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All correspondence considered for publication unless coated with a chemical which causes it to erupt into flames 48 hours after reading.

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This issue of a REVIEW is an experiment. Two hektoed issues, four dittoed, and now as we move into Volume 2, mimeo. Unfortunately, my typewriter is not well-adapted to cutting stencils. In fact, it would be difficult to conceive of an instrument more poorly designed for that purpose. (However, if it is possible I've no doubt the Remington people will produce it sooner or later. Be warned. Buy Royals.) Only once before (WASTEBASKET I) have I used this instrument to cut stencils. The results were pitiful. However, I had an inferior machine and was using inks that I think had been frozen at some time. So we decided to see how one issue of REVIEW cut on this machine and run off by Charles would look. If results are too bad, REVIEW will either fold or find some other means of appearing. If acceptable and halfway legible you can expect REVIEW to continue from this combine until Wells gets tired of the one-way agreement which allows him to do the work necessary to supplying my egoboo or find the GAFF (Getting Away from REVIEW) too strong.

When I first conceived the notion for this zine it was to be the ultimate in simplicity and ease of production. This ~~xxx~~ even extended to the subject matter. I would write it all myself except for the letter column, which I hoped (and still do) would eventually dominate the magazine. By making my own contributions Reviews I wouldn't have to worry about new ideas for articles. Since I was doing the writing and setting the deadlines I would never need to worry about deadline trouble. As for material. How could I miss? There are always plenty of prozines to review, plenty of fanzines to review, and plenty of letters coming in just dying to be reprinted.

Alas, a starry eyed innocent was I. True, in this year of Skylark Smith 1953, one need never worry about plenty of prozines to review. But other things tend to be spasmodic. Last issue I had no fanzines to review. This issue there was a glut. Last couple of issues I've done well by the letter column. This time, although I searched every letter received diligently there was nothing, absolutely nothing quotable. Everything was either personal or slanderous....sometimes both. Of course when it comes in combination I could print it but then I'm accused of persecuting the writer. Anyway, I wind up with an unbalanced magazine. Anybody got a shoulder I can weep on?



## REVIEWING REVIEW

Joel Nydahl, 119 South Front Street, Marquette, Mich.

I find myself disagreeing, almost violently (well, not quite) with one Bill Morse. Mr. Morse, of course, is entitled to his opinions, but I hardly think he can be serious in calling IMAGINATION better than GALAXY. One would almost have to be blind not to see the differences, both in general makeup and story quality. I've never yet read a story in Madge that could compete with the worst GALAXY has printed.

Although both are digest and both cost 35¢, I would call IMAGINATION a pulp and GALAXY a slick, or semi-slick. Pulp fiction usually stems around action. The writing doesn't have to be particularly good, if the author can keep the characters jumping from one situation to another. Whereas in slick writing, one must obtain a smooth writing style. One that can carry the reader over the less lively parts, shall we say, without him losing interest.

Occasionally, Madge will publish a slick type story, and GALAXY will publish a pulp yarn. But this is very unusual, and I'm sure you'll agree that the average GALAXY yarn is far above par compared to MADGE's stories.

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(Editors note: In our policy of bringing anything of interest to the attention of our readers, we do not hesitate to indulge in piracy. Last month we brought you a gem from the pen of Walt Willis, lifted without permission from the pages of a British pro-mag. This month we are indulging in similar tactics, cribbing from the letter column of an American publication, The PORTLAND OREGONIAN, probably the Northwest's best-known newspaper. In these days of increasing acceptance of wonders, that rara avis, the universal skeptic, once regarded by stfans as composing 99% of the human race has now become something of a Vanishing American. Thus it is with considerable pride that we welcome to these pages the words of Mr.

Zeno T. Wilson, of Salem Oregon. Following our usual policy of protecting the privacy of contributors to professional publications we are not publishing Mr. Wilson's street address. This letter appeared in the August 10, 1953 issue of the OREGONIAN.)

To the Editor: About every other week I read where someone is going to fly to the moon. This time it's two Englishmen.

They would use a rocket ship; ascend 500 miles, then encircle the earth several times before landing on the moon.

Not even St. Nicholas with his reindeer would be fool enough to attempt such a thing.

All that man and science can do is limited to this earth, and only the things that the Creators has made possible for him to do. He is a jealous God, and He would not want some scientist to explore and dissipate those heavenly thrills, that He keeps in reserve for the faithful.

Before those two Englishmen take off for the moon, they should reflect, that it was curiosity that killed the cat.

However, I will give the scientists credit for one thing: The more they monkey with our food, the worse it tastes.



## FANZINES IN REVIEW

BOO---\$.50 per year, Bob Stewart, 274 Arlington St. San Francisco, Calif.

Stewart takes pains to advise, in this issue, that he has just turned 14. And it is only fair to say that this is just about the sort of fanzine one would expect.....not much better nor much worse. Mimeography is legible, but not much more. Material is of a grade slightly poorer than mediocre. However, this fanzine still manages to make better reading than the other fanzines recently issuing from this city from older and more experienced fans. If Stewart sticks it out mimeography should improve and better material will doubtless become available. And, most important, he will gradually learn to iron out the very rough spots in what could become a quite attractive editorial personality. Most appealing thing in this issue are the semi-stream-of-consciousness accounts of San Francisco fanac. A bit less frantiness in such recounting would make this the same sort of asset to BOO that Hoffman's trivia was to QUANDRY.

CONFUSION---v2n3 #15. 10¢ per issue, Shelby Vick, editor, Box 493, Lynn Haven, Flo.

This magazine may not be as polished or as witty as SLANT, as large as SFBulletin, nor have the future potentialities of VEGA. But it remains the best all-around zine in fandom today. This issue seems to consist almost entirely of columns.....by Willis, Hoffman, editor Vick, and yours truly. There is a conreport by Cal Beck and some supposedly amusing cartoons by Bergeron which mostly aren't. The letter column is probably the best thing in the mag. Willis continues recounting his adventures in America, this one being chiefly devoted to a tongue-in-cheek indictment of Ray Palmer which would sear a normal person's scalp clean but will presumably pass unnoticed by Palmer. I must cast a feeble protest, however, against Willis' assumptions that because Palmer is boorish all other Americans also are automatically so. Bad manners are all too common in this country and seem to have a higher than average incidence in fandom. However, I've encountered few people with worse manners than an otherwise likable British fan now in this country. If this be 'old-world courtesy' I'll stick to the new. I sometimes wonder whether there is an increasing dearth of breeding or not. One can't trust books of previous periods. I suspect that there was a higher incidence of good manners among the educated in the past, but of course there was a smaller percentage of such in the total. At any rate, I think it is self-evident that probably the biggest drawback of American fandom is the crudeness of its manners.....I didn't realize a person changed so much so rapidly until I received this issue of cf. Any one trying to obtain the July issue of Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine or other publications mentioned in this "Beer or Buttermilk" is apt to be disappointed. This column was written about 13 months ago and I had long since resigned myself to the belief that Shelby had lost it as he printed later installments. Now, to me, it reads like the work of almost a completely different person. I can't feature myself writing this type of column now and if I were to attack the subject it would be with a completely different approach.

GEM TONES---SAPS 24

The usual typical Carr-ish product. Very amusing, if you appreciate Carr (I do), infuriating if you don't. Exchanges with almost all known zines and has recently taken to devoting practically the entire issue to reviews of both SAPSazines and subazines. A definite improvement to this readers way of thinking.

GREMLIN---Gary Curto, 724 Huron Ave. San Francisco 25, Calif. bi-monthly. 50¢ a year, 15¢ per issue.

Mimeography is much better than one expects in a first issue. Material is only slightly better than first-issueish, however. However, the mag shows a few signs of promise and while it is always difficult to tell from a first issue this one could go places.

PSYCHOTIC---Vol. 1 #1, July 1953. Monthly published by Richard E. Geis, 2631 N. Mississippi Portland 12, Oregon. \$1.00 for twelve issues, 10¢ per copy.

Dittoing is well above average....material is well below (but far better than one customarily finds in a first issue. Add to this a decided fannish 'feel' and this adds up to the best first issue I've seen in a long time, maybe since THE BIG O. This zine has a long way to go but I think maybe Geis has what it takes to go there. Editorial is appropriately titled "The Leather Couch" One idea which probably sounded wonderful was a fanzine art review column which fails to pan out and will probably be shortly forgotten. A fanzine to watch.

REASON---published irregularly at 464-19th Street Santa Monica, Calif. Editors name and price not listed on contents page. #2

This fanzine's slogan is "There's a reason for REASON". Just what it might be escapes yours truly and apparently also the editor (name's Tom Piper, I just discovered it on the mailing wrapper) as elsewhere in the issue he announces cessation of the title after this issue and a new mag to take its place. Mimeography is very poor to start with and, through what can only be termed a stroke of genius, the editorial staff has chosen to mimeo most pages in a pale shade of ink atop deep-hued paper of the same shade of ink. At the moment I can't recall any fanzine in history which was more illegible. This would be ok considering most of the contents but I resent having this happen to Robert Gilbert's well-done "The Passing of the Pulp". The magazine is top-heavy with columns. This has worked well for such matured zines as SPACEWARP and CONFUSION but too often the new magazines get new columnists who turn out to have nothing to say....in fact they frequently fill their ~~ex~~ space bragging about the way they can fill space with nothing. Only exception is Harlan Ellison who devotes his column to fulsomely fatuous praise of Bill Venable. If I weren't already previously acquainted with Venable and know him to be a pretty good guy I'd barricade the doors before I ever let such a nauseating paragon of virtues near my residence.



ESCAPE---published irregularly by Larry Balint, 3255 Golden Ave., Long Beach 6, California. 5¢ per

This is a successor to Balint's FANTASTA but is little different. The magazine has a very inconvenient size.....letter-sized paper cut in half lengthwise. The magazine's material has improved some but continues to more or less typify the various facets of the moment calling itself 7th fandom. Perhaps I am merely a grouchy out-of-date cynic but the humorless humor, coy feuding and backscratching and general air of "We're here and ain't we wonderful" appears to me to carry a far lower quota of entertainment value than the output of what is now called 5th and 6th fandoms, the only others I've had a chance to observe as they occurred. Maybe I've lost my taste for fandom or am in other ways no longer a fit judge but, with the exception of VEGA, the only worthwhile publications around seem to be survivors of sixth fandom. Balint must be given credit for remarkable regularity of publication, however.

FANTASTIC WORLDS---Editor, Sam Sackett, published quarterly at 1449 Brockton Ave., Los Angeles 25, Calif. 30¢ a copy or a dollar per year.

What is it? Neither good prozine nor good fanzine, but something in between. Despite its general sleek and well-fed air this has, never for me become a really satisfactory magazine. A serious, for a change, item by Bob Bloch is best this in the issue.

PEON---#27, Volume Six, number two, May 1953, Editor, Charles Lee Riddle, 10¢ a copy or 12 issues for one dollar.

A survival of fifth fandom. When I entered fandom I would never have picked this as the fanzine which would continue regular publication the longest but that is exactly what has happened. Material is for the most part good, but unspectacular. No crud here, but neither is this Willis-Tucker-Bloch stomping grounds. I recently picked up a report that before printing a fantasy recently sent to PEON, Riddle submitted it to Horace Gold for BEYOND..... and Gold bought it! For which, hats off to Riddle. The magazine is recommended, too.

SCIENCE FICTION NEWS LETTER---Tucker, PO Box 702, Bloomington Ill. Quarterly. 40¢ will bring you the last two issues.

Tucker announces the mag will fold at the end of this year. Let's hope that Tucker comes up with some other idea which will keep him in the fanpubbing business. Bob runs some fiction for the first time. Why is a mystery since it is merely that much over-worked satire of Mickey Spillane. I got the biggest kick, however, out of Tucker's quote from J.T.M'Intosh (who definitely is MacGregor, by the way, Bob) on page 18. Readers of both SFNL and REVIEW will recognize this as the same one used in REVIEW 5. Since it is stretching coincidence overly far to believe that Tucker and yours truly would pick the two identical sentences for quotation out of the millions of words of sf recently printed I can only assume Tucker is quoting from REVIEW. I must say I'm flattered.



SCINTILLA---edited and published by Larry Anderson, 2716 Smoky Lane, Billings, Montana. 10¢ per copy.

Having panned Anderson's dittographs in the past it is only fair to report he has reverted to mimeography with admirable, if not yet perfect, results. SCINTILLA is once more legible. Material, while readable, can stand lots of improvement. Sad note: at the end of this issue is a '5000-word novel'. Anderson reports he will henceforth issue two mags....one fiction, one non-fiction. You get only the one you ask for or both together for 15¢. Anyone here wanta read fan-written 5000-word novels?

SF,---June 1953, #7, Editor, John L. Magnus, Jr., 9312 Second Avenue Silver Spring, Md.

Redd Boggs and Manly Banister can move over. Once more fandom has an editor who is well-nigh flawless at manipulation of a mimeograph. This is the magazine's best feature; The silk-screen cover of which Magnus is apparently proud and which excites ohs and ahs in the letter column is pretty unimpressive. The magazine's contents are fair but nothing to write home about. With a touch for mimeographing like Magnus' it is a shame but I really doubt if this magazine has much of a future. First, whenever an editor devotes so much pains to perfectionism it is seldom that he can combat gafia for long. It soon becomes work not play, and then painful work. Result, no more magazine. Also, in this issue at least, Magnus fails to exhibit the editing 'flair' which proprietors of all the top zines of recent years have had in varying quantities. Magnus is already ahead of most seventh fandom editors but I fear the path he is on is the same dead-end one followed by Bob Johnson and ORB. Perfectionism in the Banister-Johnson pattern simply is out of place in fandom. The slightly haphazard methods used in preparation of the fabulous SLANT work much better and you will notice SLANT is still around.

SPACESHIP---July, 1953, Quarterly...Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery Street., Brooklyn 13, N.Y. 10¢ per issue. 3 issues 25¢

I owe Bob Silverberg a public apology. When I first entered fandom I subscribed indiscriminately to any recommended fanzines. Rog Phillips tricked me into subbing to SPACESHIP, a dollar I considered thoroughly wasted. At that time SPACESHIP appeared to me a trifle poorer than UTOPIAN and easily the most hideous and amateurish fanzine I'd ever seen, (although it would compare favorably with some seventh fandom products I've recently received. At least Silverberg and Diskin tried to find something to put in their zines.) The editors of these zines, Silverberg and Jeff Banks were also the first regular columnists in my beloved QUANDRY. The columns both seemed to me to be painfully adolescent and gauche and completely out of place in a sophisticated fun-lovin' little zine like QUANDRY. I told Lee so, repeatedly and at length. Evidently others agreed about Banks because his column finally was dropped but Silverberg's continues to this day and all my protests were for naught. When my years sub ran out to SPACESHIP I did not renew even though it had improved slightly. However, about a year ago I began to surprise myself by being in agreement with much of what Silverberg was writing for other fanzines; his style remained unchanged



but his reasoning now stood up under logic and there was a great deal of substance to his observations. I found it necessary to revise my opinions of him (I later learned he was two years younger than I'd thought all along which accounted for a good deal) and I now regard him as perhaps the most outstanding example of a younger (early 20's or under) writer in the Redd Boggs style. I had also sent Bob a sample copy of REVIEW and I was really amazed at the changes in SPACESHIP. This fanzine is still not a QUANDRY or SPACEWARP and never will be but the mimeography and layout make it extraordinarily legible and the material, while universally sober, serious, and rather unfannish, is for the most part of a quality well-worth reading. I recommend it. (Incidentally, this is the reason I tend to hedge my judgments of fanzines pubbed by teenagers. I've seen too many godawful horrors develop into stimulating fanmags which were a credit to fandom. However, UTOPIAN still remains one of fandom's worst.)

VEGA---Joel Nydahl, 119 S. Front Street, Marquette, Mich. #9.  
Monthly....119 S. Front St., Marquette, Mich.

My pet of the current crop. This fanmag has not been coming along as rapidly as I'd hoped and predicted. However, it does keep improving, both in material and appearance and ever since I discovered the editor had just turned 15 (among his other accomplishments is being one of the three or four youngest authors ever to sell an sf story) this summer I've been marvelling even more at what he has accomplished. When it comes to editing, this kid has it! This issue is perhaps the best yet. Unfortunately there ~~xxx~~ is word that VEGA's best feature, Marion Bradley's "What Every Young Fan Should Know" will not appear again. But there are articles by Tucker and Calkins, the regular feature "Fanzine File", and a good solid lettercolumn. This is already one of fandom's most important and entertaining zines.

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#### PRO'S PROSE

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION - Aug. 1953 -

"Sam Hall" is more straightforward than most of Poul Anderson's non-Planet stories but is still top-notch Anderson. This is the first issue of ASF in some time without one really poor yarn altho the Chan Davis novelet drags considerably in getting started. Mark Clifton and sidekick Apostolides comes through with perhaps his best story since "What Have I Done?", certainly his best since "Star, Bright". If all issues of ASF measured up to this one it would probably still be unchallenged king.

COSMOS SCIENCE FICTION, #1

And still they come. This magazine has perhaps less to distinguish it than any magazine since IF. However, IF has done fairly well so maybe this one will too. There have been much better first issues and much poorer ones. The lead story, "The Troublemakers" by Poul Anderson is, like "Sam Hall" reviewed above, top-drawer Anderson. However, this one features the usual delightful Anderson inverted moral standards approach. I might add that it is more convincing, if a bit less clever, than usual. Some of the shorts are mildly



amusing and the cover is rather distasteful. It would doubtless irritate British fans in any case (although the act depicted has been much more of a British habit in real life than American, although we must concede American writers have overworked it in the sf field) and will probably make them see red since plastered over the illustration in huge letters is the name of the British Willy Ley, Arthur C. Clarke. (Excuse for this is that Clarke has a story inside, a three page short-short and the poorest thing in the issue.) It seems that the name of Arthur C. Clarke now bears the same importance in newsstand sales as those of Bradbury and Heinlein. Perhaps even more so. IF and the Avon magazine similarly broadcast the Clarke name last spring. From everything I've heard Clarke is a nice guy and I'm happy to see him so successful. However, I feel it is an unhealthy sign for science fiction. Clarke has written some very entertaining fiction, it is true, but he's not in the top wank or even in the next to top. His present fame is based solely on the interest aroused by a non-fiction work. (Do you suppose Hubbard's name will be similarly ballyhooed if he returns to the field soon, as reported?) What these editors are doing is selling their magazines on a gimmick completely unrelated to science-fiction, the same thing which fandom has so deplored in Howard Browne. Clarke is a good guy, a good writer, and an ex-fan.....and perhaps an outstanding scientist. But when his name is used in this fashion is he actually any different from Mickey Spillane, Lait & Mortimer, or Billy Rose, all names which sell magazines without reference to the type science-fiction they are able to produce. Had Larry Clinton started writing science-fiction fifteen years earlier when he and "Deep Purple" were household names and bandstand idols he'd probably have been given the same treatment. I wonder if Howard Browne has attempted to get Einstein to ok a ghosted story written under his name. Understand, I have no objection to such ballyhoo for Clarke when he turns out one of his spaceflight articles for a magazine. This is what he made his name on (I'll overlook the fact that his best-sellerdom stems from a fluke, book-club selection, since the merit was always there, undiscovered, before.) But this has not been the case to date. I realize any author is going to take the best rates he can and not worry about how his name is publicized, or why; and in this dog-eat-dog market it is sell your magazines however you can. But I believe for science-fiction to prosper as sf (instead of degenerating into vehicles for bare bosoms as have the pocket reprints) it should stick to advertising stories and authors on their merits rather than because the author went over Niagara Falls in a barrel or was once married to Rita Hayworth.

FANTASTIC---Sept.-Oct.

The first really tasteful cover this magazine has ever had. I didn't even recognize it at first. New logo is attractive. Browne seems to have finally given up his big-name promotional stunts. Maybe he finally decided science-fiction is the best policy for an sf magazine. The usual Browne stuff. Several stories started out like houses afire. McGivern's "Amphytrion 40" had a surprisingly strong beginning and the Matheson and Sheckley stories missed being outstanding by only a fraction. But Browne's unfamiliarity with the field, which finds him



him unable to distinguish between the good and the almost good is omnipresent. Oh well, the magazines are said to be in the black which ~~is~~ I suppose is all that matters to Ziff-Davis.

#### FANTASTIC UNIVERSE--Aug.--Sept. 1953

This magazine has been a big disappointment with its first two issues. Remembering Merwin's fabulous feats at STANDARD, we were expecting something special. Instead, we have been given a very thick, undistinguished looking magazine containing a number of readable stories but no memorable ones..... The result is like a Howard Browne with taste added. Best story in each issue has been by Eric Frank Russell, but even these have been far from the "Dreadful Sanctuary" level Russell. Many of the stories seem to have possibilities which don't quite materialize. I wonder whether Merwin isn't paying too little for his stories. Seems to me I read in some magazine he's sticking to the old 1¢ a word rate....and when even Ray Palmer pays 3¢ a word it takes a genius at digging up unnoticed gems, such as Lowndes or del Rey, to compete with the big boys. With so many finer 35¢, and even 25¢, magazines around the extra pages this magazine fills up with mediocre fiction fails to make it worth a half dollar.

#### GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION--August

ASF may be revitalized but so is GALAXY. Gold evidently believes in giving Campbell a run for his money. Big news here is one of those fascinating stories by Scotland's gift to science fiction, J.T.M'Intosh. "Mind Alone" is not the best M'Intosh story by a long shot but it has no trouble being best in a good issue of GALAXY. I also liked the Sheekley and Gallun novelets and found Betsy Curtis' "The Trap" very amusing and easily her best story to date.

#### IF--September

Lead novelet by James Blish, "A Case of Conscience" impressed me as being very clever and very ridiculous....but then I'm admittedly prejudiced on what I consider the distasteful subject of religion. I'd like to know whether James Blish is an atheist, agnostic, or Catholic, however. The shorter novelette "Thy Rocks and Rills" has tremendous presence....seems to occur right in your lap. I don't know why I should compare this to Hemingway, as I feel like doing, unless it is because it deals primarily with bullfighting. For my money, this belongs in the collection for the best of the year although there is one minor flaw. On page 96 in referring to the bull's actions, the story reads "Teeth clamped on the shaft behind the point." Which is a very neat trick for any bull. This bull is supposed to be a mutation but nothing was said about his growing an extra set of teeth. For readers who were not raised on a dairy farm may I explain that cows have no teeth in their upper jaw, merely a lower set which is quite sufficient for their non-carnivorous practice of cropping grass.



## PLANET STORIES--September

There are now only eight pulps left in the field published by three companies. Of these, only four are the old untrimmed edge type which used to dominate the field. Fiction House is the least active of the three but PLANET seems to more or less typify the old-style stfpulp. PLANET saw some brief days of glory when Jerome Bixby was at the helm but it has now returned to old and bad habits. The field is changing but apparently Malcolm Reiss feels PLANET must never change. Thus I wouldn't be too surprised to see PLANET follow another old standby, FFM, into oblivion. This issue has only one readable story, a Robert Moore Williams space-opera "Miss Tweedham's Elogarsn". If it should fold, PLANET will be missed for only one reason: Its old-style lettercolumn. This is my one complaint about all the new magazines. MOF and GALAXY started it, and now all seem to be falling in line.....not even small letter-columns, a development I consider unhealthy both from the viewpoint of fandom and the authors. Gold promised the writers story-ratings anyway, you remember, but he soon reneged. The others don't even attempt to keep the writer informed of reader opinion. No particular reason I can see. The very fanciest slicks, literary magazines, newsmagazines, or what have you, usually have fairly long letter columns so it is hardly a typical pulpish feature to be abandoned.

## RECOMMENDED STORIES

Poul Anderson	- Sam Hall	- ASTOUNDING
Poul Anderson	- The Troublemakers	- COSMOS
Richard Ashby	- Commencement Night	- ASTOUNDING
Mark Clifton	- Crazy Joey	- ASTOUNDING
and Alex Apostolides		
Betsy Curtis	- The Trap	- GALAXY
Raymond Z. Gallun	- Stamped Caution!	- GALAXY
Robert Sheekley	- Diplomatic Immunity	- GALAXY

## VERY HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

Robert Ernest Gilbert	- Thy Rocks and Rills	- IF
J.T.M'Intosh	- Mind Alone	- GALAXY

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"Who trod Courtney's goat?"

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Lobster is delicious at the South Pole.

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"Are you really Wilson Tucker?"

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