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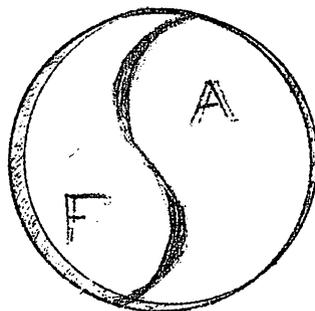
SIRRUISH #4

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover - Jack Gaughn	1
Colophon - Table of Contents	2
Psycataxia - Editorial	4
Arise, America, and Cast Off the Mental Tyranny of No-Good, Non-Productive Comic Fandom Ron Whittington	8
Lucifer - Harold Steele	10
Incident Beside The Gafia Tree - Bill Bowers	11
From Poictesme to Lichfield - And Beyond James N. Hall	16
Book Reviews	20
A Tanka and a Comment - Jim Reuss	21
Leonard Nimoy	22
Nichelle Nichols	23
The Bookburners: Ray Bradbury's Firemen Warren James	24
Pastiche	27
Phoenie's First Mine - Jerry Kaufman	30
The LoC Ness Monster	32
Backover - Gene Klein	43

ART CREDITS

"Cyanide" - 4, 29
Richard Flinchbaugh - 2, 5, 27
Dick Flood - 6, 7, 9, 22
Jack Gaughn - 40
Alexis Gilliland - 2
Warren James - 24, 25
Gene Klein - 38
Jeff Rensch - 34
Wade and Diane Scherrer - 11, 13, 14, 15
C. Couch - 10, 26, 30, 32





COLOPHON

Sirruish is an official publication of the Ozark Science Fiction Association. It is published irregularly; but approximately quarterly, by Cymry Press for OSFA. This is Cymry Publication #4. Edited by Leigh Couch, Rt. 2 Box 889 Arnold, Mo. 63010

Price of Sirruish is 25¢ per copy; it is also available for contributions and letters of comment which are accepted for publication, and is, of

course, distributed to all members of OSFA. Contributions are welcome; we can use art work, reviews, poetry, fiction, and articles. Editorial policy will give first choice to members of OSFA, but all contributions are very welcome.

Officers of OSFA are:

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Membership in OSFA is \$3.00 per year for fans in the greater St. Louis area.

Membership is \$1.50 for members living outside this area who do not attend one-third of the meetings.

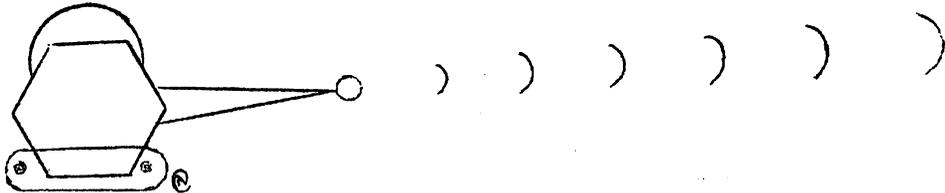
Visitors and guests are always welcome at all meetings.

Membership dues include subscriptions to OSFAN and SIRRUISH.

Local fans wishing to learn more about OSFA may request a free three issue of OSFAN from Hank Luttrell.



Psycataxia



In fannish groups promotion sometimes comes fast. Eight months in fandom and I'm an editor! Would you believe that? Strikes me as faintly ridiculous, but I nodded my head yes at the wrong time. It's not because of any glowing talent of mine that I have the job, you understand. It's just that at this time no one else could(?) or would(?) take it on. I've tackled a few other things that looked impossible along the way, and I can't claim anything near 100% success, so I won't be too crushed if this does not turn out well. Who knows, St. Louis fandom may take one look at this and find someone to replace me, Quick. I'll get a fast report one way or the other, this I know. I've learned that much about fen. They are painfully damned honest, that they are.

Be all this as it, or will be, I am interested in writing and in publishing and I will try to put out the best fanzine that I can. In this case the editorial we, will really be we. I would never have agreed to taking this job if I were not a member of a talented family of fans. (The rest of the Couch Clan, not me.) There are five of us, count em five, all fans of imaginative writing of some kind or other, with the emphasis on science-fiction. I intend to utilize their various talents in one way or another by means of arm-twisting, if necessary. Since I hold a position of some authority in this family, I will hopefully succeed. At least they can crank my new second-hand mimeo (bought from a hospital in St. Charles).

While this is primarily a club zine, it will be sent to many people across the country with whom I am, or hope to become, acquainted. Und zo, assuming that you want to know something about me (that's egocentric enough to mark me as a fan), I'll proceed to list the facts of the case as I see fit. Female, married, three children, a reader of SF and fantasy since the age of seven. Elementary school teacher, and that's a job I was suckered into; my degree is in psychology, that inexact "science". I do find my field of knowledge useful in dealing with the immature members of the race, at least the job has been interesting

enough to keep me signing contracts for eight consecutive years. I'm over thirty so I suppose that means you can't trust me kids. My son was contacted by St. Louis fandom last summer when he received an invitation to Ozarkon I. All five of us have been getting acquainted here and also nation-wide since then. We write letters; we also write articles, stories, poems, drivel, etc., most of which lie gathering dust on desks and in drawers. If I get desperate enough I may publish all of it. I hope St. Louis fandom will forestall this move by contributing and preventing Sirruish from becoming a crudzine.

I have some fiercely unshakable notions, but there are a lot of subjects on which I'm definitely open to your particular brand of reason, at least to the point of considering it and printing it. I'll read with interest whatever you care to write, I'll publish it if possible, and if I don't, one of us (indefinite noun) will answer you. I'm probably asking for trouble there, but the offer holds good if you care to write.

I have saturated my mind in fanzines for the past two months with the help of generous and kindly David N. Hall. I think he has a double motive. I suspect him of unloading what he calls "crudzines" on me. There's not much in fandom that meets David's high standards.

Now I seem to have several choices, I can follow the format of 90% of the fanzines I have read which seem almost as rigid and stylized as ceremonial tea drinking, I can try for humor and fail because I can't write it and it seems to be a rare commodity in fandom (written, that is), I can seek to be "different" and end up ridiculous, phony, and 100% neo. Frankly, I doubt if I could think of a ploy that hasn't been used. Someone told me that over 10,000 fanzines have been printed since the Age of Fandom began, so obviously, everything has been done. All the titles have been used, all the parodies written, all the controversial topics have been debated, all the authors and their stories minutely dissected, all possible hoaxes have been perpetrated, feuds have waxed flaming hot and died away, and so what is left to do? Come to think of it, all this has probably already been said.

So as to what Sirruish will contain, that is rather indefinite at present. When a fanzine has gone through several changes, content is bound to change. We plan to include many and varied things, art, poems, fiction, articles,





news of interest to fans, letters, whatever we think will make reading Sirruish a good way to spend some time. We will learn as we go along from our mistakes and from your opinions. We especially want and welcome contributions from St. Louis fandom. The editorial column will be primarily my responsibility, but will occasionally contain profound thoughts from guest editors (whoever will consent to be the target for

the issue. Now an SOS to my recently acquired friends in fandom---(order of appearance does not mean anything in particular, if I weren't so lazy I'd do it alphabetically. Elaine Wojciechowski A letter from you please.

Ann Chamberlain I have every fond hope that you are doing well. Have heard from a number of people who send their affectionate regards to you. I do hope we will hear from you in good time.

Larry Smith Advice, suggestions, anything friend.

Richard La Bonte I'm friendly. Ask the fellow above, he'll tell you that I am. What a roasting! Honest fans, mumble.

John Kusske How about bribery? I'll order another mailing for a LOC. APA45 lives!

John Boardman My husband helped you tend bar at the New York bidder's party and we were introduced. Does this constitute being known to a member of the committee?

REGISTER AND SUPPORT NYCON

Lee Carson Get out that lethal typer of yours and fire away

Buck Coulson The benefit of your opinion, please.

Richard Flood Artist extraordinary! Many thanks and lets hear from you.

Hank Davis Will I see you at Midwestcon? Meanwhile write. How's Neutron?

Jack Gaughan You are the greatest, man. Would you believe a whole flock of nominations from St. Louis. I'll be there to see you get that Hugo.

Harlin Ellison I really don't know him, just thought I'd put his name in.

Hank Luttrell I'll write to you if you'll write to me.

Jack Haldeman I'm told that you know my husband. You lucky man!

Alma Hill This time I'll ask for more than a postcard (thanks again). Will you write please? We will be glad to publish any information you want circulated.

Ronald Jones Took us awhile to get straight on where you live. Would you like to join the Round Robin?

Jerry Kaufman Many thanks for the story. Bob Gaines is going to have to get used to sharing your talent. Did you hear Delany won a Nebula?

Eric Blake I'm not sure your'e real. Write and convince me.

Don D'Amassa You seem twice life size but Carson vows that you exist.

Jay Kay Klein I'm waiting eagerly for my Tricon album.

Janie Lamb N3F looks to be in great shape.

Bruce Pelz Maybe I'll get to see what you look like this year. Your costume was great.
Jeff Rensch Come on, one more letter won't be too much to ask, or will it?
Rick Sneary I always looked for your letters in SS and TWS. You and Marion.
Cory Seidman TZ is great good fun. Write please.
Leslie Turek See above. Would you believe Lesleigh Couch?
Jurgen Wolff Have I permission to use your art? It's great.
Stan Woolston Do you have us all straightened out now?
Roger Zelazny Sigh!
Joe Mancini Philadelphia in '76? I'll buy that.
Richard Flinchbaugh Thank you and consider yourself on our mailing list. May we hear more from you? We'd like to get to know you.
And to everybody else, we wish you a Happy Year of The Goat.

Four lines attributed to St. Francis of Paula, noted for his gifts of prophecy, have been called to our attention by a friend who found in family papers a copy of them in an English cemetery. In view of the fact that St. Francis of Paula died in 1507, only a well directed imagination could have enabled him to write:

When pictures look alive
with movements free,

When ships, like fishes
swim beneath the sea,

When men outstripping birds
shall scan the sky----

Then half the world,
deep drenched in blood,
shall die.

Our century has already produced the motion picture, the submarine, the airplane-- and savage wars involving to some extent half the civilized world, at least. Despite the bloodshed in modern wars, no prophecy that half the world will die has yet been fully borne out. Yet, however confidently we rely upon the deterrent strategy of preventing the recurrence of large-scale war, we all must realize that mankind has recently acquired the technology that makes the fulfillment of that last line of verse literally possible. Earlier generations may have been as malicious as ours, or even more so, but they lacked our expertise in killing. Reprinted by permission from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



ARISE, AMERICA, AND CAST OFF THE MENTAL TYRANNY OF NO-GOOD,
NON-PRODUCTIVE COMIC FANDOM:

by
Ron Whittington

Comic fandom is an insidious thing; it can take over a person's mind before he, or anybody else, can see what is happening. I, myself, know of one such unfortunate. Admittedly, his life is his own business and perhaps it shouldn't be made public but I feel that it will serve as a warning and maybe, just maybe, save someone else the agony of comic fandom. (I know you won't believe it, but some comic fans are so ignorant or masochistic that they actually enjoy their miserable lives.

Lloyd Corridor, his real name is not relevant, used to be a rather intelligent science fiction fan, possessing a good position in fandom; he put out his own fanzines, contributed regularly to others, was elected president of his SF fan club, and so forth. Lloyd, as you can see, was no stupid clod; he had as much resistance to comics as anyone. It is possible that this aided in his downfall; nobody warned him because nobody thought he needed a warning. Let this be a lesson: if you see anybody reading a comic, grab it and destroy it before another soul is lost! Don't be afraid to get involved.

Lloyd's sad tale began with an idea: he would read some WONDERFULLY DYNAMIC SUPER SPECTACULAR COMICS (the name has been changed to protect the guilty) and then write an article telling what a blight on the face of the world they are. If I recall correctly, the first line of that article was going to compare them with a handful of octopi sperm.

He left college one day and returned with a dozen or so of these foul things. When I first saw them, I had misgivings, but like a fool, I kept them to myself. Oh, if I had only seized them and cast them off the sundeck! Instead, I treated it as a joke. I ridiculed Lloyd and those who came and asked to borrow FIDDLER CRAB MAN or THE FANTASTIC SEVEN-HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX, but, by that time, he was too far gone. The poor chap's pride wasn't great enough to force his return to sanity.

Seeing this tactic go down to defeat, I tried others. I tried to get him to collaborate with me on a play about a group of angels kidnapping the college and the students bravely defending themselves with air rifles - you know, a tragedy. It didn't work. Sure he showed enthusiasm, who wouldn't? But then I discovered he was slipping super heroes into the plot!! And when he went looking for more comics, I gave him misleading directions to a fictitious second-hand book store which, supposedly, carried back issues of WONDERFULLY DYNAMIC SUPER SPECTACULAR COMICS. By some means (surely Satanic), he found that non-existent place! In desperation, I started borrowing money from him so that he wouldn't have the cash necessary to purchase comics; so I thought. Now I owe him approximately \$250 and his collection is growing at a fantastic rate!

I have failed him as a friend.

If his parents can't do something, Lloyd is doomed!!! I don't think that they can for, already he is exhibiting the first symptoms of Comicus fanitus, better known, nowadays, as Schoenfeld's disease. Lloyd is subject to insane elation immediately following the receipt of news that a new issue is on

the stands. This is frequently followed by unhealthy depression which occurs when he is unable to find this new issue. He seeks out other sufferers and tearfully begs them to sell him back issues; this is a classical symptom of funnies fandom. If they refuse, Lloyd goes into homicidal rage; this is not healthy! Also, chattering idiotically to himself (and anybody else who will listen-not many), he goes on for hours about super heroes, artwork (in the comics), super heroines, strip writers, non-super heroes, and so on, ad nauseam.



Cigarettes have health warnings printed on the pack. Dangerous drugs are declared illegal. A person with a contagious disease will isolate himself to keep from spreading it. But comics have no warning printed on them; there are no laws against them (regrettably); and comic fans, pardon me, sufferers of Scheonfeld's Disease, proselytize shamelessly.

BEWARE!!! Remember Lloyd! Don't, under any circumstances, pick up that first comic book!

But.....if you're already hooked, or are a senseless "thrill" seeker and don't give a damn that your life may be ruined, get in touch with me; I have a lot of old comics that I would just love to realize a profit on!

In a future issue, the tear-jerking story of a life ruined: Sylvester Melon, "Select" Comic Fan*

*This means, that is you were to hand Sylvester a stack of comic books, he would select one to read first and then read the rest.



Real Live Humor in the U. S. of A. (excerpts from letters to the Welfare Department).



J. NO. R. NEILL



"I am glad to report that my husband who was reported missing is now dead."

"This is my 8 child. What are you going to do about it?"

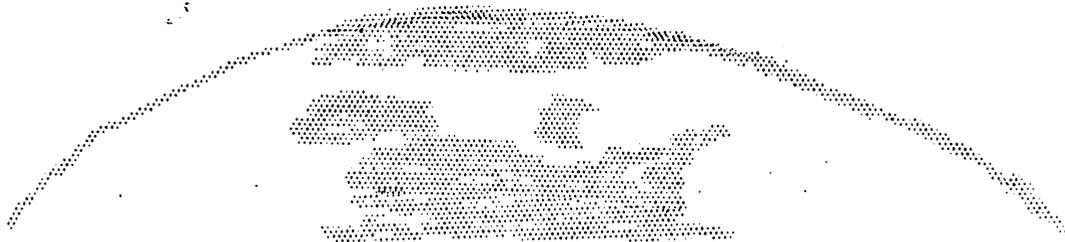
"In accordance with in structions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope."

"Please send money at once as I have fallen in error with my landlord."

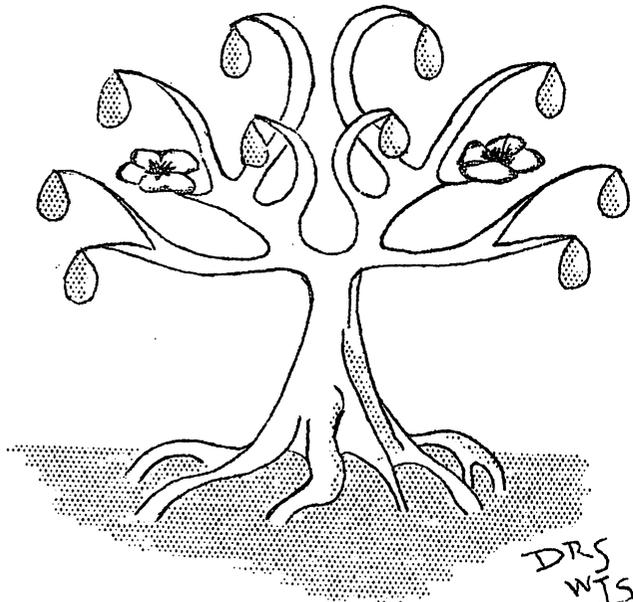
LUCIFER

When
From the night
A star
Is from its orbit torn
And hurled
By some gigantic force
Precipitously
Toward its destruction,
What does it think?
I wonder if it prays
With sniveling bleats
For mercy, that this monstrous thing
Be not allowed to happen.
Perhaps it rages,
With shrieks and inarticulate mouthings,
Cursing the mindless, senseless, idiot god
Who would so wantonly
Destroy its beauty.
Maybe it does not know (or care)
What lies before it,
But gives thanks,
With fervent ejaculations,
To its deity
For being singled out from all the rest
To have this honor, this most joyous flight.
And then again, it may
With philosophic calm,
Drop quietly,
Silently
Toward its destiny,
And, falling,
Murmurs softly to itself
"This
Is
Fate."

harold steele



INCIDENT



The Tree

beside

the

GAFIA

TREE

by William L. Bowers

The long desert return from Delora, Allmother to the clan, had been cruel to ageing feet. Bandi was tired. Nothing other than the burning sands of a dying world lay between the Root of the Klan, and his village.

He was weary; but soon evening would be. Only then would the stark reality of now give way to beauty, as the Lightgiver fled beyond an uninterrupted horizon in flaming glory. Night would follow with multi-colored star clusters mounting a luminous sky, and Bandi would sit beside his hut... dreaming on them.

But evening was not yet....

The old man sat on a sand-hewn bench abutting the hut of his klan-brother. His almost sightless gaze had fixed on the Gafia Tree; it grew in a small oblong area, surrounded by the glistening sand-glazed huts. Pale blue shoots reached for the Lightgiver, rising from a triangular trunk; a few smoothly yellow flowers became golden in the rays. It exuded vitality--none could deny that the Tree had been lovingly cared for.

It was the sole Tree in these regions; it had been seeded by the Allseeing, Himself.

As he emerged from within the hut, Bandi's klan-brother straightened.

"How fares the Mother, Delora?" K-Bandi asked, sighting the returnee.

One of Bandi's feelers grazed his forehead in brother-greeting. "The Allmother is always well...so it has been, and so it always will be. She sends word of an Allklan Conclave three lightdeath's hence; the fresh Klan Elders are to be chosen."

K-Bandi muttered an unintelligible something by way of answer as he suddenly lost interest in the Mother. His eyes had fixed on something beyond the Tree. Bandi, momentarily at loss, followed his brother's gaze.

"Earthmen," he said, and sighed. "What can they want of us?"

Approaching were three tall and thin figures. Of Earthmen they had heard, but never seen; they appeared to be so helpless. Bandi did not like the looks of the Earthmen. Endowed with only two of everything and a mismatched eat/breath mechanism, they were by far uglier than the phantom Driklans of the Hot Lands.

"Why Earthmen here?" K-Bandi muttered. "Their village lies many lightdeaths away---in the lands of the Gel Klan."

"Slowthink, slowthink," Bandi cautioned, as his feelers curled in amusement. His klan-brother was young and impatient, full of needless questions. In due course everything would be explained; that was the Way.

As the Earthmen neared, those around the bench caught the stench of their odor. Alien smell! Bandi didn't like that either, but one had tolerated much dislike in a lifetime.

The aliens seemed very tired--not at all powerful and overbearing, as the tale had been told. They had to struggle to remain on their feet as they stood beside the bench. The tallest--their Elder?--raised his right hand and spoke klantalk.

"Life! We come as friends..we have business. Important business."

Bandi's feelers contracted in a rolling motion, indicating understanding. Their clothes were dusty; their skin as dry as heat-blistered rock.

"We found another Klan. Asked for water. Other Klan has no water; said you have water. We need water. You have?"

Bandi stiffened. The other beside him, froze.

The Earthmen ask water. Why do they want of it?

The alien tried again. "We need water badly. You give it to us?"

The silence around the bench was never ending. A gust of wind came; it went and the shoots of the Living Tree rustled no more. Bandi examined the aliens more closely. He was filled with fright and curiosity. Eventually, he spoke.

"Why should you need water? You have no Tree."

It was a statement that considered no argument.

The shortest and dustiest of the Earthmen shouted to the tallest in his own dialect. Bandi did not comprehend.

Explain it to him; Jim. And make it quick!

His voice bespoke desperation.

Again, it was the Elder Earthman who klanspoke. "We left our village ten lightdeath's past--go to examine the desert. Got lost; went off the beaten paths." His voice was harsh; it grated at the Klan listeners. "Three lightdeaths now without water. Without water...we die!"

Bandi did not understand. None of the Klan had yet had water, and none had died. Why would the Earthmen die of lack of water?

One of the aliens--the shortest--apparently angered by the delay in response, attempted to seize Bandi. He was restrained by his fellows.

But we must get water, damnit!

Shut up, Harvey! We'll get it.

...lousy slow-tongued clown! Why can't you just tell that ape to give us the water, and be done with it?

...takes time. These guys ain't too brainy.

Meanwhile, K-Bandi--not understanding the alien-talk--was talking rapidly to his brother in a low voice. "You're not going to give them your water, are you? You were chosen Brother of the Tree...there is but one jug of water remaining from the last falling of rain. The Tree needs the water; these strange beings do not."

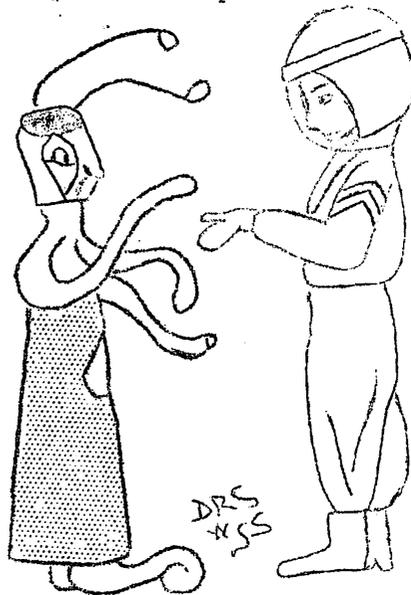
Bandi calmed his excited klan-brother. Foolish K-Bandi! Certainly he would not give the water away. Not after he had so painstakingly gathered it when last it had rained--thirty quin-lightdeath cycles past. Only the Living Tree required it; if there was not one drop deposited in each flower once a cycle, it would wither and... It would be disaster for the Klan--they would be cast with the lot of the Driklans in the desert. Treeless.

"Water...understand? We need water! Without it, we die next lightdeath."

If that ape doesn't say something damn soon...I'm going to blow his, debateable, brains out!

Wait! I've been waiting too damn long now; I'm fed up with waiting!

"Water is scarce, and the



Trying to explain the need for water

Tree of the Allseeing consumes it all. What do you do with water?"

"We drink it"

"Drink?" Bandi was puzzled; such a word he had never heard before.

...he talks like he's never taken a sip!

"We drink water...to us water is necessary. We ... uuuh...'eat' it. Like food. Water is food."

The Bandi's were stunned; to eat water! That was far worse than blasphemy!

"It is the Living Gafia Trees that 'eat' water. There are no others."

The tall alien sighed. "Every living thing needs water. When thirsty...we need." He paused. "What do you drink when you are thirsty?"

"We eat the gafia-fruit of the Tree. They are juicy."

The Earthman seemed a little relieved. "Water's to us what gafia-juice is to you," he said, as if that settled it.

Bandi still did not comprehend. No moving thing he knew used pure water; only the Trees. Were the Earthmen claiming to be moving Trees?

"You tell only mistruths. You try to steal the Allseeing's water from us, but we will not give it. You are not Trees."

The smallest--the one who had attempted to attack Bandi--began to sob. We're going to die, die...die.
I don't want to die!

Nobody does.

...take their damn water...

Can't do that; there'd be a full-scale war.

So what to do? Sit here and wait for death?

...go on...we'll find water somewhere....

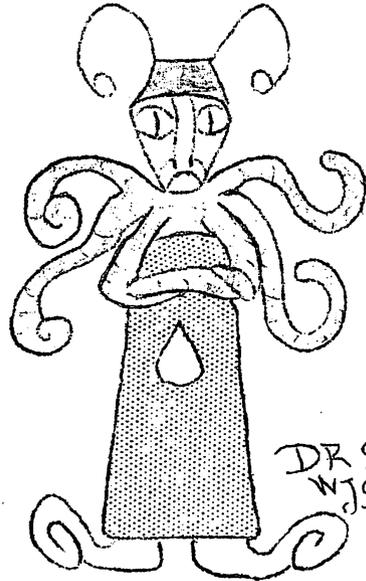
Why not those blasted fruits?

Poison.

"We will die before the next death of light"

"No one dies from a lack of water. I have never eaten water ny life; am I dead?"

"You just won't listen, will you? We only need just a very little water...."



The Klan father

"We cannot give."

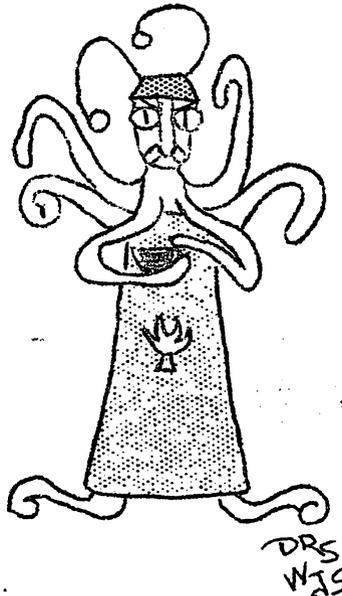
A pause. Then the Earthmen turned and started away on unsteady feet...For a moment, it looked as if small and dusty would again attack. But a word from the Elder kept him going away.

The aliens disappeared behind the glistening huts, and Bandi laughed. "To die without water... nonsense!"

He stooped beside the bench and opened the jar. Carefully he measured one...two, drops of water. He went to the Living Tree, and fed a like number of yellow half-closed flowers.

There were only two in the Klan of Gafia.

T H E E N D



Keeper of
the Water

FROM POICTESME TO LICHFIELD--AND BEYOND

James N. Hall

One of the most popular writers of the 1920's has become one of the least remembered in the 1960's. James Branch Cabell, whose romances and fantasies were among the Best Sellers of the pre-depression days, is virtually forgotten today.

Now, this in itself is not so unusual, for many of his contemporaries are equally unknown to today's readers. The unusual thing is that Cabell's works, especially those which are masterpieces of fantasy, are not recognized as such by science-fiction fans.

Not that they are in any sense science-fiction, as the purists would define it. The only possible way in which they might be miscast into that category would be by the nebulous definition of "alternate time-track" novels. But they are certainly fantasy--far more so than the works of, for example, Robert E. Howard or of Talbot Mundy; and these two have large followings among fans.

This article is not intended as a biography, a bibliography, or as a critique of Cabell's works. These have been done previously, and much better done than I am capable of. For those who wish to delve further into a study of the life and works of James Branch Cabell, a few references will be given at the end of this article. But all that I wish to do in these pages is to give a few personal opinions, an appreciation of the pleasure to be derived from reading Cabell, and a recommendation to those who are not familiar with his writings.

Cabell derived his greatest fame from the multi-volume work which he called "The Biography of the Life of Dom Manuel, the Redeemer." This work was finally gathered into the definitive edition of the Works of James Branch Cabell, and has gained a limited fame among collectors under the name of the Storisende Edition. One of the unusual things in connection with this edition is that it contains 18 volumes--which seems to refute the autho's oft-repeated statement that "in Poictesme all things occur in tens."

And it is of the mythical land of Poictesme that the "Piography" deals, although only about half of the episodes are located in that most unusual country. In fact, if one reads some of the volumes "out of context," the connection of that particular volume to the life of Dom Manuel is likely to be completely obscure. For many of the volumes are likely to be completely obscure. For many of the volumes are devoted to what might seem to be a rather prosaic account of life in the small city of Lichfield--which, although it "is nowhere stated that it is located in Virginia", is certainly located in a state that bears a striking resemblance to Cabell's home state.

And the fantasy fan whose first experience with Cabell chances to be one of these Lichfield romances is quite likely to dismiss all of Cabell's works as not at all in the genre.

And, if these volumes are taken alone, there is certainly no fantasy involved. But, when they are taken as part of the larger work, they fall into place, and, fantasy or no, they are completely enjoyable as a chapter in the complete "Biography".

For the biography in itself does not end with the death of Dom Manuel. In fact, it has hardly begun when this event occurs. The Biography continues down thru the years and traces the life of Manuel as it manifests itself in his descendants, down to the time of his remote heirs in Lichfield.

In fact, it is a most strange biography. Several of the separate works are straight fantasy: FIGURES OF EARTH, THE SILVER STALLION, JURGEN, SOMETHING ABOUT EVE, THE HIGH PLACE, THE WITCH WOMAN. Some might be considered volumes of short stories of romance; THE LINE OF LOVE, GALLANTRY, THE CERTAIN HOUR, and CHIVALRY. There is DOMNEI, which is a medieval romance with some fantastic overtones. FROM THE HIDDEN WAY is a collection of poetry; THE JEWEL MERCHANTS a play; of the "Lichfield" volumes, three are "modern" novels (THE CORDS OF VANITY, THE EAGLE'S SHADOW, and THE RIVET IN GRANDFATHER'S NECK) and the fourth a "transition" volume; THE CREAM OF THE JEST, which is part fantasy, part novel, part essay, and altogether delightful; THE LINEAGE OF LICHFIELD is a genealogy; and the Biography is rounded out by two essays-in-book-form, which serve as the Prologue and Epilogue, BEYOND LIFE, and STRAWS AND PRAYER BOOKS. There remains one volume, which is more difficult to classify. TOWNSEND OF LICHFIELD was the title selected by the author for the last of the "Lichfield" novels--but this novel was never written. Apparently, however, the pun of the title was too good for Cabell to resist using it; so this title was used to collate a number of shorter works, essays, and even book reviews, which could be associated with the Biography.

As previously mentioned, for best results the Biography should be read in the order in which the titles were published in the Storisende Edition, or better yet, in what Cabell refers to in BEYOND LIFE (in the words of John Charteris) as the Intended Edition;

BEYOND LIFE: FIGURES OF EARTH: THE SILVER STALLION: THE WITCH WOMAN: DOMNEI: CHIVALRY: JURGEN: THE LINE OF LOVE: THE HIGH PLACE: GALLANTRY: SOMETHING ABOUT EVE: THE CERTAIN HOUR: THE CORDS OF VANITY: FROM THE HIDDEN WAY: THE JEWEL MERCHANTS: THE RIVET IN GRANDFATHERS NECK: THE EAGLE'S SHADOW: THE CREAM OF THE JEST: THE LINEAGE OF LICHFIELD: STRAWS AND PRAYER BOOKS: and TOWNSEND OF LICHFIELD.

Note that this list totals 21 volumes rather than the 18 of the Storisende Edition. This is because the Storisende Edition combined some of the shorter works which otherwise would have made rather slim volumes. In addition, at the time of publication of this edition, at least one of the above, THE WITCH WOMAN, had never been published under that

title, although the three sections which composed it had been published separately, and were included in other volumes of the definitive edition. Therefore, I repeat that the ideal order in which to read the Biography is the above--the Intended Edition--which, John Charteris remarks in BEYOND LIFE, is "the only desirable edition of most authors".

And in this respect James Branch Cabell is far more fortunate than most authors; for, even though the "definitive" Storisende Edition, is after all, not the last word, nevertheless, all of the volumes may be found in the form the author intended them to have. Therefore, as Cabell states in THESE RESTLESS HEADS, "his Collected Works must now stand, and so perish by-and-by, in the exact form he designed and completed--without any guesswork as to his final plans and with no blunders save his own, with no inclusions uninitiated by him, with no loose ends anywhere, with no incongruous editing by other hands, and (above all) with no lackwit replevinings from his waste-paper basket conducted by his heirs and creditors. If any other writer has escaped all these provokers of discursive parody after death (except of course through a worthlessness so patent as to defy republication) I do not know of him."

And if anyone doubts that such "lackwit replevinings from waste-paper basket" might have occurred in the case of other authors, I suggest that he consider the literary value of some of the "recently discovered" works of Edgar Rice Burroughs.

But the literary career of James Branch Cabell did not end with the completion of the Biography of Manuel. True, for a time, he considered that the sole work which would be published under his full name; and therefore, a number of the works of his "middle period" were published under the abbreviated name of Branch Cabell. At a later date, at the request of his publishers, he returned to the use of his full name. A further reason for this return might be found in an amusing anecdote which he relates in one of his later books. Apparently, many of his readers, wishing to communicate with him, and unable to locate his full address (although it might have been found in the Richmond telephone directory); wrote him with the simple address of "Branch Cabell, Richmond, Va." These communications the Post Office, with their usual perspicacity and efficiency, dutifully delivered to the brokerage firm of Branch, Cabell, and Co.; from which they were dispatched by messenger to Mr. Cabell's home.

And, contrary to Cabell's comments on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday, these later works did not suffer by comparison with his earlier writing. In fact, I personally prefer many of his later works to any of the volumes of the Biography. These later works, oddly enough, are all grouped into trilogies; although in only one case are the three volumes of any group a true trilogy, each of the groups has at least a common denominator.

Here are the groupings (not, by the way, in order of publication.) Each group of three books is preceded by the title given to the group.

The Nightmare has Triplets
SMIRT: SMITH: SMIRE

Heirs and Assigns

HAMLET HAD AN UNCLE: THE KING WAS IN HIS COUNTING HOUSE:
THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF AMERICA

It Happened in Florida

THE ST. JOHNS(with A. J. Hanna): THERE WERE TWO PIRATES:
THE DEVIL'S OWN DEAR SON

Their Lives and Letters

THESE RESTLESS HEADS: SPECIAL DELIVERY: LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN

Virginians are Various

LET ME LIE: QUIET, PLEASE: AS I REMEMBER IT

Although a bibliography of Cabell's complete works will correctly list other books, all of the others are shorter works which are included in one form or another in either the Biography or the above Trilogies; with the exception of three volumes of genealogical books concerning the Branch family, or the ancestry of his first wife, Priscilla Bradley Shepherd. These genealogical volumes are of slight interest to the usual reader--or so I am told; they are so rare that I know of no one who has a copy of any of them, except Mrs. Cabell, and the Library of the University of Virginia.

Of the later works of Cabell, the following are classified as fantasy; "The Nightmare Has Triplets" trilogy; THERE WERE TWO PIRATES: and THE DEVIL'S OWN DEAR SON.

The three volumes grouped as "Heirs and Assigns" are nominally historical sidelights; but each contains enough fantastic overtones to delight the fantasy fan. The same comment can be applied to THE ST. JOHNS, which was issued as part of the "Rivers of America" series; to the remainder of which series it bears about as much resemblance as Cabell's "historical" volumes bear to the works of Charles A. and Mary Beard.

The remaining volumes are reminiscences, essays, book reviews, and semi-autobiographies, and are among the most eminently readable of all Cabell's works.

One might write a great deal more about James Branch Cabell, but, for the fantasy fan and for all others who love great literature, the best way to become acquainted with Cabell is to read his books. Unfortunately, this is not now easy. Except for two paperback editions of JURGEN, all of his books are out-of-print; and they are becoming increasingly rare in "those dirty old book stores." However, most libraries in the larger cities do have copies of most of Cabell's works.

And, now, in conclusion, a list of a few books on James Branch Cabell--biographical, bibliographical, and critical:

JAMES BRANCH CABELL; by Carl Van Doren (Mc Bride, 1925)
JAMES BRANCH CABELL; A Bibliography (University of Va. Press 1957)
JAMES BRANCH CABELL, A Bibliography, Pt. II (Univ. of Va. Press, 1957)
JESTING MOSES: A Study in Cabellian Comedy (U. of Florida
Press, 1962)

BOOK REVIEWS

50 Short Science Fiction Tales: Edited by Isaac Asimov
and Groff Conklin Collier Books, New York 1963

You might think that every possible idea for an anthology had been used, but this is a new one. These stories range from 300 words to 3,000 words. In reading the book I found that I thought 24 of the stories were very good, and of these 24, 10 were really superior. For my money, Dr. Asimov's introduction is worth the price of the book (95¢). His analysis of the special handicaps under which a science fiction author writes, and of the special delight with which a science fiction reader reads, is very true to fact. The science fiction author must, as opposed to the main stream, mystery, western, etc. author, not only write a story but construct a background. Quote Dr. Asimov, "Well, I can do it, but I can't explain it. All I can say is that there are ways of inserting sentences, statements, remarks, asides here and there in a story which help to explain the background little by little, without perceptibly slowing the progress of the story." The special delight of the science fiction reader is to observe, examine, understand and enter this world. This is often as fascinating as the story itself, and sometimes even more so. The listed copyrights on the individual stories run from 1940 to 1958 so that many of these stories will probably be familiar to you. I think they are worth re-reading. My choice ten.

The Weapon Fredric Brown

Random Sample T.P. Caravan

The Haunted Space Suit Arthur C. Clarke

Stair Trick Mildred Clingerman

Hilda H. B. Hickey

Not With A Bang Damon Knight

The Altar At Midnight C. M. Kornbluth

Double Take Winston K. Marks

Talent Theodore Sturgeon

Obviously Suicide S. Fowler Wright

If pressed for a final choice of the number one story, it would have to be, "Not With A Bang" by Damon Knight. In the case of this particular book, discussing the stories at any length would not be cricket as a number of them depend on a final punch line to put the story across.

Ace Double: The Man Without A Planet by Lin Carter

If you like literary SF, this is not for you. The characters are standard; Raul Linton, disillusioned space naval officer, Gundorm Varl his burly, not overly bright, but faithful friend; Col. Nigel Pertinax, weasel-type spy for the local beurocracy; Kalani of Valadon, the beautiful empress who has been dispossessed of her throne, and various other expected types. Carter overwrites badly, but what a vocabulary the man has! I felt drowned in adjectives. One detail amused me, "Here went a chieftan from Arkonna, his pointed beard dyed indigo, jewels dangling from his stiffly

waxed mustachios." The story is predictable to the point of boredom, but moves fairly well, and ends 'happily ever after'. Lin Carter writes good articles and excellent poetry, but his novels are something else again.

Time To Live: John Rackham
This is well-written by a competent author, and it is a puzzle type story, but not too hard to solve as you read. The Kalmed are human to the point where they can inter-breed with Earthmen. This fact is one of the conflict elements of the plot. An interesting immortality gimmick is involved, but I would have to disagree with the author on his statements about human personality. The characters come through well, but the heroine, Kalmede Aporia, changes a little too drastically in character from a cool, reserved, superior type to a collapsing love-sick female to be believable. The story does not resolve a major problem, relations between the Kalmed and the Earth colony, but the action is good. The author sounds as if he is an amateur artist judging from his description of charcoal drawing. Good, light reading. The best half of the double.

I have been re-reading the Lensman series. They hold up remarkably well. I admit to being a space opera buff and am willing to overlook the holes and the parts that are dated. I have a tremendous stack of paperbacks, hardcover, and magazines lined up for summer reading. Through the past months I have only been able to keep up with the prozines and an occasional book. The pressures of earning a living you know. Book reviews by interested fans are needed and will be welcomed.



a tanka and comment

i look at the rains
and flames of tragic spring and
know them as prelude

blooming in blue velvet skies
o God have i no power
to prevent our destiny
Jim Reuss

Leonard Nimoy



STAR TREK

The Illya Of Outer Space

His ears are pointed but his head certainly isn't. Leonard Nimoy has made it big as Star Trek's Mr. Spock:

He was obviously intended to be a minor character, but like David McCallum of "The Man From U.N.C.L.E.", he has taken the role, developed it, and become one of the most important stars of the show.

Leonard Nimoy is the son of first generation Russian-Jewish parents, and he looks as if there is a mongol strain somewhere in his blood. The idea of being an actor came early, at the age of eight. His father, a barber, struggled to put him and his younger brother through college. Leonard took all the Drama and English courses Boston College had to offer. Then came many lean years trying to get a start, as always, a difficult thing to do in the entertainment field. He did Little Theater work for experience. A home-town friend, Elliot Silverstein, cast him as the friend of a blind girl in a Dr. Kildare T.V. episode. Other T.V. programs in which he has appeared are "The Virginian," "Outer Limits", and "Profiles In Courage". He usually played a heavy since he is not a pretty boy.

He plays Mr. Spock with an almost uncanny understanding; he feels an affinity for him, and this has resulted in his characterization being quite believable to the audience at large. Some quotes from Mr. Nimoy plainly show how much he enjoys the role. "I love the idea that he makes some philosophical commentary. In one show, we were dealing with a penal colony, and Spock says, 'I don't understand you humans, You've glorified war for centuries, but acts of individual aggression you punish.'" Nimoy sees Mr. Spock as a man of great poise and dignity and insight, the result of his half-Vulcan inheritance. A clue to his success in the role shows in this comment. "It gives me a position I enjoy, that of a guy who is an observer of human behavior.

He's a fascinating character--an alien who knows things other people don't know."

Lennard Nimoy is married, his wife is named Sandra, and has two children, daughter Julie, eleven, and son Adam, nine. He and his wife enjoy the legitimate stage, opera, ballet, symphonies and films. His personal hobby is making furniture. One of the penalties for his success is that he has had to obtain an unlisted phone.

Surveys, for what they are worth, show that his greatest popularity is with the female T.V. viewers. Recent appearances on the Johnny Carson show and the Today show are rather unusual for a star of a Science-Fiction program. Yes, Mr. Spock has made it big!

Nichelle Nichols

The distance from Chicago to the U.S. Enterprise, year 2166 has been easily spanned by Nichelle Nichols, and on three days notice. Gene Roddenberry remembered Nichelle, whom he had given her first T.V. role in "The Lieutenant" series. A last minute audition and Nichelle became Lt. Ahura, communications officer of the starship Enterprise. She is beautiful, talented and a living lesson in future history. Nichelle is a prediction of the multi-racial society which will exist on Earth and on the planets colonized by man in the next century.

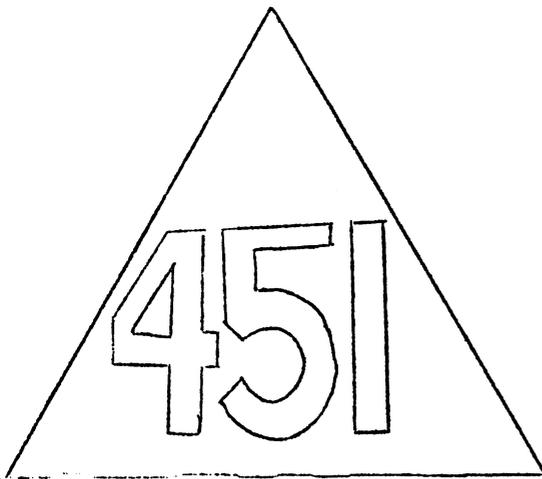
Lt. Ahura's talent with the "lytherette" and her excellent singing are no happy accident. She entered the entertainment field as a singer with the Duke Ellington and Lionel Hampton bands and has appeared as a single in supper clubs. She gained acting experience in drama groups both in Chicago and on the west coast. Her hobbies are painting and designing clothes. She believes in acting as communication, "direct". She communicates! Mr. Roddenberry would be well advised to write another song into the script for her, one isn't nearly enough.

* * * * *

Star Trek's programing during the month of April was interesting. Three leading contenders for the dramatic Hugo were shown in sucession, "The Naked Time, Corbomite Maneuver, and The Menagerie". See you in September, Gene Roddenberry?



Ahura



THE BOOKBURNERS: RAY BRADBURY'S FIREMEN

Bright Phoenix, F&SF, May 1963
The Fireman, Galaxy, February 1951
Fahrenheit 451, Ballantine Books, 1953

by Warren James

Jonathan Barnes, Guy Montag, and Ray Bradbury. What's the connection between the three of them? The first two burn books and Ray Bradbury writes books about people that burn books.

Out of all the characters that Ray Bradbury has created, I think my favorite is Guy Montag. There is something about him that is different from all of the other people that Ray Bradbury writes about. As much as I like him, I cannot say what it is about him that I like. Possibly it is the fact that in the last parts of the book (Fahrenheit 451) his ideals and his character are a molding of what Bradbury believes in. In the beginning of Fahrenheit 451, Montag hates books and believes that they should be burned. But under that harsh skin of the fireman, there is something probing that wants to know why burn books? In the first few pages of the book you are led to believe that he has actually stolen a few books and he holds them as his treasured possessions. He meets a girl as he comes home from work one night and this girl has probably one of the most influential roles in the book. She shows Montag what it is like to be really alive and how to think for himself. Montag's character changes as the book advances and toward the end he becomes a criminal trying to escape the arms of "justice".

In Bright Phoenix the protagonist is not a bookburner turned traitor; instead the protagonist is a librarian trying to defend his books from Jonathan Barnes. Jonathan Barnes is the "Chief Censor, Green Town, Illinois." He wants to burn and destroy the ideas that dwell in the books and never seem to die. He honestly believes that it is a good thing that he is doing. He thinks that books do nothing but contradict each other and confuse people. The government takes it upon itself to destroy all of this and get rid of all confusion. Jonathan Barnes is the government's tool for doing this but he must get some sort of pleasure from this literary murder. He has been appointed the chief censor, judge, jury, god or tradh man, call him what you will, but he tries to destroy books so everything will be simple and everyone will be able to travel in his personal orbit undisturbed by the lives of other people. But in the end he is defeated by people that are better than he could ever be; Keats, Shakespeare, Socrates, Plato come back from their literary graves to haunt him with their beliefs, hopes, and fears.

The Fireman is merely a shorter version of Fahrenheit 451. It was published before 451 and acted as the basis for 451.

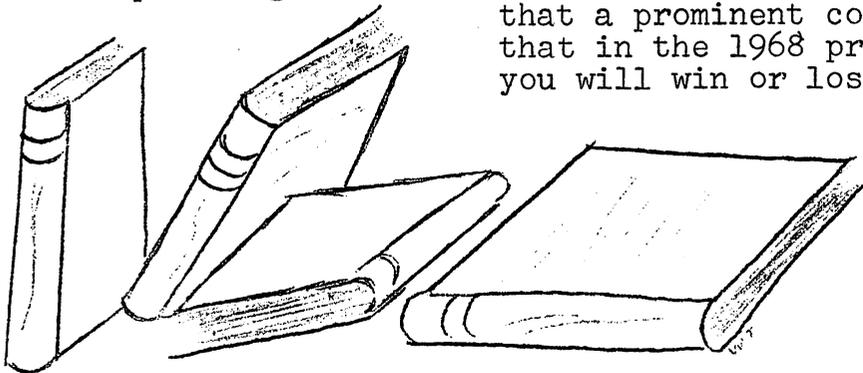
Why should people burn books? This is one of the questions Bradbury asks and attempts to answer in these books. One of the best answers to this question is found in Bright Phoenix. In it Jonothan Barnes says that no two books ever agree on what they say, they are just out to try and make things complicated for the common people. Books do nothing but give out double talk and fancy nonsense. Well, he's out to stop that. He is going to make things simple, He'll clarify things so people can understand them. People will not have to think, he will think for them. He'll get rid of all that double talk. He's going to burn the books. In Fahrenheit 451 when Montag confronts the captain we are given more information on how the world came to commit literary suicide. The captain says that the fall of books began when people began to live fast paced lives and everything broke down into the snap ending and the condensation. Everyone hurried to get somewhere but they were going nowhere. Later people began to question why they should do anything that isn't done quickly and over with in a few moments. Thus people ignore literature, they stop appreciating drama, everything is cast to the side and given to the clown that can make them laugh but never do anything to really affect them.

Then society grows so large that it has an unmanagable number of minorities, that must be protected from those evil people, the majority of the people of society. Because of this over-minoritization everyone starts avoiding anything that could be considered radical or anti-any minority. Books are called snobbish and authors that criticize society are told to lock up their typers. Soon the word intellectual is a curse word and people learn to hate anyone who is more intelligent than they are. Finally this leads to the creation of the fireman, whose main job is to burn books and make sure that people can be safe and snug away from those horrid books. Thus, you see, the world dies not with a boom, but with the lighting of a match.

The things predicted in these stories are coming true in one way or another, but they are not coming true to the extent that it is a crime to read a book. Take, for instance, the idea that everything is coming down to the snap ending and the condensation. I read in the paper today

that a prominent comedian is predicting that in the 1968 presidential elections you will win or lose the election

according to the jokes that you tell. This would seem to indicate that it doesn't matter what you say, you've just



got to make the people laugh and you can have almost anything that you want. The truth of this prediction is, as of the present time, unknown. It is a well known fact though, that in the 1966 elections for mayor of New York, the candidates election managers were large advertising firms. It is also known that these advertising firms handled their candidates as they would handle any mouthwash or underarm deodorant. They tried to discredit the opposition, they used hints that the opposition was dishonest, and all of the other tricks of the advertising world were used to their best advantage. There was also an article in the paper a few weeks ago that said that many educators are afraid that the new generation does not read enough and this generation may be the generation of the functionally illiterate person. This is evident when, as John Campbell said in Analog, you can hear tenth graders saying "Ah...I got better tings ta do wid ma time than learnin' readin' ". There is another sentiment going around that says, Why read the book? Why not read the Readers Digest summary of it or see the movie made from it? Again those things sound a lot like something from the works of Bradbury.

Of course we know the things described in Bradbury's books can't come true.

Just a minute...there's someone standing at my door. He says he is a fireman. Hey what is that, a bucket of wat...Oh, you say it's kerosene. Now why did you do a stupid thing like that? That kerosene is going to ruin my books. Don't light that match! The kerosene might.....

WEDNESDAY MORNINING 3:00 A. M.

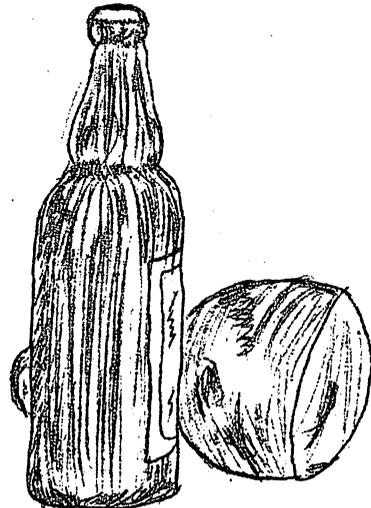
Corflu teardrops on my stencil

And the deadlines drawing near

Only answer, gafiation.

Down with fanac, up with bheer.

Ye Olde Phan



P
A
S
T
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H
E



Pastiche: A medley; a hotchpotch, farrago, jumble;
Oxford Universal Dictionary

BOROGROVES 1 B. Phillip Walker, 809 Romney Lane, Virginia Beach, Virginia, 23455. 20¢ a copy. The editor prefers material since this fanzine is new. This issue is by spirit duplicator but future issues are to be mimeo. Good artwork by Stiles and Cameron. Fiction, articles, poetry, constitution of The Fellowship of the Purple Tongue. The editor and his cohorts have a sense of humor and this looks promising.

BOROGROVES 2 It is mimeo and neatly done. Phil seems to lack money, strange! Subscribe now. I wonder how he puts his accompanying fanzine Minac Mania on stencil. It's about one inch square.

Worlds of Tomorrow is no more. The balance of my sub is being applied to a sub for Worlds Of If.
"We are sorry that the Worlds of Tomorrow had its trouble in today's world." Robert M. Guinn

DYNATRON Roy Tackett 915 Green Valley Rd. N.W. Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107. Roy is breaking a long time rule and accepting long term subs. Five issues for a dollar and the money goes to TOFF (Trans Oceanic Fan Fund). The idea is to bring Japanese fan Takumi Shibano to Los Angeles in 1968 for the Pan Pacificon. A special

fanzine Maneki-Neko is being published to raise money for this project and is obtainable from the Pan-Pacific Committee, P.O. Box 422, Tarzana, California 91356 four issues for \$1.00. Larger amounts gratefully accepted. Ed Cox for TAFF

For Sale: Tolkien buttons. I have FRODO LIVES(Tengwar), GO GO GANDALF(Tengwar with fire lighting symbol) and FRODO LIVES(English). Due to a new source, I can now offer the rate of 5 buttons for \$1.00, with special rates for orders of more than 50 buttons. MIKE MONTGOMERY, 21 Washington, Denver, Colo. 80203

Why is it considered bhad, grubby, and neo to subscribe to fanzines with MONEY?????

Double Bill: Bill Mallardi: 369 Wildwood Ave. Akron, Ohio 44320 Published on a mildly irregular schedule, 30¢ per copy; 4 for \$1.00 Also for printed Loc's and arranged Trades. The personalities of the editors and contributors come on very strong and they are interesting. I didn't know attenuated Bill Bowers had so much acid in him. Why didn't you tell us you weren't a pillar Bill? We would have gladly made you one. Faans? Some of us, not all. Many thanks for the story. A great fanzine, subscribe. I think they will accept your sticky money.

CO-SIGN: O.E. of the Central Ohio Science Fiction Society. Robert Gaines 336 Olentangy St. Columbus, Ohio 43202 Free to members, \$2.50 per year to others U.S. and Canada, single copies 25¢ A S.F. fanzine with the emphasis on Science Fiction and fandom. This is an actifan group and the fanzine reflects it. A great variety of material, reviews, articles, lettercol, news, something for everyone.

Kalki: published irregularly by the Fimbulwinter Press and is the official publication of the Fellowship of the Silver Stallion. Editor James N. Hall 202 Taylor Ave. Crystal City Missouri 63019 Free to members and 75¢ a copy to non-members. A must for James Branch Cabell fans, and definitely worth seeing if you are a fantasy fan.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch T.V. Magazine: "The Menagerie", a pre-empted segment of the "Star Trek" series, will be shown on KSD-TV at 3:30 p.m. today. The program was pre-empted last week by a Cardinal baseball game. Doesn't sound like "Star Trek" is in any trouble at all. Rarely do they do this!

Odd: Ray and Joyce Fisher 4404 Forest Park St. Louis Missouri 63108, 50¢ per issue, 3 for \$1.25, 6 for \$2.00 Free to contributors. The zine with a difference, the name describes it. Beautiful art work and repro. Odd is always interesting and thought provoking. Highly recommended.

Wonder Wart Hog for president! ! !

Starling 9: Hank Luttrell Route 13 2936 Barrett Station Rd. Kirkwood Missouri 63122. 25¢ per copy or 4 for \$1.00. Also for contributions is accepted. An editorial on censorship, always a controversial subject. It should be expanded and probably will be in the Lettercol next issue. Fragments by Ted Kehr, very good. "The Specimens" by W.B. Bliss, tightly written and a well done twist ending. "Words From Readers" interesting reading, every one, a look at the also heard froms makes me sorry he didn't print them all. We all seem to have everything we need in great sufficiency except time. Hank seems to be no exception. Art work, well chosen from Gene Klein, Robert E. Gilbert, and John D. Berry. I especially like "Berry's Beasties". The summer issues should be very good.

Did NASA borrow "burn out" from fandom?

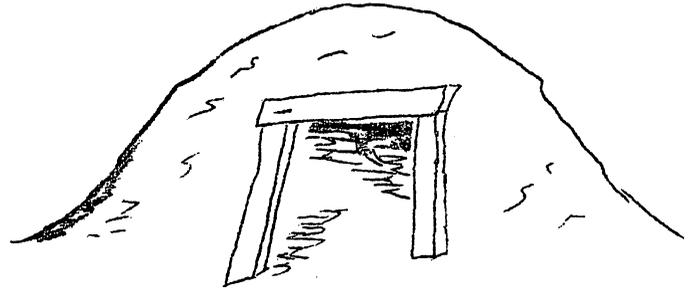
The Neo-Fans Guide To Science Fiction: Obtainable from Robert and Juanita Coulson Rt. 3 Hartford City Indiana 47348 Are you a New(neo) Fan? Do you wonder what it's all about and do you want to know? This is THE SOURCE! 25¢ a copy

The National Fantasy Fan Federation: The organization for the new fan. This will help you to get active in fandom, to become acquainted with fans nation-wide and overseas. There are many bureaus for any special interest you might have. Dues \$2.00 per year to Janie Lamb Rt. 1 Box 364 Heiskell Tenn. 37754

You were warned. This has been a little of everything. Would some loyal Osfan like to do fanzine reviews? We will run ads of interest to fandom but make no promises about them. I have yet to be disappointed by any I have answered, but it could happen. If you have something to sell or an announcement to make let me know.



Phoenie's



First



Mine

Terry

Kaufman

Many people have asked how John Phoenie, the man for whom the designation BNF was invented, became the fantastically wealthy man he was. The following is the answer to that question, and was told to me by an old fan at Tricon. (I never saw his face as he was lying under my table throughout his narrative.)

Phoenie, as a young man, lived in Tucson for a year or so. He worked as a Snowmobile operator during the week and on weekends went hiking into the desert. On one of these trips he caught a kangaroo rat, a rodent about the size of a mouse, but with strong legs like a kangaroo.

Once he had it home, he gave it the run of the apartment he was renting. It got into everything. Phoenie would come home and find pencils chewed to bits, mailing lists destroyed, magazines with the backings gone and the pages in the sink, bathtub and toilet bowl.

Then one day he came home to find the mouse, stuffed full, lying in a pile of shredded carbon paper. Phoenie scowled at the mouse, who leaped up about half-an-inch (all he was capable of at the moment).

He then said, "Oh rats! This is the last straw. I've kept you through pencils, mailing lists, and magazines. I draw the line at carbon paper."

Then Phoenie was best with one of his ideas. Legend had it that the Lost Dodgeman Mine was in the hills near Tucson. The Lost Dodgeman Mine was supposed to be a pure vein of graphite. Men had searched for years but had never found it.

"Listen, my small friend," Phoenie said in his W. C. Fields manner, "you an' me are gonna find that mine, but you better not eat th' profits."

Early Saturday morning, Phoenie and the kangaroo rat, now named Smudge, set out for the wild hills of Arizona. Smudge, on a leash, was recovered from his repast and was merrily bouncing around like a fish on a line.

After stopping for a quick lunch, the two set out again. They were approaching a low line of hills when Smudge turned two complete somersaults and disappeared. Phoenie, right in the middle of singing "There's Pie In The Sky So I'm Shipping out to Mars," was stunned. Where was the mouse?

Smudge was still on the leash, which Phoenie saw was leading into a small hole in the ground.

"This is no time to go looking for snakes," Phoenie grumbled as he pulled the rat from the hole. Smudge, however, seemed to have something else in mind. His eyes bugged, his mouth hung open and his little paws waved frantically. He struggled in Phoenie's hand.

Phoenie released him and began to dig around the opening. Soon a large metal cover, rusted through in one small area that the mouse had discovered, was revealed. Phoenie pried it off, and found steps carved out of stone. At the bottom he found the little rat busily chewing at the graphite.

Phoenie staked his claim and soon was mining the graphite at a record rate. The location is still a complete secret, as the mine is fully automated. A full scale working model of the mine was for several years the main exhibit at Phoenieland until that worthy park was closed due to depredations by a band of hungry kangaroo rats. Phoenie and Smudge soon afterward moved to South Bend, rich and sooty, where Phoenie started his fender retrieval service.

The old fan was still talking as I quietly walked away after salving my conscience by leaving a can of beer and an issue of Sex-Fan as thanks.

How pleasant it is to have money. Arthur Hugh Clough

The LoC N e s s



Monster

Robert W. Gersman
3135 Pennsylvania Ave.
St. Louis, Mo. 63118

From the Lost Plateau of Leng, I made my way back to you, the hideous cry of Cthulu ululating in my ears, to bring a warning to one and all, unlettered, unspeakable, clods, who dare to malign the sainted memory of he who has gone beyond the pale. His followers are marshalling their forces, to wipe from your memory banks, any and all memories of aught save H.P.L. His creations have been brought from the dark quiescence of thought, by his neophytes, have been unleashed to wreak havoc on all blasphemers who in their lack of mental perception, have failed to realize, one such as he comes only once in a lifetime, makes other horror writers pale into insignificance. They wrote only stories, he created an imaginary universe, peopled with his maleficent beings.

May the dark shadow of Shub-Niggurath fall upon you and darken your way, may the curse of Yig, frustrate you, the wrath of Yog-Sothoth fill your mind with revulsion of your own cloddishness. You defilers of horrifying memories, may the Colour out of Space enrapture you to madness, and the Wall of Sleep crumble, and unleash upon ye evil-doers, the fearsome entities brought forth by our invocation of Nylarthotep.

Those of the Hyborian Legions can once more unfurl their banners and march forth to battle with the forces of Darkness, the Pirates of the Coast, the Hillmen of Afghanistan, find raptures in the arms of sensuous baggages, high-priestesses, and save beauteous maidens. Gorge on food, bathe our gullets in wine, bloody our swords, and gleefully break heads. //All you unlettered, unspeakable clods consider yourselves cursed.//

I don't expect "Sirruish" to be like a comic book, but it's overly wordy and hasn't enough pics. //We have some of Bob's art and we like it. Now if we can just figure out how to reproduce it???

Mike Montgomery
21 Washington St.
Denver, Colo. 80203

Why don't you tell Ray Fisher to quit hogging all the good art for ODD? //Most artists would rather be litho than mimeo. Our tough luck!// I've seen both, but I think ODD is better, both article-wise and art-wise. But it's really hard to knock any printed fanzine //not for most fen// and the issue as a whole made a good impression. How serious are you about your Worldcon bid? //Opinion here is divided.// I have some relatives near there and it's a hell of a lot closer than Cleveland. //Don't you mean Columbus?// The midwest worldcons are always the greatest possible distance from here. //That's because the mid-midwest is the graveyard of fandom.// Your Pickeringisms remind me a lot of TV and radio mistakes and mispronunciations called bloopers, which you've probably heard of. //You mean like the Brown Quince of Norway?// More please. //Sorry, no more. That name will never darken our printed pages for reasons that you have undoubtedly heard about by now.// Lettercol pretty good. I gather from a couple of the letters that you have in the past issue (e?) that you have had some articles on Bob Dylan. Being a devout Bob Dylan fan, I'd like to see more of these copies or others. Es posible? //Possible, but not probable, depends on interest and contribs. Suggest you see the Mojo Navigator.// I'm not hooked up on Stoker; I got discouraged after Dracula. But the article was good. Keep up the good work(I hate cliches) and I hope to see the next Sirruish. //You will, obviously.//

Ronald L. Whittington
308 Park Drive
Festus, Mo. 63028
Esteemed Sir, //Not any more.//

This is the first letter I have written in quite awhile and, incidently, it is the first LoC I have ever written. In preparing to write this, I read and re-read the letter column in Sirruish 3 to find the secret of the printable LoC.

The established pattern (is it my imagination?) seems to be:

- (a) Give thanks and/or praise the fanzine;
- (b) Give a few hundred words on what has been happening in your own little life;
- (c) Give your opinion on five or six (fifty or sixty) different items (it doesn't really seem to matter whether or not these opinions are on something in the fanzine);
- (d) Give your opinion of comics (this seems to be an integral part of most LoC's and so I have separated it from part (c));
- (e) Qualify this opinion, id est, Spiderman, Pogo, Magnus, et hoc genus omne aren't really that bad (that good);
- (f) Mention the artwork, and;
- (g) Offer a few words of comment on the fanzine in general (necessarily "a few words" for, by the time the LoC writer gets around to commenting on the issue he has before him, he has forgotten it's contents or else his pen, pencil, or type-writer ribbon is nearly worn out from the writing which preceded these "few words").

There is, of course, one final step in the creation of a LoC; merely make it so damned incoherent that it won't suffer when broken up by the editorial comments of DNH, JNH, and JMF (Which are, quite often, better than the LoC. RLW) Most fans can achieve this quality(?) of incoherence without any effort at all.

Now to use this pattern!
 Thanks for Sirruish, its terrific! Now I am supposed to tell you of my own personal life. To tell the truth, it almost bores me, so what earthly interest could it hold for you? As to my opinions, Johnson is a poor president; Red China should not be admitted to the United Nations; Analog is the best prozine; Paul Willis should give me a copy of Anubis; UFO's (I said UFO's, not "flying saucers") exist; John Stonners is an idiot; //Who is John Stonners? Whoever you are John, remember these are HIS opinions, not yed// in my opinion, that is enough opinions. The word "comics" is synonomous with the word c---. That needs no qualification. The artwork in Sirruish could have been much better. Mickey Rhodes can do a lot better than what was in Sirruish //M.R. can do a lot better than most anybody anytime. This is to serve notice that we do not like criticism of Mickey's artwork. We think he's great.//



FLYTRAP Jeff Rensch

I hope I'm not offending Sirruish's other art contributors, but I don't know if they can do better. Finally, though I feel it should be primarily, the written material in Sirruish. I shall go through the articles in a best-to-worst order. Chester Malon's "Hard Pressed" gets the number one position because of its highly enjoyable comedy.//This I agree with.// "Ozarkon I" is next and to it I pay the high compliment. I am very unhappy for missing the convention. "Con Report in Poetic Fragments" was unbelievable, but amusing. The editorial and the presidents message were both interesting. I should like to go on but my pen seems to be nearly worn out. Just enough ink left to say that this is more of an anti-LoC than a normal letter of comment. It's purpose was to attack all LoC writers who believe their own little egotistical lives to be of more interest to me than anything they might write on Sirruish.

//This has been only slightly cut by yed because we wanted you to have the benefit of Ron's advice on How To Do It if you want your LoC printed. We don't necessarily agree with his method, but it worked this time, didn't it?//

Laurence C. Smith
216 East Tibet Road
Columbus, Ohio 43202

I despise Bob Dylan and rock and folk-rock in general; comics also bore me stiff, but I certainly feel that people are entitled to their choice of music and literature(?).

//You think I put this in to get some response, don't you?
Your'e right!//

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

The offset litho reproduction of Sirruish is a major benefit to the artwork. I'm reactionary enough to believe that first-rate Gestetnering can be as clear and sharp as all but the most expensive photo offset reproduction. But it's undeniable that your more aristocratic publishing medium can't be topped for clarity in reproducing all sorts of illustrations. //A thing of the past, alas. Sigh.// Come to think of it, one useful article topic for some fanzine or other might be based on the different types of offset reproduction, how they work, and which ones are most suitable to fandom from cost and difficulties standpoints. I've had more than most people to do with various forms of publishing and I still can't keep straight the facts on why Sirruish, for instance, looks different from Amra, even though both fanzines use related machines for publishing purposes.

All the material on the Ozarkon was pleasant to read, although some of it seems a trifle too informal for such a dignified means of reproduction. Wouldn't the best solution to the conflict of interests be overlapping cons for the science fiction and the comics fans? If you scheduled one day for both groups, the day before for the comics crowd, and the day after the joint session for the science fiction group, there would be both mingling and a chance to attend

to one's own particular interest on successive days, and attendees could come late or leave early if they didn't want to mix into the other camp's own day.//Might work.// In any event, I gather that you attracted mostly people who have had little experience with fandom. Maybe the comparatively small attendance made it possible for them to get a better idea of what fandom really is than at a giant worldcon where the complete stranger can rarely do anything but sit through the program.//This IS entirely true. I saw many a young fan at Tricon looking lonely and disgusted.// I have never shared the pessimistic belief that the death of the prozines' letter columns is going to wipe out fandom, but just the same, we mustn't go out of our way to alienate potential recruits who now nibble at the fringes of fandom by going to a regional con instead of being letterhacks.

The letter section illustration is fine as far as appropriateness goes, but I wonder if the building was drawn from life, and if the architect had had any previous experience with designing this particular kind of edifice. Anyone who decided to visit it in a big hurry after dark would be likely to suffer a mild concussion, if the top of the door is low enough to permit an individual to use the halfmoon above for the customary purpose without finding a stepladder somewhere. //The man evidently knows whereof he speaks. The old, familiar building has disappeared from this issue.//

Jack Gaughan's frankness about payment rates for professional science fiction art is commendable. It might prevent some kid somewhere from cutting all ties with his home and getting into all sorts of difficulties in an effort to support himself in the field through his artistic abilities. But doggone it, I still have trouble believing that the creative people---the writers and the artists---should get such a tiny fraction of the total budget involved in producing a book, whether hardcover or softbound. Particularly in the paperback field, where a title may reasonably be expected to sell a couple of hundred thousand copies, more than 95% of gross receipts must go to the printers, paper suppliers, distributors, retailers, and profits. Right there is the real reason for the low caliber of most books: hardly anyone with talent can afford to spend his full time writing for them, and those who do it as a labor of love must put the manuscripts together in the hours they can spare from more profitable pursuits.

My only criticism of the book-Bram Stoker article involves the habit of using "Victorian" as a description of the thinking that heroines are all pure. This and other undesirable conventions of fiction were observed in much more stringent manner before the queen was learning her ABC's, and it was during the Victorian era that the conventions began to break down. I'm not related to Victoria, but I hate to see her name misused simply because it tends to prejudice people against the excellent writing that emerged from the years of her reign. Wouldn't it be more logical to describe such bad writing habits as Puritan? Then there'd be no danger of condemning all the fiction of any particular set of years and there would be more logical connection between the unreal



habits of the fictional characters and the adjective applied to them. //I do think the writers and artists are badly short-changed on the money paid to them, but you will hear publishers bemoaning the high costs of printing a book. They will also tell you what a gamble any book is. Where is the truth of the matter? Somebody is making the money. The break down of conventions in Victoria's reign was probably best exemplified in the behavior of her own dear son, Albert Edward. His excursions to Paris were the scandal of the continent. Wouldn't certain other connotations of Victorian be lost? It conveys impressions of floor-sweeping velvet dresses, fine Belgian lace, feather fans, cameo jewelry, and a certain ornateness. This secondarily implied background would be lost by the use of the word Puritan. The words stand for two different cultures. I understand your objection but I don't think the change could be made now, people become devoted to this kind of literary shorthand.//

Jerry Kaufman
2769 Hampshire Road
Cleveland Hts.
Ohio 44106

You seem to be repro-mad. You discuss format more than anything else, as though content meant little or nothing to a reader. Dave Hall, that crack about "uniformity and evenness" was one of the sharpest "damn with faint praise" phrases I've seen. What a way to be remembered. I can see it now. Hey, it's ol' Selective Conformity Luttrell. Pickeringism-- "I would, indeed, beggar anyone to state that Sirruish was not an excellently laid-out fanzine, representing all that is best of the culture of Hank's age group." Guess from where. Gee, only three people making cracks in the Lettercol? Why not the whole OSFA?//The rest of us weren't asked to or we might have.// Of course, this might cut down your room for letters and you might start a couple of arguments ("Keep in Dylan." "Throw it out." "Stick in the Farinas." "Lovecraft, Lovecraft." "He can't write!" "Can't sing, either." "Shut up." "Drop dead." "Sheesh." Now there's a word for you. A perfect, descriptive, compact word. Remember iggles swoop? When the Artful Dodger was an old man they called him the Artful Codger. The word "sheesh" is applied to your "Poetic Fragments". I quote the Elder Mr. Hall, "We're going to try to use material that will be pleasing rather than confusing." Quit trying already? This is midnight-and-beer stuff//exactly!// and

only looks good (a) under the influence (b) to the perpetrators (I have a warrant for the spelling so don't say it was unwarranted.)

I guarantee

that my warranty

is about as free

as any could be.

Censorship? Censor your Lettercol title, it offends me.//Done.//
Reviews--Tenth Victim--rather disjointed, with events in no special order. Inside Bram Stoker--well-done analysis of several of his works, but does anyone know of a more complete job by someone with access to a number of his works? Now Wait for Last Year--not much depth, but the paragraph of synopsis does catch the movement of the story. I liked the "Weekend" piece, especially the dialogue. Hell, Chester (yes, Virginia, there is a word-noise hell. You use it like ouch or heck or oy vey. Don't let it scare you.) don't let them people convince you that your Love of Craft is unique. I'm behind(if that helps any.) you. I always like con reports and so I enjoyed yours.(Easy-going me) You had enough people reporting on it. (9% of attendees, that is) To end this letter I will say that I only disliked about half of your zine. //As you can see, this boy writes with his pen dipped in something besides ink! You, I most definitely want to meet;Jerry. Talented, vicious, and probably charming and handsome-what a combination, typical fan.//

Gene Klein

33-51 84th St.

Jackson Hts. New York 11373

Sirruish-Many improvements--bigger page count, better repro, better art(ahem!). Still, I miss Luttrell's touch. All the fancy layout (etc.) still doesn't come close to Hank's Sirruish. He gave the fanzine atmosphere, and if you're going to be ed. from now on, I suggest you do the same.//You weren't talking to us when you wrote this letter, but we intend to try.//

Atmosphere may come in many forms--interesting discussions in the let-col(in this respect you win out, perhaps even more so than Hank), intro's to the contribs, or stories connected with same, and how about a fanzine rev. col. or at least a listing?//We try.//

Hmmm---seems as though the 100 Basic Fantasy Books has gotten many negative comments. I still can't see the reason you had for printing it, unless you wanted us to know what you considered fantasy, but that sounds illogical.

//How about just for the hell of it?//

Tony Cabanellas;Fine, I'm all for doing articles on singers(especially of the r&r and r&b type), but why didn't you mention the Beatles?

Anyway a fanzine pubbed by Paul Williams (20 Mellen St., Cambridge, Mass., 02138 called "Crawdaddy" is devoted to r&r, so you'd do best to contact him.//If you all care.// Jay Kinney; I dunno, I thought the



lettering was pretty good. And what's wrong with "stylized" or "hip"? Re Tomorrow Midnight; yes, it's definitely the best I've seen of the Bradbury-written-illustrated-EC-style, but I still think Bradbury should stick to books and short stories. DNH; What's so "entirely sic" about "serious graphic panel art?" Please explain. I seem to recall somewhere in the zine someone made the comment that he/she/it thought Prince Valiant was a good example of serious graphic panel art--or did I misunderstand? Warner Jr.; I believe in the Loch Ness monster as well. (gosh-wow) Re the Spirit; If you people haven't heard yet, Harvey publications has put out two issues of the Spirit--some reprints, some new, and they are enchanting. I also hear Ed Aprill (5272 W. Liberty Rd., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48103) did an offset reprint job of the 92 Spirit dailies. The resident of 35 Dusenberry Rd., Bronxville N.Y. is not John Barry but John Berry(not related to that other Berry from Ireland or England or wherever he comes from). Jack Gaughan; Sir, you are a very interesting person--I think more so because you are a pro and still find time to take part in fanzines.//Jack Gaughan for best pro artist!// Good show--Sirruish #3 was.//Our choice of your illos was to show you how we feel about having used all of them. We would certainly like to have some more. We will all be at Nycon and hope to meet you.//

Earl and Gail Thompson

128 S. Mariposa Ave.

Los Angeles, Calif. 90004

There is an old fan - He has been in fandom about 35 years (by old I mean he is about 55 years old). He is known as God or by Uncle God. He is of the Ackerman era and group. And a very close friend of Ackerman is Uncle God. I remember at a fan slide show someone naming those on the screen, and when B. Pelz said "and of course, Uncle God", he rattled some small fry who were excited at having finally seen God. God attends most of the World Cons (God is fairly wealthy) and his name tag reads "God". If you want his address, I can dig it up for you (complete with zip code). God is an engineer and lives in Los Angeles, a founding member of the LASFS even. So you see, God does exist.//Here all the time I thought He was alive and well in Argentina, to quote another source. We do want His address as we have a few complaints,.....//

John B. Gaughan

P.O. Box #177

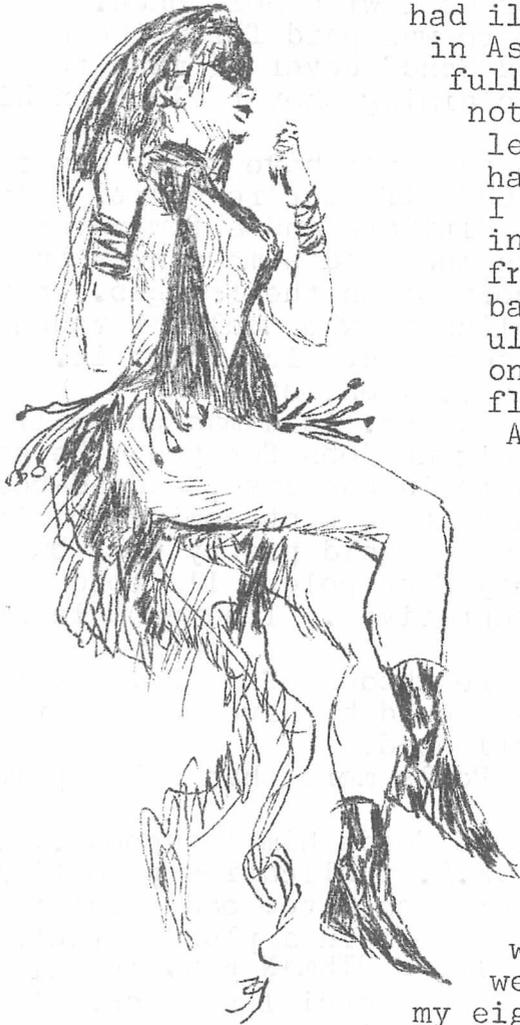
Edgewater, New Jersey 07020

Since I'm being rather a cheap-skate lately(We just bought a big old house into which we can't move until some extensive fixing-up is done) I'll hope to get around paying out my buck fifty by writing this here now letter. (Which is a little silly because if I had work to do I could make several times a buck fifty in the time it takes me to punch out one of these disjointed letters.)//You couldn't get off of our mailing list if you tried Jack. We hope for scraps from your drawing table and we want you to see our amateur artists.//

The Rhodes drawing on the cover of Sirruish 3 was just great. I once advised Hank Luttrell to tell Mr. Rhodes to try to do

covers for the pro mags as they'd be more likely to buy them than the black and white drawings. The remoteness from the N.Y. market being the limiting factor on B/W drawings. Production schedules don't allow for sending stories out of the N.Y. area. That's something I had to contend with when I lived in Ohio. However Rhodes' things are so well done that he might just strike an exception....he might hit Fred Pohl on the right day or something. Please insist that he send some samples around. At the very least he'll get back "official" opinions on the drawings. Tho, frankly, that shouldn't make too much difference to such a competent (and then some) draughtsman.

Years ago, in Ohio, I sent off samples regularly to any and every publishing house I could find. I was about sixteen and merely one of the (then) many imitators of Virgil Finlay. I sent some to J.W.C. and got back notes on each drawing. I



had illustrated stories which had appeared in Astounding and I had done them carefully according to the stories. Each note tore into the drawings. "A six legged, horse-like creature would not have hooves the size of dinner-plates." I wrote back that they were so described in the story. "Tears do not issue from the outside of an eye." I wrote back that I had posed for that particular drawing myself and had peeled an onion to make the tears...they overflowed where they damn-well pleased.

And it went on and on for about twelve drawings. JWC finally answered that my points were well taken but in reality Ohio was too far from N.Y. for me to do any work for Ast. Boy! was he surprised (appalled?) when I showed up in his Elizabeth, N.J. office on a vacation to N.Y.! I did one job for him while there (in nineteen ought forty nine) which he had me re-do. It was a terrible drawing but he bought them (two drawings actually) and I was thirty dollars richer. While in N.Y. I went to see the publishers of Startling and Thrilling Wonder and was told that as long as the drawings were sexy, they'd consider them. Well,

my eighteen year old artistic feathers were ruffled and I swore I'd never resort to THAT. Gasp!

But eventually small hard cover houses bought some bad jacket designs from me (they wanted to pay me off in war bonds or old books) and Ray Palmer bought two illos. The work was few and far-between but the point is it CAN be done. So for heaven's sake ask Mr. Rhodes to give it a whack or two. His things are distinctive (a rare quality) and the product of what seems a sure hand.

I understand that Doubleday has printed some of my IF illos for Retief's War in the book. I didn't get paid for these either. First they asked if they could use the drawings for free.

I said, "Yes" because any drawing in a book makes the book look better. Then an art director for Doubleday said that of course they'd pay me for them. What did I think....they were cheap? The drawings were released to them by Fred Pohl with Fred's understanding I would get paid for their re-use. Capt. Laumer insisted that the drawings be used (as a favor to me). The next I hear is that they are being used. So I called Doubleday (the aforementioned A.D.) who informed me that since the art was in the book it was not part of the "art Budget" but part of the "book Budget" and that if I were to be paid I should contact Capt. Laumer because the money would probably have to come from the money he was paid for his stories. Pfui! I'm not going to dun this fine fellow for something Doubleday owes! Well, anyway, there it is! A book with my illos for which they refuse to pay me. Some piddling little sum too! Hell, I don't, but I'd just as soon deal with Sol Cohen. At least that one job I did for Ultimate was paid for. (He has had a set of samples and a finished SandS cover of mine for over a year and won't return them claiming they're lost in his basement!!! It's a great life.

However the bums in the business don't have to be dealt with. You'll get burned but only ONCE if your're smart. I've been burned by Doubleday, Airmont, Ultimate and a few advertising clients. I've been burned-up by Belmont and some others but they're always the little people sort of on the fringes...not the big guys. Even the bigger publishers who wouldn't touch me with a ten foot pole have been downright nice about it. Like Ballantine, New American Library, Avon, etc.

I've had two representatives. A Rep. is a man who will carry your work around and try to dig up jobs for you. He gets 25% of the take. Jeez! My Reps were in one case, a dead-beat and in the other a little weird in that he kept coming up with things like illoing Lesbian books which paid pretty well but which I wouldn't touch with a twenty foot pole. I'm told there are reputable artists representatives. I have no intnøion of finding out. Pfui on 25%!

Sounds like I'm trying to scare Rhodes off? No! Just warning him of the pitfalls....why should he have to go through what someone else has already experienced?

The Wollheims and Bensons and Pohls more than make up for the crumbs in the business.

One shouldn't bite the hand that feeds him I suppose...but I just finished a drawing for an N.E.A. publication promoting THE INVADERS. Its a passing fair drawing...too bad about the show. I've seen the pilot, all by myself in a plush carpeted room. Its a sort of RUN BUDDY FUGITIVE EARTHMAN RUN. In this really rotten TV season it will be a commercial success, I'm sure, but like Time Tunnel and in my opinion Star Trek, S.F. it aint. Entertainment maybe, but science fiction, no! I hear that Jim Blish's Okie stories are being filmed. Damn. If that too turns out not to be S.F. then we must be in sorry straits indeed. However don't despair, I don't think even bad S.F. (which isn't all that bad) on TV cannot but boost the field just a little by making some of the rather specialized language of science fiction available to the general public. The Invaders seems to be pretty elaborately produced... its too bad that they didn't try something more original.. However I guess they figured that The Fugitive's success would rub off on a series about an earthman being pursued week after week by

humanoid aliens.

The NEA publication is a sort of Sunday supplement TV guide called Showtime with a circulation of eight million. Imagine! That one drawing will be seen by more people than my entire body of work. One thing...ABC did have the idea to look up someone from the field of SF to do the drawing... instead of going to some commercial illustrator who had never heard of science fiction. Come to think of it that has been a trend with publishers for a few years. It's only recently that the paperbacks are being decorated by people recruited FROM S.F. Both Ace and Pyramid have made it a point to use people like Morrow, Krenkle, Schoenherr, Freas and myself from the mags. It used to be some plain old illoer would try his hand at doing space ships or monsters. Only a few of those were any good at it but few people seem to be aware of them. Guys like Jerry Podwill and Bob Abbet (one of the most successful and competent paperback painters) have enlivened the covers, but for the most part, the average illustrator of scraggly men's faces and slick contemporary women seem to miss the point of S.F. For which all of us who work at this can be thankful.

Enough rambling.

Incidentally, I see absolutely no reason why an awareness of fans, which is to say regular readers, would be unrealistic for a hardcover publisher. Fandom is a rather huge thing and the reader-fan is huge still. I'll wager that that 40,000 circulation the Science Fiction Book Club reputedly has is predominately fans of one description or another.

Jack Gaughan Jr

//I have published your letter with only minimal cutting because it is really of interest to any aspiring artist even though the comments were directed to Mickey Rhodes. Mickey does illos as a favor to his friend, Ray Fisher, and is really not too interested in SF work. He is quite a successful artist here and has many commissions to keep him busy. I wish he would do some illos for Sirruish but I'm afraid Mickey will be found hereafter only in the pages of ODD and he's worth the price of the whole fanzine. Subscribe. We really do want artists who haven't been published elsewhere to submit their illos to Sirruish. In fact we want to give these people preference. We will send copies of Sirruish and if you see some work you like we hope you will comment on it. We rejoice at the use of SF artists in paperback and on a wider scale generally. I can't agree with the people who say fans have no influence with the publishers. As you intimate, who do they suppose reads the stuff. We will be glad to print your "dis-jointed" letters anytime.//

We Also Heard From: William B. Berg, WSFA; Jurgen Wolff; Steve Johnson; Bob Saal; Fred Lerner; Cuyler Warnell Brooks, Jr.

科 小 說



KLEIN