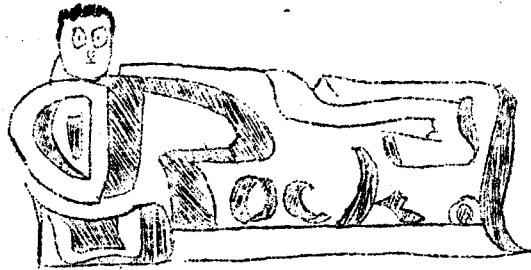


WELCOME TO  
ROCK.  
NUMBER TWO



Spring '59

Es Adams edits this beast from his country estate at 433 Locust Ave, S.E., in Huntsville, Alabama. Es is all right.



This is going to SAPS members the world over, various friends, some BNF's, and selectee others I hate.

CONTENTS

Cover.....Adams.....1  
By gholly at least Adams covers shall adorn Adams zines.

Contents.....Adams.....3  
A well-handled rundown giving fair warning to faint-hearts.

Meet the Author.....The Authors Theirselves.....4  
Exciting new feature that should encourage ROCK.'s demise.

Ranblings.....Adams.....5  
Editorial, mostly, in the almost-Ininitable Adams style.

Three Testaments.....Bisenieks.....6  
A space-type sob story in verse, with sob-type Adkins art.

Hippikaloric.....Adams.....8  
A fabulous kommentary on and condensation of the 46th SAPS.

The Double Walker.....Andrews.....17  
Exciting Twist That Moustach adventure with a weird touch.

Goldmine Guns.....Stone.....22  
ROCK. does its best to end the Old West, once and for all.

Runblings.....Letters.....26  
Here the editor Gets His for ever coming out with ROCK. 1.

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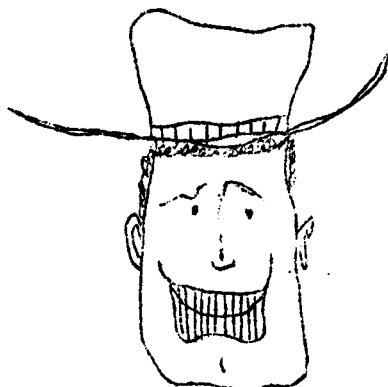
It would be exceedingly nice of you to reward me for my efforts in one of the following ways (if you do a good job of it, I might even relent and send somebody else your copy of the 3rd ish):

- Write a long letter of komment
- Write a short letter of komment
- Write something brilliantly fannish, or draw something marvellous
- Send me your own fanzine, even though it's better than mine
- Review ROCK. and tell your readers that it costs \$10 and's worth it
- Review ROCK. and tell the truth, the nebbe not the whole truth
- Remain such a Good Man that I'll have to send you ROCK., but
- At least let me know you're alive

Of course, if you're in SAPS, you're excused from the first two (and come to think of it, you'll have to get ROCK., anyway, until I get elected OE), but you're quite welcome to do the others.

# 4 MEET THE AUTHOR

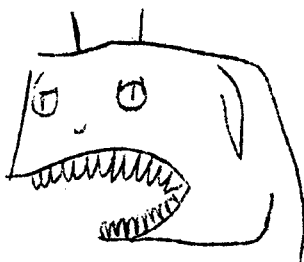
Yes, here's your chance to get to know the authors and illustrators that are featured in ROCK. Many of you readers have asked for features such as this just like your favorite scientifiction magazines have! And in their own words, your favorites talk to you!



Stone

LARRY STONE

"Enclosed is a contribution, as you asked. When I received your letter I immediately set myself to the task of writing a new masterpiece of humor. A couple of weeks later, it was time for Exams at school, so I found I had not the time for such things. Last night, tho, I determined I would set to with a will, and as I sprawled in front of the television an idea began to rumble through my mighty brane. So right after supper I crawled up into the attic to look for my typer. It found, I set to work with a vengeance. I put the paper in the typer, and soon my fevered hands were pounding out reams of marvellous prose, at their full 10 words-per-minute. "Goldnine Guns" I wrote, thinking "Splendid!" That completed, I took a well-deserved rest, satisfied with my efforts thus far, for, as we all know, the title is the most important part of the story, and if I had written something like, "The Mysterious Goldnine," it might tend to brand me unimaginative, like the titlest of SUPER SCIENCE."



Andrews

DAN ADKINS

"I grin like an idiot."

AL ANDREWS



Adkins

"I am offended. You have come to Birmingham, BUT you have not so much as even called me. Now this doesn't mean that when you get to B'han that you are to step out of your car and call lustily, "Hey, Al!" You have to sort of establish a rapport by using a thing called a telephone. All kidding aside, Es, I would enjoy seeing you when you next bop into this city-abode; I mean like, do you dig my wail, man? Even if you can't stay long it would be nice to see you and chat for awhile. Think of the marvelous things we could do. You could try to steal my magazines...and let it be known that I am the proud owner of a complete, good-condition set of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES and FANTASTIC NOVELS, plus various other samplings of mags. We could slander Meyers, Polz, and glorify Andrews. And you can stand in muted awe staring at my map of the Moon and then be moved to utter in your charming fashion these words: "Golly, sir, wow. Gee, wow, golly, sir." Y'all conc."

# RAMBLINGS

5

This is a heftier issue than the first, which is a step in the right direction, in my inmodest opinion. Unfortunately, you may note that outside contributors are present once again to fill up space I could otherwise be using for discussions of Monism, my favorite sports cars, the girls I know, the music I'm listening to ("You're Right, I'm Left, She's Gone," by Elvis, to satisfy you completists; just before it was Lanza's "Drink, Drink, Drink," and next will be "Sexy Ways" by the Midnighters; after that, nebbe an album, nebbe the same three again, nebbe nothing), what I had for lunch, and such. But ya know how it is. When you have a fabulous World Reknowned fanzine like ROCK., alla time people send in their little writings (though Ghod knows that people that have fmz hate to see such things come in), and I don't want to reject all of 'em.

And with luck, this deplorable trend may result in the complete ousting of Adams from the zine, so keep it up. For page credit, I can always write Meyers a long letter on AGHAST.

You may have noticed that Al Andrews in the wonderful "Meet the Author" section ("...just like your favorite scientifiction magazines have!") issued an invitation to call him the next time I came to Birmingham. Well, Dear Readers, I did just that. And he said Come On Out to the House for It Is Not Far. I shan't bore you with the sad story of my trip out. Suffice to say that about an hour and a half later I was led to the Andrews household by Al's brother after stopping at a phone booth and screaming for help. I didn't have long to stay then, my tour of Birmingham having consumed most of the afternoon hours, but enjoyed the time I did salvage. And I procured from the half-hidden hillside mansion of the Andrews clan (upon investigation it turns out that they're quite well-to-do, being in the Mad Scientist trade, and hence able to afford the profusion of babbling, hunch-backed manservants that ushered me up mouldy staircases to Al's private tower) a rotting, molded A. M. A. manuscript never before published, which is in this issue.

Thursday, March 5 (day after tomorrow, at this writing, the distant past as you read), I venture once more. This time I'm going to New York City again. A meeting with the fabled Adkins-Pearson combine is in the tentative plan. Mayhap next issue I shall reveal their perverted Big City ways.

Don't jump on Andrews, Adkins, or Stone for the quotes accredited them on the "Meet the Author" page, please. I did quite a job there of out-of-context-ing 'em.

Marty Pahls didn't quite make it with the second installment of his days with the Bhey Sprouts, perhaps partially because of the rather early deadline I imposed (and after giving him only a vague idea that there would be one), perhaps because he didn't feel like writing it. But he'll be back next ish, I fear, since he's tough to get rid of.

Credits for this time around: Will Meyers is still my able publisher, letterer, and art-stenciller, even if he does write lies. Art by Adams (1, 3, 4, 8, 11, 12, 22, 25, 27, 28), Adkins (4, 6, 7), Bourne (21), Payson (8, 26, 28, 29), and Pearson (16), I think.

PROLOGUE

6

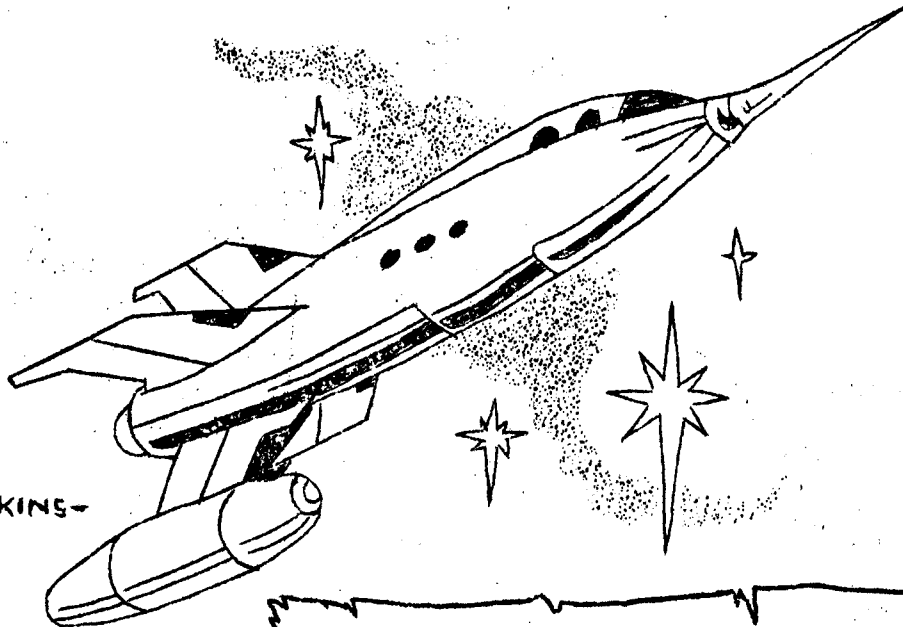
"Our power is gone, our last moment draws near,  
We ride a closed orbit of death.  
To you who may find us, we give you to hear  
Our last will, with our final breath:"

DAINIS  
BISENICKS

# THREE TESTAMENTS

I.

"It's cold in this orbit so far from the sun  
Where comes to an end our patrol.  
Please take me away, let the voyage be done,  
And let the sun's blaze free my soul!"

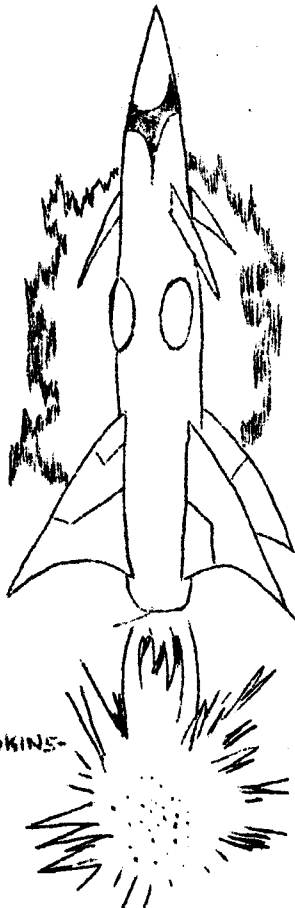


Illustrated By

DAN  
ADKINS

II.

"I yearned to go Earthward to end my career,  
To plot my last orbit for home;  
I pray, take me back to the land I held dear,  
That I may be one with the loam."

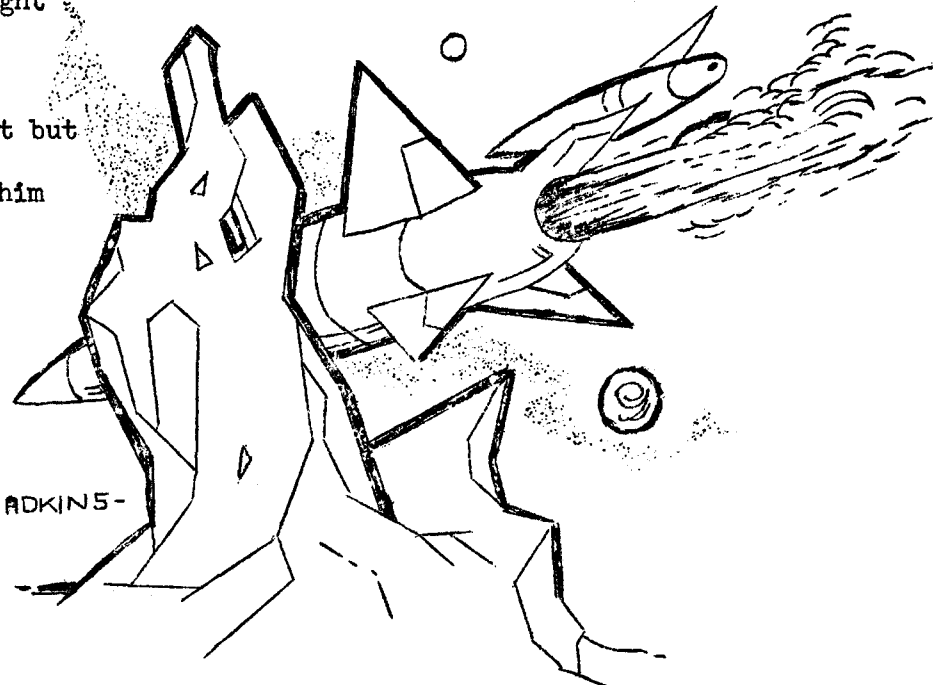


III.

"Must voyaging stop when a man's life is done?  
 I, planeteer, ask you to send  
 My earthly form outward, escaping the sun,  
 To fly to eternity's end."

Three dead men we found on that cold ball of stone,  
 These messages were in their ship.  
 We heeded their wishes; now none is alone,  
 Forgotten, where ended their trip.

Fulfilled is the dream we had let become dim.  
 One dead man has brought  
     it about;  
 No star ship will lift but  
     as tribute to him  
 Who wished for a trip  
     far-and-out.



# HIPPICALORIC

Time to once more get this foul show on the road, methinks. I'm all set and ready to blast away with Hippie, too, except that I don't have any idea where the 46th Spectator is, and will hence not know whether all the other zines are still here. But I can start, and perhaps Spec will soon come back to the famed Den of Iniquities, dragging its tail behind it.

Reaching my hand bravely into the stack, I find that my left pinky is given a fierce bite by a creature that turns out to be

FLABBERGASTING

BRTOSKEY

Thanks very very much, Tosk, for the old FLABs and other such stuff you sent along. What I've read of them have been heartily enjoyed.

Garcone must be stopped. It's not so bad when he draws male SAPS peoples, since they can be easily replaced, but drawing the other kind should be ruled out. Finally the creature has stepped irrevocably beyond the bounds of decent behaviour.

Nice defense of your mathematical stand, there, lad. You evidently weren't as far up the creek as I had you pictured before. In the future I shall know better than to worry about whether the Tosk can protect himself. Did you and Carrzan of the APAs have any really bloody feuds I should have witnessed?

I don't like the way you and Garcone pronounce "Garcone." I pronounce it Gar-kone. And I don't make mistakes.

To the right plizz note a Deep Symbolic Illustration showing the SAPS reaction to the aforementioned Mispronounced Monster.

I'm almost positive that veeble-fetzer was used a good bit in MAD. It was in the lettercols some, anyway.

"Blood Shall Be Mine" was an enjoyable little epic. I haven't responded to FAPA in a long time. If my time hasn't run out, I may go ahead and reply. It looks a little like it'll take eight or ten years to work up the waiting list, anyway, so I have plenty of time to change my mind.

Fine zine, Tosk, though not as kommentable as the monster in the 45th mlg, even considering the difference in size. One of the most enjoyable in the batch, comes Commendation of the Es.



CREEP

WALLY WEBER

Speed to me in the finest tradition of a Minute Man, Good Weber, the CREEP with the first epic of Soames. I will live in complete misery until this fierce beast is in my possession.

I'm not Squink Blog! Honest, Buz. I readily admit that I'm John Berry and Walt Willis and Bruce Pelz and Bill Meyers and Elinor Busby and even Les Gerber. And I readily admit that I'm a figment of the imagination of Terry Carr Publishing Giant. But I'm not the dread Squink Blog. I beg thee to believe me.

Is there any way at all to convince you it's vile not to turn out huge witty masterpieces every mailing? What you manage always entertains me, which makes the loss greater. 9

COLLECTOR

THE BIG HEART

By gholly I love the Futurian Society's constitution. It sounds far too faanish to have come out of New York, which has alla time sounded to me like a place where faans can't sit. Anyway, a little group around here I'm a member of (non sf, of cuss) has been needing a constitution, and maybe we'll be able to adapt this one to fit our needs.

The various convention (past and future and including fringe convention notes) views interested me quite a bit, but I find them unkommentable.

I enjoyed you this time, but you, too, suffer from Weberitis.

WANSBURROWINGS

NGWANSBURROW

I find that "Battle of the Ghods" stinks. (An original Es Adams Scathing.)

Good sentiments on the bacover, kind sire. Anybody know how much more the Berry fund needs?

RETRO

F. M. BUSBY

I sometimes like Glenn Miller, too; mostly when I'm in a miserable enough mood not to feel cool. When I feel happy I like anything from Bo Diddley to Thelonious Monk, and the like. When I'm feeling thoughtful I dig classics. Never can I stomach mood music.

What was the main battlefield of the Willis/Carr fight? Mayhap FAPA?

Your line on Ray Nelson is fine. But I generally do say, "Man, that's rebellion." Not in mundane words, but I think that's the general tinge of my laughter, disgust, and Admiration for Ray.

I enjoy going to drive-ins more than downtown theatres mostly because of the added benefit of getting to smoke. (At other times I prefer them because booze and wimmen are also closer at hand.) I am, however, cautious to avoid drive-ins when attending a film I want to admire for music or various sound effects. Ghod but the local drive-ins have lousy speakers.

"Mars Is Monotonous" seems fine in spots, but overall doesn't impress me as being Bradburyish enough. "The Twelve Days of Fannas" is a beautiful work, though, and ends a Worthy Zine in good style.

YCLEPED

WALT COSLET

Three of these creatures with strange titles stare at me.

I used to miss school as often as I could get away with it with my folks. Now I'm vile enough to skip and go off boozing and catching up on my sleep, which but for a Huntsville High exemption privilege I would do regularly. Anybody in the school who's neither absent nor tardy for a semester can exempt one exam of his choice, if he has at least a "C" in it. It's nasty that there aren't exemptions awarded here to students with an average in a subject of some specified norm. I think I could get away with an average of about one exam per semester that way, instead of one exemption per.

Time to dig out one of my three remaining stencils, methinks.



10

VONSET

RAY SCHAFFER

Not a bad idea for a cult there. Drinking, smoking, listening to music, putting out and receiving fanzines, and thinking are permissible, aren't they? But not required. Good cult. Only no buck to you for writing about it. That's what I've been living for 17½ years, and shall continue living as long as possible.

Good kommentary on the Light That Emits Colored Beams. It sounds like a marvelous device.

OUTSIDERS

WRAI BALLARD

It has generally been pretty warm around here lately -- ridiculously warm for December and January and February, and at times I've been wishing I once more had my putt-putt machine to run around on. They're dangerous, I suppose, but riding a motorcycle out across warm highways is a fine experience.

You sound like about the same kind of baseball player I am. Back in my Junior High days I batted something a bit over .450, but only got to play because I was one of the two people on the team that ever got any hits. We only won one game; with a good balance I wouldn't have been of any use. As it was, I was placed in right field where I couldn't accomplish much to the detriment of the team. The coach knew I couldn't field, but he didn't like baseball (used to mumble to us to hurry up and get beat so he could go home) and didn't seem to understand how the game worked very well. So after he found out I could hit, he decided I must be the greatest player on the team, and experimented with me in practices at catcher, first base, and shortstop. I can do a passable job at either of the first two when there's nobody else willing to try, but I just wasn't built like a shortstop, which became apparent to all. After that it became a custom for the others on the team to answer, when asked what position I played, to the confusion of most, "Clean-up."

THE SPELEOBEM

BAD BRUCE PELZ

Let's get 2½ out of the way first: I protest "The Charge of the Anti-ROCK. Brigade" very much. You know you don't mean what you say. R & B isn't all that bad. Ray Charles is a fine jazzman. Joe Turner is the only decent blues singer around. Bo Diddley plays a fine guitar. And anyway, I like rock 'n' roll.

I still haven't gotten anybody to pick out "Green Hills of Earth" (by Bruce Pelz and Robert Heinlein, the famed P&H team that turns out the best space opera) on a pianer machine, but someday I will. Honest.

I like King's cover depiction of Manyoya. It fits.

Reproduction is fine with this new machine. SpBem 2 is the best looking Pelzine to date with room to spare.

Tell me more about the "complete listing of that comic investigating committee." The Congressional investigation? Can I get a copy?

I just read a Saturday Review movie criticism article by, I think, some fellow named Knight, that mourned the loss of the old Disney. I mourn, too. It's time for UPA to come out with some feature length stuff. How many of you out there in fanzine land saw their version of "The Telltale Heart," with James Mason narrating? 'Twas fabulous. All of which means that I agree with thee re Disney.



I've been getting VIEWS AND KOMMENTS, too, and circulating it around the cooler characters of school for laughs. Mostly I like the little zine pretty well, laughing at parts of it, agreeing with other parts. The article they did on pacifists being splashed with fire hoses seemed to me to be about as funny a writing as I've come across. It read like parody on radicalism of all sorts. Mr. Leman, you couldn't write anything to make this one look ridiculous. It has already taken advantage of every opening. All about "screaming irate pawns of the state" meeting their match in brave crusaders parading signs bearing their message, such as "'Humans Unite for Peace' and 'End the Missiles Race -- Not the Human Race' and others of similar tone."

After having read your short fiction I couldn't stand the idea of trying to go into your serial.

Enjoyed this SpDem quite a bit more than the first one, possibly because it was good to my eyes instead of bad to them.

FENDENIZEN

ELINOR BUSBY

There doesn't seem to be anything here for me to get a good grip on. Noted, then. Also enjoyed, especially the Laney excerpt at the end.

I'm really sorry, Amelia. This is Too Good not to get any komment, especially when you welcome me as an ol' kommentater. I'm just all foul inside, I guess.

TEDDY BEAR

ROGER SIMS

I kinda enjoyed you this time, though your closing remark to Buz leaves a Vile Taste. Your first fable, re autos, didn't point out a very obscure moral, but the style was good. I liked the second fable more. In the particular case in question, I had the idea that the big stink was over the fact that some of the kats passing out bet sheets were participants in the contests being gambled. But that doesn't particularly matter, since I agree that lawmakers are often inconsistent.

Now just stop being a Nasty and turn out a big long zine all chock full of komment and wit and piercing insight.

GHU SAPLEMENT

JOHN DAVIS

First on SPEC's listing, I see. Generally (like when there isn't a late-arrival from the mailing before), about how long ahead of deadline does the first zine come in? I was awfully surprised to see ROCK. 1 listed so high. I didn't send Meyers the stencils until December 22. He must be a Fast Worker.

Recently I've been dipping back into the Oz books, and still find them charming, but of course lacking in the adventure that used to impress me as their selling point. Also in my Back To Childhood campaign, I've read two true literary classics of humor, Carroll's Alice in Wonderland and Belloc's Cautionary Tales for Children. The former should be familiar to everybody. The latter is a masterful collection of kiddy stories of the tragic ends of brats that misbehaved. It's brilliant, I tell you, brilliant.

Your poetry is, I suppose, pretty awful stuff -- it drips all over the floor, and I suspect the meter of being non-existent. I

fear that I like it, though. I'm something of a slushy romantic type when it comes to thinking of some of the Wunnerful Girls I've dated. Sniffle. And the best of all possible worlds seems to be 400 and some miles away in northern Florida. Therefore right after graduation I shall bop down to said locale. Yes.

SAPS will hate you, John Davis, for your zine gave me three stepping-stones from which to bound into the biography portion, also known as the Adams Discusses His Favorite Subject Department.

CHARLAR

Exceedingly evil of you to flirt with minimum requirements.

MFLEISCHMAN

BRONG

No flirtation with said rule here, for which I say that you are an Honorable Person. And that's probably about the last good word I'll manage to utter on BRONG this time around. Aside from the healthy size, I don't like anything else the zine offers.

The rest of it reads like a "Mystic" without the personals column. And that just doesn't appeal to me.

Lots of mlg komments, only they read the same way. Lots of articles and excerpts, only they make me ill.

EVA FIRESTONE

NEMATODE

Another Adams Symbolic Illustration, unfortunately, is planning to occupy the space to the right. Ye beware, Bob Leman, for it illustrates Rich Brown coming up after your first SAPS offering, brandishing a fierce dissenting opinion, and looking to all the world like Erroll Flynn Cuban Freedom Fighter.

You really frighten me. I just don't know when you're serious and when you have your damned tongue in your darned cheek. I don't believe the propaganda going around that freind Mervil is real. But I most certainly doubt everything else you say or refute.

I think the safest course for me to follow will be to laugh gaily at everything you write and say yessir that fella sure does write fine stuff don't he? and act like I Understand.

This is a magnificent zine, but hard to komment upon, more or less. For one thing, the items I feel like talking about seem to have been covered completely. For another, I'm weary of commending (and thus far, it seems, wary of condemning). Particularly appreciated at this corner are the komments on "configurations of likes and dislikes" and the section devoted to The Meaning of Dreams and the little saga of your RETRO's trip to a club meeting.

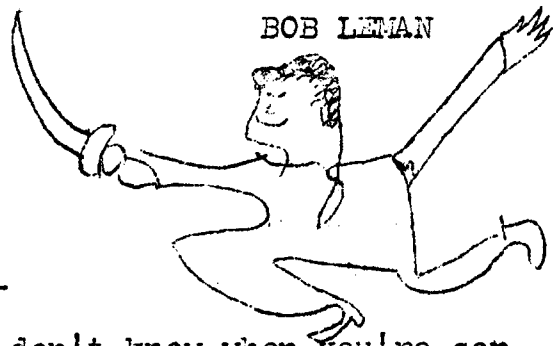
But until you say that you made them up I shall staunchly suspect each of being a fabrication, a farce, and a foul lie.

Now, as the Adams Symbolic Illustration did forecast, comes a

DISSENTING OPINION

This is a mighty full two pages, lad. And you, if I may venture an opinion that may dissent, and may not, come through sounding like the fabled Rich Brown of old, a term which to my mind, epitomizes the Eternal Neofan (an idea based on hearsay). Fie.

RICH BROWN



BOB LEMAN

Anyway, you do come in pretty strong for Rike. That seems an honorable enough intention, except that I can't see that Leman did anything to Rike with his writings that need yelling about. Maybe, on the other hand, Bob was attacking RUR and Rike, but it just didn't impress me that way.

I think I'll take a long stride back behind the rocks and see what happens.

THE GRIPES OF RAPP

ART RAPP

Interesting formula for finding the size of mailings. But in another fifty-five mailings we'll be some three hundred pages in the red. Got a new factor left over for figuring the Far Future?

I really don't think that Negroes are so scorned down here as you might think. Today I read about a Birmingham News investigation that showed that out of 67 (I think) counties in the state, they could find only two that showed any definite possibilities of cheating on the voting bit. But the News is, I'll admit, a Big Southern Paper, so the count might not be fair. But from my own view of things, at least covering the local scene pretty well, there really doesn't seem to be all the prejudice abounding that there's supposed to be. The races are separate, but the Negro race isn't hated, or plummeted with stones.

I like you more in reading GofR the second time around than the first, methinks.

MAINE-IAC

ED COX

I used to watch "You Asked for It" every now and then, myself, until I tuned in one day to see what they had to say about jazz. I discovered that Jack Smith the Grinning Fool had taken over. Ghu. He had grinnin' niggers (scuse me there, broad-minded SAPS) marching around New Orelans proclaiming dat dis is mah music and Ah growed up listening to it and Ah loves it. Then he ended up with Louis Armstrong giving one of his typically yechy kommentaries on jazz. When he plays hot old-timey trumpet or sings, I can stand Louis. When he babbles inanely as a spokesman for jazz, he makes me ill.

California must be a bad place. Around here I generally stick to bheer, which can be procured almost anywhere by as nasty looking a fella as Es. But when visiting New Orleans (New Years, 1958) and New York City (most recently, August 1958), I have found that almost anything is available without any question or identification if I go to the trouble of wearing a suit and tie, like.

"The standard rate of so much per page" intrigues me. I mean, if Rich doesn't want your extra zines, I do; but this is a hell of a figure to throw around as the price on them, dontcha think?

Interesting, this zine.

NANDU

NAN GERDING

Religion should be more centralized? Nay nay, not so. The churches should finally do a really Good Act by disbanding themselves. A person shouldn't be indoctrinated with a religion. He should decide completely for himself what to believe. Unfortunately, a couple of generations after the installation of this plan, those with similar beliefs would be banding together in an attempt to convince the rest of the world that they had the Only Truth.

14 Well, well, well. I seem to have made it to page six of the mailing komment section and on through into page seven. I have fulfilled my Obligation. The rest of this issue will consist of Purely Sadistic Torture. Nine zines to go, I calculate, and upon leaving NANDU we come upon

MEGANOTES

MEGAN STUREK

Not quite as interesting to me this time as last. Tell us more about the teaching trade. The little stories concerning your travels don't seem to go anywhere. (Purely Sadistic, like I said.)

But I still like your flowing style. MEGANOTES makes for easy reading, though it's certainly a long way from being Ghreat.

SATEVEGHOST

ROBERT LEE

These mlg komments you've turned out are obscure creatures. The repro and surrounding illos warrant more effort in the text.

POT POURRI

GOON BLEARY

Those last few mlg komments of mine were pretty lousy examples of How To Do Better, weren't they? Sorry, Nan, Megan, Robert; with POT I plan to do better. Onward.

Nonono. You mustn't conform in the matter of cutting out non-SAP material. Heaven forbid.

My stack of ROCK. I sat around a long time waiting for its non-SAP distribution, and I almost decided against sending them out at all. I fell in love with them. Shows what lousy romantic taste I have. (Are you out there, Cecilia? Just joking, like haha funnie. Es he wright funnie fanzine make poeple alla time laughf haha funnie.)

Fifty pages of Berry mlg komment sounds fine. Mostly fine because I suspect that many times during the kommentary you would be led off the egoboo track (most of all in the mlg komments I dislike the brief ones that do nothing but mention the editor and zine and say that it was/wasn't enjoyed -- in the future I might try leaving out the items I don't have anything of interest [at least to me] to say) into the land of Berry Factual Adventures. Only you don't have fifty pages of mlg komment this issue, and promise not to have fifty in the future. Fic.

Your tale of visiting the Rushen Abbey wasn't bad, but impressed me as being a leetle bit pointless.

How about pulling a Pelz for us, John, and compiling a biblio of Atom and Willis appearances in British prozines? Sure you want to. For S&PS. And for ESMOND ADAMS, the Esmond Adams. Yes.

POT is, without doubt, one of the finest of S&PSzines.

IGNATZ

NANCY SHARE

Ouch! "...math is claimed to be the most realistic ((material)) science in existence." Eh? Toskey, who claim that? I not claim. I not think you claim. Nancy, who claim? Looking at your questions concerning "zero" and "absolute limit" from my position of a genius without much formal education in such matters, it seems that the latter term needs clarification. In some sets, zero is an absolute limit. But it isn't an absolute absolute limit. There are sets and there are sets, so to speak. Each set has to have limits, and in these limits are absolute in their sets. Offhand, I can't think of an

absolute absolute limit one could put into math.

BOG

OT PIFFER

15

"Greensleeves" has had almost uncountable lyrics, hasn't it? I've run into four or five sets, myself, and certainly haven't gone out of my way looking for them.

BOG is a Good Zine. But don't crowd so much comment into so little space. You know, like fuller comments make for cooler reading.

I'm pretty surprised at you. I thought you must be a pretty sharp fella, writing for Soames and turning out fine material and all. But I see that you make the error so common around SIPS of spelling comment with a "c". Goodness!

AGHAST

BILL MEYERS

First I think I'll get through the mlg comments, then turn to the nasty task of disproving your Vile Remarks of Slander.

This is ROCK. Vol. 2 for the simple reason that Vol. 1 is my contribution to the fantastic Cult of Evil, the Carbon Reproduced Amateur Press, along with Meyers, Pelz, and Glenn King.

A TALE OF TWO ENTITIES. Bah. You write and say "Ah'n comin' visit you" and bop in and take advantage of my wonderful hospitality and cordially joke with me about the idea of your writing a "Clayfoot County" type thing, then hurry home and do just that. Phoo. You must be rotten inside, Bill Meyers, totally rotten.

Michael Sefton is a friendly, quiet little creature who has none of the evil traits attributed him in this epic. Pat Rigg is a music man, and being thus, has no interest in the worldly and sinful actions Meyers has fiendishly fabricated to represent him. Ebi Ball is no riverboat gambler. He's a thoughtful Aryan youth who cares not for filthy capitalistic gambling. He spends his waking hours idealistically dreaming of placing the Master Race in command, the position this clean-living individual feels is its Destiny. And surely all of you out there in Fanzine Land have come to know and love young Es Adams for his moderate, serene ways. Meyers' whole report consists of atrocious lies, unfounded hallucinations of a Sick Mind, and definite attempts at defiling the reputation of one of the really Outstanding Young Men of Our Age, Modest Es Adams. I cast thee a pox, Will Meyers. Be used by it in good faith.

Worst of all, he has taken a wonderful Light-hearted Illustration benignly given him by Es, and horribly twisted its purpose to his own. I only hope that the Real Life Artwork on the page cleverly titled "More" was noted by you honorable folk. But even here this wicked beast has been at work. He has used Faulty Mimeograph Work to partially hide my glorious countenance; and into my unspoiled mouth he has drawn a horrid nicotine cigarette. Oh, goodness. My fears are that some of you, being naive types, may with this additional push, believe the faanish jests I have been making when acting as though I smoked (an Unholy Thought, for which I'm now getting my reward). And this same fear persists in the matter of drinking, which I have joshed about in my fun-loving way, and which Meyers has perverted. But as I reassure you, and remind you that I Am But Seventeen Years Old, you will see that I speak with no forked tongue.

In short, this magazine, AGHAST, consists of unspeakable filth. Oh most revered OEs, the Buz and Elinor, in the future please check more closely the incoming magazines, that there will not in the

mailings any repeat of this incident.

ROCK

ES ADAMS

Layout and repro turned out better than I thought they would. Both can be improved, though, and mayhap this time they will be. And mayhap not. One never can tell at this stage.

Mostly I apologize to Marty Pahls for having his epic of Bhoys Scouting illegibly titled, and for typo-ing one of his punchlines, cleverly inserting "shisper" for "whisper."

In other words, noted.

SPECTATOR

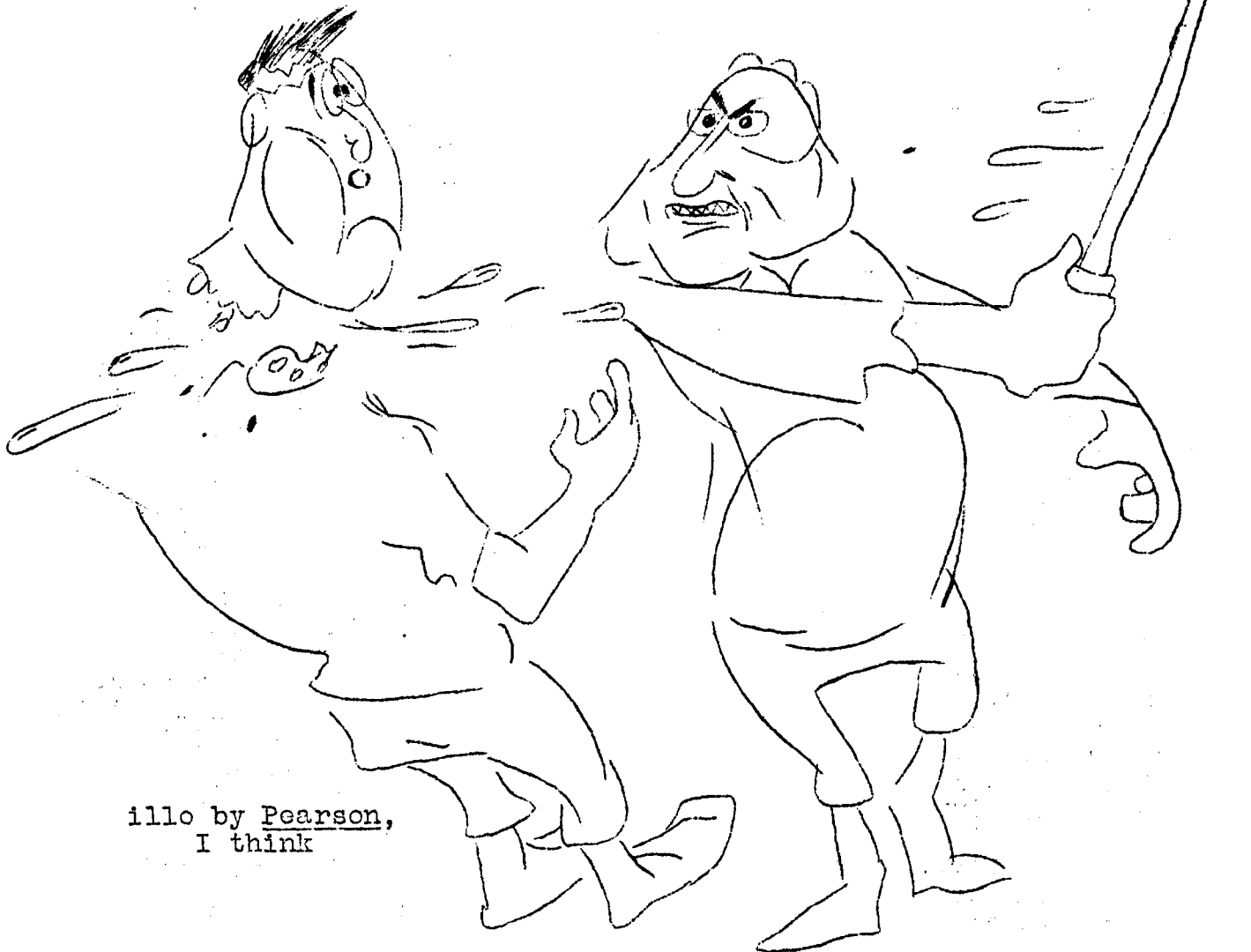
THE WEE FOLK

Are there any extra bundles available from the Office of the OgrE prior to the forty-fifth? Or from anybody?

What say we get energetic and bop off on a Hit the Fiftieth campaign? Everybody, like try to get something into the glorious mlg de S&PS #50, at least for a token appearance.

Hope the report that you're gafiating is now outdated, oh Stoned Barnes. Good to see the fine ROCK. contribber Larry also Stoned getting invited, too. Ye with us, lad?

Impeccable, that SPECTATOR.



ilho by Pearson,  
I think

# THE DOUBLE WALKER

17

by Alfred McCoy Andrews

I took a long pull on the brandy. With me it's usually rye, but Scott's liquor is good stuff.

"Well, it's all washed up, Scott," I told the ex-inspector of Homocide.

"Interesting case, Johnny?" he asked.

"Well, I got a by-line out of it, which isn't bad when you consider that I haven't been with this rag but a year. When you're a reporter you report, but as for giving you a by-line, they're pretty stingy with 'em."

Scott held up his glass, testing the brandy against the light, then lopped his head to that inquisitive slant.

"Tell me about the case, Johnny."

I looked at Scott and laughed; he was retired after twenty years service, but he still had to keep a finger in the pie. His hair was white and his tall frame was beginning to give way to the ease of flesh, but he had one of the keenest minds that ever touched the tangle of murder. I had only known him for a few months, but he was the kind of a guy you liked right away; big, easy, and smart as hell.

"Well, Scott, the guy was a nut; stuck a shiv in three dames in a month's time. Claimed something inside made him do it; some spirit moving him on; some demon damning his life. A real psycho. But he's the lad that'll fry and not his dreamed-up demon."

"Who knows, Johnny, maybe that spirit-inside wasn't just dreamed-up."

"Oh, come on, Inspector, don't tell me you deal in necromancy as well as crime!"

"No, not exactly, Johnny, but there are some strange cases. Did you ever hear of a Dr. Charles Dorren?"

I ran the name through the beliquored files of my mind, but found nothing, so I gave the Inspector a negative syllable wrapped in a brandied belch.

"You can find the story on him in your morgue, but wait a minute and I'll show you something."

The good Inspector heaved himself out of his chair and went to rummaging through a bookcase, stocked with everything from Marcus Aurelius to Mickey Spillaine. The search turned out to be for a small, green-leather backed diary that had been hiding behind the stout front of Aristotle.

"Here, Johnny, read this; it isn't very long," he said.

I opened it up and took a look. It started off with just a date and read:

June 4th. I am going to kill her.



It looks rather strange once you put it down on paper. It makes one wonder where the spark of murder begins in the trek of years we call life; or before the spark, when murder is micro-embers making their cohesive crawl toward that oneness which in time will spring into a tall, slender flame of white and fatal heat. But a man is but a piece of mental imagery walking in the limits of Time, and so he cannot fully nor faithfully analyze his frantic and foolish steps. Who can set a date at its start? It began here and there and everywhere; slowly and all at once. I am going to kill her; how, I don't exactly know, but the wispy outline of death is seen, and I shall fit her flesh into that emerging frame.

June 7th. The decision was made three days ago, or was it three years, or three centuries; at any rate, the decision is made. There have been no schemes carefully woven then in frustration torn back to threads, no plans sweetly laid then ripped up in anger like rails gone astray. My mind just waited until it came. I was in my study reading an old casebook of some years back when I saw that German word, Doppelgaenger. An odd-looking word, somehow absurdly grotesque like a handful of letters thrown helter-skelter into a straight line to make a word of no meaning, but once I saw it I knew how I was going to kill her. It was like an old and familiar odor that envelops you in its wise and dusty cloak. Like a woman's body known intimately; rough and smooth, hot and cool, hard and soft. You know its every part; how to touch it, how to move it, how to time it; but to others it is a mystery. It's strange. I saw the word, and there was the whole thing; complete and solved. No running of the treacherous lines of plans and schemes, just kill, then speak the magic word and the air is free of doubts.

I have a patient in five minutes. I'll write again, later.

June 9th. Why do I write this? Why the making of this macabre journal? No one will ever read it for it is doomed to destruction at its completion. Why then? Is it that Ego and his blood-brother, Libido, wish to see the fruits of their urges set down in the babbling hand of Man? The Id, Ego, and Libido, these parts of Man which have never really been found; but it is upon these labels of our supposed invisible parts that we lay our true and terrible thoughts and actions. Yet I am the sole creator of the death to come; I am the true author of this lethal play. I know the characters of my play, the plot, the motivation, and that most final climax which will end it. This is not a whimsical parody; it is a serious play, not on a stage, but on Life itself.

Meet Martha Dorron, a woman close onto the fifty-year mark in life. She is going to die in the last scene; she is being groomed for death in every scene. I move them to that end. Martha Dorron was married when she was thirty-five. Her husband, six years younger than she, was ready for a brilliant career as a psychiatrist. Four years of pre-Med, by the hardest; and two years of Med, slaving at night to pay for the brain-crushing study of the day. Then two years of interne in a huge

house of groans and moans with long hours and little pay. Working his passage to Europe to cull as much knowledge as he could in a year from the masters there, then retching and sweating his way back across the ocean. Eleven years and now he was ready -- -- and flat broke. But then there was Martha, who came along --- with money. Love? Well, he married her. Fifteen years of enough money and success came ---- and also, came Myra. 19

June 12th. The Doppelgaenger dangles in the fevered mist of expectant death like a frantic spectre, but the time for it is not yet. Comparison is a dangerous thing. Martha was safe for fifteen years. She was my wife, she controlled the money and she had cleverly contrived the rut-of-life from which I was not to rise, except by her leave. At thirty-five she was in the greedy heat of the hunt for matrimony, but cold and shrewd in her parsimony. I borrowed her money, a great deal of it, to start my practice and to build a clinic, but I also let her forge a chain of legal documents that now hold sway on the financial returns. Divorce? Yes, but with her leaving ---- alive, other things would go; things I want. But she was safe, until Myra.

Myra, a tall, full goddess of soft warmth and hard, hungry heat. A golden-haired goddess, golden like some mystic sands. A woman, warm and smooth with a mad ripeness that cries to be taken. Yes, comparison is a dangerous thing. Martha, thin and dry. A hypochondriac in love with her malfunctioning kidney, surrounded by her hundred lovers, bottles, boxes, pills, and tonics. Comparison is a deadly thing.

June 17th. Martha is going to commit suicide.

Doppelgaenger is the German term given to a particular psychic disease, and means "double-walker". A person afflicted with it believes that he is being followed and hounded by another person, sometimes identical to himself in appearance. Aside from the actual cases on record it is found in our literature in abundance: Poe, Wilde, Dostoevski, and others have used it many times, Don Juan being a classic example. This "other person", of course, does not actually exist; it is a fixation of the alter-ego, but it is frighteningly real to him who is haunted by this devil-self. The "other self" seems to be trying in diverse ways to thwart, meddle in, and change or destroy the life or social position of the afflicted person. The sense of reality is unbelievably strong in this psychic complex, since it is accompanied by frequent hallucinations of the other-self. Doppelgaenger can be the outgrowth of untreated Narcissism or of hypochondria, which is really just another form of self-love. The Doppelgaenger-complex is indeed dangerous. The person is in direct conflict with this other-self, and this can lead to self-criticism, self-rivalry, self-fighting-self, and unless put under treatment, to self-killing-self. Cases are on record showing that a person in a rage against the hated other-self has attacked it with a weapon, and in so doing has taken his own life.

Martha has an extreme Doppelgaenger-complex. And if she is dead, who can doubt my word? I am a respected doctor of psychiatry; I am her husband. Who would doubt my word? That my

20 wife is a hypochondriac is an established and true fact, and is known to her friends. I will tell the authorities, with grief, that my wife suffered from extreme hypochondria, her friends supporting this, and that this affliction had developed into a dangerous Doppelgaenger complex. And although she was under my treatment she slipped away from the house one night, and in a physical attack upon this strong and seemingly-real "other-self" she had destroyed her own life by her own hands. Any psychiatrist called in to give his opinion will agree; all the evidence will point that way. Yes, tragic indeed, but clearly a case of suicide under extreme insanity.

Steps of the spectre quicken as the fingers of hate pluck the strings of death.

June 22nd. I've found the spot. It is a small hill about a mile from the house. Very secluded; surrounded by trees. Insomnia, which plays cupid to Martha's love for her sick-self, keeps her up until the early morning hours. I'll suggest a drive to relax her, then drive to the hill. Our house is almost alone in its area and there are back-ways to the hill. I shall take a long, sharp pair of scissors with me. I shall walk back ---- alone.

June 26th.

Martha died this morning at 2 A.M. It was a long walk back.

"Huh, pretty sharp guy; he had all the angles figured. Did he get away with it, Inspector?"

"Legally, yes. An inquest was held and two psychiatrists supported his Doppelgaenger-complex as definitely possible, in view of the testimony of three of her intimate friends that she was an extreme hypochondriac. There was no physical evidence to suggest foul play, and the position of the wound indicated it could have been self-inflicted."

"Wait a minute. He said he was going to destroy this little journal of his when he finished it. Why didn't he?"

"I don't know, Johnny. Maybe he intended to add some more to it, or perhaps, he just put it in a drawer, locked it up, and forgot about it. That's where I found it, in a locked drawer in his desk."

"Well, look, Scott, it's a pretty interesting little document, and I would imagine they brought him to trial on the strength of it. Yet I don't quite see how it ties in with any demons."

He flowed some more brandy in our glasses, then looked at me in a funny kind of way when he spoke.

"There wasn't any trial. A week after the inquest Dr. Charles Dorren was found murdered."

"By whom?"

"Well, a couple, who were friends of the Dorrens, were driving by his house at 2 A.M. They were coming home from a late party, and they said they saw a woman standing on Dorren's porch ringing his door-bell. He was killed around 2 A.M."

"Umm, Myra?"

"No, it seems that the suicide story didn't set too well with Myra, and she ditched the doctor and latched onto some other guy. We

checked her out carefully and she had an alibi that you couldn't dent with a pneumatic drill. No, it wasn't Myra. The couple that saw the woman also saw her face clearly in the light of the porchlamp; she turned her face toward them when they drove by. They swore it was Martha Dorren."

"His wife! Bu she was dead."

"Charles Dorren was stabbed in the back, Johnny ---- with a pair of long, sharp scissors. Remember what Dorren said about those parts of Man that have never really been found, those parts that we merely label so we will have a term of reference. Perhaps, it isn't enough to kill the visible, perhaps ---- the double still walks."



C\*O\*N\*T\*E\*S\*T

Finish this statement in four words or less: "Henry Fonda, star of stage and screen, ....." Bill Pearson can't compete. As you know, he's a rowdy. (There, Sata Bill!)

A new world of western entertainment awaits those who love Adult Westerns each afternoon when old cowboy movies are shown. Like this one, starring Texas "Tex" Arizona, and his sidekick, "Stupid."

# GOLDMINE GUNS

BY  
LARRY  
STONE

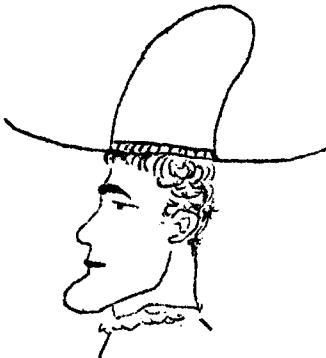
The movie begins with Tex and Stupid riding down the trail together, singing. Tex is riding a huge white horse ("White Cloud"); Stupid's horse ("Fleabag") is brown and black and white, and dirty. Stupid is also dirty, and bearded, and stoop-shouldered, and shabby. His hat is covered with Brilliantine stains and has holes in it. He chews tobacco constantly, but never spits. He smells. Tex, on the other hand, is tall, with a white ten-gallon hat which sweeps up and back to a rounded point. He is square-jawed, steely-eyed, and curly-haired. He is wearing furry chaps, a white shirt with embossed red, green, and blue flower designs on it; a long silk bandanna, twin guns with real white ivory handles, and white buck cowboy boots with long jingly spurs. He sits up straight in the saddle, nonchalantly holding the reins in his white-gloved hands.

\*\*

TEX & STUPID (singing, to the accompaniment of Arizona Slim and his Western Rhythm Boys): O how I miss my home on the parayree...Been away too long from the cows and the gals...and when I get back to my home on the parayree...(Tex sings in a fine, strong voice; Stupid sings off-key, in a cracked voice, and constantly licks his lips.)

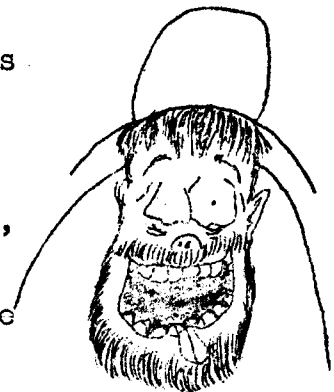
TEX: I can hardly wait to get back to Gun City. My friend the sheriff will be glad to see me. Ho there, White Cloud Boy.

STUPID: Hyeehyehyee, and I'll bet the sheriff's daughter will be glad to see you, Tex. (Sidles over and elbows Tex in the ribs. Tex blushes furiously and moves slightly upwind.)



Tex

A posse from town rides up in a cloud of dust. They form a circle around the two, guns in hand. The deputy in charge, a belligerent and unpleasant type, rides up to Tex, who has his hands in the air. DEPUTY: There's been a lot of rustlin' and stage-robbin' here lately, and you two strangers look mighty suspicious to us. You had better come into town without any trouble.



Stupid

TEX: All right, boys. Take me to Sheriff Goodman. (They ride off, accompanied by a mass chorus of coconut shells.)

The scene shifts to the sheriff's office, where sits Sheriff Goodman, the heart-of-gold lawman whose job it is to keep law and order in Gun City. The door bursts open and in walk the posse and Tex, followed by Stupid, who hovers near the doorway. The members of

the posse drag their feet (scrape-scrape), while Tex steps in smartly, spurs jingling.

TEX: Why, hullo, sheriff, won't you tell these men who I am so they can spend their time catching real criminals? Hch hch hch.

SHERIFF: Why...uhh...I don't believe I recall ever having...

TEX: Sure! Remember how great a friend you were to me when I was a boy. You and my father were like brothers -- surely you remember Big Jim Arizona...

SHERIFF: Why, shore, I remember. How've you been, son? Why didn't you say you were Tex Arizona. We've heard a lot about you in this town. Say, maybe you can help us. We've had a lot of trouble with cattle rustlers around here -- they've stolen every single cow in the area, changed brands, and shipped them off to market. The ranchers are beginning to get a little worried -- they've nothing to do now that they have no cattle except raise potatoes, and the cowhands refuse to work in the fields.

TEX: Hmm. You say all the ranchers have been cleaned out?

SHERIFF: All except Clay McBig. His herd hasn't been touched. Clay is this town's most respected citizen, and his ranch is the biggest around here. We don't think it's suspicious his ranch hasn't been touched because everyone respects him. He's had an Eastern education and he can read and write. I don't think much of the no-good bunch he has working for him, though. They're mean and cause a lot of trouble around town. 'Specially that no-good sidewinder, Jack Black. Him and them other varmints from the Circle McB are always riding into town, shooting up the place and getting in fights. I wouldn't be surprised if they're behind all the stage robberies we've been having lately. Every time a stage leaves town they follow it, and return later flashing around a lot of money. It's mighty suspicious if you ask me.

At this moment, in rushes the sheriff's daughter, Marylou, to tell her father about a ruckus which Jack Black and his boys are causing in the Silver Dollar Saloon.

MARYLOU: Father, do something! Or that bunch will tear the whole town apart, like they did last week! They've already demolished the Last Chance, and now they've moved to the Silver Dollar!

SHERIFF: Marylou, this is Tex Arizona. He's come to help me take care of the rustling and goings-on around here.

MARYLOU: Well, that's all very well, but what are you going to do?

TEX (replacing his hat upon his head, as, spurs ajingle, he walks out of the room): Let me take care of it, sheriff. C'mon, Stupid.

\*\*

Tex and Stupid push their way through the swinging doors of the Silver Dollar Saloon and walk over to the bar. A brawl is in progress in one corner. The participants are smashing chairs, tables and bottles on each other, although no one appears to be suffering any injuries.

BARKEEP: What'll it be, mister?

TEX (looking around him): Uh, ginger ale, a little glass, please.

At this moment one of Jack Black's boys picks up an old prospector and hurls him across the room. He smashes into the huge mirror behind the bar and slides onto the floor. He is dazed and rumpled, but undamaged. Tex springs over the bar and kneels beside the old-timer, forcing him to take a big slug of ginger ale.

TEX: It's okay, old-timer. Who did it?

The prospector staggers to his feet and points out Jack Black himself as the hombre who tried to do him in. Tex springs once again over the bar and approaches Black slowly from behind. He is talking in a loud voice to the men sitting at the table with him. They are Smoking and Partaking of Spirits.

JACK: Aaah, that Clay McBig wouldn't dare fire me. Why, if I ever told some of the things I've got on him, his reputation in this town would be ruined.

TEX (thoughtfully considering these words, and making a mental note to pay a visit to Mr. McBig): Are you the varmint that started a fight with that innocent old man over there?

Jack Black stands up, butting his cigarello on the surface of the shiny table. He is dressed all in black, wears a battered and stained ten-gallon sombrero, and has a permanent five-o'clock shadow. His shirt is undone, revealing a hairy chest, and his fingernails are dirty. He spits on the floor and then hits Tex a resounding blow on his chin. Undamaged, Tex punches him back, knocking him four feet backwards over the table. Sombrero askew, Jack grabs a nearby overturned chair and smashes it over Tex's head. Splinters spray in all directions as Tex reels (slightly) under the blow. Jack then picks up a table and hurls it at Tex, who ducks. The table sails across the room and smashes into a row of bottles behind the bar. Tex advances on Jack and hits him on the jaw, knocking off his hat and tearing his shirt. Jack hits Tex foul, then on the jaw, knocking him through the window and into the street. He jumps through the window after him and attempts to slash his face with a gingerale bottle. Tex punches him in the stomach with an echoing "thok!", knocking him into the watering trough. Jack gets up and limps back into the bar, muttering to himself. Tex brushes himself off (unnecessarily) and follows. The prospector meets him at the door.

OLD-TIMER: Thanks, young feller. That Jack Black is a rough customer. I'm not so sure he was the one who hit me, but he deserves what you gave him. Panhandle's m'name, and I'm working on a sure thing up in the hills. It's the "Mother Lode" of the old Lost Mine, and if somebody would only grubstake me...

Tex agrees to grubstake Panhandle's venture, and Stupid goes to the livery stable to get their horses.

\*\*\*

The way to the Lost Mine leads past the Circle McB. ranch, and as they ride by, with Panhandle talking excitedly about his fabulous find, they are overheard by one of Clay McBig's men. He immediately rushes up to the mansion-like ranch-house to tell McBig.

Tex and his friends arrive at the mine; as they enter, Panhandle continues to talk of the richness of his diggings, and as well to recall divers incidents from his past. These drolleries are regrettably cut from the television showing to fit the one-hour time limit. They enter the mine.

TEX: What's that? I hear a noise outside.

VOICE: That's right, mister, but you won't have to worry about hearing noises any more, soon.

Into the mine walks the owner of that voice, Clay McBig. With him are several of his gunmen, including Jack Black.

McBIG (to Tex): You the hombre that's been causing trouble with my boys, here?

TEX: I've come to clean up this town, and you're first on my list, Mr. McBig. It seemed mighty queer to me that your ranch was untouched by the rustlers, and from what I overheard Jack say about you in the saloon, I figger...

McBIG (who we see, as our eyes become accustomed to the gloom, is well-dressed, with a neat coat and string-tie, black hat and thin moustache. The experienced way he clenches his cigarillo between his shiny "Painless Parkers" shows his superior Eastern background.): Well, since you won't be telling anybody about it, where you're going, I might as well admit it. ~~I had Jack and the boys~~ I had Jack and the boys pull all those holdups and rustle all those cattle, to help pay for their Charles Atlas courses. But you'll never live to tell about it, where you're going. Are we ready, boys?

Jack and the boys haul in a casket of dynamite with an eight foot long fuse, which they light. They proceed to bind the three friends with dirty, Brilliantine-stained rope. They then rush out of the mine, mount their horses, and klop off.

Tex immediately begins to work on his ropes, keeping an eye on the slowly-sputtering fuse.

A few minutes later, Jack Black limps back into the cave, and with a sly wink, cuts about seven inches off the fuse and relights the tiny piece left. Then he, too, rides off. Tex continues to struggle with his bonds, but in vain, for the keg explodes vehemently, showering all manner of dust and rock and rafters upon them. Fortunately, one of the rafters lands right behind Tex, and he manages to free himself by cutting the rope on a nail. He gets up, brushes himself off, and goes over to free Stupid. They begin searching around for Panhandle, but are interrupted by the sound of coconut shells. They walk out of the cave (the blast having failed to seal the entrance), to be met by Sheriff Goodman, his daughter, and the posse, with McBig and his hombres in tow.

SHERIFF: We saw Black riding away from the cave to join McBig and the rest, and then we heard the blast. All right boys, take 'em away.

He and Marylou both dismount.

TEX: Well, sheriff, I guess that takes care of that.

MARYLOU: Are you all right, Tex?

TEX (blushing): Aw, shucks, na'an, I'm okay.

The old prospector comes rushing out of the cave, with huge nuggets of gold in his hands.

PANHANDLE: Look! Gold! The blast uncovered the Mother Lode! We're rich!

TEX: Congratulations, Panhandle, you deserve it.

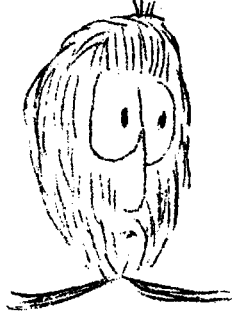
PANHANDLE: But aren't you going to take a share for grubstaking me?

TEX: No, I reckon Stupid and I will be moving along now. So long, Panhandle. So long, Sheriff. So long, Marylou. C'mon, Stupid. Ho there, White Cloud Boy.

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The two ride off, singing. Onward, toward the horizon they go, but slowly, ever hoping that the Author will come up with a very clever punchline to end the story.

LARRY STONE





# RUMBLINGS



Being the lettercol, more or less. And you'll note that for it I have procured another Symbolic Illustration to add Meaning to the title, this one being from the pen of Good Doug Payson, who has seen fit that I be permitted to blacken his name by adorning ROCK. with many of his rare gems. The poor fool. He may think that he's saving the world from Adams, but fear not: there will be both Adams and Payson clut-



tering up these pages. Such is life, if you'll forgive my being a Deep Thinking Philosophic type for a moment, there. And now while we're all in this thoughtful frame of mind, let's turn to letters.

AL ANDREWS, 1659 Lakewood Drive, Birmingham 9, Ala.

Dear Es,

I received ROCK today (well, the priest said something like this would happen if we didn't have the house blessed.). Thanks a lot for the zine. Bill sends me his AGHAST from time to time, but since his is solely devoted to comments I just refuse to comment on comments, which tears him up all inside. May I say that to me ROCK (at least this ish) was a piece of sheer delight and good fun.

Marty Pahls' "The Lights in the Forest Are Trees" was certainly humorously written with a slashing hand of satire, yet I hope Mr. Pahls is not just using this writing-bit to defame his enemies..... although this sort of blowing-off is preferable to dynamiting, or shot-gunning. But I sort of wonder what the Ole Devil Sower would have to say for himself. I'm not against hanging the man, you understand, but I would just like to hear him scream his innocence first.

The "Johnny Math Camper" had a fine first stanza, but sort of degenerated into rather tripish cursing. I don't mind an author cursing, but I expect him to do it out of necessity of story, cleverness of humor, or plain damn art.

Noticing your unashamed confession that you had purchased a Little Richard album, I am reminded of something a friend of mine in Sweden wrote me. He said, "Sweden has to its own Little Richard; he is called Little Gerhard." Sort of breaks one up.

[ I think I disagree re "Johnny Math Camper." The third stanza runs neck and neck with the first for my personal favorites, and the foul cursing in it seems to me for "cleverness of humor." Sort of an about-face from the style of the first two stanzas, like. ]

LAR' STONE, 1308 5th Ave., New Westminster, B. C., Canada

You know, I may take up Astrology as a hobby. What do you

think of it? Oh, scoff if you wish, for up until last week I was an unbeliever also. But now I firmly believe that the Stars are there to act as our daily guides. The Stars are Wise, you know. They sit away up there in the air and look at everything that happens, and that's how they Know Things. I know that is true because I read it in Astrology Horoscope Magazine.

I'd like to hear what your opinions on the subject are, though I don't imagine you've actually given it much serious thought. The Stars Know, y'know.

[ I feel that you've brought up an important question here, Mr. Stone. At present I shan't give my personal opinion, though at a later date I may concern my Editorial with this important issue and why it's being kept hidden from the American public. But now all you other readers send in your views. I'm sure you all agree that such matters as Astrology, being of a nature that would interest scientific readers, certainly should be discussed in fanzines. ]

ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England

No. 7 record here at the moment is Lonnie Donnegan's DOES YOUR CHEWING GUM LOSE ITS FLAVOUR ON THE BEDPOST OVERNIGHT?

COLIN CAMERON, 2561 Ridgeview Dr., San Diego 5, Calif.

The cover on ROCK #1 brings to mind fond memories of Harvey Kurtzman and the old EC gang, plus a few not-so-fond ones of Arnold Roth. You possibly could have used a thicker stylus on it, but I suppose you'll learn all the tricks of mineo publishing in time. Possibly in space, also. [ Item #1 in the Moyers Gets His for Slandering Es Dept.... ]

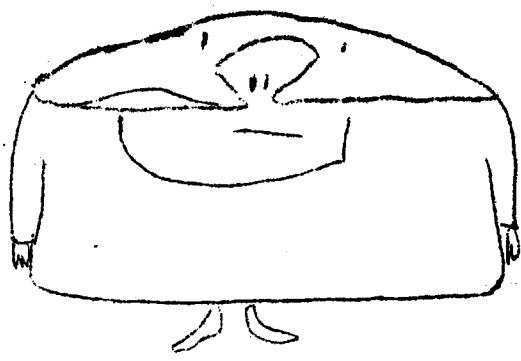
AH! Another individual who goes in for several different types of music. I enjoy western, hillbilly, progressive and modern jazz, classical, swing, bop, rock 'n' roll, and several others----all to different and varying degrees, I might add. One thing that bugs me is the type of person who believes in, supports, praises, and holds as the 'one true ghod' one type of music, and emphatically denies the existence of any other type. This can be expanded to include other concepts than music.

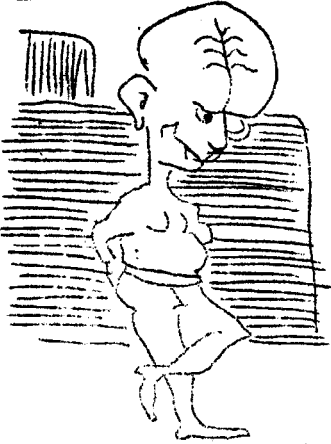
Nothing great, this JOHNNY MATH CAMPER, but it I dig.

BILL LOUDIN, 3224 Wesleyan Ave., Rockford, Ill.

I'm just me, big plain, fat old me at the moment. Me, the outcast of all society, large or small, conformist or non-conformist, fat or thin.

But thanks to you, I may be able to dig my way out of this Valley of Tears. I received your loud and raucous zine, or whatever it is called in SAPS, only today, but it has stirred me out of my sleep and told me to watch out, or I'll be running into more School-wrought evils before I have half a chance to reinstate myself into whatever I was once in. And despite the fact that I'm myself unaware of what fandom (with its SAPS, conventioneering, witch cults, and evil little ol'





schemes) is about or is trying to prove, I am once again fairly anxious to learn. If I'm not ridden out of fandom on a (WHATEVER YOU GUYS USE) for the mere suggestion, I may try to join up with it, some day, upon a possible coming of age on my part.

BOB LIGHTMAN, 6137 S. Croft Ave., L. A. 56, Calif.

Must ask a very important question: how do you manage to sneak ROCK thru the mail at 2¢ postage? What class do you send it: 10th? Tell me, tell me; I want to send my zines at such a low tribute to Summerfield.

I laugh fit to bust at the typo on page six which quote is: "Pretty good zine, fine bcover, and disgusting number of tpyos abounding..." Es, you just opened yourself up for all sort of comments from Rich, who will probably pounce at this opportunity. I can see it already, a special zine called TPYO in which Brown brings you down from every possible angle about this typo. Hoo!

Your mailing comments are more of a biography of you than mailing comments. If more were done like this, the Goen would have little gripe coming. In fact, I received PP4 from him and he has changed his mind about MC's. At this rate, you almost think that John is a hoax and Diane is doing all the writing.

△ Honest, gang, that "tpyo" bit was intentional. Honest. I was Starting a Tradition, but now it's ruined. I had to lose sight of my goal and defend myself. Phoo. I don't have any strength of character. ]

MARTY PAHLS, 720 Stinaff St., Kent, Ohio

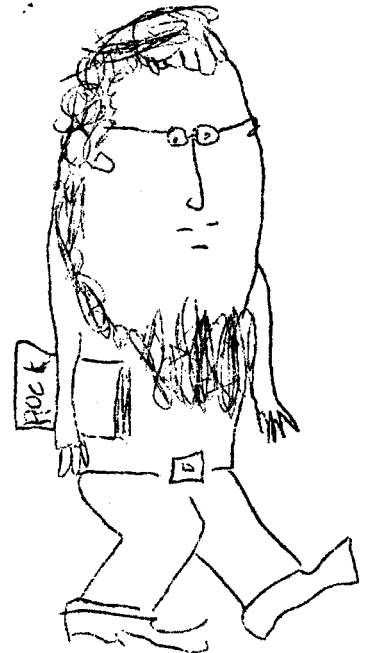
Cover was one of the most enjoyable I've seen. Oh so Kurtzmanish. Contents was well-handled. I mean, people got to see the title of my article.

Your zine reads like an Es Adams letter. Dunno whether you wanted it so. I guess so. You have an inimitable style.

-----  
Adams succeeds ... with the sole help of his unmistakable style which may someday reach the level of Inimitable. At the moment, the humor is rather forced. -- Bill Meyers in SPECTRE.  
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LARS BOURNE, 2436½ Portland St., Eugene, Oregon

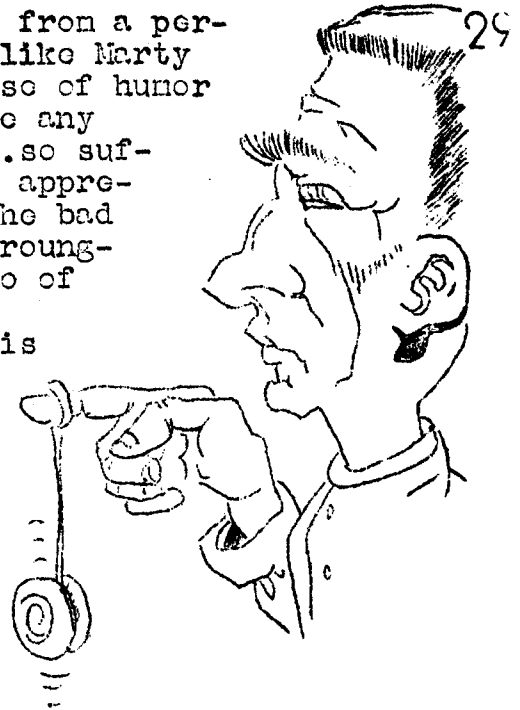
Suffice it to say that I liked ROCK, but damnit don't print that. I'm supposed to give you some cogent criticisms and commentary as to why it was good, or perhaps to talk about something entirely or almost entirely unconnected with ROCK but which has interest and is intelligent. Who gives a damn (aside from yourself, that is) if I think ROCK bops along at a nice pace? It's not what I think it is that counts but what I think is good about it, and there you have me. I can't think of one intelligent reason why ROCK is



intrinsically good. I form my opinion purely from a personal standpoint. I like your writing and I like Marty Pahls' writing, but only because I have a sense of humor that goes for this type item. I couldn't make any judgement from a purely critical standpoint...so suffice it to say that I liked ROCK, say, purely appreciated ROCK and state that it doesn't leave the bad aftertaste (like smoking the wrong cigs or scrounging out the wrong bread) that many fanzines do of late.

[I would have liked to have gotten this entire slice of Bourne into ROCK. unexpurgated, but SAPS is, as others have mentioned, a family organization, and the above paragraph seemed to about all that would fit very well. Maybe I could have edited in family words, but everybody would have known that Larry Bourne wasn't the one spiking. Lars wouldn't be a fella, for instance, who'd "have loused up the generator." Indeed not. He would have MANAD it up.

I think I like you more when you're in your lighthearted faanish moments than when you fall into BRILLIG's slice-of-life episodes, lad. Why, you almost seem wholesome.]



\*\*  
And yet more letters appeared. Like from Bill Pearson, who wondered whyfe a rascal of my calibre doesn't have a general-zine. Well, I tell ya boy -- this is about as general as I can get. SAPS liable to toss me out for being so general, but I hope not, since I need the mailing deadlines to keep me working in my petty pace from day to day. On the other hand, Dan Adkins seemed to think it general enough to warrant a review in one of his innumerable columns.

Don Durward spoke Quixotically, or so said his letterhead, but he also spoke egobooishly. Unfortunately, over half the egoboo went to my contributors instead of to \*M\*A\*R\*K\*, so I disregard him.

Mike Britt thinks I cuss too much. How the damn hell ya like that? Darned ridiculous. Bill Trotter runs a wild little school magazine and writes novels and gets his photo in the Charlotte paper and gets interviewed by Monitor and will probably get thrown out of the country.

Dainis Bisenicks demonstrates better taste than the rest --- he doesn't like my humor much. And I suspect John Benson of feeling the same, but he was too sly to do much komment.

Doug Payson, ROCK.'s second string artist, foolishly thought his own work to be the best in the first ish's art department. But as anyone can see by the picture above, he's not exceptionally sharp.

That seems to come to a total of sixteen letters and such. A couple of them weren't exactly on ROCK., nebbe, but they'll do. And quite a few more should have been tossed out of the house for spelling "ROCK." as "ROCK", an unforgiveable sin.

But thanks to all ye non-SAPS who took enough pity to write about the humble --no, thinking back to ROCK. 1, we'd better say petty-- offering of a first-attempt neo. Sniffle. Kinda gets a fella, like way down in the gut. Now everybody write again. Hurry.

Bring Berry to Detroit.

ROCK.  
Es Adams  
433 Locust Ave. S.E.  
Huntsville, Alabama, U.S.A.

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