he was and tried to think of something to do. The girl seemed equally confused. She stood at arm's length and studied him.

"You've got something," she said. "We must hurry to the baths."

The baths! Of course. The places of decontamination. He recalled that in getting deloused in the army he'd had patches of skin removed in scalding baths.

"Lead the way," he said airily, feeling better.

On the pedalator he sought to learn more about the girl and this era. The reason transcended curiosity. He knew he would have to tell her that he was from the past. The more he knew about the beliefs and understanding of this time and place the easier to break the news to her.

"Why don't they send decontaminators back through time?" he wanted to know. "Then the tourists wouldn't bring disease."

She smiled tolerantly. "I can see that you don't keep up with things. The creatures from the past aren't our kind. They're from the adjoining universe."

McHenry reflected. "You mean, you--we aren't descended from them?"

"Of course not. You should read Creswell. Our scientists broke through into the parallel universe, and somehow it occurred at a point a hundred years in the past. It happened once before in the days of the Ramses. Then there was an intermingling and even marriages. Both civilizations vanished as a result, but ours left records."

"Why not send that knowledge to the people in the other universe?" McHenry asked. "It would be invaluable there."

The girl hesitated. "Surely you know you can't exchange intelligence like that. Certain things can be transmitted, but not records, and there's something called a memory warp for lack of a better term. Were I to go back with my present knowledge of foods I couldn't put it to use. I would recall things vaguely, and even if they were clear in my mind they would seem unreal and unreasonable. With the very best of intention, I would most certainly poison my husband."

McHenry started. "You know how to fix beefsteak?"

"Of course. Inject ptomaine over a needle-ray, then serve with arsenic."

It took a while for McHenry to steady himself. "And these baths? Of what are they?"

"Acid. They're delightful. Then you relax on a bed of radio-actives. They cure everything brought in by tourists."

McHenry wiped sweat from his brow. "Maybe I don't need those treatments."

"Of course you do. They tone you up even when you haven't an ailment. Regular bathing is a must. You'll die before you're three hundred if you don't."

"In acid?"

"No. That's only for the decontamination."

"Ah!" McHenry sighed. "The regular kind will fix me up. But don't let me hinder you. Go right ahead with the acid if you wish."

"Whatever you say." The girl nodded in agreement. "The quicklime baths are--"

"Quicklime?"

"The regular baths. The kind you enjoy."

"But--but--" McHenry puzzled briefly. "I've developed a fancy for another kind of bath. Like in that fountain back there."

The girl frowned. "Then you do like acid?"

"Was that acid?"

"Definitely. I can't understand why you don't know such things. It's the very best drinking acid."

"Oh! Maybe I'd better not bathe or drink either. I'm sure I'm not ill. But you go right ahead."

The girl nodded. "You look normal enough. And it makes me happy. Earlier you didn't have that healthy vacant stare, that nervous twitching, and your color wasn't parchment white. But now you look fine. Healthy and hungry." She lifted the covering from one breast. "Help yourself."

McHenry gasped. "You mean--?"

She nodded. "I'll eat one of your ears in turn. Unless you'd rather I'd drink blood from your throat."

McHenry shook his head vigorously. "I'm not hungry."

"But I am," she insisted. "Let's go somewhere and dine."

McHenry brightened. "You know a good restaurant?"

"I was recharged yesterday," she declared. "Won't need to go to a restaurant again for months. And you're bursting with energy which will be converted into food as fast as I eat you."



"Let's save those pleasures for later," McHenry suggested.

She lifted the covering from the other breast. "I have ample," she murmured, sending a stream of milk at him. "And now that we're married we should enjoy ourselves."

"Married?"

"Of course. Don't you remember? You said you knew the moment you saw me you could eat me up."

"But I--"

She lowered her eyes. "You may not have used the exact words, but you made me understand. And I told you plainly I'd never seen a man who appealed more to my appetite. Then you tasted me. Remember? To see if I was the right flavor."

"But I'm not sure--"

"And when I tasted you I knew you were the man for me. I could hardly keep from biting off your arm. But I hadn't married you yet and it would have been immoral."

"When did we get married?"

Her lovely mouth fell open. "You weren't paying attention? You didn't see the green light?"

"I saw several green lights when we were on the pedalator," McHenry admitted. "But I didn't

see any reason for them and didn't know what they meant."

"Oh!" The girl studied him with a strange light in her eyes. "Green always means go ahead with what's on your mind. The overall system keeps track of our conduct and more obvious thoughts. When a couple are obviously in love they get the green light, and that's all there is to it. Here's where we get off. Wait a second and you'll see the green light when the pedalator starts again. That'll make doubly sure we're married. Then we'll go to the baths."

They went along byways to an arched entrance. McHenry hesitated, tried to hold back, but she took his hand and drew him after her. She didn't pause until they'd reached a large dressing room.

"This where we prepare for the baths," she informed him.

He turned to depart. "Go right ahead. I'll wait outside."

"Oh, no!" She flung her arms about him. "You must help me with my clothes. You mustn't forget we're married."

Hot blood rose in his neck, pounded in his temples. "C-c-couldn't we—"

"Of course." She squeezes him tighter, opened her mouth. Sharp pain lanced through his ear and he heard her teeth close. He jumped, lifted a hand to the side of his head. She chewed contentedly. "Now we're really married," she said.

His mouth was hanging open, and as she spoke a jet of warm milk streamed into it. He gasped and some of it went down his windpipe. She patted him on the back.

"Are you sure that's Grade A?" he asked.

She looked hurt, disappointed. "And its pasteurized, too." she said almost tearfully. "There isn't another girl anywhere that gives better. Or more flavors. The other one is chocolate. I'm sure I'll make a satisfactory wife."

McHenry tried to cheer her up. "It's fine," he said.

Instantly she pressed his head against her bosom. "Help yourself," she said generously. "One fills up as fast as the other gets empty. The left one is chocolate."

McHenry took only a slight nibble, then drew back. He was afraid he was going to learn to like this sort of thing. "You go ahead with your bath," he suggested. "I'll turn my back."

"But my clothes. You'll have to hold them."

Breathing became difficult for him, but he didn't want to offend her further. He stood rigid and extended his hands. "Let's have 'em," he said.

She moved to a locker, brought out a fur coat, placed it in his hands. He held it while she wiggled into it. Then she found a pair of hipboots, and he had to help her get them on.

"I'm ready," she said. "We go through this door."

Scratching his head, McHenry followed. She selected a vat of acid and lowered herself, fur coat and hipboots into it.

She sloshed around for awhile, and McHenry extended a hand to her as she stepped out. He felt the bite of the acid on her dripping fingers, snatched his hand away, brought out a handkerchief and wiped vigorously. The handkerchief began to dissolve. Skin peeled from his hand.

The girl gasped. "You've got something." She reached, tried to push him into the bath. He ducked, darted through a second doorway.

"That's right," she cried. "Into the radioactives. Bury yourself in them."

One look told him the beds were hot with radioactives. He thought he felt something burning into his flesh. He plunged to the end of the room, halted against the wall. The girl, dripping acid, was on him. He was cornered.

Flinging an arm over his face, he tried to go past her. Her hands gripped him, drew him beneath the fur coat, pressed him toward a bed of radioactives.

He knew his body would offer resistance to acid, but couldn't sustain the resistance. No matter what happened, he would be scarred from the contact. His hope was solely to get away alive. And that hope was fast diminishing.

The girl was strong. She embraced him from fervor little short of violent passion, forced him down on the bed, then bit a chunk out of his throat.

He was about to give up. The fight was going out of him. He knew that he wasn't going to survive.

"I'm from the past," he said in a last feeble gesture. "I'm full of disease."

Her eyes went wide with horror. She drew back, spat. "I was beginning to notice something wrong with the taste," she said bitterly. She pulled a cord and a distant gong sounded.

A man seven feet tall came into the room. The girl pointed at McHenry. "From the past," she said. "I'll get a divorce on the grounds of non-support. And I should get plenty of alimony."

The man took McHenry to another room, put him under a shower and finally under healing rays, then took him to the paratime machine.

"I don't want to go back," McHenry said. "She's my wife and I love her."

"We have a special arrangement to take care of that," the man explained. "You can express your love with alimony and she can express hers with a receipt. It's been arranged so those things can go through."

"But I was getting so I like this way of living," McHenry went on reasonably. "I want to stay here and try to adapt."

His argument carried no weight with the man. Nor was he allowed to see his wife again, although he balked at the threshold of the machine and explained very carefully that he had to have just one more nibble..

Soon thereafter he shook his head, tried to clear it of the cobwebs. Everything was hazy. There was memory of a sort, but it didn't make sense.

He went out to the street, sniffed the carbon monoxide, listened to the roaring of traffic.

And he couldn't understand what made him drool and smack his lips everytime he looked at a sweater girl.

END

More fiction by Hal Annas is going to appear in future issues including the Lennie Zitts, Zoo, and Pupsie series that first appeared in Imagination.

Watch for them.



FROM PROGRESS NEWS



"ALWAYS KNOCK
BEFORE YOU GO
IN. HE PRESSES
HIS OWN PANTS!"

AS WE
SEE
'EM...



This column will be devoted to reviews of the fan press and conducted by ye editor until a suitable reviewer can be obtained. Anyone interested in the job please write enclosing a few sample reviews of late issue zines. I don't care for the simpering type review, I want the zine discussed or reviewed in a critical manner that will help the editor in making improvements that are needed to make his fanzine better.

Science Fiction Review #21 Richard E. Geis 1525 N.E. Ainsworth
Portland, Oregon

Its too bad Dick hasn't the time to publish both Psy and SFR. While I personally liked Psy better, it is unfair to make a comparison between the two zines, for they are two completely different type zines. Psy was for the fan and was really a delightful zine for fan reading. SFR is more for the general reading public and follows the styles of the zines of the early 30's in discussing science fiction and science fiction reading rather than the doings of the fans themselves. It ~~is~~ the type of zine that has been needed in fandom for sometime and I feel that it will make some fans out of people who were just readers before.

The cover for #21 is by Bob Kellogg and is a fine one. Lithoed with half-toning yet. The interior illustrations are average or slightly below average.

Damon Knight has written up a speech he gave at the Fan Vets Con in New York last April. I'm sure it sounded better than it reads. Mildly interesting, but says nothing.

Curtis Janke came up with Mary Had a Little Lamb and in his own words "I'm saying 'just drop the whole furshlugginer mess for something a little-less moss-eaten.'"

In The Top Shelf, Noah W. McLeod gives a capable and interesting review of Arthur C. Clarke's Earthlight.

Dialogue, by Dick himself, is the best item in the zine. In this issue he reviews the Summer issue of Startling Stories with bits on other prozines inserted in the dialogue.

To Finish up this issue we have - Letter From New York by Ellison, and Letter From Britain by Smith. These are both letters on what is happening in the science fiction fields. Harlan tells of Jan Sadler stopping in to see him in New York. He says Jan is a remarkably experienced fan for HIS brief tenure in fandom and that Jan's first issue of SLANDER will soon be out. At this, one stops to wonder who stopped in to see Harlan. The Jan I know who lives in Jackson, Miss. and puts out SLANDER is Janice Sadler. Can it be that Harlan can't tell the difference between boys and girls yet?

In summing up this first issue of SFR, I can say that it is a capable zine, not outstanding, but with much promise of better things to come in the future. I know that Dick will be striving to make it a better and better zine as time goes along and it is a zine that I would recommend you to subscribe to.

Oopsla #18 Gregg Calkins 2817 Eleventh Street Santa Monica
California

This is a zine that is hard to describe. It is quite a popular zine in most fannish circles. I personally don't care very much for it. It has beautiful reproduction, average- or below average artwork and to my mind is too jumbled. You hardly know where one thing ends and another starts, although this issue is better in that respect than most I've seen. Much writing by Willis mostly on what happened on his trip here a couple of years ago. A reprint by Bob Shaw from Slant, fanzine reviews by Bob Silverberg and rambblings by the editor. Its a good zine, but as I say, one that doesn't strike me as being too interesting. But get a copy and find out for yourself. YOU may think its great.

Typo #3 Walt Bowart 306 E. Hickory Enid, Okla.

Here again is a fanzine that is hard to describe. It is a fairly new zine, this being the 3rd issue, and technically has many improvements to be made. The reproduction on the copy I have here, is poor. Walt has bought himself a used model 40 multilith and doesn't as yet know how to get the best out of it. It is the humorous, I don't give a damn, type of zine, and is of the type that I personally like. Walt has been having a hard time rounding up suitable material, but has now lined up columns by Wilkie Conner and myself for future issues. The artwork is above average mostly cartoon style. This is a zine that at the present time I can't honestly call good, but it is a zine that I think will keep improving with each issue and end up as one of the top humour zines. At any rate, why don't you write Walt, subscribe, and see for yourself if my prediction comes true.

Since typing up the review of SFR, I've received a note from Dick which states in part "Time has run out on SFR, I'm afraid, and it is in the file 13 place right now...as a title. I didn't like it after I'd produced it, and the thought of more to follow is too much for me. So....look for a return of PSY on a Quarterly basis at about 50 pages. Trades are welcomed." I'm happy to see Dick returning PSY to the fanzine field. Most happy. I like both Dick and his zine and feel that he has done an admirable job with it. I am also sorry to see the demise of SFR for I truthfully believe that we need a good zine of that type and am sure that Dick would have improved SFR until it would have been as good in it's field as PSY has been considered in the fannish field. I do hope, however, that Dick does not try to combine the two, but will keep PSY the type of zine that made it so popular.

Orion V2 N11 Paul Enever 9 Churchill Ave., Hillingdon, Middlesex, England.

England has been producing some fine zines with my own personal favorite being NOW & THEN published by Harry Turner & Eric Needham. The only trouble with England's fannish zines (and I suppose our zines bother them in the same way) is that we are not as familiar with British fandom as we are with America's so that some of the material is a bit boring to us. Orion is a good zine. Very nice format with good cartoon artwork. The best item in this issue is Ted Tubb's article on fandom and fanzines. I would suggest getting this issue if only to read Ted's article.

Alice V3 N2 Kent Corey Box 64 Enid, Okla.

This is type of fannish zine that I like. Good artwork, good reproduction and interesting all the way through. The best bit of art was the cartoon by Publius on the last editorial page of Alice and the horse. In by Dawn's Ugly Light Kent doesn't seem to think much of Trends #20 because it contains nothing of interest to any one but Saps and says that it is too bad that I would let my zine sink that low. In actuality, Kent, Trends #20 was printed for Saps. It was not intended for general fan reading, it was not intended for general fan interest. Now that I am back in the sub-zine field I think you will find material that is of interest to you and the general fan. Argassy, my regular Sapszine, will be sent only to Saps and a few people out of Saps that want or ask for it and will of course, feature material of interest by and large for Saps only.

In summing up Alice, I would say that here is a zine that you will like. It is not the best zine out, but if Kent keeps on with this rambling type of zine, I feel sure that in the near future Alice will be one of the favorite zines. I like it, why don't you try a copy.

Alas! Poor Eddie, I knew him well,
 well, yes,
 But so did she, she Annabelle,
 hell yes.
 She led him to the altar fair
 that morn,
 and I foresaw one of the pair
 forlorn . . .
 Ah, must I see him lost so soon,
 I thought,
 To her, brief, shallow claire de lune,
 a tot
 who knew not him nor his, nor this
 nor that?
 The rev'rend spoke, as rev'rends will,
 so soft;
 The brides-maid wept a tumbling tear;
 I coughed,
 For melodrama would not turn
 this head
 Whose ear was cocked to register
 all said,
 And I was fated to perform
 alone,
 defense of love before the storm
 unknown.

At length, anticipated speech
 was spoke.
 To me, just me, it seemed to reach,
 and broke
 upon my ear, words very much
 like these:
 "You speak right now or henceforth hold
 your peace."

And so I spoke, chagrining the silent
 throng,
 Much like the rock that burst full into
 song:
 "That girl," I cried, "is mother of
 my son!
 "They cannot marry! What is done
 is done!"



With that I fled the turmoiled scene
too fast
to see the girl in tears, and Ed
aghast.
Yet was I sure that through the lie
that fell,
My friend was foot-loose free from
Annabelle?
Yes, mon ami, forever to
meander,
While simple Annabelle sues me
for slander.

-Jim Anderson



J.D is the
Jack Daniels
of the fanzine
world.

METROMANIA a column by Dick Ellington

I was gung begin this two days ago but I couldn't think of a thing to say. So now the weekend is over and I'm literally filled with inane burblings:

Naturally the big talk around here concerns itself with New York's planned bid for the Worldcon in '56. Little groups of fans are seen gathering in corners, pondering hotel sites, plots and plans and learnedly discussing program ideas. The main aim of just about everybody seems to be to see that we get a hotel that doesn't object to anything in the way of high jinx and low drinking late at night. With all there are in this town there shouldn't be much trouble on that score. Of Course all this hangs on the contingency that we get the bid. Hope we're not too overconfident. Phillips has pretty well squelched Beck via the Club House in OW and we are most pleased to see a fair version of that story given. Nobody seems mad at anybody and the con committee under the Hon. Senator Kyle is functioning most admirably. We have already reserved a suite at Cleveland for campaign purposes and everybody is hereby cordially invited to come up and have a drink with us. Of course we will propagandize the hell out of you at this time but thats to be expected.

Might as well deal with another important point next. Reports and queries have been coming in concerning ye Fanarchists. Seems there are rumors creeping hither and yon that we are communists (or Communists if you prefer). I didn't think any fans could get this fugg-headed but apparently some of the yo-yo types have managed to extract this idea out of COUP. As a tried and true Fanarchist and a member of the COUP group let me set some minds at ease. To the best of my knowledge - and I know the Fanarchists pretty well - none of the Fanarchists are Communists, fellow-travelers, Communist sympathisers etc. etc. Also for a point of reference, we are not another Futurian movement and have no intention, wish or desire to "save", "take over" or otherwise mess up fandom. I hope this will clear up some misconceptions 'cause I get damn insulted when somebody strolls up and says, "Say, I hear you guys are commies." It is true that most of us in the New York Cell are interested in left-wing politics - but not communism. Beer is more fun. OK?

Dan Curran is back from the Midwestcon, decidedly the worse for wear and bearing a strtling piece of news. He reports that Joe Gibson is engaged-like to Roberta Collins of Chicago. Queried as to her looks he sighs and murmurs, "A doll, an utter doll." All of which leads me to believe that she is far too good for the Old Poker Face. Hear that he will be back to pack up and such so we will probably shivaree him a little as a last farewell to the original Lone Wolf of Fandom. He took off out of here a few weeks back without saying anything to anybody for a little prowl around the country. First I knew about it was when I started getting a rather startling series of postcards with criptic remarks on them from Cleveland, Chicago ("Brown Bear - is deviationist"), Denver ("...sheriff has got old, slow and pot-bellied,"), Santa Fe ("Postcards! Knew some Injun post trader would make money on this deal-"), and Albuquerque ("Saddle Stores are even advertising eastern saddles") But then that is Gibson.

Just finished listening to SUSPENSE put forth its best efforts on a Bradbury yarn entitled "The Whole Town's Sleeping" which was quite the most. Suspense seems to be more interested in stf lately and Bradbury in particular. They did a masterful job on his ZERO HOUR some time back and it was so controversial they reran it.

By Gadfreys the Fanarchists have suffered a stunning defeat. While the more well-to-do fans were shaking the cobwebs out of Bellefontaine we were having our usual Saturday night brawl and in the course of the evening a large group of us ambled over to the Jericho Tavern, our home away from home (they carry Jack Daniels at the bar per our request). No sooner do we get settled in the place than the Cossacks arrive and denude us of half-a-dozen of the younger sets who haven't reached 18 or had the foresight to buy phoney identification. A new waiter then proceeds to give us a hard time and when we return it with interest we are gently informed to get the hell out. Us! Thrown out of the Jericho! We consider it pretty run-of-the-mill, ordinary and normal to get thrown out of the other village bars but we've restrained ourselves no end in the Jericho just to have some place to go back to. Needless to say the Jericho is now on our proscribed list.

And we had a Fanvetcon here in April. Much bigger and better than the preceeding ones. Taurasi and Van Houten, with admirable foresight, rented a big hall that had a bar in the back. This made it fairly easy to grab people when needed but it left the main part of the hall a little empty at times. There were speeches and forums but I was on a committee of some kind and between that and trying to drown a rather horrific hangover I didn't hear too much. Several of the newer denizens of NYfandom were present including Ron and Cindy Smith and - you guessed it - Harlan Ellison. Poor Harlan was ribbed unmercifully most of the day. Seems like everybody had been saving up stunts to pull on him concerning Doors and Shorty Rogers records. Must say this for him tho; he takes it much better than last year.

We pause to put on a short skit...

Scene: Broadway & about 115th st.

Time: Very early one Sunday morn.

Cast: Ellison, Art Saha, myself & a cast of extras.

The cast is standing in the middle of the block, waiting for strays and a conversation is running. We cut in.

Me: "...so it's Del Rey's place you mean."

Ellison: "Whse place?"

Me: "Del Rey's."

"OOOH! YOU
MEAN LES.."



Ellison: "Who?"

Saha: "Del Rey! Del Rey!"

Ellison: "Oooooohhhh! You mean Les."

Saha and me gaze at each other mutely. He grins. I grins. We join hands and do a little circling dance on the sidewalk, chanting in falsetto chorus, "Ohhh Les, Ohhhhh Les." Ellison screams, "You bastards!" and runs madly off down Broadway. Saha goes into laughing hysterics. I fellow suit. Exit.

And as long as we're playing games with Ellison here's a cryptic bit I found scribbled in my notebook in Ellison's handwriting:

he
RI 9-9465
If a woman
answers - let
me know!

You bet.

Being fairly interested in pen names I was happy to see an article on Max Brand in the latest Atlantic Monthly. So I get surprised. I'd always been under the impression that Frederic Faust was his real name but it seems it's actually Schiller Faust. His old man was a bug on German philosophers and went so far as to name one of the other boys Wolfgang Goethe. All of which goes to prove absolutely nothing.

Boyd Raeburn and Ron Kidder have been here for the last week or so observing the sights of ye metropolis and having all sorts of interesting little adventures. They've managed to take in a Fanarchists brawl, a concert at Lewisohn-stadium and have even had a rather interesting experience with the Cossacks in Harlem that Boyd will undoubtedly report in A BAS.

Much laughing has been had around here over the latest issue of the Commie mag, "Masses and Mainstream" which contains an article by Sydney Finklestein in which he purports to discuss stf from the Stalinist viewpoint. If you're a collector you might want it - otherwise don't waste your money. Also of note is the June 13th issue of Industrial Worker in which Hank Jones Jr. has an article entitled "What Young Workers Read." He picks four items for a sampling. Prospect, Dissent, Mad Comics and - look out! - COUP. Funniest bit is this one:

"Having come this far, we might as well talk about Mad. This comic book, obviously, is a cheap, loud, pulpy, and escapist imitation of COUP,....."

This of course has pleased Mason and the rest of the COUP group no end.

That's the way it is and hope you are the same.

Top Link

"Water, eighty days' supply,
Limes to suck, preventin' scurvy,
Salt pork, biscuits, but
No liquor.
Liquor makes me seasick
Quicker."

Thus spoke Magellan, and after all, he was Captain. Our crew
was to be the soberest that ever flashed a cutlass. No souses aboard.

Diego, he was woeful dry,
Had his pay, was feeling nervy,
Bought a keg and damned
his lordship.
(Hid it when he got on
Board ship.)

Magellan was a sincere man, and a fine Captain. No one blamed
him that he didn't drink. But we were Sailors. Hadn't been sea-
sick OR sober a day of our lives.

Juan was going to stick with Cap.
Fate had willed he couldn't do it.
Won three gallons in a
Crap game--
Fate is where we anchor
That blame.

Poor Juan. But could you expect him to leave it at home and
let that filthy woman of his drink it?

Pablo stood before the tap
Gulping amber; said he knew it:
Sailors' thirsts are yet
Unmastered.
Sailors couldn't sail not
Plastered.

By that time, every bartender in port had found out how it
stood with Magellan's crew, and was laughing about it.

Tuesday was the day we shipped.
Captain swore we'd all make history.
We all laughed and swaggered
Bold,
More jugs than men down
In the hold.

Everyone in town came to see us off. But Magellan was too
busy to hear the jokes going around.

(cont. next page)

Friday night our secret slipped.
How it happened is a mystery . . .
Cap was mad but what
About him?
We sailed 'round the world
Without him!

It seemed a shame to pitch Magellan overboard, but he WAS
raising Cain about the affair. I might have tried to stop them,
but my buddy, Garcia, was lying asleep on the deck and I was
busy painting big black spots on his bare belly.

-Jan Lindel

(Continued from page 3)

It seems that I have this issue all wrapped up and then another
zine comes in that I would like to mention. This time its Eclipse
from Ray Thompson, 410 South 4th Street, Norfolk, Nebraska.

Eclipse is another zine that has improved greatly. A short while
back, along with Umbra, Eclipse had some of the worst duplicating
it was ever my pleasure to misread. Now, it has some of the fin-
est in the field. This issue has a good cover by Jack Harness,
not outstanding, or Jack's best work, but good and is presented
nicely. The contents, with the exception of Progress by Warren
Link was all readable and enjoyable. The interior illoes were
the least to say the most. A good, slightly above average zine
that has really pulled itself up out of the crudzine cellar.
You can send for this zine and get your moneys worth.

I'm going to wrap this up now. Any other zines recieved will be
reviewed in the next issue, properly, in the review column. For
those of you that haven't received my zines before, J D is a title
change from Stf Trends. The zine in itself will change little
with the exception that I will be trying to make it better each
issue. I have no definate policy. I print anything that I like
and think you will like whether it be stf, fantasy, or even how
to prepare candied catfish eyes. Letters of comment, pro or con,
are welcomed. Next issue we will again have a letter column, so
all letters are considered for the column unless you state that
it is not to be printed.



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