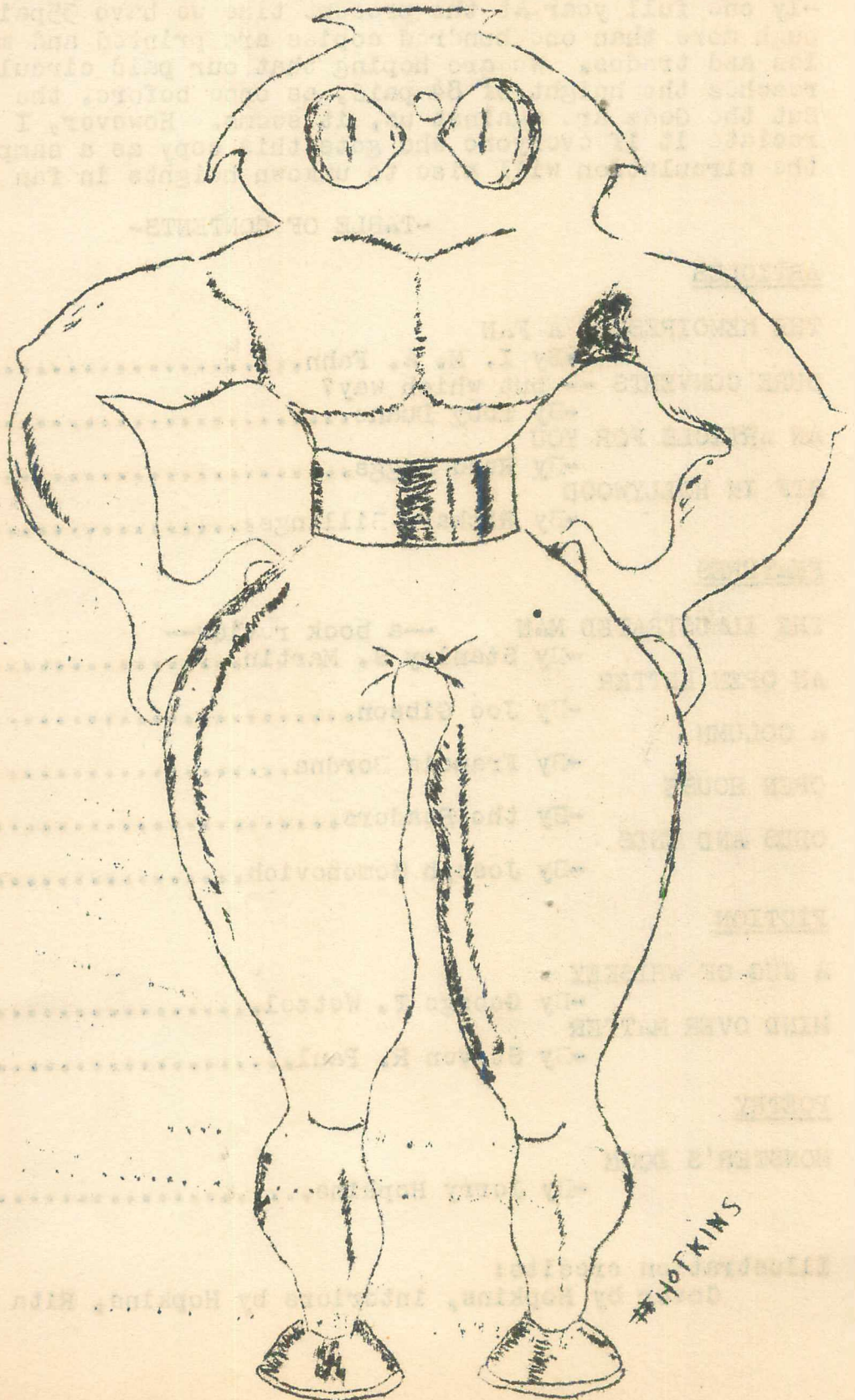


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HOTKINS

RENAISSANCE: Published irregularly by the Semenovich Publishing Company located in the center of 71st Ave. The address is, Joseph Semenovich; 155-07 71st Ave.,; Flushing 67, New York. This is Volume 2, Number 1; whole issue No. 3. This is the December issue, meaning that the Semenovich Publishing Company has been in business for exactly one full year. At the present time we have 35 paid subscribers, though more than one hundred copies are printed and mailed out as samples and trades. We are hoping that our paid circulation once again reaches the height of 84 paid, as once before, the 4th issue, we had. But the Gods are against us, it seems. However, I would greatly appreciate it if everyone who gets this copy as a sample, subscribes. Then the circulation will rise to unknown heights in fan publishing.

-TABLE OF CONTENTS-

ARTICLES

THE MEMOIRS OF A FAN
 -By I. M. A. Fahn.....page 3

SURE CONVERTS -- but which way?
 -By Toby Duano.....page 9

AN ARTICLE FOR YOU
 -By Redd Boggs.....page 12

STF IN HOLLYWOOD
 -By Richard Billings.....page 14

FEATURES

THE ILLUSTRATED MAN --a book review--
 -By Stanley S. Martin.....page 10

AN OPEN LETTER
 -By Joe Gibson.....page 11

A COLUMN
 -By Francis Bordna.....page 18

OPEN HOUSE
 -By the Readers.....page 20

ODDS AND ENDS
 -By Joseph Semenovich.....page 23

FICTION

A JUG OF WHISKEY
 -By George T. Wetzol.....page 15

MIND OVER MATTER
 -By Steven R. Paul.....page 5

POETRY

MONSTER'S DOOM
 -By Jerry Hopkins.....page 8

Illustration credits:

Cover by Hopkins, interiors by Hopkins, Rita Adams, & Parody

The Memoirs of I. M. A. Fahn

By I. M. A. Fahn

It was quite late in the evening when I left my home for the Greyhound Bus Terminal-----somewhere near eleven o'clock. Slinging my overcoat over my shoulder, carrying my suitcase in my hand, I entered the terminal. After placing these things on a bench, I went to get a cup of coffee and an apple turnover.

Before I knew it, I heard the loudspeaker call out the next bus leaving for Buffalo; hurriedly I downed the coffee, stuffed the cake in my mouth, and picked up my suitcase. A redcap however, soon removed my burden from me and placed it in the trunk compartment of the bus---and fifty cents left my pocket for I had no small change; I hate aquabbling over small change. Finding myself a seat was not hard; not too many people were headed for Buffalo. Removing the of my suit, and then my tie, I seated myself comfortably---prepared for the fourteen hour ride awaiting me.

The lady in front of me had also made herself comfortable; she had removed most of her top clothing---sniff, not all---but oddly enough kept her hat on. My first thought, of course, was that perhaps she had a head infection, but this later on, proved to be false, for accidentally, it came off when the riding became rough. Or even yet I thought, mayhap she wore a wig---nope. The only conclusion that I could arrive upon, was that she was slightly eccentric.

The bus finally started and nothing of interest occurred until we reached the first station just over the Hollan Tunnell in New Jersey. A huge woman entered the bus---there were dozen of empty seats but it was my ill luck that this gigantic being of flesh sat herself next to me. I frowned to myself; it was just my luck.

She took more than three quarters of the two seats, and her odor was all but torable. After a while, she fell asleep. But I had to have my revenge, so pretending that I thought her awake, I nudged her in the ribs---and not too lightly either. She awoke with a start and probably thought that I was trying to molest her. But I was unabashed and boldly asked her to forgive me for I had thought her awake and was going to ask her for a cigarette which, I promised be repaid when we reached the next rest station. She didn't smoke, and I now wonder what her thoughts were when a short while later, I took out a package of cigarettes from my pants pocket. But my taste of--revenge was short lived as the old battle ax---possibly out of spite snored loudly.

By this time I was wholly agitated with my sorrowful and pitiful situation. Never would I receive any rest--rest that I desired and needed badly. My mind worked on the idea on how to escape my seat for another. And my chance soon came. The bus driver had stopped for some unknwn reason---heh, heh---and left it for a short---spell---his destination was to the weeds. I immediately pounced out of my chair, waking the dear old woman.

"I'm going for a smoke," I remarked as she rose to let me thru. I paused for a moment, and then said. "I had better change my seat--it is rather uncomfortable with the two of us cramped together, isn't it?"

One would think that all my troubles ended there; hah! I wish it were so. When I had made myself as comfortable as could be, I suddenly recalled my envelope. It had been with me when I was sitting with he lady, but now it was gone. I rose in a haste; the woman was prepared this time;

"And what is it this time?" I told her my sad tale of woe, and

--continued--

4

she being an understanding person, let me through. Switching on the light, I searched for my envelope. I spied it; between the cracks of the chair, it had fallen, and reaching with one arm, I gave a pull with all my strength. My ill luck! It wasn't the envelope that I had grabbed after all, but the occupant's---who sat in the raer foot! I was greatly suprised, and all I could merely do was apologize and smile. Believe me when I say that I thought his fists were about to pounce on me for never had I seen a more angrier look. Instead of punching me, however, he went back to sleep without uttering a word. My luck seemed to be changing!

And for fourteen hours, I didn't have a minutes sleep. And then we reached Buffalo. Oh Happy Days! I staggered out of the bus--- another quarter left my pocket to pay a redcap who carried my luggage for a few yards---from the end of the bus, to the beginning. I went to the nearest phone booth and contacted Joe Fillinger; he informed me how to get to this house; I pretended to understand, and after a while, I gave up and hailed a cab. The bill added up to somewhere near \$1.50---plus a tip. I was under the impression that I would be broke even before the convention started.

It was quite early in the afternoon when I reached Fillinger's. Immediately upon arriving, he offered me some food which I, though in a hesitant voice, refused. I needed a little more persuasion before I would take the food, and after a while of praying that Joe would do thus, I ate a sandwich of some sort.

Having a bad cold, Fillinger had to go to the doctor. I accompanied him and there we waited for two hours. Finally we left and when we came to his home again, another fan was there---he had hitchhiked all the way from Long Island---his name was Frank Dietz.

Supper was being served soon, so we all ate and conversed with Fillinger's parents. After finishing supping, Joe got on the phone and called up some Buffalo fen---we were planning a party prior to the convention which would begin Saturday---today was Friday. First on the line was Paul G. nley---he couldn't come for forgotten reasons. Next was Leverentz who also turned down the offer, and last but not least, the illustrious Ken Krueger; one of the most hated fen in the country. And unlike the two previous fans, he said he would like to have a party and even offered his home.

Well, the three of us left for Krueger's. We stopped off at the hotel. Dietz dropped his tape recorder there while I checked in the hotel. We finally got to Krueger's house.

We pooled some of our money---and two bottles of Carstairs or some other brand of whiskey was bought. Also, Tom Collins Mixer and Gingerale. and then the party began.

Before we realized it, we were making tape recordings and listening to some. As I recall, there was one that Dietz had just received from Bob Tucker. Krueger, however, immediately switched him off to record his own magnificent voice. Being something of a poet, he began to recite one of his newly composed compositions. Fillinger got into the act, and so did Dietz and I. Pornography by the loads was emitted from our throats, and I was more than suprised after replaying the tape, that my voice was that deep.

"That me?" I ejaculated. No it couldn't be me! Somehow, was a thought, a mysterious demon---possibly Bachus---had taken control of my larynx and was saying, "Tucker beware; Redd Boggs is after you for not winning the fan of the year ballot." That's about all I said for about five times. And I sounded as if I was drunk which I really wasn't. I was just slightly jizzy as everyone else, but not drunk. So help me, that was my natural voice.

--conclude on page 7--

Mind Over Matter

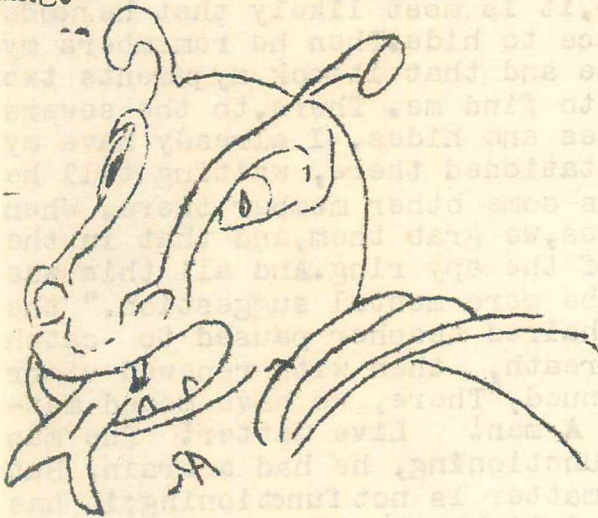
-By Steven R. Paul-

Old professor Harvey smiled. Young Brandon was the most aggressive student he had ever met, and in his forty years of teaching, he had come in contact with many young men. Harvey would let Brandon speak for a few more minutes, then he would shut the whippersnapper's mouth.

Anyway, it did seem odd that he let Brandon do all the talking, while him, the supposedly learned scholar, remained silent. What would the other students think? Well, that was enough; Brandon had had his say. Now to confuse him a bit. Not too much though, just slightly.

"So Professor Harvey," the young blond haired man said triumphantly "that is my theory."

"Hrrmmp," Harvey cleared his throat, "Your theory, as you call it, is not your theory at all. Layman as well as scientist have said much the same thing: With proper training, the human mind is capable of anything!"



"I realize this," the youth chimed out, "But no one has ever got down to doing anything. Everything so far, has been talk---more talk!"

"What then," frowned out the professor, "is the proper training. Since you seem to know something about the subject," sarcasm might discourage him, "Maybe you can give me and the students some sort of idea of the procedure on how to train our minds so that we could move dead matter at will."

Brandon heard his class mates laugh at the remark. It was a slight laugh, muffled, but not successfully hidden. The youth's lips were a frown now, not a smile.

"At present," he replied truthfully, "I haven't the slightest idea of what sort of mental treatment will be necessary. I hope to have it though, after I study the mind much more. I realize that it will not be a simple project, and I will not be surprised if I fail. But I am sure that I will make some sort of gains, and in all probability, there will be others to follow me."

"Don't be discouraged by what I say," Harvey said as he rested his chin in his palm, "I agree with you up to a certain extent: The human mind is probably capable of many things; telepathy is an example. But moving dead matter, bosh! I can see a human moving live matter; something that is functioning, something that has a brain, but never dead matter."

The old teacher paused for a moment and carefully eyed the listeners. It brought them pleasure to see Brandon made a fool of. Since he had the highest average in college, it was amusing to see him occasionally proved wrong.

"Like I said previously," the professor continued, "We can succeed in moving live matter with our brains. An example of such, which has

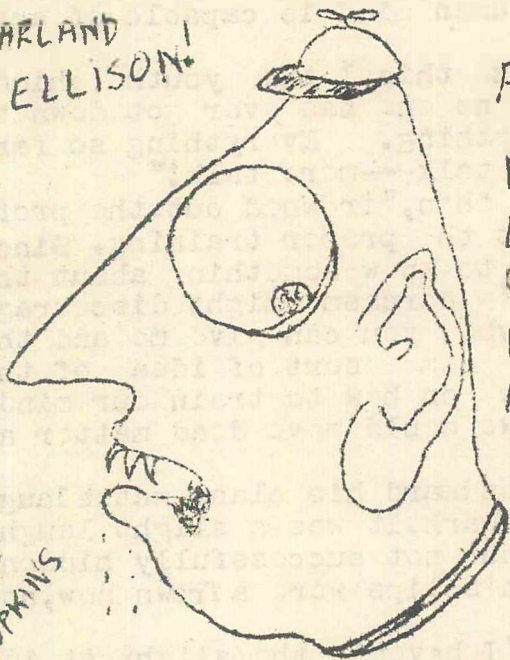
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been proved successful in many cases, is mental suggestion. Since, no doubt, you Brandon have aquired much knowledge on the subject, I need not relate it to you, but for the benefit of the other students, who are ignorant, or I should say, rather vague on the subject, I will speak of it." he halted for a second. How could he phrase it simply? Ah—"Let us say that Brandon here, is a spy. Let us also pretend that I am a spy---on the opposite side. I know Brandon is my enemy, but he thinks me a loyal friend. He has just escaped from our headquarters, and since me and him are loyal friends, he comes to me. He is also under the impression that I donot know that he escaped, when actually I do for it was planned that way so he could lead us to the other members of the ring. As planned beforehand, I begin to reminis of my childhood days; what games I used to play, etc. Then I recall an odd incident that occurred to me when I was about 12 years old. I remark that one day, while playing in the city sewers, I got lost and it took my parents two days to find me. There, that was my mental suggestion!

He really doesn't know it though, and when he leaves my house, it is most likely that he needs a place to hide. Then he remembers my phrase and that it took my parents two days to find me. There, to the sewers he goes and hides. I already have my men stationed there, waiting till he brings some other member there. When he does, we grab them, and that is the end of the spy ring. And all this was done be mere mental suggestion." the gray haired teacher paused to catch his breath, then with renewed vigor continued, "There, we have moved matter! A man! Live matter! The man was functioning, he had a brain. But dead matter is not functioning; it has no mind which with it can reason with. And if a thing has no thinking device, you cannot move it mentally. And I assure you that dead matter is dead. A stone does not have a brain!"

HARLAND
ELLISON!



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HOPKINS

"But---" argued the youth but was cut short by the old professor who was now more angered than previously.

"When you Brandon," he said with contempt, "discover the way how the human mind can move dead matter, contact me. And wherever you are, I shall go to you and apologize personally. But I assure you once again, so that you will not waste life with that obsession that the human mind can move dead matter, to drop the subject. Try telephaty or something in the same catagory. The human mind is capable of almost any thing else except moving dead matter."

Abruptly the bell rang to end the period. Hurriedly, the students emptied out of the room. School was finally over.

Professor Harvey sighed in relief when the room was fully emptied. It had been a considerably tiolsome job to persuade Brandon that he was wrong. A sorrowful sight to see; a boy shattered by a dream that was hopelessly false. Well, he had learned before it was too late, and that was better than never.

"Oh," the gray haired scientist sighed, "another day gone."

6

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Unsuspectingly, a cold breeze came through the window. It sent a chill through the professor's body. He muttered an oath as he focused his mind at the window. In another second, the window closed as if by some magical force.

Of course Harvey had said just a few minutes ago that the human mind could not move dead matter. He was correct! But of course, Harvey wasn't human.

--Steven R. Paul--

--concluded from page 4--

Suddenly another fan entered the house--Gene Smith, I believe. He started in on the drinks also. There was another knock soon; three more fan entered the room--a girl and two boys. We soon learned that they came from Ithica--Cornell U--and that quite a few other fan from that section were arriving----as it turned out Saturday, Ithica was voted as the next site for the Eastern Con. Up to this day, however, I haven't heard a word concerning that convention. Well, the Cornell group started to help us finish the bottles; then there was another knock. My God, we all thought, more fan to drink our whiskey? We were hoping against hope, but alas, another two fan entered the room. They were either from Toronto or Cleveland. I can't exactly recall except that one said something very idiotic in the tape recorder.

Of course, by this time our whiskey had diminished a great deal. Krueger, however, spilled some accidentally on the table and wanted--to see if it burned. It did, and we all grasped our throats. And I had been smoking cigarettes by the loads. Everyone began burning whiskey until we stopped. We realized our foolishness, and that liquor belongs in the stomach, and not the fire. By this time, two CU fans had departed. And now there were eight fans in Ken Krueger's house.

We ran out of soda. I was elected to go, as someone else, went out for whiskey. Things aren't very clear past this point, though, so donot take my word. I went to the store, had a cup of coffee and an apple turnover--I love those things--and bought the soda. I returned and the party started all over again.

We gabbed for hours, and by this time, Frank Dietz was all over the floor. Krueger and Fillinger were reciting "There Once Was a Girl Named Lil" again. Fillinger began screaming as each of us took turns going to the bathroom. Dietz was fixing his recorder--and we must have erased one side four times; not filthy enough.

Being without sleep for almost thirty six hours was getting hard. My eyes were closing, and try as I could to pry them open, I was unsuccessful.

Suprisingly enough, I was almost sober. A little happy, yes, but not dead drunk as some of the other members of the party. I struggled to my feet--and I did struggle--shook hands with everyone, and stated that I was leaving for bed. The lone Cornell fan who had remained with us, accompanied me home.

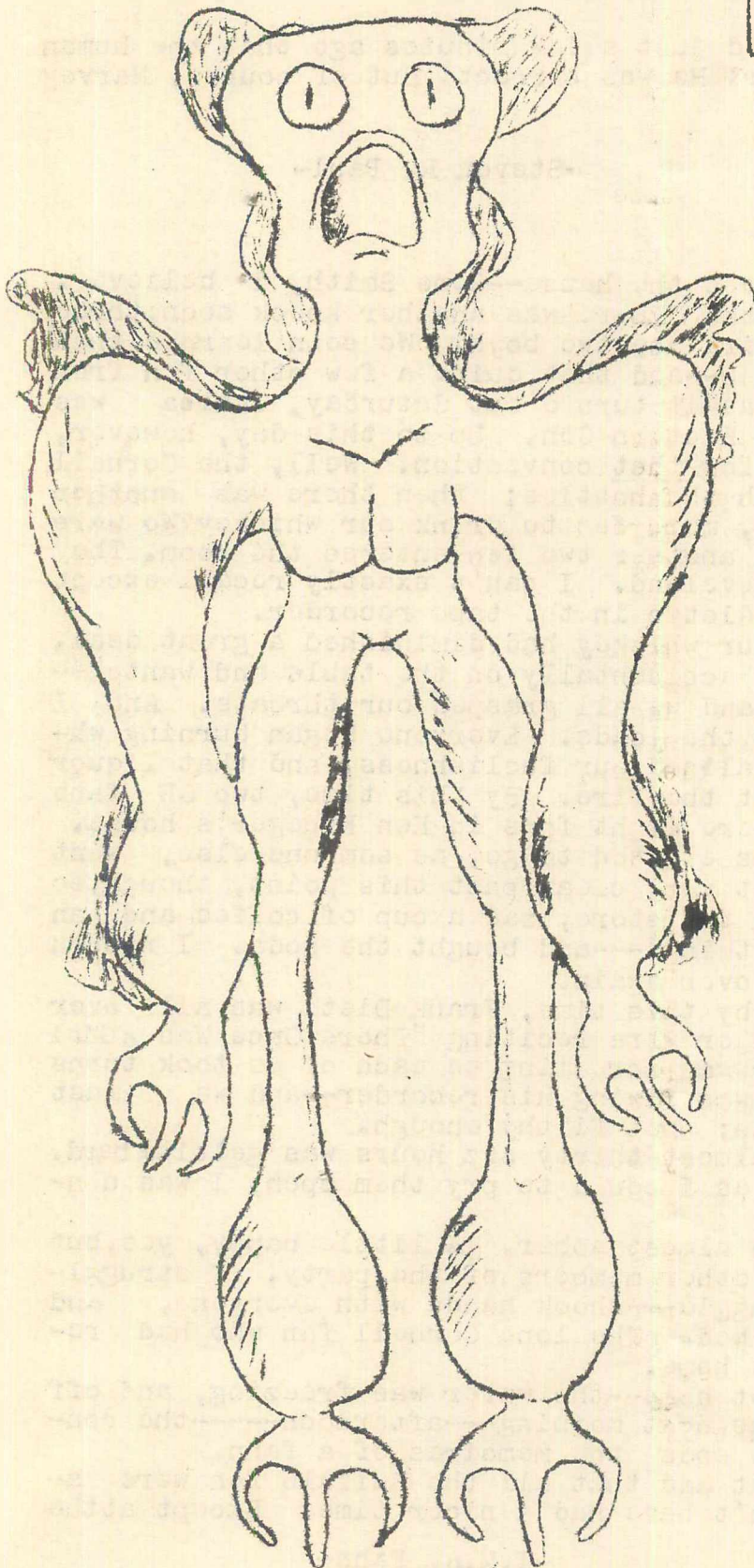
I took a shower when I got home--the water was freezing, and off to bed I went. When I rose the next morning--afternoon--the convention had already begun. So ends the memoires of a fahn.

Before I end this, I might add that all the Buffalo fan were a bunch of nice guys--you couldn't have had a nicer time. Except at the Chicon, of course.

--I.M.A. Fahn--

Daffynition: A Fan--Something that removes hot air. Or, much simpler stated; A Big Wind.

MONSTER'S DOOM



Slimy tentacles for arms,
a dozen on a side.

Its size—beyond comparison;
Its skin was flaked and
dried.

Its deep and limpid eyes
glowed bright,

From the furied of hate
within.

Saliva oozed between its
fangs

And raced along its chin.

It wandered 'oer the
countryside,

Leaving death and horror
in its wake.

It killed, and maimed, and
murdered folk;

It caused earth and towns
to shake.

It spread the terror of an
earthquake,

The danger of a flood.

But suddenly it upped and
died,

It couldn't stand the
blood.

—Jerry Hopkins—

HOPKINS



SURE, CONVERTS...but which way?

BY

TOBY DUANE

At the World Convention, Howard Browne made a couple of statements regarding FANTASTIC, the new pocket sized magazine from Ziff-Davis. Only I guess it isn't new any more.

The first thing he said was that he personally dislikes Poe but one of his bosses is enamoured of the gent, so FANTASTIC is re-printing the stories of Edgar Allen Poe. I wonder when they'll print the GOLD BUG.

The third issue of FANTASTIC states that Bob Bloch has finished a Poe fragment, which is scheduled for publication in the succeeding issue--which is perhaps already out by now. Just for the record, I wish to state that I think Bloch is the perfect man for the job. Look at his qualifications. You know what kind of fellow Poe was. He was a complete drunkard, a wino, and he wrecked his life that way. Look at the qualifications Bloch has.

Well, he's a fan, too, isn't he?

Now to the subject of this article. The second statement made by Herr Browne is that he is printing detective stories in FANTASTIC in order to indoctrinate the mystery fans into another kind of mystery...the mystery of fandom. He figures that mystery fans are people who are looking for a puzzle, and mystery stories have about used up every available gimmick, so that the reading public is ripe for a switch-over to science-fiction.

He therefore publishes a mystery story. And in issue number #3 he publishes Mickey Spillane.

Well, that issue taught me something. It taught me never to bother buying a book by Mickey Spillane, because I can write a story like that with one hand tied behind my little toe, and I only need one finger.

But the one prior to that, the detective story in the second issue, was one of the best mysteries I've ever read....oh sure, I read other things beside science-fiction, only I don't shell out money for other pulps; I just read library books.

And Mr. Browne, what I'm wondering is this: Who are you trying to convert to what?

Because, dear editor, you are John Evans, and everybody knows this fact, and John Evans writes detective stories, and it is a good bet that you like mystery stories as well as, or better than, stf.

It is even possible that your first duties lie in the mystery field. What better way to get new readers for mysteries--thereby selling more of John Evans' books---than to recruit them from the science-fiction field. After all, if mystery story readers are capable of being converted to science-fiction, why shouldn't the reverse be true as well?

And what is all this about Hans Stefan Santesson being present at the Chicago convention, and having a full page advertisement in the program booklet devoted only to mystery books, no science-fiction.

My children, beware. Fandom is faced with a new conspiracy! Be alert for all future developments.

Of course all Browne is trying to do is sell FANTASTIC, but I had to fill up a page somehow, didn't I?

Ahhhhhhh, EGOBOO!!!!

-Toby Duane-

9

When the New York Times said, "There is no writer quite like Ray Bradbury." I knew what they meant. When I first began to read sf, Bradbury was just another author to me--there was nothing unusual in him in the least except possibly, I received the impression that he didn't exactly care for what science was doing to the world, and that all his stories----most of them, had sad endings. After a while though---it took me a little over a year to be more precise, I got the "hang" of Bradbury. And I believe, I'll always have it unless of course, his stories become sour.

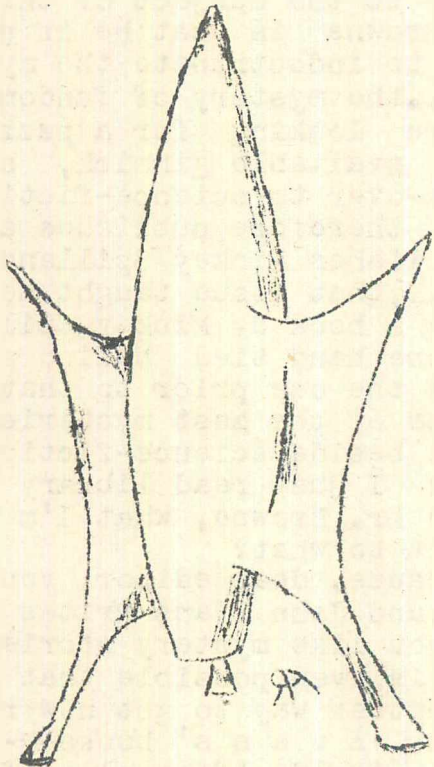
There is something about Ray. Maybe his depthness of concepts, or his realistic way of writing, or most likely both, that makes him my favorite. I can never forget his short novel which appeared in Galaxy, "The Fireman", nor can I forget most of his stories. The only probable yell I have against Ray is that he seldom writes a long story. I've only read one, and that was "The Fireman".

The ILLUSTRATED MAN, I believe, is far better than his MARTIAN CHRONICLES. As in the latter, the stories are in some way knitted together in becoming-----a novel. Each one of the stories may be read in different order---in no way is the book "ruined" is not read in chronological order.

His ZERO HOUR, I think, is the best in the pocketbook. THE EXILES is above the average, and so is his wonderfully written, THE MAN. Also above par are THE LONG RAIN, THE LAST NIGHT OF THE WORLD, KALEIDOSCOPE, MARIONETTES, INC. THE CITY, CONCRETE MIXER, and the short one, THE HIGHWAY. Actually, I enjoyed every story in the book, but I have mentioned just the ones above the average Bradbury.

As always, his stories lack plots--or seem that way. But in everyone, there's a meaning. A meaning that is not easily overlooked. His style, in the Hemmingway, Steinback, and Farrell formula, is simple, and easily understandable. Next to you, you need not have a dictionary. I smile to myself when I compare him with van Vogt. Wow, what a comparison, and what an article that could make. Does anyone in the audience want to try? It's over our heads.

We're wondering though, how long Ray can keep up the marvelous writings. Some say that one can't keep up at such a pace as Bradbury and still keep the stories good. We have a sneaking suspicion that this may occur. In the ILLUSTRATED MAN, the story THE LAST NIGHT OF THE WORLD resembled his EMBROIDERY which appeared in Marvel Science Stories. We're hoping that we're wrong.



-STANLEY S. MARTIN-

24 Kensington Ave
Jersey City 4 N J

Hey, Now!

Which one are you? Wow! D'you realize more than 150 individual fans had something in the TWS-SS letter-columns these past six months? I should know! You oughta see the LIST I've compiled, here ---

But when Gibson hears a Thing this good, he's gotta spread it around! While it's still the freshest --- I mean, this hasn't even been released yet! And I hope it interests you. Not only because this is costing me, but because it means fun for somebody --- and the place is loaded with somebodies!

In fact, there were over a thousand somebodies at the 10th World Science-Fiction Convention in Chicago, last Labor Day weekend. . . that is, I think it was the Labor Day weekend! Heh. Isn't that odd? I was there, too. . . well, anyway - -

If you weren't there, you'll probably see any number of accounts written about it which will give you some idea. If you were there, you've already got ideas. But either way, you'll be knowing that next year's balloon goes up in Philadelphia --- that's on Sept. 5-6-7 --- Labor Day weekend! I just looked.

But my spies value their lives; this report is quite conclusive, here. The sumptuous Bellevue Stratford Hotel has been reserved for the explosion --- and we get exclusive use of the main ballroom, the 18th floor ---, the roof garden ---, and the Clover Room. Which Gibson will be in, I assure you. They've also promised to give us definite, fixed rates which compare well-enough: \$6, singles - \$10, doubles.

This may seem early to be mentioning these matters, perhaps --- but when most of us start figuring where we'll get the money for a trip like this, we can't start stashing it away any too soon. Takes time for one's stocking to get nicely pear-shaped with coin. The least item is the usual cost of membership: \$1. You start from there. But if you can get that in, soon, you'll receive all the Progress Bulletins on trip scheduals, reservations, what's on the program, what's been changed on the program --- you know, the works. The address is:

11th World S-F Convention

P.O. Box 2019

Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Don't tell 'em I sent you! Gad, they'd never let you in, then...

--Joe Gibson--

ED. Note# This was found in the mailbox. Most suprising fact is that it had postage on it. Joe's spending money---at last!

AN ARTICLE FOR YOU

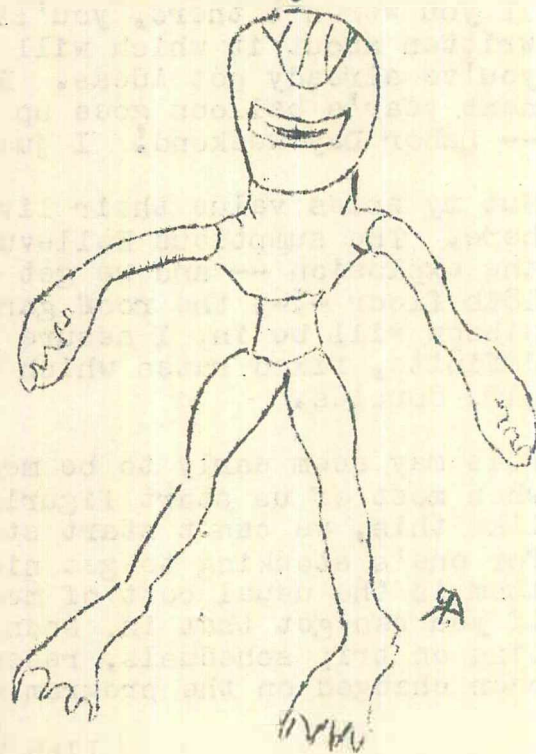
-BY REDD BOGGS-

What can I write about calow noofan sob the question, and even BNFs mutter it grimly into graying beards when they are confronted with a postal card that reads, "Where is that article you promised me six months ago for SPACERAT? I must have it by the end of next week!" The accepted procedure is to shove the card deep into a dark drawer, and pretend you never received it, or also reply, "Sorry, I'm working 96 hours a week and just haven't the time now, Next October, maybe."

But suppose you are a conscientious fan. After all, you did promise the fan editor an article. So what can you write about? If you had an idea for an article, you'd write one.

There's one remedy for the unfortunate situation: write down ideas as they come to you. If you're barging down the street some evening when the sight of a pretty girl reminds you of a Bergey cover and that in turn reminds you of a Story Bergey illustrated -- why, chances are, your ruminations will eventually lead into a subject that's worth an article in SPACERAT anyway. In that case, the thing to do is whip out a pencil and an old envelope, and note down the idea before you lose it. File the note away in a folder labeled, "IDEAS", and next time you need an article, all you have to do is haul it out.

It's not quite that simple, of course. A good many articles call for some research. If you're going to write about "Romantic Elements in E. E. Smith's Epics," you're going to find it necessary to turn them into good fanzine articles. In my files I've numerous ideas for articles that I've never used. As far as I know, most of them are more or less original and would probably make worthwhile articles if they were developed. I haven't the time, writing ability, or knowledge required. Therefore, I'm passing them on to you. If you've just received a postal card from Joe Fann or J. Semenovitch asking you for "that article you promised me" maybe here's your answer to "What can I write about?"



Why not write about blurbs in the pro-zines? You've read a lot of these bold-face statements at the head of each story like, "Sil Jarl wanted to do was open a kafiz stand in town for visiting Martians---and when opportunity knocks he proved more than ready!" Well, how do blurbs in SF differ from those in GALAXY? How have Campbell's blurbs changed in the years? How do they contrast with Harry Bates and F. Oril Tremaine's? How did Gernsback's differ from the present day blurbs? The answer to any or all of these questions could be developed into a good article. Or you could write about the words popular with blurb writers. You could classify blurbs into types like, "melo-dramatic" or "Understatements", etc. You could tell us what effects the blurb has upon the enjoyment

-concluded next page-

* "How Green Way My Martian", Startling Stories, January 52

of a story. Written as a serious discussion or as a humorous tractise, you should please most fan editors with an article like this.

Why do fans quit activity? There's a question you could answer in an article. There are dozens of ex-fans in a city like New York and in most big cities. An interview or a telephone conversation with one of them should provide some interesting sidelights on the "death" of a fan. Or you could play upon other angles like does the ex-fan still read any pro-mags, if so, which one and why? Do fan editors still send an occasional sample copy of their publication. Does he ever feel like coming back into the field when he finds that science-fiction is becoming popular? Has he read the sf anthologies or seen movies like DESTINATION MOON? Material for this article might easily be acquired through correspondence with any ex-fan.

There was an article in SCHOLASTIC, the magazine circulated to high school students, about an amateur astronomer who read science fiction. You might obtain material for an off-trail fan article by looking up the amateur astronomers in your city. Do they read science fiction? Even if they don't, a report on their hobby, the discoveries they made, and the theories they've concocted, should make an article itself.

I once corresponded with a writer who sold hundreds of western pulp yarns, but had been unable to sell the only fantasy he ever attempted. Maybe there are sf authors who are unable to sell to westerns. There are some writers like Damon Knight, Clifford D. Simak, and Lester del Rey, that have sold both. It might be worth an article to describe differences between selling westerns and science-fiction. Which is easier to write? Are literary standards in western fiction really lower than they are in science-fiction? Is it possible to rewrite a western in order to resell it as science-fiction, or vice-versa, by changing the setting from Arizona to Mars, etc.? Why do some writers prefer to concentrate on westerns rather than sf? Correspondence with various pro-writers should provide a lot of interesting facts and opinion on these other points.

Speaking of rewriting westerns into science-fiction, I once thought of rewriting ROBISON CRUSOE in a Martian setting, as a realistic description of how one marooned spaceman might survive with or without a man Friday. There are other science-fiction yarns based on famous classics --- THE PRISONER OF ZENDA, THE LADY OR THE TIGER?, BEAU GESTE, and others. How these imitations differ from the originals; the scientific angles that have been added; the new plot twists that have been injected --- all these points might be constructed into a good article.

Do any of these five ideas answer your question, What can I write about? If so, go ahead and use them. I haven't the time, ability, or knowledge to develop them. The only way I can use them is to write this article about my fcklessness.



--Rodd Boggs--

*Reprinted from RENAISSANCE #3 which was presented in that issue, without my permission & also was almost illegible. I was co-editor then.

STF IN HOLLYWOOD

The American News Company, major magazine distributors, publishes a journal which is distributed to newsdealers over the country. In it can be found articles on new magazines and pocket-books, new changes in format, and all phases of magazine and pocket-book publishing.

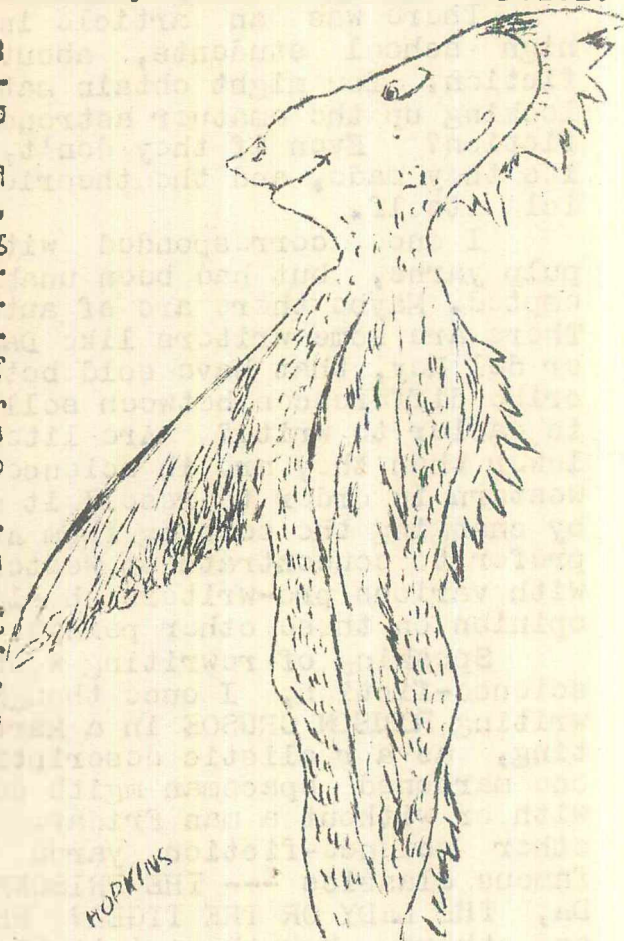
In a recent issue, the American News Company Journal carried an article on the new growth of public interest in science-fiction, written by Robert Cummings, the famous actor, who is a fan.

I found the Journal on a local newsstand and when asked the price I was told I could have it free if I waited until the end of the week. By the end of the week someone swiped it. However, I had read the article thoroughly.

Cummings' theme, in a sentence, was: "Don't sneer at the man reading science-fiction, lady, he may be your favorite movie star!"

He commented on the new formats and the neater appearance of the magazines. He put special emphasis on the Thrilling Group, telling of a visit he had recently made to Sam Mines' office. Illustrating the article was a photograph of Cummings seated at the desk with copies of Startling Stories and Thrilling Wonder Stories spread before him. Behind him is Managing editor Fanny Ellsworth and to his left, Sam Mines.

Cummings article brings an interesting thought to mind. During Franklin Roosevelt's tenure of the White House, detective fiction reached a height of popularity it had never known before or since. Could this be due in part to Roosevelt's widely publicized addiction to mystery stories? Who is the most famous reader of science-fiction? I've heard that actor John Payne shares our affliction. Are Robert Cummings & John Payne the most famous?



* * * * *

In September a convention of rocket experts was held in Germany, with emphasis on space-travel. Paramount Newsreel covered the convention and used it as the feature part of their news. Shown were many different models of space-ships, several top scientists and an actual space-suit in working condition.

* * * * *

Following up the symposium of space-travel in their March 22nd issue, Colliers started another series of articles on the subject in the October 18th issue. The first article, by Dr. Wernher Von Braun and Willey Ley, predicts a successful Moon trip within the next 25 years.

-Richard Billings-

A Jug of Whiskey

-By George T. Wetzel-

The innkeeper set two tankards of ale before the three men. One of them, quite drunk, made to grab one foaming container.

"Carrick," growled the innkeeper, pulling the tankard out of the man's reach, "you owe me enough. No more until you settle up!"

"Bigwig!" Carrick spat out when the innkeeper had retired out of hearing to his chair by the warm fireplace.

Ennalls winked at the third man at the table, a man in worn sailor's garb; and taking up his tankard, sang:

"A spirit above, a spirit below, a spirit of weal, a spirit of woe; the spirit above us is the spirit Divine; the spirit below, is the spirit of wine."

"But that's not right," spoke the sailor, "it was supposed to be whiskey, not wine."

"What are you two talking about?" Carrick was puzzled.

"Why don't you know?" answered Ennalls, "Some wag wrote that on a placard and placed it on old Pyke's grave some years ago. You see," and Ennalls directed a mischievous glance momentarily towards the sailor, "contrary to usual custom of providing strong drink for the mourners, a hundred years ago old Pyke provided for the mourner -- himself."

"I still don't understand."

"He was the miller here -- Josh works the same ancient windmill," and he nodded toward the sailor, "and when he died, he made a droll will. He asked that a jug of the best Maryland drink be buried with him as he worshipped the stuff; and 'desired', so he said, 'to have it in the next world, just in case.' Besides that he also directed that a pouch of the best tobacco be buried with it, as he required it for smoking and chewing."

"And this is all in the old, abandoned churchyard nearby?" queried Carrick.

"Yes. Haven't you saw there the grave marked with two millstones, one at the head, the other at the foot? Our innkeeper, Tugwell, field of corn and rye grows nearby. And old Pyke must doubly be in his glory, as the last time I passed there I saw wild corn and rye stalk sprouting atop his grave; the fermented juices of which he was fond of in his life!"

Carrick stared reflectively into space. "I wonder," he mused, "what age has done by way of improving the jug's contents? Well I must need take a sobering walk before bedtime friends. Good night, all." And he left through the front door.

Ennalls exploded into a roar of mirth. "I think," he said between guffaws, "he has taken the bait and will dig up that dead vintage -- if it has not since gone down some other topper's throat."

"Better he did not, but drank instead from the well there," opined the sailor.

"Drink from that well!", Ennalls was horrified and looked closer at the speaker of the suggestion. "Why the surface of its water flows deeper than the dust of the dead buried there. Only a terrible thirst would make me quaff it."

"I have found no wrong with its flavor," answered the sailor, "I oft imbibe from it."

As Ennalls stared, he drained his tankard, then spoke to the innkeeper, "I think I'll leave early this night, Master Tugwell. It would never go for an old salt like myself to forget to reef the windmill

sails; a squall's brewing before morning. I wager."

"Aye," the innkeeper broke his long silence, "Why before you took over the job of miller, the man before you was a total ignoramus. He got caught in weather while stowing canvas and went around with the sails. He fell off at last. But would you believe it, the very element that was its life's breath blew the miller down dead."

After the ex-sailor had said good night and left, Ennalls spoke, "Tugwell, haven't you found Josh strange at times?"

The innkeeper waited for him to go on.

"Why would an old topper like him drink water?"

Tugwell replied quarrelsomely, "What is wrong with water; most of the world drinks it."

"But not from a well in a burial ground.....Haven't you ever seen the life that is nourished by decay? Spring grasses growing from the rot of last year's dead leaves the fungi atop dead logs?"

The innkeeper shook his head; the symbolism was beyond his understanding.

A bent man entered then, tottering, and gibbering to himself like an ancient despite his seemingly youthful appearance. His clothes were the cut of a fashion long since gone out, and well worn and patched.

"Tell me, innkeeper," this stranger squeaked out, "why have you for your outside board the sign of the Spider and the Fly?"

"Why sir? Because it shows economic lodging is to be had within," the innkeeper replied innocently.

The stranger chuckled and cackled at the joke; added, swallowing it, coughed and choked as if he were overwhelmed by its strength.

"Are you not afraid, stranger, to be on the road at night?" questioned the innkeeper, refilling the man's tankard.

"I fear no one, save the great Destroyer; and even him a man might fool. If a man grow old, he might hide his baldness from age with a wig, pad his garment to suggest robustness." And with a chuckle of mirth, the stranger retired towards the fireplace to drink in seclusion.

"There's some humbug about him, mark me," whispered Ennalls.

"Perhaps," said Tugwell, "Now what about a game of nine pins behind the inn? The Moon is bright enough."

At that moment a gog howled from far off.

"What's that?", the stranger seemed disturbed.

"Some one coming up the Dorchester road," answered Tugwell.

"Some," added Ennalls, "believe dogs howl thusly, only when they see Death walking about. Perhaps he is; socking some one who cheated him."

There came an awkward fumbling at the front door. With that the stranger gave a start; and jumping up, bolted through the door on the opposite side of the inn. The two men watched, not knowing who or what



might enter.

Then Carrick stepped in with something bulky beneath his coat.

"Stat friend," shouted Ennalls through the back door to the vanished stranger, "you have dropped your wig."

Carrick sat by the glowing fireplace.

"Sober now, I see," the innkeeper addressed Carrick.

"Let us," said Ennalls, "have that game of pins now."

As they went out, the innkeeper stopped and fixing Carrick with a dark look, rumbled, "Mind Carrick; keep away from the ale barrels else I thump ye."

The room deserted, Carrick brought from beneath his coat a dirt encrusted jug. With much difficulty he pulled out its black plug; and using the tankard of the departed stranger, poured out a quantity of liquid. He drank it down. Filled the tankard again and was raising it to his lips when a sepulchral voice echoed hollowly within the room:

"Lackurt! Drinketh not my whiskey!"

Carrick spit out the half swallowed drink and began to shake violently. Then fearfully he pecked under the table, glanced up the chimney, cautiously opened the Grandfather clock case and searched.

The innkeeper poked his head in the rear door and then commented, "I see you are in your proper place." Seeing Carrick's nervous agitation, he added, "And I thought ye were sobered," and withdrew with a snort of disgust.

A kind of anger at himself showed upon the drunkard's face and he laid his hand upon the jug. And again came the awful voice; this time from the jug, "Aunt laggard! I come for my jug."

The fire died down until the room was nearly pitch black. The front door rattled open and some unknown stumbled in, accompanied by curious sloughing sounds; stopped for a second. Then went out the door.

Bright embers flamed up in the fire, and Carrick saw the jug was gone and yelled.

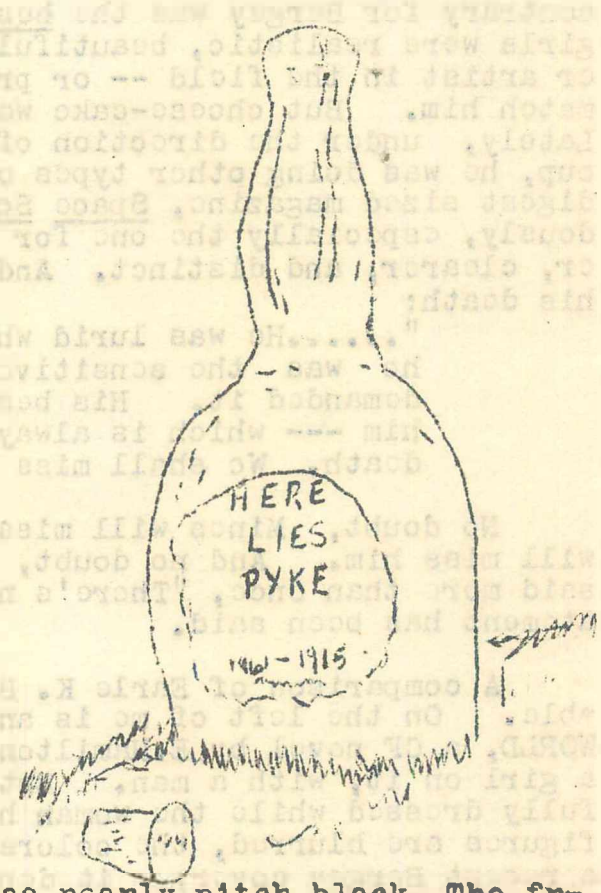
"It came and got Pyke's jug," Carrick sputtered out to Ennalls who watched him for explanations.

"So you did dig it up, after all," exclaimed Ennalls.

"Yes. And when I brought the jug here and drank from it, a spirit spoke within the jug's mouth."

"A spirit indeed!" Tugwell was angered, "Carrick," he began pompously, "there was a king of Jews in the Bible who imprisoned a spirit in a bottle. And there is a story of the heathenish arabs of a fisherman who found that same jug and let free the mischeivous spirit within. But not belief in demons, rather temperance is what these tales teach!"

"Bigwig!" Carrick pointed towards one mud spot on the floor.... "Look there, proof of who my visitor was. The skeletal footprint of Pyke!"



-George T. Wetzell-

-By Francis Bordna-

Bergey is dead! Oh, I know that most of you know about it already, but perhaps, some of you don't. I'll repeat it. Bergey is dead! If you don't know who Bergey is, which I doubt if you've been reading science-fiction for over a month, he's the cheese-cake artist that did most of his work for the Thrilling Group. And when I say "cheese-cake artist" I donot mean it as an insult. Quite on the contrary for Bergey was the best cheese-cake artist in the field. His girls were realistic, beautiful -- they looked like women, and no other artist in the field -- or probably in the whole pulp field, could match him. But cheese-cake wasn't the only thing Bergey could draw. Lately, under the direction of Sam Mines, editor of the Thrilling Group, he was doing other types of work. He did two covers for the new digest sized magazine, Space Science-Fiction which were liked tremendously, especially the one for #2. His style was getting more fresher, clearer, and distinct. And like Mines said in the announcement of his death;

".....He was lurid when the magazines were lurid; he was the sensitive craftsman when the occasion demanded it. His best work was still ahead of him --- which is always the tragcdy of an artist's death. We shall miss him."

No doubt, Mines will miss him. No doubt, the Thrilling Group will miss him. And no doubt, many fans will miss him. As many have said more than once, "There's no artist like Bergey." An no truer statement has been said.

A comparison of Earle K. Bergey's work would prove to be remarkable. On the left of me is an old Bergey cover depicting THE OUTLAW WORLD, a CF novel by E. Hamilton in the winter issue of 1946. There's a girl on it, with a man. Both are flying through space; the man is fully dressed while the woman has one, more or less, a bathing suit. The figures are blurred, the colors out of place. But on my right, I have a recent Bergey cover; it depicts the novel, The Lovers. It has a man and woman on it. The man has a uniform while the woman a sarong. But this time the woman is perfect; her breasts, her fragile arms, her thighs, her calves, her face, and her hair -- they're real and can, up to a certain extent, be compared with the girl walking down the street. The man is real, and the surroundings are imaginary. This was the new Bergey, the good Bergey. And now Bergey is dead. And now his covers are gone. And now no one can shout at his girls; obscene, as some stated, or beautiful, as others said. The Thrilling Group lacks an artist; one of the best. Fandom now lacks a controversial subject; Bergey's girls. And like I've already stated, we'll all miss him. Yes, even the ones who didn't like Bergey.

Although this bit of sad news cluttered the pages of Startling Stories, so did a bit of good news. That being, of course, the announcement that next issue, Startling would have straight edges. Since Mines has taken over the Thrilling Group, unbelievable steps have been taken, which when Merwin edited, seemed improbable. This, by all means, is not meant as an insult to Merwin/ Startling became monthly. The cover format changed, another title was added, and a quarterly became a bi-monthly. And all this occurred within a year. This showing that either Startling Stories has the largest circulation, or is trying for it. The former, however, seems most likely. For these changes means more money, and for a magazine to make such drastic changes in so short a time, only

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Well, well, I see you chose once again to ignore my letter to R saying that you didn't have no more letters. I like that grammar. That makes twice that I've written to R and had the editor say that he didn't get no or no more letters. /Ed. I like that grammar/ Well, what will you say this time? I know, you will say you got a letter from Watkins. And print it too. Why? Because it is typed this time and you won't have to decipher my chicken scratching.

I disagree with Wetzel about his remarks about the Bible. But I won't take time to point out the discrepancies in his views other than to say that his interpretation of these "superstitions" as he call them, is erroneous. The Bible does not foster superstition. It promotes only good and goodness; cleanliness and righteousness; loyalty and love; faithfulness and high morals of mankind. It certainly does not cater to devil worship nor any other magic group. I think Wetzel should read those passages that he does not understand instead of giving his own opinions of them offhand. I agree with him on his item otherwise.

The con report was well written and interesting. Nice going in getting that article, Joe. Red Planet is just a futile attempt to start a useless feud. I don't go for this sort of thing and hope it amounts to nothing and ETRO will ignore it. It is just a good clean f a n organization and it is doing more than most fan clubs and really is trying to accomplish something. And I'm not saying that just for the reason that I have a column running in their fanzine.

I agree with you wholeheartedly, Joe, about your comments anon t writing stf. Human emotions is what one likes to read about. Did yo u read EARTH ABIDES? I think that is the type of stf that would sell as well as a novel and did as I understand it. Russ Watkins, 2304 Bard-NARD Street, Savannah, Ga.

/Speaking about emotions, has anyone ever read ALEXANDER IN BABY-LON by Jacon Wassermann? Russ, I suggest you get hold of it. And another novel dealing with human emotions, is of course, THE EGYPTIAN if you haven't read that yet --- well, you haven't lived at all./

RICHARD BILLINGS: I received Renaissance No. #6 yesterday and took out my back issues for comparison. Really, Joe, this is the best one yet. The writing has improved greatly from that first issue of COSMIC

I enjoyed Ganley's con report. It was one of the few I've read that told the fates without trying to be funny.

George Wetzel's article on Edmund Wilson was of personal interest to me. I've had a feud with "highbrow" Wilson since 1945 when he was literary critic for the New Yorker. I share the same convictions with Wetzel.

Would it be all right if I said Bordna has improved a good deal? Well, I said it. 610 E Street, North Wilkesboro, North Carolina

/Glad you enjoyed reading Bordna./

HAL SHAPIRO: Well clection's over.....My man lost.....The prohibiti;n party will have to wait another four years. That means another four years ti wait until I can make money running rum from Canada.

As for RENAISSANCE #6: Cover stunk. Bergcron can do better than that. Or was it just the reproduction?

Wetzel's critique of Wilson's critiques sounds, to me, like a small child screaming lustily at someone who has slandered a personal hero. He critsazes Wilson because he---Wilson---gave a personal opin- ion of some of the writings of Lovcraft and other supernatural writing. So, all that can be determined is that Wilson doesn't like Lovcraft,

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means that it has that money needed. And to have that money, it means that the magazine must be making good money. I even hear that the rates for authors have been improved, which is always a good sign that the magazine is having profits. Extraordinary profits, it seems. I wouldn't be suprised if Minse soon announced that Thrilling Wonder is going monthly, or even Space Stories. There is little doubt, however that Fantastic Story Magazine can ever go monthly since the supply of good reprint material is scarce.

And let us study the Thrilling Group a little more carefully. Prior to Startling going monthly, etc.,, exactly seventeen issues were coming out of all the magazine combined. Twelve for SS & TWS, four for the quarterly, and one for the annual. Let us say, for mere convenience, that each issue contains 50,000 wds. That means that TWS & SS printed on the year, 600,000 wds, and at the basic rate of payment, it comes to \$6,000.00 a year. Since the annual and quarterly published mostly reprints, let us say only 15,000 words are used in the annual a year. But now, since a new title has been entered, a bi-monthly to a monthly, and a quarterly to a bi-monthly, this adds another \$6,300.00, to the expenses. And would any other magazine so this id they didn't -- have one of the largest circulations? No, they wouldn't.

Another two more magazines hit the stands this week. Science-Fiction and Fantasy and Tops in Science-Fiction. The former is published by Avon, and features new stories and not reprints as it usually has done in the stf field. It cost thirty-five cents and is digest size.. Already, with only the first issue out, I rank it as one of the top -- ten. The only fault with it, is that it only contains a mere 128 pages. Tops in Science-Fiction, on the other hand, id pulp and a reprint magazine. Love-Romances publishes it as it also does TCSFAB and Planet ; It's a quarterly and used ancient stories from Planet such as "Citadel of Lost Ships", by Leigh Brackett, etc.,. Undoubtedly, it is only printed to make a fast buck, and within two years will fold. But this entrance proves one thing, and that being that Planet and TCSFAB are doing better than average.

Science-fiction, on the whole, seems to be doing good business lately. Other Worlds going monthly proves this, and Space Science-Fiction also doing same, varifies it. However, I might note that Space SF is already late two weeks as is Science-Fiction Adventures, a title that is edited by a different house and appears in the same type of format as Space SF. Another sign that sf is getting popular is the appearance, of the second issue of Fantastic Science-Fiction. There is no need to distinguish this magazine other than saying, uhhhhgggg.

Most happy to announce that Huxley's, BRAVE NEW WORLD will soon appear in pocket book form. However, the price is not sure. In all probablity, it will be .35cents or a half a dollar. Bantam is putt - ing it out.

News of local interest is that in late March, a New York club will sponsor a one day affair in Caravan Hall -- It is interesting to note that approximentally a month from that date, the Fan Vet Convention will be held in the same hall. This is the group that staged the NYcon, a horrible mess. They assure me, however, that this time, because of their experience, etc.,, that it will be far better. Already they have Campbell on their list of pros. Gee Whiz. Hah, two to one everyone leaves after a half an hour.

--Fran Bordna--

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and Wetzcl does like Lovcraft. Does anyone actually give a damn? Ganloy is likable, but the monotony of reading Chicon reports by W Paul is getting me down. Wait 'll you see the fifty-plus page thing Elsberry did.

A well thought-out item on ETRO. Am anxious to see how Schreiber and the rest of the ETRONian herd will reply. At least, I hope they'll reply to it. /ed. Sob, they haven't replied -- so far./

And you can see my last letter for the opinion expressed of your OW review.

Bordna is improving.

Wetzcl's a bit wet again in his fanzine reviews. The issue of C/SFD to which he referred to as printed was mimed. If he'd read the zine instead of merely the contents he would have noticed that Macauloy used contac-dri ink on slick paper. Looks good. Incidentally, this is one column R can do without. It's almost as bad as Mcz Bradley's CRYING IN THE SINK, which is currently lousing up Ellison's, SCIENCE FANTASY BULLITEN. The rest of the Fanzine Review is extremely uninspiring. Or is it just that Wetzcl doesn't give a damn? Not that I have anything against the guy. Don't even know him. But don't care for his writing at all.

So Billings thinks that Fort was a little nuts. Well, if intelligence is a prerequisite to insanity, Fort must have been one of the craziest individuals on earth. Suggest that Billings try to sit down with the four BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT: THE BOOK OF THE DAMNED, NEW LANDS LO, and WILD TALENTS. Gaze for a while at the tounge tucked into the check of Charles Fort, and then try to analyze his writings. Who but a humorist would write things like, "Coffins have come down from the sky: also, as everyone knows, silk hats and horse collars and pajamas.no shower exclusively of coffins, nor of marriage certificates, nor of alarm clocks has been recorded....." --p 545 Book Of Charles Fort, 1941---? A jester, yes, a seer, perhaps. A lunatic, no! Suggest that Billings get a copy of Bob Silverberg's excellent SPACESHIP--#18----and read the lead article by Ray Nelson, which is an excellent review and diagnosis of Fort's books. 790th AC/W Squadron, Kirksville, Missouri

DAVID ENGLISH: Since I'm a bit rushed, I'll just write on the parts of Renee I thought most important. These were "Be A Prophot", "Nobody Ever Proved Anything," and "An Essay On Death". Nobody knows why I think these are the most important. Maybe interesting would be a better word

For the sake of arguement, I'll say that no prophecy is worth the time wasted on it, but that, conversly -- or as a corrolary -- which do I mean? -- all prophecies are extremely valueable. At the time they are made. It is only after the predicted event has come off or failed to come off that the sheep can be seperated from the goats.

A prophecy is made on the basis of certain factors. Could all the factors be known and analyzed, everything could be predicted --with complete certainty. But since all of the factors can never be known -- except to God -- we can never be sure.

As to "Nobody Ever Proved Anything" -- I was once holding forth these same views to a friend. I was a complete skeptic, bigod. At the time we were walking home from school. At a street corner I stopp-ed to let the cars pass. At which he said, "See, that's why there can never be a complete skeptic. Nobody refuses to believe that cars are coming." I had a satisfactory answer, of course, but it wasn't so witty so we'll forget about it.

I guess I won't write about "Death" after all. Good issue! 63
W 2nd Street, Dunkirk, New York

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HARLAN ELLISON: First of all, the article by Wetzel appeared to be nothing more than a frazzled attack upon someone who disagreed with said Wetzel's theories. The trouble with too many stiff is that they try to make a religion of s-f, not realizing for a while that there are those to whom stiff and those who write it are a bit ridiculous. That we don't think so is not necessarily a criterion for the correctness of the assumption.

I noticed that running throughout your magazine was a steady stream of swear words. Now let me establish myself on this point. I feel very strongly that four-letter words of the locker room variety are a good thing --- used in moderation and at the appropriate time. I do not think that the splattering of cussing throughout an article proper. I've used Hell and Damn a goodly number of times in SFB myself, but I make them few and far between, and I make sure that when they are used, that the reader will sense an unusual situation warranting the use of the word. This is my opinion: a person who uses too many swear words in a column --- as A COLUMN --- shows not cleverness as they attempt, but a lack of repertoire which forces them back again and again to the same old chestnuts. And if for no other reason, they should be excluded when superfluous because they cheapen a magazine in which they are spread loosely. 12701 Shaker Blvd., Cleveland 10, Ohio

/Ed. Concerning the words, "hell" and "damn" which Bordna uses so profusely. Rereading last issue's column, I find four instances; two examples of each. And oddly enough, I feel that they are used at an opportune time; if they weren't, I'd surely scratched them out --- hah. However, since this is the second letter in three months objecting to Bordna's use of four letter words of the "locker room variety" I dare say, that the subject will be taken up between Bordna and me.

And also concerning Wotzel's article. What was wrong with it, really? So Wotzel had a different opinion and he stated it quite satisfactorily. And Ellison, I notice that you run frequent reviews in your SCIENCE FANTASY BULLITEN. And what are those reviews based on? Opinion! But then again, I realize that you also have an opinion. But this even goes further to prove the point. You will note, Hal, that Billings and Watkins enjoyed the article -- infact, they agreed. But then again, they also have an opinion.

VERNON McCAIN: Can't see any point in taking time or space to counter Bordna's seemingly fuzzy notions anent Palmer and fandom. However, in regard to la affaire Hoffman might I report that I had been writing to Hoffman unawares of her sex for ten months before I was let in on it. I had said some things which I later found quite embarrassing and I still consider the Hoffman hoax the most delightful thing that happened to fandom in years.

Must say I take dim view of Bordna's defense of the sacred male ego. Sam Merwyn, a few years ago, theorized that the biggest difference between man and lower animals was his ability to laugh at himself.

Only fair to warn you I've given this ish of RENAISSANCE a merciless panning in the next issue of REVIEW. I'll send you a copy.

/Ed/ No comment, except that I hope the review raises my poultry circulation. Hoped you liked #6 -- this letter concerned #5.

It seemed that I wouldn't receive a letter from ETRO concerning the article last issue -- and I didn't until today. Since I haven't any room this issue to print it, I'll wait until next issue. It's a quite interesting defense -- one I hoped to get.

I've already mimeographed most of the issue -- and I'm sorry at what happened. Of course, you know that I am talking about the poor quality of paper that was used, and how poorly it took. But at the time I bought the paper, this was unknown. Next issue, I can assure you that it will not happen as I will buy the paper at the same stationery store that I bought the paper for #6 -- it is slightly thicker and takes ink much better.

Next issue a change will occur. By that I really don't know what I mean except that I will be more careful in accepting material. The mimeographing will be far better as will the format. Contributors will be glad to have their material accepted by me for their presentation will be good.

At present moment, I have that ETRO article scheduled for next issue and also two short articles by Richard Billings and Toby Duane. I have some fiction but at what is going to be used in still unknown -- to me. Possibly one by Paul and Ganley.

I am in need of articles badly -- good articles. So please, send me a thing or two. Who knows, I may accept it if I like it.

The next issue -- I don't know when it will be out. Whenever I get the material, it will appear in your mailbox.

This is being typed directly on stencil without any prearranged plan and at all costs, I'm trying to meet the right hand margin. So please excuse me if some of the sentences don't make sense. I'm in a hurry to complete this.

This is written a day before Thanksgiving. Everything is being prepared for said day. My mouth is already watering and I can imagine a drumstick already in my small hands -- I'm a sloppy eater. The cranberry sauce is to my left, the potatoes to my right. Ahh, surely it's a good thing that the Pilgrims came to North America when they did.

Do you realize that this is my first year in the fanzine field. Yes, RENAISSANCE has been going for one full year. One would expect that I would make a big thing out of it -- do an anniversary issue or something like that. Hah. An Anniversary issue. Only insane people do that. Do you realize all the work that has to be done in an issue like that. And surely, if I cannot receive enough material for merely one issue, how in the world will I ever get a 90 page zine out? A most impossible task. Maybe next year or the year after that. Still the work and preparation frightens me. I guess to do such an issue one has to start a year in advance.

Odd. Recently I had a quite large number of correspondents. One day, though, I sent out a number of letters asking for an article --- I haven't heard from those few yet. Oh well, that's life.

Does anyone know what in the world happened to Max Keasler? I haven't received his OPUS in ages, and usually he was on time. Is he sick or something?

10 more lines and I don't know what to write. I guess I'm all fagged out from the recent midterms. Passed everything except one; that being Earth Science. Reason why is that I never had the subject and came quite late in the term when I transferred schools. Oh well, all I have to do is study -- odd but I never studied in my life; by that I mean, school work. Other things, yes, but nothing that concerns school work. Might ask does anyone read in this interest in ancient history -- especially Grecian History during the Persian War? I'm mad about the subject, and when I'm not stenciling Ronno, I'm --- reading ancient history. In fact, writing a novel -- hah, that's a laugh. Funny thing -- I can't stand writing science-fiction.

--Joseph Semonovich--

- You get this zine because I have a kind heart and belong, PCTOPF; PREVENTION OF CRUELTY to POOR FANS
- Maybe you're a contributor. This however, I doubt, for the material is staff written most of the time.
- A sample? Maybe.
- Aha! You are paid SUSCRIBER.
- THIS IS YOUR LAST ISSUE SO SUSCRIBE BEFORE YOU FORGET TOO. IT MAY BE TOO LATE. AND THIS IS A GREAT AMERICAN FANZINE!
- You want to trade?
- We already trade.
- Oh hell, I just felt like sending you this.

To the mailman: This is what is called a fanzine, and if you're interested to receive this every other month, why not suscribe. And since you belong to the postal dept, and since the postal dept has to deliver this masterpiece of crud, you can get a slight discount for this. Just send me a quarter, and you get three issues.

From:

RENAISSANCE
 c/of Joseph Senonovich
 155-07 71st Ave
 Flushing 67, New york.

Printed matter only
 return postage gtd.

TO



Richard Bergeron
 R.F.D. #1
 Newport, Vermont

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