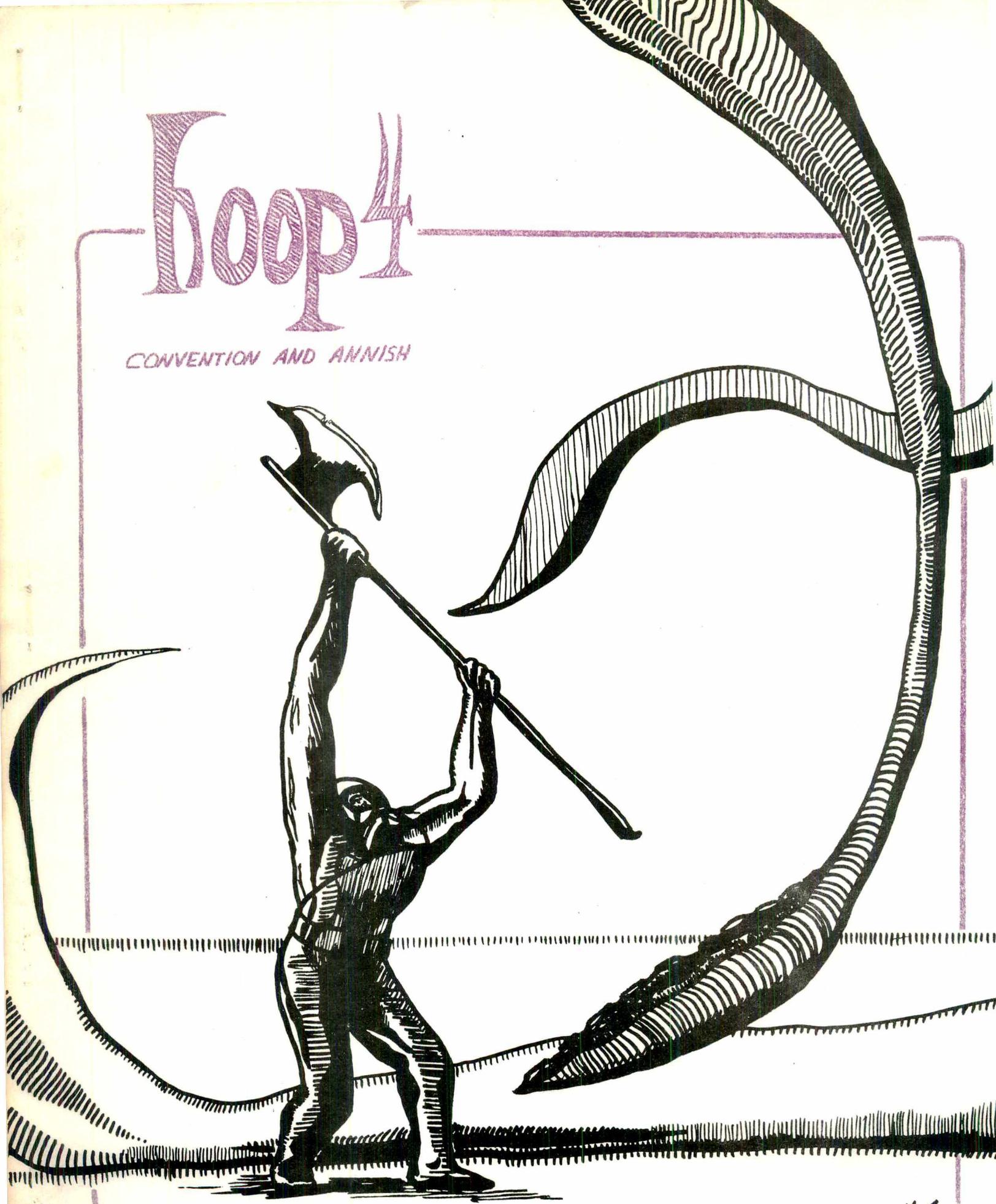
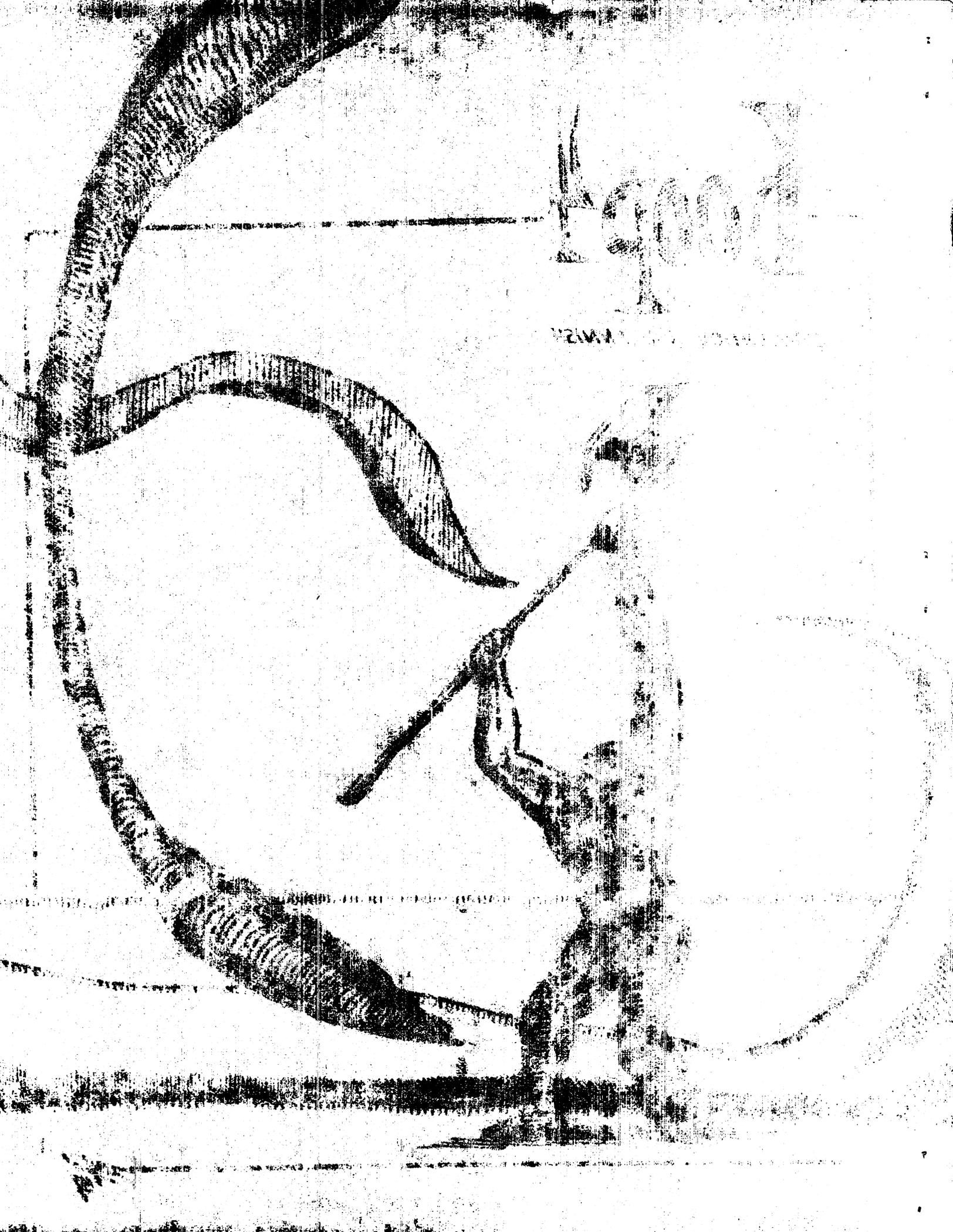


Hoop 4

CONVENTION AND ANNISH



JULY 69



My father died April 18th. It seems impossible that he should be dead. I'm coming out from it now...although I will probably always have some deep and buried crying for him.

HOOP is still alive, and so am I. As long as I can, I'm going to try and continue to pub this zine and improve it. This is the anniversary issue, and it's not as full of humor as the previous issues have been. You know why now.

Don't worry about me, now. HOOP is here to attest to the fact that I'm still going.

Jim.

HOOP (Volume I, Number 4)
 Summer, 1968. Published
 and edited five times
 yearly by Jim Young;
 1948 Ulysses St.
 N.E.; Minneapo-
 lis, Minn.;
 55418. U.S.A.



AND CONVENTION ISSUE

25¢ — or 35¢ Mailed
 Flat in Envelope



HOOP is available for
 contribs, written or
 illoed. Published let-
 ters of comment will
 also get you a copy.
 Trades bring you a
 copy as well; and all
 tradozines will be re-
 viewed unless it is
 otherwise stated in
 the fanzine.

HOOP is also available
 for money. The U.S.A.
 sub rate goes like
 this: five issues for
 a dollar. This rate
 goes for Canadian and
 Mexican subs as well.
 In any place else in
 the world you get four
 issues for one dollar
 American. If you want
 it airmailed overseas
 to you, it's three is-
 sues for one buck.

The next deadline for
 contributions is Sep-
 tember 20, 1968. Trade-
 zines can filter in
 for awhile after that,
 but there's no guar-
 antee that those fil-
 tering zines'll be re-
 viewed in HOOP Five.

HOOP 5 will be out in
 October (the 28th, to
 be exact.)

This is JMY Pub # 52.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

UMPHIWALLAH!.....Yr. Servant to Obey.....2
 The place where the editor remembers....

NATERINGS...Sort of Like a Somethingcol...Nate Bucklin...4
 Nate starts his column up anew...this time with a
 report on a movie made by a minister.

KUSSKE ON APAS.....John Kusske.....9
 Kussko didn't get his regular column done, so his
 report is followed this time with short APA news.

"BLACK HER BROWS, AND BEAUTIFUL".....Gil Lamont...14
 Gil's at it again! Here's a shock-ender; all a-
 bout a person's wedding in a strange future.

FROM WORLDS BEYOND.....All You Peoples.....18
 The place where readers make with a poke, a com-
 ment, and a what-have-you. (Lotsa what-have-yous!)

IN THE REALM OF BOOKS.....Jim Young.....24
 A serious look at Fawcett-Crest SF books.

THE COMPUTER SHPICK.....Fred Haskell.....27
 Fred tried that computer dating stuff. Wondering
 what it's like? Fred talks about his experiences
 and shows you a questionnaire from the service.

HOOP SNAKE.....Yr. Horrible Editor.....33
 FANZINE REVIEWS FROM THE WICKED TYPER OF YE ED!

POETRY
 Peace March;Joyce Fisher...8 «Desolee»;Jim Young....23

DEPARTMENTS
 FUTURE SEGMENT...13 HOOPoll...26 ART& REASONS WHY.....38

UAPRAIW

Y'EDITORIAL

A year isn't really a long time; it just seems that way.

At any rate, it's a year ago now that HOOP ONE was pubbed. I can remember the first collating session as though it were yesterday. I take that back. I remember it as though it were now.

I had had a bike accident, and I couldn't use my left arm. I sat on a rocking-couch in our basement and watched Ken Fletcher and Fred Haskell collate the issue. I had tried to help them, but my arm had started bleeding. I just sat there, feeling my arm trickle of blood inside the bandages. And slowly, HOOP ONE was finished. Of course that first ish was called INFINITE HOOPLAS, but we'll overlook that right now....

HOOP TWO was run off and collated entirely by the editor. It took me about two weeks (and one day of being sick, staying home from school and finishing off the collating work.) In review, I thought HOOP TWO a better edited zine than the first issue. The only real advance was the beginning of John Kusske's column, "Kusske on APAs". Other than that and improvement in editing, the zine stayed almost exactly the same, down to the bad repro and cheap yellow paper.

Then came the third issue. That ish shows definite improvement. I experimented with better quality papers and layout. This was the first issue to use tip-in illos; Jack Gaughan sent me a sheet of very fine illos which I had off-setted and then tipped-in. (You'll find most of the rest of the page in this issue.)

Now that was a collating party...

John Kusske, Fletch and Fred Haskell helped me do that. Nate Bucklin came late and missed eating supper with us. We worked from 7:00 to 11:30 or so. Fred and I worked on the tip-in stuff, everybody else collated. When nearly all the

James Young



ALLAH!



COMMENT

zines were done, we sat around and stapled issues.

Within the next three days my mother and I finished collating the issue, and eventually HOOP THREE sold completely out.

That was April first, 1968. Seventeen days later my father died. I loved him as a son should love his father.

...A lot has happened in that year. I approach my senior year in high school, I approach selling fiction professionally, I still live.

And so does HOOP. Although we missed an issue in the first volume, HOOP will continue — and hopefully publish those five issues a year.

If you look back to a copy of HOOP THREE, you'll see on the contents page these words: "HOOP 4 will be out June 15th, 1968. (Barring the rising of Atlantis and the consequent sinking of the North American continent...or other such unforeseen incidents.)"

A great part of my continent has fallen into the sea; but I'm still alive, and so is HOOP.

* * * * *

This is the Annish, you know. It's not particularly large — but I think that it's particularly good. And for you people at the Baycon, this issue is printed especially for you. (That sounds corny; actually this issue is to celebrate both a year of publishing and my going to the Worldcon.)

And so with a shout of "Happy Annish", I say good bye.

Yr. Horrible Editor.



NATE RINGS

SORT OF LIKE A SOMETHINGCOOL

By Nate Bucklin

I could write you about the Great Hawk Kidnapping Scandal; or about why the Korners of Tyne decided to become the Oysters' Masterpiece, and what the inhabitants of a certain apartment do in their spare time and why they're having an eviction party and drinking pop; or about the time all six of us were walking down the freeway and hitched a ride for half a mile with a sane young man in a car. But there are other things involved in life on the dark side of St. Paul; there are Sandies and Teds and parents and films, and every now and then people drop by unexpectedly and call you to go with them. They did it to Ted. In fact, they descended upon him en masse one Friday at work and told him: "Ted, you're going to have a party tonight."

Ted shook himself softly and said: "Okay. You're all invited."

Archie and Jan dropped by, then, not to Ted's — in the same apartment building with them, and next door — but here. "Nate," they said, "Ted's throwing a party. Do you want to come?"

"I do." Celeste was there. "May I come?" "You may, Celeste." We went out to Jan's family's place, in Bayport, Minnesota, and picked up Jan's sister Jenny and Jenny's two guitars, and went back to Archie and Jan's. We all — six of us, counting Johnny — went up to Archie's and looked at some of Archie's s-f titles, gaped at his stereo set-up (the turntable was usable, and the amplifier-speaker setup was a guitar thingy, the property of Johnny; nice sounds came out of it), played guitars, petted Archie and Jan's cat. "But where is the party?" eventually someone asked. "And when are we leaving?"

"As soon as Tom and Elliott show up," said Archie.

I will tell you who the people are.

Ted went to Macalester as lately as December, 1966; he is 23, disillusioned, and a long way in debt, and someday soon he will go home to New England. He is a fantastic guitarist and can go on 15-minute solos repeating himself only occasionally; his voice is also great, and coffeeshouses pay him good money and ask him back. (I know; I'm entertainment manager at No Exit and I'm starting out next school year with him.) He was once one of my best friends, because of Sandy. Sandy is the self-centered, lying, beautiful talented girl whom everyone genuinely loved, except she's changed.... Archie knew Ted and me, once went to Macalester (a college with the second highest proportion of National Merit Scholars in the country); has a phenomenal brain, from Texas, plays bass in a band which he welded out of nowhere, married to Jan, who is only a person, after all. Celeste is 17, writes songs, sings, is 6'2" and loves me. Poor girl. Johnny plays lead guitar for Archie and lives in my apartment. Tom sings lead for Archie, and Elliott plays organ and piano and writes poetry by himself while living with Tom in a certain apartment. Sandy's minister father makes movies and is filthy rich. Sandy herself didn't come to this party. I was glad.

But Tom and Elliott did.

At what we didn't know was the last minute, they walked in, with long hair and beads on Elliott and a smile on Tom. We went next door to Ted's party, me first, because they were going to be showing one of Sandy's father's movies. We each picked a spot and it went on. Sandy's father was there; he looks like Burl Ives and millions of other people. He's younger than the calendar thinks he is. (It was the last minute because the film was just about to start.)

The film was called "The Supper". In it a fisherman investigates a padlocked tent with an occupant. The tent had been padlocked for privacy, and from the inside; the fisherman, alone up in the mountains, had brought a fish as a friendship offering. The tent's occupant suspiciously asks, "Are you alone?" The fisherman looks around the scenery and says, "Sure". (The scenery is fairly desolate and clear; the fisherman meant it.) From the inside the tent, after some simple dialogue, punctuated by pauses -- each of them thinks before speaking, the fisherman perhaps from lack of practice, the man in the tent from suspicion, but wow, what tension -- the tent's occupant invites the fisherman over for dinner at six. "Fish dinner?" "Fish dinner."

Fishing can be a lonely business, in that sort of country. The fisherman could make a good living and have reason to stay where he was without enjoying solitude; solitude was one of the rules of the game -- but if he was going to have a neighbor, he was going to be Oh! how happy. The background music was Ted's finger-picked "Freight Train Blues"; and as the fisherman ran smiling back toward home the music picked up noticeably, becoming thoroughly happy throughout even though -- when sung, with real words -- the song is nothing like that. And, returning at 6 with a bottle of wine and a loaf of sourdough bread, he was still happy, excited. Wow! (So was I.) And he was right on time, bearded, smiling. And there was a card table set up outside the tent, with two place settings, and an aluminum-foil covered bowl that obviously contained the fish, and a wash basin.

"Right on time," greeted the tentman.

"I brought you some wine," said the fisherman. "And some sourdough bread." Then, questioning, just-in-case: "You like wine, don't you?"

There was the usual pause. "Sure," said the tentman. "Next to a good fish dinner, there's nothing I like better than a bottle of wine."

The fisherman washed his face, hands and arms in the basin. He finished. "Go ahead and eat," said the tentman. "I'll be with ya in a second." He had a gun idly under his arm.

"You like that Winchester?" asked the fisherman, seating himself.

 Nate Bucklin came to the Twin Cities in 1966 from Dockton, Washington. He came here to go to Macalester College in St. Paul, and soon wound up very lonely for fellow fans. John Kusske, then editor of APA-45, visited him once in August, 1966. But that was it, as far as Nate knew. Then one night in November, of that Glorious year, a fellow named Frank Stodolka called several people throughout the Minneapolis-St. Paul area. The next day, the Minn-Stf held its first meeting, and Nate was there. That's when I first met him, and he's been one of my best friends since then.

Nate has had something printed in each and every HOOP so far -- he's the only person outside your Horrible Editor to hold such an envious position -- and this is probably the best thing he's done for the zine.

Nate goes back to Macalester this year, soon to graduate, soon to make it as a pro in the music field, and soon to Entertainment Manage at a Mac. coffeehouse, The No Exit. --JMY.

Pause. "Sure," said the tentman. "After a good fish dinner and a bottle of wine, there's nothing I like more than a good rifle."

"I said go ahead and eat," said the tentman a short time later, still holding the rifle. "I'll be with ya in a second." (The music stopped somewhere in here.)

The tentman wasn't even washing up; he was just standing there with the gun. There was nothing to stop him from joining the fisherman immediately. But the puzzled fisherman obeyed. He tore off the aluminum foil —

And stopped.

Inside the bowl was an unopened can of sockeye salmon.

"Mister," said the tentman, "next to a little peace of mind, there's nothing I like more than some privacy." He waited long enough for it to sink in. "Now get out!"

Angered, bewildered, terrified, the fisherman dodged left from his chair, not looking away from the gun; sidled backward at full speed about fifteen feet, then turned and ran like hell. He slipped, stumbled, recovered, and rolled and fell down a twenty-foot bank. The bread and wine were still intact, though probably not very clean.

He drank some, sat some, and pondered some. His face switched expressions a number of times as he thought at every angle.

Slowly, gently, he left the bread and wine by the door of the tent, and went the way he had come.

The end.

All right; I ask you, what sort of person does it take to do that? That borders on pure Christianity as I have heard it explained: loving thy neighbor and turning the other cheek are given high priority. But how many people act like that? One person, prior to the party, had told Mr. Keller (Sandy's father) that no one in the world was. But I know a few people not everyone knows, because nobody knows everybody, and Sandy never knew Mark Johnson. (Somewhere in this world are a number of practically angelic people; maybe if you are unreachable they hide, or perhaps they only touch the creative, the ones who can spread what they have to say. Or, again, maybe it's normal variation in humans. I speculate and dream a lot.) Mark might. I'd try — except I have gotten vindictive in one instance in the last couple of years so I maybe that way after all. But think about it.

I told Mr. Keller that I was glad to find out that someone else saw some of the same capabilities in man or men that I did, but the film hadn't shown me anything I didn't know. He accused me of intellectualizing, and of having missed the lesson. I defended myself by clarifying that I was including the fact that I knew people could be good and good neighborly under the most adverse of circumstances. He counted that as a defense, and we talked for one and a half hours about new lives, (Christianity revisited, as shown predominately by the fisherman's final action), songwriting (my own occupation) and college as they mutually affect each other, and each other. Picture this as a reason for attending college: so that you can share

common background with people you try to reach, later on -- so you can convince people: "I know -- I've been there," and so that you can prove to employers that you are what you say and believe you are. (The latter is standard reasoning, the former is not.) Mr. Keller was also convinced that a humanities background in college and the chance of discovering one true guru-type (someone else's word, not his or mine) to learn truly from would make it worthwhile for me to stay in college and stick it out with a 4.0. I retaliated by saying that my own personal situation made learning how to deal with people on non-academic grounds of highest priority, and that my own songwriting had stemmed/was stemming from such learning and attempts; that college was worthwhile because of the people my own age, that I was more likely to find someone to groove with among the students, and therefore should attempt to remain in school because of the students but shouldn't try too hard because if I did I might miss some opportunities. I think I convinced him more than vice versa, but it was my decision in any event.

And in the next room, at the top of their lungs, Ted and a girl from the hospital he works at were discussing drugs: "There's something beyond drugs," was a general theme; "drugs are a necessary temporary escape," was another. They were using full speed words without the necessary brainwork. Ted was saying, "Jesus was a human being like you and me -- but he had a mind that just wouldn't quit." Someone asked him, "How do you mean?" He said, "He's still affecting you and everybody here today." "How?" asked someone. "Without Jesus this party would never have existed," said Ted. "The fact that you're all concerned about helping each other and drugs and any sort of ultimate concern is all Jesus' fault." It was also true that most of the people there were raised Christians; raising people as Christians is a national pastime, after all.

Between the movie and anything else Mr. Keller had asked anyone who wasn't involved please to go into the next room, shut the door and smoke pot or something. He then stressed all the things for which drugs could be used, the things that could be happening in this generation (in which he has (a) a lot of faith, and (b) three children), what people are capable of, and how living a life of drugs could be considered a waste. I don't remember how, but he did it all with persuasion instead of by deliberately trying to subvert someone's belief that drugs are a way of life.

When he asked people who weren't involved to leave the room, nobody left. Yet I asked Elliott, sitting on a couch in the back, what he had thought of the movie and ideas. Elliott replied, "Oh...man...it was a groovy thing to experience on acid."

Poor Elliott.

Later on there was dancing to Four Tops music; and Ted, who was on tape playing the background music for "The Supper", had proven impervious to requests for him to play live. Unable to get Ted to play, a few people had started asking me to do it instead. I couldn't get into Archie's apartment to get my guitar, however, and neither of the two guitars in Ted's apartment fit my standards (nylon strings, usual standard; usually relaxed only for playing in bands) so I didn't do it. People gave up asking me sooner than they gave up asking Ted; you see, I had reasons, where Ted, who isn't the same kind of excuse-maker, was "being temperamental". I was hoping someone could talk him into it, but no luck.

I was home by three. The party tapered off, instead of ending. I talked to a number of people; I didn't find out where Johnny, Celeste, Archie and company had gone until the next day; I discovered that it's possible for someone to try as strongly to bridge the generation gap from the older side as some are trying to maintain it from this side; I don't believe I have ever seen more people doing more talking, thinking, extrapolating, arguing, and wondering, with more successful results, at any time in my life.

Jin wants me to be a columnist. This column had previous installments in my own zines long ago; I revived it under the same title. Is this an original idea? I live in St. Paul, Minn., an 18, and do strange things. Last year was my second year at Macalester College, though not totally sophomoreic. There are numbers and types of people around whom you have not seen, you have not talked to, and you might not understand. Part of my job -- as a songwriter, if not as a person as student/teacher -- may be to rectify the situation.

Mr. Keller helped me conclude one thing among others: that the next Messiah will be a songwriter/performer; and Ted says that he has been born, in 1956. I'll be waiting.

-- Nate Bucklin.

PEACE MARCH

Abandoned, a banner lies half-torn,
half-hidden in the rubble,
lending its faded color
to brighten the grey confusion underfoot.
A thousand leaflets still offer
their peaceful propositions
now whispered in their wadded rustlings.
The perfume of ten thousand flowers
gives way to stanchful rot
as, abandoned by the love children,
they're trampled underfoot.

Somewhere, men still die.
The brightness of their spilling blood,
the stink of the flame-crisped flesh,
the sound of their gasped-out final screams,
is but faintly echoed in the
forgotten remnants of protest.

The sounds of promises
have filled the bogging cups
of those who asked for peace;
their eyes, their nose, their ears
are grateful of this politic stopper
against unpleasant sensation.
Soon, even the tattered rubble
of the now-abandoned parade
will be cleared away
by the machinery
that keeps our nation clean.

-- Joyce Fisher.

Kusske

on APAS

WHAT'S THAT,
PRIVATE KUSSKE?

A FANZINE, SIR.

A WHAT?

ZOT SAVE ME...



You may be wondering what John Kusske is doing... Well, he's in the Army; soon he'll be in Okinawa. The next Kusske on APAs will be written from there. And away we go....
To St. Louis, that is.....

A LOOK AT GENZINES

Being a member of the United States Fighting Forces, I have been cut off from the main flow of fandom for the last four months. I haven't seen a mailing from any of the apas of which I am a member, and I've seen darn few fanzines. This is due to the fact that I requested my parents to hold all my mail at home. This last weekend, however, I took a trip to St. Louis visiting The Fishers and The Couches while I was there. The number of genzines that they had recieved impressed me. Apparently, I thought to myself, there is some truth to the statement that genzine fandom is reaching a peak.

However, to grind an old ax, quantity is not quality, and the increasing number of titles only accentuates a problem that has been with fandom for quite some time: a shortage of writers. There are very few fanzine fans who merely write; most of them want to edit, too. In the old days this wasn't a matter for much concern; people didn't have as much money then, and duplicating equipment was more expensive. Generally, by the time a person was rich enough to afford a mimeo or a ditto, he was mature enough to turn out half-way competent material. Today, however, the typical neo is different. A good mimeo doesn't cost much more than an expensive toy, and the parents of the 13-year-old Neffer probably don't regard the mimeo as something very much different from a toy. Consequently, whenever the neo decides that he wants to put out a fanzine, he is ready. He has the money, the machine, the time, and he can get a mailing list. All he needs is sufficient talent and judgement, and unfortunately, those are the hardest qualities to obtain.

To tell the truth, I haven't read very many of the "New Wave Glut." I was only in St. Louis two days, and naturally I was much more interested in the people than I was in the zines that they are receiving. However, I did see that quite a few zines are using either the hurridly-scribbled work of some known fan, or the tearfully sweated-over product of the neo. And I noticed that neither variety of 1968 fan-writing is very worthwhile.

It is time, I think, for people to revise their values. The attitude that "any fanzine is a good fanzine", although flowing from the breast of human kindness, is responsible for quite a bit of vinegar. I say that a poor fanzine is worse than no fanzine at all. A poor fanzine wastes the time of the person who writes it, who reads it, and that of the person who ultimately collects it. A poor fanzine lowers the status of fandom every time it appears. People are reluctant to criticize poor fanzines because they hurt the producer. But I say that criticism is a kindness. I just one of those 13-year-old Neffers can be stopped, fandom will be a better place, and the kid will be a better person.

A FAN IN THE ARMY

Quite recently I remembered that I am not the only fan who has served a term in the military. Indeed, several people at the present time are in the same situation that I am. Rich Mann, for example, who is in the Air Force; Milt Stevens, who is a swabbie; they're also trying to fit a fannish life into a martial one. I've read a few old fanzines written by soldiers. I remember one article written from Europe during WWII and one written from Korea

during the unpleasantness there. A training fort in the United States, I decide, is not the worst place the army could send me; and if I'm not going to get any fanac done here, I'm not going to do any in Viet Nam, if I go there.

The most important liability that army life has is its lack of freedom. A man can't plan, because he may be picked for KP or guard duty or anything else on the day that he wants to do something. A man can't decide what and when he wants to eat, when he'll go to bed, or even how he'll spend his free time (there is a very limited amount of amusement available on an army post, and any such facilities are always very crowded.) There's always somebody standing by telling me what to do. I don't like it.

Once a person makes it through basic training, however, the army isn't hard. Unless you're sent to Viet Nam as "light-weapons infantry", that is. The work is easy, although it's time-consuming. It is possible to learn how to treat Sergeants so that they won't give you too much static. Free time can be utilized to the best advantage. You won't have as much freedom as you did in civilian life, but you can learn to make do with what you have.

Basic training is mainly an eight-week toughening-up course. The physical aspect is difficult; the marches are long, the exercises painful, and the living conditions are poor. But it only lasts eight weeks, and it is almost impossible to flunk. There are three ways a person can theoretically fail to pass: Flunking the final physical training test, flunking the final academic test, and failing to qualify with a rifle. In reality, if a man fails any one or all of these, he will merely be retarded a few weeks. If he doesn't pass then, they just throw up their hands and let him pass.

I've been doing quite well here, actually. My attitude is that I've only got three years of this crap; three years will eventually go by. If I keep my nose clean, they may let me out on March 31, 1971. If I screw up, they may not. So, I don't give anybody trouble, I do what I'm told, and I keep my mouth shut. Occasionally I type fanzine articles in class, but they'll hardly put me in the stockade for doing that. All in all, I think the time will go pretty fast. Already four months are gone, and that's 1/9th of my term. By this time next year I'll be almost half through.

A POCKET GUIDE TO ST. LOUIS FANDOM

3 } There are three main foci in the fannish scene in St. Louis. They are The Fishers, The Couches, and The Worldcon Bid. I don't know which is more important; I suspect, however, that at the moment the Worldcon Bid is. Ray Fisher's apartment in Forest Park in west St. Louis seems to be the informal meeting place. There the people get together for off-the-wall gab sessions, the predominant form of fanac for most organized clubs. Ray Fisher is a jolly Bruce Pelz. He does not have a beard, is slightly taller, and laughs more than Bruce, but they both weigh about the same. I wouldn't want to get into a feud with Ray, but then I wouldn't want to get one with Bruce either. Ray naturally dominates any conversation. His presence is so overpowering that it is impossible to ignore him, and he speaks well and knowledgably. He can discuss almost anything confidently, and Ray has earned the title of "The Great White Father" from St. Louis fandom.

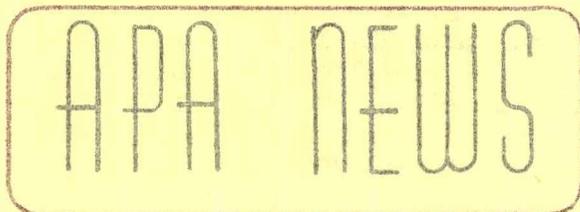
Joyce Fisher, curiously enough, resembles Dian Pelz. She is small, like Dian; she likes cats; she has the same irreverent character, yet there is a difference. Although Dian draws purty pictures, Joyce writes poetry. She is a capable fan editress, as Odd attests. It's unfortunate that Ray married her, because every male fan should have a wife like Joyce.

The Couches are a rarity: a whole family of fans. Working from Robert, the head, on down, there are five fans in this family. The youngest, Mike, is 12 years old, I would guess. They live in a total fan environment. The walls bear STAR TREK and Bob Dylan posters, the den is full of books and fanzines, the floors are filled with cats, and names such as "Ted White" and "Harlan Ellison" are casually mentioned.

The Worldcon Bid is, of course, the big deal in St. Louis now. I had no idea that trying to get a con could be such a hassle. It involves relations with hotel management, elevator operators, house detectives, rules, and unions. It involves the cost of beer in Oakland, California, liquor laws, Guests of Honor, Open Parties, and lime juice for Harlan Ellison. But most especially it involves the opposition. "What is the opposition doing?" is a major topic, because whatever the Columbus people do the St. Louis people have to top, or they might not get the convention. So far, from what I've been able to gather, the St. Louis people have been topping the opposition.

All in all, St. Louis fandom is a very bewildering place to an outsider who is thrown in for a very short time. There is so much going on that it is difficult to keep everything straight. "You can't tell the players without a program" is literally true. I imagine this same thing can be said about just about every other large-city fandom, but the point struck home to me in St. Louis.

John asks me to relate that the name of this column will remain "Kusske on APAs" because he intends to get back on the sub-
Very Soon Now. --JMY.



APA-45 (Amateur Press Association of 1945) for fans born after January 1st, 1945. Lesleigh Couch (Rt. 2, Box 889; Arnold, Mo.; 63010) becomes OE with the 17th mailing; all correspondence should be sent to her, now.

The present mailing is the 16th, and it's one of the best. Much of the art this time is lower in quality than normal...however most of the written material is up to usual (and high) quality. Largest zines this time: Lesleigh and Chris Couch's QUARK; Bob Vardeman's SANDWORM; Ed Smith's FLIP; Hank Luttrell's STARLING (edited with assistance from Lesleigh Couch); Mike Horvat's CRABAPPLE GAZETTE; Fred Haskell's LOVE; ID from Jim Reuss; Ken Fletcher's and Cliff Ollie's Diplomacyzine, INTERNATIONAL ENQUIRER; and finally yr. horrible editor's DIMENSION.

Waiting list now has seven people on it, and there were 350 pages in this mailing.

SAPS (Spectator Amateur Press Society). Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Busby. This is the 84th mailing; 255 pages in it. 26 people on the wl, and write the Busbys at 2852 14th Ave. W.; Seattle, Wash.; 98119.

Largest zines in the mailing were Lon Atkins' GRO; POT POURRI 52 from the Irish John Berry; SPACEWARP 88 from Art Rapp; Carol Ballard's BASINGSTOKE; JOURNAL OF THE HENRY JAMES APPRECIATION SOCIETY from John Foyster; and Elinor Busby's GOSLING 9. Also of interest (and largest thing in the mailing) is a gem-zine (circa 1956) called SINISTERRA from the Busby's, Wally Weber, Otto Pfeifer, and (I presume) Terry Carr.

It looks as though a lot of people will be dropped with this or the next

...and a certain number of APAs, the ...
...who is presently ...
... (APAs; #2207)

...for the month ... #46, August, 1978 is, to
... "in all, good, but a summer slump issue". Fletch went on to say
... of the best looking APAs in ... or SF fanzine.

... were 1/2 pages in this issue, with the "best" zines (according to Fletch)
... HOME: ANG 9 from John and Jan ...; MAILING COMMENTS 9 from Mike Barrier;
... BRAMSTON 14; and Fred Patten's BEAVY VAPV 35.

There are 16 people in the wl at present.

FUTURE SEGMENT

I trust that there are some of you out there reading this who remember reading the first issue. Those of you who do remember I'll jog your memory; those of you who weren't around the first time, I'll explain...

Back in the first issue, I had a small item predicting what was going to be in the upcoming issue -- the second HOOP. Not one of the things predicted for the second issue in INFINITE HOOPLAS came true.

We do have a file, now -- albeit ever so humble and small -- of material, and we can guarantee a few things next issue.

For instance, we guarantee that next issue will be a special humor issue. This means that we'll carry about two serious items, with most of the rest of the zine played for laffs.

We have a short story next issue by Jerry Kaufman. It's called "Simple Gull", and it's about the most damnable children you've ever read about. Like, they came into Abrams' office and wanted a floor to themselves in a building. They were Silurian, and had the money to pay for it, of course...

Then, we have something called "Auntie Fanne". Auntie Fanne is an answer to Granddaddy, I'd guess. She weighs several stone, however, and reminds me no end of a female W. C. Fields. She's part of the laff-stuff, next time...as if you didn't guess. Read!

There's also the lettercol, Kusske on APAs (written from Okinawa), and the material you send in before the September 30th, 1966, deadline.

The last thing...one issue in each volume will be a humor issue. We missed it in volume one, and the Amn... just couldn't be a humor ish; so the first... the second... There'll be more. 'Sa promise!



"BLACK HER BROWS, AND BEAUTIFUL"



by GIL LAMONT

A strange story....
a puzzle.... remember
"tomorrow, and tomorrow,
and tomorrow" while reading;
but not "sound and fury..."

It was the day of Charlie's wedding.

With a brief glimpse at the bright, fresh, clean new day, the young man bounded up the steps, those cards of a deck spread beneath him. A moment later he entered the building, glanced at the directory, whirled in despair, glanced back, whirled, darted up the stairs, halted on the chasm of the floor above, and gently crept into the waiting room.

There was a desk reigning in the center, its fat arms stretching almost to the wall on either side. Like prostrate and willing subjects, weary people sat on the

beams radiating from their eyes were there. Dr. Amos, his hands, his students who tremble, bleary-eyed before the Great God Exam, ransome and fearful, the young man thought; but then he stopped, for the thought was detached, and stared back at him.

It was deathly quiet. How terribly odd that we associate those things, he thought. Death and quiet. He swilled the words in his mouth until they were round, identical, grapes. As if...as if death were the end of it all, really, as if the silence of a death spreads like a sponge, soaking everywhere with the sorrow. Odd, very odd....

Charlie tiptoed to the desk and confidently cleared his throat. The man stamping forms looked up; then, his smooth, perfect hands unheeding, he spoke from a slitted mouth in a harsh monotone, and breathed censure from his eye-holes.

"Yes?"

"Uh, I-I got this letter yesterday an-and, uh, it's..." Charlie ground to halt and shoved the limp card at the man who bobbed his head and plucked a number and scrawled it on the card. He gave the number to Charlie.

"Wait. When...flash your number, come...desk...ready for you then." The head went down, the gate clanged, the drawbridge was up.

Charlie took a seat between a fat bastard and a young, thin woman whose child wept on its mother's sweated bosom. The Fat Bastard suckled at a horribly black government cigar and spat the smoke to one of those stuffy, simpering, spiteful spinsters, who wrinkled her nose in dismissal.

"Allo," the Fat Bastard said. He jerked his sparse strands of hair at a girl across the room. "She's a bit of all right, eh? Wouldn't mind knockin' 'er about a bit, eh? Cor!"

"Uh, ye-es." Was she the one?! Was. She. The. One?!

The girl crossed her legs and glanced up at Charlie. Forget it, buster. And Charlie slumped in his seat.

How callous. How crude and despicable to be unaware that here we sit on a speck of dust that's nowhere, really. It's all so-- so insignificant. Really. And nothing is noble on a speck of dust. Nothing is noble. Nothing is worth it. And all our little exchanges and façades are so ridiculous, really.

The clock giggled its tick-tock and Charlie sneered at it. How callous! How crude and despicable!

"Oo are you? I'm Freddy Bates. Cor! I want an' did this on a dare. I'm gonna enjoy this, I am. Cor!" said the Fat Bastard, leering at a comely teenager. He dug Charlie in the ribs. He reeked beer and ignorance, oozed it from his oily pores, through his limpid double-breasted suit, into a little puddle of muck on the floor. Cor! The room gasped and the summer breeze pressed against the window. Please let me in. Please. I promise not to be too windy. Please?

Charlie sighed and let it in. It whooped with delight and fled to the girl; it mischievously lifted her skirt, exposed white thighs. Oh God oh God oh God, moaned Charlie.

"Cor!" said the Fat Bastard.

The girl stared angrily at Charlie and unfairly pulled her skirt down. I weep, thought Charlie. I weep for you in your knee-length skirt, your skin-tight blouse, your piled coiffure, oh girl. I weep for your wad of gum as you tear its poor life from it, oh girl. I weep for you. And I weep for myself. I really do, I really do.

Are you rejected, oh girl? Is that it? You defiantly pull your skirt down because you're not in the mood to arouse us? Or is it because (it is really, isn't it?) you know that we'll reject you. You've been through this before, I know. Well, I won't reject you, girl. Please let me try. I won't reject you.

Forget it, buster.

Charlie gasped and fumbled for a cigarette. "Oh damn." Flustered at his language.

"Uh?" said the Fat Bastard, his ogling ripped away.

"I-I left my good cigarettes at home. These are those new short-short things. Hardly a decent smoke in them, really." He stared at the pack as if it didn't belong. (It didn't really, did it?)

"Out a fags? 'Ere, then, 'ave one a my seegars!" The Fat Bastard clutched a nest of government phallic symbols. Charlie shuddered and turned away, vomiting invisibly. Horrid!

Tick-tock, tick-tock, hooted the clock. Har, har, har. Shocked you. Hahahaha-hahaha.

I want to get out of here, said Charlie. I want to get out of here and go home to my little squashed cubicle. I want to lie there on the bed in foetal position and cry to the door.

Oh God! Why'd I ever let Frederick talk me into it? Why'd I decide to go through with it? Why? Why?

"Cor!" murmured the Fat Bastard at a uniformed secretary. "Cor!"

Charlie squeezed his eyes and rubbed them to the back of his skull. Oh God oh God!

"Look 'ere," said the Fat Bastard, insensitively interrupting. "I'm gonna get a cup a char. Want any? And save my place."

Charlie shook his head, then nodded. The Fat Bastard waddled to the door and leaned in the direction of the canteen. The secretary sauntered past, breasts bobbing, her hips keeping time to the clock. Cor!

A number flashed on the board. The thin-woman-with-child roge and marched to the desk. She spoke earnestly to the faceless stamper and was ushered out by an obese matron in white.

Like a hospital, Charlie thought. And it frightened him.

This is a hospital, Charlie thought. They won't marry me off, they'll kill me. They're a bunch of damned — here he bit his lip — assassins! There is no computer! It's just a mound of cadavers in this building, beyond this room. They're going to kill me!

Oh God! Assassins in 1991! We have a surplus population! The government's exterminating the extra people. It's not fair! It's not fair!

He would have jeered up and shouted it to all the unsuspecting victims, but the silence choked off his momentary bravado and he sank down, exhausted and terrified.

The Fat Bastard returned, two steaming mugs in his fists. "Ere, I brought you one anyway. Cow, you look like you could do wiv a bit a tea."

Charlie took the cup, its weight dragging down his arm, and muttered thanks. The steam clouded his glasses; he moaned and put them in his pocket.

The tea was too weak. How horrid! A ghostly cine, weak tea. But he sipped and retched alternately. The warmth dissipated his guilt and shame and fear.

Charlie peered from behind his cup at the Fat Bastard. What sort was he? Did they classify him as Freddy Whatsisname: Fat Bastard; Occupation: Lechery? How would they pick a mate for him? No doubt some snivelling, masochistic nymphomaniac, Charlie thought. Horrid!

...And how do they classify me?

A number flickered above the desk. "Ey, init yours?" said the Fat Bastard, noticing the number Charlie held.

"Uh, yes, it is." Charlie stood up now, all here, all leading man, his face posed nobly for the rustling camera, his mind clean and strong and stalwart for the final volley that would signify his passing on!

Passing on? How absurd! To call it passing on! Ridiculous! He knew now that behind the anonymous uniforms lay warmth and kindness.

I truly believe that they are really going to marry me off, he thought.

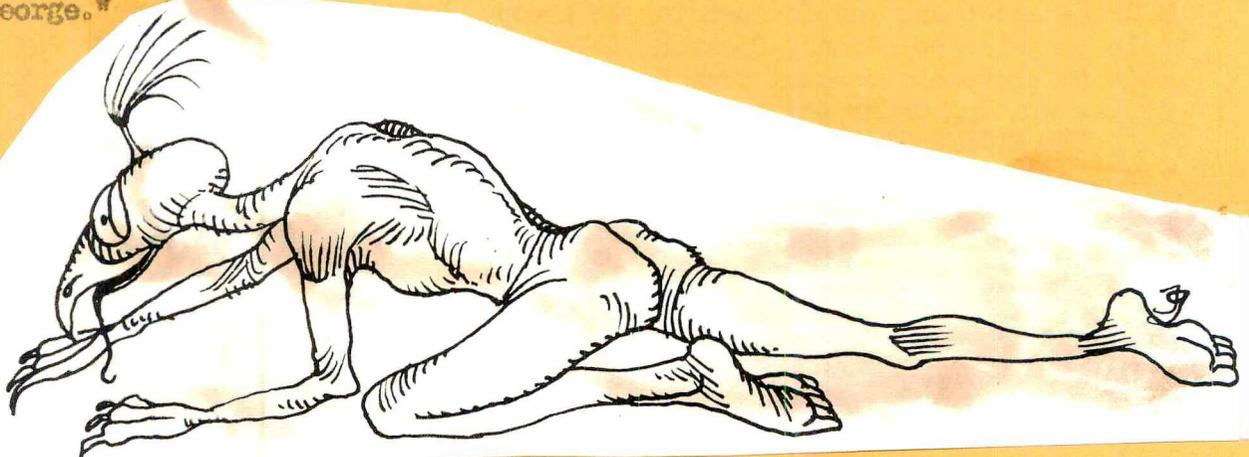
"Been nice 'avin' a chat wiv you, it 'as," the Fat Bastard was saying. He was quite full of sorrow. "Good luck. An' I 'ope you'll be satisfied wiv your marriage partner." Charlie shook the sticky fish-hand, then let it merge with the blur that was the Fat Bastard.

The man at the desk said, "Ah, here you are, Mr. Freydell. If you'll just accompany our Mr. Henting here, we'll take you to the judge for the wedding ceremonies. I hope you've enjoyed your visit, sir." How human his voice, thought Charlie, staring appreciatively at the other's firm, masculine features. I...I quite like him.

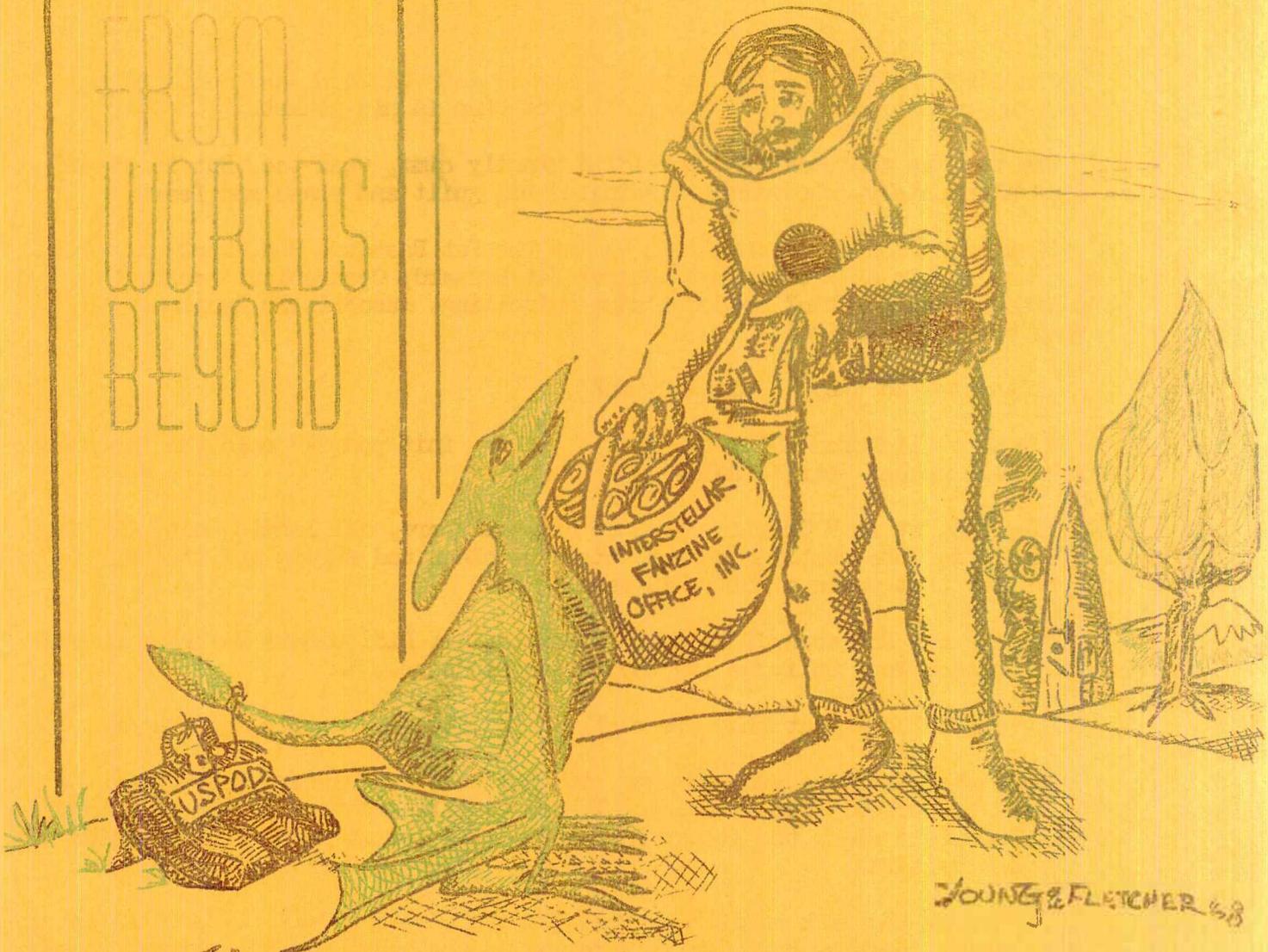
As they walked down the corridor, Charlie turned to Our Mr. Henting and asked, "Purely from curiousness of course, but what's my mate's name?"

Our Mr. Henting consulted his folder.

"George."



FROM
WORLDS
BEYOND



We have lots of letters this time around, but the lettercol will still be a little short. We ask you to remember that Yr. Horrible Editor's comments have a little red line along their left-hand margin...

Away we go...starting with a post-card from:

ROBERT BLOCH:

Dear Jim: I'd like to send a LoC but a PoC is easier right now, since I've a deadline to meet on a screenplay. But in either case, I want to congratulate you on HOCP #3 and thank you for sending me a copy. Lots of goodies, and I wish I'd been able to join you, Simak, Dickson, DeVet and the rest at the Minicon. Glad you were able to provoke a comment from Bob Tucker — I haven't heard from him since the days he was writing under the name of Arthur Leo Zagat.

THE EIGHTH STAGE OF FANDOM is going out of print quite shortly, I'm told, so you can stop worrying about who wrote it. The thing to really worry about is that someday I might do another such book.

Your reviews are highly informative, and I'm grateful to you for rolling HOCP my way. All the best.

—2111 Sunset Crest Dr.; Los Angeles, Cal.; 90046.

I'm certain that it's been said before, but by this time Bhob must be all

Tuckered out... As to being all Zagated out, I can't say...
The Postal Pterodactyl thanks you for getting this little gem to
us, and of course thanks you for writing it. "Tucker...Zagat...!"
Excuse me folks; I just fell off the chair laughing.

LEIGH COUCH:

Dear Jim: HOOP is one of the most colorful fanzines I have recieved and your lettering and layout keep things interesting. The illo for "Kusske on Apas" is especially good. Do you know this quote? "FAPA is the only graveyard with a waiting list." My difficulty is that I can't remember who said it but I'm sure one of your readers will provide the source. The Apa article was excellent. I hope John's present condition of servitude will not keep him from writing. Enjoyed the report on Minicon I and 60 people is a very good attendance figure for a first time. Why is it that all fan parties end about 6:00? Fanzine reviews, very concise and good. I must agree with Bob Vardeman, M.F. (Major Find) that the SF boom, as it continues to develop, will deal with what Ballard has called "inner space". SF has predicted many developments in the hard sciences that are now matters of fact, if the authors can prod the same kind of thinking in the fields of psychology and sociology, who knows, man may learn as much about himself in the future as he now knows about how a flashlight works. Wouldn't that be a help! Keep HOOP coming so I can have a copy of my very own and won't have to get it out of the APA45 mailing. Thanx.

-- Rt. 2 Box 839; Arnold, Mo.; 63010.

I really don't know about "inner space", myself.

Jack Gaughan makes an interesting point somewhere below (we'll let him make his point on his own) about a boom; perhaps the period fen would like is a period of transition. The period of transition would be something like the pre-war Campbell period. You'd have an influx of good material by good new writers.

Then there's the sort of boom that SF needs; that kind of boom would see SF sales increasing tremendously. More than better sales, SF needs a larger readership. Like, ANALOG ought to have twice as many copies sold as it now does, IF and GALAXY two or three times their present circulation.

For that kind of boom to be meaningful, however, you ought to have a transitional time. At the least you should have a tremendous influx of good new material. Hopefully, it would be both kinds.

We had a boom in 1939; only Campbell's two magazines produced meaningful material. We had a boom around 1950-'53. Only three magazines consistently printed meaningful material (although there were magazines that printed very entertaining writing.)

I hope that we have a boom in the next few years. If I am lucky, I'll be taking part in helping to make the boom. I'd be very proud to help make it a meaningful boom, at the least.

HARRY WARNER, Jr.:

Dear Jim: I was happy to see the third issue of HOOP and unhappy to be unable to send HORIZONS in trade as you suggested. Right now, all of the handful of non-FAPA copies are committed, to either extremely old friends or to people who are nearing admission to FAPA. But maybe some of these people will emigrate to Argentina or something and I'll try to remember you if there should be some spare copies in the near future. Meanwhile, I can provide a loc, since nobody seems to have discovered an upper limit on the number of those things that a foolish fan can emit.

The material about the Minn-Stf was particularly interesting to me. You probably didn't send this issue to more than a half-dozen people who remember reading about the old MFS of World War Two days without knowing that organization's members in the personal sense. The impression that it gave to the fan who knew it only through the mails was very good, free from the constant bickering and lacking in the pretentious-

ness that afflicted so many fan groups. Your new group acts as if it might follow that tradition. I hope it produces as many brilliant new fans and professional writers as the old group did. It must have second place as a source of creativity, among the fan groups of its era, topped only by the Futurian Society of New York.

I wouldn't want to guess about the accuracy of your prediction that science fiction is entering another boom period. But you must remember that it's constantly in a boom period, in some respects. While fans groan and lament the decline of the prozines, they never seem to realize that science fiction is the nation's leading type of fiction, as far as magazines devoted solely to fiction are concerned (unless you count the fiction publications that are disguised as true detective cases and true confessions.) It's the only kind of fiction that shows up frequently in short story and novelette form in the paperback; almost all the other types of fiction are overwhelmingly confined to the novel between soft covers. It's the only kind of fiction that has big conventions, a fandom, and enough communication among readers to influence television networks. The only kind of boom that is really lacking for science fiction, I think, is the quality boom. If science fiction ever starts to be written more consistently with the highest literary values, putting real-seeming people into the stories as characters instead of cardboard stereotypes, forgetting some of the stupid taboos that are hangovers from the pulp magazine editing convention, then fans will have to turn to western and detective stories to feel themselves back in a pioneering role trying to rescue a kind of fiction from oblivion.

"The Awakening" was quite interesting. I suppose "undisciplined" is the shortest criticism I can make of it. The writing is brilliant in many spots, you show a good ability to make the story move forward without lingering over the dull spots, and you genuinely captured my interest, made me want to keep reading to find out what was happening and what was about to happen. The "undisciplined" refers mainly to the fact that there are somewhat too many episodes for a story of this length, some novel and fresh scenes are jammed up close against the most routine kind of plot cliches, and there isn't as much thinking out of the alien as there should be. I'd like to suggest putting this away for six months or so without thinking much about it, then trying to rewrite it after that time, when you're able to look at it a bit more objectively. The result would probably be either very much like van Vogt or completely different from his style, instead of the constant reminders of vV alternating with fiction in different traditions. Please don't think that I'm saying so many critical



JAY
 WITH THANKS TO
 KEN FLETCHER

Dear Jim: HOOP 3 was really good. You have a fine ~~idea~~ fanzine there! Tonite WBAI is having a narration and I don't want to miss a word brilliantly uttered by Steve Post.

HOOP-LABS:

- 1) The Awakening (Really good! When I start my fmz -- in 6 months! I hope -- maybe you'd contrib -- Please?--Anything.)
- 2) KUSKE ON APAS -- what can I say?
- 3) Minicon -- Sounds like you'll have a good regional in Minnesota from now on.
- 4) (Tied.) Y'ED COMMENTS and MINN-STF (such stf) FIRST MINS. and HOURS.
- 5) HOOP SNAKE.

There. New Worlds (11 Goodge St.; London, W.1; England) \$1 a copy, \$10/12. Is definitely alive but needs money. It even has a British Arts Council Grant. I agree (!) with the rest of your boom bit. Ok -- I gotta go. Bye!

--668 Westover Rd.; Stamford, Conn.; 06902.

It really is too bad that WBAI doesn't lease out its tapes of the SF programs to other radio stations. KUOM (the University of Minnesota station, here in Minneapolis) would very probably like to air them. I'd certainly like to hear them. And as we all know, you can't pick up FM stations from that far away. Zotdamn!

I'd like to sub to New Worlds, but can't. Lack of money. If I do go to Baycon, I know I won't be able to sub to NW in a while. Speaking of getting prozines...there's a wholesaler's strike on in this area. I can't get ANALOG, IF, GALAXY, F&SF... or anything new from the newsstands. I may honestly save up money and subscribe to every tough-crunchied magazine in SF existence!

JACK GAUGHAN:

Jim: Finky thing to do -- to send only a card; but I'm rushed.

HOOP three was, I'm almost afraid to say it, legible! My gawd! Is everything all right? You feelin' well? You're out of your skull for going to the trouble and expense to tip-in my drawings but I'm flattered. Thank you, sah!

What I meant about Sputniks and all [in HOOP three's lettercol -- jmy.] is that no matter what comes along to goose the interest in SF the readers (as reflected in circulation figures) seem to stay about the same. I don't believe in so-called "booms". There will be more titles but no boom.

Good news about Fletcher --GREAT cover!

-- P.O. Box 516; Rifton, N.Y.; 12471.

Jack, you come up with a point that really seems important. Was the boom of the fifties really a boom? Were there more readers at that time, or just the same number of people paying out more money for more magazines?

The SF Boom did draw more people to the field. It just expanded so fast that it burned out. STARTLING went monthly for awhile, you know...and the reason they went back to bimonthly (and eventually to quarterly and finally folded) was because they couldn't get people to write for them. There weren't enough writers willing to work for a cent a word...

Well, I'd have to say that the readership did increase during the early fifties; it's just that the number of people spread out over forty magazines or so. Eventually, the number dropped.

This all comes to a head. Are there about one hundred thousand aliens in this world who look like human beings but read and love science fiction? In the early fifties, was there some sort of migration to Earth...and eventually, a disbursement of the aliens?

UNFORTUNATELY, WE ALSO HEAR FROM people who don't appear in the lettercol itself. Unfortunately, I say, because they also wrote interesting letters...letters that just didn't fit, for one reason or another. We heard from Joyce Fisher who says that she and her husband Ray are hard at work on ODD (which zine is my choice for HUGO.) And then we heard from Gil Lamont,

who says that he was never in hiding, just Fred Haskell, and Jim Young, and Frank Stodolka and Minnesota Fandom....Gil continues: "By the way, when I submit something to a fmz, my terms are: Return of ms. in best possible shape// No editorial change without my consent(or at least knowledge)// Acknowledgement (immediate) of receipt of story // Comments by editor before publication // free copy of fmz."

And, along with Richard Flinchbaugh and Per Insulander, we heard from the author of Chthon. Piers Anthony Jacobs. Jacobs wrote a mildly grouchy letter (considering that he's piled up to his head in work, the letter was quite a feat) to me, Bob Vardeman (and SANDORM) and Dean R. Koontz (editor of SF OPINION.) Piers comes on like he's going to eat your goddam guts out, and then tells you helpful things. (Like he talked about "The Awakening"; pro comment on a story is always helpful if you can get it.)

If you sent me a letter or something — and it's not here, I'm sorry. Blessings on all of you. — JMY.

« desolée »

You put out your hand at me
And my face shook with the movement
Where did you put all the clothing?
It all disappeared, you say, last spring?
Why have you wept in the wastebasket
Where have you gone to the sea...
Now sing at me, let your voice
Come upon my body
like the hammer on
the nail. Sing.

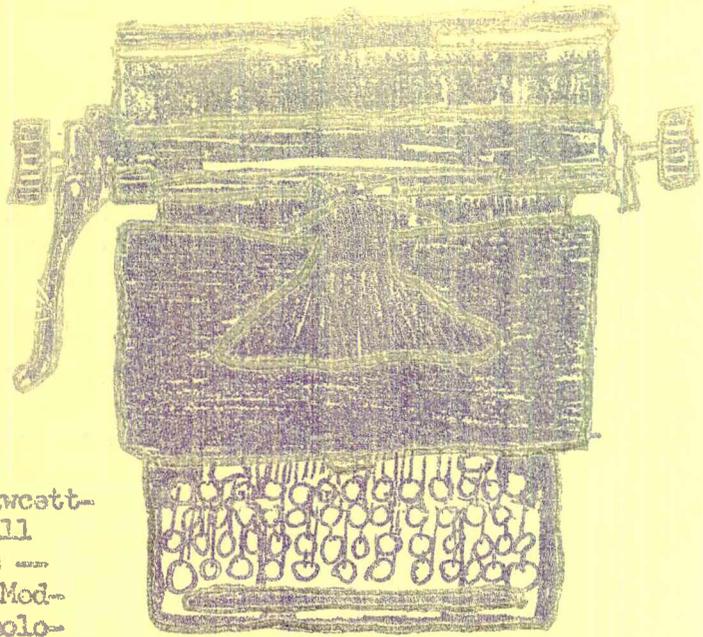
Where have you got all my clothing?
Where have you taken...everything?
"Do not go gentle into that fine rage
All age should rave on the high hill,
"Call for pillars and Cecil B. De Mille!"
And wait for the shouts from the rafters.
Spinning, you come spinning, I remember...
In the barn of my life
There are candies of sunlight
In hills of forest and swirling:
There are testaments to reality
In lanterns on the lake shore
And the river all comes pouring on my memories.

You put your hand to me that day,
You deserted me with a footstep on sand
You have changed the great sea into the lake,
That nestled, quaintly, in the ugly forest.

-- Jim Young.

IN THE REALM OF BOOKS

BOOK REVIEWS
By Jim Young



KEN FLETCHER '65

Recently, I latched on to several Fawcett-Crest books. (The Fawcett publications fall mainly into three categories: Crest books -- primarily reprints and anthologies; Gold Medal books -- primarily new novels and anthologies; and Premier books -- which is a "quality" line...some textbooks, classics and "well-known" books published in it.)

If you remember Fawcett books the way I do (from having read them first in fourth through seventh grade, rereading last year), you'd think of them as a poor publishing house that prints lousy material. True, they published Budrys' ROGUE MOON...but that was a long time ago.

There have been some changes and step-ups in production of their science fiction-fantasy line.

The seven books I'm looking at right now comprise three novels, a Wells anthology of two novels, and three new short-story anthologies.

Before reviewing the books, I want to take a look at the "packaging" of the volumes.

Beginning in December, 1967, I started getting them, and at that time the company was experimenting with "camerage" cover illustrations (for those of you who haven't read circa-1953 GALAXYs, camerage means a montage-photographic-type cover.) Now this kind of illustration can be affective, but the covers for Fred Hoyle's (and John Elliot's) ANDROMEDA BREAKTHROUGH and the late Groff Conklin's last anthology, SEVEN TRIPS THROUGH TIME AND SPACE are passable and not particularly striking. The cover for Charles Eric Maine's SURVIVAL MARGIN is a mid-way piece, perhaps showing a trend toward "realistic" cover illustration. The Damon Knight anthology, WORLDS TO COME definitely has an attractive cover, and it's the turning point in the art-editor's decision to go with non-abstract illustrations. The covers for Fred Hoyle's OCTOBER THE FIRST IS TOO LATE is superb. It is both symbolic and illustrative, not to mention colorful. The cover of the H. G. Wells omnibus of WAR OF THE WORLDS and TIME MACHINE is really a work of art: while it primarily illustrates WAR OF THE WORLDS it can also illustrate TIME MACHINE. Both covers of the last two books are, I think, by Richard Powers. Powers did abstract covers for SF books all throughout the 1950's. He can do magnificent work in the school of realism. (I personally like the realistic artwork over the abstract for illustrating fiction. I like these covers much better than the abstract cover work done by many artists in the fifties.) Finally, STRANGE BEASTS AND UNNATURAL

MONSTERS, an anthology edited by Philip van Doren Stern, has a 1958-Saturday Evening POST type cover...which is to say that it isn't a "heavy" or overly realistic piece, but a good "mild" collage-illustration. What I'm trying to say is this: This illustration is not a straight-realism, but a water-color type of thing that's intriguing. Perhaps you ought to look at the cover of this one to see what I'm talking about. Without a copy of the illo, I don't see how I can explain it to you.

(Aside: P. Schuyler Miller, in his ANALOG book review column, often makes the mistake of saying that someone who illustrates "mainstream" material is a realist painter, as opposed to someone who illustrates sf. This is incorrect; most sf art is of the realist school, because it attempts to "photograph" a scene, not paint a symbolic generality or a thing's feeling. Look at Powers' work for most early Ballantine sf books; now that's of the non-realist school, whether it be abstraction or neo-impressionist. All but the first two covers are realist work...and I guess I like them most because I want the cover painting to illustrate the story.)

I felt that I should cover the package of these books because just the high quality of the package shows that the line has improved since Murray Leinster's FOUR FROM PLANET FIVE was typical Fawcett-Crest fair.

Now to the books.

The first two anthologies (SEVEN TRIPS THROUGH TIME AND SPACE; Groff Conklin, Editor; Gold Medal; 231-01924-060; 60¢; and WORLDS TO COME; Damon Knight, Editor; Gold Medal; 231-01942-060; 60¢) are, and I mean this in all good possible connotations, like THRILLING WONDER STORIES and STARTLING. That is not to say that they have lurid covers and lousy writing for the most part. What that is to say, is that these books are good ones to start out people reading sf -- and also good books to read if you're an old hand. If you've read 1948-1954 TWSes and STARTLINGS you know what I mean. The books have good line-ups: WORLDS TO COME has some less well-known Clarke, Bradbury, Asimov, John D. MacDonald, Heinlein, Kornbluth, Blish and H. B. Fyfe -- less well-known but always competent, always enjoyable, sometimes superb. The Conklin anthology is an idea anthology: the idea being that "hard" science fiction of good quality is still being written. There's Cordwainer Smith, H. Beam Piper, Frank Herbert and Larry Niven headlining this one. Not as impressive as the first one but, again, competent.

The Knight anthology is always entertaining. At times it presents near-great material. The Conklin makes the mistake of using stories that are parts of a series. Some stories don't pull off so well, because they're robbed of some of their background. And yet, there's always entertainment here; Conklin edited with good taste at the very least...and this anthology shows it. He helped sf more than many would realize; but that he were still among us!...

The other anthology is STRANGE BEASTS AND UNNATURAL MONSTERS (Philip van Doren Stern, Editor; 232-01166-060; Crest; 60¢) and it's in the WEIRD TALES vein. This is also an idea anthology, and the idea central to the stories here is man's association with strange beasts and monsters. Not many of the stories are really well-known; two of them are not particularly good, to my mind. The book is good entertainment, for the most part, with five top-knotch stories.

Charles Eric Maine is not one of my favorite authors; I warn you, I go to review this book with jaundiced eye. SURVIVAL MARGIN (231-01918-060; Gold Medal; 60¢) by Maine is a mediocre book. It is gripping in many spots, and keeps up pace well...but it's bland. Maine writes hear about a near-end-of-the-world; "Hieste Virus Epidemic Nearly Kills Hman Race" might be the headline on this if it were a newspaper story. And there's most of the problem. Maine doesn't get in and humanize his people: Heinlein has done this too, but he can be convincing without really emotion-all communicating characters: Charles Eric Maine can't be convincing without

properly emotional writing, and he doesn't write that way to me...consequently, he doesn't really convince. It's like a news story, without fact to make it human.

Fred Hoyle and John Elliot wrote ANDROMEDA BREAKTHROUGH (232-01080-060; Crest; 60¢) as a sequel to A FOR ANDROMEDA. Both were BBC tv plays; both the books are low-key adventure. Not having seen the television productions, I can't compare the books to the theatrical productions. Compared to most sf, they're a little juvenile. That doesn't mean that they should be dismissed, however. They stand under the Heinlein and Norton juveniles, but they're interesting always. What makes them juvenile to my mind, is the treatment of the characters and ideas. You'll have to take it from there; my judgement is usually pretty good -- but this is the kind of book that entertains each individual to a great or small extent.

Fred Hoyle is a noted science fiction writer, however, and OCTOBER THE FIRST IS TOO LATE (232-01155-060; Crest; 60¢) shows why. This is a new idea. Some sort of something happens to time here, and different segments of Earth pop up from different times. (Murray Leinster used the idea back in 1934 -- in SIDEWISE IN TIME -- but Hoyle makes it a new idea -- because of the way he handles the situation and characters. I enjoyed this book immensely, even though some things weren't fully explained; I really think this is Hoyle's best. Hoyle came on a little bit crustily in most of his previous fiction. In this one, he's writing out of today, not an updated 1928 prozine.

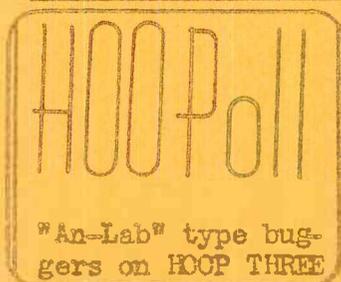
I haven't saved the following book for last merely because it's the latest Fawcett sf release. It's the H. G. Wells, a volume with an introduction by Isaac Asimov containing The Time Machine and The War of The Worlds (233-00384-075; Premier; 75¢). The reason I really saved this for last is because this is the best book in the Fawcett sf line yet published.

The introduction by Isaac Asimov is superb. If Isaac Asimov had the will to do it, and the resources, he would do a much better job than Sam Moskowitz in recording scientific history. Asimov doesn't confuse history with opinion as easily as Sam does; and that's why I say Ike would do a fine job as an historian.

This book is intended, I think, as a junior-high school class-room book. It's also really a nice volume for your collection. (Too bad it isn't in cloth covers.) If you're an sf reader, you've read the Wells before, and I don't think I need to review them here. Suffice it to say that Wells is still readable today, whereas 95% of his contemporaneous Victorian writers are impossible to wade through -- let alone read. TIME MACHINE to my mind stands well in the light of world literature. WAR OF THE WORLDS is a lesser work, but should be read.

I have one very minor complaint about the book: It is blurbed (though to small extent) that "Isaac Asimov presents two books by H. G. Wells..." This annoyed me a little, because it reminded me of the old Alfred Hitchcock Hour. I wanted the book to be beautiful all the way through; except for something stupidly minor like this, it is.

Fawcett has improved slowly and somewhat unsteadily to a high average line. In today's sf market, where a great deal of trash is (and worse yet, can be) sold, this is saying quite a lot.



The line-up for the third issue went gratifyingly like this:

- 1) MINICON ONE REPORT...Jim Young
- 2) KUSSKE ON APAS...John Kusske
- 3) (tie) MINN-STF REPORT...Nate Bucklin
THE AWAKENING...Yr. Horrible Editor.

I don't ask you to send "lab" votes, but keep those cards.....

THE COMPUTER SHITICK



I decided to try the computer service as advertised in the University of Minnesota's student newspaper with no motive other than to see if I could meet an interesting girl or two. However, when KK Jim Young asked me for an article, I happened to think of that, so here I am.

Hopefully, I'll get Jim to print a copy of the form, so you'll get an idea of what it looks like and what my answers to it were.

THE MANDATE FORM appears below;
Fred's answers are marked in a circle or letters are placed in double parentheses. (()).-JMY.

MANDATE

(Is For Women Too)

FINALLY, A NEW APPROACH TO COMPUTER DATING!

Insignificant factors such as the speed of your backhand at the ping pong table, your cunning with the pin ball machine, and your interest in the dodd bird are not used by MANDATE in computing your dates.

Instead, we have decided to match college students according to matter that have proven to be more important in determining the success of a relationship between a guy and a girl. Topics ranging from sexual values to political opinions are used to predict mutual attraction for you and your dates...

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

After each question, you are given several alternatives for your response. For each question there is a corresponding number in the "response box". Merely write in the number of the alternative you select after the appropriate number in the "response box". ...On questions such as number eight, where you are given a scale with 5 choices, select the number (1-5) which is most representative of your position on this scale.

VIEWS ON DATING // RELATIONSHIP AND SEX

Use the following alternatives in answering questions 1-4.

(1) the most important (2) a very important (3) a slightly important (4) an unimportant

1) Enjoying sex with each other is ...((2))...element of a successful dating

FRED HASKELL

- 2) Mutual love is...((3))...element of a successful relationship.
- 3) Being "buddies" is...((4))...element of a successful relationship.
- 4) Intellectual compatibility is...((2))...element of a successful dating relationship.
- 5) In a dating relationship, I like to:
- (1) spend most of our time together alone, without outside entertainment.
 - (2) spend an equal amount of time together by ourselves and with other couples.
 - (3) spend most of our time enjoying other couples and enjoying entertainment.
 - (4) go out only when there is something worthwhile to do.
- 6) The role of male and female in a relationship is in the proper balance if:
- (1) the male is stronger intellectually, more asserting, and emotionally stronger.
 - (2) the male is more assertive but roles are otherwise equal.
 - (3) both are equally strong in intellect, self-assertion, and comforting of each other.
 - (4) they are equal except that the female offers the male more emotional support.
- 7) I believe pre-marital sexual relations are:
- (1) wrong under any circumstance
 - (2) permissible if in love and plan to be married.
 - (3) permissible if in love.
 - (4) permissible in any meaningful relationship.
 - (5) permissible any time.
- 8) I am...sexually experienced.
- | | | | | |
|------|-----|---|---|------------|
| 1 | (2) | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| Very | | | | Not at all |
- 9) I would like my date's answer on the previous question to be:
- | | | | | |
|------|-----|---|---|------------|
| 1 | (2) | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| Very | | | | Not at all |
- 10) Finding a marriage partner is:
- (1) my main purpose in dating.
 - (2) one purpose for my dating.
 - (3) unimportant.
 - (3) unimportant.
 - (4) irrelevant, as I want to stay single indefinitely.

POLITICAL AND LEGAL VIEWS

- 11) Politically, I would classify myself as:
- | | | | | |
|--------------|---|---|-----|---------|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | (4) | 5 |
| Conservative | | | | Liberal |
- 12) I am.... of our country's involvement in Viet Name.
- | | | | | |
|-------------------|---|-----|---|--------------------------|
| 1 | 2 | (3) | 4 | 5 |
| In strong support | | | | Vehemently in opposition |
- 13) College administrations' restraints on freedoms outside the classroom is:
- | | | | | |
|------------------------------|---|---|---|---------------------------|
| (1) | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| Highly abusive & unnecessary | | | | Quite Fair and necessary. |

14) College administration is a hindrance in academic areas is:

1 2 3 ④ 5
Highly abusive Quite fair & necessary

15) Abortion laws should:

- (1) remain as they are.
- (2) make more exceptions on medical grounds.
- ③ make more exceptions on medical and psychological grounds.
- (4) be revamped so as to make abortion legal by any qualified doctor.

16) Birth control pills should be available to:

- (1) only married women.
- (2) engaged or married women.
- (3) any woman over 20.
- (4) any woman over 17.
- ⑤ any woman.

17) My opinion on the laws pertaining to marijuana is that:

- (1) they should be as strong or stronger in order to curb its use.
- (2) penalties for use or possession should be lowered.
- (3) penalties for use or possession should not exceed a small fine.
- ④ marijuana should be legal.

18) The government should subsidize all college costs, making colleges free to all:

1 2 3 ④ 5
Strongly agree strongly disagree

19) Our system of economic competition and profit corrupts men, and makes for perverted social goals.

1 ② 3 4 5
Strongly agree Strongly disagree

20) I believe that the government should make certain that everyone have equal medical care, the rich and the poor receiving identical treatment.

1 2 3 ④ 5
Strongly agree Strongly disagree

PERSONALITY

21) I consider myself:

1 2 3 ④ 5
Very outgoing Very reserved

22) I can't stand to hurt anyone's feelings:

- ① true.
- (2) true to some degree.
- (3) false.

23) I would like my date to be:

1 2 ③ 4 5
Very outgoing Very reserved

24) I like to know what makes a person "tick".

- ① true
- (2) not always
- (3) seldom



My date's race may be:

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 40) Caucasian | (1) Yes (2) No |
| 41) Negro | (1) Yes (2) No |
| 42) Mongolian | (1) Yes (2) No |

Use the list at the right in answering the next four questions.

- | | |
|--|-------------------|
| 43) My height is...((6)), | (1) 5' or under |
| | (2) 5' to 5'2" |
| 44-45 My date should not be shorter than ...((2))...or taller than ...((8))... | (3) 5'2" to 5'4" |
| | (4) 5'4" to 5'6" |
| | (5) 5'6" to 5'8" |
| | (6) 5'8" to 5'10" |
| 46) The optimum height for my date is.... | (7) 5'10" to 6' |
| | (8) 6' to 6'2" |
| | (9) 6'2" or above |
| 47) I am currently a ...((1))... | (1) Freshman |
| | (2) Sophomore |
| 48-49) My date should be at least a ...((1))...and no more than a ...((4))... | (3) Junior |
| | (4) Senior |
| | (5) Grad |

(c) Copyright 1968 by MANDATE (P.O. Box 1687; Madison, Wis.; 53701.)
Reprinted from The Minnesota DAILY of 14 February, 1968.

((HASKELL CONTINUES....))

I had almost given up hope of hearing from the service, having waited about three months, when a computer list came with my name at the top, the names of addresses of three people, and a rather ominous warning that read: "We encourage both men and women to call people on their list. We hope you enjoy your dates but we cannot endorse the character of any individual listed. We suggest you observe the normal precautions you would follow before going on a blind date." Well. This didn't scare me too badly, so I proceeded.

As I read the names, something struck me as being odd. Then I realized what it was -- one of the names was a boy's name!! Well, that left two names.... (I may be liberal, but not that liberal!)

After careful consultation with the Minneapolis, St. Paul and University of Minnesota Student phone books, I discovered that another person listed either had her name spelled wrong by Mandate (the name of the service), or didn't have a phone. Oh well.

Expectably, then, I was surprised to find no trouble in contacting the person left. She seemed nice over the phone, and agreed to meet me on campus. I described vaguely what I looked like and what I would be wearing, but I forgot to find out how to recognize her. This didn't really help my self-confidence any, but I proceeded.

I got to the art gallery at Coffman Memorial Union (our arranged meeting-place) about the time we were to meet, but there were no girls there. The art was particularly ghastly, so I was pretty bored after two minutes...but I hung around. Shortly, a very good looking girl came striding more or less confidently toward me (good grief, is she that good looking? On a computer date? Swell!) "Fred?" she ventured. I dug into my vast reservoir of witty repartee and hesitantly asked "June?" Then we simultaneously said "Hello."

We sat and talked for awhile, and we seemed to get along real well. I was

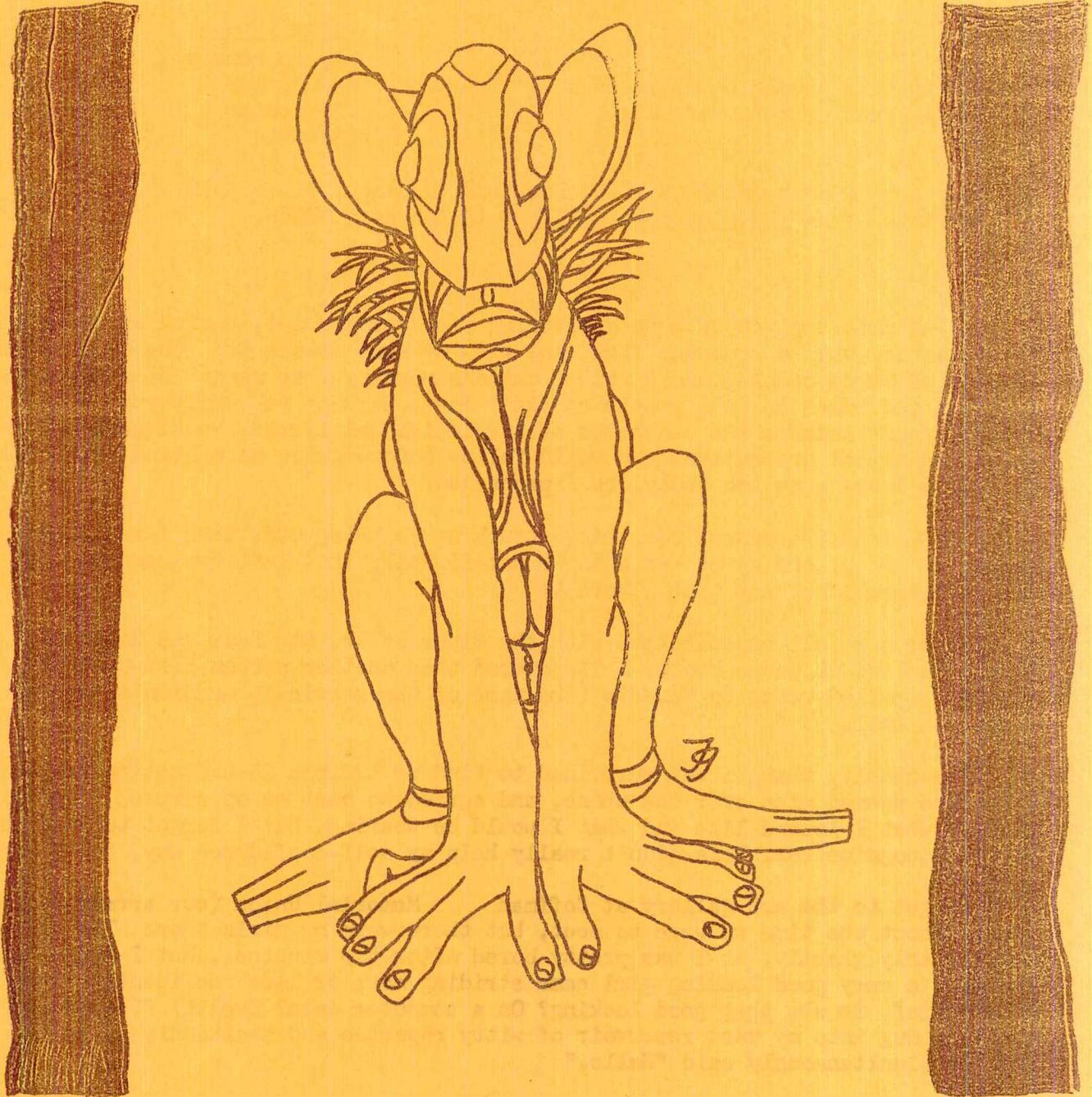
impressed by her looks (although I don't know what she thought about me, and don't really care to guess), and we arranged a date.

We went to see the movie Festival which was showing on campus. The movie was pretty good in my opinion (with a few reservations) but that's beside the point. We then went to eat and drove around for awhile.

When we got back to the boarding house where she lived, she seemed to be in an awful hurry to get to the door. I analysed this situation quickly with my superior intellect and, not wanting to press the matter, immediately shot out my right hand for a firm good-night-handshake. She seemed relieved.

Oh well, I can always try writing to that one with no phone....

— Fred Haskell.



HOOP

SNAKE



FANZINE REVIEWS FROM THE WICKED TYPER OF YR. HORRIBLE EDITORS!

God but the zines pile up! There should have been an issue out in June, so that I wouldn't have all of these things to review. I have a pile of zines at least a foot in height sitting on my desk....

There are some zines that I have more than one issue of, so I'm only going to review the latest issue and rate any previous issues rather than review them. As a last minute measure to save space and time (the zine is going to be run off tomorrow and I don't have this thing done yet! Help!) I'm going to give a short review and then rate the zines on a ten-point scale, one being low, ten being high.

OSFAN 34-39 (Hank Luttrell; 2936 Barrett Station Rd.; Kirkwood, Mo.; 63122; The OSFA Newsletter; Monthly; contributions and news or 15¢ each or 12/\$1.50.)

OSFAN is a nice, regular newszine. You may have heard some of the news previously, but it's all covered here. Chris Couch reviews fanzines each issue. Good mimeography. Average of all issues, 8.

HAVERINGS 33-34 (Ethel Lindsay; Courage House, 6 Langley Ave.; Surbiton, Surrey; UK. U.S. Agent is Redd Boggs; P.O. Box 1111; Berkeley, Calif.; 94701. Available if your zine is reviewed or 6 for \$1 or 8/-.)

This is the deservedly famous (well...it ought to be) review zine from Britain; Ethel somehow comes up with the most interesting fmz reviews I've seen (outside of anybody reviewing anything of mine.) She also keeps on schedule very well. Recommended. 7.

NEMTOD 11 (Al Snider and Dwain Kaiser; money to Snider at 1021 Donna Beth; West Covina, Calif.; 91736; contributions to Kaiser at 1397 N. Second Ave.; Upland, Calif.; 91786. 50¢ per, 2/\$1. "Bimonthly-irregular.")

This is a big friendly bugger coming out from the land of VALAPA and my first days in fandom. (Not that I lived in California; I pubbed my first zine in VALAPA in 1966). All of the mimeography is fine; most of the artwork is satisfactory; most of it is gloriously fine.

Contents vary from Jim Kieth on the I CHING to Ted White on the F-Uncon; and there're editorials from both editors. (Dwain has a very bad habit of writing run-on sentences all over the place; I can't abide run-ons. I had a very bad time indeed getting through his editorial.)

Good lettercol, too. All in all, 7.

THE PROPER POSITIONIAN 2 (Cory Seidman; 20 Ware St.; Cambridge, Mass.; 02138. Roughly quarterly; 35¢ or contribs.)

The repro and art is down this issue from last time. Contents are down a little too, which is too bad. Cory Seidman is a charming (charming, hell, drool...) fanzine editress, and pulls the thing off. Only a four on this one (4); but it's alive and moving.

CRY 175 (1) (The Busbys, Wally Weber and Vera Heminger. Money to Vera at 30214 108th Ave. S. E.; Auburn, Wash.; 98002. Contribs and LoCs to Elinor Busby at 2852 14th Ave. W.; Seattle, Wash.; 98119. Eight times a year, 25¢ per, or 4/\$1; no subs for more than a buck.)

Calco callay! Oh franjous day! CRY's back with a color cover and all!

Actually this CRY isn't the best of them all, but it's here, and it's alive, and it's on its way up! Wally Weber is funnier than ever, and Roy Tacket and the editors fill out the rest of the zine. Only a 6 this time, but wait around!

WARHDON 24 (Richard Bergeron; 11 East 68th St.; New York, N. Y. ; 10021. Contribs, trades or 60¢ Quarterly, no sub-price listed.)

WARHDON is back too! It reminds me of the days when I was first thumbing into Ruth Berman's fanzine file, with Jean Berman explaining things to me... Glory, glory, glory. Now all we need is VOID back, because SHAGGY's been revived.

WARHDON this time has Bob Shaw, Harry Warner, Walter Breen, and Robert A. W. Lowndes on many things. Also, James Blish has a short note on the music in 2001. (Did you know that all the music in the movie is non-original? I knew the two Strauss pieces were (by two different Strausses at that), but not the chantings from the slats....) Walt Willis continues THE HARP THAT ONCE OR TWICE...oh, beautiful, beautiful... Wowie zowie. An honest-to-god 10.

WARHDON 23 was also recieved, and it only gets an 8½. (Only!)

Nice art, too....

PSYCHOTIC 26 (Richard E. Geiss; P. O. Box 3116; Santa Monica, Calif.; 90403. PSY is available for 50¢ or the usual. One issue subs, only.)

PSY Here's another biggy. Only this one ought to get an eleven. Wait

Ted White, Norman Spinrad, Earl Evers, Larry Stark and Geis are the main contributors. The lettercol is the meeting place, by ghod, of just about all fandom. (But do they have Arthur Leo Zagat?) This even beats WARHDON, which is hard to believe. 10.

PSY 25 gets a 9½...Geis even improves!

YANDRO 181 (Robert & Juanita Coulson; Route #3; Hartford City, Ind.; 47348. Contribs, but mostly money: 40¢ per, 4/\$1.50, 12/\$4.00. Monthly, or thereabouts.)

Buck and Juanita say they don't want to be reviewed or they'll zap the reviewer. I won't review them but just give them 8. (Just in case, here's a bull's eye so they can take careful aim when using the ol' zap gun.) ☺

L'ANGE JACQUE 1 (Ed Reed; 668 Westover Rd.; Stamford, Conn.; 06902. 25¢, 20¢ in stamps, or 5/\$1. quarterly or so...and of course available for trades and contribs.)

For a first issue not bad. Light ditto, good thing on NEW WORLDS, good Jack Gaughan cover. Fine chance for improvement. (Ed must be out of his head: he's going to try and pub a French edition...malheuresment!) A 4 on this, but it'll get better.

WER (Wally Weber and Otto Pfeifer; all correspondence to Box 267; 507 3rd Ave.; Se-

... (usually for contribs, and price listed.)

It doesn't have too much artwork, and the written material isn't so hot. Yet it has a certain peculiarity that appeals to m^oinner senses... I like WRR and its personalities. 4.

THE LOW-DOWN (Richard Labonte; 971 Walkley Road; Ottawa 8, Ontario; Canada. One-shot, 15¢.)

This is one of the best one-shots done, that I've seen. What it is, is a review of all the material nominated for Hugo awards. Some of the material is not particularly well-written, but for the most part, the zine is good. 6.

DYNATRON 36 (Roy Tackett; Tack's Seitch; 915 Green Valley Rd. N. W.; Albuquerque, N. M.; 87107. Quarterly, or thereabouts, and you get it for the usual or 25¢ per, 4/ \$1.00 — equal to one buck.)

DYNATRON this time around has some poor repro, but it's fun. Roy can write well, Japanese fan Takumi Shibano rambles around, and in general, get it... 6½.

BROWN STUDY #7 (Charlie, Marsha, and Shiela Brown; 2078 Anthony Ave.; Bronx, N. Y.; 10457. One shot...I don't really know how I got, let alone how you'd get it....)

This is a wild and wooly (and Fuzzy Pink) one shot...all about Lunacon and Boskone. Good fun. 7.

MANTICORE (Mike Zaharakis; 802 11th Av. N. W.; Minot, N. D.; 58701. Quarterly, I'd guess, 50¢ or contribs.)

MANTICORE has some troubles, but good editorial personality. Troubles lie mainly in the area of repro and material. You out there! You can solve the contribution problem. Repro is mike's problem, and will be worked out yet.

Nice cover by Kris Carrey, some good inner illos. Material is mostly fiction, but there's a good editorial too. 6 on this one.

LOCUS 5 (Charlie Brown; 2078 Anthony Ave.; Bronx, N. Y.; 10457. Ed Meskys and Dave Vanderwerf editorial assistants. "At least biweekly"; 15¢ per, 2/25¢, 10 for \$1.00. "We prefer letters and news to subscriptions.")

Here's another newszine...perhaps this one will take the place of SF WEEKLY; it's more frequent than SF TIMES or OSFAN. Covers con news well, some European news. Very informative. 7½ here.

GLAMDRING 7 (Bruce Pelz; Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza; Los Angeles, Calif.; 90024. Monthly; trade;(or if you don't pub a zine) 2/25¢.)

This is a good service to fandom here; something like Miss Lindsay's HAVERINGS from out LA way. All fmz reviews and/or listings. APA news too, though not too complete. 7.

ECCO 4 (Randy Williams; Box 581; Liberty, N. C.; 27298. Quarterly? He doesn't say. 25¢ per or 6/\$1. And of course, contributions and trades.)

Ecco would be a crudzine if it weren't for the lettercol. Somehow, Randy has managed to get very good LoCs from many people. Somewhat audaciously, he's used a PLAYBOY illo (photo of a seminude) for his cover; you have to watch that kind of thing because of the copyright shtick, Randy. Also somewhat audaciously, Randy blurbs much of his fiction as "new wave" writing. And most of the "new wave" writers don't even know what it is. Oh well. It will improve, but ECCO 4 gets a 4.

A nicely printed, and to me sometimes interesting, comics zine. 6 1/2.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES 455 (Ann F. Dietz; Box 559 Morris Hts. Station; Bronx, N.Y.; 10453. Monthly, 30¢ per, \$3.00 yearly.)

The best newszine going. Printed up, good coverage of news and feature. 9.

ETHERLINE II 4&5 (Leigh Edmonds; 19 Somerset Pl.; Melbourne, Victoria; Australia. theoretically monthly; \$1.20 Australian annually (that's a little less in dollars American, isn't it? I donno...) and also available for the usual.)

Terrific mimeography, even if it is hazy at times. Good illos for most part. writing fair to good. 4: 5 1/2; 5: 6.

SOPHISTICATED 4 & 5 (They don't give a name, just Lone Star Publications; 6533 Brairhaven Dr.; Dallas, Texas; 75240. Monthly, no price, so try contributing...)

Gack! This is the most insane damn zine I've ever seen. Too bad the repro and contents aren't better. It might really be outrageous if it were good. 4:2; 5:3.

SIRFISH 7 (Leigh Couch; Rt. 2, Box 889; Arnold, Mo.; 63010. Quarterly, 35¢ per, or 3/\$1. Contribs and published LoCs and trades.)

Good stuff here. Jack Gaughan autobiographies himself; Harry Warner, Jr. writes some history; two poems by Roger Zelazny. Very fine zine, tho repro is poor. 7.

TOMORROW AND...1 (Jerry Lapidus; 3127 Flint House; 5825 Woodlawn Ave.; Chicago, Ill.; 60637. Irregular; contribs of all kinds, or 12¢ worth of stamps.)

Our neighbors to the south have a club started up again...U of Chi SF club. Poor ish, but a beginning. Somewhat interesting SF Quiz. 2 1/2 here.

ODD 19 (Ray and Joyce Fisher; 4404 Forest Park; St. Louis, Mo.; 63108. Quarterly; printed contributions or 75¢ single, 4 for \$2.00.)

Beautiful. This is the best ODD so far; Art is all terrific, repro is litho and offset. Writing is the best yet. Vignette by Roger Zelazny, an article by Ted White, an article on Wagner's Ringen des Nibelungen (do I have that right?) by Harry Warner, and a comic strip by Vaughn Bode headline this issue. A 10 here.

DREEGH 1 (Bruce Frestrom; P.O. Box 647; Eugene, Oregon; 97401. Wants trades, LoCs and contribs most, but otherwise 40¢. "highly irregular.")

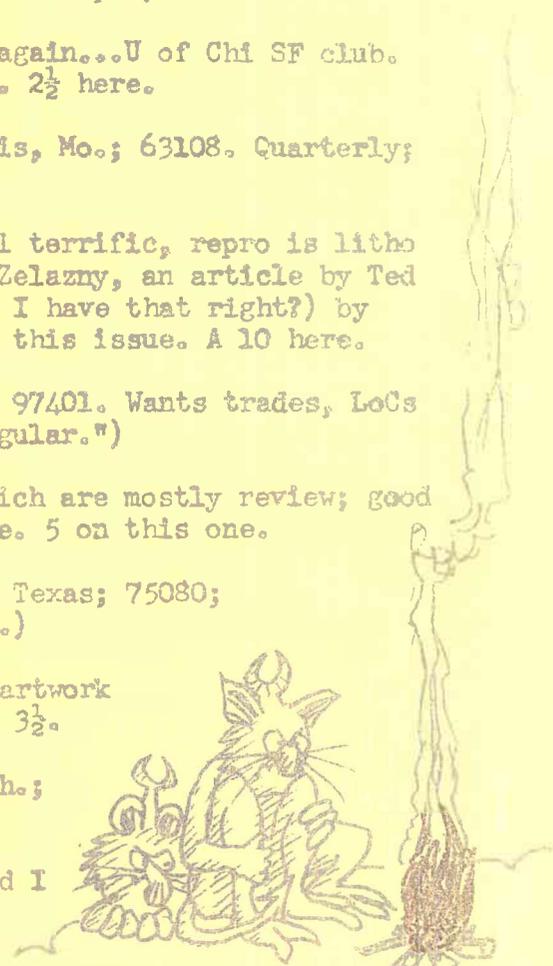
Nicely mimeoed first ish; Interesting comments which are mostly review; good editorial sections. Illos are all fair to good, but rare. 5 on this one.

MONSTROSITIES (Doug Smith; 302 Murray Lane; Richardson, Texas; 75080; no schedule given. The usual or 20¢; 25¢ in an envelope.)

Obviously a first issue, but it may improve. Some artwork is nice, some's bad. Most written material bad to fair. 3 1/2.

EN GUARDE 4 (Richard Schultz; 19159 Helen; Detroit, Mich.; 48234. quarterly or so; contribs or 60¢.)

This is a nice zine; dedicated to THE AVENGERS (and I want Miss Rigg back!) Very good and interesting. 9.



To my mind, well as slim for 50¢ Good poetry from Orma McCormick. 5.

THE SAUCYING BEASTIE (Mike Gilbert; 1419 W. Donald St.; Waterloo, Io.; 50703.
"Semi-bimonthly". 20¢ per or one year for one buck, or the usual.)

Another very slim one. This one doesn't have much in it; not too hot. 3.

PERIHELION 5 & 4 (Sam Bellotto Jr.; 190 Willoughby St.; Brooklyn, N.Y.; 11201.
Bimonthly, contribs, or 40¢ per copy.)

Excellent printed zine with superb art. Mostly medium-quality fiction, though.
Some serious-type articles that are worthwhile. Hope that it's content can improve. 8½.

QUIP 8 (Arnie Katz; 98 Patton Blvd.; New Hyde Park, N.Y.; 11040. bimonthly, and
available for the usual or 50¢ a copy -- no subscriptions.)

This is the best QUIP in a long time. Good Ted White article, interesting
editorial on Baycon, Harry Warner on CHANTICLEER. Very fine. This gets a 9.

OSFIC (Peter Gall; 18 Glen Manor Dr.; Toronto 13, Canada. Monthly, but no price.)

This zine would improve if it could get better contribs. Now there's the
crux of the whole problem, with this zine, and all other new zines. Gets a 5.

HUGIN AND MUNIN 5 (Richard Labonte; 971 Walkley Rd.; Ottawa 8, Ontario; Canada.
No schedule listed; 25¢ or 5/\$1.00; or the usual.)

Better than the other Canadian Clubzine I've gotten (forgot to mention it,
but OSFIC is a clubzine...getting rushed and need space). Still, it's dry. 5½ here.

SHANGRI L^a AFFAIRS 73 (Ken Rudolph; 745 N. Spaulding Ave.; Los Angeles, Calif.; 90046.
Bimonthly, contribs, trades or 50¢)

SHAGGY is back, and it's good to have it around. This incarnation, its huge,
litho, and beautiful. Art by hundreds of people (and a strip by Vaughn Bode); Ted
White article; Jim Schumacher column; fine lettercol. Better than ever. 10 on this.

GRANFALLOON 3 (Linda Eyster; 1610 Belvedere Blvd.; Silver Spring, Md.; 20902.
Five a year; 30¢ per, 4/\$1.00. Or the usual.)

Some nice illos here; A mediocre Marconrep by Jerry Kaufman, notes on the
Marcon by editorial people, and a Disclave report. Fair lettercol...pleasant but a 4.

READ

HOOPI!

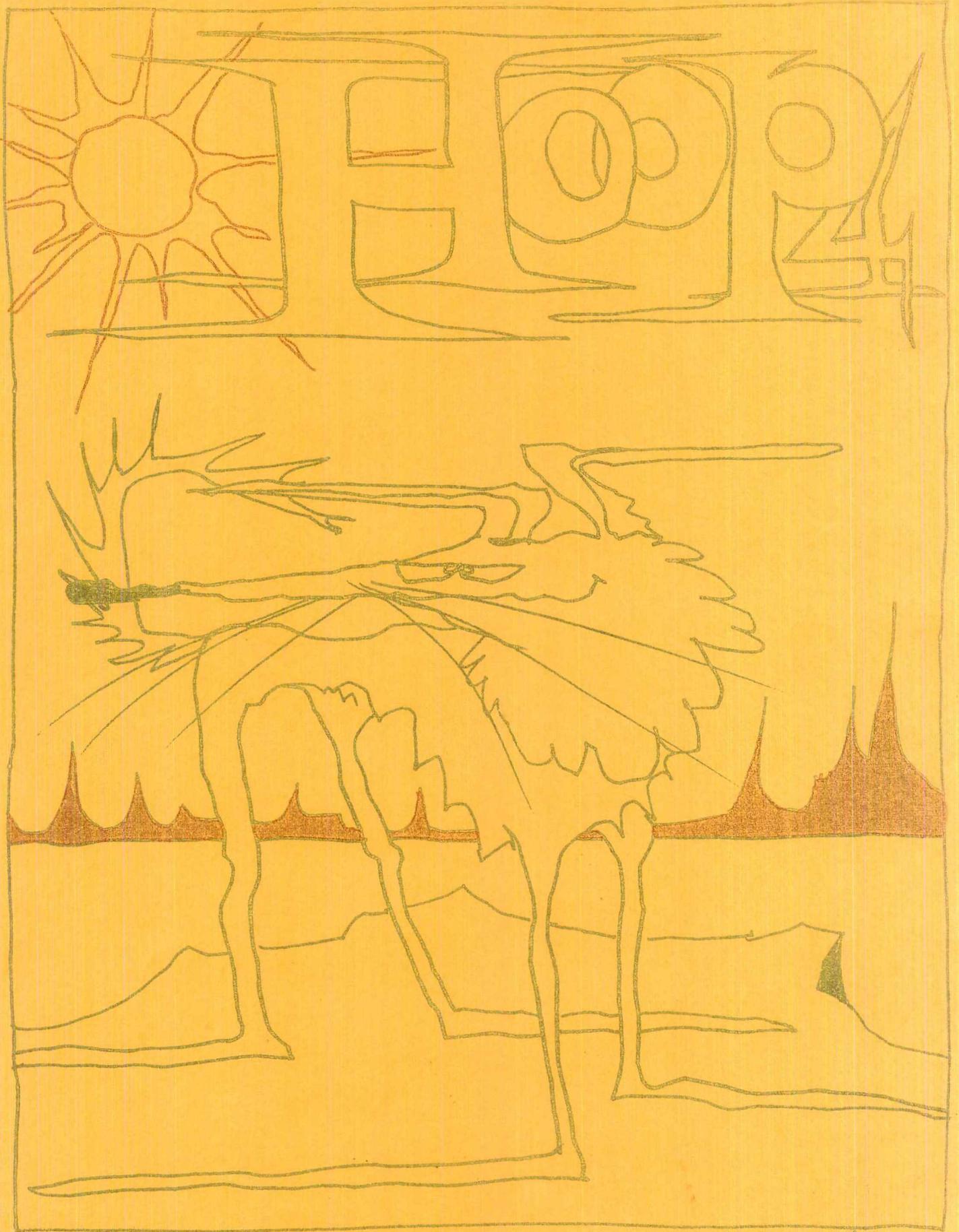
Get HOOP from

Jim Young
1948 Ulysses St. N. E.
Minneapolis, Minn.
55418

Yes friends, get ya red hot
HOOP!

Why, all these people say neat
things about it! Jack Gaughan:
"Migawd, I'm almost afraid to
say it! It's legible..."
Dick Geis: "Up and coming. Bet-
ter at this stage than the old
PSY ever was, at #3 that is."
Wowie zowie! Ain't that great, gang?





WENFLETCHEK '69