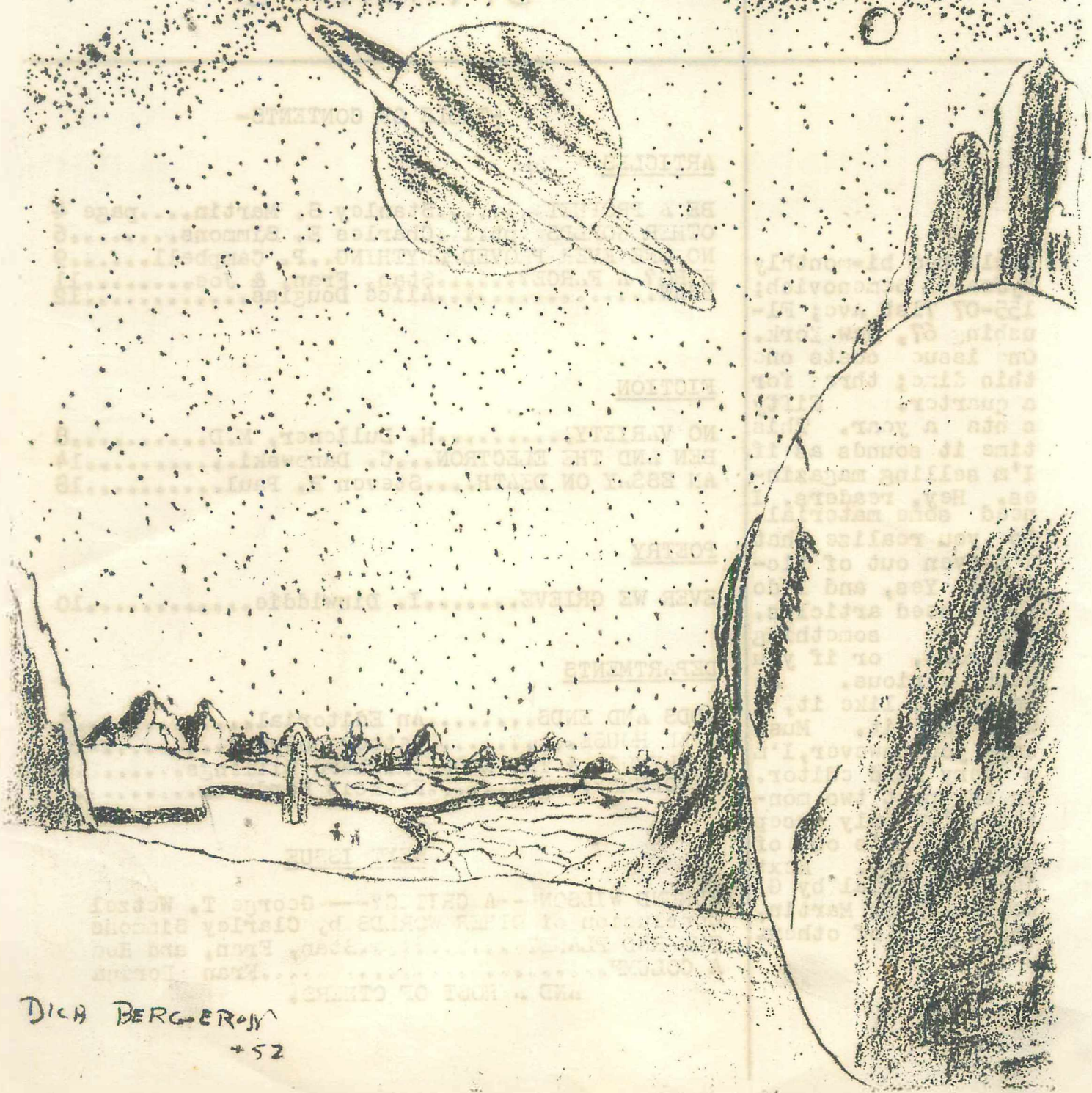


Renaissance

10 cents

Vol. 1 No. 5



DICK BERGERON
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September 1952

Editor

Joseph Semenovich
155-07 71st Ave.
Flushing 67, N.Y.

RENAISSANCE

VOL. ONE NO. FIVE

BI-MONTHLY

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NEXT ISSUE

EDMUND WILSON---A CRITIC?---George T. Wetzell
 Conclusion of OTHER WORLDS by Clarley Simmons
 THE RED PLANET.....Stan, Fran, and Joe
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 AND A HOST OF OTHERS!

Published bi-monthly by Joseph Semenovich; 155-07 71st Ave; Flushing 67, New York. One issue costs one thin dime; three for a quarter. Fifty cents a year. This time it sounds as if I'm selling magazines. Hey, readers, I need some material. Do you realize that I'm even out of fiction! Yes, and I do also need articles. Send me something humorous, or if you wish, serious. As long as I like it, I will take it. Must warn you however, I'm a very hard editor. In the past two months, I've only accepted two ma's out of about twenty. Next issue material by G. Wetzell, Stan Martin, and a host of others.

Here we are again; pounding that small Corona portable and trying to think what to write the next line. But suprisingly enough, it isn't so hard. Infact, I'm everflowing with ideas today----possibly because when I peer out the window I see only a dull blue day and rain hitting my window.

Firts, of course, you would like to know why I broke relations with Warren Freiberg----I didn't break actually, we both broke at the same time. I didn't exactly care what he was doing to the zine, and he didn't like the way I ran it. And when I asked for a suplicate of the sub-list, I didn't hear from him----and I still didn't. That is one of the reasons why you fans----the ones that didn't get the last issue, didn't get it. Because I didn't know my sub-list. I recalled only about twenty---there are still about twenty more.

My sister is now residing in Chicago. I sent her a letter to call up Warren Freiberg and ask for my sub-list----I still haven't heard fr om him. He still owes me some money----I didn't get it. All he sent me was the stencils of last issue----and I didn't have a large mimeograph. I finally persuaded my mother to buy a mimeo on time----together, we went to Goldsmith Brothers and ordered a mimeo----it cost \$160.00. But two days later, we received a letter from GB. They had cancelled our order because they believed we couldn't pay on time---how right they were. So I began to search for a mimeo----I found it in a window of a business furniture office. I believed that it would cost somewhere near a hundred dollars----and I couldn't pay a hundred for a mimeo. I went in just for a laugh and asked how much it cost. He replied, "forty five dollars." I nearly jumped with joy. I had thirty dollars home----and pay day was soon----six more days. But I wanted to get it quick---I was a few months delayed already. I went to my old neighborhood with ten dollars and indulged in a card game-----I went home with exactly twenty cents----just enough for carfare. But I wasn't disappointed-----I had lost so many times that I became conditioned for losing. The next day, with just as much vigor, smiling, I came again with money----this time with all of it. Well, I was playing for about four hours. It was going up and down; one minute I would be winning ten dollars, the next minute, I'd be losing ten. Finally, I got blackjack. I went partners on the bank, and won seventy dollars---thirty five each, and I was ~~ahead~~ about forty dollars. But, like a fool, I continued to play. But I stopped when my bundle began to dwindle. I went out of the game winning twenty five dollars on the head---the next day I bought the mimeo.

But the hardest part didn't come yet. It's a ABDick, an old mobl and weighs a ton. I have no car, or any friends kind enough to help me. So I had to carry it al the way home. Nearly rupturing myself, I finally reached home. I didn't go to work that day. I was----knocked out.

Well, that's my sad story of how a got the mimeo. I thought I had a hard time, but in the recent COSMAG & SFDIGEST, I discovered different. Before I write any further, I better explain something about this issue. In it, there's an article called ETRO? A FARCE? Well, as you will notice it will have nothing to do with ETRO. The reason for this is that I thought that it was something else when it wasn't. Next issue, you will read an article titled, MARS---THE RED PLANET. And that will be about ETRO.

I'll probably be at the Chicon. My sister is helping out with funds, and I'm working ov rtime. And anyway, I would like to see my one c co-cditor-----Warren Freiberg. Possibly, we can clear things out by then-----I hope.

BE A PROPHET

-BY STANLEY S. MARTIN-

Prophets are a dime a dozen. You come in contact with one every-day. In fact, in all probability, you yourself have become a prophet occasionally. Why, when you come to think of it, right this moment you could name quite a few instances when you predicted something. Whether they were right though, is an altogether different story.

If you are a horse bettor, no doubt you have said that a certain horse was going to win a certain race. You were so sure that this horse was going to win that you put a few dollars on him. And if he did win, you really weren't surprised at all. Why? Well, because you said so, you dope!

But why did you pick that certain horse in that certain race? You could have picked any other horse in that race--you didn't even have to bet on that race. So why did you pick that horse? Name? Maybe. But if you did bet on the horse because you liked its name, you don't know much about horse racing. Most likely it was the first time you ever bet on a pony if you bet because you liked the name. Gamblers (horse players) just don't pick a horse to win because they like the name. That's only for beginners.

Usually, when a person plays the horses it isn't because he likes a name. He studies the racing sheet before he bets. He looks up the past record of the horse he is going to play. He also looks up the other horses past records. Then he makes his choice. He picks the horse that has the best chance to win. Usually, he plays a favorite.

Predicting the future isn't like picking the winning horse, of course. But in many ways it follows the same pattern. You have to look into the past! If you predict something hap-hazardly, it is unlikely that it will ever come true. Also, to predict the future logically, you must not be a dreamer--it helps, but if that's all you are you will never arrive upon sensible conclusions. They will only be what you want them to be, and not what it would likely be.

One of the main things a prophet must have is realism. He must be able to understand the present. He must not live in a world all by himself--in the future or the past. He must understand life as it is today!

Another quality that he must have is a great understanding of the past. Why such and such a thing happened--is it likely to happen again? Will it happen again? Should it happen again? Is it possible? He must be able to understand the past as well as he understands the present--he must understand them to prophesize logically.

The third quality, and just as important as the other two, is that he must have an imagination. He must be able to picture things in the future---he must be able to dream. With these three appliances, he can arrive upon possible conclusions. With only one missing, he can't.

(next page for more)



Guess what?

* Reprinted from ?

(continued)

An example is: I want to be the President of the United States. Is it likely that I will be president? No! Why? Because a person born in a foreign country other than the United States cannot become President unless they change the Constitution, and since it is unlikely that they will not change that clause, I will never become President. Another reason, although the first is good enough, is that I'm not a very good politician.

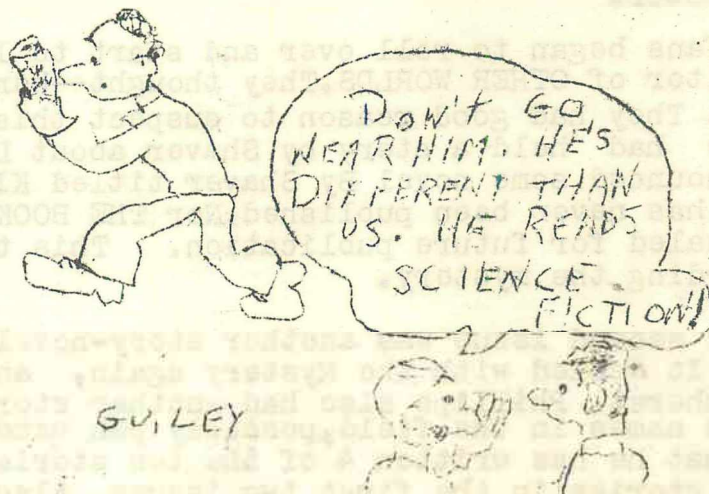
It would be more sensible if I would say that in one or two years, I will sell a story to a professional magazine. Why? Simply because I realize that by that time I will have experience. Also I say this because I have been getting encouraging letters from some editors after they rejected my manuscripts. I have quite a few letters commenting on my stories. Another reason is that I'm hitting semi-pro magazines. The other day I received a letter to only slightly change my story to get it accepted. I used too much slang, and all I have to do is change the slang to proper grammar. That won't be too hard.

Of course this may not happen. Being a writer might somehow escape my interest, and I may find out that being a lawyer would suit me finer. And since I will have to continually study, I will not have the time to write. I may even be discouraged from receiving too many rejection slips.

There are many possible futures for us. But the one you or I predict, may be the right one. Maybe none of them will be right for some strange occurrence may happen that was never figured on. Say the landing of some interstellar race or something similar. Something that was not imaginable could happen, and shake up the pattern. And when you look at history, you see that this happened many times. The discovery of the wheel, fire, etc., revolutionized history. Instead of following the same pattern as before, it switched to a different one. A hundred years before the Industrial Revolution, it seemed that nothing would change. But as time passed, and people saw that machinery was going to come into use, they knew that there would be a great change. Then all of a sudden, they began to predict things that were going to happen. And many of them did happen.

You too can become a prophet. You must know what is happening in the world today also what has happened and also you must have an imagination. With these three things, you can determine what may happen. Of course, whether your predictions come true, is an altogether different story.

-STANLEY S. MARTIN-



GUILEY

OTHER WORLDS

-Installment one-

-By Charles E. Simmons-

Ed. note#####Next issue, the second in the series of articles giving a short review of some pro-magazines will be installed. Next issue, Charley Simmons, the able and talented author of this article, will give a brief history on IMAGINATION; following this will be GALAXY, FUTURE COMBINED with SCIENCE FICTION, etc.,. This issue, he gives a short summary of Raymond A. Palmers, OTHER WORLD. I enjoyed reading it, for not only is it informative--which it is--but also good reading.

#####In mid 1949, a new science-fiction magazine hit the stands. It was in digest form and sold for thirty five cents (then, it was the second pro-magazine to ask that price--the first was AVON FANTASY READER). It held an attractive cover by the talented artist, Malcolm Smith, and as it seemed, he was the only artist on the staff.

#####The cover depicted the lead story, THE FALL OF LEMURIA by Richard S. Shaver. As it turned out, the story was a great success (so the letter column suggested) among most readers and yours truly. Also in the issue, were four other stories--but the surprising fact was that the whole issue was made up of two authors! Rog Phillips penned three of the five stories--under the names Rog Phillips, John Wiley, and Craig Browning, while the other two stories were by Shaver who used his true name and the pseudonym G.H. Irwin (Irwin is a House Name for AMAZING STORIES AND OTHER WORLDS)

#####Also another pseudonym was used in the issue. This one suprisingly by the editor who claimed to be a Robert N. Webster. This still remained thus, in the second issue when Webster announced that R. Palmer just bought out the CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY. But this was highly impossible for Palmer owned the CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY at the beginning. He was Webster himself, and brought a slight laugh to fans who knew this when he mentioned in the second editorial, that Webster and Palmer would become co-editors.--Palmer still runs OW's companion mag, FATE under the name of Webster.

#####Many fans began to roll over and start to laugh when Palmer was announced editor of OTHER WORLDS. They thought--here comes the Shaver Mystery again. They had good reason to suspect this also. For already the first issue had held a story by Shaver about Lemuria, and on the back page, it announced some novel By Shaver titled KINGDOM OF THE GODS. Which incidently has never been published. Nor THE BOOK OF STHANTES which was also scheduled for future publication. This too seemed to be another story regarding the mystery.

#####In the second issue was another story-novel-by Shaver; SONS OF THE SERPENT. It dealt with the Mystery again, and also was under a pen name--Wes Amherst. Phillips also had another story while the other three were by new names in the field, possibly pen names again. For Phillips, it meant that he has written 4 of the ten stories, Shaver writing three of the ten stories in the first two issues. Also in the art department, two more artists were added---Bill Terry--he still draws for OW, and Rod Ruth--doing same. This issue's cover was by Smith again.

6 (continued on following page)

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Shaver in the third issue, had another three stories printed. One under Shaver, another under Dexter, and the third under Benson (House name). Palmer also wrote under a pen name--Frank Patton, and Phillips also had two stories---Phillips and Browning. The cover once more was painted by Smith--his third in a row, and another two artists were on Palmer's staff---Jack Gaughan and Eileen Hayes. This issue's cover was rather disappointing.

Issue 4, 5, and 6, ran a serial titled Colossus. Palmer claimed that each was a separate story, but if one only read one, he couldn't be able to make heads or tails out of it. The Colossus series was fair; to my sorrow, it couldn't be compared with Prometheus II by Byrne which appeared in a Palmer AMAZING STORIES.

In issue seven, Phillips once more had more than one story--Phillips and Wiley. Palmer once more had one of his own stories printed. This time under the name A.R. Steber which was a short novel. Also, this was the issue that announced that Ray Palmer had fallen down the stairs of his home, and had paralyzed himself. This of course, was a sad blow to everyone, and fandom began biting their nails--hoping that Ray would be cured. Smith once again did the cover, and Bok was added to the artists roster. And Palmer announced that H. Browne had sold him a THORN novel. OW's readers are still waiting for it.

Bea Mahaffey had bought most of the material for eight issue. Bea had been previously made managing editor when Ray spotted her at the convention. But Ray was at it again. The doctors had told him that he would be totally paralyzed---but as it turned out, he wasn't. Ray was back there pitching in the editorial, and praised Miss Mahaffey for the fine work she did in his three magazines. (FATE, the first one, OW, and the newcomer, IMAGINATION) which was soon sold to Bill Hamling.

There was a change in cover artists this issue. The long promised Bok cover came, and it illustrated Rog Phillips' (under the pen name of Browning again) BUBASTIS OF EGYPT. Also, Phillips had a story under his own name. There were quite a few noted authors in this issue using pen-names. Quite a lot. But still, without a doubt, Shaver and Phillips--incidentally, Phillips real name is Roger P. Graham--were writing the majority of the stories. This can be figured on because Palmer had given them a start in science-fiction when he was editing AMAZING STORIES. Actually, OTHER WORLDS looked more like AMAZING than AMAZING did. The only difference was that OWs was digest size, and had trimmed edges.

The ninth issue of OTHER WORLDS was the first sciencefiction magazine I had ever bought or read. I had always been interested in this type of fiction, but never realized that there were magazines that specialized in this type of reading. That was a little over a year and a half ago--now look at me, I'm writing for a fan-pub. I'm what you call a neophyte! But now on with the review.

Another artist entered the staff. This issue's cover was done by James Settles and it depicted the story COURTESY CALL which was by A.R. Steber. This of course, not to break the long chain, was a pen name for Palmer. Also not to break the trend, Shaver wrote under a House name--G. H. Irwin. The story was GLASS WOMAN OF VENUS--A Fran Farrar story which was a sequel to WHERE NO FOOT WALKS which was printed in the first issue.

-CHARLES E. SIMMONS-

-concluded next issue-

NO VARIETY

-BY HERBERT DULLENER, M.D.-

"Gentlemen", said the Chief Nutritionist of the Dietetic Institute, his eye roving over the eager faces focused on the podium from which he spoke. "The day we have all awaited so eagerly is close at hand. I dare say that within one month we will have successfully conquered the problem we set for ourselves at the inception of our present experiments."

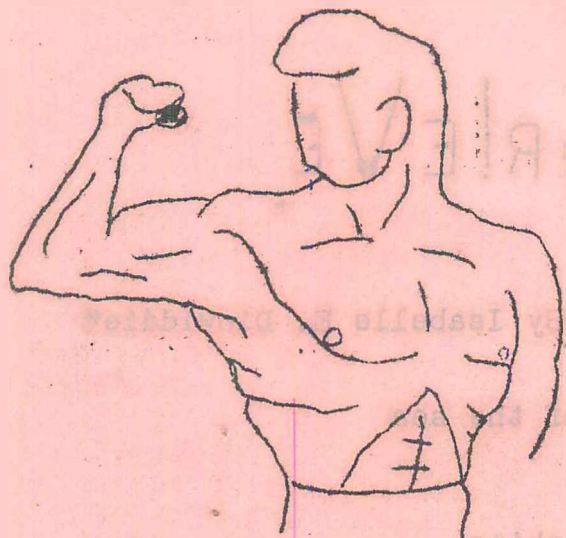
An audible sigh of delight passed around the room. When quiet was once again restored, the Chief Nutritionist went on: "Gentlemen," he said, a twinkle lighting his eyes, "our work on the All-Purpose, All-Vitamin, Single-Dosage Food Pill is almost completed. The greatest forward step ever taken by Man in the field of nutrition, it is one of our century's few legitimate claims to progress."

Only when the noise of exuberance had died away somewhat, several long minutes after the Chief Nutritionist's dramatic statement, was he able to resume his speech. "Gentlemen," he said, turning and indicating a muscular and bronzed giant standing at one side of the platform, "our subject doesn't appear to have suffered in the slightest as a result of foregoing the type of food that Man has been devouring for centuries. It seems to me, in fact, that since we put him on an exclusive one-pill-a-day diet he has prospered mightily."

In answer, the huge subject turned in silhouette to the open mouthed audience, and slowly flexed his gigantic biceps.

"A single food-pill-a-day", the Chief Nutritionist continued, "has been sufficient to keep our subject's weight constant. His metabolism, blood-count, heart beat and pulse have not changed in the slightest since the start of our experimentation three months ago. With the aid of our subject we are proving conclusively, therefore, that Man doesn't require the vegetables, meat, fish fowl and dairy products always thought necessary to maintain life. A single tiny pill...." he held aloft a red capsule in illustration, ".....contains all the nutrients we require to stay alive. As soon as we have completed our experiments and are geared to produce these pills in quantity, one of mankind's most perplexing problems will have been conquered. No longer need the human race be perturbed about extinction when crops are destroyed, or when animals are in short supply. All man needs is a supply of our All-Purpose, All-Vitamin, Single-Dosage Food Pills in order to remain healthy in every way. The fact that our subject has existed solely on these pills for one-hundred days is proof enough, I think, of the enormous progress we have made."

The door of the laboratory closed behind the last of the departing guests. The huge bronzed "subject" turned and walked toward a set of wall cabinets at the far end of the room. Opening one of the cabinets doors he withdrew a tiny vial, from which he extracted a single red capsule. Tilting his head far back, he swallowed the pill in a ravenous gulp. Then he turned surreptitiously, and certain that he was alone in the room, withdrew a paper bag from the bottom shelf of the cabinet, behind a stack of progress report sheets. He opened the bag and slipped out a triple decker ham-cheese-pickle-and tomato sandwich. While he
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C O R A N O W S K I

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munched it hungrily, a thought went through his brain: he was getting awfully sick of these concoctions the caretaker slipped in to him everyday. Three hundred and three sandwiches... and all identical. Couldn't the caretaker inject a little variety in his diet?.....

-The End-

-HERBERT DULLENER, M.D.-

HEY YOU! YEA YOU READING THIS ZINE. WE'RE LOW ON MATERIAL, ART AND FICTION AND ARTICLES. WE'RE ALSO LOW ON CASH, SEND MATERIAL IN NOW. SEND 1 YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION ALSO. IT ONLY COSTS YOU 1 DOLLAR.....

"NOBODY EVER PROVED ANYTHING!"

-BY PETE CAMPBELL-

Certain religious people believe that the world was created in a six day period about 4004 B.C.. If we accept this belief then we presume that trees and forests were to be found in the Garden of Eden. But plants cannot grow without leaf-mould and other decayed matter. So it would appear that God created this decayed matter along with the rest of the world. Also, while we are at it, we can assume that the bones and footprints of "extinct dinosaurs were also created about 4004 B.C. (Thus we explain how scientists are misled into thinking the world is millions of years old, instead of only thousands.)

Atheists could argue all day trying to prove one thing, while believers could argue all day trying to prove something different. But that would get nobody anywhere; either conclusion is possible.

In fact anything is possible--anything you care to mention.

You might say, "My name is Jack Smith. I know that." But do you know it? There have been people who thought they were Napoleon Bonaparte. The majority of these people were wrong.

You might say, "Nobody could doubt that 2+2 equals 4" But couldn't that 2 plus 2 actually makes 3, but that some super-cosmic God dubs in an extra 1 every time, thus misleading us into thinking the correct total to be 4.

Personally, with my horribly suspicious mind, I suspect that 2 plus 2 equals 5, but that some super-cosmic God is pinching on the 1 every time, thus misleading us into thinking the correct to be 4.

And I challenge any reader to prove me wrong!

-Pete Campbell-

EVER WE GRIEVE

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By Isabelle E. Dinwiddie

Up from the chill depths of the sea
We send our mournful cry.
You sent us out to sea in ships
And then you let us die.
And ever and ever we grieve
As other ships pass by.

They plow their way through mounting waves
Fathoms above our head.
Unknowing, unheeding of us
Who lie here, cold and dead.
Over our bones the shifting sands
Have woven us a spread.
Ages will pass, new worlds arise,
Old worlds be swept away,
We still will lie in these green depths,
Covered with sand and clay.
Grieving for ships, our bones will lie
Until the Judgement Day.

-Isabelle E. Dinwiddie-

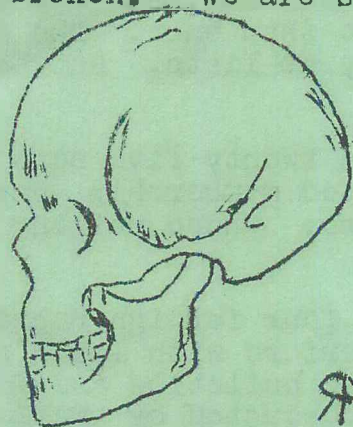
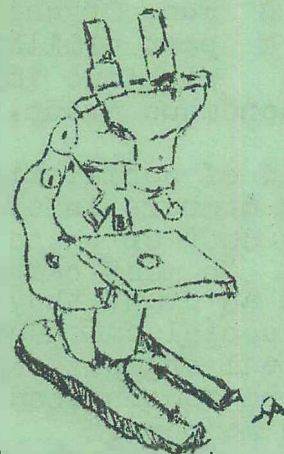
ETRO? A FARCE?

We must be in a bad mood this issue. Seems as if we're yelling at everything. First ETRO, and now this motion picture. Have we anything else in the house, Joe?

Seems as if we don't like a damn thing that Hollywood has been turning out which concerns sf. "When Worlds Collide" should have been forgot about, "Five" should have died, "The Man From Planet X" should have stayed there, "The Day The Earth Stood Still" has already been forgot about, and now, "Red Planet Mars". Eeccc-----gads (we can't spell it)! The producer, all we can say, must have been the Pope himself. It was soooo religious. For a moment there, we thought we were in church (what a horrible thought). Yes readers, if you already don't know it, we are fully-baptized atheists-----all in the flesh (this is not counting Warren-----we don't know what he is and it doesn't matter. We get along with religious people just as well as we get along with ourselves.

Let us give you a short synopsis of the film.

A scientist is trying to contact Mars by radio. Finally he does, anyway he thinks he does. Actually, it's a german scientist who he contacts who is being used by the Russians. (yes, they also get into the act) And he is planning to destroy Earth which he nearly succeeds in doing. As we were saying, the good scientist, believes he has contacted Mars, and finally discovers a way to interpot what is being said. He asks questions, and finds out that the Martians (the german scientist) are hundreds of yrs advanced. He finds out that a small chunk of cosmic energy etc., is enough to run the countries electricity for a year or something in the similar vein. So of course, the coal miners discover this, and strike (or were they laid off?). The countries economic system (the worlds I should say) is broken. We are still wondering how this came about. The Martians (the german scientist) merely said that a small piece of cosmic energy is used, but didn't give the formula. And yet, the miners strike (or are they laid off?). Well this keeps going on, until the whole economic system is in shambles. Except of course, the Russians who have kept things quiet in USSR. The once world known, loved scientist who first contacted Mars, is now the most hated man in the world (sob). But then, some other messages are translated. And it is discovered that the Martians are actually gods! A message quotes a few phrases from the bible, and suddenly the whole world (yes, even the Russians) is in a religious revolution. Russia is ruined by the people, and so on who have all returned to the church.



Meanwhile, the place where the german scientist was hiding, is snowed under by an avelanche. Thus ending the messages. The mad scientist somehow escapes, and finds his way to the "good" scientists home, where he tells that everything was a farce, and that he was the "martians". Of

BSAW

Fandom has been astounded this year by the phenominal growth of a new organization. Taking the Fannish world by storm is Fandom's Fun Organization, the BACHELOR'S STF ASSOCIATION OF THE WORLD.

First envisioned in 1948 by Hal Shapiro and several other far-sighted Detroit Fen, the BSAW was stillborn as both Hal Shapiro and Ben Singer decided to enlist in the Air Force. After spending two years in Alaska (1950-51), however, and returning to a rather stagnant Stateside scene, Shapiro decided to organize the BSAW on a permanent footing.

Even though publicity and a membership campaign were not inaguarated 'till February of this year, less than three months ago, the registration is very rapidly approaching the hundred mark.

But a little about the purpose of the organization. Every club, it seems, is organized with a definite goal in mind. The BSAW is no exception. As Fandom's Fun Organization, the Bachelor's Stf Association of the World plays a part similar to that of Cooties of the VFW and other such fun groups. With one important exception. The BSAW is an entirely seperate and autonomous group.

Composed of social minded Fen, we are aiming at establishing chapters and getting members in every part of the world where Fanactivity exists. The primary duty of these chapters will be to sponsor social affairs for local Fen. In most cases, the BSAWers will also be members of local groups. In such an event they will, with the localites permission, take over the club's social calendar. As Shapiro has often stated, " Too often have I seen local organizations fold. Clubs which could have survived, I am sure, on a firm footing, had there been a little more planned social intercourse between members."

The second purpose of the BSAW is to provide social contracts of a Fannish nature for traveling Fen. Many time while Fen are traipsiding about the coutry they have excellent oppourtinitics to visit other Fen but, due to ignorance of the other's addresses, they wand their loncly way and pass on. In my own case, this has been so more than once. The BSAW will climinate this with some manner of master list, or lists. But this will only be one of the many contemplated benefits.

There are no annual dues required. However, a twenty five cent initial charge is made to help cover the cost of printed membership cards and bulletins. This should be sent to Hal Shapiro, whose mailing address appears later.

The national officers are five in number, with four foreign representatives also included. While pledged not to interfere with local chapters unless asked, the board of directors will publish bulletins and formulate general policy. Most board business will be conducted by mail with a formal meeting being held once a year at the StfCons.

Actually, the board is only a figurehead which will serve to keep the chapters cognisant of the fact that they belong to an international organization. It is the individual chapters themselves which will have to do the majority of the work.

At this writing, members of the board are:-

(continued on next page)

(continued)

S/Sgt. Hal Shapiro
790th AC/W Squadron
Kirksville, Missouri

W. Max Keasler
Box 24, Washington University
St. Louis 5, Missouri

Alice Douglas
5037 Maplewood
Detroit 4, Michigan

Cpl. John Shay
790th AC/W Squadron
Kirksville, Missouri

There is an opening for one more board member in North America and two each from Europe and Australia. None of these have been definitely named.

The first chapter has already been chartered in Kirksville, Missouri, with four members (the minimum requirement) and there are definite plans being formulated in Atlanta, Georgia, Detroit, Michigan, New York City, and several other points.

There are no restrictions on membership due to sex, marital status, race, religion or lack of any of these. When the club was first planned in 1948 the name BACHELOR was incorporated because it seems to represent the free and easy life for Fandom. Don't delay. Send two-bits today.

Address all communications to either Hal Shapiro or myself. You will be given prompt attention and all questions will be answered. Think about it. This is an organization which Fandom has long waited for and needed.

-ALICE DOUGLAS-

(continued from page)

course, he is not believed at first, but when he proves it, the good scientist with his wife, are about to blow the place up (the reason for this is that hydrogen is in the radio room). But then the wife proves that Christ actually spoke. The bad scientist stopped sending messages at a certain time, though the good scientist received the religious messages after the bad scientist's check was snowed under. The german who is crazed by his defeat and who is also a devil worshipper, fires his gun and the labatory blows to kingdom come.

If you would have saw us leave the theatre, you would have seen the three most disgusted fen in the world. Were we disgusted. Those advertisement were all a pack of lies. We were expecting for something with thud and blunder. Sob, we were disappointed tremendously.

The Daily Mirror gave it a nice write up. We must admit that the acting was fair. We also must admit that we cried our hearts out when we saw the mad scientist. Oh damn, we were waiting for THE WAR OF THE WORLDS. A supposedly, technicolor spectacle. We wonder.....

Signed

Stan, Fran, & Joe

BEN AND THE ELECTRON

-By Charles Danowski-

The queer fellow named Ben descended the narrow and dark staircase leading to his laboratory. He snapped on a light and strode over to his working table. A sly smile crept over his face as thoughts of his latest experiments danced in his oddly shaped head. Indeed his experiments were going to prove themselves very interesting. Many, many persons knew much about the molecule, the atom and its construction, but few knew as much about the electron's, proton's, or neutron's structure. This fiendish fellow had been, for years, taking a type of drug that had affected his growth glands. This was not accidental; no, in fact he was quite proud of his small height of two and one half feet. It was all part of a very clever plan.

Ben had taken the final dose the day before that would really carry on the dwarfing effects of that drug. He looked around the room to make sure everything was set. Yes, the stage was set, and soon the act would begin. There was a table and a chair, and upon the table was a block of carbon, about one inch high and a foot long. Ben sat down to wait for the slow, then rapid dwarfing.

As Ben sat dozing, he failed to see the room, chair, and table enlarge about him, or rather realize that he was rapidly shrinking. A tightness about him suddenly snapped him from sub-consciousness into wakefulness. His eyes seemed to bulge and his skin seemed to be quite tight. Gazing around, he could notice the room to be getting larger. Then he reached upwards, a full six inches, and hauled his shriveling body up on the table. Even as he walked over to the block of carbon, it also seemed to be expanding in rapid leaps and bounds. It wasn't hard to climb on that block that was twice his size. The block of carbon seemed to be like a large table. Even as he thought of it, the edges seemed to race away from him at an amazing speed. Below him these pinholes in the carbon block were now large holes that looked like immense yawning mouths that just kept opening more and more.

Being caught off guard by this awesome sight, Ben fell into one of the holes and began floating downward. At once he noticed things that moved about slowly and then faster. About them revolved smaller spheres. "Aha!" was all that registered in Ben's mind. He was now observing the motion of the atom and their electrons that revolved about the nucleus as planets about a sun.

The electrons revolved slower and slower. Ben noticed that there were the usual six electrons per atom. Ben tried to grab one of these swiftly moving electrons. No luck! They were still too fast. Now these electrons seemed to grow as large as Ben himself. Could Ben now disprove any of these millions of theories about the structure of the electron, or the proton or neutron? As the size of the electron became nearer to that himself, a sensation went through him. It churned within him, and then all realization disappeared. There was no longer any thought; in fact, there was no longer any Ben.

He hadn't seen the sixth electron coming!

-CHARLES DANOWSKI-

HOLLYWOOD COMPETES WITH THE AEC--Ever see an A-bomb explode? Of course you have. Newsreels and TV have made common knowledge of the deafening roar, the blinding flash, and the immense power pushing its ever widening mushroom of deadly radiation skyward. But have you ever seen it in color?

Well, you will soon, because Hollywood has just moved into competition with AEC. The vari-colored blast occurred on a sound stage-----inside on the Paramount lot!

The occasion? George Pal's production of H.G.Wells' classic, WAR OF THE WORLDS. But, you say, this was written in 1898 and there were no atomic explosions mentioned. You're right of course. But this is the only change from the original. Pal has Earthlings throwing an atom bomb at the invading martians.

Perhaps it would be interesting to trace the background of this explosion. A few years ago special effects experts labored for months to make a realistic under-water atom bomb for MGM production, THE BEGINNING OF THE END. When Pal decided to film the Wells masterpiece, he called in 81 year old, two time Oscar winner, Walter Hoffman, the famed expert on all types of explosions. Hoffman took a look at the MGM a-bomb technique but it wouldn't do. Pal wanted a land bomb, not an underwater job. Next he looked at the Las Vegas explosion. No good. Pretty, but not for pictures. Then, Hoffman had an idea, and less than an hour later, he had built his atomic bomb-----a 16 inch metal cylinder containing white flash powder, with multi-colored powder packed around it.

The first test was made out of doors, but winds scattered the thin smoke. The next test, on a sound stage, failed to produce the mushroom effect.

Then, again, the genius of Walter Hoffman took hold. Near the ceiling he placed dry ice, chilling the air. On the next test, the smoke reached the cold air, spread gracefully, formed a perfect mushroom. The smoke was sent 60 ft. to the ceiling by heat from a gas jet. Total cost of material to produce this Hollywood atomic blast---only \$85. Looks like another Oscar for explosive genius, Walter Hoffman.

MESSAGE FROM THE MOON-During the past winter, when the air was best suited for radio transmittion, ab historic message arrived from the moon! Flashing through space at the rate of 186,300 miles a second, the moon message was picked up by the National Bureau of Standards field receiver in Sterling, Va. From the pocked surface of our night neighbour came these already famous words in Morse code: "What hath God wrought."

No, this wasn't an echo from Sam Morse's message of 1844, nor was it from intelligent life on the moon. These four words came from a giant transmitter in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 775 miles from Sterling! In just over two seconds, the message traveled almost 480,000 miles.

This experiment, part of a hush-hush military project, marked the first time that an intelligible message had ever been transmitted via lunar reflection. The Army Signal Corps tried it in 1946 but the signal came back hopelessly scrambled.

Now that the experiments have been termed highly successful, it gives one to wonder just what that hush hush military project was. A future rocket to the Moon, perhaps?

#####If you already don't know it, but I doubt it, the Thrilling group is going to put out another sf magazine. This one is to be called SPACE STORIES, and will be accepted at what the title suggests: Space Opera. It's about time, I believe, that another magazine comes out which specializes in blood and thunder stuff. Amazing's and Planet Stories' opera's are very low; Samines and Jbx suggest that thier space--opera will be the best. Here's hoping.

#####OTHER WORLDS is a monthly!

#####A new fanzine will soon be printed. It's called STARFARER and published by Henry Oden. The cover of the first issue will be printed! Also, in the lines of a recent issue of OTHER WORLDS, it will contain material written by editors of fanmags. So far, Lee Hoffman and James Taurasi and Max Keasler have material in it. The address of the publication is 2317 Myrtle Street, Alexandria, Louisiana. Why not help the new pub out by suscribing. I can't recall the price but all you have to do is send Oden a card asking about it and he'll answer you happily.

#####We are wondering when David Ish will try and act like David Ish and not Lee Hoffman. By that I mean, in publications. Ish's SOL is a poor man's QUANDRY, and that's all it'll ever be if Ish keeps on trying to be similiar to Hoffman. It becomes Lee Hoffman to be Lee Hoffman but not David Ish to be Lee Hoffman. Come on Dave, try to be original.

#####Norbert Hirschhorn contacted us and told us to try and announce that TYRANN, a fanzine put out by him and Henry Ebel, will be delayed for a month or so---they're bi-monthly. The reason for this, he informs, is that both editors will be on a vacation for a month or so. Okay, we announced it.

#####When will New York turn out a good con? We've went to two, so far; The Fan Vet and the TLMA meeting. Both were horrible examples. All the TLMA crew was interested in was making back its' money---and that wasn't much. The Fan-Vet was half-half, but the recent TLMA con was a horrible mess. Within a half an hour, half of the pros were gone---ten minutes later half of the fans. As usual, the films snapped as they always do at a con, and it went right into an auction which took about three hours. That was the convention---the auction. All we did was get our stomachs filled with soda which was sold in the hall. I recall having drank seven bottles.

#####Just a moment ago I did some figuring. No, that isn't impossible. At the present date there are 22 sf magazines on the stands---that deal only with fantasy or science-fiction: 2 Galaxies, 5 Thrilling Pubs, 2 Fiction House, 3 Ziff-Davis, 1 Popular Pub, 2 Columbia, 1 Street & Smith, and 6 Independent magazines. I buy every single issue of the above mentioned zines. Ten are bi-monthly, thus that makes sixty magazines a year. Six are monthly---72 magazines. Wait, 11 bi-monthlies---add another six to sixty. Hey, 12 bi-monthlies---72mags. Two quarterlies---8 issues. One anual---one issue. And one that publishes every six weeks---9 issues. That makes one hundred and sixty two magazines a year. And what it comes out to cost is exactly \$47.30. Hey, that's a heellova lot. When someone askes me what I do with all my money, all I merely answer is, "I buy science-fiction magazines!"

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Seriously though, that is quite a lot of money to spend on magazines. And with more sf mags coming out every month---wow, I'll be in the poor house. Ah, but so what? I get paid---I have a job.

#####I'm wondering who is going to be editor of IF. Paul Fairman either was fired or quit---logical reasoning, and now works with Ziff-Davis. Who know? Possibly Jerry Bixby or Samerwin are looking around for a job.

#####FANTASTIC---it's a masterpiece. The color plates came out wonderful. If you haven't bought it---we suggest you do. The short story by Truman Capote is a masterpiece---we know why it won the O Henry prize. And next issue, so says the back cover, Micky Spillane. Can that guy write sex novels. But I believe, that's about all he can write.

#####We were wrong last issue when we stated that Rich Elsberry was rumored to get married. We're sorry for ever saying it. Probably, before the day is up, I'll receive a thousand letters condemning me for telling lies. Sorry Rich, meant no harm. Wait until I get the fan who told me. Hey Joe! Are you listening?

#####In the recent issue of CONFUSION, VLMcCain writes a heated letter condemning all hoaxes---except Lee Hoffman's type of hoaxes. We agree with you, old chap, almost agree with you anyway. Occasionally, we believe, a hoax is good. If it brings a laugh and really hurts no one, but we don't agree with the Hoffman type hoax either---it may be funny, but it is embarrassing. I can imagine some of the letters that were written to her by male fans. Nothing pornographic, mind you, but still slightly embarrassing. If it's one thing a male fan hates is to be taken on a fool by a girl especially. To laugh at something is good--but when you yourself become embarrassed---you just don't like it.

But to us it really makes no difference. Hoffman did not fool us--we never corresponded with her until it was stated that she was a female. And are we glad. And anyway, it's a hard thing to make a male think that you're a male when you aren't. Since we weren't in the hoax, it amused us tremendously. And I'm telling you; if we had a chance to pull off something that actually didn't hurt anyone---we would. It's fun.

#####Quite a number of fans are angry because of the Willis death hoax. We are and so is Hoffman, McCain and a host of other fans. San Francisco had a rather good chance of getting the next world con there--their chances have dropped slightly. I never intended to vote for Frisco anyway. The East is for me. It's about time the Eastern Coast get a con.

#####By the time this is printed we'll know who gets the vote for the next con. Either this is going to be printed a week before the Chicon or a week following.

#####Once more on the subject of hoaxes, McCain heatedly rebukes Palmer. I don't. Palmer did more good for fandom than harm. The circulation boomed another fifty thousand---that meant more fans for fandom. And the main idea for a magazine editor is to raise circulation. Campbell did it with Dianetics. Editors don't give a damn for most of fandom---it's a very low majority of readers. We don't feed them. It was Palmer's job to raise circulation---he did. And you don't condemn a person for doing something he was supposed to do. Do you? All the more power to him.

-FRANCIS BORDNA-

AN ESSAY ON DEATH

-BY STEVEN R. PAUL-

I

Man is a brave little beast who struggles from out of one battle of life into another with just as much vigor and strength as when he began his first battle. But let him once be at the brink of falling into the unknown, he shirks back, whimpering in his retreat. And the unknown to all men, whether he be rich or poor, is death.

Aye, a strong and fearful word is it in any language for who among the living, knows what death is? Never yet has any of the dead come back to tell, and never shall they.

Man claims there to be a heaven where it is said all good men reside after life. There also, he says, is a hell where all bad and evil go when they die. But who are they to decide what is and what is not. Mere mortals are they who all fear the unknown, for the unknown is death.

Has any yet come back from the dead and relate his tale to the living? Nay, not ever, and never shall they.

II

There maybe a man who says to himself that he cares not whether he lives or dies, but aye, when his time comes, when he is at the threshold of death, he whimpers like a dog who has been beaten by his master, and yet clings on to his master. And mans' master is life.

III

I know what death is. I know the cruelties of death, the happiness of death which is none. Aye, I know all the knowledge that should be known about death for I am of the non-living.

It is an empty, dismal place, death is, which has only darkness. Never once in my existance in the other world have I seen a light shine about, nor have I ever seen another dead one. I see only blackness, blackness, and more blackness. And it is many a time that my mind screams out in terror:

"Oh immortal and the dead. Do you think that you should have the right to see whence you came? To see life on the other world? This for sure would drive you more insane, for would it not make yo u crave to be alive again?"

"Yes." my mind answers out in agony.

I know that I have no limbs or other things that mortal man possess. I have only what mortals call a soul or mind. I can think, but yet I cannot speak; I can cry out in agony as I often do, but still no one shall hear me; I can wander, but not on limbs as mortal do. But all this I do in vain for never have I seen another in this desolate place called death.

Still in my soul, a burning ember lays in hope that one night I shall meet another like me. I search out daily in the darkness with my mind. It probes into the depths of this eternal darkness, but loe, I find no thing or no one.

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Oh how I pray all this is but a dream, an illusion, and that I will soon wake up and see light. That this will fade away into the mist of day. Slowly though, ever so slowly, is the feeling of insecurity, the realization that this is no illusion nor a dream, but a painful reality.

Truly this may be hell, for no place can be so bleak and black. But woe, during my life on Earth I was a good man, and surely if there is such a place called heaven, there would I reside.

But woe once again, this is the one place where all the non-living go. After life, here they come even though I never seen another. But I hope and pray that one day in this eternal bleakness, I shall find another. I will wait calmly and quietly, for what else can I do?

Here I am to stay, never shall I leave this place where the dead reside. I am not as frightened as I was previously, nor am I truly sad. The unknown is frightening to all living men, but I am not living. Now I know the unknown, I reside in the unknown, I am the unknown.

--STEVEN R. PAUL--

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There are three people whose address I donot know----four, I mean. They are all subs--or at least are supposed to get one or more issues. Their names are C. Danowski, Glen Wright--I believe he lives in Buffalo, Emory Mann, and Pete Guiley. There are a host of others too, and I'm sorry.

Next issue will possibly contain an article on the Convention. This isn't for sure however--I have to go first. George Wetzel is with us again, and Stan Martin and Francis Bordna. Possibly there might be a piece of fiction by Steve Paul. He says he's almost finished. Speaking about next issue, we need material for the following issues. I'm out---all out of material. Fiction---we have none. Articles---we have none. All we are sure of is an article by Billings, and an article by Bordna, and possibly something by Martin. But really, these boys are the only ones who are doing the work. We like to have variety, but we have the same writers every issue. Bordna, Martin, Paul, Billings----that's about all of the regulars. We need material---come on and give us some.

Stan Martin informs me that he'll be publishing a fanzine soon. As soon as he gets a mimeo----my old small one. And when he gets a typewriter. I may possibly lend him mine. But this isn't for sure. Actually, he's co-editor of RENAISSANCE. Without him, I'd be in a hell of a hole.

TWILIGHT will probably be out in another six months. That's the new semi-annual I'm planning to print. The only thing wrong is that there is no material for it---and no subs.

That's about all I have to say for this issue---I've said enough, didn't I?

--Joe Semenovich--

ATTENTION! SOON, THE PRICE WILL BE HIKED OF THIS ZINE. FROM TEN CENTS IT WILL GO TO FIFTEEN CENTS. IF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS RUNNING OUT, RE--NEW IT NOW AND SAVE MONEY---YOU MAY MISS OUT ON SOMETHING IF YOU DON'T!

LETTERS

GEORGE WETZEL: Received RENAISSANCE #4. Much improvement in previous mimeo and hecktoe issues. Suggest you stick to mimeo from now on.

"The Forum" was best article, "Unusual Feb. 18" also a quite excellent scientific reporting on flying saucers or Fortean Phenomena. But Martin's, "An Article" leaves me questioning like he did: a below average space-filler. Unfortunately Paul's story had more of an essay idea -----like some of the prose in ASF. Saunder's story, while having a clever surprise twist, is biologically impossible-----and what would Francis Laney say to it I wonder? Editorials of yours were welcomed, continue to play reporter. Interior artwork was not to my preference. Cover looks vaguely familiar to a pic I once saw in a prozine somet ime back:---Plagiarism? (ed. Nope./

I see you are starting a new zine TWILIGHT. I can contribute a story for it if you would see it and consider such a ms. When is your material deadline for TWILIGHT?

Concluding: present ish #4 is quite an improvement in appearance --mimeo--and prose over all previous ish's. With a little more careful selection of submitted mss. I think you can compete with Ganley's zine --which is one of the best. 5 Playfield St.; Dundalk 22, Maryland

Ed.##Glad you liked the issue and I can promise you that the future ones will be far better. Send in that story of yours; if I like it I'll accept it. How did you like this issue? Send me a letter.

Hal Shapiro: Found Renaissance #4 in the stack of mail today. Pretty good zine, but the mimeoing can stand a hell of a lot of improvement. After all, it doesn't matter what's in the zine. If it can't be read, it may as well be residing in the author's wastebasket. Or anyone else's wastebasket for that matter. Also, on format, that two column beginning of DEATH OF AN EMPIRE makes for very difficult reading. I tried the two column format throughout the first issue of AJ7316, my SaPzine, recently, and realized only after it had been run off that it could hardly be read.

By the way, after reading Forum, I would like to know just how old this mag is and/or how old the material is.

Is the Billings who wrote Unusual February 18 a devotee of Charles Fort perchance?

On the whole, a fair zine, that could stand a hell of a lot of improvement, both in reproduction and in material. And please remember, I'm criticizing RENAISSANCE as a reader, not a publisher, editor or authority. Hope you'll do same for ICE when you get a copy. 790th AC/W Squadron; Kirksville, Missouri

###Ed. The material for Ren#4 was quite aged. At the most, however, four months. In this issue's editorial, you will discover the reason why. And also know why the mimeoing came so poor last issue. However, I feel that this issue's mimeoing will be far better than last issue. But since I haven't yet mimeoed this issue, I'm keeping my fingers crossed. And thank for the letter commenting on my zine.

SYLVIA KINDER: You asked for a letter about RENAISSANCE; here it is. The cover I liked very much; it's too bad the mimeo did what it did to it. On the whole though, your mimeoing is improving, or at least improving with age.

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narrative or as a series of scenes showing the gradual decay--the stage-play method----. "The Madcap" was a rather interesting weird piece. I can't say more or less for it.

As for "An Article"----the question mark sums up my opinion precisely. It seems that this was written as a hurried last minute space-filler; Stan could do much better if he tried.

FORUM was truly a fine article. Of this, I can truthfully say; I wish I'd thought of it first. As for my opinion of the best mag, I, with Lee, would say MoF. Coming closer and closer behind it, I'd put Fantastic. As soon as Browne can learn to pass up stuff like Man in the Dark and the "Tell-Tale Heart"----which, if a fan hasn't read it by now, they just won't want to read it----and a few minor details, it will equal or surpass the first.

Your format is rather poor, and, though that's a secondary matter, you've got a better looking mag if you did something about it. A bit more art, neatly placed, more attractive paragraphing and margins, and more eye catching headings would help a lot. 516 Deer St.; Dunkirk, N.Y.

Ed. Speaking about artwork, we haven't a damn thing. Dave, how about--you sending me some artwork. And you readers do the same. I also need articles and fiction----I'm dry for next issue--almost dry. And if I do not receive any material, I'll have to do all the writing. And you don't want that to happen, do you?

RICHARD BERGERON: About RENAISSANCE: Which I was waiting until after the Chicon to comment on. From a stand-point of art, your zine isn't bad at all. The cover was quite good. Who did it for you? I note that the stencil cutting isn't bad either. The rest of it is average. I was surprised at my own pics.....your stenciling added something that I can't put my finger on.

I haven't read THE DEATH OF AN EMPIRE yet and may not. I've been disappointed in fanfiction so many times that I have got so that I just skip over it. Unless it's in SLANT of course. I may read it yet if I find an idle moment.

Your discussion forum was quite good. I note that you use the same method Watkins did a few years back to get something out of his readers. A good idea. You shouldn't have really expected much from Kcasler or Hofman. If you've read either of their zines, and who hasn't, you'll know they are not the types to put up stiff arguments on something unless it really interests them. Why not try Boggs, Carr, or Calkins?

An Article? Not bad for a ramblar on a subject---liked it.

A Column? Not bad but what you really need is made clear by one look at OOPSLA! R.F.D.#1; Newport, Vermont

Ed. I really don't know who drew the cover. I received it at the Buffalocon from R.Friedman who was supposed to use it for his zine-fotoffset. But some wine was accidentally spilled on the drawing and that ruined the photo-offset plan. And since he couldn't use it, I grabbed a hold of it. Hey, do you realize that you said you liked my stenciling? Yes, I stenciled the whole issue. I never did read Oopsla; reason why is that I never got it. Simple. I sent Rennie for trade to Gregg, but Oopsla hasn't arrived yet. Lost in the mails?

Damn it, I haven't any more letter and I still have a page to fill up. What I'm writing now is going directly on stencil and I'm praying that it end up on the margin. If I don't get any more letters, I will fill up the next page with more muttering by myself. Hey, how about you readers sending me an occasional letter so I can fill up the column?

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THE DEATH OF AN EMPIRE by Steven R. Paul, I thought ~~was~~ fairly well written and good thought, FORUM, not too interesting. As for MAD-CAP, some things are better left unsaid. AN ARTICLE? by Stan Martin was very humorous and enjoyable. Of course, it may have frightened a few poor souls, but the world of SF needs only the brave. Unusual Feb. 18, by Billings: Very timely---and interesting. LAST ACT OF FLESH; tell me Joe, did you write this? Don't blush. It's really quite good.

A COLUMN by Fran Bordna: Every zine needs a column of this type. After all, fanzines are for fans.

My big criticism of you is don't use the word "hell" so often. You lose the punch when you use it too often. BARSTOW, California

Ed. ~~##~~ No, I'm not Larry Saunders. Speaking of Saunders, he publishes a zine which is called SF NEWSCOPE. And Sylvia, I'll try not to use the word "hell", too often. Hope you like this issue.

RICHARD BILLINGS: Sorry I've taken so long to mail this but actually I've written 3 letters to you and at the last moment changed my mind about mailing them.

I like the larger size, Joe. It gives more room for presentation of material and makes for a much neater appearance. The stories were good fan-fiction and many thanks for the fine makeup for my short piece.

The only thing I didn't like was "STF Stuff". Frankly Joe, this is the worse "column" I've ever laid eyes on. You really are in need of material. I may send you a real column soon. I'd hate to see such un-informed gossip clutter up an otherwise fine fanzine. Some of the things that caused me to gnash my teeth: The Little Men are not sworn enemies of the Thrilling Group, as Francis Bordna says. In the 17th & 18th issues of RD, SS and TWS are favorably reviewed. AMZ & FA are the sworn enemies of the Little Men; the Invention in Minn., of course, was a hoax; and anyone who raves about the high quality of Space-SF and is actually waiting with bated breath for the appearance of Rocket Stories --well, I guess she'll die when she hears that FA is dead. It must -- have been her favorite prozine.

Sorry I had to blast like this, Joe, but really I liked this issue better than any of the others. And for God's sake, don't print this letter. Francis Bordna would tear me limb from limb! 610 E St.; North Wilkesboro, North Carolina

Ed. Hey Fran, what've you got to say to Billings' letter. So what? He doesn't enjoy your masterpiece. And Rich, we knew all the time that the INVENTION was a hoax. We were just playing it up. No, FA isn't Fran's favorite prozine. FANTASTIC is. So Bordna enjoys Space-SF? Every one has their own taste. And about the Little Men; Fran received that impression when Les and Es Cole sent SS a letter stating that they would never read the magazine again. What other impression could Fran get?

DAVID ENGLISH: The cover was nicely drawn, but perhaps poorly stenciled. Not too poorly however.

The fiction was rather fair. I liked THE LAST ACT OF FLESH--idea I should say. But the writing wasn't so hot. It seems to me that the retrospective (ed. Huh?/ part could have been put into a conversation between a couple of characters. DEATH OF AN EMPIRE, however, might have been straight narrative. Two ways it might have been written: as one long

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