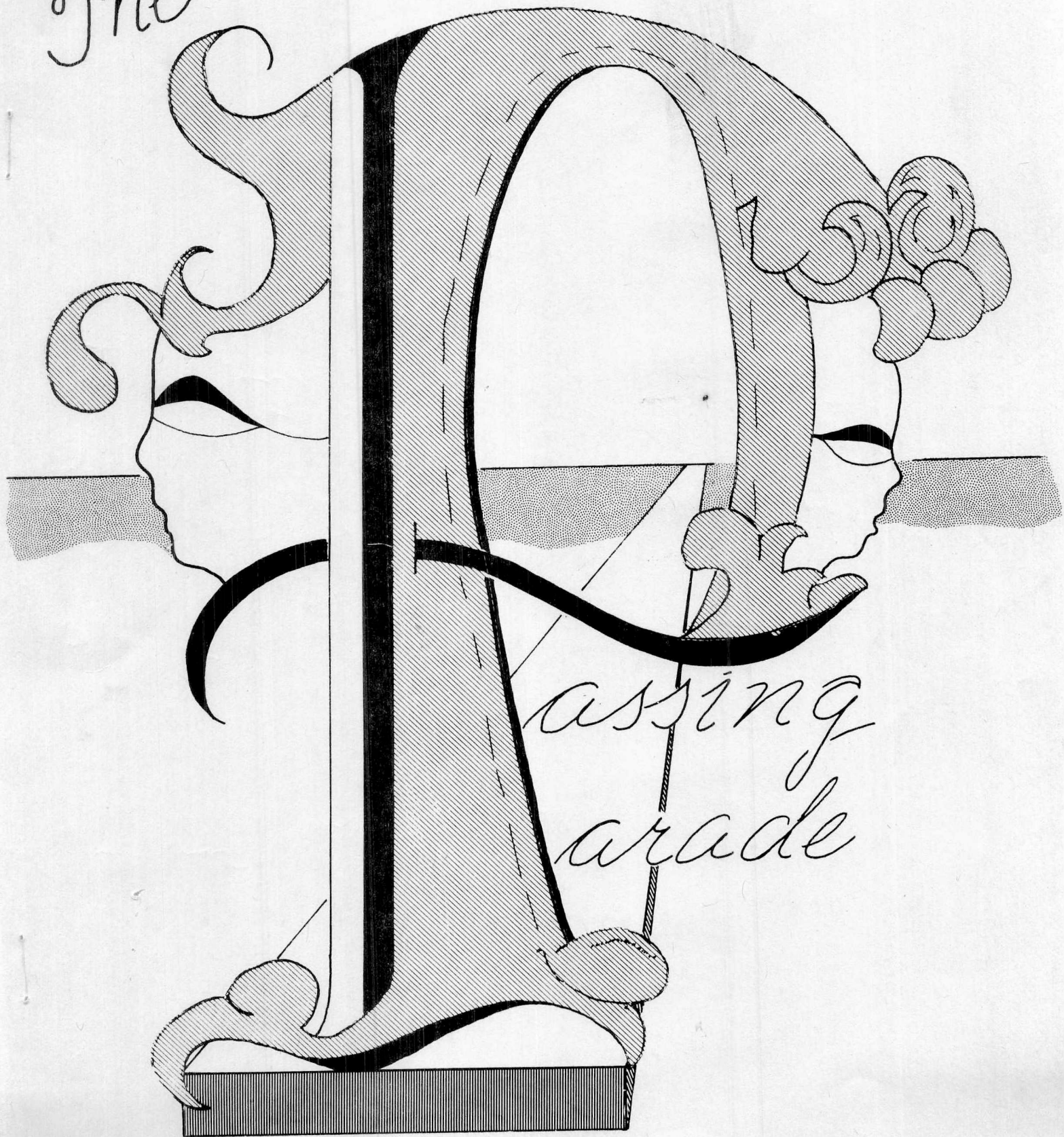


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THE PASSING PARADE #5

Written by Milton F. Stevens, 9849 Tabor St. #3, Los Angeles, California 90034. This issue will probably be post mailed to some FAPA mailing or other, since I seem to have a knack for missing the deadlines. Other copies are available for trade, loc or 25¢ 4/51. Cover by Sheryl Birkhead. Mimeography by Golds of California. December 1973.

Ego-Tripping Through The Tulips

It seems that with every issue of Passing Parade I've managed to get my foot in yet another fannish project. For this issue I managed to get myself involved with the purchase of the LASFS Clubhouse. Yes, after many a year, the LASFS has finally managed to convert the building fund into a building. The first meeting was held there October 25 with 108 members plus a selection of other people attending. The crowd included such people as Ray Bradbury, Robert Bloch, Theodore Sturgeon, Harlan Ellison, and A. E. Van Vogt, as well as our resident pros, Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle. We also got a congratulatory message from Robert A. Heinlein, who said that he still regarded himself as a member of LASFS. That apparently contradicts the story which I had heard that Heinlein had quit the LASFS in the forties because of a run-in with T. Bruce Yerke.

I got my foot in this project from the start by locating the building which was eventually purchased. One Sunday, I unaccountably found myself with nothing to do (or at least nothing I felt like doing). Something in the back of my brain reminded me that there was a section of Ventura Boulevard in the San Fernando Valley which had largely been by-passed by the Hollywood Freeway. As a result, the area wasn't too good for business, but it might very well be a good place to look for a potential LASFS Clubhouse. So I got a copy of the classified ads and started hunting around the area. I just happened to drive by a building which had an open house sign on it, and I walked in. The place had originally been a two bedroom house which had been converted to commercial purposes years ago. The place looked fairly good according to the criteria which we had discussed many times at board meetings. After a discussion of price with the real estate agent, I decided to call a special meeting of the board and away we went.

Buying a building was a completely new experience for me. A couple months ago I didn't even know what an escrow was, and I'm still not quite sure. Financing the building was a particularly interesting experience. Any of you who haven't yet filled your annual ration of humiliation should try talking to a bank loan officer. You can walk into a loan officer's office feeling like a respectable citizen and walk out feeling like a derelict who wandered in for no other purpose than to piss on the loan officer's desk. And I was only asking for a \$7000 loan on a \$32,000 building. The poor schleps who only have a couple thousand dollars for a down payment must crawl out of the office under the closed door. One bank said that it wasn't loaning money to anyone until after the first of the year, and two others expressed extreme disinterest in loaning the LASFS money. So we raised the money from the membership. I suppose that's an indication of the current affluence in fandom that a fan club can raise that amount of money from its membership.

There were numerous other things to arrange. For instance, we had to have a wall removed. The wall was between what had been the livingroom and one of the bedrooms. Removing the wall gave us a 460 square foot meeting room, which ought to do for awhile. I was certainly delighted to find that Bill Warren likes to paint things. He was in charge of the painting and refurbishing team which helped get the building in shape before the first meeting. Bruce Pelz came up with yet another money making idea for endowing folding chairs for the clubhouse. That little idea brought us in over \$500. We've now got chairs dedicated to some of the darndest things (each one has a plastic plaque on it), but what the heck.

On the job front, I'm back in the computer terminal operating business at Detective Headquarters. My former boss got the axe about the time the last issue of Passing Parade appeared. I'm in a rather uncertain business, to say the least. At Detective Headquarters, I mainly work robberies, although I do get to play with some of the more bizarre murders. There's nothing more chucklesome than starting the morning with breakfast and a few death reports.

I think I managed to inadvertently gross-out one forgery detective. He'd wandered by and asked me what I was working on. I told him I was working on a murder which was sort of a bloody one. He asked me what had happened, and I told him. "The guy stuck a knife in a girl's vagina and removed her tonsils." "Yech" he said, as he was leaving. Some people just don't have any sense of humor.

Despite the fact that things are going well for the moment, I don't think this computer operating racket is going to last forever. The management of it has simply been too bad for too long. So I've been looking around for another slot. I've interviewed for one as analytical officer for the San Fernando Valley Operations Bureau. I used to be in the analytical business before I was in the computer business. If I get that job, I suspect I will be moving out to the San Fernando Valley, which is further out in the suburbs of Los Angeles. In that area, I can get an apartment within walking distance of work. With gasoline prices going the way they are, that might be a good idea. You can reasonably expect that Passing Parade will be somewhat delayed if I do move.

Which brings me to the usual problem of what I'm going to do for next issue. There was a parody I started doing a couple years ago which I'd sort of like to continue. The title was "Macrocosmic All," and it basically was a parody of the Lensman Series with anything else I could think of thrown in. Of course, I could run entirely amok and do an issue of book reviews. I used to study a lot of that liticher stuff when I was in collitch. I've even thought of trying the diary format for one issue, but usually I only go three or four days before I encounter something I wouldn't want to talk about in print. The something in question isn't necessarily sexual. When you start analysing your life there are many things that you'd rather not talk about. Oh well, I'm bound to figure something out by next issue.

end

TORCON NOTES

In making any comment on Torcon, it would seem almost obligatory to mention size. 2950 attendees was the count I heard. A crowd that size would make the world's largest telephone booth stuffing party if it were so inclined. There were only two times I felt crowded by this mass of people and those times were during the masquerade and the banquet. The banquet, in particular, came close to setting off my claustrophobic reactions. There were simply too many people in that room and too few ways of getting out if something went wrong.

The program at Torcon was rather thin in comparison with recent worldcons with a major program item each evening, one major one each afternoon and not much else. At least in my conversations, I didn't hear anyone complaining about the lack of program items. It's certainly easier to have a program like Torcon's rather than to try for the three ring circus type programming, so future worldcon committees may be moving in the direction of simpler programs.

Torcon did have quite a few security guards in evidence. At times, I felt like I was in the middle of a banana republic. Even with the guards, a Freas painting was stolen from the art show. I'm sure there will be at least some further discussion regarding the need for security guards with the people who don't like the idea of guards pointing out that there was a theft anyway and the people who are in favor of guards pointing to the theft as an example of why the guards are needed. I personally think the guards are needed, but I don't see much point to further discussion of the matter.

The Nasfic bidding and the Fan Phenomena panel were the two things I was most involved in at the convention. Since Bruce Pelz didn't attend the convention, I was in charge of the Pelz Nasfic bid. Our bid came in second, whereas Crayne came in next to last. Or at least, that's the optimistic way of looking at it. The vote was Crayne 60, Pelz 28. Now that I'm in the Monday morning quarterback position, I can take a look at the election and speculate as to why we lost. There were a couple of things which Chuck was able to capitalize on quite successfully. One of them was his worldcon bid which was quite useful for publicizing his Nasfic bid. Secondly, he had better access to SFWA, which turned out to be the largest bloc of votes in the election. Chuck's wife is a member of SFWA, so he could get into the SFWA suite at any time. Chuck also had the active support of Jerry Pournelle which certainly didn't hurt his cause in respect to SFWA. We didn't have any SFWA members on our committee, and I certainly wasn't going to go near the SFWA suite unless I was invited.

Bruce had made an agreement with the Australians not to bid for the worldcon, so that put some limitations on our advertising prior to the worldcon bidding. We did hold a bidding party and Chuck didn't. I know there are quite a few people who think that bidding parties don't really gain many votes, and I'm rather coming to that opinion myself. If we had taken the money we spent on a bidding party and bought supporting memberships for all of the Science Fiction Hoaxters of America, we'd have

won the election. Isn't that a hell of a thought? Not that I condone ballot box stuffing, of course, but when getting the electorate boozed up doesn't work you've got to think of alternatives. Even if it didn't do us any good, I did rather enjoy the bidding party myself. The next morning Mike Glycer reminded me that I'd been out in the hallway at 3 a.m. singing "God Save The Queen." I was slightly abashed until I remembered that Mike Glycer had been out in the hallway with me singing "God Save The Queen." And he wasn't even drinking.

The Nasfic bidding session itself was lightly attended, to put it mildly. By the time everybody arrived, the bidders still outnumbered the voters. Due to the number of ballots which had already been voted, the election was already decided by the time of the bidding session. Some people have commented that the sale of only 88 memberships does not bode well for the Nasfic idea. I suspect that it won't make any difference in the long run. With even moderate publicity, the Nasfic will attract a fairly large number of people.

Speaking of Mike Glycer, he deserves some sort of a hoax award for perpetuating the best continuing riot at a science fiction convention. The riot in question being the Ranquet. This year's Ranquet attracted fifty people to eat submarine sandwiches and watch Mike Glycer nearly fall in a fountain while announcing the Hogu winners. I fear that corruption is creeping into the Ranquets though. I think there was a fix in for the Hogu for best new typeface.

From what I heard at the convention, violence fans were really looking forward to the Fan Phenomena panel. What with Ted White, Linda Bushyager and myself on the same bill, the panel promised to be more fun than anything since the Second World War. So I donned my snazzy new bullet-proof vest and trotted off to the program. I certainly realized that this panel was not something that was going to be just a little bit nasty. Apparently everyone else realized the same thing, so the panel didn't end-up being nasty at all. It was a great disappointment to violence fans.

During the panel, I set forth my conception of fandom as a small town spread out across the country. Fandom has a complete social hierarchy from the civic leaders all the way down to the town drunk. You may not like all the people in fandom, but at least you know them, and that's a tremendous plus for modern urban Americans. Lester Del Rey objected to my idea on the grounds that small towns were insular and fandom wasn't insular. As much as I've seen of fan behavior, fans don't cozy up to strangers very rapidly. Lester suggested that worldcons issue a letterzine for suggestions on conventions. Maybe it's not a bad idea in principle, but I don't know where you're going to find someone to do the work on it.

So another year and another worldcon. Next year, we got to see what sort of luck the Washington people have with their low budget worldcon and what new things fandom can find to worry about.

end

VISIT TO A PULPY PLANET

It occurs to me that some of the people on my mailing list may never even have heard of Planet Stories. Well, I'm going to tell you about it. Planet Stories ran 71 issues from 1939 to 1955, and it was a true pulp in the old tradition of high adventure and untrimmed edges. The thing that made Planet Stories notable was that it was so much pulpier than the other pulps. You just had to look at one issue with stories like "Swordsman of Saturn," "Necrophiles of Neptune," and "Pederasts of Pluto" to know that this was where it was at in pulpdom. Still, if you hitched up your disbelief suspenders a couple notches, it was sort of fun.

Once I'd made my mind up to wallow around a little in nostalgia, I decided to look at the first and last issues of Planet Stories. Sort of the where it came from and where it went approach. The first issue of Planet is really a marvel to behold. You have the title emblazoned across the top of the cover in flaming letters with the subscript "Strange Adventures on Other Worlds—The Universe of Future Centuries." In the background, you have a whole bevy of brass braed babes firing arrows at a very antagonistic looking crowd of scaly Green Fellows. In the mid-ground, you have an Earthman in the usual diving suit firing a ray gun at a bunch of the aforementioned Green Fellows. In the foreground, another gang of Green Fellows are about to carry one of the brass braed babes off to a fate that even Dick Geis wouldn't talk about. I think you can see why respectable parents in 1939 wouldn't let their kids read this stuff.

Once you're past the cover, the table of contents reads something like this;

"The Golden Amazons of Venus" by John Murray Reynolds

"Expedition to Pluto" by Fletcher Pratt and Laurence Manning

"War-Lords of the Moon" by Linton Davies

"Cave Dwellers of Saturn" by John Wiggin

Of course, each story had its accompanying blurb. In the action pulps, the blurbs were designed to stir up your sense of wonder and maybe even get you to buy the magazine. Presuming that the cover's promise of unnatural goings-on hadn't done that already. The lead story, "The Golden Amazons of Venus," has a good example of the flowering blurb;

"Dakta death, horrible beyond the weirdest fever-dreams of Earthmen, faced Space Ship Commander Gerry Horton. The laconic interplanetary explorer knew too much. He stood in the dynamic path of Lansa, Lord of the Scaly Ones, the crafty monster bent on conquering all the rich, shadowless lands of the glorious Amazons of Venus."

See what I mean? It's a little disappointing to find out that Dakta Death merely consists of being eaten by a Dakta. Maybe it isn't the nicest way to go, but it doesn't take a very imaginative person to

to think of worse ways. And it's probably no worse than being eaten by anything else.

This story begins with the aforementioned Gerry Norton leaving on the second human expedition to Venus in a space ship that sounds like war surplus from Robur the Conqueror (namely; it has about fifty helicopter rotors on it). The first expedition has, of course, disappeared without a trace. Norton arrives on Venus only to find himself in the middle of the battle which is pictured on the cover. Naturally, he knows that he ought to save the brass braed babe from the Scaly Ones. After doing so, he discovers that not only is she completely humanoid, but she also speaks a dialect of Old Martian with which he happens to be familiar. I don't know what he would have done if she spoke some other alien language like Hungarian. No WASP space ship commander ever knew how to speak Hungarian.

After the battle, Norton is escorted to the city of the Amazons where he is told that in the Amazon race female births outnumber male births by a ratio of a hundred to one. With odds like that, it's not hard to imagine why the males don't do much fighting. He's also told about the Scaly Ones and their concerted effort to conquer the country of the Amazons. After that, he's given a tour around the city, which is pretty much a standard super science city of 1939 complete with ray canons on the bulwarks. Things are fairly quiet until that evening when Norton and his new female acquaintance are kidnapped by a raiding party of Scaly Ones and taken through the sewer system to Scalyheim.

The Scaly Ones have no redeeming social virtues at all. They're ugly, they're nasty, and they smell bad. They're like all the Green Fellows who used to be found lurking out in the bush on various backward planets. From the many descriptions of this type of creature, one might conclude that their only pleasure in life consisted of offending as many values of White, Christian Civilization as they could manage at one time.

Like certain other literary bad guys, the Scaly Ones have a knack of making offers which can't be refused. Once Norton has been tossed in a dungeon, the bad guys inform him that if he doesn't radio his space ship to come to Scalyheim so it can be captured, they will torture the Hell out of his female acquaintance. Having complied with their wishes, Norton is informed that his girlfriend won't be tortured. However, both of them are going to be fed to the Daktas. The Daktas aren't described very thoroughly except that they fly and eat. They seem to be part of a local recycling program which eliminates the need for space consuming graveyards for prisoners.

During negotiations, Norton meets Lansa, the leader of the Scaly Ones. Lansa turns out to be the leader of the first Earth expedition to Venus. You can always count on a renegade Earthman to be out there stirring up the Green Fellows. In the time since the first Earth expedition, Lansa has organized the Green Fellows (Green Fellows Local 777) and is planning nothing short of the conquest of the universe.

The plan doesn't work. Norton's space ship doesn't fall into Lansa's trap. Norton and his girlfriend escape and make their way back to the city of the Amazons where Lansa's invasion is repelled, Lansa is killed, and the Green Fellows are wiped out.

"Expedition to Pluto" is about a spaceship going to Pluto. I guess you could really figure that one out for yourself. The reason it's going to Pluto is that Earth needs a supply of a particular metal which is essential to its spaceship technology, and the only remaining source of the metal is on Pluto. Of course, they don't happen to know where on Pluto. The plot arises out of the fact that the captain and the senior scientist are plotting to make the expedition fail, because they stand to make a bundle out of the collapse of Earth's spaceship technology. The young first officer is naturally trying to make the expedition a success. After floating around for awhile in the oceans of Pluto, the first officer finagles the expedition into drilling in a spot where he thinks there must be a quantity of this metal. Does he find the metal? Well, sort of. Actually, he drills right into the middle of a subterranean (or maybe subPlutonian) city inhabited by dwarves. That's really OK, because the dwarves have lots of the metal in question. The only problem is that they want to feed the humans to a giant amoeba. After much sound and flurry, the dwarves manage to feed only the bad guys to the amoeba, while the good guys escape with the metal. I think it's sort of heart warming how things work out that way.

The moon in "War-Lords of the Moon" isn't anything like you've seen on television. It's quite a bit closer to what you read about in Dick Tracy. One gets the feeling that the giant snails may be hiding just around the corner, although they aren't directly mentioned. It is mentioned that the moon has an atmosphere and an indigenous humanoid population.

At the beginning of the story, we have a Terran combat squadron on its way to the moon. Suddenly they notice that all the blue stars have faded. That seems a little bit suspicious. Then they notice that one of their spaceships has blown up. That's a whole bunch suspicious. From garbled radio transmissions, they learn that the emperor of the moon has been killed, and Horta, Lord of the Caverns, is working on taking over the whole place. However, Horta hasn't entirely succeeded yet, so the Earth ships have some friendly territory left for a landing. On their way in, one of the Earth ships has its rudder disabled by ground fire. You may react rather negatively to the idea of a spaceship having a rudder. That was my first reaction, until I recalled that Larry Niven and Cordwainer Smith have sails on their spaceships. If they can have sails, why can't this guy have a rudder? Anything to keep science fiction writers happy. Besides, every spaceship in 1939 Planet Stories had a chartroom where they probably kept up their dead reckoning track, so the rudder seems in keeping with the whole thing.

Once the Earthmen arrive on the moon, they find out more about what Horta has been up to. The Earthmen have been powering their spaceships with red rays which they get from red stars. The Earthmen are much better at squeezing red rays out of red stars than the moon people are, so they have had an advantage. However, Horta has discovered a way to get blue rays out of blue stars. (They don't write hard science stories like they used to.) With all these blue rays at his disposal, he decides to destroy a few Earth cities and unleash The Purple Plague. The less said about The Purple Plague the better, since it's never explained in the story anyway. Horta's choice of cities to destroy is interesting. His first choice is Nagasaki. That certainly sounds significant, doesn't it?

I quite seriously suspect that it's a case of the monkeys at the typewriter effect. Horta's second choice of cities to destroy is Los Angeles.

Obviously something must be done about this monace. The daring Earthmen decide to invade Horta's cavern in an attempt to destroy his blue ray machine. After knocking out the two guards at the front door, they find Horta and his henchmen working on the giant machine which fills an entire cavern. The friendly natives have told the Earthmen that the machine stores blue rays in a ray reservoir. The Earthmen had previously thought that they were stored in a file cabinet. Once they're within eye tracking distance of the machine, all they have to do is get a shot at the ray reservoir. You can guess the results. Blooie!

"Cave-Dwellers of Saturn" has another blurb which is worth quoting; "Across Earth's radiant civilization lay the death-shot shadows of the hideous globe-headed dwarves of Mars. One lone Earth ship dared the treacherous blockade, risking the planetoid peril to find Earth's life element on mysterious Saturn of the ten terrible rings."

Among other things, this blurb indicates that the blurb writer at least had enough taste not to read the story. Your guess is as good as mine as to where he may have picked-up "the planetoid peril," because nothing of the sort is mentioned in the story. Saturn's rings are not only not mentioned as being terrible; they're not mentioned at all. Also, the Martians are not described as being any more hideous than any other gang of globe-headed dwarves one might encounter.

At the beginning of this story, the Martians are about to invade the world using their Photo-Atomic Ray for which there is no defense. Well, hardly any defense. The Earthmen know that there is a metal called tridium which will neutralize the Photo-Atomic Ray, but the only known supply of the metal is on Saturn. Of course, they don't happen to know where on Saturn. Obviously this means that a gallant spaceship commander must run the Martian blockade and get the metal from Saturn. A gallant spaceship commander just happens to be available, and he arrives on Saturn two hoops and a holler ahead of the Martians. Does he find the metal? Well, sort of. Actually, he falls down a shaft and discovers a city inhabited by...survivors from a previous Earth expedition of two hundred years ago. (You were expecting maybe Plutonian dwarves?) That's really OK, because the survivors have lots of tridium, and they don't even want to feed anybody to a giant amoeba. However, the gallant spaceship commander does have to fight off the man-eating Sludgies. Something must have gone wrong with the plot, because he later has to fight off the Martians too. If he'd been efficient, he would have fed the Martians to the Sludgies and then fought the Sludgies. I guess some gallant spaceship commanders just aren't as smart as others.

The menaces were many between the first issue of Planet Stories and the last. I don't think that anyone has ever counted the number of alien invaders and man-eating thingies that slithered their way across the pages of Planet Stories. I'm sure that if they did it would add up to quite a crowd. But by 1955 the urge to either conquer or eat mankind must have been abating, because Planet Stories had become a lot calmer.

The cover still says "Strange Adventures On Other Planets," but the flaming lightening bolt letters for "Planet Stories" had shrunk to a respectable looking logo. The cover is by Kelly Freas, and it depicts a girl in a black lamay outfit holding two lightening bolts which seem to be aimed at a passing spaceship. The girl seems to be of somewhat larger than planetary dimensions. While this does have a certain amount of the old pizass, the cover does seem a little bit constricted by the neat border around it.

Inside the magazine, the table of contents lists;

"Out of the Iron Womb" by Poul Anderson

"Last Call From Sector 9G" by Leigh Brackett

"Once A Starman" by Joe L. Hensley

"Image of Splendor" by Lu Kella

"The Brides of Ool" by M. A. Cummings

"Dust Unto Dust" by Lyman D. Hinckley

"Alien Equivalent" by Richard R. Smith

The Anderson and Brackett stories were the lead novelets in the issue. These were probably the two best writers who appeared regularly in Planet Stories. Several of Poul Anderson's stories from Planet have been reprinted, but strangely almost none of Leigh Brackett's have. I noticed that Ace has recently brought out an anthology of her novelets. It's surprising that some publisher hasn't done that earlier.

"Out of the Iron Womb" deals with a duel to the death on an asteroid. The background is the standard frontier asteroid mining sort of thing. The story uses flashbacks to keep the action moving from the first paragraph to the last paragraph with the explanation slipped in the middle. The two duelists are an anti-technology fanatic and a space pilot whose partner has been killed by the fanatic in a staged barroom fight. The two have each other stalemated in space and the duel is to resolve the stalemate so one of them can leave.

The Brackett story is an interstellar cloak and dagger piece. Sector 9G, which is mentioned in the title, is being considered for membership in the Galactic Federation. If it does become a member of the federation, an influential mining company will lose its monopoly interests in the area. The sector can't join the federation if the two sentient races in the area are at war. Guess who's trying to start a war?

The protagonist of the story is a drunken bum who is hired by the mining company to carry a message to the humanoid race in Sector 9G. (Note the little bit of naturalism there.) The mining company officials think that the joker they've hired is so unreliable that he will release their message in five minutes flat. Since he's much more unreliable

than they realize, he doesn't release the message. Of course, he's being chased by some green folks and a big black thingie that goes "Jub, jub, jub," so maybe he just doesn't have time. Eventually, he's contacted by representatives from the non-humanoid race and convinced that he's being used.

Now that I think about it, the protagonist's actions really aren't that important, because the plot is resolved by the non-humanoids using their super weapon which is a synthetic energy eater known popularly as The Bitter Star. The Bitter Star has the interesting property of freezing anything it gets near. It seems to be quite persuasive in convincing the mining company that monopoly rights aren't everything.

Of the other stories in the issue, "Dust Unto Dust" is about explorers discovering an ages old, deserted city at the south pole of Mars. Entering the city is easy, but getting out again proves to be much more difficult. "Once a Starman" is a rather maudlin piece on the glories of being a space pilot. The other three stories are really not worth mentioning.

During its entire career, Planet Stories was essentially a prose comic book. During the late forties and early fifties, it was a pretty good prose comic book. It was eventually beaten out by the regular comic books, and it didn't succeed in creating a new slot for itself. In its last half dozen issues, Planet Stories was trying to attain a degree of slickness to attract a more adult audience. The attempt didn't succeed, but it did kill much of the enthusiasm which had been the magazine's major virtue.

Now I first encountered Planet Stories when I was a toddler, so my judgement may be irretrievably corrupted. If you picked up a copy of the magazine with no prior experience, you might find it to be utter gunk. But even gunk has a value if it's amusing. Just think of it as literary nutty putty.

end

FANZYNES A REVIEW THEREOF

Title #20 (Donn Brazior, 1455 Fawnvalley Drive, St. Louis, MO 63131. Sample 25¢ after that locs, contributions, or trades) Paul Walker has discovered some of the reasons why I publish my own fanzine rather than submit material to other fanzines. I'd estimate that about half of the material I ever submitted to fanzines was never published, because either the fanzine folded or the editor lost the material. That can be very discouraging. I disagree with Walker's article on two points. I don't think a fanzine editor should ever publish material he doesn't like, even if it would make a potential contributor happy. I also don't think a fanzine editor should necessarily publish all the letters he receives. In my own case, I publish representative letters, but try to keep the letter column in proportion with the rest of the fanzine.

Denis Quane protests that he isn't really a fan while writing an article that proves conclusively that he is. There's absolutely nothing more fannish than bitching about fandom. I don't think that most of his complaints will do much good. Fanzines will continue to be unreliable, fans will continue to feud when the mood strikes them, and fanzine editors will continue to publish whatever amuses them be it silliness or vulgarity. As to why fans sometimes speak demeaningly of science fiction reading, I suspect it's because they realize where they went wrong in the beginning.

Dr. Wertham has a letter maintaining that violence isn't instinctive. It probably doesn't make any difference whether it is or isn't. Making fire isn't instinctive, but it's been a widespread practice for a long time.

BCSFA Newsletter (Mike Bailey, #4-2416 W. 3rd Ave., Vancouver 9 B.C. Canada. No price listed.) This is the newsletter of the Vancouver science fiction club. They are intending on bidding for the 1977 Westercon, which will make them the first out of California bid in years. If they can stay together until 1975, I think they have a pretty good chance of winning.

Starling #26 (Lesleigh and Hank Luttrell, 525 W. Main, Madison, WI 53703. 50¢ 5/82, loc, trade, contribution.) Susan Glicksohn's article on the problems of having small breasts was the most amusing item in the current batch of fanzines. I found myself wondering whether I was amused because it's a problem I can't possibly have myself. It's certainly nice to know that there are some things in the world that can't happen to me. However, I've eye-tracked Susan at a couple conventions, and the smallness of her breasts didn't discourage me from doing so. It's sort of the gestalt of the whole package that counts.

Lesleigh has an interesting article on Little Lulu comics. I never read Little Lulu when I was a kid. At on Petards meeting, a number of enthusiasts were recounting old Little Lulu plots, and I got the feeling that maybe I missed something.

Outworlds #17 (Bill and Joan Bowers, P.O. Box 148, Wadsworth, Ohio 44281. 75¢ 5/83) Outworlds continues to feature all sorts of terrible goings-on between Harlan Ellison and Ted White. Tsk, tsk, all this violence in fanzines. What will Dr. Wertham say?

Somehow I doubt that Bill Bowers' article "The Making of a Fanzine" will do anybody much good. Telling someone what they should know about publishing a fanzine before they do it is like telling someone what they should know about running amok before they do that. In both cases, you're going to do what comes naturally.

Big Mac #36 (Norm Hochberg, 89-07 209th St., Queens Village, NY 11427) This is Norm's fanzine review/letter substitute. Since Norm has been one of the most active letterhacks, it may be significant that he is retrenching. Do you suppose that the current fanzine field is too much for anyone to keep track of?

Kangaroo Feathers #1 (David Grigg was the editor of this issue. Since this is dated March 1973 and I haven't heard of any other issues, subscriptions may not be a good idea.) This is an anthology of Australian fan writing which was published to promote the Australian Worldcon bid. From this issue, I discovered that some Australians regard John Foyster about the way I do. Several years ago, John Foyster and I had a little disagreement. As I recall, the disagreement concluded when he called me a barbarian and I advocated dropping napalm on him. Those were fun times.

Checkpoint #41 (Peter Roberts, Flat 4, 6 Wesbourne Park, Villas, London W2. 4/51. U.S. agents Charlie and Dena Brown.) The British newszine. I muchly agree with Roberts' review of two Hannes Bok novels. Bok was a terrible writer. In about 1965, Fred Patten was pushing the idea of reprinting Bok's material. I read The Sorcerer's Ship and Beyond The Golden Stair (The Blue Flamingo) in their original magazine versions to see what he was talking about. I couldn't see any conceivable reason for reprinting those two turkeys. They've both been reprinted since.

Kwathioqua #6-10 (Ed Cagle, Route #1, Leon, KS 67074. Contributions, trades, locs, 50¢) Looking at five issues of Kwawhozits at once makes me realize how diverse the material really is. Somehow Cagle manages to tie the whole thing together with his own personality, and that's quite an accomplishment.

Jackie Franke's column of femininity ends with a question as to who needs sexual roles. Roles in general are an absolute necessity in any human society. They represent a way of making our social world simpler and easier to live with. I don't think it's possible to entirely eliminate sexual roles, since there is some basis of physiological difference. Sexual roles aren't very strong in the urban United States in comparison with most human societies, but they could be less strong than they are now. If sexual roles were going to be further deemphasized, they'd have to be replaced by stronger social class or trade group roles.

A. Bertram Chandler's account of navigating a ship into a harbor in Tasmania was much more interesting than his Rim World stories. Richard Delap's review of Orbit 10 and 11 was well done, even if it didn't convince me to read the books. I've been disappointed in the Orbit anthologies that I've read to date, and I just can't work up any enthusiasm for the idea of reading any more of them. It's hard to comment on the many anecdotes which appear in Kwawhozits except to say that most of them are amusing.

By Owl Light #4-5 (Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166) Frank has a short con report on MileHiCon. It seems that some of us Los Angeles types ought to be able to make it to Denver for the MileHiCons. I thought about it this year, but I was still conventioned out from Torcon. By now, I'm ready to attend a convention again.

I have the strangest reactions to Frank's descriptions of hiking in the country around Seattle. I don't ordinarily think about living in a desert, but Frank's descriptions remind me that I do live in a desert. Our local ecologists make noises about preserving the natural desert environment, but somehow I can't get very enthusiastic about preserving an environment that isn't good for anything except rattlesnakes.

Amra #60 (Box 8243, Philadelphia, PA 19101. 50¢ 10/84) Lin Carter has an excellent review of a volume of Tolkien criticism. He mentions one thing which I hadn't thought of previously. Middle Earth has no organized religion. Now that I think of it, I don't think the lack is a particular fault. The residents of Middle Earth are closer to the forces which rule the universe than we are, so they don't yet have the need for organized religion. After all, the function of organized religion is to maintain the tradition of things which are no longer apparent.

Colog #18 (Mike Wood, 1878 Roblyn Ave. #3, St. Paul, MN 55104) This is an Apa 45 zine composed of mailing comments and letters. I trade for apazines, because I like to monitor what's going on in various apas. I'm still slightly surprised that Apa 45 is continuing to survive, but obviously it is. There isn't really anything very significant about being born during or after 1945 anymore.

Dan Goodman has a letter regarding life in Los Angeles. As he says, it is possible to live without a car in Los Angeles. However, it is highly unlikely. Dan's choice of two places to see in Los Angeles are two places I wouldn't visit on a bet. Watts Towers is simply not my idea of a safe place to visit. Grand Central Market isn't dangerous, but it is depressing. While I was working at Detective Headquarters, I was taking lunchtime walks down Broadway to look at the strange people. There was such a scrofulous collection of people hanging out in front of the Grand Central Market that I eventually started walking on the other side of the street.

Tandstikkerzeitung #4 (Don Markstein, Box 53112, New Orleans, LA 70153. Trade, loc; or \$17 per copy) Fred Lerner has produced something quite remarkable, a loc in the meter of "Song of Hiawatha." Have any of you ever thought about how much less reading we'd have to do if fanzines had to be written in verse. That's my bizarre idea for the day.

Don mentions that he went into shock when a TV commentator facetiously said that markets were raising their prices twice a day. I can think of an even more shocking idea. What if inflation became so bad that super markets became commodity trading institutions. In other words, you wouldn't go to a super market to buy a product, but to buy an option to buy a product at a certain price at some date in the future. Just think of housewives buying options on March peanut butter and July toilet paper. Maybe that's my second bizarre idea for the day.

No #14 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, MN 55417. Trade, loc, 25¢) Ben Indick wonders why characters in various fantasy novels are attracted to the dark powers and the places they control. In a fair number of cases, there is a strong implication that the dark powers go in for quite a bit of animal sexuality. Indick uses Andre Norton's Dread Companion as an example. The little girl in that book goes to an alternate world where she takes on the physical characteristics of a Satyr. That might give you a clue as to why she doesn't want to come back.

Kosmic City Kapors #1 (Jeff May, Box 68, Liberty, MO 64068. Trades, published locs, 3/31. Sample copies 25¢) A major part of this issue is devoted to Jeff's comments on the Kansas City club. Before reading this issue, I didn't even know there was a club in Kansas City. It sounds as if their problems resemble the problems that most clubs have had since the days of eofandom.

Banshee #6 (Michael Gorra, 199 Great Neck Road, Waterford, CT 06385. Loc, trade, contribution or 35¢) This is a continuation of Starship Tripe and I notice I have issues 3 through 5 here. Patrick McGuire's article on Poul Anderson's Ythrian stories is the best item in the current issue. Back in issue #3 I had some comments on Gorra's article on the Orestrian Theme in Dune. I think Frank Herbert was drawing on Greek Tragedy in general but not on the Orestrian plays in particular. The main reason Dune Messiah failed as a book was that Herbert was trying to write tragedy without being willing to really write tragedy.

As in most fanzines, I've been finding out as much as I can about Michael Gorra. He's a high school student in a small town and his family is obviously much wealthier than mine was. He also is on the wrestling team which makes me wonder somewhat about his size. I wrestled in sport judo when I was in high school, but I was much too small for college wrestling. At 5'11" and 155 lbs., the average college wrestler outweighed me by the better part of a hundred pounds. I wasn't that good at it.

Locomotive #1-3 (Ken Gammage, 7865 E. Roseland Drive, La Jolla, CA 92037 and Brett Cox, Box 542, Tabor City, NC 28463. Loc, trade, or 25¢) When I saw the first issue of this fanzine I mentally wished the editors rotso ruck on getting enough material for a letterzine. By issue #3, it is apparent that they succeeded. Some people are more skillful at tapping available sources of fannish energy than others. I should write a loc on #3, because Ken Gammage doesn't quite understand the Federal Reserve System. The Federal Reserve Bank is not controlled by foreign banking interests, although it certainly must respond to the international banking community. Nobody owns stock in the Federal Reserve Bank. Federal Reserve Notes are backed by the promise of the government of the United States to pay. Even in these uncertain times, the promise of the United States is as good as gold.

The Poke Salad Days Chronicle (Heade Frierson III, 3705 Woodvale Road, Birmingham, Ala. 35223) I really got dragged in on the alternate world newszine in this issue. The more you know, the stranger it is to read. Like the list of collators includes two deadly enemies and a corpse. And reviewing current issues of The Outlander is very strange. In 1972, Tina Honsel was making suggestions that might have led to the revival of The Outlander. The Petards is in many ways the successor of the Outlander

Society. Tina Hensel was suggesting that The Petards start issuing a genzine. I think the Outlander title would have been quite appropriate.

Perceptions #3 (Warren Johnson, 131 Harrison St., Geneva IL 60134. Loc, trade, contribution, or 50¢) Having survived Horrible Ol' Roy Tackett's comments, I'm sure Warren Johnson can survive anything. His response happened to be absolutely correct. Laughing off bad reviews is the only way to survive. This issue is full of reviews. In Johnson's review of "The Fifth Head of Cerberus" I wondered what his reaction was to the majority of the story taking place in a whore house. I think it is a significant point in the story. Making your livelihood off of human flesh does tend to obscure certain emotions.

Breakthrough #1-2 (Henry Bitman, Box 968, Azusa, CA 91702. No price listed, but he does say he'll pay \$5 to \$10 for original fiction or articles.) Henry must be an English major. He doesn't say he is, but I know what people write like when they've been jiving with them academic dudes. Henry doesn't say much of anything about himself, and that is a fault since people are about the most interesting thing you're likely to encounter in a fanzine. Come out of there Henry, we know you're in there somewhere.

Gegenschoin #9-11 (Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Avenue, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia) Speed reading, simplified spelling, and views of the United States are the major topics in these three issues. From my own experience with a speed reading course, I would say that many of the claims made for speed reading are rather exaggerated. The claim which is mentioned here is a girl who can read 126,000 words a minute. Yep. Harry Lindgren is proposing a plan for spelling reform called SRL. This is supposedly a rational undertaking, but Lindgren sounds like a nut cultist. Lindgren maintains that people are psychologically damaged by the problems they have with learning to spell. Anybody who is sensitive enough to be psychologically damaged by having difficulties with spelling would be psychologically damaged by not being able to do something else if spelling were simplified. If Lindgren's assertion were true, the Japanese would have been reduced to gibbering ages ago. Most studies have indicated that the Japanese have one of the highest literacy rates on earth.

Dynatron #53-55 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107. Show of interest or 25¢) I found the 1948 Soviet review of American science fiction and Mike Kring's excerpt's from "The Psychic Observer" to be amusing items. Somehow, the thought of an android bent

on the enslavement of all mankind isn't nearly as mind croggling as thinking about the state of the American economy. Tackett comments on a lot of things in Dynatron, but I'm sure he includes comments on the economy specifically for lovers of the macabre. One letter writer mentions that the price of wheat was \$4.04 a bushel in early August. I can add that it was \$5.70 a bushel in late January. Not only is the economy in terrible shape, but they're thinking about illegalizing pop-top beer cans in California. It means the end of civilization as we know it.

The Alien Critic #7 (Richard E. Geis, Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211 \$1) The item that attracted my attention in this issue was Vonda McIntyre's letter and Geis' response. Geis' final paragraph reads "As long as men can beat up on women on a one-to-one physical level, women will be sex objects, cultural 'victims' and to a greater or lesser degree--property." Of course, men can only beat up on women (on the average) in unarmed combat. Put a rock in a woman's hand and she stands a fair chance of splattering your brains all over the landscape. Humans have known about the advantages of picking up rocks for a looong time. Men and women can do much more productive things than throw rocks at each other, and most humans have also realized that for an equally long time. Dame beating as we see it today is largely ritual activity. Violence doesn't seem to have anything to do with being a sex object. What on earth would men regard as a sex object if not women?

Huirgheal #3 (Simon Joukes, Geloog 7-8, B-2860 Once-Lieve-Vrouw-Waver, Belgium. Trade, locs or the usual.) Contains news of the collapse of the Eurocon Committee. I presume there won't be any worldcon bids coming out of continental Europe until their convention fandom gets a little more organized.

Diehard #2-3 (Tony Cvetko, 29415 Parkwood Drive, Wickliffe, Ohio 44092. Trade, Loc, contribution, 25¢ 5/1) All sorts of comments on science fiction and even on s*c*i*e*n*c*e. You've got to watch that science or you can end up writing like Henry Bitman but having to do it in equations. Denis Quane has an interesting article on the number of technical civilizations which may exist in the galaxy. The article caused me to recall a comment on education. You may not acquire knowledge through education, but you certainly can acquire a highly sophisticated ignorance.

B.C. #5 (Railee Bothman, 1300 W. Adams, Kirkwood, MO 63122 and Leigh Couch, #1 Cymry Lane, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold, MO. 25¢ or the usual) This issue contains an anonymous, threatening letter which was directed to Leigh. It's rather an illiterate letter, as such things usually are. Years ago, fandom wasn't the sort of place where things like this happened.

**I notice that I fouled-up Peter Roberts' address a couple pages back. The address should read "Flat 4, 6 Westbourne Park Villas, London W2."

I still have a stack of fanzines I haven't commented on, and I'm afraid I'm going to have to give up at this point. Trying to review six months worth of fanzines gets to be an awfully big job. If I could only get this fanzine on a more regular schedule, I wouldn't have that problem.

IT CAME FROM OUT OF THE MAILBOX

Ed Connor
1805 N. Gale
Peoria, Ill. 61604

Thanks for PP4 with its neat photo-pp of mainly LAarea fans. Speaking of which, Ackerman used another all-photo front cover with "Fantasticonglomeration" (March 44 FAPA): pics included such luminaries as Bob Bloch (twice), Ray Palmer, Hank Kuttner, Ray Harryhausen, Walt Daugherty (twice), Art Widner, Pogo, etc....

LE ZOMBIE (Bob Tucker) had a photocover along about 1944, but while I salvaged the cover, it isn't numbered or dated. (It included a group shot of attendees at an Al Ashley "Hichicon", also myself and Frank M. Robinson, Pohl, Wollheim, Lowndes, etc., etc.)

FANEWS (Walt Dunkelberger): its 4-page 3rd Annish (2 July 46: "Pacificon Special") had four large pics on the front cover: Walt Daugherty, E. E. Evans, 4e Ackerman, Bob Tucker. (The other 3pp were largely photographs also.)

Sp4 Bruce D. Arthurs
527-98-3103
57th Trans Co
Fort Lee, VA 23801

Say, with 58 people represented on the Apa L photocovers, you could cut up the photocovers, assign each person a value, and use the photos as a deck of cards! Either that, or put the pictures up on the post office wall. How many criminal types are represented here? Let's see: Glycer looks like one, Konigsberg looks like someone who holds up gas stations, Don Cassel's probably a hit man, Hiven looks like an embezzler (he wasn't really born into money, you know), Len Hoffatt looks like a Mafia boss, Buchman's obviously a rapist, Dan Alderson probably runs a protection racket, and Troff's a jaywalker. Oh yeah, and who's this evil-looking, warped degenerate, probably an escaped Nazi war criminal or something. Oh yeah, he's...err...well, gee whiz, Milt, you know I don't mean any of it seriously, that I know you're really a fine, upstanding...What? Put my hands up? One phone call? What is this?

((Once a group of us thought of the idea of giving playing card values to various LASFS members. You'd be amazed how many insulting things you can do with playing card values. Using a tarot deck would make things more interesting.))

Robert Bloch
2111 Sunset Crest Drive
Los Angeles, CA 90046

My gratitude for TPP#4. Needless to say, I follow the Stevens-White exchange with the rapt fascination of a spectator at a tennis match, my head swivelling back and forth until my neck breaks.

But I'm equally interested, this time, in the Rogue's Gallery: those mug-shots are great. One thing I did notice--whenever an ad-agency runs one of those "we, the people" group photos purporting to show an average cross section of employees or consumers, they usually have about

one person in ten wearing glasses. Here, out of 54 photos, 36 wear spectacles—a staggering 66 2/3%, two out of three! Do SF fans have weak eyes as well as weak—oops, better not say it: I'm a contact lens wearer mayself!

Paul David Novitski
(Alpajpuri)
1690 East 26 Avenue
Eugene, OR 97403

I'm glad the tussle over Worldcon politics is finally (hopefully?) ended—not settled, but ended at least. From my somewhat detached point of view; knowing and liking you and Ted about equally, and being a total outsider to the whole

Worldcon conflict, it seemed like a lot of petty bickering over very little substance. Overall, I thought Ted's side of the fuss was the more maturely set forth — he didn't go in for cute little interjections and irrelevant nyah-nyahs. But that has nothing to do with the Worldcon issue—if anything, perhaps it's a commentary upon your respective personalities.

At any rate, I thoroughly enjoy your compucop stories. They provide some fascinating insights into the processes, inner politics, and psychology of modern criminology. I'm sorry to hear you lost that job, but maybe the future will hold equally as interesting computer jobs...? My own experience with computers has been mostly playing around, designing my own problems and solutions, because classwork and jobwork was deadly boring. I never thought of hiring myself out to the local sherriff....

Denis Quane
Box CC, East Texas Sta.
Commerce, TX 75428

The debate between you and Ted White, just like the other one in Outworlds, is getting much too shrill to be pleasant reading. I say this even though I ordinarily enjoy watching a good fight as much as anyone else. In this you are much less to blame than White, or for that matter Ellison. But in places you do seem to overreact. It may be possible, for all the evidence that has come out so far, that he may, indeed have been talking about Norcascon, and the New York in 74 committee, in his original editorial in Amazing, rather than the LaCon committee.

That, however, in the light of later developments, is a minor point. It is strange to observe White's debating tactics. He does the same thing in the two letters printed in this issue, his editorial in the August Amazing, and the current issue of Outworlds. First he pretends that the whole point of the quarrel revolves about the exact words he had used on a previous occasion, ignoring that what his opponents are objecting to is what he meant and implied by them; then he starts calling names.

In your dispute with Andy Porter, or at least as much of it as I have seen in Organlegger 6 & 7, you come across as much cooler and more reasonable. But then, Porter conceded you an advantage ther, when he made specific charges, which can be answered by the facts, instead of attacking by insinuation and vague generalities.

Murray Moore
Box 400
Norwich Ontario
Canada NOJ 1P0

As you point out, this feud, any feud has or should have as its point entertainment. White takes himself too seriously and only your lack of same, your sarcasm, makes the exercise worth reading.

That is not to say that you are right, that is just to say that under the circumstances there is no point in trying to make any sense of it. All the audience should be expected to do is keep score of quips and ripostes and clever recoveries. Admittedly though, the topic at hand does provide more potential interest than an argument over the correct way to mix a martini.

((Ted White stirs martinis with the olive. Pass it on.))

Peter Roberts
Flat 4
Westbourne Park Villas
London W2

Ian Williams (mentioned for his vicious fanzine reviewing in Maya) is hardly one of the more trenchant fmz critics in Anglofandom. A small tradition of attacking criticism has grown up over here in the last few years, largely as a result of the decline in British fandom and fanzines (particularly the traditional fannish fanzine) and in reaction to the blind, back-patting, wishy-washy criticism of the insular and esoteric fanzines that British fandom was producing in the late sixties (particularly in PADS). At that time British fanzines seemed to feed on each other--they looked much the same, they all had identical contributors, they had little or no circulation outside a limited group in Britain, and they had little knowledge or concern for the fine fanzines of the past or their far better contemporaries in the U.S. The attacking criticism of some of the newer fans listed these defects and tried to cut through the bland ignorance of some of these British faneds. It may have worked--things look better now, anyway. But fanzine criticism is still taken pretty seriously over here, though we have grown to enjoy the latest carve-ups of poor, unsuspecting fan editors. If you think Ian Williams is "unpleasant," don't ever dare to look at Greg Pickersgill's fanzine reviews (last seen in Foulter). We acknowledge Greg as The Master of the Aggressive Fanzine Review--an inspiration to us all. A final point, in case you're genuinely worried, is that a) virtually all UK faneds know each other and many of the barbs are not taken to heart, and b) trenchant fanzine reviewing is still largely an insular pass-time, foreign fanzines are not likely to receive the treatment.

((I'm not really worried about getting a bad review, since I have a notoriously thick skin and can always hand it back if I feel like it. In fact, the reviews of Passing Parade have been far better than I ever expected to get when I started publishing, so I could easily put a bad review down to the breaks of the game. In my own reviewing, I have very little interest in pointing to better or worse. I've never seen a fanzine so bad that it doesn't contain something of interest, even if only some personal information on the editor. Maybe I'm a little worried about the possibility of giving some teenage faned what I would regard as a minor blast, but which would be major enough to cause him to give up the hobby forever. Fanzine publishing is a hobby, and even the worst fanzine in the world can't possibly hurt anybody.))

IAHF Sheryl Birkhead, Freff, John Robinson, Frank Denton, Rose Hogue, George Scithers, Tony Cvetko, John Carl, D. Gary Grady, Jeff May, Michael Gorra, Warren Johnson, Leigh Edmonds, Ken Ozanne, and Mike Glicksohn.

SINCE THEN

You may notice that this issue is dated in December and it is appearing in March. Well, I didn't know that I was going to be moving and changing jobs between the time I started this issue and the time I finished. If you are a real fan, you know what moving is like. I've been a collector for twenty years, man and boy, and I own more crud than you could easily imagine. In my new job, I am analytical officer for the San Fernando Valley. For those of you outside Los Angeles, I'll mention that the San Fernando Valley is an area of about two hundred square miles with a population of about a million. There's enough crime to give me something to think about.

In my comments on Torcon, I mentioned that SFWA was the largest block of votes in the NASFIC election. Over in The Cult, Crayne and I were discussing the same matter, and he said that Southern California voters outnumbered SFWA voters. Be it so noted.

I've got two major projects coming up in the near future; completing the Westercon program (I'm program coordinator) and getting to work on the LACon photo book. Both of them will interfere with publishing Passing Parade. You may wonder how a person as disinterested in graphics as myself will do on editing a photo book. Well, we're all going to find out how I do with the project, aren't we?

I hope to get another issue out around July or August, but God knows how I'm going to do it.