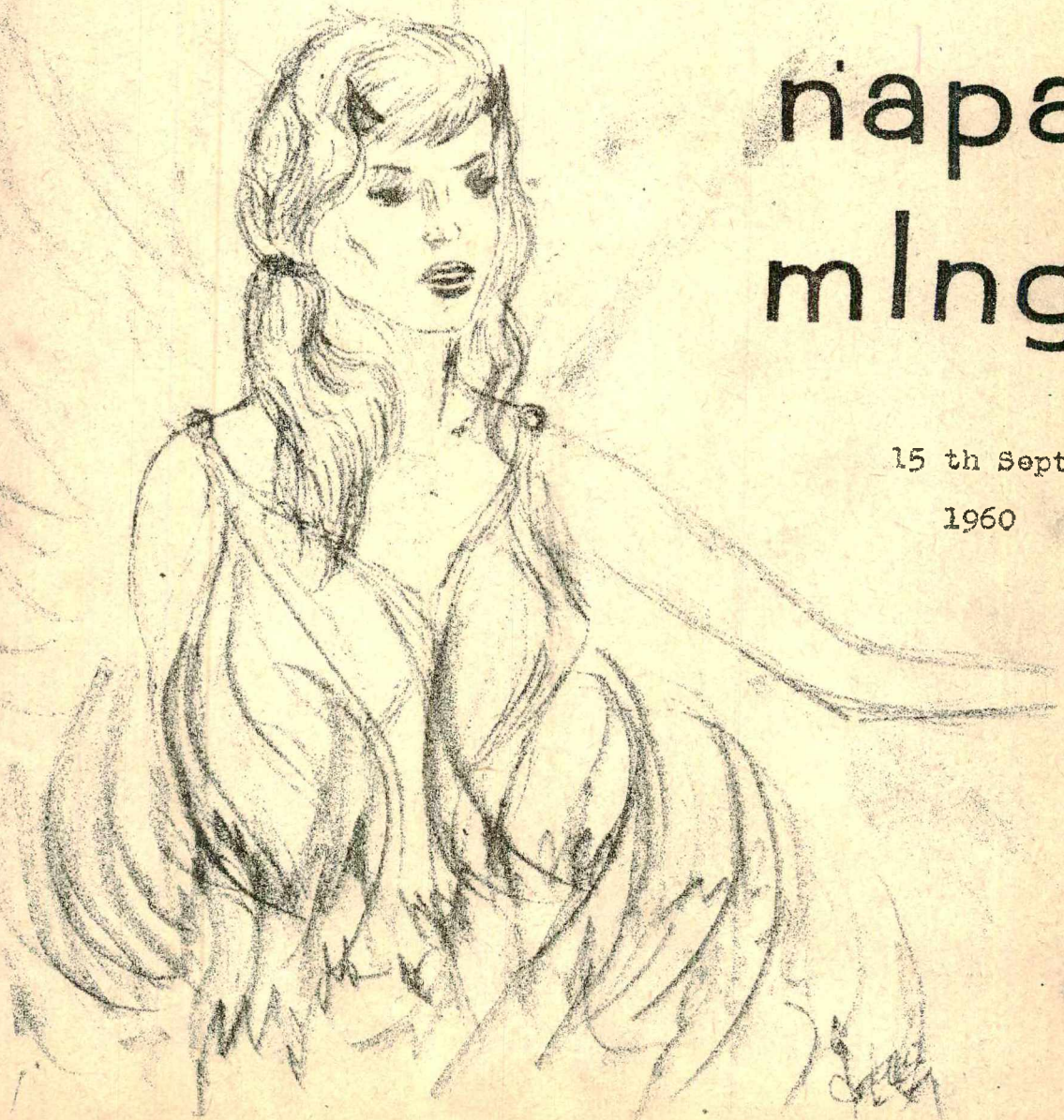


POLHODE₃

6th

napa
mlng

15 th September
1960



POLHOPE

3

Eth

haps

mling

PPPPP	0000	L	H	H	0000	DDDDD	EEEEEE	# #	3333
P P	O O	L	H	H	O O	D D	E	#####	3 3
P P	O O	L	H	H	O O	D D	E	# #	3
PPPPP	O O	L	HHHHH	O O	D D	EEEE	#####		33
P	O O	L	H	H	O O	D D	E	# #	3
P	O O	L	H	H	O O	D D	E		3 3
P	0000	LLLLL	H	H	0000	DDDDD	EEEEEE		3333

ART

CONTENTS

Janet Freeman¹..cover
 Jerry Burge.....3
 Andy Reiss.....4
 Nancy Share¹.....5
 Andy Reiss.10
 Dick Schultz.....15
 Ralph Rayburn Phil-
 lips¹.....17
 Dick Schultz.....22
 Dick Schultz.....27
 Harvy W. Dauthwaite.30
 Dick Schultz.....31
 Doug Clark².....36
 Janet Freeman¹..backcover

POLHODE #3, published
 on 28 October, 1960
 for N'APA and sundry
 subscribers, freeload-
 ers, etc. Published
 2 times/year, but NOT
 semiannually (school,
 you know!), & copies
 may be gotten for cash
 (sample copy on re-
 quest, then 15¢, 2 for
 25; no subs for more
 than 50¢ accepted,
 but old subs will be
 honored as original-
 ly accepted), contrib-
 ution, trade (1 for 1
 unless negotiated
 otherwise), or letter
 of comment.

A History of Asfo Press & The Immortal Storm (A Sort 2
 of Saga, by).....Jerry Page
 The Immortal Storm : A Review (by)..... 6
James V. Taurasi, Sr.
 Tarnished Utopias (a look at catatopic stf by)..... 8
Mike Deckinger
 Critic¹ (a filler article by).....Peter J. Maurer 10
 Credo³ (a stf story by).....John Berry 11
 Reviews of the Proz² (by).....Richard J. Armstrong 13
 Down With Chiselzines¹ (a blast against letter-sub- 16
 stitutes by).....Art Rapp
 Pesky's (views & reviews by).....De Ed 18
 Laiskai (by).....jus, skaitytoji 22
 Venus : Some New Facts¹ (a filler article by)..... 36
Richard G. Finch

¹ Supplied by NFFF manuscript buro

² Author/Artist contacted thru NFFF manuscript buro

³ Included in non-N'APA copies only

IF YOU DIDNT CONTRIBUTE, YOU'RE GETTING THIS FOR
 Δ trade (for _____, Δ which I saw reviewed in/recco-
 mended by _____), Δ sub (____ ish left), ☒ REVIEW,
 Δ egoboo herein, Δ you commented, Δ sample, ☒ WRITE!
 Δ you are Ghod & will receive all future issues, Δ you
 are on my list to receive (Δ Polhode alone, Δ Polhode +
 Peskys) indefinitely, provided you continue to recipro-
 cate with reasonable frequency, Δ depending on my mood
 at the time, you MIGHT receive the next issue or so, but
 don't count on it, Δ this is the last issue you will re-
 ceive unless you reciprocate in some manner.

my thanks to

ED LUDWIG of the MssBuro for giving such good & fast
 service, ALMA HILL for delivering my covers to be Gestafaxed & then picking them
 up, JIMMY TAURASI and FRANK PRIETO for running my covers off, SAMOSKOWITZ,
 JERRY PAGE, SANDY SANDERSON, & TED WHITE for advice on layout (& particularly
 to TED for doing the layout & stylus work on the first article, for putting up with
 me lo these many hours while I used his mimeoscope & accessories, & for misc other
 help in lettering & cementing stencils, & to SaM for suggesting the layout of "Chis-
 elzines" & "Pesky's" & improving my title-page layout), & especially to DAN BLACK-
 BURN without whom this issue would have been delayed at least several months, for
 running the whole Ghu-Damned thing off for me! And, of course, to the contributors.

JERRY PAGE --

a history...

OF ASFO PRESS

&

THE IMMORTAL STORM

"There is nothing one can say about Sam Moskowitz that has not been said many times before somewhere in the fan or professional magazines of science-fiction. Sam, the superfan and collector, the s-f editor, anthologist, book reviewer, etc., etc., etc.; BUT he'll always be best known for his fabulous book, 'THE IMMORTAL STORM', the history of science-fiction and in particular, science-fiction fandom. This amazing work has been closely checked by numerous fans and proclaimed to be 99.99% correct. The amount of research Sam put into it is almost beyond belief...."

--Fantasy Times, 15th Anniversary issue, page 33 (blurb to "The Voice of Science Fiction" by Sam Moskowitz)

Old time collectors now regard The Fantasy Commentator as the most important fantasy collector's magazine ever published, and many consider it the most important fan magazine of all time. Certainly it was one of the best and in the end perhaps it will stand as the fan magazine that most influenced fandom. For, while some fanzines, such as Quandry, may have had more immediate effect upon a segment of fandom, none has had the lasting influence that must be granted The Fantasy Commentator.

The first issue of Commentator was distributed by the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and was dated December, 1943. It was edited by A. Langley Searles, Ph.D., an assistant pro-

fessor of chemistry at New York University, and one of the leading serious collectors of fantasy and science fiction in the world. His collection was considered a model for other collectors and it was evident from the first that his fanzine could well become their bible. It published five issues while in FAPA, its last dated Winter 1944-5. It went into general circulation and continued to publish until its Spring-Summer 1952 issue--its 26th. The magazine was so popular that most of the issues were reprinted and sold several times. It ran material by such well known professional writers as A. Merritt, William Hope Hodgson, David H. Keller, M.D., Henry Kuttner, H. P. Lovecraft, George Sterling and George O. Smith. But it was primarily known for unsurpassed material of interest and value to the serious collector.

Among the leading items of that nature were the first complete bibliographies of fantasy in the Munsey magazines, Complete Stories, The Idler, All-American Fiction, Romance Magazine, Popular Magazine, Thrill Book (annotated), and Stanley G. Weinbaum. William Evans, who did most of these, also wrote a column called "Thumbing the Munsey Files" wherein he digested the plots of fantasy stories from the Munsey magazines into capsule form. The magazine is known as a remarkable source of discussion and background information on H. P. Lovecraft.

While still in FAPA, The Commentator published the first bibliography and critical analysis of William Hope Hodgson, along with a biographical sketch and pictures;

and the first bibliography of fantasy in Blue Book. All this and meticulous mimeography, too.

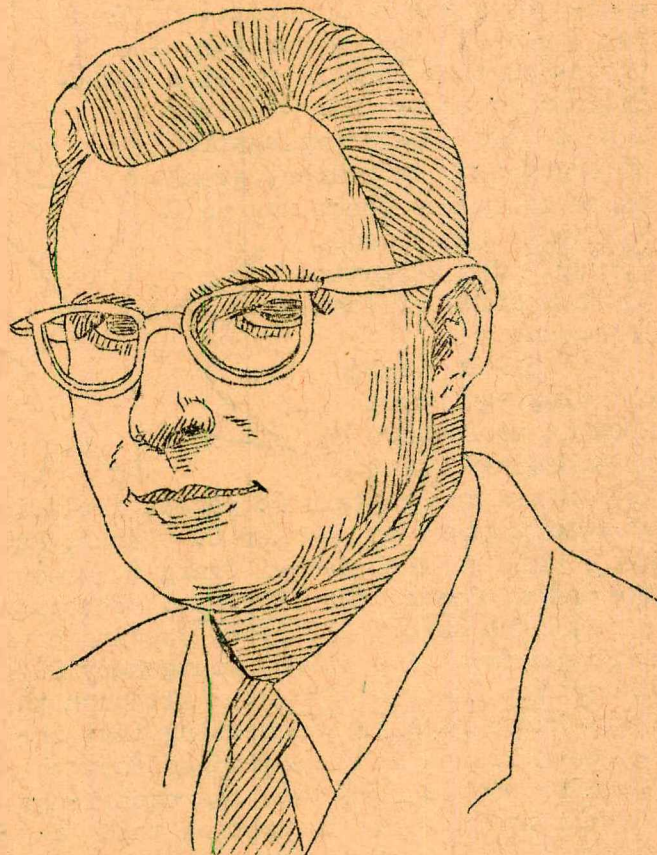
In 1945 Searles asked Sam Moskowitz to write a history of fandom and won his confidence with the high level of his periodical. That history was The Immortal Storm and the first installment appeared in the eighth issue of Fantasy Commentator, the Fall 1945 issue. The Storm ran in eighteen installments right up until the end of the magazine's history, skipping only one issue, the Winter 1951-2, wherein Moskowitz' article "Stanley G. Weinbaum: A Comprehensive Appraisal" took up 16 pages.

In 1950, Henry Reinhardt, Dewey Scarborough, Ian T. Macauley and Jerry Burge founded a science fiction group in Atlanta, Georgia. They at first called the club "The Cosmic Legion," and made plans to publish a fan magazine to be called Cosmag. Some more experienced fan informed them that there had been a Southern club of dubious reputation called "The Cosmic Circle," and they changed the name to the Atlanta Science Fiction Organization. The first issue of Cosmag was published in January, 1951. It was mimeographed and consisted mostly of fiction and showed little promise of what was to come. Then, in March 1951, another Atlanta fan, Henry Burwell, published a mimeographed, mostly reprint fanzine called Science Fiction Digest. A.S.F.O. and Burwell were at first unaware of the existence of each other, but that did

not last. Burwell became a member of the club in June, 1951. And he proved a man of ideas -- it was he who suggested combining both magazines and having them printed by the photo-offset process.

A few months before the Nolacon in 1951, Harry Moore, the New Orleans fan credited with producing the 1951 World Convention almost single-handedly, wrote to Henry Burwell and suggested that he mimeograph a complete edition of The Immortal Storm for sale at the convention. Burwell accepted, and true to form he completed the task in a few short months. That edition was typed by G.M. Carr, Richard Frahm, Wally Weber, Bob Johnson, Burnett Toskey, Ian Macauley, Joe Christoff, Henry Burwell and his wife Kay. Somehow one of them confused the deadline for completed pages with the deadline for stencils and the edition was not ready for the convention. When it did appear, it was dated November, 1951.

Cosmag/S.F. Digest saw two pocket-sized issues in 1951. The January 1952 issue was digest sized. The cost of offsetting became too much and it was decided to invest in some printing equipment. A printing press, some type and a few other essentials, including a paper cutter, were bought and the ASFO members began setting type. After a couple of months fooling around they lost patience. They were aided in doing so by the equipment, particularly the type (of which there never seemed to be quite enough) which took special pleasure in snapping loose at very trying moments. The



ASFO members decided to bring out a mimeographed issue, and, perhaps, in guilt for missing a deadline, they did a very special issue.

It was mimeod on slick paper, using fast-drying ink, and featured a lithographed cover and printed linoleum block illustrations, some in color. Material was by Ken Slater, Lee Hoffman, Bob Silverberg, Ian Macaulay, Peter J. Ridley and Jerry Burge. The whole thing was beautiful.... That is, the whole Cosmag portion. The SF Digest portion consisted of a Lithographed cover by Terry Jeeves and a two - page explanation mimeographed on coarse, green paper as to why there was no S. F. Digest this issue.

Burwell was beginning to show signs of losing interest.

A.S.F.O. sold the printing equipment and used it to finance an anniversary issue

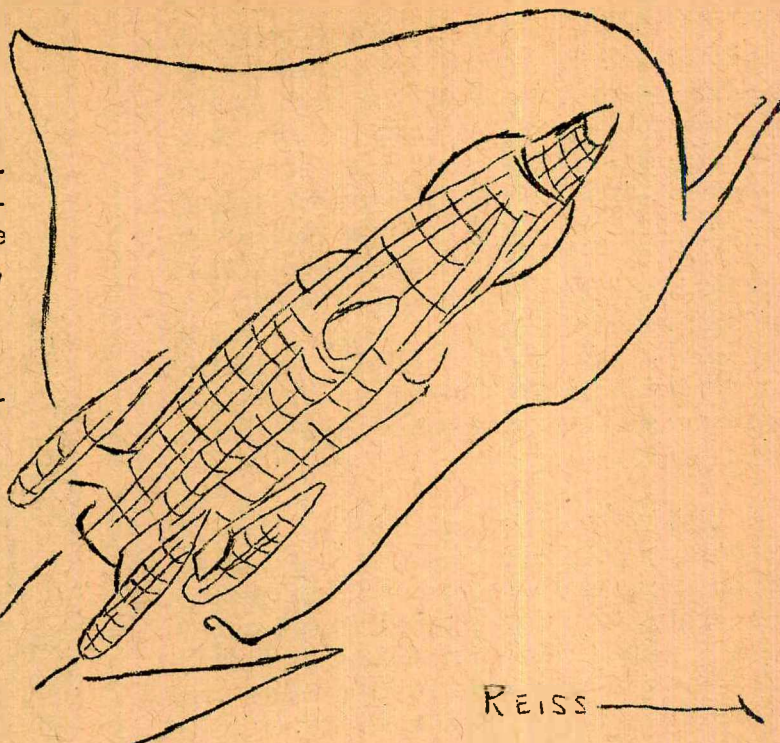
of the fanzine. It was to be offset, digest-sized and contain 68 pages, including a yellow, heavy-stock cover. Material was by such writers as Arthur C. Clarke, Mack Reynolds, Darrell C. Richardson, Ted Carnell, Walt Willis, Lemuel Craig (Vernon McCain), Bob Tucker, and others. This was the end of Cosmag and SF Digest. The issue was dated September, 1952.

At the August 21, 1952 meeting of A.S.F.O., Henry Burwell read a letter he had received from D. C. (Doc) Montgomery suggesting that they publish a hard-cover edition of The Immortal Storm. Although the minutes of that meeting do not mention it, Jerry Burge recalls suggesting that the club try "Cosmos" first. because the Storm had been issued in mimeographed form so recently, and because publishing the shorter "Cosmos" should give them the experience they would need to do justice to the Storm. Burwell had already thought of this and had inquired about rights to "Cosmos." It was hopeless, he said, because rights to the copyrighted Merritt chapter could not be cleared. So the club returned to its original choice, The Immortal Storm.

That settled, Henry Burwell contacted Sam Moskowitz about obtaining rights. Although Moskowitz had been contacted by a publisher who had offered to publish the Storm on a royalty basis, he preferred to have it handled by fans. He and Burwell reached an agreement whereby Moskowitz would receive ten copies of the book as payment, that copies would be sent to ten reviewers named by Moskowitz, and that the hard cover edition would be copyrighted in his name.

The problems presented themselves immediately. The mimeographed edition was undesirable as use for the final copy for a number of reasons. So there was a delay while Moskowitz prepared a suitable copy.

In writing the Storm Moskowitz had made use of his collection, which included not only published material such as fanzines and broadsides, but also reams of correspondence with the fans concerned. When he visited Atlanta in early June of 1954 Moskowitz told Burge that the first installment in Fantasy Commentator was not particularly well researched (as compared with later installments), but that when he saw it in print he became enthusiastic. The difference is noticeable from chapter 5 on in the FC and Burwell editions, and Moskowitz wanted the hardbound edition to meet his high standard of accuracy all the way through. He began revising it into final form. Most of the revisions consisted of correcting small omissions, typos and vague phrasings. There was also some change of attitude in a few matters that naturally



came with the increased perspective of years. There was also the matter of the last installment of the Storm, which had been put onto stencils by Searles but was destined never to appear in Fantasy Commentator.

Then, too, there was the problem of how to bring the book up to date. The Storm closes shortly before the Second World War. It was felt that its value would be enhanced by adding a section to bring it up to date. For a while the group considered having someone else write a second section, and they considered the natural choice: Redd Boggs.*

But a number of things convinced them that it would be better merely to have Moskowitz write a comparatively brief summarizing chapter. For one thing, the added wordage would have meant added costs. For another, Boggs probably did not have access to files comparable to Moskowitz', meaning it would not be fair to either one to do it that way. Therefore the idea was dropped as unfeasable.

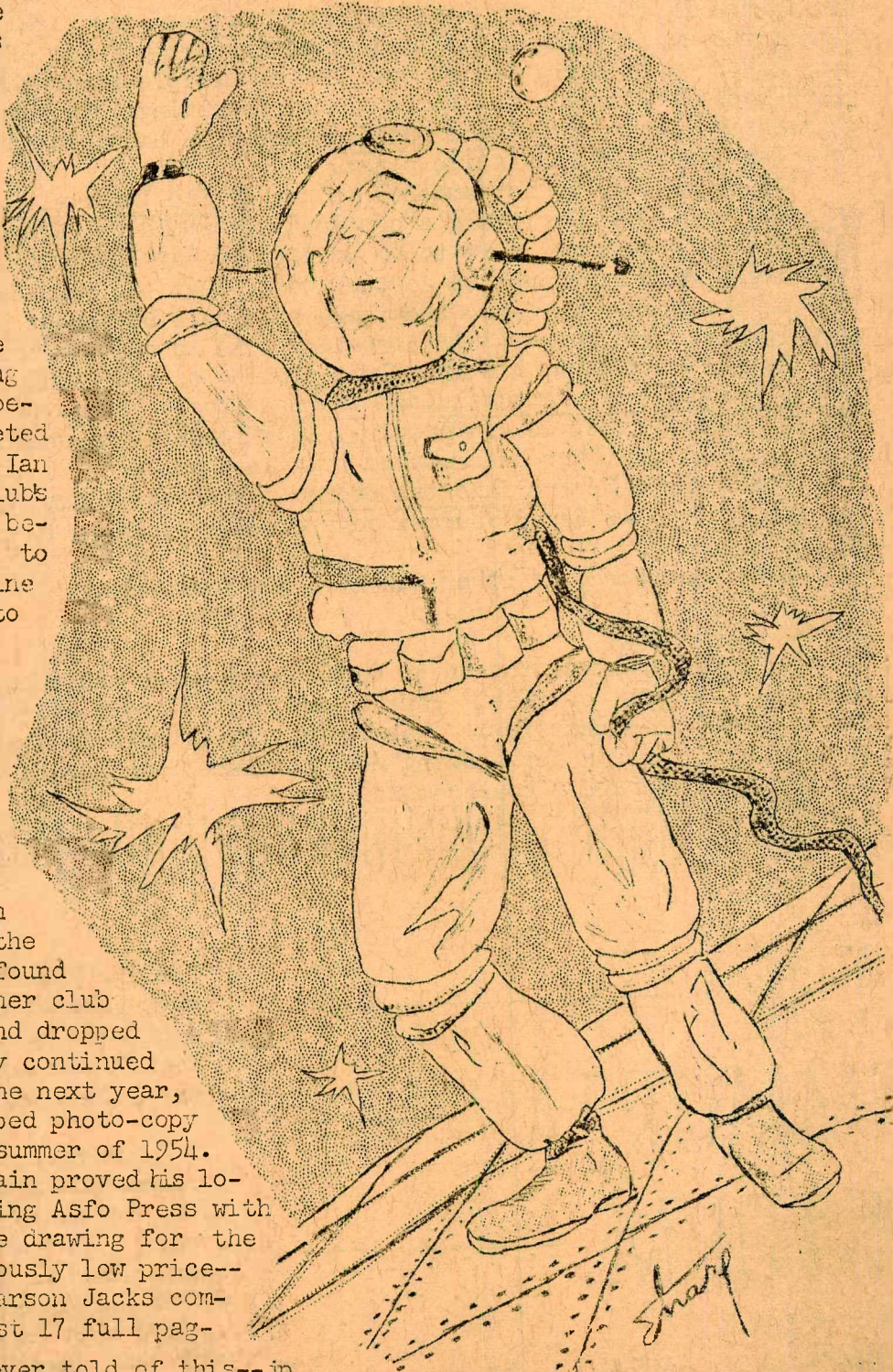
On December 11, 1952, Burwell resigned fandom, leaving Asfo Press in the hands of Ian Macaulay. Ian and Carson Jacks bought a typewriter with a special typeface for typing the final offset copy. Four members were assigned the task of typing the dummy version. Work began. Jerry Burge completed his portion and because Ian was busy with Asfo (the club's new publication, so called because no one had wanted to call a mimeographed magazine "Cosmag"), Jerry agreed to type Ian's portion, too.

When he finished it was discovered that the whole thing -- half the book -- was typed the wrong size. Burge's comment was colorful.

Ian left Atlanta shortly after that, leaving Jerry Burge and Carson Jacks with Asfo Press and the fanzine. These two soon found themselves alone as the other club members lost interest and dropped out. Despite setbacks, they continued to work on the book for the next year, at last completing the typed photo-copy for the offsetters in the summer of 1954.

Frank R. Paul once again proved his loyalty to fandom by providing Asfo Press with a striking black and white drawing for the dust jacket at an outrageously low price--\$30.00. Jerry Burge and Carson Jacks compiled an index of almost 17 full pag-

*I do not believe he was ever told of this--jp



es which made The Immortal Storm not only an interesting history but a valuable reference work as well. These features, along with the twelve pages of photographs from the collections of Robert A. Madle and Sam Moskowitz and the thousands of words of text--variously estimated to be anywhere from 125,000 to 200,000 words in length--as well as the outstanding job done by the printers and binders were to place Asfo Press' first--and perhaps only--book well above average in quality and workmanship.

The Immortal Storm stands as one of the outstanding, and at the same time most controversial, works produced in sf fandom. The critics have reacted variously. L. Sprague de Camp has called it a book of value to sociologists and group-psychologists, "as an extraordinary and outstanding (if quite unintentional) study in small-group dynamics." Others have called it accurate. Still others, noting Moskowitz' prominence in the history, have passed it off as too highly biased. And Floyd C. Gale damned the whole thing as "an account of the petty feuds of a handful of S-F fans...." Some months ago Harry Warner Jr. had an article attacking the Storm in Innuendo, which Moskowitz considered to be almost insulting. His rebuttal appeared in the 19th anniversary issue of Science Fiction Times. He has assured me that his rebuttal will have the effect of a dynamite blast.

As to whether or not another volume of The Immortal Storm will appear, that remains to be seen. Certainly a continuation would be valuable but it would probably, like the first volume, have to be written by Sam Moskowitz. And as to whether or not Asfo Press will ever publish another book, that too remains to be seen. No money was lost on the Storm; in fact, they have sold all but about 100 copies of the 500 copy print order. And Burge would certainly like to continue publishing, if possible.

As for Moskowitz, his excellent series of biographical articles in Satellite, Fantastic Universe, Fantastic, and Amazing Stories seems to have him too busy to continue. At any rate, we can probably look forward to seeing those in hardcover form since a manuscript has been placed with an agency.

Still and all, The Immortal Storm stands as a remarkable book, and a valuable one for fandom. As James Taurasi says elsewhere, there is no other book like The Immortal Storm.

And, therefore, no other man like Sam Moskowitz.

Acknowledgements:

I owe a vast amount of thanks to both Jerry Burge and Sam Moskowitz for helping me with the research on this. Particularly, for their pointing out of errors in the first submitted manuscript. That was a sort of saga in itself. Thanks should also be made to Ed Meskys for showing more patience than I would have in waiting for this, and for his help and encouragement.

THE IMMORTAL STORM

THE IMMORTAL STORM, "A History of Science-Fiction Fandom" by Sam Moskowitz, published by The Atlanta Science Fiction Organization Press, 1954. 269 pages, \$5.00. Dust jacket by Frank R. Paul

It needed a person who knew and understood science-fiction fandom, and one who could write it with warmth and vigor. One who was not loused up by a professional critical code of habits. This person also needed documents to prove what he was saying, and a memory of what had happened in those early stages of science-fiction fandom. Above

a review by

JAMES V. TAURASI, Sr.

all, this person had to love science-fiction. That person was Sam Moskowitz.

The book contains all of the glamor, vigor, youthfulness and "hell-may-care" viewpoints of fandom in its beginnings. Page by page it unfolds the delightful story of what these men and women did, how they loved their chosen hobby, and how they fought for their ideals.

Through the threads can be seen the history of science-fiction magazines.

It tells mostly of the early days of printed fan magazines, then the decline to hectographed fan magazines, and the slow rise to the mimeographed fan magazines. It tells of the early fan clubs, the early national clubs and up to the climax, the First World Science Fiction Convention.

Many younger fans, especially those that ventured the hobby in the late 40s and 50s may wonder at all the fights in the early days of fandom, and think, "It hasn't stopped yet." That is true, and maybe, it is what makes fandom lively and the reason it continues to be one of the finest hobbies in the world. No one doubts that most of the personalities in the book loved and appreciated science-fiction. They did. It was only how to appreciate science-fiction and science-fiction fandom that brought on differences of opinions (The same applies today.) Fans then and today were and are a stubborn people. Few if any give in to another's idea. Once they got set on a theme, that was it. The best to be hoped for was a compromise, and that was hard to get in most cases. Naturally, some with similar ideas banded together in local clubs, national clubs, and publishing houses. But even in those, if you followed them closely, you saw some members leave to join other groups or set up their own.

This individuality makes science-fiction fandom. It gives it the vigor and life that few other hobbies possess.

The book tells you this up to and including 1939-40. Actually, it tells, too, the story of Sam Moskowitz, his friends and his enemies.

Like Sam's articles being published today in Fantastic Science Fiction Stories, the book is well written with a very broad pen. It goes into details that most historians would have left out. It is rich with the very life-pulse that is fandom. What makes it outstanding is that it is over 99.99% accurate. I remember Sam coming to my home in the late 40s and along with Will Sykora and myself going over the original Fantasy Commentator version line by line, checking and checking to make sure that it was down in the proper order and that what was there was supposed to be there. Moskowitz is well known for his careful research; this book more than any other item Sam has written was carefully documented. Outside of extremely minor points here and there, no one has said, or can say, that a specific item is not true. At best they can merely offer another opinion.

In no other literary field is there a book like this (Actually what other field has a fandom like science-fiction?); fandom can be and is proud of this book. It is its bible.

I consider this the "Old Testament" of the "Science-Fiction Bible." I wish that Sam would find time to write the "New Testament." I would suggest it be in at least two books. Book #2: from 1939 to after World War II -- 1945. Book #3 should start with the first postwar convention in Newark, New Jersey in March 1946 and up to 1960. After that, well it depends on what happens. Naturally it would take time and energy for such projects, and time is something that Sam has little of these days.

The history was priceless, and the book itself is well printed, well edited and the cover is Paul at his best.

~~~~~  
 Copies of the STORM are available @ \$5.00 each from J. Burge, 1707 Piper Circle SE

Atlanta 16, Georgia

~~~~~

"Every couple has its moment" -- R. J. Armstrong

TARNISHED UTOPIAS

BY MIKE DECKINGER

Future novels, that is, novels of future developments of Earth, frequently, if not always, carry a pessimistic and disquieting note throughout them. Generally, they make the reader feel that this is not the kind of world he'd like to live in. Some of them labor this point, striving to bring out the fact that the present day had better change so that the future can be averted, and others gleefully skip over this point, contenting themselves to weave some intricate plot, in which the future is just an incidental background.

Entertainment is something that most writers can achieve without resorting to grim and/or depressing subjects, so why is it that the most frequent world of the future one sees is a type that is not very appealing in all aspects?

The most common transition is in government. And probably the best example I can give of this is George Orwell's famous 1984 which is practically a grade-school primer for sf fans, as well as being as being a bestseller in the mundane world too. The ruler of this future police state is Big Brother, whose identity, if he has any, is never revealed to any of the characters in the novel. The point is made that apparently no one has ever seen Big Brother, which only serves to increase the horror of the situation. Picture, if you can, mindless automations obeying without flinching the will of a master they have never seen, believing that they are being observed everywhere in all they do (with chances being that they are) and you have an idea of the average person in this world of 1984. The malcontents are carefully weeded out; the malcontent is easy to spot, though his ranks are slowly diminishing.

And further, 1984 pictures a world where all discipline and punishment is confined to room 101, the ultimate in terror. Room 101 contains what every man secretly fears, which is released to him. In this way, the citizens of this nightmare world are gradually subjected into believing everything issued forth by Big Brother --to them, White is Black and Black is White and if Big Brother says it, then it is certainly so and there can be no disputing the word.

Granted, the main purpose of this novel was to shock the reader. Despite what anyone may say, I maintain that Orwell accomplished this in magnificent fashion, and 1984 ranks in my mind as one of the all time classics of futuristic literature.

But look more closely; what particular facet of living did he choose to distort to cause this shock?

Obviously the government.

When this novel was first published, there were of course periodic upheavals being conducted in many governments, but no real major breakouts or revolts. Yet the Government that Orwell depicts, controlled by Big Brother and the Thought Police, is so absolute in every respect, that it well deserves the title of "the ultimate in tyranny."

People worry about the government. They worry about taxes and wars and the birth rate and whether they'll have enough to buy the latest model cars, but this is all tied in with worry with regard to government changes and actions.

Insecurity is bred in a civilization where a man fears that he and his country will go to war against another country, even though he does not want it, just because his government decrees it must be so. How many people today actually want to war with Russia? Polls have shown this amount to be infinitesimal; the vast majority of people today realize that war is not a method of solving things, and that war may easily create more problems than those that existed before the skirmish. The advantages of a full scale war are very slight, compared to the disadvantages. Man can easily exterminate himself today by dropping a few well placed bombs in strategic Soviet areas, and then awaiting the retaliation of Soviet missiles, bombs, and rockets, and the counter retaliation of American arms until--by the time the weapons are used up--no one will be around to celebrate the victory. If indeed it is a victory.

By working on the common fear of the people, that the government could and might overstep its bounds in governing & then work from socialism to communism and dictatorship, Orwell shocked a lot of people out of a it-can't-happen-here complacency, no doubt induced by the optimistic ones who are constantly preaching that things are not as bad as they seem. Whether or not a government could grow to the absolute power that the one in 1984 did is not a matter to be discussed here. The fact is that it did, or at least in Orwell's estimation it did.

Recently Nevil Schute's On The Beach gained acclaim when first published in 1955 as a regular novel and immediately became a bestseller. In this novel of the near future (1964) the government was indirectly responsible for the situation, but there wasn't very much opportunity to take any sort of revenge on the governments, for they had all been very effectively wiped out through a nuclear war which lasted only a short while. But in this short while, radioactive seeds of death had been deposited in the atmosphere...seeds that were sown by the wind, and would eventually circle the whole globe, wiping out all life on earth and either giving nature another try at an experiment (humanity) which it pretty well botched up or making sure that man was permanently wiped out. Schute leaves this all up to the reader's imagination, giving no hints or thoughts as to whether life would begin again. After all, this idea is not strictly impossible; the half life of U-238 is only a fraction of a second compared to galactic time, and since this universe appears to be good for a relatively long time afterwards, there is a good chance that man will reappear again.

On The Beach is as much a novel of the future as is 1984. And, like the latter, it depicts a future that you would not like to live in for chances are that your stay would be a short one indeed. No one outwardly damns the government for getting them into this situation, but it also becomes clear that no one relishes the position either, proving that the survival instinct of man will float up to the surface in the sea of fear and insecurity, even if there is no chance of reaching dry land.

Motion pictures are a better medium than books, however. It's unfortunate that 1984 was never made into a full scale production by one of Hollywood's more competent producers and directors; they do exist, you know, even if by the trend of today's juvenile sf films they'd have you believe differently. There was a film version of 1984 made however, in 1955 in England, which starred Edmond O' Brien, Michael Redgrave and Jan Sterling. It was a Holiday Production released by Columbia Pictures who did an extremely poor job of the distribution of it. By and large it was a good film, accurately and disturbingly depicting the future that Orwell wrote about. The ending stuck faithfully to the book, which is a bit unusual, since unhappy endings are usually frowned upon in film circles. But then, when you stop to think, such an ending is inevitable, even from the beginning. You may cheer Winston Smith for his efforts, but does anyone actually expect to see him defeat the tyrannical regime of Big Brother? Certainly not!

On the other hand, On The Beach recieved a commendable build-up and was filmed by Stanley Kramer with a high budget, top stars, and a good basic plot to work with. This was hampered by the protestations of the author Nevil Schute who steadfastly refused to see the film, even after it was completed, because he objected to the superflous and irrelevant romance scenes inserted. But, Hollywood has its way, and romance is still a big drawing card. The future depicted in On The Beach does not bear as many changes as 1984. With 1984 you have the Thought Police guarding your every thought and word, the vast news services, the hate marches, the technology of the future. On The Beach taking place in 1964 has very little of the future to offer. At times it dawdles from its main theme, skipping the human extermination plot completely to engage in sheer romance, but eventually it returns to the main theme. It is the future, different from that of 1984, but just as frightening and disturbing.

I've often wondered if any writer has ever sat down and pictured all of the good that the future will bring. Excluding a possible war, disease, invasion, etc., etc. Suppose humanity for some obscure reason realizes the folly that war brings,

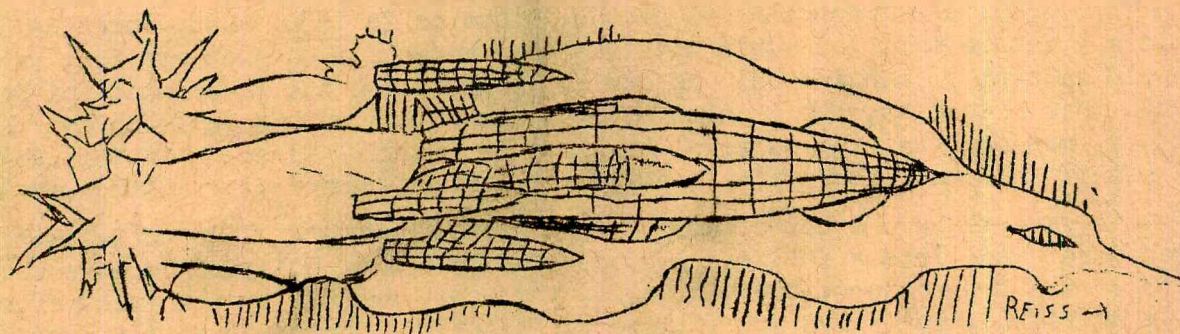
realizes how stupid it is (to quote from On The Beach) "to try to defend ourselves with weapons we could not possibly use." There will always be conflicts and strifes, that's one of the characteristics of human beings, but these do not have to be amplified by other means so that they grow out of proportion into something monstrously dangerous. Can't progress do some good, or does it always have to lead to new weapons of war and destruction.

Utopia is the mythical perfect state, no doubt existing in an anarchistic order (or disorder) because no government, no matter how hard it tries, can be perfect. Whether religion plays an important part in this or not is an interesting question. I tend to think that as man educates himself more, theology will not be placed on such a high regard. This is the age of materialistic possessions, not of a fanatical belief in some unknown, unseen deity.

The future is only a step away. The span of events towards it is being narrowed each day, as technology and the will-to-know-more penetrates the abyss that is ignorance and superstition. In a sense we are at a crossroads leading in many paths. There is a path that leads onto a beach, a cold, barren, dying beach; there is a path that leads into a nightmare world where thoughts are no longer secrets and the tyrannical ruler is omnipotent, absolute and ultimate in his power.

There are other paths too....

Which one will we take?



CRITIC

by Peter J. Maurer

It has been said that the layman has no right to criticize the work of the creative artist. This wild statement has been made time and again by misguided individuals who have some mystical idea of the divine nature of art. They seem to feel that the talented creator of beauty should be protected from the inevitable results of his own mistakes. This attitude is pure hogwash. To put it in plainer terms, if Robert Bloch or Isaac Asimov turn out some inferior stories there is no reason why they should not be told. No writer can judge his own work with impartiality. He needs and must have guidance from his readers. The professional critic is perhaps best suited for this important function. He has the experience of a careful and thoughtful reader as well as a skill at expressing himself in terms which the author can appreciate and understand. But the rank and file reader may not be left out as a critic. He has a stake in the artist's output as well as the professional critic. Any reader of sound intelligence and long experience can and should be his own critic. It does not take any special knowledge or talent to evaluate a work of fiction. No one is better qualified or has more right to than the individual who risks many hours of hard earned wages on the slim chance of getting some quiet hours of relaxation & entertainment. The man who pays the piper has a right to call the tune.

CREDO

by John Berry

"Gentlemen," boomed the Master. "Twenty four of you each wrote a thesis on Life in other Galaxies, and it gives me much pleasure to announce that twenty three of you have had your papers accepted by The Holy One, and, accordingly, you are permitted to have your wattles painted red."

The Initiates in the centre of the arena, twenty four of them, flapped their claws enthusiastically, and their parents and friends, some hundreds of them, also applauded in the confines of their private baths of hydrochloric acid.

"However," shouted The Master, and his voice became grim, "one of you forwarded a thesis so fantastic in its allusions that not only has he been demoted to a Scavenger, but his wattles are to be amputated by a direct order from The Holy One."

The waves of hydrochloric acid settled in the arena as the Initiates became still. To have red wattles was the ambition of every one of them, to be made a Scavenger was the dread promise that had been forced upon them by their parents from egghood, should they misbehave. To have wattles removed was the ultimate in disgrace. It hadn't happened at the Arena for some several hundred Egg Circles.

"Ekzub, prostrate yourself."

One of the more studious looking Keebaws swam to the edge of the Arena and turned over on his scaly back immediately in front of The Master, who sat smugly in his bath.

"Gentlemen," shouted The Master in the ecstasy of aggression, a feeling the Keebaws rarely experienced, "before I banish Ekzub, I intend to read out pertinent parts of his disgusting thesis, to show you to what mental depths it is possible for an Initiate to sink. The rest of you all wrote on variations of the postulations I have taught you for the past ten Egg Circles....and it filled me with pride to see how you had embroidered my theme with intelligence and understanding. Twixit, to give but one illustration, wrote over forty sheets dealing with a planet in the Fourteenth Aura which used telepathic hydrochloric foam baths for relaxation, which is, you will agree, a most satisfying idea. But Ekzub. Before I detail some of his monstrous flights of idiotic fancy, I must ask that any Minor Keebaws present should leave...this is not for their tender flappers."

Muttering with indignation, several scaly Keebaws crawled to the sliding ramps and were heard to splash in their own hydrochloric acid transports below.

"This Scavenger before us," croaked The Master, "completely ignoring all accepted conceptions of what life must be like on the other galaxies, branched off into a tangent of frightening misconceptions which demonstrates to me at least that something perverse went on during his particular Egg Circle. For example, this planet he writes about, The Green Place, is exhaustively populated by unique personifications of his vivid imagination, and not content with detailing the various colours of the aliens, he goes into some detail about the reproduction of their kind. Ekzub is not content with our hallowed ritual, the female settling on sperm piles of her own choosing, in the seclusion of her bath. Oh no. Ekzub instead gives sordid details of actual physical contact, which is all the more spurious because in a considerable number of cases contact is not instigated for the purposes of population, but, in the first instance, simply for pleasure. Ekzub had the utter temerity to write in his thesis, and I quote 'purely for pleasure'. I stress our hallowed word 'purely'. But this is only the beginning of a diatribe which The Holy One has ordered to be masticated by Ekzub after his wattles have been removed. The Scavenger before you dares to suggest that on The Green Place, instead of the aliens breathing carbon dioxide and breathing out oxygen, they do the reverse. Instead of spending their time

in the essential luxury of hydrochloric acid, he infers, and this will shock you to the crest, he infers that they have no connection with hydrochloric acid at all, except for chemical purposes relating to their commercial activities."

Crests turned blue with indignation at this, and several of the Initiates blew out clouds of green smoke, showing that they were appaled by this suggestion.

"Worse to come, Gentlemen, I'm very much afraid, continued The Master, raising his voice in the fury he felt, "Ekzub details that these aliens, coloured black, red, yellow, brown and white, actually wear fabric over their figures, and he used up ten sheets describing the alleged variety of this fabric-wearing, ranging from yards of 'linen' wrapped round the 'head', to individually tailored garments, even for the 'feet', completely covering their bodies except for the region where the smell, sight and soul are situated. According to the unfortunate flights of fancy of the tormented soul before you, these aliens have invented craft, akin to our personal transport baths, which precipitate them not only on land, but above and below land and the vast seas of H₂O which, it appears, form over 66 per cent of the surface of The Green Place."

Several of the Keebaws turned over in their baths, completely hypnotized by the monstrous words which affected their flappers. Frenzied efforts were made to make them recover their balance before The Master concluded.

"I will not dwell on the idiosyncrasies of this alien culture. Suffice it to say that, to them it is considered pleasure to ease their bodies into H₂O...and listen to this. Ekzub asserts that creatures actually live and breed in the H₂O, and that they range in size from microscopic to gigantic. Oh, and much else... besides being the most disgusting and unforgivable thesis, it is also the longest. He describes creatures that fly without the aid of machines, bits of paper with which anything can be bought...diseases...wars...murder...fol de se...winds...plagues of insects covering thousands of square miles...believe me, the more of this drivel you read the more you become aware that although in a sence Ekzub has talent as a writer and an imaginative poet, instead of following our premise that we are the most advanced race in the Universe, he is dedicated to the task of not only demonstrating that we are perhaps inferior, but actually preparing to accept that we should consider such a preposition. Have you anything to say, Scavenger?"

"I dreamed it, Master...I saw all those things, and much else...I saw that these aliens are actually contemplating leaving their planet, and it is not too inconcievable to suggest that in the future they might..."

"REMOVE HIS WATTLES," thundered The Master, and the unfortunate Keebaw was carried away....

The Initiates and their clique departed too, leaving The Master alone. He straightened his crest, and tried to dismiss the Ekzub thesis from his mind.

Against his better judgement, he looked upwards into the reddish blue sky. He stayed like that for some moments.

He was rather apprehensive.....

John Berry
1960

DISTRIBUTION:

SAPS mailing # 52

The Pittcon Memory Book

non-N'APA copies of Herpolhode Psience Fact & Fiction
available on request to N'APA members.

published by Edmund R Meskys, 723A - 45 St. Brooklyn 20, N.Y.

REVIEWS of the PROZ

i
c
h
a
r
d

A

r
m
s
t
r
o
n
g

The following is a review of three promags that were on sale concurrently around the beginning of September; the October Galaxy, the October Fantasy and Science Fiction, and the September Astounding.

Of the three, the F&SF cover by Bonestell is far superior to those on the Galaxy and Astounding--as usual for Bonestell. The Galaxy cover is above average, though. Mel Hunter has done a very nice interplanetary scene. The Astounding cover is...curious. I think that that is the best word to describe it. It shows two heads, one of which is blue. Yet, in the story, the character depicted is certainly not blue. Perhaps van Dongen was striving for some special effect, which escaped me.

To begin, let's take the issue of Galaxy. It contains three novelettes and seven short stories, besides Gold's superfluous (as usual) editorial, atrocious (as usual) illos, Willy Ley's column, and Gale's book column. Perhaps Ruvdich will get better artists to work for him. At least, we can hope. In this, all three novelettes are worth reading, as well as three of the seven shorts. On the whole, not too bad. Willy Ley's column is its usual enjoyable self, but this time it's not really outstanding. Although, this time the Q & A section didn't have some terribly banal questions. Floyd C. Gale's book review column is merely a device to fill up space, and always has been since Conklin left. If Gold would replace Gale by Pohl, from If, the improvement would be tremendous. But then there wouldn't be any reason left to buy If, whose fiction is mediocre, to be kind.

The first novelette, "World in a Bottle" by Allen Kim Lang, is about a group of thirty men and women who have been raised from childhood in perfectly sterile artificial conditions in a university. They desire to be the crew of the first interstellar spaceship, and their efforts towards the achievement of this goal make interesting reading.

"The Stentorii Luggage" by Nael Barrett, Jr. is a problem story. Given: a few hundred vicious alien pets who can imitate anything from an ash-tray to a human being, who escape in a galactic hotel. Required: how to exterminate them before some guests are gobbled up. Barrett does an absorbing narrative, along with a pleasant solution.

"The Immortals" by David Duncan is another twist in the machine--that predicts the future gimmick. Competantly handled, with a dash of immortality added; this novelette is worth the time spent on it.

The best short story is by Gordon R. Dickson: "The Hours Are Good". It is an expanded incident: an assassination attempt, with a nice snap ending.

"Beach Scene" by Marshall King is an alien-encounter story, with a primitive alien that can "stop time" yet leave itself unaffected. As an added inducement there is an Evil Greedy Capitalist, which spoils the story somewhat. Still, this one affords a pleasant $\frac{1}{4}$ hour.

Then we come to what Gold calls a "non-fact article"--Edward Wellen's "Origin of the Galactic Short-Snorter." This one is more enjoyable than some of the others, and is quite well done, though some of the allusions and humour are a bit laboured. Good only in small doses. I'm glad that Gold hasn't played this sort of thing to death as Mills has with Ferdinand Feghoot.

The other four shorts are either curious, trivial, or too laboured to be enjoyable. It is interesting to note that none of them are by name authors.

Galaxy must have a very poor trimming machine. Practically every issue I have received has a few ragged edges. But, as a compensation, Galaxy has staples, which is more than can be said for F&SF or Astounding.

James Blish opens the October F&SF with "The Oath", a short novelette

of medical problems that could arise after World War III. Although by no means a major Blissh work, it is an engrossing tale from start to finish. The other (longer) novelette in this is "A Few Miles", by Phillip Jose Farmer, another in the adventures of John Carmody: an adventure story with Farmer's polish lifting it above the ordinary level. Carmody (Brer John of the order of St. Jaiirus) is told to leave Earth for the frontier planet, Wildenwooly, and the reader goes through 29 pages while Brer John gets halfway to the spaceport -- 5 miles. Mills comments at the end that Brer John's adventures should be carried further soon; maybe at a bit more of a mile-consuming clip, let's hope.

The 7 shorts which fill most of the space in this are all written by Names. Indeed, this is another "all star issue." However, some ordinary issues of F&SF have been better than this. All of which goes to show again that Names do not necessarily good stories make.

First we encounter "Something" by Allen Drury. The curator of a museum hears some sound emanating from the Egyptian room. He falls to his death on the stairs while investigating it. Sheer writing overcame the plot....

"Inside the Comet" is a problem story with a uniquely Arthur C. Clarkeian twist, in the best "White Hart" vein. Problem: what do you do in space when the ship's computer breaks down and you can't radio for help?

The next 4 stories have rather standardised themes--in fact, "_____ is another story" would describe all 4 quite well. Poul Anderson's "Welcome", food - problem of our future over-populated Earth; "From Shadowed Places", Matheson sexy fantasy (Matheson is something like Bradbury: you either like him or you don't. If you like Matheson, pure fantasy [not the Unknownish brand], and sex, then this one is tailor made for your tastes.); Katherine MacLean's "Interbalance", post WWII (about life on a South-Sea isle, whence civilization has nearly departed. We watch the last flame of civilization flicker and die, much to Miss MacLean's delight.); & Howard Fast's "The Sight of Eden", another story of how evil Terrans are, how pure the rest of the universe is, and how we must be kept on Earth, never to pollute perfection.

The less said about Ferdinand Feghoot, the better. To think it's gone on for 32 months! A saturation point must be reached soon. Asimov's science column provided some illumination on a subject that is not often discussed in sf mags: the origins of comets and meteors. I don't remember any sf story that uses the idea of employing planetoids as "stepping stones to the stars."

Alfred Bester's new book column starts off nicely, & should be one of the highlights of F&SF in the future. It appears as if Damon Knight has slipped into hibernation for awhile; the only outlet now for his reviews is Fantastic, and it is extremely unlikely that he will appear there. So perhaps Damon Knight will have the time to write more fiction.

The last short is a fantasy about the experiences a man goes through as he realizes he is becoming a werewolf: "How Lucky We Met" by Wade Miller. Readable, but hardly memorable.

The last Astounding starts off with J.W.C.'s editorial purporting to be a report on the Dean Drive but is nothing of the sort. It is a better-than-usual Campbell sermon on the results of government-sponsored research. Future months' Brass Tacks should give a better indication of what's happening. The high points in this are Isaac Asimov's article, Poul Anderson's concluding part of "The High Crusade", and a short story by Winston P. Sanders.

"The Matter of Space", Isaac Asimov's article, is all about the difficulty of stating precisely where a star's surface terminates, and about the solar wind. Asimov manages to make any subject except biochemistry interesting, and he succeeds here. The slick paper certainly comes in handy for articles like this.

"The High Crusade" by Poul Anderson is heartily enjoyable nonsense that deserves immortality in hard and soft covers. There is little comparison with Anderson's former "A Bicycle Built For Brew", in which the humour was laboured and very unfunny in parts. If Unknown were still extant, we might see more of this.

The short story by Winston P. Sanders, "Barnacle Bull", is a combination idea- and problem story. The idea: space barnacles. The problem: what to do about them.

especially when they disable the radio, radiation screen apparatus, &c. Astounding used to be famous for this type of story.

As for the other 3 stories--"By Proxy" by David Gorden is a novelette about a man who "stole" an invention from another man, and became famous. Smoothly done, but you won't remember it long. "Alarm Clock" by Everett B. Cole is another novelette, a superman story about the recruiting methods of the Special Corps. This sort of thing can get tiring after a while, but (happily) it appears that this type of story is tapering off, now that Campbell's interested in the Dean Drive. "A Transmutation of Muddles" is a typical problem-with-the-native-customs yarn. Maybe I wasn't in the mood for it when I read it, but it just plodded along.

Brass Tacks has a new illo now, & I suppose The Reference Library will be next. I guess that it's too much to hope for that Campbell'll leave the words "science fiction" in the new illo...ah well. So much for the 358th (& last, incidentally) Astounding.

Of the three mags, my personal preference this time is the Astounding, chiefly because of the serial. F&SF next, and Galaxy last.

And here are some excerpts from a review of the May 1960 Astounding.

Editorial. The first 75% was just Campbell filling up space. I got the impression that he was trying to write down to his readers, instead of across, which tends to irritate some persons (like me, for instance.) Campbell has done much better than this. To be sure, his point was well illustrated, though the manner in which he illustrated it became a trifle tedious after the first two pages.

Damned if You Don't by Randall Garrett. This is an interesting example of what can happen to a fairly straightforward stf gadget yarn when Campbell moulds it to suit his present mood. It is an enjoyable story, competently told, and the "superman" is actually believable. So far, this is the best of the superman stories to come from Campbell since Dorsai!; perhaps JWC has finally learned that the sledgehammer approach in hawking his ideas won't get him very far, so he is switching to the soft sell. Anyway, I wish him luck. But it IS a good story.

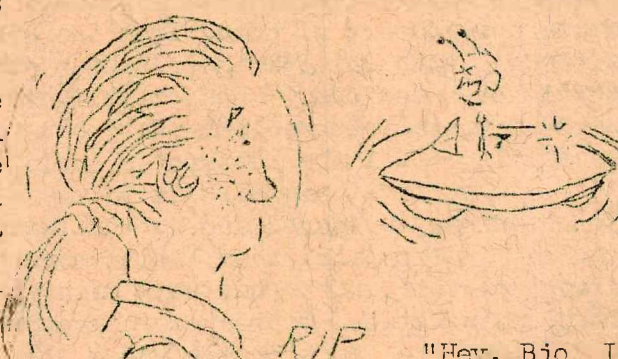
The March of the Phyla by Isaac Asimov. Biochemistry is a subject which is dear to Asimov's heart, as all stf fen know. Therefore, the question naturally arises, why are Isaac's articles on biochemistry so horribly dull? His articles of a few years ago (Planetary Atmospheres, &c.) I found very absorbing, as I do most of his stories, and they are head and shoulders above these pure biochemistry articles. Why is it that he seemingly cannot write about his own specialty and inject some moisture into some of these dry treatises? Seldon only knows. Asimov shouldn't waste his time with these articles, and should go back to writing more stories. (How long is it since you read a new Asimov story?) He is squandering his talents, to the detriment of modern day stf.

This particular article is the best (rather, the least worst) of the last three he has done on biochemistry, but this isn't saying much. I found the first two frankly unreadable, but half of this one is readable. Well, the articles can't get much worse, so maybe the next one will be better. Let's hope so, for it appears as if Isaac is off on a tangent for a while until he gets all that nucleoprotein out of his bloodstream.

Out Like a Light, part 2, by Mark Phillips. I still haven't the faintest idea how Malone will catch the teleports--the solution should be a dandy. However, if Malone turns out to be a teleport too, I think I'll send Campbell a bomb. (Of course, maybe Malone will sprout wings and fly....)

SUMMARY: For 50¢, not a very good buy. But why didn't you subscribe before the price went up?

~~~~~  
"Sharkey's The Crispan Affair was the worst stf story I ever enjoyed!" -- Cal Lewis @ Pitcon.



"Hey, Bio I real", whipped up a snazzy costume for the masked ball, this time, didn't I?"



# DOWN WITH

A Blast Against Letter - Substitutes

by

ART RAPP

It is time for fanpublishers to raise a faint chorus of protest against that growing phenomenon, the letter-substitute. This, in case you've never seen one, is a mimeo'd or ditto'd leaflet issued on a usually indefinite schedule by a fan who has not the time nor perhaps the energy to compose an individual letter to each of his correspondents.

For such a purpose the letter-substitute has a useful gimmick, since all of us have, at times, found our unanswered mail piled up in an alarming quantity--and if we try to catch up on it rather than ignore it permanently, we find that a goodly portion of our replies consist of expressing the same ideas or opinions in practically the same words to several of our correspondents.

It was in such a situation that the letter-substitute began, as a carbon-copied sheet of general observations, enclosed with briefer personal letters than we would otherwise have considered adequate reply to our long suffering correspondents.

Eventually the letter-substitute became a more elaborate object in its own right, untill sometimes it made a satisfactory substitute for, rather than addition to, personal correspondence. I am thinking here in particular of Eney's Stupefying Stories, a frequently appearing four to six page commentary which discussed whatever interested Rich at the moment, in such lively fashion that I'm sure none of us who received it felt hurt that Rich had no time to make individual reply to the letters we wrote him.

Like all good ideas, however, the letter substitute is quite capable of being abused by fans who see in it a means of escaping the work of keeping up their end of a letter-writing conversation. And it wasn't long, too, untill a few calculating individuals noted that, given a title and issue number, a letter-substitute would qualify under the loosely-defined word "fanzine" and thus be exchanged for copies of more substantial publications.

Now this is not altogether a cunning scheme of the letter-substitute producers to get free fanzines. At least part of the blame must fall on the fanzine-publishers themselves, or at least that faction who value their own product so little that they offer it free to you and to me, if we'll just write them a letter of comment.

Years back, the rule-of-thumb was, send one free issue to anyone asking for a sample of your zine; if you're producing something worth its subscription price, the reader should be willing to pay for further issues. Letters of comment, while welcome, were a sort of bonus from the readers, proof that they were not only satisfied with what they got for their subscription money, but felt pleased enough to pat you on the back besides. Some zines gave a "contributor's copy" for letters of comment used in their lettercolumn; a great many did not. And yet, under those conditions, we still got all the letters we could use, and more besides.

Now my first impulse is to say that these days (when you can get any number of painstakingly prepared and worthy fanzines as "exchange" for a cruddy two-page semi-annual leaflet that does little more than mention them), the value that faneditors place on their work has sunk mighty low. However, like all generalizations, this does an injustice to everyone concerned.

There are some people whose letter-substitutes are interesting enough to be worth treating as a fanzine for exchange purposes. Besides Eney, I might mention Terry Carr and Mike Deckinger in this category, along with Redd Boggs and his semi-zine Retrograde. No doubt there are several others.

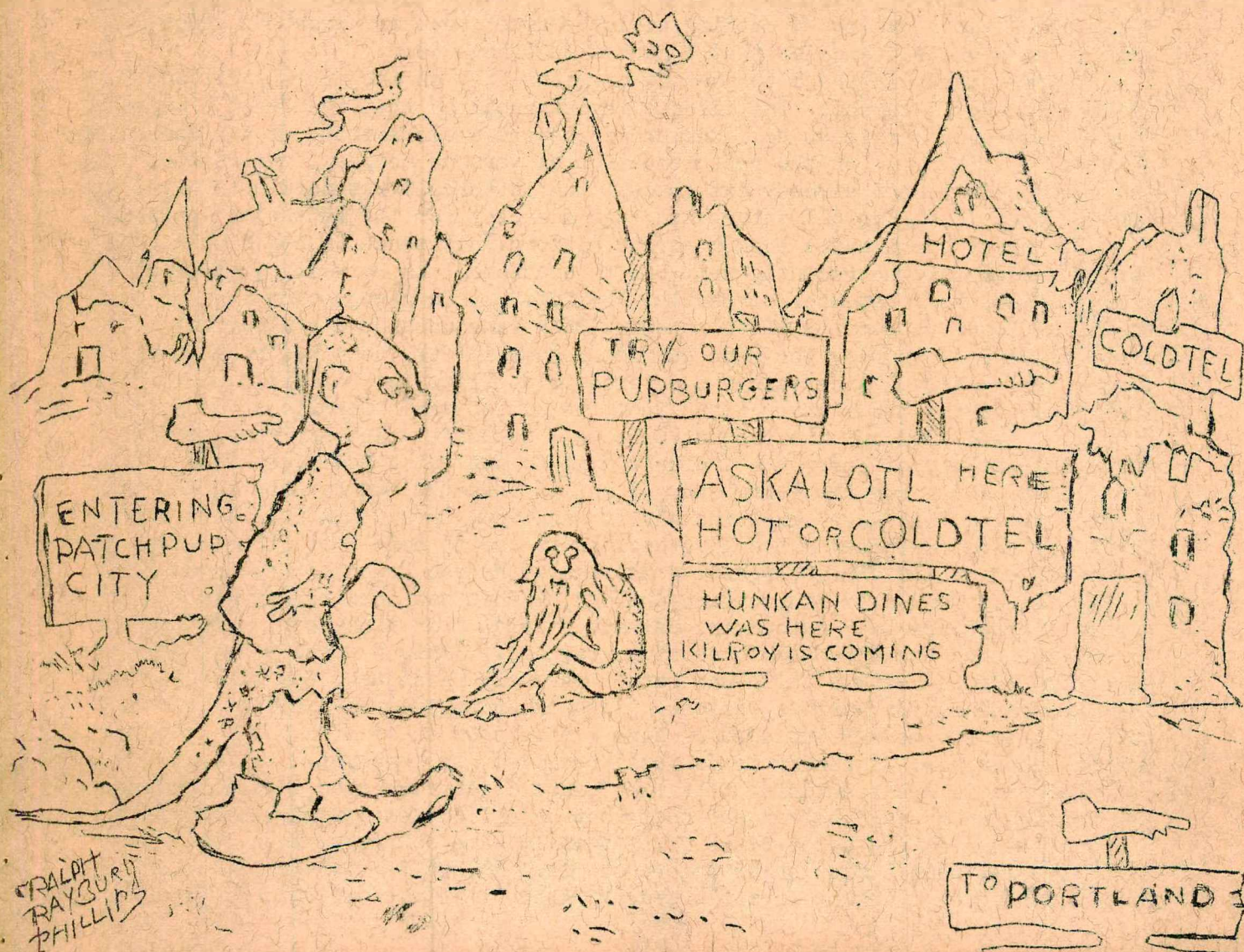


# CHISELZINES!

There is the undeniable fact that fanzines are of such wildly varied types, sizes, schedules and purposes, that any editor who attempts to draw a line below which he will not consider the product adequate return for sending a free issue of his fanzine is bound to find himself making enemies -- or exceptions.

And it is probably unfair to condemn the letter-substitute publishers if they are successful in getting lots of fine fanzines in return for investing a couple of hours' time and a couple of bucks in mimeo supplies a few times a year. Fanpublishers are the ones to be condemned, for being simple-minded enough to let them get away with this sponging off of fannish good nature. In being "fair" to the exchange-publishers, the subzine editor is often being much more "unfair" to his paying customers, whom he expects to cough up 15 or 25 cents for each issue.

The cure for the whole sad situation is simple enough: Let's agree that putting a title and an issue number at the top of a couple pages of onstencil ramblings doesn't make it a "fanzine" -- and when someone attempts to use it as such, let's tell him so, and advise him to use his leaflets for their original purpose: letter-substitutes, not fanzine-substitutes.





# P E S K Y ' S

## VIEWS and REVIEWS

re ed

### IN THISH & THE FUTURE

I'll sometimes call my editorials "About Various Things" & sometimes "Pesky's" ( which name is also used for my now separate mailing comments & general, composed-on-master chatter)& I might even occasionally use both in the same ish. I will in general reserve the former for long serious discussions , like that of the IES lastish,& use the latter for brief discussions of various topics. I suppose that "Pesky's" is a poor title in that it tends to indicate that my name is pronounced "mess-key-zz" when its actual pronunciation is "mesh-key-ss."

Unfortunately , much of the detail and shading of the front cover were lost in Gestafaxing , altho the back cover did come out quite well. However, the bacover had so much solid black area that the ink on the mimeo pad was used up far faster than it was replaced by the automatic inking mechanism. And since there was danger of the stencil's ripping if the machine were manually reinked too often, some copies of the bacover have a washed out look.

My apologies to Nancy Share for botching up her illo on pg 5--this was the first time I'd ever used a shading plate,& I got the obvious result when I tried to make the belt nice & dark by superimposing 3 shading plates & a shading wheel. By when I got the hole filled in with stencil cement & corflu , the blank space had grown like a cancer & nothing could be done about it short of redoing the stencil as a whole. And for that I just didn't have time.

I origionally intended to justify margians only on the filler articles & my replies in the lettercol. The illos & layout required that the first 4 pages of "Saga" have such margians, so I decided to do the whole article & its companion that way. Finally , on the reccomendation of various people , the rest of the ish which hadn't been already cut (except the lettercol) was done this way , & I believe that I will do all future ish (again except for the lettercol) this way.

The Berry story has a long & sordid history. In a sence it began when Harvy Segal , an ex-fan who recently went off to Gradschool in Berkeley , offered me a story called, if I remember correctly, "Belief." This gave me the idea of doing an all stf oneshot for the Pittcon Memory Book (and outside distribution) , so I wrote to various sources for more stories & some illos. John was nice enough to send me this story,& a certain fan offered to do illos for the first one. Well, I shipped off the mss & never heard from the artist again despite several inquiries. I then gave up the project because I couldn't find any more stories to match the quality of Berry's & I didn't want to put out a mediocre zine. Since I'd already cut & run the Berry story,I put it thru the Memory Book & SAPS (a l-sheeter called "N'APAcn" explains why it wasn't put thru N'APA & is left out of N'APA copies of Polhode) & now I've decided to use it here too. (The l-shot was to have been called "Phlabbergasting Stories of Pseudo Psience/Herpolhode Psience Fact & Fiction" a la "Astounding/Analog", & this was inspired by Richard Armstrong's reference to " Astounding Psience Fiction " in a review which had been circulated thru the N3F Mssburo about a year ago.) I might mention here that one paragraph of his reviews thish was rather severely rewritten, tho without changing the meaning, for various reasons. Also excerpts from an earlier column that he'd written for me were included because I thot them to be of special interest, despite their age. I wonder if Campbell received his bomb yet.

Laiskai is a bit unwieldy this time bause I got very slow initial responce due in part to my laziness in not distributing all copies quickly, & included the first few letters a lot of stuff that would have otherwise been edited. Next time I'll wait a bit longer before starting to cut the lettercol,& then do with equal severity right from the start. Also, I'll cut out redundancies

THE POLHODE ROLLS WITHOUT SLIPPING ON THE HERPOLHODE LYING IN THE INVARIABLE PLANE



"He could see his surroundings as he moved thru time, but this was carelessly shown"

=====

ween letters, & perhaps present an overall summary of the readers' reactions as Mike Deckinger used to do in Hocus.

And speaking of next time around, I already have some idea of what I'll have in nextish. Besides the things promised in my lettercol replies, I'll have an article "by" Hans Santesson. At the ESFA meeting held last March Mr. Santesson had given a talk on the general problems in editing any fiction magazine, & I took carefull notes & wrote them up into an article which I submitted to another fanzine. (I feel that I did a much better job of actually capturing the flavor & content of the talk than I did with Mr de Camp lastish.) The editor accepted it, but did nothing with it, so I figured it abandoned & gave Mr. Santesson my carbon copy to censor. Unfortunately he did not have the time to do this in time for thish. Fortunately most of the article will not be dated by when it sees print, altho a few news items were dated as of last April. However, since the information has never been published elsewhere, as far as I know, & it makes interesting reading of what might have been, I think that I'll include it anyhow, Mr. Santesson permitting.

Also, Jerry Page has promised another article, dealing with stf this time, altho he doesn't guarantee that it'll be ready in time for the next ish. Finally, I will bring a taper to both the Philiconf next week & the ESFAcon next March, & hope to use them in whole or in part for material.

I think the size of Polh will stabelize at about the present level, & I hope to achieve a balance of 2/3 articles about stf to 1/3 about fandom (particularly its history, as in Jerry Page's article) with almost anything else thrown in occasionally.

#### THE TIME MACHINE -- a comparison

I'd read the book some 8 years ago, so it was far from fresh in my mind when I went to see the movie. From what I could remember of it, the plot of the book was followed quite closely by the film. However, when I reread the book (in the Dover edition) I was quite surprised. Where I expected agreement there was none, while where I expected changes there was agreement!

Now I am terrible when it comes to remembering names, so I couldn't say how many of the people were given names in the movie, but in the book only Filby (& much later, Weena) was mentioned by name -- not even the Time Traveler's name was given. H.G. Wells went to great lengths to indicate that the names of the others were deep dark secrets not to be revealed. Whether or not the names were given in the film (at least that of the traveler was later), no point of secrecy was made.

The first (in order of time, not presentation) dinner & conversation in the film follows the book quite well, except that in the film it takes place on New Year's Eve of 1899-1900 while the book gives no specific date, & in the book the traveler goes to greater lengths to try to describe the principles of time & the machine.

Then comes the machine itself. As many others have remarked, the prop is truly wonderful! It really captures the victorian spirit. My first reading of the book had left the impression that it was shaped somewhat like a bicycle, while the rereading has revealed that no real shape was implied, and that, in fact, the prop could very well fit the vague description to a "T".

In the movie, he timely tries the machine & then becomes careless, almost wrecking it by stopping it too fast, as in the book. However, for dramatic & humorous effect he can see his surroundings as he moves thru time. This part was carelessly done, for altho he was traveling at about "a day a minute", people were running around at only twice normal speed. And the time rates for changing the clothing on the store window mannikin were entirely out of proportion to the time they were displayed. Then, to cut out the need for showing the details of many millenia, now that they established that he can see out, the producers had WWII cause a volcanic eruption to bury him in lava which wore down shortly before he was to stop in the era of the Morlocs.

In the book, as he moves thru time, his presence is so diluted that matter can pass thru him undisturbed & undetected, and he is worried about stopping with a bang inside a solid object. However, no mention is made of how the air is to be displaced (I suppose that as he "slows down" & gains in substance, as far as the rest of the



world is concerned , something like air or water would slowly be driven out of his volume of space. ) nor how the air, carried along in the vicinity is replenished as he uses it up. But in the movie, altho everything else can penetrate thru him , the lava leaves a chamber around him with a large, but cold, air supply. I suppose that it would be rather difficult to show him superimposed with rock , to say the least, but that unexplained air-pocket is an inconsistency!

A change for the better is having him stop to look around and satisfy his curiosity before he is walled in; in the book he goes directly to the Morloc Era.

Many of the events of his stay are the same in both versions. When I saw the film I thot his rescue of the girl was pure Hollywood , and was quite surprised to find it in the book too. In the book, however , she vanishes during a forest-fire & is presumed dead , altho this just couldn't be left in the movie. One unreal point in the movie was having the people still speaking English as she is spoke now, altho it would , again , be quite difficult to show him learning their language. And the "talking rings" of the movie were pure inefficient idiocy!

Of course, the idea of "futuristic" architecture has changed considerably since the book was written, as is seen by comparing the sets to the text. Of course, neither one is really what the future will bring , for that can't be imagined now just as Wells could not possibly have imagined Frank Lloyd Wright.

A necessary change is the explanation of the 2 races. The emergence of strong labor unions, in addition to the then already existing crafts unions , has radically changed the need for Morlocs. This is particularly evident in the invalidation of the prequel, When The Sleeper Wakes. So the new explanation , that the Morlocs are those who hid away in shelters during a previous war, was substituted. However, this leaves unexplained the reason for the cannibalistic relationship between the 2 races. And since the victims are chosen at random in both versions , the lack of at least some old people is left unexplained. And why didn't the Time Traveler's germs reintroduce disease to this healthy world? A plague would be expected, because of a lack of antibodies.

He descends into the caverns of the Morlocs in the book too , but NOT to rescue Weena. While in the book he does a little exploring & flees, in the film he rescues Weena & a flock of other people too. Altho the underground sets were the poorest in the picture, they did agree with the book, & one of the best scenes in the whole picture took place there. The hero is trapped by a Morloc , & the internal agony & indecision of one of the men untill he overcomes his indifference & comes to the rescue was very well done. There was a considerable difference between the surface people of the 2 versions. In the book, they were like idiot children, who became momentarily curious about everything they saw but quickly tired of it, but they were indifferent to the fate of anything they saw. The book justifies this state quite well. In the film, however, they were just plain apathetic about everything untill he brought some to their senses in the cavern. Once you forget to ask why they should be in such a state , the state depicted in the film is as well presented as that in the book, & really does not make the story line worse--just different. In fact , since they are not hopeless , there is an opportunity for a sequel where the traveler can return & save them from their wretched state. (And Forry Ackerman said at a recent ESFA meeting that such a sequel is in the works , & that since the sets from Atlantis are still around, the traveler will accidentally visit there for a few minutes.)

The movie has a fault which many time-travel stories do, but which the original book didn't. This is the assumption of a "para-time". In the future , the hero remarks that he is already late for his 2nd dinner engagement with his friends, where he is to tell of his adventures. In the book , altho he spent perhaps a month (subjective time) in the future , he returns a few hours after leaving, and has almost a week before the second engagement.

There are other minor changes, too. The sphynx is changed from white marble to a dirty green which looks like corroded brass, the library is brought from a great distance to the basement of the surface people's dwelling place , etc. And a few things which aren't changed come off poorly. In the book , Wells simply states that the hero becomes hysterical when his machine disappears, while the movie must try to



show this. And it is just because of such hysterical scenes that I dislike Twilight Zone--I can't explain why this is so, but whenever I watch such a scene, I get a great feeling of discomfort & embarrassment.

Now, unlike Mike Deckinger, I'm normally most intollerent of Hollywood's tampering with stef books, for it usually ruins them, but as I implied above, I feel that most of the changes here are either for the better or do no harm, & only a few are for the worse.

In all, the movie is very good, and is among the best stef films I've ever seen. If it ever makes the rounds again, I will gladly go to see it another time-- perhaps it will become, in time, a classic film of the genre. It certainly more than makes up for Pal's previous clinker, "Conquest of Space"!

#### THE NEW YORK SCIENCE FICTION CIRCLE

When I bought Dave MacDonald's fanzine collection a while back, he included an almost complete set of minutes of the once great but now defunct NYSF Circle. I think I'll reprint them in small doses in future editorials to round out the pages, perhaps with comments. The minutes break off shortly before I joined the group in 1955, but I should be able to fill in some details from notes I took at the time. I hope that I can get someone who was at the early meetings to annotate future installments.

Physically, they are on 3" x 5" looseleaf paper in a 6 ring binder. The first sheet says "If found, please return to: N.Y. Science Fiction Circle, P.O. Box 272, Radio City Station, N.Y. 19, N.Y.", while the 2nd says "Treasurers Report + page ledger of minutes." There follows a list of Circle members who were members of the '53 Worldcon & of those non-members who bought their con memberships thru the Circle, con membership cards in the name of the Circle for 53-54 Metrocon (NY, Oct 23-4 54), a chart of members/attendance from the group's founding 10 Aug 1952 thru 13 Dec, the financial report, including a list of bank deposits & withdrawals, & the receipts for the PO Box.

The minutes themselves started,  
 "August 10, 1952                      Minutes        ///        Seven persons met informally to organize a "science fiction club." After some discussion the following document was drawn up and signed:

"We, the undersigned, gathered together in session on Sunday, August 10, 1952, do hereby name and signify our intention to form the New York Science Fiction Circle in order to persue our common interest in science fiction and fantasy fiction and by this declaration do become the charter members of this club."

(signed) "Ken Beale, Jean Carrol, Charles Dye, David Kyle, Milton Reich, Menasha J. Tausner, Breck C. Tilden."

A rough draft of a constitution was read, discussed and amended.

A trustee was established and David Kyle was chosen to fill the position to act as recorder of the meeting and to hold in his possession the constitution, the original declaration, and such other records,

/signed, David Kyle/

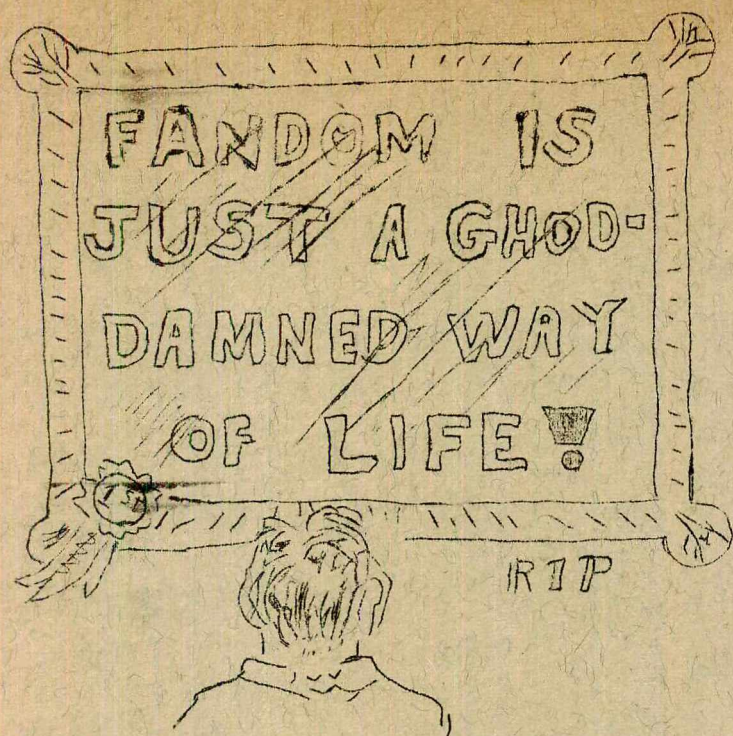
David Kyle, recorder

/the signature was just too small & complicated to try to copy./

Well, tune in nextish for the next thrilling installment.

As happened last time around, now that this is nearing completion, I have a feeling of disappointment. Altho I liked each of the articles (I wouldn't have printed them otherwise), I'm unhappy with the balance. Most of the articles would be ideal to round out an issue, but shouldn't make up the issue. Well, maybe next time I'll do better, but it's hard to hold stuff back to later issues with such an infrequent schedule. THIS LAST STENCIL IS BEING FINISHED UP 8:05 PM, 26 Oct, 1960, and the ish will be collated 28 Oct with the help of N&J Postal, M Chlupsa, C Frederick, and D Elackburn. As for the when of nextish, it'll probably be sometime in June 61, altho there should be at least 1, perhaps 2, "Pesky's" produced in the meantime. But what I need now (so that I can start to lay out the ish) is art, particularly of the filler type. (I've already arranged for a Multilith cover to be drawn by Bob Sheridan.)





ask ai

VIC RYAN 2160 Sylvan Road Springfield, Illinois

June 23

Ed,

My thanks for POLHODE #2; generally, I liked the atmosphere of same, the easy-going attitude, etc.; therefore I'm inclined just to forget the minor gripes: unimaginative headings and a cluttered, rather unplanned appearance (editorial ramblings being continued from page to page).

Strangely enough (considering that it was garnished from the mss. buro) your material was pretty good. For the subject matter involved, "I Go To A Lot Of Movies" was strangely well done. The title, however, is singularly boring and uninteresting, and the lead sentence immediately conveys the impression that Jean Bogert is somewhat misguided and therefore her opinions are not too usefull.

Nelson despite the minuteness of his article, managed to get in a couple of clever lines and was generally competant, but not outstanding.

Enjoyed your mailing comments; perhaps the best thing in the issue. If you should send any more POLHODEs, please enclose PESKYS.

Art Rapp seems so sure of his ideas and so confident in his assertions that I am inclined to agree with him; however, I hardly think that a fanzine can be run for a profit these days. Naturally, if you are willing to send your 'zine to impressionable neofans only, then you will undoubtedly receive a large (subscribing) return. To say nothing of enthusiastic egoboo. However, I prefer to send my fanzine to actifans; they comment less frequently, hardly ever subscribe, but when they do comment, you know their opinions are valid; if they praise your opus, you know it has compared favorably with others that they have seen during their fannish careers.

Enjoyed Buck Coulson's letter; he's probably as qualified, if not more so, to deliver an authoritative opinion on stf as any active fan today.

Will trade with you; my next issue, with material by Tucker, Falasca, Coulson, MZBradley, and others, will be out in early Aug.

Best,  
J. Coulson

I first typed out all of the articles, and then fit the editorial in around them. Also, I wanted the Phillycon report, but as little as possible else, in front of de Camp's article. But this time, if I have enough to last, I'll use filler illos and cartoons to fill out the pages. Therefore, there should be little or no "Cont. on pg x" this time around....Huh! Are you ser-



ious in paragraph 4? 7

MARYJANE JOHNSON 1011 E. Hoffman Spokane 22, Washington

6/24/60

Dear Ed,

Received ~~Polhode~~ Polhode, thanks so much, enjoyed it very much, & pleased that my very brief comment brought another ish. Was that 21, 2, or 1 more ish that I'm entitled to, & just why am I honored, even to the last figure. Not that I'm not honored, but I know what it costs to put them out & my comments are worth little or nothing. Am ashamed of myself in that respect, also for the way I spelled ~~Polhode~~ Polhode!

I've probably made a lasting enemy, but do what you please with the following.

I've never met a polhode,  
Can't say I'd even like to.  
For if it rolled across the plane,  
There'd be no place to hike to.  
But, a "Polhode" I'll read any day,  
Reports on meetings and such.  
Reviews and comments and letters  
And, Mike's poem had reality's touch.  
So, if my remarks are brief,  
Just lay it to mental laziness,  
Or, maybe but an excuse  
To come up with this bit of craziness!

That should set something back a thousand years or so.

As ever,

PS: It took awhile, but think I can spell it now.

*Janey*

That was meant to be a "1", but I accidentally wrote "2" and tried to cross it out. This letter & ish cancel out, so it is still at "1". You were initially put down for 2 copies, for I did that with everyone on the Welcommittee who'd written to me when I joined 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  years ago....Well, not a lasting enemy, but..

.. 7

JERRY PAGE 193 Battery Pl., N.E. Atlanta 7, Georgia

(excerpts from several letters from 10Apr60 to 4 Aug 60)

Dear Ed,

I've just acquired Tiffany Thayer's Dr. Arnoldi and probably will be some time getting to reading it. Another recent acquisition (as recent as last Saturday) is a reconditioned mimeo (One that works!) and some never published manuscripts (In particular a satire by Fred Chappell and a story by an ex-fan that reads like early Fantastic Adventures) intended for Ian MacCauley's old COSMAG and ASFO -- official organ of the late and quite lamented Atlanta SF Organization. So, inevitably, I'll have to print a fanzine. 'Twill be publd by me and edited by both myself (I wonder if it would be presumptuous to capitalize that 'em'...It probably would, but, oh, well...) and Jerry Burge who edited the last issue of ASFO. Burge will have a column of commentary which ought to incite comment, and will do illoes.

Jerry, as you may know, was publisher of The Immortal Storm, hard-bound edition (Which he has called probably the only authoritative hardbound history of fandom there will ever be.)

Polhode is the first fanzine aside from SFT that I had seen in almost two years. Thanx to school, frequent moving and such, I've lost touch with fandom (Particularly after whatever happened to SIGMA OCTANTIS and GRUE and INSIDE, happened to them. While I was out of fandom, these & SFT were the only fanzines whose subscriptions I kept up.) When Farnham sold "Old Shag" to If, he dropped Burge a card and then I de-



cided 'twas time to get back into fanac. I owed J.T.Oliver a card (He was trying to get back too) so, I wrote him and Bob and suggested trying to revive Southern fandom. The upshot was that now I subscribe to close to ten fanzines, the club is over twelve strong (with a total of 26 potential members when we get an organizational structure), I've gotten in touch with an Atlanta fanzine (Sphere c/o Joe Christoff, Box 212, Atlanta 1, Ga.) for which I'm to do a review column and know of another fanzine soon to be published in this district. I hope, thru SI-FAN to increase my fanac to an eventual point of no return, and then rise to some sort of Sainthood, like Bradbury, Bloch and Tucker. Then, I can publish my memoirs and have dirty jokes expurgated from TV shows. (Man --! What if fandom took over the TV networks? Can't you just see Ackerman on the late show, and Moskowitz running a Sunday Afternoon show? Or Bloch with a variety show??)

===

I missed the F&SF takeoff in Inside (Tho I think I have a sub with them -- they probably missed me while I was moving.) but saw the Astounding. They disappointed me with that; in fact, most of the humor in Inside has seemed to me to be more on the order of a satire on Mad, with stereotyped phrases, misdirected parodies, bad, very bad perspective. (But I did like the SF Book Club Advt. on the back of Resounding.)

I've heard quite a lot about Belle's column in FU (rest its mouldy old pulp-sized pages) and NW, but, alas, with distribution being what it is, down here, we don't get them. (We didn't get S.F.Stories or Future, either. And Fear and Shock are unknown things down here. So is If -- but I subscribe.)

By the way, have you ever noticed the similarity between the Unknown fantasy fiction and the science fiction being printed in Astounding Science Fact And Fiction and Galaxy Magazine?

Also, I'm one of the few people left who really gets enjoyment out of the works of James Branch Cabell (But so much has been written about him.)

Incidentally, REGilbert just sent me several illos and Jerry Burge has promised some (after all, he is associate editor) and is working on a cover (Linoleum block), so that's taken care of. If I can get some good, old fashioned humo(u)r now, I'll have a well-balanced first issue. And I'll only have to write two pages myself.

But I'm unusually lazy.

===

SI-FAN and the Southern Fan Group are both doing well -- SFG should burst into an organized group soon (Maybe we can start a big membership drive soon) and SI-FAN is gathering enough material to meet the early May deadline I've adopted. In fact, I may not write anything (other than an editorial and the blurbs) for SI-FAN #1. When you ask for material, the response is great.

I began Dr. Arnoldi last week and am about half-way thru. I should finish soon, and when I do, I'll drag out The Greek, Kings And Numbers, Thirteen Men, Thirteen Women, One Man Show, and D.A. and browse thru them again. Thayer is a master of characterisation (Frankly, he's far more subtle than Sturgeon) and his viewpoint is an outstandingly masterful technical achievement. But his premises -- Ah! Every novel of his is original. (His almost forgotten The Illustrious Corpse seems to be the most outstanding mystery novel ever written; I haven't read it, but probably will soon. Despits its deceptively simple style, and the way the mystery 'experts' ignore it, it seems to impress all who read it as being a masterful job of complex plotting.)

===

The passing of FU and NW (and probably Fear) is sad; Great American's motor mags get prominent displaying down here. I suspect that there's some sort of cycle involved in selling sf and that we won't have another boom untill '63. I hope I'm wrong and we have one tomorrow, but I doubt it. I doubt that we can maintain anything untill some distributor gets a monopoly.

The couple of pulp FU's I saw were fair but for the non-fic. The digest issues were fairly good under Margulies (At one time he had what was reported to be the largest circulation in the field). Santesson took over and ruined it, but good.



Lousy covers, poor printing, unreadable stories, the cheap occultist articles (Which I normally like when confined to Search and Fate) and the promoting of the Flying Saucer religion, and Santesson's over all attitude of trying to please everyone and actually pleasing no one. The mag dropped out of sight around here untill it went pulp. One issue showed up, then it vanished.

Galaxy and ASF both are taking the old Unknown themes -- particularly time travel and special powers -- and treating them as stf. Gold's only distinguishing feature is his insistence that all the stories in Galaxy and If read alike (Same shock opening, same 'slick' writing, same plots and characters -- compare some of their aliens) and that displaces it from UNK -- which allowed individuality of style. Also, Unknown had better plotting than Galaxy has. But Gold is still trying for a modern version of UNK, and he thinks he's editing an sf magazine, or seems to. I think it's the demon knight New Worlds' science fantasy'slant that is fouling everyone up. To my knowledge the only magazine since 1950 of any length of service that did not publish 'science fantasy' was Other Worlds, which is still as readable as any magazine I've ever come up against. Incidentally, sometime you might read some of Galaxy's alien critter stories and compare them with the critter stories in UNK. Actually, I regard Galaxy as having improved considerably. (Also Simak's stuff for Galaxy.)

✓ I've read a total of 10 ish of UNK, tho I own a few more, and altho I'd stopped getting Galaxy regularly in '54 -- actually, I hardly ever picked it up -- I started again when it upped price & I've found time to read about half of the fat issues. I hadn't noticed it at the time, but now that you mention it, I guess that there is some similarity. But what really reminded me of the old Unknown was the April 60 Astoundaloo, with its wacky, off-beat, fantastic humor! Take, for instance, the story of the cow that gave off rocket fuel instead of milk -- if that isn't right out of UNK, I don't know what is! ✓

Jerry Burge, who, as I mentioned before, published the hardcover edition of the Immortal Storm, wrote an article about it for Destiny. If it was ever published he never saw it. Could you check it with someone? If it was published, when & where? If it wasn't, where's the mss?

Also, speaking of the Storm-- next time you're near a copy check the front jacket drawing against the back photo. That SFPlus cover was run with a backcover half-tone by Paul which is shown in the photo of Sam. Ask him if that was intentional.

✓ Oh, yes...I forgot to mention above that I'd stopped buying FU for some 3 or 4 years when they ran some disgusting story called "Short In The Chest". Then, about a year before it changed to pulp size I tried it because Belle prodding me to ("But it's the only mag which gives the fen any coverage, and besides, it's improved a lot lately.") & thot that it was fairly good. After that I bought every ish 'till it folded, read all but 3 or 4, & thot that most of the fiction was pretty good except for one ish which I thot stunk. ✓

Could those two mags just about now showing up be S.F. Adventures and Science-Fantasy? They've been here a couple-three months now, and while they won't last (SFA is no title to sell and 40¢ for 112 British pages--with better than 50% reprint and recent reprint at that) they are welcome additions. I doubt that the field is dead. Why should we consider it so? We've had periods with fewer mags (just after Wonder folded before the birth of Thrilling Wonder) and we've had periods with more mags of less vitality. (But still, everyone has to immitate Boucher and Campbell--Gold being the best cross-breed of the two as a cross-breed, not as good reading.)

Sphere is due. The last issue suffered an accident Joe doesn't want me to mention, so it has been delayed (It would have hit on schedule otherwise or just about).



BUT IT HASN'T FOLDED. My first review column appears in the issue after this upcoming one. It will be vaguely on the order of Merwin's reviews in SS and TWS.

Shincerely,

S-Fsy & SFA have finally shown up on N.Y. newsstands -- or at least on one newsstand. Jimmy Taurasi tells me that he's found them at a large one in an arcade connecting the IND-Roosevelt Ave & IRT-Broadway stations in Jackson Heights, Queens. But I pick up my copies at Steve Takacs', where they cost only 35¢. Strange things he tells me--they cut his shipments of New Worlds in half so that after putting copies aside for his regular customers, he has none left to display. And they don't answer his inquiries of "Vahappin?" 7

CHARLES WAUGH 3620 Lott St. Endwell, N.Y.

Aug. 3, 1960

Dear Mr. Meskys,

I see that in order to get another free copy of POLEHOLE...oops..POLHODE I will hav' to make some response. Naturally, my greedy nature requires I do so. RESPONSE;:;? HODPOOL makes MAD look like THE CONGRESSIONAL REVIEW; it is dumb, stupid and nuts; I like it!

"Profit, Hah!" must not apply to you. Since your name is lucky enough to have Pohl in it, all the goonvarks (outside lit. critics who are slumming to observe another's, in this case Kingsley Amis, fair haired boy) are probably buying issues like rats charging cheese. Sorry, didn't mean to imply that your zine smells. Although, I must admit that it seemed to be slightly unco-ordinated. The mimeographing could be improved (understatement of the year); some parts I couldn't make out with an electron microscope.

Also in order to please (possibly nausiate?) here is my idea of a basic sf library:

- |                                                |                                        |                                     |
|------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Across the Sea of Stars                     | 9. Foundation                          | 17. The Portable Novels of          |
| A.C. Clarke                                    | I. Asimov                              | Science ed. D.A. Wollheim           |
| 2. Adventures in Time & Space                  | 10. From the Earth to the              | 18. Seven Famous Novels             |
| ed. Healy & McComas                            | Moon & Voyage....                      | H.G. Wells                          |
| 3. The Astounding S.F. Anthology               | 11. Gladiator                          | 19. The Short Stories of H.G. Wells |
| ed. J.W. Campbell, Jr                          | P. Wylie                               |                                     |
| 4. Best of Science Fiction                     | 12. Gulliver's Travels                 | 20. Strange Ports of Call           |
| ed. G. Conklin                                 | J. Swift                               | ed. A. Derleth                      |
| 5. Brave New World                             | 13. The Humanoids                      | 21. To the End of Time              |
| A. Huxley                                      | J. Willismson (Pseud)                  | O. Stapleton                        |
| 6. City                                        | 14. A Journey to the Center            | 22. The Treasury of S.F. Classics   |
| C. Simak                                       | of the Earth                           | ed. H.W. Kuebler                    |
| 7. A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court | 15. More Than Human                    | 23. Triad                           |
| M. Twain                                       | T. Sturgeon (Pseud)                    | A.E. van Vogt                       |
| 8. The Demolished Man                          | 16. 1984                               | 24. 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea    |
| A. Bester                                      | G. Orwell (Pseud)                      | J. Verne                            |
|                                                | 25. When Worlds Collide & After Worlds | Col. Wylie & Balmer                 |

Nuff said, maybe even too much.

Sciencercely yours,

*Charles Waugh*

P.S. Be thankful that I typed this letter. The last time I wrote a letter to a college I put 2 English, 1 Greek, 4 Latin, and 3 French professors on the psychoanalyst's couch. Furthermore, after the letter had been submitted to a IBM brain, the machine refused to say anything but "Oink."

7 Why aren't you a cRYhack? Any such list that doesn't include Mission Of Gravity & Lest Darkness Fall isn't, in my opinion, worth much. 7



DICK SCHULTZ 19159 Helen Detroit 34, Michigan

Feb 5<sup>th</sup>, '60 & 7/24/60

Dear Ed

First, let's beat up the Bongo's on Polhode #1.

For a first issue, and a primitive ditto type reproduced issue, it is a good magazine.

Layout + format; a picture-less cover would have looked better than this crowded jumbled looking thing. Other fmz pull over text covers, you could do so too. Either that or put on a cover illo not a cartoon and text. Not in the proportion you have it in. It disturbs my esthetic sence.

Non-stop text is all right---but not as a steady diet.

Reproduction suffered rather gruesomely on my copy. The illo on pg. 12 was completely washed out. A little practice and I'll bet that you'll have that beast tamed. As long as you keep the right edge generally neat, justified margins are not essentially necessary. As long as it looks neat, that is. Yours generally does.

To the text.

Your PB reviews were quite good for a beginner. No use fooling myself. It's better than what I can do.

Your ideas on the N'APA tell me immediately what is wrong (or will be wrong) with the N'APA. There is not enough activity requirements. It will do no good to enlarge the membership periodically, if half of the APA will be sitting on their cans and just filling in the minimums. By automatically doubling the present requierments you'll chop off the deadwood fast. Hope ye do so. A N3F "FAPA" will die moribund from excess fat. A SARS or OMPA type will survive. And that's what you want, isn't it?

Look at the cult. Very high membership requierments (I think) but hardly anyone drops out.

You've gotta tighten up boy. A committee (or law, or ruling body power) to allow for the disposal of dead wood would be desireable. Or a means of voting by the membership on this would be better. By deadwood, I, of course, mean those who consistently put in only the minimum requirement, and not very good at that.

Oh, yes. By your MC's it transpires that you are niave, aren't you? Calling Eva Firestone a ZEN-FEN. Gads! If you haven't found it yet, I'd advise you to beware bulky packages in the mails that tick.

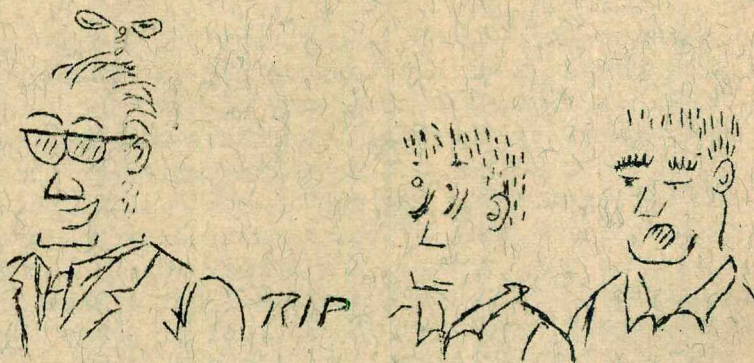
===

Well, well, it was with considerable surprise that I observed the arrival of POLHODE at my mail-box. Even more surprising was when I observed that there were a few more fanzines enclosed along with it. Many thanks, and I hope these comments and cartoons insure the arrival of the next batch of meskyszines.

And I'm sorry about the delay in answering the call of the comments, and taking so long to get around to you. But I've been having some trouble with my hand. It got shoved thru some plate glass last month, and damaged a membrand around a tendon on the back of my right hand.

This leaves me with even less time for fanac than I had before, and that was little enough in the first place. Have all sorts of fanzines and letters to answer, & all have to wait their turn. Grouch, grouch, grouch.

It's been so tough lately, trying to answer all the backlog, that I've taken to subbing to fanzines that I've never subbed to



"Whatsa metter, bwah? Haven't you ever seen a trufan without his beanie on before this?"



ever before. And have even cut off a few correspondents, and shortened my letters to faneds and friends in general. Dang this hand. But something had to go, and it's better that I make the burden easier before I start thinking that it is a burden. Once fandom, and letterhacking becomes a chore, Gafia is around the corner.

Maybe in 8 or 9 years I'll be such a BNF that I can get away with just plain postcards of comment to enthusiastic young faneds like you. But not right now. I'm still a ~~neochrist~~ neo, after all....

Might as well get on to POLHODE #2 and the adjacent PESKYS. Am a cover lover myself, but see nothing wrong with an occasional issue that starts with a contents page. At least yours is neat & well laid out.

About the most interesting thing about your editorial was your very graphic and intelligent talk about your experiences with the I.E.S.. By doing it informally, the way you did, you made it sound as if you were by my side, sitting in the easy chair, telling it slowly and with interest evident in your voice.

Or maybe I'm just cracked.

Haven't written to Rod Sterling or any of the other chappies that have been putting on those decent TV plays on stf and fantasy lately, for the simple reason that I've just not had the time. Or desire. After my single-handed attempts to push FU & New Worlds here in Detroit (hunting around the newsstands every time I got downtown and, oh, so casually, putting the stf mags in a much better position)(not to mention buying each issue faithfully as it came out), I've sort of given up hope trying to change the courses of nations and such things.

Naturally enough this first report on the Philly conference to reach my ears was quite informative. Also entertaining, oddly enough. If you can stay relaxed, you have a most entertaining way of presenting your editorials and articles. So folksy and light.

L. Sprague de Camp ran away with the issue, tho.

And he made me so grouchy that Earl Kemp saw fit to distribute WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION? to contributors only. It certainly deserved a much wider audience.

It is sad to see him stating that the magazine will continue for 50 years or so when just the last year has seen nearly half the zines on the market kick the bucket. In another year, we see only the big three surviving, while just a little further along the stand we can see Beacon books doing a land office business. \*Sob\*

Jean Bogert wasn't too good. Like Dodds reviews of horror movies, they all suffer from dealing with a despicable subject, one that I have no interest in.

Ray Nelson suffers from being not half as funny in writing as are his cartoons. COME BACK TO US, RAY! MICHIGAN NEEDS YOU!

Well, now that the 5th mailing of N'APA has passed, and the group even has a w/l, I suppose you believe your APA is all grown up. Well, it just about is. True, there are a few idjets and juveniles in it, but any group is bound to have a certain percentage of such types. Stf fannish groups even more so.

And if the Metrofen broke up, what the hell is Gerber doing pubbing an O-O for it yet?

Speaking of Gerber, I have written him as soon as I read your comments about him and my possible feelings towards him in PESKYS on 3. He does not hold anything against me, and was unaware of any pointed "Anti-Gerber" campaign going on. I certainly have nothing against him, and have believed that my jokes which concerned him always picked on either his juvenile antics or the reactions of his fellow New Yorkers to his mistakes. The cartoon in "on3" is a good example of the latter viewpoint. The violent over-reaction by the Nunnery crew to Gerber's juvenilia, I thot, was ludicrous, and suitable for joking. And Gerber would be the first to admit that some of his antics have at times been laughable. But I have drawn cartoons about John Berry, Bjo, Trimble, Weber, and many others, all of whom I am friends of or admire. They are not digs at them as such, but intended to be either digs at their own faults or the faults/eccentricities of their friends and neighbors.

An anti-Gerber campaign? Not at this house.

Rapp was mildly interesting, but not especially so.

For a person who announced that he was going gafia, Mike Barnes has certainly



stuck around for a long time.

As you can see from Buck Coulson, fen have consistently bought and read much of the stf floating around in the market. And as the number of stf prozines dwindles, you find more reviews and mentions of pbs and hardcovers in every fanzine you pick up. No, fandom has always backed stf faithfully and well, even in the so-called "Who reads the stuff?" era, as is evident in any fanzine you pick up with Boggs or Bradley or the more serious faction as its leaders. Don't forget that Inside started before the worst spate of such thinking, and rose to prominence as the Vicks and Keaslers waned.

Now on to Peskys. I must disagree with you on the neos APA. Right now N'APA has a hard core of fan pubbers, who have experience in the field, and who can point up the inadiquacies of the neos and raw beginners in the APA. There will also be a hard core of members who will remain on the m/l despite all, and will form the old guard that will remain in the APA to guide each new member as he comes in. It's happened in every APA that ever got anyplace. FAPA has an old guard, the "Top Twenty", that has not changed more than one place in the past ten years. SAPS has almost 16 members who have remained in for a like period of time. OMPA has a hard core of over 20 members who have been in since the APA was started, and have consistently placed high in every popularity poll conducted in the APA. The conclusion? Many of the members of an APA will remain in for only a short time, then quit, gafiate, become busy elsewhere, or somesuch, while a small group remains to steady the group and provide interest and inspiration for all the new members that might come in.

That's enough for now. See ya again next time, yes?

Bye now. Yos,

Dick Schultz

/ Agreed on the tight requierments, tho it is possible for them to be too tight, particularly for a group that hasn't yet achieved a reputation. "The Cult", even with its reputation, does have a large turnover--larger than might be expected for a group of its size. But this shouldn't be too surprizing, since it expects activity every 3 weeks & requires it every 6 weeks, as compared to the usual APA requierments of 6 to 12 months. I'd like to see TWIG's informal rule that a new N'APA member must have a zine in hiser 1st mailing brought back now, & after we have a decent waiting list, I'd like to see the page requierments upped again & require the top few on the waiting list to take an active part in the APA. But it would do the APA no good to make the requierments so tough that half the members would be booted out & there would be no waiting-listers to take their place. 7

REDD BOGGS 2209 Highland Place N.E. Minneapolis 21, Minnesota

27 September 1960

Ed:

I received Polhode #2 some time ago, and thought it was pretty fair. except that the mimeography was poor and the format was, probably, poorer. The best thing in the issue, by far, was the article on the IES which you mixed into your editorial and strung out over many run-on "continued" pages. That was an excellent report, and also about the only report on the IES I have seen. In fact, till I read Polhode I had no idea that the IES was even launched successfully, if briefly, anywhere at all. Since then I have heard that the IES has been holding regular meetings in Boston, but it appears that the movement is not very strong even in New England.

/ It looks like an IES chapter will again be started in NY, & if meetings don't conflict with school, I'll update the report next time around. And of course I'll review the 1st ish of the Jour-  
nal of the IES which will appear any day now. 7



JOHN BAXTER 29 Gordon Rd. Bowral. N.S.W. Australia

12th September, 1960

Dear Ed.,

Many thanks for Polhode 2. A copy of BUNYIP 1 is on its way to you.

Saw the weirdest movie today - Warner's THE FBI STORY. All quite entertaining, if a trifle long, but it was unique in that it contains the first recorded instance of a propellor beanie being shown on film. The one in the movie isn't just a one-blade job either. It's a twin-prop. multi-coloured model that plays Yankee Doodle as the blades go round. To my knowledge, nobody in fandom has such a custom-built luxury beanie. Fair puts us to shame. Yet another fannish feature of THE FBI STORY is the presence of a Russian spy named....wait for it....GEOGRE METZGER! What is happening to Hollywood? I checked the screenplay's author, but it wasn't Bloch, Tucker or Silverberg. Wonder who was responsible....

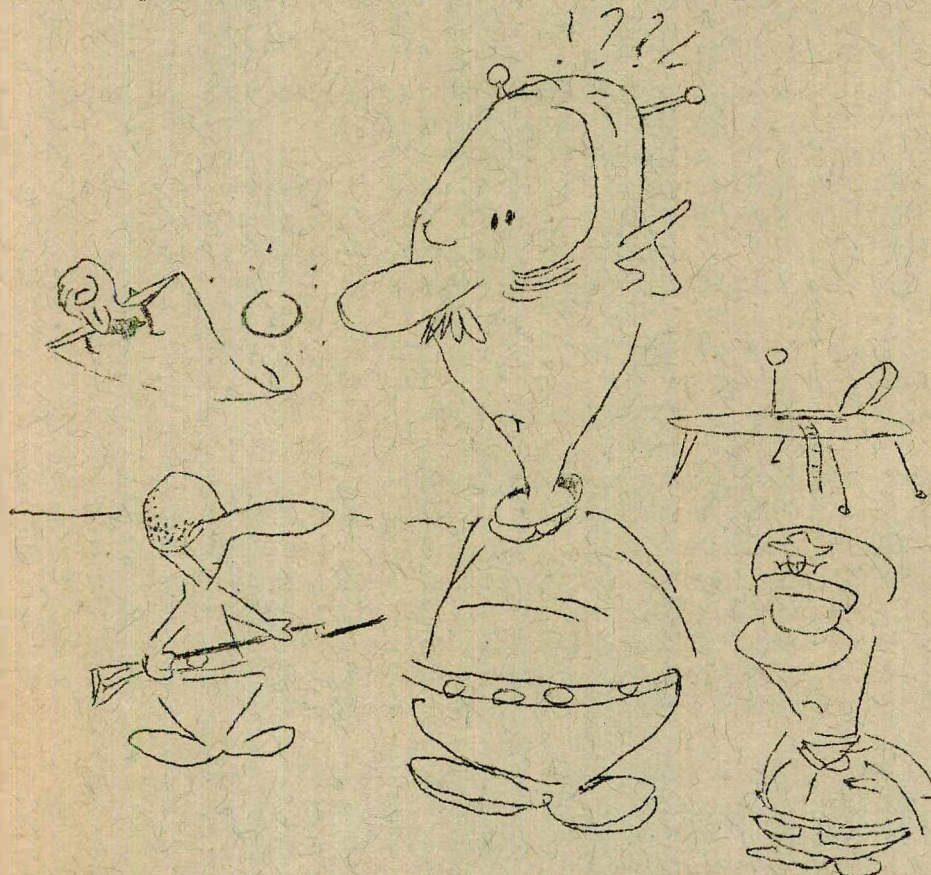
About POLHODE. Well, despite some Ghod-awful repro in my copy, it looks like a fine effort. Layout was too monotonous, and your editorial on the IES, whilst interesting, suffered from this "See page 18" business. It would have been far better concentrated in a few pages rather than strung out through the entire issue. However, as I said, it was an interesting article. I've often wondered just what happened to JWC's "Gentlemen Amateurs" after all that initial ballyhoo, but it's no surprise to see that the project is far from successful. There was an air of mild insanity about the whole idea when Campbell first expounded it - the sort of aura that surrounds most tremendously radical projects. Sometimes, they are spectacularly successful, but most, like the Children's Crusade, drop dead before they even get off the ground.

Didn't fancy L. S. de Camp's paraphrased article. "Whither Science Fiction" is a subject that has begun to pall with me of late, although Mr. de Camp's address at least has one original attribute. It's surely the most pessimistic writing on this topic that I've seen. Of all the items in POLHODE 2, I liked best Jean Bogert's film reviews. How these companies have the gall to distribute this crud among the general public is one of the century's great riddles. Most of it is so juvenile, so insipid, that, if published in a magazine, it would ruin both writer and mag. I wonder if

you've ever seen these TOHO PRODUCTIONS films? All Japanese actors, with perhaps a few US bit people to add interest, some capable technical effects, but the most mangled dialogue and corny acting since the days of D.W. Griffith. GODZILLA, THE MYSTERIANS, THE MYSTERIOUS SATELLITE, and GIGANTIS, THE FIRE MONSTER are some of the titles made, and they are terrible!

"How to Run a Well-Ordered Fan Club" is not as funny as you think. Some of the comments made are dangerously close to actual practice. What there was of this item was amusing, but it could have been a bit longer.

Art Rapp's "Profit, Hah!" provided a lot of





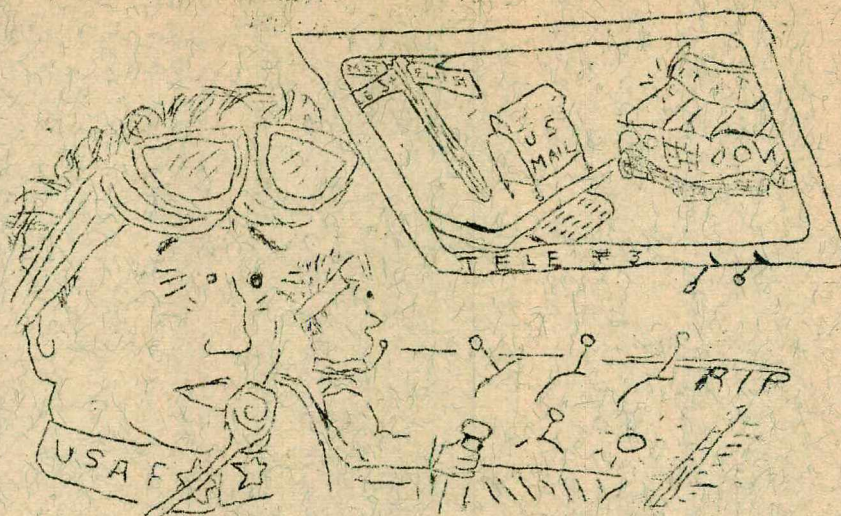
chow for cognition. Unfortunately, the figures & systems described don't apply out here - nor, for that matter, in any other place but where Art does his pubbing. For this reason, I think it's a pity he didn't pen this article with a more general objective in mind. It could have been very helpful to a lot of faneds, including myself. There's nothing in the actual article with which I quibble, except the statement "...if you sell your fanzine, you automatically provide yourself with a sensitive barometer to indicate whether your journalistic efforts are successful or not." In view of the

fact that 90% of all magazines, amateur or pro., work primarily on a subscription basis, I find this point rather hard to substantiate. When anybody subs. to a fanzine, he is stuck with the next three, six or you-count-them issues, whether they are good, fabulous, or Ghod-awful. An inspired first issue may bring in many subbers who, if they are not satisfied with the following numbers, can't really express that dissatisfaction until their payment is used up. Agreed, the fact that nearly all your subbers wouldn't renew after that trial period might make one wonder about the quality of his zine, but I think letters, other eds. reviews and general common-sense are far clearer guides to whether you're getting better or worse.

"The Dream" ..... Bleeeech! Mike Barnes might do well to stop worrying about man conquering the universe & work on conquering that lamentable ignorance of metre.

Commenting third-hand is never successful, but I must say something about Bob Coulson's letter, specifically on that section about how much sf the average reader absorbs. If Bob gets through 75% of the current sf, and knows somebody who goes through 95% of it, my cast-iron homburg with built-in antennae comes off to both of them. The money involved, let alone time, makes it nearly prohibitive for me to read more than 30% or 40% of published sf, although I'll admit that this condition is aggravated by the tremendous quantity of back issue p/bs we're getting out here at the moment. However, in the US, you have more hard-covers, so it balances out, more or less. Look, does anybody realise the amount of stuff one would have to read just to cover 50% of the current crop? Eight or ten magazines each month, at 35¢ each, plus three British mags. at 3/- per month each (as you know, the prices are equal approximately to 35¢ US). That alone is about \$50.00 a year. Then you've got p/bs, at the rate of about three a month, or possibly more. Hard-covers - say six a year that really qualify as sf, just to be on the safe side. Then there's the occasional originals in men's mags, short story mags, and other off-beat locations. If you haven't been reading for long, it's possible that the SF Book Club and Pick-A-Book selections are also new to you - both novels and anthologies. And I'm not even including fanzine published sf, things done in other languages, or in English but unobtainable for some reason or other! Personally, I'd say that any fan who carries on a job and manages to read 25% of the current sf is doing damned well.

I was interested to see that you'll be reviewing Don Tuck's HANDBOOK OF SF & FANTASY in POLHODE 3. So far as I know, this hasn't been done before, although I've been giving the work a lot of publicity in BUNYIP. Apparently the HANDBOOK is moving well all over the world, but especially in the US. The University of Hawaii took a



"JOHNSON? Are you sure that that flight plan you gave us was for Moon Station #2?"







set recently, as have a number of Stateside institutions - educational, not penal. Don's AUTHOR WORKS LISTINGS and ANTHOLOGY LISTINGS don't appear to be selling as widely, but this is probably because their fame hasn't spread. After all, this is the 2nd edition of the HANDBOOK, and Don is still relatively unknown.

Hell, I have a headache. Nothing for it but coffee and asperin. Thanks again for POLHODE - I'll be looking forward to that next issue.

Yours Down Under,

✓ As you can see, the Handbook review got squeezed out this time around. but it'll be there nextish. B.H.H.deVore is its agent. ✓

DONALD FRANSON 6543 Babcock Ave. North Hollywood, Calif.

August 15, 1960

Dear Ed,

Thanks for sending POLHODE #2. The magazine was interesting reading. I liked the Philly conference report, and especially the dope about the Interplanetary Exploration Society. I joined this (or actually, subscribed for the Journal) in a moment of serious-constructiveness at the very beginning, and haven't heard much about it, except the acknowledgment from Todd. I've found better outlets for discussion in fanzines, and have no doubt that the Journal, when and if it appears, would be monopolized by Campbell-follower types -- you know, the kind that always appear in the ASF letter column a few months after a particularly strong editorial, with cries of approval in unison, only varied by additional angles on the subject, whatever it is.

L. Sprague de Camp's article is good. If, as he once admitted, he writes primarily for money, he should certainly get out of sf. However, there is a possibility of writing some sf as a sideline, and I hope he has not given it up entirely. He is certainly a good popularizer of science, in a class with Willy Ley and Isaac Asimov.

Jean Bogert's movie review readable. Comments on N'APA are meaningless to me. Art Rapp's article excellent. Is laiskai plural for letters? But you have only one letter in the letter column this time.

Yours,

✓ Enough letters this time? But seriously, it has grown larger than intended. The one phase of ampubbing I don't care for is collating & addressing, so a number of copies were sent out late (shouldn't happen this time 'cause I've arranged for a collating party to get the whole mess out in one throw)(despite the cover lastish was completed in June) and response from the first batch was quite slow, so I was padding the lettercol & leaving in a lot that should've been edited out. Won't happen nextish, tho. I'll edit right from the start, regardless of the size of response. ✓

ROBERT D. LEONARD, Jr. 1630 Farragut Chicago 40, Ill

February 8, 1960 & February 23, 1960

Dear Ed,

Please send me a sample copy of POLHODE. I'm enclosing 15¢, which will cover it, I hope. I'm not as stingy as Ron Ellik. Thank you.

---

POLHODE #1 arrived today, and for a first issue by someone who's never published before, it's not bad. The title quote looks like something from a turboencabulator article, but I suppose it's from some minor gadget story.

The cover cartoon is clever and, I assume, original. The long, rambling editorial is a good idea for this sort of zine, and it comes off rather well. But the views of Kornbluth on Kuttner and the reaction to them should have been greatly expanded, as should Heinlein's opinions on military traditions. I'd like to know more







about this, especially how Kornbluth reconciled his dislike of sadism with what is probably the most sadistic of all modern science fiction stories, his own "Reap the Dark Tide" in Vanguard, written shortly before his death. And Heinlein's views on militarism as expressed in Starship Soldier have been solidly criticized; I'd like to know what he really thinks, too.

I don't believe I want to hear any more about the feuds and other juvenile antics of New York fandom. Reports of their successful activities--meetings, cons, picnics, etc--would be entertaining, though.

The reviews of the saucer books are mildly interesting. Since I never intended to buy either of these books anyway, your review didn't change anything for me. Better stick to the high class stuff in the future; you can get your teeth into it and it makes for better reading. I think you're a little too hard on Feiffer though--we need more good satire.

Right now, I'd say POLHODE's main faults are spotty reproduction (it never/fails) and faulty spelling. In fact, I'd go so far as to call you Brooklyn's answer to Rick Sneary. Check that spelling, man. I think you overwork "latter" and "former" also. You are sort of hard on FANAC, too, but I assume your attitude has changed since that's where I found out about POLHODE.

If you are interested in trading books or magazines, you might write to Wilber J. Grant, 1050A, 10th St., Robins AFB, Georgia and ask him for his list. He has made practically a business out of it, but his deals are reasonably fair. Maybe he's written to you already. He has a copy of the issue of Amazing your letter was printed in, and he got my name from a letter in the October '59 ASF.

Best regards,

/ The main things covered in that conversation were the various military traditions & how ridiculous they are--eg, the air force deciding that the "traditional" mascot of the new academy will be a falcon. Little was said against the military itself. I intend to review books, preferably paperbacks, which are off the beaten trail & weren't reviewed by others some 50 times already. For instance, I think I'll review nextish a paperback not on the Checklist which must have been out of print for at least 60 yrs. After reading little more than SFTimes, Inside, & back ish of SF Advertiser for 4 years, that first Fanac came as quite a shock! And it was one of their poorer ish, too. Well, now I consider it among the top 10, tho not the top 1. I have done business with Mr. Grant, & his deals are good.7

XXXXXXXXXX XXXXXXXXXX XXXXXXXX XXXXXX, XXXXX

(apx 27 July, 1960)

Thanks for the zine...I don't have as much time as I would like to look at these but glanced thru it. The de Camp article was cute and Campbell of course is still trying to discover the Campbell Effect.

/ As requested, your name & address was deleted. You're more timid than a certain other pro, aren't you? 7-

ALAN BOATMAN 2422 Barnard St. Saginaw, Michigan

8/22/60

Dear Ed:

Just received and read POLHODE #2, and I have a few comments. The only thing I could see that was wrong with the zine, was the lousy repro. Maybe you could get in touch with somebody who's a vet at cranking a mimeo, and get a few pointers. It really was a shame to louse up Art Rapp's fine article, as well as the rest, with bad repro...it can kill a zine before it really gets started.



As for the contents, though...there was some mighty fine stuff in there. L.S. de Camp's short-short-short of an article was pretty interesting, as was Ray Nelson's and Jean Bogert's stuff. One thing...who likes to read a zine in August that was printed about December of the preceeding year?

I have no personal interest whatsoever in the IES, and frankly, don't care to hear about it. It should improve your zine to put some art in it, like most of the others do; you can't lose anything, and it'll help fill out more pages.

As for L.S. de Camp's little piece, here are my views. As long as one stf promag is still publishing, or as long as one pocket book company still puts out stf, or as long as one major promag like Playboy, etc, is still publishing occasional stf stories, science fiction won't die out. It can be ruined as a moneymaker--as it practically is now, and to some extent has always been--but as for pure stf for the sake of stf, it just won't go. There'll always be occasional publication of it, or broadcasts on radio or T.V., and, while this won't be enough to hold conventions over, or have much of any fanclubs--it'll still be science fiction. And of course, if every stf promag was put out of business, the torch could still be carried for a while by the fanzines. I expect that you'd see more solid stf being published in these than has been imagined possible--for good stf. Of course, sooner or later, with no pro backbone, the turnover in fans would begin to greatly exceed the very few new members, and eventually--no fans.

Of course, there could someday be another Gernsback, and then the wheel, after coming full circle, would go around again.

As for now, I'd say that pro stf is on very slippery ice.

And so long for now.....

*al*  
 / You start your letter disagreeing with L.S. de Camp, and finish agreeing. de Camp et all aren't worried about stf completely disappearing, but about its disappearing as a semi-popular segregated genre which is capable of supporting several competent authors. 7

BOB FARNHAM 506 - 2nd Ave. Dalton, Georgia.

7.8.60

Dear Edmund;

Liked the zine but it was Greek to me as the subjects under discussion were mostly unknown. (I've just gotten over a 2 year sick spell...so am ignorent of affairs current.)

I sent Gold another one which he turned down; ditto Amazing Stories. I'd also sent an stf poem to AS, and this one came back with a rejection slip signed by H L Gold, so from that I'd say that it looks as tho Gold has bought out Ziff-Davis.

At present I have nothing on the fire anywhere and it is hard to say when--or even if--I'll write anything else. Frankly, writing professionally has never held too strong an attraction for me and I prefer fanac above all else, so may quit pro-attempts entirely.

Too D-XX much work, sweat, material and wasted postage to make it worth while, plus the fact that I've YET to contact a pro-ed who was not, in one way or another, snotty enough to get himself shot. Well, there's ONE exception to it; I met Samuel Mines at Phil-con 2 and he is the ONLY editor in the business for whom I held a sincere admiration and respect with no qualifications whatever.

And when fanzines start turning down your material it's time to quit, I think!

A balky mimeo almost ran me out of fandom back in 1946; I couldn't get the stencil to stick in place, even after I got it on the pad...a perfectly good mimeo but a perfectly bum fan. I gave it away, gratis.

as ever,

*Bobff -*

/ You ever have any contact with Lowndes? Haven't myself, but he seems to be OK, from what I've heard. And Mr. Santesson? 7



PETER SHULIN 645 Hayes Ave Washington, Pa.

July 10, 1960 A.D.

Draugas Edmundas.--

I'm very glad to hear from you. Your exhaustive correspondence reminds me of my efforts during my Army Career in WWII when I would correspond to as many as 32 buddies and gals weekly! And the best part of it was that I didn't have very much duplication in any 2 letters, and my letters never were less than four pages. Now, it's lucky that I can manage 2 letters monthly & if it's more than one page I have to have much to say (or write!)

As far as corresponding & the N3F is concerned, we had a falling out. I used to be a member, & I was almost commanded to perform certain duties. I wanted to be just a member, & since that didn't appeal to the organization, I was told that--my own phraseology--since I didn't show any interest or try to help further the organization I might as well not be a member. So, when another year's dues were due, I just let my membership lapse.

My theory as to why sf has faded into near-oblivion is this--when science has taken the fiction out of science-fiction, as it has done, then sf becomes an every day affair, commonplace, & as the old saying goes, "Pork chops every day becomes sickening." It was the fiction which kept sf going; fiction was the variety, the spice of life, the varying denominator which really activated sf. Then also, form stories (where the whole story of one original writer could be identically the same except for possibly the time element, characters and place setting which do differ a little from the original) are also sickening. A few examples are time travel stories, other worlds, dual personalities, etc. If some sort of story could be written, very unbelievable to the public, incredible, impossible, as many things were up to 1700 (but later worked out very slowly by science as perhaps possible) then the reading public would again be delving into the book-stalls & stands to verify or denounce the written stories. If you could recall the past, you would find that that is what happened. After the atomic age was ushered in, sf really started on the downgrade.

I used to do a lot of reading; Nick Carter, Doc Savage, Wild West Weekly, Western Story Magazine, then finally sf. SF, from age 14 to about 28, was my meat. Then something just turned my appetite! Was it marriage? Work? Lust for other hobbies & travel? Was it that I became more mature in the way of life & found out that the possible "impossible" trends in sf were exhausted, while the really impossible events & things would never be possible, that the authors were just running amuck in their own labyrinths without being able to arouse any interest in the readers?

So, for the last dozen years I've been purchasing sf magazines just to keep my files complete except for Astounding SF.

Su Dievo, su Dievo, Tava draugas,

*Peter*

I ALSO HOID FROM---P.F.Skeberdis, who didn't care for #1 because he DOES like Fanac,

& enjoyed the article about the IES. Says he almost sent in the \$5, but spent it on prozine subs instead. GEORGE BIBBY who complains of being very busy with his zine, Fantasy Collector, who was favorably impressed with the first ish & thot it well organized & that it had something to day. JEFF WANSHEL says that Pol isn't worth 10¢ yet, & that it is the same dry, humorless, boring stuff, that Nelson can write intelligently & well, but you wouldn't know it from the likes of his article. PHIL HARRELL was crazy about my first issue, agrees on the Time Machine bit (in my column in Metrofen), & has a pet theory that the Flying Saucers are just that--Time Machines; that he liked everything in the second ish except the MC's. DICK BLUMHAGEN says "As far as Blish & his Cities in Flight Trilogy goes, I think he did an excellent job in his characterization of Mayor Amalfi. In the third book he also did quite well in characterizing the City Fathers toward the end. The good mayor is quite surprised when his glorified calculator starts talking back to him & using the most profound bit of rationalization that I have yet heard. Blish makes the machine look almost human. The book was by no means as good as the 1st 2 but I'm glad I read it. I've yet to read a Blish story I didn't like." Also LOC's from ERichardson, MMacAlpin & CCochran.

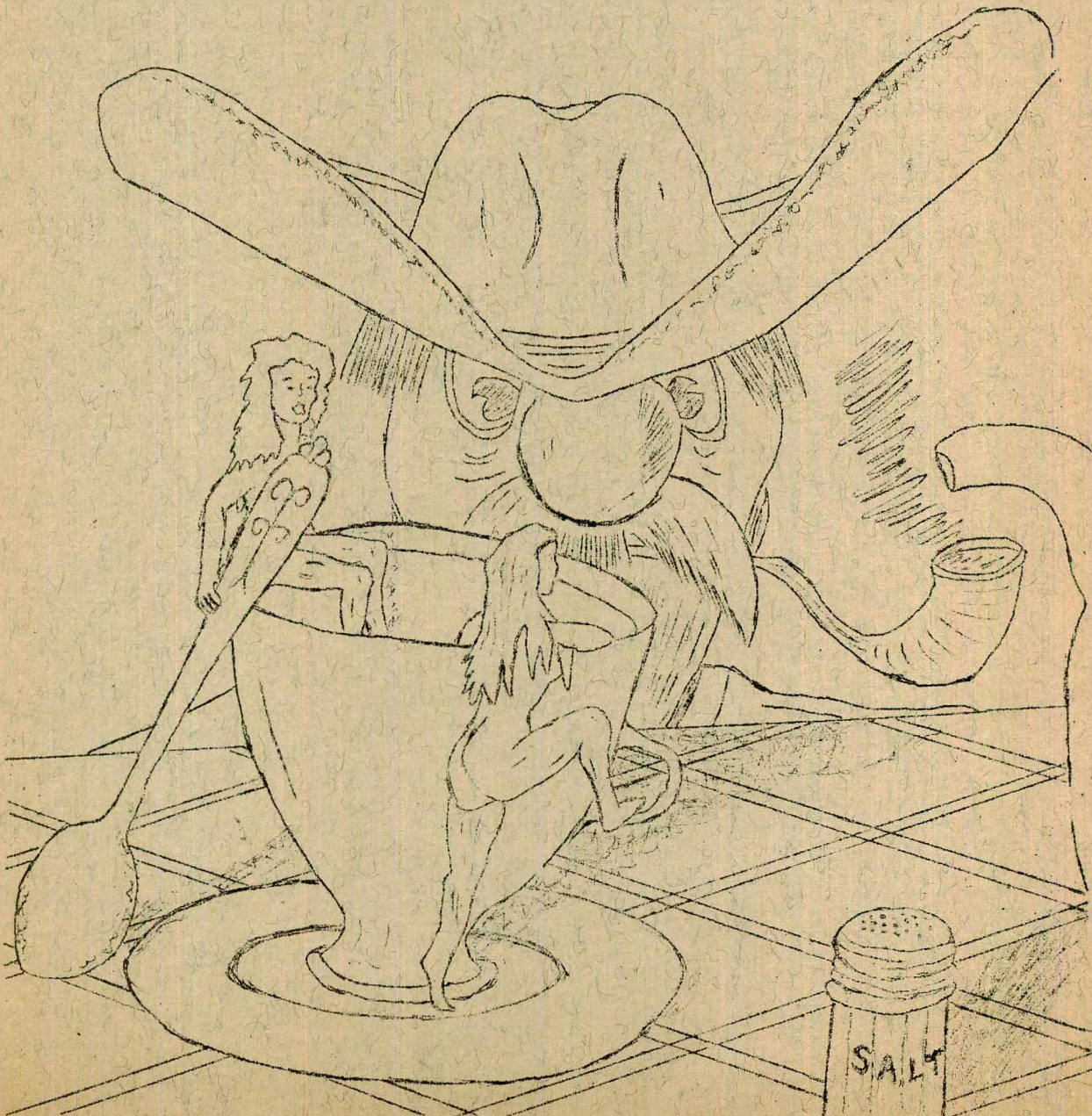


## VENUS: SOME NEW FACTS

Some radio observations of Venus' cloud layer have revealed that the surface temperature of the planet as measured by centimeter wave lengths to be 600 degrees Kelvin (620 degrees Fahrenheit). The atmosphere thus is seen to produce a greenhouse effect, as an airless planet would have a radiation temperature of about 250 °K if the rotation period were short compared with the revolution, & about 100 ° higher if the periods were the same.

According to Carl Sagan of Yerkes Observatory, using the surface temperature of 600 ° as a guide, & the fact that the temperature of the day and night sides is nearly equal, correlated with the banded pattern of the atmosphere, suggests a rapid rotation for the planet and a very high absorption of radiation at long wave lengths by its atmosphere. A nearly complete absorption would extend from 1.5 microns in the infrared to very long waves at 40 microns.

The only likely molecule, according to Mr. Sagan, in the region of 20 microns is water, which would be steam, with one to ten grams per square centimeter to create the strong greenhouse effect. Carbon dioxide is also important here. An ice-crystal layer should be formed about 23 miles above Venus' surface, the temperature being about 43 ° C. below freezing.











from

EDMUND R MESKYS  
723A, 45 St.  
Brooklyn 20, N.Y.  
u.s.a.

PRINTED MATTER ONLY FORM 3547 REQUESTED

FORWARDING & RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

TO

---

---

---