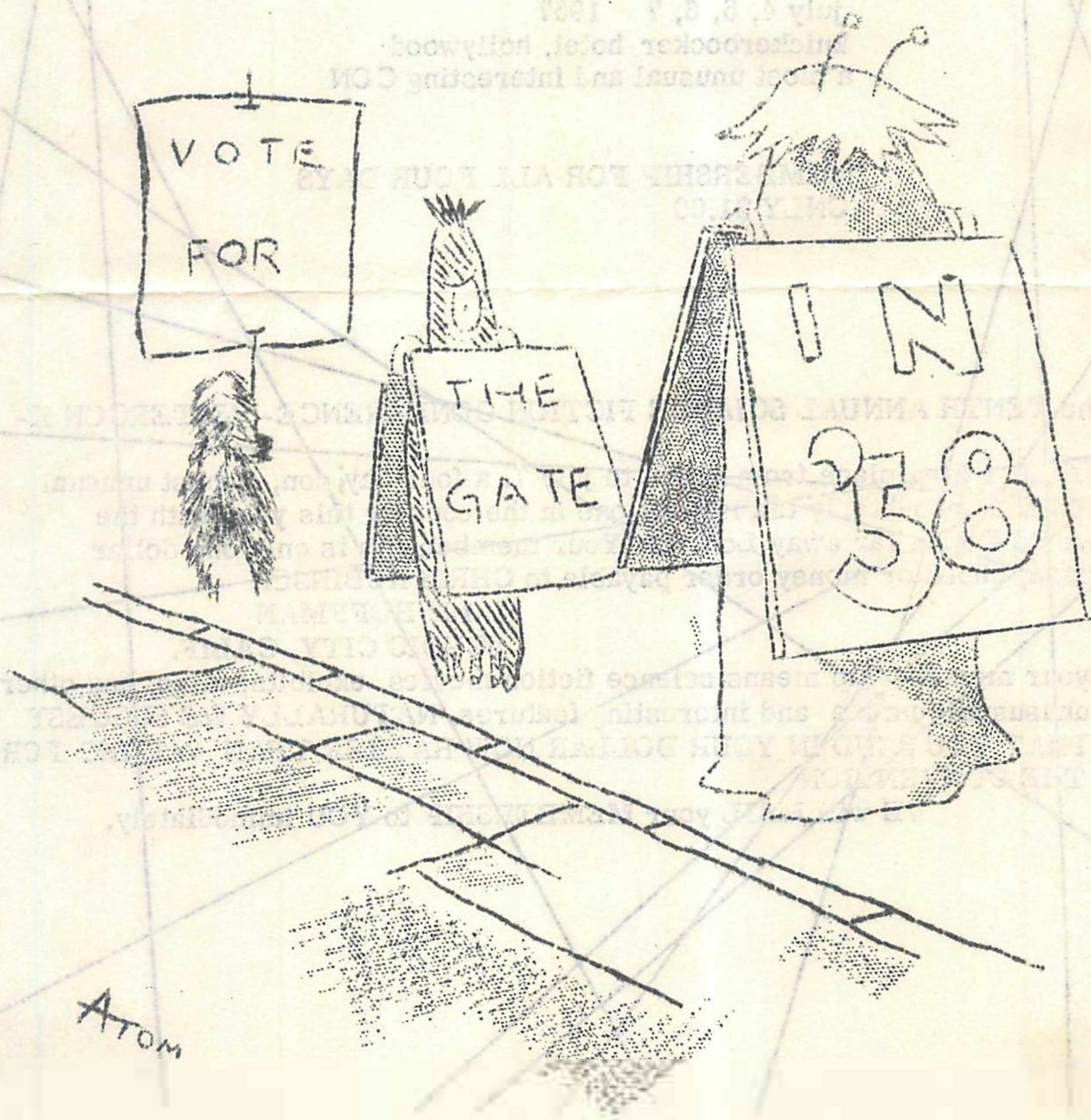


SCIENCE FICTION PARADE

"South Gate in '58!"

Number Five

Second Quarter, 1957



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THE CATLIKE DINOSAUR

By Harry Warner, Jr.

Once we owned a cat who liked to catch birds. The cat knew that we did not approve of this bird-killing habit, and obviously understood why it was scolded when caught in the act. Perversely, every so often the cat would creep up to the house with a crumpled, dead bird in its mouth and gingerly deposit the bird where the family would notice it. Then the cat would crouch cringingly, knowing that a scolding or whipping would result, yet always hopeful that the family's moral foundations might magically change and bestow praise on the cat for the destruction of another bird.

Ray Palmer somehow reminds me of that cat. Science fiction in pulp magazines was never a particularly beautiful winged creature. But he first dragged it down in the late 1930's, when he assumed command of Amazing Stories. He accepted the scoldings of fandom and continued to engage in a series of commercialized massacres of the literary flights of science fiction, through the long series of new titles, new policies, new sensations, and new inanities that have characterized his magazines for nearly two decades. And each time he scored a direct hit on some healthy section of science fiction's life, he inevitably hauled the bloody corpse up to fandom, and proudly laid it there to await a reaction, knowing in advance what fandom would say, acting hurt and injured himself when his latest kill was not acclaimed.

Now, this is very puzzling. Ray Palmer was not alone in seeking to produce magazines that would appeal to the lowest intelligence quotient among pulp magazine readers. Thrilling Wonder Stories attempted to do the same thing, simultaneously with his assumption of command at Amazing Stories. A host of imitators appeared only a few months later. Planet Stories has become the symbol of this entire school of editorial thinking. But Ray Palmer was alone in his frantic, ceaseless efforts to impress upon his readers that he was Doing Good. He was developing new writers to replace the tired, worn-out authors in the field. He was creating a gigantic new market for great science fiction stories, by providing stories on which new readers in the field could grow up. He obviously had the fans' interest at heart, because he was an old-time fan himself. He harped upon these themes so loudly, so incessantly that I got the firm impression that there was some submerged morsel of the Ray Palmer personality which didn't approve of Ray Palmer as a whole, and the majority of Ray Palmer's personality was aiming those proclamations at that dissatisfied minority area of Ray Palmer, to permit better sleep at nights.

Of course, Ray Palmer wasn't alone in one respect. One chapter of his scriptures was based on the theory that fans were not representative of science fiction readers as a whole, and to follow their likings would be commercial suicide. That was exactly the theory that John W. Campbell, Jr. expressed in print so frequently, in those days. The difference between the two men was that Campbell failed to let his theorizing guide his editorial policy. Events proved the truth: that the quality prozines like Astounding and Galaxy, which the active fans like the best, are the ones that survive the commercial storms in the pulp market.

By 1957, it's easy to see that Palmer's frantic claims for the worthiness of his actions were totally unfounded. He didn't create a vast new reservoir of science fiction writers. I can think of no important science fiction author who is active today who cut his creative teeth in the Palmer magazines. He didn't train millions of people to like the quality types of science fiction through apprenticeship with his action stories. This was always the most absurd phase of the Palmer doctrines. To say that reading Shaver for a

THE CATLIKE DINOSAUR (concluded)

few years is a necessary preliminary to reading Stapledon is equivalent to claiming that one must learn to enjoy black jellybeans as a youth in order to appreciate the delights of caviar as an adult. The better-grade science fiction magazines aren't selling today in anything approaching the quantities that they would enjoy, if the youngsters of the 1940's had dutifully graduated to Astounding and Galaxy after learning to love science fiction in Amazing.

The one unsolved mystery, after twenty years, is: What makes Palmer continue to nuzzle up to fans and expect affection for the commercialism and worsening of the field of science fiction? The most astonishing manifestation of his continued courtship of fandom came when he mailed out free copies of his latest publication, accompanied by a long, mimeographed letter, seeking support. I don't pretend to know how many persons were on this mailing list, but I hardly think that it would be possible to obtain more than a couple of thousand names and addresses of science fiction readers. If Palmer expected the phenomenally high response to this mail order promotion of 50%, he could hike his circulation only a thousand copies, a mere drop in the bucket compared with the circulation required to produce a paying newsstand pulp magazine.

Fandom has reacted more violently toward Palmer than toward the other low-quality science fiction publications in the past. I think that's explainable through the healthier atmosphere that prevailed in most of the other magazines. The famous Sgt. Saturn, for example, treated his readers as a bunch of juvenile nitwits, which in essence they were. Other magazines simply ballyhooed their contents as exciting action stories, an honest procedure, and some of them are mentioned occasionally with affection in today's fanzines for that very reason.

Whatever charge may be made against Palmer, he is consistent. At a time when the entire pulp magazine field is dwindling, because the juveniles are turning to television screens and Confidential, he continues to try to make money with the same kind of science fiction pulps that he was publishing fifteen years ago. His magazines get smaller and smaller, the titles change more and more frequently, his editorial discussions of what RAP is doing for science fiction become more and more repetitious. I'm starting to feel for him much the same semi-affection that I'd feel if someone discovered a living, breathing dinosaur in some remote corner of the world.

-HW

BRITISH PROZINES. By Roger Horrocks

Authentic, No.79, April. A carbon copy of the BRE Galaxy in size, layout, style--even the back cover ads are the same! This particular issue started off well with an imaginative novelet, "Assassin For Hire" by Philip High. Part 2 of Doug West's serial, "Dead Weight", (Orient vs Occident 120 years hence) was greatly improved. Usual shorts (by Lloyd, Bentley, Kippax and Chandler) rounded off the ish which averaged 7.8 on the Sneary scale.

Nebula, No.20, March. Illos in this issue were the best for some time. (Gad, that chap Thompson must be either a syndicate or an octopus!) Enjoyed all the short stories (Tubb, Ashcroft, Schneider and Temple) and, as usual, the features were excellent. Unfortunately this issue was marred by a 50-page "novel" named "Beacon Green" (F.G. Rayer) which included interstellar flight, BEMs, menaced worlds and just about everything else. Boring and positively dull. (Interesting, it seems that Authentic gets the better novelets and Nebula the better short stories...) I also disliked the cheap newsprint used by Nebula. 7.7

(continued:bottom of page 6)

This column will review only those stories rating 8 to 10, with the exception of serials, and particularly disappointing efforts. Please write the editor immediately if you would like to review any magazine (by story) other than Astounding Science Fiction, Galaxy Science Fiction and Fantasy & Science Fiction. -GwF

Rebuttal to the Riled Reader

Redd Boggs: It's no mystery to me why the characterization is poor in mysteries. The good mystery story has good characterization which only says that they're aren't many of these around. In Asimov's novel the characters were not only of limited appeal, but very nearly impressionless. This is not true of most Asimov. If "clever", Redd, is exemplified by "Asimov moves the USUAL mystery plot to a more-or-less STANDARD sf setting and examines the changes of course wrought by the setting", you'd better consult a good dictionary on the word "clever". You gave precisely the reason the novel rated so low. I can see the book jacket now: "The Naked Sun" by Isaac Asimov, A Usual and Standard Science Fiction Mystery. Don't make me laugh. Asimov is one of my favorite novelists, but this doesn't rate anything but a way to link "Caves" with a new string of novels. I hope they improve. In the meantime, pull your own leg, mine is tired.

Eva Firestone: Explain yourself. What is actually wrong with a well-written soap-box-space-opera? You neglected to define "space opera" and you did not explain why "Stars" was such. To top it off, you neglected to realize that the "soap-box" is here to stay in sf. At least it still does where you live, Eva, with you preaching to me about violent science fiction. It's personal, very personal opinion, but the novel should not be judged by its error in being opposed to your type of science fiction-sans-violence. You can see how vague you really are, I hope.

Billy Meyers: Good authors can write and publish junk. SATELLITE may be painted nicely on the outside, but it could stand 100% improvement on the inside.

Harry Warner: In late rebuttal to your statement that SF booms should be judged by how many mags there are in proportion to the other types, I say: but wouldn't it be more on how well they sell? They may be there, sure, and they may rot there too. Lately the surplus is amazing to me and devastating to the publisher.

-GwF

Serial: Robert Randall, "The Dawning Light", Astounding Science Fiction Rate: 9
Part One (March 1957) With a new twist on destruction some Nidorians rob a bank to wake up the banker. With more action than any of the previous stories, The Dawning Light promises to be very good.
Part Two (April 1957) This and cover were highpoints of issue. The bank robber of part one turns into a kingsize frame which backfires. Along with excellent characterization there is a mirade of plots which are delightfully confusing but never boring with complexities.

Part Three (May 1957) What started to be an excellent serial turned into a better one. This racks up the end of the series of Nidorian tales based on some poor little aliens who are picked on unmercifully by some heroic villians from Earth. When they part in the end everyone is happy, even if they don't know it yet.

-ST

The Showcase: Astounding, Fantasy & Science Fiction, Galaxy, IF, Infinity, Original Science Fiction, and Fantastic Universe are the top seven.

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(continued, next page)

Novelettes: Fritz Leiber, "Time in the Round", Galaxy, May 1957, Rate: 8.

Leiber is certainly one of our more profound sci writers, and in this story of a future theatre—a theatre showing the past—he succeeds in setting his scene and developing his characters, illustrating through sf, the ability of a small boy to make trouble. (GwF)

Mark Clifton, "How Allied", Astounding, March 1957, Rate: 8. (ST)

Poul Anderson, "Call Me Joe", Astounding, April 1957, Rate: 8. (ST)

John A. Sentry, "Chain Reaction", Astounding, April 1957, Rate: 8. (ST)

Short Stories: Robert Sheckley, "The Language of Love", Galaxy, May 1957. Rate: 8.

A clever and analytical piece describing the perfection of semantical expression of love and a man's use of it. Sheckley still has trouble keeping his situation in hand, but it hits upon a truth and presents it adequately. (GwF)

Clifford D. Simak, "Founding Father", Galaxy, May 1957, Rate: 8. Simak examines a method of providing an Earthman on a long voyage through space with an escape from drab reality. Smoothly written and nice build up to a very well executed ending. (GwF)

Raymond E. Banks, "Double Come", Galaxy, May 1957, Rate: 3.

Exaggerated melodrama not fit for human consumption. (GwF)

Alan E. Nourse, "Prime Difference", Galaxy, June 1957, Rate: 7. (GwF)

Stereotyped Hollywood B picture characters in a refreshing android tale. (GwF)

Poul Anderson, "Marius", Astounding, March 1957, Rate: 8. (ST)

John J. McGuire, "The Queen's Messenger", Astounding, May 1957, Rate: 8. (ST)

The Cream in Your Coffee: W.T. Haggert, "A Matter of Security", Astounding, March 1957, Rate: 10. (Novelette) The biggest con game in history. The swag had to be weighed and three countries tried to kill as well as pay to keep a flying machine from flying. The best part about the whole thing was that it really worked. Most entertaining in a good issue. (ST)

BRITISH PROZINES (continued from page four)

Science Fantasy, No.22, April. No interior illos, no articles, no editorial... As for the actual stories, the two novelets by Richard Wilson and John Mantley started off terrifically but fizzled out at the end. All the short stories (Tubb, Wyndham, Campbell, Chandler) were well-written except for a shockingly poor vignette by K.E. Smith. Wyndham's short seemed familiar and think it was reprinted from "Tales of Gooseflesh & Laughter". Mag averaged 7.3

New Worlds, No.57, March. This was a very disappointing issue despite the outstanding Terry cover, one of the best I have ever seen on a British mag. The short stories (James, Hawkins, and—Chandler!) were weak and at times pointless. I found Part One of Ken Bulmer's new serial "Green Destiny" clumsy and poorly plotted. The story(?) concerns rivalry between Corporations farming the sea bed; a poor attempt to follow in the footsteps of "Under Pressure" and "Slave Ship". No.57 was only saved from complete failure by the excellent articles, including one on the Olympicon. 6 (maybe less)

Comments: Only Authentic is digest size; other British SF mags favour the larger format.

As Anna Sinclare says, "British SF seems to be slanted for the young male reader." A poll conducted several years ago by J. Stuart Mackenzie indicated that women make up "far less than 1%" of British SF readers.....

—Roger Horrocks

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Films On Parade
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THE EIGHTH WONDER. . . By Anthony More
(Reprinted from Shangri-LA, 1956)

KING KONG with Robert Armstrong, Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot, and King Kong, the Eighth Wonder of the World. Music by Max Steiner. Produced and Directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack.

Seeing KONG again after all these years was a trepidatious experiment--it is in the peculiar visual exactness of a film to make revisiting often disillusionment. How often have we all had this happen to us? One approaches the second experience wondering if the archaisms of acting, style, and direction which he is certain he will encounter will cancel out the pleasant recollections of the original experience, gained in a time when the archaisms were current standards.

And there they were--those archaisms: the rough-hewn acting, the angular dialogue, the technical adolescence. But startlingly, and happily, what really showed through, as effective today as when the new film KING KONG was a cinematic sensation, were the honest flamboyancy, the directness, the unashamed sense of spectacle, the downright wonder and adventure. There is little of this remaining, it seems, in Hollywood today; the self-conscious need for respectability has crushed the imagination.

In a sense, it is sufficient evidence that KONG is one of the handful of films actively surviving from the early thirties. After all, it is the whole-cloth of any creative effort that will determine its durability and success, not its great or maudlin details. And as such, as an entity, this inherently silly film is a hell of a good movie and exciting good fun.

Two outstanding characteristics lend KONG its strength: initially, the sense of excitement and the very eerie mood which the construction of the early scenes generates. By the time, a third of the way through the film, that Kong actually makes his appearance, the "willing suspension of disbelief" has been most thoroughly achieved and the viewer is adequately prepared to accept the preposterous figure of the giant ape. This is achieved largely through the use of extremely low-key lighting, which is maintained throughout the film; even the daytime scenes are grey, foggy, primordial.

But the real strength of KING KONG is the at first surprising fact that Kong himself is a real personality, possibly one of the outstanding characterizations created in all the cinema. "It was Beauty killed the Beast" remarks Kong's captor at the film's end, and this is in every sense true; Kong is a creature on the verge of real intelligence, a beast who was king in his own world because he was a little more than a beast. He is moved by the girl's beauty, but he cannot understand it or why he is moved by it; it is in all respects beyond him; he is curious--always he must stop, after destroying life, and puzzle over what he has done, trying to grasp what it is that is different about the now-dead from the then-living. And when we see him, chained like a brute for the gawking, jewel-bedecked, so-civilized New York audience that has paid ten dollars a seat for the privilege of staring at him, we are embarrassed for our humanity. We cannot help feeling compassion for his unleashed fury as he wanders through an environment for which he was not made, a noble creature reduced to bestiality by the inhumanity of man. And there is something pathetic and wonderful in his childish arm-waving as he ascends the side of the Empire State Building--impudent delight at leaving behind the concrete jungle that has been so beyond his powers. The tragedy is sharpened as, even at the end, riddled with machine-gun bullets from the pestering airplanes that have been sent to destroy him, he touches his wounds and looks at the blood and tries to understand something just a fraction beyond him. Only a moment before, he had reached his greatest triumph--atop the Empire State Building, he stands above all men in his essential nobility, in his strength, unassailable, the greatest city on earth spread like a carpet at his feet.

THE EIGHTH WONDER...(concluded)

The last thing we see is his body, brought tumbling to the earth, and gathered round it frightened and curious throngs of the one beast that was mightier than Kong--cruel man.

-AM

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Fanclubs On Parade

By Honey Wood

The name of our club, THE ELVES, GNOMES AND LITTLE MEN CHOWDER AND MARCHING SOCIETY, just about sets the tempo of our group. It is a group of people who have a common interest in science fiction and who like a club meeting which consists of 10% business and 90% entertainment. Our most common form of entertainment revolves around guest speakers such as Tony Boucher, Poul Anderson, Rog Phillips, Robert B. Johnson and Reginald Bretner.

The meetings are held at the Garden Library every other Friday at which time guest speakers bring subjects of interest to the ears of the membership of about 25 persons. We have occasional parties and picnics also.

An election was held just recently and the past officers, Ben Stark, president, handed his office to Bob Buechley, secretary Norman Metcalf turned over his reports to the incoming secretary, Honey Wood, and Poul Anderson, treasurer, turned over the money to Julius Lucoff.

The club draws its members from the San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, and Richmond districts. The dues are \$1.00 per year and 25¢ per meeting, which keeps the treasury in fine shape.

The Little Men are always looking for new members, so if you live in our area, and would like to attend meetings, you may have more information by writing to Honey Wood, 1207 Nevin, Richmond, California.

-HWG

* * * * *

MY DEFINITION OF ALIEN CULTURE

By Steve Tolliver

Friends, fen, and gentle readers. As we all have been entering into the realm of definition and defination I feel that one more, more or less, won't stress the continuum. First let me state that definition is relative. Unless one can prove his definition with 99.99% efficiency, prove it by experiment, not sophistic argument, and prove it to the satisfaction of another, not merely to himself, it remain a definition but only an opinion. An abstract can not be forced to fit into an experimental pattern. Therefor, the only way to define an abstract is by agreement. if there is no agreement, there is no definition, only opinion. Mind you, that is only my opinion. Very well then, if you read further you shall soon become aware of my definition of alien culture. Alien culture in science fiction, that is.

I have read stories based on backgrounds from the fourth planet of Alpha Proxima to the third moon of Mars. Other stories based on times as far divided as the age of man. Stories about monsters, intelligent plants, living flames, conscious crystals, supermen, co-operative bacteria, and a mirade of others. In my reading I have shuffled dimensions like a pack of cards. I have circumnavigated galaxies, and visited other universes. In each of these stories there was a background or middle or foreground culture of somekind or another. Each different from one another as they were different from me. Yes, they were as seperate from one another as night is to day. Yet each, though they held to be commonplace events that the average civilized man would shudder or die laughing at, though they taboo'd events and

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 Fanzines On ParadeBy Rick Sneary.....

- ALPHA #15, Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Borgerhout, Belgium. 35pp. Mimeod. No price listed. Rate:7
- EXCELSIOR #2, L. Shaw Ltd., 545 Manor Rd., Staten Island 14, N.Y. 21pp. Mimeod. 7 for \$1.00. Rate:7
- DE PROFUNDIS #1, c/o George W. Fields, 3607 Pomona Blvd., Montebello, Calif. 2pp. Dittoed. Price(?) Rate:4
- MANA #3, Bill Courval, 4215 Cherokee Ave., San Diego 4, Calif. 29pp. Mimeod. Exchanged for letters. Rate:7
- METROFAN #3, Dick Ellington, 98 Suffolk St. Aprt. 3-A, New York 2, N.Y. 6pp. Mimeod. 50¢ per year. Rate:5
- PARAFANALIA #1, Bruce Burn, 12 Khyber Road, Wellington E.5., New Zealand. 27pp. Mimeod. 15¢ ea. Rate:6
- RETRIBUTION #6, John Berry (& Art Thomson), 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland. 49pp. Mimeod. 15¢ ea. Rate:9
- SFAIRA #2, Lars Helander, Lohegatan 11, Eskilstuna 3, Sweden. 21pp. Mimeod. Price(?) Rate:6
- SHANGRI-LA #?, c/o Paul Turner, 14 W. Pleasant, Long Beach, Calif. 16pp. Mimeod. Price(?) Rate:4
- THE OUTLANDER #13, Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St., SOUTH GATE, Calif. 16pp. Mimeod. Letter of comment. Rate:6
- VERTIGO #1, Wm. Rickhardt, 21175 Goldsmith, Farmington, Michigan. 21pp. Dittoed. 10¢ ea. or 3/25¢/ Rate:6
- YANDRO #50, Bob & Juanita Coulson, 407 1/2 E. 6th St., North Manchester, Indiana. 27pp. Mimeod. 10¢ ea. or 12 for \$1.00. Rate:7
- ZAP! #1, Ted Johnstone, 1503 Rollin St., South Pasadena, Calif. 14pp. Dittoed. 10¢ ea. Rate:5

Lumpily, we can divide this selection into three classes: Four Local, five National, and four International. There seems no other comparable reference.

The International-zines come off a couple marks above the pack. While only four in number, they make almost as high a stack as the other nine. If I reviewed KIWIFAN from New Zealand (I was requested not to this time, though I think it looks like a comer) and Jean Linard's correspondence-zine from France, they would be in the majority on all counts. And while speaking of New Zealand, let me say I was pleased to get PARAFANALIA. It is a "first issue" in many ways, and is mostly written by the editor. But there is an air of freshness blowing through it, that is rather unusual for a fanzine from down under. Cover & artwork by Lynette Mills is very good. She has a nice style that I'd like to see more of. Writes an interesting fanzine review column too. The rest is fan-fiction, and a very clever take-off on HYPHEN called Dash. Good fun. If they stick with it, this zine could go far.

About as far as you can get from them in this world is Sweden—and SFAIRA, which is another fan trying to be a fan's fan. Lars writes more like a US fan than most British, which is a sort of a compliment. This is mostly devoted to a tale, "The Soggy Saga" by Jeeves, who illo's it too. Dodd and letters round out this issue. Also a nice word for SOUTH GATE IN '58!, and narey a one for his fellow sercon-Swedish fans.

ALPHA, a near veteran in the international fanzine game, is back. A big issue with big names, but a little hard to remember, like Astounding is sometimes. Bentcliffe, its tame gad-fly, takes off on the impossibility of a good stf movie. Lots will disagree, so the letter department should be good next time. A non-stf story by Sid Birchby should cause comment too. Columns by Grennell, Mercer, Linard, Jansen, and fiction by Vinç Clarke..

FANZINES (continued)

....can only be topped by the staff of RETRIBUTION. This, their annish, is bigger and better than usual. Almost another "-" and little wonder, with more material in it by both Willises than in the last three "-". More Goon adventures by Berry, and to lesser extent by Schulthies, Ellington and Spencer, make up the body of the mag, along with ATOM's matchless illos. But least the GDA become a bore, they have started using other material, including some fine reviews. Five femme contributors set some sort of pleasant reading record. And goes on to make us wish we could go to London this Summer and meet all these wonderful people...Of course, I'd like to spend a month with each, and I'd never get home in time for SOUTH GATE IN '58!

The nicest looking of our national mags is this issue of MANA, which sports a lithoed cover by Heinrich Kley. Something you don't see just every day, these days. The material isn't quite as outstanding as last time, but you can't have Lienster every issue. The response by Ellison reads well, but I'm not sure it couldn't have been said in less words. Jean Young's non-stf fiction is strangely fascinating to me. Reprinted letters by Springer and Sturgeon go on about sex in s-f... Jenrette's tale of his heroine, Bella Donna, is a little milder. Blosky story isn't so bloody. The only thing not toned down this issue were the readers, who frothed almost as much as Helander's countrymen.

YANDRO also sports a litho cover on this issue, which is devoted to the TransAtlantic Fan Fund. Excellent articles by Willis and Ford on how it all started. It is a little surprising to realize that they were both writing about the same thing, as it didn't sound like it. The rest of the issue is devoted to one-page boosts for the eight candidates, by one of their supporters. Also letters and editorial. This monthly will be back with its regular material next time.

VERTIGO is a neatly dittoed mag, which features material by a crew of fandom's more talented newcomers. With the exception of a reprinted story by Fred Remus, the names of Bill Meyers, Guy Terwillerger, Bennett Gorden, and Larry Sokol--who make up the issue--are all new within the year, at least to me. The article by Meyers looks like it might have been inspired by discussions in SFP. Another article and 2 stories balance the issue.

The Shaw's 2nd EXCELSIOR sports an article by Bloch, who on finding himself grown forty, speculates how fandom will be when the Old Guard gets old. Jean Young does--for my monies--as well on "Remarks about Geology" as with story mentioned above. A fan-story, letters, an uncritical profile of Harlan Ellison (the boy does have friends), and a very good and critical review (we suspect the editors for these last two unsigned items) fill out a zine for real fans.

For real N.Y. fans, there is METROFAN, which is purportedly the official organ of NYC fandom, but reads mostly Ellington...which seems all for the best. News and reviews of interest to everyone, in a friendly manner.

DE PROFUNDIS is making its bid as the news and report sheet of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Something like this could be a big help to the local group and its friends.

But LASFS O-O, SHANGRI-LA, is also out again, in a very confused format, to say the least. There are excerpts from the club minutes, fiction, letters, a report, and a hilarious parody on Red Riding Hood, titled "Ladle Rat Rotten Hut".

Also from the LASFS group is ZAP! which is 99% written by the editor, and features a very good report of the Banquet given in honor of Forrest Ackerman. Also copies of 2 songs sung there. While it is planned irregularly, it will report on other local fan events.

FANZINES (concluded)

Also, out of here, came the 13th issue of THE OUTLANDER, the oldest magazine on the list. It is made up mostly of letters. A letter exchange between its editor, SFP's editor, and Stan Woolston. An article on films by Moffatt, and letters regarding SOUTH GATE IN '58, and replies that give the Planning Committee's plans for it. And a Questionaire. Fill it out.

To rephrase my recommendations for this issue: For serious articles and reviews I'd suggest MANA, EXCELSIOR, ALPHA, YANDRO, and VERTIGO, in that order. For fannish fiction about fans get RETRIBUTION, EXCELSIOR, ALPHA, and PARAFANALIA. If you like letter departments try MANA, RETRIBUTION, EXCELSIOR, ALPHA, and YANDRO. But for the editors with real moxxy, that put it across in their zines, I'd recommend Berry & Thomson, Shaw Ltd., Courval, Jansen, Burn, and Helander.

-RS

TOLLIVER'S DEFINITION OF ALIEN CULTURE (concluded from page eight)

actions that might to me seem the most ordinary of happenings, holds one thing in common with its fellows: That in each case I have had no trouble associating myself with my surroundings and feeling at home. So you say, we lose a definer and gain a character who is going to brag up his adaptive abilities. You may be right, but bear with me.

There are stories into which I can not force myself to fit. These stories are not based on BEM worlds, nor necessarily on barbarious or super-civilized mankind. They have one thing in common; they are always based on a culture of man and usually on earth. The alioness lies not in the environment but in the philosophies of the characters in the story.

Environment sometimes molds a culture. When it does the culture is a natural one. If the environment is alien to my own, then it should follow that the culture would be equally alien. It should, but does not. If the culture is consistant to the environment it can not remain alien beyond page two in the story.

There are stories on different cultures formed from the selfsame environment as my own. These cultures are what to me appear alien. They are alien because they are separate from what I am used to, yet they have the same background that I have. The people in these stories react differently than I expect them to, and so I am left with a lost feeling.

Simply then, an alien culture is not one that is different to what I am used to, but one in which I am different and out of place.

-ST

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Staff: George W. Fields, Ted Johnstone, Steve Tolliver.

Diagrapher: Anna Sinclair. Westecon X Ad Design: E. Loring Ware.

TO REMAIN ON SFP'S MAILING LIST, SEND US A CARD OR LETTER BEFORE AUGUST 15, 1957!

General commentary re last issue: Most everyone panned Gove's Defense of Palmer, for one reason or another....Prozines On Parade received more bouquets than brickbats, for a change. I'm afraid many of you will object to the shortness of that column this time, however. This can be explained by the fact that all three of its contributors are busy with school work, final exams, senior class plays, etc. Ted Johnstone didn't have time to do his reviews on Fantasy & Science Fiction a'tall, a'tall, and George W. Fields & Steve Tolliver knocked out this issue's column right at the deadline. (Steve's shorticle on alien culture was written months ago, but got squeezed out of our last issue...)....Most of you were kind to my version of Fanzines On Parade, yet making it quite clear that you preferred Sneary's reviews to anybody's....As was to be expected, a few of you didn't agree with the Poll Results, but all found them interesting--and more than 99% of you still favor SOUTH GATE IN '58!...Also, as expected, Bill Meyers' film article brought comments pro and con and inbetween....Our thanx to all of you who sent us cards, letters, money and stamps...And special thanx to Bjo Wells for the longest letter of ego-boo we have ever received! It was about four feet long, and illustrated--and we are sorry we can't reproduce it here....Now to quote a few of the comments....

Esmond Adams, Huntsville, Alabama: I don't mind the idea at all of having the '58 convention in Los Angeles, but the lil' ole "South Gate in '58" slogan sounds right off the Madison Avenue soap-selling block. Couldn't you just say what you want without getting so clever? ((What's wrong with being clever? Anyway, the South Gate slogan was conceived years before most of us ever heard of Madison Avenue... Esmond goes on to inform us that TRUMP has folded or at least suspended, in which case its staff could go back to MAD and improve it.-ljm))

Isaac Asimov, West Newton, Massachusetts: Bill Meyers of Chattanooga asks if Raymond Jones is a pseudonym of Isaac Asimov. Answer: it is not. I use the pseudonym, Paul French, for my series of teen-age novels about Lucky Starr, in order that those be placed on a different shelf in the book stores. All my other stories are written under my own name and I use no pseudonyms. I'm afraid I don't write enough to make a pseudonym worthwhile. ((Personally, we wish you did!--ljm))

Robert Bloch, Weyauwega, Wisconsin: The poll results interested me particularly, because of a baffling phenomenon I've observed before - the illogic of the choices. Boucher is the best editor, but ASF the best magazine. Isn't this somewhat like saying Jim Beam is the best distiller, but Jack Daniels is the best whiskey? Of course, to we lucky people who like both it doesn't matter, but it is odd. Hoping you are the same... ((We like Chavez Regal...ljm))

Richard Brown, Pasadena, California: George Fields does excellent via Prozines On Parade, but I do wish he'd condemn Galaxy for once. With all of his supleratives, he may become another Ray Palmer... ((Fields, please note...ljm))

G. M. Carr, Seattle, Washington: To Bob Silverberg-I didn't say fans were tired of sf as such--merely of having the same ideas rehashed over and over again... To James Gove III: "Has there been...circus...since Shaver Mystery?" Yes. Dianetics. ((Thanx for making yourself clear....ljm))

Edward C. Connor, Peoria, Illinois: The Films On Parade feature was extremely funny. An excellent satirical piece on SF film reviewers, with the object obviously played down but still apparent in most every line. "What usually makes the book is the author, not the plot," was an especially droll witticism. And the cunning generalities, the sly insertions of wild statements of all-inclusiveness, were

CONFETTI (continued)

expressions of sheer brilliance. No amateur, Meyers!--I can see that he can only go upward.

Sylvia Dees, Daytona Beach, Florida: I agree 100% with GWF's review of Bester's The Stars My Destination: a masterful book. I found DM's "Films On Parade" article very thought-provoking. Y'know, maybe the guy's right.

Gary Deindorfer, Yardley, Pennsylvania: I enjoyed the piece about Forrest Ackerman by himself. He must be a real character. SF type or otherwise.....I like the idea of a fan center in Los Angeles. In fact, I think we should have one in any town that has a population of at least two.

Dottie (Rory) Faulkner, Westminster, California: It wouldn't surprise me a bit if Ron Ellik did hitch hike across the wide Atlantic! My daughter says he will probably disguise himself as a bull and sneak onto a cattle boat!

Marty Fleischman, Bronx, New York: Am in violent disagreement with Anna Sinclair's statement: "British science fiction seems to be slanted for the young male reader." ...the British stories are better written, are considerably more interesting, and far more entertaining than ours....I think Anna should read somewhat more British s-f before she makes such a statement again. ((Anna was referring to British s-f mags of which she has read a parcel--more than she reviewed--and she still holds the same opinion. Also see Roger Horrock's column, this issue...ljm)) ...the reason British stories are better written is probably because there isn't such a demand over there. ((There isn't? British fans, please note...ljm)) In the US, writers are forced to drag any old crud.I think this idea of bringing WAW and his cohorts over is a FINE idea! They brought him over in '52...let's do it again! ... Please correct James Gove III: Hal Annas is NOT a new writer. He appeared in mags like AMAZING and MADGE long before he wrote for OW. He always wrote space opera, tho, as far as I know.

Don Ford, Loveland, Ohio:no matter what you do, you cannot satisfy everyone. The same thing will crop up on your convention. Do it the way you want to & tell the critics to go jump...The Midwestcons always have been a dictatorship & they are successfull. A fanmag would soon lose all its integrity if it tried to please everyone. ((And it would also lose all of the fun involved. As for the Convention, we are polling people to obtain ideas and trends, but we do have a good strong Committee capable of making the final decisions and sticking with them.--ljm))

Jean Linard, Vesoul, France: South Gate in '58--Lausanne in '59-- I thank you very much for the two successive sendings of SFP, which is for me an excellent serious mag handled in a non-too-serious and a pleasant way. I am sorry I can't produce any sparkling statement or comment, due to, mainly, my lack of fanexperience and to my intense irrelevancy. If you can bear with some poor card like this in sort of trade, please keep sending me one SFP as frequently as possible. ((A card is all that is all that's necessary, Jean, but we would like more detailed comment from you--and we know you can do it!--ljm))

Bill Meyers, Chattanooga, Tennessee: IF seems to be improving; the April issue was excellent compared to previous issues! Hope to see IF pull out of its slump and prove Fields wrong as I do think IF is one of the leaders in the field.....To drop Sneary from SFP would be like dropping Knight from INFINITY!....I, personally, like your method of answering as soon as the question is asked, in the middle of the letter or otherwise. Doesn't bother me one bit. Don't see how anyone could dislike it unless they wanted to find something to gripe about in SFP and your lettercol is the only thing they could find. (13)

CONFETTI (concluded)

Bob Silverberg, New York, N.Y.: Thanks again for SFP; good issue. But tell Willis that his plan of charging fannish drinks at cons to the pros, who would then deduct them from tax, won't work; an author making, say, \$10,000 a year would have to report a net loss of \$15,000 by the time the fans finished guzzling, and we'd have the damndest tax investigation sf ever saw! I approve of the idea in spirit, though. ((Party-pooper!--ljm))

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IF YOU ARE FOND OF THE SCIENCE FICTION LOS ANGELES HASN'T HAD THE WORLD

FIELD (AND YOU SHOULDN'T BE READING CON SINCE 1946....WE HAVE BEEN

THIS MAG, IF YOU'RE NOT), YOU WILL PLUGING AND PLANNING FOR THE '58

WANT TO GIVE THE LONCON YOUR SUPPORT, CON FOR MANY YEARS AND WILL DO OUR

WHETHER OR NOT YOU ARE ABLE TO ATTEND VERY BEST TO PUT ON A GOOD SHOW...

IN PERSON. FANS AND PROS FROM ALL OVER THE

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TO: Charlie Duncombe TIME WHEN IT WILL BE FUN TO "GO ALONG

6 Albert Square WITH THE CROWD"...

Stratford E. 15, ENGLAND WHEN IT IS TIME FOR

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