

9

This is PHOENIX 9, a catchall issue, published on the Wabash Cannonball Press by the Coulsons. It's edited, if you feel that's the proper term, by Dave Locke. Dave Locke's address is P.O. Box 335, Indian Lake, N.Y. 12842.

Indian Lake is located in the heart of the beautiful Adirondack Mountains. One inch square lots bordering the wonderful shores of Indian Lake can be purchased from Dave Locke for \$5 each. No cash, checks, or money orders accepted. Send stamps. Stamps are not traceable. PHOENIX cannot be acquired by cash or stamps, nor can it be received by indiscriminate trading. PHOENIX needs to re-ignite its letter column, and I'll send you the rag if you write me a reasonably printable LOC. I also send one free issue with the purchase of each \$5 lot. This is what we in the publishing business call a tinkertoy colophon.

So here we are again, and this is the 9th issue of that monthly fanzine that began just a little more than three years ago. Or maybe this is the 8th issue, but I'm not going through that again. This is the 9th issue I've stencilled, so we'll call it number 9 and leave it at that.

Since the nextish will be the Gala 10th issue, and since in three-plus years of publishing PHOENIX I've never had an Annish, the nextish will be a celebration of sorts. Artwork on every page, a two-color multilith cover, the last installment of that UNKNOWN column, and a return to those Great Dave Locke Lay-outs that you won't find in this 9th issue... Yes, all sorts of goodies. Fun, fun, fun. And it'll be the last issue of PHOENIX. Nix is the sort of genzine that I was interested in three years ago, but it doesn't interest me as much now and I'm going to lay

it to rest. Instead of coming out with an entirely different fanzine under the same logo, and inviting unkind comparisons, I might as well start an entirely new fanzine altogether. First issues always get more egoboo than Old-Fanzines-that-change-their-slant, anyway....

When this new zine will appear is another matter. I've been thinking about the New Policy, but I haven't been thinking of any deadlines. Suppose we leave it this way: I'll start this new zine when I feel like it, when I've got the time, and when there's enough money in my checking account to finance it. As of this writing I still have to pay for #9, I have to buy stencils and



pay for the publishing of #10, and I also regularly publish one apazine and another genzine. A tentative deadline for this new fanzine might be set for September of 1984, but this is only tentative and I won't allow myself to be pinned down any more definitely than that. Meanwhile, I'll fill out those subscriptions that I foolishly took on in '61 with copies of that other genzine that I mentioned; PELF. It's not much of a genzine, really, but I'd feel guilty if I didn't fill out your sticky-dime subscriptions with copies of something.



In the letter column (just a few pages over; you can't miss it) I mentioned that there had been a shortage of LoCs. That's true. Out of 49 fans who received Nix 8 only this many wrote letters. Considering that less than a dozen contributed in some other way, and that I've got trade arrangements with six more, that leaves a lot of people who didn't respond. My ml for #10 contains about 20 names, and if you're at all interested in receiving this lastish please send an LoC (not a trade, not material, and not money). Those fans on this issue's ml who haven't been showing interest, and who don't show it towards this issue also, will not be put on the ml anyway. I'll fill out my mailing list with the names of fans who've not previously been on it, rather than send the lastish to people who obviously could Care Less. If you're not sure of your status, you'd better write that LoC anyway. This isn't a matter of threatening you, it's a matter of finding out whether or not you Care....

Art credit this ish goes to Randy Scott, VMP Frank, Glenn Wesley, Bob Warner, VMP Frank again, and Bob Gilbert (in that order, since I'm too lazy to number the pages). I haven't finished the bacover yet, so if there's an illo on that it'll be one of mine.

Something I forgot to mention just a minute ago: PHOENIX is ending with #10, but in order that contributors to that issue not miss their egoboo and also so that the letterhacks who comment on thish may receive the usual viscious re-comments on their LoCs in #10, I'm going to continue the lettercol. The PHOENIX lettercol will be carried over into PELF and integrated with that fanzine's lettercol (since I co-edit PELF with Dave Hulan, that means you'd better not be too harsh on his UNKNOWN column that's going to be in the next Nix. As co-editor, he'll have the privilege of answering any comments you may make about it....). Maybe I'll pull an 'ANA-LOG' and stencil a PELF cover logo with 'PHOENIX' in fading letters stencilled in behind it, just to make the transition legal....

Ever have one of those days when nothing went right, nothing could be worse, and even the Ghods hurled great bolts of lightning at your heels? We've got these two boat businesses, you see, that are twelve miles apart, but that's not really too many miles when all the boats have to be stored at one place and 90% of them have to be drawn to the other. One of our two trailors broke, which was an inauspicious start to the day, and it was an hour and a half before we got it back from the garage (the trailor broke on a weld, and I wasn't too happy about having to take it back to the same garage for another weld job). I loaded a boat on the trailor and when I brought it over to the station wagon and set it on the trailor hitch, the hitch gave way and dropped about six inches. One

Paperbacks

2nd Foundation-Asimov
The Intruder-Beaumont
The Enemy Stars-Anderson
Hell's Pavement-Knight
The Mind Cage-vanVogt
Trouble With Lichen-Wyndham
The Big X-Searls
A Case Of Conscience-Blish
Out Of The Deeps-Wyndham
The Male Response-Aldiss
The Mating Cry-vanVogt
A Woman A Day-Farmer
Flesh-Farmer
Space Platform-Leinster
Space Tug-Leinster
Spacehive-Sutton
Not This August-Kornbluth
A Mirror For Observors-Pangborn
Strange Relations-Farmer
The Unexpected Dimension-Budrys
Funhouse-Appel
The Outward Urge-Wyndham
Ride The Nightmare-Matheson
Gunsmoke-Ward
The Green Odyssey-Farmer
Brain Wave-Anderson
Vor-Blish
21st Century Sub-Herbert
Sin In Space-Judd
Beyond The Moon-Hamilton
The Rest Must Die-Foster
Genius In Orbit-Heinlein
The Stars My Destination-Bester
Beyond This Horizon-Heinlein
Men Into Space-Leinster
The Deep Range-Clarke
The Martian Way-Asimov
Operation: Outer Space-Leinster
The Currents Of Space-Asimov
The Day After Tomorrow-Heinlein
Deep Space-Russell
5 Against The House-Finney
Methuselah's Children-Heinlein
Some Of Your Blood-Sturgeon
Outpost Mars-Judd
The Seedling Stars-Blish
The Frozen Year-Blish
Search The Sky-Pohl&Kornbluth
Rocket To The Morgue-Boucher
The Man Who Didn't Exist-Homes
Day They H-Bombed LA-Williams
Galactic Derelict-Norton
Cosmic Rape-Sturgeon
The Time Traders-Norton
The Humanoids-Williamson
No Blade Of Grass-Christopher
I, Robot-Asimov
Door Into Summer-Heinlein
Sometime, Never-Golding,Peake,Wyndham
Bombs In Orbit-Sutton
First On The Moon-Sutton
6 Great Short Novels Of SF-Conklin
The Red Planet-Winterbotham
Some Will Not Die-Budrys
The Dying Earth-Vance
Don Martin Steps Out-Martin
Night Ride & Other Journéys-Beaumont
Circus Of Dr. Lao-ed.BrADBury
Satellite E One-Castle
Station In Space-Gunn
Greener Than You Think-Moore
The Syndic-Kornbluth
Lord Of The Flies-Golding
Space Prison-Godwin
Life On Other Worlds-Jones
The Falling Torch-Budrys
The Tomorrow People-Merril
Venus Plus X-Sturgeon
The Girls From Planet 5-Wilson
The Flaming Eyes-Holly
Creatures Of The Abyss-Leinster
Return To Tomorrow-Hubbard
Who?-Budrys
Troubled Star-Smith
The Wailing Asteroid-Leinster
Pagan Passions-Garrett & Harris
Revolt In 2100-Heinlein
More Adv. In Time & Space-Healy
Synthetic Man-Sturgeon
Worlds Apart-McIntosh
Time Trap-Phillips
When The Earth Died-Mannheim
Tomorrow, The Stars-Heinlein
SF Carnival-Brown & Reynolds
The Joy Makers-Gunn
43,000 Years Later-Coon
The Space Pirate-Vance
Fear-Hubbard
Sinister Barrier-Russell
Murder In Space-Reed
City In The Sea-Tucker
Rio Bravo-Brackett
Operation Interstellar-Smith
Gorgo-Bingham
Planetoid Peril-Brown
Caves Of Steel-Asimov
The Bright Phoenix-Mead
Re-Birth-Wyndham
The Big Eye-Ehrlich
Worlds Within-Phillips
{Invaders From Earth -Silverberg
{Across Time-Grinnell
Revolt On Alpha C-Silverberg
Conquest Of The Space Sea-Williams
The Ultimate Invader-Russell
When Worlds Collide-Balmer&Wyllie
The Skylark Of Space-Smith
Star Bridge-Williamson&Gunn

(Beyond The Vanishing Point-Cummings	(A Touch Of Infinity-Ellison
(The Secret Of Zi-Bulmer	(Man With Nine Lives-Ellison
(Recruit For Andromeda-Lesser	The Island Of Dr. Moreau-Wells
(The Plot Against Earth-Knox	His Name Was Death-Brown
Sentinels Of Space-Russell	Brigands Of The Moon-Cummings
The End Of Eternity-Asimov	Space On My Hands-Brown
A Stir Of Echoes-Matheson	The Puppet Masters-Heinlein
Man Of Many Minds-Evans	Galaxies Like Grains Of Sand-Aldis
Those Idiots From Earth-Wilson	Return To Space-Fear
The October Country-Bradbury	Twice In Time-Wellman
Citizen In Space-Sheckley	Address: Centauri-Wallace
Night Of The Jabberwock-Brown	ESPer-Blish
Third Galaxy Reader-Gold	The Haploids-Sohl
More Stories From Twilight Zone	Worlds Apart-McIntosh
Slave Ship-Pohl	Fahrenheit 451-Bradbury
The Triumph Of Time-Blish	First To The Stars-Gordon
Takeoff-Kornbluth	30 Day Wonder-Wilson
Riders To The Stars-Siodmak	Sands Of Mars-Clarke
(People Minus X-Gallun	Renegade Star-Statton
(Lest We Forget Thee, Earth-Knox	Brave New World-Huxley
The Great Adventure-Taine	Pebble In The Sky-Asimov
(Voodoo Planet-Norton	Childhood's End-Clarke
(Plague Ship-Norton	First He Died-Simak
Mission To The Stars-vanVogt	The Murderers-Brown
Possible Worlds Of SF-Conklin	(To The Tombaugh Station-Tucker
Slan-vanVogt	(Earthman, Go Home!-Anderson
City Under The Sea-Bulmer	Invaders of Earth-Conklin
Star Shine-Brown	Doubles -
(We Claim These Stars!-Anderson	-Contraband Rocket-Correy
(The Planet Killers-Silverberg	-The Forgotten Planet-Leinster
The Naked Sun-Asimov	(One Against Herculium-Sohl
Brain Twister-Phillips	(Secret Of The Lost Race-Norton
The Incomplete Enchanter-DeCamp&Prat	-Time To Teleport-Dickson
The Outlaws Of Mars-Kline	-The Genetic General-Dickson
The Alamo-Frazee	(I Speak For Earth-Woodcott
Beyond Infinity-Carr	(Wandl The Invader-Cummings
The Far Cry-Brown	-The Snows Of Ganymede-Anderson
A Plot For Murder-Brown	-War Of The Wing-Men-Anderson
(The Man Who Japed-Dick	(The Atom Curtain-Williams
(The Spare-Born-Tubb	(Alien From Arcturus-Dickson
We Who Survived-Noel	-Crossroads Of Time-Norton
Stories From the Twilight Zone	-Mankind On The Run-Dickson
Strangers In The Universe-Simak	(And Then The Town Took Off-Wilson
13 West Street-Brackett	(The Sioux Spaceman-Norton
The Altered Ego-Sohl	-The Mechanical Monarch-Tubb
The Third Level-Finney	-Twice Upon A Time-Fontenay
Honeymoon In Hell-Brown	(Empire Of The Atom-vanVogt
Yonder-Beaumont	(Space Station #1-Long
Deathworld-Harrison	
Lost World-Doyle	
Cry Horror-Lovecraft	
The War Of The Worlds-Wells	
Tomorrow's Gift-Cooper	
The Death Dealers-Asimov	
Untouched By Human Hands-Sheckley	
Unearthly Neighbors-Oliver	
The Green Hills Of Earth-Heinlein	
The Mind Thing-Brown	

Any 14 books for \$2.00, which is the absolute minimum order. I pay postage. About 80% of these books look like they've just come off the presses - only half a handful are in below-par condition. This is only a sampling of my collection; send your want-lists... Only money-orders accepted.

DAVE LOCKE, P.O. BOX 335, INDIAN LAKE, N.Y.

ON THE ISSUE

FLOYD
ZWICKY

Dave Locke kindly sent me some letters dissenting more or less with the ideas expressed in the articles of mine he recently printed. June Bonifas and Buck Coulson both refer to my "apparent effort to write a controversial column", and of course they are right, provided that "controversial" is accepted as not implying rancor.

At the present time I do not know of a single issue in which the public is so directly involved that is as important as what we call "human rights". Like it or not, you will have to deal with it, particularly you younger citizens. May I suggest that I have the edge on most of you in the matter of years, meaning more time to have observed the world, though I freely admit that age does not invariably bring wisdom. I say categorically that this issue is surrounded by more nonsense, more misinformation, more self-deception and more deliberate distortion for one reason or another than any other I know of. So it behooves us to find out if we can just what we are talking about. What do we mean by "rights" - do we have any at all and if so where do we get them?

In the first place, Buck Coulson speaks of "natural rights" as though they may have been granted by a supernatural power. But isn't it true that Nature grants us nothing - that she doesn't know we exist and quite clearly doesn't care? So we might say that a "right" is something to which we are entitled from our fellow men. Which of course implies that we in turn are required to grant them to our fellow men. But unless you are reasoning from the proverbial ivory tower - and many of us surely are - it ought to be clear that a "right" is a meaningless term unless there is a means of enforcing our title to it. However, in the long run we can't be forced to do what we don't want to do, except under a dictatorship, and for the purpose of this discussion we will assume that this is a democracy and that laws are made with the consent of the majority.

And so you see that there is no distinction between moral, civil or any other kind of "right". If we grant them at all, it makes no difference whether it is from motives of morality or from the exercise of pure reason. And conversely, if the majority does not grant a right, it makes no difference what arguments you use to show they should do so. It is futile to argue that we should grant rights of any kind whatever to our fellow citizens.

To be specific, I think this whole thing hinges on the rights of our largest minority, the negro. What does he want? We talk vaguely about "economic equality" and civil rights, but we only

This is the first publication of an article of rebuttal that was to see print in PHOENIX 6. The passing of time throws dust on many things, unfortunately, although the issues discussed are relatively timeless. The fans to whom Zwicky replies are gafia, hoax names, or people uninterested in picking up the threads of a year and a half old discussion. In any event, the issue ends in these pages. Floyd Zwicky has been dead for some time now, and obviously unable to contribute, or listen to, further discussion. Here then, is his last fanzine material.

succeed in obscuring the issue still farther. The negro has said it clearly, and if you will think about it carefully you will see he is right. What he wants is to be treated as a person, regardless of his color - in other words he wants social equality. With it he has everything; without it he has nothing. How can you hire a man for a job if other people refuse to work with him? How can you divorce the higher-paying jobs, which the negro is most interested in, from their social implications, by which I mean fraternization in country clubs, parties and such? If you know anything about such jobs you will see what I mean. And suppose you are a negro and you eat in a restaurant formerly exclusively white because the law says you may. And suppose you get absolutely nothing but the service you pay for - not a pleasant word. You see this is not a legal matter, it is an emotional one. Mis Bonifas says you don't need to legislate feelings, it is acts you must control. But there is no way to control acts without controlling feelings, as illustrated above. And even acts can't be legislated unless the majority concurs, if we are to remain a democracy. So it is a matter of what people will do, not what some of us think they ought to do.

I do not think the majority of Americans are willing to grant these rights to our minorities. No Congressman has had the temerity to introduce a bill to that effect, for the reason that they feel fairly sure that such a Constitutional amendment would be defeated in referendum, with consequent international loss of face. In any case, these men are wise enough to know that you can't control emotions by law.

It is also necessary to analyze the situation to see just where we stand, in order to find out if anything at all can be done. We can ask if these rights should be granted on moral grounds. What are moral grounds? I am not sure that there are morals apart from the sentiment of a given society. But if there are it would still be necessary to get the agreement of the majority, wouldn't it? Besides, our moral system is a thing that is enthusiastically subscribed to by some 60,000,000 of us, if we can believe their statistics, for an hour or so on Sunday when the shops are closed. A secret ballot is another thing.

Or you may adopt the rational approach, and ask if the elimination of all discrimination is desirable for the preservation of our society. This is an emotional matter too, meaning that it is discussed more with the heart than the head. The argument is by no means proven, but assuming that it is, again you are faced with the fact that the majority has to agree before anything can be done.

So there you are. What are you going to do about it? I rather doubt that anything can be done in a short time. It appears that social acceptance of minorities is a matter of time, and not a short time either.

We might look for the reasons for the hard-headedness of the general public, though this may or may not do any good. Nobody but the insane does anything for no reasons, so it might be possible that if you find the reasons for the antipathy you can do something about it. I offered some reasons, and you can accept them or not, but if you reject them you will have to find other and better ones. The superiority of the white race in the things our civilization considers valuable is too clear to quibble over. Where they did not make basic discoveries, they did put such things to practical use. You need only examine the fields of science, art, economics and the like and check to see what has been done by the black or yellow races. I use the

word "race" in its broadest sense. There is a sense of pride in the accomplishments of our group, whether it be a club, a city, a nation or a race, and this pride is justifiable if it is based on fact.

At this time the white race dominates the world, and another reason for racial antipathy may be an unconscious fear of loss of this domination. Still another reason may be the purely animal one of hatred and fear of the different.

Larry Williams mentions another fallacy that obscures our thinking. He says that all races have equal potential. This is a thing that nobody can possibly know. Nobody in his senses claims that other races can't do what the white has done; they do say that up to now they haven't done it, which is true. Remember it makes no difference whether you or I agree with any of this if the general public does, and to me it looks as though they do.

Another thing that muddles up our attitude is the opinion that Larry Williams expresses - that we have a "RIGHT TO EQUALITY". This is the rankest of nonsense, because five minutes' thought will show that there is no equality in any phase of human existence. No two of us are alike, mentally or physically or in congenital talent. Even equality under the law is an illusion, since it depends a great deal on our financial position. Not all of us can afford a Darrow or a Giesler to defend us, can we? Assuming, of course, that either one of these legal giants was still alive.

There is a horrible thought - that maybe we can only get what we think we are entitled to by fighting for it. Do nations grant each other "rights"? They do not. Differences of opinion here cause wars, and nations get what they are strong enough to get. Do you think the white race owes its position in the world to the kindness of the other peoples? Of course not, it fought tooth and nail, honorably or otherwise for it. Maybe there is no such thing as equality, only degrees of superiority, which you must earn through skill, guile and force. Look at history before you answer. Will minorities earn equality (or superiority) through abilities as yet undemonstrated? The history of mankind indicates no hope that they will get it through love. Do you know of any case in history where two nations of equal power have lived together in mutual esteem? Or two races? Do you think we have changed in any significant respect from what we were in the earliest historical times?

The purpose of all this talk is to urge that we look at Man the way he is. It is ridiculous to condemn ourselves for not conforming to an impossible code of morals. It is foolish to look only upon the worst side of mankind. For better or worse, we are the highest form of life that we know of; we owe ourselves a certain amount of self-respect for that reason alone. In social thinking we are making progress at a speed that is possible. To ask for considerably more leads only to frustration. To argue that we should go faster because we think we need to is a waste of time unless you can show that greater speed is possible, and I don't think you can.

The above is also true as regards our concept of justice. There seems to be some idea that the remarks on it were offered as being new or unique. Not necessarily true; it is difficult, if not impossible to offer a point of view that has never occurred to others. Yet we are justified in criticism of this kind as long as it seems to be needed. I speak of our assumption that justice consists in making the wicked suffer. A visit to any court of law or the reading of newspapers will show that this is so, but surely it is admitted that the attitude is uncivilized. We hate to see anyone "get away with it", but isn't this small-mindedness? To my notion, the first objec-

tive of the administration of justice should be the good of society and the second the righting, so far as is possible, of the wrong done. Experience has shown that punishment is not effective as a deterrent, and so this ought to be one of the lesser objects. I don't pretend to be able to draft a code of legal morals; I merely point out that our approach is wrong by any standards except the savage and primitive one of revenge. But if it is agreed that there is any truth in what I say, a start has to be made somewhere, and it appears that such a start would have to be in the direction of a change in the public attitude. As Jack Vance pointed out in his story, "The Languages of Pao", words have a strong influence on mental attitudes. Possibly we ought to discontinue the use of the word "punishment", since to me it indicates merely the aforesaid making of the wicked to suffer. If there are any who agree with the general idea of this, I would be much interested to see some amplification of the thought and some suggestions as to a revision of our legal codes.

We have been often warned not to assume that certain things that people do are "human nature", because we often make the error of ascribing to human nature things that are merely the product of the culture in which we live. The latter is true, I think, of both the subjects discussed here. However, we might not be too far off in describing as human nature man's attitude toward his fellow man. There is, I am sure, something basic in antipathies toward those who differ from us in major detail, such as race or cultural background. But in the matter of the concept of justice, this is part of the cultural scheme of the Western world - a mixture of ancient Semitic law filtered through Greece, Rome and historical Europe. It is not entirely human nature but it would probably be as hard to change as if it were. Neither of these is superficial, and we ought to know before we get too upset about them, that any changes will be very slow. In the history of humanity it is only a short time since we ceased to inflict "cruel and unusual" punishments on our brothers. Remember Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" and the witch hangings (there were no burnings) at Salem.

In both of these matters, what must guide us is, first, what is right. Here you must not assume that the answer is perfectly clear; it is not. To determine this it is necessary to look at the subject from many angles other than the purely "moral" one. Second, you should examine our society and the mental and emotional viewpoints of the people to see if any change can be made, and if so to what degree. This too needs a lot of study. It needs a lot of facts too, and we must accept facts that are both for and against our own notions or we are tangled up in prejudice. Finally, after we are reasonably sure that there ought to be some change and it appears some changes can be made, we have to determine the best way to go about it. And this is another area in which we know very few answers. But for Heaven's sake let's not assume that we know all of these things; it is more likely that we don't know any of them. Answers that may suit an individual are completely useless unless there is some way to make them acceptable to the majority. Right?

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DEATH'S WALK

Robert Jennings

When the summer's on the grain-grown fields, and the grass grows in the glen,
Along the purple landscapes you can tell where Death has been.
Along the lines of living things, a trail of brown and gray,
Will glimmer by the pathways where the living creatures play.

When there's summer in the mountains and there's beauty in the world,
You can see the careful pathways of the gray enshrouded Merl.
You can tell by simply glancing, and if you know him from his kin,
Even in a summer's beauty you can tell where Death has been.

Death is moving round the world, the messenger of night,
With cloaked and shrouded features and a sickle red with fright.
He's walking down the shallow road of times that might have been,
As he reaps the richest harvest, the shattered lives of men.

He rules the entire planet here, with sickness as his mate.
He tolls a billion souls unknown, he lives on pain and hate.
Death's the final keeper of that promise yet unseen,
His sweep is never harmless, his duty, sure and clean.

Death builds his house on granite rock, and wind-dried rusted clay,
And fills the lands with slumbered dreams brought from yesterday.
The house is made of thunder, the air is stale and dead,
The rooms are filled with mourning for the lives that Death has shed.

And there are none who can tell the way to Death's eternal home,
He visits here infrequently, forever must he roam,
Claiming souls and petty lives that might have once been saved,
But all know this is a shallow hope, when in his blood they're bathed.

There is no hope from the hands of Death, his task is sure and clean,
A hundred thousand knew his ways, some surely must have seen
That we grant him part of all we own, our very lives we give,
He takes our offering without pause, that he himself might live.

We think of things we might have done, our methods in the past,
We could have saved our wandering kind, but this, we felt, came last.
But Death himself, the bodyguard, avenger of our hate,
Can tell us truth in one sure stroke, of wisdom known too late.

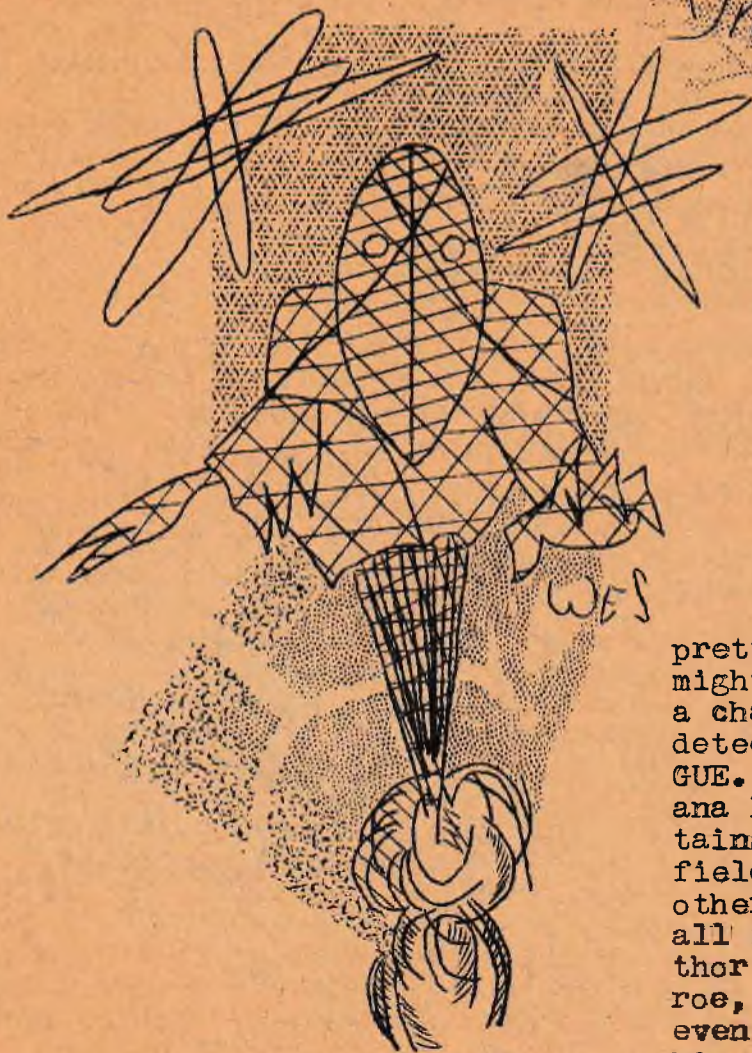
And when that final stroke must come, where the lonely night winds call,
Before I see the shadowed hand, or feel the scythe blade fall,
I'll wonder if perhaps our lives aren't wasted ere they begin,
And I'll know the truth as darkness comes, when Death has struck again.

THE SEEKER

Paul Zimmer

- | | |
|--|--|
| •• Bagpipes skirl softly in an Elvish Hall, | •• Warbling weirdly into the night, |
| •• And I must follow their wild clear call | •• Into long-lost regions of strange |
| delight. | |
| •• A bedlam of horns far under the ground! | •• A baying and blaring 'neath ancient |
| graves. •• Sword-begirt, I must follow | that sound |
| •• Shuddering down to the ultimate caves. •• | |

Immortal Thots



Robert Coulson

I don't know how you do it. That Coulson fellow keeps turning down requests for articles, and here you have two by him in one issue. What are you trying to do, anyway -- ruin my alibi that I'm too busy to write?

Maybe Malcolm Jameson never turned out a really bad story, but some of those Bullard Of The Space Patrol things were pretty close to it. Cleve Cartmill might also be known to a few fans as a character in Anthony Boucher's detective novel, ROCKET TO THE MORGUE. Boucher brings in the "Manana Literary Society", which contains several names familiar to the field. One odd part is that every other character whom I recognize at all is the pseudonym of a stf author -- Anson MacDonald, Lyle Monroe, Don Stuart, Rene Lafayette, even Tony Boucher (he appears in his own story because he originally

wrote it under his "H.H. Holmes" pseudonym). So for a long time I figured that Cleve Cartmill must be a pseudonym too -- I'm still not at all convinced that it isn't. } Cartmill is real, or at least he was. He died this last February.]

Robert E. Gilbert

Thanks a lot for sending PHOENIX #8 which I enjoyed reading.

I didn't know that "the faaanish fans say all his stuff looks alike." I suppose it does though. Since I draw it all myself, it's certain to. I'm enclosing some more drawings in case you want them, and I've tried to select a variety of subjects. At least I hope you don't burn them. If you can't use them, please send them back so that I can foist them on someone else.

"Badinage, Bonestell, and Bok" by Robert Coulson was the most interesting thing I've seen in a fanzine in a long time. However, I don't believe he mentioned my favorite science fiction artist, Herman Vestal. I think Vestal's work appeared only in PLANET, and all I ever saw was black and white.

"End of Season" by Alan Dodd had its charm too. There was a nostalgic air about it.

I thought this was a good issue and hope you don't change your image too much. Have you noticed how much the word, image, is used these days? It occurs almost as frequently as worsen did a few years ago. Now gut is being used more often, as in, "the gut problem in Berlin." [I get a big kick out of the fans who feel that the 'image' of their fan-writings or of their fanzines has suddenly become undesirable and try to do something about it. There's got to be something phoney about a fan whose writing style suddenly takes off on a different tangent altogether. I keep getting the picture of this bunch of people with rubber faces, and....]

Glenn Wesley

So this is the end result of all your typing and drawing on red waxed paper? What stencils do you use, Varicolor Maroons? [Yes] You do a good job on the artwork even though I see evidence of the use of only two styli. In fact, you do a pretty good job altogether with PHOENIX, or whatever name you're going to call it from now on. One of the best zines I've seen since my entry into fandom. How long did it take you to get that good a reproduction from your mimeo? [As usual, I slipped up and neglected to put a colophon in the last issue. If I'd remembered, it would have told you that the Coulsons published #8. But I didn't remember, and I apologise to the Coulsons]

You forgot to include your address in this issue. I hope this doesn't cause the absence of a lettercol in #9. You also forgot to include information on how a person could receive Nix, but I assume that a letter of comment will do the trick. I don't want to ride you on this subject, but you didn't publish your schedule, either. How often does Nix come out? [I seem to forget a lot of things, don't I? Nix doesn't have a schedule. You can receive it by writing a reasonably lengthy LOC]

I enjoyed your editorial, although I can't see that it says anything in particular. [Was it supposed to?] Outside of your understandable feelings toward Ted White, I don't think you were too serious about much of anything that you said. But it didn't seem as though you were trying to be humorous, either. What the hell were you trying to do? [What the hell should you care?]

Coulson's article was excellent. Emsch may have been a poorer artist 15 years ago than he is today, but I haven't seen anything by him in the last two years that equals the polished work of his GALAXY December '54 and January '55 covers, just to take two examples. Nor have I seen anything by him lately that captures as much adventure or sense of wonder or whatever you want to call it inherent in his GALAXY November '56 cover or his cover for Ace's BIG PLANET. In 1960 he drew the cover for Ace's TO THE END OF TIME, and I haven't seen him draw anything quite as realistic since then. His current work is far from bad, but in my mind it doesn't compare.

Wasn't Henry Becker (the art director for IF) a big contributor to IMAGINATIVE TALES (later SPACE TRAVEL), the juvenile rag that Hamling edited? If so, he was certainly a poor artist, despite how good an art director he may have been. [If I hadn't put that part of my collection in an unhandy place to get at, I could tell you whether or not Becker drew for TALES. I believe you're right, but I won't say for sure. I also won't tear my room apart just to find out]

As I remember the '54 through '58 AMAZINGS, a fair number of the interior illustrations were reasonably good. Granted, Beecham did

the best of them, but there were three other good illustrators who contributed quite a bit to the mag in those four years. One was Finlay, another (I believe) named Kotsky, and the third name I can't remember and have long ago gotten rid of the AMAZINGS that I bought in that period. A good deal of the juvenile AMAZING contained bad art, but Beecham wasn't the only decent artist that they used on interiors.

Coulson fails to mention two of my favorite artists, D. Bruce Berry and Leo Summers. Leo wasn't too popular with those who wrote to the prozine letter columns, but I thought he was excellent at fantasy and I particularly liked the individual style of his work. Berry had quite an individual style, also, but his work was more uneven than Summers'. Berry was either excellent or passable. Summers was more than competent, but when Berry was at his best he could draw rings around Summers. For that matter, most artists at their best are more technically competent than Summers, but his style fascinates me. I've never seen a Summers' illo that I haven't liked, and I've followed his work since the forties.

While we're mentioning artists that Coulson forgot to mention, maybe I should mention Wallace Wood, Gaughan, and Lou Goldstone, three pretty good artists who at their best have turned out works to equal anything that, say, van Dongen has done.

I disagree strongly with Coulson's choice of Hubert Rogers as probably the best science fiction illustrator of all time. For quality and versatility shown over the last ten years, and despite a good deal of hackwork, I think Ed Emsh deserves that title. Freas would be second on my list. I'll agree with Finlay as best fantasy illustrator, although I imagine Coulson will agree with me that he's done nothing in at least the last five years to prove that he deserves the title.

Very good article. I hope you have more by Mr. Coulson in the future.

I wish I could comment on Hulan's UNKNOWN article, but I never read much of that magazine. Eric Russell's SINISTER BARRIER was so abominably bad that I was turned off on UNKNOWN altogether and never even considered buying the magazine again. Russell has since become one of my top favorites in the field, but that first novel was terrible.

What few Cartmill stories I can remember reading, I liked, but I never cared much for Jameson. As Hulan says, he was competent, but unlike Hulan I've read several Jameson stories that I didn't like. The Bullard of the Space Patrol series was generally pretty bad, I thought.

You can tell Bill Plott that I've decided not to buy NINE HORRORS AND A DREAM.

The two 'vacation' pieces and the 'outrageous' story were interesting. Coulson's was genuinely funny in places, Noe gave me a good groan, and Dodd was...well...odd, I guess you'd say. I think I'd like to see more by Dodd, although offhand I don't know why.

Pretty good issue. Let's have another.

Earl Evers

Here's a letter for your meat-grinder or whatever it is you use to destroy your LOC's. (You're going to be a loooong time living that one down.)

Well, the Martians didn't invade on 26 March, and it's just as well they didn't. Who needs Martians? We have Bill Donaho. [There's

a lot of things that fandom doesn't particularly need. It's too bad that fans get put-down for trying to do something about it.]

Hugos? There aren't going to be any this year. The Hugos are awarded at the World-Con, and a World-Con by definition includes all fans, so there is no true World-Con this year, hence no legitimate Hugos. And not such a bad break at that since there was very little even average SF produced in '63. Of course YANDRO will again be cheated out of a Hugo, but they've been cheated out of one about five years in a row now, and they'll still be around next year anyway.

[Earl, you're distorting a few things here.... Al Lewis has said it perfectly: "The Convention should be bigger than all the feuds in fandom." If you feel that Walter Breen is worth defending, you should direct your wrath against the con-committee, not the convention itself. The committee and the convention aren't the same, because the convention is a continuing entity and the committee is only an authoritative one-shot group. I'm more strongly against these 'non-cons' than all the pro-Breen fans together could possibly be against the actions of Bill Donaho. ::::: Another thing: YANDRO wasn't "cheated" out of anything. It lost fair and square by an honest vote, and whether or not that vote was slanted by people who'd never seen a fanzine before doesn't matter. It was still a fair vote. I don't feel that any award of an SF Worldcon is decided by a vote representative of most SF readers or of most fanzine readers, but I'm not going to holler dirty pool when one of my favorites doesn't win.]

BADINAGE, BONESTELL & BOK DEPT: Buck Coulson has about the most realistic attitude to the Ghod Ohld Dhays I've yet encountered. Yes, it was pretty bad back then. The only trouble is it's even worse now.

CARTMILL, WHO HE DEPT: I think someone should reprint UNKNOWN intact, starting with number one and running the whole thing, in place of one of the present prozines. How do the readers of PHOENIX think this would go over? [I think Hulan would be against it. He'd no longer be able to claim fannish superiority because of possessing a complete set of UNKNOWN....]

NINE SHAMS AND A FARCE DEPT: Arkham House has always left me completely cold. Just the reviews of their grisly offerings (usually offerings in the sense of something bloody placed on the altar of some obscene god) is usually enough.

GEE BUCK COULSON YOU PAN TRIP REPORTS AND WRITE 'EM TOO DEPT: Toilet stools in the middle of the basement floor? Hell, I was in one apartment in Montana that had a toilet (the toilet I should say, it was the only one in the apartment) in the kitchen! When I was there it was partitioned off with plywood, but when the people had moved in it was right out in plain sight of the kitchen table.

TRUE OUTRAGOUS EARL NOE DEPT: I hear certain New York teenagers use saran wrap for condoms. What that has to do with plastic ray guns I don't know, but there must be some relation. [No doubt.]

END OF SEASON ALAN DODD REPRINT DEPT: Was this intended as a trip report satire? A piece of nostalgia? Oh well, Alan Dodd is interesting, if only because his material is, to an American, fairly original. Some parts of his piece read like something out of a third rate travel folder, "A gargantuan edifice which appears complete including roof until you look behind the sightless windows and see the inside has been ripped and gutted. The Nazis used it and now it stands as a grim monument to them. Never to be rebuilt. Never to see life again. Empty and permanently at the end of its season." Reads like a satire of itself! Shades of Peaches whatever-her-name-is.

PHOENIX #8 bears a strong resemblance to YANDRO, and that's a strong resemblance to a high compliment. [Thank you, and that's a strong resemblance of appreciation. For more comment on this, see Joe Staton's letter]

Dave Locke

Do you mind if I say something in my own fanzine? [No, go right ahead] You give in too easily. After all, why shouldn't you object? [Well, we had a shortage of letters this time. That's the trouble with not having published a lettercol since November of 1961 -- it's hard to get back into the swing of things again....]

On second thought, I wonder if Emsch isn't suffering less from over-exposure than from bankruptcy of the imagination. After all, you can't crank out artwork in the staggering quantity that he has and still present every piece of work with a freshness of concept. At least, I don't think you can. Emsch has used quite a number of different styles, techniques, and ideas in the last ten years or so, but you can only make just so many carbon-copies of each original piece of work before the public gets wise to you. I think Emsch is one of the three best SF illustrators the field has produced, but no matter how good his talent is it just can't produce sufficient versatility to cope with the problem of being overly prolific. [You know, I think you've hit the nail right on the head. What you mean then is that overexposure isn't the problem, but the result? That the difficulty could be cleared up if Emsch took the time to develop a few different lines of style, technique, and a few new ideas?] Yes, that's what I mean. [I thought so]

Joe Staton

Well, if you really want a LoC on Nix, I guess I should write you a nice light and frothy one to liven up your pages which are always so drab and serconnish. [PHOENIX, drab and serconnish? Hard to believe....] First off, I suppose I should tell you that, because of the ham-witted way you folded the thing for mailing, when I opened it up, I tore the cover right down the middle. Yup, my Nix cover is in two pieces almost. [Some fanzines have had fold-out covers. I have tear-outs] After I taped the sections back together, I realized that it might have been better to have left them like they were -- that McLean artwork is some that I have long found to be offensive to my sense of neatness. She never seems to be able to put any contrast into her stuff. Yes, I know you tried to fix it up with a shading plate, but that was little help. [I added nothing to the drawing; the shading was part of it] I mean, you can dress up bad drawing all you want, but it's still bad drawing. Why don't you get a cover from Al Williamson or ATom or somebody else who can draw? Mebbe even Bob Gilbert, who hates me, could do better than that. [I consider Pat McLean's artwork among the best in fandom. I love this last cover she did for me, and if she wants to do more I'll welcome them with open arms. I've got several Bob Gilbert covers on hand, but nothing by Williamson or ATom. I admire ATom's artwork muchly, but for some reason or other I've never asked him to contribute. I wouldn't ask Al Williamson to draw me a bath, since I don't particularly care for his work]

Did you notice that your fanzine now looks almost exactly like YANDRO as far as the format and art and such goes? It's only about one-half as good as YANDRO, but it looks like it. [As far as I know, which isn't far, I've only sent you the one copy of PHOENIX. Number

eight. Just taking number eight all by itself, how the hell can you figure that PHOENIX "looks almost exactly like YANDRO as far as format and art and such goes"? We both pub Gilbert's artwork, the Coulsons mimeo my zine, and Buck wrote a good deal of material for #8, but there the similarity ends. My "layout" (not "Format". Format refers to the size of the zine, layout to the arrangement of print and art) is as different from Coulson's as yours is from KIPPLE's. Take Nix 8 and lay it beside your latest YANDRO. See how much similarity in layout there is. Sure, it's printed on the same kind of paper, because they do my publishing and I have to use what they can supply, but it's still a different color paper. And Buck doesn't always have two articles in each Nix, you know.... And I've never made any attempt to copy a part or a whole of anyone's style. I'd like Nix to be a vehicle to express my own editorial individuality, whatever that may be. And I can truthfully say that PHOENIX looked pretty much the same way three years ago, before I ever saw a copy of YANDRO.... Down on your knees, bwah, for saying that Nix is a second rate YANDRO! It may be second or even third rate, but it's not a half-readable carbon copy of anything. Foo on you.]

Which reminds me: I agree with your choice of YANDRO for the Hugo. (Actually, it doesn't matter a damn bit what I think should win, since I don't belong to the Con and have no particular desire to give two dollars for something I won't even get to attend, but still I would like to see Buck get the little rocketship. I mean, he's the friendliest ogre in fandom, as far as I know. And besides the thing is always neat and readable.) [I wouldn't say that Buck is an ogre. He is, however, the only likeable unlikeable person in fandom. He'll laugh in your face every chance he gets, but he tries to be nice about it...] I think Juanita deserves something just for her stencilling looks better than gestafaxing most of the time. Don't know what should get the fiction awards, since I almost never read science fiction anymore. I'm still busy reading through my set of Ace and Ballantine ERB things, and my mind is starting to congeal, so I probably couldn't tell what was good SF even if somebody hit me in the ears with it. Last time I looked at the prozines (which was sometime last summer) GALAXY looked the best, but I wouldn't really know. Two things I'm going to jump on you for though; Like howcum you are so stupid that you think OUTER LIMITS should win the Hugo? [I dunno, but how do you beat your dog?] That ham-witted show should be taken off the air if anything. I can think of only one LIMITS presentation that I liked, and that was a pretty silly thing about the US army versus some criminal insects from some comic-book planet, and I only liked it because the special effects on the bugs was good -- but for chrissake, Locke, you can't pat a show on the back just for its win-down dressing. What I said about bad art goes equally strong for bad drama -- if it's sorry, nothing can hide it. And OUTER LIMITS is sorry. With a big S, I reckon. [Why shouldn't OUTER LIMITS win the Hugo? I find it hard to believe that the series is as bad as you make out, since if I don't manage to catch the show Mondays on one channel then I usually see it Thursdays on another, and I don't think I've missed too awful many.... It has its share of bad shows, but its percentage and quality of good shows can compare with anything TZ has turned out in the last 5 years (god rest its soul; it's leaving the air this season). I'm looking forward to OL being on next year, and maybe even improving. It can use improving, I'll grant you that, but it's hardly as wicked as you make out.] And Krenkel for artist is also pretty silly. Yes, I know that he got the thing last year, and

that all sorts of people think that he is the greatest thing since van Gogh, but I find his work offensive for various reasons. Mainly he paints girls with cat eyes when they don't need cat eyes. And most of his stuff looks sort of archaic. Frazetta deserves the awards. [Maybe. I wouldn't feel bad if he won it, but I've got the idle feeling that Krenkel and Frazetta could be the same person. The work is similar, and the differences in style aren't so great that they couldn't be achieved by the same artist.]

In regard to your early SF reading, there never was such a book as TOM CORBETT MEETS BILLY WHISKERS. I have the whole set of Corbett books (which I used to think were Some Punkins -- I tried to read one the other day, and thought it was the silliest thing I had seen in a long time) and there is no such book. Hang your head in shame for profaning the space cadets. [You've never read TOM CORBETT MEETS BILLY WHISKERS? What do you mean there isn't any such book? You don't know what you're talking about... It was probably before your time; ask your parents if they remember the Billy Whiskers' series by Frances Trego Montgomery. If neither of your parents is getting close to 50, then they probably don't, but you might ask them anyway and tell them that it's a children's series about the adventures of a hell-raising goat. TOM CORBETT MEETS BILLY WHISKERS is my favorite. It's hard to believe that it's travelled through all those years without becoming dated. It really is.]

I liked Buck Coulson's article on the old artists, since I like to read arbitrary pronouncements of anybody's taste, because I like to make such pronouncements. (I bet I get about 23 bombs in the mail after you print this thing or people will stomp me or something because of my tastes, which are pretty weird. Or so people tell me.) [What tastes? All you said was that you like to view your tastes. Tell me more about the old artists and I'll tell you whether your tastes are weird or not...] Don't care anything about Dave's thing about the old UNK writers since I've never seen any UNKNOWNs except for glancing at some of his when I met him that time. [The MidSouth-Con.] The Warner illo on page 12 had something missing. It seemed terribly inane to me. Let's face it, ol' boy, you just don't have any taste in art. [That may be, but why (in a P.S. at the bottom of your letter) then do you ask me to contribute art to your fanzine?]

I'm rapidly running out of anything upon which to comment (that's Good English -- if I were illiterate like you, I'd have said to comment on, but I know better) so I think I shall end this LoC for Locke right here. I reckon. [I reckon the only thing I can say is "the special effects on the bugs was good".... Since everybody says I talk pretty much the way I write then I might as well write the way I talk. I know that's being illiterate, but don't expect too much of a country bumpkin like me....]

Clay Hamlin

Leave it to Buck Coulson and he'll do it every time; whatever he may write. Be it reviews of stf magazines, or in this case an article on cover and interior artists. When he gets to Ziff Davis, especially the ones that Ray Palmer edited, it is just like pulling teeth without novacaine for him to find anything good to say about it. Old reliable Buck, it never fails.

"The Ziff Davis magazines came up with a host of illustrators, mostly bad", the man says. Well, if he is speaking of interiors I would be forced to agree with him, up to a point at least. But when it comes to covers, that is something else again. St. John and McCauley, he does mention them, with some reasonable comments. Fine.

But tell me, Buck, did you ever hear of an artist named Julian Krupa? I refer you to the July 1947 issue of AMAZING, which featured a story titled HIDDEN CITY by Chet Geier. Remember this, the space ship (also showing the pilot) against a moon landscape, and right in the middle of it, that futuristic city rising from the crater? You probably will find it posterish, the whole thing just seems to jump right out at the viewer, but even you, dear boy, could hardly call it garish. I often wonder just how many extra copies of the magazine were sold by that cover; it might be quite a few. [I just decided to go look up the July '47 issue, and I find that I don't have it. All that money on old AMAZINGs and when I can finally use them for reference I don't have that particular issue that I'm looking for.... I probably sold it, since your description of the cover makes it sound familiar. I don't care much for Krupa, although the type of shading AMAZING used during that period made most any interior artwork look at least fair-ish. The bacovers that Krupa did were competent, but dull.]

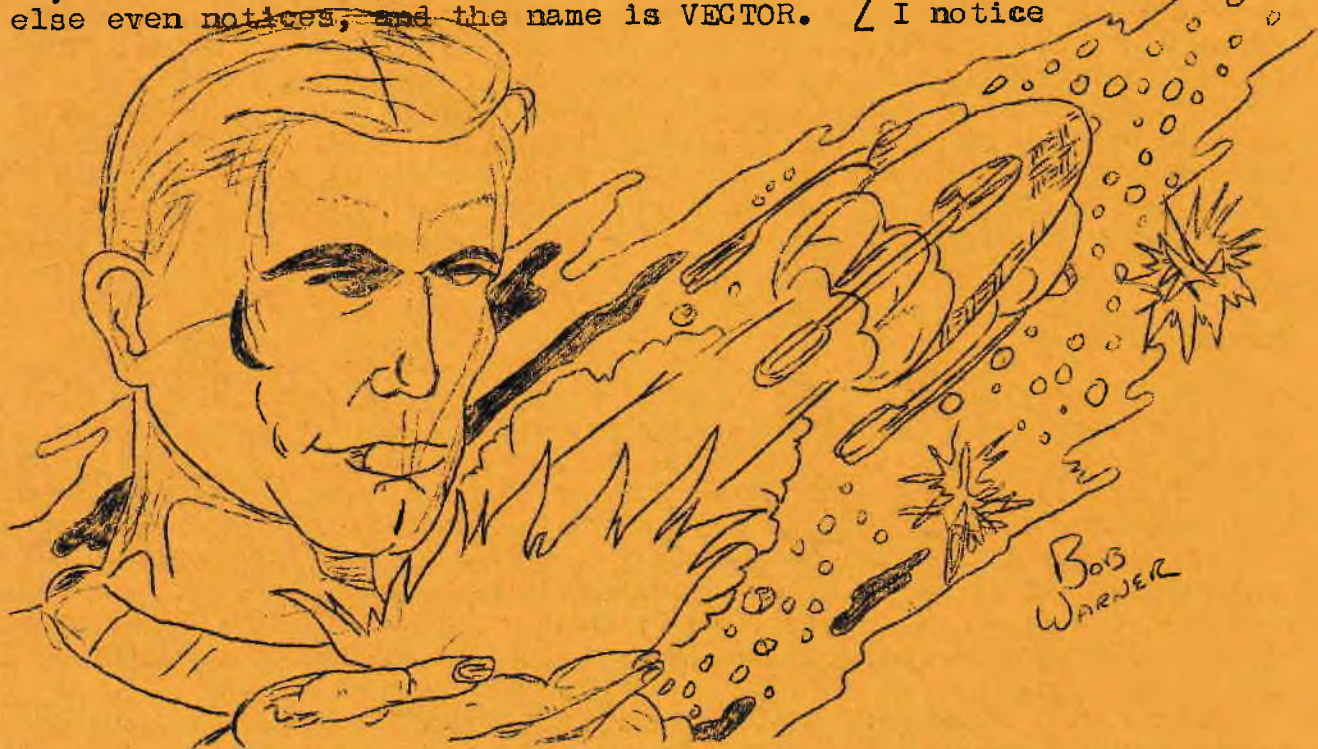
AMAZING, in those days, quite frequently went for the poster effect, granted. Though the covers were quite often of the astronomical variety, they are not the kind that you compare with Bonestell, or Mel Hunter. Admitted. The realistic astronomical was far in the future in those days; they were asking for, and getting, the picturesque astronomical, the exciting kind. One of the better ones was Jones, who was doubling as art editor then. But say what you will, they were OUTSELLING the other magazines then, and there is a distinct possibility that the covers had something to do with it. Back covers too, by the way, bad though they may often have been. [Yes, but AMAZING in those days wasn't aiming at the same type of reader who was buying the better mags. Some of AMZ's stories weren't bad at all, but the juvenile was attracted to what they generally published, and to all the various features. The cover art, therefore, was of a sensational nature and seldom drawn any better than necessary to receive the small pittance that AMZ was willing to pay.]

Incidentally, there was also a story by Rog Phillips called SO SHALL YE REAP that had a spectacular cover too. [That one I've got... It's above average for the quality of AMZ art at that time, but it's below average compared to what's being turned out today.]

There was a magazine called OTHER WORLDS, too. Oh, I know, you usually seem to prefer to ignore it, maybe it will go away. But I wonder -- did you ever realize that one of your heroes, Hannes Bok, did more illustrations for that magazine than for FFM or any other magazine? Including four or five really incredible covers, equal or better than his recent effort for F&SF. Tis so, and he also came up with a number of darn nice interiors as well. And again, there was that guy named Jones, who did something relatively unique in picturesque astronomicals, the series that was called the "accidentals". Anyone remember them? [No. What were they...?]

To change the subject a moment, I would like to mention a cover by Valigursky, on a later AMAZING, that is just what he says; an attention getter. The date is May 1960, and the feature story is HUNTERS OUT OF SPACE by Joseph Kelleam. (So all right, the story was hardly worth the paper it consumed, but the cover surely was.) [I can't picture it in my mind too well, and that part of my collection isn't very handy to get at. But Val did a cover for the September 1955 issue that I thought was very good, and he did an excellent job on, I believe, the cover of 5 GALAXY SHORT NOVELS. He's done good work for mags like ARGOSY, too, but for AMZ he almost always drew crud. Sometimes it was even bad crud.]

Let's pick on someone else for a change. [Yes, let's do that] Our good editor for instance. [Alright, let's do that. Fandom has been too friendly towards me lately, anyway. The DaveLockeCycle has passed, and now it's back to Walter Breen again, with Bill Donaho being spanked by the pro-Breen faction. I'd be in there battling against Walter myself, except that "I think the Concom could have handled it better so that only the fuggheads would have rushed to Walter's defense where they could all be immolated in the fires of martyrdom without my shedding a tear." So I'm pretty much staying out of it. (and no, I won't tell you where I got the quote...)] Of course it is normal for fans to tell what they think should be selected for the Hugos. (Sometimes, occasionally, I even agree with them. Not often. Like this time for instance. I don't expect anyone to agree with me either, of course. There was that conspiracy to ignore LITTLE FUZZY for instance, just one of many in the past few years. So, here is a chance for all you good readers to explain in detail exactly how idiotic I really am to think that these things should get awards. [If I know my readers, they'll do just that. As I remember it, they were always hollering at the both of us for something or other in '61...] Some of these may not be eligible, but I don't have my collection handy to check publication dates. Best Novel: WAY STATION. Best Short Fiction: A ROSE FOR ECCLESIASTES. Best Dramatic Presentation: No particular choice here. I seldom watch the things anyway. Awful, isn't it? [Maybe not. If you watched tv more you might get to like it. That's what happened to me this winter, and even my best fannish friends have been calling me all sorts of names because of it...] Best artist: Hannes Bok. Maybe he is not eligible, with only one picture, but it is STILL the best of the year. Best Professional Magazine: Probably ANALOG, for no particular reason. It is rather hard to get enthusiastic about ANY of them this year. Best Amateur Magazine: Oh, Buck will hate me for this, but good though YANDRO may be, and it is, and good though the pro symposium in DOUBLE BILL may be, and that is too, I will still stick with one that probably no one else even notices, and the name is VECTOR. [I notice



it, but it's not quite that well put together a zine to be deserving of a Hugo. Being an OO, a good deal of its material is club-business, and not of much interest to outsiders.] Best SF book publishers. For myself at least, that has just got to be Pyramid. They have done right well by themselves this last year, have they not? [Since it's an open question: No.]

So, let's go on to another item in this issue. Dave Hulan for instance. He is quite right here - both Cleve Cartmill and Malcolm Jameson deserve to be remembered much more than they are. They are of these kind, the delight of the editors, who may never turn out anything spectacular - classic-type - but who still made up the bulk of lots of the magazines with good competent stories month after month. Heaven only knows, the magazines need lots of those. Of course there are the Leinsters, Kuttners, and Kornbluths who did spectacular work, in overwhelming quantity too, but no one can expect to find many of that kind at any given time. So there is a definite need of the old reliables. I would like to add one of my own of this type too, much underrated these days. His name was Chet Geier. [Same old Clay...]

But one thing I would like to see our Mr. Hulan write, still from his favorite UNKNOWN (my favorite too, by the way), is an article on the little noticed Frank Belknap Long. Actually though, except for the Pratt and deCamp series (Harold Shea of course; the incomplete enchanter), I will still stick up for the incomparable Nelson Bond. How quickly he seems to have been forgotten. Unfair, for the only person who ever seemed to come close to Cabel. [Yes, same old Clay...]

When you come right down to it, this is not a bad issue of Nix at all; rather good in fact. Oh, I miss those old rip snorting arguments of the early days (I had a part of those myself, too, it seems), but maybe this letter will even help to correct that. Put you right back in the dark ages again. But it was an entertaining half hour of reading, and who wants more than that, when it costs nothing. [The only thing dark about the dark ages of PHOENIX/HEPTAGON was the paper I used. At least it was dark in comparison to the duplication... (ghod bless the old ditto, it's busted and spending its last days in the cellar now...)] Frankly, looking back through my early issues, the only improvement in written material that I notice is that done by the editor; the outside material is still pretty much of the same quality and pretty much of the same flavor. The zine itself hasn't been the same since November of '61, when the last lettercol appeared, but that hasn't been entirely my fault. ::: Thanx for writing, Clay, it's nice to see you in these pages again. If you ever feel like writing another 'Blunt Instrument', it'll be welcome.]

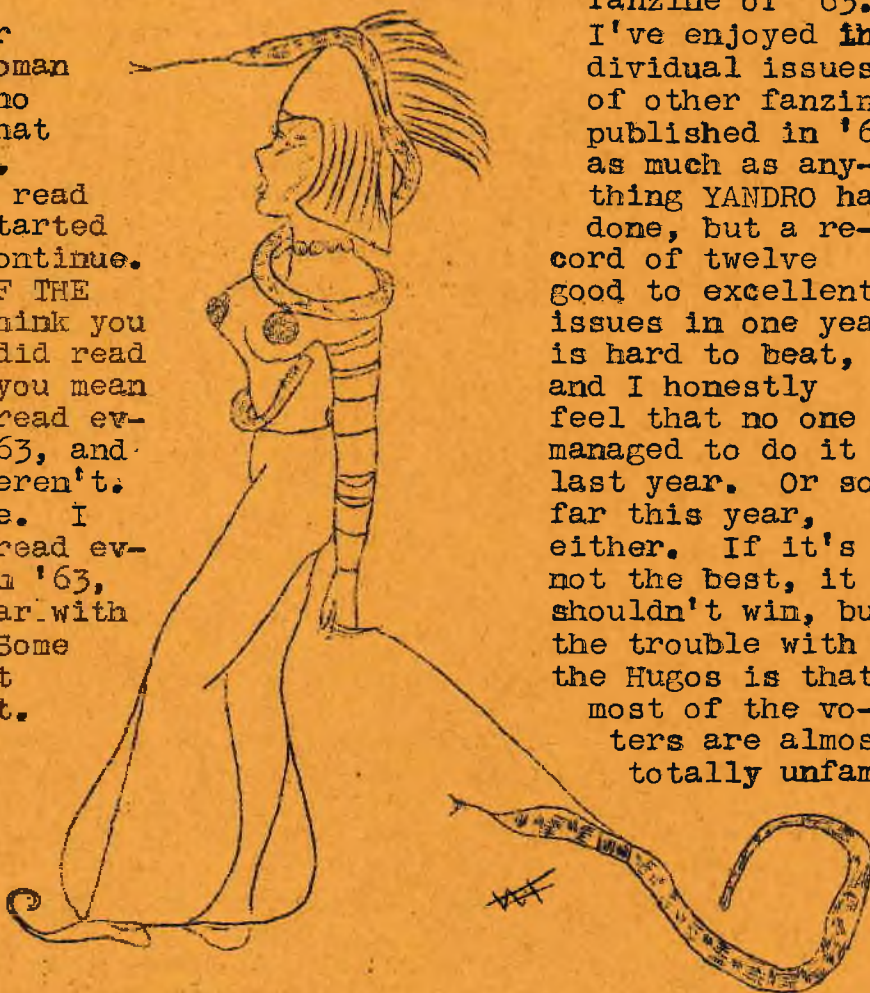
Nate Bucklin

I think I might get drunk at the Pacificon; I've never done it before, and it's the result of two year's savings that I'm going down there so I may as well have any fun I can't have at home. [These neofans come up with the damndest excuses....] That includes sex, of course. [You must live in a wonderful place. Even Indian Lake has bars and girls...] I do have conversation at home, sometimes. Will you use the "IX" in Nix for the next issues cover? [I don't know. What the hell are you talking about?] I read the features in the order presented, in fanzines; in prozines, I head first for the book reviews, then the lettercol. I'm different. Maybe. I guess. Ho hum.

Hugo award winners: A HOAX IN TIME, by Keith Laumer. I hadn't read the Dick novel. DR. FUTURITY wasn't good enough for a Hugo eith-

er. [If you haven't read the one, how can you say the other wasn't good enough "either"? You dismiss these great works quite easily, don't you? Oh well, Hulan says my SF tastes are outragous, anyway.] Prozine: I DISAGREE. I violently and sincerely disagree. [All right, just as long as you're sincere....] GALAXY is the only prozine of which I know that started out good and got steadily worse, but I won't back that up because I can't. [Don't overwhelm me with such faultless debate tactics.] I haven't read any of the pre-1953 issues, or most of the 1958-60's. [GALAXY did not start out in 1953. Since you haven't read anything pre-'53, when you say GALAXY started out good and got steadily worse you're either taking someone else's word for it (and whoever told you so is out of their skull) or you're just saying so. And saying so doesn't make it so.] I nominate the unobtrusively entertaining literary magazine THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. Its bad stories don't take up as much total space as GALAXY's. [Fans come up with the damndest....] Even their stories of mediocre quality are different (this is what mainly differentiates it from AMAZING). I like the layout, the lengthy intros for each story or even the short intros (to TIS THE SEASON TO BE JELLY by Matheson, the editor wrote: "This is one of the damndest stories we have ever read," and let it go at that). I like the layouts, the occasional but good lettercols, and the book reviews not devoted exclusively to SF (though they have flaws. The review of PENELOPE, by Lt. Col. William C. Anderson, I think, shows that he hasn't

read it. My guess why: The book starts out, quote: "Mrs. Agatha Finkmeister was probably the only woman in the state of Texas who waxed her mustache". That would scare anybody off. Best Fanzine: I didn't read YANDRO during 1963; I started with 134, and hope to continue. My nomination was CRY OF THE NAMELESS, and I don't think you read that either. [I did read it in '63, and what do you mean "either"? I must have read every fanzine extant in '63, and probably several that weren't. This is a lie, of course. I couldn't possibly have read every fanzine published in '63, but at least I'm familiar with all the top nominees. Some people like CRY, I don't particularly care for it. The body of the zine is well-written, but the letter column is something that you wade through. It's all personal preference, of course, but I think YANDRO was definitely the top



fanzine of '63. I've enjoyed individual issues of other fanzines published in '63 as much as anything YANDRO has done, but a record of twelve good to excellent issues in one year is hard to beat, and I honestly feel that no one managed to do it last year. Or so far this year, either. If it's not the best, it shouldn't win, but the trouble with the Hugos is that most of the voters are almost totally unfam-

iliar with most of the nominees in several of the voting categories. Even I have been guilty of voting in categories that contain nominees that I haven't read. /

Bill Harkness

I don't know if Mr. Coulson is aware of the fact that Hans Bok did some of his best work for OTHER WORLDS. The magazine isn't mentioned although it contained excellent artwork and layouts despite the juvenile character of many of its stories. Even then, the stories were different and interesting and if you read them purely for their adventure and entertainment aspect they weren't really too bad.

Twilight Zone did a very good job with the Feathersmith story. It's been years since I read it, but I didn't notice any particular degree of deviation from the original story line. If there was any it must have been for the better, or at least I enjoyed the show much more than I did the short story.

Bill Plott does an interesting book review. I'd have rather had him go into more depth as to why he didn't like certain stories rather than merely describe the content and throw in a few humorous remarks on the story if it were bad. A little criticism here and there, backed up by any rational reasoning, will never be replaced by the snide or witty remark, but it's too bad that more reviewers can't combine the two. I think Bill is capable of pointing out the flaws in a story, and at least I wish he would try. I liked his review, but it could have been better.

D. G. Locke

And that wraps up the lettercol. Disgustingly short, but maybe we'll all do a little bit better with the next issue. Tell all your friends to write. And now back to that editorial that I was writing several days ago and left off in the middle of a sentence.

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OF THE BOLTS holding the hitch to the car had sheared in half, which made us happy and we spent another hour and a half finding another bolt and fixing the gizmo (we usually made our own trailer hitches, but for this car we bought one. It was a pretty flaky setup; and still is, for I see the new bolt is sheared about a quarter of the way through). Then when I loaded another boat on the second trailer I learned to my utter horror that the yellow paint we used for trim this year hadn't dried yet, and it had all been put on several days before. It was a mistake at the factory, as far as I can figure. A couple coats of varnish took care of that, but a couple coats of varnish on the trim of over 50 boats takes a little while, and.... That finished, we looked up at the sky only to see it cloud over and hurl thunder, lightning, and many truckloads of rain all over the place. Singing an off-key duet of "Jesus Loves Me" we walked with squishy strides into the house, where I petted the



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cat on the head and got scratched from my wrist to my elbow.

As I say, there are days.. And then there are days....

Lloyd Biggle's new novel, **ALL THE COLORS OF DARKNESS**, seems to be of the nature of a fair success. It's seen hardcovers here and in England, and will be published in Italian and (in Switzerland) in German. A paperback will probably appear next year, and there are deals pending concerning the English SF book club and also a paperback publication in England.

It certainly looks as though my notoriety has become international in scope....

Lloyd has sent me the MS (of the first 11,000 words) and plot outline, which together were the basis for Doubleday's buying **ATCOD**. It's interesting to note the difference between these and the completed story, and especially between the completed story and the plot outline. As Lloyd says, summaries don't indicate the proportions properly, and what looks to be a good touch in the summary sometimes doesn't work out at all when you start writing. In the next issue I may have an article on these differences, if I can work up the energy for researching and writing it....



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