

SALAMANDER



Number 1

contents

Jan. - Feb. 1962

Cover	Bjo Trimble	1
Editorial: What's In A Name!	Fred Patten	3
Ici On Parle Mailing Comments	Bob Lichtman	5
The Asbestos Shelf: Book Reviews	Fred Patten	11
The Crifanac Exhibit	Len J. Moffatt	13
Mother Lode	Larry Gurney	19
Up In Smoke: Fanzine Reviews	k. v.	20
Archives of Fantasy	Fred Patten	23
Slow Train Thru Gondor	Ted Johnstone	26
Reminiscences	Clayton Hamlin	29

Art Credits: ATom, p. 4; Bjo, p. 10, 18; Rotsler, p. 6, 9, 10, 15, 21, 24; Ray Nelson, p. 12; Terry Jeeves, p. 28; Jack Harness, p. 22, 30.
Illustrated headings by Harness.

SALAMANDER is published bi-monthly by Fred Patten, at 5156 Chesley Ave., Los Angeles 43, Calif. As I'm also editor of SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, I'd like to try to clarify my position: I'd like to receive SAL material at my home address above, and SHAGGY material at Mathom House, 222 S. Gramercy Pl., L.A. 4, Calif., in a (probably futile) attempt to keep stuff for the two zines separate. Trades will be accepted for either, but one zine won't necessarily suffice as trade for both; I may not be able to afford to send both SHAGGY and SAL in trade for only one zine, and I don't need 2 copies of any. SAL goes for 25¢ an issue, 5 for \$1; or trade, LOCs, or material. Make checks payable to Fred Patten, not SALAMANDER.
Deadline for next issue: April 7. Potsherds Publications 5

What's In A Name?

I just found out that the "Hugo" awards are just "Hugo"s.
For quite some time now, I've been under the ~~1911~~ impression (and so, apparently, have a lot of other fans) that the full title of those awards that each World Science Fiction Convention gives out for 'best novel of the year', etc., was the "International Fantasy Award"; and that "Hugo" was only its nickname - just as the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Awards are familiarly known as "Oscars". However, I've been informed by Bruce Pelz, Ron Ellick, & others that the IFA had no connection with the "Hugo"; they were a special award given out at British conventions, and none have been given out at all since 1957. The awards given out at the World SF Conventions have no title other than the informal "Hugo".

I have no objections to the use of "Hugo" as the nickname of the awards, but I think that they should have a more formal official title. This is due in part to a fannish love of impressive-sounding names on my part, but it could also have a real use in advertising fandom to the outside world.

Awards in most fields are known by their nicknames: "Oscar", "Emmy", "Edgar", etc. But if someone should ask what they mean, there's a dignified (and usually self-explanatory) title behind them to lend them authority. Certainly, if someone

should ask what a "Hugo" is, you could tell them that it's the science-fictional equivalent of the "Oscar", named after Hugo Gernsback, the Father of Science Fiction. But it's much better press to be able to come out with a snappy sounding title such as the "International Fantasy Award" that answers the question by itself, without needing a qualifying explanation. This also lends dignity to the organization making the award.

Now that the prozines no longer run fanzine reviews, the "Hugo" is the most important means that we have of telling the mundane world that an organized sf fandom does exist. Dust jacket photos of Robert Heinlein and Clifford Simak now invariably show them with their "Hugo"s - and who hasn't seen the string of F&SF back cover adv'ts with the photos of their "Hugo"s? At the Seacon, LA fandom brought down Rod Serling's "Hugo" for The Twilight Zone to give to him. It just sat around Mathom House for months because Serling was too busy to pick it up, but recently he sent someone around for it, because he wants to use it in some publicity shots. The "Hugo" does get publicity; with a more impressive, formal title, we can raise its prestige, and the prestige of fandom, still further among the general public. Library and Literary Prizes, a standard library reference volume whose subject should be evident from its title, does not list the "Hugo", though it does list the "Edgar" and many others. A formal title might help the "Hugo" get listed here, for example.

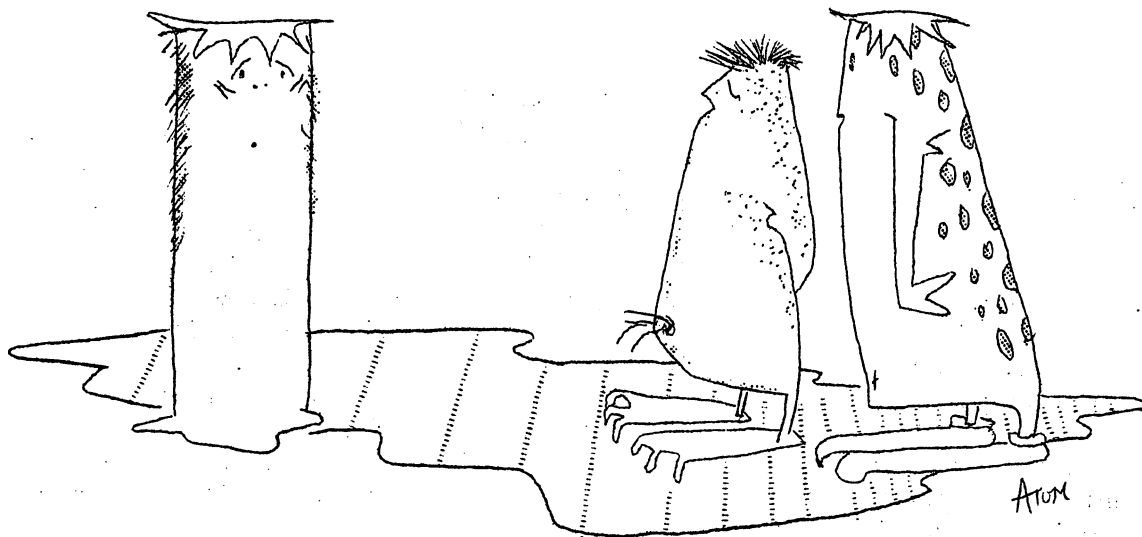
At the worst, it can't hurt anything. And it's certainly no more silly or useless than a lot of other ideas that fandom is being asked to take seriously right now.

I haven't thought of any formal title yet. Personally, I like "International Fantasy Award"; possibly the Worldcon's "Hugo" Committee could write to the British group holding the rights to that name and get permission to make it the official "Hugo" title (especially if the IFA is no longer being used). Or it might be better to start with a fresh title all our own; possibly something emphasizing science fiction over fantasy.

Do you have any ideas on the subject? If you do, let's hear them. Maybe the Chicon "Hugo" Committee would like to hear them, too.

- - - - *

Before voting for Best Novel on the "Hugo" nomination ballots enclosed, have you read: Three Hearts and Three Lions, by Poul Anderson (Doubleday, hb); The Lovers, by Philip José Farmer (Ballantine, pb); Dark Universe, by Daniel Galouye (Bantam, pb); Stranger In A Strange Land, by Robert Heinlein (Putnam, hb); and Second Ending, by James White (FANTASTIC, June-July 1961)? They're all great, and should all be considered.



"He just hasn't been the same person since Bjo stepped in
and re-organised his fan life."

BOB LICHTMAN:

ICI ON PARLE MAILING COMMENTS

It may be said with some truth, generally speaking, that three years in fandom is roughly analogous to sixty-five years of real life. The first year is equivalent to the first twenty-one: it is a process of discovering what is to be found in the area of endeavour and beginning to put it to work. At the end of the first year, the fan has attained a status not unlike that of the man turned twenty-one. He is recognised as being someone with whom to reckon. Another year and a half passes and the fan enters his middle age. He is a respected member of the community. His opinions carry weight and younger fan look up to him and ask his advice on fannish protocol. By the end of the third year, he begins his retirement. It is likely that he's been planning it all along, sort of making payments on immortality insurance, by joining a few of the amateur press associations, but now he really pulls up his roots. He calls a halt to publication of his general fanzine, he stops writing to a lot of people, he ignores most of the fanzines coming to his box.

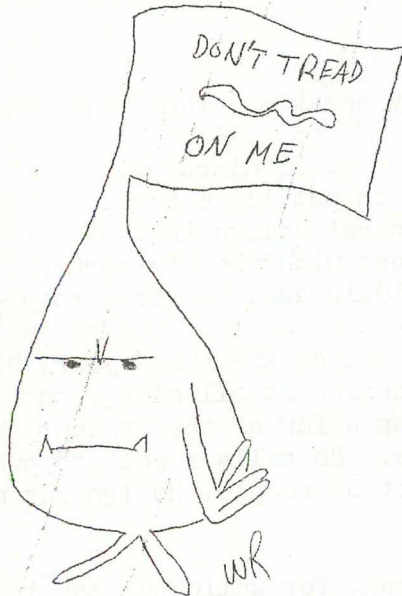
About here the analogy begins to break down, for while the man in Real Society eventually passes on to his greater rewards, the fan retired to the apas may go on for years. Even the most nee of neofen has heard of the FAPA Giants (not a baseball team), has heard FAPA referred to as "the elephant's graveyard". In belonging to one or more amateur press associations, of which FAPA is almost always one, the old fan, and retired, can live fannishly for a period in mundane analogy equivalent to hundreds of years.

There are numerous exceptions to the above relationship, of course, but in many cases it works about like this. Why? What do the amateur press groups have to offer? Why did they start in the first place? What makes an apazine different from a general fanzine? What about mailing comments? What are they anyway? Wait a minute, Meyer, one question at a time...

Amateur press associations, so far as I know, go back into the mid-nineteenth century, but the first group formed anything like the groups in fandom was the National Amateur Press Association, organized at Philadelphia in July 1876. It is still in existence today, some eighty-five years later, and shows no signs of dying off, though at times it has come precariously close to extinction. The NAPA was formed out of a need felt at the time of its organisation for a national ayjay group encompassing all the members of local and regional amateur journalism and printing clubs. As such, it might be compared to the NFFP in many ways, but actually its standing in the field of amateurdom is much like FAPA and First Fandom in ours.

The mundane amateur press groups differ, structurally, from our own ayjay groups. First, there is unlimited membership, possible because most all the publishers use the printing press which has none of the limitations of process like hektograph that have kept upper limits on the size of groups like FAPA. Anyone can join who is willing to pay the annual dues. Second, there is no activity requirement. Unless you want to publish a paper, you don't have to. (In NAPA, if you wish to vote in the annual elections, you do have to meet certain activity requirements which are so low that I won't even stretch your Broad Mental Horizons

by repeating them here.) This has lead to a large membership (well over 300 in NAPA, for instance) and a comparatively small activity rate. The average monthly bundle of the National runs anywhere from 80-120 pages, and though this compares with OMPA or N'APA when stretched out to include three monthly bundles, you must bear in mind that most printed papers are smaller in format than fanzines. And being a member of one of these groups won't insure your getting the best there is to be had in amateur journalism. Many of the best magazines produced by these amateur printers are mailed privately. While it is not difficult, in most cases, to get on private mailing lists, the publishers generally don't go out boosting for new recipients of their papers. And then again, some of the very best papers do go through the bundles. Milton Grady's excellent Spectator is an example of this, as is Harold Segal's Campana.



But our subject is not all amateur press associations, but only those which center, however loosely, around the field of science-fiction and fantasy. So let us start with a bit of fan history.

The first fantasy apa was founded by Donald A. Wollheim in 1937. Wollheim was inspired to do this by virtue of his membership at this time in the NAPA, which is one of the reasons I bothered to enter into a discussion

of it above. Also, fannish activity in the general fanzine field was at the time at a very low ebb, the lowest it had been since publishing was initiated in the field of science-fiction fandom. By forming the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA), Wollheim thought that all fan publishing would eventually be carried on in the association. This way, he reasoned, fans would be inspired to publish since they would be assured of receiving high-quality magazines on a regular return basis in the quarterly bundles. Times and events have proven Wollheim, fortunately, to be wrong. The FAPA, and all of the later apa groups formed by fans, has proved to be nothing more than an adjunct to general fandom. Fans went on publishing subscription magazines, and fans also published for FAPA.

However, Wollheim did provide a groundwork for those fans who do prefer to publish in the confines of an apa group. Witness the large number of fans who limit their activity in fandom exclusively to their FAPA membership.

What does an apa, any apa, propose to do? The answer to this question is really quite simple. An apa proposes to be nothing more than a sort of clearing house underwritten by its participants in the form of dues to pay for the cost of mailing and administration. By establishing an annual minimum activity requirement, and providing for the expulsion of any participant who doesn't produce up to the minimum, an apa can more or less guarantee its members an equal return in magazines produced by the other members for the activity that the member puts in himself.

To illustrate this point graphically, let us take the hypothetical case of an apa with exactly 100 members, whose annual activity requirement is two pages; that is, both sides of a single sheet of 8 1/2 x 11 paper. If all the members do minimum activity during a given year, there is no need for more than one mailing per year; however, this is neither here nor there. Each member publishes 100 copies of his magazine; this takes him exactly 100 sheets of paper, unless he crudsheets a lot, but he turns 100 copies over to the Official Editor, or the

Mailer, or whatever the guy who sends out the mailings is called. In return he receives a mailing containing a magazine of two pages from each member in the apa. There are 100 members, so there are 100 sheets of paper. Thus he gets an even return for his activity.

That is really quite a simple-minded illustration and one that never works out in practice. In most apas, the member who does only the minimum gets far more in return than what he puts in. On the other hand, the member who produces a large, regular magazine doesn't get back as much as he put in. It would be like someone in our hypothetical apa in the last paragraph putting in a four-page magazine: he would only be getting back half of what he put into the mailing, quantity-wise.

There has to be some sort of means for controlling all this activity. All apas (I discount the Cult in this discussion) have an official who is in charge of receiving the magazines from the members, putting them up into identical mailing bundles, publishing an official magazine to tell the members what is in the bundle, and sending out the mailings to each member. In some apas the Official Editor, as the above official is usually titled, does all the other work, too -- keeps up the finances, checks on the state of members' activity, etc. -- but in others there may be additional officers to lighten the work of the Official Editor. All these officers are usually elected on an annual basis by a vote of the membership.

But why do apas exist, you ask. This is a very good question and one that is more difficult to reply to briefly than the others. Apas exist, I would say, because sufficient of their members find it advantageous that they exist. This does not explain why they come into existence in the first place, however, but that is not particularly pertinent to the scope of this inquiry. As long as enough members of an apa find it interesting and worthwhile, the apa is likely to flourish. In terms of amateur press groups, prosperity is having large and high-quality mailings coupled with a united spirit on the part of the individual members. Many of the members are prodded by their own enthusiasm into producing larger magazines than they might otherwise publish. Good mailings result, and these tend to beget better mailings, working up to a peak. Then, for some reason or other, it is possible that several of the key members in this peak of enthusiasm will miss a mailing at once. Thus will the quality of this mailing be lowered accordingly. Just as good mailings beget better mailings, so do bad mailings lead to even worse ones. There may be drop-outs as some of the members find that there is no longer anything of interest to keep them in the apa. If this gets bad enough, the apa may cease to exist. However, more often what happens is that as a result of the drop-outs, a new bunch of enthusiastic members join and the cycle, which is often a very long cycle, occurs again.

In short, apas tend to be self-perpetuating because they generate interest in participation. A bunch of people in a discussion group can talk for only so long before they get tired. This is true even of the most brilliant people. With a bit of turnover, introducing new people and new opinions into the discussion, the interest is regenerated and life goes on.

It strikes me that almost every fan who has his own publishing equipment or has access on a ready basis to publishing equipment ought to hop aboard the wait-list of at least one of the current fannish ayjay groups. In the next page or so, I plan to devote a paragraph or so to these, giving addresses of the current officials so that you can write off to those in which you are interested. I will try to be as objective as possible in my evaluations of these groups, but I can't promise that I won't be shading things a bit by my own reactions to my membership in them.

The Fantasy Amateur Press Association is the only one of the current fantasy apas that I haven't been a member of; I am currently the fourth person on a waitlist of (as of mailing 98) some sixty-one people. John Trimble, 222 South Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, California, is one-half of the current Secretary-Treasurer of FAPA, and it is to him that you must send your application for waitlistership. It is necessary that upon application you cite credentials, which consist of (I quote) "contributions, in the form of verse, drawings, fiction or non-fiction, published in two fantasy amateur publications that were not produced in the same metropolitan area," or having been "the editor or publisher, in a real sense, of at least one issue of a fantasy amateur publication (fanzine)." During your stay on the waitlist of FAPA, which is likely to be some six years or more if you apply after reading this article, you must respond to every copy of the Fantasy Amateur, FAPA Official Magazine, that is sent to you. One is sent each quarter, and a simple postcard of acknowledgement to the current Secretary-Treasurer at the time of receipt will be adequate. You are allowed two misses during these six years or so, but better acknowledge every time to be on the safe side. Upon being invited to FAPA membership, around 1969 or so, you must again cite credentials. In this case, and also in the case of original citation, as above, credentials must not have appeared or been published more than a year previous to citation.

FAPA is generally acknowledged to be the best of the fantasy apas, and I tend to agree. The low activity requirement of eight pages a year makes it extremely easy for deadwood to stay around the organization for years, producing eight pages annually to retain membership. This often leads to cases of blithering idiots producing eight borderline pages of sheer crud, but more often than not it keeps otherwise gaffiated fans from disappearing forever from FAPA's and fandom's ken. People like Rotsler, Burbee, Perdue and Ashworth form some of FAPA's "brilliant deadwood", as they are called. Discussion in FAPA is not essentially different than anywhere else, but is conducted on a generally higher level of writing and understanding than in the other apas. Or so it has always impressed me.

The Spectator Amateur Press Society is perhaps the most cyclical group of all. Since it has but thirty-five members, it is highly dependent on sustained high activity on the part of a larger number of the members than in any other group, per capita. SAPS goes through periods of high quality large mailings and low quality poor mailings every few years or so, in fact. Currently it seems to be on the low swing, but I suspect that in a few more mailings it will be back on the way up. The prime emphasis in SAPS is on mailing comments, and at times the apa has been a bloody battlefield over the subject of how much emphasis MCs should get in SAPSzines.

There is rather a short waitlist in SAPS currently. If you sign up now, you can probably become a member in three or four mailings, perhaps less. Bruce Pelz, 738 S. Mariposa Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California, is the current Official Editor of the SAPS, and it is to him you should apply for waitlister standing. A dollar's fee payable on application -- to pay for the cost of sending you Spectator, SAPS' 0-0, while you're on the waitlist; non-refundable if you're dropped off the list for one reason or another -- is later applicable to your first year's dues. No credentials are required at any time, but you must respond to each issue of Spectator as you receive it.

The Off-Trail Magazine Publishers' Association is a predominantly British apa, having been formed by a trio of British fans in 1954. OMPA tends to be sort of a private general fandom, since the emphasis on mailing comments in the apa is less than in any other fannish apa with the possible exception of IPSO (to be discussed in a paragraph or two). In fact, if you can't bear to see your material largely ignored by way of getting egoboo in print, you had better steer clear of OMPA, because you might be very disillusioned to see something like half a dozen mailing comments on something you sweated ditto fluid over and were especially

hoping would impress the membership. OMPA, despite having a predominantly American membership these days, still manages to maintain a British flavour in its mailings. However, if you are an American, I would sort of advise you to think twice about joining the group. Not only am I interested in getting more British and Continental fans in the group, but Americans who have trouble meeting even loose deadlines will find it to be a grueling scene with OMPA. Like, the mailing takes a month or so to get to you from England, and you have roughly three weeks in which to produce a magazine for the next mailing in order to get it off in time. This is tight activity indeed, and recommended only to the strong of constitution.

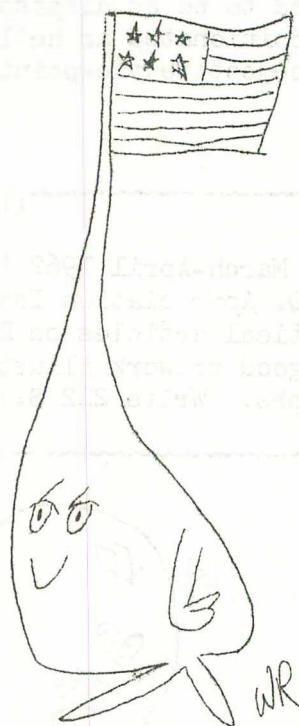
The Association Editor of OMPA is currently Bruce Burn, c/o Williams, 31 Hounslow Road, Hounslow, Middlesex, England. A fee of \$1, later applicable to your first year's dues, is payable on application to the waitlist. The current waitlist is only around a dozen people, so here, too, turnover will probably put you into membership in a year or so. Credentials must be cited on application to the waitlist, and these are essentially the same as for FAPA. You must respond to Off-Trails, OMPA's Official Organ, each quarter upon receipt; use airletters when you do this, to make sure your acknowledgement arrives in time.

If you are a member of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, you are eligible for membership in the Neffer Amateur Press Alliance, the N3F's Very Own Apa Group. N'APA, as it is initialized, is a fairly new group, just finishing its third year of existence, and the mailings are somewhat below the quality of the groups already mentioned because of the preponderance of young fans in the group. However, there are some excellent magazines being circulated in N'APA, and they are worth joining for. (If you are not a member of the N3F and want to join N'APA, \$1.60 to Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tennessee, will pay your N3F dues for a year, and you will then be eligible to join N'APA.)

Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California, is the current Official Editor of N'APA, and applications for membership should be sent to him. Dues are \$2 per year on a calendar year basis, or 50 cents per mailing for the remainder of a calendar year if you have missed one or more of the mailings already sent out. There are immediate openings in N'APA today, and you are invited to fill them. Write to me for further details.

The International Publishers Speculative Organization is fandom's newest and most unique amateur press group. IPSO is less an apa than it is a combozine with activity requirements. Each mailing an assigned topic is set and all the members are asked to write an essay around this topic. Members publish their section of the IPSO combozine in a special format and submit it loose to the Official Assemblers, who take all contributions and bind them together between two covers. The end result is a symposium of opinions on one given subject, provided that people haven't strayed or ignored the subject altogether, as is often the case. Thus far, as I write, three IPSO mailings have appeared and a fourth is well on its way. There has been a steady improvement in each one and I believe the apa is going to succeed.

Ted Forsyth, 11 Ferndale Road, London SW 4, England, is the current Official Assembler in conjunction with Joe Patrizio. He is the one to write concern-



ing applications for membership or waitlist standing. (I am not sure at this time if there are immediate openings; as of the third mailing, there were quite a few.) Credentials for joining IPSO are various. Either you can have had published, in three different fanzines, some of your own writings (no letters or artwork eligible). Or you can have sold professionally. You see, the emphasis here is on writing, not on publishing, so the credentials do not ask that you have ever published a fanzine before. I might note in closing my comments on IPSO that the tight-deadline scene, as in OMPA, is present here, too. Ed. note: it is possible to subscribe to IPSO mailings. The only requirement is that you pay the subscription fee of \$3 a year (4 mailings). >>

And that covers the current amateur press association in fandom, with the exception of the Cult, which does not come under the definitions we have here set forth and which will be passed over unmentioned. We heartily recommend that you look into the apa field if you already haven't, and see if you like it.

In the concluding installment of this article, I will discuss the following questions. What makes a good apazine, and why? What are mailing comments? What are good mailing comments, and bad ones? Unlike this article, which has tried to be as dispassionate and unbiased as possible, the following article will be opinionated as hell, because it is impossible to answer these questions from an objective viewpoint without sounding like an ass of the first water.

--- Bob Lichtman

.....

The March-April 1962 issue of SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES will be a special E. E. Smith, Ph.D. Appreciation Issue. There will be an index of the entire Lensmen series, critical articles on Doc Smith's writings by such people as Padd Boggs, and lots of good artwork illustrating scenes from Second-Stage Lensmen. Possibly photographs. Write 222 S. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles 4, Calif., for your copy. 25¢.

.....



THE ASBESTOS SHELF

A BOOK REVIEW BY

fred patten

PIPER, H. Beam Little Fuzzy NY, Aven Books, 1962. 160 pp. 40¢

I might as well start right off by warning you that I'm usually prejudiced in Piper's favor. I like his stuff. One of my biggest complaints about sf is that Piper doesn't write enough. Now here's a brand-new novel by him - just the thing to start off the new year.

One of the more unusual things about this book is that it's back-cover blurb is so accurate, descriptive, concise...well, I don't think I can improve on it, so I'll just quote it.

"FRIENDS OF LITTLE FUZZY VS. THE CHARTERED ZARATHUSTRA COMPANY

The chartered Zarathustra Company had it all their way. Their charter was for a Class-III uninhabited planet, which Zarathustra was, and it meant they owned the planet, lock, stock and barrel. They exploited it, developed it and reaped the huge profits from it without interference from the Colonial Government.

Then Jack Holloway, a sunstone prospector, appeared on the scene with his family of Fuzzies and the passionate conviction that they were not cute animals but little people.

The Company was aghast at this threat to their power and profits. If Holloway could prove the Fuzzies were people, Zarathustra would automatically become a Class-IV inhabited planet, the Company's charter would become void and the Colonial Government of the Federation would take over.

The Company did not hesitate to resort to coercion, murder - even genocide - to prevent the Fuzzies from being declared the ninth extrasolar sapient race."

Now there's a blurb that tells what its book is really about. It's an old enough theme (in fact, several LA fen think they remember this same story from a magazine several years ago, tho no one can pinpoint a source. I've never come across it), but excellently handled. Piper never fails to keep the action moving, and his logic is well thought out.

That's what I like about Piper - action and logic. His plots may be hoary and even ridiculous. Remember Uller Uprising, the straight transplanting of the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 to another planet, with four-armed reptilian-like natives taking the place of the rebellious Indians? Or Crisis in 2140 (Null-ABC), with its grand civil war inside a department store - barricades at the escalators and anti-aircraft guns on the roof (strafed out by the attackers)? Or A Planet for Texans (Lone Star Planet), which ends with the hero out-drawing the three bushwhackers in court right after their acquittal, while the judges, lawyers, and everyone else dive for cover under the tables and seats? (Those last two were written in collaboration with John J. McGuire. What's become of McGuire?) If anyone else wrote these, you'd snort "How silly!" and toss them aside. With Piper, you're either caught up in the action or you're laughing with, not at, him.

There are faults: the action, while always good, is often overdone; the Law, which is always on the hero's side (since the hero is always right), is sometimes so far on his side as to be blatantly prejudiced; and the head villains, who are shown to have brilliant cunning, usually get fouled up by their own incompetent underlings ("Evil is essentially stupid..."). Mr. Piper shows an abiding faith in the rightness of impartial Law (he has ended with a courtroom scene more than once); his view toward the proper role of the military is similar to the one Heinlein expresses in Starship Troopers; and, in this case, he has allowed the story to get "cute" at points.

This book is fun to read, yes; but it's a bit more than just a pleasant timewaster. The outcome is obvious, of course; Piper isn't going to let his little Fuzzies be murdered. But the events leading up to the conclusion are intriguing. This isn't just another story of a gallant underdog fight against the omnipotent Company; the villains are in a hole, they know it, and they have to get out by legal means, which means that the uphill fight is on their part. How do you get an obviously sapient race declared nonsapient by an impartial court? Piper follows this theme, step by logical step. There are holes in the logic, but not so large that you fall into them; in fact, it's rather fun looking for them.

Victor Kalin is to be congratulated for doing a fine cover, and one which very accurately depicts a scene in the story - a rarity among covers at any time.

This book isn't "science fiction at its best", but it doesn't claim to be. The cover blurb states: "Our candidate for the most delightful science-fiction book of the year!" It may well be that.



IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE BEAUTIFUL
VENUSIAN PRINCESS, PIG BOY, THAT'S ME!

~~~~~  
A Southern Fandom Group is forming, with an apa, yet. Ask Lloyd Douglas Broyles (of Who's Who in SF Fandom fame: 50¢ a copy) for information. Rt. 6, Box 453P, Waco, Texas. All southern states fans are invited.  
~~~~~

SALAMANDER is coming to you about a month after I hoped to have it out, but still within the Jan.-Feb. deadline. Next issue should have such items as the 2nd installment of Lichtman's article, some fiction by Bruce Pelz, and (I hope) artwork by Richard Bergeron and George Barr. Thanks for getting this issue out go to all the people who sent material, to Bob Lichtman who stenciled the artwork, to Jack Harness for the use of his electric elite typer, and especially to Bjo, who came thru with some great artwork at the last minute when the stuff I'd planned on didn't come thru. Thanks again, all.

THE CRIFANAC EXHIBIT

BY *Len J. Moffatt*

The last fan in the world sat alone in his home. There was a knock at the door. At first he couldn't believe his ears. But the knock came again--and again. Insistently.

Slowly he arose from his couch, and stumbled from his den. Regaining his balance--and some of his composure--he walked hesitantly, almost fearfully, down the long, dusty hallway.

Now he was in the main room of the large, old house. He gazed about him, blinking. He never had cared much for this room. It contained a little...of everything, and it was confusing even to him, though he had lived in the house for many years. He liked the other rooms--the special ones, each devoted to a special aspect or section of his fannishness. This main room was too much of a hodge-podge...

The knock again. He almost wished he could push a convenient button to make the door open itself, or first, perhaps, to activate a scanner that would tell him who was calling. But such conveniences were not for him. He was the last fan, after all, and he had to live as fans used to live...when the world was full of them.

He stepped to the door, and touched the knob, feeling the dust slide under his fingers.

"Guess I didn't get this far in my last house-cleaning," he muttered. "Gotta clean the whole joint up, one of these days, real soon now..."

Not that it mattered to him, one way or the other, clean or dusty, being all alone.

Again, the knock. Who could it be? In the old days fans visited each other, even had special meetings, conventions, public events--but that was long ago, and he was absolutely and positively certain that he was the last fan, beyond the shadow of a doubt, forever and ever, to have and to hold...all of this...this house, its contents, everything within the walls, everything collected in the attic, in all of the rooms, upstairs and downstairs, and in the cellar.

Surely, at this late date, another...no, it couldn't be. He opened the door.

The man standing there was strictly from mundania, of course. The last fan breathed a sigh--of despair? Or--of relief? He wasn't sure which, himself. But then any caller he might have--and no one had visited him since he had moved into the house--would have to be a mundane citizen. This one was quite typical.

"Assume this is the home of the last fan?" said the man. He courtseyed with kilt, knee, hands, and caper. Then he crossed his arms across the multicolored vest that covered his chest.

"Yes, that's me," said the last fan. "And you?"

"Jeddy Dowell," said the young stranger. "Understand that citizens may visit you, see your collection, satisfy curiosity. Latter recommended by psychers, due to an unrest in my daily happy-pattern. May I?"

"Of course, yes," said the fan, though he did not appear especially eager. "The government has endowed me...with all of this. I could have become...er...mundane as yourself, but it was decided that one of us could be classified as a non-citizen and be made a part of this exhibit. However, you're the first visitor I've had since they first set me up here, and I'm afraid I'm a little behind in my tidying up..."

"Talk a lot, don't you," interjected Dowell. "Typical from what I've heard. Not gossip, mind you. That's entertainment. Classified as such. But my psychers tell me...what was that noise?"

"Just the door squeaking as I closed it," smiled the last fan. "Special effect from an old radio program. Only does it when it's being closed. Originally it was to indicate the opening of a mysterious door, but..."

"Radio? Radio? Oh, yes...Teevee without pix. Suitable only for vital communication.. Once used to entertain, but long outlawed..."

"Except in this house," said the fan. "Now if you'll follow me...this is the main room, samplings of the various fan-items collected here..."

"Great State!" cried Dowell. "What are all these...these things? Entertainment items, I suppose. But how could anyone find them in the least interesting? Sickening...er...what's this, for instance?"

"Mimeograph. Used to reproduce writings, illustrations, and so on. Some clubs..."

"Clubs?"

"Groups...organizations..."

"There is only one organization...the State..."

"Please. If you came here to satisfy your curiosity you must keep in mind that this house is...well...dedicated to the past. There was a time when there were all kinds of clubs, societies, groups. They used this machine, for instance, to publish their bulletins, official organs, newsletters, and so on. Among the science-fiction fans it was used to..."

"Science-fiction? How can science be fiction? Oh, yes, I see. Probably an obsolete terminology for theories-not-yet-proven."

"Well, perhaps, in a way. Never mind. Perhaps this will interest you more...it's a 'club' too, in a way, but using another definition of the word. It's a baseball bat."

"For physical combat, I assume. Rather crude compared to the weapons employed by our Moral Police."

"No...it was a game. People played it, using this to strike a ball. Others watched the game and cheered for one team or the other. If you want a complete lecture on this sport..."

"No, thank you. I didn't come here to be entertained. Just to satisfy a little idle curiosity...get it out of my system. A purge of sorts, my psychers call it. But it is all quite confusing, and it seems to be arousing more curiosity instead of abating it. Not at all like the kilt-lifting ceremony--the State sanctioned ones, mind you. I've heard of the undercover ones..."

"Illegal entertainment, I assume," smiled the last fan.

"Entertainment is illegal--and mentally unhealthy!" snapped Dowell. "Perhaps I should leave. Even the top psychers can make errors."

"Maybe it's just this room," said the fan. "I must admit that it bothers me, too. Too many different things in one place..."

"They're different, alright. Say, what's this object...no, never mind. I'd better go..."

"But you haven't seen the special rooms, let alone the attic. And then there's the cellar. Tell me, is there any special entertainment or hobby that interests you?"

"I wouldn't know one from the other! Outside of this house I'd consider that question an insult, have you arrested...but I know, I know...you're under State sanction here...a relic of the past, though why we should preserve a past best forgotten, even if it is limited to this one drab dwelling..."

"You know, I'm curious too," said the last fan. "I have a pretty good idea of what it's like...outside, though I'm forbidden direct communication, but would it be asking too much...that is, could you possibly tell me...well, what is it like...out there?"

"Glorious. The State provides all. All the necessities for existence, survival. The Moral Police protect us, rigidly. He who breaks the law is taken in for treatment. He who does not respond to treatment is, of course, eliminated. It's the best of all possible..."

"Please, never mind," said the last fan. "I think I've read about it somewhere..."

"Read? Read? Oh, yes...heard of that, too. Most insidious form of moral-weakening, brain-spoiling entertainment. You actually...actually read?"

"Frequently. I'm sorry if it upsets you, but remember--I am the last fan."

"What else...what else do you do in this...this place?"

"Come...down the hallway here...I'll show you one of the special rooms. Remember the mimeograph? Well...right in here...that's right...this is a model of a typical science-fiction fan's den."

"Ugh! Really?"

"Yes. This is a typer. I can write with it...letters, articles, stories. See, you roll the paper in, and...well, never mind, you get the idea. It also cuts stencils...types words into these things you see. Then you put 'em on the mimeo...this one here...the one in the main room is broken, and is just for display. But this one works. Ink tube here...well, I see I have a stencil on it, ready to run. May as well turn out a few copies...oops. Crud sheets. We...I mean...I save 'em, for slipsheeting. They wouldn't give me an electric model with all the super features. Oh, well...more of a challenge this way..."

"What in the name of the State are you doing?"

"Pubbing a fanzine."

"What?"

The old fan explained.

"But if its purpose is to be distributed to fellow fans, as you call them...well, you know you are the last fan, don't you?"

"It is rather pointless, isn't it? But it's something to do, and I can pretend that I'm some other fan, that this came in the mail today, and..."

"Psycher save you!" murmured Dowell.

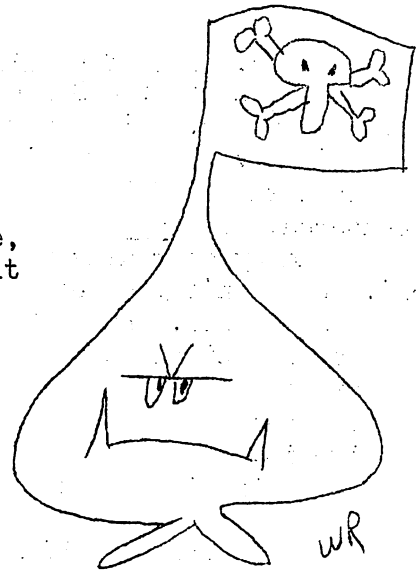
"Actually most of the equipment and other things they gave me work--or they did. Some are a bit out of repair, and there's so much here to look after...I guess they thought I'd have more visitors, and I was to demonstrate each hobby, and the other forms of entertainment."

"You know how to do all these things...to perform...to..."

"Yes, to a degree. I'm not much of a singer, though, but I can play records made by real singers, if you like. I dance pretty well...waltz, tap...but not up on my toes when it comes to ballet...sorry, bad joke..."

"Amazing!"

"You want to see my collection of the mag? Oh, I see! Well, I had to study and work pretty hard to be the one fan who was selected to be the last fan left untouched by...er...mundania...what you call the State. The State's contest was



rather rugged. Many fans didn't even apply...just let themselves be brainwashed into conforming to the State's decrees...and those who did try...well, they all failed except me. I'm sorry...I suppose they were...eliminated, as you say, but I couldn't say that I wasn't a fan, that I didn't love my hobby, that entertainment was a waste of time and impairing to one's health and morals...I refused to be censored, so I had to take my chances in the contest."

"And by degrading yourself...by learning all of these various things...you 'won'...but don't you get lonely here?"

"Sometimes. But I haven't read all the books and mags yet, nor played all the records, let alone run all the old films. And I've fixed up a gadget in the back yard that 'pitches' balls, so I get in some batting practice. Then there's the basketball hoops I put up, and the tackling dummy...oh, I keep busy, when I feel like it."

"Fascinating. Tell me more."

The old fan told him more. Jeddy Dowell listened avidly. No longer did he break in to compare the fan's life with his own in mundania, though he occasionally asked questions. As they toured the old house, while the last fan talked his throat dry, the questions became more and more intelligent. Once he put his mind to it, Jeddy was a fast learner, a 'quick study'...

"But you couldn't have been engaged in all these frivolous activities before...before the State took control? You weren't independently wealthy, were you?"

"No, I was an average man, I guess. Salesman for a sporting goods store. Read a little but not much. Liked music but never had time for a lot of it, not even dancing. But I could see what was coming..."

"You know...degraded as you are...I must admit I like you, last fan. Do you have a name?"

"Doesn't matter. Last fan is the name I've earned. Hardly think of myself in any other way. Would you like to revisit one of the rooms...I noticed you enjoyed the film I showed. But it was only a 'Preview of Coming Attractions', what they called a trailer. I have the entire movie, and if you like Sophia Loren..."

"Oh no, not now. No time. Must leave soon. Think my naughty attack of curiosity is pretty well cured. But tell me more about yourself. You know, if I lived in those days...that is, if I had been an adult during the pre-State days I might have been, well, a writer, I guess. I'd write an article--is that what it's called?--all about you. But then, come to think of it, you wouldn't have been considered much different than other persons then, would you?"

"Except that most people didn't have as many hobbies and interests as I have. Hardly anyone could afford to have all of this, or even have the time, what with having to work for a living."

"Well, anyway, I'm glad the State is looking out after you. I guess this exhibit isn't such a bad idea, after all. Too bad you don't have more visitors. I'd tell my friends about it, but they might think I was sponsoring entertainment-activities. One must be careful, you know. Could, legally, tell my psychers. They aren't supposed to tell others of the things their patients tell them, but just between you and me, I know that they do. Could get the word around that way...arouse curiosity...Oh, State! This house isn't bugged, is it?"

"No, that's one thing I check for periodically. If I ever found listening devices or teevee peepers I'd tear 'em out. And if they objected I'd tell 'em what they could do."

"Even if they threatened elimination...removed the sanction?"

"Yes, even then. I worked hard to get this place in a world otherwise fanless; and I'd rather die than spoil any part of it."

"I admire you more and more, and of course I really shouldn't. But psychers or no, I can't help it."

"Know what you have become, chum?"

"What?"

"A fan's fan."

"A fan of a fan...Mate Help Me! You could be right. Actually, a fan of all fans as you represent so many, so various..."

"Don't let it worry you. I'm sure you'll fall back into the mundane pattern again once you step outside. Survival patterns are strong."

"Yes, I'm afraid so. But before I go...could I see the stfan's den again ...I'd like to try using that mimeo...that should be a real purge..."

Whether it was or not the last fan never learned. But Jeddy Dowell seemed to enjoy himself immensely while sweating over the old mimeograph. Eventually he turned out very readable copy. Then he left, almost furtively, and the last fan pretended not to notice Jeddy when he hid one sheet of mimeographed paper under his flashy vest.

"Funny thing to do," mused the last fan, later. "He can't even read. But maybe--just maybe--he'll find someone who can. A State official, perhaps, who secretly defies the law, or..."

He was back on the couch again, reading, and stopping now and then to think of his visitor. Suddenly he jumped up and cast the old magazine aside.

"Going to get soft lazing around like this," he told himself. "Wish they had given me some animals to look after. That was hobby stuff too, and it would have helped keep me...on my toes. But they were afraid to do too much, I guess."

He went out into the backyard, and started the electric motor that ran his ball-pitching gadget.

"OK," he said. "OK, now I'm up to bat, and there's one man on first. It's the last half of the ninth, and the score is tied, six to six. Two outs against us, and two strikes against me. I can't take a walk because that would only move the man on first to second. The rest of my team are worn out. I'm the only one capable of making a base hit, let alone a homer. Even if we got thru this inning, keeping the tie score, we would prob'ly lose. Too tired, too beat up to play extra innings and the other team is in better shape. Moral Policemen, every one of the so-and-so's. It's now or never...I got to do it."

He juggled the bat, after rubbing dirt into his hands, and then pointed to the fence at the far end of the deep backyard. Then he pressed his foot on the 'homeplate', activating the automatic pitcher.

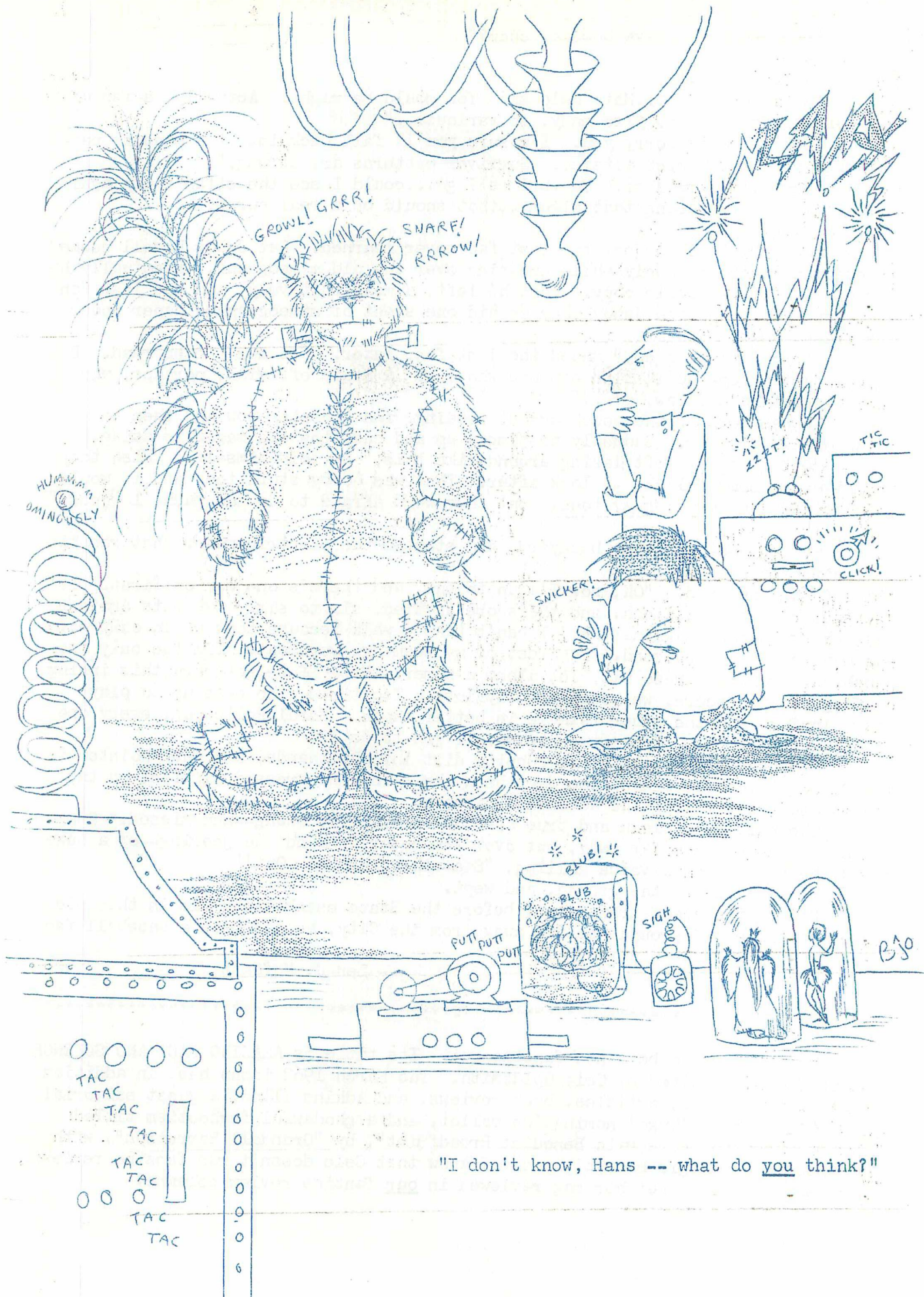
The ball sped clean and true over the plate. He swung--and missed. Somewhere, as though from far away, but over the cheering--and the jeering--of a huge crowd, he could hear a voice calling, "Sta-rike tha-ree! Out!"

He sat down on the ground, and wept.

Before the great transition, before the State established him in this old house, on these old grounds so far away from the City, he had been a baseball fan.

--- Len J. Moffatt

There appears to be a new fanzine out. Its title is AMAZING FACT AND SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, edited by Cele Goldsmith. The March 1962 issue has, in addition to the usual stories, articles, book reviews, and Adkins illos, a guest editorial by Robert Bloch, a 'Hugo' nomination ballot, and a ghodawful feghootism titled "Through Time and Space with Benedict Breadfruit", by "Grandall Barretton", with two puns, one on Algis Budrys' name. I know that Cele doesn't run fanzine reviews, but is she trying to get her mag reviewed in our fanzine review columns?



"I don't know, Hans -- what do you think?"

MOTHER LODE

- by Larry Gurney

Chelae and Anura were disconsolate.

"It's definite, then, that they were creatures from another world?" asked Chlorops.

"Yes," sighed Anura, "the only aliens we know of who ever visited our planet. We would have given anything, literally ANYTHING, for the chance to talk to them and know what they were like, and what they knew about the rest of the Universe. The ship they left behind is a wonderful and perplexing oddity, but it is nothing to what the privilege of communicating with the living creatures themselves would have been!"

Dromos shook his head. "It isn't as if they were afraid of us, because they hadn't even seen us. Anura saw them land, and started down to meet them."

"Where was that?" put in Chlorops.

"... in the field at the head of the firing ravine, just before third hour target practice." continued Dromos. "But even before Anura was within hailing distance, they started to look around and scuff the dirt excitedly, as if they had lost or found something of value. Two of them fell kneeling on their lower joints, throwing handfuls of dirt in the air, and shouting over and over a strange word that sounded like 'Eureka! Eureka!' Then another shouted and pointed toward the ravine, and they all leaped up and ran toward it. Anura wheeled at the top of his glink, but you'd think their antennae were frizzed for all they heard. They ran down the ravine, and, and, and....."

"... out onto the firing range," continued Anura.

"Smack into a fusilade of bullets." concluded Chelae grimly.

"Madness!" whispered Anura.

"Incredible!" frowned Chelae, polishing a claw.

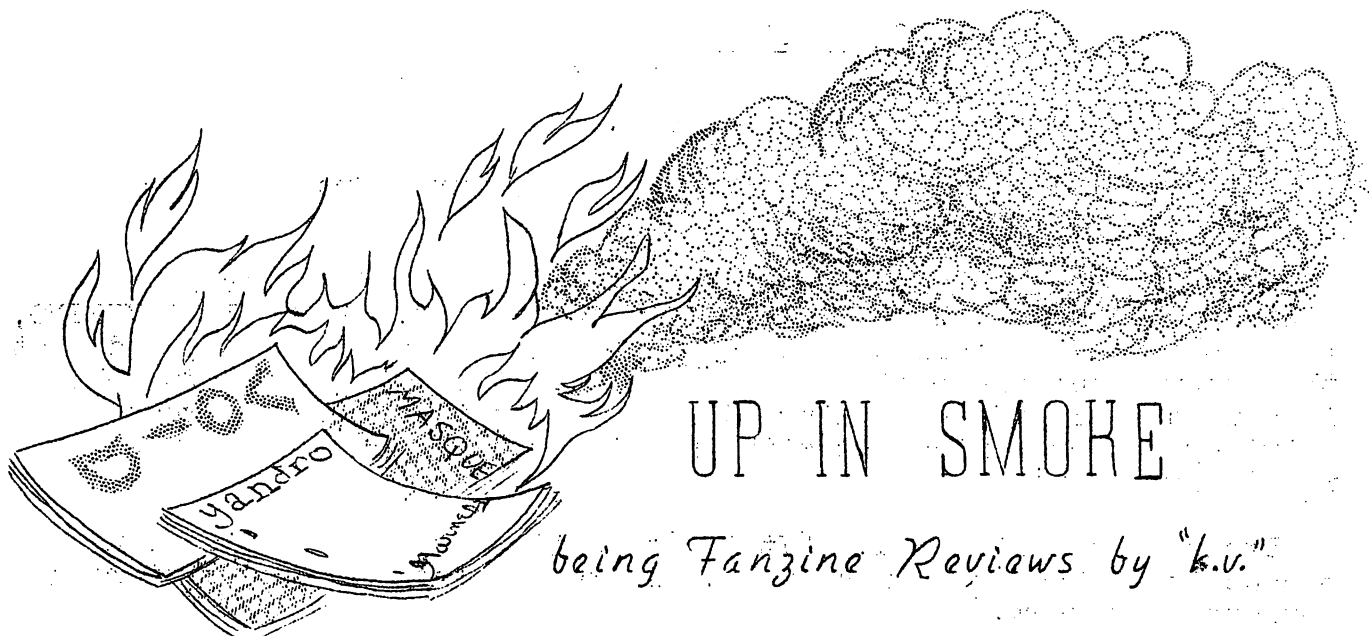
"Unbelievable!" echoed Dromos, toying the dirt with a hoof.

"Just plain suicide!" finished Chlorops, shaking his head, his chrysoberyl eyes wide with wonder.

"Well," Anura sighed at last, "what has happened has happened, and there's no getting around it. No one can pretend to understand Fate; that's the way the belle flounces. Chlorops, we're all going down to the cave and have a hot sludge fundae. Want to come and help us drown our mutual sorrow?"

"Sorry, no." Chlorops shook his head slowly. "I've got a batch of work to finish up."

Chlorops the gunsmith went back into his shop with a heavy heart. He lifted a ladle of gold out of the furnace, and slowly started to pour the beautiful, glistening metal into the waiting bullet molds.



UP IN SMOKE

being Fanzine Reviews by "k.v."

we were knocking around on the sofa at mathom pad, making ~~a~~ the scene and wishing vainly for a nimue to comeenchant us into an oak tree (we have always secretly wished we had been born a tree rather than a human being) when fredpatten bunnyup-ambles and speaketh, "vorty, mine old, you are going to do fanzine reviews." "me?" we ask. "you," he replieth. "sigh," we sigh, but there is no arguing, and so follows reviews of a nonrepresentative set of fmz that could be borrowed long enough for the purpose.

ON THE DRAWING BOARD #7 (jerrybails, 1710 kenwood drive, inkster, michigan. no price listed.) comicbook fanzines; continue, (and will for perhaps a year and a half longer before everything is said and they slump into trading lists) and are a pleasant nostalgia. holy klono, how many comics did we ourself read in our youth? thish advertises THE COMIC COLLECTOR, circulation 500, and mainly gives wantlists and rules for placing ads and the announcement that ALTER-EGO #4 will be out this summer for 50¢. bails, however, also piddles around with 'news' on minutae of future comic issues: "the june STRANGE ADVENTURES will carry 'the strange adventure that really happened' (illustrated by sidgreene) in which the leading roles are played by hzt k ey lb exizws." you can send in for the secretcodechart, you see.

VOID #28 (tedwhite, etal, 107 christopher street, new york 14, ny. bimonthly? 25¢.) a monstrous--and monstrously delightful superissue. remember the threepage covers bhobstewart does for VOID? stop getting VOID and sub to the covers. this time it's five pages long and features, amid beautiful electronic stencilled benday shading, "the time...the time...the time the void boys played the palace"; sample: "tell me, mr. white, what do you think of kipple?" "well, by jove, mr. carr, i've always enjoyed kipling!" fanfare; clickety-tap! after this exhibitionism cum virtuosity, there are 43 pages of the famous microelite type in black and pleasing orange ink on white paper. editorializing ranges from ted's chiding of certain heroworshipping fen who set up puerile waterbrotherhoods ((but relax, ted: the berkeley church of the brotherhood of the way is centered more on ray nelson's pledge "i pledge my life and all i own to you" and is not connected to the brief, illstarred nest)), to gregbenford happychattering about his notes: "there's a note here about my visit with ronparker in august, but i don't think i'll write anything about it, since most of you probably don't know ron. this is because he is not well known or something like that". there are seven pages of wailing whitewall contrasting STRANGER with the anthology 6 x H (UNPLEASANT PROFESSION OF JONATHAN HOAG): the former is a failure but the latter superb and versatile--heinlein should write self-consciously but concentrate on the story which is his forté; when he tells a story, heinlein is an irresistable writer. ((excellent reasoning, but perhaps STRANGER was

written for a different market entirely? the jacket, while beautiful, intriguing, and richly descriptive of the book, is a mainstream cover, and the writing soft-focused, soapy.) petegraham contrasts STRANGER with EARTH ABIDES. articles on minor but interesting subjects by avram ((yet another co-editor)) and billmeyers, and a VERY bad 4 pages of daveenglish illos, which should have been dumped out of the issue, and competent fanzinereviews by terrycarr and a lettersection. get it.

SANGSANG #1 (diangirard, 4620 twining st., los angeles 32, calif. only 50 copies; no price.)

some would classify this as a personalityzine, but we beg to point out that this is a first issue and hence nonrepresentative of what will come later. the material is all diangirard and is a charming HELLO to fandom. request a copy as an excuse to establish correspondence with this attractive, single femmefan, and as a basis for asking her to send you artwork. her forté is women in gentle, flowing, but stylized line drawing. this is predominantly art, with some three pages of text, including one page on the controversial subject of coventry.

CCON (richardeney, 417 fort hunt road, alexandria virginia. no price listed. one-shot con report.)

the faintrumbling and flying sparks we hear and see in this publication indicate that the editor is busily grinding axes offstage...but perhaps that simply adds to the completeness of this convention report. dickeneys has published this through the various apas he is a member of, but we recommend that you obtain a copy of this if you haven't already seen this seattle convention report. we presume additional copies of ccon are available, and that a kind letter, preferably with, say, 15 or 20 cents, will send you a copy.

A KEY TO THE TERMINOLOGY OF S-F FANDOM (donald franson, available from ronellik, 1825 greenfield ave., los angeles 25, california.)

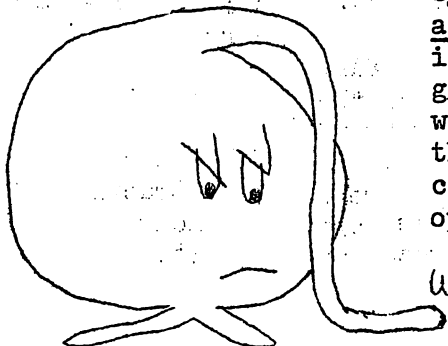
the longago neofan's guide.

an nfff publication as shepherded by ronellik and westcoast tyrannical allewis -- not to be confused with the lamentable efforts of the earlier breed of neffers. 20 pages, halfsized, alphabetized. of use to newer fen struggling with the language barrier, and the only contemporary dictionary since

" THE IDENTITY OF "k.v." IS THE WORST KEPT DNQ IN LASFS " DOTDOTDOT FRED PATTEN

THEY ALSO SERVE

as we go to press we are appraised of the arrival of the latest shapa, or shadow mailing of the fantasy amateur press association, edited, not by the members of fapa, but by the waitinglisters of fapa and distributed free to the 65 members of fapa and to the first 35 members of the w.l. ccst paid by the contributors for posting their zines. extras as such are not available but the components may be individually. it is interesting to note that so great is the value of fapa, qualitywise and egoboo-wise, that they who only stand and wait organized this adjunct to "expand" the ingroup and to associate themselves more closely with it, even though outside of it.



WR 21

CRY #157 (nameless o-o,
box 92, 507 3rd ave.,
seattle 4, wash. more
or less monthly. 25¢.)

the incredible CRY OF THE NAMELESS rolls out as regularly as YANDRO. comment there is herein about the scantness of the lettercol--but by the martian tree of life, people, thirteen pages is nothing to be ashamed of for a lettercol. we thank you for including the immortal burbeeline ((and the buildup to it)): ((he has)) "fifty ((player)) pianos--that's not too many."; but we hesitate briefly and shudder at the prospect of even more fans catchphrasing "that's not too many" when our eartentacles are daily assailed by the phrase. ## wallyweber's minutes are hilarious as usual and a touch of home--lasfs meetings are like this also. ## buz makes a chilling point of an old-saw: the sciencefictional "wandering planet" that ambles through the solar system and sideswipes earth as an afterthought...there is no evidence against the existence of planetary-sized objects in cometary ((very long and narrow)) orbits. "a planet with an orbit of 40,000 times the earth's, or a lightyear and a half, would have a period of 8 million years. or one might go out a mere 167 billion miles to sulk for 27,000 years between its fast passes through this inner-planet region where we hang out" long enough say to account for sudden climactic changes shown in geology. we'd have 20 to 30 years warning if it came back... fascinating thought with all the sense of wonder in isaac's "nightfall".

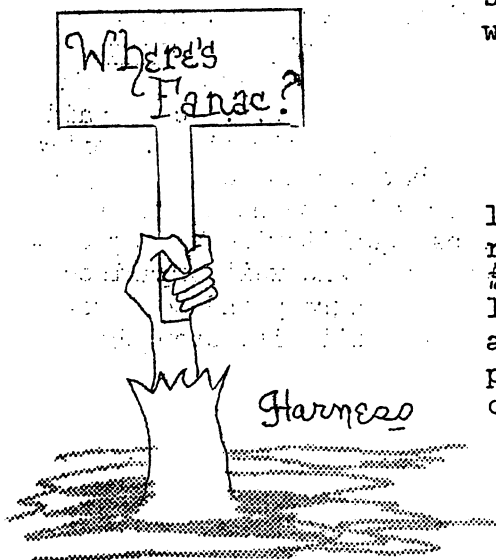
AMRA v.2, #19 (george
scithers, box 9006,
rosslyn, arlington 9,
virginia. approxima-
tely bi-monthly. 20¢.)

an issue overflowing with eldritch goodness, the milk of heroic kindness, and thoughtful reviews. dickeneý does THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS: the padding necessary to expand the original to booklength was great but not up to the calibre of the original structure and plot. ((true--it's neat but unnerving to encounter the 400-pound canary joke in a fantasy novel.)) juanitacoulson contrasts THE KING MUST DIE vs. THE BRONZE GOD OF RHODES, the former by a mainstream writer, the latter by decamp; as expected, RHODES has the decamp virtues and failings, particularly the latter: dry humor and the peculiarly unconvincing ((we call them misty)) think-alike, fit-anywhere characters... jimcawthorn does JASON, by henrytreece, a competent argonautic swashbuckler... raygarciaacapella documents the neglect of ameritt in the pages of AMRA and the related mentioning of AMReAders, and says, chillingly, "who knows--burrough's mars series might've been termed 'classic' by fantasy aficionadoes, too, if the collection had been limited to three books." and finally, scithers himself lauds THE DRAGON OF THE ISHTAR GATE. AMRA fills a unique niche in fanac--the forum of the sword & sorcery serious-interest-in-fantasy-ranging-to-liking-for-historical-novels fans. it's a magazine where authors and fans can let their hair down while still giving their best efforts. AMRA is distinctive--last issue had a multicolor litho map of the world of nehwon; this issue a three color shield of the HEARTS AND LIONS novel--and has, in addition to spacefilling, forgettable adkinsart, quite attractive work by stiles and krenkel of ANALOG. absolutely, get it.

CINDER #8 (larrywilliams,
74 maple rd., longmeadow
6, mass. bi-monthly. 15¢.)

the print is too pale.
notable for a
thoughtful article on
current fan lines, a-

long the lines of contemporary analysis-in-depth and review-by-contrast...worth the issue's price itself. ## the unfortunate thing about the moskowitz-white lawsuit is that it isn't a case of black vs. white--a lawsuit is not a proper means of instruction, despite a loose lip on tew's part -- although we hope that chrissam's case is laughed out of court.



ARCHIVES OF FANTASY

by Fred Patten

One of the main drawbacks to a strong devotion to science fiction is that good sf is often so hard to find.

Before 1947, sf was limited almost entirely to the pulp prozines. There were a lot of these out, but the stories were hardly all of top quality. The sf classics, unless by Verne or Wells, were not to be had; Doc Smith's epics, the whole of the golden years of ASF - all were limited to private prozine collections, or what could be found from 2nd-hand magazine dealers. You can find a lot of hand-made 'books' from that period; serials or short stories torn from the pulps and privately bound by someone who thought they were worth saving.

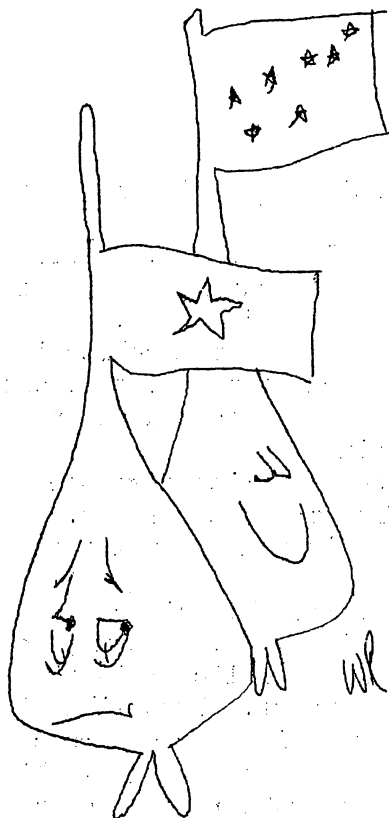
Since 1947, the situation has changed a lot. The best stories from the magazines have been reprinted in books. Paperbacks are flooding the markets. What's good is being preserved. But the situation is still in need of a lot of improvement.

The basic repository of the written word is the library. In this case, I don't mean the private collections of fans; these are usually small, private, and likely to be broken when the fan gaffiates or dies. I mean the public or institutional library. But these are sorely limited when it comes to sf. Most libraries have only a small collection of sf books; they don't have magazines or paperbacks at all. The situation is as unsatisfying as it ever was to someone who is looking for old magazines; it is especially unsatisfactory today when sf hardcover books are being replaced by paperback originals. Where would you look if you wanted to find out about the quality of pulpzine illustrations for any period; or if you wondered about the quality of the average sf zine for, say, 1936-1939; or if you wanted to read about the Tucker-Wollheim SPWSSTFM-IAOPUMUMFSTFPUSA war in the Brass Tacks column of AS in the mid-'30's? Where do you find out-of-print paperbacks such as Matheson's I Am Legend, or Judith Merrill's excellent anthology Shot in the Dark, or Jack Vance's The Dying Earth? The publishers themselves usually do not keep archives - Cele Goldsmith has said that she had some difficulty in locating early issues of AMAZING to find material for that magazine's current Classic Reprint series. There have been attempts to start a Fantasy Foundation, but it has not been successful to the present time.

A large step in the preservation of science fiction has just been taken. The library of the University of California at Los Angeles is currently attempting to get copies of every sf magazine, book, pb, and fanzine ever printed.

When I first heard of this project, I was skeptical. Having tried unsuccessfully to start an sf club at UCLA for the past 2 years, I was sure that the University hadn't suddenly been taken over by fandom. Then fringe-fan Phil Freedman, who was working in the library there at the time, showed me part of their collection - stacks and cartons of pulpzines, ranging from Browne AMAZINGS to 15 issues of UNKNOWN WORLDS. After that, I interviewed Dr. Wilbur J. Smith, the Head of the Department of Special Collections of the library, who is in charge of the sf collection to find out just what this project consisted of. Dr. Smith was very pleasant, and what he told me made it seem like a vast candy shop full of the rarest delicacies - but with the door into the shop locked.

UCLA is not specializing in science fiction on any crash program; the sf collection is just another of the Library's many projects. The desire to get all sf material published is recognized as wishful thinking, and no one is aiming seriously toward this goal. The Dept. of Special Collections is in charge of several University-possessed individual collections, such as a collection of over 3,000



books, documents, and manuscripts on, by, and about Spinoza. The Dept. handles such things as old prints and rare sheet music - things that you don't put on shelves like ordinary books. The Dept. has been working for a long time in collaboration with the English Dept. on this campus. Part of its function is to gather publications of value to professors and students doing research. Students working on original doctoral theses have long since exhausted the well-known authors such as Shelly and Thackeray, and have been forced to go on to the lesser-known writers. The Dept. of Special Collections, supporting the English faculty, has collected much early American and English fiction; in fact it has developed Sadleir's Collection of 19th Century Fiction, the largest collection of British yellowbacks (popular novels printed on cheap paper and bound in boards, usually priced at a shilling each - the predecessor of the modern paperback novel) in the world.

These cheap publications are being studied as documents of social interest. Some of them contain the early writings of authors who later became famous. Social problems are seen from the common man's view. The development of slang terms is more evident here than in works of high literary style.

As the 19th century became filled out, the English Dept. moved into the pulpzines of the 20th century. Dr. Philip Durham of the English Dept., in tracking the development of the 'hard-boiled' school of detective

fiction as practiced by Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler, had (and is still having) to do much research in old issues of ARGOSY, BLACK MASK, and other fiction pulps. Special Collections amassed a gigantic collection of these for this purpose, and, in anticipation of the time when research would start in science fiction and Westerns, decided to start collecting those pulps also. Dr. Smith sees the heyday of the pulps as existing between 1900 and 1935, declining and dying out after 1948 with the popularity of the paperback novel. He is well aware of the difficulty of obtaining old cheap publications, and he wants to start gathering them while they are still available. The emphasis is still currently on detective pulps, but large collections of the others are already under way. Special Collections is being financed by a group of patrons known as the Friends of the UCLA Library, which is not giving out any blank checks, but which allows the library enough to purchase many rather expensive items.

There is some trouble in locating material. Special Collections is accustomed to getting its material from antiquarian booksellers. These handle such items as first editions of Frankenstein or Verne's works, and the early editions of the sf presses, such as the first edition of Weinbaum's Dawn of Flame, but they don't handle pulp magazines or (obviously) fanzines. The Dept. is just beginning to check into the resources of the 2nd-hand magazine shops. Most of the purchases of magazines Dr. Smith has made to date have been of large private collections; quantity rather than rarity or quality. The library hopes to fill most of its collection thru bulk purchases, then go back and search specifically for the rare items to fill in the gaps. The Dept. is currently buying old magazines in these bulk lots, and keeping up with several of the current ones (including the non-sf MAD) thru subscriptions.

The material is not for general circulation. The Dept. of Special Collections is organized specifically as a research center. The material must be kept intact for researchers, and paper (especially pulp) over 20 years old simply will not hold up to much handling. Dr. Smith says that some of the pulps of the '30s and earlier are already too fragile to be microfilmed (to be microfilmed, a page must be pressed firmly against the glass plate of the filming machine. For pulp-zines, this would mean either removing the pages from the spine, or creasing them so sharply that the brittle paper would crumble), and that he has had to turn away representatives of tv mystery shows who try to get microfilmed copies of the Dept.'s BLACK MASK file, which is apparently a gold mine of plots since all the copyrights have long since expired. The material will be maintained in as close a state to the original as possible. Magazines will not be bound, but will be kept loose in Mega-files (containers especially made for loose magazines; somewhat like the containers for 'boxed' books).

Condition is of some importance. The library will purchase a duplicate item if it is in markedly better condition than the one it has, if the money can be spared, and if there is a ready market for the old copy.

Since magazines are being purchased in blind lots, there is some duplication. The library has no specific policy for disposal of duplicates, other than first offering them to the libraries of the other campi of the University of California - Berkeley first, then the others. None of these want pulp magazines. Usually, unwanted stock is given to book dealers to build up credit in trade arrangements. In cases where material is frequently used, the library may try to get 2 copies of the items - a reserve copy, and an expendible reading copy. However, Dr. Smith does not expect any research in sf pulps in the foreseeable future to the extent needed to warrant the trouble of keeping duplicates.

It's unfortunate that this material won't be available for general circulation. In addition to this, what sf is available in the Main Library (including bound copies of ASF from 1934-1939 and 1945-present, the ARKHAM SAMPLER, and a partial 1948 FAPA mailing) will probably be transferred to Special Collections sooner or later. However, all this won't go wasted. This material will be preserved for the future, for the use of those who will appreciate it and take good care of it.

Actually, the resources of the Dept. of Special Collections are open to any qualified person doing legitimate research, from high school on up. Research, anyone?

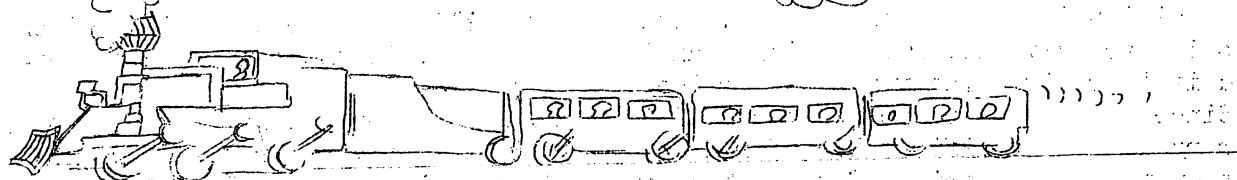
* * * * *

The emphasis of the above article is on pulp prozines, because that's the new area the library is branching into; it has long known how to acquire hardbacks. However, Dr. Smith states that he is still somewhat at a loss as to getting fanzines. The library knows about fanzines; it has a few, and would like to get more. It recognizes that fan publications are real ephemera, almost impossible to track down because of their minute circulation and low cash value.

The Dept. of Special Collections has a budget. I have no idea how far it will go towards subscribing to fanzines, but it is willing to spend money; it subscribes to several prozines, and Phil Freedman said that it paid him 11¢ per prozine for his collection. And Dr. Smith seemed interested when I told him about such items as the FANCYCLOPEDIA and apa mailings. So you might try sending samples of your fanzines to the Dept. of Special Collections, UCLA Library, Los Angeles 24, California. You might get a subscription. At the worst, you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that the sample copy won't be thrown away, it'll be added to the collection; and if you're ever in the area, you might be able to come in and find it listed in the public card catalog. Don't laugh - Hornig's FANTASY FAN and Searles' FANTASY COMMENTATOR are.

SLOW TRAIN THROUGH GONDOR

TED
JOHNSTONE



During the course of the last five years of my fannish life, I've had columns in at least half a dozen fanzines. And in about two-thirds of the instances, the zines folded after the first installment of my column appeared. In one instance - the late unlamented EXCALIBUR - the zine folded as soon as my column was stencilled, and the first issue never even appeared. GROUND ZERO folded after the first installment of a column from me entitled (not by me, Ghod save the mark!) The Rollin' Johnstone. And QUIXOTIC, in which I had a column which title I have re-used as you see above, folded in a similar manner. Lessee; wasn't there one other I killed? Oh well, memory fails here; I suppose it's just as well.

I'm hoping for better things for SALAMANDER; Fred Patten seems like a survival type, and I suppose his fanzine should survive too - even such a fannish kiss of death as a Johnstone column. After all, I had a column in SHAGGY for a year or so, and the zine outlived the column. PSI-PHI gave up the ghost after four installments of another column, tho...

But this is not our Topic For Tonight. I don't want to brood over the ghosts of the fanzines which have died under me. Not that I have anything more important to talk about - if you're looking for a serious thought-provoking sort of column, you're in the wrong apartment. My talents lie mainly in off-the-top-of-the-head nattering. And I usually natter best about what happens to be occupying my thoughts at whatever time I sit down and bat out whatever I happen to write. I suppose I ought to warn you that everything I write is first-draft material (What, everything? Well, almost everything...) - I'd compose on stencil except I do believe in giving the editor a fighting chance... and the expence of the stencils.

So: Topic For Tonight is: What Is Johnstone Doing To Justify The Continued Expense Of Keeping Him In College? In other words, what am I doing to beguile the passing hours down here at Sandy State? Well, basically, I am working my fool head off.

I average a 13-hour work day; up at 8 to get to class at 9 four days a week (the fifth day I can sleep till 11, oh joy), and head home about 11 at night, when the radio station signs off and the janitor kicks me out of the building. To fill these long days, I have a variety of entertainments to keep me from getting bored.

First, of course, there are classes. (Actually, they come about third in importance, but they take priority over other projects.) I'm carrying 16 units

again this semester, every blinking one of which is in some Speech Arts class. Two of my five classes are Theatre, the other three are Broadcasting. Taking the lesser two first, I have Play Analysis and Stage Directing. These classes are perfectly described by their titles, except that while we analyze plays in the former, we do not necessarily direct in the latter. I am, however, starting negotiations to produce a one-act play by Don Marquis entitled "A Moment In Hell" and published in his book, Chapters For The Orthodox (which, along with The Almost Perfect State, I promise to devote at least one future column to). I have decided on a term project for the Play Analysis class - it is a one-act by Christopher Fry called "Thor, With Angels". I knew practically nothing about it when I picked it, but a character in a book I read once recommended it highly, and I thought enough of the character to take his suggestion. The book, since I brought it up, is Harry Vernon At Prep, and is described by the author as "...one hell of a serious book". I'll devote another future column to this book. Meanwhile, read it if you can find a copy. Signet, I think, 35¢.

On the other side of the ledger I have the Broadcasting classes. Two of them are lower division - Television Programming and Production, and Motion Picture Techniques for Television. Both of these call for me to put in crew work on the college TV productions. Both, I might add, are fascinating. The former will give us basic experience in producing and directing simple TV exercises, concluding the semester with a 15-minute show from each person in the class. The latter teaches us how movies work; with what I learn in here I may be able to talk Bjo into letting me direct something for Unicorn. Here our term project is a 100-foot film, of any kind, on any subject. And before you say anything, stag films are a drug on the market.

My fifth class is Core II in the Broadcasting major - the technical department. In this I am assigned to various positions of responsibility on the various TV shows we put out. I am in charge of the staging for the twice-a-week Psychology 1A television class which is taped (we got a videotaper for Christmas) and sent out by closed circuit to the classrooms. I am in charge of engineering for the bi-weekly recording of a stereophonic radio drama - the lucky people with multiplex FM receivers will be able to hear the actors moving around the whole area. This, of course, involves some rather interesting adaptations of TV and movie techniques; you can't have a character hopping back and forth from side to side of the stage. It also plays merry hell with the old monaural sound effects records we have...

And then I am in charge of Graphics - title cards, credits, and like that there - for another TV show. This is a kid show, for broadcast over one of San Diego's commercial TV stations. It's called HAPPY HIDEOUT, and will be quite charming. It opens with the camera moving over a tabletop miniature of a country lane while the announcer leads us back into the forest to meet some animal friends, and then the other camera comes up on the set - a big tree with a wide crotch about five feet off the ground. Around the base of the tree there are some great big flowers, a couple of rocks, and a big toadstool to sit on. Here sits a little blond girl called Peggy, who is going to read a story to the animal friends, who appear, hand puppets, in the crotch of the tree. Yeah - it sounds like Kukla, Fran and Ollie all over again. So? That was a real nice show. This is still in the formative stages, I must explain, although the first show is supposed to be taped in a week and a half. That, as they say, is television. Just this afternoon (9 Feb. 62) I sent a fast postcard to Bjo telling her about the show and asking her if she'd have time to dash off some roughs for the title cards for the show. With her versatile and imaginative styles of lettering, she'd be perfect for it. I hope she'll have time. Oh - I suppose I ought to mention I'm also trying out for one of the hand puppets. There are six characters settled on so far; Crocodilius, an alligator type; Crawford, a raccoon (this is the character I'd like); a Bluejay who is the cynic and pessimist in the crew; a Bear about whom I know nothing; a Lion cub whose name I cannot recall (he was lost from a circus, and thinks he's a kitten); and a dragon named Drag Bone. Tentative characters for addition later include a giraffe who merely appears neck-and-head, a pixy, and a leprechaun. The hand puppets, of course, act out their part.

in the crotch of the tree. They continually interrupt Peggy with their problems, their ideas, and so on. It's not an awfully original show, but it is lifted from one of the most successful and certainly one of the most charming things ever done on television.

Kukla, Fran and Ollie started a great thing; Paul Gallico wrote Love of Seven Dolls around the idea of a girl who talks with puppets, and dedicated it to Fran Allison and Burr Tillstrom; a movie was made from the book, cleaned up, starring Leslie Caron and Mel Ferrer, LILI; and now a musical, CARNIVAL, is on Broadway taken from the movie. And I might mention one of the most touching moments on the Jack Paar show, which is not really noted for touching moments, came when Shari Lewis and her hand puppets were on with Genevieve, who has the sense of make-believe to endow the puppets with a real and independant life of their own.

But there are other activities for me to engage in; I'm working as a camera-man on the Psych Show and also as floor director for the Health Education teleclass which is also an hour, twice a week. Each of these shows involves an hour and a half of rehearsal - sometimes two or more if things aren't organised - and an hour (actually 50 minutes) of actually taping the show. We have the classes taped two weeks in advance - we'd give more margin and work a month in advance, but videotape costs \$250 for a one-hour reel and our budget is limited.

And this isn't all, even. We do more than television; we have an FM station which has to be kept on the air five days a week from 4 to 11 p.m. More or less by default - originally I was the only one who could pronounce the names dependably - I have become the producer and host for eight hours a week of classical music. One show runs 90 minutes every afternoon, the other is a half-hour every Thursday night. This involves programming the shows and trying to find qualified student announcers to take some of the announcing work load off of me.

Basically, I am working harder than I ever have in my life, and I am having more fun doing it. Meals consist of a sandwich eaten on the run; responsibilities pile up and the hours get longer and longer; life is lived in a constant state of panic. I love it. If I didn't, I couldn't stand it.

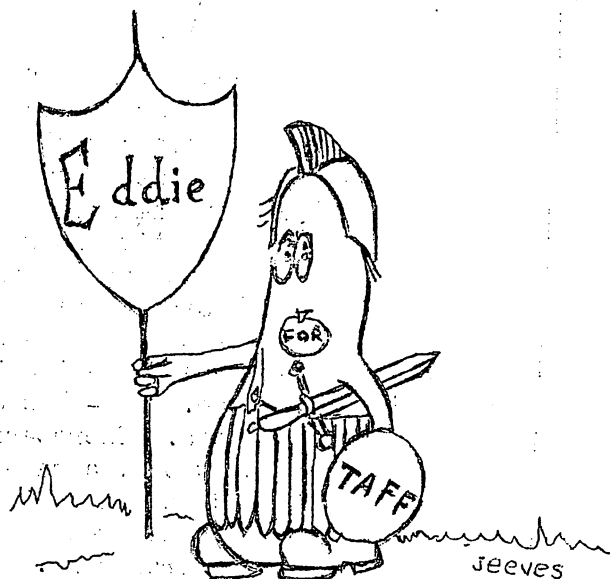
--- Ted Johnstone, Feb. '62

* " * " * " * " * " * " *

Californians have a reputation for having a magnified sense of distances. They nonchantly drive 200 or 300 miles on a weekend, or commute long distances daily by car to work instead of taking a train. I thought this was rather recent, dating from the auto and the construction of our freeways - until I came across this:

"It is singular how the Californians reckon distances. They will speak of a place as only a short gallop off, when it is fifty or a hundred miles distant. They think nothing of riding a hundred and forty miles in a day, and breaking down three or four horses in doing it, and following this up by the week.... Their conceptions seem to annihilate space."

Rev. Walter Colton, Three Years in California
N.Y.: A. S. Barnes & Co., 1850
Stanford, Calif.: Stanford Univ. Press, 1949,
p. 45.
Maybe it's the environment?



REMINISCENCES

...CLAYTON HAMLIN

Does anyone remember:

The Endocrinic Properties of Resublimated Thiotimeline ... The Frying Pan ... when Other Worlds was edited by Robert N. Webster ... when fans insisted that Jack Vance was a pseudonym for Henry Kuttner ... Cleve Cartmill ... one of the good editors, Mary Gnaedinger ... Alexander Blade, whoever they were ... Bart House ... the authors with one story; T. L. Sherred, Sherwood Springer, Arthur Petticollis ... Inside ... when John Brunner wrote in Thrilling Wonder "I would gladly trade all my sales, plus my entire literary output to date for the privilege of having written The Lovers" ... the first original stf novel written directly for pocket book publication, Time Trap by Rog Phillips ... when John Campbell wrote imitation Doc Smith stories ... the almost forty pen names of Richard Shaver ... With Folded Hands ... Magnus Ridolph ... Xeno ... Mike Wigodsky ... Worlds Beyond ... Va khoseth yaga ... Metamorphosite ... the Finlay illos in Amazing for The New Adam ... Thrill Book ... The Seven Ages of Fan ... Seabury Quinn ... Empire of Jegga ... Greg Calkins ... Orban ... Farewell to the Master ... the story written from an impossible illo, The Frownzy Florgels, by Fred Brown ... the fiasco of Myshkin ... Frances Stevens ... The Black Wheel, started by Merritt, finished by Bok ... Rak the Wonder Worker ... Sam Mines ... Eek ... Dave Jenrette ... Marion (Ast-ra) Zimmer, insisting that Kuttner's The Dark World was better than Merritt ... Space Stories ... T. P. Caravan ... back cover illos ... untrimmed edges ... Girl in the Golden Atom ... J. U. Geisy ... Blac-kie Du Quesne ... the argument, were the Harold Shea stories fantasy or stf ... Dr. Pinero, from the first Heinlein story, Lifeline ... The Visigraph ... Harry Bates, first editor of Astounding ... when Rap edited Imagination ... Ross Rocklynne ... Le Zombie ... the issue of Astounding composed to the directions of a letter ... the all-editor edition of Other Worlds ... Marvel Tales ... Gather, Darkness ... Fanvets ... Lefty Feep ... Howard Wandrei ... Polaris, of the Snows ... The Milwaukee Fictioneers ... Compliments of the Author ... 15¢ magazines ... Finlay portfolios, free with a subscription ... Martin Brand ... Ark of Fire ... T'sais and T'sain ... Munsey publications ... the Merritt non-fiction article on Modern Witchcraft ... Oona and Jick ... when Rebirth meant Thomas Calvert McClary ... Science Fiction Plus ... Quandry ... the Time review of the first science fiction convention ... pocket book #1, a fantasy, Lost Horizons ... Captain Future ... Malcolm Jameson ... Sam woke.

{{ Ed. note: I print this partly because it gives SALAMANDER more of a "professional" look ... or in other words, does anyone remember Paul Fairman's editorial in the Feb. '57 Fantastic? Oh, well, it's a start... Say, does anyone have the Summer '46 issue of Startling Stories? I'd sort of like to read Kuttner's The Dark World, too.}}

A black and white illustration of a person with long, dark hair, wearing a patterned garment, possibly a dress or robe, with a large, light-colored circular element on the front. The background is dark and textured.

A stylized, abstract illustration of a person with long, dark hair, wearing a patterned garment, and holding a large, light-colored, circular object. The background is dark and textured.

A black and white photograph of a person with long, dark hair, wearing a patterned garment, possibly a dress or robe, and a headpiece or veil. The person is looking down, and the image is heavily shadowed, with the face mostly obscured by the headpiece and hair.

A black and white photograph of a person with long, dark hair, wearing a patterned garment, possibly a dress or robe, and a headpiece or veil. The person is looking down, and the image is heavily shadowed, with the face mostly obscured by the headpiece and hair.

A stylized, abstract illustration of a person with long, dark hair, wearing a patterned garment, and holding a large, light-colored, circular object. The background is dark and textured.