



NITCHEVO

Being the editorial page(s) of LOKI

This may well be the shortest issue of LOKI since its inception in January 1962; that one was 16 pages, and whether I'll have that much in this one is open to considerable doubt. Time is the reason; I have a lot to do, and I want to get LOKI back on its proper schedule of hitting SFPA mailings again, so I'm doing this issue in a week of hardly uninterrupted work, and it will probably show. At the moment I have no idea just what will be in the issue; Jack Harness promised a cover which may be on the front; I have a short story by Dave Locke which was supposed to be in the last issue but which got lost at the last minute and which will appear in this one if I can find it; Ed Cox is starting a new column which is supposed to have the first installment ready for this; and I have a lot of letters commenting on #6 and a few commenting on #7. That will be all, unless Katya feels like sitting down at a typer and cutting a stencil or two of natterings, in which case they will be here; I'm not twisting her arm this time. So you can read on and see what I came up with.

This won't be going out to too many people before Hugo nominations are closed, but it will to some and I might as well get myself on the record about my choices. Best novel: WITCH WORLD, by Andre Norton (Ace PB). Her first adult novel that I know of; a really excellent fantasy. Best shorter fiction: No award. I haven't read anything I consider worthy of a Hugo this year; LASFS mentioned several when we had nominations down there last Thursday, and none of them were anything I liked that much. However, the anthology of Manly Wade Wellman shorts of John, the roving folk singer, appeared for the first time last year so some of them may be eligible. I say may - Buck Coulson nominated "Old Devlins Was A-waiting", which may be eligible, but I'm sure some of these stories have appeared previously in BEST FROM F&SF anthologies and would thus be ineligible. Which ones I don't know offhand; I suggest someone check and be sure before nominating. Several of these stories are of Hugo caliber; if one is eligible and nominated I'll vote for it, but I'm still nominating No Award. Best prozine: SCIENCE FANTASY. I've seen only a couple of issues, but judging by them and the comments of those who read them regularly it is definitely leagues beyond any American zine. And it's folding and won't be eligible again. Your vote is solicited, and I don't even know Carnell. Best pro artist: my personal choice is John Schoenherr, for his covers and illos for ANALOG. However, Emsh, Bok, Krenkel, or any of several others could win and not disappoint me. This is the least clear-cut category of all. Best dramatic presentation: "The Raven". I know it had nothing to do with the Poe poem, but that will weigh heavier on me if someone can tell me how they would go about making a full-length movie from the poem. "The Raven" was a thoroughly delightful spoof of horror movies, and I haven't had so many laughs in I don't know when. Best fanzine: YANDRO, though there is much to be said for both STAR SPINKLE and AMRA, with the former probably the eventual winner. I'd like to see YAN win one finally; other fanzines come and go, win their Hugos and fold, but YANDRO goes on year after year, always in the top five and never winning. I think it deserves the Hugo for sheer consistency. Best book publisher: Pyramid. Ace is the only serious competition; I prefer Pyramid because they've revived so many of the old UNKNOWN stories that I love, and have reprinted so many other classics of the Golden Age. Ace has the best current novels, with Norton and Brunner a whole stable in themselves, and they have Burroughs, but they do publish Robert Moore Williams and their reprints aren't much (classic reprints, I mean - I don't count reprints of a novel still in print in hardback or out of print less than a year as real reprints). But I wouldn't be displeas'd ~~if~~ if Ace won.

The new game rage that's sweeping the LASFS is Diplomacy; it got started about Discon time when Ted Johnstone got involved in a game with some Eastern fans

via the mails, and then Bruce and Dian got into a mail game right afterwards, and then they decided to start a game at LASFS with moves made once a week after meetings, and...well, there are at least five games going on now that I know of after LASFS; it's gotten to where if you stay for the game you don't get home till nearly 1:00 AM, which is pretty rough on a working stiff like me. But it's a fun game; the players take the roles of the seven great powers as of 1914 (England, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Russia, and Turkey) and move armies and fleets around trying to form worthwhile alliances and win the war. Usually one or two countries get picked on at first and go down the tube by the sixth or seventh move; then the rest heave back and forth and around until one finally gets control of half the supply centers on the board, which is the object of the game. Germany and Austria-Hungary are particularly vulnerable; if they have reliable allies they can do OK, but if they're ganged up on early, as frequently happens, they're out of it. But those of you who've never seen the game probably won't understand what I mean, and those who have know it already, so enough of this.

There's no installment of "I've Been Reading..." this ish; I haven't gotten any fanzines that I think need reviewing since the last ish of LOKI, and as far as pro stuff goes I've been finking out lately reading detective stories almost exclusively. I get on these jags every/once in a while when I'm just fed up to here with science fiction and fantasy and I have to sit down and read a dozen or so detective stories to get my little grey cells working again and get back to the point where I can appreciate stf. Because most stf, in my opinion, is not mentally stimulating. Rather, it is soporific - something that I can read to relax me at the end of a day of hard brainwork. This is not universally true, of course; most of Leinster and a good deal of Poul Anderson and a few others is quite as stimulating as a good detective story, and those I can read even when I'm otherwise tired of stf, but the great majority of writers do not require much thought in reading them. Of course, you can think about the ideas they bring up if you like - but you don't have to in order to get anything out of the story, and being lazy as hell I usually don't. But you can't read a detective story by John Dickson Carr or Agatha Christie or Ellery Queen without being stimulated to try to solve the case before the answer is revealed. Or at least, I can't. In the past four days I've read six Carr novels and one Christie; I'm getting to the point now where I can begin to think about reading a bit of stf again. The trouble with the detective novel is that there are so few really good writers in the field; only three whose work I consistently like very much. And while Carr Christie, and Queen all have pretty large outputs, I've read most of their novels at least twice each and so most of my reading is rereading for the third or fourth time. There are other writers whose work is quite good - Boucher and Poul Anderson are two - but whose stuff is either very limited in quantity or hard to obtain. There are others, like Rex Stout and Erle Stanley Gardner, who write classic detective stories but not quite so well as my three favorites. But one has to put up with the state of things, I guess; really good stf is just about as scarce. I have my own particular tastes...

Income tax time - I should be able to get a whacking great refund this time by filing the long form. My medical expenses ran nearly \$2200 last year that I can prove with receipts ans such; I fancy that some of the drug bills aren't included and that it would run over \$2200 if I could prove every expense. That's rather over 25% or my annual income there...

Well, might as well cut this off for now. I'm going to owe pages in the next SFPA mailing as it is, because this is about all I'll be writing personally in thish (no mailing comments; the 10th mailing wasn't anything to brag about anyhow), but I'll try to make LOKI 8 more respectable. None of my subbers said I owed them more issues except Glenn Lord, so he's the last subber left unless someone else comes in in the next week. This issue will not be counted against a sub, because of its thinness. Don't feel cheated, Glenn.

THE LITTLEST

by

dave locke

The Governor moved quickly up the steps. The noise of the city seemed a relative calm compared to the University, but the Governor was no less calm than he had been a half-hour ago, and he showed it in his walk. Storming through the corridors, past his secretary, and into the familiar office, he radiated heat and steam much like a kettle of boiling water. He felt that this was as good a time as any to start work on his next speech, and heedless of his emotional state he flicked a switch and started dictating. The trim, compact machine on the side of his desk uncaringly let him pull off its ear and clutch tightly at it, and no matter what the Governor said the metal and wires always registered apathy.

"I tell you that it is a saddening turn of events when Washington will not let a state run its own affairs, a privilege which is granted to it under our Constitution. Troops may unconstitutionally trespass and force us to integrate our schools. Integration is immoral; we all know this. To allow the undesirables to partake in the sanctity of our education, on fully a white man's basis, is something that we do not want and by God we must not let it be forced upon us---"

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The warm breeze tugged at the curtains, and obediently they moved about. The night was pleasant, and the blue of sky had been replaced by the lights of heaven. The trees stood still against the weak wind, and the light from the half moon was pale across the land. Out his bedroom window the Governor could see man-made lights far off, but otherwise he felt moved to believe that this night he was closer to nature and heaven, and with all troubles and pressures filed away in the back of his mind he removed his robe and laid down in bed. The white sheets and pillow brought him quickly to a half-world of the mind, and he saw through closed eyes the delicious dream things that one never experiences when fully asleep. As consciousness began receding steadily and his semi-aware mind stepped up its playing to an un-true one-and-three-quarter time, a sharp movement of the curtains caught his ear and began dragging him back from the road of fantasy. He sat up in bed.

The angel smiled at him and stepped softly and noiselessly off the windowsill. Her beauty was childlike and un-sexual, her grace of movement nearly ignored by the Governor in his state of unbelieving. She stood by his bed and gently looked down at him.

"Don't be frightened," she said. He wasn't. "My mission is an impersonal one. Will you help me?"

Dumbly, he nodded, and reached clumsily for the light over his bed. Her hand was suddenly brushing the back of his, and without a word being spoken he abandoned the light and looked up at her, his eyes straining in an attempt to catch all the available starlight and moonlight and cast it upon her face.

Her body stirred in movement. "I will be brief," she said. "My mission is to get, firsthand, in a being's own words, his views of Life, and Heaven." She paused, and repeated quietly: "Will you help me?"

The Governor was strictly a man of politics. His life had been saturated in compromise and the workings of the Deal, and he was a log-roller from way back. With a firm grip on his sense of reality he sized up the situation in terms of what he could get out of it. Averting his eyes from her face he tried to put his thoughts in order.

"Yes, of course I'll help you. But," he said, carefully, "may I ask you a few questions about Heaven?"

The angel was silent for a moment, but then in the same sweet voice she replied: "I will allow you three questions."

The Governor was prepared. "What is Heaven like?" he asked her.

The Universe was swimming before his eyes, and the voice of the angel was a softness that flowed about every star. The physical part of his being was left sitting in bed in a house outside a city that sat upon a world that was spinning, swiftly spinning, away from his mind and far off until it was no longer visible. The Entirety suddenly spun up in front of his consciousness and he was frightened, and the voice of the angel wrapped itself around him and he began spinning along with the Universe, until he was a part of it and could comprehend it. Then the Universe spun past him, and he away from it, and out of the darkness that was left a light appeared and he sought eagerly to be nearer it. He and it were outside of Everything, and otherness of the light was the God that had created that which had spun past him: The flaming lights and the worlds and everything that was spinning in a thousand different directions. Beyond the Entirety was Heaven, and in Heaven was the light that must be God, and the Governor sought to reach the light but it was avoiding him...

He was in his bedroom again, and the angel was asking him, "What is your second question?"

- "How do I get there?" Within his mind he felt peace. A sponge was brushing against him and everything that was unclean was being wiped up, and a soft glow appeared to him and he felt assured as the belief and faith within him was allowed to grow and spread swiftly. He knew how to get to Heaven, and then the feeling of deep faith and peace was gone and his mind returned to normal. For a moment he groped futilely in an attempt to recapture that which he had had for only a brief second.

The angel was still standing there. "What is your final question, mortal?" Her wings undulated slightly, as if the warm breeze was calling for them to play.

The Governor almost panicked as he realized that she would soon be finished with his questions. He wished the moment could last forever, and that she would care for what he was going through instead of being merely indifferent about it. He sought for another question, and then remembered the light he had seen far beyond the Entirety.

"Tell me," he said. "What is God really like?"

The angel smiled at him, and seemed to be radiating a faint, cold light. The noise of a passing car sliced a hunk of mood from the fantasy that he was in, and for no reason the events of the day swam before him. The University, the speech he had started, and the angel, all grouped together in his thoughts as the winged figure spoke to him in the darkness.

"Well," she answered, her voice rising, "there's some misconception about that. You see, She's colored."

With an unbelievable grace of movement she leaped to the windowsill and sped off toward the night sky, leaving the Governor alone in his bedroom. Alone, clutching his pillow, and screaming.

HEAVILY

----- Ed Cox

TWICE

//Which is one way of writing "Twice Under Heavily by Ed Cox," I guess - dgh//

HISTORY, This is another installment of what may come to be known as the kiss-
DEPT. OF: of-death column. Most of the fanzines it has appeared in have folded.
It was/is a sort of perambulating column, appearing in various and sundry fanzines. One reason it appeared in various and sundry, and fannish, fanzines soon became apparent. They kept folding.

I wonder if anybody here (reading LOKI) remembers Don Wilson's EGO BEAST, a FAPazine. I don't know what happened to CHURN, Nancy Rapp's FAPazine. And the Trimbles' FAPazine MELANGE...whatever happened to it? Phyllis Economou has left FAPA and with her went PHLOTSAM. Even DYNATRON, while not folding, is meeting an obscurity worse than that. It's becoming a N'APazine. I understand an installment of this column is appearing in the Trimbles' new OMPazine. Strike off another...

Well, Dave, don't tell me I didn't warn you. Goodbye, LOKI, everybody...

Say, I didn't warn you, did I...

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EARTH INVADED!. Being all oldtime stf readers, of at least six months tenure,
DEPT. THEREOF: we have all experienced that stfiction dealing with the invasion
of Earth by horrible monsters whose sole reason for existence is to wipe out, enslave, eat or mete out some other equally unpleasant fate to Earthmen. Of course, if you have watched many stf movies, you are well aware that a lot of these inimical menaces to Man are not from off this world.

Recently I have gained great confidence in the ability of mankind to withstand an onslaught of this sort.

We'll certainly survive an invasion by any horde from the stars or scaly monsters from our own ocean depths since we survived the invasion of the Beatles.

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N3F APPRECIATION While pawing idly through my growing collection of paper-
SOCIETY, DEPT. OF: back science fiction, I spotted a story by Murray Leinster included in Conklin's SCIENCE FICTION OMNIBUS. I remember "Plague" happily from the first time I read it in the February 1944 issue of ASTOUNDING. It was probably the high-point of all the stories Jenkins has written which blast at bareaucracy. From even his first long story in ASTOUNDING STORIES OF SUPER SCIENCE, "Murder Madness", on through "Plague" and, more recently, OPERATION TERROR (Berkeley Medallion F694) and "The Manners and Customs of the Thrid" (IF, Sept. 63) he hauls off and bashes heavily at stupidity and loss-of-perspective, selfishness, pomposity, self-importance, etc., in massive governmental and societal systems. Not too secondary is his attitude toward super-science in science fiction stories. Usually his Hero Saves the World or Conquers His Rival for the Girl using simply an egg-beater and a transistor or a wrist-watch or some such combination. Witness OPERATION TERROR, THE WAILING ASTEROID (Avon 1961), and the many stories in the Standard Twins, TWS and STARTLING, such as "Things Pass By" (TWS Summer 1945),

"The Story of Rod Cantrell" (SS Jan 1949), "The Disciplinary Circuit" (and others in this series) and many others. These are fine examples of what his attitude must be after observing mankind and bureaucracy, etc.

Now my question is this: what kind of a story would he turn out after carefully observing the inner machinations, or even the outward manifestations, of the National Fantasy Fan Federation?

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THE WORLD-CATCHING-UP WITH- In a recent issue of the San Fernando Valley's bustling
SCIENCE-FICTION-CORNER/DEPT: semi-daily Valley News and Green Sheet, there appeared
a letter from a Valley resident shocked unto near
shock over the ever-increasing danger, a world crisis nearly, in the over-breeding
of dogs and cats. It seems as if 10,000 are born every hour, or something like
that. At the rate irresponsible breeders of innocent puppies and kittens are going,
we'll soon be up to cur ----- in animals. If it, of course, a situation that
frightens out of their little minds any worry about nuclear war, human over-popu-
lation, the Beatles, carcinogenous byproducts in cigarette smoke, etc. Better they
should worry about the possibility of some insect natural-enemy getting wiped out
and all that that implies.

Or, what I'd like to know, what possible reaction they'd have should there be
any possibility of James MacGregor's novel, THE FITTEST, coming to be reality.
Now that's something I'd worry about!

Remember the "paggets".....?

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MOVIES, STEFANTASY, I'm not sure whether or not there is a book from which the
DEPARTMENT THEREOF: film "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" was made. But the
legend is well known. Back in 1953, a color production star-
ring Ava Gardner and James Mason was made. Last night, 28 February, I watched it
for the first time since and found it standing up very well. The fact that it was
aired in color helped*since the scenery of the Mediterranean coast of Spain is down-
right stunning.

I don't recall whether I was reading many fanzines or not in 1953, so I'm not
sure if it got much mention then, if any. But it should be of interest to some fans
since it is definitely a fantasy of the first order. Mason plays the Flying Dutch-
man and Ava, of course, his reincarnated-many-times-over salvation in the person of
Pandora. The story, plot, and handling is excellent, logical, and right out of the
classical fantasy style beloved of the old FFM readership (which was the core of the
fantasy enthusiasts in fandom at one time). There is included many a scene of a
fantastic nature, including the flashback to the original events that brought about
the Dutchman's doom.

The narrator in the film finds out, and the Dutchman admits, that it is all
real. Another example occurs when a very good scene shows an attempted murder by
knife-stabbing, which is thought to be successful at the time. Another shows him
about to sail for another seven years with the ship readying itself for the sea,
sails unfurling and raising themselves, the anchor hoisting, etc.

Basically its appeal to the public, other than the top box-office names, was

*A sneaky way to tell people you have a color TV, I calls it! - deh

that it is a love-story. But then, weren't the A. Merritt novels just as much so?

We should see THE MOON POOL or THE FACE IN THE ABYSS, to mention a couple of fantasy classics, handled and produced as well as "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman". As it stands, the latter is an entertaining, well-produced film, far better, for instance, than "The Devil Doll", which is a production of a fantasy classic.

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SERIES WE HAVE Al Lewis delightedly remarked, about a week or three ago, "Horn- KNOWN AND..DEPT: blower is fun!" when I mentioned that it was the channel 9 movie of the week, in ~~comer~~ yet. Yes, the HorationHornblower series is well-known and beloved of the old guard type POST reader...in the old, now dead, type of SATURDAY EVENING POST many once knew and loved. Which all brings us to the subject of Series in Science Fiction, Our Literature.

There are a number of them running now! Probably one of the most prolific, if not best, is the ~~Katana~~ Retief series by Keith Laumer. Some of them have even been collected into half of an Ace Double (F223). One of the most ballyhooed, I think, in late years has been the "People" series by Zenna Henderson, collected under the title Pilgrimage. While the theme, that of superhumans in a hostile world, was handled with feeling, the series as a whole was too homespun, goody-goody in treatment and didn't "please" me much. Not that "shake-making" at all when you consider van Vogt's theory: logically, the place where you will find the super-man will be At the Top, as expressed in SLAN. But then SLAN wasn't written for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL or FAMILY CIRCLE readership. And while the "People" series appeared in F&SF, it sure did read like it was written for the women's mags.

If a fan bibliophile (but then who else?) would undertake the task of compiling a compendium of all the "series" in science fiction, the task would be enormous. For some series were themselves enormous in scope, the "Skylark" and "Lensmen", to mention a couple. Some long-lived, such as Professor Jameson; others comparatively little-known, such as the "Kilkenny Cats" series in ASTOUNDING by Kurt von LRonHubbard Rachen, uncompleted but rousing good action in alien worlds. Equally good action on alien worlds is Poul Anderson's Dominic Flandry series.

But to get to another area in this exploration, let's take some that have been pretty well forgotten, some with reason...

Pyramid is reprinting a surprising number of stories from the old, old era of Science Fiction. Avalon published a collection of an old Capt. S.P. Meek series from the early days of ASTOUNDING STORIES OF SUPER SCIENCE (DRU'S OF TAPAJOS and TROYANA). But one collection that probably won't appear is the "Pete Manx" series by Kelvin HenryKuttner Kent. And most of all there is that dear old unlamented that everybody who read it, no doubt, is trying to forget: the "Tubby" series by Ray Cummings.

Tubby was a man who deserved the name, a portly comic-hero who blundered through one fantastic adventure after another in a series that hung on in the long period after the greatness that was "The Girl in the Golden Atom". Cummings created, for stf, the idea that we could 'shrink down into atoms to find new island universes, etc. although probably the classic treatment of that subject came later with Henry Hasse's "He Who Shrank". But years after that period was over, hard times came and Tubby was a result of the formerly great author's hanging in there.

Unlike the shrewd promoter-type, Pete Manx, who scrambled history in his backtracking machinations, Tubby was unwitting hero of the salvation of Mankind, the Heroine, etc. from a variety of threats. They were acclaimed as the worst thing ap-

pearing in THRILLING WONDER STORIES in the early Forties.

Since WEIRD TALES was not in the realm of Science Fiction, we must ignore many of the series appearing therein, even back in the twenties and early Thirties when a lot of science-fantasy was published there.

What's your favorite - or forgotten-with-reason - series? //And how about doing an article about it for LOKI? - dgh//

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NEW FIELD OF SCIENCE- I still entertain the belief that a goodly number of
FICTION COLLECTING DEPT: fans do read and collect science-fiction, it being their
primary interest, still, in being mixed up in this whole
furschlugginer bit known as Fandom. Therefore, judging others by myself, as
Brother Dave would, and does, say, the reading of It therefore leads to the collect-
ing of It. Science-fiction. These days it isn't too hard to collect all the pro-
zines that are issued, there being but seven or eight. A possible ninth is in the
works (this being the companion to GAMMA and possibly stf adventure to boot).

Then there is the buying of hard cover books, something not so easy to collect
all of if one should be a completist. I rather doubt if there are many of those
these days. Therefore, even a selective purchasing among the multitudinous paper-
backs seems a bit rough on the pocketbook even if one hadn't already read a lot of
the stuff in its original magazine appearance.

If, of course, one hasn't been sort of discouraged by the fare available these
days. In reading commentary in fanzines, I get this general impression. The Sense
of Wonder is gone and like that. So maybe out daunted hero goes in search of some
other, new, enthralling field of Science Fiction to collect all-of-them of. Yes.

Because, dear hearts, there is such a field. I really don't see why it hasn't
already burst upon science fiction fandom in a coruscating glare of glorious bril-
liance. But I guess there has been some brief mention in the fan press - I think it
was me, partly - some time ago of "The New TOM SWIFT Jr. Adventures". Yes, sir,
and to help the would-be collector, just as with the Nancy Drew and the Other Stories,
the volumes are numbered on both spine and front cover. And a complete, numbered,
list is reproduced on the rear cover for the benefit of the collector. And what
titles to lure on the avid collector to new Worlds of Sense of Wonder!

Such as TOM SWIFT (Jr., of course) and the/his: Cosmic Astronauts (#16, the
only one I have, so far...); Jetmarine (#2); Ultrasonic Cyclaplane (#10); Electronic
Retroscope (#14); Visitor from Planet X (#17 and remember the movie of that title?);
Atomic Earth Blaster (#5); Space Solartron (#13) and many other equally exciting
titles. They list for a dollar but are usually available in discount houses, and/or
Wards and Sears, at reduced or group prices.

Be the first on your block to complete a set!

--ed cox

JORMUNGAND

Wherein the readers have their say

REDD BOGGS, 270 South Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles, Calif., 90057: It's nice to see LOKI back, and the time in cold storage hasn't seemed to mar its quality too greatly. I too bought some of those stencils from Bruce Pelz which wouldn't take artwork properly, but one may buy stencils that do take artwork from Duplicator Supply or Mar-Lee for approximately the same price Bruce was charging. Buy a quire of them and use them for the pages where artwork is required. //I will, as soon as I've used up these. Meanwhile, artless LOKIs are the order of the day. I'm too broke at the moment to buy more than the paper I need for this. - dgh//

I've never read the Narnia books - I don't remember even hearing of them till lately - but having been bored and annoyed with OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET and others of C.S. Lewis' books, I don't think I'd like them. I admire the late Mr. Lewis for writing one thing, however: A Preface to Paradise Lost, a small but illuminating work that is among the best such critical prefaces I've ever read.

The discipline of writing for class assignment in hopes of a good grade seems to have done Katya a lot of good. The Christmas Tree item and the review of THE MIRACLE OF LANGUAGE exhibit a precision and a flair that were lacking in her chitterchatter, amusing as that was. If she dares to be proud of her sensibilities and humble enough to take time to learn how to best express herself, she ought to turn into a far better than average writer. She is on her way already. //We thank you...and besides the egoboo, she did end up with an A in the course she was writing for as well. - dgh//

Your review of Schmitz' TALE OF TWO CLOCKS was excellent, especially the analysis of "what might be called 'sophisticated space opera,'" where the hero adventures in an atmosphere of intrigue on an interstellar basis. You make a good point. Editors, writers, and fans have in general united against allowing science fiction to become a branch of detective-mystery fiction - despite efforts by Boucher, Browne, and others to make it so. But even the best of editors and writers and the truest of fans have not so effectively blocked, indeed they have often welcomed, leakage of the novel of suspense and intrigue into science fiction. The stars have become a Graustarkian world of pure, romanticized, undisciplined fantasy. Oz is a much more believable and self-consistent world. Even in Analog, the story is allowed to dominate the setting, which is conveniently arranged for plot purposes and little stubborn facts and natural laws are not allowed to interfere. //But I still like that kind of story. I wonder if it may be that the reason you find them in science fiction is that increased interest in the whole world by the average man has made it difficult for the writers of novels of suspense and intrigue to operate. No one now would believe in Graustark or Ruritania - so they shift them to the future and the stars, where no one can say them nay. Comment? - dgh//

I'm puzzled by Bill Plott's recollection of Gabriel Heatter as "the Voice of Doom". I suppose to a child any newscaster might sound like the Voice of Doom because of the characteristic portentous delivery and the burden of world-shaking news he brought forth every day. But Heatter was infamous for his stupid optimism. "Ah, yes, ladies and gentlemen, an H-bomb has just destroyed New York. Bubonic plague is sweeping east from California. Fifth columnists have wiped out Congress by assassination. And Elizabeth Taylor has left her latest husband. But there's good news tonight!" Incidentally, so far as I know, Gabriel Heatter is still alive, and may even be appearing on the radio. At least he was up to a year or so ago, and Jim Harmon says he has a five-minute spot on Mutual not long since.

Arch Oboler? It tells us something about either Bill Plott or the University of Alabama Library if he "did some research on Oboler but was unable to uncover any information other than that on the record jacket." Thirty years from now, I'd look askance at somebody who said the same thing about Rod Serling. In the late 1930s Oboler had a similar fame to that of Serling today, and

there ought to be thousands of words about him in magazines of that era, not to mention biographical notes appended to his scripts in collections of "best radio plays" of the 1930s.

Bill Flott wonders what a "QXR broadcast" is. Well, it is a broadcast originating from WQXR, New York, a radio station that has been quite enterprising in creating and distributing syndicated shows of various kinds. They sometimes call the stations that carry their shows the "QXR Network".

HARRY WARNER, JR., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md., 21740: Since you're now a Los Angeles fan who hears all the printable stuff and most of the unprintable items, you undoubtedly know that your use of the present tense regarding C. S. Lewis is outdated by the time LOKI circulated. Most of the things you say about the Narnia stories, which I haven't read, would fit just as well his fantasies for adult readers. You'll have to hunt someone else to tell you why most of fandom suddenly goes berserk over this or that writer of particular books by a specific author. I've asked the question without getting an answer, repeatedly. The only common factor that I've noticed is that such sudden fannish best sellers are books that are obscure to a certain point so that they don't get much mundane attention, but not obscure to such a point that they are too deep for the typical fan to comprehend. Most of the books and authors that get this sort of fannish attention fall into that middle area, but there are many other possibilities in the same area that are completely ignored by fans.

Katya made an artificial tree sound like a bearable thing. This Christmas I purchased a little village with tiny electric lights to install on a stand in the front room, then didn't get around to fixing it up, but I did tape some large glass ornaments to the front windows of the house, the closest I've come to decorating for Christmas since I lost my parents. On New Year's Day someone dumped the family Christmas tree, untrimmed, in my back yard, so this was quite a festive Yuletide on Summit Avenue. I hope that vinyl tree is non-conductive of electricity, if you plan to put electric lights on it. I know that vinyl phonograph records are the most enthusiastic collectors of static electricity in the universe, but I've never plugged one into a wall socket to see what they think of alternating current. //As it happens, the laws of physics read that anything that's an efficient collector of static electricity can't possibly be a good conductor of current, and vinyl is an excellent insulator; in fact, we use vinyl at Litten for the insulation of certain kinds of wire. It's safe. - dgh//

I suppose I shouldn't be the only commenter on LOKI to fail to tell you that you forgot to name the story you were writing about in the third paragraph of page 12. //You would have been, although in the interests of avoiding repetition I cut the mentions from Redd's and Buck's letters. The story was "The Enchanted Weekend", by John MacCor-mac. - dgh//

Your speculation over the way Gold and de Camp collaborated on "None but Lucifer" reminds me all over again that we badly need a prozine history before all these middle-aged people die or grow so old they forget the details. Indexes and anthologies based on the old prozines are fine, but it is now or never for the background facts that can't be deduced by the simple process of going through those old magazines. Already, I imagine, some major matters concerned with the AMAZING years under Sloane are lost to posterity, because he's gone and so are many of the men who wrote the major stories.

Bill Plott is amusing in those Heatter-inspired bad moments of childhood. I believe that Raymond Gram Swing was the generally accepted prophet in my family. We have just had a big argument in the office, where I'm typing, over the current status of Gabriel. Two people, one of whom is myself, are pretty sure that he died a couple of years ago, while the others are confident that he's still alive, just waiting until the time when the news becomes sufficiently un-frightening for him to have a fair chance to resume his terroristic tactics.

ROBERT COULSON, Route #3, Wabash, Indiana: You realize that Joe Gibson will never forgive you for your new restricted circulation policy. Yer puttin yerself up as bein bettern the rest of us rabble, and wouns don't tolerate that. //Oh, I don't know - I saw Joe about three weeks ago and he didn't say anything about never forgiving me. Of course, he wouldn't know except from reading it in YANDRO anyhow, because he never subbed to LOKI when you could sub to it. So why should he care now? Anyhow, in an issue of G² a while back he said that his outburst against people who don't allow subs for cash was directed against people who'd criticized his cash-only policy. Since I never did this, he shouldn't object to how I want to run my fanzine any more than I do to how he wants to run his. - dgh//

Of course, I'll never forgive you for sneering at Narnia. //Join the club - dgh// What is it I like about them? Heck, I don't know. Not the "consistent fantasy world", certainly; Howard and Burroughs had that - well, if you aren't too strict about the "consistent" part - and I certainly don't like them. About all I can think of is that the stories have charm - and don't ask me to define "charm" because I can't do it. But whatever it is, they have it. So does "The Hobbit", although THE LORD OF THE RINGS doesn't. (I like LORD OF THE RINGS, but for other reasons.) I don't know whether the Oz books have it or not because I've never read one. //I think I know the quality you're talking about, but the Narnia stories just don't have it for me. I would not attempt to dissuade anyone from trying one to see if they are charmed or not, but I felt that with all the wild fannish enthusiasm which they have generated it might be in order to warn people that on the other hand they might not care too much for the series. Just as, say, Redd Boggs doesn't like Andre Norton and you don't like Burroughs or Howard. - dgh//

A TALE OF TWO CLOCKS was a regular selection of the Doubleday stf book club; most of Torquil's science-fiction offerings are. (I've received 6 Torquil books thru the club; 3 by Edmong Hamilton and one each by Schmitz, Eric Frank Russell, and Poul Anderson.) Apparently I didn't review the book, but then I never review everything that I read; I could fill 20 pages with book reviews. I remember enjoying it at the time, but I have to confess that right now I can't recall a single thing about it. Whatever else it may have been, it wasn't memorable.

And that, my cabbages, closes out another issue of LOKI. I didn't get the issue out in time for the March SFPA mailing after all; I'm barely going to make the April S&PS mailing with it. Mostly this was due to Roy's being sick off and on; nothing serious, but when he's sick the noise of typing (or anything else) keeps him awake and so I can't cut stencils.

Speaking of Roy, I might as well publish it for fandom so that maybe we can avoid having to explain it time and again: Roy is severely retarded. Whether he was born that way or whether he suffered brain damage from anoxia during one of the six operations he had before he was 6 months old we don't know for sure; only that he is at present developed to the level of a normal 6-month-old, and he's nearer 17 months old (will be April 13, before this is circulated). The best we can hope for is that he will continue to progress at about 40% of capacity; at worst he may progress little if any beyond where he is now. In any case, the doctors have advised us to apply to Pacific State Home for the Mentally Retarded as soon as possible (they have a waiting list as long as FAPA, though it moves a bit faster) and in a year or so to put him there. We are agreed that this is the best course for him and for us. But it isn't a subject we care to talk about more than necessary, so I hope this explanation will satisfy everyone and we can let it go at that.

With which LOKI closes and I have to start some mailing comments for NIFLHEIM.

This is somewhat of an innovation for me, putting the colophon and contents on the back page, but I didn't have a page worth of that and I didn't have a page worth of mailing wrapper, so I decided to combine the two. So this is LOKI #8, edited by Dave Hulan at 17417 Vanowen St., #21, Van Nuys, Calif., 91406, phone 213-343-7348, and published on the LASFSRex, of which the editor is a shareholder. It is to be circulated through the 67th mailing of the Spectator Amateur Press Society, postmailed to the 11th mailing of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, and distributed to contributors, those who trade with me, prospective contributors, and others whom I may choose to send it to for one reason or another. It is not to be had for cash, reviewers please note. J8tun Publication #39.

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FROM: Dave Hulan
17417 Vanowen St., #21
Van Nuys, Calif., 91406

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