



Salamander

salamander

number 3

july - aug. 1962

contents

Cover	karen anderson	1
Hot Spot: editorial	fred patten	3
The Asbestos Shelf: book review ..	fred patten	5
Tuzun Thune II	bruce e. pelz	9
Slow Train Through Gondor	ted johnstone	19
Up In Smoke: fanzine reviews	bob lichtman	23
Feature Artwork	bjo trimble	26
Basking In The Embers: letter column		
.....	roasted by fred patten	27

Art credits: Jack Harness, p. 3, 27; Bjo, p. 5; Bernard Zuber, p. 7; Dian Girard, pp. 11 - 19, 23; Ted Johnstone, p. 21; Terry Jeeves, p. 25; Ray Nelson, p. 29; Jim Cawthorne, p. 33; ATom, p. 38; Mrs. Dominick, p. 45. Stencilled by Bjo, Dian, Jack Harness, Bob Lichtman, and Fred Patten.

=====

SALAMANDER is published by Fred Patten, at 5156 Chesley Ave., Los Angeles 43, Calif., every few months. Rates are 25¢ ea., 5 for \$1; or trades, material, or letters of comment. Please make checks payable to Fred Patten, not SALAMANDER; they're easier to cash that way. Send a Change of Address if you move. Deadline for next issue: October 15. Potsherds Publications #14. Safe for now _____ Sample copy; or last copy _____

HOT SPOT

The first thing that will spring to your attention is that this fanzine is no longer on a rigid bi-monthly schedule. I tried, but schoolwork (I enter UCLA's graduate Library School next month), plus apa pressure (I'm in four, not counting the Shadow-FAPA), and the realization that I have not had time to read any science fiction lately (my stack



of unread prozines and paperbacks nearly toppled over the other day) are causing a cut-back in SAL's frequency. I still hope to get an issue out every three or four months, though.

Due to a shakeup in the SHAGGY staff, I am now only Lettercol Editor of that great metropolitan fanzine. Ron Ellik (1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 25) handles all subs and trades currently. This means that you people who have been getting both SHAGGY and SAL from me in trade for one fanzine (despite what I said about trades in SAL #1) are off the gravy train. From now on, zines received here only get SAL back. This will probably prove a mixed blessing for me; while my bookkeeping is easier, I'll only get fanzines now from people who were sending me both fmz and LoC's (like Dick Schultz). Sigh.

By the way, I've received a few complaints about most of my material being by LAfen; people think I should broaden my horizons. This is predominantly because I come into frequent contact with most LAfen, and I can bug them personally for contributions. Material from the hinterlands will be gratefully received just as soon as somebody starts sending it in. (And thanks to three who have contributed: Mike Deckinger, Ron Wilson, and Bill Plott.)

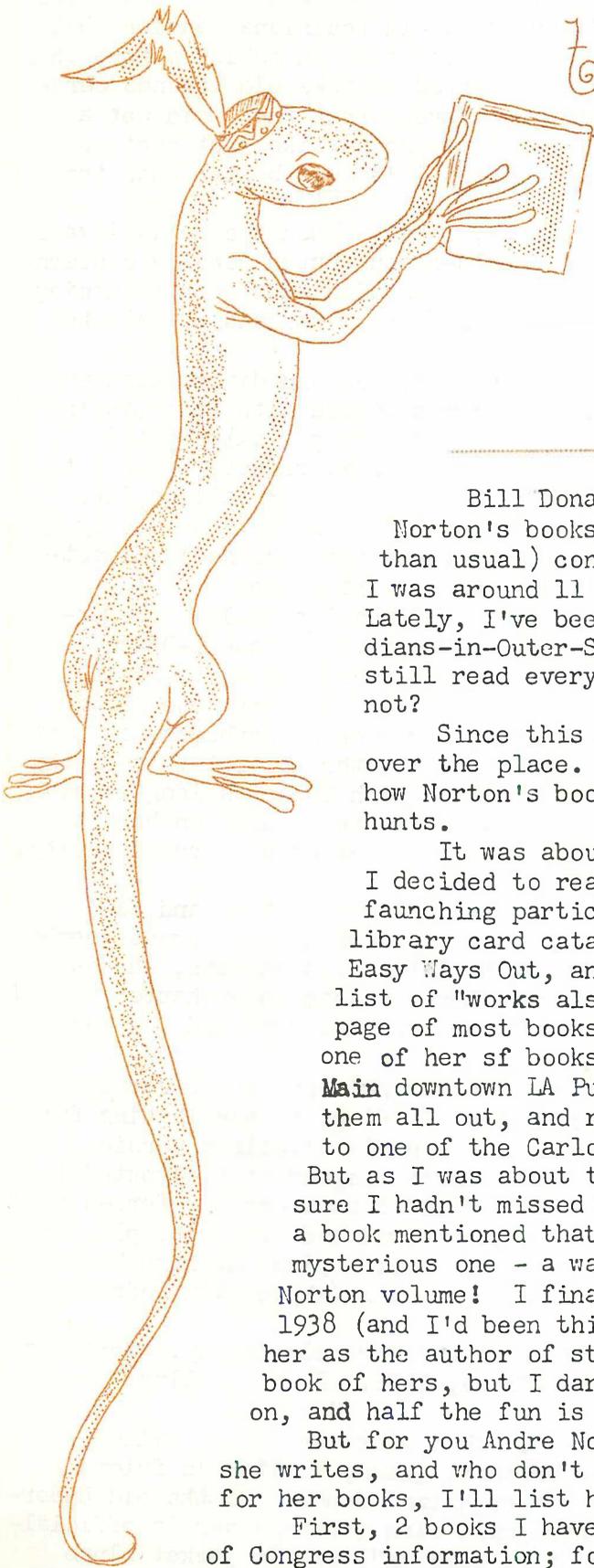
I originally got the notion of starting this fabulous genzine about 2 years ago, and I slowly developed it, helping run off SHAGGY and starting a N'APazine for practice and selecting good material, so that SAL would start off with a great first issue and go on from there. Just as I was ready to begin pubbing, though, John Trimble got rid of his old-man-of-the-sea (SHAGGY), and it turned out I was the only one who cared enough to keep it going. But I'd put too many dreams into SAL to stifle it stillborn and siphon the material into SHAGGY, so I developed the grandiose idea of putting out what would in effect be a monthly genzine. Two bi-monthly genzines; one coming out Jan.-Mar.-May, etc., and the other coming out Feb.-Apr.-June, etc. SHAGGY would feature serious discussion articles, critiques of little-known sf and non-sf books, special features such as the Doc Smith Index, and the like; while SAL would be slanted toward fan fiction, fanzine and pb reviews, and a more fannish lettercol. Well, you know how far this idea got. Now, SAL and SHAGGY are two separate and distinct entities again, and I'm in the market for all types of material to make SAL a well-rounded fanzine in its own right.

Latest bulletin on the UCLA sf collection: Steve Schultheis has been appointed Honorary Curator of the entire operation. This is particularly delightful, as it means that the collection is being handled by a fan with a real love for the material, not someone who will meticulously and coldly file it away in a dark corner. Steve hopes to get into LA from Santa Barbara (250 miles each way) once a week to work on the collection, answering mail, filing and cataloging donations, etc. I'm usually available to help him, and I can vouch he's doing a good job; he's even half-considered joining SAPS to get their mailings, putting out a quarterly Library progress bulletin on the collection to meet mailing requirements. Donations of fanzines are beginning to trickle in; besides LAfen, we'd like to thank Ruth Berman, Ed Meskys, and Jerry Bails for donations of most of what they put out. (Remember, people - both genzines and apazines are wanted. The Library may subscribe, if you insist, but it's budget is not unlimited, and we'd prefer you became a Patron of the Arts - in other words, donations are always welcome.) The address is: Stephen F. Schultheis, Special Collections, University of California Library, Los Angeles 24, California. Your fanzines are particularly faunched for.

As you will see from Dirce Archer's letter (p. 37-38), the question of finding a formal title for the "Hugo" is settled: the "Hugo" already has one. Aside from making occasional suggestions that this formal name be engraved on the Award itself, where it belongs, this topic of discussion is now declared closed in this fanzine. This issue, we get under way with a new "burning issue" -- Coventry!

Coventry might be considered Fandom's answer to the Shaver Hoax. For the most part, fans seem unable to consider the subject at all unemotionally. Some think that the imaginary world of Coventry is one of the best things ever to hit Fandom. It provides the fans who take an active interest in Coventry with a nice compact ball into which to roll all their favorite science fiction and fantasy. It provides the mental stimulation of a chess game, or better, as the players plan the intricate strategies of the intra-Coventranian wars. By writing their own action, the players are developing their writing abilities - I understand that one Coventranian plans to later submit his

(continued on p. 22)



the ASBESTOS SHELF

book reviews by
fred patten

Bill Donaho's comment (p. 36) that he buys all **Andre Norton's** books has caused me to go into a deep (well, deeper than usual) consideration of my opinion of her writing. When I was around 11 or 12, she was one of my favorite authors. Lately, I've been criticizing her as a one-plot hack - and *Indians-in-Outer-Space* is a pretty corny plot, at that. But I still read every word she writes. So, do I like her stuff, or not?

Since this is an informal criticism, it will digress all over the place. The first digression will be to tell you about how Norton's books led me on one of my finest literary treasure hunts.

It was about six years ago, after I'd read all her sf, that I decided to read all her non-sf books, too. Since I wasn't faunching particularly madly after them, I decided to avoid the library card catalogs and Library of Congress listings as the Easy Ways Out, and make a leisurely search based on the usual list of "works also by this author" to be found opposite the title page of most books. I found about a half-dozen titles listed in one of her sf books. As luck would have it, they were all in the **Main** downtown LA Public Library together at the time, so I checked them all out, and read them with pleasure - ranging from a Western to one of the Carolingian romances - over the next two weeks.

But as I was about to return them, I checked the lists again to make sure I hadn't missed anything. Lo and behold! the oldest of them had a book mentioned that the others didn't include. I tracked down this mysterious one - a wartime adventure - and there found note of another Norton volume! I finally found this - a children's mystery, written in 1938 (and I'd been thinking of Norton as a new writer) - and it listed her as the author of still another book. I haven't yet found this first book of hers, but I daresay I will in time. The treasure hunt is still on, and half the fun is in the search.

But for you Andre Norton fans who find sheer enjoyment in every word she writes, and who don't care to make an involved project out of looking for her books, I'll list her non-sf books here.

First, 2 books I haven't read yet. All I have so far is the Library of Congress information; fortunately they have fairly descriptive titles.

"The Prince Commands, being sundry adventures of Michael Karl, sometime crown prince & pretender to the throne of Morvania." Appleton-Century, 1934. 268 p., illus.

"Follow the Drum, being the ventures and misadventures of one Johanna Lovell, sometime lady of Catkept manor in Kent county of Lord Baltimore's proprietary of Maryland, in the gracious reign of King Charles the Second." Wm. Penn Pub. Corp., 1942. 312 p.

And now, her books that I have read, with brief summaries:

Ralestone Luck Appleton-Century, 1938. 296 p., illus. When young Rupert and Val Ralestone, and their sister Rickey, inherit the dilapidated old Louisiana mansion that is the last legacy of the Lords of Lorne, they are more interested in making a home than in dreaming of past family glories. But they are soon forced to take old legends seriously and begin a search for the lost family treasure, to prove that they, and not a rival claimant, are the true heirs to the estate. (This may sound like just another juvenile mystery, but it's really rather good - or at least it's much better than the "Nancy Drew" series that my sister reads.)

The Sword is Drawn Houghton Mifflin, 1944. 178 p., illus. When the Nazis invade the Netherlands, young Lorens van Norreys, heir to a world-famous Dutch jewelry concern, joins the Allies, first to fight the Japanese in the Dutch East Indies, later returning to his occupied homeland to smuggle out priceless family art treasures and to help the Underground against the Nazis.

"Rogue Reynard. Being a tale of the Fortunes and Misfortunes and divers Misdeeds of that great Villain, Baron Reynard, the Fox, and how he was served with King Lion's Justice. Based upon The Beast Saga." Houghton Mifflin, 1947. 96 p., illustrated. A novelized version of the old animal tale of how Reynard, the fox, refuses to come to court to answer his accusers, first tricking the King's bailiffs, later falling into complete knavery; and how he is finally captured and dealt with. Written for a very young audience, but still enjoyable to adults, especially those who like medieval settings. Profusely illustrated in the "picture book" style by Laura Bannon.

"Scarface. Being the Story of one Justin Blade, late of the Pirate Isle of Tortuga, and how Fate did justly deal with him, to his great Profit." Harcourt-Brace, 1948. 263 p., illus. By 1692, the heyday of the pirates was over, but Capt. Cheap, the most notorious villain of the day, insisted in raiding under the very nose of Sir Robert Scarlett, ex-pirate himself and now pirate-hunting Governor of Barbados, as part of a strange plan of revenge for Scarlett's desertion of the Brethren. But this is the story of Scarface, the young prisoner-cabin boy who had been with Cheap as long as he could remember. How Scarface comes free of the pirates, begins to fashion an honest life for himself, then is recaptured by Cheap; all before discovering his true identity; makes for a rousing good Norton-type action story.

Sword in Sheath Harcourt-Brace, 1949. 246 p., illus. Lawrence Kane and Sam Marusaki, ex-OSS men, journey to Indonesia after the war in a search for a downed bomber pilot who may still be alive on one of the islands. With Lorens van Norreys, who is seeking to re-establish the old family jewel business, they run into an uncharted island of legendary fame, Moro pirates searching for treasure, and escaped Nazi and Jap war holdouts. before they are through.

"Huon of the Horn; being a tale of that Duke of Bordeaux who came to sorrow at the hands of Charlemagne and yet won the favor of Oberon, the Elf King, to his lasting fame and great Glory." Harcourt-Brace, 1951. 208 p., illus. A newly novelized version, based on the 1534 English translation, of the old Carolingian legend of the youthful Duke of Bordeaux: how he slew the Emperor's evil son in fair combat, and was forced to go on a quest that led him through Saracen realms and other evil and dangerous places; that won him a fair wife and ultimately, after many adventures, a place of high honor in Faerie. Another book aimed at a young audience, which adults (especially Andre Norton fans) will enjoy.

(You'll have noted that these books are being presented chronologically. Norton's first sf novel, Star Man's Son, 2250 A.D. (Harcourt-Brace, 1952. 248 p., illus.) was written at this point.)

At Swords' Points Harcourt-Brace, 1954. 279 p. When Stark Anders is killed in the Netherlands, a cryptic note leads his younger brother, Quinn, to Stark's friend, Lorens van Norreys. Van Norreys reveals that he has organized members of the old Underground into a private espionage service through his jewel firm ("though war is officially over, the struggle between warring ideologies still goes on", as the jacket blurb puts it), and that Stark had been working privately on the trail of a set of fabulously valuable gem-encrusted statuettes that disappeared over a hundred years ago. Quinn, with van Norreys' help, takes up the search, to find the lost Bishop's Menie, and the rival organization, led by a nameless Eurasian, that killed his brother.

Yankee Privateer World, 1955. 300 p., illus. In 1779, young Fitzhugh Lyon, on his way to join the Colonial Armies, is shanghaied into the newly-formed U.S. Marines, aboard a privateer. He is determined to escape and fight the British the way he wants to, but before he can, the privateer is captured. Fitz and the captain escape from their English prison, but as Fitz is travelling in disguise to a Yankee rendezvous point, he falls in with the English branch of his family, a once-powerful estate long gone in corruption and decay (similar in mood to Those Others in The Stars Are Ours! and Star Born). Whether Fitz will accept the dying lord's offer to make him the next heir of the Lyons of Starr, or whether he will return to his Marine shipmates, should be a foregone conclusion to all true Norton fans.

Stand to Horse Harcourt-Brace, 1956. 242 p. This is the story of Ritchie Peters, a raw recruit in the Army's 1st Dragoons stationed in Santa Fe in 1859, and how he adjusts to the desert and mountains of the West, becoming an accepted member of his post in its constant fight against nature and the Apaches.

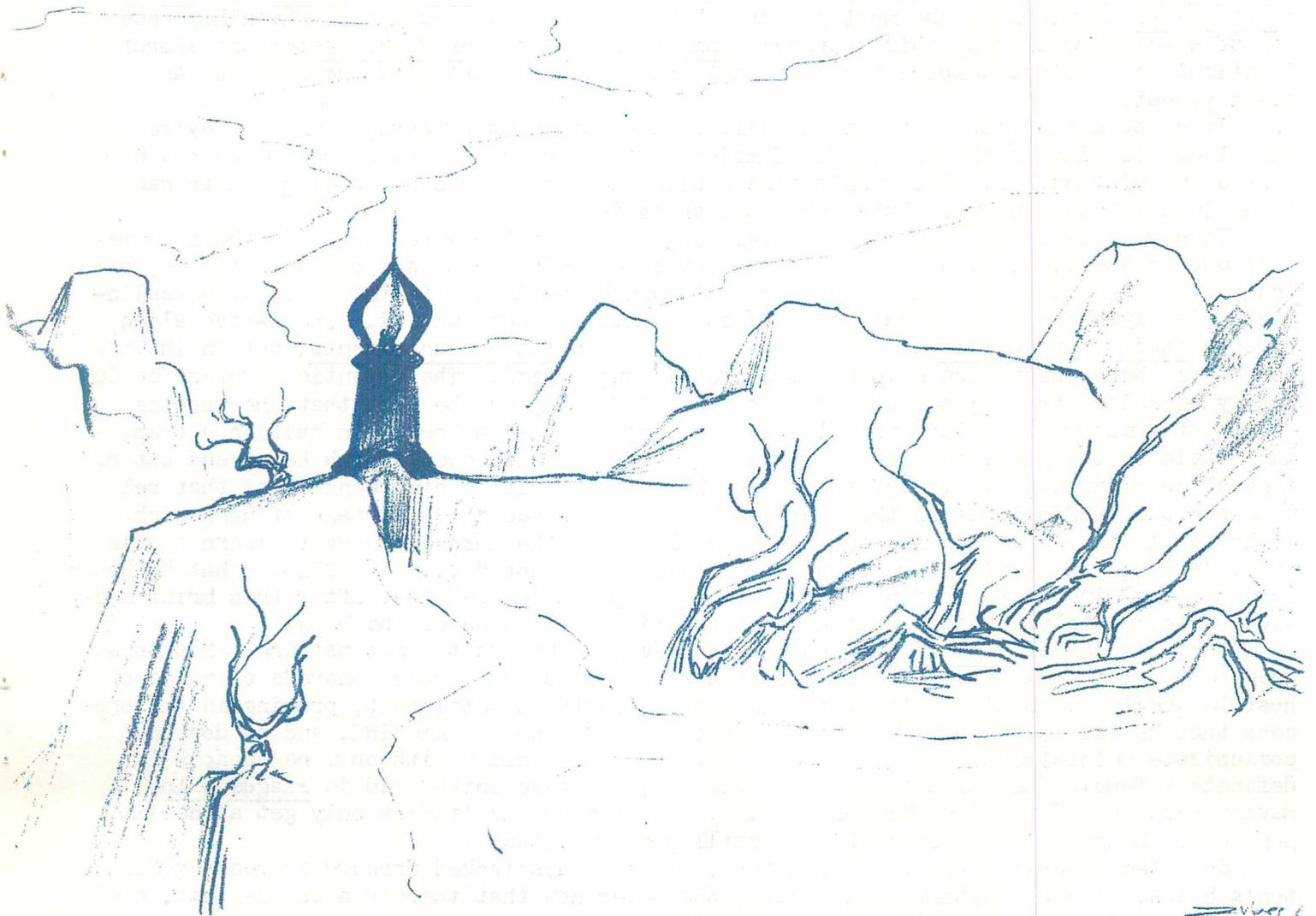
Shadow Hawk Harcourt-Brace, 1960. 237 p., map. Set in Egypt in 1590 B.C., this tells of the expulsion of the Hyksos invaders by the Pharaohs, after 400 years of foreign rule. The hero is Rahotep, a young Egyptian nobleman whose estates had been confiscated by the Hyksos, who re-established his fortune in the face of both Hyksos domination and Egyptian court intrigue.

Ride Proud, Rebel! World, 1961. 255 p. A Civil War story. How young Drew Rennie comes to manhood while fighting for the Confederacy.

Andre Norton has also collaborated with Grace Allen, as "Allen Weston", to write Murders for Sale, a Hamond, Hamond "Cloak and Dagger mystery". (London, 1954, 240 p.)

But let's quit digressing and get back to the subject at hand. Is Andre Norton a one-plot writer, or isn't she?

I say yes.



She has a good plot, I admit, and she dresses it up in many ways, but of all her books that I have read, there are only four (Sword in Sheath, Star Rangers, The Crossroads of Time, and Voodoo Planet) in which the plot cannot be defined simply as a youth's proving his manhood.

Andre Norton's first love is plainly science fiction. Since her first sf story in 1952, she has written 21 sf novels, plus editing 3 sf anthologies and the Jameson "Bullard" stories. She consistently gets good reviews. I'm sure you've all seen P. S. Miller's admittedly enthusiastic praise of her works: "There is a kind of science fiction that will never go out of style, and Andre Norton writes it." (ASF, July 1962). S. E. Cotts says, "The deeds she describes are robust, with many of the qualities of the old epic poems." (AMZ, June 1962).

And they are right. But it is the same style; they are the same deeds. Cotts admits he is reviewing a reprint of an old book. As it happens, it is Norton's first sf book, written when there was still some variety of plot setting and detail among the stories. But lately, even the individual details have become stereotyped.

The hero is a lad in his late teens. He is a member of a minority group; racial, social, or ideological. From his outcast status, he has risen to a barely-tolerated position among a group of his culture's male social elite (usually a Heinlein-esque military organization). The group is attacked and destroyed; only the hero, the group's most experienced and respected member, and some animals with which the hero has established a semi-telepathic contact, escape. They are forced to undergo a long and dangerous journey before they can reach safety. Somewhere along the way, the hero is separated from his companions. Alone, he encounters one of the planet's most vicious predators and vanquishes it singlehandedly, thus proving that he has finally reached Manhood. At the end, he receives his reward: not praise, but quiet acceptance into the social group as an equal, due to his own merits.

This plot, with a few variations, can serve as a description of most of the stories Norton has written in the last four years. Storm Over Warlock. The Beast Master. The Sioux Spaceman. Catseye. Sargasso of Space, and to a lesser extent, Plague Ship. The Time Traders and its two sequels; even though the hero of Galactic Derelict and The Defiant Agents is the same, he must go through his Rite of Manhood again. Even her recent non-sf novels are showing this pattern; Stand to Horse and The Beast Master are almost identical in setting, despite the fact that one is set on Earth and the other on an alien planet.

It's not a bad plot. As I said, I'll read Norton's every word, even if they're almost exactly like each other. But I maintain that, good or not, Andre Norton has become a one-plot author. She hasn't always been one, and I hope she will go on to new ideas in her future works. But right now, she's in a rut.

To her credit, she seems to be developing in at least one respect. In the same review quoted above, S. E. Cotts said, "her complete exclusion of any romantic tinges, or indeed, of any characters who happen to be female by accident of birth, is ... unrealistic". Lately, however, she has shown signs of noticing her own sex. The native alien race in Storm Over Warlock is a matriarchial one. In The Defiant Agents, set on the planet Topaz, her Apache hero encounters a pretty Mongol girl. The romantic interest could hardly be called torrid; her attractiveness lies firstly in the fact that she has the spirit of a warrior. Later, when the Apache decide to use a Mongol in baiting a trap, and settle on the girl, the hero feels a strange reluctance even though he agrees out of logical considerations. ("Kaydessa? Though something within him rebelled at that selection for the leading role in their drama, Travis could see the advantage of Buck's choice." p. 169.) At the end, when she escapes from the Reds, the hero is happy to learn she is safe. "She had an excellent reason to hate him, yet he hoped ..." (p. 214). What he hoped is never explained; it certainly can't be any deep emotion because, after this brief mention, he completely forgets about her for the final ten pages of the book.

Norton's latest, Eye of the Monster (ACE #F-1147) breaks the set pattern. Not to any great extent; the plot is still of a teen-age hero escaping across hundreds of miles of hostile jungle on an alien planet to the nearest Earthman settlement, proving in the process that he was Man enough to do it. But the hero is not an Amerind, and he does not communicate telepathically with any animals. Also, the alien with whom he escapes is definitely female (one of the felineoid Salariki, the race introduced in Plague Ship, making this one of the Free Traders series, even though the Traders only get a one-line mention), though their relationship is still purely platonic.

So I feel there's hope for the future. I've always looked forward to reading Norton's books; I'll be waiting more eagerly than ever now that there's a chance that, new book or not, I won't know step by step what's going to happen.

'TIS ALL A CHEQUER-BOARD OF NIGHTS AND DAYS...

A fantasy world can grow to awesome importance in the mind of someone with a high degree of empathy -- someone who can lose himself in the reading of a book, or become one of the characters in a movie he is watching. And for someone who cares little for the affairs of the world around him, longing to live in a world more perfect by his own standards, a fantasy world may grow until it reaches the shadowy regions between existence and non-existence -- until it impinges on "reality".

For what is reality? How much does it depend on belief and acceptance? No one can say for sure, but there will always be conjecture about its nature, and the possibility of many "realities" -- conjecture by the philosophers, the dreamers, the empathetics.

- oOo -

The world of Coventry is many things. In the main, it is an imaginary world, a fantasy dreamed up by several boys in their teens and developed in great detail with histories, maps, genealogies, and other documents. Secondly, Coventry as a whole is a world mounted on a spindizzy system which propels continents, oceans, and the various control sections through space. Borrowing from many sources, Coventry is a hodge-podge of science fiction and fantasy. Blish's spindizzy (Earthman Come Home) forms the base of Coventry; Pohl and Kornbluth's Belly Rave (Gladiator-at-Law) forms the next level, from which exiles and daughter cities are launched. "Forbidden Planet" supplies a Krell city for the next higher level, used for swift travel between distant parts of Coventry, and having many access-ports. The surface level of Coventry includes countries divided into sub-kingdoms and amalgamated into empires. There are islands, forests, towns, and large cities. There is the control city of Crimzoidia, which contains the Ministries which govern the world -- Ministries of the People, of the Ship, of Records, and of Foreign Affairs.

The people of Coventry are both real and imaginary. The planners and chroniclers of the world wrote many of their friends and acquaintances into it -- and invented other characters from whole cloth as they were needed. Some of those who found themselves written into Coventry picked up the idea and carried it further, detailing other parts of the world, writing in their friends -- subject to the approval of the President of Coventry, Paulus Edvardum Rex III, Emperor of New America, in Coventry.

The citizens of Coventry are of different ranks, from the lowest, which knows nothing of Coventry's identity as a spindizzy world, to the Upper Twelve, highest of the Amaranth Society, immortal rulers of and in Coventry. Many citizens do know of the spindizzy identity, but few indeed know of the dual imaginary/real existence. And even fewer know -- or would wish to know -- of travel between "realities". But there are a few...

"I hear there's trouble", said the heavy-set fan to the shorter, more slender figure coming up the stairs.

"Yes", replied the latter, "Coventry seems in danger -- possible sedition and sabotage, it feels like."

"The Linn-Trensena problem and the war we were planning?"

"No, this seems to be from unknown sources, and directed against all Coventry, rather than an attack of one country against another. No one knows what's causing it, not even the Emperor, but the center of trouble seems to be in Westmarch."

"Well", shrugged the heavy fan, "you're writing the stories -- can't you just settle it out of hand?"

"No! I tell you I don't know who or what is causing the trouble, so I can't do anything about it with the stories. The 'typewriter in the sky' bit doesn't always work, you know."

"That's ridiculous!" snorted a goggle-eyed fan who'd been listening to the conversation. "Coventry is an imaginary world! You can't have trouble in an imag---" his voice trailed off as the other two moved away, throwing back looks of disgust.

"There's one thing we could do", said the short fan. "We've talked about it, but not had a chance to try it -- or the need to."

"OK, but who'd help? The fans around here would only ridicule, and we'd get nowhere."

"I have a friend in Glendale. He's not a fan, he's a psychiatrist -- and an expert in hypnosis. He'll be sympathetic with the idea, I'm sure."

"OK. I'll tell Don where we're going, just in case... He won't let on unless it's necessary. Let's go!"

"I hope you two know what you're doing", said the psychiatrist. "I'll put you under deep hypnosis and suggest you're in Coventry, all right, but the rest is up to you. What happens if you get hurt or killed while you're 'there'?"

"It won't happen", said the short fan. "You can't ki--"

"We'll be careful", interrupted the other.

"I'll bring you back in 48 hours", said the psychiatrist. "That's the longest I dare leave anyone under."

"OK, do that", said the heavy fan, adding, under his breath, "if you can."

Approved under the Act of VI, 409,
and the Rivendell Proclamation by
the Office of the President,
CIVITAS COVENTRANI.

XI/28/411

Paulus Edwardum Rex III

copyright 1962 by Bruce E. Pelz

TUZUN THUNE II

by
BRUCE PELZ



Bruziver, Grand Marshal of Linn's VIII Corps, and nominal ruler of the sub-kingdom of Aizhparad, awoke slowly. The surroundings were familiar: his bedroom at VIII Corps headquarters, in Swertholm, Linn. What was strange was the man standing over him -- the Grand Marshal was certain he had never seen the man before. He sat up and faced the stranger. "I do not know you." It was a statement that demanded an answer.

"You know of me", replied the stranger, and Bruziver noted the conspicuous absence of any title of courtesy. There was something about this man that seemed alien, even to Coventry; he was tall and very handsome, carrying himself with a nobility that belied the simplicity of his grey clothing. "I have been assigned here by Tedron of Methylnia, with your permission, and I keep the Gate. When you arrive or leave by the Gate, as you have just done, I will be here."

"I know you now", acknowledged the Grand Marshal, "and you are welcome. What news in Swertholm -- in Linn -- in Coventry? What information have you to help me in my mission?"

"Very little. The trouble is centered in Michel Delving, hub of Westmarch, but I know not who is causing it. You must act swiftly, though, or the Church will close down all of Westmarch to contain the trouble."

"I could use the Krell 'Miracle' to get to Michel Delving, as there is an access right outside the city -- but the nearest access to Swertholm is in Xanadu, almost a day's journey. I haven't enough time! In 48 hours I must have completed the mission and returned here!"

"There is one possibility", suggested the Keeper of the Gate. "Two things came with you which the Grand Marshal did not have before: your wristwatch and your lens-ring; you must have known you would have need of them here. The watch is obviously needed if you are limited in time; the lens-ring must be for communication. If someone else came with you, did he also wear a lens-ring? Perhaps you can communicate with him, and he can arrange for faster transportation to Michel Delving."

"Of course! The Duke Tedron wears a lens. I only hope it came through with him. I can try...."

- oOo -

"....so your departure for Miraleste will be arranged within an hour", continued Paulus Edwardum Rex III. "And perhaps -- what's the matter, Tedron? You look like you'd just fallen asleep."

"Uh, no, Paul -- I think I just woke up", replied the Duke of Methylnia. "What were you saying?" He looked around the room from the corner of the cluttered desk on which he sat, gradually recognizing his surroundings as the office of the Emperor of New America.

"I was saying that you'd better get ready for the journey to Miraleste, before the Church gets after you -- or your fiancée does!" As Tedron got off the desk, the Emperor got up from his chair behind it, and began to pace back and forth. "You can get into..."

"I'm sorry", interrupted Tedron, "but I won't be able to go to Miraleste right now, Paul -- perhaps in a couple of days." He started for the door. "I'll see you the day after tomorrow."

"Come back here", commanded the Emperor, knowing full well the command would be ignored. Methylnia owed allegiance to New America, but Tedron was both a member of the Upper Twelve like himself and a Minister of Coventry. "You just said -- you agreed -- oh, I give up! One of these days your avoiding responsibilities to go traipsing off around the world will get you in trouble you can't get out of!" He threw himself back into the chair, but made no attempt to stop the Duke.

"Perhaps", agreed Tedron cheerfully, and he slammed the door behind him. "But", he added to himself, "this time it may get us all out of a mess." And he headed for the secret passage which led to the Krell City. As he pushed into it, his lens-ring began to glow and the voice of the Grand Marshal blared at him telepathically. "Damn, I hope these things work! Tedron, can you hear me? Where the hell are you?"

The Duke thought directly at his ring. "Yes, I can hear you, so tone down the volume before you give me a headache. I wondered why the ring came through with me; they actually work, even if Paul doesn't believe in them. Too bad we can't keep them here. I'm in the passage under Brandy Hall, heading for the Krell subway, though I don't know where in Westmarch to head for. Where are you?"

"I'm in Swertholm, and the trouble is in Michel Delving. I can't get into the Krell subway short of Xanadu, and there isn't time to reach there by the usual methods. You'll have to borrow the Emperor's secret radio and get the Foreign Ministry in Crimzoidia to send out a night-flitter for me. The code word is, as I recall, 'Quaero'."

"But it's broad daylight, and the flitter would be seen!"

"Damn. It was night when we left and I forgot Coventry time was different. Okay, have them break out a sub and send it to Heorot harbor, my private dock. It can take me to the nearest sea-floor entrance to the Krell City, and I'll take the subway into Michel Delving. Take me about an hour to get to Heorot — more like two by the back roads I'll have to use. Meet you at the Tobacco Shop in Michel Delving in about three hours or so."

"Okay. We'd better cut off -- there's no telling how long these power rings will last." The Duke thought at his ring, and it ceased to glow. The Grand Marshal's voice no longer sounded in his head, and Tedron hurried back along the passage to the radio room in the lowest basement of Brandy Hall. There were few two-way radios in Coventry, and all of them were quite secret. Besides the Brandy Hall one, there were radios in the large cathedrals of the Church which could have been used by citizens of the status of Tedron or Bruziver — but as with the entrances to the Krell City, the nearest cathedral to Swertholm was in the city of Xanadu. His thumb-print unlocked the radio room, as would the print of any of the Upper Twelve or the Ministers of Coventry, and in five minutes Tedron, his call completed, was again hurrying down the passage toward the Krell City and its swift transport to Michel Delving.

- oOo -

"I knew not that Linn had submarines", remarked the Keeper of the Gate.

"I don't think even the President knows about this atomic one", replied Bruziver. "Of course, I only use it in my capacity as Foreign Minister, never in Linnan emergencies, or the Church would crack down on me. They're fussy about these things. I'd better get going for Heorot — the plain black outfit and a rapier will have to do, as I must travel as quickly and as light as possible."

"I have saddled Spectre in anticipation of your need", said the Keeper. "Remember, you must be back here in exactly forty-seven hours and ten minutes -- whether or not your mission has been accomplished."

"I shall be here. I leave Swertholm in your care, Keeper of the Gate. Dulatuc Nastur Quana." Moving quickly and quietly for a man of his size, the Grand Marshal slipped out the back door of the room, and a moment later a large black horse galloped away from the building, heading northwest for the coast and the port of Heorot.

- oOo -

It was an hour and fifty minutes later that Bruziver reined the black Morgan in at his private dock in Heorot. A key opened the gate, and he led the horse through under the sign of the ankh and lightning bolt into the dock stalls, and unharnessed him. Spectre was as much at home here as he had been in Swertholm — or as he would have been in his private stall at the Regency palace in Xanadu.

As the Grand Marshal left the stall, a man stepped out of the shadows at the back of the dock house. "Your Excellency..." he began, but Bruziver cut him off with "Let's go, Dave -- no time for talk or ceremonies." He led the way down a short flight of stairs to the waiting submarine. There are advantages to having a harbor dredged to one's own specifications.

"Stay here and guard the dock house, Dave", ordered the Grand Marshal. "See that Spectre is ready to travel immediately any time from 2 a.m. the day after tomorrow. You have a watch?" The man revealed his wrist chronometer, a rarity in Coventry outside of the Clergy. He saluted the Grand Marshal casually, and the latter went below into the submarine. The hatch was sealed, and the sub dived noiselessly, heading out to sea.

- oOo -

The staff of a Minister of Coventry is necessarily small, but efficient. The pilot of the submarine could as easily have piloted a nightflitter or a speedcar, if the occasion called for it. The small sub sped quickly out of the harbor of Heorot, through New Glasgow Bay and around the east end of the island of Queensland, until it settled to the bottom of the trench off the southwestern tip of Westmarch. The atomics stopped, and the Grand Marshal followed one of the crew to the diving lock, where they put on pressure suits, then stepped into the lock, sealed the inner door, and opened the seacocks. When the water had filled the lock, the crewman threw a lever and stepped through the outer door, preceding the Grand Marshal with a light.

Twenty feet in front of them was another lock, and when they had entered and blown out the water, the inner door led directly to the Krell subway system. "I don't know if I shall have to use the sub to return", said Bruziver, "but you'd better return for me tomorrow night at midnight, unless I contact you beforehand." The crewman saluted, no less casually than the one called Dave, and stepped back into the airlock carrying the Grand Marshal's pressure suit.

Bruziver directed his attention to the subway, and to getting to Michel Delving. He punched the coordinates of the city on the board of the trackless car that was stationed at the entrance, and the robot controls took over, whisking him swiftly through the underground maze.

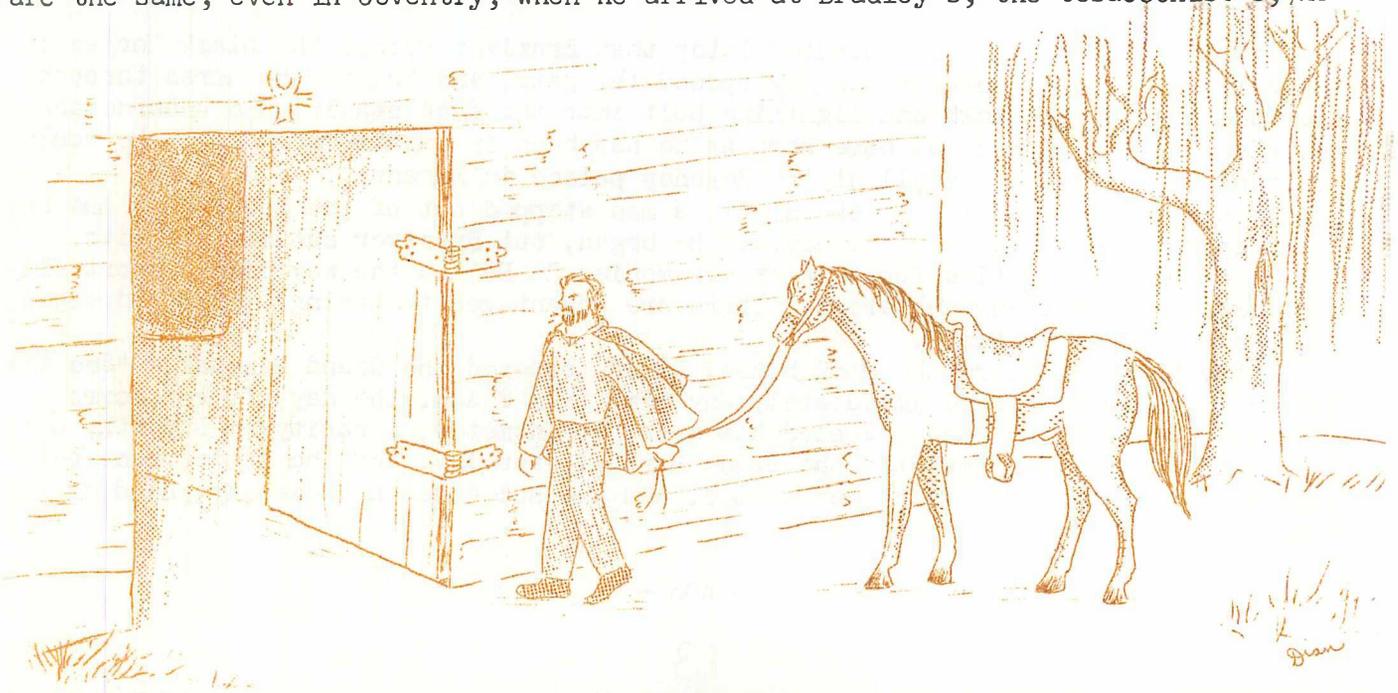
When he emerged from the Krell City, he found he was outside of Michel Delving, rather than within its walls. The trapdoor had lifted into a sheep-pen after a scanner had determined there was no one outside to observe his exit, and when the trapdoor was replaced it could not be seen. Nor could it be opened by anyone unfamiliar with the workings of the Krell City. Bruziver climbed the fence and walked toward the gate of Michel Delving. The guards challenged him as he approached, demanding his name and business.

"Bruziver of Heorot!" he snapped. "Grand Marshal of Linn. On a tour of arms factories for my Corps." The guards stepped back to let him pass, and when he had done so one of them stepped back into the post box. A telegraph key chattered briefly.

- oOo -

Michel Delving is built in Victorian manner of architecture, and consists of concentric circles of activities, separated by parks. The outermost circle is that of the factories, for the city is the hub of Westmarch's busy commerce; the innermost circle is The Hill, which includes the government offices. Between them are circles of shops and circles of residential areas, and many parks.

Bruziver walked through the factory circle and into the first park beyond, where he hailed a hansom cab. "Number 12, Imperial Street, Third Circle." Inside the cab he checked his watch. There were 44 hours and 5 minutes to go; he was fifteen minutes early for his rendezvous with Tedron. But Michel Delving is large, and cab drivers are the same, even in Coventry; when he arrived at Bradley's, the tobacconist's, he



was 15 minutes late, and Tedron was in plain sight, leafing through some books in a stall next to the tobacco shop.

"Learn anything?" queried the Grand Marshal quietly as he walked up beside the small man in grey. He too started leafing through a book.

"Not much", was the reply. "The trouble's here, all right, but that's about all I can find out."

"If we're going to find anything out, it'll have to be here in the shop circle or at The Hill -- and we're not ready to tackle The Hill yet until we know a bit more of what we're after. We'll have to split up and circulate around for a while."

"I'll take the western half", said Tedron. "If we find anything important, we can use the rings."

"All right. In any case, meet back here by 11:00 -- that's about 12 hours from now -- whether we've found anything or not. Luck!"

Bruziver's first stop was a haberdashery, where he changed into an outfit somewhat less conspicuous than his customary black and silver. A true citizen of Michel Delving would have carried a pistol instead of a rapier, but that was a minor point; he wasn't trying to blend into the background completely.

He spent hours circulating through the shops and pubs, plying people with rumors and liquor -- and occasionally money. The results were negligible. Everyone was worried, business was confused, but no one would talk.

Night fell swiftly, and still he had not been through the right shops. Someone must be willing to say something. It was close to ten when he walked into a large bookstore called Appay's, and started his usual gambit to the storekeeper. "Book business looks rather slow these days."

"Slow isn't the word", replied the man. "If I'd known it was going to be this bad, I'd never have bought the place and moved all my family from Kiel. But books don't come in when I order them, even when the publisher is right here in the city! And people don't want to buy what I have -- and you yourself are probably just a browser trying to make conversation without buying anything." He was a tall man, and rather thin; his face was set in a permanent scowl, and his voice dripped disgust with life in general and with Bruziver in particular, since he happened to be there. Outlanders evidently weren't welcome, even to those fairly new in town.

Bruziver picked up the nearest book that looked interesting, a leather-bound volume with the improbable title of Dictionary of Literary Obscurities, and plunked down some silvers on the counter. "No, I'm interested in buying", he said. "But what's the trouble around here?"

The shopkeeper scooped up the money. "Oh, the Mayor seems to have gone mad", he replied. "He issues orders one day that contradict the orders of the previous day. Taxes change weekly, the public services are in a hopeless snarl, and people don't know what's coming next. The city guardsmen and police march out of the city one day for training practice, and march back in the next because the Mayor has decided they shouldn't be outside the city. Business is coming to a standstill. And I'd hate to think what's happening outside the city, if he's treated emissaries and messengers in any such way. If it doesn't stop soon, there will be confusion throughout all Westmarch!"

"You don't know the half of it", muttered the Grand Marshal to himself as he picked up his book and left the shop. He ducked into an alley, and activated the lens-ring. "Tedron", he said quietly, "I think I've hit it. Have you found anything?"

"No", came the answering thought. "These people are as tight-lipped as a clam -- a dead clam."

"No, a worried clam. Worried and frightened. I found a newcomer who wasn't frightened too much yet. The trouble is at The Hill -- it's the Mayor, to be exact. Head for the tobacco shop."

"Right." And the glow of the rings dimmed and went out.

- oOo -

Midnight found the two men at the back entrance to Bradley's, the Grand Marshal on guard and the Duke bent over the door. Finally the latter stood up, grasped the handle, and swung the door open. He bowed the larger man inside. "If it's booby-

trapped", he commented, "you may be too big a booby for it to handle." But nothing untoward happened, and both men picked their way toward the storeroom.

"I'm more worried about its not being booby-trapped", remarked the Grand Marshal. "Or at least strung with some kind of alarm. You just don't leave a contact agency that easily open to intrusion -- might as well have left the door unlocked. Where the hell is that passageway?"

"Over here, as I remember the plans", said the Duke, moving aside some large cartons marked 'Southfarthing'. "I wonder what it is about tobacco shops that makes them so popular as contact-points for spies and secret agents?" Gaining the wall, he lifted a sign off its hook and stood back, as a floor panel slid aside and revealed a flight of stairs. Bruziver started down cautiously, and Tedron, after replacing the sign, followed. As they stepped off the last step, the panel closed above them, the last bit of light glancing off their swords.

"Dreck", remarked Bruziver from the blackness. "I don't suppose your cigaret lighter came through with you, did it? Or that you've got some matches, even?"

"Nope -- I'm out of matches, as usual, and nothing but the ring and watch came through. Not even cigarets -- and they don't use them in Buckland, you know. We'll have to feel our way from here."

"As the Bishop said to the Actress. Oh, well, this passage can only lead to The Hill, and if we follow along the wall we're bound to get there eventually. Let's go."

They set off along both walls, swords scraping the side of the wall in front of them. The occasional joke soon gave way to a thick silence, as more than an hour of walking passed. Bruziver wondered whether the Mayor's secret service men used horses to get through the passage from The Hill to the shop at the other end, or whether the Mayor thought it was a good idea for them to get the exercise.

Suddenly there was a 'sproing!' and Tedron's sword leapt out of his hand. Bruziver, who had been trailing by several feet, tightened his grip on his own sword and moved forward slowly while Tedron groped in the dark for his blade. The Grand Marshal found his sword stopped by another wall, directly in front of him. "Hey, we must be getting someplace -- the passage turns to the left!"

"The hell it does!" Tedron, sword in hand, walked forward again. "It turns to the right!" They followed the walls for a short distance and met in the middle of the passage; a dead end.

"There must be a catch to raise the barrier. We haven't passed any..."

Bruziver never finished, for there was a loud thump behind them which reverberated through the passage. Both men rushed back -- ten feet to their rear was another dead end.

"It didn't trigger when we hit the barrier", said Bruziver. "Therefore..."

"...we are expected", finished Tedron.

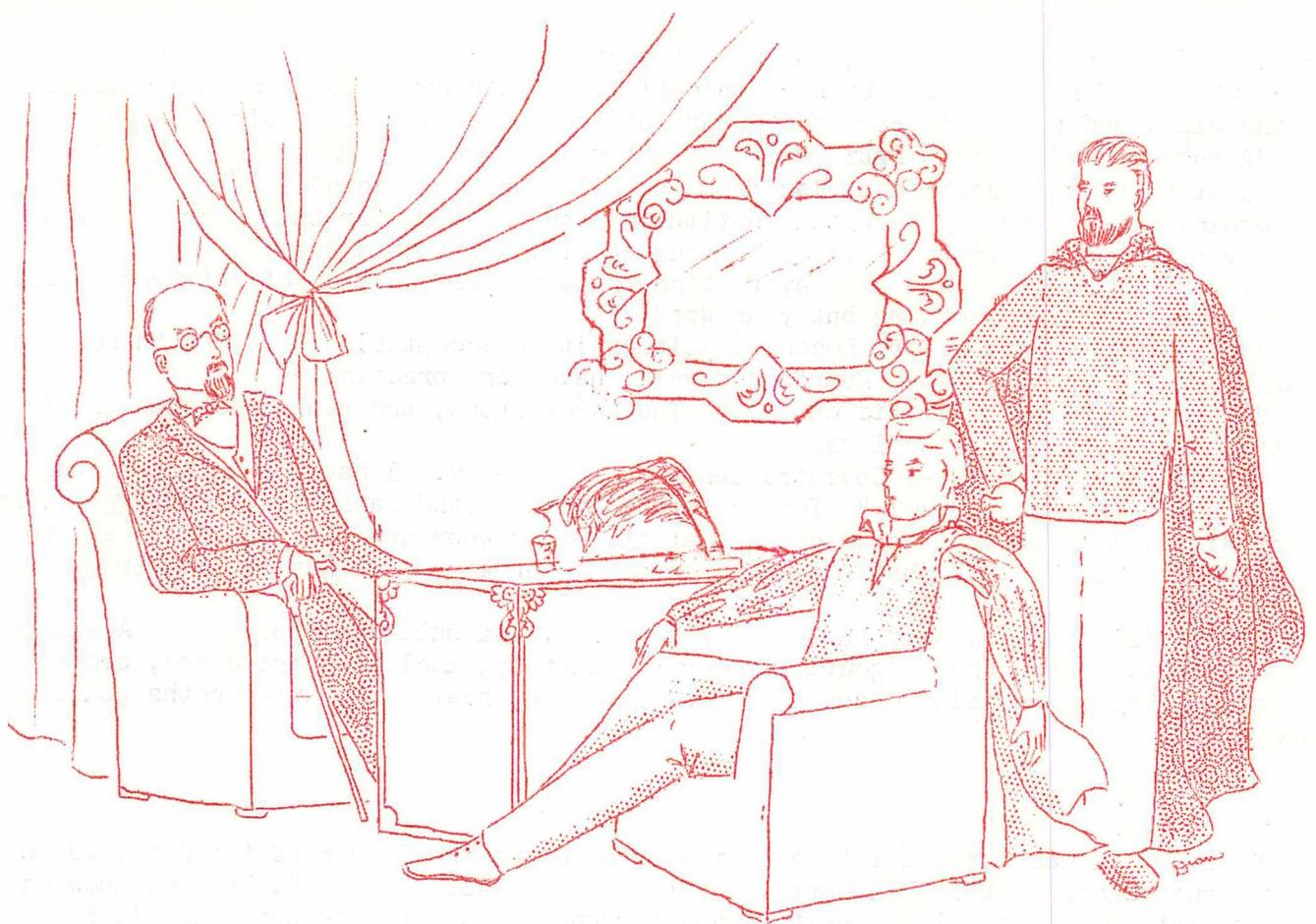
- oOo -

It was morning when the barrier was finally raised, but the fact could be attested to only by the watches. The guards who stood in lines two deep and five abreast across the passage carried torches. The leader motioned to the two figures on the floor of the passage, directing them to get up and follow the guards. Tedron, who was the lighter sleeper, opened first one eye, then the other, yawned ostentatiously, and condescended to sit up. He jabbed Bruziver with his foot, and the Grand Marshal sat up snorting "whazzit?" The leader of the guards continued to motion, and with considered casualness the two men got up, retrieved their swords, and fell in the midst of the convoy of guards, who made no move to touch them.

"I see he at least takes our word for what we are worth in a fight", remarked Tedron. "Now, if there'd only been seven or eight of them...." They both laughed, and walked ahead steadily.

- oOo -

Decanus Baldwin, the Mayor of Michel Delving, sat in a comfortably cushioned chair of red leather, with a pitcher and glass in front of him on his desk. The office into which the guards had escorted their prisoners was ornate, and a trifle



cluttered. It reeked of Victorianism, as did most of the other rooms of The Hill, though to a lesser degree. The Mayor himself reeked of Victorianism in both dress and manner, and he looked old enough - almost - to be Victorian. He might have been close to a third of the required 350 years.

The Duke of Methylnonia slouched in a chair in front of the Mayor's desk. The Grand Marshal did his best to remain military, and stood at what he considered a parade rest next to the Duke. They both tried to return the glare from the other side of the desk, but couldn't come close to the ferocity.

"I've been expecting you two for quite some time now!" exclaimed the Mayor. "About a couple of months, at least. What took you so long?"

"We got held up on something more..." said Tedron.

"Cut it!" snapped Bruziver. Then, turning to the Mayor, "We're here, now. What do you want?"

"Out!!" He spit the word from his mouth and cut it off with his teeth.

"You don't like it in Coventry?" The question was rhetorical, and all three of them knew it. "Why not apply for Belly Rave, then? Others have left that way, to go to the daughter cities, or just to go exploring on their own, like Jommar Lynn. I'm sure they could spare you a spaceboat."

"I want out entirely! Not just out of Coventry, but out of the idea of Coventry! Since you two got me in here, I deduced it would have to be you who could get me out again, so I merely started interfering in a few places with the workings of Coventry, and waited until it became noticeable. Only an other-level Coventrianian could try to do anything about it, and you two are the only other-level Coventrianians who would. So get me out!"

"Assuming we could get you out", replied Tedron, "why should we? On this level, Coventry needs a Mayor of Michel Delving, and on the other level we need you for stories. Why should we get you out?"

The Mayor's face and voice grew more threatening. "The guards who brought you here are reinforced by several dozen others, now. Would you like to try fighting your way through them? Or would you like to try out the dungeons under The Hill for the next few years? Even your one-level selves wouldn't like that, I'm sure."

"That's stupid. We could take about a dozen of your men out of action permanently, and even if you managed to kill us, our patterns are on file and we'd be back again tomorrow with a force big enough to take even The Hill. Being Amaranth has its advan-

tages. And if you locked us up, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs will contact the Church when we don't get back by a certain time. Either way, you wind up Reclassified -- mind-wiped and set up in some other part of Coventry. So let's talk sense."

"A suggestion", put in Bruziver. "We get you out -- not immediately, but soon -- and you stop the confusion emanating from The Hill, and let Michel Delving settle down again. We can write you out, substituting someone else for the Mayor, and you will never have been Mayor of Michel Delving at all. Is that a deal?"

"I don't like it", said the Mayor, finding it distasteful to retreat from a position of power. "I have nothing but your word."

"That's all we can offer, Decanus. Either it is acceptable, or..." both men drew their swords "...call in your guards and we'll have some practice."

"I suppose there is little choice." The Mayor stood, towering over both of the others. "How soon can you release me?"

"Within three months -- Coventranian time, of course. I have no idea how long it will be on the other level." Tedron turned to the Grand Marshal, who shrugged, and added, "It will be as soon as we can get at it -- you know how time schedules are on the other level. Now, if that's all, we'll be on our way -- we have a long trip ahead of us."

"That will be all", said the Mayor resignedly, and pulled a rope once. A single guard entered. "Show these 'gentlemen' every courtesy, including the door", ordered the Mayor. The guard saluted and the Mayor sat down, heavily. Three months could be a long time.

- oOo -

"Part of it was pure bluff", admitted Bruziver to the Keeper of the Gate, as the two sat once again in the Headquarters of the Linnan VIII Corps. "I have no idea whether the pattern storage takes multi-level personalities into account, and I'd hate to think what would happen if he'd imprisoned us past the 48-hour limit. The workings of Coventry might have been thrown completely off when we returned to the other level, leaving our first-level selves in positions other than those they had when we arrived. Of course, this is all supposition, but as far as I can tell, anyone invading through hypnosis from the other level has to leave from the same place he entered -- the first-level Coventranians all return automatically to their places and occupations as of the time the invaders arrived, but the invaders themselves are the nexus and control of the situation."

"In the essentials", agreed the Keeper, "that is correct. All Coventry will have forgotten the events of the past two days within minutes after you leave. Or at least, almost all Coventry -- my people will remember, for although we are also first-level, our power of thought extends beyond this level, and we will remember. And I will record the events of these two lost days in the Silver Record which will remain here in Swertholm."

"There is another who will remember: the Mayor of Michel Delving. He is a strange anomaly -- he is neither first- or other-level, but somewhere in between. His other-level self has drifted partially into Coventry, against his conscious will; he believes he has been dragged in, and hence must be released by those responsible for dragging him in. He will remember the events, but be unable to tell them to anyone. And he will wait to be released -- an impatient waiting, but an enforced one. It will be some time until we can fashion the tale that will release him, but we play by the rules and will keep our word, since he, no matter how grudgingly, kept his."

"You have about ten minutes remaining", said the Keeper. "You had best lie down as you were when you arrived." He carefully replaced the garments which the Grand Marshal had thrown onto the floor to the positions they had occupied 47-odd hours ago.

Bruziver flopped unceremoniously onto the bed, and activated his ring. Tedron's thoughts came through to the accompaniment of a background drone from the Emperor of New America. Tedron was back in place, also.

"It's been fun", telepathed Bruziver. "And we did a fairly creditable job, if we do have to say so ourselves -- and we do, as no one else will believe us."

"Right", came back the Duke's thought. "The task is finished..."

"...and the status..." continued the Grand Marshal in formula.

"...remains quo", he heard, as the bedroom blurred into nothingness.

The stage was empty, but the scene was set.



Here it is deadline time again, and suddenly I am stricken dumb. Finals are over for the semester and I have all the free time in the world for a couple weeks before the summer session starts -- plenty of time to think up fascinating and provocative topics of discussion for this column. But am I getting anywhere? No.

Maybe I'm just worn out by a year of high-intensity training in the inner workings of assorted mass entertainment media -- radio, television and movies. But I haven't found any personal opinions which I can defend adequately enough to justify building a column around, and I'm afraid I must fall back on that old tried-and-true standby of the occasionally non-creative columnist -- current events in my own little world.

If it is possible there is somewhere some fan who hasn't heard my loud and joyous bragging, let me once again mention that in the course of my majoring in Radio-TV Broadcasting here at San Diego State I became involved in a little show called HAPPY HIDEOUT. This show, in the fullness of time, has been accepted by a local commercial station for broadcast (no remuneration involved) with the possibility of wider network distribution. This has naturally given me something modestly approaching a swelled head, and I go about bragging about being a television star, buttonholing total strangers on the street and enjoining them to get up at the unGhody hour of 7:45 Saturday morning to watch our show.

The show itself is quite charming. The set is a tree with a crotch some four feet wide about five feet off the ground, and in this area assorted hand-puppet animals romp about. Around the tree there are a couple of bushes, a fair-sized rock, a stump, and a toadstool large enough for a little girl to sit on. This is what the show largely consists of -- a little girl with a big story book comes romping in at the beginning of the show, greets the animals, they chat for a few moments and lead into her story. She reads them the story, with occasional pauses for comments and reaction from the puppets and a lot of illustrations, then they all talk about the story until the time runs out and she bids them all farewell until next week.

Now to introduce the dramatis personae of this weekly debacle. The Storyteller is Lisa (pronounced with a long "E" and hard "S"), ably portrayed by Lisa Collins, a cute blond gal with a sexy voice who is majoring in Broadcasting -- in fact, it has been said (by me, in fact) that it was Lisa who put the Broad in Broadcasting at Sandy State. She's very good looking, but has the ability to put on a short dress and pile up her hair and come out looking like a wide-eyed twelve-year-old. Her handling of the stories, many of which are basically nauseating little things about a little bunny rabbit who fell asleep in his school, or a pollywog who swam out into the river and was carried far away from home, is generally admitted to be excellent. My Mother has been a teacher all her life, mostly of primary grades, and she had nothing but praise for Lisa's style of presentation.

Then of course there are the puppets. Right now we have three regulars and a fourth who drops in occasionally. Rodimus (Roddy) the Raccoon was originally intended as the star of the puppets, with an owl named Fenimore as second banana, and a baby lion named William Jennings Dwiggins who would be kept rather minor. As it has turned out, William Jennings Dwiggins has stolen the show out from under everybody else. He's just a shaggy head-and-neck, all soft and curly, with a feather-boab sort of mane, and handled much like Shari Lewis's popular "LambChop". His obvious innocence and naivete are such that he can get away with all sorts of things which would sound questionable coming from another puppet. His voice is all growly and affectionate, and he nuzzles Lisa lovingly on occasion.

Roddy is built along standard hand-puppet lines, with arms and hands. His voice is high and squeaky, his character is brash and his wit quick. Fenimore the Owl is only articulated in the beak, but his head is mounted separately from his body so it can be turned completely around, or shot up into the air on an apparently extensible neck. His voice is deep and hooting, his character is that of the usual owl of anthropomorphic fiction, who knows everything, but occasionally gets it backwards.

The fourth puppet is Conrad the BlueJay. He hangs by an invisible nylon thread from a sort of fishing pole held by an operator out of camera range. Whoever operates him speaks his lines in a raucous screech, and swings him slowly across in front of the camera.

There are two puppeteers for the three main puppets, there being room only for two behind the tree — Roddy and William Jennings Dwiggins are handled by one George Lewis, another Broadcasting major who also picks up a fair piece of change being a 10 till 2 a.m. disk-jockey on a local folk music-jazz-musical comedy-light pops station. Fenimore the Owl is handled by Yours Most Obedient, who spends his spare time writing for fanzines instead of looking for an honest job. George has the advantage because he has two characters and can feed himself straight lines. However, I have years of background training at fan-gab-sessions to pick up lines and weave speculation around them, and this ability has come in handy when we suddenly come to the end of the story and the script and find we have five minutes to fill and nothing to talk about.

What is it like to make a real live television show? Well, it's not live, for one thing — it's taped. We got a VideoTapeRecorder for Christmas last year, and we don't do any live television any more at all scarcely. But to all intents and purposes it's almost as hard — harder, in some ways. Because in a live situation, if you blow the whole thing, you just pick it up and go on and it's over. But on VideoTape you can and have to go back and do the whole thing over. This, of course, makes for a better-looking and safer finished product, but it's more work for cast and crew, who can never be sure when they'll get home. On live TV, they can say, "We go on the air at 3 and we're off at 3:30. Crew and cast call for first rehearsal is noon. Give half an hour to strike the set and put everything away and we'll be out by 4." In taping, you can say, "Crew and cast call is at noon, maybe a couple of rehearsals and a critique in between, then a coffee break and maybe we can try a take by 3. If it's a good take, we'll be out by 4. If it isn't we'll have a break and try it again. Tell you what, honey, I'll phone by six if I can't be home for supper."

The last HIDEOUT we taped was last Thursday, the 14th of June. The first show was broadcast on Saturday the 16th, and we wanted to tape another show and also tape some spot announcements plugging the show. The show we were taping was the 8th in the series, and as has been the usual procedure, we didn't get our scripts until the last minute.

The spots came first. George had two of them to himself, so he climbed behind the tree and the lights were turned on. Now, television takes a lot of light, and Studio B, where the HIDEOUT set is, is a converted radio studio with highly inadequate air conditioning. So during our preparations we are all bundled up in sweaters because the air conditioner is set at 55°. Within ten minutes after the lights are on, everyone is in shirtsleeves and the temperature in the studio is 85°, and behind the tree, which is the focus of all the lights, the temperature approaches 100°. We take several runs through each spot before taping it, to be sure we have the timing exactly right — a spot scheduled for 20 seconds cannot run less than 18½ or more than 21 seconds, and the latter is frowned on.

Finally all is ready. The director tells the engineer to start the VTR, the floor assistant holds up a slate that reads "HIDEOUT PROMO/SPOT #G/:20 sec". The camera is faded out for ten seconds, then fades in and George is cued. William Jennings Dwiggins is looking admiring down at a large banner saying "Happy Hideout, 7:45 Saturday Morning, Channel 8", and singing "Quarter to eight on TV-8, Quarter to eight on TV-8". Roddy pops up beside him and asks what he's doing. WJD says he's telling everybody to come to the Happy Hideout Saturday mornings here on Channel 8. Roddy says, "But William Jennings Dwiggins, Happy Hideout is a secret place!" William looks abashed, and we cut in for a close-up as he confides to the camera, "Aw, I couldn't keep a secret from you..." And we fadeout. It took three takes to get this one satisfactorily.

The producer wanted to tape a one-minute spot, but we didn't have a script prepared, so George offered to take the 20-second one and pad it out to a minute. He took ten minutes working over the script, then a couple of rehearsals, and two takes got it in its final form.

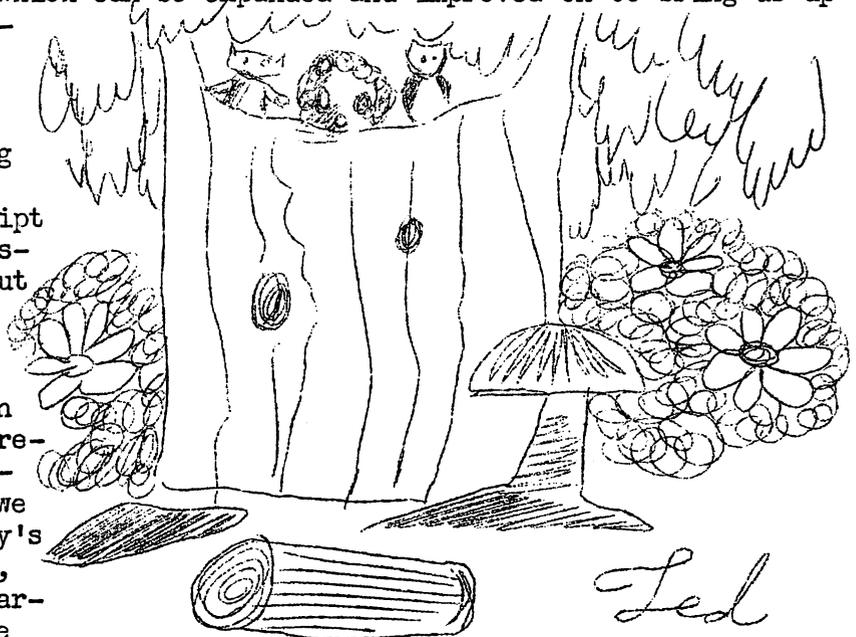
Then came another 20-second spot wherein Lisa introduced the puppets, each of whom greeted the audience, and concluded with an invitation to visit the Happy Hideout Saturday morning. This spot involved some complex camera movement, and took almost half an hour to get in the can.

Our little nest behind the tree is crowdedly but efficiently furnished — George and I each have a chair, with one music stand between us for the script. Resting on the floor between us is a TV monitor so we can see what is going on out in front and tell if our puppets are looking in the right direction. On the floor beside that is a small time-clock which we use to get out time cues so we'll know when to wrap up the show.

Now we have the spots out of the way, and it's time to start getting to work on the fifteen-minute show. As usual, we haven't seen a script up to this point. Now the director digs out three copies. Lisa reads through her parts and George and I take the voices and expressions of our puppets as we sit in a conference room up the hall from the studio which has the lights off and the door open in a vain attempt to lower the hellish temperatures. We run through the thing once, stopping at every rough spot and smoothing it off, Lisa re-wording awkward phrases, George and I deciding on and polishing our ad libs, and writing cue phrases on the script so we'll be reminded of roughly what we want to say, but it will still come out sounding spontaneous.

Then we try a second run-through, polishing the ad libs and running against a clock. Now we know how much time we will have to fill at the end of the show, and we decide on a subject or two which can be expanded and improved on to bring us up to 13:45, at which time the director must start our closing credits, which run exactly 45 seconds, to bring the show out at the requisite 14:30. Having finished a second run-through, the director goes over the script once again with us, marking possible parts which can be cut out if we are running late.

We lost some time in the middle of our rehearsal this evening because the engineer in master control had set up our receiver to feed one of the monitors in the control room, and we all stopped to watch Stravinsky's new ballet, Noah and the Flood, and commenting on some of the artistic effects attempted by the television crew. As it concluded, our director ordered us all



to our places for a dress rehearsal and I fired off my staled line -- "Puppets, man your trees!" We filed wearily back into the studio and donned our characters again.

The rehearsal went smoothly enough. The story was about a little train named Chug-Chug who got tired of a local run and jumped his tracks and ran into all sorts of problems before returning to safety and security. I grotched at the director about preaching conformity to these impressionable little minds, but the director pointed out that if everyone was original and creative we would all be out of jobs. So I satisfied myself with one stfantasy reference in the body of the show -- in the discussion afterwards, Fenimore comments that he often goes off on long flying trips away from the Hideout, and sometimes he's gone quite a while. But I concluded with as close to a quote as I could remember from Sam Gamgee in The Lord of the Rings, saying that he didn't mind how far he went or how long he stayed away as long as he knew that the Shire was somewhere behind him, waiting for him to come back. Only of course Fenimore changed it from the Shire to the Hideout.

We had no noticable difficulty with the show either; the first take was acceptable, and it was clear we wouldn't be able to do it again -- everyone was tired, it was 10:45 and George was already late for his job by the time the playback of the tape was finished, so we shook hands all around and went home. We had put in a total of five hours work for a quarter-hour show and four spots totalling two minutes and ten seconds -- a total of 16:40 of finished product. Involved in the production were the three performers, our director, a video engineer/camera switcher, a sound man, three camera men, a camera assistant, an assistant director, one faculty advisor and the engineer who ran the VideoTapeRecorder. In other words, there were sixty-five man-hours of work put in for 16 minutes and 40 seconds of tape. This, wasteful as it may seem, is about the ratio for most television productions.

There are all sorts of little stories going on behind the scenes -- for instance, George is crazy about Lisa, but she is going around with the show's lighting director, and the closest George can get to her is when he has William Jennings Diggins nuzzle her cheek. But if I wrote this into a story, I would be accused -- justifiably -- of stealing from Paul Gallico. But then, the show is lifted from Kukla, Fran & Ollie, on which Gallico based Love of Seven Dolls... Well, whatcha gonna do?

.....
(Hot Spot - continued from p. 4)

finished story to the prozines, simply substituting new names for the Coventranian ones. At the worst, they consider Coventry merely a harmless amusement.

On the other hand, there are those who believe that Coventry is a complete waste of time and effort, or is actually harmful. They point out that some Coventranians seem to be letting their in-Coventry war-animosities affect their real relationships with the opponent fen. They claim that the idea of Coventry is so full of contradictions and flaws that it is worse than useless as a writer's training aid, and that the Coventranians' penchant for writing themselves in as the heroes is a pandering to the ego and a bid for oneupsmanship that must stop if they are ever to become good writers - or mature adults. Some fans seem to think that all Coventranians actually believe they can psionically teleport themselves to Coventry ("flipback") if life in this real world becomes too difficult. (And some Coventranians act as though they do believe this.)

Most fans know of Coventry, at least by rumor. This issue presents a Coventry story, typical of the genre, written by a leading Coventranian. On the basis of this story (or other material that you know of), what do you think of Coventry, as a story background and/or philosophical idea? Is it a good idea? a bad idea? or a mixture of both (and if so, to what extent is it good and bad)? I'd like to get some good, impartial, thought-out comments on this subject, to find out what fans in general (other than those who have been voiciferously pro- or anti-) think.

(Note to those anti-Coventranians who have already shouted that I'm ruining a good fanzine by turning it into a Coventranian house-organ: don't worry. I want both pro- and con- views to print, and the topic of discussion in SAL will be changed every few issues. I have no intention of filling SAL with Coventraniana every issue.)

(Note to pro-Coventranians: this doesn't mean that I won't print any more Coventry stories. I hope to have a sequel from Pelz in the fairly near future.)

UP IN SMOKE

It appears that k.v., who in his secret identity is a mild-mannered retorter for a great metropolitan fanzine, is not going to be doing these reviews anymore for SALAMANDER and I am. Oh well. The normal procedure for this thing will be to pick out a number of fanzines from the giant stack that I've actually read ((with ye ed. trying to make sure that they're also fanzines that ye ed. has received in trade)); thus, while not many fanzines will be reviewed, they will be reviewed in semi-depth. Maybe I will get worked up over some stuff; then I will be an old fan, and fired. Maybe someday I will get paid a word-rate for doing this column; it will then be much longer. I will be an old fan, and hired.

MICROTOME #1, sometime in April 1962. Published by John Koning, 2114 Stearns Road, Cleveland 6, Ohio, and available by way of trade, letter of comment, or 15¢ the issue. "Next issue is improbable, but then again it might come out someday."

After months of silence from FVE publications, this thing arrived in my mailbox some time ago, bearing an Oakland, California postmark. It would be nice to know why a fanzine published in Ohio bears a California postmark, but I'm not about to worry over it.

Mostly this is a magazine full of fanzine reviews by Eugene Hryb, that non-fan friend of Koning's who lurks around the outskirts of fandom, grabbing up handfuls of John's fanzine collection, taking them home to his lair, reading and reviewing them. And they're damned good reviews, if I may say so. He takes 7½ pages to review nine fanzines in considerably more depth than I ever go into in these pages, and the overall impression one gains is that Hryb is a knowledgeable non-fan who is probably right in staying comfortably detached from the scene, since he apparently has no interest in science-fiction or in fannish fighting. Yet, he is at least in sympathy with the microcosm enough so that he can do a good, objective job of reviewing.

Koning is present at the front and rear of the magazine with a total of maybe three pages of chitter-chatter in the VOID style, cunningly adapted to his own pages. He claims in the posterior editorial that the first one was written by his Good Buddy, Hryb, but I don't believe it at all. Why did you say that, John?

It is probably pointless to try to get this thing, since I rather expect no extras are available anymore, but you might try. Koning could buy a large Pepsi with your 15¢ if he didn't have extras. If you sent him 30¢ for two issues he could buy a hamburger.

SANG SANG #2, 5 May 1962. Struck off on her ditto machine by Dian Girard, who insists she is not a hoax, of 4620 Twining Street, Los Angeles 32, California, and available somehow. I don't know how. I got mine because she's trying to antagonize me; maybe you can get yours because she's sent one to everyone else. Published on no apparent schedule, but frequently so far.

This bright new phenomenon on the fan scene is the product of a young lady who lives somewhere near Alhambra, and it's full of mostly her own natterings. Dian Girard, for that is her name, has been around fandom for somewhat over a year now; in fact, I was one of the first fans she met, when she came over to the old Fan Hillton one afternoon and I answered the door (I was there after a job interview; I didn't get the job) and invited her (and her ex-fiancé) in and then deserted them, ahahaha!

However, all this is neither here nor there. Dian's fanzine, now in its second issue, though this is the first one to be circulated widely outside of the area (the #1 issue was run in a limited edition of 50 copies), is brightly dittoed in a rainbow of colors, and is editorially written. The contents are an unusual blend of ARB-ish natter and personal material, and the overall effect is rather provoking, at least to me. Dian raises a number of interesting points about fans and fandom, and I hope she will start running a lettercol soon so she can print any answers she may get.

There's no price on this magazine; however, if you want a copy I am sure Dian would be glad to send you one, particularly if you publish a fanzine in trade. There ought to be an issue out again in the near future, provided one can distract Dian from her Cult activity.

CADENZA #5, May 1962. Published by Charles Wells, 2495 Sherbrooke Drive NE, Atlanta 6, Georgia, and available by trade, letter of comment, or 20¢ the copy. Maximum sub one dollar at the foregoing rate. Published approximately quarterly.

The 5th issue of CADENZA is also the first anniversary issue and marks the tenth anniversary of the editor's fan career, it says on the first page. This also is apparently the Don Thompson and Maggie Curtis Appreciation Issue, for spread throughout the number, on the front and rear covers, and at the end of the editorial, there are photo-stencilled photographs of this pair. They will have been married, it says here, on 23 June of this year, which is a pleasant note. Congratulations, Thompsons, if you're reading this.

The main section of this issue is taken up with Wells' extremely lengthy article, "In Defense of Liberalism", profusely annotated and footnoted and all the rest, to make it look authoritative. However, I disagree with much of what he says. This does not make it wrong or any less interesting, but it seems to me that it is just somewhat wrong-headed in its conclusions. Well, at least there's a nice bibliography for those who care to pursue the topic further. Personally, I could not care less, after eighteen pages of this sort of thing.

Leaving the defensive article far, far behind, we come to what has become the meat of each issue of CADENZA: the editor's well-done fanzine reviews and the well-handled letter column. The former is helped along considerably by the editor's tendency to ramble off on subjects suggested by the items under scrutiny, and the latter is good mainly, I guess, because Wells gets lots of good, printable letters.

CADENZA is recommended, of course. However, since the circulation is already 190, I doubt Wells would welcome too many new subs. A circulation that high begins to take things out of the comfortable hobby class. You can try getting it, though.

SAM #5, no date. Published by Steve Stiles, 1809 Second Avenue, New York 28, New York. Irregular, I guess. I can't find any publishing information, so your guess as to price/availability is as good as mine.

I got two issues of SAM, or rather I got two copies of the same issue, a few days apart and because SAM seems to be a trade magazine of New York fandom -- at least that's how I always tend to regard it -- and I like to keep up with New York fandom, which is a fannish fandom no matter what people on the West Coast tend to think what with lawsuits and sercon fan clubs, I read it (both of it) right away.

It's really great! There's a lot of good editorial stuff by Stiles, followed by an hilarious article by Gary Deindorfer about his "Adventures in Mundanity", followed by a funny (and out-of-character) thing by Dick Lupoff, followed by a badly typed Biffable by Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, (late of Ing'ewood), followed by a very Strange column by Les Gerber apparently full of ingroup jokes that I don't completely understand, followed by some stuff by Alan J. Lewis about fanzine reviewing that I should maybe pay attention to, followed (and ended) by some more stuff by the editor. Boy, is it good! With that kind of a line-up this issue you shouldn't miss.

All kidding aside, SAM is quite a surprise. The first four issues were really nothing much to write home about, being small though pleasant, but with this issue it has blossomed forth into a right good general/personal fanzine, with the best features of both. Perhaps Steve's acquisition of Andy Main's old ditto machine (although rather new) has something to do with it. But whatever, it's worth encouraging.

SKOAN Illustrated! #14, Summer 1962. Dittoed by Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, whose new address (after 1 July 1962) will be 947 University Avenue, Berkeley 10, California. Published irregularly, it is available under new reduced subscription rates of 20¢ per copy or two for a dollar, although Subscriptions Are Discouraged.

I got two issues of Cal Demmon's Very Funny *SKOAN*, too -- this time by request, since I have a couple of files going on funny Mr. Demmon. Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, according to Ted Johnstone, is "the best thing to happen to fandom since Degler left." Ted Johnstone can go peddle his papers.

Featuring the artwork of a whole bunch of Famous People, thrown in funny Calvin's terrific Instant Layout manner, *SKOAN* is also Worth Reading.

There are numerous Biffables in there. Some of them are funny. Most of them, though, are Funny As Hell, and Plenty Worth Reading.

I laughed out loud when I sat down to read *SKOAN* #14. Ahahahaha! (Even though Calvin's famous "Ahahahaha!" is revealed in *SKOAN* #14 for what it is -- an accidental swipe from Robert Benchley -- I will always regard it as Calvin's, and I think it's Funny As Hell.) (phee) Go peddle your papers, Robert Benchley.

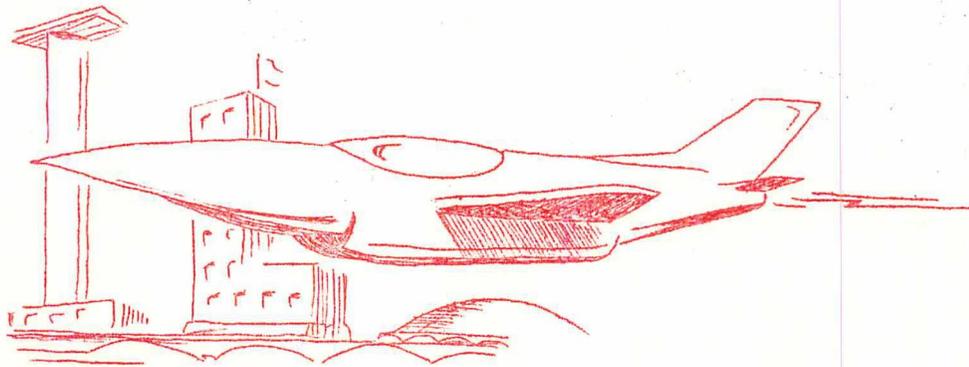
The funny thing about reading anything written by Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon is that for a long time afterwards you (I) (we) start to write Just Like Mr. Demmon, who writes Unusual. The lettercolumn in *S* #14 is full of all sorts of people writing Just Like Mr. Demmon. Even Rick Sneary writes like Calvin Demmon, since Calvin Demmon cleaned up Rick Sneary's spelling and punctuation. Go peddle your papers, Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon.

SKOAN is Plenty Worth Having (or did I say that already?) ((several times.)) is written by a Vile Prrro (ahahahaha!), and is a *PresS* Publication. It's also good for what ails you, or Fandom, which may be Plenty. It may not clear your nasal passages ((well, if you jamb it up hard enough...)), but nobody else's fanzine will, either. (Might we suggest the use of a Finger?) It's funny! REALLY!! None of your slapstick, "Hey Gang! Gosharootie!" pseudo-MAD stuff, either! *SKOAN* is as Original as Hell.

Which is Plenty Original.

Gee, Cal, your *SKOAN* this issue is Really Funny and Plenty Worth Having.

--Bob Lichtman, June 1962







{(Finishing up comments on the first issue, we have:)}{}

Redd Boggs
2209 Highland Place N.E.
Minneapolis 21, Minn.

Salamander #1: It's a laudable intention to keep your own fanzine differentiated from the club organ, but don't you think you ought to do more than use different addresses for the two magazines?

You should have worked out a new format, a new editorial slant, for Salamander. As it is, issue #1 looks and reads just like a stray copy of Shangri-L'Affaires. That's not necessarily bad, but what's the point of going to the trouble of issuing a new title if it's almost indistinguishable from an old one?

Of course it's understandable that your first try wouldn't break loose from the pattern very far anyway. I do notice a few changes, such as neater headings, done by lettering-guides, and a somewhat more unified editorial presence. But it's hard to cut away from a standard format you've used, or seen used before, and to ignore the crew of tame contributors you've got in your own backyard. I'm chicken myself in striking out in new directions. Most of my fanzines have the same standard format I worked out a decade ago, and almost the only time I dare to experiment is when I design and publish a fanzine for somebody else. And there's always a tendency toward relying on old and trustworthy contributors. So I don't entirely blame you for getting lost somewhere amid the Shaggy pattern, but it would be fun to see you come clawing and chewing out.

"What's in a Name": I agree, although I don't see why we should have such an exaggerated concern for prestige. The Pittcon committee tried to adopt International Fantasy Award for the Hugo, and I don't see why we shouldn't adopt it permanently. Why not obtain permission from the British group, as you say, or indeed merely take over the name. If it's not being used, the name may be considered vacated.

Bob Lichtman horrifies me at the start because I find out that, according to his reckoning, I'm 455 years old, fannishly speaking. His article was bright, easy to read, and enjoyable, but ran on too long speaking of fairly obvious matters.

"Asbestos Shelf" (a pretty clever title): I might as well start right off by warning you that I'm usually prejudiced against Piper. "Uller Uprising", "Crisis in 2140", and "A Planet for Texans" are three yarns that I could never finish reading. He did write a good ASF novelet early in 1957, as I recall, though I can't remember the title of it. {("Omnilingual", in Feb.?) } This was a satisfactory book review, however.

Len J. Moffatt's "The Crifanac Exhibit" was Superb, and easily the best and most fascinating item in the issue. I liked the way he indicated the changes that occurred between our time and that of the last fan without explaining and describing them explicitly. In fact, the whole thing was nicely handled, with hardly a superfluous word, and this is a model worthy of study by anybody who wants to write this sort of fan fiction.

I don't know who K. V. or rather k.v. is, and I don't know why the cuteness of writing all the fan names all run together without caps, but "Up in Smoke" was a fairly worthwhile fanzine review department. I take it that Sangsang (or SangSang,

maybe), allegedly issued by an "attractive, single femmefan", is another damn hoax. The utter foolishness of Leslie Norris affairs tends to infuriate me. ((No, honestly, she's real -- happily so; fandom needs more genuine attractive femmefans. And where would our Art Dept. be without her?))

"Archives of Fantasy": Interesting, but no particular comment. ((And we were hoping to get a donation of DISCORDs for the Library, too...))

Ted Johnstone's "Slow Train Through Gondor" (whatever Gondor may be) ((You mean you haven't read Tolkien's The Lord of the Rings yet?)) was similarly interesting but uncommentable.

The list of "Reminiscences" by Clayton Hamlin proves I'm a fannish 455 years old, I guess, because I remember most everything he mentions. But does he really suppose that T. L. Sherred was a one-story author?

((We also got late comments on #1 from Art Hayes, who thinks that in looking for a serious title for the "Hugo"s we are taking ourselves too seriously; Betty Kujawa, whose non-fan friends got a big laff out of Ray Nelson's cartoon; and Jim Cawthorn, who worries that a fanzine-hunting UCLA might snow under fanzine-hunting fans, and wonders if we're willing to accept his artwork in trade for SAL (you bet we are, Jim!). But let's get on to SAL #2.))

Pvt. Donald P. Simpson
RA 19722950
Stu. Co. G, USASTR
Fort Gordon, Georgia

SAL #2 has come. I find Barr as polished as ever - possibly more so. I get no message from Barr's work - or Bergeron's, but I admire their skill. Bjo and Zuber I dig as well as admire.

Things I enjoyed this issue were your book reviews, Ted's column, Dian's heading for same (which gave me one of my rare out-loud laughs), parts of the letter column, Zuber's illo, and seeing-my-very-own-artwork-in-print.

Tell Ted that catharsis and propaganda are opposites - or, rather, catharsis kills any effect that propaganda might otherwise have (for example: the Reader's Digest version of The Hidden Persuaders, or, for that matter, the Reader's Digest version of anything at all. Ghod, but I hate that magazine for its wishy-washyness.) If you can enjoy a book, it is either not-propaganda or poor grade stuff, too sugar-coated to penetrate. (Oy! - what a mixed metaphore! - oy!) Not-propaganda is several things. The author, having just gotten a new batch of ideas into his head (from reading, etc.) may put the whole mess onto paper to get them clear. Sturgeon and Heinlein seem to be in this class, with Stranger as an obvious example. Or, the author, having got his ideas straight, may then put them in book form. Or the book may be written for the author's own catharsis, or purely for the money of happy-ending lovers. This is not to say that propaganda is never written purely for money, or that other writers of not-propaganda are not interested in getting money for what they write. I guess I will have to read Atlas, if only to see what such anti-human philosophy as it seems to have from the reviews has in it to impress Ted. (This is a sentence?) He does say that Ayn Rand's ideas are confused and sometimes unpleasant.

More notes on Stranger:

1. The original of the dust jacket for Stranger is in the L.A. Museum at Exposition Park. Last I saw of it, it was in the westernmost gallery on the main floor. Ask the museum guide with the shaven head what it means. And get his name for me, would you?
2. The "witnesses" in Stranger are nothing new - France has had them for many years. In Dr. Peck's book, All About Men, may be found the incident about the cow that was "white on this side" (in Stranger it's a house, but this book and Secrets of Long Life have several elements that lead me to suspect that Heinlein read them.)

G. M. Carr
5319 Ballard Ave.
Seattle 7, Wash.

SALAMANDER #2 received, read, and admired... Much good reading therein and Bergeron's cover is typical Bergeron. Which, if one likes Bergeron-covers, is very nice. And I happen to like Bergeron-covers.

The full-page Barr illo is Virgil-Finlayish-beautiful and beautifully repro'd, too. But I wonder why Barr seems just to miss achieving impact...there seems to

be some quality of ineffectualness about his art which keeps it from greatness. Limits it to the class of calendar-girlie "art". I wonder if anyone has ever been able to analyze what it is that makes the difference between two equally well-drawn and technically beautiful drawings such as, for instance, a typical Bjo and a Barr illo, that one should hit the viewer with an impact, whereas the other does not seem to? I've not been able to figure it out... All I know is that when I look at illos by some artists -- Bjo, Bergeron, even Joni Cornell at times -- something goes "Boiiiing!" whereas with Barr, in spite of his impeccable pen (or stylus) work, nothing happens -- not even a thud.

I found Ted Johnstone's comments about EXODUS have given me an appetite to go home and read the copy which has been languishing in my basement waiting for me to summon up the psychic energy to cope with passionate propaganda... Some of these sercon novels with a "message" are more than I can cope with, lately. But if the psychic tone of EXODUS is upbeat rather than the reverse, maybe it'll be worth the effort. At any rate, congratulations to Ted for stimulating curiosity and anticipation about it.

I'm afraid the only other item which sparks comment in this, is the UCLA Library's attitude toward stf. Many years ago, when the NAMELESS ONES were young and enthusiastic, we tried to interest the U of W Library in science fiction and to this end various members donated all sorts of then-current stfish goodies. These seemed to have dropped into the vastness of the "stacks" and have never been heard from again... But it is rather thrilling news to discover that at least ONE Library has picked up the challenge. As for me, I find a faint stirring of interest in the realization that our N'APA Mailings are now to be included in a permanent file for future reference. It gives us something to strive for -- an incentive for giving the Mailing a fanzine rather than just enough minimum activity to stay in the apa.

Terry Carr
56 Jane St.
New York 14, N. Y.

SALAMANDER seems to be developing rapidly into more than just another fairly interesting zine. I think you have yet to print a really major fan-piece, but certainly the color-work in this issue is the best to come out of

Los Angeles for years and years, and that's not only because the registration is so near-perfect. In a couple more issues this may not be readily recognizeable as an LAzine; at present, though, the layout is still so disparate as to give the fact away immediately. I think your lettering guide work, while perhaps unimaginative, is at least all that one could ask in the way of neatness, and would suggest that you drop the handlettering altogether.

Lichtman's remarks on mailing comments are well-put, and it's pleasant to see oneself held up as a good example, but I think he's missed some of the aspects of good mc's. The three examples he gives of capable commenters are Breen, Donaho, and me; he then goes on to praise the possibilities of "relating the material being discussed to your own personal experience, and taking it from there." That's all very well, and it's certainly



what I do at least half of the time, but the technique of Breen and Donaho (and White, the Busbys, the Coulsons, Warner, et al) places more emphasis on straight opinionating. Lichtman is right in naming Breen and Donaho as good examples, but it's a pity he didn't discuss their styles too.

Deckinger is at it again, I see: he's got a potentially funny idea here, and ruins it. A very bad article, I must say -- and believe it or not, I'm beginning to feel bad about the number of times I pan Mike's stuff. After I delivered a pretty strong blast at his latest fanzine in the last VOID he came up to me at an ESFA meeting and had the disarming grace to agree with almost everything I'd said. Furthermore, I seem to have inadvertently insulted him publicly when I was on the fanpanel at the Lunacon: when speaking of rugged individualism in faneditors, I said, "Most fan editors don't particularly give a damn whether the readers will like what they print, so long as they like it themselves; at least one member of the audience, Mike Deckinger, must know this from personal experience." It occurred to me later that that must have sounded like an insult, and several fans told me they had interpreted it as such; however, all I'd meant was that Coulson had published Deckinger's story about the rape of the "Virgin Mary" without worrying whether his readers would be outraged or not. I looked around for Mike to explain this to him, but didn't see him.

But really, his "Strip to the Waste" is pretty bad. It seems to me that a worthwhile and meaningful article could have been written on the subject of how to keep in condition while fanning. For instance, a part of physical culture courses consists of building up the muscles in the hands by exercising with spring-grips: a fan could bypass this by stencilling his fanzine on a portable typewriter, so that he'd have to strike the keys about three times as hard as normal to make an impression. Overweight fans could diet by pouring their money into fanpublishing (thereby becoming giants only in the publishing sense). The possibilities are really endless -- Deckinger of all people should have realized that underweight fans could bolster their diets by stealing loaves of bread;--it's certainly the fannish thing to do. And an impressively large chest depends largely on the lungs, so fans with concave pectorals could overcome this by engaging in a conversation a day with Sam Moskowitz. (Fans with low blood-pressure should hold a conversation a day with Sam's wife.) ((I guess it could have been better, but I liked it pretty well as it was -- I wouldn't have published it if I hadn't.))

Ray Nelson's dinosaur cartoon is easily the best thing in the issue. Lovely, lovely. ((And it had been sitting around in the SHAGGY file for over a year, too.))

But then, I like the Barr full-pager too.

Ted Johnstone's revelation that the "literarily susceptible fen in the LArea" have in their fickleness thrown over Heinlein in favor of Ayn Rand suggests that these fen must be just about ready for Dianetics. Considering the sociopolitical persuasions of both Heinlein and Rand, perhaps the LAreans' next fantasy world will be one in which Robert Welch is a clear.

Lichtman's fmz reviews are competent but not in the least outstanding. The lettercol is very good.

Phillip A. Harrell
2632 Vincent Ave.
Norfolk 9, Va.

Well, SALAMANDER arrived in the best of shape (did I ever tell you about the time I just got a scrap of a zine with just my name and address on it? a scrap of the back page that is.) and very happy I am to get it too.

The cover wasn't quite as spectulliar-er-spectacular as it was last time, but it was adiquate (if you can get arround my spelling you've got it made) however the most Breath-taking thing of the whole zine was that Magnificent Barr illo, that man is a Genius artist if there ever was one. I can see why you didn't use it for a cover tho....where would you put the heading? and Tell me, did you pick that passage of "Operation Salamander" of did George Barr? ((I sent him a copy of the issue of F&SF with the story and told him to pick any scene to illustrate that he liked, as long as it had the salamander in it. Another reason I didn't use it for the cover was that I couldn't have had the appropriate quote from the story facing it that way.)) it was a very apt choice at anyrate. I would also appreciate greatly a tearsheet of it so that I could watercolor it and frame it as I don't want to deface my copy as I collect them you know, and taking a page out of it would be like

tearing a page out of a collectors item just so you could frame it. If you see what I mean.

It's been so long since I've seen a zine I've enjoyed so (with due exception of CRY, YANDRO, DISCORD, and others that I've told including the last SHAGGY...my you have blossomed out haven't you) that I jsut rejoyce in reading it over and over again. in fact you might say it's the type of zine I'd love running thru bearfoot-erbarefoot. My you publish forever, & my it always be the same high type of zine as it is now. I love it.

Why is it, that everything that appears in SALAMANDER is just a little bit better (sometimes that little bit is 102%) than the same thing else where, in fact SAL is so much better than the adverage fanzine it's almost reminisient of the better days of fandom, in fact it is reminisient of fandom's greatest days. (and Down Wally Webber you know CRY isn't the adverage fanzine. it being my favorite. LONG LIVE CRY! Whoops! got carried away there....and in somebody else's zine too....I say where did everybody go? Drat, I think Fred cut me out there oh, well, him & Wally Webber) Even the Fanzine reviews seem a little more sparkly than they usually do. I love to read zine reviews like this. they'er an absolute joy.

By the way, who was K.V.? Not only that Bob Litchman ("Ghood ol' Blob-er-Bob L.") manages to carry on the most compitient and interesting Column of his in such a way as to leave the reader wanting more. I try to follow his advice (being what I've picked up naturally over 3 years of zine reading of varing quality from the absolute crud of a zine called "FLUSH" to the absolute superlativeness of SALAMANDER and CRY, and Shaggy in it's better days. not to forget to mention YANDRO.(I'm sorry I mentioned one now cause when you mention one there's always other's youre bound to slight. I meant that I've read tho, and some of the best I did leave out.)

I also don't know who K.v. is, and If I don't know & Ted white doesn't know and Don Fitch doesn't know, ~~and I don't even the Shadow knows~~ who does? ((Oh, come now! I'm sure the Shadow must know. He's probably another of the LA fen in a clever plastic disguise.))

I finally got tired of ripping my nails out clawing out yours and CRY's mile-long and steel-hard staples and ~~swiped~~ procured me a staple remover, and wouldn't you know it the first thing the beaste did was bite me.

Kepp up the good work and who knows, someday I might even send you a contribution so you can also say along with the multitude "I also have rejected Phil Harrell" until then might I say Excellent job,well done and with a zine good as yours is who notices a little offset (as someone was so unkind as to mention.)

Bob Tucker
Box 478
Heyworth, Ill.

Several of your readers practically answered all the questions about the International Fantasy Awards. They had absolutely no connection with the Hugo awards at the time of their inception (1951), and their only connection since then

has been the confusion in the minds of some readers.

The July 1951 issue of Science Fiction News Letter carried an announcement from Leslie Flood, describing the awards and the front page of that same issue offered photographs showing the awards being presented. These first two awards went to EARTH ABIDES by George Stewart, and THE CONQUEST OF SPACE by Willy Ley and Chesley Bonestell --- a far cry from the Hugo awards. It was stated that the awards were designed for "the encouragment of higher standards in ... the written word ... poetry, films, music, and visual art." An International Fantasy Award Committee, headed by Leslie Flood, promoted funds (mostly contributions) and designed and presented the awards themselves -- a silvered spaceship and a table lighter mounted on a plinth of polished oak. I seem to recall some further activity in later years but I don't think the IFA has been active recently. ((The last IFA seems to have been awarded in 1957, to Prof. J. R. R. Tolkien, for his epic fantasy The Lord of the Rings.))

If I may express an opinion on this subject, I'm not in favor of calling the Hugos an International Fantasy Award, first because I don't believe the older name should be appropriated in so callous a manner, and second because I'm not in favor of calling the annual October playoffs a "World Series." They aren't. I'd go along with anything similar to American Fantasy Awards, against the day when Carnell's magazines and all the world's fanzines actually compete in the Hugo contest. ((Naturally, the IFA title shouldn't be appropriated in any callous manner, but I see no

reason why, if the IFA Committee (whoever it is today) is politely asked, and it agrees, the IFA title should not be attached to the "Hugo". With the purpose of encouragement of higher standards, of course. As to the matter of the "Hugo" awards not being a World Series, I am forced to agree. But I think that this is unfortunate; and a title like American Fantasy Awards would tend to hinder the chances of foreign publications entering into the awards nominations. As George O. Smith said regarding titles, "It may be a bit ambitious ... But we feel that there is small point in using a conservative name, and then having to change it every couple of years." (Troubled Star, Avalon, p. 140) I look forward to the day when the awards presented at the World Science Fiction Conventions go to winners selected from a world-wide competition. One of Carnell's magazines, SCIENCE FANTASY, is a contender for this year's Best Prozone "Hugo" (and is the one I'm voting for). I think this is very encouraging.}}

Ronald J. Wilson
3107 N. Normandie St.
Spokane 18, Wash.

Many thanks for SAL. The first ish was great and we all know about how hard it is to improve on that, but this one...Ghod!

This time the cover was dry, but I am wondering how much time Richard spent on it. Maybe I'm just partial to Bjo covers. I panned thru the pages and was struck by the large number of excellent illos. At first the yellow puzzled me, but later I found that yellow is a very agreeable selection. It doesn't continually jerk your eyes from the text as certain colors often do. Instead, it remains subtle and quite pleasant. The Barr illo was remarkable beyond words, as Barr illos always are.

Though my knowledge of APazines and mailing comments is somewhat limited, I appreciated Bob's exacting tips on the subject. I hope to try a few of them in my own forthcoming leap into the fanned holocaust. ((May I recommend N'APA, an apa which seems to be a fine training ground for young neos, and one which currently has no waiting-list problems?)) The idea to reprint the article in an expanded form is an excellent one.

I was unable to figure out what, exactly, Mike Deckinger was trying to say; or Ted Johnstone, for that matter. If there was concealed humor in the articles, I failed to find it. ((You're probably looking too deeply.)) If you are not overweight, underweight, or somewhere in the middle, where are you? And since when do fans relax at fan parties? ((About the third day. They call it "collapsed from exhaustion.)) Anyone remember relaxing during the fan parties at the Hyatt House?

I assume that Ted realizes that certain things happen to the best of us. The section on propaganda novels was interesting (by the way, Exodus is best classified as a fantasy) ((I may read it, then.)), but the noise about the dental workings is a little stuffy. I mean I could tell about the time I had my sinuses out, but...

Thank heaven somebody replaced "k.v." When you lack the enthusiasm or energy to push the shift key or tap the space bar, your fanac must be getting out of hand. ((He'd better pep up with one of Deckinger's P.E. exercises.)) I'm glad that Bob chose to cover a few fms rather thoroughly instead of giving a two line opinion on a couple dozen. I agree with him on DISCORD. ((What about the others?))

The Letter Col contained two things that shocked me immediately. The lack of typos was suddenly felt when I read the top of page 22. It appeared as the typist went out for a sniff. Then a horrible thought struck me. What if the letter itself contained the typos. That would mean that the letters are being printed "verbatim, litteratim, et punctatim." I hope this is not the case, because I usually pay little attention to such. ((Everybody makes such a big fuss about how you must always reproduce every typo precisely in a Rick Sneary letter. I find it much more fun to reproduce Phil Harrell's.))

In my own letter, the second sentence can be taken either of two ways. It can either mean that the name "Hugo" has been the sole reason for its lack of recognition, hence a more formal name is needed, or that the name "Hugo" actually has no effect on the recognition of the award. I was trying to get across this latter idea as the rest of the letter indicated. I hope nobody took it the other way.

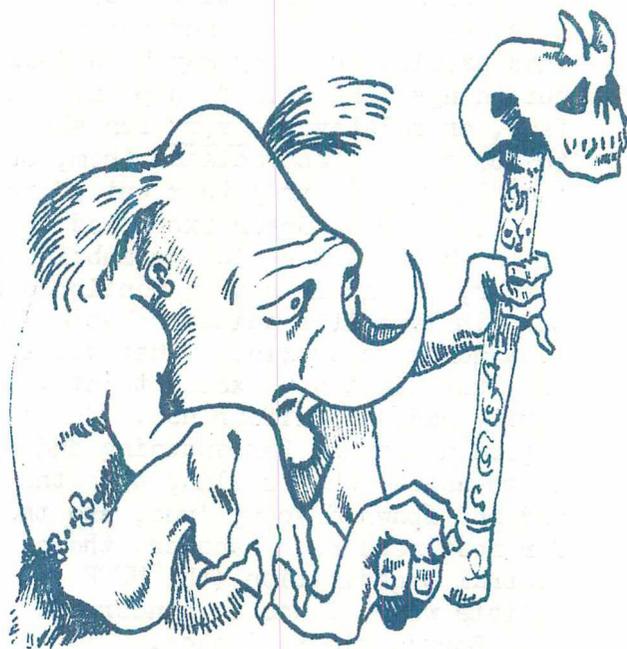
If somebody would like to set my mind at ease concerning what is known as "fan fiction," I would be forever grateful. New as I am to fandom, I more or less thought of the term "fan fiction" as that being written by amateurs who lack the necessary literary composing experience to warrant sale to professional magazines. Nevertheless,

I thought they would put everything they did have into it and, even though it didn't sell, it would contain a certain degree of originality, ingenuity, and thought of the author.

From the letters I have read and the discussions in a number of fanzines, fan fiction is something entirely different. Wally Weber says that "anyone who tries to make fanfiction proper is an old stick-in-the-gloop." Dick Schultz mentions "the old kind of fan sfiction." Many fans dislike most kinds of fan fiction and many faneds refuse to consider any of it. I looked forward to fan fiction as sort of an apprenticeship for bigger things. From what I have read, it seems that I should hide my own crude fumbblings in the field, or at least until I can find out what it is.

←The generally accepted definition seems to be that fan fiction is fiction appearing in a fanzine, and is written by fans. There is also faan fiction -- fan fiction featuring fans, in a fannish situation; Len Moffatt's "The Crifanac Exhibit" was faan fiction. I

have heard another definition, with fan fiction as the stories featuring fans, and fan-written science fiction called fan sfiction. However, I don't think this latter definition is used by many fans. Most fans seem to dislike fan fiction because of a feeling that they are getting second-rate material. "If it's any good, why haven't you sold it to one of the prozines?" Some good fan fiction has been reprinted in prozines, and even hardback anthologies -- Peter Phillips' "Counter Charm", reprinted in Groff Conklin's Omnibus of Science Fiction, originally appeared in Walt Willis' fanzine, SLANT. Of course, Phillips was already a professional author by that time. I don't think (and neither does Ron Ellik) that a story by a professional author, appearing in a fanzine, would be considered fan fiction. There has also been professional faan fiction; see Robert Bloch's "A Way of Life" in the Oct. 1956 FANTASTIC UNIVERSE for an example. The theory that fan fiction can serve as an apprenticeship for developing writers is usually the first point to be cited in its defense. I do not think anyone will disagree with this idea, though many fans might say that this is still no reason why they should be expected to have to read the stuff. I haven't read any of Bradbury's early fan fiction, but I understand it's all pretty bad. I did read a LoC of his in an old UNKNOWN which was well written, as I recall, but completely fannishly goshwow! Don't hide anything you've written. Be prepared to accept rejections and criticism from people -- but show it around.→



Donald A. Wollheim
66 - 17 Clyde Street
Forest Hills 74, N. Y.

Many thanks for sending me the latest SALAMANDER. It's quite a good job, and as someone else mentioned in the ish, looks and reads like an LA mag. Which means pretty tops.

The UCLA project sounds quite fascinating. Maybe fandom will become great after all. But I doubt that their collection will ever equal that of Forrie. After all, there are some things that just can't be duplicated. I have a pretty exhaustive fan stuff collection ranging from the start up to about 1945. I've thought about donating that to some library on my death, but haven't specified. I imagine I'll leave my widow or somebody to worry about that-- if I don't give it all to Ackerman after another twenty years. Who knows what serious student may not trace someday in the future of the world? ←This is one of the things that we have been worrying about; that we hope donations or sales to the Library will solve -- the problem of what happens to a fan's collection after his death, especially when it is inherited by relatives who have no interest in fandom. I have heard of a fan who died, leaving an irreplaceable collection of pro and fan material to a sister, or some other close

relation, who wouldn't hear of donating any of it to local fans, but finally ended up selling the rare, mint prozines to a second-hand book dealer who threw them on a 5¢ each junk table, and burning the fanzines, which had no regular market value. This particular story may be a hoax (considering the context in which I heard it), but things like this do happen. Whether collections are left to libraries, other fans, or relatives, every fan should make an effort to make sure that they will go to someone who appreciates them, or at least knows of their value to other fans and who will not destroy them out of ignorance.→

I see Jack Spear expresses doubt about that remark supposedly to have been made by me about FAPA replacing subzines. Oddly enough, I have no recollection of it either, though it's been mentioned by others. However, it was a logical thought at the time and it's quite probable I said it. The grounds were sensible--everybody lost money on subzines (that was the Depression, fans were always broke, and a paid sub list might not exceed twenty, with the rest in exchanges) and asking for subs hardly made any difference. So it was either trade them or swap them. FAPA seemed a good mechanism for swapping and saving on postage as well. But logic always tends to go astray when dealing with the perigrinations of the human animal. FAPA survived and spawned young 'uns, and the subzines survived too, with LoC's replacing cash for most readers. Fans are the cwaziest people. They can't organize a single really central organization (the NFFF isn't it), and yet they are the most rigid traditionalists where fanac is concerned.

Barr's pic real nice.

Betty Kujawa
2819 Caroline Street
South Bend 14, Ind.

By golly, Freddie, fans can be the nicest people!
In CRY was plaintively asking if anyone know one obscure word in a Hoagy Carmichael ditty, "Baltimore Oriole".been bugging me for a good ten years. And,

lo, yesterdays mail brought me a letter from one Warren deBra down in Pensacola with a Pure Oil Map with that there Louisiana town marked in red---it's properly spelled ...Tangipahoa. Bless that bhoys little old heart.

Think I found the mundane world's answer to Avram Davidson---well this writer-wit isn't exactly what one would call too mundane... Got this new book "What Are You Doing After The Orgy?" by Jim 'MrMago' Backus.if ever there was a fannish type..whceccc. He's mentioning some supposed best-seller books..."How To Increase Your Income - Or Up You Bracket" (Gene loved that one!)..and a confession bio by a lovely young spiritual patriotic gal..."I Made Love To A Bear For The F.B.I..... And Found God!" ..and his recollections of a whore-house up on some godforsaken Alaskan Island (where they were filming ICE PALACE) was a gas--gals there charged five hundred dollars a lay! (during salmon fishing season). Maaan, a 'life of sin' might be worth it at those prices! Say twenty customers and you've made your year's income!--wonder if the Internal Revenue Service is on to that?

But enough of such spiritual high-minded things--down to earth and to issue two of SALAMANDER....and by gum this one's mighty mighty fine indeed! ..matter of fact it was so respectable looking that I took it along to read while waiting for a doctor's appointment--read it right there in front of the other patients, no less!--And 'Scotty' my doctor flipped over that BARR illo as did I..drool. ←(I can just picture a doctor's office with a magazine table covered with old ACOLYTES, FANSCIENTS, and PEONS...→)

Fred--you guys out there seen the new Ballantine pocket edition, number F-603 ..."Student" by David Horowitz??? On the political activities of the Berkeley students??? Wonder if someone in fandom (Donaho? Lichtman? or ??) will be reviewing it?

This report on the UCLA Library's reaction to your first issue is peachy-keen ---so help me, Fred, youse is gonna make us all respectable if you don't watch it! I think it's jim-dandy---though the idea of your telling the Library to join the N3F, yuk yuk yuk, is pretty wild at first glance..can't you SEE the welcome letters they'll get? Har!

Aaahhh--good, good, Part Two of Lichtman's Mailing Comments article..well done. Though, as Bob knows, not all apa-members can do mcs like the example of Terry Carr's mc to Evans' zinc..mores the pity, of course...I'll tell you, and this is just a personal half-assed opinion...had I my druthers between a super-fine apazine that

Now about The Green Odyssey. To quote a current British controversy, "I think you're misloading your readers." I "like fantasy, humor, buckles of swash and hair-breadth action, and darn good stories". That's why I didn't like The Green Odyssey. To me it is the dullest kind of hackwork, an obvious pot boiler. I don't believe for a minute that Farmer was creating any kind of vicarious adventure for himself; he was just churning out words. All of the characters just go through the motions of swashing. If the story had been at all convincing I would have enjoyed it very much as I do like this sort of thing. I was very disappointed in it when I read it when it first came out and I reread it about a year ago to see if possibly it was my mood on the first reading, rather than the book itself. But I had the same reaction.

It is possibly significant that I also disliked de Camp's Viagens series (even though de Camp is ordinarily one of my favorite stf authors). But I actively disliked the Viagens series and I was mostly just bored by The Green Odyssey. You see what I want out of swashbuckling fantasy action is vicarious adventure. When I read the story I want to live it. I'm not at all interested in realistic characterization, in fact I prefer heroic. But in any case I want characters whom I can identify with doing things I would like to do. The characters in the Viagens series were depressing clods, almost completely unlikeable, who went through their adventures in a remarkable pedestrian manner. Even completely uncharacterized stick figures would be better. Now this is all quite realistic and all, much truer to life, etc., but I'm certainly not interested in anything realistic when I'm reading fantasy, or even contemporary or historical swashbuckling action.

The Green Odyssey was better in that it had likeable characters, but again they went through their adventures in a remarkably routine manner. De Camp and Farmer are both old pros who can put together a story very well, but in neither case here did one get the impression that they were creating a fantasy that they personally were interested in; this wasn't their type of scene and because it wasn't, they didn't succeed in putting it over to me. Contrast them with the Conan stories. ((All the Conan stories -- or just the ones Howard wrote?)) Conan was obviously real to Howard and Conan's adventures were intensively vivid day dreams to him. This comes across to the reader too. Conan is a tremendously real and vital giant of a character. Of course a lot of people don't like the Conan stories--even people who normally like swashbuckling fantasy, so perhaps the lack of sales of the Acc Conan the Conqueror isn't an adequate test of the popularity of the genre--because they can't stand Conan. And Conan so dominates the stories that if you don't like him, you're not going to enjoy the stories.

Of course you said that The Green Odyssey caught you up and carried you along with the story. It didn't me--nor a lot of other people who ordinarily like sword and sorcery stuff. I don't ordinarily agree with Schuyler Miller, but I definitely agree with everything he said in that review you quoted. ((I don't know... I've reread The Green Odyssey, and I still think it's great fun. I suppose my standards aren't as high as yours -- I note that beside this and the Viagens series, we also disagree as to the enjoyability of some of the Coventry material. As reading tastes are primarily emotional, and not logical, I guess it's every man for himself. I just hope that a majority of the material in SAL is to your liking.))

However, another place I agree with Miller is in regard to Andre Norton who is one of my two or three favorite stf writers now writing. And the only stf writer whose hardcover books I buy, paying full price for. But they aren't swashbuckling adventure ((Have you read her pirate novel, Scarface?)) and so outside the scope of this discussion--I just wanted to get in a dissenting vote to your judgment of her.

My absolute favorite sword and sorcery is de Camp and Pratt's Harold Shea stories. They are so much my favorite that they don't have close rivals (unless you consider Burroughs' Tarzan and cave-man-type stories sword and sorcery which I don't). Then comes Burroughs' John Carter stories, H. Rider Haggard, etc. ((Pyramid put out a pb edition of The Incomplete Enchanter in 1960, and has reissued it this year, adding The Castle of Iron, so apparently it's selling. This is a Good Sign.))

As you may have gathered I'm one of the ones who doesn't care too much for Conan. And--although Gather, Darkness! is one of my top favorite books--I don't care much for the Grey Mouser stories, possibly because I don't like my sorcery evil and dank and all that.....

Anyhow, SALAMANDER is a damn good zine and keep it coming this way.

Mike Deckinger
31 Carr Place
Fords, New Jersey

I still feel that SALAMANDER bears a striking resemblance to SHAGGY of two years back or so, but since that is Not a Bad Thing, I won't gripe about the similarity, and may even wish you to continue it.

I'm really pleased to read of the interest UCLA is showing in sf and fandom, and it would be nice if more colleges followed the example. For the longest while I was under the belief that high schools and colleges shunned fandom and (to a lesser degree) sf like the bubonic plague. It took an English teacher I had in eleventh grade, who was an avid sf reader and a past (though inactive) member of East Coast fandom to break me of this assumption. Since I graduated from high school two years ago I've encountered this same teacher at the open March ESFA meeting and the PHILCON, both highly unusual surroundings to find anyone as mundane as a teacher. ((Albert Lewis, chairman of this year's WESTERCON, and current Chairman of the NSF Directorate, teaches English and History to 7th, 8th, and 9th grade classes. And one of my high school English teachers was also an avid reader, especially of the Ballentine pbs - she liked most of what they put out.))

Lichtman's article is informatively handled, but I can't help wondering why he doesn't devote more to the various apas, perhaps offering a critical, thumbnail sketch of each, rather than his wide generalizing. ((He will, in his Fandbook re-write.))

Your reviews of the Farmer books are competently handled and I'll have to re-read THE GREEN ODYSSEY again. I read it first shortly after it came out and found it to be a thorough stinker. ((You, too?)) Perhaps I lacked the proper receptiveness at the time. And speaking of pbs, I see DELL has issued Edson McCann's "prize" GALAXY novel PREFERRED RISK in one volume, and I would dearly like to know why. ((Why was it issued in one volume? Well, it was the right size - though I do notice that it doesn't say "Complete & Unabridged" anywhere on it. Why was it issued at all? Well, it's not really that bad a story. Did you notice that the blurbs make such a big thing of its being a prizewinning novel, without mentioning that the prize is six years old, and the award was never repeated? By the way, is "Edson McCann" really Frederik Pohl and Lester del Rey?))

Johnstone as usual rambles along in a pleasant, easy-reading manner. I think my most memorable experience with the dentist was when I was given gas, in order to facilitate the removal and drilling of several teeth. Going under I experienced some beautiful hallucinations and things were ok till I was revived. I unexpectedly had swallowed some blood, and the gas already in my system apparently wasn't going to take this. I opened my eyes, peered around, and then I was sick for the next three hours (though I did the most thorough damage on the dentist's floor) and for several days afterwards, even the thought of food turned my stomach.

EXODUS is good, both in book and film form, but that story (the basic theme) isn't as new as Johnstone seems to feel. Hersey's THE WALL is probably the most definitive treatment of the enslavement practiced by the Germans, and the remarkable DIARY OF ANNE FRANK treats the subject from the viewpoint of a young girl forced to live through the terrors. To say nothing of Kramer's JUDGEMENT OF NUREMBERG, which, rather than merely describing the atrocities of the Germans, attempts to see if there is any moral justification for these acts, and who is to be held personally responsible. It's a fascinating picture.

I rather like Lichtman's reviews better than k.v. whoever he was (and it better not have been Bob). ((It wasn't.)) They're kind of dated, but otherwise ok.

Dirce S. Archer
1453 Barnsdale St.
Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

It is a disgrace I haven't thanked you before for SALAMANDER, but between being sick, having plasterers and paper-hangers around, then my husband in the hospital since the fourth... It's your own fault in a way for putting out such a good zine. You see, after a quick squint the zines that come are put in either of two piles. One, small, is the "read carefully" stack; the other, larger, is the "buz through" variety. SALAMANDER was put on the first, and of course these have to wait until there is time--something I haven't had.

It is rather hard to understand why there is such confusion between the Hugos and the "International Fantasy Awards" since there is so little similarity. SURVEYING BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION, ASF September 1953 says: "To encourage a higher standard in

writing, the first International Fantasy Award was given at the London convention in 1951 (full title: 'The Annual Award for Artistic Merit in Creative Fantasy') in the shape of a table lighter, a twelve-inch rocketship mounted on a mahogany base." (I wrote it so can quote all I want.)

Hugos have been, and are, given for quite a few things. The IFA awards were for writing only, both fiction and non-fiction. Although the original intention was to eventually give awards for other achievements in the sf-fantasy field, after three years even the non-fiction award was dropped. There was no award in 1956, but in 1957 they were revived, and an award was given for the years 1955 and 1956. The IFA Committee relied upon donations from individuals and organizations and this just didn't work out--"...financially things were dismal". IFA awards were given at conventions, not by conventions, so aside from the fact they were presented at cons, cons had nothing to do with them.

Even the method of selecting IFA winners was different. SURVEY says: "The International Fantasy Award Committee, as of last year, ((i.e., 1952)) has the following permanent Adjudicators:..." then lists eighteen people. Five of these were British (one bibliophile, two editors, two authors); one Irish (the only fan); two French (editors); one Swedish (a bibliophile); and nine Americans (five editors, one reviewer, three authors). These were not "permanent" however, as in 1953 two British and one American were replaced by one American.

Roy Tackett to the contrary, the Hugos ARE international in scope. Even one of the first Hugos--although not called this until CLEVENTION--went abroad. Since then this has continued when Hugos were given until PITTCON and SEACON. At these two conventions although two British were on both nomination ballots, none of the four won. (Originally nomination ballots were not used for the Hugo awards.)

1953--PHILCON II. #1 Fan Personality Award to FJA, who declined and gave it to Ken Slater.

1954--FRISCON. No awards given.

1955--CLEVENTION. Short Story Award to Eric Frank Russell for ALAMAGOOSA.

1956--NYCON II. Short Story Award to Arthur C. Clarke for THE STAR.

1957--LONCON. Pro Mag British Award to NEW WORLDS.

1958--SOLACON. Most Outstanding Actifan Award to Walter A. Willis.

1959--DETENTION. Most Promising New Author Award to Brian W. Aldiss.



from

The Hugos have, and always have had, a proper name. PHILCON called them the FIRST ANNUAL SCIENCE FICTION ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS. CLEVENTION the SECOND ANNUAL SCIENCE FICTION ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS--this makes CHICON's the NINTH ANNUAL SCIENCE FICTION ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS. Surely this is "dignified" enough for anyone, without adding a third name to the already existing confusion! (Would this exist if people investigated before sounding off?) The awards were dubbed "Hugos" by someone unsung on the CLEVENTION COMMITTEE, or so I think.

For the record, PITTCON sent a bundle of ballots to England, of which very few were returned. (Our Stuffing-Author copied, did not use, these.)

This seems to have turned into a lecture rather than a letter, but I hope it manages to clear up a few points. ((Thank you, Dirce, it does indeed. The "Hugo"s formal name seems very proper; the main thing wrong with it is that it is not being publicised. I have received many letters from many fans, including many BNFs, on the subject, and no one seemed to know about this proper name. It should be used more in connection with the award - if not actually engraved upon the award, at least used on the ballots and in Con Progress Reports. It is just the sort of name that can be accepted respectably in mundane circles, which is what I was looking for when I brought up the matter in SAL #1. Thank you again.))

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Md.

The new FAPA mailing arrived the other day and I saw no reference to the UCLA library as the latest waiting list member. ((Give us time. With Steve Schultheis as official Honorary Curator of the Collection, you may expect Great Things beginning at any time now.)) But I wouldn't be surprised at anything you may accomplish, now that you have interested the organization in the NFFF. ((Not quite, though I'm still trying.)) All I hope is that you aren't assigned the job of answering all the letters from welcom members. ((They'll be answered with requests for contributions.)) Will the entire board of trustees or whoever administers the library be required to meet to determine how to cast the institution's vote in the NFFF election? And will the whole library staff be required to collaborate on an entry in the short story contest? ((Oh, Ghod...))

The conclusion of the Lichtman article on ayjay groups is pretty good. However, I am surprised at the anti-Ency sentiment that runs through it: after complaining about the Fancyclopedia definition, it would have been better for Bob to pluck out of context someone else's trivial mailing comment, because everyone in the organization turns out brief sentences like the one quoted here. I disagree violently on the need for lots of pictures in ayjay publications. They apparently have no bearing on the popularity of the magazines--the top publications in both FAPA and SAFS are notorious for their pages of solid, unbroken text, judging by the results of recent egoboo polls. I suspect that the real reason that Bob finds it hard to read through an issue of Warhoon is because its material is thoughtful and serious in nature, instead of the fannish chatter that makes up so large a proportion of Lighthouse, which he cites as the opposite in readability. I couldn't agree more about the importance of a colophon or colophon-substitute in every issue, and it should include the date of the magazine. My work on fan history has been plagued by publications that contain useful material but don't include any date to show what year these events took place. Studying internal evidence in the issue is a terribly slow way to figuring out when it was published.

Los Angeles newsstands must be far different from those in the East, if they allow a paperback to remain on display for five years of poor sales. ((It's just the largest magazine stores, that specialize in nothing but paperbacks.)) Around here, it's hard to find even the slowest seller after three months or so, although I've never been able to figure out whether the newsstand throws away remaining copies or finally locate customers. Some stands even mark on the covers with grease pencil the month when the book went on display, for later culling. ((That's done out here in the supermarkets, and other stores that only carry pbs as a sideline, and give little space to displaying them - usually just one of those circular wire racks.)) Isn't it conceivable that The Green Odyssey has sold so well that it gets reprinted frequently enough to retain a position on the newsstands? ((No. It's the same 1957 edition - Ballentine #210.))

Mike Deckinger's article hardly contained enough substance to stretch over two pages. It would have worked out better as one item in a column of chatter about this and that. Ted Johnstone's contribution suffers for a slightly similar reason: this is apparently a column but he doesn't dig deeply enough into the propaganda novel topic to satisfy the reader, and I kept expecting some sort of parallel in the final paragraphs to show a connection between this topic and his wisdom teeth.

The fanzine reviews were gratifying for the thorough treatment of a few publications instead of the dull cataloging of vital statistics on everything that some fanzines provide. But I wonder if it is the proper province of fanzines to preserve for future reference such matters as the data on the first satellite and orbit projects. These figures will appear in the World Almanac and the encyclopedia yearbooks and in any number of other readily available reference works, and I can think of any number of fannish reference items that fanzines could publish which wouldn't be duplicating professional work. ((This brings us back to the question of, should fanzines contain non-fannish material? And how do you define "fannish" material? I'd say that Jeeves' listing of the steps toward space travel, in a science fiction fanzine, definitely belong. Besides, it's much handier and cheaper than an almanac or a yearbook.))

The letter section was quite interesting. I hope that you will advise me if you get any specific information on the start of the Hugos and IFA presentations that you don't include in the letter section. This happened during the period when I was least

active in fandom and was receiving a low proportion of fanzines, and I suspect that getting accurate information on their genesis will be a problem. I have the listings of most of the awards, but I do need the data on who got the projects organized and how the nominations were done and such stuff. Rick Sneary has supplied one valuable and rare document on an early ancestor of these awards, but I still need more help.

I should have said at the outset of this letter that I enjoyed very much the caress that the Bergeron cover gave my eyeballs. Most covers hit the eyes with a slap or a thud, but Bergeron pictures sort of glide up and fit neatly into an artistic seedbed that seems to have been prepared for them by some prescience.

And if I'd had a little more foresight, I would have double-spaced between paragraphs in this letter to make it come out to an even two pages. It was an excellent issue, in any event, and I would challenge any fan to find evidence in it to prove that it's only the third fanzine you've published. ~~It was the ninth, Harry. I'm afraid I haven't been sending you all my apazines.~~

Dick Schultz
19159 Helen
Detroit 34, Mich.

And so, once more that time is upon us. As yet another SALAMANDER winds its merry way into my mailbox, I groan, and mutter to myself, "Why does the bloody clot insist on publishing two fanzines whilst I can only pub one?"

Still, I suppose I shouldn't complain. It wouldn't do any good anyways. But it is frustrating. You could have let some other sucker publish Shaggy, you could pub SALAMANDER and I could send Sath to the Shaggy ed and a Sath to you and I wouldn't have to be writing this bloody letter of comment.

Speaking of which, don't sweat it, it's in here somewhere.

But let me tell you of a moment in time, a bit of memory. No doubt you have yourself attended many a college stage production, under whatever name it may be produced. Guild, Players, Theater Association, anything at all. And some of them are of top quality. Wayne State, the City of Detroit University has produced many plays and is now giving THE WIZARD OF OZ which suffers mostly from a non-innocent Dorothy and what I consider to be mediocre lighting and staging, though the backdrops and scenery is quite good. Anyways, to the west of the city, in the town of Ypsilanti, Michigan, there lies Eastern Mich. U.

After thirty or forty years of amateur stagecraft, the Players inherited a magnificent new low-slung theater, carefully engineered to bring out the best in acoustics and with plenty of room for stage effects, combined with a sunken lobby and waiting lounge. A miniature ultimate in theaters. Since then the EMU Players have taken advantage of this, and have become known as the best small university theater group in the entire mid-west. Inhabitants of the area agree that they'd rather go see EMU's productions than that of the larger U of Michigan Guild at Ann Arbor.

At any rate, since I discovered this theatrical treasure trove, back in '59, they've entertained me with a multitude of superb productions, none of which showed to me the least fault in lighting, scenery, staging or backdrops, tho they would invariably have some choices in the actors/actresses which I would disagree with. Gentleman's Agreement, Desire Under The Elms, Othello, Playboy of the Western World, The Boy Friend, The Flies (of which I will discuss more in a moment), Gate of Hell, Hoatzen, Look Homeward Angel, The Straw Hat, Cock-A-Doodle Dandy and others.

And so back in March, on a cold dry Thursday night, I was heading down the old Telegraph Road, now US112, towards a meeting with Jean-Paul Sartre. The Flies was on that night.

The Greyhound depot in Ypsi is west of the Huron river, and not far from Student Town, as the campus is called here. The sky was overcast somewhat, but out here it was clear. And quiet.

Small towns on a week night are invariably quiet, of course. But this was very quiet. No one seemed to be about once I turned up from Telegraph to the residential section. No one was about. Just me. And the stars.

How long has it been since you got a good look at the stars, Fred? Months? Years? ~~It was when we were driving back to LA from the Seacon. We'd just crossed the Oregon-Calif. border, as I recall; we were in the Big Trees, at any rate. And it was about 11 at night, and we stopped at the side of the road, and got out, and we all looked up...)~~

How long ago has it been since you saw the sky ablaze with the stars, with no other light about, so that you felt they cast a shadow? They were there that night. Cross Street has few lights on it and no traffic lights. The citizens discretely shade their windows and there is not enough of a town to cast a light haze into the sky.

Cassiopeia wheeled after Andromeda and Hercules swung his hammer, while Arcturus, the herder, contemplated, no doubt, on his missing flock. And the Milky Way lay splattered across the sky like a daub, a smear of paint by a surrealist painter undesirable of a smooth starry sky. I felt like a character in an Asimov story, aware for the first time of the heavens, afraid because it was now nightfall after a thousand years.

Trees lifted their boughs about me, so that only the sky overhead was visible. And I felt like I was falling, as if I was standing on the ceiling and there was the real world. They say you can't tell distance to the stars. But yet I felt I was going to fall for a million million years.

After reading stf for thirteen years, after being a fan for three, I understood for the first time what the term galactic meant.

I wonder how many other fans have seen the stars spread out like this, have revelled in its detail and brightness and yet seen only a bowl of lights? It's trite, I know, but it's a rare thing to stand on the edge of a galaxy and look out and down upon ∞ +

I must have looked like a nut, just standing there, looking up (or down) at the Well. But a truck came by, a few passer-bys came into my world, and I moved on, still looking.....

And so I turned onto the campus, passed the sleek modern dormitories of EMU. The walks moved under my feet, couples appeared from nowhere, and soon I was walking up the slope, the grassy slope, to Quirk Theatre. And went in. And sat entranced through Sartre's *The Flies* (which are us poor humans, you know). From the magnificent to the sublime.

There's still a lot of kick in the stars even yet, if one will look.

Speaking of things which a lot of people underestimate, have you noticed the fact that the flood of stf pocketbooks seems to have slowed down a bit? I think what has happened is that the fly-by-night and small outfits have forsaken stf and the large companies have put their outputs of stf and fantasy on a regular schedule now. Signet has done so. Ballantine is producing three stf and fsy pbs a month now. Crest has regularized. As has Avon pbs. A nice theory, but one which is tempered for me by the realization that this area doesn't get all the pbs printed in the States. Therefore, the conclusion might be erroneous. But from here it seems to have settled into a pattern. No longer a fondling child, but a definite regulated part of the pb publishing schedule. And since they rely heavily on reprint material, both novels and shorts collections, pbs may not fall prey to one of the things that slaughtered stf in the early '50's. When there was a large (magazine) stf market which produced on schedule or else, the authors found they could sell hackwork easily. The standards degenerated and they never came back up. Tastes changed in the reading public and the same old line kept coming out from the pulp houses. But due to the heavy slant on reprints, original material has tough sledding from the pb houses. Ask any author. The pb concerns are far from being any push-over. Original pb stories are still more than merely difficult to sell to such a firm. The pb houses still rely heavily on the proven hard-bound-re-printed-into-pb formula wherein a story is first sold through the stiff covers cliques, and then selected for pb production. Now, of course, Ballantine, and others, bring out pb and hc editions at the same time, with no lag between the two. \leftarrow (Ballantine's last hardcover was in 1957, and I don't know of any other one publisher that's ever tried simultaneous hc-pb printings.) \rightarrow But the theory still stands. If it's good enough for hc, it might be good enough for pb.

And the fact that a pb can stay on the stands for months in order to sell has helped them regularize their stf catalogues. They can afford to gamble when the risk is slight.

Unfortunately, this is all helping drive prozine stf further into the ground. And I'll be damned if I see any way it can be halted, as long as the prozines can't stay on the stands for months, or lean occasionally and heavily on proven material.

←(Still Schultz.)→

A little better distribution and display isn't going to alter the facts any. Prozines are just plain fighting a losing battle against pb stf.

But the troubles with prozines don't seem to be major ones by themselves. I think the trouble is that too many people tend to think that the prozines have to "beat" the pbs. From the above I think you can realize yourself the futility of the prozines trying to out-do the pbs. However, prozinedom isn't fini, kaput, just because of that. Second place isn't anything to be ashamed of if such carries with it the solace of financial solvency.

You see, the prozines can't beat the pbs. But if they can gain better distribution, they will gain a slight edge on the old bottle of red ink. If they could get a better display (different tones and colors behind plain cover logos, anyone?) they would get a slight edge, because the fact that a new issue is out would be more easily spotted by the casual reader. (This is the only effective solution to the display problem that I could think of. Fans here and there are obviously not the solution, as they can't put all the stfzines in the front of the newsstands. More effective distribution (anyone know how to blackmail the distribution heads? Suggestions welcome....) and more eye-catching cover displays seem the only way to improve the circulation figures.)

All this and more can help, minutely though they be. The druggist at Regals down the street where I pick up all my stf says Fantastic and Amazing with their interior artwork, cheap price and colorful covers sell fastest, usually to the student trade. Which reminds me, I've got a private agreement with him. He puts Fantastic, Amazing, Analog and F&SF (the four stf mags he carries) on the front top of his mag rack, and I buy a copy of each when they come out. We're slight friends anyways, so it doesn't hurt.

Anyways, from the circulation figures published each year, I'd say that if the stf prozines can make it into the black on that low a general figure, any little bit would help, and would prolong the life of any of the zines. God help us, but it seems to me that the prozines are fighting for their life right now. And they need help. ←(One sneaky trick, if you're in a store that sells magazines but doesn't carry any stf prozines, is just to ask the clerk if they have any science fiction magazines. If you are sure they don't stock any and the answer will be "No", it won't cost you anything. And if the store gets enough inquiries, it just might decide that it would be to its benefit to start stocking them.)→

But with pbs in now, I don't think the prozines will ever be able to reach any sort of plush circulation. And I wish the editors (Santesson, Campbell, Gold and crew) would stop blaming the fans for something the pbs are responsible for.

Speaking of the editors, they're more responsible for the downfall of stf than we are. Palmer brought in the saucerites, who soon left, but not before he alienated the general public. I have living testimony to prove that the public still equates stf with nut fringes, a hold-over from the Palmer days I believe. And as long as the stories in the magazines remain "cute", frothy, devoid of meaning, heroic heroes, realistic stories or characters, stf isn't going to get any better. I believe that one of the reasons AMAZING under Palmer did so well was because it took a number of years for the good impression Astounding created in the early '40's to reach the public. Anyways, I think it'd take a number of years of consistently good stories in the stf mags before the public realized that stf had changed for the better. Therefore, a special issue or two of a mag isn't going to change anything. The editors themselves are going to have to edit. For a change.

Right now the editors remind me of nothing so much as the German veterans leagues after the first World War. Instead of trying to solve theirs and Germany's problems, they engaged in a search for scapegoats. These Veteran's Guilds were one of the strongest arms of the Nazi movement, by the way.

And now we reach the letter of comment on SALAMANDER. First to battle, er, joust, with Sir Lichtman, riding his noble charger of apa preferences.

In his article, Lichtman mentions a number of things the apazine might have. To which I usher forth from my chapped lips a loud raspberry. No, no, no, I yell at the top of my voice. These things are not ultimates or necessities. In the article Bob

{(4 pages of Schultz. Is that too many?)}

mentions the bit about apazines being good genzines, etc. Not necessarily so. Warhoon for a while had no cover, no bacover and no art. Dick still isn't wildly enthusiastic about interior art and puts them in only to keep the comic book set happy, I think. Many apazines have neither cover nor art, and some of them would be better if they didn't have 'em! As for the old argument about it relieving the monotony of unbroken text, I don't hear any complaints that they should comic stripize Heinlein's novels. Art isn't necessary...unless it helps to console the completist who is wading through yet another crudzine in search for that occasional gem of artistry. That he hasn't quite as many words to decipher as he might have.

Certainly Kipple manages to attain a good layout without illustrations, tho it isn't an apazine. But it proves that it's possible.

But art is not necessary in an apazine. It helps, because much apa wordage needs to be relieved, including my own I'd admit.

The bulk of the rest of the advice is on much the same plane. It helps the majority, more people could use it, but it's not necessary. Leaving space on the sides and top, spacing between some paragraphs, the bulk of the material should be by the editor. LIGHTHOUSE, one zine mentioned by Bob, is written more by contributors than by Graham. Tho Carr is co-editor, so you might say the bulk of the material is by both of them.

Two things there I agree with. One, that the editor should always put a colophon somewhere outlining who is producing the magazine and when. I've got over a dozen zines here that I haven't the faintest notion of who printed or when.

And the other, conditionally, that mailing comments should be original material, dissertations exploded from another apazine instead of comments on another apazine. But Donaho put it more concisely a bit ago himself.

He was complaining about a type of mailing comment. And he declared that to be worth the paper they're printed on, a m/c should be complete in itself and say something to boot. In other words, try to do the sort of thing Terry Carr did in LIGHTHOUSE, as Bob pointed out. Write...creatively, even if you fail, the attempt will say more than mere comments will. Or can.

But creativity should be extended to more than merely writing dissertations sparked by others zines. It should be brought to every phase of the apazine, a thing which I don't do myself. Back when Neolithic was just starting, I gave Ruth Berman a lot of suggestions. The other readers promptly reminded Ruth and me that any zine need follow a standard pattern.

This should apply to all apazines as well if not more so to genzines. You like art? Okay, use art. You like fiction? You like non-stop paragraphing? You like this or that or the other thing? Go ahead. Apas are particularly suited for the fan who desires to turn out more than "just another apazine". Follow all of Bob's suggestions and you may submerge yourself beneath a set pattern.

And I wish Bob, or someone else, would be sure to point this out if Bob ever writes up that pamphlet for the N3F on apa pubbing. And point it out often and effectively.

As for the rest of the magazine, a few notes: Deckinger was a waste of time. Bergeron's cover was ultra-stylistic and for some reason it did nothing to me. Lichtman's fmz reviews were fair, but then I'm a jaded fan as far as fmz reviews go. Even critical dissertations are beginning to pall. Gondor wasn't much. And I bought the Alley God, therefore there must be something in that review of yours. And despite your enthusiasm I thought THE GREEN ODYSSEY was gimmicky, put together in such a way that the clock-work showed through. And I felt that in '57!

Harness looks good in two color mimeography, by the way. Repeat please. The letters were letters and it's late and I'll see you again some other time, okay?

Sam Moskowitz
340 7th Ave. East
Newark 7, N. J.

In your first two issues, Bob Lichtman does a very good job when he sticks to being objective. Objectivity is excellent journalistic discipline. When covering a large subjective in what is essentially a piece intended for information, it is essential. There is plenty of room for personal opinion in letters, book review, columns, etc., which are primarily intended for that purpose.

I liked your book reviews in No. 2 (and one).

I wondered, while reading your article, whether or not you were aware that Harvard University has established and run for the past few years a science fiction library, with all magazines and books stored in a temperature-controlled vault? They were operating under the direction of Wayne Batteau, last I heard and had accumulated several thousand books and magazines. ((No, I hadn't known that; thanks. Is it circulating, or for-research-only?))

I believe it is the Syracuse Library that has several times beaten me to a rare old interplanetary book, they have established a collection of old space travel books.

Not too long back I received inquiries from the University of Oklahoma about the possibility of establishing a science fiction library and how expensive it might prove.

There are undoubtedly others that I am not aware of.

I think it is a sign of age, but it has always griped me no end when any person, in this case Speer, in commenting on Lichtman's article makes the statement: "I wonder about the statement that Wollheim expected FAPA to replace subzines. Maybe he expressed that thought, but I no longer have a recollection of his saying so." Aside from the fact that Lichtman never did claim he (Wollheim) said so ((Bob said, "Wollheim thought that all fan publishing would eventually be carried on in the association".)), the inference is that if Speer didn't hear it, it didn't happen. Carried one step further if Speer doesn't remember it, it didn't happen. I am using Jack as the goat, here, for something that is all too common.

The proper thing for Speer to do is to check back to find, if during the period of FAPA's proposal and beginning, if Wollheim ever wrote, published or was quoted as having made any statements that would directly, indirectly, through inference or assumption have given the impression that he "thought" (which is the word Lichtman used) that FAPA might be a substitute for or the best answer for fandom or fandom's problems. If he could find nothing of the kind, then would be a good time to come back and say that he couldn't and where did Lichtman get his information.

Therefore, I would first like to ask Jack why it is important that Wollheim should have given some indication that he thought fandom would be better off incorporated in FAPA? I would also ask him to make the minimal effort of looking through his early material to find some basis to believe that Wollheim might have thought FAPA could become or should become fandom.

If he can't find anything, I'll supply him with a few dates. Until then, let him get off his can and work. ((Whew! For a minute there I saw a wild picture of a Moskowitz in armor leaping forward to defend poor, helpless Wollheim against evil Speer, though I realize this is a distortion of your point. I agree with you in the broad generalization - fans should take a little trouble to make sure of their facts and details before accusing someone of doing something, or even of taking an attitude in regard to something - but in this particular instance, in asking Speer what would amount to doing a rather involved job of research, to say the least, just to back up a statement probably meant only as one fan's opinion, not as an Absolute Fact, I think you're overstating the point. ##By the way, to change the subject completely; do you intend running C. L. Moore's "Werewoman" in FANTASTIC's Fantasy Classics series? I certainly hope so; from the description you gave of it in your Profile of Moore in AMAZING, I want to read it. I've already written Cele Goldsmith saying so.))

Archie Mercer
434/4 Newark Road
North Hykeham,
Lincoln, ENGLAND

This second SAL thing, for which thanks. The cover's a mess, isn't it. One has to look at it at least three times before one determines what it's supposed to be. And then it turns out to be a sealamander, apparently. (You know the old song - "Come home again, oh sealamander, sealamander,

home again - - -")

Or has Barney Bernard beaten me to it? ((Nope.))

You've got yourself a nice gimmick, mate. UCLA collects SF. SAL runs an article on UCLA's collection of SF. UCLA then runs an article on SAL's article on UCLA's collection of SF. SAL then runs a counter-counter-article on UCLA's article on SAL's original article on UCLA's collection of SF. There the matter rests at present, but clearly, UCLA cannot allow it to rest there. Obviously, they will have to sponsor yet another article on SAL's counter-counter-article concerning UCLA's article that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

(Jack's all right, of course.)

Bob Lichtman on mailing comments etc - like (not unlike) he's being a trifle unfair I think. Eney isn't, to my mind, at all a bad mailing-reviewer. Many zines he deals with at far greater length than the example given. In fact, it could equally well have been the other way round, supposing the item under review had fed Eney with a cue rather than Carr. But not everybody reacts positively to the same thing. In general though, Bob seems to be on the right lines.

I agree about the Green Odyssey being under-rated. I found it great fun.

The heading-illo to "Slow Train Through Gondor" is good enough for GAUL. As for the subject-matter, whereas I agree that no subject is intrinsically unfit for humour, there are nevertheless some subjects that are intrinsically unfunny. Dentistry's one of them. The rest of the column should've been called "Stranger in a Strange Rand".

Barr's pic'd have made a far, far better cover. But then his usually would.

Why not abbreviate "Hugo" to "HG"?

Good issue Fred, anyway, particularly as it's short on the fiction (McCombs somewhat excepted) this time. And it still looks, feels and tastes like SHAGGY.

Philip José Farmer
7736 East Catalina Dr.
Scottsdale, Arizona

Thanks for the recent issues of SALAMANDER, which I enjoyed and probably will enjoy. Every now and then I dig into my pile of old fanzines and reread sections. A bad habit, for I should be writing letters of thanks

for having received them instead of loafing and inviting my soul. Or whatever.

Your reviews of THE GREEN ODYSSEY and THE ALLEY GOD were pleasant surprises.

Review of the former revived some thoughts I'd

had when P. S. Miller first reviewed TGO. I

was going to write him a hot letter of protest but decided not to, and, as time passed, forgot about it. Now, I wish I

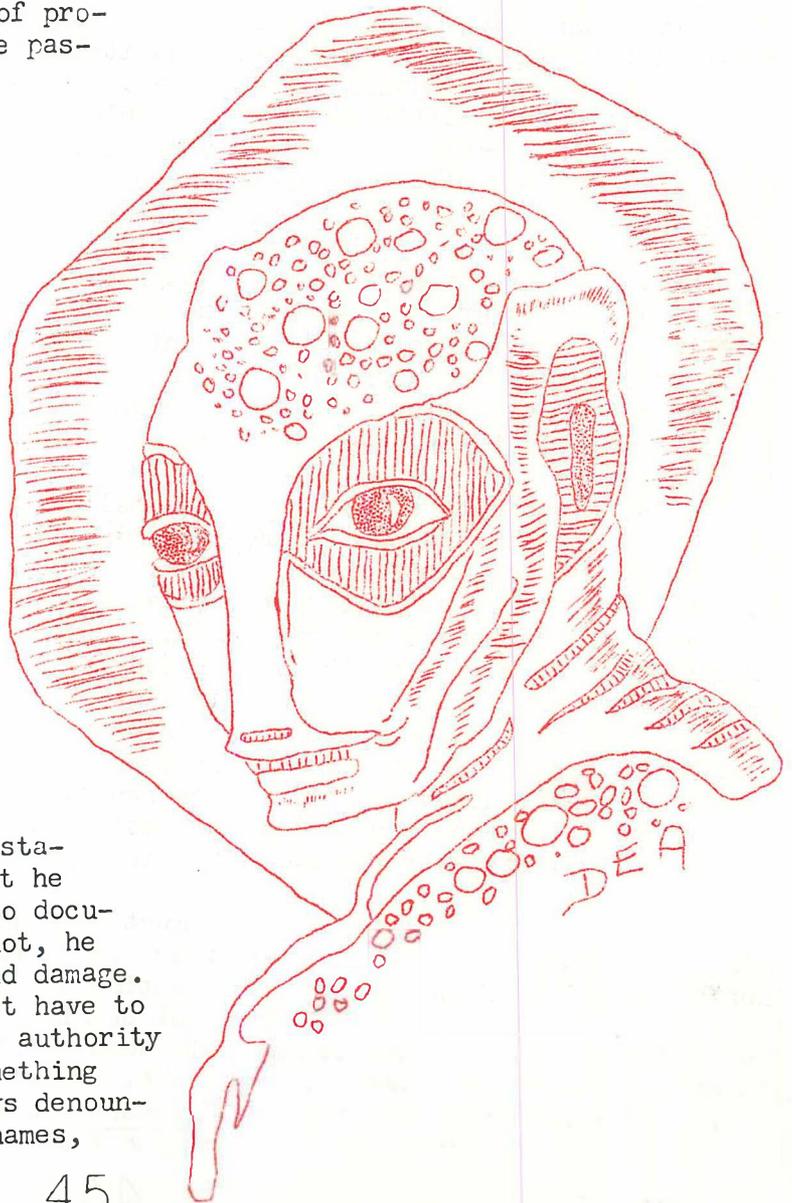
had, for he should not have gotten away with some of his statements.

I thought he'd been very unfair.

First, he compared TGO, unfavorably, to a book of mine that he admitted he'd not read.

Second, his accusations that I'd lifted names from Howard's works and based the book on de Camp's Viagens series just were not true.

(I was the one that made the comparison with the Viagens stories; Miller didn't mention them. I didn't mean to imply that you were copying de Camp, though Alan Green still seems to me to be more like Dirk Barnevelt, or Victor Hasselborg, or any of de Camp's "superheroes" than, say, Howard's Conan, or Leiber's Fafhrd or the Grey Mouser, or even Doc Smith's Tedric, and that kind of swashbuckling "superhero".) He did not document his accusations or make any attempt to validate them. Just stated that such was so. I realize that he does not have space in his section to document or validate. But, if he does not, he should not make charges that hurt and damage. In his position, he can do so and not have to worry about consequences. He wields authority without responsibility. This is something that Campbell, by the way, has always denounced in his editorials. As for the names,



most of them, as I recall, were based on Axtec or pseudo-Axtec. Anyway, they were Aztecoid. ((Howard also used Aztecoid names on occasion - but then, he used a little bit of everything at one time or another.))

His criticism that the large ground-sailing ships were not practical may be justified. A friend, a small-boat enthusiast, told me the same thing, said that it had been demonstrated mathematically that a concept such as the plains-schooners was unworkable. Too bad somebody did not so inform me before I wrote the story. Then, I would have worked out some device to get rid of the objections. It's my fault though, for I should have considered the workability of the sailers, done some research on it. If I were to be given a second chance, could rewrite the book, I'd figure out a means to get those craft sailing or else modify them. Your news that TGO was a financial failure knocks that idea in the head. Also, the idea for a sequel, which, coincidentally with your article, I'd been thinking of doing. No go now; nobody would want to handle it, considering the fate of its predecessor. ((Well, now, I've just been assuming it was a financial failure, based on what Wollheim said and my own observations that copies are still on sale here, and the prozine reviews I saw. I don't know whether it failed so badly no one would touch a sequel; you should have sales figures and be able to tell better than I can. Please, don't let anything I said stop you from writing a sequel - I loved the original; I want a sequel.))

I got tired of Campbell's incessant hammering on one idea and Miller's bumrapping me, damning me with faint praise, so I quit reading ANALOG. The former reason was the real reason I quit. Not entirely, though, for I read Anderson's THE HIGH CRUSADE and enjoyed it tremendously, and also dipped into several more stories to see if there was anything else non-psionic. No go. All Campbell, through and through. Not that there is anything wrong with being Campbell, far from it. You don't mind a certain dosage every issue; it's good for you. But when it's all vitamin C., you get sick.

I don't suppose I should blame Miller. He comes from an older generation and, though he has the capabilities to be flexible and liberal and progressive (as far as new gadgets go), he reacts on an emotional level when biology is extrapolated and developed and when West-European-American mores are ignored. Though grounded in archaeology, he has, apparently, never understood or imbibed much of cultural anthropology. One of the main lessons of this study is that the mores of one tribe may be the scorn of another, what is sacred to one is laughable to another, that many of our (European-American) attitudes are not laws of the universe but only locally practiced habits. Miller and Campbell, it seems to me, want to ride on the wave of the future, but, at the same time, they are hagridden by Old Stone Age taboos. Not that I blame them. Every one of us has a little of Pavlov's dog in him. Ring the correct bell, and the dog salivates. In their case, the bell is sex. Except that they don't salivate, they bristle.

The above comments are based on Campbell's editorials and a limited amount of correspondence with him and on Miller's reviews (his comments in them). Despite their bluenosed outlook, I admire both of them. We all have our faults; I don't care to discuss mine. As for P. S. Miller, he tries, I'm sure, to be fair.

Which is more than I can say for S. E. Cotts. This man or woman is an incompetent. He never seems to know what the author (any author) is saying. He is superficial. A literary pterodactyl afraid to get his feet wet. I get the impression he reads a few lines here and there of the books he claims to review and then sits down to the typewriter to hammer out so many words per book. Probably writes more about the reviewed book than he read, however. If he does conscientiously read every book he reviews, he has no excuse. He should quit now and rest on his laurels, which consist of being the most superficial reviewer now published in a professional magazine. ((Rebuttal, anyone?))

Lenny Kaye
418 Hobart Road
North Brunswick, N. J.

I must only assume that my trade copy of Obelisk didn't arrive on time, for Salamander arrives with a little notice saying in effect, "Put up or shut up." Since Sal promises to be a top-notch fanzine in the future, and since it has much commentable about it, I have decided to galvanize myself into action and write a letter. ((Thanks. OBELISK finally arrived here, too.))

The UCLA library's reaction to Salamander doesn't surprise me in the least. UCLA is a rather new-thinking school and couple that with the public's recent acceptance of

s-f and you're in. What's the way we out of towners can get our fanzines there...I'd like my efforts placed there for posterity and like that. ((And we'd like to have them, Lenny. See the address in the Editorial. All donations, comments and questions should be sent there for prompt attention.))

Lichtman was very good. Bill Donaho said virtually the same thing in his article in Viper #4, though in more detail. His comments on Warhoon struck a resonant chord with me...I can never get through that zine in one sitting and take it in doses over a period of time.

Deckinger, amidst his forced funniness, did bring up one useful point. Fans are way below norm in physical fitness. We should have something like a softball game at every worldcon (like they did several years ago.)

Barr's drawing in the centerfold was a sheer masterpiece. It seemed wasteful to use it in such a position and it would have looked a lot better if you would have used it as a cover. It is perhaps the finest work I've seen by him since the twin covers on Oops! #30. ((As per my policy of packing as much good art as I can in each issue, I intend running a cover and a center page, in every issue. I couldn't have very well used Barr's black-and-white as a cover and put Bergeron's colored inside. See Phil Harrell's letter for two more reasons for using Barr's as the interior Feature Illo.))

Johnstone's column was perhaps the best thing in the issue. Exodus is perhaps one of the best books I've ever read. In fact, when I read it some 3 or 4 years ago, I remember saying to myself, "By damn, this is a good book." (I was a very profane child.) "Stranger in a Strange Land" didn't rub at all well. It was good for the first 250 pages and then became rather boring until perhaps the last 25 pages. I've just started "Atlas Shrugged" and I was surprised to see that old fannish line, "Who is John Galt" at the start. Her "Anthem" is definitely stfish and I'd advise you to read it. It's quite good. "The Fountainhead" is boring in parts, but on the whole, it is excellent. Her books that I've read and finished (the last two named) seemed both to be centered around an individual who breaks away from a conformist society. It's too early in "Atlas" to decide on where she's heading.

Watching the Emmy awards last night, I conceived roughly of that sort of thing applied to the Hugos. "The Academy of Science Fiction Arts and Writing", or something to that effect. It sounds quite dignified to yhos...

Regency books seem non-existent out here. I've searched throughlout the newsstands and even pestered the news-dealer. (We're old friends. I go downtown about once a week and she always reserves the Z-D mags for me, the Village Voice and anything else of interest.) What is their address, and do they take orders for books???? ((Yes. They have a mail-order blank at the back of each of their books, listing what they've published (including stuff by Robert Bloch, Harlan Ellison, Algis Budrys, Lester del Rey, Robert Sheckley, and Philip José Farmer so far, though it's not all stf). The address is: Regency Books, Box 1247, Evanston, Illinois. The books are 50¢, in check or money order. Might I recommend Budrys' Some Will Not Die (RB 110) as a starter?))

Walt Willis
170 Upper N'Ards Rd.
Belfast 4, N. Ireland

Salaam 2 made its bow here the other day and I thought I'd write you about it, partly because of my dedication to the noble ideals of fandom and partly because you won't send me any more copies if I don't.

I'm afraid Bob Lichtman and I could never successfully collaborate on a fanzine, because it would be liable to turn out like Out Of This World Adventures...you remember the prozine that consisted of half closely-printed pulp fiction and half comic book. "Leave enough space so that your reader's eyes do not stray so much" indeed. Preventing the reader's eye from straying is the duty of the material, and if it's well written he should resent white space rather than welcome it.

Interested to see the correspondence about the International Fantasy Award, since I was one of the original IFA panel. However after a couple of years they chucked all the mere fans off so I really don't know if the IFA was the lineal antecedent of the Hugo. I agree that Hugo isn't a good name for the Award because I don't think Hugo Gernsback is something the field should be particularly proud of---personally I'd rather see them called "Johns", and then we'd be in no doubt as to the form the award should take (it would make a handy ashtray too)---but then I've always felt the award should be a science fiction one. Fantasy is a well established field and one that needs no encouragement from science fiction fandom.

Salamander is as readable as it is legible, and that's high praise. Wish I could think of something more to say but at the moment I'm suffering from lassitude. I was thinking of saying that's when you feel like a dog's dinner, but I won't.

Arthur Hayes
R. R. 3
Bancroft, Ont.
CANADA

UCLA has gone nuts as far as I'm concerned. Any library that goes in for amateur publications is out of its head as far as I'm concerned, specially if it seems to be doing so indiscriminately, as your description of their method seems to imply.

Obviously, Bob Lichtman, you and I, don't follow his creed in publishing. Still, Bob does have a good article there, in his series on fanpubbing. But, his example, that of Bill Evans' CELEPHAIS, as "Good" Mc-ing is rather a condemnation of his taste. If that is what HE calls good Mc-ing, then I'm not interested in following his trend of thought. The example is similar to what so many seem to condemn in Conreps, the long-winded building up about items of no general interest. What this example had to do as relevant, with the themes of an S.F. Fanzine of even the fannish type, I can't see. His article, as I said, is very good, but this is one of the spots where he let his readers down. Dick Eney's method may or may not be any good, it depends not on his leaving out the dreary details of the vacation, but the remainder of the material that did not deal with the vacation. Not knowing how the rest of Eney's material lined up in that issue of CELEPHAIS I can't say whether Eney did good or bad, but I can't see how TWO comments in the SAME zine, dealing with presumably the same subject that is not a fanzine-type would create much interest in the readers. It is now obvious why Bob never did like my style of APA Mc-ing, I don't have a chance.

(←This is Bob Lichtman on-stencil here. As a matter of fact, Art, I never said that I liked Bill Evans' mailing comments. They're okay, but they're not as good as the ones I did cite: Bill Donaho's, Terry Carr's, &c. I don't condemn "long-winded building up about items of no general interest" in con-reports; after all, most con-reports are of no general interest. As an aside I might note that when Bill Evans does a conreport, or a trip report, the results are much better than his MCs. And I think this has confused the issue sufficiently. --Bob Tucker→)

Farmer is a good writer, but no author can be served as a regular diet, specially Farmer. His stories are good as a 'once-in-a-while' kind of thing. He seems to have only one theme, just plain sex, too much of which, like anything else, can run down a man. (←How do you mean that, Art?→) I suspect that Farmer appeals most to those who can't, or are afraid to.

Deckinger overlooked the possibilities of developing Karate abilities through the use of the Stapler (provided you've got a good, strong, stapler.) A good idea is to look upon the Stapler as an enemy you wish to stamp out, use the fist, the side of the hand, etc., develop a real HARD hand (and go broke buying new staplers.)

I think a letter I received recently (and he's never objected to my printing excerpts from his letters before) ties in rather well with Barr's review of EXODUS.

"As to the first set of tablets of Moses, that is naturally meant as a parable, not a belief. I am told by such as have more interest and knowledge in the matter than I, that the Bible was written in about the 5th century BC, by the first returnees from Babylon, long after Moses, so it's really a case of hindsight. That point about other gods has come to my attention too. There is also something about gods or is it giants marrying the daughters of men, before Noah. From the behaviour of the orthodox, one certainly gets the impression that they believe in the existence of other gods, or the first commandment would not have such exceptional importance. Like the "nonamendable" section in the sixth article of the U.S. Constitution (equal representation in the Senate) the first commandment is the only one an Orthodox, or indeed ANY believing Jew may not break to save his life. The Sabbath is counted the next important commandment, I believe, but the "saving of a soul overpowers the 'Sabbath'" I have wondered sometimes if repeating the Moslem formula (God is God and Mohammed his Prophet) would be counted Idolatry in this sense. That Jews have died rather than prayed the Christian "Lord's Prayer" is irrelevant, since the trinity is undoubtedly "other Gods" and even Maria and the saints are suspicious. Mohammed however definitely claims to pray to the same

god as the Jews and is himself merely a Prophet - and there seems to be nothing in the Jewish Religion to absolutely prohibit any number of prophets. The point interests me, if any such anti-moslem martyrs were to be found, it would tend to prove my contention that not religion, but pride vs humiliation was the real issue of religious persecution. In short I believe that the persecutors were simply sadists looking for humiliation, and the martyrs too proud to give in "no one ever believed the unreasonable - they merely believe in the unjust" Rand. As to Miracles, I just disbelieve them, unless there was some spaceship about. No reason to take the Bible more serious than any other legend - or the legends more serious than uncheckable stories in Confidential. If the religious people REALLY believed, they wouldn't be so hot to brainwash everyone from the earliest age. People can learn about Mendel's laws or Calculus at any age - but no unbrainwashed mind would accept Religion for a moment." ...Phil Kohn, Beth Krinski, Yokneam, Israel. ((This excerpt strictly sic.))

My reasons for tie-ing in this quotation to the Barr review of EXODUS ((It was by Johnstone, not Barr.)) is that basically, at least in one case, One Israeli doesn't see so much difference of opinion between the Mohammedans and the Israelis and that the threat of the Arabs is more or less necessary to create in the Israelis, the desire to really work hard to achieve the miracles they seem to be achieving in Israel. This is MY view, the view that the threat is the result of provocation in order to create the incentive to progress. Just as the Cold War is an incentive to scientific progress between the Iron Curtain and the Western countries. ((Do you mean you think the Arabs are threatening the Israelis because they think this will spur the Israelis on to greater achievements (in other words, the Arabs are really trying to help Israel), or that the Israeli gov't is deliberately provoking Arab threats in order to get the Israeli people to work harder, or what?))

Nothing really commentable in regards to Bob's fanzine review, except that, at this early date, after Carpenter's flight, the choice for the three so far, seem to narrow down to Glenn, though Sheppard may not be left out. There seems, at even this early date, implications that Carpenter may have done some goofing off on his orbital flight. ((But Glenn already made the first U.S. orbital flight, before Carpenter even. What are you talking about, Art?))

I am still of the opinion that, as long as we try to insist on SF becoming 'legit' the insistance will be resisted. Let them, the mundane, do and say what they will about SF. So, I don't Particularly care whether the HUGOS are 'dignified' with an explanatory titling background. "International Fantasy Award" will probably result in questions as to what YOU consider as Fantasy, and if you then mention SF, then the question is repeated, ad nauseam, or something.

McCombs' LoC story parody of Moffatt's story, while infinitely better written, still ends with that horrible twist.

Well, that will have to be it for now. ((This whole letter reads like one of those "What's Wrong With This Picture" puzzles.))

Burkhard Blüm
6844 Hofheim
Jakobstrasse 17
WEST GERMANY

I'm very sorry I didn't write earlier - SALAMANDER is worth more than only a letter. Don't you have a British agent to whom I could send money to be sure that I get the future issues? To send money to the USA is a rather expensive amusement and I prefer to send it to the UK. The cover of SAL 1 is one of the best I ever saw - comparable only with the cover of Cactus 6.

When I see Barr's artwork on page 15 I remember a collection of Morris-Scott-Dollens-artwork I saw some two years ago. GOOD artwork is also found in Gerfandom, but really OUTSTANDING work is published neither in German-language fanzines nor was it too often to be found in the German promags. - I wonder if you could permit me to reprint Terry Jeeves' illo on page 17 in my APazine MALEPARTUS. It's a hektoed or dittoed fanzine - I always mix it up ... it's similar to BHIS. ((Sure; go ahead.))

HERE I find again the SLOW TRAIN THROUGH GONDOR ... I remember to've got OUTWORLDS and PSI-PHI from Bob and found Ted's SLOW TRAIN there. It was at the end of 1959, I was a neo and very much disliked the column. Why do you publish such material in a SF-fanzine etc. - always the same old cheese. In the meantime I myself became one of Germany's best-known fannish-fans (in spite of some foolish LoCs to SHAGGY not long ago) and can hardly understand my former causes to refuse those columns.

Bob Lichtman's column is a pretty well-done job, but I wonder why you publish it in a fanzine the readers of which are mainly Americans. I'm speaking especially of his article on APAs. Is it really necessary to tell your readers details about the APAs? 90% of your readers are not at all neos and oughta know everything about the APAs. Even I know a lot of the details, although I'm a continental fan and a Gerfan as well.

(Well, there's always that other 10%. ...Bob Lichtman)

More interested I've been in his article on mailing comments. the German APA FAN was formed some two years ago after a lot of preparations done by Mario Kwiat and me (based mainly on some information Bob once gave me and a short article on SAPS written by Klaus Eylmann). The APA which was intended to become the focal point of Gerfandom doesn't even need a waiting-list. There are now 8 mailings out, but real mailing comments are written only by Rolf C. Gindorf and me. Most fans don't even say something about ONE contribution to the mailing before. I'm now trying to become OE of the APA and then will mail a bundle of fanzines. The 8 first mailings were stapled to one thick bundle. If there are different fanzines probably some more members will write comments to every individual item. But I have no good chances to become OE for Axel Melhardt (OE during the first two years) mimeoed the contributions of almost every member, because most of them don't own a mimeograph of their own. I too don't own one, and if another fan who owns a mimeograph also offers to do the job of the OE I have no chances to win the election and everything will go on as before.

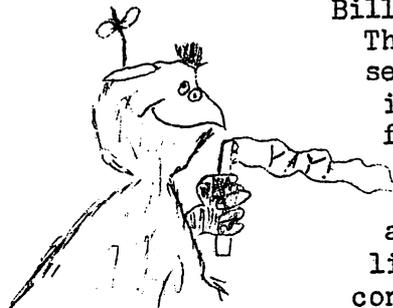
Well, Mike, and when the fanzine is finished it strains the imagination. When I receive a fanzine I often wonder what's the price of a bottle of correcting fluid. Then I wonder what the editor wants to say with the stuff he publishes. And finally I wonder why I'm reading it ...

Klaus Eylmann once said "a fanzine stands and falls with the abilities of the editor". He wanted to say, that a good editor is able to get good material and that he ought NOT fill the pages with his own stuff. I don't think he's completely mistaken. I think it's okay when the eds of those voluminous fanzines like Cry, or in Germany SOL, waste their time in trying to get good material, but it's also correct when the eds of individzines with only some 20 pages fill the pages with only their thoughts (except, of course, the lettercols). Similarly DISCORD. I myself prefer those little fanzines containing only material written by the editor.

The Church of the Brotherhood of the Way is the best hoax I ever read about. Just read some notes about it in SKYRACK, and sent a letter to Bill Donaho. When I write about the Church in Germany the Gerfans will be more than shocked - what a joy! Greetings to Bob Lichtman!

Would you please publish that I'm searching for English- and French-language fans who are able to read German. I'd like to send them my APAmailings. ((The UCLA Library would like them, I know!))

((And some hasty WAHFs. Pat McLean thinks the art is "veddy, veddy good." Frederik Pohl is glad libraries are now collecting stf - "Who knows, maybe one day we will attain the same status as Mickey Spillane!" Ruth Berman says my salamander "is quite a brilliant creature." Gary Deindorfer sends this: more Barr, and more color artwork. Arthur the Barr illo is "one of the best I've ever zine." Arnold Kruger is "possessed of a burn-subscribe to the potential best west coast words, Arnold. Randy Frodsham is sure that illos are hilarious. Ann Chamberlain appa-a letter I never received, and now sends me fearing that I'll drop her from my mailing has no fanzine to trade me or material to worry, Ann; SAL will keep warming your hearth. Mervyn Barrett sends a nice letter, but it's about the first issue, and we haven't room. Mrs. M. Dominick wants to know what the Bergeron design is. It's a salamander, printed on a photostencil and run off on a silkscreen mimeograph. D. A. Latimer sends some artwork hastily done between Biology and Geometry exams. And Clayton Hamlin sent me a copy of the issue of STARTLING STORIES with Kuttner's "The Dark World" in it. Many, many thanks, Clay; though I'm afraid I don't see what all the shouting's about. It was a good story, but not up to Merritt's best. See Hannes Bok's "The Blue Flamingo", or Edmund Hamilton's "The Valley of Creation", both also in SS, if you want pseudo-Merritt stories as good as anything Merritt himself ever wrote. Well, see you all in SAL #4.))



Bill Bowers wants Thomson believes seen in a fanzine." Kind the Ray Nelson recently sent me a postcard, list because she contribute. Don't