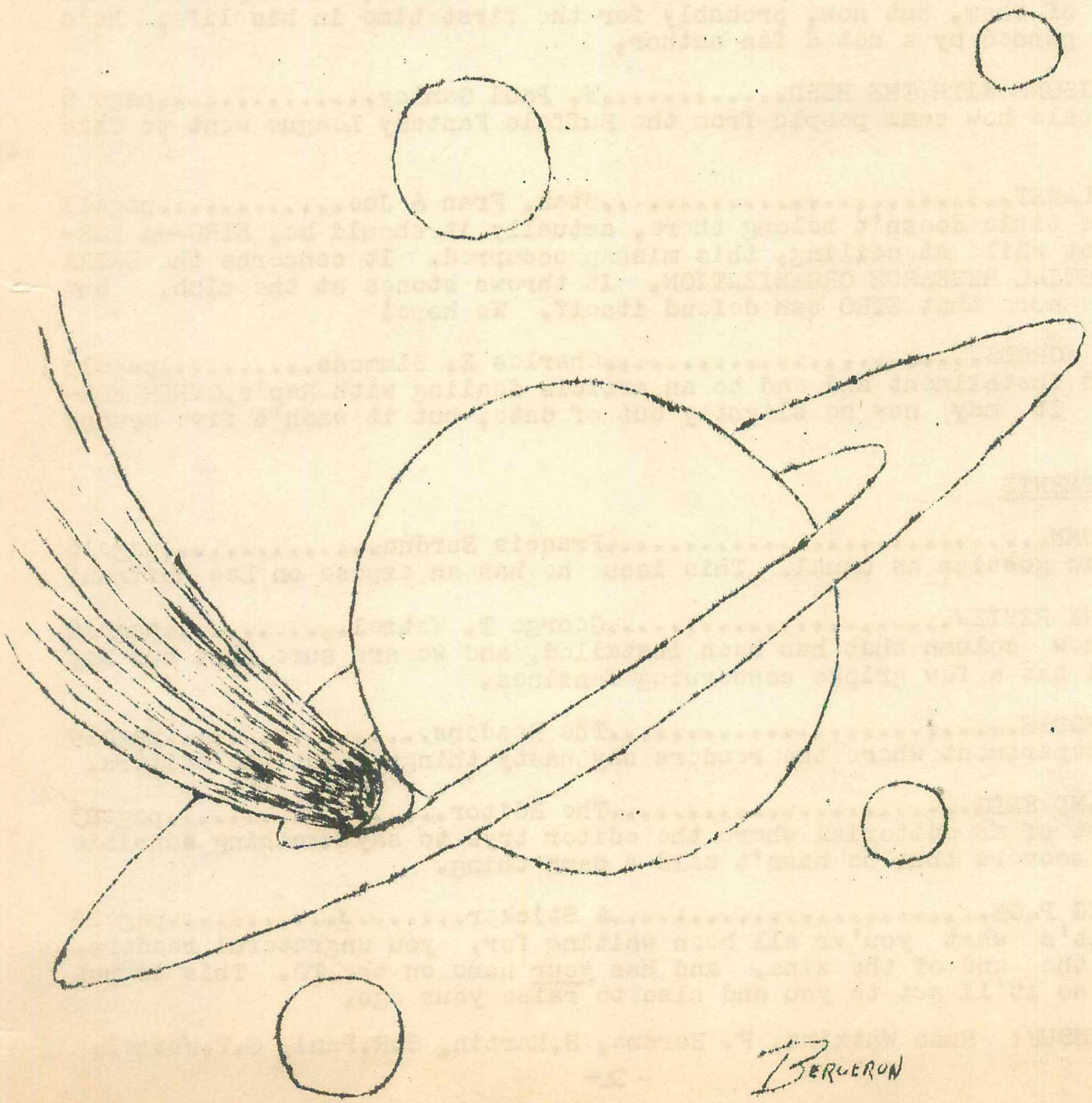


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REINASSANCE

VOL. ONE NO. 6



BERGERON

RENAISSANCE

RENAISSANCE; published whenever the hell I get the time to; costs .10 cents a copy and three for a quarter. Next issue, however, the price is going to be hiked up a nickle so get in your subscription now for the regular price. This great fanzine is published by Joseph Semenovitch at 155-07 71st Ave; Flushing 67, New York. We are in need of material; both in fiction and articles. Articles though, are preferred for the editors can always write fiction that is at least readable. We hope. The next issue will probably be out in 6 weeks. That is all for now, and here is the Table of Contents.

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EDMUND WILSON--A CRITIC? -3-

-BY GEORGE T. WETZEL-

Recently I was told of two uncomplementary articles anent supernatural fiction and Lovecraft's writing by Edmund Wilson, conrained in his volume of collected literary criticisms entitled "Classics and Commercials". The two criticle articles in question were "Treatsie On Tales Of Horror" and "Tales Of The Marvelous And The Ridiculous", on pages 172 and 286, respectively. In them Mr. Wilson leaves (to me) the impression of a Mortermer Snerd, a county bumpkin of limited intellegence who thinks he is canny, but by this procedure appearing ludicrous. This may seem personal invectifying upon my part a perusal by the reader of Mr. Wilson's articles will prove a point a second time, the first validation being the appraisal of his statements therein I will now comment on.

Firstly, in his "Treatsie On Tales Of Horror" his "theory" (the quotes are mine and purposely used the emphasize in an interrogatory way) as for a "renewed interest" in supernatural prose is amusing and limited. Such "antiquated tales", are read by people seeking escape only from the "social confusion", of the present time he says. The world has always been in a mass socially and I can see nothing different now to cause such an upsurgance of supernatural prose as he contends. Not just supernatural literature but all fiction is read for escape. Movies, picnics, radio listening all are forms of escapism of people trying to get away from it all temporarily. Interest in the supernatural has been with us thousands of years; studies in comparitive mythology proves this. Christianity has roots (sources for its church rituals, symbolisms, even legends of its saints, not to forget Sacred Testement folklore) in many strange and poganistic places. Even today the substrata of superstition, though surfaced over by scientific education, outcrops or buckles in modern society. Many people still have an unexplainable, illogic dread for Friday 13th, even though knowing it is foolish and but a remnant of ancient magical customs. So there is no psychological "social confusion" motivating this interest in supernatural fiction. Its interest is an inherited tendency, worthless now like other primitive reflexes such as uneasiness in the dark, dreams of falling (attributed by some ancestral memories of tree dwelling) as much as say physiological legacies like the appendix that once served primitive man as the hump the camel uses to survive between warterless intervals. Superstitious beliefs had no bonifical effects upon primitive man like his water storing appendix, but that still doesn't deny the fact superstition still dwells within all until education conquers it. Strangely enough this education is not a course in our schools or churches; it is just something left to the individual. I mean no irreverence for I admire the moral teachings of the Christian Bible but that fosters such beliefs in the very young, sometimes to their detrement. Does it not mention the Witch of Endore, the magic Pharaohs, the demon driven out of an afflicted person by Christ into a swine, ghosts in the recording of hideous foundation sacrifices of entombment of a living person? So one can see that dispelling of superstitious beliefs as left to the individual is not only unordered and unwritten in some compulsory grammar school text but actually abetted by the Bible which is a book that social concience demands many be aquanted with. No, superstition is still much alive.

The second part of Mr. Wilson's "theory" is we readers want... "to inoculate ourselves against panic at the real horrors loose on the earth--- Gestapo and G.P.V., tank attacks and airplane bombings.....etc., etc.,-
(for more, next page)

with the illusion such horrors may be tamed." That is his statement, which is the screwiest reason I ever heard for people reading supernatural fiction. I consider his statement so screwy that I need not comment upon it as said quality is apparent to others. He goes on in this same article to complain angerilly of the blurbs prefacing stories in one supernatural anthology he is reviewing. Did the individual authors that were anthologized therein write those blurbs before their individual stories? Of course not! Mr. Wilson is trying so hard to find fault with supernatural fiction as a whole, that he criticizes the non-germane. Not only does he show himself up as being nicky but silly as well. He goes on further to pontificate horror stories should use exclusively psychological themes, this self-styled authority on said genre forgetting macabre prose revolves around three elements--ghosts, demonism, and magic. Some Gothic literature verges upon the psychological study but basically supernatural fiction--the outgrowth of mythologies and folklore--has residuum of just those three previously mentioned elements. This critic then commits in his article the droll blunder of calling that piece of shocking, ghostly horror, "The Monkey's Paw" of W.W. Jacobs, a "fairy tale"! Masters of genre, M.R. James, Arthur Machen, and Algernon Blackwood he dismisses from his "ideal collection" of supernatural fiction because instead of emphasizing local color such as Gogol of Russian peasant life, they choosed instead to paint their prose with weird overtones. Nor does he care for fantasists who write dreamlike atmosphere. What he does demand of supernatural fiction? That it use psychiatric case histories? --and I am against this type here as I believe it unhealthy reading; in these days of psychosomatic ills, psychological suggestions, and hypocondriacs the nut doctors are still sermonizing the public with "mirror of your mind" trash while the doctors, on the other hand, of physical medicine, will not allow his medical books about where a patient can read them for many good reasons. Why therefore should writers help create a market for psychiatrists? I have yet to hear of a kick back deal being arranged between them.---Stories of local color with onlt minor attention to the special theme? They are all another type of prose. If he wants them, go read such plots in that field. Don't stand around and belittle an antipodal style of writing because it is not like another kind. The biggest bonner is yet to come. One of his selections for his "ideal collection" is Kafka's "Metamorphosis". This is a well written story but I can't see myself shivering as Mr. Wilson thinks he did over the theme of a salesman turning into a cockroach! If I remember my reaction at the time of its reading, I thought rather droll like some of the tales in Bradbury's "Dark Carnival". But here's the payoff. Mr. Wilson thinks this story, "Metamorphosis" more shuddersome than all of Blackwood and M.R. James combined! How goony can some people get?

In the second article, "Tales of the Marvelous and the Ridiculous", he did not pull out so many stops in his organ consol of blunders. Nevertheless, he proved again his disqualifications to appraise prose in the supernatural genre, at least--besides resorting to some pettiness to cast doubt not only such a genre but those laborers in its field as well. To begin with, he calls Lovecraft's contributions to Weird Tales, "hackwork". I wonder if Poe was alive and was submitting his tales to present magazines would he too be called a hack?; or does the long passage of time venerate and make classic Poe's tales. "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal" by Defoe was liked by him. Wilson seems to me not only hackwork but tedious, borsome stuff to read. Yet since it's conception is scperate from us by decades it is somehow made acceptable a work to be in the library of he who considered a man of wide reading. I have read crud in fanzines that was better.

It is possible that fiction in a pulp magazine trash because it is in a pulp magazine.

I think Mr. Wilson has implied such somewhere in his article. I do know an acquaintance who dismisses Lovecraft as no good just for this reason. Anyway all concerned should know where a work appears is no way to measure its real worth. Poe, Hawthorne, Dickens all had most of their prose printed in periodicals that were counterparts of today's pulps as a perusal of their individual biographies will show. This is so often overlooked when berating a present day pulp appearing writer with one of the excepted, "classic" authors.

Mr. Wilson says Lovecraft, "...shows his lack of sound literary taste in his enthusiasm for Machem and Dunsany...." What would he have Lovecraft do? Take Gogol, Kafka, Fitzgerald, Sinclair Lewis, Scott, or T. Mann or someone else to Mr. Wilson's liking for his model? If Lovecraft had done so, we would never had those fine stories of his; do have but some goofy prose of social significance--as the so called college little magazines express it--with of course, some slight bits of the supernatural.

Said critic almost shows grudging admiration for one of H.P.L.'s stories -he does not name it--but seems to remember suddenly that he slipped and returns to the sort of arguments a shrewish woman would use, notable being his magnifying of technical faults of style HPL has--I admit there are some--but all out of proportion to the good points of said author; which good points are worthy of study to any aspiring author; to mention a few briefly: his use of different fear reactions of his characters at climaxes, compacting many of his stories into one scene so that a single definite impression is gotten, his building of febrile crescendos of fear within many stories, his use of the opening discord that if not striking the keynote of the story symbolizes its central theme or climatic revelation in some way. I can enumerate these and I am not a professional critic like Mr. Wilson who might even have the additional advantage over me of a college education. The fact that many intelligent people read his book reviews has caused me to write this rebuttal of his views; even though my article has limited circulation it still might influence some to reconsider Mr. Wilson's views and opinions.

The final insult Mr. Wilson pays to Lovecraft is that, not satisfied with belittling the man's work, he then belittles the man and those that praise him. T.O. Mabbot's erilogizing pains Mr. Wilson who makes asine not only about such but upon the group called Lovecraft's circle. If Lovecraft had eccentricities that fact should not enter in judgement of his creative productions. As far as that goes, eccentricities--called idiosyncrosies by kinder people, exist in all great authirs, in all epeople, as no perfect man exists. Certainly Lovecraft did nothing unusual than jokingly call friends by ponderous Latinized names, the logical outgrowth of a scholarly mind. He did not take opium like De Quincy nor indulge in riotous living like the French artists of sin. Nor has his writing made him suspect of certain things---his writings being clean cut free of the following--that one would suspect writers of "social significant" prose who write of racial tolerance to the point in interracial copulation and "twilight men" until homosexual acts are suspected of their reporters.

No, Lovecraft's writing has a tremendous virility in it despite the restriction to one genre. Not having been fortunate to know him during his lifetime, I still admire Lovecraft for the strength of character such virile tinged prose reveals. I donot undrestand Mr. Wilson's harping

BISONS

HERD

WITH THE

BY W. PAUL GANLEY

"The End," I typed at the bottom of page eighteen. I sighed, and swooned in happiness. I had just completed a report on the 10th Annual World Science-Fiction Convention. 10,800 words of a report. I was pooped.

"Mail#, cried mother, and handed me a letter from one Joe Semenovich. It read, in part: "Hey, how about a report on the Con for my #6 issue.Howabout it; make it about 8 pages to ten, doubled spaced...."

Joe, listen carefully: it took me eighteen pages to describe what happened at that convention. Wouldn't it just be simpler to leave the other four pages of this blank, enclose 15cents in each issue, and tell everyone to buy HYPEROPIA? No.

Oh well, it was just a thought.

Okay, a report on the Convention.

Well, Al Leverentz, Bob Fritz and I got into the hotel at 2:02 P.M. Friday, and wandered around meeting fans the rest of the afternoon. That evening there was quite a nice get-together in the convention suite, with a lot of professionals showing up, and I had a fine time.

Went to bed at 3:30, got up at 8:00, feeling fresh as a daisy.....a wilted and sadly browbeaten daisy. Oh well, that's better than pushing them up. Leverentz and Fritz and I got together, went to the Chicago Museum, and we promptly lost Fritz somewhere along the line. We got back to the convention an hour late, got our clothes changed, and showed up at the registration desk.

Here things were going on in a most hap-hazzard fashion; nobody seemed to know what they were doing. After a half an hour we had managed to sign two registers and get our material---the convention booklet, and several other items.

After this we headed for the beautiful Terrace Casino, where the formal convention proceedings were to be held. We found that, far from late, we had arrived early. The convention was late. When it finally began, it was approximately two hours late.

Bill Hamling came on and welcomed us to the convention, and then Melvin Korshak introduced famous people who were present.

Thereafter Judy May was installed as Chairman of the proceeding, and she made a very good chairman. Presented to her was a gavel, which had been made up in hope that it would be presented to the next convention, and the next, and so on, eventually to become a tradition in fandom.

When she had finished, people began walking out, in a hurry to eat. Oliver Saari read the rules that had been chosen for the conduction of business, and we adopted them as quickly as possible. There were several things wrong with them, according to Bill Harding and others, but we were all hungry.--Bill Harding was the fourth Buffalo Fantasy League delegate; he arrived Saturday morning while the rest of us were at the museum.

The evening session began with an address by Joseph A. Winter, M.D., THINKING IN MEN AND MACHINES. This was followed up by an incredible debate between Ray Palmer and Willy Ley, on the flying saucers.

Ray Palmer surprised me mildly by finally agreeing with Willy that they were, not extra-terrestrial in origin, but an unexplained phenom-

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enon. However, he applied more effective shock-treatment when he presented the view that they are actually living creatures, terrestrial in origin, with the intelligence perhaps equal as Man.

Dr. H. J. Muller followed with LIFE ELSEWHERE AND ELSEWHEN, an account of what happened to the dear doctor when he found a flying saucer and kidnapped it from its owner, to visit all manner of unearthly worlds. The address was accompanied by slides of alien creatures; most queer looking things. It turned out, as most of us finally guessed, that the pictures were of actual living earth creatures---most of them of very small proportions.

Thereafter came the OPENHOUSE FOR ALL CONVENTION MEMBERS, which took place in the convention suite. As far as I am concerned, the real convention housewarming took place the previous night. This consisted of the fantastic rigamarole of going into the suite, getting a glass out "Three Planets Punch," purchasing a raffle ticket, and going out into the hall.

Once was enough for me. Bob Briney and I departed, winding up at last in the suite of the Elvcs's, Gnomes' and Little Men's Science-Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society. There I did all sorts of things like playing a duct with Jerry Bixby on the piano, arguing for half an hour on the merits of Niagra Falls, Ontario verus-----Philadelphia, as a site for the next convention--this in the suite of the Little Men! ---and so on. I didn't stay long enough; I could have stayed to bethron out of the suite by the House Dicks.

I got up early the next day so that I could attend meetings of various national organizations. I was even prepared to forego breakfast in the heat of my enthusiasm, but when I got down to the room where the get-togethers were to be held, I found only three other fans, all of them in the same condition that I was in. I turned around and got breakfast--after fishing a fly out of my coffee.

When I got back, the meeting of the LITTLE MONSTORS OF AMERICA, which appears to have joined with the BACHELOR'S ASSOCIATION OF THE WORLD, was in full swing. After that, I had to take over the meeting of the INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE-FICTION CORRESPONDENCE FEDERATION. The latter was quite business like. Well, I had to take over ISFCF meeting without any forewarning. Hickman, president of both TLMA & ISFCF, had arranged a meeting time for both, but did not attend the convention.

Next on the program was a panel of editors who answered questions--- from the floor. The panel consisted of Anthony Boucher--The MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE-FICTION, Howard Browne, AMAZING STORIES, J.W. Campbell ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION, Lester del Rey, SPACE SCIENCE-FICTION, W.H. Hamling, IMAGINATION, Samuel Mines, THRILLING GROUP, Ray Palmer, OTHER WORLDS, Mrs. H.L. Gold, GALAXY SCIENCE-FICTION and James Quinn, IF.

This panel produced some interesting enough answers, none of which I remember anymore.

There followed the science-fiction auction, which I guess I've already said enough about. It appeared to be boring to some, and seemed to bring some good prices. Mel Korshal did the work as auctioneer.

That night they held the banquet. Our party got over on the far side and as a result, three of the four BFL members were not caught by the group picture that was taken. That means we are free from fear of blackmail. Bob Fritz was the only one that got on, and he was over with his infernal tape recorder.

We wanted to get Semenovich in with our party for the banquet, but when we waved to him, he didn't see us, and staggered off in some other direction. He had even less sleep than we did. The group picture he of us for Al, according to Leverentz, looks like he was waving the camera around, fanning himself with it.

--Never mind Joe, it was worth it.

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Will F. Jenkins was supposed to be the toastmaster for the banquet, but as he didn't show up, Bob Bloch substituted, and did a good job. I met Will Jenkins at the convention, only he was a Will J. Jenkins. His pen name, probably, is Murray Leinster.

Hugo Gernsback, the guest of Honor, came up with a rather ridiculously stupid idea about having the patent office read science-fiction books--marked with a special mark--and give the author's provision all patents on the inventions therein discussed.

No doubt all the members of the patent office turning purple in the face--or whatever other color they turn when they are horrified----at that thought. Gad, they have enough crackpots with already invented, inventions, without being forced to read some of the crud that is published under the Holcy name of science-fiction.

It is an idea worthy of the cruelest fanzine and the most twelvis h twelve year old. In fact, one wishes that it might have been such; in that case it would have been discarded before it was proposed.

But Mr. Gernsback has a little more influence.

L. Sprague deCamp's speech was very very good. He told us a bit of how he plots his stories, and how other people expect him to plot his stories. Others who spoke were E.E. Smith, Clifford Simak, and Walter A. Willis.

After the banquet, we had a masquerade presented by the Little Men. So many people---1050---came to the convention, that the site had to be changed from the penthouse to one of the other places. Brincy and I went around selling Blague, and were not costumed ourselves. Some one was wandering around in green tights, his skin smeared with some sort of green stuff. Brincy requested an autograph from him, and got a green smear in his book. Harlan Ellison was dressed as the chief character from THE SPECTRE GENERAL, and Ginny Saari, dressed in a space-man's costume, took the first prize for the best costume. Certainly it was the most original costume, a woman in a space-suit. The conventional method of depicting a woman in space might have made an even more interesting costume, though, I thought.

Finally the house dicks chased everybody to bed here too, and after wandering through the hotel for an hour in order to find Leverentz, we got to bed hardly as the sun began to rise.

Monday started off with Harlan Ellison and Bill Venble presenting WE---SCIENCE-FICTIONISTS. Unfortunately, we overslept, so missed this but Fritz has it down on tape, so it isn't a lost cause.

After that came Dr. Oscar C. Brauner, with PREHISTORIC MAN: A Review.

I heard little of this, for I was examining other display tables, and getting free copies of as many things as people would give me.

A panel debate followed, with Sam Moscowitz presiding, and Evans and Willis in the affirmative, Les Cole and Ed Wood in the negative: FANDOM---IS IT STILL A FORCE IN SCIENCE-FICTION. August Derleth and Charles R. Tanner served as judges for this, and decided in favor of the negative. Post: old beaten Fandom.

There followed: THE PLACE OF SCIENCEFICTION IN THE CULTURAL PATTERN, by John W. Campbell. My Ghu! is pulp magazine fiction taking over our entire civilization?

There followed a business meeting for members of the convention; this is a prime example of that old axiom, look before you plunge; most of us had decided that it was here that they were going to elect the new convention site, whereas if we'd read the program, we would have known that wasn't coming until later. Well, if Bea Mahaffey is listening, that explains that card I handed you after the banquet.

The afternoon session began with another panel, this time of book publishers. There were: August Derleth--ARKHAM HOUSE--Lloyd Eshbach

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--FANTASY PRESS--Martin Greenberg--GNOME PRESS--Melvin Korshak--SHASTA PUBLISHERS--David Kyle--science-fiction editor for BOURGEY & CURL, INC., new publishing house as far as sf is concerned--and James A. Williams,--PRIME PRESS.

They answered questions from the floor. As stated elsewhere, I learned one fascinating thing from this plaver. The publications of a pocket-sized, paper-covered book, increases the sales of the hard-cover edition.

After this, we had Robert Bloch's presentation WHAT EVERY YOUNG SPACEMAN SHOULD KNOW. Unfortunately, I had to be running all about the place during this, for it was one of the more entertaining portions of the program.

Thereafter came the pseudo-science panel: HOW TO BE AN EXPERT WITHOUT ACTUALLY KNOWING ANYTHING, by John H. Pomeroy, Ph. D.; a report on a group of scientists who decided to examine and classify the blood of an elephant, and ended up by withdrawing it from the tail. Second was THE MATHEMATICAL BASIS OF TIME TRAVEL, by Irvin Heyne, and the third item was inexplicably cancelled; I refer to LUNAR GEOLOGY OF THE LITTLE MEN'S MINING DISTRICT, by Lester Cole.

Frances Hamling then reported on the registration; as I have already stated, the attendees numbered some 1050 people, and total membership in the convention ran over 1500. Truly a momentous occasion in the history of fandom; a mark that it is going to be difficult to top.

Then we selected the next convention site. Politics were played pretty hard and fast. As most of you already know, Philadelphia emerged over San Francisco on the third ballot, by a vote of 191 to 169. One of the most interesting moments I recall from it was when one of the people in the audience tried to get Judy May's attention---just like on them there Republican and Democratic get-togethers--by calling "Mr. Chairman. Mr. Chairman!"

Judy gazed sternly at the individual and whispered softly:
"Madame Chairman."

When the results of the third ballot were announced, we rushed for the exits and went out and had something to eat. Finally the evening session approached, and we returned for the final evening of the convention.

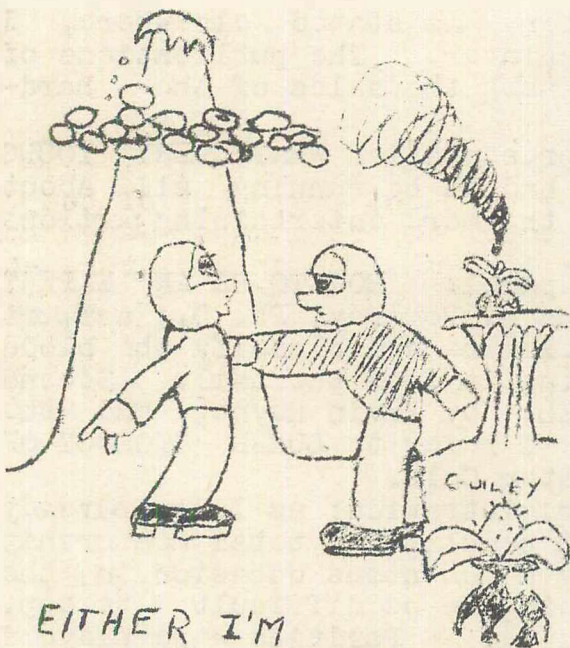
Bob Tucker had the lead off, with a tape recording entitled THE REVOLTING FAN REPORTER. The same tape he played for us at the Miswescon SONGS OF THE SPACEWAYS followed, with Ted Sturgeon and his Guitar--wonder why the capitalized the guitar?

Then they gave us the science-fiction ballet, which was performed--by the University of Chicago Ballet Group. It says here, "Music by Julian May and Bob Johnson." Something I hadn't noticed before. It was good music too. In fact, it was an interesting spectacle.

Next on the program was THE DEMOLISHED NULL-A AND NOW YOU DON'T, a skit by the members of the Pittsburg Science-Fiction Association and Fanvariety Enterprises. However, this was cancelled, and all they presented was a song from it entitled SCIENCE-FICTION IS MY ADDICTION. Bea Venable sang it for us, with her brother Bill doing piano accompaniment. What they needed for that song was a voice like Betty Hutton's; Bea's voice is good, but her style didn't fit her song. She sang it as if she were singing an operatic number. I can assure you that SCIENCE-FICTION IS MY ADDICTION is not an operatic number.

But I wish they'd given their entire skit. Maybe at the Philcon. After that came THE FALL OF FEN, or PARADISE LOST, presented by Dave Hammond and Sol Levin. It was rather cute, but a little too long. And

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EITHER I'M
THE EARTHMAN,
OR I SLUG YOU!

in the expenditures for the convention committee, since it necessitated overtime for the projectionist, the helpers, and probably for the Terrace Casino itself.

And that was just about that. There were still parties that night but I didn't go to any of them; I went to bed.

And I went home.

And I've written two convention--reports, a total of some 22 pages.

So good night!

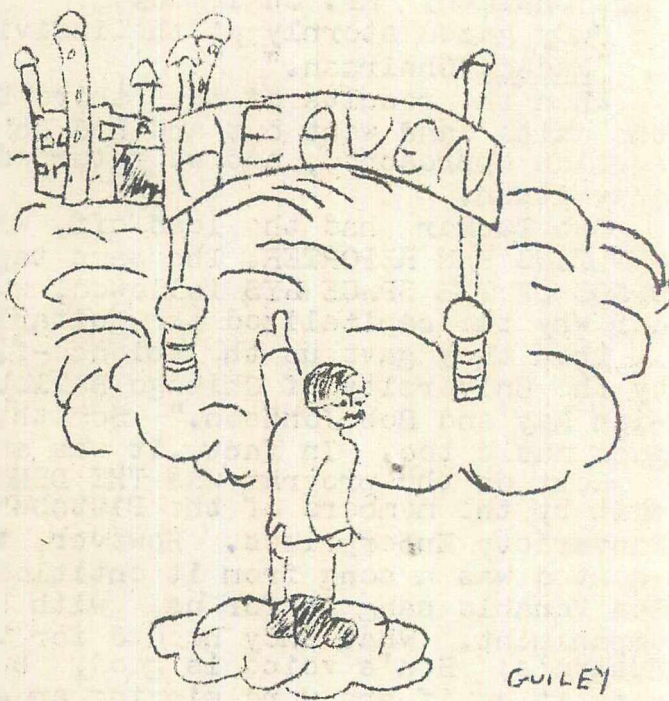
-W. Paul Ganley-

it looked like a couple of wires got crossed somewhere. Dave Hammond read the story--a Clark Ashton Smith type symbolism of a fan entering and leaving fandom--while two other fellows turned the pages of a large drawing book, which contained some rather interesting pieces. But many times the drawing was brought out too soon, and the effect was lost.

After that we viewed a couple of TV films from TALES OF TOMORROW. The first was a story, THE DUNE ROLLER, by somebody named Julian C. May.

At the conclusion of it, Judy got up and said that there was to have been a second movie, but time didn't permit them to present it. At this, the remainder of the fans went wild. They put up a rhythmic clap, they stomped, they screamed, and finally Judy had to let the second picture be shown.

This showing of one extra picture probably led to a tremendous increase



ACH! THAT DON'T LOOK
LIKE THE RIGHT PLACE
TO ME

RED PLANET

-By Stan, Fran & Joe-

Really, there are four different fens running this zine; Joe Semenovich, Warren Freiberg, Stanley Martin, and Francis Bordna. More than once we disagree with one another, but usually we work out some sort of compromise. But on this issue---ETRO, we all think the same way. We're asking Jim Schreiber, or any other member of ETRO for that matter, what exactly is ETRO trying to do. We have our opinions, and to our sorrow, they are rather partial to the organization. In fact, our opinion is that the EXTRA TERRESTIAL RESEARCH ORGANIZATION is one gigantic farce which will never succeed in accomplishing anything except maybe a few big laughs.

The dues is, we believe, three dollars a year. Come to think of it, that's a rather large sum for a few laughs.

ETRO claims that the theory of the flying saucers coming from another planet is not just because they are sf fans. Proof leads them to believe that they come from "another world". We are still waiting for proof!

They are now trying to find means of contacting the aliens. They have radios, and are constantly trying to intercept messages from the saucers. One member even claims that he has contacted the saucers---by telephaty no less. And other members claim they are mental telephats. (Beware, the slans will rise!)

We are wondering. How can they contact the aliens when undoubtedly, the army is spending thousands of dollars trying to contact the "martians". ETRO claims that there may be the possibility that the aliens donot want to contact the state, but instead, merely average people. The average people,---the ETROians!

Back to the proof again. They have some photos. Shaver had photos--or I better say, "proofs". In fact, AMAZING STORIES once held so many of Shaver's proofs, that special issues were made to hold these proofs. ETRO couldn't fit theirs in a thimble, yet they scoof at Shaver. Oh hum.

We might also add that ETRO has a radio telescope in their possession. So what? The army has numerous telescopes, far larger than ETRO's We're still wondering.

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BEFORE
HE
READ
RENNAI



AFTER
HE
READ
RENNAI

(concluded from following page----ETRO?)

We hear they laugh hard as hell at the Fortcans. So tell me, what is ETRO?

"Whether or not ETRO is successful, the organization's work cannot help but benefit the members in expansion of their knowledge, and broadening their minds, while not becoming gullible-----and besides, it can be fun if taken in the right spirit." so said the March 20th issue of CURRENT SCIENCE FICTION WEEKLY. We're dogmatic maybe, what in the world does it mean, "broadening minds"? Studying the flying saucers will make you open minded? If you already weren't open minded, you wouldn't be reading sf, or researching on the flying saucers. We haven't studied the saucers, and we're open minded----we think. We agree with Freidman though, when he says "and besides,"it can be fun if taken in the right spirit." Yes, it can be fun. A bottle of Southern Comfort in one hand, gingerale in the other provides the right spirit.

Seriously for a momont. How can such a small organization hope to accomplish anything while competing with nations!

There is a theory that says we are being hypnotized and run by the aliens. Schreiber said it was possible. We also say it's possible, but not very probable. And once again, the deros come in. Oh hum.

Actually, we think that the ETRO boys are doing their best. They are serious in their work. Possibly, that's the thing that makes the organization a gigantic farce. We wrote this article to start some sort of interesting discussion being started, and also in hope that a few fans would write articles in defense of ETRO. Maybe we won't receive any, but we doubt it. We'll probably be snowed under by the manuscripts. We hope!

Semenovich also says that we are not making fun of Schreiber. Joe met him at the Bufflecon, and says he likes him. He also informs us that Jim is as intellegent as they come, and as nice as they come. If we seemed to berate him, we're sorry. We aren't trying to insult individuals--the whole organization is what we're after!

If ETRO can prove to us that they're not a farce, we'll help them, or at least give them some sort of publicity----good publicity. If they can't prove a damn thing for themselves, then we'll keep the same opinion we already have. We're also open minded as we previously said. And we aren't kidding!

Well that's all we have to say. We're not rewriting this article to make the grammar perfect, etc. We haven't the time so this is being written on only one sheet. We might end this by giving ETRO some advice. Stop being serious in your job---maybe you'll accomplish something by not being serious. Maybe a laugh instead of a snarl.

Signed

Stan, Fran & Joe

--continued from page
on a minor blemish--if blomish it was--in Lovecraft's makeup. As a critic, I think Wilson stinks.

OTHER WORLDS

-Installment two---conclusion-

-By Charles E. Simmons-

#####In issue number 10, there was a host of big name authors on the contents page. Sturgeon, Russell, Brown, Reynolds, Ley and others cluttered the pages. OW was starting to show its variety that it had once bragged about but never seemed to have attained. Even Palmer had a story in this issue---and it was under his name. While glancing once more over that table of contents, there is a feeling that Phillips and Shaver didn't have a story in this issue. Unless, of course, they were writing under new pseudonyms.

#####In this issue, there was a long article by the noted author, Willy Ley. Also, Palmer was holding a contest dealing with Eric Frank Russell's story, TEST PIECE. And there was another new artist doing the cover---H. W. McCauley.

#####More variety on the contents page came with issue 11. Del Rey, Bloch, Anderson, Hickey, Palmer, and of course, Phillips. Palmer for the third successive issue, wrote the cover story. Bok did his second cover for Palmer and the magazine was now being published every six weeks. Previously it had been bi-monthly and quarterly. Palmer didn't voice his opinion yet, but many knew that his aim was a monthly.

#####For the fourth issue in a row, Palmer did the lead story. McCauley's name was once more on the cover painting. Palmer, in his editorial, revealed the Shaver pseudonyms, and as usual, mentioned AMAZING STORIES. As it seems, Ray has sort of a liking toward the magazine, and always was mentioning it in his editorial.

#####Also in issue 12 was a long article on the noted artist, Allen St. John. Palmer had also mentioned that St. John had a cover coming up---readers are still waiting for it. S. J. Byrne of PROMITHIUS and COLOSSUS-fame, once more appeared on the contents page with a short novel titled BEYOND THE DARKNESS. Reaction by the readers proved that it was well liked, and promised more work by the author.

#####Issue number 13 came out, and a great change occurred to OTHER WORLDS. Palmer said it in his editorial---serials would be in OW. It didn't matter how long the stories were. Palmer announced, as long as they were good they would be printed. To start his new policy off, he had a 45,000 word novel by Joe Gibson titled DOWN IN THE MISTY MOUNTAINS which was fairly well written. Also, Mr. Ley had another article. And to add to my surprise, not one pen name was used.

#####Another contest was held in issue 14. Something to do with the cover which was done by McCauley. You had to guess who the people on the cover were. Winners to be announced in future issue.

#####Shaver had two stories in this issue. Both, to my astonishment were under the name Shaver. One was a novelette and was co-written with Chester S. Geier, and the other was by himself. Willy Ley had an other article in it, making it his third. Byrne was once more on the contents page with a short story.

#####To many fans, it seemed that Palmer was back to his old tricks again. For in this issue he had a serial entitled I FLEW IN A FLYING SAUC-

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ER. And it was supposed to be the truth. To make it seem even more realistic, the name of the author was only Captain A.V.G. Fans began to sit back in their chairs and watch the Fall of Palmer for the second time. This never happened.

Issue 15 held the conclusion of I FLEW IN A FLYING SAUCER and also the first installment of another serial named ACT OF GOD. Also was being announced, a new serial by Rog Phillips that was scheduled for next issue called THESE ARE MY CHILDREN. Once again Smith was doing the covers, Pseudonyms there were none. It seemed, that Palmer was well established now and didn't need Phillips and Shaver and himself to do most of the writing. And his hope for going monthly was even more stronger than previously.

The contents page this issue was small. Only four names were on it, and one was a long article by Kenneth Arnold entitled THE REAL FLYING SAUCER. Ray was no doubt, hoping to raise circulation for OW for this type of material was better off in his companion mag, FATE. Ashby concluded his serial, ACT OF GOD, and Phillips began his, THESE ARE MY CHILDREN. I began reading it, but gave it up after 40 pages. One of these days, I'll reread it when I have a chance. This issue's cover was done by McCauley again.

Byrne appeared on the contents page again. This time with an envelope which has a name too long to spell out. Russell once more was in the issue, and Phillips concluded his novel. Reynolds was the fourth author on the contents page-----and that's all the names on the contents page.

Palmer announced that he wanted to go monthly. But also announced that he needed money for this. He put in a long plea for 2000 fans to send him a promise, that they would send him five dollars for a two year subscription. The results haven't been made public yet. This may mean though, that Palmer is going broke. In fact, there's a rumor going around that Palmer isn't going to last another three issues. This, I hope, is only a rumor.

Also announced, was a long serial scheduled for next issue. It was by Byrne and was a sequel to the Colossus trilogy which was featured in early issues of OTHER WORLDS which was a sequel to PROMETHIUS II which was in a 48 AMAZING STORIES. Once more, OTHER WORLDS seemed to look more like AMAZING, than AMAZING. Smith did the cover.

The first of three installments of the GOLDEN GUARDSMEN appeared in the April issue of OW. The cover illustrated a scene from the novel which was beautifully done by Smith again. As it seems, Smith was to once more dominate the covers. Only two other stories were in this issue. By Ashby and McIntosh-Kuttner? Also in the issue was a short article about Bok, the artist. As usual, Palmer was sounding off in his editorial. Man, can that guy sound off.

Issue 19 was a surprise issue. Only editors of pro-magazines were in it. This time the contents page was a long one, and the only non editor in it was Byrne who had his second installment of THE GOLDEN GUARDSMEN in it. Palmer ran quite a few photographs of editors of sf magazines. E.J. Carnell, editor of New Worlds--a British zine-- had a short article about the two pictures DESTINATION MOON & ROCKETSHIP XM. What the reviewers thought, etc., Palmer also had an article about himself in the issue. This concerned an article which was written by Paul Fair-

- / 4 continued next page-----

(continued-----

man for his magazine, IF. The third article--the longest--was by James V. Tancredi--also had a photo of him--about THE EDITORS. Stories were by Merwin, Boucher, Bixby, Fairman, Hayes. The rumor about Palmer going broke seems to be getting smaller and smaller.

#####I have written the article in chronological order. The reason for this is that I thought the reader would be able to understand the article a little better----also have a little more knowledge about OW. OTHER WORLDS to me, is a fine magazine. We've seen it making a slow and steady gain. Palmer, we have noticed is always trying to pull off something astounding. Shaver and Phillips are his favorite authors. The reason for this of course, is that they are all good friends. It is amusing to note that W. Amherst is one of Shaver's pseudonyms for Amherst, Wisconsin is where he lives along with Palmer. What I have forgotten to mention is that Phillips had gotten married to Mari Wolfe. Palmer was the best man--here is more proof that Phillips is very chummy with Palmer and Shaver--and also was married in the same church Palmer was. No doubt, I have missed other things in my short summary, but if I did, I think that they would be minor incidents. I have tried to gather the most information I could, and I think I have done a fairly good job. Of course, this is my opinion, and not the readers.

-CHARLES E. SIMMONS-

ROCKET TO THE MORGUE

BY G. BOUCHER

BOOK REVIEW

-BY RITA ADAMS-

I might as well start out by saying, this is not a science-fiction novel, but a whodunit mystery. It will be of interest to sf fans because it is built around a cast of sf authors and fans.

The old mystery of the locked room murder is further complicated by theories of teleportation, fourth dimension, and time machine travel. Now this to us seem quite plausible, but to the poor detective it's just more confusion.

I didn't care who did it. I doubt if any sf fan would. But the conversations on the subject of sf are refreshing, with nice conversational points of views, which a fan will hold up, or tear apart, according to his or her nature.

This novel was first published in 1942--It has just come out in pocket book form. Dell--No. 591. But the material is still up to date.

This story may enlighten many a poor mystery lover. I think a fan will like it--it's different.

-Rita Adams-

A COLUMN?

Francis Bordna

Here I am again, Joe persuaded me to write it, so I did. He threatened that if I didn't, he'd cut off my supply of RENAISSANCE, and I wouldn't want that to happen, would I? Hey Joe, next issue don't expect me to send you anything.

I'm sorry that I couldn't make it to the Chicon. Joe informed me that he had a hell of a time; met Lee Hoffman, a small broad, Max Keasler, a small broad, Shelby Vick, a small broad. There must have been a hell of a lot of small broads. Joe, undoubtedly, is kidding me. I have the same opinion as Shelby Vick on the subject of female-science-fiction fans. There ain't any models who read it. Sure, I realize that there's Mrs. Gold, Evelyn Paige, Bea Mahaffey and--I can't think of any more, but that's about it. Joe has a different opinion, but since I haven't seen any of them, I'm not believing.

Joe also informed me that there were negro fans attending the Chicon. It's the first time, he said, that he's seen them at any fan conclave. It warms my heart to hear this. I'm glad they attended the convention because it proves that there is no racial prejudice in fandom aside from Edwin Sigler. They should attend more fan gatherings.

EXPOSE! Expose! Do you know that Lee Hoffman has had a letter published in a Comic Book? Yes, she really did, though actually it wasn't a letter; more of a poem that brings out Miss Hoffman's wonderful humor that makes QUANDRY. I liked it so much that I wrote it down. Here it is.

A tisket, a tasket, I had a little basket.
I had a body in a box, but somewhere I have lost it.

I lost it, I lost it, I lost my little basket.
I had it hidden in my hearse, when someone ran
acrossed it.

Here's another that followed Lee's.

On top of old spooky,
All covered with crud.
I lost my pet werewolf,
While sucking his blood.

For suckings a pleasure,
If blood you do crave.
But a false hearted werewolf,
Belongs in a grave.

The author of ON TOP OF OLD SPOOKY was Victor F. Spong whoever in the world that may be.

The two above poems were taken out of one of EC's mags. E.C. it seems, is about the best science-fantasy group out. Their editors remind me of

--continued next page--

*use me
plugged
never mind
like the guy that ...*

when Bordna says that no model read .55 EC she's talking on another plane. Kim's name was a model before she met Ollie and still is a model. Paige, Keasler, Mahaffey

---concluded---

Jerry Bixby and Samines. No insult intended. They have something in their book that makes it interesting. Actually, it more of a pulp zine than a comic book. It has a letter column, an editorial---which, I believe every other comic book lacks, and they are quite insane.

On the subject of comic books. As it seems, many fans are under the belief that the comic books are very harmful toward science-fiction. I donot agree with those people who hold that theory. There is hardly any logic to it all. True, one can say that the parents of the children who read these books, receive the wrong impression. But what difference does it make? They would have never been stf readers anyway. Surely if they don't stomach what their children read, how will they stomach pulp science-fiction? All these people who read the weird comic books are close to the borderline to buying pulps. One day they' ll see a pulp zine, and out of curiosity, buy a pulp. And if they enjoyed comic books, they surely enjoy reading pulp fiction.

More on the subject of new readers is whether stf should get writers like Mickey Spillane. I'm all for it. Not that I love the guy; really, I can't stand his hackwork. It's too crude, and no smoothness to his supposingly masterful style. But fifteen million people read Spillane. From preacher to school marm, and to teenagers. Teenagers especially. When they see the name Spillane, tremors run through their body, and they buy the zine. They read the Spillane story, and after finished lay down the magazine. One day however, it's raining outside and they haven't a damn thing to do, so they start reading the remainder of the contents of the magazine. Possibly, they discover that they like one story; maybe even more, and the next time they see that same prozine, on the stands, they buy it. And sooner or later, they'll buy another prozine and so on. So what if many of the parents see Spillane on the cover. Damn, so they'll take the book from their kid---and read it themselves when no one is looking. It all amounts to the same thing; a larger circulation of prozines enables fandom to rise in number also.

The thing wrong with many fans is that they think they have a word in science-fiction. If you'rd one of those believers, forget about it. We haven't got a damn thing to say. The editors have to look at a commercial standpoint; they have to see their magazine; raise its circulation. And all in all, raising a magazines circulation always help out fandom. A proof is when the Shaver Mystery started. Fifty thousand more people read Amazing, clubs began to start, more people entered fandom.

Why don't some of you fans write an article dealing with Comic Books and Spillane type of science-fiction. Discuss whether it benefits fandom and science-fiction at large, or does it degrade it. I've stated my opinion, and I'd like to see someone elses. We can start a good discussion in the letter column for next issue and it does need a little hopping up.

A letter was found in Post Office which was address to MARS MEN, MARS. The two boys who wrote the letter were found, and they said that the flying saucers came from Mars. The postmaster disappointed the two boys however, when he informed them that he doubted if the letter would ever reach Mars. Not enough postage!

---Francis Bordna---

FANZINE REVIEW

-BY GEORGE T. WETZEL-

COSMOS: 57 East Park Lane, N.E.; Atlanta 5, Ga.; .25cents. May, 52.; f-o.

Printed on slick paper---at present. Bob Silverberg has a fine article on "Lewis Carroll's Greatest Fantasy", which will help remove prejudice from a Carroll story, that though boresome in spots, has vignette-like bits of humor. The letter column is always intelligent. "Science-Fiction Digest", the other half of the combozine, is missing. Henry Burwell appends a page of doleful explanation.

DESTINY: 11848 S.E. Powell Blvd.; Portland 66, Oregon; 20cents, Spring.

Andrew Duane has a science-fiction story herein, which is mixed with weird elements. D.C. Richardson contributes two articles, one on Tarzan, the other, "The Wheel As A Religious Symbol". Several other worth while items are in this successor to "Fansciant."

FANFARE: 119 Ward Road, North Tonawanda, New York, 15cents, May, Mimco.

All fantasy prose this ish. I could not find a single weak item at all. "To Be A God" by Walt Klein was very literate; a tale of an ancient idol on a far world waiting for a sacrifice and of the two adventurers who sought its secret treasure of ceremonial jewels. Andrew Duane has a C. W. Smith style of story herein. Al Leverentz a short short of the passing of Pan; and James Warren with a provoking surprise ending sf tale.

FANTASIAS: 516 Deer St.; Dunkirk, New York; 10cents each---a bargain!! a steal; though whether we steal from English or he from us, is the moot question. #4 mimco.

The letter column herein is usually a riot, the present ish is no exception, specifically Charles Wells' drollery upon Lee Hoffman. The editorial looks like I know where I left my pack of marihuanas now. In ye, "Goldfish Bowl", Fred Chappell proceeds to start two fueds; I'm waiting to see if the two BNF take the bait. Oh yes, somebody named, Deorg Drycell has an article on H.P. Chascraft.

HYPEROPLA: 819 Michigan Ave; Buffalo 3, N.Y.; 15cents, mimco, July 52;

Worth subing to. A good half of the ish is filled with Midwestern and Buffalocon reports that make good reading. Betty Howard'd, "Knowledge" and Raymond Clancy's, "The Old Master" are both curiously evocative of the style of Weird Tales prose during 1933-1939. Ken Krueger's, "Progressive Fandom" club---an article---a fracturefr... N3F, bears consideration as the alienation of some present members of N3F and even potential members by some officials of NFFF are known even to myself. The physical size of Hyperopia is unusual---8 1/2" by 14".

MAD: 224 Broad St; Newark, Ohio; 15cents each; Mimco, #5.

MAD is defunct; the Willish, the last, is commanable attempt, despite the fact some of the stuff was bad enough to go into OPUS. Tom Covington's piece was worth reading, though.

OPUS; 420 South 11th St.; Poplar Bluff, Mo; 2 for .25cents. Aug; mimco.

Only decent stuff in this zine are Ray Nelson's cartoon; ones in the past were caricatures of something that could only be contruced as spoks which Nelson cleverly gives personality to. Harry Warner who

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does a monthly column therein is fandom's enigma. Everytime I visit his town--where I see an uncle--I have phoned Warner and always have been greeted with hostility. Once he said to me he was not interested in "talking about stories", as if I have not passed that stage in fan-activity!! Why the hell he continues to write articles for fanzines if he considers fans such juvenile dopes is beyond me.....One bit of praise to Keasler I must give:the fan photos in this and previous issues.

RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST:

I asked for a complimentary copy of this mag to review. No answer. First of this month of September, I sent 30cents for any issue of R.D. To date--Sept 22--I have received no reply. This is a warning to prospective subscribers to query R.D.'s editor before mailing money. I hope to put such procrastinators on the spot; as this is not the first time I have had such trouble with fan-eds who were not very business like, and some who even get peeved when I made repeated inquiries. Fandom is a hobby but one should not forget principle just because "It is just a spare time diversion."

-George T. Wetzel-

Ed. The reason why this column was so short was that George hadn't received enough fanzines to review. I like this column; it's about the best fanzine review column out, and would like to have it fill at least 2 pages. Now this cannot be done without fanzines; correct? So I would greatly appreciate it that you fans who wish to get their zine reviewed, send it to George. And to my traders; if you can't spare an extra ish to send him, forget my trade, and in turn, send it to George instead. His address us, 5 Playfield Street; Dundalk 22, Maryland. Thank you.

-NEXT ISSUE-

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THE PRICE OF RENAISSANCE IS GOING UP TO FIFTEEN CENTS. IS GOING UP TO FIFTEEN CENTS. FIFTEEN CENTS. FIFTEEN CENTS. FIFTEEN CENTS. FIFTEEN CENTS.

IF YOU ARE----OR WERE----A SUSCRIBER, YOU STILL CAN GET A SUBSCRIPTION FOR A QUARTER----THREE ISSUE. IF YOUR MONEY----RENEWEL COMES BEFORE----THE NEXT ISSUE REACHS YOU. NEXT ISSUE WILL CONTAIN FROM 28-30 PAGES .

RENEW YOUR SUB BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE. TOO LATE
TOO LATE TOO LATE TOO LATE TOO LATE TOO LATE TOO LATE TOO LATE TOO LATE!
LATE!

OPEN HOUSE

RICHARD BILLINGS: Dear Benedict Arnold; You traitor! You've probably made Francis Bordna my life-long enemy. I've notified the post-office to watch out for packages with strange ticking sounds addressed to me. And that "editor's note" you penned? I say again: Startling Stories and Thrilling Wonder Stories are not sworn enemies of the Little Men, according to RD. Les and Es Cole do not dictate the policies of the LITTLE MEN. They're just members.

HOLLYWOOD AND THE MOON was a nice title. Thanks. But you state in your editorial, "all we are sure of is an article by Billings." Are you sure? I don't remember sending you anything. Well, just so - no one can call you a liar, I'm sending you a few hundred words. Although, according to your stated editorial standards on the contents page, it probably won't be accepted.

Would you mind printing my thanks to George Wetzel, Sylvia Kinder and Hal Shapiro for their comments on my article? It was my first effort and their words of kindness were music to my ears. And to Mr. Shapiro: No, I'm not a devotee of Charles Fort. Infact I've always considered Fort a little nuts! /If that doesn't bring a fudc, I don't know what will. Ed./

You're improving with every issue, Joe. Keep up the good work.
610 E Street.; North Wilkesboro, North Carolina

PAUL GANLEY: Got RENAISSANCE YESTERDAY. Your mimeographing would be very good, if your typewriter cut stencils more evenly. Hmm, let's me see. I don't have much to comment about, right now. BEN AND THE ELECTRON was a rather cute story, as was NO VARIETY. NO ONE EVER PROVED ANYTHING, on the other hand, was a rather poor article. All in all, a good issue of RENAISSANCE. Why don't you call it GLUG, or something, that's easier to spell?

Right. Okay. Adios. 119 Ward Rd.; North Tonawanda, New York

A cute letter if I say so myself. Hasta Lavista, muchacho, for as you can see, I have had two years of Spanish in two and a half years. Really not a hard task when you know how to do it. Oh yes, before I forget what I was going to say. This ~~---/---~~ the thing in the lower case that has a question mark above it, is the new mark for an editor's comments. My, my, I am getting snobish ~~---~~ editorial comment. If you haven't noticed, the opposite of (broke a few months ago and I haven't the cash to fix it. So when?, I mean / comes, you know you shall hear a word from the sponsor, editor and publisher of this great American Fanzine. Adios until I think of something else corny to write about. Ed./ Aha!

APPLE P. BOTTEM OF THE BARRELL: You have a great fanzine. Only thing wrong with it is that it stinks. Keep up the horrible editorship, and within a month, you will be the best stinkiest ~~---~~ a new word for your very limited vocabulary ~~---~~ zine in the whole of the Americas. Good bye.
SKURVY TO YOU; IF YOU DON'T EAT APPLES, APPLESEED

/Ed. I'm not kidding either, I received this letter in the mail the other day. And without a doubt, I know who it is. Come out from that barrell, Bordna. All is lost for I have discovered that you are the culprit! Skurvy to you, you dirty old crab.

--for more of this, turn the page--

unpaid advertisement

ARE YOU TIRED OF THE everyday routine; getting the same old fanzine in the same old mail box; the same old eye-aches after reading it, and the same old gripes for the editors, who, in your opinion, are a group of idiotic juveniles that merely publish a fanzine to see their names on the contents page and editorial heading? YOU ARE TIRED OF IT ALL!!!!!! And do you want to escape from it all? DO YOU! My ghod, if that isn't a ticket to leave for Mars in another hour, we don't know what is.

BUT WAIT!! Before you do leave for Mars, suscribe to RENAISSANCE! The best mess you ever read---I should say, tried to read.

If you want to go blind and collect social scquirity benefits, THIS IS YOUR CHANCE!!! If you want to laugh your head off at the stupidity of the editors, by all means, read RENAISSANCE. And after all, you do need reading material while traveling to Mars; it will remind you of the "old" times. When you yourself read fanmags!

AFTER ALL: WE USE AN A.B.DICK MIMEOGRAPH!

Are you wondering how that damned thing appeared in this supposedly continuance of OPEN HOUSE? Hmm? Well, there is no need to wonder! I shall reveal all that is to be revealed. There are no more letters, and one simply needs letters for a letter column. And since there are no letter, an editor should fill in the space somehow, at all costs. Yes, even print something like the above advertisement!! And yce, gab a little longer till the page is filled with his uncouth gibberings.

Really. I would like to have some letters to tell me how I am progressing. And I am praying for them with all my bloody heart. One more page still needs to be filled, and I will not torture my readers with my hogwash. I will wait! until I receive another letter, and speaking of the devil, here is one from WILLIAM BERGER, who I believe, is somehow affiliated with the NSF. I met him at the Chi-con. He likes gin, and I don't, so with Al Leverentz's permission,
--continued, next page--

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Just received RENAISSANCE--Vol 1 No 4--and I read it too. You need not think that you don't have a good fanzine because you do. I'm glad that I subscribed to it when we had a drink of gin at Chicago. I'll have to get drunk more often if I become fortunate enough to get hold of a fanzine that helps you laugh and helps you think along different paths.

FORUM on opinions about prozines had good individual slant in every one of the letters. If only fans would talk like that at the conventions.

LAST ACT OF FLESH by Larry Saunders had one of the great faults of amateur writing. It tried to tell too much in too short a space. He had an intriguing idea; I don't know if it was obscene. I'm letting fellows as Russell Watkins decide that. You had the courage to publish it. I hope the Post Office don't read it. You can't express ideas on sex, unless you're a doctor, you know.

The other two tales were simply excellent examples fan fiction.

Hurray for an article by Stanley Martin. Articles making fun of fandom usually are funny. This one went hundreds of miles above that level called funny. It also gave me an insight into the workings of active fan's brains.

Personally, it's ridiculous to comment on how good mimeography---work was or the format. The main concern is what you've accepted for publication.

In closing, I have to see RENAISSANCE more often. It's fun to write about it and it's also sort of comforts you because you happen to have a label called fan. 912 East 140th St.; Cleveland 10, Ohio

/Thanks for the nice words, Bill; my head is floating in air, and if I receive any more letters complimenting me as you have, I think I'll start editing and publishing a prozine. And even more thanks for filling up almost a page of stencil with your letter; now I don't have to read my own material. I'll see you at the Phicon next year, Bill, and we'll get ourselves another bottle of gin from Leverentz. Wait! Wait! Stop the MIMEOGRAPHS. I have just realized that a dreadful mistake has occurred. And undoubtedly, you readers have discovered it as soon as you turned to this page. I was talking about the same thing I'm talking about now. I came with Bill's letter while I was saying, "Leverentz's permission". You see what happens when you say to yourself you'll remember, and put away the stenciling for tomorrow. But let me finish my sentence.---Leverentz's permission, we took his bottle of gin--so there; I said it and I'm glad.

If you don't already know it, this is being typewritten directly on the stencil; so have been the other two preceding pages. But Ghu has been with me, and the margins came. I am praying that this will continue for the next page.

And now I am fully out of letters, so here comes my editorial:--

I have just finished reading three best sellers: THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA, by Hemmingway; EAST OF EDEN, by John Steinbeck; THE SINNER OF ST. AMBROSE, by Reynolds. And let me tell you that they were all works of art. Hemmingway's, OLD MAN AND THE SEA; ah well, there are no words that can describe it. The writing is so simple, and yet so beautiful; oh hell, why can't a science-fiction author write like that. And then Steinbeck's, EAST OF EDEN. A masterpiece by the old master himself. His greatest, I say! The plot is huge, the writing understandable, and the ending perfect; oh hell, why can't we get a sf author to write like that.

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---concluded---

Maybe one day, an sf novel will be a best seller. Aside from Orwell's, 1984 and Huxley's, BRAVE NEW WORLD, I don't believe that the sf world has had a best seller. And then again, many people do not consider, BRAVE NEW WORLD, an sf. And since I've never read the novel, I shan't comment on it, 1984, on the other hand, I consider sf at its best. Hail Big Brother!

Since we're discussing sf novels, let's take the new Asimov tale that's appearing in ASF in serial form. Sure, it's a great sf tale, but does it have commercial value? No. Tell your friend you are reading a great story---tell him it's sf---and keep on raving about it so that finally you persuade him to read it. Now make sure that he has never read a science-fiction story in his life. A hundred to one that he returns it to you after reading only a few pages. Good, are his remarks, you got rocks in your brain.

A best seller must please the commercial buyers. It can be in a generalized field, such as sf, but it must appeal to the people. They must know what's going on, and there must be as little science in it, as possible. The characters must be real---average, and not deal with one Foundation that fighting another Foundation; this type of story on appeals to a very few; the people who now read sf.

The thing wrong with most sf stories are that the main characters are not average people. Either they're a general in an army, a scientist, or a group of soldiers trying to survive; or powerful people fighting against each other to gain control of an empire. But is that average? No, it isn't. And there Asimov's tales lose their commercial value, for they always have the above type of people. Thus it only appeals to sfans.

Take a fairly new novel that was published by STARTLING recently under the title, THE LOVERS. Now there is commercial type of writing for its characters are average. The accent is on peoples emotions, not on one empire defeating another. There is a boy who falls in love with an alien; he is not cold hearted like most aSF characters. He is not in too high a position; any average person could have also had that position. And he falls in love with a girl who is not in a high position of life; she's an average native and she too has emotions; love, hate, greed, and she has these even though she is an alien. If Asimov or any other aSF author---aside from possibly Russell---written this story, it would have probably been this way: A young rich man becomes a governor of a planet, and there he falls in love with an equally person who is in a high position. She however, does not love him, but is only trying to foil him into giving her a baby, for she is an alien, and she knows that she will die after her children are born. She would be a warm person on the outside, but inside, she would probably be a cold fish. Her mind will always be trying to trick the man, etc.,. And that isn't being commercial. But then again one can bring up the argument, who wants to be commercial?

I hope this brings up a good discussion for that is one of the primary reasons I wrote it that way. And please excuse my vagueness on the subject for this is being directly written on the stencil, as I've already mentioned. But I still hold my thoughts that there is almost no commercialism in the sf field today. There are few authors that can make your heart feel warm; Bradbury, the new author, J. Farmer, Russell and that's about all that I can think of now---oh---Mrs. Hamilton and St. Clair. The remainder of the authors are good writers, and their stories are interesting, and many a times one cannot put down the magazine before finished. But they are merely good mystery writers, more or less, but use science, etc.,. You may happen to recall the story for a long time, but never will you recall the characters in it. They just aren't there.

--Joe Semenovich--

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