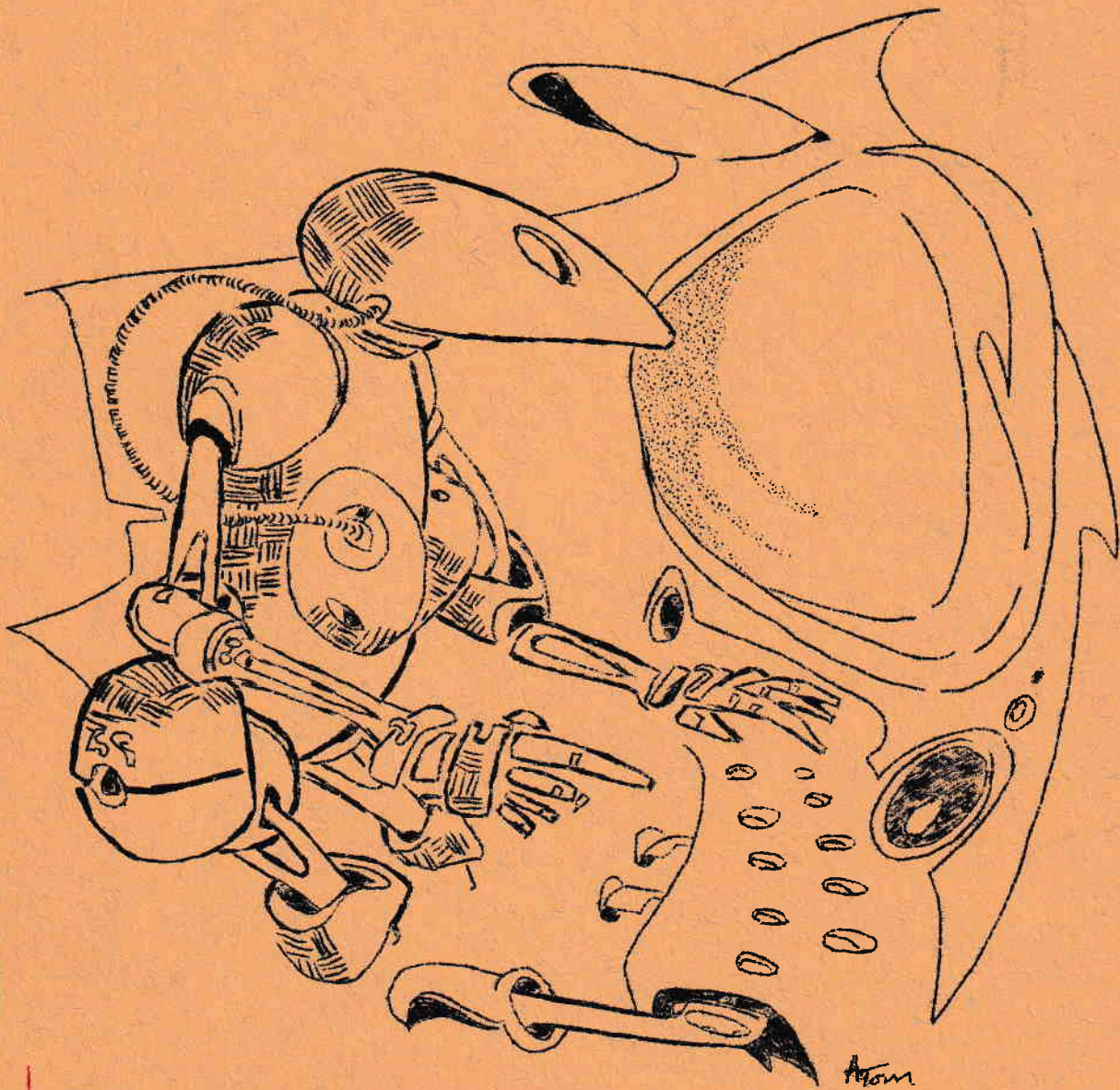


Iscaariot



Atom



ISCARIOT

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MANAGING EDITOR
Al Andrews
1659 Lakewood Drive
Birmingham 16, Ala.

PUBLISHER
Richard Ambrose
Luttrell Hall
Jax State College
Jacksonville, Ala.

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Arthur Thompson - cover
Richard Ambrose - art in Remarquez les G.
Al Andrews - art in Slaughter Row
Robert Gilbert - art on contents page & in Revelations

- - - CONTENTS - - -

Revelations	Dick	2
Remarquez les Ghouls	Dick	3
Slaughter Row	Al	7

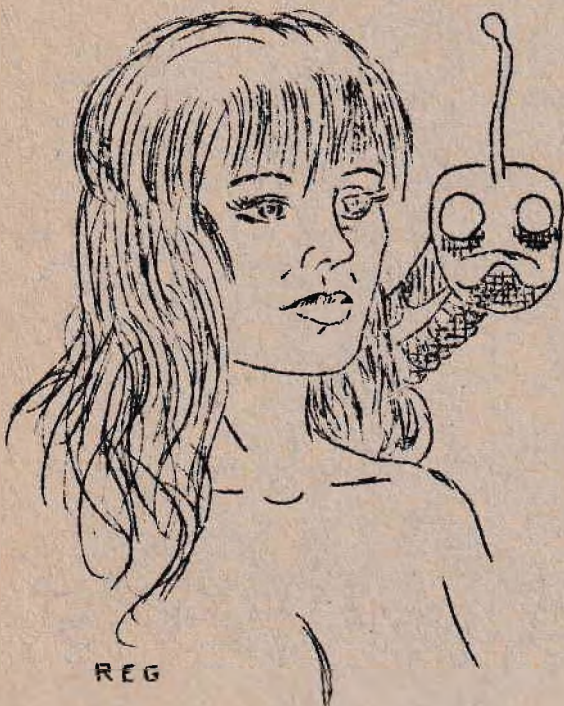
- - - - - REASONS WHY YOU ARE RECEIVING ISCARIOT

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Revelation

BY DICK



One of the most recent Vincent Price films on the scene is *The Haunted Palace*. This is one of Price's best efforts and done in a true Lovecraftian mood. One might think that International Pictures went too far with the imaginative settings so true of type-Lovecraft, but the exaggerated back-drops went well with the script. The screen play was done by Charles Beaumont, while the movie was based on a poem by E. A. Poe and a story by H. P. Lovecraft.

It's been so long since I've seen a horror movie I can't remember how they are opening the shows now-a-days, so I'll just tell you my impressions of this movie. *Haunted Palace* opened with a wide-screen blackness accompanied by silence. Then over in the left corner of the set, a small pale spider descended into view hanging by a silkey-blue iridescent thread. This effect was backed up by common "dark of night" type music. Then along with the introduction of cast, director, producer, etc., this small spider proceeded to construct a most intriguing web. The photography of this introduction was excellent and only surpassed by the lighting effects. The shiny steel-blue threads stood out so well against the blackness, while the lettering of type was done in brilliant wide-block red. In my opinion they ruined the whole effect, when they had a monarch butterfly get caught in the web at the termination of this scene. At that point, the spider scurried down to its prey, but that was all---the camera faded out before the spider ever got there. It was such a small spider one could hardly think that it could harm the butterfly, but now if the spider had been a little bigger and the scene had shown the capture, there would have been a successful climax to this introduction. Although I still think that the scene would have been complete if they had just left the spider sitting in blackness on its completed web....waiting.

The basis of the plot revolved around Charles Dexter Ward, who had come to the town of Arkham (Down, Lovecraftians, Down) to claim an old palace-castle left him by a long deceased, so-called warlock relative. His relative had been burned alive by villagers, (who lived long ago in this quaint Massachusetts town) because they believed he was in league with the devil....(long live these dear puritans). Little did the villagers know that Dexter Ward's relative

had been consorting with the Elder Gods and even had Cthulu down in the basement -- Gosh-Now Truth. Anyway, Dexter Ward becomes possessed by the angry spirit of his relative and goes to seek revenge on the ancestors of the people who had burned him. After two incinerary murders in the town, the superstitious townfolk realize what's going on and take off up the hill to burn the castle down. Everything goes according to usual monster movie plan until the last. The villagers think they have released Dexter Ward from his ancestor's spirit after they burned the house -- and it's good they thought this or Ward might have gone up in a slight conflagration. Anyway, Ward thanks them for their kindness in burning down his palace and freeing him of the evil spirit; then with a smirk only the audience is able to discern, he remarks that he will try "to repay them for what they did." This leaves wide-open spaces for a sequel and HPL left such a vast file on Arkham I have no doubt that we will be seeing a few more of the pseudo-Arkham movies. In my opinion I think it would be well worth your going to see Haunted Palace.

Remarquez les Ghoulz

A COMMENTARY ON THE SUPERNATURAL

No. 7

Richard Ambrose

Ah, the innumerable Chinese gods. How often we have been amazed at the infinite number of deities that intermingle in the maze of Chinese mythology. Perhaps the most curious fact about Chinese gods, in their relationship to mythology, is their uncommon imitation of earthly organization. The gods appear as a vast government administration, or, as in the United States system, as a series of government departments, each one with its Minister and its personnel. The different gods are clearly politicians with a strict heirarchy and with clearly defined powers. They keep registers, make reports, issue laws, with administrative power many earthly leaders might envy. Every month they furnish a report to their immediate superiors, and they every year give an account of their administration to the sovereign god, the August Personage of Jade, who then shows his pleasure or displeasure at his ministers.

True to form, these ministers, the most original characteristic of Chinese mythology, are not given their title for eternity. Only the function of office persists -- the

functionary changes. New gods take the place of the old, and, to confuse matters even more, different regions allot the same powers to different gods at the same time. The Chinese gods are not in origin divine, but human; they are men deified after their death. Thus two well liked weavers in a town might die and the religion of the country could classify them gods. Therefore these two patrons of the weaving art would have the same powers and in the future might subsequently be replaced by a weaver who had died later. A very confusing state of affairs.

Heaven is the dwelling place of the primary gods, but they do not live together. Each god has his own palace, and moreover Heaven is divided into different levels, some say nine and others thirty-nine. The gods with the highest seniority in office are the most important and live on the top level.

On the topmost level surrounded with his court lives the August Personage of Jade (Yu-ti) also known as the August Supreme Emperor of Jade. They say he was one of the first gods who existed and in northern China they say he created human beings. The fable is as follows: Jade made human beings by modelling them in clay, and when his task was ended he put his statuettes to dry in the sun. Then a heavy shower of rain fell and he hastened to put his statuettes in shelter. But some of them were damaged by the rain, and they constitute the sick living on earth, while the healthy are the statuettes which were not damaged.

Although recognised as the greatest of the gods, the August Personage of Jade is only the second person of the supreme triad, which includes the Heavenly Master of the First Origin, who preceded the August Personage of Jade, and the Heavenly Master of the Dawn of Jade of the Golden Door, who one day will succeed him.

The August Personage of Jade lives in a palace exactly similar to that of the Emperor who reigns over human beings. The doorway of this palace is guarded by Wang, a minor god, who is armed with a stick and clad in armour and does duty as door-keeper. There the August Personage of Jade grants audiences, for his court is exactly like that of the human Emperor -- this shows the respect in which their Emperor was held. Jade has his ministers and his officers, represented by secondary gods, and he has an army of heavenly soldiers to fight the rebel Sprits when necessary. He has a family which I have found to contain innumerable sisters, daughters, nephews, and cousins, but only one wife. He is a god said to know seventy-two ways of transforming himself. He is much respected, and has numerous temples.

The Wife of the August Personage of Jade, the Queen Mother Wang, presides over the banquets of immortality which she gives to the gods. These banquets are mainly furnished with the peaches of immortality, P'an-t'ao, which ripen once every three thousand years on the orchard-trees of the imperial orchard -- which is why in China the peach is the symbol of longevity.

The Chinese conception of Hell is, as expected, organized in a military fashion. According to the most wide-spread version there are eighteen Hells, distributed among ten law-courts to which they are attached. These courts are presided over by the Shih-tien Yen-wang, the Kings of the Ten Law-Courts (the word Yen comes from Yama, the Indo-Iranian god of Death --really) while each Hell is reserved for the tortures which punish well-defined crimes.

The first of the Yama-Kings is the supreme master of the world of Hell as well as head of the first Law-Court. He is directly under the August Personage of Jade and the Great Emperor of the Southern Peak. He is popularly known as the Lord Yama-King although in reality (if there is one) the real Yama-King was dismissed by the August Personage of Jade for being too charitable and merciful and was sent down to head the Fifth Law-Court. The first Yama-King received the souls of the dead, investigates their actions during their past life, and if necessary sends them to other Kings to be punished. As to the nine others, eight of them are commissioned to punish criminal souls:

<u>KING</u>	<u>CRIMINALS PUNISHED</u>
2nd	-- dishonest male and female intermediaries and ignorant doctors.
3rd	-- bad mandarins, forgers and back-biters.
4th	-- misers, coiners, dishonest tradesmen and blasphemers.
5th	-- murders, unbelievers and the lustful.
6th	-- sacrilege performers
7th	-- people who violated graves and sold or ate human flesh
8th	-- those who were lacking in filial piety.
9th	-- arsonists

The tenth King is entrusted with the Wheel of Transmigration, and takes care that the soul about to be reincarnated fits properly into the body assigned.

Naturally the tortures used in Hell are many and varied, so that each crime has its appropriate punishment, some-times in a very logical way. Thus, blasphemers have their tongues torn out; misers and lying mandarins are compelled to swallow melted gold and silver, while still more guilty souls are flung on to mountains bristling with swords or plunged into boiling oil, or bound to a large red-hot beam, or ground in mills or sawed in halves or cut into little pieces, etc.....

The kings of Hell have crowds of satellites to carry out their orders. These satellites were represented in an ancient Chinese silk painting as stripped to the waist, with two lumps on their foreheads (which I suppose are meant for horns) and armed with a mace bearing iron spikes or with a trident.

The Yama-Kings are represented in the dress of the Emperors, just like the August Personage of Jade and the Emperor of the Eastern Peak. The only way I could distinguish them on a silk painting was by seeing their name inscribed under them.

One wonders whether there is room for mercy in this Hell of the Chinese. It seems that there is -- for various regions of hell are continually visited by a compassionate and merciful deity, the Bodhisattva Ksitigarbha, whose occupation is to save the souls which come to him. In his human life he was a young Brahman who made a vow to save all souls engulfed in sin. To this end he devoted his successive existences, which were innumerable, and acquired such merit by his spirit of self-sacrifice that in the end Buddha entrusted to him the masses of gods and men.

As we have seen, when the soul of the just are not sent back immediately to a new life by the tenth Yama-King, they go either to the K'unlun mountain, the dwelling place of the Immortals, or to the Amitabha Buddha in the Land of Extreme Felicity in the West.

The K'un-lun Mountain has a close resemblance to the Olympus of the Greeks. As you know Mt. Olympus was visible in many parts of Greece, but the Chinese placed their mountain far away from their land and at the earth's centre.

The ruler of this region is the Queen-Mother Wang, wife of the August Personage of Jade. The palace is built on the top of the mountain, having nine storeys and built entirely of jade. So the story goes, the palace is surrounded by magnificent gardens in which grow the Peach-tree of Immortality. The Immortals live there, in an endless series of banquets. The only human beings allowed there are those permitted by the gods, as a reward for their virtues, to eat the marvellous fruit of the Peach-tree of Immortality during their earthly life.

The other just men admitted to the Chinese paradise are sent to the Land of Extreme Felicity in the West. This land, which lies in the farthest west portion of the universe is said to be separated from us by an infinity of worlds like our own. It is enclosed on all sides and embellished by seven rows of terraces with seven rows of trees whose branches are formed of precious stones sounding musically when the wind stirs them. Here may be found lakes flowering with lotuses, with a floor of gold sand and banks paved with seven precious stones. Beautiful birds float through the air past showers of falling blossoms. In this Eden the righteous pass a life which is piously ordered: "Every morning at dawn they go to offer flowers to all the Buddhas of other worlds, and they return to their world for meals" Everything they hear -- the song of the birds, the music of the wind in the trees of precious stones -- makes them think of Buddha, the Law, and the rewards of the Just. Their afterlife has been fulfilled.

6

Slaughter Row

FANZINE REVIEWS

BY AL ANDREWS

Hi there, WONDER WOMAN fans (and any of you fringe-groups that read ANALOG and all that crazy-Buck-Rogers stuff). As you will remember, when we were wandering through SFFA Swamp #9, we were told by the Golden Alligator that SLAUGHTER ROW would return and bless your revered little Green Lantern buttons, here it is! (You may all join hands and rejoice.)

Certainly this 9th Mailing is a forceful cause to bring back the MCs. Counting the OO and the two post-mailed zines, the final tally is 12 zines with a total of 175 pages, which is our largest mailing to date. It was indeed a fine effort by all and your interest and labor in the SFFA mailing is greatly appreciated. And while on apa matters, I would like to staunchly second the view of Kent McDaniel (see MCs in his OUTRE #1. of the SFFA 9th Mailing.) While we hold no sectional bias, we did form the SFFA to increase and encourage fanac in a large "wasteland area, which we loosely call the South. And it is in this area that we should direct our main efforts. I, like Kent, feel that any "merger" effected between the SFFA and the N'APA would result not in a beneficial "merger", but rather in the SFFA being absorbed by the broad based N'APA. This would result in the SFFA losing its distinctive identification with an activity-area of the country and demote it from a leading young apa to merely routine pubbers in the vast mass of the N'APA. We are NOT "against", as it were, the N'APA, for some SFFA members are N3F members and participate in N'APA, but the two apas can accomplish more activity in fandom by remaining separate. This idea of a merger with the N'APA is not a "burning issue", for as far as I know the N'APA has never been approached about merging and our past-OE (Dave Hulan) mentioned the merger as a possible solution if the SFFA should find itself floundering in a mire of non-activity. The SFFA has always been very sound financially and is now doing very nicely in activity of good overall quality, so actually there is no need to consider a merger in the foreseeable future. The SFFA is the SFFA and with interest and effort on the part of all its members it will so remain.

The Eternal Fan



"No, I don't feel that my zine's having the title HERMIT has any social significance."

OUTRE ○ : Kent McDaniel, 620 Metropolis St., Metropolis, Ill. 17 pages, mimeo.

This is Kent's first round in the SFFA and the first fmz he has ever edited. It is a real pleasure to have Kent in the SFFA. It is the efforts of young fans like him (he is 15) that gives us old fen a happy glow, because they spare us the horror-of-horrors the young-fan's First Issue. The usual First Issue of a neo is a horrible mess and I've seen some I would be ashamed to line my garbage pail with. However, Kent's OUTRE, while having some flaws, is a good sound First Issue. (You might decide, Kent, what the title is going to actually be. The cover-lettering says OTRRE, yet there is typed on the cover, OUTRE.) One thing that definitely helped OUTRE outing is that it was reproed by experienced fansman, Bill Plott, so that it is readable throughout. (I tend to feel, O Great One of the Banshee Press, that thou hast improved thy skills a bit since the inglorious days of MAELSTROM #1.) Nevertheless, the choice of material is well-balanced, consisting of an editorial (in which he recounts briefly his entrance into fandom doesn't everyone in a first-iss?), a filk song about ole JWC, a review of four books, MCs, and three pieces of fiction running from 4½ pages to a scant half-page. Of the three fiction-pieces, I liked the half-pager, NEXT? by John Battle; though it was not unique it was neatly measured in progression and a sound proportionment of prose and dialogue. (If you are not tightly guarding author Battle, how about mentioning ISCARIOT to him, ole fran.) The other two pieces, THE WAR MAKERS - Paul Gilster and THE VALLEY OF THE WEREWOLVES - Jim Toren, were flawed; Gilster's by need of editing and Toren's by poor development, yet both are readable without becoming wretchedly boring.

A nice 1st iss, Kent, which I enjoyed reading and commenting about. Hope to see you in the 10th Mailing.

SPECTRE ○ : Larry Montgomery, 2629 Norwood Ave., Anniston, Ala. 9 pages, mimeo.

Another 1st iss here from a new member. Once again it was a welcomed first iss repro-wise as it was handled by my fine ole co-editor, Dick Ambrose.

No, no, take a bow ble back-flips!)

a nice and well-conceived lative of yours, or is the cidence?) This slim zine two pieces of prose-poetry story by the editor, and Oops, Miss Ange's poetry one prose form. Miss Ange's and that isn't contradic- rejected it from ISCARIOT, for reasons other than

This a good iss, you will continue to Welcome to the SFFA; it's us.



"What's it like.....
out there in space?"

(Take a bow, Ambrose. don't keep doing dou- Jerry Montgomery docs cover. (Is he a re- last name merely coin- offers an editorial, by Terry Ange, a cartoon by Hall. is split; one rhymed, poerty is good tory, Larry, tho I since I rejected it quality.

Larry, and I hope make the mailings. nice to have you with

CLIFFHANGERS ○

: #4. Rick Norwood, 111 Upperline, La. 6 pages. Mimeo.

Well, Rick, I personally didn't particularly care for GOON WITH THE WIND because I found it confusing. I kept floundering in a sea of doubt as to whether it was a "fictional report" or a real honest-to-Gru con report; this indecision made it become drugery to read. I knew that some of the events were so improbable and "wild" that the report must be fictional and with a humorous slant, yet there were interlardations that were of a "straight reporting" tenor and these kept me in doubt.

In #4 I am muchly amused by the "Singer songer six pinch" verse. It rather reminds me of the so-called Drunken Twinkle Twinkle Little Star, which runs:

Starkle starkle liddle twink,
Who in tha hell are you I think.
You think I'm under the aflfluence
of incohol,
But I'm a liddle twink of peep
I are.

UNDER ONE MOON is very colorfully written and truly has a vividness quite pass even ole ERB, but keep in mind that you will need dialogue and action and characterization to keep this opus going. I tend to wonder whether you have plotted out the skeltel framework of this sci-fantasy adventure or just whipping it out as you come to it. If the latter, you'll find there is a culminative effect to non-planning that will overtake you about mid-way in the work and destroy your interest in finishing the talc. I like this thing you are doing, and hope you will work out at least a framework for the story to give it a semi-solid continuity then if you have fun just "writing off the top of the head", as they say, you can still have the fun of doing so with the overlaying of the framework.

SPORADIC ○ : #8. Bill Plott, P.O. Box 5598, University, Ala. 12 pages. Mimeo.

The "fake-cover" was very clever so darn clever that I wish I had thought of it before you did, you unbearably clever fanned you. (QUOTE OF THE MONTH: "The difference between honesty and jealousy is green.")

Well, yes, I enjoyed your lengthy dissertation on cats, but one thing puzzled me. How come Arkham House didn't publish it? That Derleth boy just isn't on his toes I guess. Speaking of your recounting of your feline friends I was vastly amused by one typo. It is where you told about Pete-the-cat liking for having his back rubbed, therefore Mon-dear would comply to gratify his passion by giving him a back-rub with a naked foot. And subsequently one day when she stopped amid the pleasure of the rub-down he (Pete) forthwith bit her toe. Then you had this laughble line: "So Pete spent the next couple of weeks with a local vet to determine if he were rapid." Yeah, I would say he was pretty rapid, so much so that

he speedily bit Momsie on the toe to show his displeasure. Cats are indeed peculiar animals, as compared to other common household pets. When you have watched a cat sit, stand, move and its various other "poses", you get the distinct feeling that there is nothing "common" about a cat; Royal & Regal and vastly Superior is the impression they give.

Bill, I hate to do this to you, but your error is so greivous and tantamount that it demands drastic action. You are commanded to burn at once all of your ERB books! The reason for this command will be seen in the following communique I received from Dale Walker:

"Plott's review of OPAR is excellent -- I had never heard of the UPI story he mentions, but the information is essentially correct (I wonder a bit, though, about those oatmeal cookies. Now I have it on good authority -- a piece written in a 1942 Burroughs fanzine entitled ERBAROOTIE -- that it was gingersnaps, not mundane oatmeal cookies, that ERB munched. The name of the article, for your edification, was A DISSERTATION AND RESEARCH ON THE CONTINUING SPECULATION CONCERNING EXACTLY WHAT IT WAS THAT BURROUGHS MUNCHEDED WHILE BETWEEN JOBS ON HIS WAY TO BECOMING A MULTIMILLION DOLLAR AUTHOR AND CREATOR OF FANTASTIC FICTIONAL CREATIONS, SUBSEQUENTLY MADE INTO MOVIES, COMIC-STRIPS, RADIO PROGRAMS AND OTHER PLACEBOS FOR AN EAGER AND ESCAPIST PUBLICK."

But, buck up, Bill-bhaby, because I, your tru bhblue friend, has not deserted you in your hour of crisis. You don't have to burn your ERB collection, because justice will still be served by your sending me your whole collection at, oh say, 1/10 of their original cost well, you are sorta "going out of business", you see. The reason I can point this way out to you 'is' because, although no one could reasonably doubt the authority of such an article as the above and its added stature of having appeared in ERBAROOTIE, the fact is that Dale Walker did NOT give the said article's sub-title, which was I WAS A TEEN-AGE GINGERSNAP ADDICT. So it is, that I can spring you free on such a technicality, but send the books at once.

WORMFARM :#1. Bill Gibson, 415 First Street, Wytheville, Va. 6 pages. I'm not sure of the repro method, but it is strong and ghood.

This slim newcomer has a lot to reccommend.it: Gibson is a very talented fan, as can be seen by his several offering of sf&f poetry, deft and barby cartoons and general wit, all of which were finely exhibited in this first outing of WORMFARM. I thought one of the poems, OBSERVATIONS ON A NIGHTFEAR, was a particularly well-wrought and wonder-inspiring piece. WORMFARM #2. was a mere brief rider, but was two pages of interest. I am looking forward to Mailing Comments by you, Joe, in #3.

* Dale Walker upon a facet of the Burroughs Bibliophiles: *
* "I'm told that the treasurer of that illustrious clan is *
* now Llana of Gathol, though she is no longer living on *
* Gathol -- but how would it sound to say 'Llana of Muncie,*
* Indiana.'?" *

DOL-DRUM

#1. Dave Locke, P.O. Box 335, Indian Lake,
N.Y. 12 pages. Mimeo.

Don't go to pieces there, Dave-bhoy; you haven't been "attacked" you've just been "called to point and corrected". Yes, some of my remarks on your letter in YANDRO were directed to you personally.



"Reading from the 1st
chapter of DOL-DRUM..."

(Ah, the world is so impersonal. I like to give things that little "personal touch" that shows one cares.) I regret that I didn't send you a copy of ISCARLOT # 7. I regret that I didn't, but it isn't a burden of sorrow I'll carry for the rest of my life, because sending you a copy never crossed my mind. First, I wasn't sure whether you were dead or alive (there was a little of confusion on that minor point at that time, you will recall), and, secondly, to my mind I felt generally that my review of YANDRO was directed toward Coulson not you nor fandom in general. (My reviews were intended as substitutes for LOC and as incentives for trades.) Nevertheless, your giving me "the benefit of the doubt" is noted although I've got some doubts of my own about the given benefit of your doubts.

To keep matters straight, who tampered with your letters in the past is no concern of mine, since ISCARLOT has never had the pleasure of pubbing a letter of yours. But

I wouldn't base your wariness on Coulson's treatment in ISCARLOT's let-col, because it should be obvious that Buck is a pretty reasonable fellow when his views are called into question. You will take note of Buck's requested retraction that was printed in ISCARLOT #9. (I also received a very affable personal letter from Buck in which he re-stated his "case", as it were, but he asked me not to pub it.)

I'm afraid, Dave, I can't accommodate you by replying to your nig-comments in "some place other than a general-circulation apazine", namely ISCARLOT. While it is quite true that ISCARLOT is circulated in general-fandom, I do not write my material, which appears in ISCARLOT, for fandom in general, specifically, replies to LOCs and fnz-reviews. I write it and direct it, most often, to the person involved or connected. If you don't want my personal remarks on a subject, then refrain from discussing that subject in DOL-DRUM. In ISCARLOT I have the right to speak freely and personally, and those spoken to personally have the right (which I personally guarantee) to reply in full in the let-col. That is my policy. I don't necessarily say it is the "best, right, fairness" (take your pick) policy; I simply state plainly that it is my policy. If one feels that he is being treated unfairly in that something may be said to him personally in ISCARLOT, but his reply in his own zine does not reach the same people that received ISCARLOT, there is a simple solution. He should direct his reply to ISCARLOT's let-col, where it will be printed in full.

Also, I think that I can safely say that the people that receive one issue of ISCARIOT also receive the following issue of ISCARIOT. The only thing that I can't guarantee is that the readers will decide in favor of the letter-writer's views or the expressed views of ISCARIOT's co-editor (namely, me), or whether they will give half a hung-up hangnail who is right in his views. So, in the words of that great Greek philosopher, Aristifonoggerles: "It ain't no big thing, neighbor."

All right, so you've read Tom Paine's THE AGE OF REASON three times, so like, I'm overwhelmed. The only thing is that I am overwhelmed by the fact that after reading it three times you are still "overwhelmed" by Paine's arguement. But then, like C.S. Lewis (he being of the "opposition"), Paine is a persuasive writer, so much so that he can persuade you of things that you don't really believe. Nevertheless, I must let my objection to citing Paine's THE AGE OF REASON as "proof" ("evidence", you term it how you wish) of the non-existence of God (Jehovah, Yahweh, Elohim, El Shhadia, take your pick or term or name him as you like). The fact that Paine believed in a God (his personal mental conviction) invalidates the use of his so-called "logical" dis-proof of God. The seeming contradiction in Paine's nature is merely the result of a common errornous evaluation, i.e. that personality can be definitely seperated from reason, thereby transmuting the latter into "abstract reason". When in hard, plain truth, there is no such thing as "abstract reason"; it is nothing more than the materialist's dream-world. (If that seems to be an overly bare statement, I'm prepared to discuss it further.) Since Paine did believe in a God, if in effect, his work says "I believe a lie, but I have doubts about the lie I believe", he is dishonest, so I would object to citing a dishonest source.

There are a number of other statements of yours that I am sorely tempted to comment upon, but I restrain myself. Yet I am compelled to remark upon your statement: "I muchly respect the person who realizes that belief in a God is a personal thing and cannot logically be explained as anything else." Generous as it may first appear, I find it one of the most insufferable attitudes of "stuffiness" I have ever seen. You allow a person to disagree with your views, only if he abides by your dogmatic rules by which you allow him to disagree. And you speak of "logical"? Pish and bottletosh, man!

In general, DOL-DRUM is a pleasant Rambler that touches on many subjects with an amusing wit and satiric touch. I don't know precisely why, Dave, but it has struck me that an apt name for your enjoyable zine would be DROLL-DRUM. It just sort of has the flavor that your zine has, i.e. wit, humor, satire, amusement, thereby, DROLL, and it does drum or beat and rap various things of modes and views. I like your zine a great deal, and hope it will appear often in the SFPA mailings.

* A Do-It Yourself Interline: (And if it turns out ghodd, let*
* me borrow it for next issueplease.) *
* *

CANTICLES^o : Gary Labowitz, 8233 President Court,
Kansas City, Mo. 31 pages. Mineo.

I left it out in the above statistics, but this is #3 of CANTICLES.

A moment of truth, ole buddy Gary. I am leif to say that the Mighty Headship of the Labowitz clan has been outdone in #3 by the distaff side. Leah has burst forth before my sense-o-wonder as a literary-lovelie and a startling-storyteller. (Oh, quit grouching, Gary, and go off in the back-room and sulk.) The writing itself is competent, but not outstanding as in the sense of style, yet it isn't the writing itself that makes this story. The bulk of the storyline is so mundane and commonplace that it is just a shade above being dull. And I congratulate Leah in acheiving that most delicate balance of the necessity of mundaneness of storyline, yet not plummeting into the abyss of dullness. I get tired of saying about a story, "the concept is not new", but I must trot out that phrase once again, in order to say that Leah has artfully put a new face on the body of an old concept by her construction of the blind belief of housewifery. It is obvious that only a woman and a wife could have pinpointed these areas of doubt, and I hope they are only elements distorted from life to form a fiction rather than a shrouded, distressed social protest. And ending is a complete and total surprise with tremendous impact. I tried desperately to anticipate the ending, but willing admit that I was totally unaware. A truly excellent and fine story, Leah.

Yes, Gary (Feel better after sulking awhile?), I have read GALAXY OF GHOULS, which is one of the best vam & were anthos I've ever read. The V story isn't the best, but it had its points and it was Be Kind To Your Co-Editor Week when I okeyed its publication. (Quit mumbling, Ambrose, just turn the crank I'll unchain you later.)

Yes, I get most of the zines I review on a trade basis for ISCARIOT on an all-for-all basis, which amazes even me. As to letters, we have the same trouble sometimes as you have. One way to overcome it is to send a personal note in several copies to selected fans, saying, "Dear Hervey, I would particularly like a LOC from you on this particular issue. Pro or con, wreaths or wraths, etc, etc." And set them up in your fan-corr to comment on a specific issue. As you build an interesting zine, you also may have to build an interesting let-col. A good issue, Gary.

STF^o : #1 and 2. Jim Harkness, 112 W. Harding, Greenwood,
Miss. #1 - offset 33 pages. #2 - mineo 20 pages.

Welcome to the SPPA, Jim. STF #1. was impressive due mainly to the fact that it was photo-offset with a multi-color cover and heavy-paper covers. Other than that, it was rather a disappointment. Aside from the glut of typos (I can't shout too loudly on that, because ISCARIOT has been so cursed at times), the fiction



"I know that stack of
1930 Amazing Stories
you found in that little
shop was a great buy,
Harry... but this is our
honeymoon!"

generally poor. Specifically, C.L. Morriss' BREAKING POINT was overly long and rather trite in concept. I have the feeling that Morriss must have read Frederic Brown's MAN OF DISTINCTION from the recently re-issued 1957 WONDER STORY anthology mag, and tried a variation on the theme. Unfortunately, it turned out less than the poor-man's Frederic Brown. The other loser was Bill Ameen's BEYOND THE MORTAL. The deals-with-the-Devil is a theme that fascinates all fantasy writers, fan & pro, although I've never attempted one (Well, I've got my hands full with devilish Dave.). But as it is with so many fascinating themes the stories either turn out to be

very entertaining or very dreary pieces of reading drudgery. A.K. Davids' brief FIRST CONTACT was saved by the fact that it did possess some elements of satirical fan-humor.

Bob Adolfsen's article on letter-hacking, though no revelation, was of fair interest. Twenty-three letters pubbed in three years ... gee, when does he find time to read the zines? While licking the stamps, I guess.

Withhold that keen blade from thy throat, good sir, for I did like STF #2. better. It is hard to believe that the same C.L. Morriss wrote EPILOGUE TO ARMAGEDDON. It has quite a bit of power and is pretty well handled ... nearly good pro work. Doc Keller's yarn was interesting in its way, but ... well, he is a pro, or was ... I don't keep up with the field enough to know whether he has been active recently or not. Has he? A.K. Davids' offering was almost "unnoticable". On the whole, STF #2. had a better balance than #1. The first issue was clogged with poor fiction and there was little to relieve the situation, but in this second outing there was a variety of material to range over.

An interesting point in your editorial: The advent of mainstream authors writing in the sf vein and sf being bought by non-sf mags, though it may seem a evil portent of the end of sf mags, is not such a crisis, even a long-term crisis. I don't think sf being absorbed so much as it is simply branching-out. First, mainstream authors are merely using the media of sf to tell their story or pronounce their message. (For an excellent example, see Walter Tevis' THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH. A beautiful modern tragedy it should and could win a Hugo.) So it is that mainstream authors are not absorbing the domain of our sf authors, but

they are simply recognizing that the media of sf is an interesting and often powerful form on which to lay their message. And I think that this use of the sf media or form by recognized mainstream authors has a good effect on our sf pro authors. First, it give the sf authors a confidence in that their field is a quality field. And secondly, it makes them produce better sf due to having seen what "universal" writers of note have done with the sf media.

Second, I feel that general mags running sf from time to time is a good influence on the sf field. By spreading sf literature to the mass audience of general readers we are bound to gain some new fans, and, additionally, though a general reader may not become a "fan" he may well develop a "respect" for sf as a form of literature. Also, there is no danger of the mass-media mags putting the sf mags out of business, and this is so for two reasons. First reason being that sf in the general zines will gain readers for the sf mags themselves ... no, not by overwhelming millions or possibly impressive thousands, but the winning of a few hundred strengthens the ranks of fandon, and fans of sf are almost by nature proselytters, thereby spreading the interest in the sf field and its mags to others. The second reason is that if you look through a line of general mags (that carry considerable fiction) you will find stories of romance, adventure, detective, westerns and others, but this hasn't succeeded in killing the specialized mags of romance, adventure, detective (or "mystery") or western.

Also, Jin, "low" rates paid by sf mags are nearly so low as some might think. The days of a 1/2 and 1¢ per word are gone, and sf mags now pay 2 or 3 cents a word. So a good sf author can make a good living if he works to produce good sf, and there are book sales of pb and hb to boost his income, plus reprint fees, TV and even movies sometimes. *think*

In short, I don't ^{think} sf can survive in a closed-circuit setup, but rather must expand and "involve" as many people, pro and reader, as it possibly can. *****

NOTE:

This issue of ISCARIOT may be bit slim and if this turns out to be the case, I would like to make it clear that I am solely responsible for that meagerness of material in this issue, There was considerable more material scheduled for this issue, but I cancelled it. The reason for so doing is at this present time somewhat uncertain, but generally it is because in the future ISCARIOT may have (and may-be not) a policy-change which will effect the contents considerably as to types of material to be used. Dick and I are taking the matter under full discussion and by next issue we will be able to make some definite statement.

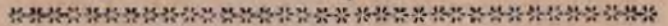


The Eternal Fan

"MUCK wasn't exactly the title I had in mind, but the Post Office said no."

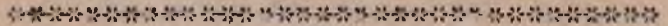
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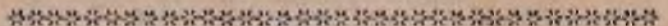


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