



bergeron

SALAMANDER

Mar. - Apr. 1962

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HOT SPOT

It's been two months now since the first issue of SALAMANDER was mailed out, and I'm pleased to find that it's apparently gone over rather well. No world-shaker, but not a dud either.

However, I was surprised at the response from the UCLA Library (I guess I wasn't taking them seriously enough myself). I presented a copy to Dr. Smith himself, and was happy that he liked my writeup of our interview - and left it at that. By the next day, it seemed that everyone in the Cataloging Dept. of the Library (where I work) was congratulating me on the article and fanzine. A week later, the Library's official weekly printed journal, UCLA LIBRARIAN, came out with this review:

"sfzines

Salamander is the name of a brand new amateur science fiction magazine, or fanzine. (This has been shortened by aficionados to zine. It may be finally reduced to "z," Potterwise, if only to add to the mystification of the slang.) The new bi-monthly is published in Los Angeles by Fred Patten, a senior at UCLA now employed in the Catalog Department.

Art credits: Jack Harness, p. 3, 19; Bernard Zuber, p. 6, 22; Don Simpson, p. 8; Ray Nelson, p. 11; Dian Girard, p. 13; Terry Jeeves, p. 17, 24; Jim Cawthorne, p. 31. Stenciled by Bjo, Harness, and Lichtman. Barr illo printed by Don Fitch. Thanks, all.

SALAMANDER is published by Fred Patten, 5156 Chesley Avenue, Los Angeles 43, Calif., every two months. Rates at 25¢ @, 5 for \$1; or trades, material, or letters of comment. Make any checks payable to Fred Patten, not SALAMANDER. Please send a Change of Address if you move. Deadline for next issue: June 8 (I hope to have #3 out for the Westercon). Potsherds Pubs. #9.

You're All Right, Jack _____
THIS IS YOUR LAST FREE ISSUE. Subscribe, send material, or write if you want more _____



Harness

"On pages 23-25 of this first number is an article by Mr. Patten, "Archives of Fantasy," dealing with the Library's recently undertaken program to collect in this field. He writes:

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.

"It's unfortunate that this material won't be available for general circulation," Mr. Patten writes, commenting too upon the scantiness of the Library's circulating sf. This is true, of course, but according to Norah Jones, head of the College Library, the condition may be remedied within a few years.

Already Mr. Patten and other aficionados have been of invaluable assistance to us in the collecting of prozines (professional science fiction magazines). We now have files, partial or complete, of about 80 titles ranging alphabetically from Air Wonder Stories to Worlds Beyond. He wonders if we might subscribe to Salamander. The answer is yes. And to others, too, if he will tell us what they are."

(UCLA LIBRARIAN, v. 15, no. 10 (Mar. 9, 1962), p. 64. Underlining replaces italics.)

Well, that's one offer I didn't let slip past. Within the next few days, I presented the Special Collections Dept. with a formal requisition order for SAL and about 2 dozen other top fanzines, ranging alphabetically from AMRA to YANDRO. More will certainly follow these. I presume the Library will subscribe to all of these (though I haven't gotten the sub for SAL yet), and I'd like to know who all does get them. Comments, please?

I'm not the only actfan at UCLA, either. Don Fitch (who doesn't go there himself) purchased an entire N'APA mailing (#12) and donated it to the Library. That mailing contains a notice of N'APA surplus stock for sale; within a short while Bob Lichtman, N'APA OE, received an order for mailings #8-11 (and yes, Wally, they want a bill made out in triplicate here, too). Bob delivered them personally, and was shown another new Library purchase which had just come in - a copy of The Immortal Storm. Bob is going to see if he can have the Library become a regular subscriber to future N'APA mailings. I'm suggesting the Library become a subscriber to IPSO, and that it join the N3F. Bruce Pelz has donated extras of several of his fanzines, and subscription requisitions have been submitted for almost everything he regularly publishes.

UCLA is seriously trying to become a conservator of that branch of Literature known as science fiction, in all its aspects. I believe that this is one of the greatest things that has happened in the field; and, while I do not believe that it should replace the idea of a fanish Science Fiction Library run by Fandom and available to all fans, I do think it should be supported. I've already received quite a lot of comment; most of it is printed in this issue's lettercolumn. I'd like to receive more.

--Fred Patten.

Chicago in 1962

Washington, D. C. in 1963

Los Angeles in 1964

JOIN THE WORLDCONS

London in 1965

BOB LICHTMAN:

ICI ON PARLE MAILING COMMENTS PART 2

In the first article in this series, I went to great lengths telling the reader what apas he might join, and giving him an idea of what he would find there if he did. This time I would like to go on at some length about what you might try to publish once you get there. If you disagree with me, that's tough, and I will point out before embarking on my task that often I don't follow this formula myself. However, this is what I'd like to see more apa members doing.

The good apazine has every requisite of a good fanzine, plus the necessary addition of mailing commentary, and the fact that much of the material may be aimed to suit the interests of the apa group towards which it is directed. This means that every rule of thumb that applies to a subscription fanzine also applies in large part to a good apazine. However, there is one major difference, aside from the mailing commentary aspect. This is that, insofar as is possible, the editor should try to mirror his own thoughts in his zine. Outside contributions are all very well and good, but as I see it, the reason one is in an apa is to express his own ideas.

I like lots of pictures in fanzines, because page after page of solid text, no matter how interesting, tends to leave my head swimming and circling about after too very long. In my own fanzines, I try to have a colorful cover, reasonably original headings (limited by the equipment I have available, which is in the form of my lettering guides, some 20 of them), and illustrations spotted throughout the issue so there is at least one on every double-page spread. Some of this enthusiasm for illustrations on my part is also due to an abiding interest and appreciation for the work of the better fan artists, and also because I rather enjoy the mechanics and the challenge presented me when I am faced with a complex illustration to put on master or stencil.

Layout is important. Headings should be neither too large nor too small, and should be placed in a pleasing arrangement and position on the page. It is not up to the writer to say what constitutes a perfect heading, because it's rather an individual thing with every fan editor, but he thinks that the headings he used in his own fanzines are, by and large, pretty good. Illustrations should be placed in various positions on the page, and if there is any action or direction to the illustration, the action should be heading towards the spine of the magazine, or inwards as it were. I don't know about you, but having the action or the direction of an illustration face towards the edge of a page gives me sort of a funny sensation, as though the whole illustration were about to leave the page somehow.

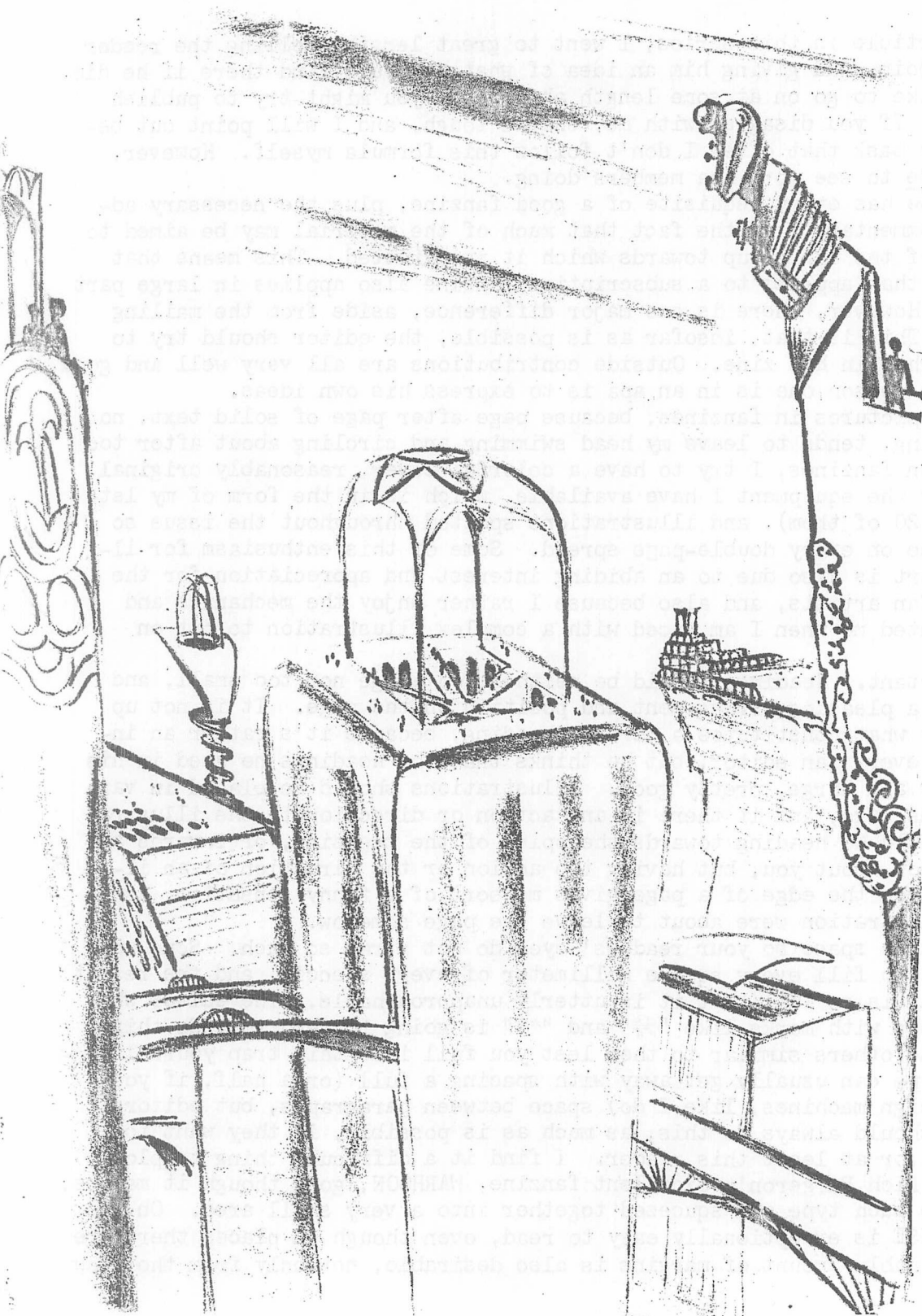
Leave enough white space so your readers' eyes do not stray so much. Some apazine editors attempt to fill every square millimeter of every stencil, and the result is a hodge-podge that is so full that it is utterly unapproachable. The editor who separates his thoughts with marks like "##" and "***" is going to tend towards this. Avoid these marks and others similar to them lest you fall into this trap yourself. Editors with pica type can usually get away with spacing a full (or a half, if you have one of the foreign machines, like I do) space between paragraphs, but editors who use elite type should always do this, as much as is possible, if they want to keep their readers...or at least this reader. I find it a difficult thing to plow through an issue of Rich Bergeron's excellent fanzine, WARHOON, good though it may be, because there is too much type all squeezed together into a very small area. On the other hand, LIGHTHOUSE is exceptionally easy to read, even though in places there are "##"s used. A reasonable amount of margins is also desirable, not only from the view

point of appearance but because many apans tend to make marginal notes as they read and you will crank them off if you don't give them someplace to write, or at least to leave a sizable checkmark.

From the strictly limited viewpoint of the archivist, each and every fanzine, including the veriest crudzine, and every apazine, should have somewhere in each issue a colophon. A colophon may tell nothing more than who published the fanzine, or it may

go into details about who did what illustration, what sort of reproduction process was used and on what/whose machine, and like that. But it is essential that you have this information, so the reader who picks up your magazine for the first time will know who the hell you are without having to check back to the mailing listing in the official organ to see. After all, even if 99% of your friends know that you are Jophan and you always publish on an electric Gestetner with blue ink on pale green paper, there is someone who won't know, especially the person who reads your fanzine ten years later (horrible thought, but it is likely to happen).

At least one-half of your apazine should be taken up with original, non-mailing comment material, or so I believe. This material can consist of anything under the sun, from natterings about your health to articles on sci-entifiction; but at least it serves the



purpose of being new, interesting material in addition to the usual serving of mailing comments, and it gives the reader more of a chance to grab onto something for return comment, as well. I think the editor should write it himself, as stated earlier, but occasional outside contributions are perfectly acceptable, if they're worth printing by anyone's criteria. A letter column is a nice thing to have, if you send out extra copies of your zine to non-members, but don't let it overtake the magazine and become an old man of the sea.

That leaves the other half of the apazine to consider, the half that contains mailing comments. And here we enter into somewhat sticky territory, for no one has ever really been able to agree, "Just what the hell is a mailing comment, anyway? And when is a mailing comment a good mailing comment, or a bad one?" We turn to that great reference work, the FANCYCLOPEDIA II, and quote from the foot of page 103:

Mailing comments are comments -- i. e. short notes as distinguished from formal review or criticism -- on the contents of a previous mailing (rather than, say, mailed to the members concerned). Reviewing a mailing in a magazine postmailed to the same mailing is frowned upon.

Jack Speer began this custom in the Third FAPA mailing and mighty was the success thereof. A few of the unenlightened who maintain that comments on comments are too much like diminishing spirals for their taste have been adequately dealt with by Vernon McCain, who remarked that if they never commented on comments it must be pretty difficult to carry on a conversation with them.

Since, from their nature, all the intended audience may be assumed to know what they're about, MCs can easily become a very inner-circle feature of an APA, and commentzines or sections may often make the short descent to mere collections of notes. Mailing comments were the feature that led Sam Merwin to describe SAPS as a system of interlocking mailboxes.

Yes, we turned to the FANCY II for information and right away we forget it, because though it's a definition, in the strictest sense, of a mailing comment, it's a pretty bad definition. Or, rather, it's a good definition of what is a bad mailing comment. Bad mailing comments are these "short notes" that the entry refers to, and I find it significant that the person probably responsible for this entry -- Dick Eney -- writes such mailing comments, and they are none too interesting.

The sort of mailing comments I like to read are written by people like Terry Carr, Bill Donaho, and Walter Breen. They tend to be long and discursive, and they do not particularly require that one have the material being discussed (i.e., the last mailing) sitting next to you for reference. Bad mailing comments are almost always so oblique and mystifying that one must refer to the last mailing for full understanding...and even then one is left a bit puzzled. However, no amount of talking about good and bad mailing comments is going to tell you what I think are good mailing comments, and so forth. The best way to clue you in is to quote a few, and I propose to go through the 98th FAPA mailing and do just that.

First, an example of a good mailing comment. This is Terry Carr writing a comment on Bill Evans' CELEPHAIS. (And I hope you fellows don't mind my reprinting without asking first, but this is in the Name of Science, after all.)

The trip report was interesting in spots. I liked very much the description of the Ashland Shakespearean Festival. I've been wanting to take that in for years. Of course, the whole southern Oregon area is full of senseofwonder for me, since I was born and lived my first five years there and usually spent a week's vacation in the area every year till I was twelve or so. Going through there in early '60 rather shocked me: Grants Pass is not a clean little town like it used to be, but

a somewhat dirty small city. And there are tv
aerials all over the mountains where I used to
live; when I went up there for my father's fu-
neral in mid-'59 I found that my relatives were
no longer sitting around woodstoves listening
to Bob Hope on the radio and reading the Gumps
by lamplight, but instead sitting next to the
portable electric heater watching detective
shows on tv with the lights turned off. I got
up and walked outside to stand in the night
smelling the pinebreeze and contemplating the
dark silhouette of the mountain across the dry,
boulder-strewn riverbed against the sky which
was full of pinpoint stars. I scuffed my feet
in the dust and gravel of the road and listened
for an owl, but instead I heard canned gunshots from the tv set inside. So
much for nostalgia, I thought, and went inside to check the tv listings for
an old movie.



--in LIGHTHOUSE #5

And then for contrast, there's Dick Eney's mailing comment on the same issue of CELE-
PHAIS, which goes:

Splendid leisurely trip, but I wish I could think of more to say about it.

--in TARGET: FAPA

These two mailing comments pretty well point up what I'd like to make as my point
for this little discussion on mailing comments. Namely, that it is all very well and
good to mailingcomment merely on the material involved, being very literal and straight-
forward and not deviating from the path one iota. However, a whole magazine full of
this is bound to be rather dull, and will not get very much comment in return, even if
people do manage to plow through it.

It is far better to do as Carr did above, and as Donaho does regularly, and that is
to relate the material being discussed to your own personal experience, and take it from
there. The results are not so much mailing comments in the strictest sense, other than
the fact that they are organised and presented as such,
but they are interesting brief essays which are tremendous
fun to read and which may offer the reader a chance to do
something like that on his own nut.

And if you can do that, you don't have to worry about
your apazine being popularly accepted and well-read. It
will be, it will be.

-oOo-

As sort of a footnote to this series, I'd like to
mention with a bit of amazement a little incident that
happened the other evening. I was standing around talking
with someone at Mathom House after a LASFS meeting, or
maybe after a movie party -- I don't remember which --
when Al Lewis walked up to me and asked me to change this

series of articles into a Fandbook for the Guidance of the NFFF.

"Why, Al," I said, "that's fantastic", and accepted. The rewritten edition will
be a bit longer and will contain writeups on a few more apas than were included in the
SALAMANDER appearance of this article. It will also include information on several of
the mundane apas, and will be a bit better organized.

Look for it Real Soon Now, I guess.

--Bob Lichtman



THE ASBESTOS SHELF

BOOK REVIEWS BY FRED PATTEN

FARMER, Philip José The Green Odyssey
1957. 152 pp., 35¢

N.Y.; Ballantine Books,

This is hardly a new book, but it apparently needs promotion.

Don Wollheim, editor of ACE Books, was visiting Mathom House recently, and he remarked that ACE would soon be featuring Philip José Farmer on both sides of a Double Novel. We all agreed that this Certainly Was A Wonderful Thing, and I said that I hoped that Farmer would soon write a sequel to The Green Odyssey, my favorite of his novels. Wollheim doubted that this would be likely because The Green Odyssey had proved to be a popular failure.

On consideration, this is obvious. P. Schuyler Miller, in the only review I have at hand (ASF, Jan. '58), says "the whole thing is curiously flat and unexciting", complaining that the characters never become real, and the book isn't "uproarious"... "swashbuckling"... "sheer fun", no matter what the blurb says. Now, my literary tastes may not be as highly developed as Mr. Miller's (tho after reading his constant praises of Andre Norton, I wonder!), or they may be; but I can't argue with the fact that of all of Ballantine's sf books, The Green Odyssey is the only one that's still sitting on the LA newstand shelves, unbought in large quantities after five years.

I thought it was rollicking and adventurous, just as the blurb said. Miller notes that the plot is based heavily on Burroughs and Howard, with several names copied directly from Howard's Hyborian mythos. It also owes a bow in the direction of de Camp's Viagens series - another of my favorites (yes, I know that flopped financially, too).

The story is technically sf, but it reads like fantasy. Alan Green, an Earthman spacewrecked on a human-settled lost world sunk back into feudalism, has adjusted to a precarious position as personal slave to an empty-headed, hotblooded, blowzy Duchess, but he's sick of the whole illiterate, unwashed, superstitious life. So when he learns that "two demons have fallen from the sky in a great ship of iron", he sets off across the unbelievably vast grass sea of the planet to rescue them before they're burned at the stake, so that he can get back to Earth with them. His adventures are complicated by pirates, shipwreck, cannibals, the growing suspicions of the natives that he's a "demon from the sky" too, and the fact that his loving Amazonian wife, Amra, refuses to be left behind and insists on coming along, bringing the kids with her.

Sure, it's got a lot of technical impossibilities in it, but when did technicalities ever stop a fan of swashbuckling action from enjoying a story? Miller, you "doubt that one steering axle would be effective on a roller-ship with 14 pair of wheels". Quite probably. But you're supposed to be a Conan fan; what do you think of Conan, crucified for a whole day, biting off the head of the first vulture that attacks him? Are not Howard's Conan stories, which are less physically credible than de Camp's later ones, supposed to be the best of the lot? I measure literary merit by how well the author is able to catch you up and carry you along with the story. Farmer's done that in The Green Odyssey, in each of the 4 or 5 times I've reread the book. The characters may not be as alive as some, but they're by no means mere cardboard figures. Possibly in a sequel (Green did plan to come back to Amra), the characterization would be filled out.

But apparently the market for swashbuckling fantasy action is nil. Wollheim said that the ACE reprint of Conan the Conqueror was one of his slowest selling items; that's why he never reprinted any of the others. Marty Greenberg, you published the Conan stories; would you consider a sequel to The Green Odyssey?

Anyhow, The Green Odyssey is still on the stands. If you like fantasy, humor, buckles of swash and hairbreadth action, and darn good stories, get it.

Farmer's latest book, on the other hand, should prove more successful - partly because the Ballantine sf books as a whole seem to be selling better nowadays (they come out in groups of 3 every month; 2 sf and 1 horror), and partly because the blurb here promises a subject of more basic interest than rollicking adventure: "the universal concept of worship and the taboos that surround the human reproductive process".

The Alley God consists of three novelets: "The Alley Man", from F&SF; "The Captain's Daughter" (aka "Strange Compulsion"), from SF PLUS; and "The God Business", from BEYOND. A few words have been changed in "The Alley Man"; "The God Business" has several pages of introductory material added on; and I haven't read the magazine version of "The Captain's Daughter", so I don't know if it's been altered or not.

"The Alley Man" is Old Man Paley, a one-armed apelike man who makes a living as a junk collector, and lives in a shack in the city dump with Gummy, his "wife", and Neena, a frankly "kept" woman. The story centers around their discovery by Dorothy Singer, a young coed doing research in sociology, and her investigation of Old Man's claim that he is the last of the Neanderthals.

But it's not this claim that makes the story, it's the belief that goes behind it. Old Man may be a Neanderthal, or just a deluded slob with malfunctioning glands. He looks exactly like a genuine Neanderthal, and he acts like a "low-intelligenced" Neanderthal might when confronted with modern civilization (guzzling beer, boasting about his sexual prowess, and watching "Alley Oop" on tv); though his history of the Neanderthals, such as the defeat of the whole race in one great pitched battle with the Cro-Magnons, is rather unbelievable. But you can't help feeling that these superstitious beliefs, his loose worship of "The Old Guy In the Sky" (the Sun?), his conviction that if he can only find the lost hat of Old King Paley that the False Folkers stole in the Last Battle the spell they cast will be broken and the Real Folk will triumph at last - these are the beliefs that a real Neanderthal might have. In a way, it's a study of primitive religious beliefs corrupted with modern influences. As such it's fascinating; as is the mythos that Paley has woven, full of holes as it is.

"The Captain's Daughter" is a mystery. It is also one of Farmer's finest sexual science fiction stories.

Dr. Mark Gaulers, a physician working for the Government on the Moon, is called to treat the daughter of the Captain of a space freighter stopping there. Her illness is strange to him; it has similarities to adrenalin shock, but differences soon cause him to fear that this is a new disease unknown to Earth's medicine. By the time the ship leaves for its home planet, Gaulers has fallen in love with Debby, and he pressures the Captain into letting him accompany them to try to cure her. Why is the Captain, a devout citizen of a planet governed by a puritanical theocracy, so reluctant? Why has he thrust his daughter into virtual purdah, isolating himself from her when he still loves her? Why do they both exude a fishy odor? What really happened to the young mate who also exuded the fishy odor and "committed suicide"? Unfortunately, I can't answer these questions without springing the ending; I can only recommend it heartily as an example of, to quasiquote Ted Sturgeon, "a decent story about sex."

You get into the mood of "The God Business" with the first line: "It was the first time that U. S. Marines had ever been routed with water pistols." It's a slightly bawdy religious allegory, describing what happens when a slowly expanding area in Illinois takes on the attributes of the Common Man's idea of Heaven on Earth - perpetually sunny weather, so you don't need clothes, constantly flowering fruits and vegetables & abundant easily-killed game (of all kinds) so that you hardly have to work for a living, eternal youth & good looks, and plenty of sex; all this apparently through the courtesy of a meek, mild (but fun-loving) college professor who has suddenly gained godlike powers.

All this is rather disconcerting to Bureaucracy, of course, and after the Marine debacle, Dan Temper, our irascible balding hero, and pretty young Alice Lewis (the CO's daughter) are sent in incognito (i.e., naked) to bust the magical Bottle of Brew &/or bump off Dr. Durham. What results is a wild allegorical mess and lots of fun.

Yep, this book should sell. And it sure ought to.

STRIP TO THE WASTE

by MIKE DECKINGER

Fandom today is becoming run down.

Fans have become flabby. They are either overweight, underweight, or somewhere in the middle.

They spend most of their time in comfort, either reading fanzines or writing letters or relaxing at fan parties.

This condition is neither good for inner prestige or public relations. It doesn't seem right that fandom should continue along with adverse criticism building up from outsiders.

This criticism should be discouraged through the only proper method.

Exercise!

President Kennedy has been plugging away at more physical training for the nation's youth and that's precisely what fandom needs as well.

By physical training, I don't advocate that all fans engage in push-up and sit-up courses in the mornings. Nor do I propose that conventions be turned into Vic Tanny gyms with the proper equipment.

But there still is plenty that can be done to relieve the condition. For instance, most fans have mimeos, or access to mimeos at least. A mimeo can be a fine, though exasperating machine for printed reproduction. It can be responsible for having the user experience all the emotions from rage, embarrassment, frustration, delight or indignation.

But a mimeo is also an excellent machine for exercising.

No kidding, it really is.

Down in the cellar, here, there's an A.B. Dick, hand cranked mimeo which is just dandy for exercising the limbs on.

Here's how you go about it. First grip the handle tightly. If your mimeo is an electric model remove the plug and attach a handle to the drum.

Now, slowly and carefully revolve the drum in a complete circle ten times, counting aloud to yourself as you do so. Do this slowly at first. If it tires you after several sets, relax to catch your breath.

Now turn the crank a little faster, speeding up the count as you do so. In these exercises it's best not to be clad in garments that are tight fitting or confining. I usually strip to a T-shirt and bathing suit, but the choice is up to you. I found the combination to be comfortable when wearing. I also feel fannish standing in my cellar, in a faded, wrinkled white T-shirt and little blue bathing suit



NO, DAD, NOT AFTER WE
RAISED HIM FROM A PUPP

turning a handle as quickly as I can and counting out loud.

As you feel your hand becoming tired and your shoulder muscle beginning to ache, turn the handle more quickly and determinedly. At first the increased effort may seem difficult, but after a while it will prove easy.

And if you happen to have a fanzine to be run off at this time, you can kill two birds with one stone, running off the fanzine while exercising yourself.

The mimeo's use as an exercising machine is limited, however, to crank-turning. Some fans who've become proficient at this have been known to turn the crank so fast that by the time they've counted to 2, they've nearly exceeded ten revolutions of the drum. This takes some time to attain, but when you do, it's a feat to be proud of.

Another helpful device is a stapler which usually fits into a fan's life in some capacity or another.

The staple machine can be used to develop the palm of the hand. You can also use it on the soles of the feet, the elbow, the knees, or any other portion of the anatomy that could use some strengthening.

Using it is simple. You merely punch the machine at the proper location so a staple is released. This is done continually, and can be performed with an opened or closed fist, depending on what area you want developed first.

I know several high jumpers who find an ordinary stapler extremely beneficial in building up their knee muscles. Placing the stapler flat on the ground, they mount a chair or table. Then they leap into the air and fold their knees as they rapidly descend, so the knee-bones make a sharp contact with the stapler. The effects of this form of exercising (I'm told) is thoroughly exhilarating, due to the brief airborne sensation, and the end results are said to be quite satisfactory too.

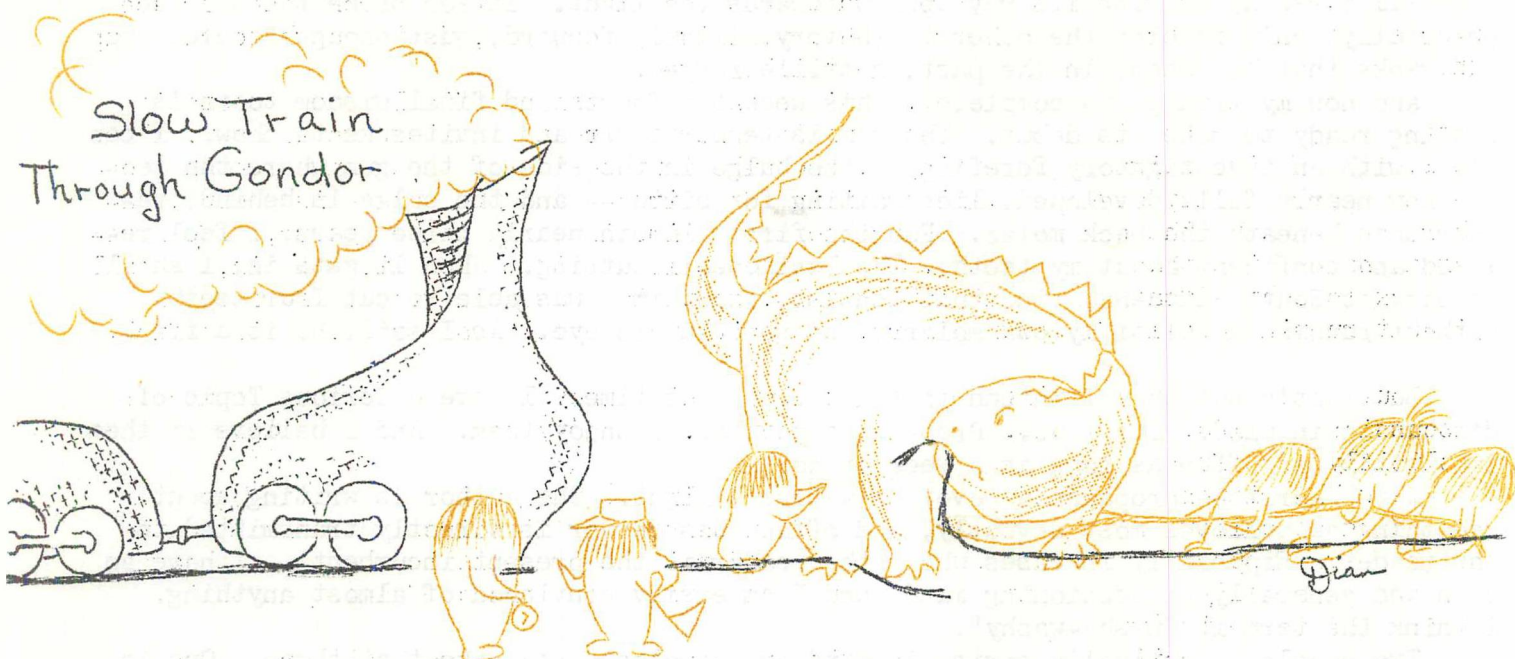
When it comes to strengthening of the eye-muscles, fanzines are undoubtedly the finest things in creation for assistance to these delicate organs. What you do in this case is to take any fanzine and paste it, pages opened, to a wall. Then you back away several feet and read what the top line says. You back away an inch or so and read the next line. Then another inch and another line. The procedure is repeated each day, going back just a trifle further. When you reach a point where a line is totally unreadable because of the distance, remain at that spot for several days until you've mastered the line. If, at the end of a week of faithful practice, you are still unable to overcome the distance, this is your limiting point, and you should make a careful note not to strain your eyes any further. YANDRO, with its large type was no problem for me, and took me back quite a distance, while I was forced to give up in three days with CRY, because of the smaller type and closer lines.

And for people who really want to practise this method, the wisest thing to do is to paste a batch of fanzines all over the house; on the walls, windows, mirrors, and doors. Then, whenever the urge strikes, merely dart back to a safe distance, fix your gaze on some page, and start reading. For those who are near-sighted, the thing to do is to paste the fanzine to your hat brim so that it hangs down, and when you walk along, you can be exercising your eyes at the same time.

And finally, at conventions one can test, as well as strengthen his entire inner physical workings through a simple and quite painless process. Merely attend one of the fan parties. When the drinking commences join right in; when the merry-making starts be a conspicuous part of it. This form of activity will condition as much of your body as you care to.

So who says fandom isn't beneficial?

--Mike Deckinger



I have finally reached the conclusion that my dentist is an A-number-one fink. Some three years ago, the last time I went to see him, he took some X-rays of my teeth before commencing his joyous round of drill, and blast, and fire, down in my dental district. And when I returned some days later for completion of the work he showed me the proofs, just back from the photo shop. Using one of the nameless sharp objects he kept a cabinet full of, he indicated a number of points of interest in the photographs, which I thought rather poor likenesses.

"Here", he said, with ill-concealed sadistic delight, "is that cavity we've just filled..." referring, apparently, to himself and the crew of tiny men with air-hammers. And then he put a couple of other shots up beside the simple profile we'd been examining, and indicated areas at the back of the mouth. He looked grim. Pleased, but politely grim, for my benefit. "That", he said, prodding at one of the photographed teeth so that I winced, "looks bad." I appeared impressed and apprehensive, so he continued. "You've got a pretty fair overbite", he said. "Your lower jaw is a little short." I nodded -- it was embarrassing to have it brought right out like that, but you have to learn to live with an overbite. I'd learned.

"Your wisdom teeth will start to come through pretty soon", he said. "Now there might be room for the two upper ones to get in all right, but there isn't any room for the lower ones. Your back molars are most of the way back against your mastoids. They are both going to impact." I think I blanched. I am a physical coward anyway, and I'd heard all sorts of whispered ghastly tales about impacting wisdom teeth, and hell having no fury like, and so on. So I blanched. I had brief red-flecked visions of weeks of slowly developing pain as the teeth impacted, and the final stages of agony as I took the inevitable step and staggered to the dentist's office for oral surgery -- and with only a local anaesthetic, at that. He summoned me back with a cheery word; "It'll probably be a year or two before they give you any trouble", he said. "Come back and see me then."

I wandered home like a man who has been given 12 months to live. I saw this spectre looming ahead of me, instruments of oral surgery in hand, with an evil grin across its skeletal features. I began to imagine I could hear the budding tooth grating softly against the back molar which pressed it down.

But time passed, and the fear stepped into the background. Every now and then I would get a pain in my neck, and I would feel my teeth impacting, one by one. Then one day I felt a simple slight pain in one upper gum -- and within the week my first wisdom tooth was peeking out to greet the world. The second one, also upper, followed within three months. Then came the last long wait.

Much to my surprise and pleasure, two months ago, my right lower began to make itself felt, gently chewing its way upward towards the light. It too broke the surface peacefully, only forcing the other teeth very slightly forward, just enough to close up the ranks that had been, in the past, a trifle ragged.

And now my triumph is complete. This week the fourth and final wisdom tooth is getting ready to make its debut. The gum is tender there and invites me to chew. I can feel, with an investigatory forefinger, the bulge in the side of the gum where the tooth, now nearly fully developed, lies waiting for birth -- and the bulge is behind, rather than beneath the back molar. For the first time in nearly three years, I feel relaxed and confident about my teeth. The last one is cutting. When it gets in, I shall go back to South Pasadena, find that dentist, show him I was able to cut four teeth without running afoul of my own molars, and spit in his eye. As I said, he is a fink.

But that's not what I intend to talk about this time. I have a Serious Topic of discussion in mind. Yes I do. Propaganda novels. I enjoy them. And I believe in them implicitly for often as long as a week or so.

A well-written propaganda novel is a true delight. The author is writing about something he believes most devoutly, and often this fervor is directly transmitted to the reader. Especially in cases where the reader is the present incumbent -- I have an open and generally unquestioning mind, and I am easily convinced of almost anything. I think the term is "wishy-washy".

Two novels specifically spring to mind as examples...no, make that three. One is non-stf. In fact, that is the first of the three. It is EXODUS, by Leon Uris. You may have read the book; you may have seen the movie. The book was better, but the movie was very good. In case you ingested neither, let me say that it deals with the efforts of the Jews after World War II to establish Israel as their homeland. Now, I am about as Jewish as a ham-and-cheese sandwich, but that book very nearly made a Zionist out of me. It is not over-written -- rather it adopts a terse narrative style. You get to know and love all the people in it -- well, all but the British on Cyprus and the Arabs in Palestine. And after you get to know them, a few of them are killed off. The survivors demonstrate the courage, wit, and inventiveness of an Eric Frank Russell hero captured by BEMs.

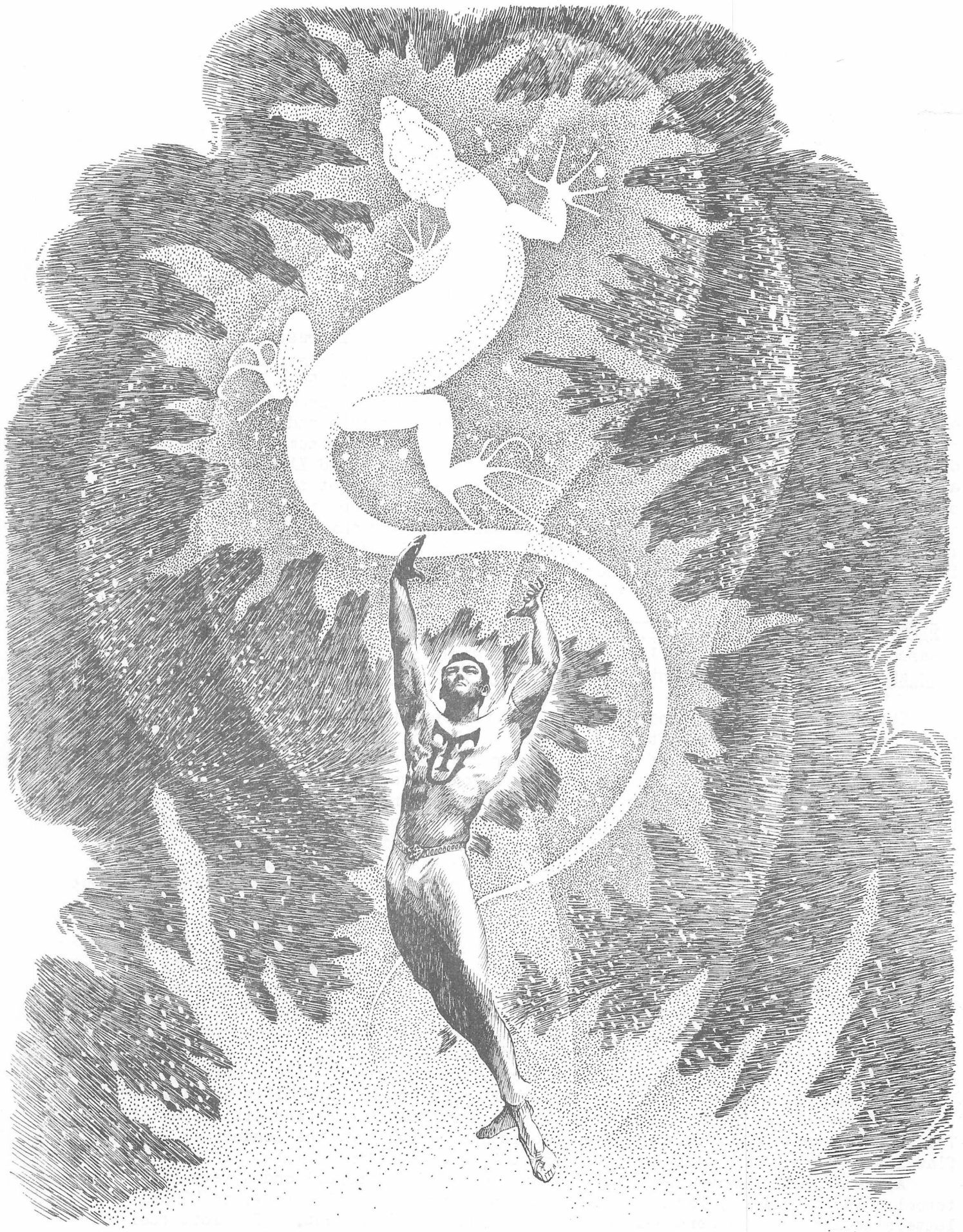
The decimation of the race in Europe during the war is presented through the eyes of a young girl who had hidden through the conflict in Scandinavia, as the daughter of a family there. And it is simply expressed in statistics. So many millions killed -- gassed, starved, shot, or executed in a variety of ways. So many crematoriums working. So many millions of shoes left in mounds near the gas chambers. Then the statistics are backed up with a single case study -- a boy, twelve years old, the sole survivor of the resistance in the Warsaw Ghetto, who comes to Bergen-Belsen, and works cleaning out the gas chambers and carting the bodies to the crematoriums.

Most of the book is devoted to the building of the new land. Everyone is working all day in the fields, occasionally stopping to trade shots with Arabs, and dancing at night in arm-linked circles around a blazing fire. The author makes no bones about EXODUS being a propaganda novel. It is, thus, a sincere propaganda novel. Reading it is a joy, a thrill, and a catharsis.

The other two novels are stf, more or less. Heinlein's STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND has been up for a lot of discussion lately -- the philosophies expressed herein hooked a number of fen I know, myself included. After all, I was registered at the SeaCon as "V. Michael Smith". Once again, the good side is made out as not only Right, but a hell of a lot of fun. Unfortunately, the novel has a number of weaknesses which can easily be spotted by anyone with an eye unclouded by emotional involvement.

(continued on page 34)

"The cheerleader waved his hands and a spurt of many-colored fire jumped out of nothingness. Taller than a man it lifted, a leaping glory of red, blue, yellow, haloed with a wheel of sparks. Slitting my eyes, I could just discern the lizard-like form, white-hot and supple, within the aura."



UP IN SMOKE

{{Replacing k. v. this issue, we have Bob Lichtman, omnifan extrodinaire.}}

Gentle reader, you will have to pardon me if I sound all rusty and a bit bright-eyed in this column, but it has been almost two years since I last set typer to doing a fanzine review column, and I'm dreadfully out of practice. Back in those halcyon days, a column like this used to be a simple thing to do; it used to be but the work of a moment, one might say. The main difference between then and now is that I used to keep up with the fanzines I received. Nowadays, while the number of zines I get doesn't seem to be appreciably fewer -- I have always regarded YANDRO as somewhat of an index of all fanzines published, since Coulson seems to get them all, and my tired old eyes don't note too many titles in his reviews that I don't get -- the number I actually settle down and read thoroughly is quite another thing. I have become logy in my habits, but perhaps this column will shake me of that. Let's see what's up for introspective dissection, as I wade through around eight inches of fanzines and come up with a handful.

MIMSY v.2 n.1, February 1962. Published by Jinx McCombs, 652 Poplar Avenue,
Wasco, California, and available for a consideration of ten cents per issue
on an apparently nonexistent schedule.

This is one of those fanzines which, if you're not familiar with it, you want to throw into the wastebasket after you get it in the mails. There's certainly very little, from the standpoint of overall appearance, to recommend it to the attention of anyone but the completist. The duplication is only average on that horrible "red" Fibretint paper on which far too many California fanzines are published, and the illustrations are nothing special, nor are the headings. However, if you sit down and read it, and you will if you know anything about MIMSY and Jinx McCombs, you're sure to be delighted if you have that peculiar twist of mind that makes you part of the Growing Circle of Jinx and MIMSY Fans. And if you're a part of that circle, telling you about MIMSY is totally beside the point.

However, for those out of the circle looking in, I might mention that MIMSY is a rather ingroup fanzine, depending on a knowledge of the personalities and discussions involved for full understanding of around 85% of the magazine's contents. In this issue, by way of general material, there's an article by Clayton Hamlin on the subject of Phil Harrell, in which your reviewer was surprised to learn that Harrell is 26 years old. There's also a column, "Short, Dark, and Hahn-Some" by Marilyn Hahn, in which she discusses various types of boys. By fanzine standards, it's sort of a nothing column, in that it really doesn't go anywhere, and reads more like a personal letter; but it's fun nonetheless. There are two short sketches by Mary Mills and Kris Ecklund that neither add or detract, and then there's a rather interesting article by Steve Tolliver, presenting a fallacious hypothesis and daring you, the reader, to find the flaw in it. The answer will be in the next issue, says Jinx.

Aside from the above, the issue is made up of an editorial and a very ingroup lettercol. In the latter, Ted Pauls makes the amusing observation that, in MIMSY, "the letters seem more like personal letters than letters of comment." The lettercol in this issue ends with a letter from your reviewer. Yes, it's from a personal letter! Where else?

NEOLITHIC #21, February 1962. Published by Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis 17, Minnesota, and available by trading, writing once every two issues, or subscribing at the rate of two issues for 25¢. This is bi-monthly.

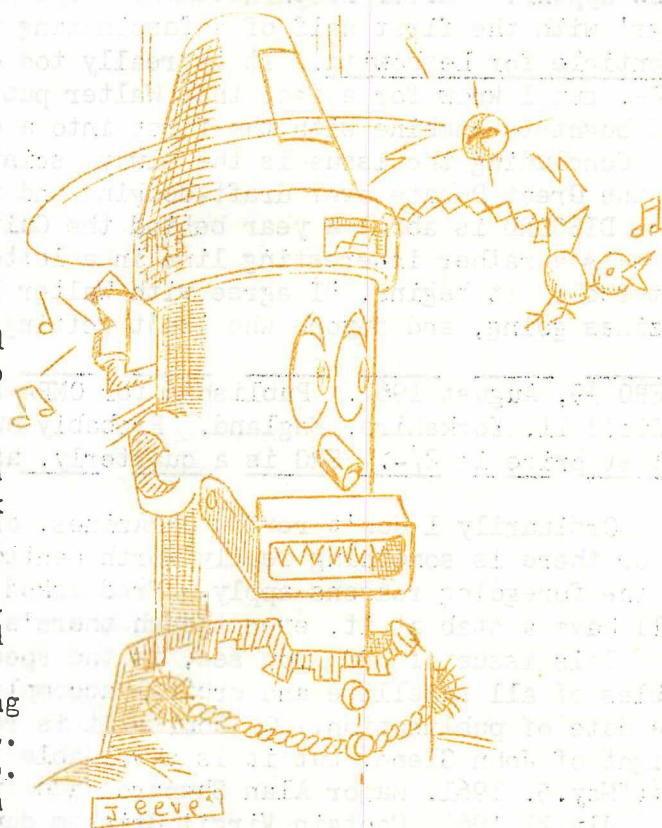
Ruth must have gotten a real buy in off-color inks, for this issue is published on white paper with a particularly nauseous shade of green ink. It's a particularly difficult to read shade of green, too, and I do hope she'll return to her more readable blue, or perhaps black, as soon as possible. The format in NeoL also leaves a lot to be desired. It's so...informal. (Boy, notice that real newspaper columnist style; the three-dotting to add suspense and all.) I hesitate to say sloppy, for it is possible to overlook it since NeoL is an interesting magazine, especially the parts written by the editor, who in this issue gives us a scant two pages of herself, talking about various aspects of the theatre.

Marion Zimmer Bradley presents a very brief, though interesting, review of a new book by Carol Kendall entitled The Gammage Cup, which is supposed to be quite similar to Tolkienish writing. Redd Boggs continues with his interesting, though ponderous, write-up, "Giants In Those Days", a history of Minnesota fandom. Several people, including your reviewer, have observed that while this is indeed an excellent piece of fan-history, it is totally out of place in an upbeat magazine like NeoLithic. It would go better in LIGHTHOUSE or VOID, to name two examples that come readily to mind. Felice Rolfe concludes the regular features with her running column of reviews of the British prozines and plugs for good ol' J. Ben Stark of 113 Ardmere Road, Berkeley 8, California, who can sell you subscriptions to British prozines at reduced rates. He also stocks a large selection of science-fiction books and magazines, also at discount prices, and a visit to his basement at a Little Men meeting when you visit Berkeley is absolutely a must. Oh, Felice's reviews are quite adequate, too.

Concluding the issue, and spread out in the empty spaces at the foot of articles earlier, are letters from the readers of NeoLithic. These are generally well-edited and quite interesting, as is the overall tone of the magazine, one which is well worth while.

DISCORD #16, January 1962. Published by Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota, and available for letters or tapes of comment, for trades or for a subscription rate of 15¢ per sample issue and 4 issues for 50¢. Published bi-monthly.

DISCORD started out as a slick monthly, then slipped to a slick six-weekly, and has now become a bi-monthly, still quite slick and as good as ever. Boggs' mimeography, on gray masterweave stock in bright blue ink, is well-nigh impeccable, and his layout, while not particularly far-out, is adequate and quite admirable. DISCORD features few illustrations, but those present are well-chosen and equally well-stencilled. The only thing wrong with all this attention to detail is that it sometimes leads to annoying things like being reminded every time in the colophon that "The first six issues of this publication were titled Retrograde." One would assume that anyone who was in the least bit



concerned about this vital bit of information would know about it by now. However, not to cavil over an otherwise fine piece of work, a top example of the faned's art.

Each issue of DISCORD leads off with several pages of Redd's sharp commentary and this one is no exception. Following that this time around is a one-page article by Ruth Berman under the new series title of "The High Gods". This is concerned with an interview of Mordecai Roshwald, author of that book ((Level 7)) a LASFSian sent to President Kennedy before buying it from the LASFS library, which Ruth managed to get because Mr. Roshwald is an instructor in humanities at the university she goes to. The article does not shed much light on the book itself, but it contains a wealth of personal detail about its author, and also the word that a new Roshwald book, A Small Armageddon, is out in England now.

Marion Zimmer Bradley, after spending about a page nattering over the works of Poul Anderson and giving a bit of a rundown of The Broken Sword, finally gets around to presenting a fine review of Anderson's latest book, Three Hearts and Three Lions, which will probably be the main competition to Heinlein's Stranger on the Hugo final ballots when those appear. Walter Breen occupies 2 1/2 pages of DISCORD in that curious elite type of Boggs' with the first half of a fascinating inquiry into, and review of, Walter Miller's A Canticle for Leibowitz. It is really too early to draw any conclusions about this article, but I know for a fact that Walter put a great deal of work into it, and the second half ought to combine with the first into a quite memorable piece of writing.

Concluding the issue is the always scintillating lettercol, which this issue continues the Great Debate over draft-dodging and related subjects. It is to laugh, in a way, since DISCORD is about a year behind the Cult on this subject. (And speaking of the Cult, there is a rather interesting line in a letter from Scotty Tapscott in this DISCORD's lettercol. It begins, "I agree with Walter Breen...") DISCORD is one of the top ten fanzines going, and anyone who isn't getting it ought to have his mind examined for signs.

ERG #9, August 1961. Published for OMPA by Terry Jeeves, 30 Thompson Road, Sheffield 11, Yorkshire, England. Probably out of print, but try writing for it; the list price is 2/-. ERG is a quarterly, as is OMPA.

Ordinarily I don't review OMPazines, or any apazines, unless I am specially asked to or there is something really worth mentioning about the apazine. In this case, both of the foregoing reasons apply. Fred asked me to review this issue specially, and so I'll have a stab at it, even though there's really not too much to say.

This issue of ERG, you see, is the special "Satellite Issue", and contains complete tables of all satellite and orbital accomplishments by both the Yanks and the Reds to the date of publication. Of course it is rather out of date now, in the light of the flight of John Glenn, but it is a valuable reference nonetheless, and perhaps Terry will

(("May.5. 1961. Major Alan Shepard made first ballistic flight.

Jly.21 1961 Captain Virgil Grissom duplicated the flight.

Commander John J Glenn may be chosen for No.3, and from these three men, the astronaut for the first Mercury Atlas orbital flight will be chosen." p. 18.))

do a supplement in a few more years. Also included is information about the various types of rockets and vehicles used in these tests, as well as pictures of same, many drawn to approximate scale with indications as to actual size, etc. And all of this is done in quite neat two-color mimeography that makes for a nice-looking package. See if you can latch onto a copy somehow.

---Bob Lichtman

The AngloFen help support our conventions, even though most can't get to them. Very few AmeriFen join British conventions, even though the BritCons need more help than ours do. Join the Harrowgate Con; send \$1.75 to Ron Bennett, 13 Westcliffe Grove, Cold Bath Road, Harrowgate, Yorkshire, ENGLAND. Give the British the cash they need to placate those hostile hotels of theirs early in the game.

Basking in the Embers



Wally Weber
Box 267
507 Third Avenue
Seattle 4, Wash.

Listen, Fred,

It's The Vizigraph! Ordinarily I'm reasonable and mild-mannered...I rip the flapping tongues out of those who claim I'm not...but you've got to admit that was inexcusable of you to corrupt the name of the main feature of the universe's only science fiction magazine {{ok.}}. You could have a little respect for the dead, particularly in view of the fact that one more slip like that and I'll kill you. {{I'm Sorry, I'm Sorry!}}

If you sent SALAMANDER to me as a trade, you are out of luck. I'm not trading; I'm subscribing. Enclosed (maybe) is 50¢. Half of that is for the issue you sent me, and the other half is for the forthcoming issue which you would have eventually sent me had your publishing of Ted Johnstone's column not doomed your fanzine. If you haven't already done so, send a copy of SALAMANDER to Otto Pfeifer, 2911 N.E. 60th, Seattle 5, Wash. He'll send you WRR in trade, and that will serve you right.

By the way, I have an old address for fanzines (see top of this letter) which is much more dependable than my new ones. My current new address is 3924 So. 117th, Seattle 88, Washington, but, like any of my new addresses, it is probably temporary. You'd better use my old address. My creditors haven't located me yet, so I can't believe an amateur like you could hope to keep up.

SALAMANDER number 1 has a spectacular cover. It's really too bad about Bjo; she is just plain incapable of doing a poor cover. Must be hell to have a handicap like that.

You want dignity for the "Hugo" awards? There is more to it than a fancy name, if it's really dignity you want. {{Dignity and mundane recognition.}} Try encouraging conscientious voting first -- possibly even withholding awards in categories where nothing of outstanding merit has appeared. Then the awards might warrant a better name. {{Don't they already have a "No Award" vote?}} At the moment the "Hugo" is only a cut or two above the Hollywood "Oscar." Your five lines following "What's in a Name!", did far more for the dignity of the "Hugo" than the article itself.

Bob Lichtman's "dispassionate and unbiased as possible" article on apas was informative and apparently competently researched, so it wasn't a particularly interesting article to anyone with a smattering of knowledge about the apas. His proposed concluding installment sounds fascinating, though.

"The Crifanac Exhibit" was swell right up until "Sta-rike tha-ree!" Tell Len to cheer up if possible. From a literary standpoint, Len put the proper ending on the story, but anyone who tries to make fanfiction proper is an old stick-in-the-gloop. It should have been mundane that struck out, no doubt about it. For all of that, though, Len has a minor masterpiece here.

"Mother Lode" wipes out the (no doubt) Earthmen, but this is okay because they were obviously a dreary, mundane type of Earthmen who deserved their guilty death. Then, too, there were enough flaws in the story so that the reader could feel happily superior to the author. Larry's story isn't nearly so well written as Len's, but it is more enjoyable.

Fanzine reviews noted and approved. I haven't any idea who "k.v." might be, but don't tell me -- I don't want to know. Just thank it for the kind words for CRY.

"Archives of Fantasy" is interesting, not to mention frightening. The University of Washington library has some nicely bound volumes of Asf (remember the days of the capital "A"?), Galaxy, F&SF, Astonishing, and even some true science fiction, Planet Stories, in general circulation. The library wanted to sub to CRY once, but they wanted us to bill them by filling out a form in triplicate, so we figured they weren't fannish enough to deserve a fanzine subscription.

"Slow Train Through Gondor" was mildly interesting, but is a long ways from being Ted Johnstone at his best, or even his better. Ted isn't communicating his fascination for his work near as well as he is the long hours, short meals, and hectic turmoil of it all.

And then there is that unpardonable error on page 29. Clayton Hamlin will rue the day he permitted such a disgrace to take place under his authorship, just as you have suffered over a page now for having published it. {{Roscoe protect me from these diehard Planet fans!}} Strange, isn't it, how one small misplaced letter in a name can ruin an entire article, not to mention a fanzine? Whaddya mean, it isn't so strange? There's no sense discussing the matter any more if you're going to be bullheaded about it, so goodbye.

N.R. Pat Scott
Box 401
Anacortes, Wash.

Like your idea about the "Hugo"s. I had had the same impression as yourself about them -- that they were the International Fantasy Awards -- in fact I think at the time that they were meant to be. {{??}} Checking in old fanzines of the time would prolly clear this point up. {{There's apparently been some confusion between the two for the past few years, but I don't think either was supposed to be the other. Could anyone clarify this?}} I'm currently riding another grotch about the "Hugo"s; I think two more fan awards should be included (AMATEUR ARTIST & OUTSTANDING FAN) & the Fan Awards junked -- all this for next year, natch. What think you?

Len Moffatt
10202 Belcher
Downey, Calif.

Thanx, again for SALAMANDER No. 1. I'm wondering if you sent a copy to Barney Bernard. If you did, you brought it on yourself--for he's almost certain to comment: "That's a hot one!" {{I hadn't at the time, but I carried around a copy until I could personally give it to him, and that's exactly what he said. Verbatim! But then, as the uss jt said, who knowing Barney wouldn't expect him to say just that?}} Beautiful cover by Bjo. I trust you have her on contract for future flamin' covers. Interior art and cartoons were top drawer stuff, too. Obviously. A faned can't go wrong when he has material by Bjo, Bill, Ray, Arthur, Jack...and yes, Terry Jeeves too, even if his critter is plugging the opposition candidate. (I'm an Elftaff man, myself, but as usual--when only 2 are standing for TAFF--it seems a shame both can't win. When 3 or more are standing it makes for a more exciting race. Hope the recent PR discussions re TAFF gets more fans interested--and more interested in standing for same.)

My "usual" complaint about many fanzines is that the editors themselves don't write enough for their own mags. But I can't really complain about your first ish. Quite a bit of Patten in it, and not Too Much, either. I agree that the "Hugo"s should have a more formal name, as well as the current "nickname". "International Fantasy Award" is okey, so long as the overseas fans and pros get a fair share of representation in the nominating and voting ballots.

Lichtman on APAS is good reading for them as ain't hip to the apan scene. He left out CAPA, too, as well as the Cult. (I take it CRAP is really dead?) ((Well, if it isn't, Pelz had better get on the ball. He's 7 months past his deadline now.)) But CAPA has only 5 members, each taking his turn as OE every 5th month, so we have an issue of our OO (5 X 5) every month. We have a dues paying system too, and thus far CAPA is in debt to at least 3 of its members. But being constantly in the red won't kill the apa--in fact, is more likely to keep it going a good long time. Edco, aided and abetted by the Squire, created the dues system, and it is indeed most unique--if the idea of a little apa for tired old fans isn't...

I'm among those who haven't heard "the worst kept DNQ in LASFS". Have all kinds of Guesses at to k.v.'s identity, but... Am not sure I like the lowercase style and running of namestogether; perhaps a "cute" way to hide k.v.'s normal style, but... ((No; he usually writes that way whatever name he's using.))

But, but, but, he said, and, unfortunately, the goat overheard him...

Someday I must visit UCLA as a "researcher". But I've been saying that about Forry's Collection for some time now, and at least I know it would be easier to research the latter--that is, I wouldn't have to prove my research was bona fide... But it would mean taking time out from the umpteen other things I'm doing, trying to do, and want to do...

Happy to see ole Taj back on the fanzine column track with his slow train and fast nattering. Y'know, I once wrote a puppet-fantasy type TV script for the Red Skelton show. I knew a guy who knew a guy who knew the Producer, but the script never sold, because the guy that was known by the guy I knew didn't know the Producer well enough... (NO, that Is Not the Old Biblical use of "know"...)

"Reminiscences" is an easy, but pleasant, way to fill a page. Don't make it a "serial", tho... Does anyone remember Andrew Mayfair Blodgett? Etc....

All of which reminds me that I should continue my fannish memoirs, which I'm writing for CAPA. (May rewrite/edit'em for general publication at a later date, but don't hold your breath. Despite my working title, "Partial Recall", the thing gets longer and longer...I keep remembering things...and people...etc....)

Clayton Hamlin
28 Earle Ave.
Bangor, Maine.

Will wonders never cease. Kind of thought it would take a few months before someone summoned the ambition to research the original appearance of this particular style of reminiscing. And here the good editor points it out the first thing. Joy! Does this...can this...mean that he actually read those Fairman AMAZINGS? Utter agony, some of them. Courageous, this Patten. ((I have a strong stomach and abominable taste. No, actually, I've only got 3 of the Fairman Z-D zines; that issue just happened to be one of 'em.))

Fascinated to read your article on the Department of Special Collections in the library there. An almost impossible task, granted, but indeed a worthy cause, or so it seems from here.

Amusing, that's what it is, when one can read fanzine reviews they almost consistently disagree with. Normal, and like that, you know. Can't expect a real, honest to Asmodeus Neffer (Ugh, one of those) to agree with this sort of thing. VOID? Who he? As for the Franson handbook of fannish terminology, this at times seems sort of lamentable compared to Ghu's Lexicon. Bit more 'complete though; no complaints.

Loud applause for the review of Little Fuzzy. Same to the eminent Mr. Lichtman also, though I'll probably disagree about part two of that one.

As for "Hugo" potential stories, leave us not forget Some Will Not Die, by Budrys. ((Regency pb, 50¢.))

Phillip A. Harrell
2632 Vincent Avenue
Norfolk 9, Virginia

not really tell you what it is, same way with the Hugo. I'm satisfied with it just as it is, anyway it might interest you to know that Science fiction Par se is not considered Literature in some circles while mystery is, hence Edgars making it while Hugo don't. if Stf & Stfantasy were considered legit lit. it might make it. Also look at your figures sometime & how many thousands read Stf as apposed to how many read mystery stories and ask your question again. In other words get them to make

And what's wrong with "Just Hugo" I'd like to know afetr all the Edgar is the award for Myster and was Named after Edgar Allen Poe, and while there might be some more formal name to it being the clod I am I could Stf. Legit Lit, and then see if Hugò dñen't make it formal title or No. And for an eye-opening adventure try to find ANY stf author in any listing of literary authors. see what I mean? you and I may recognize it, but somebody sure doesn't. {{But I think giving the "Hugo" a formal title would help get stf recognized as "Legit Lit".}}

Larry McCombs
147 Bradley St.
New Haven, Conn.

I seem to remember reading a discussion of the titles behind the Oscars and the Hugoes not long ago, but can't

recall where it was. Perhaps in a Round Robin. At any rate, the author there talked about a formal name for the Hugos as if they already had one. Also, I note that FANCY II lists "International Fantasy Award" as the formal name. {{Part of the confusion.}} Since that name has apparently been associated with the Hugos for some time, it shouldn't be hard for the Chicon committee to give it formal sanction. But I don't really think that a fancy name will make much difference in the honors accorded to the recipients by mundania.

Lichtman, k.v. and Gurney were enjoyed, but inspire no comments. The Gurney piece was by far the weakest thing in the issue.

Your review of Little Fuzzy intrigued me because I had just finished reading a mundane novel devoted to the same problem with much the same plot. The novel was originally a Book-of-the-Month Club selection under

the title You Shall Know Them. It's also in a paperback (Pocket Books Inc.) as The Murder of the Missing Link, with a cover and blurbs designed to attract the murder-mystery crowd. Don't let that fool you.

The plot goes something like this: A tribe of man-like apes are discovered in New Guinea. A group of business men are about to use them as slave labour (or rather as beasts of burden), so one of the scientists who discovered them sets out to obtain a legal definition of "man" which will include these creatures, the tropis. In order to force a legal decision, he kills a baby tropis, of which he was the father by artificial insemination. After the jury deadlocks because of an inability to find a definition for "humanity" (it would only be murder if the tropis were human), the British Parliament sets out to define the qualities which make humanity different from animals.

There's not much action in this book, but a lot of fascinating theorizing, philosophizing and tossing about of intriguing ideas. If you go for that sort of thing, I recommend the book. Oh yes, the author is identified only as "Vercors". At any rate, it is an excellent example of the way in which an author may stick well within the limits of mainstream fiction and treat a subject which we would be inclined to claim as the exclusive property of science fiction.

By the way, Vercors' book was first published in 1953, so we may cast a wondering eye at Piper and inquire - oh so gently - where he got the idea for his plot? {{Well, it wasn't exactly original with Vercors, either, you know.}}

Len's piece of fan-fiction was a bit too long for the ideas involved, but he's working from some clever thoughts there. I can't quite visualize it happening the way Len describes it, but I can imagine a rather similar situation actually occurring:

Rbrt Smit was a normal-looking young man, but his transcript in the Educational Bureau office indicated that he was far from normal. Rbrt was one of the casualties of the machine age - no matter how finely adjusted the assembly line, some products are bound to be slightly below standards. Five hundred years of development had perfected the educational system to the state of a smoothly running machine. But each year, 5 or 10 of the hundreds of thousands of graduates were failures. The other young men and women fit smoothly into their slots in society, functioning precisely as they had been trained to do. These few rejects persisted in rebelling against their tasks and performing them incorrectly. But the culture was a kind one. The rejects were permitted to live - they were merely assigned to nominal jobs, involving practically no responsibilities or duties, and shunned by normal men. Rbrt was assigned to the great Bk Vault in Wshngtun. High in one of the towers he was given a small room with a slot for incoming food, a stereo tank, and the necessary plumbing and furniture. He would never leave that tower until he died. His job was to patrol the corridors of this section of the vault, replacing on the shelves any of the pamphlets or books which were out of place. Since no one ever used the library, his job was meaningless. If he had been normal, he would have placed himself in front of the stereo tank and the years would have passed quickly. But, as we have said many times already, Rbrt was distinctly abnormal.

He paced the corridors and stared at the stacks of paper in the shelves. He looked at the strange black squiggles upon the yellowing paper. He was overjoyed on the day that he discovered some colored drawings in some of the "bks" and from that day on, the stereo tank remained silent. Slowly, painfully, he taught himself to associate the little black or purple squiggles with the pictures above them. Gradually, ever so slowly, he learned to read the squiggles by themselves. He had entered the tower as a handsome youth of twenty. By the time he had mastered the ancient art called "reading" he was a balding middle-ager of forty-five.

His reading told him that the entire tower which he guarded was devoted to one special form of literature called "fanzines". Like himself, the publishers of these "fanzines" had lived apart from the totalitarian world, locked away in their own happy utopia. He felt a great empathy with his brothers of long ago. One day, when he had read nearly the entire collection of "fanzines", and was meditating upon the significance of the cover of FANNISH II, a great idea dawned in his fannish brain. "I shall publish a fanzine!" said Rbrt. And without further ado he went to work.

In an old fanzine by someone named Alger he found instructions for building a "mimeograph". With parts pilfered here and there from his cubicle and the metal shelving, Rbrt built his mimeograph. It took him only five years to build the machine, and only three more to devise workable substitutes for stencils and ink. Then the great blow fell. Why hadn't he thought of it before? The typewriter. He had no typewriter. But at the age of 65, Rbrt was not about to quit. He studied all the drawings of typewriters and slowly gained an idea of how to put one together. He carved the keys from small strips of metal which he sliced from the metal shelving. It took ten years and twenty-five trial models to build a mechanism which would work, but he finally succeeded.

At last he was ready. Stencils, ink, mimeo, typer. He sat before the monstrous machine, his ancient hands quivering over the keys. Slowly and carefully he pecked out an editorial. With mature deliberation he wrote a review column, comparing and contrasting the best fanzines from one hundred and fifty years of fan publishing. With many a cracked chuckle he composed a piece of fan fiction, modeled after the great masters of Early and Middle Fandom, Walt Willis and Bruce Henstell, combining their diverse styles in a masterful blend. He reprinted two classic stories from old fanzines, and then composed a letter column containing letters from

(McCombs' story disguised as a l.o.c. p. 3)

all the greats of fandom's entire history. Each letter was carefully written in the style of its supposed author, summarizing in one page the major ideas expressed by that writer during his entire fanish career. Each of these projects had required months and years of research, and more months of writing and rewriting. Rbrt was

barely able to dodder along the corridors, at the ripe old age of 98, when he began the task of selecting and stencilling artwork. He wasted 35 of his precious stencils (made from the skin of rats which he had captured and bred for the past 38 years) before he was satisfied with his technique.

Finally he had 45 pages stencilled and was ready to begin publishing. Then a horrible thought struck him. He had no prozine or stf reviews. If his was to be the ultimate fanzine, it must contain reviews of stf. I won't tell here the awful story of how he managed to tunnel out of his section, work his way through 5 miles of corridors and staircases to the section in which professional science fiction was stored, and familiarize himself with the vast amount of material there. Suffice it to say that it was

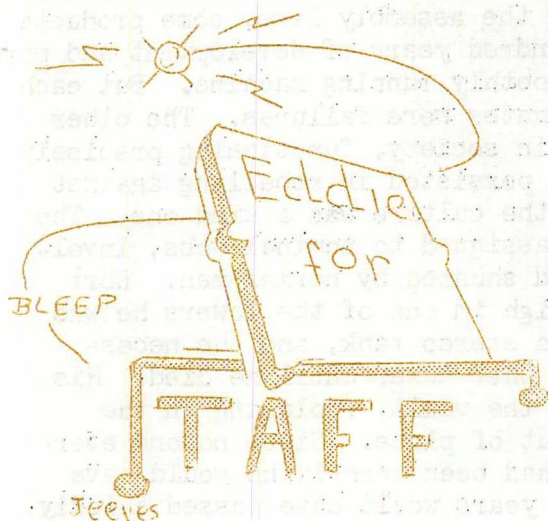
on his 117th birthday that he whipped the last stencil from his typer and prepared to begin mimeoing. He could feel his heart skipping beats and it was only by sheer will power that he managed to hold his weary body together as he painfully turned the crank. At last he had produced one perfect copy of each page. He shuffled them into order, and ... his heart sank. But the simple lack of a stapler could not stop him now. With hands that shook so that he could hardly control them, he tore some tiny metal strips from the innards of his typewriter (how it hurt to destroy all that work) and fashioned staples. With bleeding fingers he at last held the only completed copy of the world's last and perfect fanzine. And as he gazed happily upon his work, his overburdened heart at last refused to continue its chores, and Rbrt collapsed on the floor, his happy smile frozen upon his dead face.

When Rbrt failed to punch his time clock that evening, the maintenance crew came to find him. The two normal men stood in the doorway, looking at the incredibly ancient and wizened body, lying crumpled on the floor beside a strange set of machines, a few scraps of paper clutched in its hand.

"Dead?" asked one. The other stepped over to the body, poked it with his toe, and nodded. As he stepped backwards again, his foot struck a container of black liquid sitting near the strange machine. It overturned, sending a stream of black gooey material flowing across the floor towards the shelves. Hastily the maintenance man snatched the scrap of paper from the old corpse's hand and wiped up the mess. Tossing the ink-soaked paper and the empty can down the nearest disposal hatch, he picked up one end of the corpse and followed his comrade out the door and down the stairs, kicking the door shut behind them.

That's the way I think it'll happen. Baseball, fout!

Ghod! What I wouldn't give to have a program like Johnstone's! All theatre and public speaking and such...foosh. That ain't school, that's just play. Hey, Taj, want a real clever little one-act (original) with a cast of two, simple props, and deep psychological meaning? I understand that profs are really impressed by student directors who take on an original as their project - actually it's easier because you don't have to compete against someone else's earlier job. This thing is called "Fenwick and Fenwick" by John Wolfson, the guy I mentioned on page 4 of MEGALOSCOPE #3. If you're interested, I'll send you a copy of "F & F". You'll also be getting "Dr. Plantagenet" as soon as I get it printed, probably about the end of this month.



I'll have to go hunting one of these days and see what Yale has in the way of pulp-zines and fanzines. They have a miserable collection of hardcover stuff in the current shelves, but they spend all their money on strange and obscure collections, so who knows? I wouldn't be surprised to find all the printer's proofs of WEIRD TALES or something like that buried away in one of the vaults. This is supposed to be the second or third largest university library in the country, and every time I get into the stacks, I believe it. Widener Library at Harvard is biggest, of course. I love the old story about some backwoods guy (later a famous writer, but I forget who 'twas) who came to Harvard some years ago, walked into Widener and burst out crying because he suddenly realized that he'd never be able to read everything that had been written. It is a rather sobering experience to see so many books in one place and realize that if you sat down and read for 24 hours per day for the rest of your life, you'd never finish the library.

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Md.

You had me worried for a moment. I was about to compose an impassioned essay on why the new editor of SHAGGY should not have the right to change such a time-tested and association-wealthy title and to begin the numbering all over again.

But before my blood pressure could benefit from this your action (it runs persistently low, so it does my good to get angry) I managed to get the staple out, then could see inside, and discovered that you've started a new fanzine as a sort of setting-up exercise for SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES. I hope that your SHAGGY is as entertaining as this.

I can't agree with your stand on the "Hugo"s. I don't think it would be well for fandom to get this kind of recognition in the outside world. If the awards become important enough to have real commercial value in prodom for the prestige they provide, we're sure to run up against a new version of the votestuffing charges that almost destroyed TAFF some years ago. ((But, in a way, that's a compliment. It would show that the "Hugo" is valued enough for people to try to get it by fair means or foul. Egoboo is worth a little risk. After all, they didn't disband major league baseball after the "Black Sox" Scandal to keep that sort of thing from happening again, did they? It can be a case of "Uneasy lies the head..." But do you want the Crown, or not?)) My own preference would be abandonment of the enormous and expensive trophies that have been provided up to now, substituting for them something so small that there wouldn't be much photogenic publicity value. Fandom got along quite well in its first ten years, before STARTLING STORIES invented fanzine reviews for prozines, and I feel that it can survive the current drought of prozine publicity without risking a Madison Avenue rush for "Hugo"s. ((But for the Glory of Science Fiction and Fandom...))

Bob Lichtman's article is a good summary, although I wonder how much of the contents of this first section will be new to the majority of your readers. I'd better not risk criticisms of what he says and doesn't say, because the second part might forestall some of the apparent deficiencies. For instance, Bob fails to point out the one significant difference between mundane apas and those started by fandom: the absence of anything resembling discussion from mailing to mailing in the former, except when a political fuss arises among the officers.

Your review was very good. I don't suppose the story that everyone has been trying to remember is the one in which an android is on the witness stand in a case based on the question of whether she is human? ((("Made in U.S.A.", by J. T. McIntosh, in GALAXY, April 1953. No, I don't think that's the one.))

"The Crifanac Exhibit" was extremely good. I can't quite figure out whether Len is trying to create a parody on Bradbury's style or is unconsciously writing with Bradbury tricks here and there. But I can identify with that last fan in many ways--through my living habits, my own fondness for baseball, the possibility that I might find myself in such a situation if the mundane world took the form that the story describes.

The fanzine reviews contribute to my sense of wonder by revealing the existence of new phases of fandom about which I know little, like new fans who introduce themselves with fanzines and the commercialized comicbook fandom. Inkster must be the most wonderful place where an amateur publisher could possibly live.

"Archives of Fantasy" is encouraging news. This is approximately the situation that I hoped might be worked out, while we're sitting around waiting for the biggest collectors to get old enough to die and leave enough money to preserve their collections. The fact that UCLA won't circulate or allow unrestricted access to its collections seems to me like a very minor kind of drawback. I've been very skeptical about how much borrowing would occur from a fantasy foundation, if the people doing the borrowing knew they must return the stuff or face major penalty. You would do fathom a service if you contacted Dr. Smith again and got enough information to publish the facts on two other matters: will the University be willing to pay express charges on stuff bequeathed to it by fans, and what is the simplest and safest wording that should be used for the fan to arrange for such a bequest? I'm sure there are quite a few fans who would be quite willing to arrange for this disposition of their fanzines and perhaps their books and magazines in the event of their death, if they knew the right procedure. The nice thing about wills is that you can always change your mind if you need the money that you'd get from selling them while you're still alive, for instance. And who knows? In another quarter-century, maybe there'll be some kind of matter-transfer process invented which would permit a future generation of fans to get duplicates of the things we've given to UCLA.

Your filler about the willingness of Californians to drive long distances has reminded me to wonder why anyone has ever thought this trait to be confined to California. I know one public official in Hagerstown who regularly gets up in the morning, drives 250 miles to New York City for a meeting, drives back the same night, and sleeps a bit late the next morning. At least one man who lives west of Hagerstown commutes the 200-mile round trip daily to Baltimore where he is employed. I have relatives near Detroit who sometimes decide upon arising in the morning to visit my grandmother in Hagerstown, drive 500 miles nonstop, and get here in time for a late supper. Baseball fans think nothing of the 300-mile round trip to attend a night game in Philadelphia or Pittsburgh without missing a day's work. Remember that we don't have unbroken stretches of express highways around here to encourage this sort of thing. It's a 45-minute drive to reach the turnpikes leading into the Midwest, and we must thread our way through Baltimore to get to Northeastern cities. ((I was surprised to find that Californians were doing this as far back as 1846, when people didn't have to commute 100 miles daily to work, or immediately travel long distances for amusements.))

Roy Tackett
915 Green Valley Road NW
Albuquerque, New Mexico

My good wife, Chrystal, being in full sympathy with my plight of being stuck off in the general vicinity of Yuma, Arizona (an area which calls to mind other trackless wastes such as those in central Australia where a friend of mine spent several months: "It got so bad", he said, "that we started talking to the lizards." "That bad?" I murmured. "Even worse. The lizards began talking back."), recently sent along a packet of fanzines to help me spend the hours when the chasing of scorpions and gila monsters loses its zest.

Among them was SALAMANDER.

"Another new one", I sighed. "There is no end to them. Indeed the day may come when the whole world is buried under tons and tons of fanzines. Ah, well, it will solve the problems of the Cold War and give Redd Boggs something to do on the long winter nights in Minnesota."

It was immediately apparent from the Bjo cover and unmistakable duplicating that this one emanated from the general vicinity of the LASFS so I wasn't at all surprised to find one Fred Patten listed as editor.

You did manage to get out a meaty first issue, didn't you? All sorts of things here to chew on a bit.

Shall we start with the "Hugo"s?

Let's.

There is no doubt that "International Fantasy Award" has a more dignified sound to it than the simple name of "Hugo". Whether or not the British organization, if it still exists, is willing to part with the title remains to be seen. I sort of like the idea. For one thing it gets fantasy back into the picture. The "Hugo"s, being named after the

father or uncle or whatever of modern sf connote science fiction only. Not entirely true in practice, of course, but nevertheless the connection is there. By giving the awards the formal title of "International Fantasy Awards" and the informal name of "Hugo" both portions of the field would be semantically represented.

On the con side--whoever said the "Hugo"s were international awards in the first place? Uh-huh. And how many non-U.S. entries have won one? (And I didn't stutter.)

Note with glee that some of the prozines are reprinting the nominating ballot this year which just might cause some surprises in the voting. Mayhap next year the nominating ballot will be reprinted in some of the foreign prozines--what there are of them--and cause even more surprises. And why not? In fact it is a point for the "Hugo" committee to consider for next year. Send the ballot out to all the prozines, both U.S. and overseas, with the request that it be reprinted.

Bob Lichtman on apas. I note that he left out two: Southern Fandom Group Amateur Press Association and the Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance. (Also note that you mentioned the SFG apa elsewhere.) Probably because neither is open to all of fandom. SFG membership is restricted to fans living in the Southern States although I believe fans living outside rebel territory can subscribe to the mailings. CAPA is even more restricted with membership limited to five and the requirement that only those fans who were active during the "fifth fandom" period are eligible. As far as I know the SFG apa is still looking for members while with CAPA it is a matter of "don't call us, we'll call you."

Bob's article is interesting and useful in that it gives a run-down on who to contact for prospective membership in the various apas. This is one of those things that everybody knows but nobody can remember right offhand.

Len's li'l fiction amused. His future state doesn't seem at all improbable either.

Do you suppose we could make a deal with Cele Goldsmith? We'll review AMAZING in our magazines if she'll review our magazines in hers.

Lobsenz indicates that a fan column in AMAZING is still under consideration. Egad, but they've been considering it for quite a while now. I fear the lengthy consideration means "No". A pity, too, for we need a fan column in one of the prozines and AMZ seems the likely one. AMZ doesn't need the column but we do.

Larry Gurney's "Mother Lode" was pretty good. Yes. It's a possibility, too.

Nice to see the fmz review column and "kv" (who dat?) does a good job although I don't particularly care for the cute li'l business with the names: "jerrybails", "ted-white", or whatever. "how many comics," kv asks rhetorically, "did we ourself read in our youth?" and admits to being nostalgic over them. "Few", I answer not at all nostalgic, "and kv is still a youth."

Fascinating that UCLA should be collecting fanzines. As one who is oriented more towards USC I shall comment only that such is to be expected from UCLA.

Va khoseth yaga yourself and congratulations on a much better than average first issue.

Ted White
339 - 49th St.
Brooklyn 20, N.Y.

Received SALAMANDER yesterday; the red ink on the cover was still wet...

Actually, that cover didn't work out very well. I mean, I dig how it was intended to come out, but the blue figure is pretty well buried (and all the careful detail of stencilling about lost), and the texture of the two brush-stencil overlays is too heavy and coarse. (Hmmm...closer inspection leads me to think both colors were run from one stencil--right?) ((Right.)) I know this is all the rage out there right now, but why not play with a smaller brush (try a windsor-newton #2), and get more detail & less solid areas? The big areas are a bitch--my copy is underinked, while Terry's is so heavily inked that it smears badly. Like, a little delicacy is indicated here...

Lichtman's article is good, but I don't think the average fan's life-span is three years, nor that the end of the first year marks "maturity" in the field. I've been a fan for ten years, and I'd say there was precious little improvement in my second year over the first, and "21" wasn't reached until three or four years after entering.

I also frown on Lichtman's arbitrary exclusion of the Cult from discussion. I mean, if this was to have been a survey of all the apas, with such helpful details as entrance requirements, addresses, etc., it seems to me that the Cult might have been mentioned.

"The Crifanac Exhibit" was maybe the best piece of fanfiction I've seen from Len; quite smooth and well constructed. Usually I get a feeling from his stories that one element is a bit out of place--usually nothing I can put my finger on, but, you know, that Sign of the Amateur. But this one holds together nicely; if I were still pubbing STELLAR I'd wish I'd had it.

P. 18 is one of Bjo's best cartoons yet.

"The worst kept DNQ in LASFS" is still safe here; I haven't the foggiest who "k.v." is, although the writing style is a rather cute affectation. I'm thinking of starting a School in Reading for Fanzine Reviewers, though. "v." is not as bad as Dick Lupoff in AXE, but VOID #28 did not have "43 pages of the famous microelite type"; in fact there weren't even 43 pages of type. 46-5=41, and 12 pages were in our famous picatype. Also, of the "competent fanzinereviews by terry carr", the lead (and major) review was by Pete Graham, while I too contributed a competent review... I'm not going to argue with your reviewer's taste (I loved the Dave English cartoons and I have my doubts about them as don't), but these quibbles, plus the fact that unhappily Avram Davidson is not our co-editor on VOID (he has another zine; I don't remember the name), are over mistakes about facts which resulted from either dim vision or the inability to read bylines and tell the difference between microelite and pica types...

Don Fitch It's taken me a long time to get around to reading SALAMANDER, for some reason--it's somehow a rather forbidding fanzine; 3908 Frijo a trifle too...formal, perhaps is the word. The layout and design are almost impeccable, but again, formal--almost too perfect for a fanzine; daunting, like. The duplication, on the other hand, is disappointing; most of the pages are seriously underinked (there must be a better way to prevent offset, even on the Rex). So much for the faults of SALAMANDER. "Those are all the faults?" you ask? Well, I can't find any others of such a serious nature that they are worth mentioning, except maybe that the editorial is far too short, and far too insignificant. Covina, Calif.

In several respects, SALAMANDER is very much the sort of zine I'd like to publish, firmly pinned down to the science fiction which does (despite some outraged disclaimers) unite fans, with a good balance of passable fiction, some faaaanishness, and a moderate amount of personality (though too little of it is yours)...

You've managed to snag two excellent writers for regular columns, and that's no mean feat in itself. I don't know what your policy is on reprint rights, but (assuming that there's ever time to do it) I'd like to reprint Lichtman's article on apas for NAPA, and possibly some distribution in fandom as well; it's the sort of thing which should wear well, and be as applicable in a decade as now (with a slight bit of re-writing to eliminate the purely topical aspects). Johnstone, as you know, is a good writer, highly capable of projecting his (or a) personality when he's talking about himself--as if he ever did anything else, or as if we would ever want him to.

Moffatt's a good writer, too, though different; "The Crifanac Exhibit" is well-done, effective, but just a trifle contrived--one can sit down and analyze it too easily. The same is true with Larry Gurney's piece--both of these are like so much science fiction (and so much fiction-in-general); they don't seem to grow naturally from the character or the situation, but then, the very short story is an exceedingly demanding art form.

I don't know who "k.v." is, but the just-too-too-cute running-together of words and using of all-lower-case does not create an adequately pataphysical aura to conceal a rather superficial quality in the reviews: he/she either isn't interested in the fanzines, or isn't interested in writing reviews of them. These clever little tricks will conceal any faults in "k.v."s reviews in the future, as far as I am concerned; I don't intend to bother with trying to read them. Do the double parentheses indicate your interjections? ((Not in that case.)) I wasn't aware that information concerning

the Church of the Brotherhood of the Way was yet a matter of general knowledge--now that it has been so closely associated with the Water Brotherhood Ted White was talking about, it is probably pretty well finished.

Mike Deckinger
31 Carr Place
Fords, New Jersey

As I recall, the "International Fantasy Awards" were in practice up to about three or four years ago, and under the sponsorship of 3 people. I suppose they were the most successful of their kind, though I'm still trying to learn what the hell this "Jules Verne Award" was, that Ray Palmer declared had been won by a novellette in OW in '57. He never did let us in on that one.

Lichtman's apa article is quite interesting, though I'm not the apa-fan that he and others are. I've served my time in N'APA, SAPS and OMPA and after several non-fannish things hindered my time, I was forced to drop them. I'm not that much of a publishing fan to begin with, and with my current position, I simply don't have the time to put out zines on a regular basis. I've seen several NAPA mailings, sent to me by Johnny Bowles several years ago, and I suppose I experienced much the same confusion that a neo in FAPA would. For one thing, the zines, all neatly printed up, were as uninteresting as a label on an aspirin bottle. One person sent in an orange card with a picture of his printing press and a few comments, nothing more. Another member had a nicely printed zine of poetry, all his own, and I've seen better poems in grade school classes. Another member was berating someone for refusing to comment on zines that were mimeoed. All in all, it was a motley mess, something I wanted no part of then, and share the same views today.

I share a strong dislike for practically anything Piper writes (as opposed to your approval of him) though he is a charming man in person. In fact, in the Pittcon Annual photo-section, from Klein and Prieto, on the last page there's a pic of him with me, Ruth Berman, Ted Johnstone, and several others all singing "Jesus Christ" from "The Bosses Songbook". He seemed quite interested in it, and had ushered himself into the group in no time. I'm no singer myself so I welcomed the intrusion of any voice that would drown out mine.

Moffatt's story was very good. Gurney's, on the other hand, should have been axed. Even if "k.v." is the worst kept DNQ in LASFS, his identity is kept better here, so I really don't know who he is. The reviews aren't too bad, except for his irritating habit of eliminating the capitals entirely and running the names together. It gets damned annoying to read page after page of this and I would suggest someone introduce him to a good dictionary. Other than that the reviews were well done.

Gary Deindorfer
121 Boudinot St.
Trenton 8, New Jer.

Your editorial, while short, brings up a good point, one that somehow seems to have eluded the rest of us. Me, anyway...I didn't realize that there was no formal name for the "Hugo" Awards until you brought the whole thing up. It seems fitting that something suitably formal should be applied to them, though, and I am all for the idea.

One thing is obvious about you as evidenced by your fanzine; namely, you are interested in science fiction sufficiently to write about it. A novel and welcome attitude, this.

Len Moffatt's story built up a considerable mood, and was well constructed, but the denouement grated upon me, and caused me to downgrade what would have been, without such an unnecessary "snap" ending, a very good story. Why did the protagonist have to be a baseball fan, for the love of Ghu?

I am no doubt off base, but "k.v." reads with an insistent Harnessian air, in my opinion. The bad puns, the lower case cuteness, such is very Harness-like. But it was a good fanzine review column.

I was considerably croggled and more than a bit pleased to learn via your "Archives of Fantasy" article that the UCLA Library actually has plans for a fanzine collection. This has been needed for years. I hope that everybody does his part; I'm doing mine by sending a bundle of some of my better duplicate fanzines to the address you gave.

Taj's comments on his kiddy show remind me that I am a great fan of kiddy shows. I still watch them occasionally because I get a large charge out of seeing bored adults dressed up in pink camel suits prancing around leading a bunch of sticky little children

in lispy little songs. It especially gasses me when a child says or does something on the air he shouldn't do--and children are always saying and doing things they shouldn't do on these shows. One of my neighbors was once a clown with his own local kiddy show, by the way. I know no adult who dislikes children as much as he does.

I was surprised at how many of the items in Clayton Hamlin's listing of "do you remember's?" I actually remembered, especially considering that I am not a long-time reader of science fiction or sf fan (seven and five years respectively).

Dick Schultz
19159 Helen St.
Detroit 34, Mich.

Well, as the sunset slowly sinks into the horizon (no relation to Harry Warner, I assume), I find myself typer in hand, fanzine beside me and mind in negative gear. Truly, it is a tough problem beginning a letter of comment these days. Once the words rolled clearly and sparkingly off my lips (metamorphically speaking) and long missives wound their ways to the odd corners of the world, bringing cheer and good wishes to all and sundry.

Nowadays I argue with the editors instead. Maybe it's because of my good-natured disposition. Really. Before, I'd pen a four pager dealing with each and every page and article and letter, in all making with the originality like I'd never even heard of the word before. In short, dullsville. But it got me fanzines. Oh, yes, it got me fanzines. Before long I was on every crudzine mailing list in fandom. Wonderful. Stupendous. Marvelous. Astounding.

But things have changed. Now, instead of writing LoC's, I send fillos and cartoons and realhonesttoDegler impressionistic covers. When I reply. Most of the time the fanzine gathers dust for a month, then gets something in reply. Am I real busy of course. (Excuse #7, I think that is...) Busy thinking up new reasons why I shouldn't be writing LoC's like this.

The rest of the time I try to live with myself. This isn't as easy as it sounds, especially after a hard night. It's hard, real hard then. But it has its points. Like the time Shirley was out at the Rollerama... She was a bit reluctant to go out, ye know, she hadn't roller skated for years and years, but it ran through the gang of hers down at 1717's down by the Children's Hospital, and we all piled in some cars and went out. Oh, really, now, she said, I really can't skate that well.... So Schultzy is making the scene with his cap and beard and skating backwards, pulling her along and she called me a dirty rat for not telling her I was a whiz at it and why did she have to go and do that for?

Some women never appreciate a favor.

Yes, life has its points, so I don't think I'll throw in the towel right now even though it looks like a long LoC ahead and with no ideas perking in the head. I don't even feel like calling anyone a dirty fascist today. That's bad. Maybe I have the Swamp Fever (picked up in my perilous journeys through the bug infested miasmatic lowlands surrounding the City-County building, attempting to pick up some property tax information, no doubt).

...

Firstoff, barring the irregular titleing, the cover was magnificent. As is usual for Bjo, filigree and curves abound. She can do the most wonderful flames and hair of anyone in fandom today. I'm wondering what process was used to get the flames on... ((Brush Stencil, painted on with a brush dipped in an acid solution, and run off on a mimeo.))

Frankly, SALAMANDER #1 looked like just another LArean publication. Same paper, Bjo cover, Harness, Rotsler interiors, Lichtman article, Moffatt piece... I wish one of you would go buy a couple of reams of shocking pink paper to print your fanzines on. At least GAUL manages to do this. Please? This isn't a gripe as much as it is a rejection of the sameness of format and paper LA seems to be using these days. It's nice and all that but I wish I could pick up an LA fanzine without knowing it's from LA before even reading the wrapper.

Just a minor gripe, however, and about the only one I have to make about the zine. The meat, of course, is the Lichtman article, despite your own valiant attempts to provide comment provoking material.

Actually tho, I think I'd be able to argue with Bob more about his opinions in the next installment than his presentation of the facts here. However, while agreeing with him that FAPA is the most desirable apa existent today, I wonder about it being the unqualitative best. It probably is, but it would be wrong for anyone to expect to find FAPA a treasure house of unlimited goodies, jealously mailed to the select few. They have boors, mailing comments (Oh, God, do they have mailing comments!), sheer junk, just like the other apas. And despite Carr, White and a few others, the deadwood seems to be just that and no more. Not but eight deadwooders are at all "brilliant". The rest may be yet and may have been, but I've just got four of Alger's FAPA mailings so far. As with SAPS and OMPA, there seems to be a hardcore of twenty or more members who continually make up the "hardcore" of critical and quantative producers. At present SAPS and OMPA's hardcores are producing near minac, therefore the apas are not doing at all well.

Moffatt excellent. He's helped revise the old idea of fan written stfish fiction to that of something so in-groupish that it is inapplicable for pubbing in the general pro press. Not faaan fiction, either.

Little Fuzzy struck me as fluff. Nothing more, though it isn't half as torturous or idiotic as some of the serious stuff in AMAZING and ANALOG these days. I don't think many people are reading AMAZING today if they say it's the best prozine out. Not for eight or nine good stories a year. Let the average rise, tho, and you've got something.

Aaaargh. Gurney's is the old kind of fan stfiction. And we hurry on to...

Fanzine reviews. That's what I like. A fanzine reviewer who lambasts everything he reads. Ah, come on, let's object to something in the fan press, eh? I may seem infantilely stupid not being able to deduce who "k.v." is, but it's a little hard for me to attend LASFS meetings since they discontinued the electric trolley service in Anderson, Indiana...

Heorshe seem like someone with access to FAPA mailings, tho. k.v.realizes that White had a loose lip, as he put it. That narrows it down to about 100 people, don't it?

That durned Johnstone writes up his Sandy State stage bits here instead of in SAPS! I must have a heart-to-heart talk with that boy...

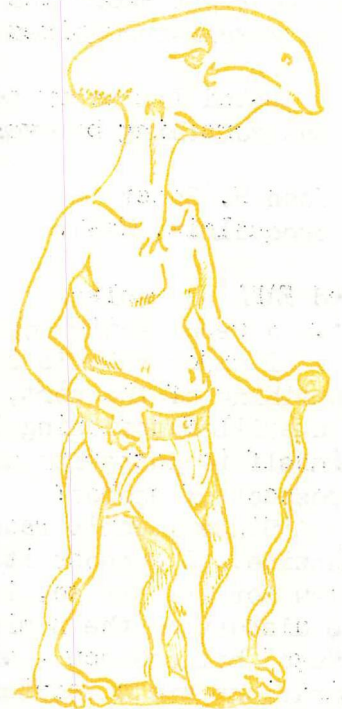
Terry Carr
56 Jane St.
New York 14, N. Y.

Bjo's cover is very nice; the only trouble with it is not her fault: the ink is still wet. But

that happens sometimes to fanzine-covers, and usually to precisely the ones that the faned wants to come out looking especially good. We once had a thermofaxed cover on an issue of FANAC, and we tried to mimeo a logo on the top. From my vast storeload of experience I'll pass on a tip: never try to mimeo over thermofaxing. That issue was published 3 1/2 years ago, and the ink still smears at the slightest touch.

Clay Hamlin's "Reminiscences" touched off a lot of memories. Mighod, I thought everybody had forgotten Mike Wigodsky, who was once one of my favorite prozine letterhacks. I think it was he (or maybe Joe Schaumberger) who wrote in STARTLING, ((It was Schaumberger's blank verse letter in the May '48 STARTLING. Exact quote (but without a separate line for each line; I can't spare the space): "III. The Ether Vibrates: Ward is on the beam. So is Burgess. And Van Couvering. Wigodsky, too. Tell me: Don't you think the beam is getting a little crowded?" I prefered his comment on the fanzine review col: "V. YOU DID'T REVIEW MY FANZINE! &!\$#\$**@ you. Otherwise, it was all right.") At the age of twelve, that stuff just killed me.

And Bloch's "Seven Ages of Fan", when reprinted in the TWS fan-column, almost



stopped me from joining fandom before I'd more than dipped in a toe; I took the article seriously, and it was ghastly, man, ghastly.

15¢ prozines weren't the cheapest ever. In the early 40's ASTONISHING STORIES was a pretty decent mag at 10¢. I think it was the last 10¢ mag in the field (DIME MYSTERY continued for several years longer, but I think it went up to 15 or 20¢, which struck me as silly).

And as for the rumor that Vance was a penname of Kuttner's, I'll likely never forget the session at the '56 Westercon when Boucher was introducing notables and said, "We have the good fortune to have Jack Vance with us today, and now once and for all we can squash the rumor that he is simply a penname of Henry Kuttner's. Jack, would you stand up?" No one stood; Boucher called for him again, but he was not there. Turned out, of course, that he was Down In The Bar, but there was much sage nodding going on in the audience for awhile.

M.R. Ron Wilson

N. 3107 Normandie St.
Spokane 18, Wash.

I enjoyed "What's In A Name" and believe that there is room for discussion. I feel that the "Hugo" has not been noticed simply because of its name.

Somehow fandom as well as its inner workings have always resided on the other side of a great gulf which separates it from the mundane world. Until the Seacon, I had no knowledge about the existence of fandom. Outside of a few mentions in prozine columns, the WorldCons go completely unnoticed by the outside world. I noticed in a Seattle newspaper at the time of the Seacon, that the Con was regarded by the press much as a gathering of the "Polar Bear Mating and Habit Watchers". With something as great as fandom, I would want to holler my damn head off about it. Maybe what the Cons need is a good publicity agent. You may be right about the title "Hugo" altho when you can get the Oscar or the Emmy on such a well-recognized basis as they are, I would begin to wonder what is in a name.

((And I'm sorry to have to be chopping unmercifully here, but I want to try to print something by everyone here.))

John B. Speer
Snoqualmie, Wash.

Lichtman's article had some information on the apas that was new to me. I think he should have covered the Cult. I wonder about the statement that Wollheim expected FAPA to replace subzines. Maybe he expressed that thought, but i no longer have a recollection of his saying so.

I enjoyed Len's story up to the attempted snapper at the end. I was expecting something of the sort, and hoping Len wouldn't try it. The general idea of a last fan still functioning is an improbable concept. At least he'd have to be addressing himself to posterity as he turned out crifanac. How could there be a fan with no prospect of egoboo?

Since i don't read AMAZING, i'm a little puzzled by your filler on a Goldsmith fanzine. I suppose it refers to the prozine ((Yes.)), though i didn't know Adkins drew for it. If so, i think the distribution of a "Hugo" ballot with it could lead to distorting the nominations in favor of AMAZING. ((Hah! All the prozines carry "Hugo" ballots now - with the exception of ANALOG. And if this means that the nominations are distorted away from ANALOG, there are no complaints on my part.))

Your editorial on archives was interesting, and pleasant news. You misspelled IAOPUMUMSTFPUSA--no, by Klono, there should be an F after the last M. Have i been misspelling it all these centuries?

Rick Sneary
2962 Santa Ana St.
South Gate, Calif.

I've already pretty well expressed my opinion on a formal name for the "Hugo" awards.. Here again is a case were it is to bad that the World Science Fiction Society failed.. The awards could have then been given in the name of the W.S.F.S.--Though I think "Fantasy" as in the LASFS, is a better and more inclusive title.. As I said before, the "Oscars" and "Emmys" are awards of Societies.. If we need a formal title, it should indacate the group making the award -- or it will appear to speek for all the feild, which the "Hogo"s never do.

Moffatt's story is one of his better ones.. There isn't much one can say about it though.. I liked it, and I don't generally like fan fiction.

The same is true of Gurney... I didn't think the ending had much punch, but he had some very good lines.. I don't know why but the trans-posed words "hot sludge fundae" seemed very funny to me. It also fitted his "beings".

Your article on the UCLA collection was of special interest to me. And I hope something will come of it.. Even if the U. only stores the stuff, it is still doing something that fans in general can be hopeful and grateful for. And a thing we can hope is that with UCLA starting, other colleges will become interested.. It is after all, not to sort of collection in which one college can become greatest because of single copies and "personal correspondence", as with the works of one man... To points.. on the micro-film bit.. Couldn't they sacrifice second copies. If they are going to be saved, they are going to have to be copied, because even thirty years has done a lot to magazine in my collection.. Better to take them up now, while they are still readable. -- The ones that were stapled would come apart pretty easily -- and might be salvaged by a fan too..

I will argue with you on one point, that science fiction is easier to find now days.. True there is more of it, but not easier to collect or buy.. Twenty years ago you found it in magazines and you could either subscribe or know that they would appear at certain news stands about a certain time each month (or quarter).. And, they would appear regularly.. But now that so much is in paperbacks, the books with strange titles, it is hard to keep up, let alone intouch.. A new stand that could carry all the magazines, even in the boom, can not be counted on to have all the p.b.s., -- and in my case, I can't always be sure it is not a doctored up reprint of something I already have in magazine form... So, I'm missing most of what others say is good stuff.

Alva Rogers
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Castro Valley, Calif.

I agree with your comments on the "Hugo" award. A few days ago while I was working on my ASF article I had occasion to mention that the "Webster Family" series of Clifford Simak, when published as the book City would receive the "Hugo" award. After a while I realized I had fallen into the same error a lot of fans have and had to go back and correct it.

Your statement that most libraries have limited numbers of sf books on their shelves is generally true, but there are exceptions. In Danville, a small town beyond the hills behind Oakland, the head librarian of the county branch library is Grace Warren, a member of the LITTLE MEN. Grace makes every effort--on her limited budget--to acquire as many good science fiction books as possible. She also circulates paperbacks and magazines and says they're in constant demand and wear out fast from heavy circulation. Grace, I'm afraid though, is one librarian in a million.

((And this brings us to the We Also Heard Froms. Seth A. Johnson wants copies of SAL and SHAGGY for his Fanzine Clearing House, which is "sending out five to seven bundles of miscellaneous fanzines per month." (No SAL, Seth; I'm still proud papa enough to want to try selling them personally at the Westercon and Chicon. Yes on SHAGGY, after we get thru running Joe & Alva's byblow on Cheats, Thieves, etc., which I doubt would attract anyone to fandom.) He also wonders if the UCLA Library is microfilming current magazines, before they're too brittle. Archie Mercer wants to abolish "Hugo"s altogether, and wonders if "k.v." might be "Walter Breen or someone." Bruce Henstell, at the Inn of the Twisted Tail, Lane of the Tiger, Heart of the Brentwood Snake Pit, sends a ghodawful column titled "The Harp That Practically Never". G. M. Carr likes the cover, but doesn't like the punch line on Len's story. Frank Wilimczyk sends money, which is sometimes nicer than l.o.c.'s. George Barr sends a note with his artwork saying that he likes most of the issue, including Harness' back cover, which surprises him. Richard Bergeron likes SAL better than SHAGGY, "which I think of as largely personalityless." Don Simpson thinks the cover alone is worth the price. Lee Jacobs feels old, because he remembers most of the "Reminiscences". And Steve Schultheis grotches because the red on the cover came off on his shirt. That's it.))

It also has one major lack -- heroism. This is hard to define exactly. Jubal Harshaw stands up to the fuzz and sends them home with their tail between their collective legs, and when that doesn't work, Mike just bops them into the fourth dimension. But somehow the reader never gets to identify here -- he never feels, "Gosh, maybe I could do that!"

The third novel is the one that has replaced STRANGER as the guiding light of literarily susceptible fen in the LArea -- a ponderous tome which is only conditionally sf, by an author who would certainly deny that it was -- ATLAS SHRUGGED. Here the weakness is not that of STRANGER, but rather the opposite. The author, Ayn Rand, writes a mean stick of copy, and puts the reader right in the middle of it. But her ideas are confused and in many places unpleasant. The story has a hero what is a hero; no super powers, no incredible courage or even acid wit. But he is a real solid 24-karat hero, all the way through.

This is a man with a philosophy. It is summed up thus: "I swear -- by my life, and my love of it -- that I will not live for the sake of any other man, nor expect him to live for mine." This is the theme of the book. It translates into colloquial English as, "I'm all right, Jack", and I was surprised to find some of the basic ideas of ATLAS expressed in Alan Hackney's book of the same name. I agree with some of Ayn Rand's ideas; I disagree strongly with others; some overlap, and I find myself both agreeing and disagreeing at the same time.

But it is still a highly enjoyable book. It is generally fast-paced (but watch out for a 54-page monologue near the end), and basically sincere. As I said, I like propaganda novels. Have you read any good ones lately?

--Ted Johnstone, 1 April '62.

PRINTED MATTER
MAY BE OPENED
FOR INSPECTION
RETURN MOST
HUMBLY REQUESTED
DANGEROUS WHEN
WET -- OR DRY, FOR
THAT MATTER

FRED PATTEN
5156 CHESLEY AVE
L.A. 43, CALIF
alamander

THE 15TH ANNUAL WEST COAST SCIENCE FANTASY CONFERENCE is drawing nigh, and planned events are being confirmed like wildfire.

There will be a panel composed of Poul Anderson, Mark Clifton, Fritz Leiber, A. E. van Vogt, and others to criticise the current sf market - or lack of it.

Ray Bradbury will read one of his stories, and answer questions afterwards.

The First West Coast Fan Art Exhibit will feature top artwork by fan artists west of the Rockies. Prizes will be given in several categories; first prize winners will go on to the 3rd Annual Fan Art Show at the Chicon III. Don't think it's all just fanzine filler stuff; top artshow exhibits have gone on to become prozine covers (see the April 1962 FANTASTIC for a case in point).

"The Solar Whirl", the First Western Futuristic Fashion Show, will have as its theme "A Trip Through The Solar System". It will include gowns for each of the planets, a "Blast-off Gown", a "Freefall Gown", and others. These are not funny costumes, but real dresses. Girls, take note.

Also auctions, movies, and of course Jack Vance, the Guest of Honor, and Anthony Boucher, Master of Ceremonies. Send your \$1 now to Westercon XV, William B. Ellern, P. O. Box 54207, Los Angeles 54, and plan to be at the Hotel Alexandria, 5th & Spring in downtown LA, on June 30 - July 1, for a ball.