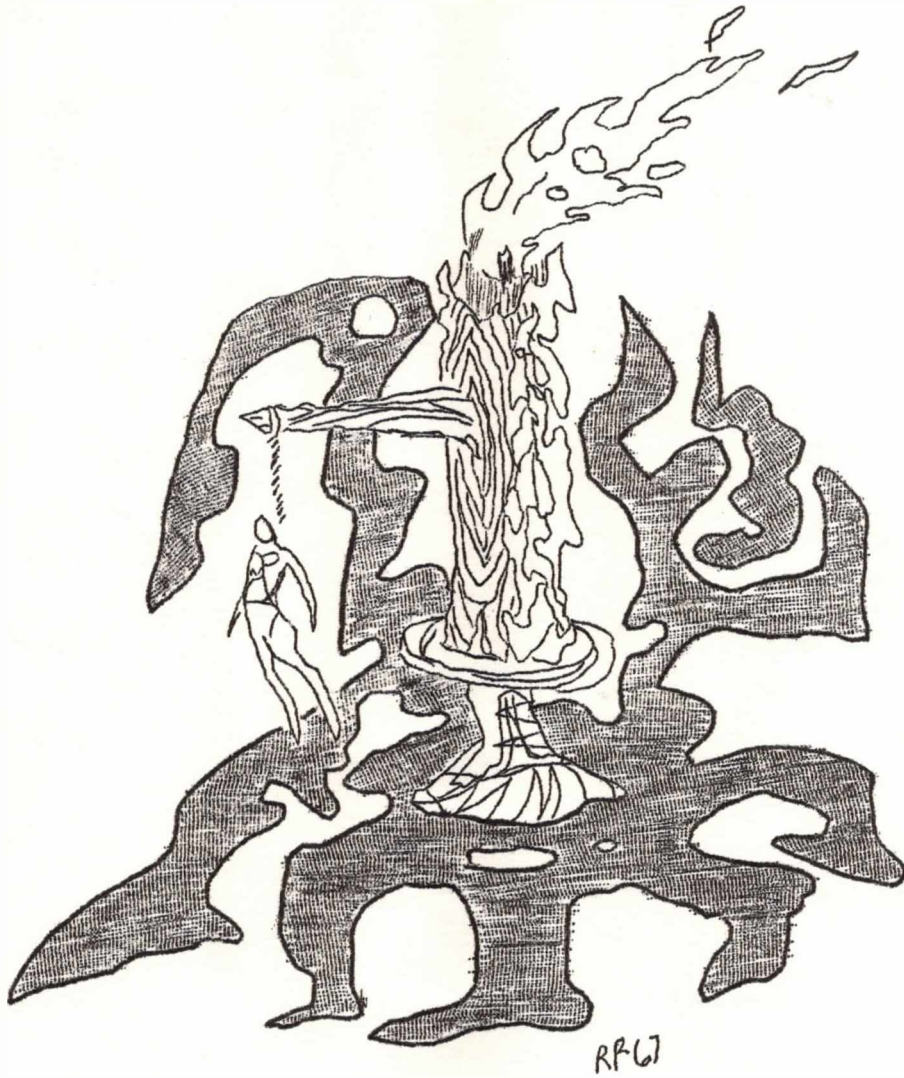


QUARK #4



OCT. 1967

# QUARK 4

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produced for the 13th mailing of APA-45, October 1967 by the infamous Couch Kids, Lesleigh and Chris, Rt. 2 Box 889, Arnold, Missouri 63010. This special Quark-afield issue is being sent to various people outside the apa and is available for a letter, contribution or any similar show of interest. St. Louis in '69.

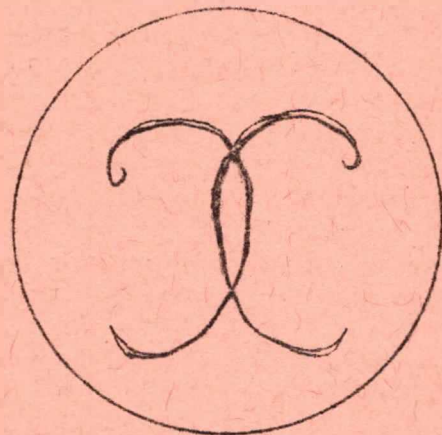
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\*Various places around the magazine

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CYMRV PUBLICATION #12

# NYCON 3

Revisited or a look at Ellison-con one week later

By Lesleigh Couch

For me, this fannish adventure began on Tuesday morning when we (the Couch Family) took off for New York from Lambert-St. Louis Airport. I had flown to New York once before on a school trip, but it had been in a prop, of course, so I was amazed when we set down at Kennedy a mere hour and a half later. In fact it took us almost that long to get from airport to hotel via taxi.

When we arrived at the hotel, we found Hank Luttrell and Ted Kehr a mundane friend waiting for the promised space on our room's floor. Upon investigation, we found the Hilton's Family plan to be cheaper than con rates and so registered as 5 Couches rather than 7 fans. We did manage to procure seven beds and stuff 2 in a storeroom thingy connected to the room. It was rather amusing trying to pretend there were not 2 extra people in the room.

After arranging ourselves, we settled down to study a map of NYC and decided what we wanted to see, my family wanted to go to the Empire State Building, only 2 blocks away, but I decided not to as I had been before. It is the most marvelous view of dirty buildings in the world. So while the rest of them trooped off to be tourists Hank and I walked around looking at people. I think the best way to realize just how many people there are in NYC and surrounding area is to walk around and see blocks and blocks and blocks of stores and office buildings! It is mind staggering to think how many people must be needed to support all these!

When we got back to the hotel, we examined the Village Voice to see what was going on down there. Then we called Andy Porter to see what was happening with the con. He said he'd be over later.

When the others returned, everyone sort of laid down and dozed off! That evening, Hank, Ted and I ate in the hotel (a mistake) and ran into Andy on the way back up! He told us about preparations for the con and gave us a grand tour of the rooms in which it was to be held! We were quite impressed. After he left, we walked down to Times Square and examined the book stores. Never in my life have I see so many theatres, so many lights, so many book stores and souvenir shops in so few blocks. We found the rest of my family in a rather large book store where Mike McInerney works. He must have been pleased to see them as they bought quite a few books including Juanita Coulson's Ace Double (plug) and 7 volumes of Audabon's Birds of America. We then strolled back to the hotel and watched New York TV (St. Louis has as many stations as NYC, it seems) until 2 AM.

When I awoke, Weds, I thought sure it couldn't be later than 7 AM, but it was almost 10. It seems that when one has a brick wall 10 feet from their window, their room is in perpetual twilight. I began to wake people up, so that we could do something that day! I took quite a while for everyone to get up and dressed (7 people and one bathroom) but finally we were braving the systeries of the subway in our way to the American Museum of Natural History.

The museum is a huge place next to Central Park. We wandered around for hours staring at the exhibits of plants, animals and Indians. (It bothered me somewhat to see American Indians considered 'natural history!') I was particularly fascinated by the dinosaurs -- 2 rooms of them. I remember when I was very little, subscribing to "Junior Natural History Magazine" so I could get a book on dinosaurs

available nowhere else. The book was somewhat of a disappointment, because the only thing it had in it that I didn't already know was a map of this particular museum showing their dinosaur rooms to be sure some of the finest in America. Needless to say, I was thrilled to be at last seeing them.

After a while, we decided we might as well see Central Park, so we crossed the street and entered the jungle. The thing that impressed me most was the wildness of the place. Sure there are paths and fields, but much of it is rocks and trees, quite different from the neatly manicured lawns which grace most of St. Louis' Forest Park. We walked around a lake and I was considerably surprised to see many people letting their dogs run free even letting them swim in the lake. But I suppose when there is only one spot for being free in the whole of Manhattan it is difficult to prohibit freedom there.

When we got back that afternoon, we ran into a few fans, notably Donna Mathews and Jerry Kaufman. We wanted to go down to the Village, so they came along. Again we rode the subway.

When we got there, we found it quite easy to find Washington Square. It is quite an interesting place, the only other place besides Central Park where I found people looking, well, comfortable. After watching awhile, we were off looking for Bleeker Street. After finding and traversing it awhile, we came upon what appeared to be the tourist or at least the entertainment district. We found the famous Cafe Au Go Go, where The Blues Project were playing, the Farrick Theatre featuring The Mothers of Invention. Hank, Ted, Chris and I decided to stay and see the latter

There was a fellow with a Moshe Dayan eyepatch who was a "street caller" for the Mothers. After we had bought our tickets (one interesting thing, they are 50¢ less for students) and were standing outside waiting he came up, asked if we wanted to be first in line. We said yes, so he led us halfway down the block and started the line. He explained about people blocking the sidewalk. I mistrusted him a bit but he made everyone else get in line too and sure enough we were the first in.

The show was started off by an act called The Times Square Two. They were rather funny, but their act seemed too practiced. And then there was the main event, The Mothers. There were at least half a dozen of them all dirty and long-locked, tho one had very beautiful, silver hair. Someone had told me that Frank Zappa, their leader, had longer hair than me, but it is not true, not true at all.

For the uninitiated, the Mothers base their act on parodying songs, something they do extremely well, if disgustingly. They did beautiful parodies of things like "Baby Love" and "Hey Joe" (Hey punk, where you going with those buttons on your shirt?) At one point, the three singers spit on the stage and Zappa goes, "Wasn't that gross?" Zappa has a remarkably deep, cultured voice which seems out of place saying snidely, "Thank ya, boys and girls." The Mothers ended their act with an incredibly weird number to which some girl was doing imitation exotic dances, she wasn't part of the act, she just wanted to dance.

After the show, we went back to the hotel and to bed, too tired to investigate reports of other arriving fans.

Thurs. morning the art show was supposed to open so we went down early to enter some art by our tame St. Louis artist, Mickey Rhodes. However, there was nobody stirring near the art room, so we went down to the lobby. Ray and Joyce Fisher were wandering around, having got in the night before and we stopped to tell what little had been going on. They introduced us to some fans they had met already; Ruth and

Jean Berman, Fred Hollander supporting a beard and a Maneki-Neko button, and Earl Thompson, who, with his wife Gail, has long been on the OSFA mailing list as a Friend. Despite much friendly communication with OSFA, I knew them only as "Earl & Gail," not sure exactly who they were. In fact, later when Chris asked me who I had been talking to and I replied Earl Thompson, he said, "Of Earl & Gail." But I must say that during the course of the convention Earl evolved as the most pleasant personality which his short messages to OSFA had suggested.

That day, Hank & I decided to see the Statue of Liberty as all patriotic Americans should. We had quite an adventure getting there on the subway and discovered a complete city, it seems, under the streets, even under the waters. Somehow we safely emerged at Battery Park and got the ferry out to Miss Liberty.

The Statue is on a small island in the harbor. Besides the statue surrounded by terraced landscape, there is a refreshment center, a dock, and some office buildings (?), at least I doubt that anyone lives in them. We entered the base of the statue and took an elevator up 10 stories to an observation deck. Then we got to climb a narrow spiral staircase, which you are warned against at all turns, to the head. There you can look out tiny windows and see the harbor and Manhattan -- actually not too impressive. And then we climbed back down. The staircase is incredibly narrow and winding and very scary to climb especially down, but we made it.

We took a ferry back to shore and managed to make the subway trip back without getting lost.

Once back, we decided to check the mezzanine for fans. Sure enough there were some standing around, but registration had not started yet, so we went up to the room for a few minutes. We found the art still up there so we brought it back down with us to see about entering it in the art show.

Hank had spread the artwork out and was trying to fill out the forms given him, when a man wearing a "St. Louis in '69" button came up and commented on the art to me. I said, "I see you're supporting us." and he said Ray Fisher had given the button earlier. I then introduced myself and he said, "I'm Jack Gaughan." It was a good thing that he was still examining the art and did not see the expression of complete surprise on my face.

Later we went and stood in line to register. We saw many fans there and spent the time giving out Sirruishes and collecting info on parties that night. I wandered off for a moment and when I came back Hank introduced me to 3 fellows he had just happened to run into who turned out to be APA45ers Fred Haskell, Jim Young, Ken Fletcher. That was just the first of many surprise meetings!

We finally registered and were presented with very handsome name-buttons bearing the ~~APL/45~~ con symbol and name. We also received a monstrous program book which is a credit to the committee.

Later that evening we went back down to the Village. A funny thing, the night before I had felt quite out of place, but this night with my Nycon button, I felt completely assured, even when the caller at the Cafe Au Go Go made remarks about our being from Missouri.

The Cafe is a rather small, dark place with benches like church pews. The show that night consisted of The Dickens, a competent Canadian group, the Times Square Two (again?) and the Blue Project. We had to wait for a while for the BP, as Al Kooper was held up at the ABC studios on something about the Monterey Pop Festival.

But he finally got there and the wait was worth it.

The BP were absolutely incredible. I don't remember everything they played, but I do remember a beautiful Jamaican, Dirty John John with his bongos! And Kooper, one of the greatest musicians in the world. They played a 20-minute version of "Flute Thing" which was unbelievable. They literally "blew my mind." I walked out of the place absolutely numb, barely able to feel the cold of the New York night.

By the time we got back to the hotel I was aware enough to make the transition from one world to another. We went looking for parties and first found an L.A. one. At it I met John Berry, rising young New York fan, who is very tall, at least he looked that way to me. After a while we went up to a Columbus Party. After a while we heard rumors, of all things, of a collating party. We found some people in a very small room collating "Spockinalia" a fanzine devoted to Mr. Spock. They chased us out as soon as we acquired a copy so we moved down to Fred Haskell's room where Ken the Fletch was madly drawing. The smell of magic marker was stiffling. There were 7 APA45er on the room, Ken, Fred, Jim Young, Hank, Lee Carson, and Chris & I. We started to talk about various things -- I remember Jim having me read something so he could figure out what kind of accent I have, but he couldn't pin it down! Finally the meeting degenerated into a pun session and we decided it was time to go to bed.

Rather late the next morning I wandered down to the mezzanine! I sat in front of the as yet unopened art show for a while watching people ramble back and forth. In that way I met several interesting people, including Alex Eisenstein who had come from Germany where Uncle Sam has stationed him, for the con.

Shortly after noon, the con was officially opened by John Beardman in a black wizard's rig chanting the invocation, which I could not quite hear. Then there was the introduction, of notables, which went on for quite a while, because, as Ted White said, "I remember a con where the introduction of notables involved only 6 people." After he had named half the people who were supposedly already at the con, Ted began the program early, with a discussion between Terry Carr and Dick Lupoff which I didn't stay for.

Instead we went out and looked at the art show and the hucksters room. A funny thing about the huckster's room, there seemed to be very few fans in there, at least most of the people I saw there were unknown to me and seemed to be people off the streets! We spent some time going around reading badges and trying to find people we wanted to meet. I found it quite dizzying to try and read a name in the three seconds or so a person walking past was close enough!

I skipped most of the program that afternoon but did get occasional glimpses of a bearded Alex Panshin beyond Elliot Shorter and the swinging door! One thing I did see though was "The Ellison Auction" in which Bob Silverberg auctioned off Harlan for the benefit of TAFF. Randy Garrett not being there, Bob tried hard to take his place in insulting Harlan. The auction started off slowly, despite Bob's explaining that in the one hour of Harlan's time you could have him do anything, within reason. One gentleman had had him write a story of which he got 10%. Things enlivened when a chick in a digger hat bid on Harlan. He asked that no one bid against her, but someone did, forcing her to pay \$40 for Harlan, the highest he has ever gone for.

When the young lady went up to claim her purchase she was followed by 3 of the Columbus bunch (she was from Ohio) who proposed she be auctioned off, half the proceeds to go to their con bid, the other half to TAFF! She went for \$42 to

some Texan. If any of you think \$40 is a bit much to pay for one hour, she was with him a good deal more than that and he bought her dinner at least once.

That evening the Galaxy of Fashion brought a display of female flesh much appreciated by most of the audience. It also brought some very clever costumes, most seemed meant for a controlled dimate but several seemed useful including a "parts dress" (actually interchangeable 'Dynamic assymetry') a coat with an extremely high collar which covered the face and a 'wind chime' dress which was most impractical but perhaps could be used in jewelry.

That evening LA had a stifling crowded open party and Columbus a rather dead semi-private one, so we grabbed a drink and some people and started our own party. I didn't know how many people were there, not too many, I didn't know all of them, but it was a good party. Judi Shephton, Mark Owings, & Doc Clark managed to procure soda and ice and glasses from somewhere. Larry Janifer came in and stumped us with a quiz on the first lines of books. It was a quite good party, my parents surprised to find it in progress when they returned from somewhere. I don't know much about the latter part of the party, as I went to sleep, but I do know Bill Mallardi came in for a while, Rich Wannan levitated between two chairs and half the room broke up over a joke about Nancy Sinatra. Funny thing, she called just after the party broke up.

Saturday opened with a "Discussion" between Harlan and Ted White on the "New Thing" with Harlan saying its happening right now baby, and Ted saying something is always happening so what's so special about now. It was an interesting discussion which somehow got around to how many fans wrote in to save Star Trek and why doesn't the NY Times review sf. Harlan also told how sf is discriminated against when it comes to ad budgets and stuff. He suggested we hit the distributors, Bob Silverberg said write the publishers and somebody said "let us know who to hit and we will." That's a new thing.

The next thing on the program was a debate between Norman Spinrad and Fred Pohl. Norman's contention was that Mr. Pohl should not edit 3 out of 5 sf mags, but Harry Harrison knocked that in the head by announcing just before that he is now ed of Amazing and Fantastic. But it was an interesting discussion, the little I heard of it, enlivened by remarks from Lester del Ray.

For some reason I was running around for a while after this -- I remember visiting the N3F room (it was away from everything and usually quite dead) and the Dick Powers art show (beautiful). I remember coming out of the elevator and seeing Roger and Judy Zelazny. I said hi and they returned the greeting. It was pleasant to realize they actually knew me.

That afternoon Roger and Chip Delaney were supposed to have a dialogue. Neither one knew exactly what they were supposed to talk about, so they mostly answered questions. It proved to be quite interesting, esp. when Chip explained that Einstein Intersection was actually the placing together of several notebooks he had filled about ancient and modern myths. Roger recapped the speech he made at the Ozarkon, which made me feel quite good. Later we tacked a sign up on a bulletin board advising that the complete text of the speech was in Sirruish, available from us. Very late that night some kid came up to our room and bought one.

Next came the selection of the con site for '68. Los Angeles and San Fransisco, who had people confused with a Berkley bid, "Baycon" and "Oakland invites you" banners, were bidding. LA had first chance with Al Lewis, Bjo Trimble, Gene Rodenberry, Harry C. Stubbs and Hal Cemet. It was really not too good a presentation!

But many people were confident that fans would vote on the basis of what LA had been doing all year. Next came Frisco. Ben Stark, one of their 3 chairmen, spoke first on their previous cons. Then Lester del Ray and Bob Tucker seconded it. They were followed by Roger Zelazny who gave his 'Baltimore lobster speech' with San Francisco inserted. But their coup de tait came when Harlan Ellison gave the final seconding speech, 5 minutes of pure Harlan, who has a love-hate relationship with his audience.

During the voting, the doors were completely barred so it would be a fair vote. However only about 550-600 people voted. When the results were announced, it was almost a shock to find Baycon had won. It seems LA was right to fear 'walk-ins' who knew only what they were told in the 15 minute bidding speeches, assuredly not everything there was to consider about each bid.

That evening was Star Trek night. Mr. Roddenberry had let the convention borrow not only the first ST episode of the new season which was quite good but also a film of Star Trek 'Eloopers' which apparently the cast and crew had made for their own amusement. It included such classics as the NBC peacock suddenly switching from color to black & white, Captain Kirk's true feeling toward Yeoman Rand, and several breaks in costumes and lines.

We decided that night to have an APA45 meeting. Besides the apans already mentioned, Don D'Amassa, Dave Heal, Fred Lerner, Arnie Katz (an ex-member) were also there. Most of these showed at our room one time or another during the evening. It was quite pleasant, more fun by far than the few parties we could find. I spent practically the whole evening discussing things like Giles Goat-Boy and his collection of American sf paperbacks which lacks only 9 titles with Don D'Amassa. It was one of the most interesting conversations I had at the con.

Sunday dawned bright and early, but we didn't see it in the perpetual twilight of our room. However, I did arise early enough to see most of the business meeting. There were only 100-150 fans there (seemingly, almost equally divided between fanzine fans and non-fanzine fans, as Andy Porter later queried.) It seems a bit unfair that this few people and the small number who voted on the con site should have the power to decide on the most important fannish event of the year. I suppose that's why most of the rulings made at the meetings are only suggestions or permission.

Anyway, at this particular business meeting it was decided that the con can be 'permitted' to add 2 additional science fiction achievement awards. A poll of the audience revealed that most were in favor of these being 'best fan writer' and 'best fan artist' at Baycon. This poll was taken for the benefit of Ben Stark. It was also decided to make every 4th year beginning with '70 an official "out of the US" con year and a committee headed by Ray Fisher was set up to study the complications.

I skipped the first part of the program this day in favor of eating, but returned in time to hear John Bush and a rather dead-looking Mike Moorcock discussing "publishing conditions in the United Kingdom." It seems that publishers and critics there have accepted sf as a serious form and treat it as such. Moorcock said that his grant from the British Arts Council was only large enough that it inspired enough faith in his publishers to continue printing New Worlds. And it seems this Speculative Fiction zine is doing better than ever! From the 2 issues we bought at the con I can well see why the literary British would like it.



Next was an interview with Jack Gaughan who talked about being an sf artist and why his best work was not always excepted for the final product ("If you do two bad blue sketches and one good red one, but they have a lot of red covers that month, they'll take a blue one.")

There followed a dialogue between Sid Coleman and Dr. Asimov on "Should there be More or Less Science in Science Fiction?" Dr. A. argued that sf, as a source of science writers, such as himself, could be the saviors of the world's populace, while Mr. Coleman argued that sf does not have to be scientific to have literary value. Actually, I think the only thing separating the two sides which formed behind these views was whether or not something could be good science fiction if it was not based on science.

The St. Louis contingent had planned to give a party that night and it was to be in our room. So we spent several hours that afternoon rearranging furniture to make more room and hiding away some supplies in unlikely places. We had quite an adventure searching for ice. All the regular ice machines, it seems, were empty, so we went searching for another. We climbed up and down the steps, which for some reason were covered with flahbulbs. In the process we discovered at least two hidden office floors, miles of back passages. Finally Earl Thompson directed us to a huge ice machine just off the ballroom. It was rather funny trying to carry the ice back up to the room without attracting the attention of the fans at the auction. (I have not mentioned the auctions before, but there was one each day. Harlan was usually the auctioneer. He did quite a good job selling Jack Gaughan paintings, original manuscripts and other goodies, but was even better at peddling his new book, Dangerous Visions.) We finally got the ice up to the room, swiping glasses and ashtrays as we came.

After the preparations were complete, we went down to the art show where final bidding was taking place. Chris and I had a little money and wanted to buy a Gaughan sketch. We decided on one illustration of "Warlock of the Witchworld" and I bid on it. Several minutes later we returned from admiring Jeff Jones' Conan, which I believe Alex Eisenstein bought, to find some fellow bidding on 'our' Gaughan. The name he bid with was "Helmut Geiger" but that was not the name he wore. We found out later that he was bidding for a dealer. Chris and I immediately upped our bid, just as the time came for the close of written bids. The picture then had to be verbally bid upon; we were quite lucky to have Bjo put our sketch up first. We got it with no opposition.

My mother had also bid on a Gaughan sketch, but it got beyond the price she wanted to pay for it. However, she really wanted a Gaughan and so stayed for the verbal auction. Thus, she managed to purchase the beautiful final painting for the March '67 F&SF illustrating The Little People. It is rather different from the cover, especially in color shades. It is a fantastic painting.

That evening was the Costume Parade. We had come in and were standing around waiting for something to happen when Jerry Kaufman came over and asked me how I'd like to be in the costume parade. It seems some guy was dressed as Harlan Ellison and was looking for a girl to complete his costume. He did look very much like Harlan Ellison and had even received Mr. Ellison's stamp of approval. I thought this quite an amusing idea and so agreed to it.

There were some very good costumes, 98 in all. I was a bit too nervous to really pay close attention to those that came before us. But it was fun to walk across the stage and get my picture taken by numerous photographers!

Perhaps the most amusing event was when George Scithers announced as the next

costume 'Dr. Asimov' and the real Harlan Ellison walked across the stage with a pipe in his mouth and a coat slung over his shoulder. The applause was loud, but it became deafening when the real Dr. A. scrambled up the stage and beamed his way across.

While Harlan was standing by the photographers, my parents somehow persuaded him to let them take a picture of him with me. It was rather exciting to get my picture taken with the real Harlan.

After the costumes had all paraded across the stage, a Star Trek skit was presented. It seemed amusing what I could hear of it. Then Mr. Scithers asked all the Messers Spock to come up on the stage. There were at least 8 people disguised as this ST character. One of the Spocks asked the fake Ellison who he was supposed to be. He answered, "Harlan Ellison," and the Spock said, "Well, I don't read much science fiction. The judges returned with their list of semifinalist and I was shocked to find that we had made it that far. I think it was because of this fellow's remarkable resemblance to Harlan. The real thing, along with Dr. A., was a semi-finalist also. While we were standing in line I heard them talking. Harlan: "Now, let's go on together and I'll tell them that it wouldn't be fair for us to win anything." Ike: "Fine, but this time let me walk first."

Needless to say, we did not win. There were about 8 awards which I will not enumerate here, though I will say that Lin Carter won the popular award!

Immediately after this, we ran up to the room to find the party already in full progress. It was rather late when we got there, so we helped Fred Lerner carry out what he claims to be an old fannish custom. That is, singing "God Save the Queen" at midnite. Then John Boardman announced that his familiar (really his daughter, who, dressed as a devil, had assisted him in the invocation and in the costume parade) was now celebrating her second birthday. At least 50 fans serenaded her with "Happy Birthday!"

A little later, as the room was quite crowded, we decided to go up to the Columbus party for a while. On the way up, the elevator operator stopped one floor below our destination and refused to proceed any further until given a libation.

We found Larry Smith standing at the door of the Columbus suite! He said he was looking to see if he knew the people coming in. "You know us" we said, and went in as he slowly agreed!

Their party was as crowded as ours, so we only stayed long enough to see Dr. Asimov depart and talk to some people who asked why we weren't at our party.

We got the same elevator when we tried to return to our floor! This time the operator took us up to an empty floor and remained there until he had received a liquid bribe. It was quite funny to find out how to get some elevator service. I must say this particular fellow was one of the nicest in the establishment. He didn't curse at us in Spanish.

We found our party a bit more comfortable when we returned, but still it was so crowded as to force me to remain in one place for the remainder of the evening. I saw many people come and go, including Judy Merrill, Chip Delany and John Brunner, but was unable to talk to as many as I would have liked. A bit prejudicially, I thought it was one of the best parties at the con. It finally broke up around 4:30 am, but we did not retire until at least 6.

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Five hours later we dragged ourselves out of bed so that we might attend the Banquet. It was the usual "rubber chicken" banquet fare, but then, I suppose that most people weren't there because of the food.

After the clanking of silverware had ended, Harlan, the toastmaster got up, and began his speech by turning the dial on a little box which then emitted a wierd 'Outer Limits' type sound. He then proceeded to down the hotel (a fannish tradition I think, but it deserved it) and tell "Ellison stories."

Ted White was presented with a gilded ping-pong paddle, he took it quite well. Ted offered thanks to the members of the committee, esp. Andy Porter, who deserved it immensely because of his super-human efforts, and John Baordman. After that, Harlan introduced the fan guest of honor by saying "The only thing I know about this guy is that he never talked to me." Then Bob Tucker gave his speech entitled, "Meanwhile Back at the Ranch," mainly because it kept wandering off in every direction and he had to bring it back to its main point, whatever that was, with that phrase.

Harlan then decided to allow time for the "extra" awards to be given. He gave Forry Ackerman 10 minutes in which to present the Big Heart Award, and he did it in that time with a speech which amply explained why Janie Lamb deserves the award. Harlan then offered Sam Moskowitz the same amount of time in which to present the First Fandom Award. Sam, of course, could not explain why Ed Hamilton deserved the award in that short a time, mainly because it took him 8 minutes to tell his opening age-old joke. Harlan did manage what is perhaps a fannish first by hurrying Sam up with his 'Outer Limits' noise-maker.

When Harlan had regained the podium, he introduced the GoH by telling how hard Lester had worked to get the honor, by bribing the con committee, treats, etc. Lester then gave his speech. He said it was a 2 hour speech he had wanted to give for a long time; but mercifully he kept it short, sweet and interesting, even tho it was a protest against the "new wave."

Finally it was time to give out the "Achievement Awards." Harlan first announced that one had been lost in the mail and the person who had won two would get the other later. When Ted protested his letting the cat out of the bag, Harlan answered, "They won't know who he is 'til he's won the other." But everyone guessed that he was speaking of Jack Gaughan who won both pro and fan artist awards. He looked very happy about it. Then the other awards were given out.

Alex Panshin gracefully came down from the balcony to accept best fan writer.

Fred Pohl decided that winning another Hugo for IF meant he could continue to edit 3 magazines.

Dr. Asimov accepted the award for "The Menagerie" with the remark about the con com., "Remember they picked Harlan and this hotel."

Larry Niven won Short Story above Harlan's protest, The Last Castle took novelette, and Bjo accepted the Hugo for RAH.

The banquet ended with Andy Porter announcing that New York was bidding for '74.

I wonder if Nycon IV will be as big (1700 registered), as impressive and as fun as Nycon III.

# The Salad of the Slim-Slam Man

... JERRY KAUFMAN

I'm Jerry Kaufman. I'm also a stranger to you out there. Who am I?

I'm a fan. I'm young enough to be in APA 45, born in '48, in a small place referred to as L. A. I live in Cleveland and I'm a freshman at Cleveland State University.

Cleveland itself is famous for many things. For one there is our mayor, Ralph Locher (rhymes with "poker"), who is famous as the least mayor of any city of over 100,000 population in the country. His greatest non-achievement has been his non-handling of the Negro slum problem.

There's another thing. Martin Luther King has referred to our Hough area slums as the "worst in the nation." One thing I have heard from a speaker at our school was the report of his finding a dead woman in one of the tenements (of natural causes) with her face gnawed away by rats.

By way of contrast, we have, in the wealthy suburb of Shaker Heights, a beautiful and completely integrated area called Ludlow. Harmony and neighborliness are the keynotes here. (Charles Wells, FAPA; and the Sherman brothers, CAPA; alphans, live in this district.

Our industrial district, the Flats, is filthier than Pittsburgh. The air is more polluted than that of L. A., the river is muddier and smellier than the Hudson and the lake is America's cesspool. Ohio has set up a commission to talk about the problem.

To offset the destruction of natural beauty, Cleveland is very strong on man-made beauty. It has the Cleveland Symphony



FLETCHER '67

Orchestra and the Cleveland Museum of Art. Both are based in an area known as University Circle. The Circle also has Case-Western Reserve and almost every major cultural center. It is also the base for the small but energetic Cleveland hippie movement.

Every Sunday the hippies gather around the lagoon in front of the Art Museum. There they are preached to by street evangelists, stared at by "straights" and watched by plainclothes police from the narcotics squads. There are always guitars, and occasionally bongoes, woodblocks, recorders (a sort of flute, you know) and newsmen add to the melange of sound. They are flamboyant, colourful, imaginative. One week hundreds of balloons were blown up and released. They covered the lagoon from end to end. The week before last a hippie swam the lagoon. When he reached the side where I was standing, he asked, "Is this France?"

When told no, he returned (after a quick look for the man (up)).

Well, I hope you've picked up a few things on this speed-tour of Cleveland. I'm the one who has to live here. You should be glad you don't. I'm not likely to die from boredom, but I'm considerably weakened.

10 - 4

x oooooo © oooooo x

"The marvelous rebellion of man at all signs reading 'Keep Off'."  
--Carl Sandburg

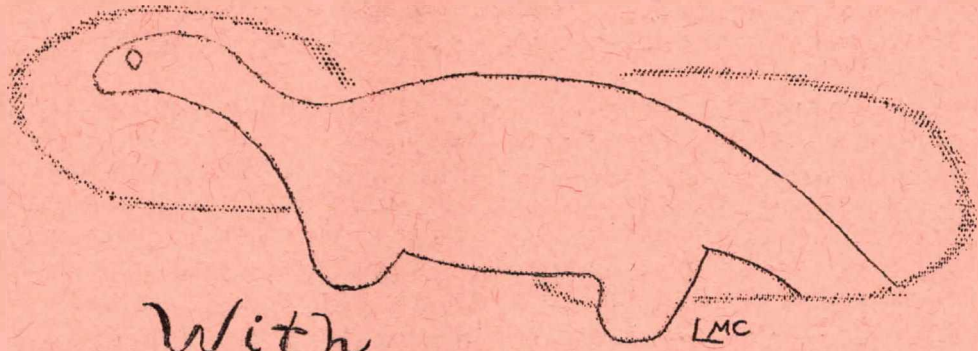
X iiiiii I iiiiii X

#### A GUIDE TO PUN-READING. . . . .

should be nominated for one of the hundred most useless, if anyone were ever so foolish as to write one. However, I feel that you people who are reading this may want some sort of explanation of the puns in this issue. Lesleigh elsewhere explains where the Montgomery puns originated (though she doesn't mention the none-too-small role that alcohol played), but she doesn't tell you anything about the contagiousness of puns. You don't believe it? Well, before Mike Montgomery there were very few puns cracked around this house. Now not a day passes that a pun isn't made. It has spread to other areas: only a short time ago a usually rather sober friend of mine observed "I'm Dickens, you're Punster."

But I wanted to say something about reading puns. The puns in here were originally designed to be told, not read. I have tried to retell them in such a way that they will be easier to understand (if no less disgusting). But it would be best if you were to read them outloud. This will make them more readily understandable. It is not really necessary to read the entire thing outloud. The only part that this is necessary for is the punchline.

In  
the  
Sky



With  
Dinosaurs

Lesleigh

Putting out several apazines has given me a rather different slant on life. Now, whenever anything interesting or amusing occurs, one of my more immediate reactions is to think/say, 'I should put that in an apazine.' Needless to say, I don't remember everything I had thought worthy to appear in this publication, but this desire to preserve things in print helps me to see them differently.

Somewhere in this zine I have inflicted a 9 page Nycon report on you. Perhaps it was a waste of time, as most of you were there, but then no one sees everything at a worldcon. I know that I have been looking for reports by other fans to find out what I missed.

Anyway, I wrote this with no particular audience in mind (it went thru N'APA also). So I didn't elaborate on some things that might be of interest to APA-45. I think I will here.

Friday afternoon, Fred Lerner told us that Dupree was supposed to be around somewhere. Most of the APA-45ers there were informed of this and were looking for him. That evening a group of us met in front of the ballroom to discuss the matter. Fred Lerner had just asked, "Does anyone know what he looks like?" when a thin, inoffensive-looking boy bearing the nametag 'Tom Dupree' walked by. We grabbed him with a garble of 'Tom Dupree' and 'Where's our treasury?' He did not seem to realize that his very life was in danger and so we managed to lead him to the elevators in order that we might take him up to Fred's room. In the long wait there, he explained that he had written to John but apparently he had moved. So we told him about John's new address and also told that he might write in care of ABC. He said that he would and then managed to slip off, not to be seen again.

The APA-45 meeting was really nothing thrilling. The main reason we had it was because we couldn't find a good party. About the only talking we did about the apa, was about the people who weren't there. No, we didn't say anything libelous. It's just that having met as many members as we did, we wanted to know something about what the others were really like. Otherwise the evening was spent in talking about whatever struck our fancy.

Hey, I got a postcard from Jack Gaughan! It didn't really say much, just that he wished he'd had more time to talk to people at Nycon and he liked Sirruish. But it's in honest-to-god JG script. Goshwow!

If things work out right, this will be the largest and best Quark ever. It's sort of an anniversary. I know we haven't been in the apa for a year yet, but it's our fourth mailing. Anyway, we need an excuse for making it so long.

Perhaps I should offer a word of explanation for Phun Ghod. Mike Montgomery has been sending me at least a pun a letter for as long as we have been writing. So I was not surprised when he spent half of the Ozarkon telling puns which he and Dan Chapman (another Denver fan) had made up. Some were quite good (or bad, depending upon your point of view) and I have tried to preserve them here. However, he had an aftereffect which I had not foreseen. He turned Chris on to puns and he has been torturing me with them ever since. So I have also included some of his best/worst in this Quark. I might add that Mike and Dan have since announced their intention of joining the apa. I hope they have something in this mailing, but you have an introduction to them anyway. Judging by those of you I've met, APA-45 should appreciate more punsters.

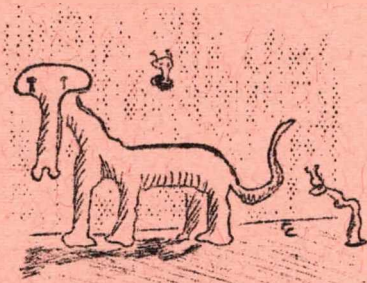
"For Shakespeare, and for all the great 16th and 17th century poets before Dryden, the pun was a serious literary device which could be used to illustrate the complexity of experience, the simultaneous coexistence of different levels of thinking and feeling, and the tentative and exploratory nature of language itself. But once wit and judgement had been sharply separated, and once all knowledge and understanding is based on Locke's "clear and distinct ideas" and words are taken to have a one-for-one correspondence with things or ideas they refer to, the pun becomes regarded as mere verbal exhibitionism..."

A Critical History of  
English Literature

The Lovin' Spoonful gave a concert at Washington U. here last month. We had to buy tickets at the door, so Chris, Ted Kehr, Richard Gordon, Hank, and I left rather early. When we got there it was raining and we were a bit dismayed to find the doors still closed. Chris and I had raincoats but there was nary an umbrella between us. So the five of us stood there for 45 minutes 'til we were all soaking wet. Everyone's hair was wet and stringy and I'm sure we made a rather ludicrous sight. I didn't mind really, it was rather funny.

At last they let us in. We got rather good seats, 7th or 8th row I think. Then we had to wait about an hour or more longer before a KXOK dj came on. I don't understand why Wash U. had to get someone from that radio station. When he asked how many people listened to KXOK, most everyone hissed and booed, so that he said, 'I'M glad you all listen.' He brought on one of the Spoonful, Joe Butler (who now looks more like Paul McCartney disguised as a hippy than the little-boy-lost he always looked on the albums). Joe introduced a fellow he said was a friend of theirs, who turned out to be a comedian. I don't remember his name, but he was quite good. One of his lines that I particularly liked: "God must have a monumental ego. Imagine this guy walking around saying he's God, and he is." However, the crowd was impatient and managed to clap him off the stage (a very rude thing to do), so that we were treated to watching the stage hands fool with the equipment for 15 minutes.

Finally, the Lovin' Spoonful appeared. Zal Yanovsky is no longer



with them. The fellow they got to replace him can perhaps play just as well, but has neither the voice or the personality to gloss over the change. It was actually Butler's personality which kept the act going fraught as it was with mechanical difficulties and people in bad voice. Nevertheless, they received so much applause at the end of their performance that they did an encore, 'Darlin' Be Home Soon'. I suppose

that proves how hard up people in St. Louis are for good entertainment. It's a bit different from NYC where there's always somebody playing somewhere.

A few weeks ago, I had a most unusual experience, I went to a Lawrence Welk concert. It seems that my aunt, assuming that no one in the world could dislike his music, purchased tickets for the whole family, mostly because it was to benefit her favorite charity. She bought 6 tickets for us, but my mother was able to gracefully extract herself from this predicament by working that night, so I ~~dragged Hank kicking and screaming~~ asked Hank to go.

Chris, Hank and I went together. When we got to Kiel auditorium, we almost didn't go in, but we couldn't think of anything else to do. We found ourselves way up in the upper balcony, but near the stage. My father and Michael were already there, so we sat down, not quite sure what to prepare for. We should have known it would be bad when Mr. Welk, upon being introduced, was given a standing ovation by ? thousand old ladies and their husbands. And it was. He must have had about 100 people who performed with his show. We sat up there and made uncomplimentary remarks to the horror of the people in back of us, while, well, if you've ever had the misfortune to see one of his shows, you know what it was like. One of the most amusing moments came when Lawrence Welk stepped down into the audience and began to dance with his female admirers. We were happy to see the intermission and decided we couldn't take any more. It was too early to go home, so we tried to think of something else to do. Now, in St. Louis we have this quite beautiful fountain of Greek figures made in some black metal. I had never seen them up close and as they were only a few blocks away, we decided to go look at them. It was great fun running in and out of the spray and staring at the nude figures which had so shocked St. Louisians at the turn of the century. They were much more entertaining than Lawrence Welk.

Well, as you all know, St. Louis is bidding for the worldcon in '69 (plug, plug). We, the St. Louis people, spent some time at Nycon politicking for our bid and it proved to be a great deal of fun. Mostly, I just wore my 'St. Louis in '69' button and hoped that anyone who happened to talk to me would notice the button. It does give one a Good excuse, if they need it, to talk to anybody and everybody. Bidding is a lot of fun and a lot of work. But it's about the fastest way to become known in fandom and noticed by BNFs. And I think that the Couches will be even more involved now, as my mother and father have been appointed secretary and treasurer of the bidding committee (fandom is run by committees) respectively. Fun?



PGhod

A ship was sent out from earth for the express purpose of seeking out new civilizations. On their long mission, they found a planet that fascinated them, for the dominant race there had three sexes. They were very peaceful and allowed the Terrans to live among them and study them. The three sexes, as nearly as they can be transcribed, were called Mings, Mirjians, and Mokes. One strange factor that the socialologists soon noticed was that two of the sexes seemed to find each other more attractive than the third. Finally, they decided to ask the humanoids about it. It took some time for them to get the message across, only to be met by incredulity. "Why," they had it explained to them, "everyone knows that Mings go better with Mokes!"

I suppose that, like me, most of you are back in school by now. School is, to me at least, a routine, a safe little box that can be counted on to shield you from the unexpected. In fact, it caused a great excited stir in the school when it was announced that from now on we would be allowed to wear our uniform skirts at the top of our knee, instead of the middle, as has been the tradition and rule. Don't laugh, regimentation is much more comfortable than worrying about what you will wear every day.

Anyway, I find that this routine is liable to dull the senses to such an extent that it is difficult to tell one day from the other. True the school provides little things to remind you it's today, not yesterday or tomorrow. But I prefer to find my own little differences, instead of saying it must be Tuesday 'cause I'm having P. E. Oh, I suppose the things I find are quite insignificant and only distinguish the days in my memory for a week or two. But it does make me aware. I have to look for something, have to stay awake all day. I don't suppose you quite know what I'm talking about. I mean, every day I look for something to make that special; the weather, some person who particularly impresses me, something in the mail, anything that will only happen on that day, no other.

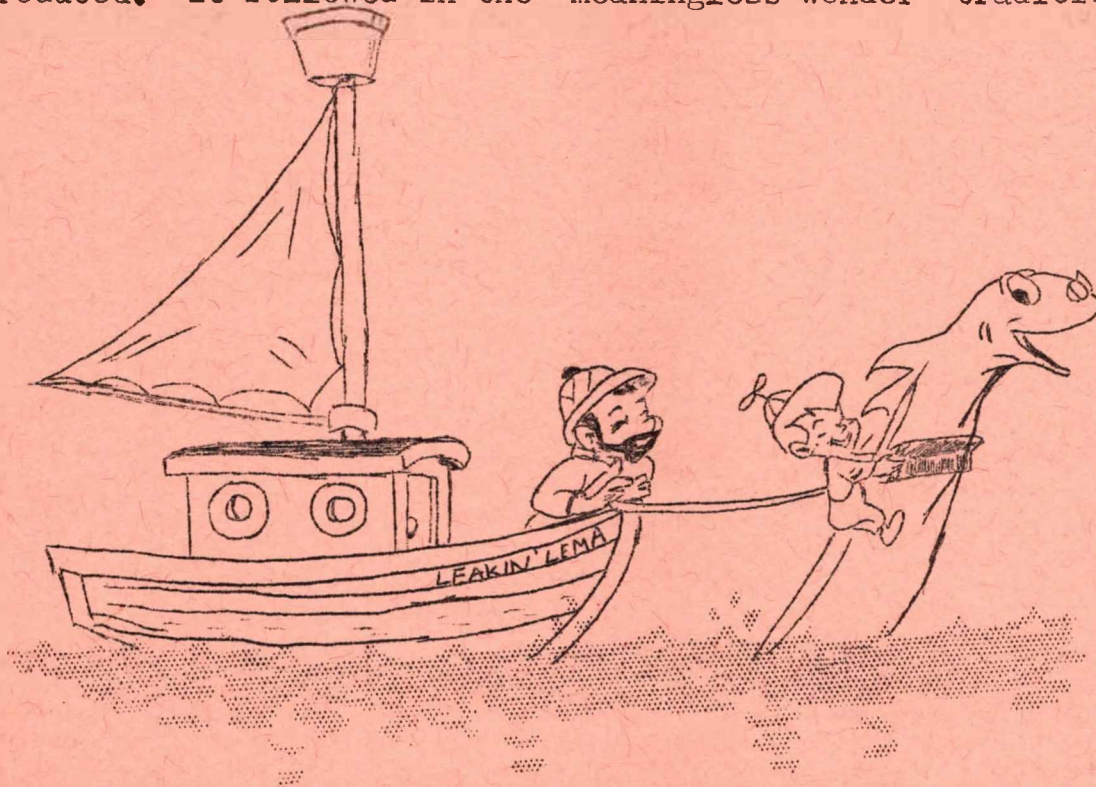
Last week my different thing was quite unusual. Chris and I ride the bus every morning to school (isn't public transit wonderful). Wednesday morning (at 8:00, or perhaps 3:00 a.m.) we were talking and we both noticed a girl dressed rather as a plastic hippy, with buttons and beads, get on the bus. She sat down in the back of the bus, but a minute later came up to where we were sitting. She presented us each with a flower, because, she said, she liked my hair. Chris stuck my flower in my hair and it reminded me all day of that unusual incident. In fact, I stuck the poor, dead flower in my dresser mirror, which is now quite covered with silly things which I have preserved for one reason or another.

Friday evening when I got on the bus I saw Chris sitting in the back and sat down next to him. He said, "Look who's sitting in back." I turned around and there was the flower child. I waved at her and she came up to talk to us. She again gave us each a flower, explaining that a girl whom she had been bringing a flower to daily had that day presented her with a huge bouquet. She asked me how long it had taken for me to grow my mop of hair, a standard question actually, but apparently she wanted to know for practical reasons. She had to get off, but promised to see us next week. Chris and I were delighted with her, for one seldom meets cool people on the bus. Not because cool people don't avail themselves of public transit; it's just because

busses are so unfriendly, people very seldom talk to people they don't know on them. It's kind of a shame. When you see someone on the bus everyday, you almost feel as if you know them, but they never talk to you, never say anything, so you don't really know them at all.

Do you remember, oh so long ago, when you used to get up to watch cartoons on Saturday morning? The past few Saturdays, for some reason or the other, I have seen many of this seasons crop of cartoon shows. It was quite funny, after observing the degenerate specimens of that fine art, Chris and I began to reminisce. The only show now that was on when Saturday morning was the focal point of the week for us, is "Captain Kangaroo." And it is still the incredibly entertaining, educated program it was. But as for the rest of the crpp, well they used to be much better.

If you remember, a cartoon show used to be a half hour or an hour of cartoons, disconnected, each one different, though you were liable to see the same set of cartoons every month, they were good cartoons, some of them were "classics," Scrappy and his weird adventures, Krazy Kat, a silent cartoon which produced a sense of 'meaningless wonder' which no program ever comes near to producing today; a cartoon which comes up in my memory only as "Sunshine, sunshine, we've got lots of good old golden sunshine," and evil ones who were converted in the end; there were many which I can recall only snatches of. A little later, cartoon shows come to mean half hour programs concerning the adventures of one character, and other cartoon characters labelled as his friends. Mighty Mouse and Huckleberry Hound were among the first of these I believe. This concept reached it's peak several years later in the creation of two great shows, "Rocky and Bullwinkle" who followed in the tradition of wierd plots and characters. The plots seemed never to get in the way of the story which often used vocal gags, esp. puns, rather than the traditional sight gags. The other was "Beany and Cecil" which I consider to be one of the greatest cartoon shows ever produced. It followed in the "meaningless wonder" tradition of Krazy Kat.



One cartoon I remember in particular was called 'Ragmop' and consisted mostly of the character's singing a song that went, "R, I say RA, RAG, RAGG, RAGGMOPP, Ragmop."

Since those shows, cartoons have degenerated. Today, for 6 hours every Saturday morning are broadcast innumerable shows of super heroes, 'animated' comic books, which are actually a completely different art form. They have reached such a degree of ridiculousness, that there is now one entitled "Super President". It is a shame that the kids of today must miss out on the greatest of the old cartoons and now watch six hours of the same plot.

Those of you who saw that abomination, Quark one, might remember an article in it concerning some adventures with a Ouija board. Well, I offer the following pieces of information regarding its predictions.

#### Ouija Revisited

Regarding the Ozarkon, Ouija predicted an attendance of "6 people, 66 fans." I don't know about the people, but we did have a registration of 65. Ouija also said that our GoH would be ghod. No, he didn't descend in a flaming chariot, but when Roger Zelazny arrived, he was greeted with cries of, 'Here comes ghod.'

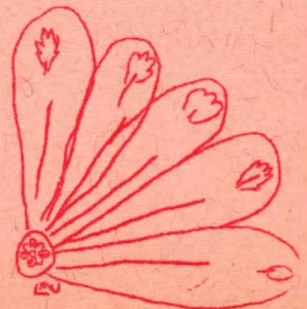
But the greatest surprise of all is Ouija's prediction concerning the Hugo winner. When asked about the winners, it replied with the letters LC, which we took to be someone's initials. No, Lin Carter Didn't win a Hugo, but "Last Castle" by Jack Vance did. How about that?

#### PGhod

In ancient Britain there lived a barbarian king who had three beautiful daughters known far and wide as the "Themories." Hundreds of young men wanted to marry them. Finally the king announced that a test of strength and courage should determine the man. Now in those days across the sea on a small island there lived great cats called "Manx". These were as huge as several men and deadly as an army. The man who brought the skin of the manx to the palace would be allowed to chose one of the sisters for his bride. The greatest warrior of the kingdom soon undertook the sea journey to the Isle of Manx. There he sought out and slew a manx greater than any that had ever been seen before. He removed the great hide, and returned with it in his boat. He landed at night, and hoisting the monster's skin upon his back, approached the palace gate. "Halt and state your business," came the challenge. From under the weight of the skin he gasped, "Manx...for the Themories." CC

"Those who'll play with  
cats must expect to be  
scratched."

Miguel De Cervantes.



# USUI NON ESSE

20

A many-faceted story with complications.

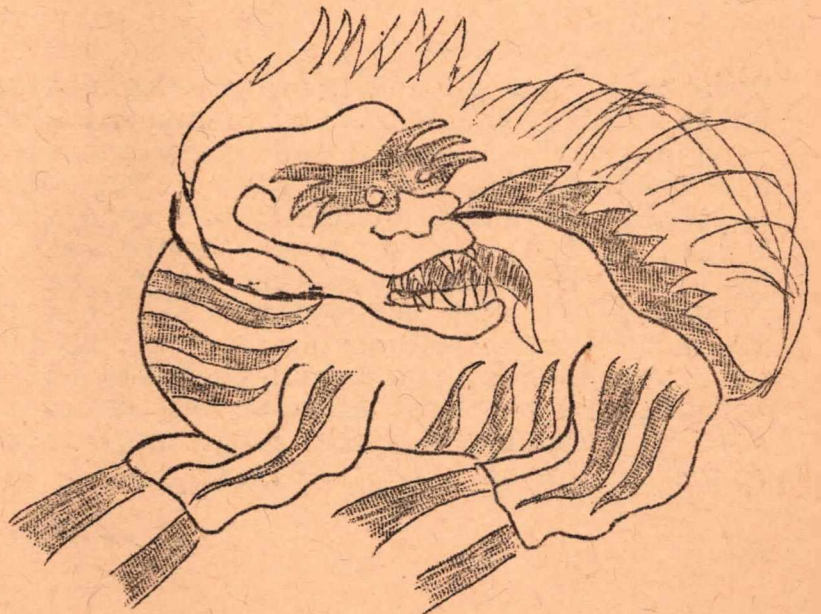
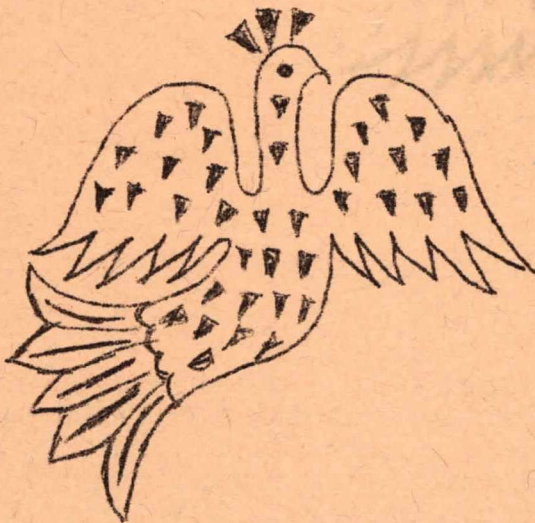
James A. Schumacher

## P R E F A C E

The following story is a happening. You may change the story at the given points by following the mood. The numbers refer to the page you are to turn to next. DO NOT READ THE PAGES CONSECUTIVELY. This won't work. However, when you have finished you may begin again and chose a different route. The ending may be explained by the title, Usui Non Esse, which is Latin for "to be of no avail." Have fun. There are sixteen different versions to this story.

Note: The page references on the fifth page of the story go according to whether you have read the third or fourth page beforehand.

Note Bene: If you would like to start on a happy note, try the first page. If you like somber stories, start on the second page.  
The Author

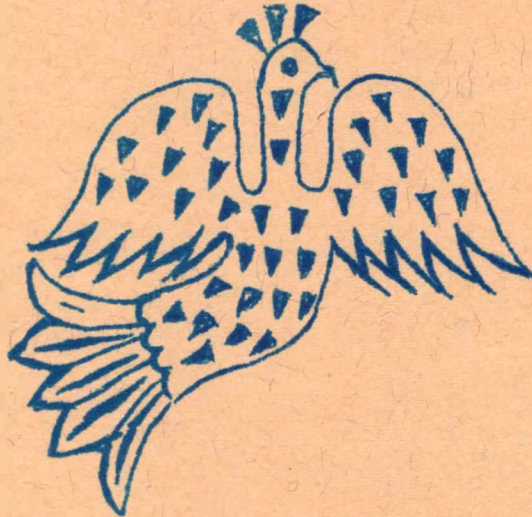


The silence of the Florida swamps was invaded by the motor of the battered green boat as it slowly putted its way through the narrow but deep channel. A man sat at the outboard, his ruddy face eagerly searching the shimmering blue water around the boat. Bill Anderson was happy: this three-week vacation was a contest prize from his employer; fishing was his first love: he looked forward to catching one of the famous "lunkers" he had heard so much about. A shout shattered the stillness of the morning air. Bill's eyes snapped toward the spot from which the noise had come. It sounded again, and Bill could hear the thrashing of something or someone in the water.

GAY: Page Three.

or

MORBID: Page Four



Once there was an engineer who was contracted by a certain city to build a road over a nearby mountain. His imagination was fired by the project, and he supervised every detail of construction. Finally, it was completed, and the city began collecting the tolls. However, the engineer was not satisfied; his road lacked balance. Several months later, he realized what was needed -- a fountain on the crest of the hill. He returned to the city, and explained his idea to the city fathers, but they refused to allow him to construct it. So one night he and his crew of engineers snuck up the mountain, knocked out the gate attendants, and began to build his fountain. However, he was caught, and the next morning was hauled into court. He pleaded his case eloquently, but the judge explained to him, "You can't make a fountain out of a toll hill."

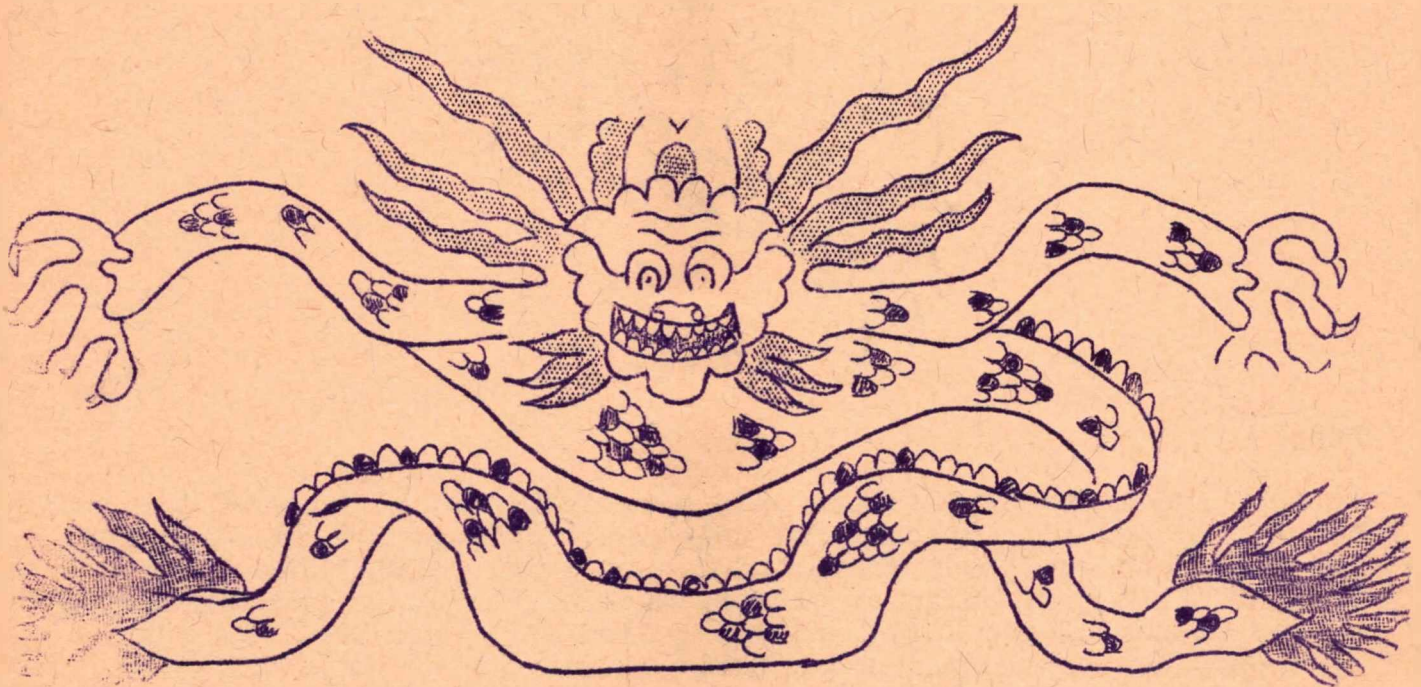
-- Mike Montgomery

The silence of the Florida swamps was invaded by the motor of the battered green boat as it slowly putted its way through the narrow but deep channel. A man sat on the outboard, his pallid face sullenly surveying the wilderness around him. Bill Anderson was melancholy; nothing seemed to be going right. He had missed the plane to Florida and was already two days late. The guides had been booked solid for ocean fishermen, and all he could rent was a small johnboat and a puny engine. He didn't like fishing anyhow: it had been his wife's idea that he should take it up for a "interesting and enjoyable hobby". The dusk stillness was shattered by a shout. Bill's eyes snapped toward the spot from which the noise had come. It sounded again, and Bill could hear the thrashing of something or someone in the water.

GAY: Page Three

or

MORBID: Page Four

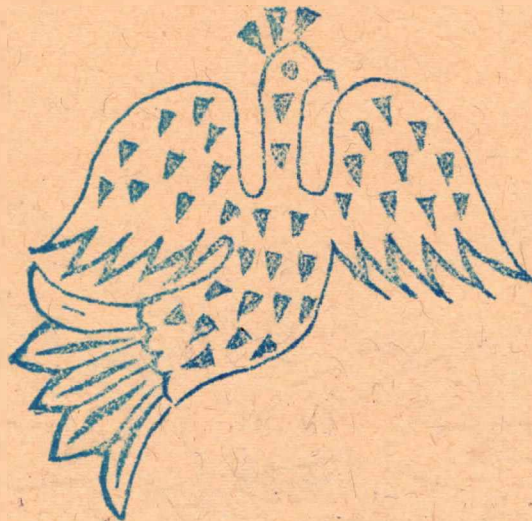


Bill gunned the motor and the boat sped to the thick rushes near the shore. As he approached, he saw a man in the water, clasping a tree limb, and floundering to keep above the surface. The rotten limb cracked, and the man sank. Bill kicked off his shoes and jumped into the water. He knew how to swim (from Phys. Ed.) and he soon had the man in the boat, barely but discernably alive.

HAPPY: Page Five

or

SAD: Page Five



PGhod

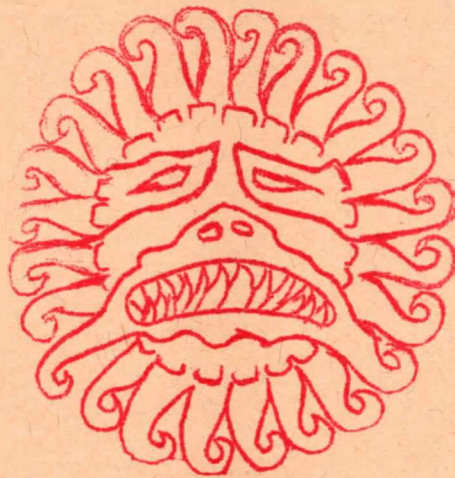
At one time in the far future on a certain planet a group of Earthmen had set up several agricultural colonies. This planet was isolated, and only Earth-ship per year landed. On said planet there lived a race of strange globular creatures, who were friendly and responsive to the wishes of the Earthmen, who called them "dapples." These creatures had one rather undesirable peculiarity -- under certain conditions, they would explode. The colonists had also a group of fantastically mechanized tractors. One day, a certain circuit failed in their central control, and they went wild, attacking the crops. The colonists discovered that they had no weapons which capable of stopping the tractors, but they had to either stop the tractors or starve. Finally one of them in desperation sent out a dapple to destroy a tractor. It exploded, destroying both itself and the tractor. At this the other tracotrs fled. The next day they returned, but another dapple, destroying another tractor, caused them to retreat. So for a year it continued, (cont. p. 24)

Bill gunned the motor and the boat swung toward the thick rushes near the shore. As he approached it, he saw a man in the water, clasping a tree limb and floundering to stay above the surface. The rotten limb gave way and the man sank. Bill kicked off his shoes and jumped into the water. One thing he had learned in Phys. Ed. was how to swim. But this time he was too late, for the man he dragged to the boat was quite dead.

HAPPY: Page Five

or

SAD: Page Five



each day another dapple sacrificing its life. Finally, the Earth-ship arrived, and they explained about the tractor's revolt. "How did you survive?" they were asked. "A dapple a day keeps the tractors away."

--Mike Montgomery

How We Saved Roger Zelazny's Career in Science Fiction  
or  
The Debt Fandom Owes Us

-- Greg Shank & Dick Byers

((Out of this year's Ozarkon has come this strange story. . .))

We were standing in front of a table covered with huckster's material. We were arguing about such important points as who had gotten the best books from the hucksters, whether Simak was a better writer than Shakespeare, and the creation of the universe. I was about to settle all three arguments in 25 words or less when a disheveled and obviously distraught person ran past us and dived onto the table of books and magazines beside us. I was amazed to see such beserk (cont. p. 26)



READ THIS:

IF THE MAN IS ALIVE....

No sooner than he had clambered onto the boat, a whine came from somewhere down the channel that he had followed on his way through the swamps. It grew in intensity, and Bill soon recognized it as a hydrofoil engine. He stood as it rounded the bend and bore down on him.

HAPPY: Page Six

or

SAD: Page Seven

IF THE MAN IS DEAD....

No sooner than he had clambered onto the boat, a whine came from somewhere down the channel that he had followed on his way through the swamps. It grew in intensity, and Bill soon recognized it as a hydrofoil engine.

HAPPY: Page Eight

or

SAD: Page Seven



The man at Bill's feet groaned and woke as the other boat approached. He got up weakly, and Bill flagged the boat to a stop. On its side was painted "SWAMP PATROL." The patrol boat captain threw a line to Bill's johnboat, and soon the two were side by side. Bill told the captain all that had happened, and when he had finished the captain said, "We'll take him back." The man seemed to be fully recovered now, though he hung his head, face downward. As he stepped into the police boat, he shoved a soggy piece of paper into Bill's hand. "For your trouble," he murmured. Bill looked at the wet slip. It was a \$1000 note.

PLEASANT: Page Nine

or

MELANCHOLY: Page Twelve



behavior at a formal gathering like a Science Fiction Con. Then I realized that the obviously fear-stricken wreck we were watching was actually Roger Zelazny! I mentioned this to Dick Byers who nodded wisely, stepped on my toe, and said "Let's ask him what he's doing." So we did. And he answered us in a hoarse, almost inaudible voice, saying that he was looking for one of his own books to have his picture taken with as the photographer (from the St. Louis Post Dispatch) wanted to have some proof of his greatness in the picture. Roger had forgotten to bring any of his own, and, after searching every table, had been unable to find any of his titles left. At once I realized that the E.F.F. (Eddorian Fake Fans) were trying to snuff out the career of S.F.'s brightest by subtly squashing all publicity he might get. Asking him to pose with some of his work was obviously a trap because everything he does sells like hotcakes and they knew he would be too modest to bring his own copies.

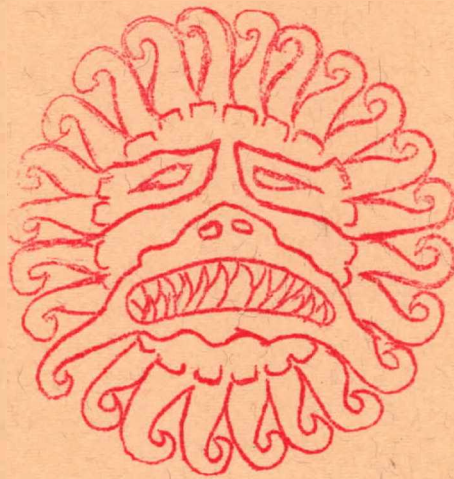
But thinking quickly, I came up with the solution. Remembering that Dick had based some of his arguments on the fact that (cont. p. 28)

As he stood a sharper whine, lasting a minute, floated to him. Another came, but it wasn't until the third scored a splintery smash into the side of the johnboat that Bill realized he was being shot at. He dove into the boat, flat on his face beside the other man, as more bullets zipped overhead. A few struck the sides of the boat, but none hit Bill, or scored below the waterline of the johnboat. He froze breathlessly as the bullets stopped and the whine of the old air-cushioned engine grew louder.

PLEASANT: Page Ten

or

MELANCHOLY: Page Thirteen



Requiem for 319 - 40 - 2544

Who will weep for the assassin,  
when his life comes to an end?  
Will all words at fun'ral spoken  
be post-mortem reprimands?  
Will the upturned earth feel dimly,  
at the grave-site of the man,  
salty raindrops softly falling  
from the eyes where they began?  
Will uncaring trees hear faintly,  
floating over hill and dell,  
muffled sobs of someone crying,  
or a silence, deep as hell?  
When someday a foreign justice  
Harshly sends me to my end,  
I will know again these verses;  
and only then will  
comprehend . . .

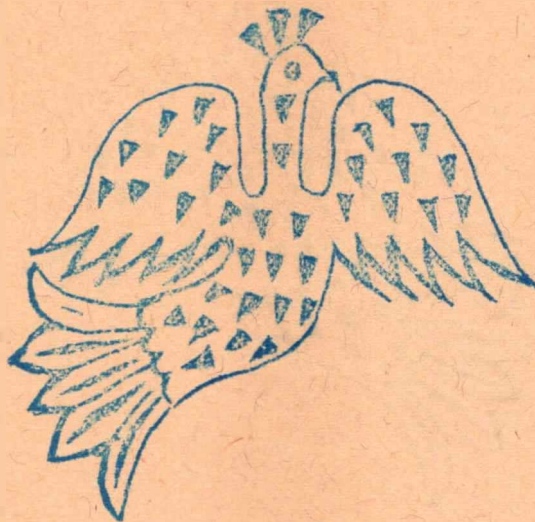
--- Jim Reuss

"Ahoy, there!" shouted a grizzled old man from the stern of his boat. "Wait a minute!" He threw a rope to Bill, and soon the two boats were side by side. The old man wore old clothes, and his boat was a battered old dory with a surprisingly new engine. He offered his hand to Bill. "I'm Kermit, the hermit," he said. A stream of tobacco juice shot from his mouth. He motioned toward the body.

PLEASANT: Page Eleven

or

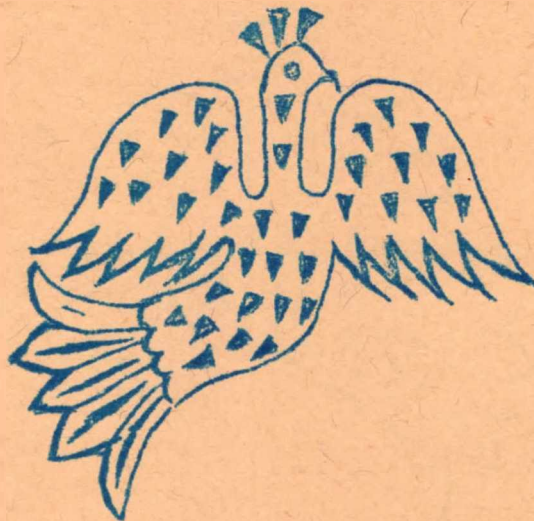
MELANCHOLY: Page Fourteen



he'd been able to steal two magazines from the personal collection of one of the hucksters and that these two mags had cover illustrated Roger Zelazny stories in them, I suggested to Dick that he lend them to Roger. As the picture shows, the plot was foiled and Zelazny's career was saved as the Fake Fans realized that Trufans would always be there to help Roger in the future.

Bill stared in amazement at the waterlogged bill lying in the palm of his hand. He turned to the man, but J. Richard Pennywater III was already in the patrol boat and the lines were being cast off. He managed to yell, "Hey, Mister..." before the roar of the air-cushion's whine started, but he knew the man didn't hear him. The police boat disappeared around the bend. With a wry smile he laid the bill carefully on the seat of the boat to dry. Then, remembering what he was in the swamps for, he picked up his rod and began to cast. On the third stroke, something scored a tremendous hit on the spoon. He set the hook sharply and the battle began.

TURN TO THE LAST PAGE.



He tried to shrink into the very wood as the whine grew louder and louder, then suddenly stopped. A megaphone boomed, "RISE, WITH YOUR HANDS UP!" Bill did so, shakily. It was a swamp patrol, and the lieutenant held a bullhorn in one hand and a rifle on the other, the latter levelled at Bill. He squinted at Bill's face for a minute, then lowered the rifle. "Oops," he said, "looks like we made a mistake, Mister. We thought you wuz Harry Johnson. He escaped from Jacksonville pen last night; we had orders to shoot to kill. Didn't know anybody was fishing in these parts no more. Sorry to bother you." Bill glowered at the lieutenant, searching for a nasty comment, then happened to remember the man at his feet. "What's your man look like?" he yelled to the lieutenant. "About thirty or so; brown hair and eyes. He's still wearing the grey suit from the pen." Bill looked down; the man at his feet had brown hair and grey coveralls. He threw a rope to the police boat, and the two drew alongside one another. He motioned toward the body. "Is that him?" he asked. The lieutenant gulped and levelled a rifle at the man. "Be damned if 'taint!" he muttered. Bill explained what had happened, while two crewmen brought the man into the police boat. They applied artificial respiration in the bottom of their boat; Bill could not see the results, if any. The lieutenant ended with "There's a \$500 reward on his head. See me at headquarters when you get back and I'll see that you get it. Ask for Lieutenant Carson." The air cushion pulled away, and Bill smiled: not bad for a day's fishing. He picked up his rod and, whistling, began to cast. On the third stroke, something scored a tremendous hit on the spoon. He set the hook and the battle began.

TURN TO THE LAST PAGE



"I see you cornered Harry Johnson." Kermit pulled the body over on its side and nodded. "Yep, that's him. Escaped last night from Jacksonville pen. Orders to shoot on sight." He stood. "I work for the Swamp Patrol now and then. Oh, there's a five hundred dollar reward for this fellow. Follow me back and you can collect it." Bill could not believe his ears. Nevertheless, he had come here to go fishing. "I'll follow you later," he said, "I have to cast here just once more." Kermit heaved the body into the boat and started the engine. "See you later," he yelled, as the boat disappeared around the bend. Bill picked up his rod and, pleased with himself, began to cast. On the third stroke, something scored a tremendous hit on the spoon. Bill set the hook and the battle began.

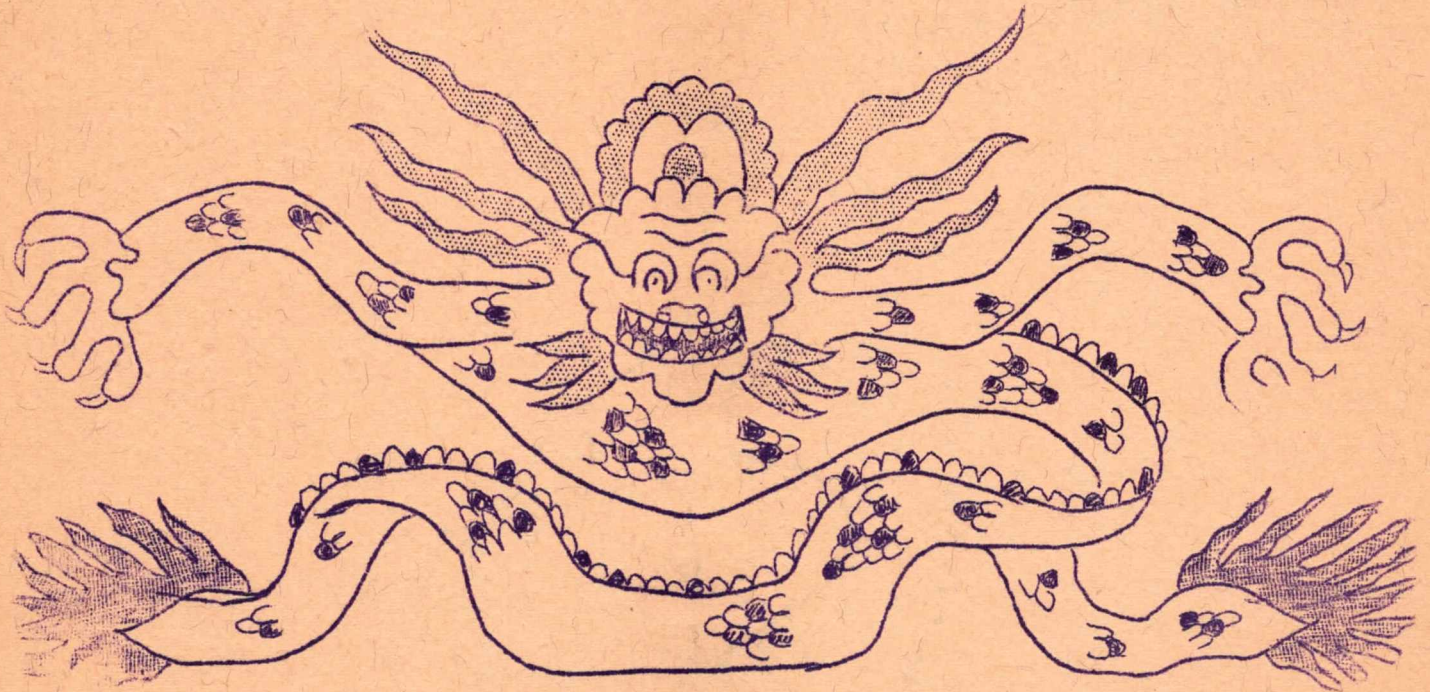
TURN TO THE LAST PAGE.



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The captain shoved the man roughly into the boat. "Get going!" he snarled. Then he grabbed the wet note from Bill's hand, crumpled it, and threw it into the water, where it quickly sank. Bill watched dismayedly, a protest caught in his throat. The captain turned to him. "That's Harry Johnson you rescued, Mister: biggest counterfeiter in the South. He escaped from Jacksonville pen last night with some of his goods. That bill was one of them." He shook his head. "Sorry, but they ain't even issued a reward yet; he hadn't been gone long enough. Won't now, either, now that he's been caught. But at least you can tell your friends you caught a criminal." The captain smiled sympathetically as the police air cushion shoved off and the whine grew faint. With a sigh, Bill picked up his rod and began to cast. On the third stroke, something scored a tremendous hit on the spoon. Bill set the hook and the battle began,

TURN TO THE LAST PAGE.





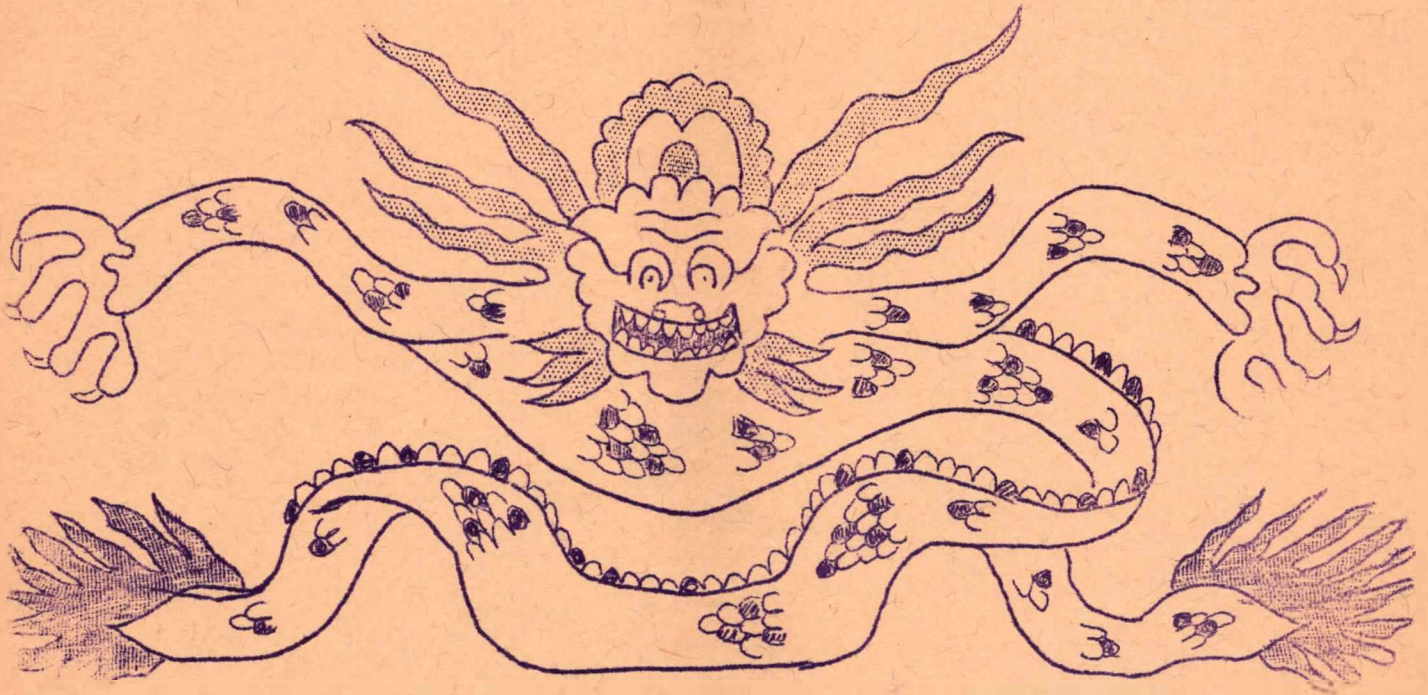
All was silence for a few seconds. Then a boot grated on his spine, and a rough voice snarled, "Get up!" Bill did so shakily, and turned to see a huge, hairy man in old clothes confront him, a rifle levelled at Bill's chest. He spied the body in the bottom of the boat and with a quick motion put a bullet through his temple. The man's rough hands pulled through Bill's pockets, taking anything of value that he found. So! thought Bill. There were swamp pirates in this day and age! The man went through the body's clothing too, and a crewman took Bill's food, outboard, and oars. When all had been loaded on the other dory, the huge man turned and laughed. "I should put a bullet in your brain, bonny, but I'll let ye go this time. Tell your friends that Cottonmouth Cal visited you--that is, if you ever get back to see them!" He roared with laughter as the dory shoved off, and Bill sat miserably in his stripped boat. This couldn't be happening to him! He saw the bloody corpse; he picked it up and heaved it into the water, where it sank slowly. It must be a dream, he decided. If I sit here long enough, it will go away and I will wake up. Yes, that's just what I must do; I must sit here. Bill rummaged under the seat until he found a collapsible fishing rod, and assembling it and using a spoon from his hat, he cast into the rushes. On the third stroke, something scored a tremendous hit on the spoon, Bill giggled nervously, set the hook, and the battle began.

TURN TO THE LAST PAGE.



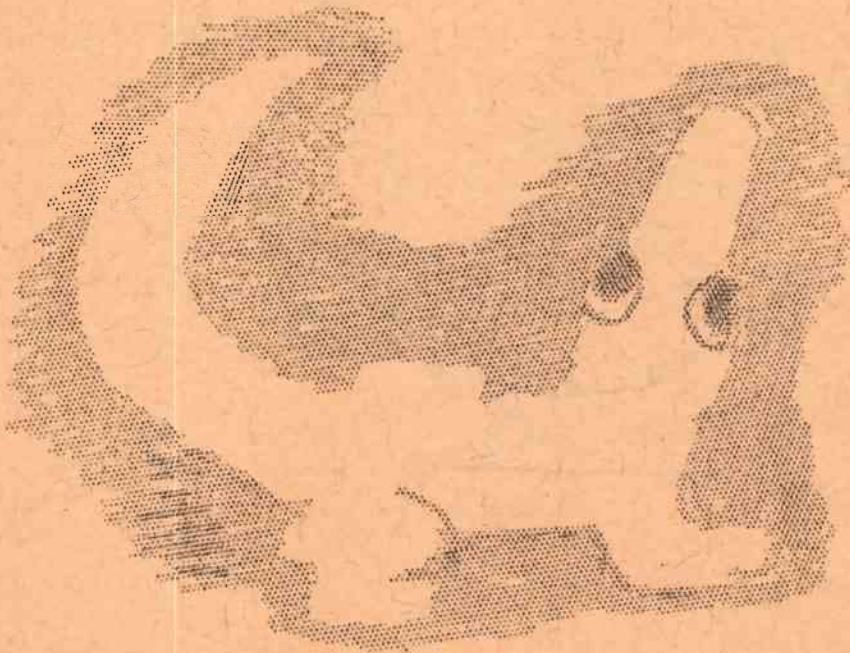
"That yours?" he asked. Bill nodded dumbly, and Kermit bent over the body. He turned it over his knee, and smoothed back the hair from the young man's lifeless face. His back shook, and Bill heard a sob which Kermit desperately tried to muffle. The scene was frozen that way, Kermit dried his tears with a dirty handkerchief, and carried the body into his battered little dory. As he prepared to leave, he murmured quietly to Bill, "My son. Went fishing last night--didn't come back this morning. I was out looking for him, to bring him home for dinner. Never did work out." He looked up, and tears were rolling down the grizzled face. "Thanks," he said. Bill nodded. With a bustling pretense, Kermit set about the old air-cushion motor and soon was gone the way he had come. Bill looked after him for a minute or two, sighed and shook his head. He picked up his rod listlessly and cast into the rushes. On the retrieve, something scored a tremendous hit on the spoon. Bill set the hook and the battle began.

TURN TO THE LAST PAGE



Alas, wais are often won and lost in a short length of time. Bill had not hooked a lunker bass but a crocodile, and expecting ten pounds of pressure from the spoon instead of three hundred and ten, Bill was pulled off balance and into the water. Although the wetness softened the blow, a few minutes was all the crocodile needed for his meal. Soon Bill thought no more of money, life, or death.

If you like, return to the beginning of the story and pick a different route.



Lmc's

## MAILING 12

Black Prince #8 (ABC) I don't know, I sort of like Sir Sylvester and Radish. It won't seem like Black Prince without them.

Well, Alton, I started on this Quark a whole month early and here it is Oct. 8 and I'm just doing my mailing comments. I don't think I have been writing real mcs; I don't digress enough, I've been told. Maybe they'll be a little better this time. I know several different ways in which people do them. Some people don't read the mailing 'til they're ready to write their mcs, some do them as soon as they read the mailing, most do them directly on stencil. I read the mailing as soon as I get it and read it again three months later when I do my mailing comments. I can't type well enough to think up what I want to type and how to type it at the same time. Maybe when I learn to type better I'll follow that fannish tradition of composing on stencil. For now, I scribble things down in a notebook at home, or on notepaper at school.

Arg It's Us (ABC) Great, great. Can you see what would happen if everybody in the apa did a parody of somebody else: Blue Prints, Quirk, Baddeal, I Ripped My Clever Plastic Diaper (better known as INSIPID), The Ecstatic Coke Machine.

Argus-the real thing from Gaye

I hope that most people's opinion of Argus didn't bother you. I suppose it's pretty good, considering the obstacles you were up against. I think the reason people thought it was pretty bad is because school newspapers are taken a bit more seriously down here. Most schools have a real newspaper, printed by a professional printer and coming out every 3 to 6 weeks. Argus just doesn't look like what I think most of us consider a school newspaper.

Abdiel 10 (Hank) Yes, various Couches did run this thing off. Now that you're at school and can't run over here every time you have something to run off, maybe George (I wonder how many other people remembered it's name) will get over his feelings of inadequacy and become a happy, useful mimeo once more. After all, Cymry isn't really a people. It's just an A B Dick thingy. Oh, it's nice and all, but it's not a real member of the family or anything.

I like your typeface much better than ours. You can really see the difference by comparing my Nycon report to the rest of Quark. Our pica is so big that it's terrible, unless you want to do minac or something. The typer I use at school is elite, in fact, they don't even have a pica. The typing course I'm taking is officially known as Notehand-Typing (or, Nohand-Typing, as Chris says). It involves learning personal typing and a mixture of shorthand and



longhand, known as notehand. It is only to prepare you for college and is quite a good idea, I think. Actually, it's my most consistently bearable class.

Sapsafield (Kusske) Well, Sir John, your little age-amend did not caus a feud in Mo. The Fishers were as surprised as we to find that they were dying to get into APA-45. I'm sure they have very little time for an apazine, what with our con bid and putting out Odd. I can't see why they would possibly want to send their expensively produced and extremely good genzine thru an apa, half of whose members already get it.

I do not like Wonder Wart Hog because of the way he "Mashes Bad Guys Who are bad guys? I simply think he's funny and he doesn't observe any sacred cows. Rather like the Mothers of Invention.

Strange Truth was good. Most religious groupr take themselves too seriously. I mean, to most people, religion is serious and most relig-ious groups do engage in serious works, but when a group believes that they and nobody else possesses the 'real truth', they are taking them-selves seriously. They are taking god too seriously.

Mic-Kup #17 (Kusske) Not having seen any others of these, I really can't tell what it's supposed to be.

Sorry you didn't appreciate LOTR. I'm not a fanatic about it; I first read it in 6th grade and became absolutely fascinated by it. Since then, I have read it 5 times, appreciating it more each time. LOTR is supposed to be a fairy tale, not exactly for children, but a fairy tale nevertheless. As such, it can have as many unbelievable aspects as the author desires. It is a beautifully constructed story which completely captivated my imagination as a child, and now I find it's very 'involvedness' fascinating. My English teacher mentioned it in class and now a number of people at school are reading it. I think this is a good sign. LOTR is a good remedy for the deterioration of the sense of wonder which seems to affect most adults and adolescents.

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Louis the IX discovered America  
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Twitch #2 (Fletch) Your cartooning is great. I predict that you'll come out high man in the egoboo poll in that category.

If you could figure out someway of doing mailing comments in cartoon, it would really be something else. One picture is worth a thousand letters and everybody else writes theirs. If anyone could draw them, you could. The way you get to know the other people in the apa is thru their mcs and natterings, but I think your art expresses your person-ality as well as other people's prose expresses theirs.

Cheap Thrills (Fred Haskell)

"Anybody wanna buy a Cheap Thrill?"

I hope you do have a second issue. This is quite a good-looking zine, one of the best in the mailing. I thought that your colour scheme (regarding the pages) was beautiful. Where did you get that lus-cious purple paper?

Weyland Jones does great cartoons. They rather remind me of 'Saw-dust' in Dick Tracy, because of the simplicity of the dots. I thought

them quite pointed.

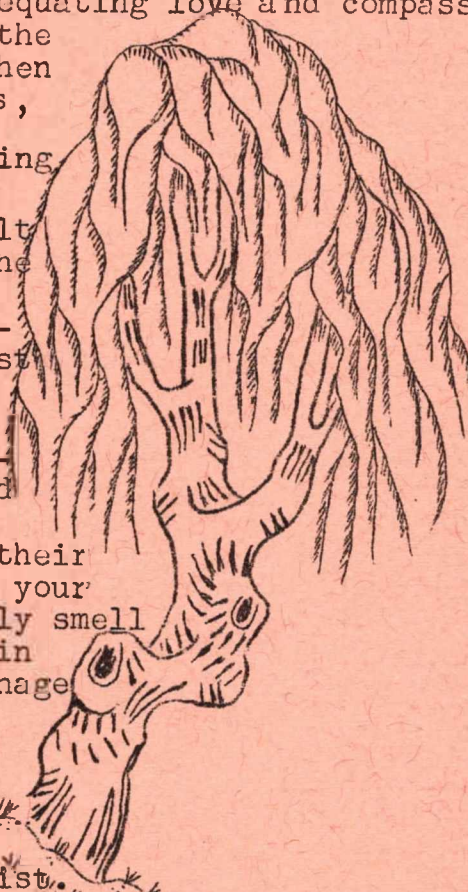
Special Legendary Deu D'Ammassa Section

Thanks. I wasn't disappointed.

Gaslark II

Ah, the infamous cover. Actually, it's quite clever. Before one figures it out, the pattern on the skirt looks quite normal. Hmmm, that's an idea; pschydalic lettering printed on clothes. Most people couldn't read it, so it could say almost anything.

I don't think I quite agree with your equating love and compassion. Perhaps I get the wrong conotations from the word, but I would use empathy instead. When someone is able to feel what another feels, love is a natural result. It is not just understanding the other person, it's feeling as much as possible, the same things he feels. Empathy with another is a difficult thing to achieve though. You must know the other person very well. I suppose there may be some people with more universal empathy, but most people are only able to establish this contact with a relatively few people. When someone establishes a bond of mutual empathy with a person of the opposite sex, they generally get married and thus limit their empathetic ties to their partner and a few other people with whom their partner can also achieve empathy. Thus, your 'great ganglia' would consist of relatively small groups or else be held together by the thin thread of those few single persons who manage to retain their capacity for empathy.



Gaslark III

I hope you don't mind me stealing your line for the title of my natterings. It seemed so appropriate I just couldn't resist.

Abortion is a complicated issue. I think that the reason some religions profess to be completely against it because God said, "Thou shall not kill." Note, he did not elaborate. Ideally, it would be beautiful if man did not have to kill anything. I would think that any concept of heaven must include the principle of live and let live for all things. But it is obvious that here, man cannot avoid killing things. You most probably kill something everytime you breathe. Granted that microscopic and the lowest forms of macroscopic creatures are probably not aware of life. Still, I feel guilty about destroying an insect for no good reason. Man must also kill other creatures in order to survive. He might become a vegetarian, but plants scream when they are cut.

So, man must kill other creatures for food. And because he raises these creatures for this purpose, they probably have a more comfortable existence than they otherwise would. I think that the higher forms of life are aware that they are alive. Perhaps a duck would not be able to explain to Mr. Fergus why it would prefer not to die, but some an-

imals, I believe, are aware enough to realize that they are alive and prefer to remain that way. As to a fetus, I would think that it is perhaps not as aware as many animals, but then, it has less to be aware of. The experience of the womb is a deep part of the subconscious and affects a person later on. In fact, there is some proof for the theory that the mental attitude of the mother can affect the unborn child. True, this is not a reasoning person, but some religions do not consider children capable of reason until they reach the age of 7. Mr. Fergus decides to make birth the point at which a bunch of cells becomes a person. It is a convenient point, but I submit that a point some what earlier than this, one determined by medical knowledge of when the fetus begins a small life of its own, be set. Before this point, an abortion could be performed for any one of the good reasons argued for today, rape, physical danger to the mother, etc. After this point, abortions would only be allowed for very serious reasons not apparent before that date. Society does not have to see to it that every child possible has a chance to exist, but I believe that its responsibility to the citizen extends to the womb.

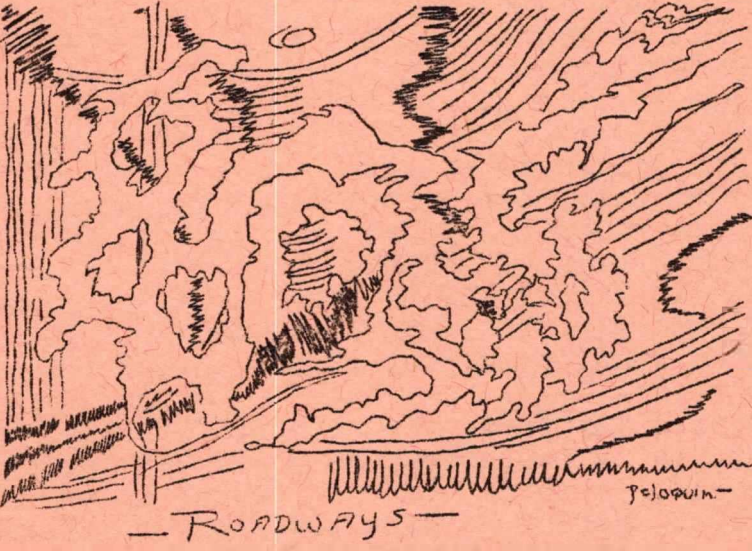
Widgett 8-12

I think it would be rather immoral to comment on someone's description of themselves.

Ecstatic Pinball Machine 1-6

Again, I think it would be rather immoral to comment on someone's description of themselves. But, they weren't all about you, they were the world thru you, I suppose. A strange thing, as I re-read them, I feel as if I could understand the first four. But your ecstatic pinball machine broke and the last two hurt my eyes to read and my mind to comprehend. Please, try and fix it. Perhaps it is well again, I believe it is. But if it isn't, you can talk to somebody you believe to have one.

IRMCePiD #3 (Jim Young) The cover is absolutely beautiful. I think with a little bit more experience you could put out one of the best zines in the apa.



Taranis #1 (George Johnston) Yes, we are Welsh. English, Irish, French, Jewish and Indian also. We call our publications Cymry partly because of that and partly because we like words which begin with C.

Well, I tried to write some real mailing comments this time. It was easier than before, but they still leave something to be desired. Well, 'til next time.

Lesleigh

# MAILING COMMENTS

by Chris

40

XIV ORKusske Beautiful! 309 pages is a great size for a mailing. I do hope that this mailing will be nearly as large. We are doing what we can. This is the largest and most colorful QUARK that we have ever produced. It may break the continuous record that we have had of raising our page count every time. I guess that I'll include my comments on electing the EE here. It would seem logical that the person who receives the second largest number of votes in the OE election should be the EE. Also, it would be difficult to elect an OE and an EE at the same time. There are hardly enough people voting now to elect the OE. So, let Alton Chermak remain as EE, and make a change in the Constitution to the effect that the second choice becomes EE before the next election. Finally, I'll note that I voted for the age amendment this time because it seemed logical that no one whom all the members wanted in could damage the APA.

Black Prince #8 (Alton) Drape Your Mimeo in Black to Mourn the Death of the ASFG.

I do not find it hard to believe that you stencil artwork the way you say you do. The cover on the first QUARK was done with a dead ballpoint, and did not look too bad. However, I don't think that you would be able to stencil anything detailed. I have trouble with some of the more detailed artwork even with my seven styli and scratch-plate.

We have heard of the Sheep Have Arrived. You could say that we admire your determination.

Arg It's Us (Gaye) I'm sure that South Pacific was a very nice musical and that your school enjoyed it. I'm also sure that I couldn't care less about your school's musicals.

Argus (Alton) Very Punny. I hope that someone realizes something from this.

Abdiel 10 (Hank) Hank Luttrell for best fan artist. In other words, this was a strange issue of Abdiel. A real cover. An actual article. Even the staples are unusual. Of course, that might be because I put them in. Are you going to tell them about what happened at the Monkee Concert? I'm quite sure that there will be several paragraphs on that marvelous experience. So, turn to Abdiel 11, if you're interested. Yes, Hank's autobiography is written in his APA-zines.

Koshtra Pivarcha ((David N. Hall)) Bitchy.

Sapsafield #7 (JF Kusske) Look, John Kusske, there is no such thing as a "Missouri feud." Where you heard this I can only guess, but it is not true. The Worldcon bid and OSFA both run in great part on the good relations in the Couch-Fisher-Luttrell group, and had you been at NyCon you would know how good these relations are.

Poetry is one of the conductors of human emotion. If a man can express his emotions well enough that another man can experience them,



I consider him a poet. "

(if i have made songs 4 |

it does not greatly matter to the sun,  
not will the rain care " e. e. cummings

Muthalode Morning Mishap (Fletch) A CAPA-alpha zine? Your cartooning  
is a better argument for giving  
full page credit for cartooning and art type zines.

Twitch (Fletch) Poetry? Hmm, it seems to convey humour. By the way,  
it was interesting meeting you at the NyCon. Your  
heart must be that of a pure graphic art fan. Anyone who would stay  
in a hotel room drawing when there are parties going on,...

Cheap Thrills (Fred Haskell) I suppose that at NyCon I still hadn't  
read Cheap Thrills. It is easier to  
write mailing comments when the mailing is fresh in one's mind. So  
now I will say that I liked Cheap Thrills. It was a very good fanzine.  
Despite the justified margins.

#### SPECIAL LEGENDARY DON D'AMMASSA SECTION

. . .all 72 pages of it. Fantastic. There could have been no more  
suitable way for you to have re-entered APA 45  
I read all of it, and enjoyed most of it. Your prose, your poetry,  
and your ecstatic self-expressions, all are. . .well, legendary.  
And may the evils of MSU not prevent us from seeing more of it.

IRMCePiD (Jim Young) Thanks for the Kudo. I think I prefer it to  
the ABEfan award.

QUARR hopefully once again shows improvement.  
It would have been nice meeting you at the NyCon if it hadn't been for  
your god-awful puns. Oh, de Massa pain. You're much too young to in-  
dulge yourself in things like that.  
The cover on this ish is beautifully complicated. It would have been  
rather annoying if the color hadn't been included to break it up. A  
little more color might have been even better.

Dorie #9 (Nate Bucklin) Your loss of sanity seems to have improved  
your repro. It is much better than last  
time.

I wasn't really worried about your lower age limit. I supposed that  
ex post facto applies in APA 45 also, so I would not have been forced  
to leave. And it seems that your "group" idea may not be feasible  
at all if the present amendment passes.

Taranis #1 George Johnston Welcome, in fact; to APA 45. We are  
of Welsh descent, can't you tell by the  
name. If John Kusske comes up short on issues of Taranis, it is be-  
cause he gave me two. If you're interested in what we are doing  
with that mimeo, why don't you send us 35¢ for a copy of Sirruish?  
Th is is OSFA's clubzine, which we publish. This issue has 65 pages.

LOVE (Fred) Hank Luttrell also owns a Vari-Color. Roneos disgust me.  
That piece of artwork on the back really does look like  
Fred, people. Except that there was no mustache when I saw him.

QUARK 4

