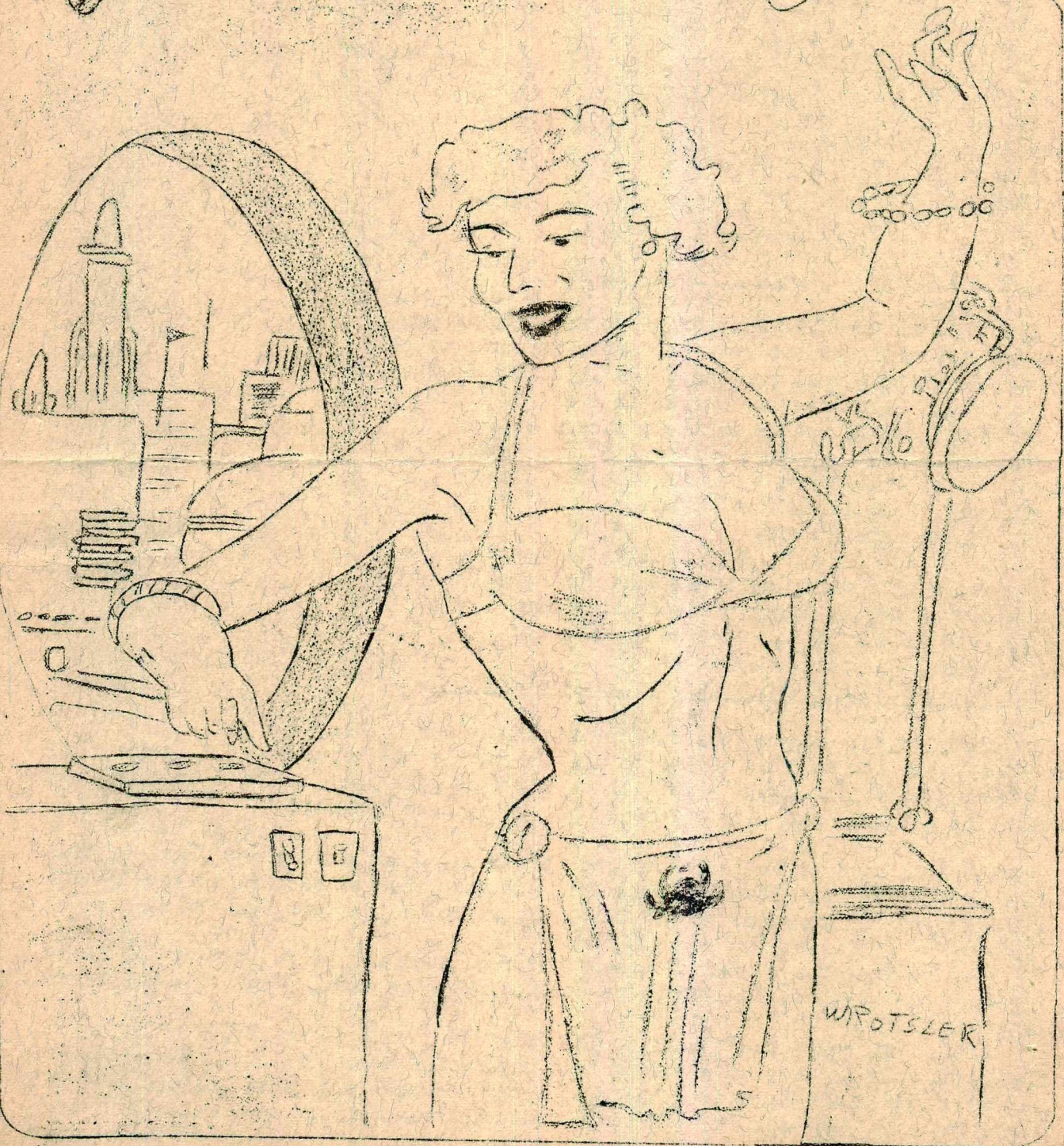


An NFFF Publication.

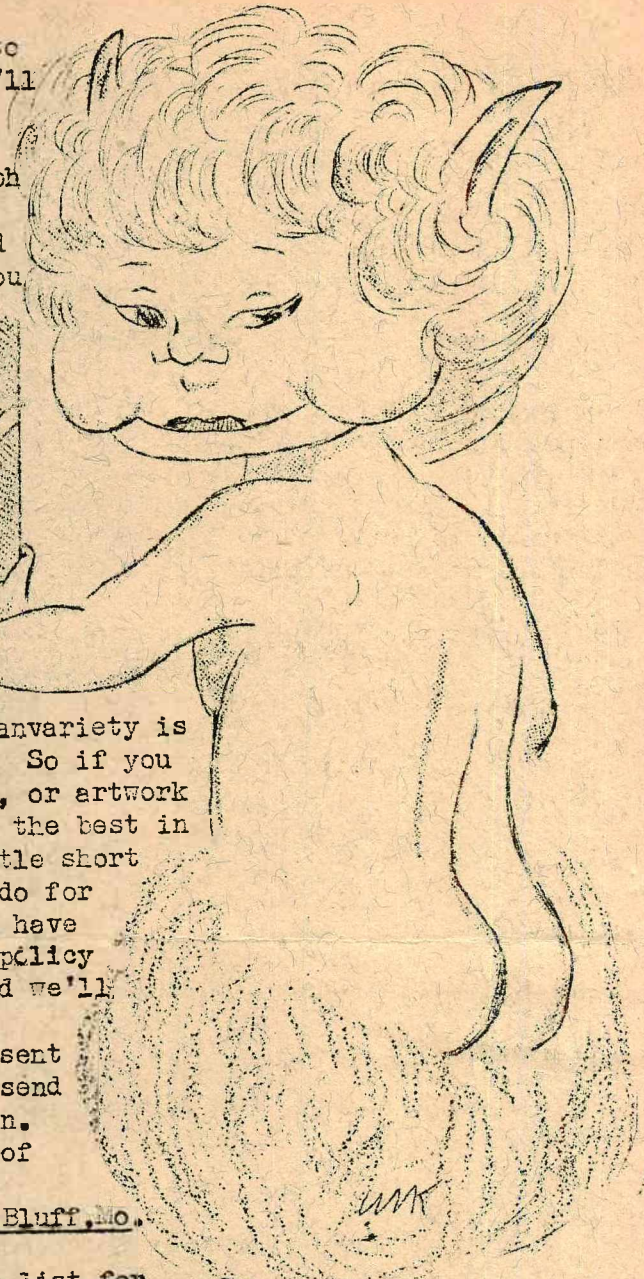
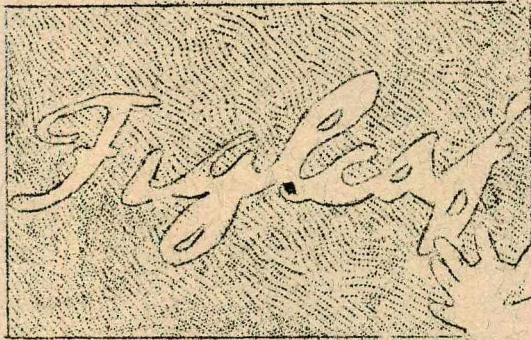
# fan variety

----- Combined with ALPH NULL  
No. 7 APRIL Monthly  
1951



I just know that this picture is going to be a load of fun to type around, but I'll try.

After finally scraping together enough dough, I've finally latched on to a mimeograph of my own. No more trudging across town to print Fv or Duggies' hangout. It's a second hand job. Don't know how it will print so you can expect this issue to look like anything. It looks like it will be ok, but the final test will tell.



attention fanzine editors

Fanvariety is the new home of the NFFF Manuscript Bureau. So if you need any material such as stories, articles, or artwork write in and state what you want. We'll do the best in helping you. Right now the Bureau is a little short in articles, so if anyone can help please do for Chod's sake. Also fanzine editors, if you have some material that doesn't fit in with the policy of your mag, send it to the N3F Mess Bco and we'll try to find a home for it.

Bill Venable has sent some really swell stuff, so if in want just send me a smoke signal by carry plane or somethin. For you who like fiction, we have a number of good stories. My address again is  
W. Max Keasler, 420 South 11th St., Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Bill hasn't as yet sent me the subscription list for Alph Null, but I'm mailing copies to all the people who have material in the N3F Mess Bureau until he can. This will be NO. 3 of Alph Null and NO 7 of Fanvariety. Maybe I'll get that sub list before I get this issue finished.

One of the carry over from Alph Null will be Fantasy Note Book by Chasm. Don't ask me who Chasm is cause it's a mystery to me. Have to write Bill and ask him. It supposed to be a secret and you are to try to guess who it is by the style of the writing. It will start in NO. 8 of Fv.

We've got a number of other features lined up for Fv that should really set it up a couple notches. As yet we're still working on them. They will all be announced next month.

Oh yes I can't tell you how the draft will effect Fv, I'm draft age, but will be able to keep on printing this mag until school is out. We graduate in June and until then there is nothing to worry about. If I go to college this fall and can get a little help Fv will keep on hitting the mailbox on time. Right now it all lies in the hands of Uncle Samie and the local draft board (board that is, lucky I looked that one up) I won't worry to much about that page until I flip it. If I do go to college it will be at St. Louis, anyone know any fans at St. Louis? Also I'm healthy enough and except slightly nearsighted am physically fit I think.

Figleaf

This is the last page I have to type so here goes, just hope I can last the whole page.

Speaking of college, the other day I got a letter from Lee Quinn who had to drop his fanzine The Fanzine Editor cause he is now gobbled up by college work. Lee and I are going into huddle about his idea for the fanzine library. How it will work and the final result will be printed in #8 of Fv, so watch for it and write in and tell us what you think of it.

If any one has old fanzines you know longer want and would like to sell, Please get in touch with me cause I'm on the market for them.

Harry Warner is introducing a new type of column "All Our Yesterdays". In it he will go back through famous fanzines and pick out articles and such that will still be of great interest to the new and old fans of today. It's a shame that once a good article is written and printed it must lay unread years afterward. That one reason I'm interested in getting old fanzines so I can atleast get to read a few of them. There must be tons of material laying around that a lot of fandom hasn't ever read.

Well at the rate the Ledder Box is going down it will cease to be in a few issues

This time there were less letters recieved than ever before. Could it be that there is nothing to write about, no I doubt that cause some find something to say. It's just a lack of interest or a lot of people must be to busy to write. Oh well if you don't want the letter box it's ok with me. It's all up to you. The size depends on you and your letters. I was going to add two extra pages this issue specially to make room for a bigger letter section but as you can see it wasn't needed.

Also the response in material was slow, but maybe we've milked the current readers dry of material. So I'll try to reach a new fans by sending out a few sample copies. A monthly can be hard on

Why you'r getting this issue

- You are a subscriber and have \_\_\_\_\_ issues to go.
- Sample
- In trade
- You are a contributor, you devil you
- You are a member of the WHMFOTBIF

everyone I guess.

You who are recieving a sample copy of Fv, here is a brief outline of the deal. You recieve two issues for your material and three if it is printed. Fv carries material on any topic and it is not only limited to fantasy or science fiction. So you, YES YOU, start pushing that pen.

Don't know how long the Nelson cartoons will hold out, cause I haven't heard from him for about a month. There's been rumors thick and fast that he got married. Last time I heard from he had the idea in mind. I just got a letter back that I sent him, and he don't live there no moe. Maybe the boyson his honeymoon so I guess we'll just leave him alone untill he can get around to writing.

So as I gaze across the wide Missouri I bid you'll goodbye. And don't forget that material and at least write .

WATCH FOIR THE S.S. BOYS  
NEXT ISSUE

# ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

by Harry Warner, jr

It happens like this. Joe Fann puts out an excellent fan magazine. He digs up material which other fans have labored to write, and a hundred or so persons receive copies of the issue. The magazine is read, it becomes the topic of letters to the editor, and that's the end of it. The years pass, fans come and go, new fandoms spring up, thousands of people pass through the field for long or short periods. And in those future years, only a tiny proportion of the new fans see or read that particular fanzine and its contents. It seems to me a dreadful waste of good reading matter, that only the present group of fans should read an article whose timeliness doesn't stale with the passing of the years. In lieu of what we really need--a printed annual collection of the best fanzine material--here are a few samples of what has been said in the past.

I'm taking all three items from the early 40's, for no particular reason other than it happens to be just a decade ago. This was the time when the World War Two crop of fanzines were just about at their peak. A little later, the draft became so strenuous that many of the most capable fans went into the service, and a little earlier, fandom still hadn't fully recovered from the era-ending collapse of Fantasy Magazine.

Scienti-Snaps was one of the finest of the fanzines of those days; Walter E. Marc<sup>o</sup>nette of Dayton, Ohio, published it for a year or more as an exquisitely hectographed one-man production. A little later, he switched to mimeographing, and took on an assistant editor, J. Chapman Miske. The Second Anniversary Issue, dated February, 1940, contained an amazing line-up of excellent material by the big names in science fiction. Here are excerpts from an article about writing by John W. Campbell, Jr., published under his pseudonym of Don A. Stuart:

"How much of writing is an art--that is, a more or less unplanned, unthought-out result of a sort of instinct--and how much of it is a development of the science of plotting, I can't know. It seems that all of the part that makes the story effective, the actual wording and expression, is as completely unscientific and unanalyzable as walking. Walking robots walk scientifically, based on accurate and detailed analyses of the mechanics of walking, and stalk with the stiff gracelessness of a forced story.

The story 'Forgetfulness,' which seems to have been one of the best-liked stories I've done, was rejected the first time I submitted it to Mr. Timaine. I had labored on that work. I wrote it out, then re-wrote it, section by section, building up the characters necessary in precisely the way I felt they must go to explain my story. Some parts were rewritten five and six times before I submitted it.

"When it came back, I stuck it on the shelf for nearly a year. Then, having had better than ten months to forget the self-pleasing phrases and the pleasure they had evoked, I was a little better able to read it from 'outside' the story.

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

It was all there--ever thing of plot and idea that appeared in the final version. It wasn't bad, because the plot and idea were fairly sound. But it was, too, not good. I walked with the precision, the scientifically exact placement of words and phrases and incident that five or six carefully studied rewritings had builded into it, word by word.

A story is a vehicle for expressing an idea. That one was, but the mechanism of the vehicle was there for any who looked to see. I rewrote it, from beginning to end, without reference to the original copy. That time, knowing what I was going to tell, it told itself smoothly."

Jack F. Speer was in Washington in those days, and spent part of his time writing things like the following random notes from the Spring, 1940, issue of Sustaining Program for the FAPA:

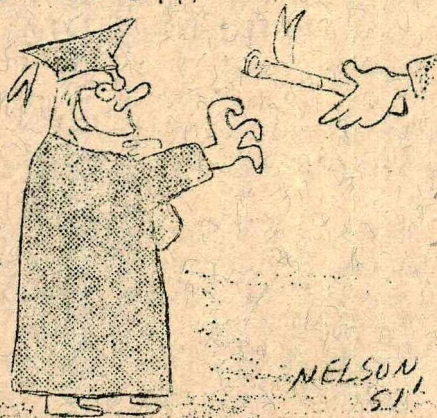
"What this country needs is more synonyms for badly-worn prepositions. Here's an experiment you can try. You've heard that one can't do any complicated thinking without using words for symbols. Sit down to a typewriter and copy some easy piece, or if no typewriter's handy, just count steadily 1-2-3-4- etc, (tho the type writer's better, because you will know if you cease doing it unconsciously). Either of these methods will, I believe, block or rather keep busy, that part of your brain which handles words. Then see how much original thinking you can do. I find myself able to run over in my mind thoughts already phrased, but not to synthesize anything new, under these conditions.

Idle thought with which to occupy your mind while waiting for the soup to cool: What would you do if left in charge of a class of third-graders for a couple of hours or so, to keep them occupied and out of mischief, and perhaps just on the side slip in a little mental improvement?"

Louis Russell Chauvenet might be an unfamiliar name to the present generation. The old-timers should remember him with pleasure, though. Totally deaf, he nevertheless succeeded in becoming one of the best-liked fans as a writer and as a person. Oddly enough, in our one meeting, I found less trouble in keeping up a conversation than I did with most fans whose hearing was intact. He had something interesting to say in reply to anything the other fellow might say, a rare gift, unfortunately. For the September, 1941, issue of Phil Bronson's The Fantasite, Chauvenet wrote a sum-up of the more popular ideas about alien races. Since he didn't pretend to do a complete job, it shouldn't do any harm if I present his article in abridged form.

"For obvious reasons, the aliens have usually been inimical. Perhaps Wells may be said to have set the pattern in his 'War of the Worlds'; his Martians are however, in every way less interesting than his Selenites in 'First Men on the Moon,' since it is the civilization of the latter which receive far the most attention. The Selenites were an insect-like race which bred and developed individuals for the performance of specific functions; they illustrate specialism carried to an extreme. It is interesting to compare them with the Chloran of 'Skylark of Valeron;' the difference is that the Chlorans' specialization was a temporary matter only, thanks to their amorphous nature,

NOW, JUST THINK OF ALL  
THE PEOPLE I'LL BE ABLE  
TO TELL OFF.



and any Chloran individual could apparently develop any required organic structure for the performance of whatever task devolved on him. Such races are obviously nonhuman, as well as inimical. Friendly non-humans are not quite as common, but are nevertheless plentiful. For instance, we have Weinbaum's 'Loonies' on Io, creatures apparently

OUR YESTERDAYS

of a fairly low order of intelligence, and then again Tweel and his race upon Mars. Tweel was a success because he illustrated what other before Weinbaum had chosen to ignore--namely, the possibility, that alien minds may function in a radically different manner from ours, so that communication becomes difficult or impossible. It would be a blunder to omit mention of Weinbaum's famous 'Oscars' on the dark side of Venus. These vegetable-like creatures had minds capable of deducing the structure of the universe from any given fact, yet were philosophically resigned to destruction at the hands of howling savages, or the Venusian equivalent thereof. Speaking of vegetable-types brings to mind Stapledon's mention of such beings: a mixture-vegetable by day, animal by night--with intelligence, but not sufficient intelligence to avoid disastrous experiments with extreme attempts to become first wholly animal and then wholly vegetable.

In general, the humanoid races have been pictured as friendly, a trend which is markedly evident in the writings of Jack Williamson and EE Smith, among others.

The race of ancient reptiles in Williamson's 'Xandulu' is not only amicable but also thoroughly pacifistic. It is interesting to speculate on whether or not a race must necessarily lose belligerency as it grows older; in this connection we must return again to 'Star Maker' where Stapledon sets forth the notion of conquering the universe. The analysis of how they get to be that way is quite interesting; it is one of the few faults of Dr. Smith that his evil races, the Fenachrone, and 'Boskone' are supposed to be somehow 'innately' wrong-headed, a rather too mystical doctrine to appeal to me, although reasonably acceptable for the purposes of the stories.

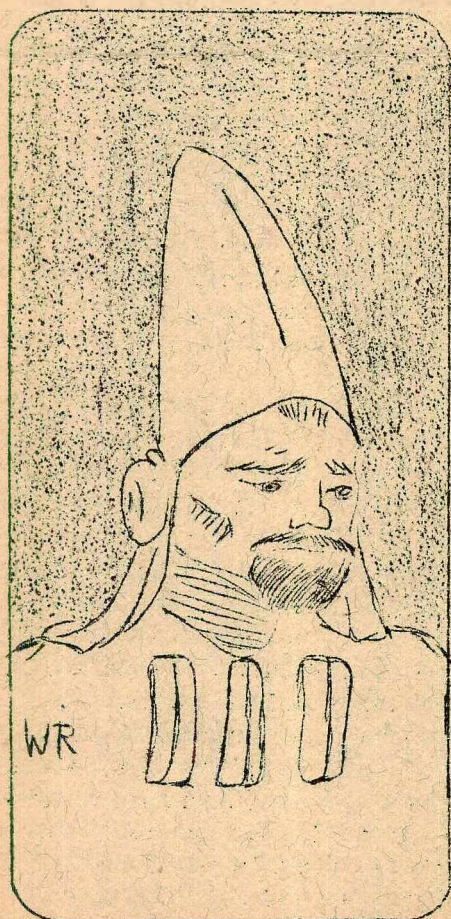
"the question of 'life as we do not know it' has naturally come in for much consideration. A story I recall vaguely told of a type of radioactive mineral life which, upon encountering human beings, failed to recognize them as living creatures, while the humans also failed to discern the presence of radically alien life. The time rate was the basis of a tale of interplanetary voyagers who traveled out to Neptune to meet a friendly race of non-humans, but found nothing. On returning a second time, they located gaseous beings whose movements took up days of earth-time.

The notion of living worlds has occurred on several occasions. There was another tale, 'The Planet Entity' by C. Smith, in which the entity was vegetable in nature and covered the whole surface of the sun in a Schachner opus, while EE Smith has given us the similar to our iron, in the 'Spacehounds.'

If we except Van Lorne's 'Marinerre,' most of the few examples of intelligent aquatic life are those taken from the Smith epics.

The microcosmos and the macrocosmos have both, on occasion, been claimed to be the residences of life, and curiously enough, the electron and the supra-universe have been 'found,' usually, to possess strictly human life. Characteristic are Cummings' 'Golden Atom' tales, Meek's 'Awlo of Ulm,' and Raymond's 'Into the Infinitesimal.' Raymond's hero at least takes his heroine with him, and does not pick her up during his travels, a fault committed by all the others cited. Any student of biology

knows that cross-breeding between humanities of diverse origin would be impossible, or at most produce monstrosities. Burrough's naive crossing of an oviparous Martian princess with John Carter of earth's viviparous stock is the classic blunder in this field. (6)



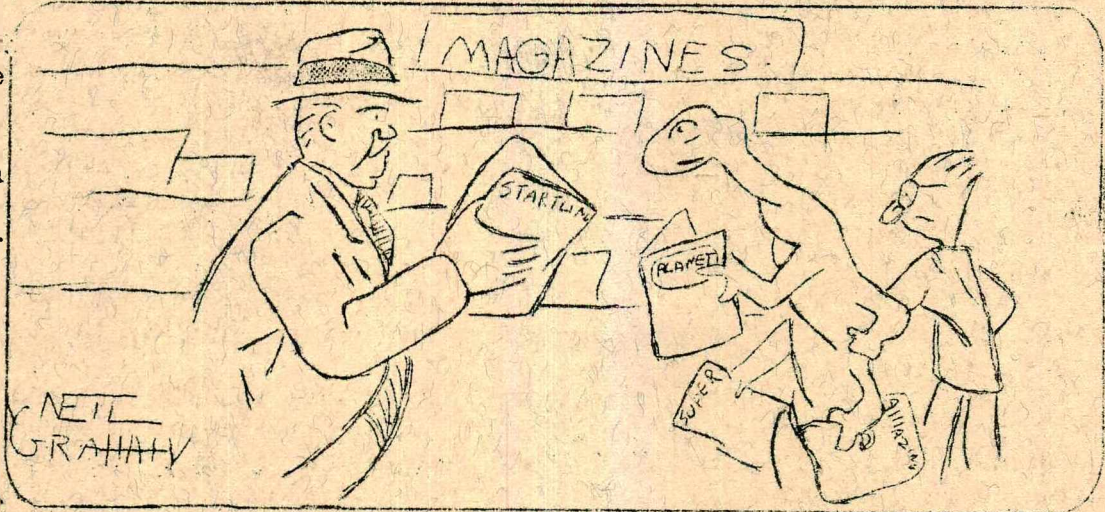
4

AM I OUR YESTERDAYS

Stapledon is the only author I am familiar with who discussed the problem of evolution of symbiotic races; such a concept has many fascinating angles. The 'Star Maker' himself is an interesting form of extra-terrestrial life, but on the whole not as convincingly portrayed as the less pretentious forms of life. Finally, we

have Stapledon's suggestion that the suns of space are themselves living animals--an idea for which some support can certainly be found in the fact that suns are born, grow old, and die; take in energy, and emit it, and seem to be in a continuous state of controlled change.

While it has naturally been thought that the temperature and pressures involved make any stable grouping of atoms impossible, and hence make life impossible, this conclusion cannot be said necessarily to follow upon the premise, since it is doubtful whether energy being such as 'the stars may be, could be said to require such a thing as a 'Stable grouping of atoms' "and



THE  
A N I M A L

"There's life on Mars", the speaker said,  
And glanced about the room.  
His eyes were bright with specks of red  
Reflecting back the gloom.

"There's life on Mars", he said again,  
"Join an alien race."  
The listeners watched the firelight wane  
And play across his face.

"There's life on Mars, for I was there!"  
The silence filled with age.  
I shook my tangled orange hair,  
And crept about my cage.

by Jerry F. Cao

For  
Sale  
PORTABLE TYPER  
write  
J.T. OLIVER  
315-27th St.  
Columbus, Ga.





# SUMMER DAY

WALT  
KLEIN

Rippling, golden wheat wavered in the breeze, shadows waltzing across its surface. Sunbeams danced lightly across its feathery surface, frolicking merrily with the playful winds. Their game of tag was maternally watched by the round and gentle face of their mother Sun. The shade of Akhnaton peered curiously over her shoulder.

"They are merry, are they not?" asked the sun of her devotee.

"Indeed they are. And already so strong! Notice how they refuse to allow themselves to be moved from their goals by the strong breezes," Akhnaton replied in his whispering, diplomatic voice. He had learned diplomacy, and many another thing, since his ill timed sojourn on earth.

"And they will grow stronger before the day's end. So strong they may yet wither that wheat." Pride sparkled strongly in her voice, and a prominence of flame flew with bright flashes from her lips, then sank slowly back into her molten surface.

A flash, a stab of searing light, and a tiny beam lanced into the wheat, lighting the semi-darkness beneath the wheat tops. Softly, tenderly it embraced the soft earth. Gently it sank into the warming sod, life giving, healing, forsaking its parents high above.

The sun watched with gentle understanding this sudden desertion. She knew it was what must happen to all parents, this sloughing off of bonds, and there were yet many who clung to her, and there would be many more.

Akhnaton watched also, sadly. "Just so my own son deserted me," he murmured. "Or did I desert him? But I had not, as you, many more to console me, and support me."

The sun, in a benevolent mood, bathed him in her healing effulgence, and his melancholia deserted him. Once again he watched the scene below with reflected delight.

A rattling, banging wagon stirred up the dust below, on a road that passed between the fields. The dust motes, in the short while allowed them, danced merrily with the sun's brood. The beams accepted their new playmates with the tolerance of children.



Summer Day

Suddenly, with sharp rage, a shadow flickered across the sun's face. Her fiery substance seethed and boiled with anger. She lashed her minions fiercely downward. They struggled below with a measure of her own fury.

Akhnaton, with a murmured apology, backed away into the suddenly soothing darkness, feeling once again his own uselessness.

Down, the sunbeams lanced, down into the black, inscilent, laughing face, that had appeared between them and the earth. Down they surged in a vast multitude, stabbing, darting, probing, searching for an opening, a crevice, a crack that would allow them to filter through. But no crack appeared. And the black face grew touched with silver at their onslaught.

The sun in her rage flung vast protuberances into space. Her voice grew shrill with rage, and Akhnaton trembled covering before her, ashamed of his cowardice with bitterness he had felt many times before. He, too, had been deserted by his god.

The wheat lashed and twisted, groaning aloud under the impact of the driving, whipping tons of water that poured on it.

Beaten down, down onto the ground, which seemed to shrink under the impact, too, the wheat groveled. Groveled then grew, grew under the impact, grew, then gloried in the waters that lashed and tore it, bathing it, purifying it even as the sun had done. This was more violent play.

High above, Akhnaton softly murmured advice. "Why not wait? The clouds will soon disappear; then once again you will be free to send your life giving children to dance with the wheat."

The sun roiled in answer. "You grow impudent. You presume to much. You..." But Akhnaton had disappeared in the darkness.

The laughing blackness surged and shifted sluggishly under the impact of the searching, stabbing beams. Shifted, but moved not.

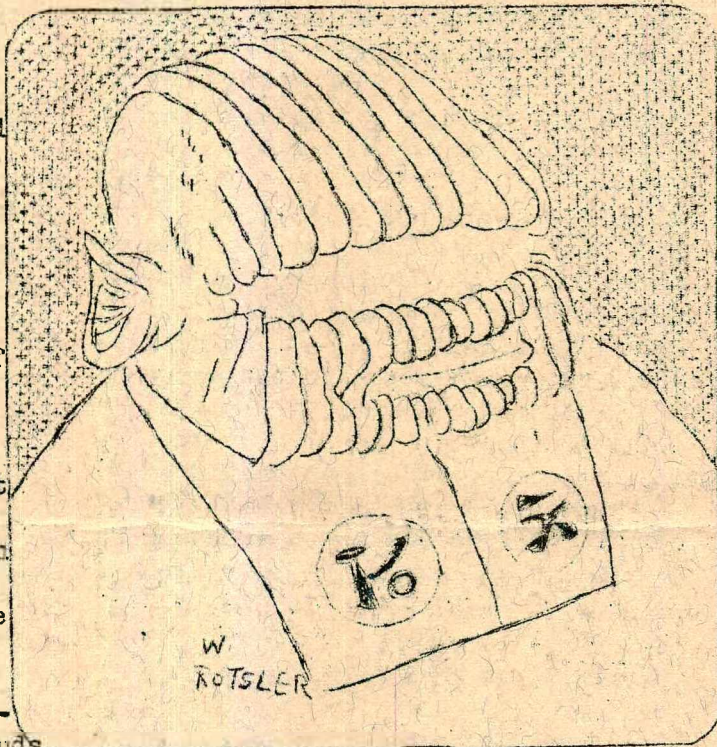
Then, at last, still laughing, still taunting, it moved off, and left the sun to send her broad, noon-time waves to the wheat.

"We have won! It is beaten off," the sun exulted.

"So we did. Your children are becoming stronger," Akhnaton, hating himself for agreeing.

Once again the rays surged down, but they were older now, and the remnants of her rage still lingered with the sun. They no longer played their games with the rippling wheat. They tried instead to beat down their erstwhile companions, glorying in their new strength.

But the amber wheat had been given strength also, by the lashing fury of the storm. It stood straight, each spear defiantly proud, under the onslaught of the sun.



"Bah!" burst out the sun, and flame spat from her lips "Do you see? The evil of the storm has penetrated into the grains, and they have gained strength. Unnatural, evil strength."

Akhnaton murmured soft agreement, and thought: it is ever thus. We give ourselves to our beliefs, and henceforth are their obsequious courtiers. I have gained life and lost independence.

"But you had better hurry," he said spitefully, "if you wish to wither it. The earth is turning away from you. Soon the wheat will be bathed in the soothing moonbeams, who is only your reflection in power."

The sunbeams lashed out against the wheat, seeking to destroy it as they had sought to disperse the cloud, bitter in their anger and disappointment. They probed and pierced their way between the gleaming stalks in an effort to sear the earth beneath.

But now they were weakening. Their power was extended, spent. Even the mother sun was losing her interest in them, deserting them as we desert those we love when they become independent. Her newer progeny played gently now the gurgling mountain streams, which the imperturbable earth had carried to them.

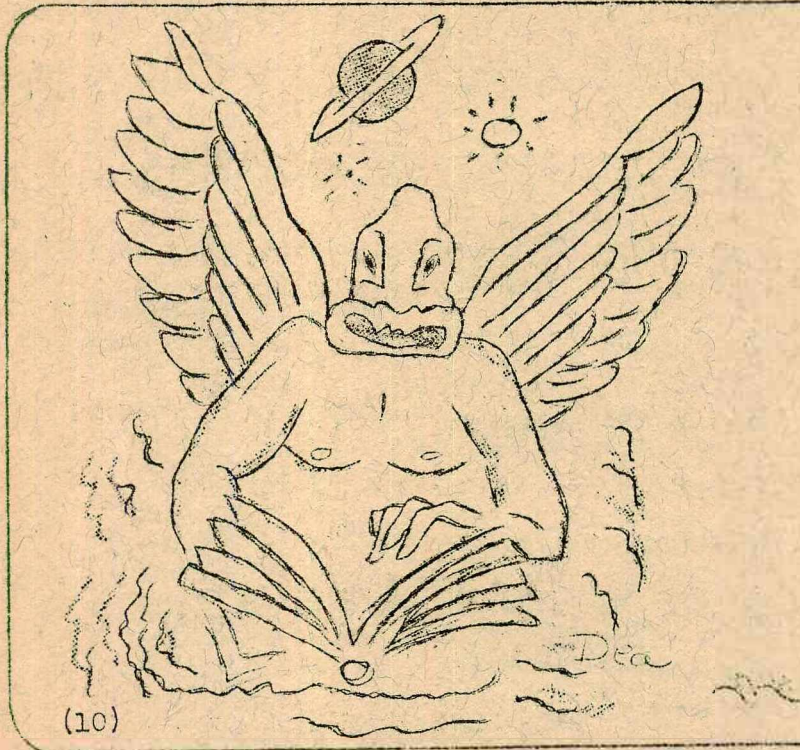
They fought still, but they were old now, old and lost. They shimmered in a red haze above the wheat, forgotten by the sun, forgotten even by the wheat.

Only Akhnaton saw them finally disappear, routed by the pale silver beams of the moon. The moon alone now shed her sleep inducing beams over the quietly slumbering wheat, as it recovered strength for the play of the morrow. Only Akhnaton saw them disappear, and his heart was sad, for he knew even thus would he be forgotten when the time came.

The mother sun heaved and lashed out tongues of flame calling Akhnaton's attention to the scene below, to her children playing merrily with the foam spewing mountain streams.

"They are merry, are they not?" asked the sun of her devotee.

But this time Akhnaton moved silently back into the darkness, silent, forgetting to give the answer he had given so many times through the many centuries. Forgetting and forgotten.....



(10)

E A R T H B O U N D

by

Raymond L. Clancy

They left. And I linger  
Gazing at stars,  
Far out in space  
Their engines pulse.  
Does the bird remember  
A worm upon the ground----  
When it beats the air  
With flying pinions?  
If so, they think of me  
Where the suns blaze bright  
About them, and their rockets.  
Trail the living fire.

SF

# QUIZZ BOB SILVERBERG



Each of the following ten questions will describe the format of a science fiction prozine. You are to guess the name of the magazine and also the year in which the description was first applicable. Five points for each correct name and five more points for each correct year. 50 points or under indicates a neophyte; 55-70 means that you've been around more than a year; 75-90 indicates a good memory or a good guessing ability, and anything above 90 rates the *Slan* appellation for a guy who's either been studying the right answers or who doesn't forget things.

- 1) This fantasy magazine was the last science fiction pulp with newsstand distribution to be in large format, 8 1/2 x 11. The name and year it entered large size?
- 2) This science fiction magazine became a pulp in October 1933 after an unsuccessful attempt at running large size with trimmed edges. Name of the mag and number of years it lasted before going pulp size.
- 3) This science fiction magazine was the original digest-size promag. Name and year it went digest-size.
- 4) This sf promag was the only SLICK in the history of science fiction, appearing for less than a year with honest-to-goodness shiny paper, and dropping back to plain pulp. Name of the magazine and year it went slick.
- 5) This science fiction magazine was the original pulp-size promag (7x10). Name the mag and year it first appeared.
- 6) This magazine was the first magazine in history of sf to sell for 10 cents. Name of magazine and year it first appeared.
- 7) This mag had, at one time, more pages than any magazine in the sf field ever had or has had since--276. Name this magazine which once had 276 pages, and tell the year in which it had them.
- 8) This digest-size prozine was the first to make the revolutionary jump to the 35¢ price. Name of magazine and year it first appeared.
- 9) The prozine featured black-and-white illustrations on its cover. Name of mag and year it first appeared.
- 10) This little-known sf prozine first appeared in very large size, 9x12, and within seven issues had gradually reduced itself to digest size. Name of mag and year it first appeared.

## A N S W E R S

1. Unknown Worlds; 1941, 2. Amazing Stories; 7 years, 3. Astounding Science Fiction; 1943, 4. Wonder stories; 1932, 5. Astounding Stories of Super-Science; 1930, 6. Astonishing Stories; 1940, 7. Amazing Stories; 1942, 8. Avon Fantasy Reader; 1947, 9. Cosmic Stories; 1941
10. Fantasy Book; 1947

# Gruuff Stuff From Off The Cuff by R.J. Banks

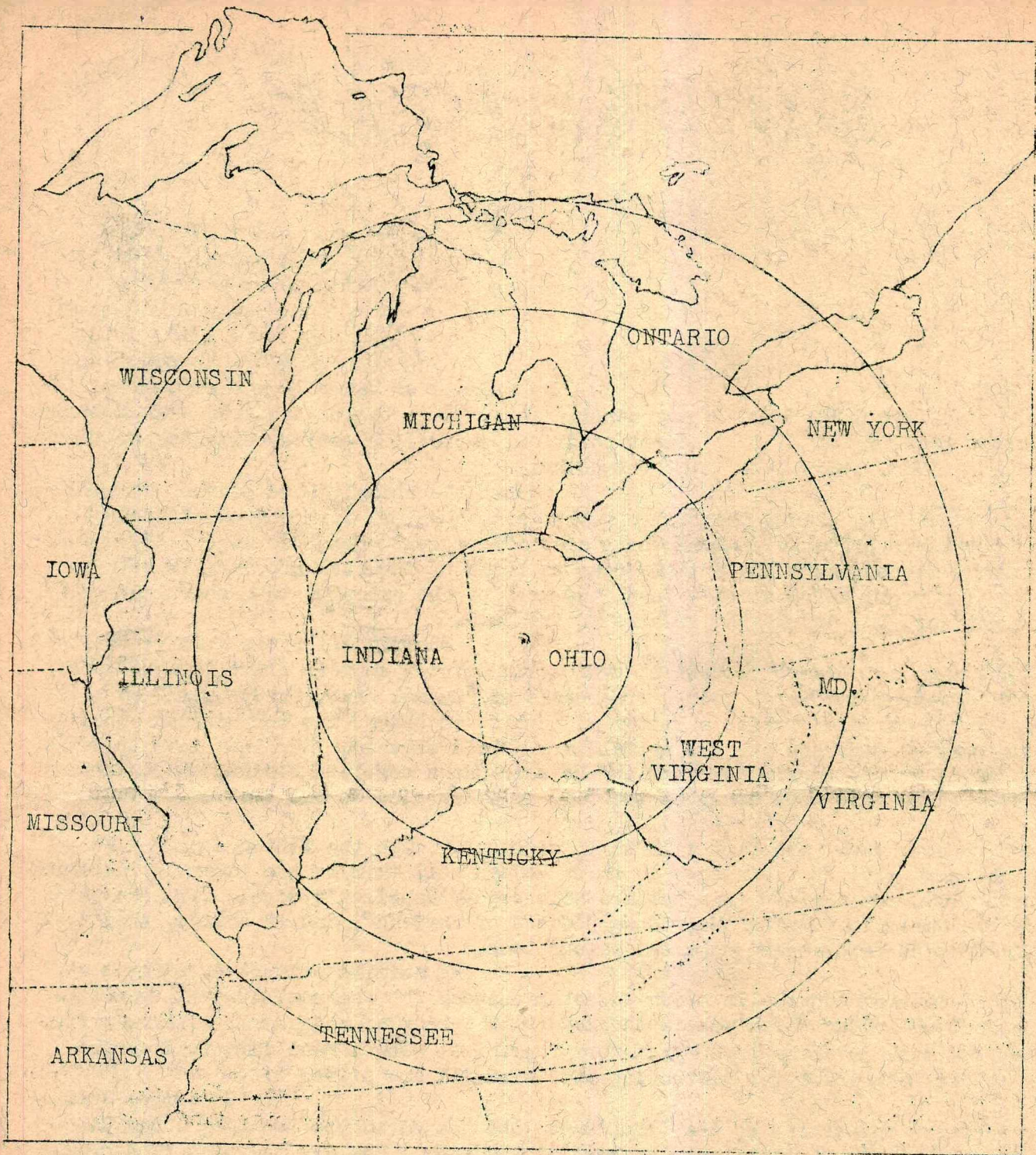
IN DEFENSE OF HILL  
BILLY RECORDS:

I am (as are most people with more than a third-grade education who like them) interested in hill-billy records mainly because of the percentage of them which are novelties. These novelties are generally funnier and twice as numerous as those in the popular field. "The Intoxicated Rat", "Hangman's Boogie" and "Life Gets Teejus" are three of the funniest records I've ever listened to, not withstanding "The Thing" or any other feeble attempt on the part of the Pop. boys at a novelty. The absolute number one

record among all classes (Hill-billy, Pop., Classical, Blues and Spike Jones) was a hill-billy novelty. The title was "Humpty-Dumpty Heart", and it was by a long-ten hill-billy from Waco, Texas; his name was Hank Thompson. Did you know, Mr. Boggs, that nine of ten of the major hits in the Pop. field are steals from the ranks of the hill-billies? The hit song "Monia Lise" (which is slated for the Academy Award as best song of the year) was a hill-billy; "Slipping Around" was a hill-billy; so was "Rag Mop"; so was "I'll Sail My Ship Alone". The song currently sweeping the country, "Tennessee Waltz" was originally a hill-billy. Did you see Mack Reynold's yarn "Troubadour" in the last Imagination? Yep, the song was a hill-billy! Did you know Mr. Boggs, that the leading recording artist in sales over our nation is not Bing Crosby; not Arthur Godfrey, but Eddy Arnold. Can you guess what kind of records Eddy makes. I'm sure I won't have to draw you a picture. Also the greatest Mother's Day song ever written, "M-O-T-H-E-R" was hill-billy.

I'm willing to leave the whole question up to the readers, though. If more letters don't come in favor of the hill-billy record reviews during a one month period beginning with the date this is published than those against it, I'll drop the whole thing. Agreeable, Mr. Boggs?

On the question of my All-America Football team, in most cases where only one set of eleven players are listed it is UNDERSTOOD that they are the offensive team. Defensive players don't get nearly the notice or the recognition of the Offensive boys. I know that I am unqualified to choose a defensive team, so I didn't attempt it. While Vic Janowicz (the players name you couldn't remember, Mr. Boggs) played both offense and defense, he won all his recognition for his DEFENSIVE work. Next time, I shall plainly label my team as the All-American Offensive Team. As for Neil Wood's bright theory that the experts (I don't put myself in this class yet) are whacky, in the Oklahoma-Kentucky game the Sooners (Okla.) walked all over Kentucky. Fumbles beat them, fumbles and nothing else (anyone who is interested can look up the game statistics)! For the first half of the California-Michigan game, the Golden Bears should have scored twice, but like the Sooners, were dogged by bad luck. Texas was the only team which was roundly out-played, and (in my opinion) they have been over-rated all year. Back to Boggs: just what (other than his publicity agent) was so special about Bob Williams. Does anyone require any of the several articles comparing Williams and Kyle Rote of SMU? You notice Rote didn't make my team either? Well, you see there were at least five players in the Southwest Conference alone who roundly out-played him. Their names?--Bob Smith (Texas A&M); Byron Townsend (Texas); Larry Isbell (Baylor) Ben Tompkins (Texas); the TCU quarter-back (I can't recall his name right now, but if anyone is interested I can easily find out). Bob Williamson suffers mostly because he was compared so often with Rote. I make you the same offer on the sports that I did on the hill-billy records. If more readers request it, I shall discontinue the Sports.



THAT'S RIGHT!  
MIDWEST FAN ACTIVITY IS  
AGAIN CENTERING AT INDIAN LAKE

..THE SECOND MIDWEST FAN CONFERENCE..  
Beatley's On-the-Lake Hotel, Russells Point, Ohio....May 19-20

The hotel is reserved for the Conference, so be sure to mention it when you write early for your reservation. Singles w/b \$4.50, doubles w/b \$6.00, parties of four to six to a room at \$1.50 per person.

# BOOKSHELF

## ANIMAL FARM

by GEORGE  
ORWELL  
Harcourt Brace & Co.  
1946, 118 pp.

By RICHARD  
ELSBERRY

The animals of Manor Farm revolt and eject the owner. Thus, then, begins the late George Orwell's first political satire. A satire, undoubtedly, aimed at Communism.

When the animals have driven out the shiftless owner they change the name of the farm to Animal Farm and adopt several slogans for their guidance. Among these are: "Four legs good, two legs bad", and "All animals are equal." The animals plan to build up the farm and make it self sufficient. The pigs, being smarter than the rest of the animals, take over leadership. They do not work but direct the affairs of the farm.

Shortly after the farm is started the humans make an attempt to take it over again but the animals drive them off. Snowball and Napoleon, two large boers, win medals of "Animal Hero, First Class" at this battle. Napoleon later trains a litter of puppies to become his bodyguards. They are soon ferocious dogs and all the animals are afraid of them. Napoleon invents a pretext to drive Snowball off the farm and he soon has a complete dictatorship. Thereafter everything that goes wrong at the farm is attributed to the traitorous Snowball.

Napoleon, seeing that the farm will be in difficulty with the Winter coming forces the chickens to give up their eggs so that he can sell them to the humans. The chickens, naturally, are against this but are silenced by Napoleon's dogs. Napoleon then forbids the animals to sing their song "Beasts of England", and of course, they must stop for Comrade Napoleon's judgement is supreme.

The animals attempt to build a windmill but it is blown down. In order to get machinery for the next windmill Napoleon sells a load of lumber which was in the yard to their human neighbor. Later they find out that the bank notes he payed them were forgeries. The humans then lead another attack on the farm and after destroying the windmill are driven off.

The pigs, seeing as how they are the brains of the farm, move into the farmhouse to live. They continue to do no work but still get the best of the food. One day the pigs find a case of whisky in the cellar and get thoroughly drunk. For a while it was thought that Comrade Napoleon was dying but he finally recovered. It was also noted shortly afterward that one of the farm's mottos painted on the side of the barn had been changed. Instead of reading, "No animal shall drink alcohol", to "No animal shall drink alcohol to excess." The pigs then get some books on brewing and set aside a part of the land for growing barley.

It had been agreed that when the animal became too old to work they would be given a piece of pasture to spend their remaining days. But when Boxer's legs give out, Napoleon sends him to the glue factory under the guise of sending him to the vet. Shortly thereafter the pigs buy another case of whiskey.

Gradually the pigs and dogs become more numerous and the other animals are hard pressed to produce enough

## Bookshelf

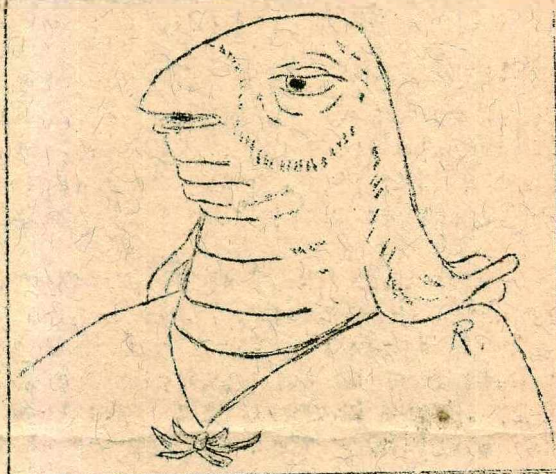
food for all these non-producers. It seems to the animals that they are working harder and longer hours than when the humans owned the farm but Comrade Napoleon assures them this is not so and that they are much better off.

Then one day the animals are startled to see the pigs walking up-right. The old commandment had been changed from, "Two legs good, four legs bad" to "four legs good, Two legs better". An another axiom of the farm "All Animals are Equal" now reads "All Animals are Equal, But some Animals are more Equal than Others."

Napoleon is then seen wearing clothes and smoking a pipe. And the animals finds out that the pigs have had a telephone installed and are now subscribing to magazines. The pigs invite the humans over for an inspection of the farm. Afterward there is a drinking party at which the pigs declare that the name of the farm should once again be Manor Farm. The pigs and humans toast each other and settle down for an evening of cards. The animals are awakened by a commotion at the farmhouse and when they look in the window they see:

"Twelve voices were shouting in anger, and they were all alike. No question, now, what had happened to the faces of the pigs. The creatures outside looked from man to pig, and from pig to man, and man to pig again; but already it was impossible to say which was which."

And so the cycle is complete. You'll undoubtedly see more connections in the story that have to do with Communism besides the instances that I've cited. As you may have guessed Snowball represents the spirit of Trotsky. You can't say that it is either fantasy or science-fiction, it can only be labeled as a political satire. If you're looking for a fast paced adventure then ANIMAL FARM isn't your dish but if you're looking for an evening of not too heavy reading then this is the book for you.



GRUFF STUFF FROM OFF THE CUFF; Cont. from page

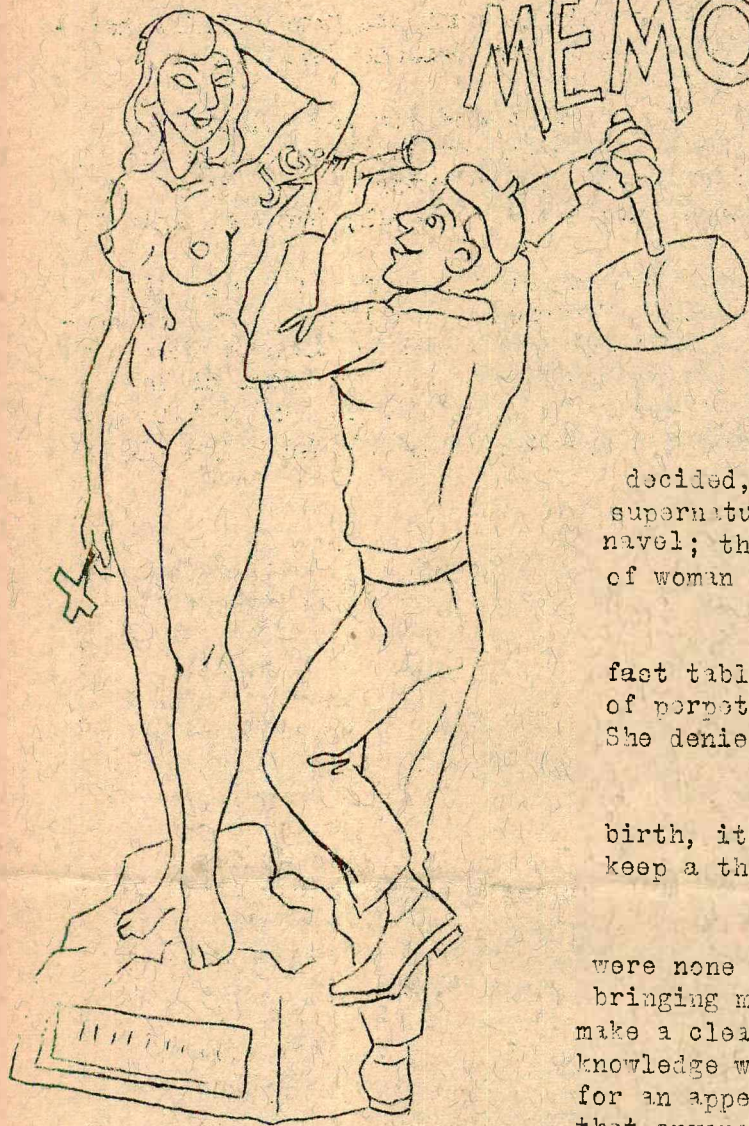
Infact, I'll even go further. I will write on absolutely any subject you (the majority of the readers) suggest. This includes radio comedy; general movies; radio mysteries; popular records (or any any other kind); I'll even do (ugh) soap operas if you want.

Don't look now, but Max and I are working on a Big project that will be for both our magazines. Neither of us are letting many people in on it yet, but it will be announced simultaneously in the editorials of UTOPIAN #5 and whatever number of FANVARIETY happens to be current at the time of release after UTOPIAN #5.

The Korean war has reversed itself again. GHU, its just like an elevator. First the Korean Commies plow into the South Koreans and back them up steadily. Then Us enters the fracas and drives the dirty Reds back toward the 38th parallel. Then, the Commies pour across the border in overwhelming numbers and "pocket" the allied troops. MacArthur finally catches up the supply with the demand, and it looks like he is going all the way. But whoa (WHOA, that is!) the Chinese Commies are n't going to take the defeat of their little brother Korea lying down. Wham they jump in with both feet, and take the allies back from within sight of the Manchurian and Chinese border to 50 miles south of Seoul. Glug, thier troops are supposedly droppin like flies from frost-bite, and now they are on the way back to the 38th parallel. Up-and-down; up-and-down!

# MEMOIRIES NUMBER 2

BY  
JOE  
GROSS



Remember those oranges? Well, I've decided, finally, that they must have been of supernatural origin. Not one of them had a navel; therefore, they couldn't have been born of woman, as I'd heretofore suspected.

I brought the matter up over the breakfast table, one afternoon, and accused my wife of perpetuating a hoax right before my own eyes. She denied, of course, as I'd known she would.

No matter how you try to disguise a birth, it will out, someday. You can't very well keep a thing like that hidden, you know.

Now that I was sure that the oranges were none of MY progeny, I had no difficulty in bringing myself to eat the lot of them. I must make a clean breast of it, though. Before my knowledge was secure, I had used two of the fruit for an appetizing glass of juice. I did not think that anyone would notice the absence of such a small number, especially since I chose the two largest.

The cutpurse I had hired was now becoming very prosperous. After showing up at the bank with the Nun's money, the Church decided that he was of the sterlingest quality and such, and awarded him with two or three small chapels to manage. He ran them so well, that in the space of a year he had acquired to his property two more chapels, a large Protestant Church, three convents, a whole Sunday School chockful of fat, juicy young children, and thirteen statues of diverse religious aspects.

He found upon inspection that six of the statues were imitations of something or other, and constructed from a flimsy sort of plaster and painted to resemble marble. I argued with him that if he hadn't taken to chipping his initials into the figures (in very inappropriate places, too) he would never have known.

His comment was a short snarl. He had groan very uncivil toward me since one of his clergy had uncovered evidence that I had tried to kidnap ten of his most promising nuns.

(16)

The secret of his success was an alarmingly novel device. He had taken to rounding up those of the congregation who had contributed least. He had these poor unfortunates realistically re-enact the more bloodier episodes from the Book.



This he made a Sabbath practice, holding the performance at precisely nine a.m. and after the opening sermon. Especially interesting was the enactment of the Crucifixion, which he altered a bit by having everyone, including the hangerson and the Roman soldiers, nailed to crosses by time-traveling Visigoths who didn't like the idea of a Jewish God. Their Teutonic dieties had put them up to it, for they realized that Ragnarök was drawing close by, and did not relish the thought of their subjects worshipping "that Palestinian Swell-head".

Another outstanding bit was taken from Izekiel, concerning two ladies of unquestionable characters, Aholah and Aholibah. The attendance at this particular show was largely teen-age youths (pimples and all) and frustrated, squinty-eyed old men. The Ex-cutpurse-turned-church-owner usually joined in certain parts of the act, and often allowed some of the more god-fearing (yet eager) young men to clamber excitedly up on the stage to participate, also.

This straightforward method won the approval of the Board of Health after one of their agents investigated and found, contrary to rumors, that the dungeons where the next week's performers were chained was NOT drafty and roach-ridden. It also gained wide acclaim, and drew great masses of people, often as early as seven p.m. the night previous (that's Saturday evening, you know). Dance-hall, roller-rink, and call-house managers went bankrupt, for they heartily believed that they did their

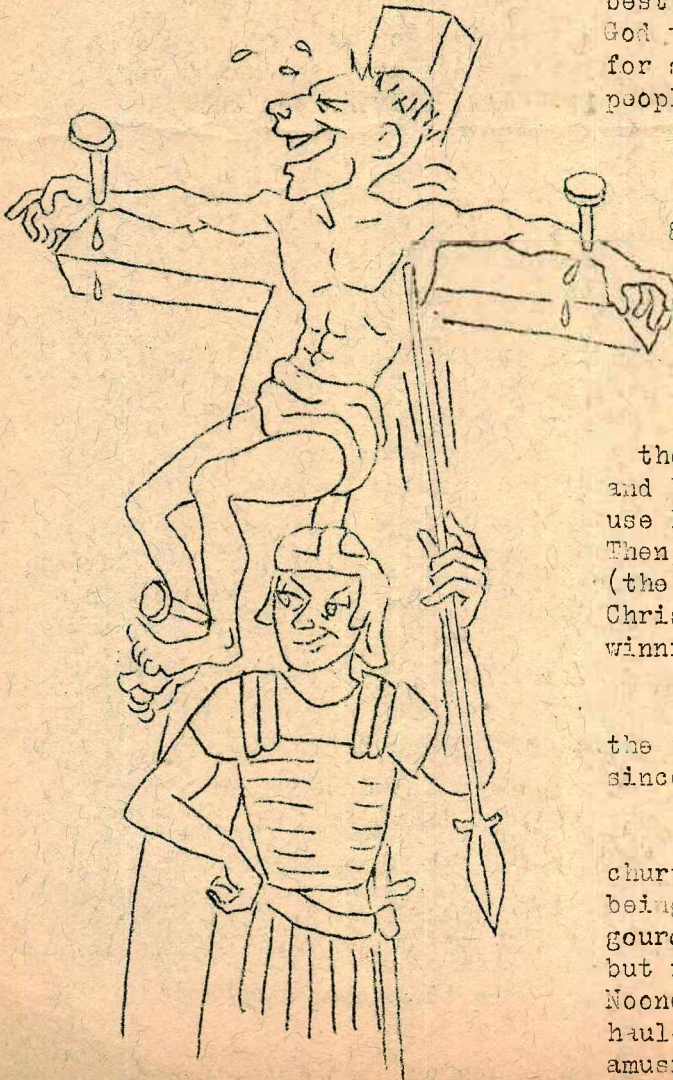
best business on Saturday night. Men of God the world over hailed the Ex-cutpurse for sparking up the lagging drive to get people to "Go to Church, this Sunday!"

They urgently begged other church-owners to follow his practice as soon as possible, in order that this generation would go down in History as the most church-going peoples in the solar system, including Hell (which is where most churches are going, anyway).

Unfortunately, he had patented the system, like the sly devil he was, and he let the bunch of rival churchowners use his system unaware that he had a patent. Then, he slapped them all with highsuits (the lawsuits were all sold out in the Christmas Rush) (and besides, he'd been winning with the highsuits at poker.)

The result was that he gained the first Religious Monopoly in History since Adam was ribbed.

People simply flocked to his churches. Of course, there was a risk of being dragged from your seat by the armed gourds for being the cheapest contributor, but it only added a spicy tang to the affair. Noone really believed that HE would be ever hauled away. It always happened, quite amusingly, to another person. Three people per hourly collection were hilariously taken



to the dungeons, which were located beneath the ladies' rest rooms. The floor muted the groans and howls, and from the Lounge chairs, they sounded like deliciously eerie music.

There was a rumor that down in the dungeons there were lots of underground movements.

The fellow made so much money that eventually he had to discharge his principle clergymen, for fear that they were dipping into his till now and then. He knew perfectly well that they were all keeping fancy showgirls on the side (I didn't say WHICH side, funny boy!) and he also knew that they couldn't afford them, not on the commission he was paying them. He had a sales conference one morning before mass, and told them that they should be satisfied with the nuns. What did they think he had three convents for? They replied that the nuns weren't fancy and glamorous. He gasped, and crossed himself hurriedly. He spoke in a deafening tone for answer: They should be excommunicated for such sacrilegious blasphemy, and proceeded to bawl them out for two and a half hours, while the congregation outside stamped their feet with impatience. At length, he relented a little, and agreed to allow the nuns to wear lipstick, toenail polish, and provocative clothing as long as they remained within the walls of the parishes, convents, or monasteries.

All to no avail, for he had to let them all go, after it became clear that the nuns cost more to keep than the showgirls. They wailed a bit, but cheered up when I got them all jobs with the Federal Dresser of Invertigation, of which an-uh- friend was just unanimously elected Grand Invert.

At present, they were tracking down the RED CROSS; they had unearthed papers which proved that the Red Cross was trying to stop the Korean War Games being currently held at moderate prices in the popular Lower Manchurian Theatre of Action, Starring U.N. Tony and The Gooks. The Red Cross was planning to sell Chinese plasma (instead of the U.S. article) to wounded U.N. soldiers and American plasma to the Red Chinese medics, on the theory that the plasma, with its inherent racial characteristics, would soon render all the warriors on both sides indistinguishable by altering the features of those to whom it was administered. They assumed that most of the soldiers wounded would get theirs in battle.

As you can imagine, the governments of the world were horrified. If the War Games were halted, where could they find such a perfect training ground for their armies? The Military wanted every last money-making member of the R.C. shot or something just as bad.

It was a long-range plan on the part of the R.C. After the Games had stopped, they intended to start a vast sales program in China, Upper Mongolia, and the solvent parts of Tibet. The Directors had realized that millions could be raked in by selling CARE-furnished coffee and donuts to the hinterland Chinks. The advertising department was ordered to come up with a slogan that would wean the Chinese children off rice so that they could save their money for coffee and donuts.



To the Germans living in Hong-Kong, they directed a line of future sales of blood-pudding and blood-sausage made from surplus plasma.

Another sideline was dismembered parts of U.N. soldiers, collected on the battlefield and to be sold as trophies to the patriotic Chinese Reds. They planned to cheat even here, by mixing in Chinese arms and legs disguised by painting them red white and blue and stamping the names of various states on them in a conspicuous spot.

Clever, they were !

They had also arranged with the Russkis to release all the latest Moscow films in the U.S. (The Russians were still making movies about the German Rout at Moscow, and Hitler's bodruggled retreat from Russia; also the heroic blockade of postwar Berlin.) in exchange for a rush order of weight-reducing paraphernalia. The Communists were becoming sensitive about their husky, plump farm girls. They were getting greeneyed with jealousy from seeing advertisements in American magazines, always picturing beautiful, slender, vacant-faced pretties in snazzy apparel or lust-provoking underclothes. They knew that they had invented the female anyway, but that something had gone wrong since the Tatars had invaded way back when.

Russian women before that time were all startlingly lovely things. Jasn't Adamov goggle-eyed at the glamorous and titillating Eveovitchka in the Party Garden of Dialectic-Eden way up in the Ural Mountings? And wasn't Jobski just too delighted for words to have such a pretty salt statue of such tall, classic Neo-Siberian mein? Yes, yes, it WAS a shame that he left it out in a copasture one night when the barn was shut before the cows came home to be collectivized. The whole herd and various wood-deer used his poor wife's statue for a saltlick, and in the morning he was heartbroken to find that she was now a plain-faced, flat-chested wench. (He had to admit, however, that she still retained that same salty manner) He bargained with Meffy Stophlies, a prominent Greek, for a trade-in at current barter-exchange. Meffy agreed to keep it quiet until the new model was turned out, for fear that Stalin would hear of it and send a few arch-angel party officials to investigate. Meffy reassured the downhearted fellow by pointing out that his wife's fate was far better than being snapped up as an advertising gimmick by one of the Capitalistic Salt Industries in the New World.

There was a mistake somewhere, for the alchemist's bowl that Meffy mixed the sodium chloride in went haywire and kept producing figurines by the scores. That was when Meffy tore his hair out ( he's been bald ever since, as you'll notice) Both he and Jobski chewed their nails for a bit, and then hit upon the idea of burying all the salt figures up in Siberia, to give their descendants something to do.

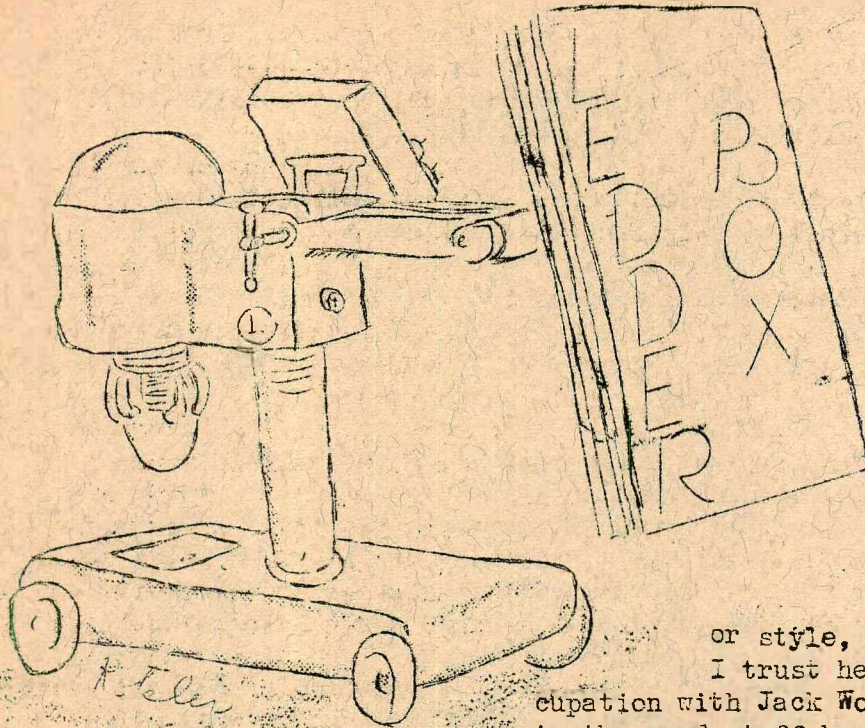
This seems to run on, I think.

See you all, next month.

WATCH  
FOR  
THE  
S.S.  
BOYS  
NEXT ISSUE

Donald Baker Moore

I am interested in your magazine largely because of the extremely wide range of quality it has. Certain of the articles are good, as is some of the poetry. The Nelson cartoons are often excellent and some in fact tend to be extraordinarily good. I hear that he has gotten married recently. I look for this to result in a marked improvement in his fiction. His one serious shortcoming is the tendency to follow someone else's work



or style, and usually it is a poor one. I trust he will lose some of his preoccupation with Jack Woodford and turn his attention to the good stuff he is capable of writing when let alone. Will be looking for some of his stories.

I do not understand why you include some of the inane ramblings such as "Memoires" or "Relative, Scorage of Civilization." I suppose you fell the old urge to fill space. Just be more careful to choose thr proper space to fill.

Articles such as "Murder of Str" by Tom Covington always attract my attention because of their inevitable reversion to that fallacious line of reasoning which, not being up on my logic, I only know as "post hoc, propter hoc." He has conventiently ignored the success of that remarkable new magazine "Galaxy" along with the large increase in American sales of the excellent British import, "New Worlds".

No, I fear it would be almost as logical to try to blame any assumed "Death" of science fiction on the advent of the LP record and far more likely to attribute it to the influx of Dianetics. (These both having arrived more or less at the same time as television.)

2637 Hillegass, Berkeley 4, California

T. E. Watkins

Where did you get Marie Louise? She is terrific and her relatives could do well in a musical comedy. I particularly liked Uncle Hen and his clicking blue white teeth. She could make quite a character out of this fellow. His drooling yen for young girls could be one side of his character and she could add a Don Quixote chivalry in helping them out of jams. What story material one could get out of that. Of course Uncle Hen always comes out second best to the hero and winds up with Aunt Caroline--that is, until another chick comes along and off he goes bald head gleaming, big feet flapping, his hope eternal. A clever writer could live on a character like that for years.

I read Terence Heywood poem over several times. I can't make any sense out of it, but I get tickled every time I read it. "Forgotten Woman" by Barbara Ann Lahn is a beautiful poem and I will have to keep this one in mind when the voting comes up for the ten best fan poems of 1951. We are voting now for 1950. (As you probably know)

Bob Fultz

I think that three items in the No. 6 Fv make it an outstanding ish for a fanzine-Marie-Louise's sketch on Relatives (what's her last name ((Share)))? J. M. Fillinger's Book Reviews, and Joe Gross' Memories, or Memoiries, as you called it. The rest of the material was good, but didn't rate with the 3 items above.

The Bookshelf- That Weinbaum book, "The Dark Other"- if my memory isn't slipping, FPCI was going to pub that under the title of "The Mad Brain." It woulda been a helluva lot better title than the one it is come out under.

"Relatives nearly killed me. This is one of the best pieces I've ever read about that kind of genus homogenous, un-pasteurized people. It also goes to prove that the female is more deadly with a pen than the male. Get this budding (I suppose) authoress to do another sketch on a like subject.

Mr. Gross (and just who is he anyway?) and his Memoires were crony and idiotical and made me wish I could write stuff like that. I liked 'em.

So Tv hurt the the stf pulps! Brother! What a scared cow stf is becoming to some stfen. Any li'l excuse at all and the spend a couple pages in a fan mag beefing that the sacrosanct stf pulps are either being dragged down or being punctured in the bladder by some Malign Outsider Force in this case, TV.

Holy Ghod! I like stf and fandom but ' can't get that enthused or enraged about it; though a guy that can really, I suppose, be admired. Look at the big fuss stfen made over Dianetics, just because it was started by a stf author and huckstered in ASF. So I mutter, Holy Ghod, and go back to Startling.

Route 1, Box 203, Tamm, Illinois

Joe Gross

Where's a letter from Fillinger? He writes better letters than he writes reviews. Of course, he will be accused of making an error as to the author of CONAN THE CONQUEROR, but who knows? Perhaps he knows the fellow's pen-names? Or perhaps he is trying to see how observant Fans are.

Murder of Stf was misspelled, here and there (to be expected, I suppose) but I don't understand why Tom thinks Tv is going to kill the pulp market. Tv is a limited medium. And now that the War is on, Tv will be throttled good and proper. He has a point, but he needn't be so perturbed. Still, it's perfectly legal to exaggerate in order to gain reader interest.

Mary Louise writes an entertaining story. And of course, it was sound thinking to get Nelson to do the illustrating.

I liked that Davis. He's funny, and I hope you get him to write another article like that child-carething. I aplogize; I seethat there is such a person as Earl Newlin.

Dick Elsberry bit was interesting and encouraging. Max, you didn't give Barbara Ann the proper setting for her poem. It's rather ineffective, as is.

It's nice to see at least three femme fannes taking part in a fanzine. There're altogether too few in fandom! How are we to regenerate the race Fan?



David English

Relative--good; was it supposed to be funny? It read more like a horror story. Maybe it was one. One thing: I always spelled "scourge" scourge, not scorage. Maybe this is only a personal prejudice, too, though. So there's no need for you to turn grey (or gray--either one is correct) in the hair over it.

We need for meto comment on the art--You can tell I like it by the way I drool on this letter when I think of it. Even the cartoons I drool about!!!  
203 Robin St., Dunkirk, NY

Gilbert Cochran

Scorage of Civilization by Mary Louise is a flagellant bit of prose, Having read Oscar Wilde lived the roof top life where he was at elbow touch with the priests in the minarets of the mosques, and where the everyest word of the muezzine fell directly into his ear. But Mary Louise must have lived part of her life in the caver paradise's of the Moon. She has such a flagellant way of scoraging. Civilization.

Joe Gross and his memoires: My! what memoires while I was reading Joe's memoires, my own memory began to function I remembered that a few days ago I was in the office of the Head Doctor of the Insane Asylum. The Doctor was telling me that for some time a very strange man had been hiding behind hedges on the asylum grounds, and leaping forth to snatch the women nurses purses, and then escaping back in the hedges.

While the Doctor was telling me this two policemen came in holding a very strange man between them."This is the man we caught snatching a purse from one of the nurses Doc." said one of the Cops. "Why did you do it" asked Doc.

The strange mans face lit up strange and he said:"My memoires make me do it, I picture the thought of robbing a nurse in the galleries of my mind. I place the mind picture in the principal orifice of my anatomy, and then metamorphose the picture into a stone or brick in the walls of the asylum buildings. I have hundreds of pictures in hundreds of stones and bricks, and the pictures make me rob the nurses." So one wonders to one'self: Does Joe Gross take it on the chin.

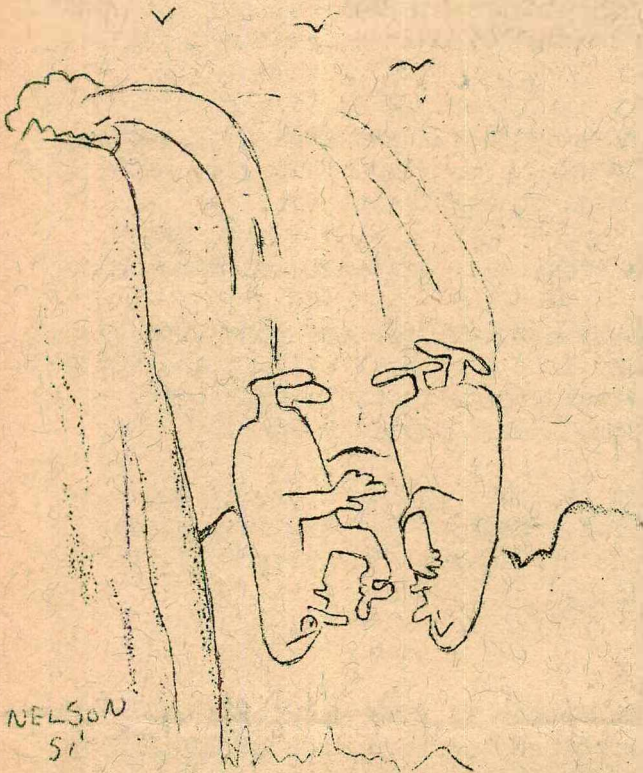
Route 3, Box 51, Claremore, Okla.

Lee Hoffman

When I first thumbed thru #6 something seemed to be lacking. Then I found it. Next to the Best Fan Editor in R.J. Banks' column. My name. The boy is a lad of great descrimination and understanding. He has a comprehension far beyond the average.

Gorsh, I am greatly thrilled. At last I am a member of the WHMFTAF and for free yet. How wonderful. The last time I got any thing for free it turned out to be full of penicillin. Which brings to mind the fact that this ish ain't nearly as sexy as last ish. More fauns pliss. Sometimes I think I don't understand Terry Haywood. At other times I am certain of it. I have a complete collection of Fv. Do you?

lol Wagner St., Savannah, Ga. (22)



NELSON  
51

NOW AT THAT LAST CORNER  
OUR FREE WILL HAD A CHOICE  
OF GOING EITHER UP OR DOWN

More T. E. Watkins

Banks in "Gruff Stuff" seems to be a Western fan, judging from his taste in record music. And there is where he and I part company. The surest way to get the radio off in our house is to hear the "geetar" and the nasal twang and "The Red River Valley." On his 1950 N3F Laureate Awards, however, we see eye to eye. I'll string along with Boucher Bradbury Finlay Keasler and Rapp. I'll pick Manley Banister (NEKROMANTIKON) for the best fan editor and Richard Elsberry for the best fan writer. The poet has me stopped.

"Maybe You'll be Lucky" by Richard Elsberry is another well written article, rich in exciting information, by my pick for the best fan author of 1950.

"Memoiries" by Joe Gross is just a little too lurid for me. (And this comment by the guy that wrote "The Caged City of Bombay") Perhaps I'd better not comment.

"Rarest of the Rare" by Bob Silverberg I mention last but it is not least. A good one page article and I wish I could help Mr. Silverberg. I might take a look through the second hand stores, but I am afraid that 1927-28 is to long ago and if one could find a copy of CURIOUS TALES it would be in tatters. I think I'll try it though on my first day off.

1E05 Wood Ave., Kansas City 2, Kansas

J. T. Oliver

The Murder of Stf was good but Fleming-Roberts says it wasn't TV what done it, but poor display on the stands. The reason for the PP change of format, I mean. The cartoons were very good. Nelson's always are. Relatives was lots of fun. I like humor, if it's funny. Rarest of the Rare was interesting I never saw a copy and I used to be a mag dealer. Book reviews were interesting, but I didn't agree with him much. But that's the way 'tis with reviewers: you gotta find one with your tastes and read his reviews only. The Joe Gross thing was good. Seems I remember him from somewhere. Elsberry was interesting, too.

He always manages to be that. I hate poetry, because I can't read the stuff. Letter section okay, but not up to par. Banks is capable of writing a good column, but not on hill-billy music. The very thots of that stuff makes me sick. Altogether a very good ish. Know any fan who wants to buy a good portable typer?

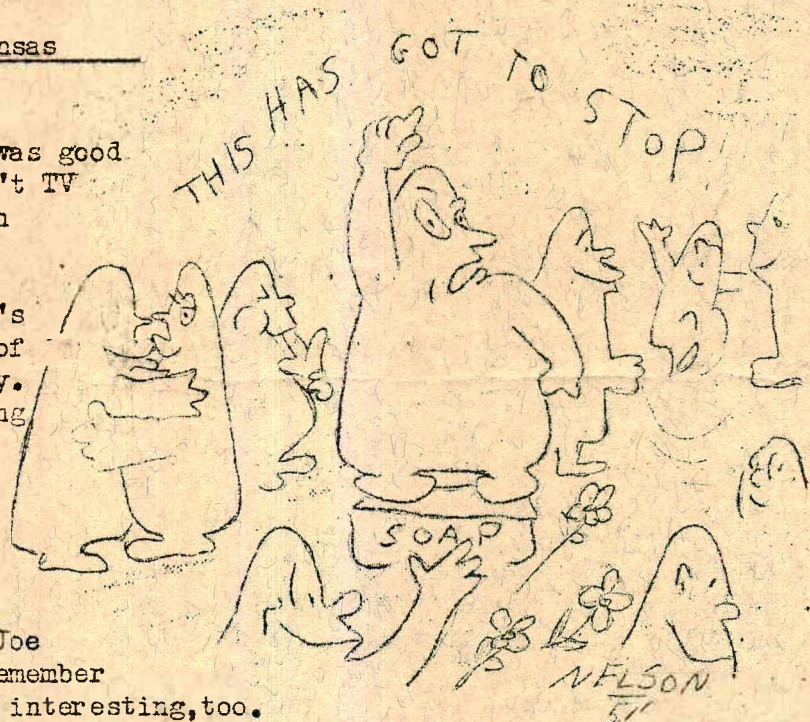
315-27th St. Columbus, Ga.

David English

I rather liked the Memories of Joe Gross. Great Gadfly! another lousy speller. I might as wel gte inont his as lung asseverbudy is is....

Boodshelf is also good---brief and to the point (fillinger's head?) Only kidding, J.M.-Hey! don't run at me like that!-AGGgghhh! why that----- he stabbed me with his head!!

Gruff Stuff-I didn't like. Nothing could interest me less than hillbilly record. However, this is only a personal prejudice, so you needn't pay any attention to it.



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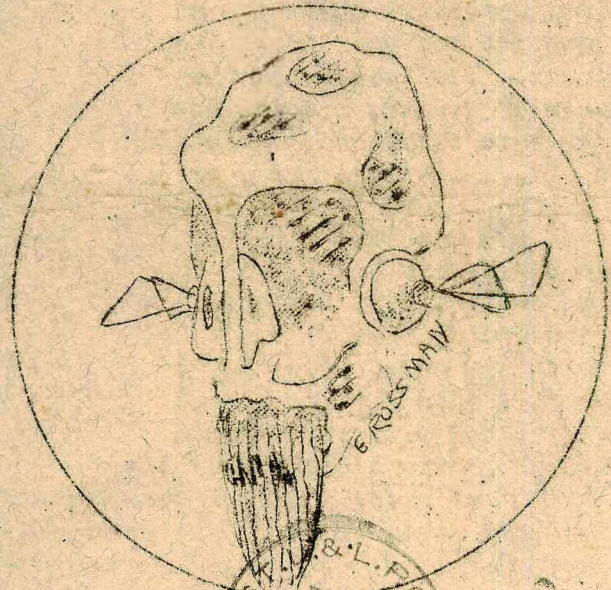
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