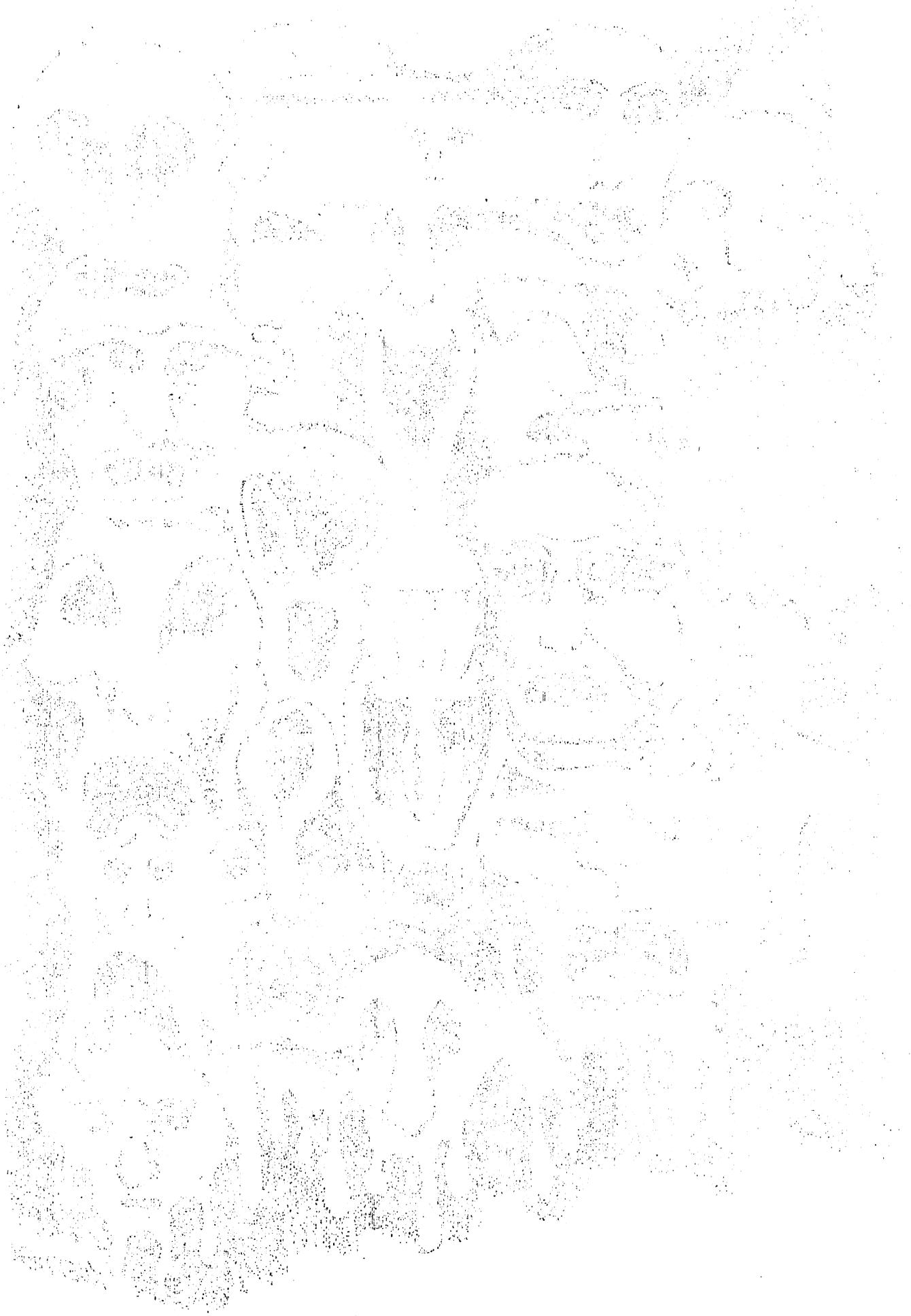




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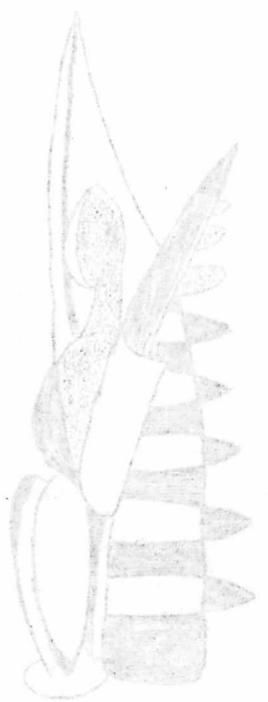
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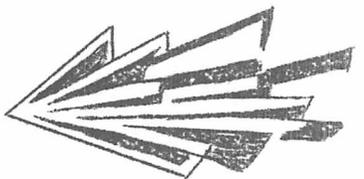
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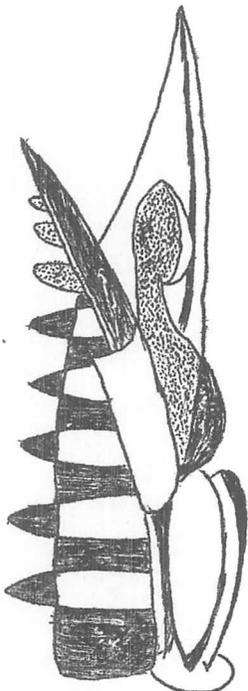
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Winter 1967/1968 Issue

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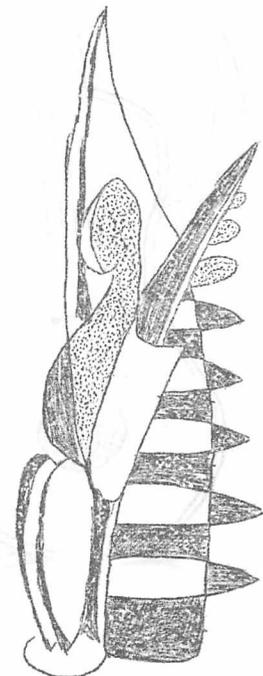
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ST. LOUISCON

in

1969!!!!!!



# Psychotaxia

## Reflections On An Evil Eye: Some Thoughts On Conventions

convention - a meeting for some purpose, gathering, assembly.

Why do people go hundreds of miles, cross country, or even overseas to attend Science Fiction conventions? There must be many reasons. Probably if you were to ask a sample of fandom, you would get answers something like this:

To see my friends. To hear the discussions. To see a real live pro. To go to parties. To buy magazines and books. To buy art. To promote a con bid. To get contributions for my fanzine. To be with the people I like best. To look at all the gorgeous girls. To see what the hell it's all about.

Thinking about these reasons, I realize that all but two or three of them apply to me. Probably it is the same with you. But all the reasons really come down to one basic distillation, you go to have a good time.

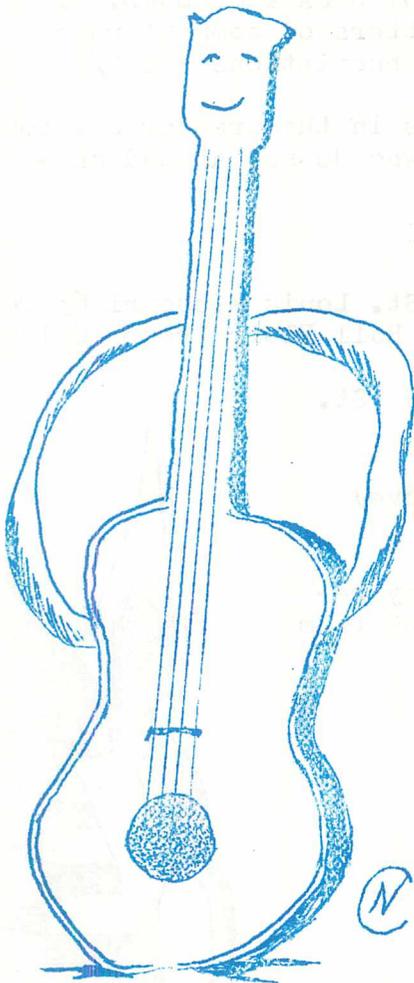
Because SF and/or fantasy is your hobby, you want to be with other people who enjoy it. You want to talk about SF or hear others talk about SF, you want to see the people who create SF, whether in story form or picture

form. Fans like to be with their own kind. Although it would be impossible for me to say what kind that is, they are so diverse. I think fans are some of the most interesting people in the world, despite the fact that outsiders like to label them "Freaks". Well, they are ignorant and must be excused. After all, many of them have to go to conventions!

A large percentage of fans go for the parties. So do I. They are a most important part of every convention. I like to go them, I like to give them. A fan party is the only place I know of where you can discuss any topic you damn well please. No one will object. If they are not interested they will move on to another conversational group. Someone may disagree with you violently, but nowhere else is there the opportunity to talk about anything under or beyond the sun. The only thing I know of that even comes is talk among college students.

Fans go to conventions to buy books, magazines, movie stills, artwork. This is the golden opportunity. What can equal the feeling of finally getting your hands on that missing magazine? This is the way I have managed to fill many holes in my collection. I'm sure it is the same with you.

Fans go to conventions to see, meet, and listen to the pros they admire (or maybe despise). Fans go to see Harlan Ellison and Dr. Asimov. May they never be among the missing, Sarasvati forbid it!



And this leads to something Harlan said not long ago, "You make your own scene." This may not be exact, I'm paraphrasing, but I wish all fans would think about it. I've heard a number of complaints about Nycon 3. Of course this is nothing new, there have been complaints about all cons. I don't know about you, but I had a ball! I saw New York, I met people I had been corresponding with, I made several new friends whom I treasure, I bought a Jack Gaughan painting, I went to three parties and helped to give one, but most of all, I was in the company of the people I like best, fans. I'm sure some gripes are entirely legitimate, but some of them strike me as pretty silly. Fan groups who put on conventions do so under trying circumstances. They do all this hard work in their spare time and for no recompense except what little egoboo they get, and because fandom is their hobby. They get blamed for everything that goes wrong, whether it is their fault or not. They can't be blamed for promises broken by the hotel, and some hotels are experts at promising everything and delivering very little. The room rates were very reasonable and I don't think New Yorkers who have to deal with the public are very friendly by nature. I have a feeling that I might not be over Labor Day week-end. My sincere compliments to the Nycon 3 Committee. I had a good time. The Worldcon was like one unending day broken by short naps. I still can't get it all sorted out enough to write a coherent conreport. So, there will be no Nyconreport this issue. Sorry.

A worldcon is all hustle and trying to do everything in a few days and to me, tremendously exciting. For the new fan a regional convention is probably the best place to break in. Midwescon is one of the best. It is held in Cincinnati the last week-end in June and is strictly a relaxed and sociable affair. There is no program except perhaps a few short speeches at the banquet. The time is taken up with talk, parties, swimming and just being together.

Ozarkon III is the second best regional con. This is our third one so we can't promise as many celebrities as a con that has been held for 17 years. We can promise a warm welcome and we make good on that. Ask anyone who was at Ozarkon II. We like to have people visit us and we like new people. If you don't know anyone you soon will at Ozarkon III.

At a regional con there is time to get acquainted because of the smaller number of fans present. Regional cons have been proliferating of late and I regard this as a good development. They aren't such hard work to put on. They give fans a chance to attend a con if the world con is too far away or at an inconvenient time. They give fan groups the experience needed to bid for, and put on a worldcon. Some fans I have talked to or written to have said that they hesitate to attend a con because they don't know anyone. Don't let that hold you back. At a con you are all under the same umbrella and there are other fans there who don't know anyone either. It is possible to strike up conversations with many people if you try. Some people may not respond and this isn't to be put down to lack of friendliness, perhaps they are too reserved to talk easily. Fans tend to be somewhat introverted you know. Other long-time fans have friends that they only see at conventions and must be stingy with their time out of necessity. The ideal thing would be to know at least one or two people. This can often be accomplished through letter writing or contributing to fanzines. Then at least someone has heard of you. But don't stay away. I have been thinking of some ways to make conventions better. Naturally! Here's just one, 'full length feature movies' each night for those who don't incline to parties (Yes. There are some who don't). The St. Louis fan group has many more ideas to make sure you will be glad you came, but we don't want to tell everything just yet. I hope you will decide to vote for - ST. LOUIS in '69 - . You won't be sorry. See you there.

accustomed  
as I am . . .



Laurence m. Janifer

By the time this is in print I will have at least two more books on the stands, and possibly four or five. Some will be sciencefiction and some will not, which is to say that I write, mostly, what bites me and what bites me is not always the same animal. (For instance I am now at work with a collaborator, S. J. Treibich, on a contemporary novel about Hollywood, and I am plugging away at the book for a new and we-hope Broadway musical, not to mention a nonfiction book with psychiatric overtones for a hardback publisher, I hope, and an article about a famous and fascinating crime, and this piece.) The sheer speed, the sadly large production (I estimate 25 books finished and sold since 1960, and maybe 300 short pieces including two poems poems), both depress me.

Oh, of course, Trollope wrote more, and no one is going to fault Thomas Mann or John O'hara either (anyhow, I'm not). But there does come a point, if you don't watch carefully, when technique takes over and you can write anything without the work ever passing through — not the forebrain, which is unimportant — but the intestines. (I'm sensitive about my intestines. They gang up on me now and again and put me on the Inactive List for a time.) I have written terrible books that way: The Woman Without a Name (non-sf, Signet) is one, and neither Slave Planet nor The Wonder War is what it should be. You Sane Men is a half-novel, but it was, truly was, the best I could do at the time, and I still think it better than Silverberg's greatly advanced Thorns. Which latter is not a bad book, honest.

The statement comes down to: I do not write the book. The book is written through me. When I do, personally, consciously, write the book, it is terrible (The Woman Without a Name will do nicely as an example); when the process is intermittent — when some of the book is written through me and some of it is written by me — then the book is intermittent, too. It appears to be necessary to give up a) all thoughts of riches, which is easy, & b) all thoughts of fame, which is harder. I can't give up my individuality, but I can, with those sacrifices, learn slowly to use it only as individuality, not as aggression. I can, maybe, get the work done.

And this is the important thing, getting the work done. Not who does it, but whether it gets done. I tried for nearly twenty years to get New York down on paper and then New York: True North did the job as well, I think, as it can be done, and I was more pleased than I can say. I remember the 100th anniversary of the ATLANTIC came out because I was working on a story about a blind man, and Hemingway had two stories blind men in that issue and covered the field. I put mine away; it was not needed anymore. A great relief.

People keep writing the religious-takeover-of-the-US novel in sf despite the fact that it has once and for all been written (It Can't Happen Here, Sinclair Lewis): has anyone anything to add to that? It's not a "basic theme" like time travel or the "first contact" notion or several others — it is, simply, a notion with a built-in drama and an easy book to write. It Can't Happen Here is convincing: pace Heinlein, none of the others are.

9.

Speaking of Heinlein . . . I wish people would keep from rewriting Universe or Solution Unsatisfactory, and I wonder how many people are going to be rewriting Glory Road and Stranger in a Strange Land in the next ten years. Heinlein deserves better. He deserves to be left with his own final statements on a set of subjects. (I will say that his Future History, his notions of future art, and such perfectly decent books as Gulf and Sixth Column can be done better, and should be— and are being.)

And who's the judge? Why, I am — for me. As you are, for you. If Wonder War or the (Garrett-collaborated) Mark Phillips books seem to you re-statements of ancient and finished themes, ancient and finished worlds, I wish you'd let me know about it. If You Sane Men or Slave Planet or (outside of sf) You Can't Escape or — published by the time this hits print — The Final Fear seem the same, let me know. I try to follow my peculiar Muse into a new world, into a new experience for you, and for me. No one knows better than I do that I do not always succeed. But I try; I must; it is the expansion of our worlds, yours and mine, which alone makes writing worth while — which alone makes any art worth anyone's while. Through art I can be mad and victorious like Schumann; I can be playful, technical and an Outsider like Thelonus Monk; I can be a mad, half-conscious murderer like Raskolnikov, a saint-in-the-making like Alexei Karamazov, a drunken physical victor like the Sergeant early in War and Peace. I can live on the moon (sorry, "in the moon") with Heinlein's people, or in the ages of the Rediscovery of Man with the people of "Cordwainer Smith". I can lead the plodding actual life of Freeman Wills Crofts' Inspector French or the feverish, insistent like of Sherlock Holmes; the life of Jacob and his sons and the Egyptians thanks to Thomas Mann, or the world of the Glass family thanks to J. D. Salinger. This is what art is all about; if it is not about this it is about nothing worth speaking of.

Technique can get in your way, if you let it. But a firm memory of this set of statements can help. Anyone who wants to write — in other words, most of my audience for this piece — ought to ask himself (herself) whether he (she) is willing to accept both the responsibility of living and creating new worlds and lives (it isn't easy, and writers have a fantastic divorce rate, among other statistics), and the sheer joy of being able to admire the work of someone else in what you have come to think of as your special field. If you are not willing — quit.

I will not list the ones I wish had, or the ones I wish would. This is not a hate letter.

But I will say this:

I will read three manuscripts by anyone. Typewritten material preferred. I will reply to all letters. It is my business, as I see it, to pass on to others the help I gained from others many years ago (and these I'll make a stab at mentioning: Judy Merrill and Kate MacLean, Ted Sturgeon, the tragic Charles Dye, Larry T. Shaw, Randall Garrett, John W. Campbell, Jr., Horace Gold, Anthony Boucher, James F. Seligmann and Scott Meredith, Steve Treibich, and Chester Anderson, Christopher Cerf and Gail Wendroff. . . and many others): this is the only way I know to return some portion of this help.

And if you want to be a writer, ask yourself if you would be willing to do the same.

(Never mind ability — your own ego will assure you that you have that, <sup>10.</sup> and it may very well be right).

If not — quit.

Please?



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Pseudonyms: William Logan, Mark Phillips (with Randall Garrett)  
Larry M. Harris is now, by a legal name change, Laurence Janifer

((This index covers only Fantasy and SF by Laurence Janifer; he is equally well-known for his excellent mystery stories.))

# DEATH WEAVER

". . . and that's how the bum who ate live chickens for the carney show beat my maiden aunt out of more'n a hundred bucks. After that she used to say: 'Beware of geeks bearing gifts.'" I opened an eye and sat up, sort of.

"Harry, it's four in the morning . . . for this you wake me up? . . ."

"Oh, no, Tony, of course not . . . you're a slow waker is all, so I help a little."

I started to dress, muttering. Try to put head through sweatshirt armpit, someday I will, maybe. Mutter. Sneakers on wrong.

"What's up?" I ask, retying shoes with bitter knots.

"Guildenburg's a plant." That was bad.

"For the Feds? Or just city police?"

"He ain't a finkout Tony, It's like he's a real cat!" I put on my peacoat.

# WEP

By

ALEXIS A. GILLILAND

"You mean. . . miaou? He's a real cat?"

"That's right, man, he's a plant!"

"Look, Harry, I flunked biology at Berkeley, now don't put me on."

"No, man, he put down roots in Central Park off West 67th St."

"Alright, Harry, let's go." We stepped over a box of empty bottles and trotted down the dingy stairway.

"Where, Tony?" The little punk was worried.

"To see Gildy. Then we find a tree surgeon that can keep his mouth shut or a headshrinker that makes house calls."

"A shrink don't know nothing about trees," Harry protested, "and Dan wasn't talking crazy or anything. . . he just put down roots, sort of. . ."

The streets were uneven with frozen slush, and the wind was pushing around some fine stuff that had fallen after midnight.

"What a miserable night to be stuck in Central Park," Harry muttered. We took the subway, and then had to wander all over the park because Harry had fouled up the address. Naturally. We found Gildy about an hour before dawn.

He was well on his way to being a tree. He could twitch his arms a little, and talk in a weird hooting voice, but otherwise he was a handsome young hemlock. Delian Hemlock, the little aluminum tag on his left knee said, the brand of Socrates. I poked around his feet, but he was really rooted.

"Gildy, baby," I said, "who did this to you?"

"The surly green pygmies," he moaned, "from the flying saucer." Normally, I would have sent for the shrink, now I wasn't so sure.

"We'll avenge you, Dan," Harry was saying, "where did they go?"

"If it's vengeance you want, get that damned Doberman that was by here half an hour ago." Gildy hooted, rattling his limbs. There were paw prints in the snow, and a Doberman would be safer than surly green pygmies. . . but a dog can go a long way in half an hour, and besides, the matter was really personal, like between Gildy and the dog. Harry agreed with me.

"When you get moving again we'll find his dog house. . . go out drinking beer. . . trap him in his lair. . . and let him have it!" Harry enthused.

"That'll learn the son of a bitch," Gildy agreed, "but how do I get moving again?" He was talking clearly, enough, but I couldn't see his breath on the cold air. The question stopped us. Harry thought we should stick up a drug store. . . his answer for everything. Gildy thought maybe a dose of LSD. I held out for a tree surgeon. Then a halo of green fire began to play over Gildy's branches, and his eyes glazed.

13.



"One, two, three, testing." he said in an unearthly voice. "One, two, three, testing."

"What's this?" I hissed.

"The surly gr-green pygmies," stammered Harry, "they told me to bring my leader."

"You. . .!"

"Can you hear us, Earthlings? Over."

"We hear you, Space People," Harry shouted. "What have you done to Dan Guildenburg?"

"You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs," was the smooth reply, "and your friend is now part of the souffle."

"You mean he'll never get back the way he was?" The little punk was really upset.

"Nothing will," boomed the voice of the Space People, "Now where is your leader?"

"Hey, Tony. . . your imitation of LBJ, do your LBJ imitation," Harry whispered.

"Ah am here," I drawled, "But Ah do not recognize you, and Ah do not recognize yoah government. Nevertheless, Ah will talk to anyone. . . who will talk to me. . . to seek peace. Come, let us reason together."

"We will do all the reasoning, Mr. President," said the Space People, "You have ten minutes to surrender, or we will raze Boston."

"Let me confer a moment with Mr. Rusk," I said with stiff dignity, and pulling Harry aside, "Hey, man, what a break!! This beats blowing the Statue of Liberty all to pieces! Boston, man!"

"There goes the Liberty Bell," Harry chortled.

"And Constitution Hall!" I added. Then turning back to Gildy, "We will never surrender, Spaceling! Earth will fight you, America will fight you, Texas will fight you! And we will win! Ah swear to you by all Ah hold sacred, Texas Rangers will scour the universe to wipe out every surly green pygmy guilty of this atrocity you propose to commit. We defy you! Space Swine! Attack Terra and your doom is sealed!" Sirens were beginning to sound all over the place, and the sky was criss-crossed with searchlights. We found out later that we were broadcasting all over the world, complete with telepathic translation. The halo became agitated, wavering and dancing about most alarmingly.

"Sooo, Mr. President, you don't surrender? You think we are bluffing?" The voice from the tree dripped with menace, like a class B movie heavy. Overacting.

14.

"Ah have learned it is useless to bomb a resolute enemy," I said. "Ah have nothing further to add. Mr. Rusk, break the connection."

Harry rolled up his New York Times, the Sunday Times, and hit Gildy over the head. Sparks flew, bells rang, and the halo crackled and vanished.

"Don't hit me again," Gildy moaned, "I'll talk. I'll tell you anything you want to know. . ."

"We have a fink on our hands, Harry," I growled. "One hit with the Sunday Times and he spills the beans. One lousy hit."

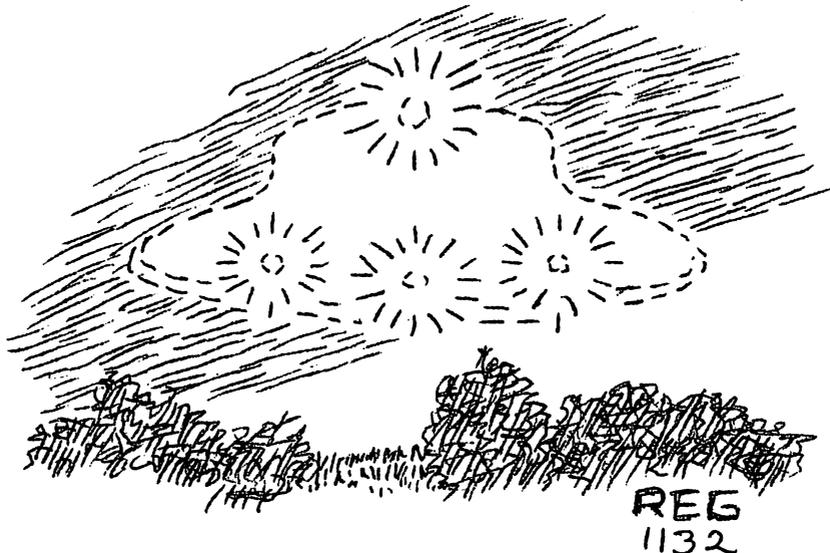
So we stuffed the times under Gildy's feet. . . roots. . . whatever, and set him alight. For a Delian Hemlock he really burned. Then we went to a bar to watch the razing of Boston on TV.

One lonely saucer comes in on the deck spraying Universal Solvent, and just as he passes over Constitution Hall, he turns straight up, real fast, and at 96,000 feet they nail him with a salvo of Nike-X missiles. That's the whole show. On the reruns, Harry says it was the same one that accosted him in Central Park. Altogether, about thirty city blosks were "liquidated". That was in the paper next day. The camera men did get some nice shots of Constitution Hall dissolving, though.

Tuesday, a delegation of the surly green pygmies landed their saucer at the UN and turned themselves in.

That summer, Mississippi nominated LBJ for president, and so did the GOP. Harry has gone to pot; I have reverted to drink. We both have the feeling of being incontestably had.

END





# ST. LOUIS CON for '69

ST. LOUIS FANDOM invites you to the 27th World Science Fiction Convention. Our city has a reputation for Midwestern hospitality; we would like for you to know from your own experience that this is true. We are sincerely eager to welcome you and make your stay a memorable one. We are an experienced group of fans who make every effort to do things as they should be done. We respect fan traditions and have presented two successful conventions. The information on the third appears below.

We ask your support for St. Louiscon -- 1969!

## OZARKON III

The third annual convention sponsored by the Ozark Science Fiction Association will be held at the Ben Franklin Motor Hotel 825 Washington, in St. Louis, July 26, 27, and 28, with Harlan Ellison as Guest of Honor. \$2 registration should be sent to Norbert Couch at Route 2, Box 889, Arnold Missouri 63010.

The hotel has offered rates, beginning at singles \$7, and twins \$9. Reservations should be made directly with the hotel.



Bubble faces - Siamese and Bikinese -  
Peeking through parched at you;

"We thirst for liquid cool  
Pouring from silent string quartets  
As paddlers minutely blister away  
To pop in splaying sunset fade.

Universal expansion contracts --  
Macrocosms of cell burgeon  
In the systole of the human heart.

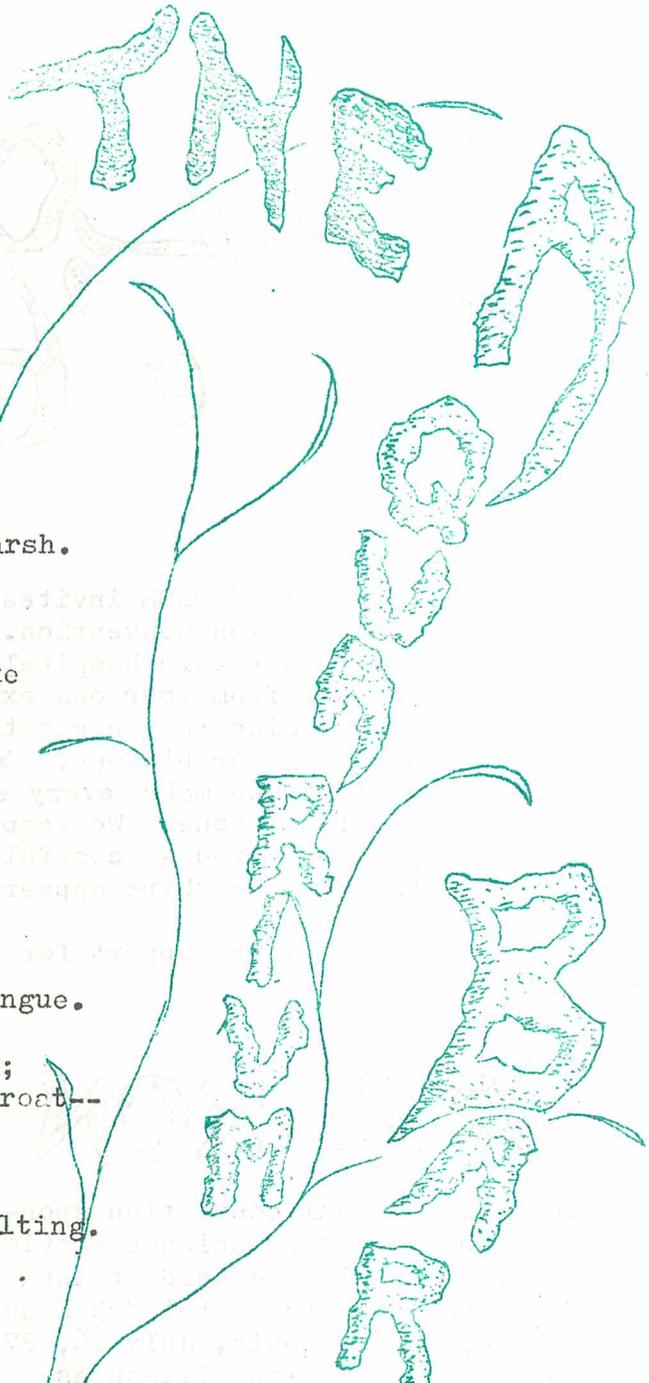
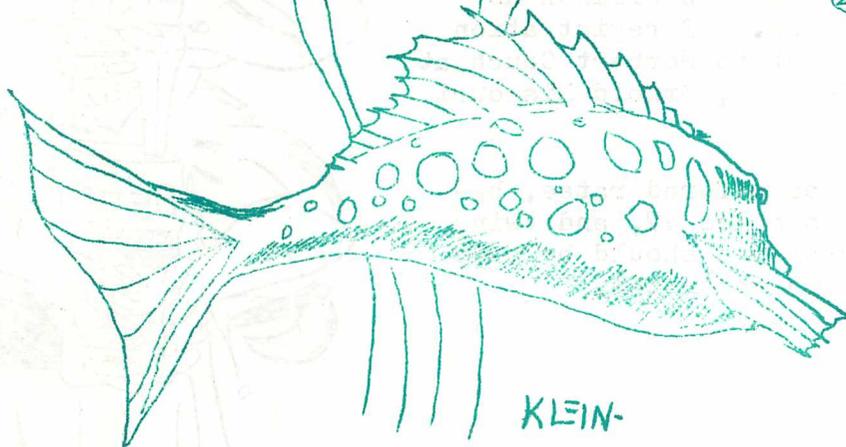
Deft hands, ours, storm deafly  
For sunken bubble blocks,  
Raise countlessly high castles  
Slowing tumbly to the bottom of the marsh.  
Silent music calls to a new game;  
Ruins settle silent--until tomorrow

And a new sparkler is added to the cake  
And breath grows another year shorter  
And we think we are learning to dress  
Warmly for the ice creeping over.  
Everything (we are told) has its place  
So we pray with eyes closed  
And with clasped hands  
Grasping our throats  
As twitching lips kiss for air  
And our own tears fill up the tank  
Over directions missed in a foreign tongue.

There is news from home we cannot hear;  
A female-sounding hand caresses the throat--  
'Birth. . . tomorrow.' And I ask you  
Did it say 'love' or 'drown'?"

Sip deeply and watch--the cubes are melting.

Thomas McKeown .



# SUPER NONSENSE

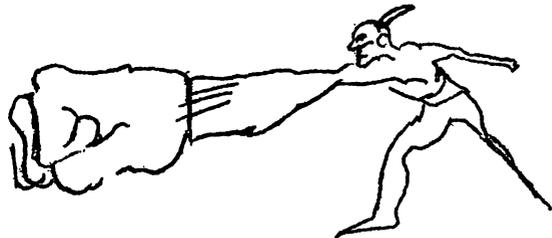
*Jack Laughlin*



Guardian of the  
GREAT SOCIETY!!

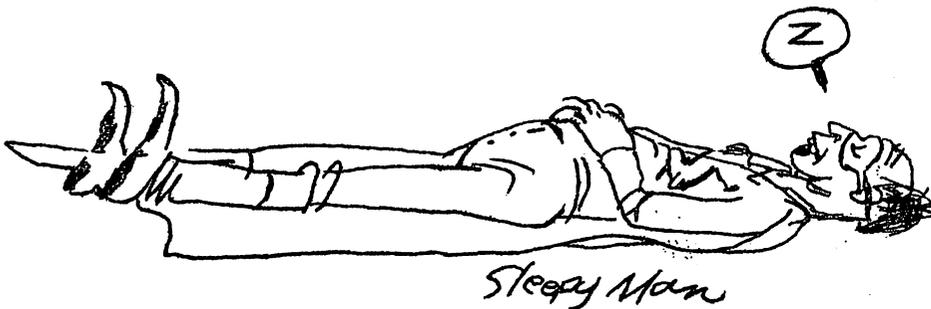
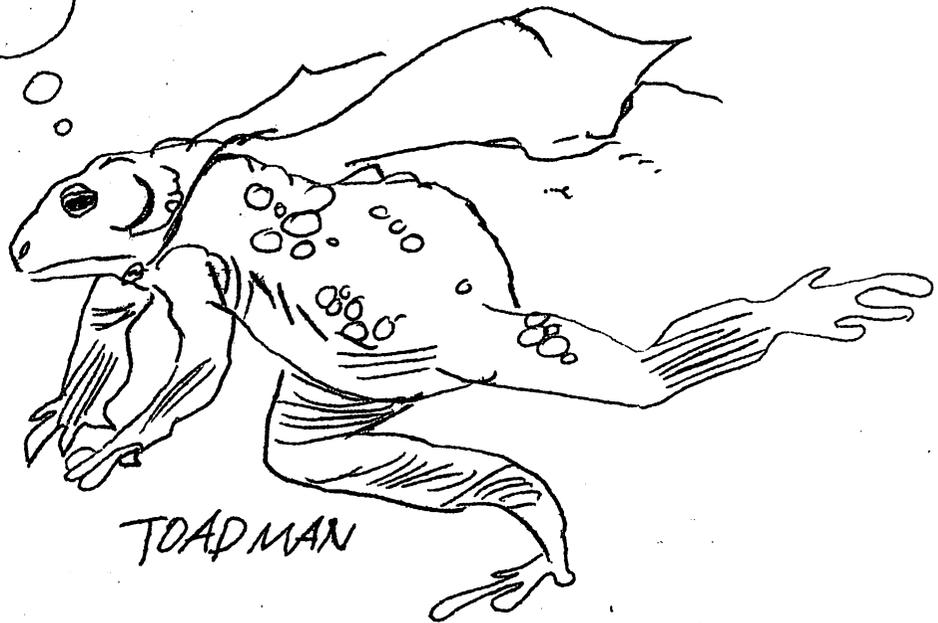
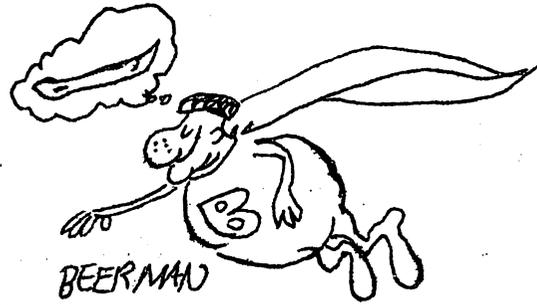


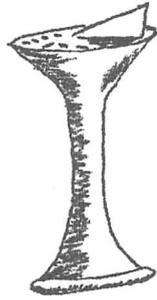
*Garbage Man*



SIDE VIEW

Captions by:  
Jack G. & Jim Reuss





TIME

OF THE

QUINTOS

# There Were One Hundred and Twelve OTTOS.

## INTRODUCTION

It is the world of a bit later. 2300. It is quite a bit more crowded. Many things that were easily predictable from an earlier date have transpired. Some have not. Some are still withering on the vine a bit. It has been quite a while since any swords have been rattled internationally. The advent of the Newbuck worth three of the old dollars stabilized the currency of the North American continent. As a currency based on rare and valuable metals is desirable from a psychological standpoint, the legislatures decided on plutonium. Every government had a quite sufficient store of it to back up the currency. Due to its physical characteristics, plutonium cannot be used for actual coinage. Also, though the point was never dwelt upon to any great extent publically, it was an excellent manner of maintaining the war potential of nations in times when major war seemed continuously less imminent. The term "Newbuck" is actually a misnomer, a popularization engendered by a popular television commentator who had tired of the rather stodgy New Era Dollar, or N. E. D.

Popular as never before was the concept of the city. A city can be efficient. It is a simple matter of basic design. In the most efficient city the people stay home, or close to it. The early unit cities still had facilities for mass transit. As the units were expanded and joined, the demand for mass transit almost vanished, for anyplace else was simply more of the same. Earlier, new efficient highways especially designed for high speed vehicles were in construction. They were popularized as zip-ways. They were laid out to become streets of the continent spanning grid of uniform blocks of the mono-city. 2300 is the dividing point in the history of the new era. The old has been irretrievably lost and the new has irreversibly commenced. In the century following 2300 there is the first of the razing of old cities and replacement with the standard model city. Quite a few things inherited from the past still persist. The manufacture of synthetic food is a growth industry, and automated farming is a minor, steadily declining business. Repair shops have become almost completely extinct as repair in general has been superseded by outright replacement since 2100, or perhaps earlier, a debatable point as some things are yet repaired by replacing non-repairable sub-assemblies, which calls for very little work or skill on the part of the repairman. The modern industrial ideal is the device/system that is manufactured, lasts for a predicted useperiod, then is economically salvagable.

# W.G. BLISS

The people of 2300 are pretty much the same as the people in all of the preceding centuries. In general, they consider themselves prosperous. There are the profitable prospects, endless in one manner of thinking, as building the mono-city will certainly not be completed in many lifetimes. Indeed, the primal forest which once also extended from one coast to the other was considered to be inexhaustible.

#### PROLOGUE

There is a small shop on a street that once was the open grass of Central Park in New York City. One of the industrial giants, Felix Fabricators, in a burst of Philanthropy gave to the city a complete replica of a block of the main street of Blowseburg, Illinois, as it was in 1939. The city eventually found its maintenance very expensive and ninety years later transferred the contents of the quaint old shops to various museums and sold the buildings for commercial use at auction, thus turning a serious deficit into a taxable asset. Only one remains intact in this year of 2300. It was originally a duplicate of Sam's Used Merchandise & Antiques. The board sign high on the brick front above the dusty plate glass windows is lettered in fading paint "SCHERLINGER REPAIRS." The Scherlingers have had the shop in this location for two hundred years.

Inside, a man sits at a very old worn workbench. He is short, a half inch under five feet. He has, during the last six years, grown a thick, bristly greying mustach which his wife had never permitted. He appears fat, but on closer examination, one finds that he is heavily muscled. He gazes intently at the piece of work he manipulates in a small inert atmosphere chamber with waldoes.

The boy will be around from school in a little while. He will have to get some scrap pieces out of the junk box ready for him to practice making things with the lathe. He pauses and takes off his thick lensed glasses and polishes them.

#### POP

"I vass thinking today, boy. You are fourteen. That iss old enough to be in the shop all the time now. A guy in the repair trade hass to keep learning all his life and if you don't start young enough, it iss a tough row to hoe for the first years when you got the shop for yourself. I got messed up in school when I was your age. I did too good and chust about had to leave the country to get outd off a couple tamm scholarships. Cam you imachine? One vass for playing snap-ball too goot. There vas some gold in one trophy I got and I made your mother's engagement ring out of some uff it."

"But what can I do about school now? They know for sure I'm not a dunce."

"You will just be too tamm smart for them."

"But I am already on the list for five scholarships, Pop."

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"Ve got a whole thirteenth edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica in a closet. You learned to read in it when you were only fcur, so you know most of it, sure."

"It's an old obsolete encyclopedia. They will not be much interested in it."

"They will iff you go and sit down and type it all oudt for them. Then they will haiff to admidt you already know almost efferything worth knowing. I tink they will giff you leave of absence until you get too old to go back to school anyway. Your great grandpop Sylvestor did dot and they practicaly tossed him out on his ear. They don't like anybody that iss too infernal smart."

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"Vell?"

"Now I'm a damm prodigy."

"Vell. Dot leaves chust one other thing. You got to get a license."

"For what?"

"Artist, Boy. That worked fine for your uncle Ezra. He got the heck out of school when he vas only ten and a half."

"Will it work now?"

"Sure, artists are always pophlar these times. We go down to the shop after supper and pour a big block of plaster of paris so it will be set up in the morning so you can carve it up into something that looks like and hell and paint it pink. I got the bottom off a old barber chair in the junk pile we can set it up on."

"Why not make something that is really good, like a bust of Ben Franklin?"

"Boy, nobody argues with bad art anymore. They like most times to stand around and comment on vot it iss not. That iss vot a couple artist fellows was saying who vas in the shop last year."

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"Hey Pop, look what I got today."

"Chass?"

"A commission."

"Let me see."

"They sent along the design they want done."

"Oho. A whole wall fresco for a new municipal dental clinic. Vell. It iss work for a pantograph. Not a liensed artist; you tell them?"

"They want it done with more fine detail."

"Ho poy. You effer look up at the old stamped tin ceiling in the shop?"

"Oh."

"Sure -- Ogh. Ve make up a pantograph tomorrow for the job. Not much work in the shop so I help you out with the chob.

THE NAME IS REDUNDANT

"Hey -- I thought you were taking that to a museum." The policeman stood with one foot on the running board. It was evident that the posture was not one which he was accustomed to assuming.

"Dot iss the first time I heard aboutt anything like dot. They got one like this car?"

"There could only be one -- even in New New York."

"Dot makes you sound like you stutter. Vy not short it up to Enyok?"

"Wouldn't sound like New York. What the heck are you doing with that relic?"

"I drive it. My business is doing repairs. I get mostly antiques to fix."

"How the heck do you keep it running?"

"If it needs parts, I chust haff to make them."

"Guess you could." The officer got back on his scooter and went down the street. He stopped the car in front of one of his favorite stopping spots, Ed's bar.

"Hi, genius."

"I accept the complimentary. One beer plize."

"Hear how the city fathers are trying to jazz up the name of the old town?"

"Oh, you mean dot business aboutt New New York. Dot iss silly. How long you got now, Ed?"

"License runs out next week and zap -- that's it.

"I got to the month end before the zap. Vot we do -- cut our throats?"

"Don't do that. You're about my last customer. They got just about everybody else moved out and the buildings torn down for building new New York."

"I notice. Not much trade lately."

"You got a place to go to?" Ed drew a beer for himself.

"I haff been giffing that the vorry. Ther should be someplace somewhere. Maybe they can use a old time hand man in New Tibet down in Oklahoma."

"I know of a place closer than that. Illinois."

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"Vot part?"

"There's three parts. Originally it was all one territory."

"Oh sure. Chikog. Peoria andt vot wass left on the south end of it, Illinois"

"They wanted to call that Lincoln, but there was a lot of other towns called Lincoln and they ended up kepping the old Illinois name."

"I vass reading one time in a old book vere a guy wass carping on how effer-boddy outdside dot state was adding an e onto Illinois instead of leaving the s off midt it."

"There's one little chunk of Illinois in the north end of Plain county that is staying independent outside of the big scheme. Plainville is on the edge of it. Bought a old closed up bar there. It was a swank joint in its day. Inlaid wood floor and a real mohogany and walnut bar with a brass rail. The kids and frau are out there now, getting it ready to open. The town used to be called Blowseburg, but they changed the name one time."

"Wo vonder. Such a name."

"Not too far off beat for the territory. There's a Galesburg section of Peoria that used to be a town."

"What iss it like there?"

"Like old times, except the town got revised."

"Like is going on here?"

"Small towns get a different treatment. Just the streets and buildings get permatized. It's a local option deal. I bought an old bungalow a couple blocks from the new place. It must have been pretty fancy on the outside before everything got whacked off and covered over with paraplastic. Old guy said it was one of the few places to have real shutters on the windows. The frau had the grass permatized so we don't have to get an automower. That only cost forty newbucks."

"Zo, there won't be anything much to fix there too."

"Your business isn't much like a bar. You always got jobs from all over."

"I still haff to haff a place to work. Maybe I get a raft an put up the shop and a place to liff in on it, down in Florida."



"I hear there's going to be a new town somewhere near Plainville. The Artist and Craftsman Guild is going to build it."

"I haff neffer paid any attention to dot fake guild. There iss never been von real artist or von real hand man in it for three hundred years. I will haff to go to Plainville. I dondt think there will be anyplace elst to go."

Ed refilled the beer glasses. "Both our families have been friends for ages. You are smart; all the Scherlingers have been. Maybe you know: How come?"

"You are meaning how come ve are getting tossed oudt on our cans. Dot iss easy. Ve are superfluous. The new does not haff a place so they destroy our old places. Ve lost the Var. There vass always too tamm few of us who did too tamm little. Dot iss vot my old man used to call it, the damned quiet war. The hand man hass been losing oudt for a long time. I think one thing the old man was right about; some big lot of the people, the soul is a zombie."

"They musta did it to themselves them."

"Sure, but vot can ve do aboutt it?"

"There's some stuff in the new place that'le need fixing. How soon will you be pulling out?"

"I think I will wait until the time is up. Dot will make it an effen two hundred years for the shop in the old place. I go along over to the shop. Somebody might haff something to fix."

"Keep the newdime. The beer's free until I close. There's only one keg left and it'll cost me more than it's worth to ship that far anyway."

"Vy you better keep it. Business iss slow picking up opening a new place." He moved the plastic coin an inch back towards Ed. The doors swung closed behind him.

#### PYRE

"I don't know vot I should do next, maybe learn how to have a job not doing," Alexander Fenwick Scherlinger muttered to his wife Josephine as they sat in the large old fashioned living room watching the vidio. They were quite young, nineteen. The thought of offspring had touched their minds, but they had not seriously entertained it yet. Josephine was tall and thin, with fine sharp features. He was, to use a phrase, no prize catch. He wore old fashioned steel frame glasses and antique suspenders held pants up. He was, like most of his ancestors, short and heavily muscled, portly in appearance.

It is a heckova note," he added.

"What is?" She flicked the bidio off.

"Vot next, I don't know. Everything is gone regulated. I hope they don't find oudt for sure a fellow hass a soul. Some fool might sometime make a

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soul detector that works and then it, too, would be licensed and taxed and you would haff to gedt a special ticket to go to hell effen. The shop iss gone."

"You sold it?"

"Not the stuff. Ve get what the fine guffermendt wants to give us for the building and we find dot out ven the check iss sent oudt. I am going to go and burn it down yet tonight. Then anything they giff us will be a fine price!"

"Isn't setting fire to a building against the law?"

"The law is changed some now, too. It iss only illegal if the fire damages somebody else or their property, or iff you haff some insurance on it."

She watched him go down the street carrying a can of gasoline to the next block where the shop was. He was right, there was nothing else to burn. All of the old houses and buildings except theirs had been torn down in all of the blocks around to put up the new style municipal buildings that would be a block square and sixty stories high with brilliant lights shining off the parapets and lighting the streets. Those already had the dull grey paving. The buildings would be faced with the same stuff. He came back and tossed the empty can under the back porch. "It will take only a little vile to get burning goot."

"A robot has already spotted it."

"Now ve hear the sirens. Maybe you could comphose a concherto to them in all creshendos."

They stood in the small flat place on the house roof that was railed in, (once known as widow's walk), and watched. "Efferything but a fire enchine. Maybe they vass going to burn it down tomorrow anyvay. I know the old man would haff not done it, Josephine."

"It is good he is dead. He could not stand such a thing happening."

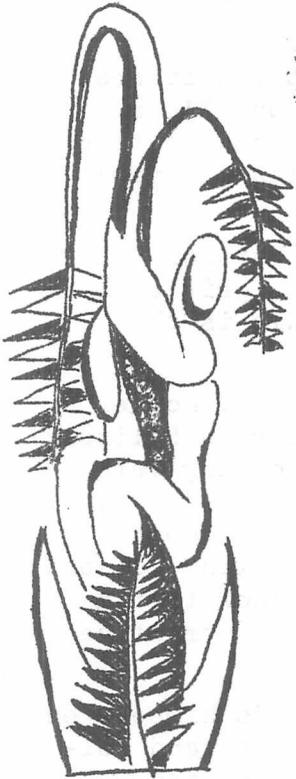
"He told me how he did not want to see the final thing when I wass little and small yet. I got a couple big trucks over and everything from the shop is loaded in, effen that sinful calendar I unglued off the wall and kept."

"We have some money, but what will we do for a living now?"

"I know of someplace else. It is Plainville in Illinoise. Our grandkids vill be maybe the ones to find where there is no more places to go and haff a shop. It vill take time to get a couple more trucks over in the morning and we load up the stuff in the house. Then ve go." He closed the trap door and they made their way down the narrow stair.

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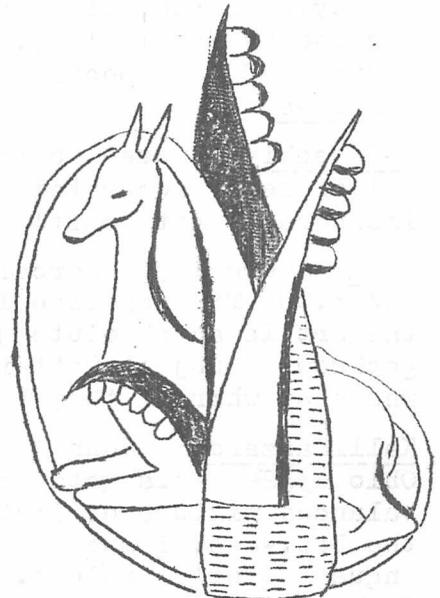
# A BOOK CALLED EARTH



no winds disturb  
nor rolling tides  
no sounds disturb  
nor winging birds  
the mountains slip  
the earth itself  
around a sun  
the stars, like coals  
the voids of space  
in death, all age-  
triumphant death  
but lo! what death  
a universe  
somewhere, at ease  
holds in his hand  
enjoyed until  
a book called earth.

the desert sands  
the water's edge  
the forest calm  
the mountains peace  
into the seas. . .  
has stopped its wind  
that flickers, fades. . .  
first glow, then die  
become unreal. . .  
long struggles cease,  
wins out once more. . .  
can overcome  
which never was?  
a god does rest,  
a well-worn book,  
its due finesse.

JAMES REUSS



# PASTICHE

The Catchall: or, where I put everything that doesn't fit anyplace else.

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Andromeda Breakthrough by Fred Hoyle & John Elliot Fawcett Publishers 60¢ I liked this in hardback and I still like it in paperback, but I'm a sucker for monster computers and Prof. Hoyle. Quote 'This book contains the complete text of the original hardcover edition.' I wish all paperback publishers could make that statement. Good policy!

New Fans: Attention! Send 25¢ to Robert Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348 for "The Neo-Fan's Guide To S. F. Fandom." Written by BNF's too numerous to mention and edited by Bob Tucker. This is the Berlitz of the fan world.

Books I Presently Like Best: "Lord Of Light" by Roger Zelazny, Mother India was never like this! "Dangerous Visions" edited by Harlan Ellison and this has got to be a milepost, happening or anyway, something very special. Hard to choose, but 'Roll The Bones' by Fritz Leiber, the double Bunch, and 'Aye, and Gomorrah' by Samuel R. Delaney. "The Weirwoods" by Thomas Burnett Swann. Beautiful! "Crisis On Cheiron" by Juanita Coulson. Very Good! Action and an unusual science gimmick. Did you know that a fanzine editor named you January Playmate of the Month? I wonder if he will send his fanzine to Buck?

Sale: Phil Harrell 3021 Tait Terrace, Norfolk, Va. 23509 finds himself on the short end of our capitalistic system and has some very rare and valuable books, mags, and fanzines for sale. He is accepting bids and will send you a list upon request. This is no nickel and dime proposition. If you are a collector you will be interested. Sample: Complete run Infinity Science Fiction, mint. "The Eye and The Finger" by Donald Wandrei, almost mint. Also Roneo 250 in top condition \$150.00 plus freight.

Comic Art for the Connoisseur: CS-Cartoonist Showcase from Edwin Aprill 5272 W. Liberty Rd., Ann Arbor, Michigan 48103 \$2.00 and worth it. First issue contains adventures of 'Modesty Blaise' & 'James Bond'. Printing, repro, paper and artwork are all excellent. Get it if comic art is for you.

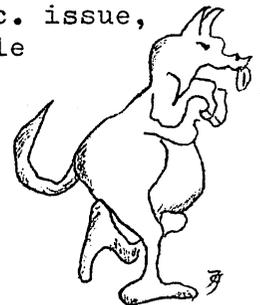
Jack Vance: Science Fiction Stylist: by Richard Tiedman, bibliography by Robert Briney. An excellent critique of one of my favorite authors. Random quote, "--the stories are bedecked with rare words,--how much more elegant to be 'subaqueated' rather than drowned (Languages Of Pao)." Vance has been writing for 18 years and I sometimes wonder if fans realize how much great work the man has done. "Five Gold Bands, New Bodies For Old, The Dying Earth, Big Planet, The Potters Of Firsk", a small sample of his tremendous versatility. Obtainable from R. Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348 (Special money for Buck issue!)

## Fanzines

S-F Weekly: Andrew Porter 24 East 82nd St., New York, N.Y. 10028 12/\$1.00 All sf news, accurately and immediately. Co-publisher Dave Van Arnam includes 'First Draft' his own interesting writings as an extra bonus.

Amra: Swordplay & Sorcery Box O, Eatontown, N.J. 07724 50¢ a copy or 10/\$3.00 THE magazine for fen interested in the above mentioned subjects. The art is an absolute joy to behold, ex. Wrightson in the Dec. issue, goshwow! Subject matter is equally excellent written by people who know whereof they speak.

Kallikanzaros: John Ayotte 1121 Pauline Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43224 This gets better & better. John has a well balanced mixture of fiction, articles, and poems. Best of the Dec.-Jan. issue are Zelazny, Warner, D'Amassa, and Angus Taylor's article. Also featured are George Foster, Jack Gaughan, Dick Katuzin, and Doug Lovenstein, some of my favorite artists. All these goodies for 35¢ a copy or \$1.25 4 ish.



Psychotic: Richard E. Geis, 5 Westminster Ave., Venice, Calif. 90291 Trades, contribs & 25¢. Dick Geis comes flaming back across the fannish horizon and promptly turns every struggling fanzine editor green with envy (me for one) with his zap articles, BNF's, and lettercol which reads like Fandom's Social Register. Owel, some got it and some aint.

PERSONAL AND ENTHUSIASTIC CONGRATULATIONS TO HANK DAVIS, JAY KAY KLEIN, DORIS BEETEN, AND EVELYN LIEF!!!!!! I hereby bestow upon you the Sirruish Golden Rootabaga Award with Artichoke Cluster!!!!!!

Wanted! Editor in search of a fanzine reviewer. I have been told that I'm a bad fanzine reviewer because I never 'take a fanzine apart'. Reason: I usually just write about fanzines that I like or am interested in. Anybody out there like to take a crack at this?

Arioch: Doug Lovenstein 425 Coolville Ridge, Athens, Ohio 45701 35¢ cash 25¢ stamps or contribs, irregular. Great art(naturally!). Doug writes good fanzine reviews and has the ability to get good contribs. This should develop into a very good fanzine, get onto it now. Doug, you should write more poetry. Seems that Roger Z. can look at an ad and write a story about it, fascinating!

Cösign: Robert B. Gaines gets the money, 35¢ a copy, 8 issues for \$2.50, \$3.00 overseas; 336 Olentangy St., Columbus, Ohio 43202. Rod Goman is the new editor and he still wants you to use a dictionary if you write, Harry Warner what do you say to that? Club news can be obtained in a Newsletter \$1.00 per yr. & it seems that CÖSFS has reorganized & elected new officers. Rod has put out a good issue but I would expect him to. His Spiderman article seems very well done, but not being an authority, I'm no judge. Another change - now bimonthly.

Foolscap: John D. Berry 35 Dusenberry Rd., Bronxville, N.Y., 10708 or Box 6801 Stanford, Calif., 94505 until June. 25¢, trade, loc, contrib, old fanzines, or review of zine. No subs. One of the best Nycon Reports I've read. The fanzine reviews are no-holds-barred and if you want your ego stroked, don't send your zine to John. This boy calls 'em like he sees 'em. They are good reading. Hey John, if you ever discover Sex Fandom let John Kusske know.

Genook: Bill Kunkel 72-41 61st St., Glendale, N.Y. 11227 20¢ single, 12 issues \$2.25, contribs, printed loc. Harriett Kolchak seems to be unhappy about everything connected with Nycon 3. I would like to see someone answer her article out of curiosity. Tell B. Taylor that he can stop for R. & R. in St. Louis on his way to Baycon. Your getting better Bill, but please put more ink in your machine or turn slower, or send me a good copy. Great cover by Gaughan!

Sirruish Fan Project of the Year: Science Fiction Newsletter published by Peoria High School Science Fiction Club. Don Blyly 825 West Russell St., Peoria, Illinois, 61606 10 copies for \$1.25. This editor needs material, money and/or encouragement. Can you provide any or all?

Hoop: Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St. N.E., Minneapolis, Minnesota, 55418. 25¢ single, 5 issues \$1.40 Ditto. Artwork by Young & Fletcher is very, very good. Best item is 'Kusske On APAs - by John Kusske, much truth in what he says.

Fantasy News: Harry Wasserman 7611 N. Regent Rd., Milwaukee, Wisc., 53217 35¢ single, 3/\$1.00 trade, contrib, loc. Filmzine primarily & a good one. Good art, repro, and material. The editor has a sense of humor.

First Fandom Magazine: Edited & published by Lynn Hickman and you probably aren't old enough to qualify for this. I include it for my own dose of egoboo. The good man actually published something I wrote! I am an ancient of days. For those of you who are acquainted with Lynn's "Pulp Era", he uses the same professional touch on this zine. The Paul & Finlay covers are a breath of the past. I'll let you look at my copy at Ozarkon III. Apologies to those deserving editors I missed this time. Mea Culpa! 30.

# REVIEWS --

## BOOKS

### FROM THE PAST . . .

The Ship of Ishtar, Dwellers in the Mirage, The Metal Monster all by A. Merritt (Avon, 60¢ each)

It may make Judith Merrill cry in her buttermilk, but here's Merritt back again and high time, too! These editions have excellent covers that capture the mood of Merritt's books much better than did the cartoony covers of the 1957 Avon editions of Ishtar and Monster.

The first two books are, in my opinion, Merritt's finest novels. In Ishtar, a twentieth century man gains possession of a model ship, a Babylonian artifact, and discovers that he can physically transport himself to the deck of the ship, which is actually a real ship sailing the sea in some other plane of existence. The crewmen are condemned to sail in expiation of the sins of a priest of the god Negral and a priestess of the goddess Ishtar. The priest and priestess have perished, but their seconds in command are still under the curse.

Mirage is the story of a valley -- the 'mirage' of the title -- on a different level of existence from the rest of the world. The hero, Leif Langdon, is either the reincarnation of Dwayanu, a long dead warrior, or is tapping racial memory. He enters the mirage with his Indian blood brother, Jim, and finds that the valley is divided into two warring factions. The good guys are the pygmies, who worship life. The villains are the worshippers of Khalk'ru, the dark Kraken god who seeks to extinguish all life and motion. Leif keeps switching personalities, much against his will. When he is Leif, he is on the side of the pygmies. As Dwayanu, he is a servant of Khalk'ru. There are the heroine and villainess who are standard equipment for a Merritt epic: Evalie, an innocent (and full-sized) girl who was raised by the pygmies; and Lur, the evil witch woman.

Written out in this fashion, the plots sound ridiculous. Merritt, however, had the ability to make these improbable elements jell into believable living worlds.

Monster concerns four American explorers who happen upon a world of living metal (not robots). It is not one of Merritt's most popular works. It

has been accused of being overwritten, of being plotless, and of being just plain boring. 32.

It is overwritten. It should, therefore, be read in small doses, perhaps with a dictionary handy. Still, the vivid word-pictures are fascinating in themselves, and the novel should not be neglected. It is not true that there is no plot. There is a plot, but Merritt drops it on page 86 and doesn't pick it up again until page 167. In between, the heroes take in the sights of the metal "city." I cannot agree that the book is boring. The scene in chapter XX, in which the metal creatures tap the sun for power, is one of the most suspenseful and awe-inspiring I have ever read in any book. The novel, moreover, deserves praise for an aspect that seems to have been overlooked. Monster gives a vivid picture of a really alien intelligence, incomprehensible to human minds, and makes the alien real in a way that Stanley Weinbaum's overrated stories do not.

In addition to these three Avon books, The Face in the Abyss and The Moon Pool are, I think, still available in Collier paperback editions (95¢ each). The former is excellent. The latter is incredibly boring.

The Legion of Space and The Legion of Time, both by Jack Williamson (Pyramid, 60¢ each)

Here's three slam-bang space operas (well, I guess that one of them is a time opera) from the thirties. All is lost on every odd-numbered page, but Our Guys squeak through on the even-numbered ones.

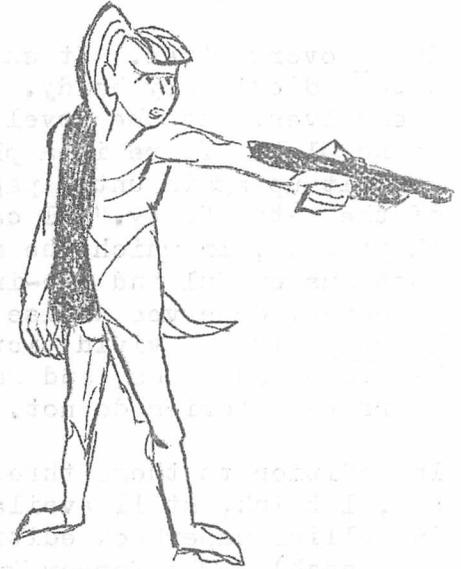
Space chronicles the adventures of John Ulnar, also known as John Star, Jay Kalam, Hal Samdu, and Giles Habibula, guardians of the girl Aladoree Anthar, who possesses the secret of the super weapon AKKA. Through the treachery of Adam Ulnar, Commander of the Legion of Space, and his nephew, Eric, Aladoree is spirited away by the Medusae, invaders from beyond the solar system. Earth's only hope is to get her back, which the four good guys do, after 150 pages.

A serious drawback of the book is that there are too



33.

many good guys. John Ular, Samdu and Kalam are all cardboard characters and I had difficulty in telling them apart. If the heroine didn't have a perpetual mad on and long hair, I would have had trouble distinguishing her from the others, too. Giles Habibula, however, is a real fun character and steals the show. (He should; Williamson copied him from Shakespeare's Falstaff).



FLETCHER 67

The Time book consists of two novelettes, The Legion of Time and After World's End. The first story has a fascinating concept behind it. Two equally probable but diametrically opposed worlds of the future try to influence the past by means of projections sent back in time. The beings of the future themselves cannot go back in time and cannot physically interfere with the past (but later in the story they do both; Williamson wasn't very consistent in this one). The characters are not only cardboard in this one, they are stereotyped cardboard! Note to OSFANS: one of the crucial scenes in the story takes place in the Ozarks.

The second novelette is a weird one. An astronaut going into space is put into suspended animation by cosmic rays. He awakens over a million years later to help fight the robots that one of his descendants has created and which are taking over the universe. I don't understand the ending.

All of my carping aside, the books are great fun. The covers are by Jack Gaughan and are not his best work, I'm afraid.

The Edge of Running Water and To Walk the Night, both by William Sloane (Bantam, 60¢ Each)

These two oldies, first published in the late thirties, have long been admired.

In the case of The Edge, I can't see why. This is very much like a novelization of a horror movie (matter of fact, it was made into a Karloff flick, "When the Devil Commands"). There is the mad scientist, his beautiful sister-in-law (that's a switch!), and his former colleague who is horrified by his "unnatural" experiments. The buggy scientist, it develops, is working on a machine by which he hopes to communicate with his dead wife. The book isn't fantasy, however, because what he winds up with is something else entirely. What the machine really does is one of the two Great Secrets of the story, the other being who killed the housekeeper and how, but when it is finally revealed, the result is an anti-climax.

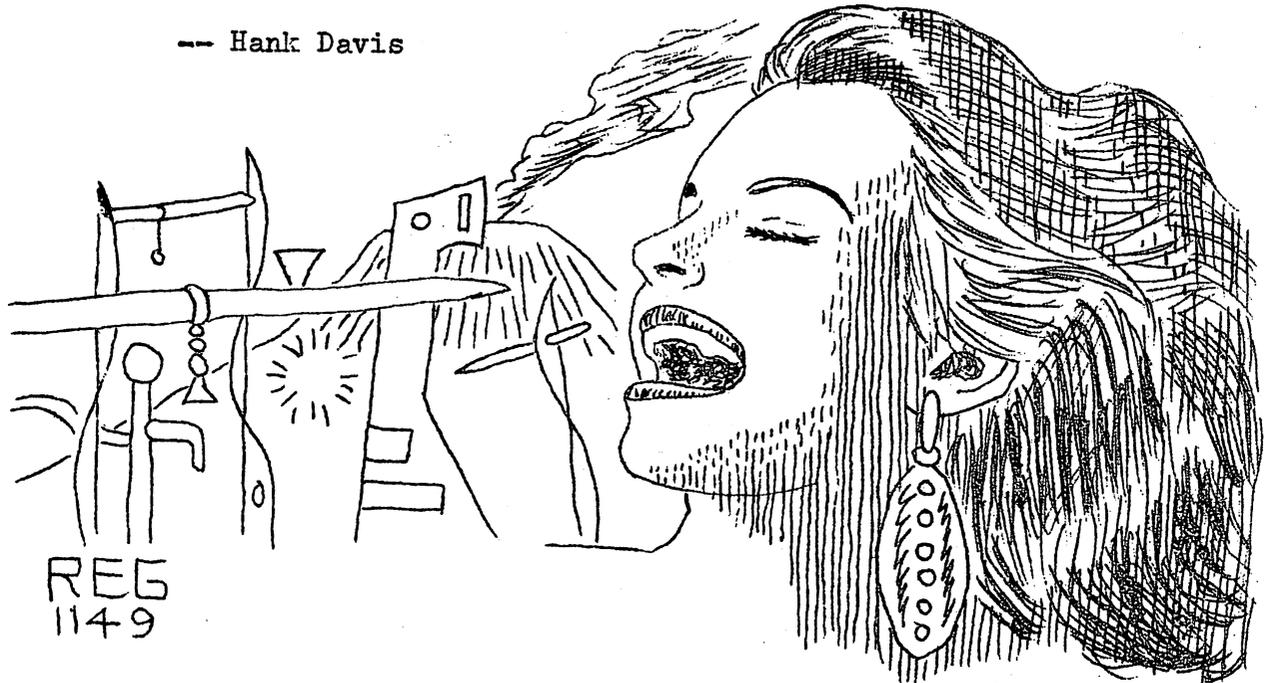
The characters are well-developed, but I couldn't get interested in them. One point in the book's favor is that the author has avoided the myth of the Wonderful Little Town. The inhabitants of the little Maine village are narrow-minded, nosy, suspicious, and unfriendly to strangers and "city-folk." Overdone a bit, perhaps, but still a welcome change from Clifford Simak.

To Walk the Night is head and shoulders above The Edge. In this book, the theme is more interesting and the handling of it is superb. Where the other

novel induces boredom, this one creates -- and sustains ---suspense. An astronomer is found burned to death in an unscorched chair only a few months after his marriage. His wife seems to have no emotions and is ignorant of the little things that everyone picks up early in life. An investigation is unable to turn up anything of her life prior to the marriage. To tell more would be to spoil the story.

The covers for both books are posed photographs and are both abominable and irrelevant to the stories.

-- Hank Davis



## MORE RECENT...

Restoree by Anne McCaffrey (Ballantine U6108 75¢)

By no means a great book, Restoree is a fairly good attempt for a first novel. The story line has a few twists in it but is essentially a standard "girl nabbed by aliens and dumped into another society" plot. The quirk comes in that she is rebuilt, restored, after having been skinned alive by the aliens. A doctor in another human culture rescued her after militarily defeating the aliens, but kept her isolated due to the stigma attached to restorees. Power politics and a dashing hero assure a happy ending (the hero being the dictator of the other human culture).

The characterization which often gives new writers difficulties is handled well and the minor plot ramifications show the beginnings of a new and original author. Hope Anne McCaffrey's second book is as good as it promises from this start.

Agent of Chaos by Norman Spinrad (Belmont B50-739 50¢)

This book has a really novel and unique idea and some of the most mediocre writing imaginable. Spinrad postulates a Social Entropy (the principle of

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thermodynamics that states "Things go from bad to worse") that applies to a future culture -- a very good start. He uses a cult of assassins to further the cause of Chaos -- not too bad. Then he shows the government to be overthrown -- a trite, stereotyped oligarchy. Then comes the Upholder of Democracy and Subverter of governments -- pure cardboard. The ideas in the novel are fresh and should have merited a good to outstanding rating for the book, but just plain poor characterization and reliance on stereotypes ruined it. Too bad.

Doomsman/Telepower Harlan Ellison/Lee Hoffman (Belmont double B50-779 50¢)

Belmont hasn't done too much to improve the quality of their double novel line, but this book is an improvement (although a slight one) over the first titles.

Ellison's contribution is a reprint from 1958 and is not even remotely one of his better works. He builds up nicely to a terrible letdown which makes one wonder if the first 60 pages were worth the effort put into writing them. An assassin is trained by the School (for assassins, run by America-state) to eliminate his father. Psychological forces tend to get in the way of the story and the random searching by the protagonist, while interesting, doesn't contribute a damned thing to the story. The end is an incredibly bad job which reads like Ellison got tired of the whole thing and just stopped it without regard to plausibility.

Lee Hoffman does a little better than Ellison depicting a world with a tightly ordered society (post atomic war society, of course). Two ESPers, male and female, battle for control of each other and the man wins in a somewhat symbolic manner. The ending is fairly realistic and saves the short novel from being a total waste. But it was close.

Crisis on Cheiron by Juanita Coulson:  
Winds of Gath by E. C. Tubb  
(Ace double H-27 60¢)

Crisis is semi-hard science mystery which pits your wits and knowledge of bees and of pollination against that of the author. Cheiron is a planet totally dependent on bees for the pollination of the leguminous plants which are the planet's life-blood. Something or someone has removed all the bees and the world is slowly dying. The villains are readily apparent, but how they kidnap a world of bees is not unless your biology is top-notch. Good book but I wish the humans had come through as strongly as the centaur-like alien boy.



The Winds of Gath is obviously the start of a series. If it isn't, the ending does not sufficiently conclude the narrative. Dumarest is a space bum "hitckhiking" from world to world looking for his home -- Earth. He is dumped, penniless, on Gath where from all over the galaxy come to "commune" with ghosts or spirits of the dead. Dumarest runs afoul of Dyne (a cyborg) and the Matriarch of Kund. After the usual action/adventure plot, Dumarest discovers that Dyne's Cyclan (a giant cyborg composed of hundreds of brains artificially preserved) is on Earth. He decides to go back. End. I hope there is more than this to the story because it isn't a bad start for a new series.

Thorns by Robert Silverberg (Ballantine U6097 75¢)

This book contains enough sex to fill a dozen competently written books. It does not contain enough plot for even a short short story and lacks characterization altogether. Silverberg has substituted sex for sf in a most pathetic manner.

Lona Kelvin, an orphan and a virgin (at least to start) is the mother of 100 children. A scientific experiment took thousands of ova from her and fertilized them artificially. Result: a virgin with 100 children. Minner Burris, a starman carved up by aliens and rebuilt -- wrong. Duncan Chalk -- a vampire living on the emotions of others.

Plot: Chalk puts the two freaks together and they spend the next 200 pages alternately jumping into bed (with each other as well as a couple of outsiders) and clawing at each other's throats. They find Chalk is milking them of their emotions and kill him by projecting \*LOVE\*.

And Ballantine had the guts to put a 75¢ price tag on it.

-- Bob Vardeman

Echo Round His Bones by Thomas M. Disch (Berkeley 60¢)

A scientist develops a matter transmitter which has a rather unusual side-effect -- it creates ghosts. When something is sent from the transmitter to the receiver, a duplicate of the transmitted object is left behind in the transmitter. The duplicate is of a different order of matter than the and is intangible and invisible to ordinary senses.

The U.S.S.R. has established a missile base on the moon and the U.S. has a base on Mars which can teleport rockets to launching satellites circling the Earth. Captain Nathan Hansard is sent to Mars with orders which will precipitate a thermonuclear war. Back on Earth, his "echo" barely escapes from an attempt on his life by earlier echoes who have turned to cannibalism in order to survive. Then he faces the problem of finding food and water. Disch has neatly solved such problems as how the echos can breathe and keep from sinking in the earth. Disch's hero, however, 'swims' through solids.

There is only one serious scientific blunder in the book. Disch is under the impression that the moon would fall into the sun if the Earth suddenly

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disappeared. Actually, all satellites of the earth, natural or artificial, share the earth's orbital velocity.

Captain Hansard is a very soft hearted individual. He has nightmares because, in Vietnam back in the sixties, he used a flame thrower on a boy who was trying to gun him down. He also is upset because he has had to kill three echoes of a thoroughly swinish individual named Worsaw. Being rather cynical and bloodthirsty myself, I couldn't help thinking that if he had permitted the boy to kill him, his problem would be solved. He wouldn't have any nightmares. Moreover, Worsaw is such a first rate louse that I wouldn't have minded seeing him done in three more times.

This is a typical Disch story. It's main merit is the original idea of the echoes. The writing is competent but not noteworthy and the book is mildly enjoyable and highly forgettable.

The cover painting would be a lovely design to emboss upon the insides of paint cans.

Edge of Time by David Grinnell (Ace 45¢)

From time to time, Donald A. Wollheim, mild mannered editor for a great metropolitan paperback publisher, changes into his secret identity of David Grinnell and writes SF novels -- mediocre ones. This one is the story of Warren Alton, a magazine reporter, and Margaret McElroy, a photographer, who investigates mysterious occurrences, such as dinosaurs and an active volcano which appear and disappear, and discover a secret government project which has created a tiny universe and is exploring it by telepathy. There is a spy in the project who is incredibly inept, but he is in no danger because the security precautions of the project are handled even more ineptly. I hate the ending. All SF writers who write stories like this should be strung up by the thumbs at the worldcons to put the fear of god in them.

This novel was first published by Ace in 1959 as half an Ace double, with John Brunner's The 100th Millennium on the flip side. Why didn't Ace reprint the Brunner book? That was a good one.

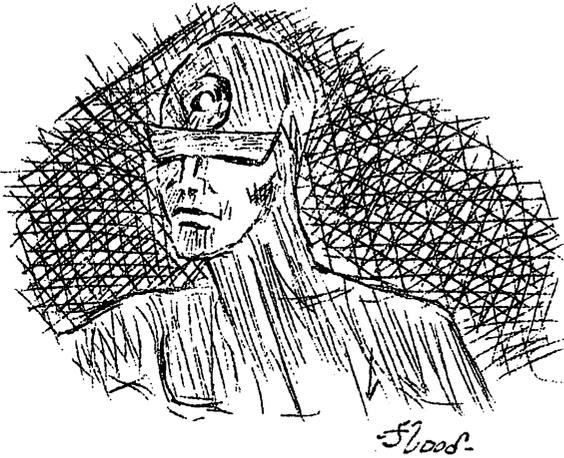
The Warriors of Day by James Blish (Lancer 60¢)

Here's an unusual item. The book is written in a style very much like Henry Kuttner's imitations of A. Merritt. Like the Merritt novels, there are two beautiful women; one good but weak, and the other evil and powerful, both of whom are attracted to the hero, Tipton Bond (no relation to James).



PHOTOGRAPH

Bond is raised in an orphanage. The identity of his parents is unknown. Civilization repels him and he takes to the North Woods. Walking through a forest, he is suddenly and inexplicably transported to the planet Xota. His arrival has fulfilled the prophecy of Mahrt. Mahrt is a godlike embodiment of the "Racial consciousness" of Xota, which is somehow manifested in a gigantic manlike statue. Conquerors from the solar system of the



star Day are sweeping through space toward Xota and are guiding a white dwarf star toward the planet. If Bond is the fulfillment of the prophecy, then he is the Sword of Mahrt and will be wielded by Mahrt to repel the invaders. The people of the city, unconvinced that he is Mahrt, imprison him, thus beginning a rapid succession of captures and escapes.

The story is fast-moving and has a lovely snapper at the end. On the debit side, the scenes in which the Warriors of Day were destroyed were a great letdown after the

suspense building of the previous chapters. The novel is enjoyable but... highly unremarkable.

The Avengers Battle the Earth-Wrecker by Otto Binder (Bantam 50¢)

Here's a novel based on the doings of the Avengers of Marvel Comics fame. The cover shows Captain America, Goliath (formerly Giant Man), Hawkeye, Quicksilver, and the Scarlet Witch. The last two are not in the story, but the Wasp and Iron Man make the scene. Reading this novel has brought home to me how concise the comic book is as a form of story telling. There are no more goings-on in the book than in a typical issue of the comic book, but 122 pages are required to chronicle the epic.

An alien being named Karzz is attempting to destroy the Earth. He has come from the far future, where (when?) after conquering most of the universe he was (will be?) defeated by the Earth of the future. By destroying the Earth of the present, he will change the future and succeed in his conquest. Only the Avengers can stop him (natch).

I was rather surprised to see that the Avengers try to Kill Karzz; something which just isn't done in the comic books.

The science is full of holes. A comet is being attracted to Earth by a giant magnet (comets have a very low mass; and I'd like to know how that magnet is being anchored to the Earth). High speed winds are being generated by a satellite which sprays (?) kinetic energy into the atmosphere. Volcanoes are created by ultra sonic (!!!) vibrations which will cause earthquakes which, in turn, will open cracks in the crust of the Earth, allowing lava to flow up to the surface (the earthquakes would probably do more damage than the volcanoes, and probably would not cause much vulcanism anyway.)

The novel is written in Binder's competent hack style, but I prefer the comic book version. There is an introduction by Stan Lee; admirers of Mr. Lee should skip it.

Great Idea: What if L. Sprague deCamp did a novel based on Thor?

Horrible Idea: What if Lin Carter did a novel based on Thor?

# MOVIES

## A Lang Look Into The Future

--- james suhrer dorr

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We recieved the following review and addenda from Jim Dorr and are publishing it here somewhat as a comment on and contrast to Rich Wannan's review in the Ozarkon section of the last issue and to some of the reactions expressed in this issue's letter column.

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Lang's METROPOLIS is a classic. Produced in 1926, it made use of some extremely exciting filming techniques and drew a number of important reviews -- including one by H. G. Wells. Wells hated it.

Wells hated it for good reason. It was, for one thing, uncomfortably reminiscent of his own "juvenile work of 30 years ago," When the Sleeper Wakes.<sup>1</sup> Here, as in the film, society has become rigidly stratified. Half mechanical, blue uniformed men and women work at machines below the city in order to produce wealth for the fortunate few in their penthouse gardens. In fact, as Harry M. Geduld has pointed out, the film goes even farther than this, almost approaching in effect Wells' earlier story, The Time Machine, in which labor and management have gone so far apart as to have evolved into separate races, the one both feeding and feeding upon (on moonless nights) the other.

Wells, having himself evolved from a romantic socialist to an intellectual socialist, excuses himself for having had such notions in the 1890's. By the 1920's, though, people should have known better and, it need not be added, people certainly cannot take it seriously in the 1960's. Nor can they really take seriously the film's solution in which everything is made all right again through the betrothal of the son of the rich old industrialist to a pretty working girl. "Brain and Hands need a mediator. The Mediator between Brain and Hands must be the Heart. . ."<sup>2</sup>

There are other sillinesses in the film. Maria, the pretty working girl, seems, somehow, to get by without ever working. She is, instead, a quasi-religious leader--Joan Baez of the Sewers--who entertains the downtrodden with parables about bald-headed men and the Tower of Babel. (the German title of the film was NEUEBELSBERG--get it?). Also there is, representing the Mad Scientists' Union, a crooked little man in a crooked little house named Rotwang whose passion of the moment is to make a robot copy of Maria.<sup>3</sup>

Early science fiction is not necessarily to be criticized in terms of plot. In this case, also, it is not to be judged as a legitimate look into the

look into the near future--Wells, in a memorandum to the designing crew of his own science-fiction movie, THINGS TO COME, was probably quite right in saying that "as a general rule you may take it that whatever Lang did in METROPOLIS is the exact contrary of what we want done here."<sup>4</sup>

My chief quarrel with Mr. Wannan is that he takes the film's 'message' too seriously. (to be sure it's meant to be taken seriously, but I do not think it stands up well to any kind of analysis), looks at the film's happy ending with rose-tinted glasses. As far as I can see, Masterman's machines are not destroyed (film makes a large point of the big bearded shop steward's 'Stop! You're destroying your own homes!'), the workers are really not all that united as yet. Masterman does reform, though--to what extent we do not know. And his son marrying Maria does bring capital and labor closer together. One can at least see a hope for collective bargaining--but it is going to take a good long time. Especially if the planet's economy has been tied up with a near-slave base all these years. (Another fault with the film: things like that last sentence can only be inferred. One does not know, for instance, what all these big machines do--other than provide Moloch symbols --and hence whether the workers' lot could be dramatically bettered without pulling the world down around their ears. Could put in Rotwang's robots and put the humans on the dole, I suppose, but that's hardly an attractive solution.)

However, if one views the film as fantasy, as happening somewhere out of time and out of space, of showing a land that never was and never could be, perhaps in some alternate universe, might-have-been, things do fall together well enough. And the silly scenes do work out in their way--they provide the opportunity for some excellent, by 1920's standards, experimental photography. The effect, in many instances, is rather like a dream and as a dream it works well.

METROPOLIS, in the final analysis, is a good film. It is a film that should be seen. The old studio shots hold up remarkably well and, in fact, provide somewhat of a pleasant relief from the modern on-location epic. And as for Rotwang, METROPOLIS at least shows, I think, that even mad scientists have a place in God's plan.

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#### NOTES

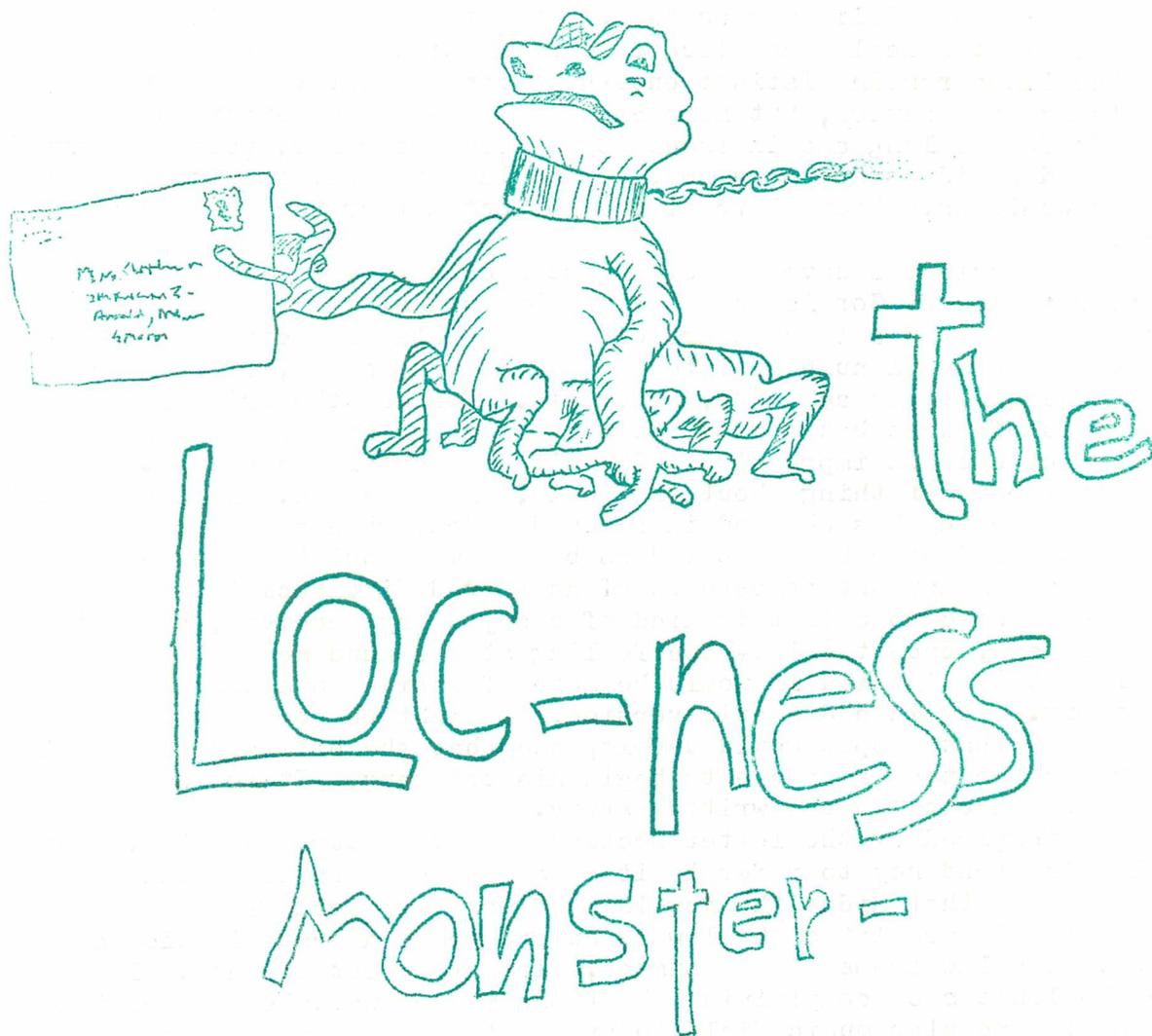
<sup>1</sup>Wells, The Way The World is Going, p. 193. The Sleeper Wakes, which Wells cites, was a slightly revised second edition of When the Sleeper Wakes

<sup>2</sup>This is interesting by implication. The Marxist-Romantic solution would be to destroy "Brain" (pretending, of course, that it never really existed) and let "Hands" have its fun picking the corpse. METROPOLIS may suggest that the chief problem in labor relations could be communication, rather than economics.

<sup>3</sup>Presumably so the false Maria can foment revolt, the workers will be killed off, and robots can be moved into their places.

<sup>4</sup>"Introductory Remarks," Things to Come, p. xii.





### Harry Warner

Roger Zelazny's speech is organized superbly, a rarity for even the written-in-advance guest of honor speeches at conventions. I also appreciate his restraint in refraining from the overdone gimmick of starting with some preposterous statement which will not be explained until the final moments of the talk, a half-hour or more later, by which time the audience has completely forgotten what was in the preposterous statement. It would be easy to question Zelazny's apparent assumption that science fiction must run through the four "modes" of fiction, like the human embryo acquiring and discarding apparatus from previous stages of evolution like rudimentary gills and a tail. It would be equally logical to explain the changes in science fiction writing by the fact that the publishing medium has gradually shifted from dime novels intended for kids through magazines aimed at young persons to paperback books which are bought by all elements of the chronological population. It's also a trifle dangerous to attempt to take a firm and unchanging stand on whether science fiction is or can be mainstream literature, since "mainstream literature" is an idea that differs from mind to mind. It is much safer to remember that certain freedoms and restrictions affect the science fiction writer which the mundane fiction writer can ignore, and try to compare one good science fiction story with another good science fiction story, not attempt to compare Tom Wolfe's recreation of a small town in the Carolinas to the headquarters planet of Asimov's Foundation.

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The Jack Gaughan portfolio was worth looking at again and again. The pictures are fantastically complicated for the mimeograph process, but somehow the lines remain distinct enough to convey what the artist intended. Maybe it's my imagination, but here and there I seem to detect the use of a device made famous long ago in fandom by someone or other, possibly Dave Ish, who suggested rapid action by a sort of double exposure, the inclusion of lines that would have been there if the subject matter had been in another position.

Just from the review, I have the strangest suspicion that the John Norman who wrote Tarnsman of Gor is John Coleman Burroughs.

Someone has published a fanzine article which hints that dinosaurs could have survived in small numbers into the age of man, so "1,000,000 Years B.C." might be scientifically accurate, after all. For me, the trivialities and irrelevancies of these bad movies are sometimes compensated for, when some single element becomes impressive. In this particular instance, the title is the most important thing about the movie, in one sense. It shows how far the nations thinking has changed in a few decades, when a film can be given a title that would have been decried as blasphemous not too long ago.

"The Gaff" has somehow the atmosphere of an Alfred Hitchcock television drama. Walt Liebscher used to call this kind of story a gay deceiver, but it's pretty well done, once the let-down feeling at the mundane explanation passes off. Still I think it would be more effective as a drama than as a written story. And in a dramatic version, it might be possible to show how Rat could know that a spat would develop and that the billiard ball would be thrown around the tent as a cue to begin his trickery. It seems like a very fortunate coincidence in the written story.

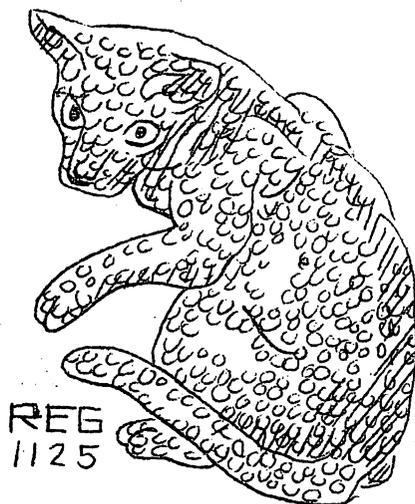
One comment inspired by the letter section involves Sturgeon's Law. There is an alarming tendency to refer to it as an excuse for the overwhelming majority of crud that hides the jewels in almost any form of human endeavor. I doubt that Ted formulated the law as an excuse or a justification of this situation. The law seems like a simple, flat statement of fact. If so, then we shouldn't stop complaining about the 98% of worthless compositions afflicting the popular music field today, just because some persons with extremely strong stomachs manage to sit through it until they find the 2% that we want.

Hank Davis' citing various places where Bradbury stories burn books reminds me how consistently Bradbury repeated himself in his fiction. Almost every bit of business or character-type will turn up in at least two or three unrelated stories, if you hunt through the half-dozen or so major collections of his fiction.

// I had the same reaction to "The Gaff" I saw it as a T.V. script. I think with enough stretching and padding it would make a good half hour show. The author is not a fan. He wrote the story last year when he was thirteen. He is still writing and has traveled a great distance in one year. I think someday I'll be able to say, "I knew him when --".

Debating about 'mainstream literature' has always seemed just mental exercise to me. Who can define the boundaries of a stream? I find the name apt.

Bradbury was the first author I ever recognized as such under a pen name. His style is unmistakable, even to me and I don't like very much of what he wrote.//



Doris M. Beetem

"Doosplatt" was the icing on the cake (I'm an old Feghoot fancier myself.) Last time I talked to Mike Montgomery he said, "Fan fiction?" in tones I don't care to discuss. Now I'm armed with some powerful ammunition. Who is Hank Davis - really? He shoulda been in the story - A-1 Hank - he's gotta be a real livin' doll.

In spite of Bob V's objections, here's a dirty old dollar for your next four issues because (1) I'm mundane (2,3 & 4) I don't need it (5) you don't need it (6) I'm writing one letter (7) correspondence???? (8) this is a temptation I'll try to resist (9) solvent at the moment. Rocketeers have shaggy ears. So there, Bob!

// Hank Davis is really Hank Davis, and a talented young man he is! Dirty old dollars are gratefully accepted always. D.O.D.'s pay for ink, stamps, stencils and such like. I'm interested. Boy, am I interested! Congratulations!!!!//

Robert Willingham

Concerning Vardeman saying something about Dylan. Why is it always Dylan? He isn't the only one in the world saying something and saying it well. E.G.,

"I read the news today oh boy / About a lucky man who made the grade / And though the news was rather sad / Well I just had to laugh / I saw the photograph / He blew his mind out in a car"

Lennon & McCartney, "A Day in the Life"

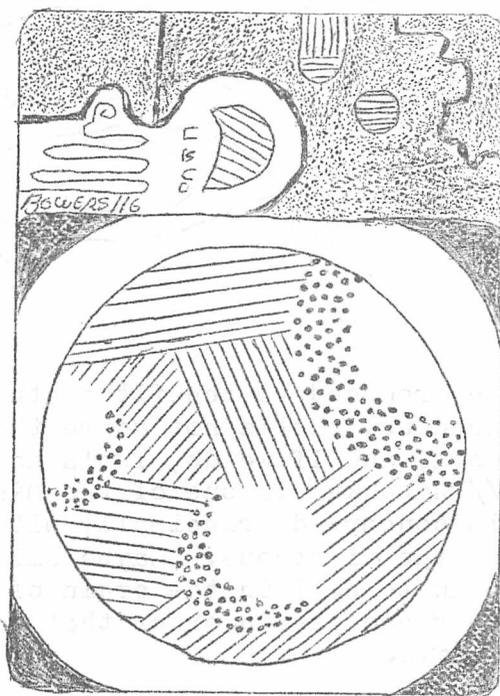
"...they must fill the form / denounce the norm / they are torn / twixt praise and scorn"

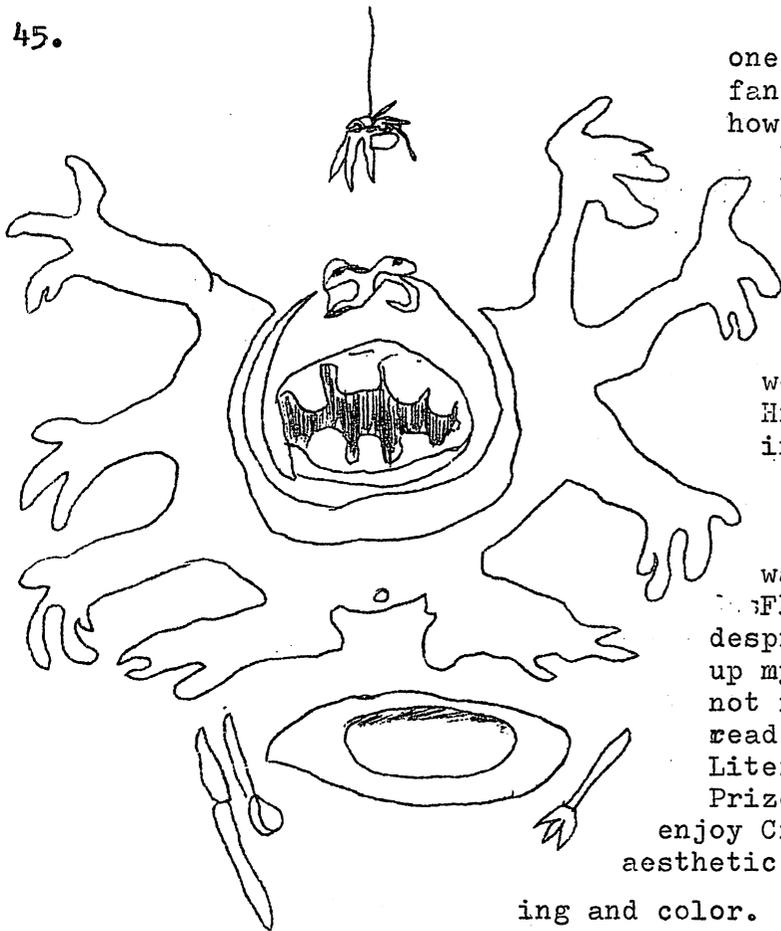
Donovan, "The land of doesn't have to be". I'll admit Dylan's good, but in my opinion, the above are just as good, and the above are entertainers whereas Dylan is not. And for the people who think Donovan copies him, here's a quote from one of Donovan's albums: "I first had it said about me before I had even heard of Bob Dylan."

//You really will stir up something saying Bob Dylan isn't an entertainer! I prefer Donovan. I think he is tremendously talented and I have all of his records. It fascinates me how he gets hung up on colors. "Epistle to Derroll" is my current favorite. He must have been spending some time at the seashore. Thanks for the contrib, we enjoyed it. We are simple types who appreciate puns, and yours is a gem.//

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

Having read issue #5 of "Sirruish", have encountered varied and sundry, unusual reasons for picking names for fanzines in various parts of the country, and so far still being a neo yet, and not having seen the first issues of any, I think from time to time, if there is any explanation to be had, but only by request, explain how your title came about. The names of most of these fanzines are too unusual just to be thought up on the spur of the moment, there should be something interesting or unusual about their derivation. In fact the other day I stumbled onto one in reading an anthology of Frank Belknap Long's short stories. It's only an assumption, but being a reader of this type of literature, I noted a mention of HABAKKUK in





one of his stories and there is a fanzine by that name. Could this be how Habakkuk's title came about?

Your Jack Gaughan portfolio was, how shall I put it, two things. If those were roughs that he made, and you photographed them, then I can see it's not your fault, but if it's due to poor stencilling, then you would have done better to omit it. His work's too good to be wasted in poor stencilling. I only wish I could do one half as good as he. The first picture was from the Fantastic Swordsman I believe wasn't it?

The Flame of Iridar by Lin Carter, despite Hank Davis' review, is right up my alley. I read for enjoyment, not involvement. I like hack. I don't read a book because it was given a Literary Guild award or a Pulitzer Prize. I'm easy to please. I also enjoy Crudzines just as well as these aesthetic types with all the fancy print-

ing and color. I like Pro's but fanzines should

be produced to benefit amateurs. Pro's are already established and don't need us. Let's not scare the amateurs away by using too much professional work, and if we do, let's make sure a good job is done on repro.

// Habakkuk is one of the minor prophetic books of the Old Testament and is concerned principally with the prosperity of the wicked and the suffering of the righteous. Maybe Bill Donaho is trying to tell us something. I do plan to explain the origin of "Sirruish" in a later issue. I have included your address in order that people may request a copy of your fanzine, "Thona."//

#### Garry Pullins

Thanx a lot for the sample ish of "Sirruish". I had read many faneds praise your mag for many and various reasons. Actually, yours is only the second clubzine that I have any use for, the first being CØSIGN. And from reading the contents of #5 I find that these two great clubs are against each other for the '69 World Con bid. But from reading the Midwescon report I see that your group has more enthusiasm. At least your booze parties last longer...

I was surprised to see so few at the Ozarkon. Were there this few last year?

// Well considering what else you said, I guess I don't mind taking a back seat to Rod Goman. Yes, we are a convivial group. Regional cons tend to be small and fans like it that way. It gives them time to really talk to each other, no "30 second conversations" (quote : Buck Coulson). Bob Tucker remarked that there were more fans at last year's Midwescon than there were at the first Worldcon. There are many excellent fanzines as you will discover and if you plan to do any con hopping I would really advise you to attend a regional first. Refer to editorial for the reasons thereof. Why not Ozarkon III?//

Fred Lerner

The review of the Rival Rigellians/Nebula Alert brought up an idea which I hope someone will be moved to act upon. A lot of times I hear about a story series, and get a tremendous urge to run out and read it: but I don't know where to find all the stories, or in what order to read them. Perhaps I don't have the initial story of a series, or I'm missing a middle link.

I'd like to see some of the partisans of the Retief series, or the Berserker stories that Fred Saberhagen has been publishing in If for so long, or the Rim World tales, write summaries and bibliographies so that those of us they've managed to interest in their favorite series stories will have some idea of where to get started. Perhaps, for a start, you could persuade Bob Vardeman to write an introduction to the Rim World series. (What I have in mind is something like the fine article on the Change War stories that John Boardman wrote for his fanzine KNOWABLE. It was recently reprinted, tho I don't remember just where.)

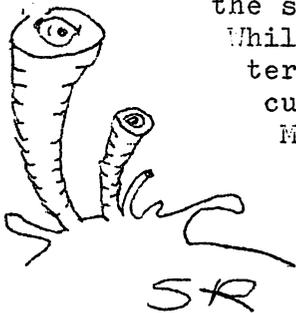
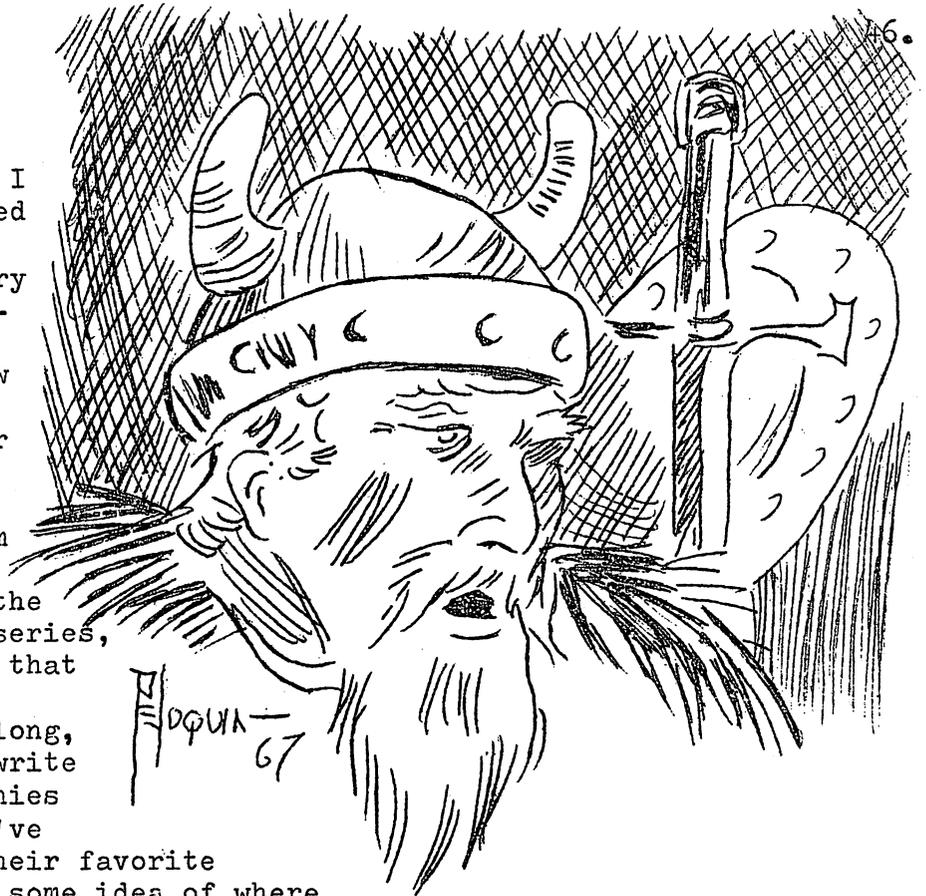
The reviews by Vardeman and Davis are unusually informative -- the sort of reviews which I file away in my mind in the hope that I'll remember them next time I'm near a paperback rack.

In Hank Davis' review of The Sundered Worlds, I notice that he refers to "a mysterious solar system called the Shifter". Isn't Solar System a proper noun, not a common one? Doesn't it refer to only one particular star -Sol- and its satellites? In the context it's a minor nitpick; but I've often seen this (in my opinion) incorrect usage, and I would like to see some effort made to establish another term--perhaps "stellar system" or "planetary system"--for other stars and their satellites.

I'm really glad to have Roger Zelazny's Ozarkon speech in print. Now I have some solid support for my contention that Zelazny (and also Samuel R. Delany) is using myth precisely as earlier sf writers have used science. His speech makes it clear that Roger brings to his myth-oriented science fantasy a knowledge of literature comparable to the encycopædic knowledge of the sciences which Dr. Asimov brings to his scientific stories.

While I have been unable to get beyond the first few chapters of Understanding Media, I've absorbed by a sort of cultural osmosis enough of an idea of what Marshall McLuhan is saying to realize that the explorations of the idea of myth currently being undertaken by Zelazny and Delany are extremely relevant to contemporary culture. The Ozarkon speech makes it evident that the future of myth is being explored by at least one extremely competent man. //An excellent LoC whose sentiments I can only echo. Do you think McLuhan

can possibly help to make this one world? The record is interesting. A quote from the jacket that I like, "Speak that I may see you." Joyce



Ted White

I suppose it's a mark of status or something to find oneself cursed in the pages of a fanzine by a total stranger, but I was rather brought up short by the gratuitously nasty paragraph about me in the letter of someone called "Don D'Amassa." I've never met the fellow (he didn't even hiss at me publicly enough at the Nycon3 for me to notice him) and I haven't the vaguest idea what's bugging him. What motivates such people, I wonder? Some barely felt primeval urge to deposit their feces in public places? The need to tug everyone down to their own level in order to justify themselves? I've watched fans without half his wit, intelligence or talent pulling this on Harlan Ellison for years, and I've even heard it said of Harlan (who has been a friend of mine for years and remains one today) that "There seem to be very few people who are neutral about" him; have I now joined Harlan in this public target-area? If I have, I shall consider myself flattered.

J. Andy Jackson should know that at present half a dozen (or more) publishers are conscientiously trying to meet (if not exceed) his quota of twenty-five pornographic books a month. It began last fall or winter when Greenleaf (one-time publisher of IMAGINATION, ROGUE, and Regency Books) issued in a two-volume set Marcus Van Heller's The House of Borgia, while Brandon House almost simultaneously brought out the same author's Roman Orgy. The latter was originally an Olympia Press book, while the first two were originally published by a sister house in Paris. Both books were edited somewhat, but still unmistakably pornographic. Both publishers paused to await the reaction. There was only one reaction: sales. At present, the Borgia books from Greenleaf have, overprinted on their covers, 'Sixth Big Printing!' -- a boast not often encountered on this sort of book.

Around June, the dam broke. A sleazy house called Collector's Publications started reprinting Olympia Press books by straight photo-copy, and copied the Olympia "Traveler's Companion Series" cover format. Priced at \$1.25 to \$1.75, these books have sold like hot cakes. They must represent an enormous profit -- no payment to the authors, no payment for typesetting, and the cheapest paper and binding. Brandon House, Greenleaf, and several other firms (Victorian Classics, et al) decided they too could afford the "pure thing" and their most recent editions are also unedited, photo-copies. Of them all, only Brandon (part of the Parliament chain of nudist magazines etc., owned by former pulp artist Milton Luros) has used tasteful and quality-appearance packages. Brandon had also reprinted a good many more Van Heller books, many with postscripts by Van Heller. Most recently, House of Borgia came out in one volume, complete, from Brandon House.

The source for all this pornography is two-fold. The most drawn-upon is the line of books published by Olympia in Paris in the fifties and early sixties. This line includes at least fifty works of hard-core porno, plus difficult-to-publish-elsewhere books like Lolita, much of Henry Miller, and Candy, The Ginger Man, etc. The vultures here at home have far from exhausted this relatively rich lode. However, several have turned back to the pornography of the last century, for The Memoirs of Josephine Mutzenbacher (by Felix Salten, the author of Bambi), The Prima Donna, The Autobiography of a Flea, and, in an amazing edition (a boxed set from Brandon House), the complete set of The Pearl, a short-lived pornographic lit'ry magazine of the last century.

I have watched this fantastic phenomenon with a vast sense of wonder. For, consider: For publishing the photos of a nude Negro embracing a nude white,

and for mailing his magazine from such legitimate post offices as Blue Balla, Pa., EROS publisher Ralph Ginzberg was sentenced to a harsh jail term. But although these works of hard-core porno have been appearing all over the place (including my local Candy store), there has been absolutely no official or unofficial reaction against them.

Indeed, Girodas, the publisher of Olympia, forced to leave France, has now set up shop in New York City, and has announced, in a full-page ad in PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY, the resumption of Olympia activities -- which will include the 'legal' republication in the U.S. of all previous titles.

The 'underground' for porno was, apparently, far larger than I'd once thought. For Van Heller's books were innocuously packaged, but so well-known from their previous incarnations that, days after they went on sale, they were being reprinted again. And Collector's Publications' use of the Olympia cover format indicates that there was a large audience which would respond to the familiar design.

When the Supreme Court upheld Ginzberg's sentence on the grounds that he'd packaged his wares salaciously (a new low in law interpretation: Thou shalt judge a book by its cover), one publisher of my knowledge actually closed down its girly-book line in stark fear for the repressive enforcement sure to follow.

But the publishers of "soft-core porno" -- the girly books of yore -- have been treated far worse than those who've unabashedly published the genuine article. This strikes me as a paradox.

Cf course, it is still too early to judge the results of this spate of porno publishing. It may be that within the next few months the Law will swoop down upon these books, and jail sentences meted out right and left to all concerned.

But by that time too many will have seen and read these books. Too many will have gained first-hand knowledge that porno is just words on a page, and most of them none too artistically arranged. These are just books. They're books about sex acts, and they're designed to excite the reader sexually. But one can read only so much about sex before it ceases to excite. I've found comparatively innocent passages in real novels about protagonists I've identified fully with to be far more genuinely exciting than an entire book full of my gaudiest sexual fantasies set to print.

So I applaud the free publication of pornography. If the population of this country is thoroughly exposed to porno of the basest sort, perhaps the preoccupation we exhibit for second-hand sex will decrease or be satisfied, and the salesmen of cars, deodorants, etc., will be forced to rely more directly upon the actual worth of their merchandise for their sales pitch. And too, when a Norman Mailer, or some other author with something important to say, finds a valid use for explicit sex, we will no longer react with shocked whispers, but will be free to read for what he wanted us to read, no more and no less.

W. G. Bliss's review of WONDER WART HOG #1 barely evokes the actual qualities of this publication. Apparently Gilbert Shelton started the series for a college humor magazine (without the material in front of me I can't check which one) back around 1960. Since then, the Wart Hog of Steel has appeared in a number of issues of HELP!, and then in Pete Millar's magazines

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including DRAG cartoons. Millar is the publisher of the WWH magazine as well. A second issue is now out, and is, if anything, better than the first. As an example of one of the several fragments spinning off from the old comics field, WWH is a curiosity at worst, and a fine example of subtle and broad humor at best.

The convention reports, both Ozarkon and Midwestcon, suffer largely from their lack of anecdotal reportage. When one is dealing with a con with relatively little programming, the relation of anecdotes or the ability to recreate one's experiences interestingly is about all that's left.

Roger Zelazny's speech is excellent. I have only one quarrel: Roger lumps me with a school of thought to which I am actually on record as opposing: "...Harlan Ellison, Ted White and others, who insist that we are part and parcel of the main current of things." Actually, I agree fully with Roger's position -- and Roger has put it far better than I could myself. Those who recall my speech at the first Ozarkon will recall my feelings in this regard.

Bob Vardeman is quite correct in his reasons for preferring letters of comment to cash subscriptions. And here's one more: every editor feels the need for feedback. It is damned discouraging to put a lot of work into a fanzine, mail out over a hundred copies, and then get back maybe six letters. Every faned has had this problem from time to time. When I was publishing STELLAR in 1957, I was getting a response that varied from 5% to 15%, and I got damned discouraged. Other faneds have complained to me that as their fanzines got better, they received less and less letters. Some, like Jeff Wanshel and Joe Pilati, got so discouraged that they quit. Recently I wrote a long letter of comment on QUIP, which prompted Arnie Katz to say that he wished he got ten letters like that, but that he was getting very few he even considered publishable. I believe Bob Lichtman had a similar problem with FRAP.

#### Don D'Annassa

"Ten O'clock News" did nothing for me. Although the grammar was correct and there were no enormous contradictions, the story just didn't seem to hold any interest for me. The ending, which I suppose was a surprise, just didn't do anything. A surprise ending should stand up and smack you, whereas this one just lay there for you to trip over.

Doosplatt was not only more interesting, it was better written. The pun was good, but I think that the first page was dragged out a little too much.

Maybe Bob Vardeman thinks Chandler is "one of the better authors in the field", but I sincerely hope not. Such farces as COILS OF TIME, ALTERNATE MARTIANS, ROAD TO THE RIM, EDGE OF NIGHT, & HAMELIN PLAGUE are inexcusable.

I must agree with Hank Davis in part, about Ballantine. The quality has taken a nosedive in the last year or two, particularly from John Norman. But they are also publishing a lot of the better stories, like CHTHON, LONG RESULT, MISTRESS OF MISTRESSES, WORM OUBOROS, LORD OF THE RINGS, and THORNS. However, since Hank likes TARNISHAN OF GOR, I suppose my agreement is with his blank statement, and not with his evidence. He apparently doesn't know that Edward Bradbury is Mike Moorcock either.

"The Gaff" was better than the other fiction, especially at the beginning. The ending came as no particular surprise, however. If I had done it, I

would have had real supernatural forces even the score by scoring the second set of swindlers. Even then it would have been somewhat trite, but as it is, I'm sure I've seen it before, on TV I think.

I only disagree with Roger Zelazny's article at one part. I grant throughout that the early insularity of the SF genre was beneficial. Just as the beginning writer should experiment a little to discover just how and what he wants to write before actually committing himself to publishing, so the field needed time to find a direction and to develop itself so that there was a body of experience from which to draw. But this seclusion has lasted long enough, I think. Burgess, Daventry, Barth and others have proven to my mind that there is much potential in the science fictional motif that the authors within the field have not tapped as yet. There is also the unfortunate fact that a large proportion of the active writers are simply turning out western and spy novels set on other planets, or historical novels set in other times. I'm not advocating that SF's attributes be thrown over for those of the main stream, but I do think it is time we started to learn to use the good aspects of the better mainstream writing and learn to apply them to SF.

Leigh, you sound like my prof in English 402 last year, and again in Education this year. I always used to irritate my teachers in school because when they would tell me that you couldn't split an infinitive or end a sentence with a preposition, I always asked why. "That's just the way it's done" never seemed sufficient justification to me, and I vowed that when I finished college and became an English teacher I would make a special point of telling my students that language is a tool, not a set of restrictions, and that communication, not grammar, was it's highest expression. Lo and behold, at MSU they told me that I was quite right, that language changes so fast that there is no such thing as a completely accurate grammar book, and my education course told me that there were certain levels of importance in teaching and that it was much more of an achievement to have a student create a grammatically inferior, but original story than to have him parrot a TV show in impeccable nineteenth century script. Hallelujah!

I agreed with Bob Vardeman's letter up to the point where he said that this generation would sing about society's evils and the next generation would do something about it. That's just exactly what got us into this mess in the first place. People have been abnegating their responsibility for so many years that the rot is getting deep enough to clog our throats. That's why I disagreed violently with the hippie movement. I couldn't care less what they look like, listen to, say, or do, so long as they are not bothering other people. But, and this might seem contradictory, I think that they are perpetuating the society they claim to despise by retreating from it. Their cry is "do your own thing", and I have no right to interfere with it, but I can deplore the fact that they are not helping others to achieve this same freedom. Rather than disappear into Haight-Ashbury they should be out making thousands of little "free" cities all over the country, helping the battle against outdated principles, bigotry, prejudice, and all of the other evils. Their retreat is not entirely surrender, but it is a form of chattel slavery, because the slightest change in public sentiment could destroy their freedom, and they're not doing a damn thing to protect it.

But I have a slight cavil with you too, Leigh. I don't agree that the youth are unprejudiced, I think it's more of a case of being less strictured. Once people are established and have deluded themselves into thinking they have security, they don't want to change anything else for fear that it will

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change their own status, even if it implies an improvement. The things that make revolutions the role of the young are their energy and their openness to change and that very insecurity which they hope social changes will cure. Too often this exuberance fails when pitted against the ponderous mass of established fact, and then we get Haight-Ashbury and schizophrasia. Sometimes we get massive movements like the New Politics movement and the so-called New Left. Radical (in this case, liberal) thought is good for society, but in a totally liberal society conservatism would be just as beneficial. The young liberals of today are showing the older generation an opposite point of view. It's too bad that most of society's pillars either refuse to, or are incapable of seeing that anyone else's point of view has any validity.

As a brief example, I have a father who worked hard all his life and made his way from a very minor official in one company to one of the best known names in an entire industry by middle age. His salary has doubled several times in the interim. Now I come along, with ample though unspectacular native intelligence. At MSU I discovered that the high paying jobs offered to a mathematics major interested me not at all. I was more interested in becoming an English teacher because I had found a wonderful joy in literature and writing and because I felt that the only way I could ever be really happy would be to help others to discover some of what I felt. So I chose the very unlucrative profession of teaching and the subject of English.

Now most laymen have a very low opinion of teachers in general (those that can, do; those that can't, teach) and English in particular (all they do is read books and make book reports, then diagram some sentences). It doesn't pay well, there's a lot of work, and the advancement is severely limited. But it's what I want to do: it's "my own thing." So how do I explain it to parents who think that when and if I get married, I'll promptly regret having to support a wife on a teacher's salary and will have to return to school nights in order to learn a new profession. The older generation is simplex, or at most, complex, to use Delanian terminology. Maybe the younger generation will be multiplex enough to change things a little.

My last letter wasn't actually meant as a loc, for I wouldn't have made that statement about Ted White without backing it up with my reasons. // Sorry!!!// Which are: Ted White has a perfectly valid opinion of SF, Star Trek, and the reviewers of the prozines, but...if he wants me to give his opinions fair consideration, he had better stop telling everyone that there is no right way but that of Ted White. Maybe I misread him, but I almost always come away from a Ted White article with the impression that he was talking at me, not to me, and that he really doesn't give a damn what I think because he knows that no one but he has the ability to view Truth. Maybe I do him an injustice; but I think he is the offender.

// The two foregoing letters were run without editorial comment breaking in because they exhibit a phenomenon that fascinates me. Here are two men who are obviously talented, very knowledgeable, and destined to make their mark in the world. I, personally, admire both of them and find what they have to say worth my full attention. But, this dislike, I wonder why? I don't get this impression of Ted at all. Yes, he says exactly what he thinks and in no uncertain terms. I find nothing wrong with that. He is positive in his opinions. So is Don. But I find these opinions well thought out. I don't agree with all that either one of them say, but I don't feel "talked at" by either Ted or Don. Maybe Ted doesn't give a

damn what other people think; that should probably be changed to, what most people think. But I don't think you care about that either Don. I tend to mistrust instant dislike when I don't really know a person. Too often it's based on a resemblance to someone encountered in the past who was unpleasant. It's not for me to quarrel with anyone's likes or dislikes, but I can't help but think that acquaintance would probably end up with these two gentlemen finding each other worth knowing. Thank you to both of you for taking the time and trouble to write such interesting and informative locs//

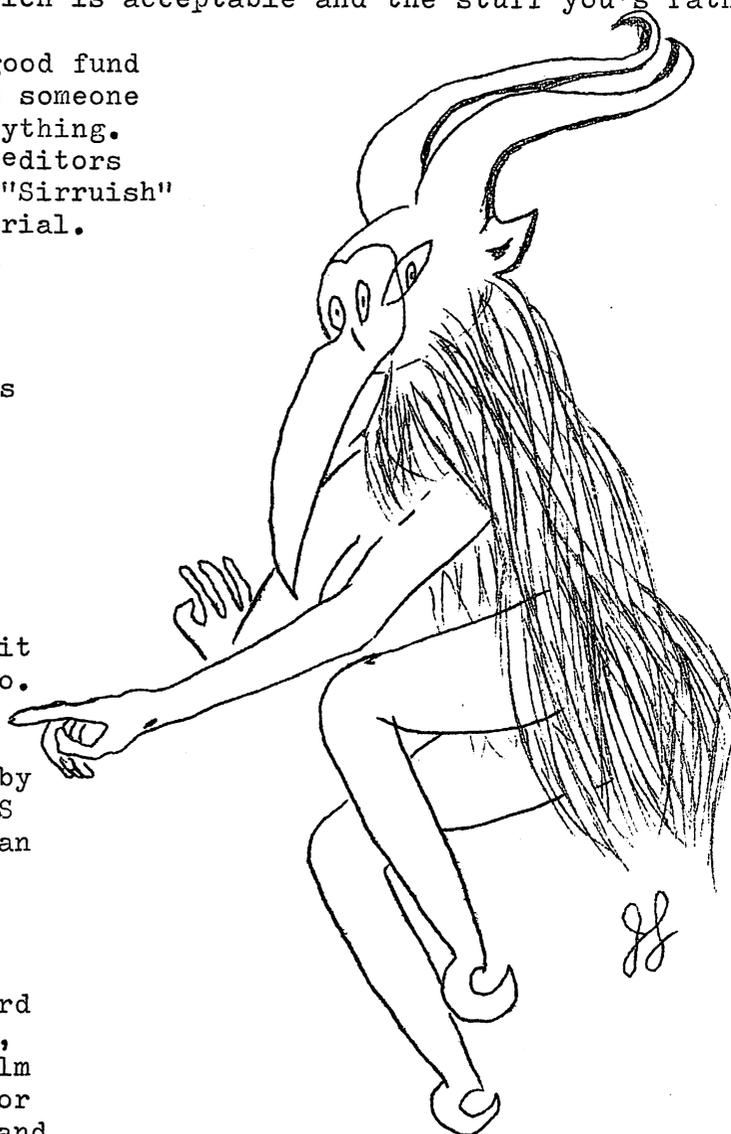
Jim Sutherland

I'm a second year student at the Rochester Institute of Technology, and studying a combination course of Printing and Journalism. During the summer I joined N3F (and fandom) in the hopes of meeting more people interested in SF. I had dreams of seeing in print and reading great expositions on "Cordwainer Smith's Ideas and Philosophy", or even "Let's Get More Science in SF". This is what I like to read. I'd like very much to write for your or any other fanzine, but I don't really know exactly what you like to publish. A few more issues will give me a much better idea of the material which is acceptable and the stuff you's rather not get.

//You sound as if you have a good fund of common sense. Not long ago someone asked me if I ever rejected anything. Of course I do. Most fanzine editors do. Being a general fanzine, "Sirruish" prints a great variety of material. I do like to give new people a chance, so by all means, read and decide what you want to write. One suggestion: the best way to read those articles you mention would be to write them yourself and send them along.//

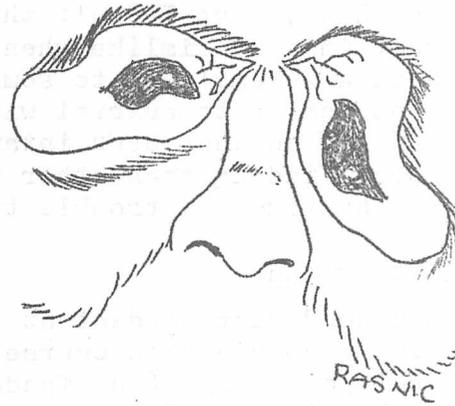
Bill Kunkel

Dear Leigh (pronounced Lee)  
I just considered how bad that mispronunciation sounds - and it was the way I was saying it too. Book reviews were pretty well done - and greater length does help. Re the AVENGERS series by Garforth, the second (LAUGH WAS ON LAZARUS) was much better than the first. I don't, however, agree with Hank Davis' interpretation of Steed. Some facets of the Garforth version are seemingly in radical discord with the TV version. But, then, so is the whole book. From film to paper, satire is cast off for serious (almost, anyway) plot and realistic characters. The review didn't mention this at all. What we have on TV are purely enjoyable and engaging characters that act out their parts as such. No attempt is made at realism. Obviously, Emma Peel is the



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unfortunately improbable balance of strength, self composure and sex appeal. She is everything good in the female, with the stereo-typed imperfections (like emotion run rampant) eliminated. She is a pretty good idea of the "perfect woman". Steed, well, he's cool, polished, astoundingly subtle and quite "perfect". Both characters are about as real as the cardboard backdrops in the LONE RANGER reruns. The point, however, is that Garforth has cast off the lampoon in favor of serious plot and real characters. Good or bad, he has done this.



// I'm not competent to comment on this since I am not an AVENGERS fan. I've only seen the program once. For those that enjoy it I am glad that it has been returned to TV. Emma Peel the "perfect woman"? Depends on the individual male's particular preferences in females, I suppose. Send more poetry!//

Jerry Kaufman

Have you killed the printer yet? Who is "Cyanide"? And as long as I mention art, the color illos look great, keep it up. It was a little difficult to make out some of Gaughans work in the folio, but the girls came out fine. I also liked Dick Flinchbough's work, Klein's illo on p.18, Lovenstein's illo on p.24. The fiction in this issue was above the average in fan fiction. All three pieces were mildly amusing. I'd say Gilliland's piece was the best. I'd like to second Hank Davis on the review of WAR WITH THE NEWTS. It was truly a great book. I'd also recommend Capek's story "The Absolute At Large". Of course I can't remember where I read it so I'm not much help. About the Edward Bradbury, someone told me they were hack work by Mike Moorcock. And why was THE SUNDERED WORLDS reviewed with the Elric books? It wasn't part of the series. And John Norman certainly does have what ERB had, mainly he has ERB's plot!

The Wonder Wart Hog thing made me remember Fratman, a thoroughly disgusting anti-hero who stands for the All-American way -- WASP, dollar worship, anti-intellectualism, etc. and who succeeds in his purpose -- to make us hate fraternities. Drawn beautifully, with the frat brothers dressed as stormtroopers. I think that the name of the future Wart Hog, 739-61-46-108", is his draft number.

Zelazny's speech was fascinating, but I'd like to disagree on a few points, well actually one -- his contention that a lot of stf is written in the High Mimetic Mode. I'd personally say that stf is spread out pretty evenly between three, the upper three of Frye's divisions. For instance, many of the "persecuted superman" and psionic stories concern people that have such powerful talents that they are in effect, gods, like Jommy Cross in SLAN. There are of course lots of stories in the High Mimetic Mode. As for the Low Mimetic Mode, there have been plenty of stories about ordinary spacers, technicians and white collar workers, though very few about truckers. However, stf does come off best when it is done in the Low Mimetic Mode as in AND CALL ME CONRAD.

// "Cyanide" wishes to remain anonymous so I am sworn to silence. Have you heard the WASP jokes? A change from the ethnic crap that has been passing for humor lately. Long and long ago when I didn't know any better I was 'pinned' to a fraternity man. While visiting his college for a

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football game, he introduced me to a very nice young man and told me that he was a pledge. The fellow said, "Yeah, that's all I ever can be." I asked why and was told that membership restrictions kept him from ever being a full member. I asked him why the hell he would settle for this and he said that he wanted to be a fraternity man. I felt sick. That turned me off on the Greek kids forever and helped to break up that romance. It cheers me that most college students wouldn't touch a fraternity or sorority with a ten foot pole now. About Moorcock, right.//

W. G. Bliss

Perhaps humor (not especially macabre humor) is the best solution to the reject problem. A small bit of doggerel poetry seeps out of my subconscious

Dear Contributor,

We liked your ink and your paper

but we can't pub a story where the lead character is a raper.

or maybe, Dear Contributor,

We really hate to say it, but your very comprehensive article on sewage disposal systems on those three planets, Riggis, Xbo4, and Old Algor just somehow doesn't fit our format which we have said does include almost anything. Perhaps if your article were a trifle less graphic as regards the anatomy of extraterrestrials, but then it would be dull and pedantic. There have been fanzines that feature airplanes, trolleys, comic zines, shuffleboard, anagrams and Sherlock Holmes. Any subject is likely to become the main theme of a fanzine. Have heart. Someday there may be one on plumbing and you can expand your article into a serial.

or

Dear Contributor,

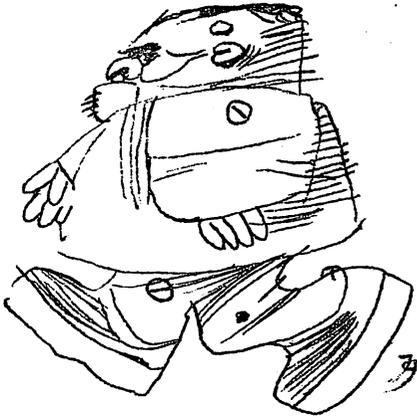
We liked your story. Really we did. But we did not understand much of what you were saying and have a terrible inkling that would be true of our ever-critical readers. For what happens after a story of this type is pubbed we can only refer you to much of the criticism leveled (sometimes very accurately) at Van Vogt in the forties and fifties. Some of your story is almost poetic - have you tried that literary form?

// Hah! Beautiful! If you don't have a copyright on these little gems I may just use them.//

Jack Gaughan

As for pornography...did you ever see the magazine section of the Sunday New York Times? By George! By and large pornography is in the eye of the beholder. I believe, without searching too deeply into the matter, that the "forbidden" nature of what is called pornography lends it more power and appeal than it could otherwise command. That's a bit oversimplified but I find it fruitless to go into long dissertations on a subject the limits of which have not been and cannot be defined. It's like defining the tonal gradations between grey three and grey four. Who says where it begins or stops and whose ability to distinguish the gradation (if the ability exists) is like unto anyone else's ability?

// So that's where Phil Ochs got the line "we're busy reading Playboy and the Sunday New York Times". You use the English spelling for grey, so do I. It has always looked right to me. I also prefer colour. I have this thing about miniature people. Has Brian read "The Borrowers"? He might like it. I look at my painting every time I pass through the room.//

Rick Sneary

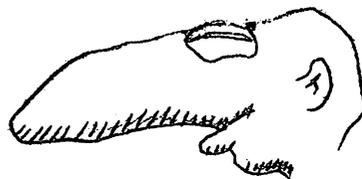
The arrival of Sirruish was the cause of some small confusion here, which I might as well reveal to you.. As some of my friends know I read about as I spell --phonetically--, and thus not aware of errors I read as well as those I write.. So, when trying to find out what the name of this neat looking fanzine was, and from who, I tried reading the contents page very fast (this is about all I read of most of the fanzines that arrive here these days). I read your name, and for a short time, miss-read it as Leslie Crutch, an active Canfan of the mid-40's.... And I was surprised to hear

from old Les once again, and wondered how come he was down in Missouri of all places... When I read for details, I found it wasn't Old Fan Crutch, but New Fan Couch.. Which is alright with me, as Les's fanzine Light never was very good.

Acouple nights ago Al Lewis was giving a Convention report at LASFS, and about the only thing he seem to have enjoyed in New York was meeting your bunch from St. Louis... A view reflected by Patten and Ellik. As it was also suggested you might be foolish enough to bid for the Worldcon one of these years, it seems to me that this Hermit might be well advised to get on your mailing list. I'm starting to get a little panicy about how many people there are in Fandom now that I never heard of.. With no widely circulated, and generally read gen-zine it is very hard for us old-fans-and-tired to keep up with things.. The days when I could enjoy writing four letters a day, and read every word in every fanzine that arrived are long gone...but I miss them.. Thus, if the signs are right I might be meeting the group that will be the BNF of the late 60's--- or, maybe a group of neo-fans that will be forgotten in acouple years.. But, I like to cover as many bets as possible... --Beside, you remember my letters...

General comment.. An exalcent cover. I understand your reluctance in slapping writing onto it.. But, it does make it a little hard to find out what it is... On even second look the title appwars to be Colophon.. And-- a colophon and a table of contents is just a bit to much of a good thing.. Not many people really read contents pages.. And, please, for the use of future historians, please enclude an aproxamate date. It is hard to work out in the future, by trying to date references in the material. ==Your reproduction is very good. Infact all most better than you need. All those wide white bordres makes my Scottish blood quiver..

Your editorial seems quite reasonable....and nearly incredible when you say you have been reading fanzines seriously only two months.. I can only account for it by vertue of your being a teacher, with a natural sense of order.. It takes most fans atleast a year before they are able to produce anything worth reading... And even then their first fanzines are almost always terrible.. (Most fans wish they could go back in time and burn all cppyies of their first zines.) Your's certainly is not that. I hope as your readership expands your group will get to know general fandom as general fandom gets to know your bunch.... The current LASFS is handicaped by not having any regular genzine.. Most of the older actifans that still do have fanzines comming out of this area don't get material from the new fans...and in truth many of them are only fringe



fans who don't care about anything out of their own area.. It is to bad we lost the world-con bid, as it might have helped some of the new ones realize there was something in fandom beside parites and card playing, and argueing politics in APA-L, which I view as a rather incestuos fanzine.

Whittington's views on comic fandom are humourous, but there is more than a bone of truth in his account. The blight hit LASFS a few years ago, and for a while meetings were taken up with reviews of comics; news of new comics; and jokes about comics. Compleatly incomprehensible to the mere science fiction fans. Some fans stoped coming, and others tried to empeach the officers, and a real fight might have resulted if the fade, like all fades, hadn't worn off.. Colleting is a madness, and there is no reasoning with it....what I don't understand is why comic book fans drag it into fandom, when fans who collect stamps, guns, owls, dishes, beer lables, coins, or used buss transfers don't.

I'm not much impressed by Steele'S "Lucifer"... But I've no eye for poetry, and if it doesn't have a very simple rythem I can't read it so it makes s sense.. -- Besides, stars aren't torn from their orbits... (Iknow, I know, it is poetic imagery... But I couldn't help the Sercon crack.)

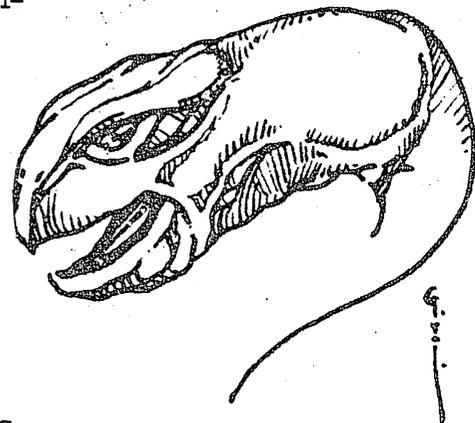
Bowers's story isn't bad for fan fiction. The title leads one to miss-direction though.. Reference to "gafia" wouldn't naturally lead one to expect Faaaan fiction.. -- I am a groudh about fan fiction. Even though the first thing I ever wrote for a fanzine was fantasy fiction (it fortuneately was never used) I've look to be one of those that thinks 90% of all trys at serious fiction by fans is a waste of space..

This, by my harsh standards was tolerable.

The article on Cabell by Hall was very good. I am one of those that have never read any of his books, but it is a name that certainly echoes back down the ole Halls of Fandom. (that wasn't a pun, really) It is the sort of article I would like to see more of. Even if I haven't read him, and don't get the chance, it tells me something about it.. Though, he didn't tell me enough about any one of the stories to really interest me. I'm a slow reader in relationship to my book buying. For several years I have been buying them faster than I could read them..thus falling farther behind all the time. Thus I can't borrow books from friends of the library, as it would only put me behind that much more..

The article on Star Trek characters was fairly interesting, as I don't know much about the show. I watched a couple of the first ones, but decided that while it was the best science fiction on television it still left a lot to be desired as leterary value.. My TV watching is limited to some of the variety shows and the Specials... As long as programs on TV have to appeal to 20% or more Idiot Box Owners, we will never have stories that Fen will really like as Science Fiction doesn't appeal to that many people in its printed form.. As far as that goes, as there are no serious dramatic shows of any quality on the box, how can anyone expect much of video Science Fiction?

Dispite my general low opinion of television, I think Warfen James is overly pessamistic about the future. I suspect that we have had functional illiterates with us right along, but it is only the great demand for intelagence that is showing up the weaknesses in many. The fact that polatitions can be elected by the work of image-makers using TV, doesn't mean that the voters



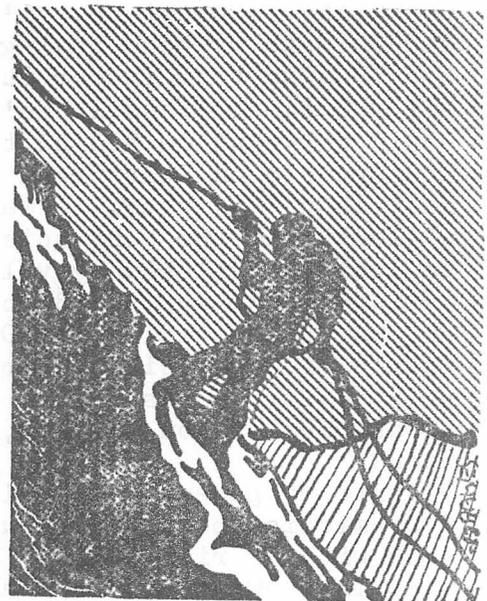
mind is warped. What it probably means is the PR man can reach more warped minds than the old warped newspapers could. While kids as a group probably don't get enough reading and as a result do it badly, the booming sales of books and pocketbooks does not suggest that we are reading less. -- I think the signs of stupidity we see are only brought more to our attention because of mass communication, just as in my Mother's childhood she says they never heard about murders and violence, when we know from reading history it was there... In fact, reading history is the only way I find to keep from becoming to depressed about the future.

Pastiche is a interesting column, and I like the inclusion of odd items and plugs.. As your reviews are not controversial the other material makes it more lively.. Maybe you would care to re-print the notice from Scottishe 44 that Arthur Thompson's TAFF trip report, ATOM ABROAD, from Ian Peters, 292 Southend Lane, Catford, London se6 Great Britain. for \$1.00. //Done.//  
 == I've never heard it was bad or neo-fannish to send money for subscriptions. I suspect if there is such an expressed belief it was started by a few neo-fans that had been getting and sending fanzines for free. When some one suggested sending real money, it was different than the way they did things, and ther-fore must be wrong. In the very old old days one sent money and letters of comments, and only major contributors were sure of free copies. I maybe thicker than usual, but I didn't understand the point of "Phoënie's First Mine." What had his being a Fan to do with it, and why would a carbon paper filled kangaroo rat be attracted to graphite? I think I know the old fan under the table though....

The opening letter by Gersman gave me a twinge.. I haven't read stuff like that for 20 years. I not only thought all mad Lovecraft fans had died long ago; but that neo-fans had stoped writing like this .....graisish style.. I know I stoped writing like that.. My, it seemed like fun, and very clever too, back then.. But now, it is almost as dated as Victorian novels..  
 --Three names hand running I never heard of--pluss the editorial staff-- It makes one feel out of touch... But then there is good old Warner... With his relyable two pages.. I eather write several pages, or nothing at all..  
 == I never heard of Laurence Smith eather, but I certainly agree with him up to the limit of his expressed views.

The Thompson's are wrong in saying that Elmer "God" Perdue was a founding member of LASFS.. A very old member yes.. He was the first fan I ever met-- that was in 1945--and he wasn't called God in those days. I forget when he started answering the telephone with remarks like "Hello, this is God." -- He doesn't refer to himself as Uncle God eather.. This is picked up by others because he has the habit of calling his friends Uncle --- (what ever their first name is). I doubt that it will do you any good to write him and complain however. He doesn't hardly ever answer mail..

The Gaughan letter was interesting and deserved being published in total. Now that Pas-tel has been folded there is no fanzine inwhich fan artist can exbhange ideas and information. There aren't many good ones, but it is too bad they can't have a fanzine.. Most of those I've met are to lazy, ofcourse. like me. I wonder if Gaughan could get any help from the SFWA? They have had very good results in clearing up a few mal-practices... most recent being to get the current publishers of Amazing and Fantastic to make a token



payment atleast when they reprint stories. == Speaking of The Invaders, LASFS Treasurer Ken Rudolph is part of the post-production staff on the show, and he says that it isn't ment to be aimed for S. F. fans. The scripts are doneby the same men who did Fugitive and Run (why not-- same company). Ken says that he seldom watchs the show himself..

Your back cover copy of a Price Valient pannel is very poor. The contrast with the cover is to much, and its lack of meaning is equalled only by its lack of care. Who ever is learning how to put ar6 work on stencil, shouldn't start with back covers..

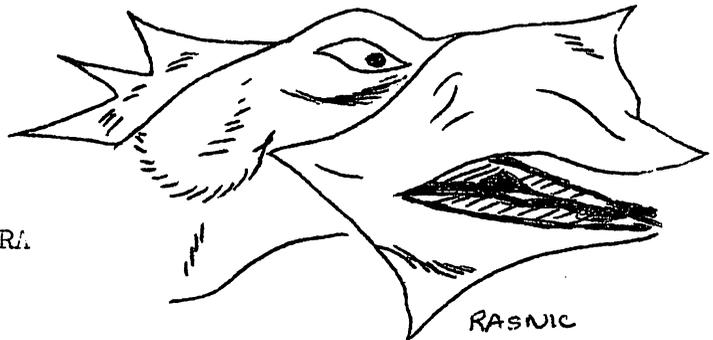
There now... A full letter of comment. Remember it well, as I probably wont feal like it again this year. And, enclosed as promised... 25¢

// It was a delight to get your letter and not one word is cut. I know you are very sparing with your locs and I will probably be asked who you are (Sigh!). TWS June 1948 "--by George I wont have a story cramed down my gulet". It was that forthright attitude of yours that always made me look for your letters. I wonder if this is why letter cols in prozines died? Chicken editors! Do you happen to know whatever happened to Les and Es Cole? We are all looking forward to meeting you this summer.//

Steve Rasnic

The Jack Gaughan section was amazing. He shows more expression in one wiggly line than anyone I know.

Among other art contribs, I particularly enjoyed those done by Rick Seward. I think you'll agree he has an interesting style... so keep him!



Poetry was never my favorite form of writing...but I enjoy a piece now and then. FAIR TERRA, FAR TERRA was just such a piece. Reuss has quite a way with words. The other ama-fiction was pretty good...

especially Doosplatt. I have read the various books listed in Davis' review of Tarnsman of Gor. I've read most of ERB's works and I did enjoy them...to a limited extent. I'll agree with him on Farley and Kline... it's torture for me to read anything they've written. I'll disagree a bit with him concerning Bradbury's Mars series. I personally found them to be quick, easy, enjoyable reading. While Kline and Farley (and some ERB) bored me, Bradbury enchanted me. I don't know exactly why...I just felt it. Bradbury has something different. I won't take anything away from Norman though... he has everything on the ball...he does swing!

I prefer longer con reports...I don't believe a con report can ever be too long. Printing Zelazny's speech and the film reviews were good, but the reports on the actual cons themselves were too short. I'm a comic fan. In most s-f zines it takes a bit of courage to say that.. it sometimes gives me an inferiority complex. Fans like Whittington are giving me lasting mental scars(doesn't that make you feel guilty Ron?). So...Lovenstein's letter endeared him to me forever. Oh, yes I do appreciate your concern over my reading habits, Mr. Vardeman. A younger fan once told me that the difference between a comic fan and a s-f fan was that comic fans have more imagination, and were further on their way to becoming a "persecuted minority". As a so-called double-fan...I don't quite agree with him, but it is an interesting observation. You might

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appreciate comics more if you would learn to consider the art as part of the story, which it is. The comics writer tells his story through dialogue, and a few words of text, and descriptions. You never read his descriptive work as it is translated into pictures. Thus, the writing seems even more juvenile than it actually is. Good writers don't stay too long in the comics anymore because of the limitations...all their careful stagesetting and description is lost (this happened with Bradbury). We're improving though...new writers are moving into the field and upgrading the material, replacing those that are going into TV and other fields. I'm a typical comic fan...analyze me, Mr. Vardeman.

I suppose that I would have to be considered a member of that group of unfortunates commonly known as the new generation. I'm not much of a rebel (except for being in fandom), probably because of my Southwest Virginia background. I like Rock & Roll...along with Jazz it's THE music for me. Despite my geographical placement, country music turns my stomach. I enjoy most 'real' folk music, but people like Ernest Tubbs, etc., etc. ruin my whole day.

Spiderman doesn't have hairy legs, he shaves them.

After reading Sirruish, I can honestly say, Mrs. Couch, that you are certainly a ~~divine~~ divine editor.

// The things I go through because of my name! Fandom is generally on a first name basis Steve. You say you are a double-fan, maybe. I think it very likely that you are a fan in transition. I have nothing against anyone's hobby, comics, sf, rock & roll, or whatever turns them on. It's fine with me as long as they don't try to involve me in something I'm not personally interested in. I've never read comics so I certainly am not one to judge, but I think it is interesting that you mention good writers leaving. Are you saying that the story is less important than the art? You'd better watch out or the Ernest Tubbs fans will zap you.//

Gene Klein

I've just finished Lancer's King Kull, and it is, quite honestly, the most enjoyable book I've ever read, perhaps surpassing Conan, although Conan was a more fully developed character. Lin Carter edited and finished some of the yarns, and he did a very nice job of it. He stuck to the Howard style.

Some of your artists agree with me. I like Crawes, Lovenstein, GaughAN, but especially the next three; George Foster (whose characters, especially in the OSFAN 29 are great), Robert E. Gilbert (who's bacover deserved to be on the cover--Gilbert's ideas are remarkable, and I always wonder how he can achieve so much with 'simple lines') and finally, Richard Flinchbaugh (that illo on page 21 speaks for itself). Most locs ignore the artists, and I think it's high time they were recognized.

Re Bob Vardeman's remarks re Janis Ian -- I have met the young lady and we've discussed some very interesting points in music that she is trying to bring out. It seems that the image Society's Child doesn't agree with her and she does not like being tagged -- meaning, she'll do other things in her second album.

It might interest you to know that you might be hearing my group on radio one of these days -- we're called the Lovebag and we've got something cooking with Roullette Records -- originally, my other group, the Long Island Sounds was to have been signed up with Capitol, but things just didn't work out. The names of the songs are "Till the End of Time" (which brings into play commentary on social standards/love/and even a bit of sf in the form of a time machine -- this one took us about two months to write and perfect) and "Gremlin" (which is a satire on country-western groups).

// We heard "Skid Row" on our local turned-on radio station, KSHE-FM and

60.  
it was great! We called and requested more. You're right, artists don't get nearly the credit they should. We are very proud of the talent displayed in Sirruish. Keep in touch gino.//

James Suhrer Dorr

Much of Sirruish 5 is good; I even agree with you on the fan fiction, if 'The Gaff' is excepted. I sort of like two page puns so I found Hank Davis' fun & games quite enjoyable even if the interior joking made the end seem a bit anticlimactic. James Reuss' 'Fair Terra, Far Terra' is a bit better than much fan poetry tho it runs into some trouble here & there (specifically the guardian/children of stanza 2 and the horribly mixed metaphor in stanza 4). The repetition following 4 is effective (I assume it's just the one line to be repeated and not the whole stanza). Not sure abt those cornflower seas--sounds just a little psychedelic (but then why not?).

Shouldn't want to go to much on reviewing reviews save to note that Hank Davis is perhaps just a mite too impressed with his erudition on the Black Falcon pan. Out of 53 lines, only some 15 or 20 actually carry the review forward. Maybe that couple practices Bokononism (or whatever it was called)--shoes would not present any problem since they are really bare feet that just look like shoes.

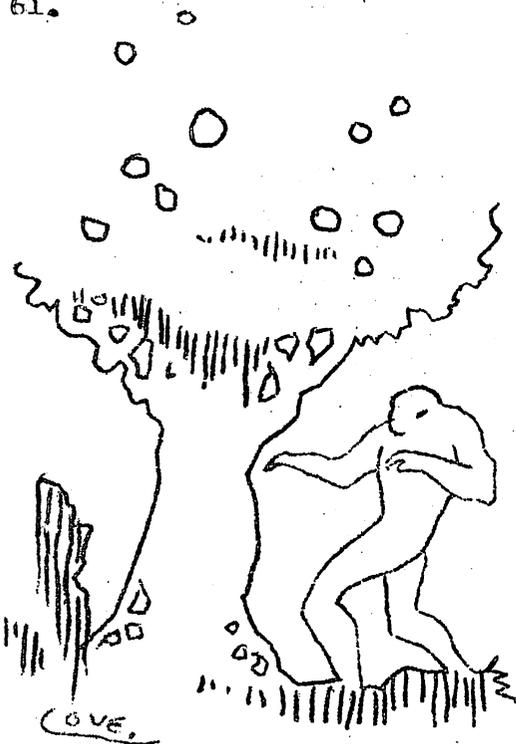
I shouldn't worry too much about pen-names. I've published under 4 or so in the past year (no science-fiction, unfortunately, so I do not have the opportunity to brag at this point) & any pomposity that I have I had before.

Roger Zelazny's speech was undoubtedly the most thought provoking item in the issue--being in this game for the fun of it, though, I shall more or less ignore it (mainly because I am not sure I can find anything cogent to say). One a-propos-of-nothing-type point: the Low Mimetic mode has been with us for longer than the last century. Realistic novels, in fact, began to appear just about as soon as the novel genre was established (the earliest reference I have at hand is to Thomas Deloney's Jack of Newbury which came out, I think, in the late 1590s--it's a Horatio Alger type story: apprentice marries ex-boss' widow and makes good in the business). To go earlier than that, some of the English romances are pretty middle class tho low mimetic is generally the one form absent in mediaval writing--seems to come up in folk ballads though (e.g. the Robin Hood cycle where RH is a bit less heroic than his literary counterpart--usual plot: Robin is being beaten to a pulp, he asks assailant to let him blow his horn as a last request & assailant grants it whereupon 50 million merry men come running out of the woods & assailant is faced with the hard necessity of bowing to the reality of power politics--this may seem to spill into ironic but, believe me, these ballads are deadly serious).

// Many thanks for your excellent contribution. I looked at the picture and went for my English textbook and yes, you look like Lord Byron! That raises all sorts of interesting speculations in my mind.//

Bill McDermitt

Having succumbed to the autograph collecting bug, I had Juanita autograph my copy of CRISIS ON CHEIRON. It isn't that I have an insatiable desire to obtain them, but I do enjoy it, and most authors like to be asked. It took more nerve than I can usually muster to ask Bob Tucker for his, but it was a relief to find out he didn't bite. CRISIS ON CHEIRON will never qualify as great science fiction, but it is good entertainment and more prominent writers have done far worse. The scientific gimmick certainly is, as such, no new invention, but I doubt that anyone has used Juanita's gimmick before. Please let me know how you



liked it.

Since Jack Gaughan is definitely a professional artist, he hardly can be considered an amateur as well. His Hugo for best pro artist was deserved; the award for best amateur should have gone to someone with no professional standing. The cover painting for "The Little People" was beautiful; you are lucky to have it.

The New Wave, New Thing, or pain in---, depending on your point of view, leaves me cold. TNW seems so much a prominent part of sf in either writing or discussion that failure to know what it is (or is not) may mean that you aren't really with it anymore. It makes me feel as if someone had told me a joke, and I am too dumb to understand it. Owell, maybe it'll go away if I just ignore it.

Gaughan's Elric painting was, I assume, the cover painting for THE STEALER OF SOULS; it was good. Elric was the kind of sword & sorcery hero who makes this kind of fiction fun to read. Moorcock's character was no Boy Scout, neither was he the habitual blundering

klutz that Conan eventually became; and he was killed off instead of going on and on and on. Even the most interesting heroic fantasy type is bound to get pretty stale after about 25 stories; this should indicate that Howard didn't know enough to quit while his hero was on top. What is it they say about beating a dead horse?

The most outstanding non-science-fiction book I've read lately was Robert Ardrey's African Genesis; the rather radical nature of his subject matter served to make it well worth the expenditures of time and money. Ardrey's assertion is that man is given over to continual violence because one of the hominidae ancestral to man (*Australopithecus Africanus*) employed weapons to kill his food. This ape-man as nearly as I can recall roamed South Africa approximately 600,000 years ago. Of course, any such assertion is conjectural as long as the picture is incomplete, but he does offer considerable proof for his conclusions.

// I dunno Bill, I thought CRISIS was great, but then my criterion is basically enjoyment and enjoy it I did! She has a lot of little beautiful touches in their. Re Jack G., remember that the fans nominated and voted those Hugos to him and so obviously the majority of fans voting thought he deserved both of them. I really wish you could have seen Elric; a magnificent painting. I looked at it again and again. Now you should read "Territorial Imperative" by Ardrey. It is equally fascinating. As you say, the man has a lot to back up his thesis. Man is the only animal who relentlessly seeks to exterminate his own kind; there seems to be no instinct in him to race survival. I've often wondered howcum.//

Doug Lovenstein

Hank Davis made a slight mistake in his review of "Stealer of Souls". The city was not Melnibone, it was Imrryr. A single city in the Empire of Melnibone. This is my day of corrections: Jim, the lead characters in "One Million Years" were Loana and Tumak. Also, the producers desire to include an overabundance of HarryHausens special fx' -- this is actually not true; Hammer Studios, a very low budget company, could not afford to include all the special fx scenes planned by HarryHausen! And another thing,

Jim baby, the last scene was shot in black and white (actually a red tint) because Hammer couldn't afford to shoot it in colour - tho I must admit, it did create an excellent effect. But don't get me wrong, I'm not standing up for the film - HarryHousens great effects were definitely hindered by a weak plot, countless technical flaws, (story wise) and second-rate acting - tho Welch played her part excellently - much better than she did in "Fantastic Voyage. Also, that's Dakkar, not Dakar (and believe me, Ron is working like hell on this thing).

Due to a large amount of confusion and bad luck that I'd rather not discuss, I missed the banquet at Nycon (really, you can't imagine what a disappointment that was to George and me). Come to think of it, the whole thing was a great disappointment to me. I did get to meet a lot of people I'd been writing to and I had the pleasure of meeting Jack Gaughan, boy he's great! I can't understand the Nycon committee losing all record of George's and my banquet ticket money (fantastic coincidence maybe? but it sounds somewhat suspicious to me...) also, the "Dialogues", for the most part, were boring, and rarely on time. But I will say I really dig Ellison. He's fantastically cool.

Hank Davis (the one who wrote Doosplatt) couldn't possibly be Mike Montgomery could he?

// You have what I would call a legitimate con gripe. I know you and George and I believe that you did send your money in. That is a damn shame. You didn't miss a thing as far as the food was concerned. Why didn't you go up to the balcony? This is why I think regional cons have a lot to recommend them. No, he isn't Mike M., just kindred spirits.//

#### Frank Lunney

Poetry. If there's one thing in school that makes me sick, it's when we start to read poetry. The teacher crams it down your throat and says it will make you 'cultured'. But fan poetry is different. It's written by somebody on your level (or almost) and not somebody who's been dead for a hundred years. And they write about a subject I have a vital interest in. The same for fanfic. It's written for the pleasure of it, not by a person who grinds out a story every three days for the money he supposes he will reap in.

// Hang tough, Frank. We've all been through the poetry bit. It's too bad your teacher isn't familiar with the modern poets. On your own why don't you try "Reflections On A Gift Of Watermelon Pickle" an anthology of modern poetry published by Scott, Foresman, and Co. I think you will find that there is no dust in this book to choke you.//

#### Ron Whittington

Doug Lovenstein is mistaken: I can say comic fandom is wrong. In a soft almost whisper, filled with scorn and dripping derision, I say as I type: "Comic fandom is wrong." But in the article, I never said it was wrong: said it was insidious, certainly; implied it was painful, indeed; hinted that it was a disease similar to drug addiction; most assuredly... But never, not once, did I state, imply, infer, hint, suggest, intimate, indicate or give anyone any reason to believe that it was wrong. Lovenstein is wrong. And have you something against me? Of course I wasn't serious! Looking down on people? Well...maybe ...but only if they deserve it. Jackson forces me to make a shameful confession: when I was ten, I collected comic books; kept at it for two years and had literally hundreds of them around the house. Nowadays, the only comics I read are "Little Annie Fanny" and "Wonder Wart Hog". And, as I am incurably broke, I only read LAF when

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I can look at somebody else's copy of the magazine; I refuse to name the magazine but it sells for 75¢ and is published by that great old fan, Hugh Hefner.

Not having any religious views, to speak of, I am compelled to say that my friend Stonners may be perfectly correct in his assumption that he is an immortal. When he dies, time ends, the universe ceases to exist--for him. But only for him, I hope.

Two pages for a pun? "Sheesh!" What has SIRRUISH come to? I may have to send you Sylvester Melon in order to save myself from the TV Guide and 13 pages of reviews. It's already written but, if the other article was any indication, Sylvester Melon would be too controversial for fanzine publication.

OZARKON Report: It may be my imagination but it looks to me like you left out many, many pleasurable and important hours: didn't we have a welcome party or something? And wasn't there another party Saturday night where Zelazny stated, contrary to the stated opinion of Juanita Coulson, that he did not intend to go mainstream? Do you want people to think St. Louis fandom isn't friendly? That we are as sercon as...as Columbus? Good Heavens! I am corresponding with a couple of OZARKON visitors and the thing about the convention that stands out most clearly in their minds is the welcome party. One of them, remembering that party, said that Missouri fans must be the "elite of fandom".

MIDWESCON Report: Hmm...Seems a trifle incomplete if you know what I mean. Hank Davis must be a truly great and brilliant man.

What narsty old pro reads SIRRUISH?

And Dave Hall loathes comics. I think.

// What do I have to do to get that article? Threaten you with a lifetime subscription to "Sirruish"? You're right about the Ozarkon Report, the news about the parties was slighted. But I didn't want to go on at great length about them. I had the feeling that my noble readers would suspect me of exaggerating. But now you have said it for me and also given us a beautiful 'unsolicited testimonial'. I think I'll take vitamin pills for two weeks before Ozarkon III so that I can keep up the pace. Columbus promises to be there and they tell me that they plan to entertain so we will see who gives the best parties. The 'moment of truth' perhaps? Would you believe several narsty old pros read Sirruish? They really do.//

Thanks to all who wrote to Sirruish this time (I cut this letter col, really I did!). This issue has a large press run and we are hoping to hear from you, gentle reader. We welcome contributions of artwork, articles, poetry, articles, loc's, articles, or whatever the muse moves you to do. You may suspect that we are interested in articles. We are. If you plan to respond, may I ask that you let me hear from you by the second week in April.

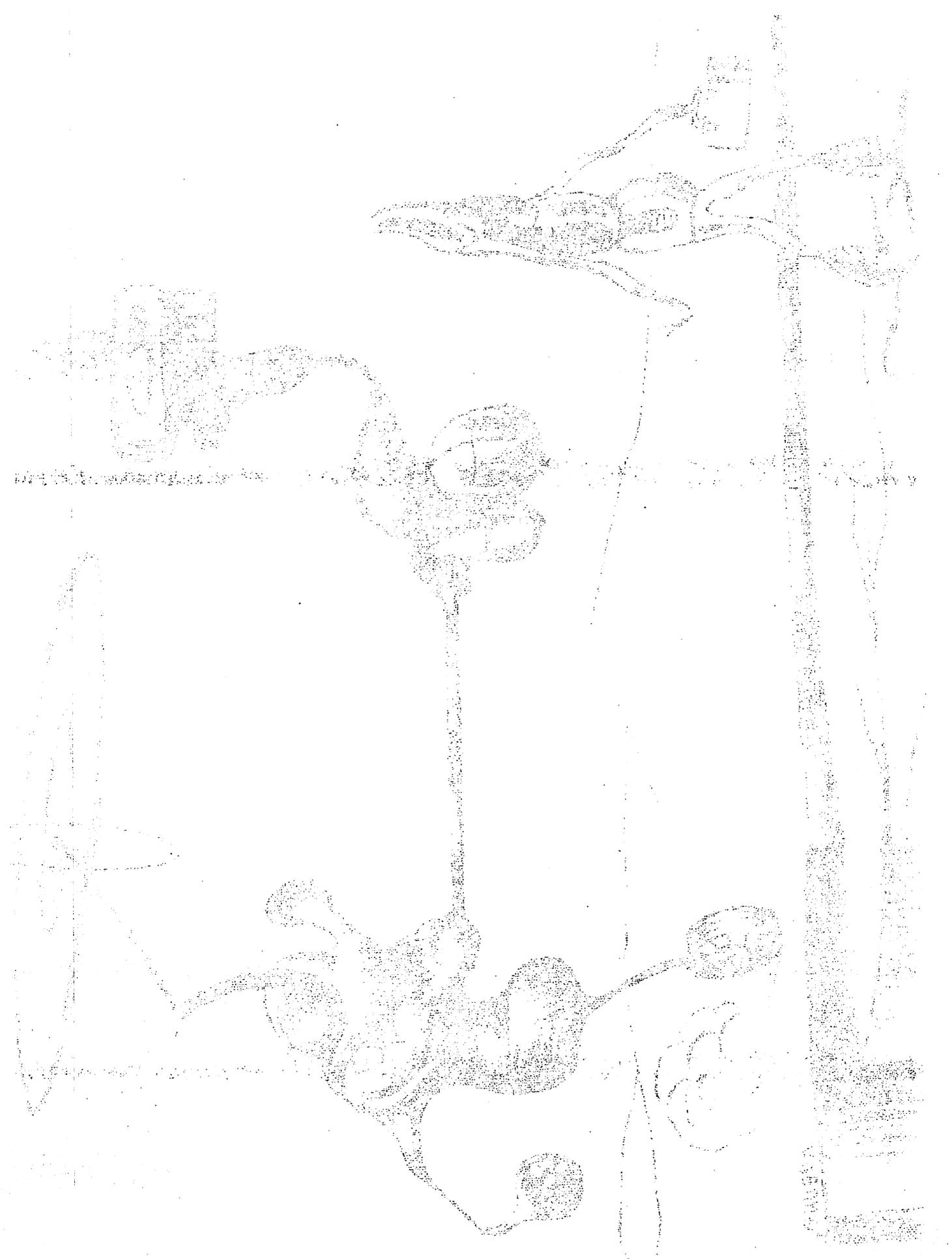
I heard today that Sirruish was used in a local high school English class.

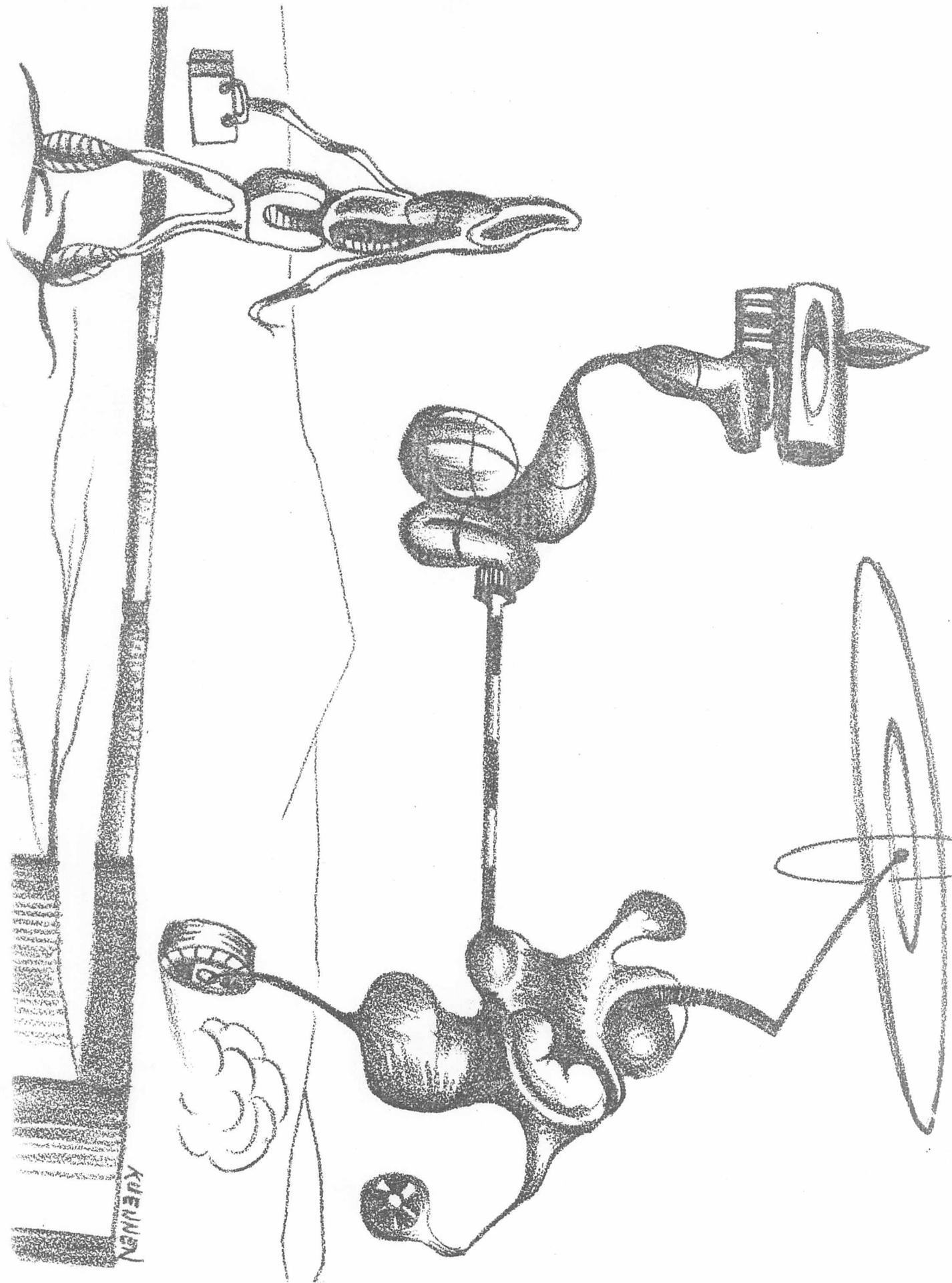
They must be desperate?



*Schap*

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Doll is a doll!  
-----





KUERNEN