

REVIEW #11

Vol.11, #5

-----! REVIEW !-----! REVIEW !-----! REVIEW !-----! REVIEW !-----

Volume II

No. 5

Published at odd intervals by an odd individual;

Vernon L. McCain
Box 876
Kellogg, Idaho.

All communications of any sort should go to the above address, not to Wells nor to the return address on the envelope nor even to any old McCain addresses you may have kicking around from two or three years ago (are you listening, Vorzimer?) All letters considered for publication in part or in whole. Mimeography by Charles Ellis, fandom's most patient publisher.

Here's REVIEW again after an unusually long lapse. Won't go into the reasons for the delay but they were unusually good ones such as vacation, no stencils, etc. There are about 15 others besides those two.

With this issue you'll find an unusual number of changes in editorial policy. For the very first time outside contributions are being used. I've had it planned for some time to have two columnists debut in this issue but one of 'em has been remarkably silent ever since he agreed, so unless it comes in before I mail off these stencils to Wells you'll only find one. However, these two individuals have been the two most frequent contributors to the letter column, the two most interested readers and both have made many helpful suggestions which have helped form REVIEW so I feel their addition to the editorial staff will not affect the feel or tone of the magazine in any serious way. There will be less McCain, but that's all for the good. Morse decided he wanted to do his column in letter form, hence the prosaic title rather than any of the punnish ones I concocted. It seems like the long way round, to me, but if that's the way he finds easiest, fine. Since Morse has popped up so frequently in READER'S INDIGESTION, you can regard this as merely an extension of that section if you wish. You'll just be getting more regular and lengthier samples of the Morse personality.

Completely independently of any knowledge of projected change two unsolicited mss came in. One of these was stenciled on the basis of a Willis letter which said "I don't think I'm going to use Tucker's piece about Harris' sex-life. Are you?" On that basis I stenciled it only to have HYPHEN arrive three days later! However, the version carried by that magazine proves to be an abridged one. Most of the omitted parts weren't too important but some moron accidentally found his way into the HYPHEN press-room and scizzored out the cleverest thing in the whole letter, so I suggest you reread it, even if you have previously encountered the HYPHEN version.

This one is unexpurgated!

The guest edition of PRO'S PROSE merely precipitates a change I had planned to start next issue. Since I have a guest column I'm starting it immediately. Henceforth there will be no more McCain versions of this section. I'll be glad to keep it in, if possible, but I feel that in the foreseeable future circumstances are such that I cannot write it myself. I'd love to turn it over to someone else, better qualified to write it than I. I can think of a number....people who have previously demonstrated their very considerable critical talents.....Boggs, Bloch, Tucker....there are others. However, without exception every one of these sure-fire bets are (is?) already so overloaded with fanish and other activities that I doubt if they'd be able to accept if I asked them....and I don't intend to put them on the spot by doing so. However, if there is some qualified person reading this who would be willing to continue the column I'd be delighted to have him volunteer. And let me define that word 'qualified' so I won't scare off potential columnists and also won't have to be brutal and refuse some super-active young fan who would be delighted to do the column but doesn't have sufficient background. I think anyone conducting such a column should have been reading the bulk of published magazine for at least five years. Please note I did not say the last five years. Any five year period will do. I feel that that long an acquaintance with what the field produced, both good and bad is necessary (I also feel at least a casual acquaintance with preceeding stf is necessary but that can be taken for granted in anyone who's stuck around that long). You may be a brilliant and penetrating critic but I feel that if you've only been reading s-f for a year or two you lack sufficient basis for comparison to place current stories in their proper context and relationship with the past. To a lesser extent the same is true of someone who's read every Street and Smith issue of ASF but never cracks the cover of any other magazine. But someone like Tucker who had long and intimate acquaintance with the field and in recent years has cut his reading down to a small portion of the total still is eminently qualified to pass judgment. Any volunteers.

There is an alternate plan. To continue guest columns.... such as Dentcliffe's. I already have a tentative promise from one of fandom's top critics for one such column and if you match the qualifications above but don't feel you can write a regular column, how about one installment? Don't let this scare you off from writing a regular column though. I'll gladly run both a regular one and any guest columns I can get. Not only will the field be covered more thoroughly....it will make for interesting contrast if the same issue is reviewed by two different people.

I am very anxious to obtain columns to keep PRO'S PROSE running so please don't act bashful. If the above description applied to you then that means I want at least one installment of PRO'S PROSE from you.

READER'S INDIGESTION

ERIC BENTCLIFFE--47, Alldis St, Great Moor, Stockport, Ches. England.

In the latest issue I have, you mention the number of informal fanzines currently appearing in the States, well the arrival of your effort happened to coincide with the first one of these which I have seen (apart from Review of course). It is I think the most puerile fan production I have ever had the misfortune to peruse. It's title, REVIEW, and the perpetrator is one John Hitchcock, it is a one-sheet affair which seems to go nowhere in circles. Possibly it might be of interest to the editors intimates....it's kind of esoteric at that.

Let me give a couple of quotes from the thing to give you an idea of what has got my goat (and the tree to which he was tethered)...

"Capt. 3D is one of the best of the new comics".... "Hartford has sopked ((Huh)). You can all go back to bed now. Let me speak; I am COLL the-let-your-readers-to-to-hell..." Any idea what that is all about???? The quote is exact. And to finish off his one page extravaganza he says..."ps-- I am looking for a GOOD faned who would use a regular column by me". I am restraining myself with great difficulty!!

Conclusion, the informal fanzines, are alright...if they reach the standard of REVIEW...but if they are anything like REVIEW!!!!

* * * *

Zapping, for U.K. folk began (apart from the White - Harris incident) at the Mancon held late last year. It started out when everyone bought water pistols to welcome Bert Campbell with, and then progressed to the stage where, later in the day large scale operations took place, area battling against area and fan against editor. Whether this state of affairs will continue at the Mancon this Whitsun weekend, I don't know...will let you know. Personally tho' I think the Zap gun is an outmoded weapon and have bought myself a most futuristic pen shooter...if all weapons are banned from this convention...it can be used instead as a cigarette holder.

ROBERT BLOCH -- Weyauwega, Wis.

I know it is quite possible to have a bad time at these things (conventions): I've read enough reports from people who just didn't enjoy themselves. But I'm lucky, so far, in that my contacts have been so congenial. Actually, sociability is not my strong point, and I have a horrid tendency to forget names and associations (particularly when I'm introduced to a lot of people at once and the introducer mumbles hastily). But somehow, as I get more senile, I manage to assume a temporary extroversion which, when combined with yapping from the platform, passes for gregariousness. This is, however, just a sort of social-trick, and in reality I can feel much empathy for shy people who haven't been around long enough or who haven't hit on some kind

of social mannerism that enables them to mingle easily and freely.

It is from the ranks of such fans and pros (many of whom are brilliantly articulate on paper) that I believe the majority of derogatory comments on conventions emanate. They observe, and being observers they find much that is shallow or annoying or downright disturbing to them. But I claim it isn't a matter of criticizing "fandom" or "prodom"...merely a commonplace reaction attitude of the "outgroup" toward the "ingroup."

In order to prove it, all you need do is conduct a simple social experiment. Go into a neighborhood tavern on a Saturday night where you don't know the usual crowd of habitués. Sit there all evening and don't take a drink yourself...just watch. The "antics" of the "drunks" will "disgust" you after a few hours. And yet they're all having a marvelous time -- because they're doing the same thing together and they know one another. Less extreme case; go to a dance where some group is dominant and you're a wallflower. Before long you'll be standing against the wall making bitter and sarcastic observations on everyone's behavior. Visit an outdoor picnic ground some Sunday when a club or social organization is holding an affair. Soon you'll be critical of general conduct.

We've all had these experiences, to a greater or lesser degree...and they're quite comprehensible. Ego being admittedly a well-developed commodity in fan-circles (else why would any fan publish a 'zine or write for one?) the comments of the disgruntled take on indordinate emphasis. But I seriously think that no fan who isn't obviously and blatantly psychotic needs have a poor time at a con, if he or she is willing to make the necessary social effort.

This social effort, if it takes the form of some kind of contribution to the success of the gathering (lending a hand on the program, lending a hand with the arrangements, doing some kind of chore or favor to help out) will almost invariably elicit friendly response: I think fans and pros are the easiest people to meet. But just saying "hello" isn't all there is to meeting someone...nor will best results be obtained from going in with a "Here I am, now do me something" attitude. Which, methinks, is partially the reason why some people have a bad time.

As I say, I know, because this was once my problem...very definitely...and not only in fannish circles, but in general social decorum everywhere. I had to learn the hard way and force myself to give a little. The results seem to bear out the findings of all the "practicalpsychologists", and I wish I could get some of the bitter brethren to take a crack at a similar solution for their own misanthropy.

REDD BOGGS--2215 Benjamin Street N.E., Minneapolis 18, Minn....

Your reviews of Deviant and CanFan, in particular, are excellent and may be considered to be endorsed in this office. It's easy to see why CanFan keeps that title, though: the Canadian fans

wish to preserve their identity apart from the larger, more active fandom in the USA, and thus a title like Canadian Fandom is almost inevitable. . . . Comparing The Enchanted Duplicator with Manly Bonister's booklet called Egoboo is a bright thought which I hadn't conceived. You are indubitably right, he said digito-labially. I think Walt must have copies remaining, though, because I recently obtained a second copy, numbered 70.

You say that in conversation you sometimes deliver a monolog "Which bores the pants off both of us." Would you mind letting me in on your secret? There are some luscious young ladies whom I bore very easily, I'm afraid, but not with the interesting results you obtain from your monologs.

Tucker tells me he's using me in his next book. Apparently I get killed off; at least I am buried in a rain of bricks from a bombed house, along with a girl named Barbara Brooks. This name bongs no gongs, fannishly speaking, and I wonder if she is good-looking? I'd hate to be buried with a homely woman.

Rotsler writes that he has an outside chance of landing a \$15,000 contract to sculp (?) stuff for the new Beverly Hilton hotel. Gosh, think of the fanzine one could publish with \$15,000! But his wife is six months pregnant, so maybe he has other plans for it.

RON ELLIK--232 Santa Ana, Long Beach 3, California.

I didn't know about Grennell being, strictly speaking, a Seventh Fandomer. Ghod knows I had enough hints: His letter to me speaking of VEGA as his first fanzine. . . all sorts of remarks in Grue 20, which I religiously read through twice. . . many other mentions of same all over fandom.

But of course this letter proves it. Grennell himself should be a solidly-based source to quote in re his "age" in fannish years.

However, I still don't get it. A guy who can put out something like this last ish of GRUE, a guy who corresponds and swears at fans of vintage well nigh his own physical age, et al, would appear to be at least a Sixth Fer.

Frankly, I have never known a fan besides Dean whose physical age made his fannish age seem more mature than it is. That is to say, he is 32, and his fannish age is 2. Now, there's also Bill Knapheide, whose physical age is unknown to me--but I do know he's out of college already, and a picture of him shows a man at least in his middle 20's. And Bill's vintage in fandom is considerable--four or five years, at least. And nearly everybody agrees that Bill is still a neo-fan in most respects.

I think the thing that makes Grennell look like a more experienced fan is his knowledge of old prozines, which is evident since he began reading them in 1929.

Of course, there's Ellik who is only 15 and who has been in fandom not yet two years--I certainly don't show two years of maturity, as readers of CONFAB will concur.

The rest of this of REVIEW I refuse to comment on. The review of FSM has prejudiced me. Surely Wetzel's Lovecraft article was good! You might have gotten me a few subs by mentioning it, at least, for God only knows how many HPL fans there are hanging on still.

((Let's get one thing straight right now. REVIEW's fanzine review column is not designed to rake in subscriptions for the magazine reviewed and it certainly was never designed to pass out huge gobs of egoboo to everyone in sight whether deserved or not. In fact, the biggest single reason behind REVIEW's birth was that I was so disgusted with the complete lack of any fanzine review column, pro or fan, which actually said whether a magazine was good or bad. I resolved to publish an honest column. Since actually starting it I've turned a bit kindhearted and tend to pull my punches with the new magazines -- which includes most of the worst ones -- in order to give them a chance. The older a magazine the higher the standards it must measure up to to get a good review. As for subs....REVIEW has limited circulation almost all of it trade -- people who trade for REVIEW will also trade for FSM, not sub. Mari Wolf supplies the egoboo and plugs you want. You won't find them in REVIEW. As for the Wetzel article, opinions differ. I can only report my own. I thought I was being kind to FSM in not mentioning that article, or anything else Wetzel ever has written. There are certain people who have the effect of embarrassing me very much whenever I come across anything they've written which has been published, so pitifully inadequate is their writing. Wetzel is one of these. Of course I could be wrong and opinions do differ. Philip Jose Farmer has precisely the same effect on me. I don't believe since the days of Harl Vincent has any so completely hopeless a writer managed to get his stories published in top sfzines. -- McCain))

RICHARD E. GEIS -- 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon:

Ron Ellik's tirade about Harlan Ellison was both amusing and slightly irritating. He has that brash irresponsible immaturity of style and thought that gets under my skin quite consistently. That makes it much easier to disagree with him. But aside from the point you made about Grennell, I don't find much of a bone to pick...unless I pounce on the ambivalent attitude inherent in a couple of his sentences: He blasts Harlan & Co. for starting WAPA for the glory of egoboo and power, condemns them for allowing in some dirty old 6thers, and says "I have nothing against Bob (Silverberg) and Redd (Doggs), but they are 6f'ers, and this is a club proposed to help out 7f..."

All that leaves me wondering if Ron was only paying lip service to the idea that Wapa was a fugged idea in the first place, and is actually of the opinion that it was a good thing indeed to have a very exclusive WPA for only the Chosen Few. It seems that he feels the only errors were in inviting in the ancient riff-raff of 6th Fandom. Ah, youth....

So Dean Grennell first read science fiction at the age of six in 1929! God, I was then all of two years old. Since I wasn't a child prodigy I'm afraid he had me beat there.... Oh, the shame ... That makes him about 31 yrs old, don't it? Hey, Dean, you is a Old Man.

CORPORAL CLAUDE RAYE HILL -- US54100511, 517th Medical Co (Clr)
(Sep) -PO 42, 8 PM New York, N.Y.

Anyone wanting stf in German, I can supply everything from mags (only one being printed at this time in Germany to my knowledge) to pocketbooks. Very little new stuff is printed. Most are reprints of either American or English books and stories. Pb and mags are one mark or 25¢ plus postage. The mags are only novels printed under the mag title, Utopia.

Anyone wanting pictures of castles, quaint German scenes and so on can contact me and I might be willing to furnish same for either material (articles and artwork) or back issues of fanzines. Some deal for German stf if material is above standard.

JOHN MAGNUS, Jr. -- 9312 Second Avenue, Silver Spring, Md.

Maybe I'd best fill you in on some things which seem relevant. I have no idea who was the first fan or group to call themselves "seventh fandom". I do remember a few small murmurings, mostly in fun, starting as early as to be current with the Silverberg article. It wasn't too long before Joel was using the slogan "vanguard of seventh fandom" on his mailing sheets. He seemed particularly fascinated by the idea, perhaps partially due to the necessary, tho perhaps slight, feeling of inferiority or non-one-upness caused by his unusual age. I believe Fiendetta was the next to use a similar slogan. This was all prior to May, 1953. During that month, the Midwescon was scheduled for Russell's point, Ohio.

Harlan Ellison spent truckloads of money calling up his most active correspondents--inviting them down for a week before the convention. Joel Nydahl was invited, as was Dean Grennell. Dean was able to make the convention proper (for which the highest resfhu be praised!), but Joel wasn't. Present at the self-styled HEcon were Dave Ish, Karl Olson, Norman Browne, Jack Harness, myself, and others from time to time. Largely a young group. A good deal of conversation can pass between a half dozen fan in a week's time, and one of the topics of conversation was Silverberg's article. We all reread it. At this particular time, the column Joel Nydahl did for SCIENCE FIANT-SY BULLETIN arrived. In it was a prediction that Seventh Fandom would take over by the next fall, and would be led by Harlan Ellison and John Magnus. Well...what more could we ask for?

No shouts were elicited...only little bits of conversation here and there, such as Harlan furling his brow, and saying thoughtfully, "You know, when you get right down to it -- we are Seventh Fandom right in this room. Since Kessler, Hoffman, Vick, and Willis have gone gaffa, we are the most active fans, and are publishing the most regular fanzines." Perhaps our heads began to swell a bit.

My driving on the way down to the Midwescon brought such comments as "Take it easy, you don't want to kill off 90% of Seventh Fandom." We stopped off at a birdbath factory and bought one for Mrs. Beatley as a "Gift from Seventh Fandom." Soon we were making analogies. The Birdbath would be the symbol, even as was the beanie in the Sixth. The "official conic" (sounds silly as hell, doesn't it) would be IHD, as opposed to POGO. A Quandry with a black-bordered cover had arrived before we left. The announcement came over the radio that simple life had been created in the laboratory under the direction of Harold C. Urey. The coincidences, to us at least, were overpowering. Seventh Fandom must be coming. Intelligent people don't really believe in omens, but sometimes they do make the small hairs rise on the nape of your neck, and even quicken your pulse a bit.

That Midwescon was a pro centered affair. Fully half of those present were professionals. We of little seventh fandom were the only young group there. The older fans knew how to converse and play cards with the pros...and how to drink with them. The youngsters were left to create their own amusement, which had something (to do) with Harlan saying he was going to commit suicide because of the lascivious and insobriety of everyone that meant anything to him, and also because Sally Dunn was making out with Dave Ish.

After the convention, we had a long drive back to Cleveland which was largely spent glorying in Arthur C. Clarke, who sat between Harlan and myself. Somewhere along the line Harlan had an idea. No one knew anything about it until a week after the convention, when about 25 people received notices that he was founding a 7th Fandom apa. Most thought it would be fun to publish a few extra pages a year only among those closest friends of their own age group, and agreed to participate. Soon came EXPOSE. Then Norm Browne saw his chance and published a one-shot saying everything Joel & Ian said was wrong, and this was the true Seventh Fandom. Soon I began receiving letters (I suppose the others did too) from various fans, very new and fairly old, asking how they could join this little thing called Seventh Fandom. Many, I might add (and I can document this from my letter file) begged "entrance" who have since raised the phallic phinger to the whole idea of someone calling themselves a "member" of a "fandom"...much less a ridiculous "seventh" one.

You see, there was no knifing, or behind the back attacking, or gloating over the death of some excellent fanzine of which one could very easily be jealous...no sinister plans to take over fandom and "run" it...the I've little doubt that some of the more

insecure members harbored just such idea. It was really more of a game than anything else...it was of private joke proportions... still.

But eventually small murmurings began to arise from some fan who felt that they were "left out" in the "listing", "and who the hell are these guys, trying to set themselves up as big wheels?"

Soon more people were proclaiming themselves not to be "members of Seventh Fandom" (tho they never specified just what they meant by that) than I'd ever realized considered themselves fan.

Did...and do...these people really think that the use of such little nonsensities as "A SEVENTH FANDOMILING" on my or someone else's magazine meant that they were trying to form a clique, or grab power. The concept still overwhelms me. I put such things there just as someone else puts "A G.F.I. PRESS PRODUCTION", or "THE FINE F.N.'S ILLUMINAC". I would like to hereby formally accuse a great many persons of having a share of that over developed feeling of persecution usually referred to as paranoia.

((I don't think you can be accused of 'power grabbing' since where in fandom is there any 'power' to grab? But I don't see how you can avoid the conclusion that it was cliquishness or attempted cliquishness. But I see nothing wrong in this. Fandom is one big clique. And most fannish actions contribute to the forming of one or another cliques within it. The trouble is the self-conscious method by which you went about it. And even that would have been all right were it not for its unfortunate results. Of course it could be coincidence (altho I don't think it was) but 1953 proved to be fandom's most sterile year since 1937 and I don't know when we last saw such an unfortunately infantile one. However I must admit that you, as the nearest thing to modern Harry Warner that Seventh Fandom has been able to produce, have provided a much more convincing justification for the Seventh Fandom movement than I'd have thought possible. -- McCain))

CHARLES WELLS -- 405 E. 62 St., Savannah, Ga.

I will always regard myself as exceedingly lucky to have entered fandom in the same city with Lee Hoffman. I have all sorts of memories--how I suddenly realized one day that she was just about the top fan in fandom, and confronted her with the accusation that she should have told me she was famous. I don't remember her reply, but it struck me as being exactly what she should have said. She was not falsely modest, but she didn't brag either. Maybe it was "You didn't ask me." I don't remember.

WILT WILLIS -- 170 Upper Harolds Rd, Belfast, N.I.

Hyphen was never meant to take the place of Q---I know quite well that I haven't got what it takes to produce a magazine that

would do that, and I don't think anyone has but Hoffman. In fact I don't think even she could do it now. No, Hyphen was meant only to fill the gap left by Q, in the sense that a load of rubble can fill the gap left by the collapse of a beautiful bridge. It was to provide a footing on which what I'd prefer to call Quandom rather than Sixth Fandom could continue its journey. That's the only sense in which it was destined 'to take Q's place'. I recognize I'm temperamentally unsuited to produce a mag like Q in any other way. For one thing no British fan could bring himself to waste the amount of space that Lee did, and as most US faneds do. For another I could never write long discursive columns for my own zine as I could in Q. And for a third it is impossible for a foreign zine to have the same intimate relationship with US fandom as an American one, so that in spite of my efforts Hyphen tends to be more British than American---whereas I wanted it to be both equally.

Two mistakes. The price of The Enchanted Duplicator was listed, on the inside front cover. ORION is not edited by Peter Campbell but by Paul Enever, 9 Churchill Ave., HILLINGDON, Middlesex, England. Campbell is just the head of some fuggheaded organization Paul has allowed himself to become associated with.

Apart from these indications that you are not infallible, REVIEW was well up to standard. Though if you lose letters from Richard Geis I think you should keep it to yourself and not share your misery.

I hate to give this letter up with all this space unused. I suppose I shall just moulder on in a disjointed fashion...I mean a more disjointed fashion than usual.

I suppose one of the reasons I can't seem to concentrate on this letters is that I know I've only got (now) 15 minutes to devote to it. I took the afternoon off work to watch Wimbledon and at 5 had to leave your Tony Trabert in the middle of his second round match when children's television came on. The tennis will be resumed at six by which time the situation could be very interesting. Trabert was already glaring at linesmen and if he gets into difficulties there could be a Scene. And Scenes make very good television. Though I have an uneasy suspicion that if anything really sordid did happen the cameras would pan into the crowd while the commentator made remarks about the weather. British tv is so damned discreet. We could never get anything like your McCarthy hearings over here...it would be quite unthinkable.

There appears to be a sort of feud between US tennis players and the British tennis watching public. Britishers still think it very Bad Form to quarrel with linesmen's decisions and their antagonism reached its height a year or so ago against one Falkenberg. I don't know if you've heard about all this, but Falkenberg was one of those tacticians who habitually throw away a set to concentrate on the next--and incidentally break their opponents concentration, but he didn't do it in the discreet unobtrusive way a Britisher would. He lay down on the court. This was a quite unforgivable sin. It is a curious thought, this difference in national habits. I understand it is almost a tradition to argue with the umpire in baseball. To do so in cricket would be so unheard of as to debar the offender from the game for life.

FANZINES AT MIDNIGHT

A BAS -- Vol. 2 #2, Boyd Raeburn, 14 Lynd Ave., Toronto, Ont.
CANADA.

This magazine was a tremendous disappointment. When I pulled the stapled and folded copy from my mailbox I saw the return address listed the name of Boyd Raeburn and my first gland at the text above detected the names Brubeck and Konitz. I thought my long held desire for a jazz fandom had materialized. But it just turned out to be an old sfandom zine with a closing article "The Sounds" by the aforementioned Raeburn on, to me, the most boring segment of jazz, the modernist movement. (Special note to Raeburn: my turntable is currently playing a 1938 All-Star session and I haven't ventured later than 1940 once tonight and most of the stuff dates from the 1928-1935 era. Not that I'm wildly opposed to modern jazz. My favorites range from Beiderbecke to Brubeck. I just find the earlier jazz more interesting than the too-heavily Granz and Kenton influenced jazz of today.) I'm pretty sure this isn't the Boyd Raeburn who is married to Ginnie Powell. (Special note to poor ignorant people from Belfast and similar spots in the hill country who don't know who Boyd Raeburn was....he was the rich man's Stan Kenton eight years ago. And I mean that literally. One individual millionaire financed the band's losses for over a year. And that runs into money! He could probably have subsidized a pro-mag for five or ten years for the same sum. Now with the added perspective of time, Kenton's unsuccessful contemporaries such as McKinley, Raeburn, and, most particularly, Harle Spencer still interest me and I'm trying to locate the records made by these outfits which I don't already own. But I just discarded practically all my Kenton records.) After swallowing down my tears (they tasted salty) of disappointment I read A BAS and found it to be a welcome and pleasant piece of fluff from Canada totally lacking the stuffiness I've come to associate with North-of-the-border zines. It could be improved of course but what zine couldn't? Is that letter to Harry Harrison for real? And, if so, for Pete's sake why? That would be the surefire way to make both yourself and A Bas famous overnight.

ABSTRACT--#5, Peter Vorzimer, 1311 N. Laurel Ave., Hollywood 46, Calif.

Vorzimer undoubtedly has the most pleasantly repulsive fannish personality since F. Towner Laney. In fact he could well be termed Seventh Fandom's Answer to F. Towner Laney. Of course, he'll have to mature a lot, in more ways than one, before he can fill the Great Big Man's shoes, but already he produces the same effect that used to get Erich von Stroheim billed as 'the man you love to hate' during World War I when he was Hollywood's idea of a typical prussian. This is primarily a letterzine....and certainly a stimulating one. It's crammed full of reasonable letters from

various fans trying to helpfully straighten Vorzimer out, and Vorzimer reacts to each like a bull to a red flag. Surely no editor in fanish history ever fouled simultaneously with all his readers before! I myself found certain things in this issue so challenging that I sat right down the same night and wrote Vorzimer a five page letter that I then destroyed without even mailing. After all, no noofan, not even Vorzimer, should be forced to face that sort of mail. However, this magazine is damn good fun, all around, and I heartily recommend you see about getting it. You won't be up on the current fanish scene without it. Among other things Vorzimer is tacking a fancy 'required' price tag on his coming annish so many people, including myself, will not receive this issue. It's not that I couldn't afford the 20¢ he's asking. It's just a matter of principle. I see no reason why I should subsidize Vorzimer's fannc. The required pricetags on the special fanzines for the WNW campaign were irritating enough (I didn't receive any of those, either, although I was willing to, and did, contribute a larger amount to the fund direct.) I am vastly unimpressed with Vorzimer's estimate that he'll be spending \$53 on that issue and must get his money back some way, having once spent over \$500 on one issue of a fanzine, myself, which was given away free....not even in trade (naturally I didn't intend to spend anything like that sum and didn't know till some time later that it would turn out that way but that's what it added up to on the final balance). Oh yes, that figure includes only cash paid out, nothing for labor. I personally believe that no one has any business indulging in any form of fan activity they can't afford. Then any money they may get in return is so much gravy. I figure a fanzine must prove itself before it is worth subscribing to...then if it's good enough to sub to I'll send them money for a sub in addition to trading this to them. But there are only six currently published zines I have that high an opinion of. Two I am a regular contributor to and feel that plus this mag obviates any obligation to subscribe. Another is available by trade only. The fourth I got through an extremely involved trade arrangement which I don't think either of us fully understands. The fifth I got through F.F.A....leaving only one current fanzine I actually sub to. As for the rest I'm damned if I'll subscribe. If they wish to trade with REVIEW, fine. If they don't wish to trade, also fine. My life won't be blighted. But I'm afraid where I'm concerned Mr. Vorzimer is going to be 20¢ short.

ANDROMEDA-Spring 1954, 30¢, Peter Campbell, 60 Calgarth Road, Windermere, England.

This is a serious constructive publication very neatly handled and very thick. All very well for people who like this sort of thing. I just happen to detest fan-fiction, is all. There is a readable article "Electronics v. Optics" by George Whiting, also.

DEM -- No. 2, Mel Ashworth & Tom White - 40, Makin Street, Tong Street, Bradford 4, Yorks, ENGLAND.

Time out overnight while I stopped and read this really quite fine fanzine. It's a mystery just how a fanzine of this calibre could have lain around the house unread for a month. I don't know whether it was because from the outside it looks like a British version of a Seventh Fandom fanzine or if I just assumed it was one of those all-fiction publications which seem to issue monotonously from England. Of course, this was part of the 750 lbs. of mail waiting for me when I got back from my vacation, which undoubtedly explains partially why I didn't explore as deeply as I would have normally. This is an imitation HYTHEN. And, as such, lacks that unique flavor of originality which is the hallmark of the really important fanzines. But it is a very well-done imitation of HYTHEN, featuring many of the same contributors. The two editors are fully half as witty (draw your own conclusions) as the staff of SLANT, which is more of a compliment than it sounds. (That SLANT in the preceeding line was supposed to be HYTHEN, not that there's any difference.) I got a tremendous number of chuckles from this issue and, all in all, it contains some extremely clever stuff. I only regret I didn't receive the first issue which appears to have carried an article "How to Be a DNE" by Walt Willis which seems to have been one of those things you shouldn't miss...although that describes 95% of the Willis output, of course. The issues one drawback is that it ends with a couple of those things that seem to be even a more widespread curse of the up-and-coming fanzine than even fan fiction, convention reports. One American pro-mag brings two issues. Well worth it. Hint: MAGAZINE OF FANTASY seems to be the most desired of American pro-mags in Britain. Oh, I almost forgot....special applause for that delightful picture of Shakespeare in a helicopter beanie accompanying the Norman Wansborough poem. Get this.

BIBBILTY -- Ray Thompson, 410 South 4th Street, Norfolk, Nebr.

An experiment in mimeography by the publisher of ECLIPSE. Seventh Fandom has provided much worse examples and this one is not really annoying in its faults but it has nothing to recommend it, either.

CANADIAN FANDOM--#21, Gerald Steward, 166 McRoberts Ave., Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada, 20¢

The editorial of this, as usual, neatly mimeod and dummied magazine gives a clue as to why it produces so little enthusiasm-inciting material. Steward, it seems, considers perfect appearance such as his magazine features 99% of everything that a fanzine should be measured by. Time and time again it has been shown in the past (always excepting Boggs, of course) that the more care which is devoted to perfectionism, the less care is devoted to the material. Fandom's impetus and reason for existence both draw most of their vitality from spontaneity...which perfectionism inevitably kills.

However the editorial is an authentic sample of Steward's personality and, as such, the best thing in the issue except for some reprints from Les Croutch's sloppy, illegible, and wholly wonderful veteran fanzine LIGHT, which couldn't resemble CAN FAN less. Personally, I like CAN FAN best under its original title which was, I believe 8-BALL when published by the original editor Benk Taylor. It wasn't a very good fanzine then, Taylor's adolescence showing through badly but at least it had personality.

CON-SCIENCE--Eric Bonteliffe, Eric Jones, and Terry Jeeves, 44 Barbridge Rd, Arle, Cheltenham, ENGLAND.

A sort of preview to the coming TRIODE this one-shotter deals with the science of proper con behavior and while a bit overloaded with articles about the proper use of zap guns contains some very amusing moment.

CONFED--Bob Tentrowsky, Box 634, Norfolk, Nebr.-- trade only.

I raved over this magazine, last issue. It hasn't changed...just gotten better. Although still quite young it is probably already the number one soap box for fandom's inner circle. Quite wonderful.

DAMN--Russell E. Watkins, 110 Brady St., Savannah, Georgia, June 1954.

Dittography has improved slightly. Material hasn't. There's an acceptable Ray Thompson column and the letter column isn't completely hopeless.

DEVIANT--Carol McKinney, Sta. 1, Box 514, Provo, Utah, 20¢, #3.

Many of the poor features of the first issue have been dropped but a few remain. The mimeography is still strictly fabulous for a newcomer. Material is already improving. There's a fine Robert Bloch article and an interesting Paul Mittelbuscher one. The letter column needs expanding and why don't you devote the space you now use for those dreadful cartoons to it?

FANTASTIC STORY MAG--Vol. II, No. 3, 10¢, Ron Ellik, 232 Santa Ana, Long Beach 3, Cal.

I'm afraid Ellik just isn't the person to edit a reprint mag. How could you possibly miss with an issue made up solely of material from the fabulous QUANDRY? It sounds impossible but darned if Ellik hasn't done it! The material is very poorly chosen. Ellik offers the excuse that he was able to get only a few issues to pick from. But if Shelby Vick's name on the masthead as Assistant Editor means anything why wasn't he given the job of such selection. Or at least of preliminary selection? I know Shelby has an almost complete file of the magazine. This is still the best issue of FSM yet. Even a poor selection of QUANDRY material is bound to be outstanding some ways. The installment of "Willis Discovers

America" is Willis at his best. I don't know if Willis has ever strung out a longer and better-integrated series of puns than here. And rereading "The Tragedy of Fannius McCainius" was a delight. I'd forgotten just how many clever little touches Lee had worked in here. Incidentally, I wonder how many of today's activists recognize the actual subject of that takeoff? Yours truly was still very much of a neofan at the time and merely stood in (for some very welcome egoboo) in the place of the awe-inspiring actual target whom Lee was fearful of offending. Otherwise this is all second rate QUINDRY stuff, though. Hey I have an idea! How about an issue devoted to reprints of nothing but Willis material from QUINDRY? For that matter how about an entire magazine devoted to Willis reprints? Each month from a different publication. And if we have a Walter Willis fan magazine we'll also need a Bob Bloch reprint-zine and a "Saturday Review of Tucker".....maybe even a "Burbee's Stringless Catalog". Certainly the first three have turned out a large enough quantity of material which shouldn't be allowed to die to justify such a magazine....if we could only find the dedicated fans to publish them. If I had the necessary fanzine collection I'd be tempted to try a "Robert Bloch Quarterly" myself. Getting back to FSM the next issue will feature reprints from LE ZOMBIE and since Tucker, himself, is collaborating in the selection it should be more successful than the QUINDRY memorial issue. However, might I suggest that Ellick confine himself to authentic reproduction and not keep sticking in his own editorial comments in the midst of some reprint. The whole worth of some idea is creating of the illusion the old mag has returned and insertion of Ellick's 1954 comments (which in the case of QUINDRY were completely lacking in the proper spirit) are extremely annoying.

FILE--#2, Harry Calnek, Granville Ferry, Nova Scotia, C.A.M.D.A.
15¢.

The usual neat Canadian mimeography and, I'm afraid, some of the Canadian stuffiness, although not as noticeable as in CAN FAN or the unlamented ~~WOWZA~~, pardon me, Norman Browne zine. Not too bad for a second issue, though. Could improve.

FOG--Don Wegars, 2444 Valley Street, Berkely 2, Calif., 5¢, July.

Certainly one of the best of the newer zines. Nicely mimeod, this is part of the 'PSYCHOTIC' school of fan-pubbing just as CONFUSION OOPS!! etc. are part of the QUINDRY school and DEM seems to be the first of a HYGIEN school. As such it will probably never be of tremendous importance to fan-historians but meanwhile it makes nice reading. Nicely dittoed.

GREY, Charles Wells, 405 E. 62, Savannah, Ga. # - trade.

Just keeps rolling along. Not as good as its first issue promised but still a very nice little sheet (that's right, just one sheet) which pops up frequently.

NITE CRY--Don Chappell, 5921, East 4th Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma.
10¢, May 1954.

This is a very hard fanzine to find anything to say about. It's neither sufficiently good, sufficiently bad, nor sufficiently unusual to inspire much comment. There is an editorial that I found very much so but I've already written an entire column about it so no point in repeating myself here. If you want only the best, NITE CRY should not be on your list. If you want to keep up on everything in fandom, though, and skipponly the worst then NITE CRY is a must.

ORION FANTASY -- Summer 1953 (appearing a year late), Capt. M.F. Slater, ~~13/24/11/11~~ heck, I just remembered he's out of the army now and I don't seem to have his new address. 4 issues for a dollar.

Old faithful, if not Old Reliable, material is rather dated by now although still good. Dunno whether civilian life will improve Ken's status or otherwise. Probably the mag will either go regular again, or fold, though.

ORION--June 1954, Paul Enever, 9 Churchill Avenue, Hillingdon, Mdx. England.

Letter column is the chief thing of interest in this un-HYGIEN-ish un-stuffy young fanzine. Chuck Harris splendidly stands off some noofan who wants to bring in the entire population of the British Isles into fandom, thus somehow *improving* fandom. Now, I'll admit Chuck Harris can be a rough man to take criticism from but I hardly thing said noofan was justified in the petulant reply which followed in which he pouts about Harris' 'ppeevis' letter and refusing to co-operate in a project Chuck has just explained his opposition to, apparently missing the complete point of Harris' letter. Personally I go along with Harris that the only fans worth having are those sufficiently interested to work at finding their way into the inner circle.

PSYCHOTIC--#14, Richard E. Geis, 2631 N. Mississippi, Portland 12, Oregon, Apt. 106, 10¢

The magazine of current fandom. It's a little hard to examine a single issue of this or any previous magazine which has held the same position and point out any concrete virtues which lead to such an exalted position. It's more a quality one absorbs subconsciously. But, whether measurable or not, PSYCHOTIC has it. You aren't a fan if you miss this mag.

THUNDER--July 1953 (also out a year late, Warren Dennis, 511 Plaisance Ave., Rockford, Illinois (next page for review)

THUNDER (cont.)

poor mimeography, worse material, and probably the worst fanzine layout of all time. But the magazine's young and could improve. I wouldn't count on it, though.

UNDER--John Hitchcock, 15 Arbuthnot Ave., Baltimore 28, Md.

This fanzine makes the above reviewed THUNDER look like HITCHCOCK'S BAZILL. I usually try to hunt hard for good points in young magazines and/or young editors to give them time to improve, gain some perspective, and learn what they're doing. But where UNDER is concerned, I've had it. The editing is below average. The material is poor (only readable item is a Bob McLeod book review, and the editorial slant is unbelievably infantile not to mention being incoherent (see Eric Dentcliffe's letter in "Reader's Indigestion" for typical quotes from another Hitchcock-zine). But the really objectionable feature is the cover. Is there anything less funny than intentional types? Yes there is. That's an intentional type as in this case where the editor changed the name of his magazine so he could make it. Now I'm not a youthful fan whose parents disapprove of fandom and are just looking for a good excuse to ban it for me. Nor am I an adult living at home with a family of non-fannish interests who look askance at fannish things they fail to understand. I don't even have my mail carried by a postman who knows me personally and is apt to examine my mail in order to find something he can make conversation about. I get my mail in about as impersonal fashion as anyone could, through a post office box. But I do know many of the people in the post office who handle my mail and I prefer my mail not to be of a type which will give them a low opinion of me. In fact, I'd even hate to have low-minded friends see this magazine since I'd hate to have them think I associate with people without the intelligence to even think up good off-color jokes. (For those who are wondering what this is all about Hitchcock changed the name of his magazine to the "Daily Toiler" and then made the 'r' into a 't'. It's not funny and not even good scatology. If Hitchcock really wants to do this sort of thing I'd recommend he study Les Creutch who does it cleverly or at least F. Townor Lany who kept it interesting.) In just the latest SLS mailing Art Rapp was complaining about people who mailed their zines out with inane things of this sort (although much more innocuous) as his commanding officer has a habit of looking through the mail before he gets it. All I can say is doing something of the sort in the first place was bad enough but to mail it out where everyone can see it is about as extreme a case of stupid peevishness as I've ever witnessed in the years I've been in fandom. Henceforth any Hitchcock publications get not the slightest benefit of doubt from this reviewer. As far as I'm concerned this is one publisher fandom could do just as well without.

VARICUSO--June, John Harnus, Jr., 9312 Second Avenue, Silver Spring, Md., \$1.00 for ten issues.

Apparently this is the successor to V.I.I., a magazine I didn't know existed. It is far superior to the stuffy (I seem to be using that word a lot this time) SF, and the long defunct SLUG. I think Magnus has now found himself. I question whether the time spent dummyming is worth it but the magazine is unusually attractive in appearance. There's a good article on "Characterizing an Alien" by Hal Clement. I disagree with most of it but who am I to argue with the author of "Needle"? (Although I wouldn't mind taking on the author of "Mission of Gravity", except that the characterization of the aliens was about the only good thing in that story.) Dick Clarkson has an article on how to letterhack which I presume was intentionally written in doubletalk. If not, it is atrociously written. If so, it still isn't very well written, since doubletalk in itself isn't very amusing, although perhaps some people think so inasmuch as some of the big national publications like SEA use it occasionally. The letter column is distinguished by a fine Redd Boggs letter. Like PSYCHOTIC and most other important publications, VARICUSO's quality is represented more by a subconscious 'feel' than measurable virtue and, this being true, VARICUSO could possibly wind up playing GIUS to PSYCHOTIC's QUINCY and HYLLEN's SLANT. (There's no Sixth Fandom equivalent to COMET.)

VULCAN--#4, Terry Carr, 134 Cambridge St., San Francisco 12, California.

This is the first legible issue of VULCAN, although that red ink on orange paper didn't help any. The material, regrettably, shows little improvement, at least this issue isn't editorially written, which is something, and the illos and cartoons are above average.

RESEARCH INDEXES--Wm. M. Knapheide, 992 Oak St. #C, San Francisco 17, Calif.

This is primarily filled with indexing of references to fanzines in prezines. It's a cinch that the magazine is received almost exclusively by two types people. First, newcomers who never heard of these fanzines and couldn't be less interested, even if they did have access to a collection of old prezines in which they could look up the references. The second group are oldtimers who may or may not have prezine collections but who were around both when the original magazine appeared and also the reviews and are thus not interested in reading what was said. "..." Thus this is of use only to the individual editor of the fanzine who might like to look up his old reviews sometime. I hardly think this justifies the publication. It would be much more worthwhile if Bill would reprint the actual reviews themselves.

EL, -- #4, Ted E. White, 1014 N. Tucker St., F.C., Va.

A midget sized zine without much to recommend it. There's a fairish article by L.E.Economou about her troubles with her name. Otherwise, it's a magazine still groping for some identity.

It's very clear that sex is hetero to stay.

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Oliver King Smith, Chairman or Board

June 9, 1954

Mr. Walter Willis

Dear Mr. Willis:

Your attention is respectfully called to Volume 2, Number 4 (whole number 10) of an amateur periodical entitled REVIEW, published by Mr. Vernon McCain of Kellogg, Idaho. Specifically we wish to call your attention to a statement appearing at the bottom of page five in that issue, a statement made by a member of your staff and one of our more distinguished clients. The gentleman in question is Mr. F. Chuck Harris, of Caroline Grotto, Lake Essex, England.

The quotation as it appears at the bottom of page five in REVIEW: "Honestly, I hardly ever say 'Heheheheh', and my S-x drive is perfectly normal. And, if necessary, I will produce references to prove it."

Inasmuch as our client, Mr. Harris, has felt his honor impugned and his reputation besmirched, he has retained this firm to supply the necessary references mentioned in the quotation. They follow, and are verbatim reports from our confidential files. This report is being sent to both you and Mr. McCain that each may see for yourself that the base canard uttered in a previous issue of the REVIEW is indeed a base canard.

- File 29-702: "Chuck Harris? The Chuck Harris? D'ya mean good good old Chuckie? Lord love a duck, I'll say he has drive! Hardly give me time to down my fish and chips, he did!
- File 29-703: "Oh, yes, I remember Charlie! Fast--as those clever Americans say. Would you believe it, guv'nor, the very first date we had, he ups and invites me to try his white horse! That he did, guv'nor. "White horse?" I asks him surprised-like. "Yes," he says, "you'll like the white horse in." He swept me right off my bloody feet, guv'nor. You'll pardon the expression."
- File 29-704: "Gee whiz!"
- File 29-705: "Chuck Harris? Wait a minute; I'll consult the records. Oh--- that Harris! Well sir, he has been banned from this house. Couldn't control himself, you know. Broke furniture, tore up the bedding, spilled liquor on the carpets, that sort of thing. Very bad for the morale of the girls, you see. We never could understand him, put him down as a nut, really. One of the girls reported to me that he was attempting a crazy experiment. Something about mass reaction or something in free fall. I don't understand it, do you?"
- File 29-706: "Yeah, I think he drifted through here once or twice. Quiet sort of chap--never said a word. Just popped in, bashed some poor girl over the head, wrestled with her and popped out again. Sure would like to find him, myself. Owes us half-a-crown, he does!"
- File 29-707: "Harris? That unspeakable !*%&!!*%! Look at my daughter-- go on, just look at her!
- File 29-708: "Mister, if I were you, I wouldn't mention that name in this town! Court docket is crowded, let me tell you, with new divorce cases. The feller came through here a while back and now look at the troubles we've got. Why, even old Squire Higgins is shedding his wife, and she's eighty if she's a day."
- File 29-709: "Yes sir, as a matter of fact, this company is adding a night shift to keep up with the demand. Greatest upswing since the war, if I may say so. We are in full production on the "medium" size."
- File 29-710: "My dear, has he! I've given up Air Force sergeants."

File 29-711: "I'm sorry, but a lady doesn't talk."

File 29-712: "Well, yes, I'll agree he has, and he does. But he's a trifle nearsighted, I think. Look at this wound!"

File 29-713: "Yes, of course. We met on the boat-train, coming in from Calais. He offered to show me how the thing was docked, and by the time I understood his meaning, it was too late. Perfect gentlemen about it though; he gave me his address in Belfast and offered to make it right if anything went wrong. You know what I mean."

Now, Mr. Willis, you will readily realize from the above references that F. Chuck Harris is indeed all that he claims to be, and more. We have omitted those other references which have no direct bearing on this matter; reference which were volunteered but have nothing at all to do with his S-x drive. They have to do with falling ceilings, mountain climbing, convention programs, unworkable mimeographs, lost leases, a periodical called Vagrant Statten's Magazine, and other trivia. The persons who supplied these testimonials were confused as to the exact matter wanted.

The case histories and files mentioned above may be examined in full if you care to call at our office. Naturally, we cannot permit revelation of the names and addresses of the participants, although those who have since fallen into the tails of the law and are now in durance vile may be visited at the regular hours provided by law.

Speaking on behalf of your distinguished staff member and our honorable client, may we say that this definitely settles the matter. The S-x drive of Mr. Harris is perfectly normal.

Service,

Oliver King Smith

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He who Hesitates is last.

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LETTER FROM LONDON - - - - - BILL MORSE

Now that Carnell is back with us again, I am able to extend my sf reading considerably--to five or six prozines monthly, that is. Keeps me in touch with the latest British developments and with the best of U.S. sf. Won't go into details yet, as to which magazines are on my list, because I've begun another transitional stage, and anything put down now may be wrong by Monday--or even Saturday--but there are, naturally enough, more from Stateside than from the U.K. Despite the presence of BBE's all over the

place, few of them are genuinely a British printing of an American zine. The Mines twins have lost their letter columns, editorials and most other things that make them the most uproariously gregarious duo on the market. Gold and Boucher fare better, for various reasons, including the printing of GALAXY outside of the UK (at least, that was so last time I checked). PLANET was still going a couple months ago, and BEYOND, IF and the AMAZING rag are over here in strength as well.

Wouldn't surprise me too much if IMAGINATION were having troubles. They sent me their Stupendous Offer of various books for a new sub, last month. To be going that far back through their books, they must be getting hard up. They'd do a damn sight better if they'd change their story content, a thing which, I am told, has finally been done by H J Campbell and AUTHENTIC. Don't know for sure yet but I'll have to check before the end of the afore-mentioned experimental stage. If he is using better paper as well, there's no reason why he should not sell as well as Carnell's mags.

From what Leo Mordecai (Mine Host of the Globe) tells me, most of the lunatic fringe and the social misfits have departed from the Thursday get-togethers of the London Circle. No suggestions are forwarded as to why this should be so, but it appears to be a more-or-less accepted fact, and a very pleasant thought, at that.

I didn't go to the SuperManCon. Much too busy acting as guide to some visiting Canadians who wanted to see the more interesting sights of London as painlessly as possible. Between us, the girl-friend and I walked them off their feet from the Friday night up to the Monday night, and had a heck of a lot of fun in the process. In the three months she has been here, the girl friend has learned a considerable amount about the geography of London, and our combined knowledge was amazing to the visitors. The weather, of course, was foul, but since it always rains in Manchester, it could not have made much difference had we gone there, instead. I would, perhaps, have had the opportunity to offer congratulations to James White for the latest story he sold to Carnell, but there would have been little else. One Con is very much like another, and the bright and breezy fellowship of the first few minutes soon breaks up into the same tight bunches (close-coupled, not drunk. That comes later) who discuss almost exactly the same matters year after year. It seems to be an integral part of all Conventions, whether Trade, Class, or Society. One half-year in Canada I went to four, and at each of them, roughly the same bunch of us got together over the same drinks and discussed the comparative virtues of Allie Reynolds and Robin Roberts. Then we compared Stan Musial and Ted Williams, drifted to the local sandlot teams, on to Canadian Football and their American players. That took us to Frankie Filchok; Doak Walker; Arnold Galiffa; and Marion Motley, out in your neighboring state to the South and West.

All that and a great deal more (movies, music, politics) came up at a Veterans Wing-ding, a Provincial Radio-Technicians

Frolic, the summer outing of a large department store and at an Air Force guzzle-party. It also held the field for a while at last year's London Convention. If one goes in the hope of having a long yak with Willis, he is either surrounded (and embarrassed by) the neofen, or out someplace avoiding them. White and Ving are very often with him, which reduces the interesting component of the membership by a majority percent, especially since Thorne and Bentcliffe have their own club contingents as satellites. That's why Terry and I played cards last year. We had one very pleasant session with Walt and Madeline, in which Terry's wife became, very nearly, a convert to sf. Otherwise, it was not much to write about.

New Orleans was a very different thing. To begin with, there were Vick and Hoffman and Bloch and Leiber and Tucker. And Mahaffey. The percentage of screaming Neofen was miniscule (is that the word I want? Awful small?). The Little Men put on a very neat piece of publicity during the voting for the next Con, there was little difficulty in getting a drink any place and even the single room I had, with bath, could hold a few score people. So we had some good yaks, mainly on fanning, but also on Pogo and other items of importance such as avoidism, Bloch, Tucker, Willis and whether Gwosdorf should be hanged or exploded.

Nothing like a good, long, bull session for giving a man the feeling that he is an embryonic World Statesman, is there?

New Orleans was the birthplace of my record collection. Two ballads by Jo Stafford, two vibratos by Les Paul. It has snowballed into something over 120, now, and some pruning of the less essentials will have to take place sometime. One or two of them clash rather heavily, mainly because they were bought in a rash moment. Wilf Carter hardly belongs beside Delius, when you consider it carefully, after all. And the more I play that EP, the happier I am that you sent it. It's the simplicity of the thing that makes it so much more pleasing, with the basic theme running through nearly all the time, even when it is broken up--subdivided? elaborated?--and the change made from the one to the other just as one becomes accustomed to the part being played, I like. Some say Delius influenced Beecham. Some say Beecham influenced Delius. I feel, myself, that they must have adjusted each other a little. Certainly I can't come right out and claim to detect the influence of Beecham in "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring". I wouldn't know that much about music. But I am willing to accept the theory of inter-related influence, because there was a pamphlet on the subject at the London Festival Hall a while back, during a series of Beecham concerts. What's good enough for them is more than good enough for me.

I see there has been some consternation at the news of Attlee, Bevan, and a few others, going to visit Red China. If Attlee had not been going, there might have been cause to wonder, because the Wild and Woolly Welshman would not be controlled by any other man in England. Clem is quiet and colorless and 100% a middle-class Englishman, but his eyes are sharp, and so are his

As far as I am concerned, there are only two really honest men in politics today--English politics-- and they are Attlee and Maxwell-Fyfe. The latter is Home Secretary (Minister of the Interior, etc) and a Tory with a conscience. Eden is too reminiscent of Chamberlain--and PUNCH had a cartoon on that angle which was almost vicious, in a gentlemanly way. Butler was apologist for Chamberlain, and still has no trace of regret for having been so. MacMillan seems a capable type, but is not high enough in the Tory hierarchy, and nor is Maxwell Fyfe, really. When the Old Pirate retires, we shall have an ex-Chamberlain-ite as his successor, and I'm not even sure about the "ex".

Bill Morse

My cup goddarn well runneth over.

PRO'S PROSE

by Eric Bentcliffe

Being a collector as well as a Fan I am always interested in what is appearing in the genre in other countries, even if I am unable to read the publications of France, Holland, Italy etcetra, I do find it very interesting to obtain their magazines and compare them with those of the English speaking world. I would like to leaf casually through some of the Continental magazines, for your interest.

ERANIA--This is the magazine which has been mistakenly referred to as the Italian edition of GALLAXY, it is true that this magazine does reprint stories from GALLAXY, but it also reprints from other sources too. The format of this magazine is very, very attractive, and is in my opinion far ahead of any U.S.A. or British science-fiction magazine in layout. The artwork is by Italian artists and is very

good, the covers are in at least four colors and very well executed. It is quite impossible to convey to you in words the attractiveness of the artwork of this magazine, and I think that this facet of the magazine alone will repay you for any trouble you may have to go to, to obtain it. URANIA is slightly larger than digest size and contains 160 pages, apart from story content (which is GALAXY - ASF standard) it contains several departments, notably La Posta Di Urania, which is of course the letter section, the size of this feature would indicate that s-f is becoming very popular in Italy.

I ROMANZI di URANIA--This is a companion magazine to the above in the same attractive format. Both are edited and published by Arnoldo Mondadori in Milan. Whilst Urania features the shorter stories (up to novellette length - and serials) this companion magazine features a long novel per issue plus a couple of short stories. Some thirty top s-f novels have already appeared in this magazine; "Irelude to Space", "Weapon Shops", "Sinister Barrier", "Dreaming Jewels", "Beyond This Horizon"....to mention just a few. An occasional reprint of French s-f material has also been featured, an instance "Terrore Sul Mondo" by Jimmy Guieu. This magazine is also well illustrated, "Anni Senza Fine"...CITY is particularly worth looking over, the artist, Bott, seems to have translated the mood of the story exceedingly well. There are several interesting features in this magazine also, La Sfinge Moderna, a section devoted to s-f crossword puzzles, etc. An unconsciously humorous note is struck in issue number eighteen wherein a photo of Arthur C. Clarke appears under the heading of CURIOSITA SCIENTIFICHE.

FICTION--This is a French publication reprinting stories from the MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. This magazine is in no way comparable with the Italian magazines as regards format and makeup, neither is it, apart from the cover (issue No. 1, carries a reproduction in black and white of one of the Bonestell Moon-Rocket ship paintings from the original edition) illustrated. FICTION also contains a small amount of original material by French authors. There are several features not found in the American edition, a letter section, 'Revue des Films', et al. Articles of s-f and scientific interest are also included, these again are by French authors. This magazine carries quite a few advertisements, which range from plugs for Le Rayon Fantastique to what appears to be a new type of Rapture appliance. You will gather from this that continental s-f does not differ greatly from the American.

GALAXIE--is of course the French edition of GALAXY, and as regards appearance falls well below the standard set by the Italian and American versions. The artwork is reprinted along with the stories, but as the paper is of a rather low grade and a different method of printing is used this is even worse than the American edition. There are no additional features in this magazine, the adverts however are on a slightly higher plane, given publicity are Per-fume and Cointreau, not we hasten to add by the same company.