

REVIEW -----Vol. 1. #6

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Appears spasmodically.

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ALL MAIL SHOULD GO TO MCCAIN AT THE ABOVE ADDRESS RATHER THAN TO WELLS OR THE RETURN ADDRESS ON THE ENVELOPE IN WHICH YOU RECEIVE THIS. ALL LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE EDITOR WILL BE CONSIDERED FOR PUBLISHING, IN WHOLE OR IN PART, UNLESS YOU THREATEN A LAWSUIT.

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This may well be the last issue of REVIEW. Wells is getting a mimeo which makes our present method of handling obsolete. At present it is undecided whether Wells will continue to publish it in mimeo form, whether the magazine will be transferred to someone else for printing, or whether it will be dropped completely. I'm toying with the latter idea since I must spend a good deal of time this summer producing the fourth and final issue of WASTEBASKET. However, everything is very very iffy at this stage so I cannot say for sure or even give a rough approximation of what is likely to happen. However, should REVIEW die without seeing any more issues I shall attempt to broadcast the news through other more widely circulated zines so you'll know to take it off your exchange lists. In the meantime operate on the assumption that the magazine is still living, please, as the odds are better that way. I don't really expect to kill the magazine off just yet but it is a definite possibility.

You know, I seem to be all written out. As I type this I am approaching the end of a period of 30 hours during which I have cut the stencils and typed the masters for the complete issues of both my fanzines. 14 pages of BIRDSMITH, my FAPAMag and 8 pages of this issue of REVIEW. Despite the fact that this page is page #1, it is the last one to be typed (always) and to tell the truth I'm becoming a bit tired. During that period I also got eight hours sleep and theoretically put in a full days work. Of those 22 pages 19 involved composing on the stencil or the master.....completely. Only the three pages of REVIEWING REVIEW, which starts on the other side of this page, involved any copying. And when you can copy someone else's words it is considerably less work. I'm much too tired to stop now and compute the average number of words I've written and/or composed specially for these issues in the last two days. I just know it's a lot and after 19 pages the well is running dry. Do you wonder that I can no longer think of anything fresh or interesting to fill this white space? I should have typed this editorial on the pica typewriter. As it is you are served up dreary little memoirs such as this paragraph.

This issue should please Charles Wells and others who have been complaining about the REVIEW covers. I personally have thought they were rather attractive but they have drawn an unusual amount of complaint. I think the biggest reason is that many fans think a cover should be illustrated, even tho the average fan illo should have stood in bed. Blank space is far more attractive than most fanzine covers. However as I explained repeatedly, I just type the masters till I'm thru, putting no page numbers on them. Then I arrange in order and see if I have an even number. If so the masthead on the editorial page serves as the title strip and the editorial is page 1. If there is an uneven number, the editorial becomes page two and I type up a special master for a title page thus making everything come out even. This issue has an even number so for the second time (the first was issue #2) there is no title page. Happy, Chas.?

## REVIEWING REVIEW

WALT WILLIS -- 170 UPPER NEWTOWNARDS RD., BELFAST N. IRELAND

Got the latest REVIEW the other day and passed it on to Chuck Harris for the London Circle, asking him to save me a fragment of Bill Morse as a souvenir. I haven't for a long time read anything in a fanz that tickled as more.

I'm glad my failure in the / mailing affair didn't may you excommunicate me from your mailing list.....I know you're immune to ordinary fan-type excuses, like gasps, but get a load of this one. I'd just finished stapling / and - last February and reading the things when a wave of nausea and weakness swept over me. Ghad, I thought, they can't be as bad as all that, and I started to send a few out, starting with Zimmerman this time instead of Ackerman by way of redressing the balance in favour of the unfortunates at the end of the alphabet. I'd got to somewhere among the W's when I had to go to bed. The doctor came up, gave me some sulfa pills, and went to bed himself with the same type of flu. The second doctor came up, and then retired to a dugout, sending a nurse twice daily into the area with penicillin injections. Weakly I tried mailing out a few more from my death bed. They remonstrated with me, but I told them I was thinking of my pals. A clear case of cerebral palsy. Actually though it was pneumonia and to cut a dull story short I was off fanac for about eight weeks. Meanwhile it seems something calling itself 7th Fandom has arisen and I'm now relegated to the status of a legend. I thought of taking up this post permanently--the work isn't hard and the hours are good--but I've got so many things I want to do yet that I think I'll postpone it for a decade or two. All I'm wondering is whether I should represent my second fannish existence as a...er... recrudescence of 6th Fandom or as a harbinger of 8th Fandom. Anyhow look out for my reappearance on the fannish scene. You can recognize me by the reincarnation in my buttonhole.

JOEL NYDAHL -- 119 S. FRONT STREET, MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN

Something will definitely have to be done about the growth of fandom. But what? There isn't much that can be done, except to leave the newcomers out, and that wouldn't be nice, and I wouldn't be in favor of it. When a new fan writes me, I just about always answer his/her letter, just to be courteous. But it seldom goes beyond that, unless I find that fan particularly interesting, and this very seldom happens.

The place where "fringe" fans cause the most grief is at the conventions, especially the world ones. There, I am told, you spend half your time looking for your real friends. The solution to this is of course, meet at a special place, and lock the doors. Some did that at the Philcon. I'll probably do the same.

But how do you think the poor fellow feels who is left out? I know I wouldn't care to be locked out of a room where all my "friends" were. Hell, maybe there is no solution.

One way to cut the attendance at the Cons would be to stop advertising them so damn much. Especially in the promags. Some fan sees the ad in maybe the first promag he's ever read. The idea intrigues him, and before you know it we have 2000 present.



After reading Bill Morse's account of "The Pub of the Universe" in "Review V," I began to wonder if we'd both been attending the same bar. Bill's account of the London Circle in action is biased, erroneous, and mainly meadow fertiliser. Ordinarily, this wouldn't worry me in the least, but when one of my friends goes to all the trouble of giving a little pen sketch of me, I do like to see that they do the job properly.

According to Bill, I sit behind a pile of fanzines, bragging to a couple of youngsters about "as I said to Bloch" or "In Lee Hoffman's last letter." This is pure cock, piffle, balderdash and complete bloody bilge. I haven't had more than half a dozen letters from either Bloch or Hoffman in the four years that I've been actifanning. As far as I know I have never mentioned either name in the bar except to Bill Morse or Vinc Clarke. I know only one fan in the London Circle under the age of 21. There are probably others, but I have never spoken to them. If I ever had the misfortune to sit behind a pile of fanzines it's extremely probable that I'd throw up all over them.

After this, Morse's Searing Confession goes on to inform the fannish faction that "... You can't interrupt Chuck..... he's always grateful for loans of fanzines and always full of the latest dirt on any member of any group whatever." Anybody who has heard or seen Sergeant Morse -- the BRE SAM -- in action, will know that Bill never interrupts. He just adds a couple of decibels and overrides the opposition. The Bull of Bashan or Stentor himself would meet their match in Morse. Next point: I am never grateful for the loan of fanzines. Why should I be? I have subs to all the British crud, HYPHEN exchanges with most of the US stuff, and anything that I miss Walt loans me without even waiting to be asked. Hell, I even have a letter here from Bill asking if I can lend him the OOPSIA annish. I'll just bet that he'll be goddam grateful too.

The last titbit annoyed me more than anything else. I value my friends throughout fandom, and I strongly resent the little hint that I have dirt on everybody, and the implication that it carries that I'd be perfectly willing to spread it. I hate and despise muck spreaders and I never indulge in the habit myself. I challenge Bill to back up his statement with a single specific instance in which I "was full of dirt." Mind you, I could do so if I wanted to. If I ever publish my memoirs half of fandom will take to the hills -- and I personally guarantee that Morse will be in the first six.

The rest of his letter is just the same sort of crap, but I have neither the time nor the inclination to do a complete job of dissection. Some of his "statements" are so wide of the mark that they just appear as damn foolishness. For instance, the idea of Walt Willis trying to change British fans so that they'll resemble the American product. If Walt ever got any ideas about crusading or converting, Bob and James would brain him with a mimeo crank and Madelaine would help them dispose of the body. Again, the absolutely ludicrous idea that Ego has to lick Carnell's boots. Here the very reverse applies. Carnell would give his typing finger to persuade Ego Clarke to write for NEW WORLDS. Ego just isn't interested, -- who would be, if he can get 10 or even 20 times as much dough, if he sends it to his US Agents.

He mentions that Anglofanzines are imitations of Q and that "he doesn't indulge any more." At the Con, he was so incensed about sending money to PHANTASMAGORIA and not getting a copy that he wanted me to publish an Exposure of Pickles in HYPHEN.

He even gets his drinks mixed. "Clarke with orangeade" indeed? I can reveal that Vinc Clarke's orangeade is invariably fortified with a large slug of rum. I have never tried the mixture myself, but he tells me it tastes like a blend of petrol and paregoric. (Chacun a son gout.)

I refrain from commenting on his strange preference of Imagination to Galaxy. I won't say a word about Ted Tubb, Vinc Clarke, or Bert Campbell (all con-committee members) being scattered around the bar whilst a committee meeting was in progress in one corner. Why should I do all the work? If some other Anglofan tries his hand at correction, maybe you could publish both of our letters and title it "Double Exposure".

Anyway, the best way to judge the London Circle is to do the same as Bea Mahaffey, Rita Krohne, and Jesse Floyd did this year. Come over and see for yourself. You never know, you might even like us as much as they did.

Ever Thine

WRAI BALLARD -- BLANCHARD, NORTH DAKOTA

Sam writes just like the big editor, doesn't he. Oddly I am not impressed. SCIENCE FICTION PLUS may be the greatest thing put before a sf fan, but as one of the potential audience, they haven't convinced me that it is worth buying... and since I get most of the sf mags, this sort of shows that at least one reader doesn't think SCIENCE FICTION PLUS is so good. It is a bit sad, but instead of liking SCIENCE FICTION PLUS, or making me think I don't know enough about sf to be realistic, Moscovitz's letter only makes me feel rather sorry for Sam. Reminds me of the old joke about the Negro who saw the tombstone inscribed, "Not dead, just sleeping." Sam, you aren't fooling anyone but yourself. If not caring for SCIENCE FICTION PLUS is a sign of immaturity, just call me Sonny. It also seems that Sam's "editorial content represents 1/3 of the success factor", could be taken, by an immature fan, to sound like an advance alibi. Oh well, I am a mere cynical child.

".....On the whole I can't recommend flu as a disease for fans. From time immemorial we have been looking for a nice little disease that is just serious enough to keep us away from work, but not serious enough to interfere with the really important activities of life like reading science fiction, writing, and looking out for the postman. Some fans claimed to have discovered such a disease. They call it Stigwort's Disease and point out that it is the most dangerous disease of all because it has absolutely no symptoms! You don't even know you have it and might go on living with it in ignorance for eighty, maybe a hundred years. . . then poof; out you go like a light. Horrifying. But though obviously it must be pretty common it hasn't yet been recognized by our backward medical authorities, and us fans will just have to continue looking among their existing stock. Definitely this flu thing won't do."

Walter A. Willis in NEBULA #3



## FANZINES IN REVIEW

Both because they would be too outdated and because I haven't the space to pack around excess luggage I limit this column to recently received magazines. For some reason I just haven't been receiving fanzines during the last couple of weeks. I almost left this section out of REVIEW completely this time but decided to go ahead and review what I had on hand. So.....

### VULCAN #2

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY PETER GRAHAM, 138 LAIDLEY ST., SAN FRANCISCO  
EDITOR: TERRY CARR, SAME ADDRESS. 50 CENTS PER YEAR 15 CENTS PER COPY

These boys are simply spreading themselves too thin. Last issue I reviewed OMEGA. They also have a cartoonzine called NONSENSE and a finger in Bill Knapheide's old zine SEETEE. In addition they are trying to pub several FAPazines and, for all I know, may be doing the same in SAPS. They would be far better advised to concentrate on one good FAPazine and one subzine. As it is, they are issuing mattresses of inferior material with the added disadvantage of indecipherability. Carr can do better, and does in KEE, PEON. It stands to reason that Graham could also. I don't know if Graham and Carr have the idea this is how to become really famous in fandom or what. It's true one can't achieve the title of #1 fan (providing one wants that somewhat questionable honor) without the super-activity of an Art Rapp, a Lee Hoffman, or a Walt Willis. But while it's true these people appear to spew out varied zines in an apparently effortless manner, close examination of any of their pubs will show considerable care and detail and that they never forgot that quality was more important than quantity. With the exception of Carr's OMEGA I haven't seen any magazine for some time which was such a complete waste of paper. Only item in this issue which was really worth the trouble of printing was Carr's own "The Gory Story of Two Magazines", one of the eight occasions on which Carr's name appears on the contents page. Graham is shown as having four contributions. Apparently the idea is to fill up space, no matter how it is done. VULCAN runs to 48 pages in all.

### FANTASY-TIMES VOL. 8, NO. 10 SECOND MAY 1953 ISSUE

PUBLISHED TWICE A MONTH BY JAMES V. TAURASI 137-03 32ND AVENUE  
FLUSHING 54, NEW YORK. 10 CENTS A COPY, 12 ISSUES FOR \$1.00

The newsmag. Little else need be said. Ordinarily I wouldn't even bother reviewing this magazine, so well known is it and so well established. I doubt if any other fanzine so thoroughly gives readers their money's worth or is as reliable. As Redd Boggs and Bob Tucker have variously pointed out, Taurasi is something less than ideal in his journalistic practices. But let's face it, despite occasional ludicrous passages and highly slanted editorializing in what purports to be straight news reporting, Taurasi does do the thing he sets out to do. He gets ~~at~~ the news.....he gets it first, and his facts are probably more reliable than in any other fanzine. With new magazines popping up like rabbits, Taurasi presents the neither unexpected nor completely unwelcome news that the trend is reversing with Avon's mag suspended and SPACE STORIES rumored folded. Of course, there are two or three other new mags announced in this same issue so it is hardly vanishing before our eyes. I can think of two or three other magazines I'd rather see fold, and readers of this mag know who I mean, but it really is no great tragedy.

AMAZING STORIES    AUGUST-SEPTEMBER

A well-lined pocketbook is not the advantage in the s-f field which it once was. There are too many well-lined pocketbooks around now, so an editor also needs know-how, knowledge of the science-fiction field, and perhaps even a little integrity. With so many of the competing editors well-equipped in these respects, our wistful detective-fan, Howard Browne, is at an obvious disadvantage. Let me hasten to add that the stories in this issue are for the most part smoothly-written and certainly it would be unfair to completely blame the writers who are rushing to clean up in the present bullish market for the fact that they are completely inconsequential and ideas which should have been left either to mature longer or completely unwritten. Only story worth remembering is Henry Kuttner's amusing little parable "Dr Else".

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION    JULY

There is an attractive Miller cover whose meaning is not completely clear. Inside we find a sequel to one of science-fiction's greatest stories "The Double-Dyed Villains". Mr. Anderson's "Enough Rope" is not one of sf's greatest stories but it does serve as a pleasant addition to the Poul Anderson series of stories which look at moral principles from reversed angles with surprising results. (Note to any interested publishers with only slight rewriting, using "The Double-Dyed Villains" as the keystone story and title, one could build these stories into a closely-knit coherent collection such as "The Martian Chronicles". This saga of the League Patrol would need to include from ASF "Genius", "The Helping Hand", "Un-Man", and "Enough Rope" in addition to TDDV; "Tiger by the Tail" from PLANET; "Inside Earth" from GALAXY; and a lead novelette from one of del Rey's magazines last winter, title of which I forget. I predict that such a book would meet with outstanding critical reception.) There is also another novelette, being the umpty-umpty science-fiction story to bear the title of "Survival". After the masterly job John Wyndham did with this title several years ago, I think all other writers should give him quit-claim title to it. This is a well-thought out yarn but is written by a new writer and shows it. One of the type stories which I always will regard as being typically 'ASF' shows up under the title "Solution Delayed". Very nice. And Hal Clement ends the dumbest serial ASF has run since "Seetee Shook". I found his article last issue on how he wrote the story far more engrossing than the story itself. All in all, a somewhat better than average issue.

MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION    JULY

It is amazing just how dull this magazine can be at times without giving one any positive faults to criticize. (I still don't like the policy of so many shorts.) Not one really memorable story although the Dick, Shackle, and Bester stories were all quite enjoyable.

NEBULA SCIENCE FICTION    SUMMER 1953 #3

Britain has four important magazines, NEW WORLDS, SCIENCE FANTASY, AUTHENTIC, and NEBULA and their importance lies in that order with NEBULA definitely trailing slightly behind AUTHENTIC. Only NEW WORLDS can really be said to hold its own with the American magazines (the better ones, that is). This is not because British taste is poorer or British writers less skilled. On



the contrary many of our finest writers including Eric Frank Russell, William F. Temple, J.F. McIntosh, Arthur C. Clarke, A. Bertram Chandler, John Christopher, and E.C. Tubb (the latter an actifan who for some incomprehensible reason has yet to succeed in selling a story on this side of the Atlantic). Instead, American supremacy can be seen to stem from that omnipresent and rather embarrassing fact of today's economic life that most of the money in the world has gravitated to these shores. As a result, American editors can and do consistently outbid the British editors for the product of the best British writers. To such an extent that the editor of NEBULA is doing a great deal of bragging about having secured the first Russell story to appear in England without first appearing in America since the end of World War II. I'm told the editor of NEBULA is a teen-ager (the first since Hornigg I wonder?) and must admit his editorials sound like it. It would also appear that he is a scion of a publishing company who is being allowed to indulge a youthful passion for science-fiction, which does not bode well for NEBULA's future. However, the third issue is a decided improvement over previous ones. Tubb's lead novelette (the contents page labels it a novel) is one I'd quickly snap up for reprint here, were I an American editor. Temple's "Limbo" however, is unworthy of that fine author. Temple seems to be slipping lately although he can still show the average writer a fast pair of heels. There is one reprint of an American story "The Beautiful Woman" (called "The Beautiful People" when it appeared in IF last summer) by Charles Beaumont which was given a lengthy dissection in the second issue of REFLEX. It's still only a so-so story. The other shorts are strictly fanzine level. NEBULA is interesting to the person who likes to keep track of everything new in the sf field. But if you are just starting to explore British sf, I'd suggest you try NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FANTASY first.

#### SCIENCE-FICTION PLUS AUGUST

This magazine is already abandoning its monthly schedule which would indicate the predictions of disaster voiced by nine out of ten fans at its birth are already beginning to be fulfilled. It is a very rare magazine which achieves wide endorsement by fans and fails. It is a far rarer which can survive their universal thumbs-down (so far as I know AMAZING is the only one which ever weathered such opposition for long). Editors like anyone else are sensitive about their products and hate to have to accept unkind judgments. Thus a myth has grown up that a 'fan' is some peculiar creature who shares nothing with the average reader in the way of tastes. (As confirmation of this peculiar thesis editors always point out what a tiny percentage of their total readers fans are, altho anyone who expresses his opinion is instantly shifted from the classification 'general reader' to the classification 'fan'. Thus the editors conveniently have no way whatsoever of ascertaining the wishes of this 'general reader' whom they claim to be alighting their magazines toward.) Sam Moskowitz was the first person I know of to point out this several years ago. It is interesting to note that, with the exception of Howard Browne, no other editor in recent years seems to be less able to put the guidance of fandom to good use. The conclusion of their French-serial appears in this issue and Moskowitz appears to be riding a trend of rewriting sf classics. The feature story by Simak is a rehash of Heinlein's "Universe", a story that has already been rewritten by poorer men than Mr. Simak too many times, while Chad Oliver tries to top Leinster in rewriting "First Contact". Needless to say, Chad Oliver is no Murray Leinster and this story bears about the same relation to "First Contact" that that SF PLUS bears to the ASF of ten years ago. But the magazine is improving. Were it not for the serial I would even classify it as superior to OTHER WORLDS this time around.



Well, STARTLING's gone back to bi-monthly, whether for good or ill. Shorts are the sub-standard stuff we've come to associate with Mines recently altho Ratigan's "Never Tempt the Devil" is a mildly amusing rehash of the oft-retoold Faust theme, of which "The Devil and Daniel Webster" is my own favorite, perhaps because it is the first of these I read. However, the longer stories are something else. The Novelet is by Sturgeon. The Sturgeon of yore seems to have vanished. It's been a long time since we've had a story that rated with everything Ted used to produce. Most of his present output is third-class. But third-class Sturgeon is still first class fantasy so I'm just glad he's back. Sturgeon seems to have abandoned storytelling for mysticism recently, a trend I deplore and there's a bit too much of the latter quality in "The Wages of Synergy" a tale of an unbelievably fey female. Sam Merwin's "House of Many Worlds" was greatly overrated but still a thumping good yarn on a story-telling level. It's sequel "Journey to Misenum" retains all the faults and virtues of the earlier story. Merwin's stories always read as if they needed to be gone over by a good editor. Apparently the only one which was ever polished up for its appearance was "Judas Ram" which Merwin's friend, H.L.Gold, published in an early GALAXY. Even though Merwin now has his own magazine again, there is an overabundance of Merwin yarns in Mines' magazines almost as bad as that when Merwin himself was at the helm and buying every half-baked piece he turned out. Practically every issue of Mines' magazines this spring and summer seem to have a Merwin piece as their lead item. "Journey to Misenum" is the best of the lot. And one good thing about Merwin.....he's not apt to forget about telling a story.....it's the only talent he has. He certainly is not a writer.

# VORTEX: SCIENCE FICTION VOL 1 NO 1

When I first heard of it, I considered the VORTEX plan of printing nothing but short-shorts about the most asinine idea of which I'd ever heard. The chief drawback to Boucher's magazine has always been its tendency to clutter up its pages with a bunch of trivial or precious shorts rather than to build around several long and strong feature stories, keeping the few shorts equally strong in support. Well, the idea was bad and the magazine is about what you'd expect, appearing a full year after originally planned. The title page and cover both say 20 COMPLETE STORIES in big letters. However it isn't as bad as it might be since they aren't all short-shorts. One of the two Alfred Coppel stories runs to over 10,000 words.....a novelet in about anybody's parlance, except possible John W. Campbell. Personally I liked the Lester del Rey and Sylvia Jacobs stories best.

## RECOMMENDED STORIES

Enough Rope	= Poul Anderson	= ASF
Freight	= E.C.Tubb	= NEBULA
Journey to Misenum	= Sam Merwin, Jr.	= STARTLING
The King's Wishes	= Robert Shackley	= MOP&SF
Or Else	= Henry Kuttner	= AMAZING
Solution Delayed	= Mark Clifton & Alex Apostolides	= ASF
The Wages of Synergy	= Theodore Sturgeon	= STARTLING

## VERY HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

none