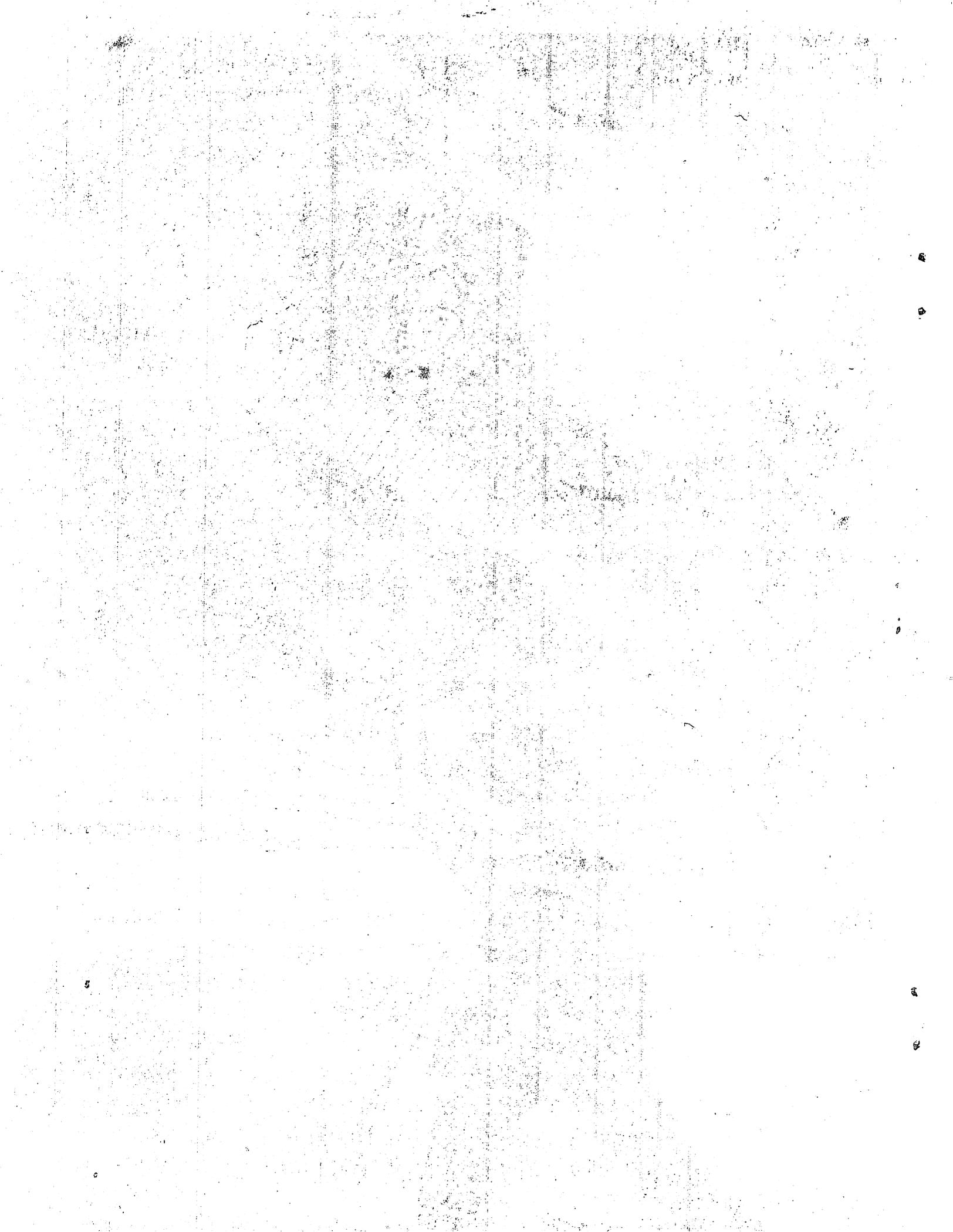




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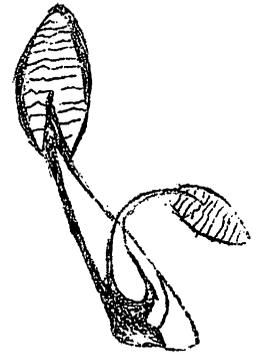




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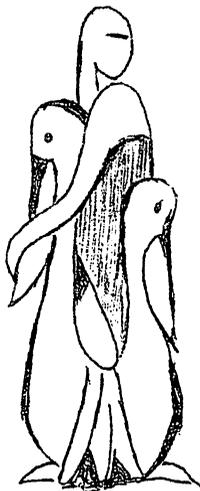


# Sirruish

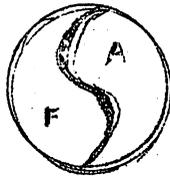


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July 1968 Issue.

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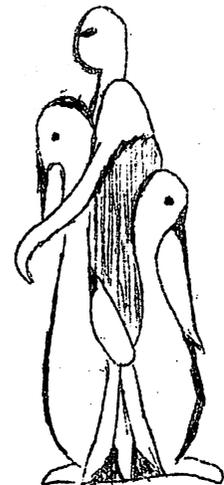
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Local Fans wishing to learn more about OSFA may request a free subscription to three issues of OSFAn from Hank Luttrell. Some Back issues of OSFAn are available from the editor for 15¢ each.

ST. LOUIS in 1969:

for the fun of it!!!



# PSYCATAXIA

## OSFA! With a Cast of Thousands:

Well, 63 according to the last roster printed in the current *Ozfan*, June 17, 1968, and some members will be renewing at the June meeting.

How does a science fiction club come to be and who belongs? Well, people are drawn together on the grounds of common interests, of course. It can often be just one interest, coins, guns, chess, cars, or science fiction and fantasy. The Ozark Science Fiction Association was founded in 1965 by James Hall, David Hall, and Hank Luttrell. It is a non-specialized club. We have members who are interested in all sorts of imaginative writing. It is partly serious, partly social in nature. We are interested in writing, publishing, reading, party-going, convention attending, and in putting on conventions. Repeat: WE ARE INTERESTED IN PUTTING ON CONVENTIONS. ST. LOUIS IN '69! There, I got the commercial out of the way early this time. Some of our members are known to fandom at large, others are known only to us. They are all incredibly interesting people in their own special ways. I find that 99% of fans are. I never tire of talking to them.

I'll lead off with the Couches. Last week I got a letter which began, "Dear Mr., Mrs., (?) Couch -- Oh, heck. Dear Leigh:" I was greatly entertained by that. I know my name is ambiguous. Well then, in order, Norbert C. Couch, paterfamilias, employed as a cartographer by the U.S. Air Force, has helped on astronaut maps, compilation of lunar maps, and done research on Mars maps, prefers Analog and "hard" SF. Leigh Couch, wife, school teacher, rabid reader of SF and fantasy for years, pretty unselective as to author or topic as long as it is good story-telling. Lesleigh Couch, oldest child and only daughter, progressed through Heinlein and Andre Norton to Phillip K. Dick, Kurt Vonnegut, etc. She is currently OE of APA 45, co-editor of Quark with Chris Couch, and Starling with Hank Luttrell. I think she is beautiful. Chris Couch, oldest son and really should be listed as co-editor of Sirruish, to give credit where credit is long overdue, but club regulations allow only one editor. A very talented artist he is although his work is not fannish. He has been a member of the Burroughs Bibliophiles since '62 and is an omniverous reader. Michael Couch, second son and youngest child, halfway between comics and SF, and I suspect he will retain both interests. But predictions are always risky.

There we are. I hope you have us all sorted out now.

Ray Fisher is our con-bid chairman and one of the nicest people it has ever been my pleasure to know. He is a perfectionist, look closely at Odd and see for yourself. He has a fantastic collection of books, paperbacks, fanzines and magazines.



Joyce Fisher, our president, is very vital and intense, with one of the most expressive faces I have ever seen. I love to watch and hear her talk. She writes beautiful poetry and she herself, is beautiful. Rich Wannan, our esteemed keeper of the coin. Films are his main interest, SF films in particular. His knowledge of them is vast, and he has his own collection. Hank Luttrell, lean, quiet, very self-controlled, has an incredible knowledge of authors, stories, fanzines, fan history; prolific publisher and writer. One of our most active fans. That is, if I can use that term in this beehive of fanac. Sim Pearce, a very gentle, personable older man with the most complete collection of mystery hardbacks I have ever seen. He has illustrations from the Police Gazette dating back for years. He has all the Arkham House books that are in print, including signed copies of some of them that are going out of print. He gives a discount. Interested? He can talk books and publishing at length. Bob Schoenfeld, publisher of the noted comic fanzine, "On The Drawing Board", member of CAPA Alpha, and our link with comic fandom. Douglas "Doc" Clark, long time fan with a great collection of slides from various cons and a very, very nice person (I'll bet you know him!). Wayne Finch, a cave expert who publishes The Underground a cave exploring journal, 50¢ 616 N. 73 Rd., East St. Louis, Illinois, 62203 if you are interested. Pamela Janisch, artist, see this issue. Chester Malon, resident wit and laugh-provoker, co-editor of the esteemed fanzine Argh! He is in charge of general merriment at OSFA meetings and social affairs. Mickey Rhodes and his lovely wife Diana. Mickey is one of St. Louis' most prominent artists. We are proud to have him as a friend and member. Jessie Dugan whom I expect will one day publish a novel. The Steeles, Harold, Genevieve, Ed, and John. Another fannish family with two writers, Harold who writes poetry, and John, former president and secy. of OSFA, and former Pinkerton man (a policeman's lot is not a happy one). Genevieve is the soul of hospitality. Kerry Brouk, artist and Andre Norton fan. Sylvia Tzinberg, world traveler, long time fan and con-goer. Paul Westover, member of the St. Louis Astronomical Society and our local star expert. Betty and Linda Stochl, mother and daughter in that order, new to fandom but enthusiastic. Keith Fieldhammer, writes poetry, book reviews, and fiction. He is a blue-eyed, blonde-haired Scandinavian type who lives in a wonderful two story white house built before or about 1900. Osfans have renamed Keith's cat "Gray Mouser" and adopted him as club mascot. You'll meet him at Baycon, Keith I mean - the cat stays home. Steve Shucart, a motorcycle hippie who plans to win a Hugo in 1978. Jim Reuss, our computer expert, known to the readers of Sirruish for his excellent poetry. He plans to publish his own fanzine soon. Rud Fair, a part time disc jockey at KHRU 88.1 F.M. Clayton, Mo. He is a Ballard fan. John Armbruster, an undercover fan due to conditions beyond his control. He reads SF at Keith's house. How long will we be a persecuted minority? Warren James, our expert on the works of Ray Bradbury. Bob Gersman, artist who publishes his own fanzine, member of N'APA. Bill Briner, engrossed in the study of chemistry and bio-chemistry, still finds time to read and admire the work of Heinlein, Asimov, Delany, and Harlan Ellison. Sherry Pogorzelski, our blonde bombshell, recent and decorative addition to OSFA. Ron Whittington, who has a dry and ironic wit, the other editorial half of Argh! Railee Bothman, SF fan who's husband is a model railroader. He understands about hobbies.

These are small introductions to some of the members of OSFA and I have included only those who live in the immediate area. We also have members in outstate Missouri whom we see infrequently, and members in surrounding states, not to mention our valued friends and members in New York, Ohio,

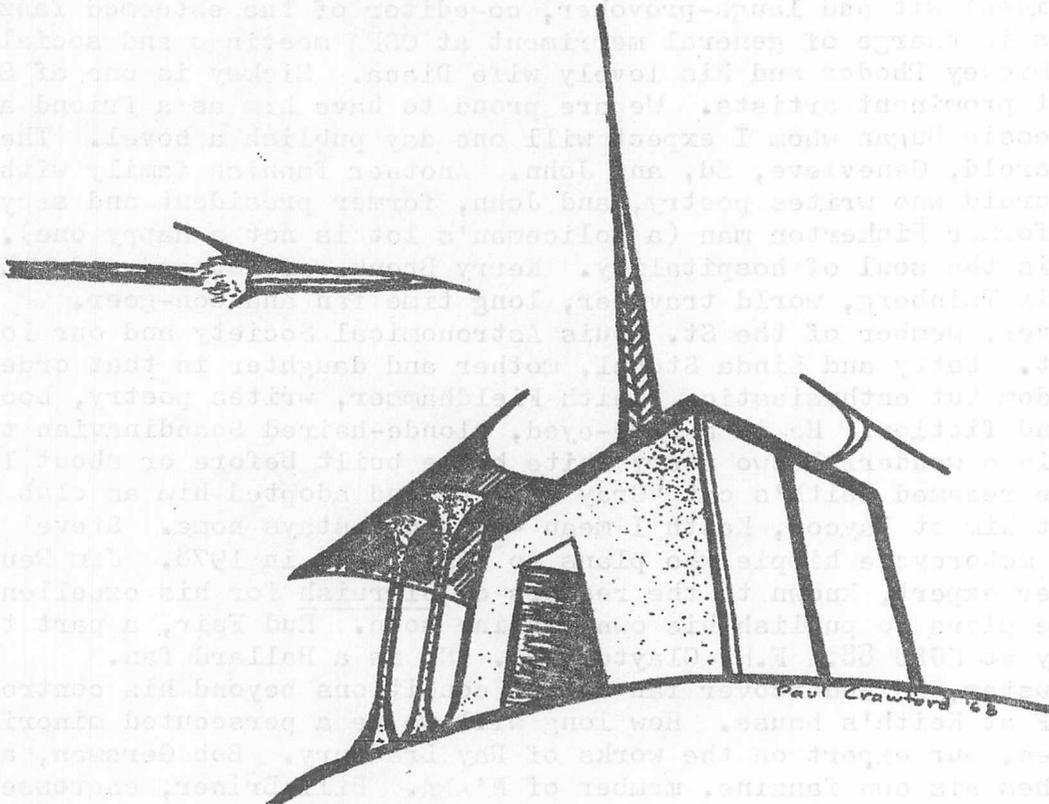
7.

Kentucky, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Maryland, California, Michigan, etc., Oh, and also Canada. OSFA has never disbanded or split since it began. Some old members have dropped out, and many new ones have joined.

I have this day-dream, you see, of every last one of them, and various guests who show up from time to time, being able to attend the same meeting. We would have to hire a hall! That would be great, great fun. We enjoy each other's company, we enjoy fandom. Hope you are doing the same!

(My not so secret purpose in writing this was to inform someone that we damn well do have 70+ people who are willing to help St. Louis put on a Worldcon.)

Leigh Couch



# GAEELIC SPLREEN



an article by

*Jack Jaughan Jr*

Joyce Fisher describes me as a "quiet voiced Irishman."

It's a fine image. I like it.

If mumbling uncertainly can be described as quiet voiced...if the fact that my grandfather (god rest his soul) who was a vaudeville comedian came over from the old country.....if, further, the fact that I'm an Ohioan, U.S.A., .....if all these qualify me as a "quiet voiced Irishman"...then so be it. But I'll tell you it's a Hell of a difficult image to live up to.

Every once in a while I could scream.

I'd like to scream about a number of things but most particularly I'd like to scream about Prentice-Hall. A publishing firm.

A few years ago when I started free-lancing I had to take any and every job that came my way. I had been "laid off" from a well paying film-art-director's job. And a darned troublesome one if I properly remember that constant state of indigestion. So I worked at what I could with an aim towards being my own boss. A freelancer in short. I worked for a time as a temporary art director in a real shlock ad, agency in N.J.. They did real estate ads and used-car ads. I came up (if that's the phrase) that way so it was a familiar and by implication easy way to make a buck. All the while I was accumulating, however slowly, clients. I became "consultant art director" for American Bosch. I laid out a whole year's ad campaigns for American Bosch working for their sales manager. I worked with great concentration, long and hard and .....the sales manager got mad and quit or was fired. I never really knew which. My stuff was never even LOOKED at. Nor was I paid. Do you know what a whole year's ad campaign comprises? Forget it.

Then a reputable publisher who was situated scarcely a mile from my home in N.J. presented the opportunity of doing some work for them. Well, they didn't present it. I worked hard to get it. Prentice-Hall. God bless 'em. Prentice-Hall has many, many departments...not one of which speaks to (nor conceivably is aware of) any other. I contacted "childrens books", "college text", "technical" blah blah blah. Each department hired its own freelance artists. Because I had done some SCIENCE fiction I eventually was called back by the textbook people. It seems they were so busy that their own art staff could not handle some jobs so they farmed a few out to me. Thank god I didn't have to read the books. I got jobs doing jackets in one, two or three colors for books like Physical Training for the Handicapped, Pulse Circuits, Switching and Shaping, Transistors, and oh, a number of other gems. Not all at once but spaced out over a long period of time. I remember trying to read one which had been set up in galleys (but which nobody at P.-H. appeared to have read..tho they'd bought it and set it up in type and were going into production)...it was called Basic Statistics.. Hoo boy! I never asked to read another one.

Let me tell you how I got to the textbook people. I made an appointment and I got in to see the head of this or that (they have so many departments and titles that I don't suppose ANYbody can keep them straight). Anyway this guy

had to do with textbooks. I showed him my sample-case full of ads, films, layouts...the works. I showed a certain "technical proficiency" but he'd like to see what I REALLY WANTED TO DO. Ho boy! Arty farty heaven! No kidding! Somebody wanted to see my soul. So by god I showed him paintings and doodles and just stuff I did for myself.. (remember I lived within a mile of this place so I could get back and forth easily). By jing! Somebody who would be willing to let me CUT LOOSE. Hoddamn!

He was particularly taken with some tape box (recording tape) designs I had made on blank boxes for my own amusement. They were pretty inventive if I do say so myself. Some nice usage of type as a design possibility. Also not hackneyed. I mean he dug. So I go home with this job. Mercifully I forget the first title he gave me but it was to be a one color jacket. For which they paid the princely sum of sixty five (count 'em) dollars. That's a big outfit and their size is reflected in their ...what would you call it?... generosity?...65Bucks! Only I was to prepare two color art. They pay on a scale. So many colors....so many bucks. One color equals sixty five bucks. Two color is eighty or so. Only they got this thing see where instead of just varnishing their book jackets with clear varnish they can do it with colored varnish. So for a one color job you prepare two color art. I mean varnish ain't a color. You gotta scrape and paste and cut and slap on the overlay but varnish ain't a color. So I lay out three full size sketches of the jacket. Inventive as Hell. I mean the guy dug my nutty samples, right? Only they're too nutty. OK for some high class, farout, whoopie publication but for a textbook they needed something a little less flashy...a little more dignified. So I go home and lay out some conservative stuff. Too wild this time...but CLOSER, closer. By the time I had done three revisions I figured out that a conservative design is

a  
few  
lines  
of  
centered  
type.

This is three or four days shot to Hell. At this time I go home with an approved, and centered, design and I order the type from a typographer (Prentice-Hall paid for the type. I'll give them that. Doubleday should be such big spenders). A few days later I get the type make photostats (I paid for them) and pasted up the two color art. For the "one" color jacket. And I eventually got my sixty five. Look, you don't argue when you're starting out and you got this wife and those kids.

Well, I managed to eke out a living. Not doing work exclusively for Prentice-Hall to be sure. Don Wollheim started buying my paintings...then Don Bensen. There wasn't much work in those days and I had not figured out a work-discipline as I have now. Things took seven times as long then as they do now. A work discipline? Siddown and do it in an orderly manner. It can't be explained further.

So I did a number of ikky (centered) things for old P.-H. Then came the day when I really didn't HAVE to do that any more. So I turned down a job and never heard from the text-book people again. (Except on Christmas, P.-H. sends out this threatening letter which informs one of the dire consequences which will follow if you even dare to THINK of giving a P.-H. employee a Christmas gift. OOOOboy will you be cut off! From the sixty five bucks and

11.

everything! Maybe even jail! I got those damned letters for years after I quit working for P.-H.)

Nobody at P.-H. ever smiled. I don't think I ever met a single person at P.-H. of any gender (or lack thereof) who was happy in his work ( or her work or its work). In short it was a crummy place, like a sort of Skidmore Owens and Merrill Kremlin full of gloomy minds. But I needed the scratch.

Years passed (god rest their souls).

Henry Morrison, a fine, intelligent and industrious young man who represents minny, minny of the top young S.F. writers as a writer's agent (literary agent?) got hold of me one day about a year ago. A writer of his who writes dog books had written...you guessed it (whoopie!) a dog book. Prentice-Hall was publishing it. They were in a rush to meet some "book conference" or other. (Publishers of hard-cover books are always rushing to meet some conference or convention or sales-season or other....how <sup>they</sup> manage to rush so and never get anything done is and always will be beyond me.) In the course of two weeks could I produce sample drawings of style and then layout sketches illoing this whole book about a Collie? For Seven Hundred and Fifty bucks could I do this? Well, considering the number of illos and the jacket (included in the price) that only worked out to a little over twenty dollars per drawing but it was a fat package and sounded one Hell of a lot more substantial than sixty five dollars. So I could do this. I got my Polaroid. I made a number of shots of a good Collie and popped the instant prints into my handy dandy opaque projector (what? you didn't know about those? The cheating machines? I don't know of a self-supporting pro without one. But don't be misled.. You still have to know what you're doing.) and quickly and freely drew this swinging loose thing. A kid and a dog. They (P.-H.) liked the samples. I then laid out the rest of the illos. "Fine! Fine! Just the way I pictured them," said the editor. So I got out the ol' Polaroid and shot the living daylights out of my collie friend.

This could go on and on, but it needn't. I researched my subject and illoed the book. They were good drawings. They were accurate too. Everything was photographed first. I checked with a man who raised collies and who judges dog shows. And is an uncle of my wife. Only the author had to pass on the drawings and he's some official cat in some official dog society. (!) He didn't like them. They were all off and of a "bad" (this is not true) collie. He even set himself up as an expert on reproduction and rejected one drawing because it "wouldn't reduce." He was full of xeqltxrf! Remember the projector? It also reduces. I checked everything. I am after all, a professional. So the editor, a lady of the female persuasion and veddy New Yawkish (it seemed to me) did a complete about-face and agreed with the author.. As a result I was paid half the agreed amount (for the approved sketches and the FINISHED jacket ((from which my name was deleted)) ) and the drawings (done) were rejected in order that the "reputation" of the dog-expert-writer might not be "damaged."

I was moving from one house to another and my father had died. I needed scratch and Pyramid had just cancelled the finish of an approved layout for The Synthetic Man. (Pyramid made up for it with a later job.) They didn't want to split for new plates so they borrowed an idea from my old Time Tunnel cover and used Schoenherr's painting incorporating that idea. I was out over a thousand bucks that I had all but spent.

Somehow funerals got over and we got moved and that thousand dollar chimney which had to be added on to my old stone house got put on.

"Ain't nothin' but a Baptist can save me"! Fats Waller

I gnashed my teeth about Prentice-Hall and their damned vacillating editors. A spineless lot, I thought. To Hell with them, I thought. And poor Henry. The first time he represented me and I get zonked.

When the dog book came out the New York Times (god bless 'em) reviewed/dissmissed it with less than a "H6-hum." I couldn't have been more pleased.

I still have the drawings. In spite of the haste....(they had to be done to meet the conference, remember) some of them are really GOOD drawings. None of them are bad.

So I figured I was done with P.-H. No. I got this note the other day. "Have work! Call Me," signed, Textbook Department, Prentice-Hall. Well, I laughed and thought it only courteous that I, the winner of two Hugos and a jolly good fellow, should call them and tell them that I no longer cared to work for such a fink outfit. I called...but before I called my wife informed me that we were running out of money. Inkum tax 'nd everybody was late paying us and Pyramid lost one of our bills and..... (Incidentally, I (we) survive all this because there are good guys around like Wollheim, Pohl, Bensen and some others who act and deal in an intelligent and reasonable manner. I dwell on the other guys because I'm a grouch -- Irish type.) So Prentice-Hall says, "We have this jacket for a hundred and a quarter," which must be about 72 colors on their pay scale!! I tell them I'm a long way away and that it would be unprofitable for me to do it unless it could be done by mail. "We have time, we have time, boy" they said. She said. So, O.K. I'm working for Prentice-Hall again. What a dummy! In two days (and I'm really in a good humour then because still no checks have come in and the Post Office has lost a finished painting which was to be the cover on the second issue of INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION) a note comes saying, "Time too short. Can't handle this by mail. Don't worry. There will be more at some later date," signed, the lady at Prentice-Hall. Yeh? Some later date? I'll die first. I'll starve to death.

Remind me some time to tell you about this film I designed and executed for American Express and for which I never got paid because the film producer (who photoed and sold prints of the thing) claimed I never did it.

Quiet voiced Irishman? Indeed!

Would you believe, "cranky old man" ?

gronch!

*Jack*

D

REASSURITE



Don  
D'Amassa

Alan lay on his bed, arms folded under his downturned face, hands separately clenched into fists. On the wall beside him hung the oilskin parchment of his diploma from high school, with honors, and another of his degree from the University of Connecticut. A breeze from the open window skipped across the room, puffing them away from the blue-painted walls, letting them fall back and slide over the surface with a barely audible rapp. Alan turned his head slightly, resting his cheek in the soft flesh of his arm, staring across the room from the wall to his desk, letting his eyes flicker over his books, letters, and all of the other items that a graduate student collects. His eyes rested on his college yearbook and he wondered absently how many of his classmates were already married, wondering if it yet equalled percentagewise those in his high school yearbook.

He rolled over on his back, glancing up at the white plaster ceiling. There was no light here; bedrooms were rarely made with overhead lights because they cast shadows in the room. Alan liked to read in his bedroom, lying out on the bed, but he found it necessary to sit at the desk in the evenings because it was the only part of the room that was sufficiently lighted.

His hands clasped over his head, he tucked his chin into his chest and stared out the open window, noticing the tree-filled skyline, broken in one place where a road went through, a single telephone pole breaking the gap into two equal sections.

Alan was a daydreamer. It was one of his favorite occupations. There were a lot of things about his life that he didn't like, and although he admitted to himself that a large portion of them were primarily his own fault, he was unable to initiate any action to rectify them. Daydreaming made a poor substitute for unrealized ambitions, but it was better than nothing.

And right now his daydreams were delightfully erotic. At best, Alan was mediocreatly attractive. He was restless and goalless, never sure just exactly where he was going, never willing to change his path for fear he'd later find he should have stayed where he was.

He remembered back to the previous summer. He had dated a girl he met at work then, not a particularly attractive girl, more cute than beautiful. But she was intelligent and curious, and she was willing to date him. He'd dated more attractive girls, and he'd met smarter ones, and he'd met girls that surpassed her both ways. But he'd never before met one that he'd liked so well.

Unfortunately, he never learned whether or not the feeling was mutual. The summer ended, the dating ended as both returned to separate schools, and the following summer she had gotten a job elsewhere. He'd done nothing, and they'd seen each other no more.

Hating himself for his own lack of nerve, Alan rationalized that she never would have liked him anyway and went back to his usual summer routine:

15.

an occasional date, with little enjoyment on either side, and an unhappy summer.

But daydreaming helped a bit. When he had first begun to imagine things, he had been very conservative. All of his dream girls were simply projections of ones that he had met. When he placed himself in some heroic role, he had always used moderation: a colonel rather than a general, part of an heroic patrol rather than a loner. But eventually he had branched out, fleshing in his dreams with more details, imagining himself in higher positions, even imagining an entirely new situation in which to live. His girls began to be original, girls he'd never met before, sometimes faintly resembling an acquaintance, but never completely. He found himself staring at crowds to pick out organic elements for his humanity sculpturing. And as his dreams grew more vivid, he spent more time daydreaming, less time functioning in the real world.

Today he was dreaming up a girl. He started with the legs, slender, well-shaped, not very long but scaled down from the long, tapering legs he had seen moving beneath a rather nondescript girl on the previous day. Her hips bulged out, but not too far, strong enough to support the upper body, but keeping in mind that the upper torso would be fairly small, since most of Alan's girls stood about five foot three. A smooth indentation at the waist spread outward and inward into a rounded shoulder configuration. The breasts were well-shaped, but slightly smaller than most men would have preferred. He clothed her tentatively in a brown terrycloth bathrobe, masking her so that he wouldn't be distracted while he finished his construction.

The arms and hands were easy, long delicate arms dropping from the shoulders, ending in thick hands with fingers that were rather short. The fingernails were clipped fairly close; Alan disliked the gleam of nail polish and pointed tips.

Now came the difficult part. Constructing a totally new face was virtually impossible, but Alan had hit upon a method. First you pictured the face of someone you knew, then you dealt with each part separately, deciding whether to scrap it and fit in a replacement or keep it and build around the chosen feature.

He projected the face of his last date, a blond girl with fairly good looks, particularly her face and hair, though a bit heavier than Alan liked. The real girl had been distressingly void of common interests, however, and Alan doubted very much that the evening would ever see an encore.

He deleted her mouth, adding a slightly smaller one and changing its expression. The eyes he maintained, though he thinned the nose slightly, slenderizing the entire face simultaneously. He kept the hair, though he lengthened it a bit, and the ears were completely hidden. Momentarily he considered shortening the forehead, but he changed his mind and added bangs. The eyelashes darkened a bit, changing from straight blond to a brownish hybrid. Finished, Alan ran his eyes over the entire construction and smiled with satisfaction.

"Alan." A voice disturbed his reverie. He slammed his eyes shut, cursing silently whoever had disturbed his concentration. Now he would have to

start fresh, because once interfered with, his images always faded away.

He turned toward the door, but no one was there. Practical jokes had never amused him anyway; under present conditions he was incensed.

"Who is it?"

"It's me, Alan. Over here."

He turned toward the window. His creation was still there. But this time she wasn't an image, she was real. He couldn't see the window through her, and concentration didn't make her outling waver in the slightest.

"Who. . ." Alan found himself unable to speak. He was unutterably embarrassed, as though he had been caught fondling himself.

"Don't worry Alan. Everything's all right."

"Who are you? How did you get here?"

"I don't know who I am. How could I? You haven't named me yet. And if you don't know how I got here, I'm sure I don't."

"But I don't understand. Are you real?"

"For the moment. Very soon I'll stop, unless you want me to stay. But I can only stay by leaving, and taking you with me. You can live where I go, but I can't stay here with you."

"But where is it that you go?"

"Oh, it's a place like this, except that everyone is happy there, because everyone builds his own universe. Just as you built me, you can build an entire universe."

"But I hardly know you."

# chrysalis

words

which formed slowly from

concepts

ill-remembered emotions

and hibernated a suitable time

in the womb of subconsciousness

are metamorphosized and

BURST FORTH

exposing yet-moist wings

to an uncaring sun

despite its beauty

the poem too

will soon die

jim reuss

17.

"That's not true, Alan. You've always known me; I'm everything you want in a girl. I have to be; you created me that way."

"But I don't know what it is that I do want in a girl."

"Not consciously, but you know. You know roughly what I look like, though that can change readily to suit your every mood. But I have everything you really want inside me: I understand you, I'll talk to you and I enjoy hearing you talk to me, I can discuss literature with you because I've read everything that you have, our opinions coincide on main issues but I'm intelligent enough so that we can discuss them without being bored by complete sameness of outlook, and I love you."

Alan felt no words, but something moved inside of him. He looked at her, knowing that every word she spoke was true.

"If you are really created by me, unconsciously, then you know what it is that I really want."

"Yes, I do."

"Then tell me this. Do I really want to go with you? Will I be happy where I am God?"

The girl looked up at him silently. "You want very much to go with me," she said. Then her smile faded. "But you know at the same time that you could never be happy there. Despite all your troubles, this is the world you want. You want to face up to your problems, not run from them." She looked up at him. "And for that I love you all the more."

"Isn't there some way that you could stay in this world with me? Or can I bring you back each evening?"

She said nothing, but looked up at him and smiled. She bent over and kissed him gently on the lips. He closed his eyes and felt a rush of cold air through the room as the curtains at the windows were pushed aside by the evening breeze. When he opened his eyes, she was gone.

He stared at the window, wondering, trying to think of what she had looked like. But he stopped himself and rose from the bed, putting his feet into his slippers. No, he must never daydream again. That was running; he must face things. Even in they made him unhappy. He went out into the kitchen and started to make coffee.

# Safe and Sound?

Nartlan Doosplatt's fabulous fortune did not rest entirely upon his android company. In 2785 he invented a device

which rendered solid objects intangible, converting them into un-matter. After a few months of work, he had perfected the Desolidifier, as he called it, to the point where he could readily convert anything to un-matter and back to matter.

Doosplatt made a small fortune selling Desolidifiers. His customers were banks, for the most part. The Desolidifier was used in this case to convert the bank vault and its contents to un-matter until such time as some valuable stored within was to be removed. Theft was impossible.

A peculiarity of the Desolidifier was that a dematerialized object could be returned to solidity only by the particular Desolidifier which had rendered it intangible in the first place. A minor disaster arose when a clumsy bank teller dropped the Marsport First National Bank's Desolidifier, breaking its zooptut tube. The tube was replaced, but the bank's vault could not be retrieved from its un-matter state by the altered Desolidifier.

Doosplatt was called in to solve the problem, but could only offer one suggestion. "Mass of ordinary matter increases with velocity," he pointed out. "Perhaps the safe will become solid again if we move it at almost the speed of light."

Getting the vault into a spaceship was no mean task, since it required cutting out a goodly portion of the bank floor. Since an object in the un-matter state would penetrate any matter except that with which it had been in contact at the time of desolidification, the bank's floor had to come along, lest the safe go floating through the walls of the spaceship.

Finally, all was in readiness and the ship blasted off. Faster and faster it went, leaving the confines of the solar system behind. Days later it returned. Doosplatt was the first to walk down the passenger ramp, and was met at the bottom by the president of the bank.

"Did you succeed?" he asked anxiously.

"No," was Doosplatt's reply. "We got up to 99.999999999999% of the speed of light and the safe was still un-matter. I'm afraid that it will be an un-safe at any speed."

HANK DAVIS



WHO COMES TO MIND, when you think about the pioneer compilers of science fiction anthologies? Don Wollheim, because he edited the first paperback collection and then the science fiction novels in the Viking Portable series? Groff Conklin, for several early anthologies that put some of the finest pulp magazine stories between hard covers for the first time?? Or Phil Stong? Who?

WHO WAS  
PHIL STONG?

an article on  
science fiction history  
by

HARRY WARNER, Jr.

Phil Stong is almost completely forgotten today as an anthologist who promoted science fiction. But His The Other Worlds represented a tremendous prestige builder for science fiction, and it shook up fandom violently when it appeared unheralded in the dim, prehistoric year of 1941, before Don Wollheim, before Conklin, before almost everyone. The volume isn't remembered today in fandom, partly because it was not exclusively science fiction, partly because it didn't contain outstandingly high-level stories. But it deserves respect, even if it isn't deserving of love.

The Other Worlds must have helped to break down the prejudice against the magazines as the source for book material. Moreover, Stong's name on the book must have helped to destroy another literary no-no, the assumption that big names in the world of letters can't risk admitting to an interest in science fiction. Of course, Stong wasn't one of the nation's top authors. He wrote an endless succession of novels for adults and for children, many of them smacking stongly of his beloved Midwest. They won wide readership but didn't

reach the top of the best-seller lists. Just one big exception occurred to this general rule: State Fair, whose fame as a book was quickly followed by stage and screen versions. Maybe a literary figure like Stong was the only type who could have pulled off such a pioneering effort: someone who was not too enormously popular to waste time on an unpopular kind of anthology, yet someone who was sufficiently known to help sell the book on the strength of his own name.

You needn't read a word of the book to be impressed by one thing. We're so accustomed to thin paper, narrow margins, and flimsy covers on hardbound books published since World War Two that we automatically expect this physical aspect of any science fiction collection. The Other Worlds appeared before the World War Two cost increases caused publishers to start cutting corners. It's printed on absolutely opaque paper that hasn't even started to yellow at the edges or turn brittle. There are fewer than 500 pages, but the book is an imposing 1 7/8 inches thick, and it feels luxuriously heavy when lifted. There are even a few absolutely blank pages at the end. It sold for \$2.50 in that pre-inflation time.

The Other Worlds got a thoroughly mixed reaction in both fan and pro circles. Basil Davenport grumbled in the Saturday Review of Literature: "Mr. Stong is much too easily pleased... He often abandons his own expressed or implied standards." But a reviewer in The Nation took a different viewpoint: "His taste in the field of fantasy is unfailingly good." In fandom, the praise was for the fact that there was finally a big batch of science fiction stories from the prozines in a more permanent incarnation. Criticism dealt with both the choice of stories and with Stong's iconoclastic attitude toward science fiction. He said things you wouldn't expect from a fellow who had gone to the trouble to put out this anthology. He was particularly harsh on space operas. In a time when they were the very heart and soul of the prozines, fans were aghast at Stong's decision that he couldn't find even a dozen interplanetary stories in the magazines he had read "with even mild originality or amusement value." His fannish standing wasn't raised appreciably when he described E.E. Smith's Skylark novels as "clumsily written" and "as dull as ditch-water."

A quarter-century and more have passed, and nobody picking up the anthology today would become emotional over Stong's attitude, after all the literary wars that have been fought over science fiction in general and individual authors in particular. So I don't think that I'm prejudiced by indignation when I find the worst thing about the anthology not its attitude nor its choices, but a curious helter-skelter, improvised approach. There is a rambling forward that tries to explain the criteria on which Stong operated in selecting the stories. But it is obvious that he wasn't too consistent in anything except his determination to avoid stories by the most famous fantasy writers that were already available in book form. This foreword trails off midway in what started to be a series of notes on the stories that follow it, but the "notes" at the beginning of the third section start with an essay that seems to have slipped from its proper place in the foreword.

There is no real systematic separation of the stories into the three sections. "Strange Ideas" is the general title for part one, and Stong calls the stories in this group "notions involving the fantastic that I had never heard of before." The very first of them is Thorp McClusky's "The Considerate Hosts" which consists of an adventure in a house which is haunted by a man and woman whose ghosts are determined to avenge a murder. The second group of stories,

21.

Stong says, "is of much the same genre, except that the ideas of origin are of earlier use," and I don't pretend to know what he meant by that, in anything. The third group does have some consistency. He calls it "Horrors" and terms its contents "simply the old quivery or shivery story in its best new presentations." This third section contains nothing but weird and horror fiction; the second section is mostly science fiction with some occasional pure fantasy; the first group has several science fiction stories scattered among the tritest weird tales and some fairly good fantasy.

To Stong's credit, he chose some excellent science fiction, including some stories whose authors were to do much finer things in the future. "Alas, All Thinking!" by Harry Bates, Ted Sturgeon's "A God in a Garden," and "The Pikes of Pan" by Lester del Rey couldn't be faulted as anthology material. Paul Ernst's "Escape" and Murray Leinster's "The Fourth-Dimensional Demonstrator" are ingenious enough to read well today, even if they are hardly literary masterpieces. But how could a man with the taste to select these stories put into the same volume such a trite and obvious piece of hack work as David Wright O'Brien's "Truth Is a Plague"? "Adam Link's Vengeance" might have been suitable for an anthology of robot stories, with a stretch of the imagination, but it was a horrible choice as the only robot entry in a general anthology. Davenport's complaint is justified by such an antic as Stong's inclusion of "The Adaptive Ultimate" by 'John Jessel'. (There is no consistency about pennames in this anthology; I suppose Stong didn't know that this was written by Stanley G. Weinbaum or the real name of Murray Leinster, but he included both Kelvin Kent and Henry Kuttner as the pseudonym and true name of the author of "The Comedy of Eras.") That particular choice was another lousy one. We don't know much about Shakespeare, but one thing we do know is where he got his plots, and Kuttner's carelessness in this respect makes it one of the poor Pete Manx stories.

Stong acknowledges the help of only one person in compiling the anthology: August Derleth. I suspect that Derleth concentrated his efforts on the final part of the volume, because the eight stories in that section are consistently higher in quality than the ups and downs in the first two sections. But even here there are mysteries: Why should there be two stories by Manly Wade Wellman, in an anthology where no other writer of weird fiction got such attention and where so many important authors of weird fiction were omitted altogether? After the notes to this section spoke at length about Lovecraft's mythology, why did Stong or Derleth represent him by "In the Vault" which has nothing to do with that mythology? And why did they follow this up with Kuttner's "The Graveyard Rats" with such a similar basic theme?

As a collection of good reading, The Other Worlds stands near the bottom of anthologies containing science fiction and fantasy. As a historical object, it's worth hunting out. And I think Stong's foreword and notes might be worth reprinting today, in somewhat edited form. They're interesting for a rambling sort of vigor and for the firm way in which Stong expresses his opinions. Those opinions are often untenable, but occasionally you run across a remark that could hardly be surpassed. It would be hard to find anywhere a better reason why people edit anthologies and why most fans still read science fiction, than Stong's statement about the prozines:

"In this pabulum of reiterated nonsense, however, there appear with almost incredible frequency, stories that are original, stories that are brightly written, stories that present extensions of engaging philosophies, and neatly constructed stories of dramatic impossibilities. For the curious reader, the lode is very well worth working."

Take out "with almost incredible frequency" and you have a pretty good description of things as they exist today.

sketches from NY (on 3)



Izzy's speech  
& Harlan sneaks out



by  
Michael Gilbert

23.  
PASTICHE

Being a collection of various and sundry items of interest, hopefully, to fans.

Books:

The Counterfeits: Leo P. Kelley Belmont Science Fiction 1967

This is an uneven book. It is the authors first full length novel and he has both strengths and weaknesses. Descriptive passages are sometimes beautiful. Human characters are well-done, but somewhat stereotyped. Action and dialogue - good. The alien invaders who are able to counterfeit perfectly any human being - bad! It is the inconsistencies of the alien motivations and actions that bother me. I'm quite accustomed to E.T.'s operating by a different set of rules or culture values, but whatever the system the author sets up, the aliens should be consistent within the system. These aliens aren't. Small example: they take over the minds of human beings and use them as beasts of burden to no purpose that I can see, since they can assume human form. The next book by the author should be better.

The Butterfly Kid: Chester Anderson Pyramid Science Fiction 1967

Get this one just one just for the fun of it. Village types are the characters; puns and partly concealed meanings are amusing. I think the author is/was a comic reader and works Kitch, the Blue Lobster Man into the story by having him come from "outer space". Even if this story had no plot at all, which it does, it would still be great reading.

"I was a pastrami ice cream cone. I was covered with beige fuzz that moved of it's own accord. I was a platinum gas tank. I was the ghost of Christmas past. I was as corny as Kansas in orbit. I wasn't thinking very well at all Lead character speaking. Get it and enjoy! It's on the Hugo ballot.

Impossible? Laurence M. Janifer Belmont Science Fiction 1968

A collection of stories by the author, except for two collaborations. If you have never read Charley De Milo, getting the book is worth it for this story alone. A simple concept with masterful treatment. It is an extremely varied group of stories as to subject matter, fantasy, music, alien culture, carnival life, even author's agents. The author writes very, very well.

Sideslip: Ted White and Dave Van Arnam Pyramid Science Fiction 1968

In which Ron Archer, private detective, is introduced to readers and finds himself on an alternate Earth under the control of the "Angels". They are aliens who conquered the Earth in 1938. Archer is trailed, captured, escapes from that Earth's versions of Communists and Nazis. He meets Sharna, a female Angel who favors galactic equality for the Earth natives. Sharna takes Ron Archer to her home world as exhibit A. The conclusion finds Ron Archer back in his own world. The love affair between Sharna and Ron Archer has some very interesting insights on the impact of differing cultures on private feelings. Very good fight and flight writing. Adventure reading.

Seven Trips Through Time and Space: Edited by Groff Conklin Fawcett 1968

Contains such well known authors as Larry Niven, Cordwainer Smith, J.T. Mc Intosh, Kris Neville, H. Beam Piper. The best story, Overproof, is by a less familiar name (to me), Jonathon Blake. It is partly a spoof on every imaginable cliched political type, has a provocative concept and a good plot. Shamars War by Chris Neville, excellent. The inclusion of Flatlander by Larry Niven and The Crime and Glory of Commander Suzdal by Cordwainer Smith was a mistake. They are good stories but do not stand well alone because they are related to other works of these two authors. This would tend to spoil them for someone not familiar with the work of Niven and Smith

Survival Margin: Charles Eric Maine Fawcett 1968

Technically, this is a well written book, but I didn't like it. Perhaps I've read too many world-destroyed books. In this case it is a virus which does in most of mankind. The governments, and other privileged people, go into underground shelters to wait for the plague to subside. The not-so-privileged ordinary citizens proceed to loot and burn. Some natural leaders emerge and form semi-military groups. These groups attack the shelters. Clive Brant, newsman in pursuit of a rich wife, is the only real character.

Worlds To Come: Edited by Damon Knight Fawcett 1967

The purpose of this anthology, as set out by the editor in his introduction, is to demonstrate how the stories included have served as "predictions that influenced the outcome". The contention being that science fiction, by predicting possible futures, has influenced scientists to work for the achievement of the predictions, and caused the general public to expect them. I think he has done just that and with a group of superior stories, not a clinker in the bunch. Arthur C. Clarke's Sentinel, published in 1951, vividly describes an expedition to the moon. It is the basis of 2001 and it shows how long the author has been thinking about travel to the Moon.

Mars Is Heaven by Ray Bradbury is one of the better results of this author's long love affair with the red planet. It is fantasy with a nasty little twist at the end. The Martian Way by Dr. Asimov, in contrast, is hard S.F. and shows a possible way of making a colony self-supporting, also the changes wrought in the personalities of third generation earthmen/martians.

The Edge of the Sea by Algis Budrys is the only story that partly fails to follow the intention of the book, but is one of the best. The struggle and the character of Dan Henry is impressive, more impressive than the alien ship (?) he finds off the Florida Keys. The Big Contest by John D. McDonald is a story of aliens concealed among the Earth's population. Dated now, but a good picture of small town life. Would you believe a spitting contest?

Ordeal In Space by R. A. Heinlein 1948 One of the earliest detailed speculations, to my knowledge, of the possibly damaging effects of space travel on the human personality. That Share Of Glory C. M. Kornbluth 1952 Men out into the galaxy now, and commerce being conducted with the aid of a guild based on the form, but not the content, of a religious order. Excellent Sunken Universe by James Blish has a stranded crew of a space ship reduced to microscopic size to survive on a hostile world. This anthology is especially recommended to those who have been reading S.F. after 1950, but others may want to have these stories in one handy book.

Fanzines: My mailbox runneth over!!!!

Star Trek fans attention: PLAK-TOW: Edited and published by Shirley Meech Apt. B-8, 260 Elkton Rd., Newark, Del., 1971 5/\$1 The S.T. newszine. Lists of S.T. fanclubs. # 6 features a report of a trip by a group of canfans to see Leonard Nimoy in a play in St. Charles, Ill. # 7 an account of an appearance of the lovely Nichelle Nichols in Mass. All issues contain very complete bibliographies of articles about the show and characters. Amusing interlinos.

S T PHILE: Edited by Juanita Coulson and Kay Anderson. Obtainable from Juanita Coulson, Rt. # 3, Hartford City, Ind., 47348 50¢ Everyone with any interest in Star Trek should get this one. It is excellent! Contains "The Original Star Trek Idea" by Gene Roddenberry, Articles by Ruth Berman, Bob Vardeman, S.M. Hereford, and Kay Anderson covering topics such as dramatic structure of the show, design and operation of the USS Enterprise, Vulcan cultural evolution, and medical practices of the future. A visit to Desilu by John and Bjo Trimble complete with amusing sketches by Bjo. Also

25.

biographies of non-starring members of the cast. Excellent artwork.  
SPOCKANALIA: # 2 Published by Sherna Comerford and Devra Langsam 50¢ or exchange from Devra 250 Crown St., Brooklyn, New York, 11225. Omigod 113 pages! An amazing amount of material, very varied in content, and good! The Letter col is entirely from members of the Star Trek company. Articles of particular interest; "The Dour Scots Engineer" by Ruth Berman, "Stars Over Vulcan" by V.A.H. Nietz (astrology), "Terran-Vulcan Genetic Compatibility" by Susan Hereford, and "Communication From Star Fleet Intelligence" by John Mansfield. The outstanding poem is "Amok Time" by Shirley Meech.

Fandom Abroad: or, S.F. is not the exclusive property of the U.S.A.

HUGIN AND MUNIN: # 5 Published by ACUSFOOS, the S.F. Club of Carleton U. Ottawa, Canada. 25¢, 5/¢, trade, contrib, or LoC from Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Rd., Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada. Fan fiction, reviews, and an interesting article "Science And Utopias" by Elizabeth Buchan. "Canadian Fandom is rising again" quoth H & M and pushing Torcon II in '72

SCOTTISHE: # 47 by Ethel Lindsay, Courage House 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, UK, or via Redd Boggs Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif., 94701 4/¢ quarterly. A personal zine and Ethel's writing keeps me reading straight through.

EARLY BIRD: # 48 Michel Feron 7 Grand-Place, Hannut, Belgium. This is a special issue being a handbook of fantasy and SF in Belgium, a listing of available fanzines, mostly in French, also bibliographies of three prozines, only one of which is still being published. Feron supports Germancon in '70.

MOR-FARCH: # 1 Peter Roberts 87 West Town Lane, Bristol 4, UK Cost 1/plus 4d, possibly he will trade. Fan fiction, reviews, an excellent article by A. Graham Boak "The Delazny Intersection" but I can't understand all this grotching I see here and other places about "Lord Of Light". No one will ever convince me that it isn't one of Roger's greatest books. Checklist of Impulse, Bonfiglioli and Harrison's great British SF prozine.

HECK MECK: # 16 Mario Kwiat 44 Munster/Westf., Stettiner Str. 38 Germany and Manfred Kage Schaesberg/Limburg Achter de Winkel 41, Netherlands. No price that I can find. A mixed bag of editorial writing on many subjects, continental fan news that I don't understand at all, and a letter column.

HOLLAND-SF: Leo Kindt Heilostraat 206, 's Gravenhage, Nederland. This is all in Dutch but they very kindly included a one page synopsis of the zine. An article by Dave Kyle about 2001, a report of the First National Dutch SF Convention which sounds very sercon, but you never can tell.

DEGLER: # 8 Per Insulander, Midsommarvagen, Hagersten, Sweden Newzine in Swedish. Seems strange to see a review of Starling and Lesleigh Couchs Nycon-3-rapport in the middle of all those strange words. He will trade.

BADinage: # 4 Rob F. Johnson c/o 10, Lower Church Lane, Bristol 2 UK The Bristol & District SF Group is interested in increasing international contacts in fandom. They want the usual contribs but mention that they are very interested in personal contacts. A fine idea, write to them. This is the best foreign fanzine that I have seen. Sometimes very fannish, then again sercon, other topics than SF are discussed. I like it.

Special Categories and/or Special Interests:

CARTOONIST SHOWCASE: # 2 Edwin M. Aprill Jr. 5272 W. Liberty Rd., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48103 Single copies \$5.00, six issues for \$24.00. This is worth the price if you are a collector. It contains the best of the modern comic strips reprinted on high quality paper and done in superior fashion. This issue contains Tarzan, Modesty Blaise, James Bond's Goldfinger, Secret Agent X9. Ed will be at Baycon so make it a point to look at this.

CONVENTION ANNUAL NO. 4 TRICON EDITION: Back through time with Jay Kay Klein 302 Sandra Dr., North Syracuse, New York 13212 Photos of practically everybody. Tricon very pleasantly revisited. \$4.50 per copy to see the great ones. Very fine photography. Better drop a card, he may not have any left. Jay Kay, you are going to do Nycon III, aren't you?

THE BURROUGHS BULLETIN: Available to members of The Burroughs Bibliophiles dues \$3.00 per year to 6657 Locust, Kansas City, Mo. 64131 A must for those interested in the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs.

EN GARDE: # 4 Editor Richard Schultz 19159 Helen, Detroit, Mich. 48234

# 6 will be 60¢, also for trades and contribs. The fanzine for Avengers fans. I'm not one mainly because I don't get a chance to see the program. Dick writes well and has an incredible amount of material. An interview with Diana Rigg from Bravo. Some thought-provoking comments on TAFF in the editorial. Covers are publicity stills. There is a long letter column.

GLAMDRING: # 6 Bruce Pelz Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 Lists of current fanzines and addresses of editors. 15¢ or 2/25¢ but Bruce prefers to trade for your zine.

LEFTOVERS: # 4 John & Perdita Boardman 592 16th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218 Editor's political opinions and thoughts. Contains the results of the 11 foot poll. I absolutely agree with John about Vaughn Bode. He is one of the most talented and unusual artists to show up in SF in a long time. We are lucky to have him and anybody who doesn't agree should have an eye exam.

RAKI: # 1 A journal of poetry published by M.G. Zaharakis 802 11th Ave. NW, Minot, N.Dakota 58701 Next issue will be 40 pages price 50¢

MONSTROSITIES: # 1 Doug Smith 302 Murray Lane, Richardson, Texas 75080 25¢ contribs or trades wanted. A mixed bag, comic strips, movie reviews, Doc Savage article and bibliography. Ditto and the art is bad, possibly because there is too much of it. He's trying so send your zine if you have extras.

AMRA: V.2 # 46 Box 9120 Chicago, Ill. 60690 50¢ a copy or 10/\$3.00

The sword and sorcery zine! "Phoenix Prime and the Books of Qar" by Ted White, "Phoenix Prime" reviewed by Archie & Beryl Mercer, "The Sorceress of Qar" reviewed by Lin Carter. Art is always beautiful, mainly due to Roy G. Krenkel.

SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER: V.2 # 20 Don Blyly 825 W. Russell, Peoria, Ill. 61606 The editor is somewhat discouraged at the lack of response from fandom, so if possible, send him something, zine, contrib or LoC

Newzines: How to find out what's going on out there.

LOCUS: Trial Issue # 2 PO Box 430 Cambridge, Mass., 02139 15¢ 2/25¢

By Charlie Brown, Ed Meskys, and Dave Vanderwerf biweekly.

OSFAN: Hank Luttrell 2936 Barrett Station Rd., Kirkwood, Mo. 63122

Free to members of OSFA, 15¢ a copy 12/\$1.50 to others. Conlistings, Lunacon '68 report by Ted White, listing of current SF publications, and concise reviews of some of them, COA's, fanzine reviews, news of fans and pros. Very complete. Monthly.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES: # 455 Editor Ann F. Dietz Box 559 Morris Heights Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10453 30¢ copy 12/\$3.00 Monthly. U.S. and foreign fan and pro news, publications and reviews, articles, calender of events, fanzine listings and advertisements.

Genzines: The beautiful, the good, the true. Life blood of fandom.

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES: # 72 Welcome Back! Ken Rudolph, 735 N. Sycamore Ave.

# 14 Los Angeles, Calif. 90038 35¢ each, 3/\$ trades, contribs, LoCs

LASF's rejoins fandom! Rejoice! Beautiful repro and art work, varied contents, lots of fun. I say no more. Send for this & hope some are left.

ALGOL: # 13 Andrew Porter 24 East 82nd St., New York, N.Y. 10028 75¢ copy  
 contribs, trades arranged. Column by Ted White, an article and some fiction  
 by Sam Delany, book reviews by Dick Lupoff, humor by rich brown, article on  
 the works of Roger Zelazny by Banks Mebane, "Are Femme-Fans Human?" by  
 Robin White (yes), letter column, color cover by Ross Chamberlain, bacover  
 by Gray Morrow. If this line up of talent doesn't attract you, nothing will!

PROPER BOSKONIAN: # 1 Cory J. Seidman 20 Ware St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138  
 Contribs preferred 25¢ copy Relaxed fannish humor, Phillycon report by  
 Cory, "man vs. MACHINE" by Richard Harter. St. Louis in '70? Howcum?

KALLIKANZAROS: # 4 John Ayotte 1121 Pauline Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43224  
 John is making noises about quitting. I sincerely hope not. Kal is  
 excellent! High point is the transcribed speech given by Kurt Vonnegut.  
 Excerpts from a novel in progress by Dick Byers, the adventures of Darroll  
 Pardoe in the U.S., fan poetry that I enjoyed, "Literary Criticism and  
 Science Fiction" by Lloyd Kropp. John I didn't know you could draw! Art by  
 Foster, Gaughan, Katuzin, Kinney and Lovenstein

GOLANA: # 10 Carl T. Grasso Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, 333 Jay St.  
 Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201 Moderately good fiction. Best were "Merlin," by Carl  
 Grasso and "The Wood Dyers of Bil Esau Lestease IV" by John Hoffman.  
 "Rules" a poem by Laurence M. Janifer is beautiful! I miss Ed Dong even if  
 he is editor-in-exile.

TAPEWORM: Jack C. Haldeman II 1244 Woodbourne Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21212  
 Jack puts out his zine when the mood strikes, I think, but the results are  
 worth waiting for. He will trade for garbanza beans and alligators; if you  
 dont have any around, he will take contribs or cash. High points are "The  
 Mouse On His Eye, The Lumps On His Head" by Banks Mebane, "A Recipe For  
 Potboilers" by Alexis A. Gilliland, and "Sword And Sorcery Type Potboiler"  
 by Gay P. Haldeman

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY: V. 3 N. 2 Leland Sapiro Box 40 University Station,  
 Regina, Canada Serious trouble here. 450 copies of R.Q. were lost in  
 transit, a financial blow! 300 new subs are needed at \$1.50 per year or  
 R.Q. will fold. It would be shameful. The sercon zine of fandom.

GRANFALLOON: # 3 Linda Eyster 1610 Belvedere Blvd., Silver Spring, Md.  
 20902 until Sept. 10 30¢ 4/¢ contribs, printed LoCs, trades. I like  
 this zine! It's pretty much a personal type zine and these girls definitely  
 have a sense of humor. I liked the conreports, but then I like conreports,  
 despite B.C.(a legendary fannish character, not an era). Next issue out  
 in Sept. but Linda may have some copies left. Send money and a contrib,  
 encourage the rise of Pittsburgh Fandom. The Couches go their separate  
 ways Linda. By the way, I'm ~~an old hag~~ middle-aged lady.

COSIGN: # 15 Robert Gaines 336 Clentangy St., Columbus, Ohio 43202 copy 35¢  
 subs 8/¢2.50 Read all about the split in Coluumbus fandom. Learn why you  
 should not confuse COSFS and ØSFS (heh, heh!) My favorite new author  
 Hank Davis has a hilarious parody "Voyage To The Bottom Of The Brain",  
 "Your Fandom Today" article by Ron Smith, good letter column.

THE WSFA JOURNAL: Disclave issue 50¢ other issues 35¢, subs 3/¢  
 Don Miller 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md. 20906 A tremendous amount of  
 information always appears in this zine. The report on the Nebula Awards  
 Banquet by Jay Kay Klein was good reading, a look at the great ones assem-  
 bled. An interview with Lin Carter by Fred Hypes, book and movie reviews  
 by Alexis Gilliland, fanzine reviews by Doll Gilliland, mystery book  
 reviews by Ted White, meeting report by Doll - makes me want to attend.

TOMORROW AND ... # 1 Jerry Lapidus 3127 Flint House 5825 Woodlawn Ave.,  
 Chicago, Ill. 60637 And another fan ventures into publishing Usual first  
 issue, but he writes competently. Nycon 3 report. Contribs or two stamps.

THE CEPHEID VARIABLES: #'s 1 & 2 Clubzine. Editor Annette Bristol 306 28.  
Francis, College Station, Texas 77840 And yet another fan...  
Dues for non-attending club membership \$1.50 per yr. - 5 issues. # 2 has  
an interview with Hal Clement by John Mansfield at Phillycon. Ditto is faint  
ICENI: # L Bob Roehm 316 E. Maple St., Jeffersonville, Ind. 47131  
25¢ a copy 5/\$ And yet another... Film, book, and fanzine reviews.  
"Ther'll Always Be An England?" by Larry Stewart about world-destroyed books  
not bad, what I could read of it. Buy more ink, use more, send me a better  
copy. Yes, I'll trade. Keep trying.  
STARLING: # 12 Hank Luttrell 2936 Barrett Station Rd., Kirkwood, Mo. 63122  
and Lesleigh Couch. Next issue is the annish and will cost 50¢, usual sub  
4/\$ or 25¢ copy. Gee! Hank writes a good editorial. Gosh! Lesleigh writes a  
good article, "Sex And The Single Femme Fan". Wow! Hank knows pop music.  
Hey! my mimeo does good color repro and Hank is quite an artist.  
FOOLSCAP: The Trufans Bimonthly Journal of Fact and Fancy: John D. Berry  
35 Dusenberry Rd., Bronxville, New York 10708 25¢ a copy, no subs, trade  
contrib, LoC, review, or old fanzine. Johnny's cartooning talent grows  
and grows. Fannish humor. "What's In A Name" by Ron Whittington. Phew!  
That should draw plenty of comment. Richard Labonte - I don't "knock"  
Columbus people. I don't think it's nice to pick on underdogs.  
WARHOON: # 23 Richard Bergeron 11 East 68th St. New York, N.Y. 35¢ a copy.  
Welcome back! Walter Willis, William Atheling, Jr., Robert A.W. Lowndes,  
Walter Breen, letter col from Wrhn # 22  
PSYCHOTIC: Dick Geis is moving. Hold all correspondence. Look for new  
address in the newszines.

SOMEWHERE YOU JUST HAVE TO SAY "STOP" DEPT. I am forced to just sort of  
list the rest of the fanzines I have and promise you all better treatment in  
the next issue. Don't send threatening letters, they make me nervous. If  
I've missed you I'm sorry, tell me about it (nicely remember).  
(N.B. Some of these just lately arrived and I haven't read them completely.  
Cop-out of the month.)

TRUMPET: # 7 Tom Reamy 6400 Forest Lane, Dallas, Texas 75230 60¢ 5/\$2.50  
Professionally printed, George Barr artwork, varied content, beautiful!  
ARIOCH: # 2 Doug Lovenstein 35¢, trades at editors discretion, etc. the  
usual. But not the usual fanzine! Very, very good because Doug is a great  
artist, and has fannish friends, and is talented, and likeable, and.....  
HOOP: # 3 Jim Young 1948 Ulysses St. N.E., Minneapolis, Minn. 55418 5/\$  
trades, etc. Very colorful artwork, Minicon report, John Kusske On APA'S  
Plugs Minneapolis in '73

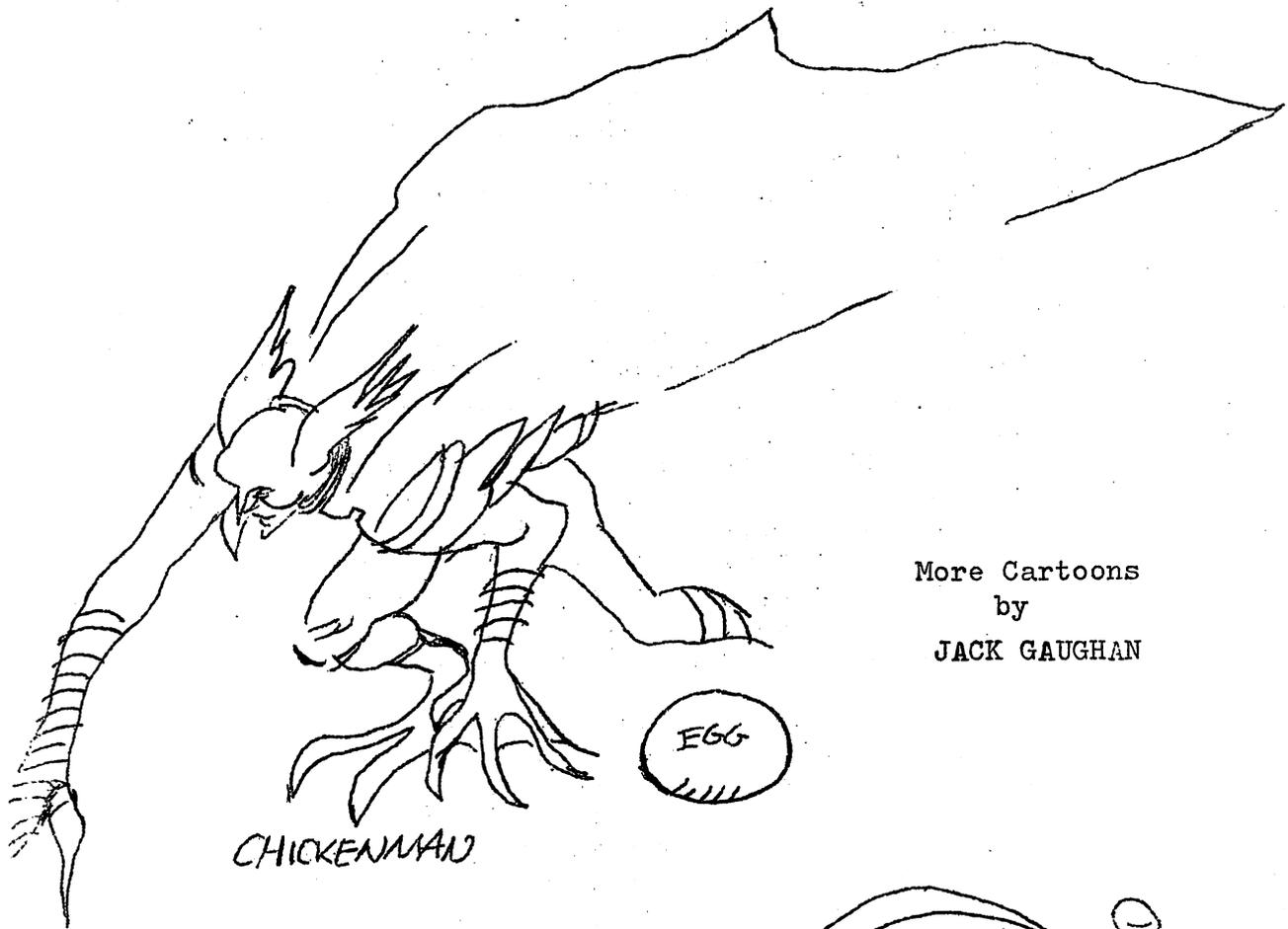
THE PHOTOGENIC ONION: # 1 George Foster, Jr. 7140 Linworth Rd., Worthington  
Ohio 43085 A beginning at publishing by a very good artist who should  
develop into a good writer. Send him a contrib.

THE THIRD FOUNDATION: # 82(?) c/o Lee Klingstein 1435 So. Bundy Dr. # 4  
Los Angeles, Calif. 90025 25¢ for three issues plus mailing charges of  
10¢/issue (Quick, how much is that?) LoCs, contribs, trades, The  
lettercol is first, uneven repro, fiction, a play, esper songs, reviews.  
SANCTUM: V. 11 N. 10 Steve Johnson 1018 North 31st St., Corvallis, Ore.  
97330 25¢ a copy, trades, an loc, art, fiction, article, etc.  
Pages binary numbered. A little of everything. I like the editors  
writing style. Fiction by Richard Flinchbaugh (the artist) and pretty  
good too.

WHEW!! NEVER AGAIN WILL I DO THIS MANY FANZINE REVIEWS. IF I LEFT YOU OUT  
IT WAS NOT INTENTIONAL. NEXT TIME FANZINE REVIEWS WILL BE LIMITED AND  
DONE IN DEPTH!!!! SIRRUISH IS STILL AVAILABLE FOR TRADES!!!!

\*\*\*\*\*  
ODD FOR HUGO  
\*\*\*\*\*

# SUPER- NONSENSE!!



CHICKENMAN

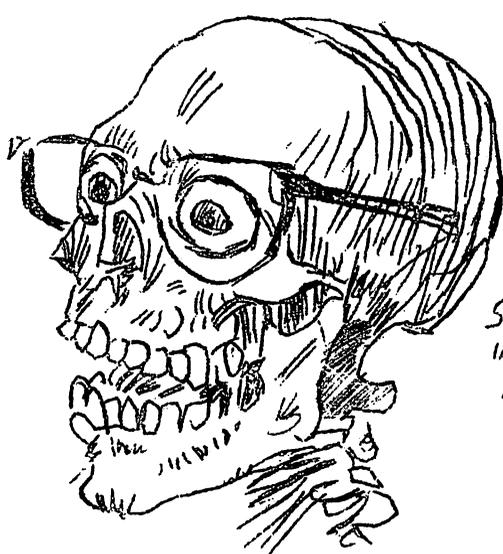
More Cartoons  
by  
JACK GAUGHAN



SKELETONMAN



# SKELETON MAN

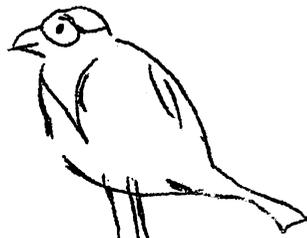
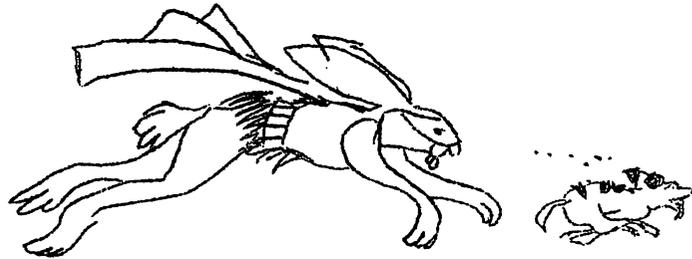


SKELETON MAN  
IN HIS EVERYDAY  
DISGUISE!

ANTHROPOMORPHIC  
SUPER HEROES



RABBIT MAN



ROSP-BREADED  
GROSBEEK MAN

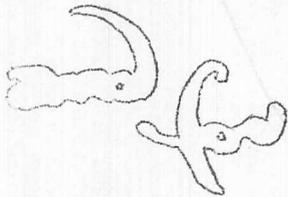
Walt Disney meets  
Marvel Comics!



C



COM



COMPUTER MODEL 8000 hummed and whirred, as it functioned in the cause of justice. Silent like a ghost, the only noises it made were the sound of electrons moving along its wires, their waveforms bent and distorted by the circuits they entered, the frequent chatter of key-punches being typed, the all but imperceptible whirr of optical readers scanning, and the occasional explosion of the sound of printout machines typing. But, by and large, it was silent and efficient, and hardly noticed.

Patrolman Richard Daniels did not think at all about Model 8000, hidden in its underground vault on 8th street in Manhattan, as he sped along the Long Island Expressway on his motorcycle patrol. Looking ahead along the crowded highway, filled with the five o'clock crowd going home, he spotted a new Chevrolet, and three teenagers in the car, black-jacketed and tough-looking.

"Daniels on patrol thirty-one calling Headquarters," he radioed, as he followed the Chevrolet. "Thirty-one calling Headquarters."

Radio announcer Leon Karinski in the Trouble Turret at Headquarters took the call. "Headquarters, patrol thirty-one. Go ahead, Daniels. Over."

"Am proceeding on the L.I.E., passing Roosevelt Avenue, heading eastward," came the crackling voice. "Spotted 1968 model Chevrolet, license number, Jay, Eee, Are, dash, eight, nine, oh, one, New York plates. Three youths in car. Look to me like J.D.'s on joyride. Over."

Karinski switched to teletypist 12, Ruth Gordon, one of the few women in Headquarters' Trouble Turret, where all calls were received. "Here's another one, Ruth. Jay, Eee, Are, dash, eight, nine, oh, one."

COMPUTER

"Check," and briefly, the sound of a typewriter chattered in the Trouble Turret. As the keys were depressed, the number or letter that they typed out were converted into electrical impulses which sped downstairs and cross-town to the underground vault where Model 8000 reposed, waiting,

Computer Model 8000 flared into brief action. Swiftly, it scanned through the one hundred twenty three license plate numbers it had currently on file, trying to match the number it had been given.

Less than a minute later, the answer returned as swiftly over the wires. The teletype in front of Ruth Gordon chattered again, this time without the benefit of human hands touching the keys.

**"Stolen Vehicle. Reported missing 14 August." Today was August the 14th;** the information on the stolen car had been inputted not more than four hours ago, when the owner had called, claiming it was gone from his driveway.

There was much more information on the car that Model 8000 could have given, if it had been asked. Stored within its semi-permanent and permanent memory units were the reports and records of the entire New York City Police Department. It took only a request, coded by either a key punch or



ADONIS

EDWARD V.

35.

scanned by an optical reader into electrical impulses that Model 8000 could understand, for the information to be released from its cores and sped along the telephone wires.

But nobody asked.

Karinski, hearing the report from Miss Gordon, notified Daniels on motorcycle patrol. "...Will set up roadblock near Main Street--"

Daniels acknowledged, coughed occasionally from the dust and the fumes of the highway, turned on the siren, and started to chase the Chevrolet.

A few blocks up ahead on the L.I. Expressway, near Main Street, two patrol cars started to move out to block the road.

Model 8000, notified of the changes, had altered its floating memory. Flashing the changes on a screen, it showed the positions of all the squad cars and motorcycle patrols as green dots and numbers, superimposed on an electronic map of the streets and highways inside New York City.

Two tiny dots moved along the blue line, marked "Main Street Exit," and blocked the L.I.E. A third dot, also green but marked "31" for Daniels' patrol, sped toward the two dots. A red streak of color was between the set of two dots and the third dot, representing the area of freedom of the suspicious vehicle being chased by Daniels.

Minutes later, the call came in. "Carboni of car 67 reporting in. My partner is taking the Chevrolet in to the precinct. The three youths have surrendered to us. Over and out."

The two dots on the screen started to move off the L.I.E., towards the nearest precinct house, followed by a third dot in red, representing the Chevrolet. The green dot, labeled "31", representing Daniels, had moved back on the L.I.E.

Meanwhile, telephone Operator 57, Leslie Mitchell, answered a call on the 440-1234 line, the public line for the NYC police--this one coming from an apartment house on the East Side. "I want to report a murder," the woman on the line blurted out.

"57," Mitchell, answered. "Name and address, please--" The unruffled, dry tone of his voice calmed the woman on the other end.

He began scribbling down the information given by the woman. "Thank you, M'am," he said, automatically. "Please wait outside the house for a patrol car."

Operator 57 rose with the message and walked swiftly over to Karinski's glass cage.

Model 8000, reflecting its knowledge of the location of every patrol car, had located the nearest radio car in seconds.

"Car forty-one, this is Headquarters. Proceed to 357 73rd Street. Landlady is waiting outside for you. Dead man reported on the landing. Over."

"Car forty-one responding. Proceeding as directed. Out."

On the screen, the green dot representing car 41 began to move the mile and a half from 96th Street down to 73rd. Every radio car and motorcycle patrol had a bleeper which transmitted its location constantly to Model 8000, which kept track on all of them.

"Car forty-one calling Headquarters. Car forty-one calling Headquarters."

"Go ahead, car forty-one, this is Headquarters."

"Dead man confirmed. Body found on fourth floor landing. Apparently accidental death."

"Very well, car forty-one. Manhattan East Homicide Squad will be notified. Cut."

Karinski passed the information on to an operator, who notified Captain Harding of the Manhattan East Squad.

Model 8000 was notified a few minutes later. The Trouble Board was changed; the master screen in the Commissioner's Office, which showed the location of every police officer with a rank of Sergeant or better and the case he is working on, now listed Sergeant K. Dickson of the Manhattan East Homicide Squad moving out to 73rd Street, duty: the investigation of possible homicide.

Shortly, the Board changed, as additional information was added. The intern on Emergency Duty arriving at the scene was listed; the M.E. man had come on the scene. The D.A.'s man on Homicide Bureau also arrived.

In a few minutes, the space on the screen changed to holding this information was filled. There was other information that Model 8000 had, and could have supplied, but nobody asked.

At the apartment house on 73rd Street, the body had been found in a pool of cotted blood and fragments of glass, which were apparently from a broken, smashed bottle of whiskey, on the fourth floor landing.

The man had apparently fallen from the sixth floor, where he had an apartment shared with a woman not his wife, and has smashed the bottle underneath him, driving fragments into him. The intern had found death was caused from the resulting blood-loss from the wound, where the glass had been driven into his side.

Photographers had arrived and photographed the body; Their detachment from the Technical Bureau to duty with the Squad and their destination had been noted by Model 8000.

By six o'clock, the man from the Medical Examiner's Office had arrived, and rendered a temporary verdict of "accidental death by misadventure."

Two hours later, the case had been more or less officially closed, with only the D. D. 5's to be filed and inputed into Model 8000. As requested, Model 8000 had filed the reports among its permanent cores.

The M.E.'s Office had called the man's death "accidental," and not murder, but the D.A.'s man, Frank Russell, hadn't liked the verdict. He called computer-man Allan Jeffries.

Model 8000 had stored within its permanent cores the data of all previous cases—including homicides—ever handled by the N.Y.P.D., the finest in the world. But nobody had asked it for the information.

"You don't like the M.E.'s verdict," the computerman said, over the phone.

"That's right," Russell replied. Under a new system, established three years ago, cases could be re-opened, if enough similarity could be shown between the present "closed" case and one in the files. Russell wanted this one to be Murder One. He wanted it so bad he could taste it.

But the M.E.'s verdict on whether it was murder or not had always been final. Jeffries said so, but Russell was insistent.

By eight-twenty-five, Model 8000 had received the coded impulses from the computerman's own keypunch, requesting additional information, basically for identifications with other cases. Obediently, it began scanning its permanent files for the requested identifications.

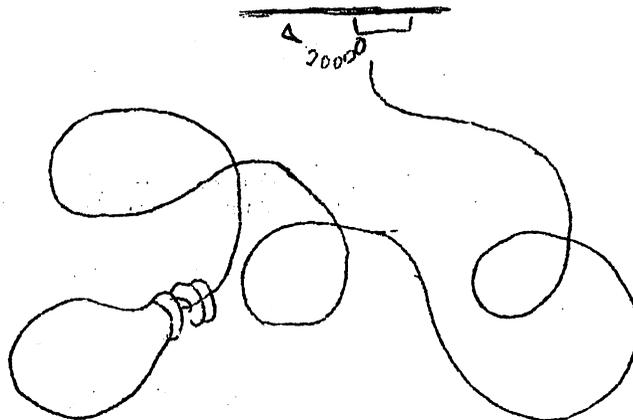
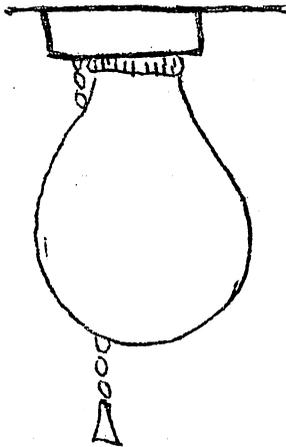
Somebody has asked Model 8000 at last.

The printout machine, geared for a rate of some 3,000 lines a minute—which was not fast, but the N.Y.P.D. could hardly afford the latest equipment—chattered for a few moments, and nearly two-and-a-half yards of computer paper spewed out of the machine.

Minutes later, in the D.A.'s Homicide Bureau, which is distinct from the Police Department's Homicide Squad, Russell chuckled over the findings, though wishing for the four hands of a chimpanzee to keep the paper from rolling up.

The case whose identifications were the most similar to the present case, Model 8000 had printed out concisely, was almost the same, except for the location of the scene and the final M.E. verdict, which was homicide.

A woman had been arguing with her husband. He had raised his arm to hit her,



and she had smashed a milk bottle to protect herself from him. He hit her once, and then, as he raised his arm to hit her again, she had jammed the jagged bottle neck into his armpit.

Surprised, the man fell, off-balanced by the sudden attack, and had struck his head on the corner of a chair, knocking himself unconscious. The woman had dropped the rest of the milk bottle on the floor beside him and run out. The man, never regaining consciousness, had died of blood loss.

Final deposition of the case had been a manslaughter conviction, with a light sentence imposed.

Russell was satisfied. Jeffries wondered why he had wanted to re-open the case so badly, then shrugged.

Earlier, another call had been received in the Trouble Turret. "Reynolds on patrol fifty-three on the B.Q.E. Spotted four men in a late-model Volks. License number—"

While it had been simultaneously processing the information sought by the D.A.'s Office, it had been processing information for the Trouble Turret. Model 8000 had again typed out the same kind of information that Daniels had asked for: "Stolen Vehicle. Reported missing 12 August."

But Model 8000, acting on pre-programmed instructions, had continued typing, appending the information: "Four men in suspicious vehicle may be four escaped prison farm convicts. Penn police say they may be armed. Description follows—"

Represented as a blue line, the B.Q.E.—the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway—showed five green dots moving along it, converging towards some common center. A red stroke, as if painted on the screen, showed the present area of freedom of the suspicious vehicle.

The area of crimson color shrank, as the patrol cars began to limit the area, in which the suspicious vehicle could move freely, more and more. Rattle up the car; this was the strategy that the master screen reflected in color and electronic scribbings on a phosphor canvas.

In minutes, there was no more room for the suspicious vehicle to move in.

"Car thirty-nine calling Headquarters. Car thirty-nine calling Headquarters."

"Go ahead, car thirty-nine, this is Headquarters. Have you trapped suspicious vehicle? Over."

"Send ambulance. Patrolman Manelli wounded in shoulder and stomach. Johnson hit. One of the suspects is dead, shot; second wounded critically, bleeding from ears. Volks rammed into car twenty-two, but twenty-two's crew, Parkinson and McLaughlin, O.K., but shaken up. Over."

"Headquarters to car thirty-nine. What is extent of damage to car twenty-two? Over."

"Side is dented. Volks seems to be merged with car twenty-two—like it was a part of it. Parkinson and McLaughlin, seeing that the Volks was not stopping,

39.

had dived out of the car. Manelli had been hit by flying metal fragments. Car twenty-two is pretty much a total wreck. Over."

"Roger, car thirty-nine. Ambulance will be dispatched as requested. Also wrecking crew. Anybody else hurt? Over."

"Car thirty-nine to Headquarters—hold on." There was a buzz of conversation, off-scene, "Two of the suspects are now dead. I think Manelli needs transfusion fast. He's bleeding all over the road. Get that ambulance over fast. Over."

"Roger. Over and out."

Model 8000, knowing the location of cars twenty-two and thirty-nine, notified the nearest hospital for the emergency ambulance. A white dot, representing the hospital emergency vehicle, was moving along the blue line that represented the B.Q.E. to the scene.

Much later, the reports on the chase—the U.F. 61's and the D.D. 5's—the hospital reports, the wrecking crew's reports would all be inputted into Model 8000. In addition, at the end of the week, it would process the accounting for the Department and make out a report for the Commissioner.

Towards the end of the day, when the sun started to turn red before setting, little else came into the Trouble Turret.

Model 8000, silent and efficient like a gray ghost, continued to function in the cause of justice, even as the Day Crew prepared for a change of shift. It would process the accounting costs; keep track of police officers; maintain an electronic map, showing the location of police and other emergency vehicles; keep the records.

It would work continuously—except for downtime, which was rare—and until it was junked for something better—through the night without rest, tomorrow, on every week-day, including Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. Asking for nothing, it was always ready to supply information on request.

There was, however, one last call of the day for the Trouble Turret, just as the Night-Duty men came on, replacing the Day Crew.

"Car thirty-nine Calling Headquarters." Bowen and Taine had replaced Manelli and Hilton in car thirty-nine. "Car thirty-nine calling Headquarters. Over."

"Headquarters to thirty-nine. Go ahead."

"Have sighted suspicious vehicle. License number, Bee, Ace, Kay, one, three, five, one. New York plates."

Ruth Gordon, teletypist 12, flashed over the keys, inputting the last message of the day for her. Model 8000, silently and obediently, again scanned the files. Then, as the reply came back over the telephone wires as fast as lightning, causing the teletype to chatter out the message, the woman laughed.

Passing the message on to Karinski, she smiled, and said, "Suspicious vehicle indeed!"

Karinsky frowned, and then looked at the message. The frown vanished, and he chuckled, as he prepared for the last reply of the day. "Headquarters calling car thirty-nine. Thirty-nine, come in. Over."

"Car thirty-nine, here. Go ahead, Headquarters. Over."

"Give chase to suspicious vehicle. Dangerous occupant." Karinsky paused and then: "Driver owes City a parking ticket!"

Car 39 laughed.

--THE END--

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## ODE TO SPACE

Space is an ocean of beer;  
 In spikey triumph the ship  
 Crosses with magnificent leer  
 The highway of beer kegs--  
 Stars whose mastery it begs.

The ship is a beer keg  
 Blasting through the dark  
 Of destiny for Man;  
 And thus fall back angry space waves  
 Into the Universe's cold caves.

Space is an ocean of beer,  
 Rippling and undulating in icy glory,  
 Seen only by soul of seer,  
 Who sees the dark team  
 Of Einsteinian beer.

(Written on a paper napkin while holding a can of beer at midnight under a full moon and stars while on an excursion boat at San Diego.)

---Betty Knight

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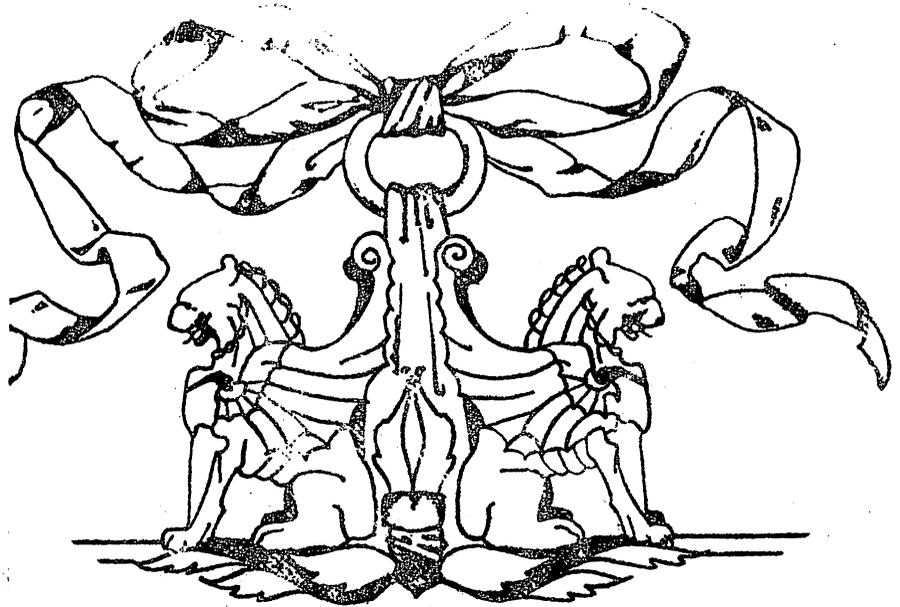
# MOONSONG

by  
Roger Zelazny

Come away, lady.  
The moon it stands high.  
The cat's in the cradle.  
The pig's in the pie.  
The rook's in the orchard,  
The witches in their cave.  
The Devil is burning  
The hands of a knave.  
The king's in the queen,  
The ace in the jet..  
The deuces are dancing,  
Though not to forget;  
For trey is a-baying  
From four until ten,  
And nine be the spheres  
We must visit ere then.  
Five come six,  
then seven;  
now eight..  
Evaporate. Evaporate.  
Lady, now lady  
Come lady away.  
The cats in the cradle  
And night fills the day.



~ DIM ~



Like eyes  
                  moist  
          and  
sparkling,

down pillars  
of the sun

sliding,  
                  the snow.

Then topples the cathedral:  
Celestial Sistine, our solar apex  
in leagues of cloud-foam,  
sinking.

The seals of heaven  
are broken,  
and eyelight gone bonewhite,  
the horde comes on,  
now in whirlwinds,  
                          now horses,  
  griffens  
                          and many-headed beasts  
with horns like ivory trumpets,  
ectoplasm overflowing spirit.  
Abroad in the land  
as you said, John.

And see how the Earth gives birth to bones,  
mapping the substance of mountains and cities and men,  
as the winds choir Epiphany?

  After the light,  
the empty hand is cold.  
There is memory only of eyes.

by  
**ROGER ZELAZNY**

# BOOK REVIEWS:

by  
HANK DAVIS  
BOB VARDMAN  
EVELYN LIEF

## NEW BOOKS

Path Into the Unknown; Soviet sf; introduction by Judith Merrill (Delacorte Press, \$4.95)

This anthology of eight sf stories by Soviet authors was published in England in 1966. For its incarnation in this country, Delacorte Press (Alias Dell Books) chose Judith Merrill to play midwife! Predictably, she manages to shorehorn her favorite word into the first sentence of introduction: "This book is a significant event in the development of East-West communication." (My Italics.)

But be not frightened away, gentle reader, by Miss Merrill's placing of these stories in the same category as juggling acts and mouth harp virtuosi who flit back and forth through ferrous curtains, thereby staving off World War III; or so we are told. These stories are good! The fly in the vaseline is that, evidently, the translator (or translators) of these stories have bungled their job. The translations are wretched at best. Accurate, presumably, but dead. And yet, most of the stories are enjoyable in spite of the botched renderings into English.

Ilya Varshavsky has two stories about problems in human-robot relations: "The Conflict" and "Robby!" (Perhaps these stories are a significant event in the development of human-robot communications.) The first is brief, with a shock ending. The second is a lovely humorous piece that revolves around the problems that a totally logical robot has with "highly illogical" humans. Vladislav Krapivin's "Meeting My Brother" is a Bradbury-like story that should be touching, but doesn't quite come off -- because of the wooden translation, I suspect. "A Day of Wrath" by Sever Gansovsky is not only an effective horror story about bears whose intelligence has been artificially increased (did Russia invent Johnny Black first?) and who have been allowed to run loose, but a warning against irresponsible experimentation as well. (This one upset Miss Merrill because of its "xenophobia." Sheesh!) In "An Emergency Case" by Arkady and Boris Strugatsky, a spaceship is infiltrated by alien spores. Despite occasional echoes of Hal Clement, this is one of the weakest stories in the book. It is immediately followed by the best of the stories, "Wanderers and Travellers" by Arkady Strugatsky. This is a story very much like many of Arthur C. Clarke's stories, such as "The Sentry" or "Out of the Sun," which begins in unusual enough surroundings and climax with a twist that fills the shadows on the wings of the stage with sinister, dimly-glimpsed shapes. And it is this story that is most infuriating when the reader has to endure the woodenly translated dialogue! (Incidentally, this story appeared in the first issue of International Science Fiction)! G. Gor's "The Boy" is a curious psionic tale which moves along in a jerking fashion, giving me the feeling that chunks of the story have been deleted. Still, the picture of the "boy," growing up on a slower-than-light starship, is so effective that I almost forgave the queer and illogical dialogue and actions of the characters! Almost! Finally, "The Purple Mummy" by Anatoly Dneprov is the least of the stories in the volume. It is very much like stories that I have read from the early Amazing. There is a brilliant and fascinating treatment of an idea (not a very new idea to these shores), but the characterization and the writing aren't worth a damn.

There will probably be a Dell paperback of this book out soon!..watch for it.

One Million Centuries by Richard A. Lupoff (Lancer, 75¢)

Dick Lupoff's first novel is a tour down a well-traveled road: the man of our time hurled into another, more primitive world. The novel demonstrates that the road is still worth travelling upon.

Robert Parker crashes in a helicopter in Antarctica during a snowstorm, loses consciousness, and awakens in a more temperate climate. This is a world less advanced than ours, in which the only known civilization is in three cities: Kelore, a primitive stockade; Par'z, a decadent society, depending on physical isolation for protection while the citizens swallow hallucinogens; and Teras, a police state with rudimentary technology. What Parker does is fairly routine procedure for heroes lost in strange worlds and is not nearly as interesting as the backdrop; particularly since Lupoff has been more inventive than most authors of such epics, notably in the case of Par'z.

Hardly outstanding, Lupoff's prose is the type that stays out of the way of the reader. This is scarcely an inconsiderable virtue, particularly when one considers the sticky way that words are put together in too many other epics!

That the book is a first novel is obvious from the occasional knots in the plot line. Early in the book, Parker has a flashback to his childhood, during which he goes berserk. The reader thus learns about Parker and Parker gets tied up by his new acquaintances, advancing the plot line. Very nice -- but he never has a similar seizure throughout the rest of the book and the incident sticks out like a broomstick in a printed circuit! Also, at the beginning of the book, mention is made of subhuman creatures called torzzi. Nothing else is heard of the torzzi until the last seventeen pages, when they come out of the woodwork to conveniently attack the guys with the black hats. And, even then, a survivor tells of the torzzi to Parker. The reader is never really shown them. I suspect that Lupoff planned to make more use of the torzzi but forgot about them until the book was almost finished.

For an sf novel, the book is unusual in that Parker is a Negro! But, curiously, everybody in the world where he arrives is also dark-skinned -- including the girl friend that he acquires. I can't decide whether or not Lupoff chickened out.

Not many sf novels are this long -- 352 pages. But Lupoff's writing is so smooth that this reader was not aware while reading of the extent of territory being covered. Those who are dismayed by long books need not fear this one. Nothing to send up rockets over, One Million Centuries is highly enjoyable. I found the novel to be such pleasant fun, in fact, that I am not going to grouch about the lack of an explanation for the means by which Parker gets into the future. Even more astounding, I am not going to take up two pages in careful analysis to demonstrate why that silly pogo stick wouldn't work!

Outlaw of Gor by John Norman (Ballantine, 75¢)

I enthused greatly over the predecessor of this novel, Tarnsman of Gor, in Sirruish #5. Everything I said therein goes ditto for Outlaw. If you like Burroughs, I think you'll find this book to be groovy in the same groove. I did. Norman has the same, hard to define, thing that Burroughs had. Enthusiasm, perhaps? Longer than Tarnsman, Outlaw covers less territory. That isn't a complaint; I wouldn't have minded at all if Tarnsman had been longer.

Tarl Cabot returns to Gor in vague and John Carterish fashion to find his city Ko-ro-ba destroyed by the mysterious Priest-Kings for obscure reasons which apparently have

something to do with him! He sets out for the mountains where the Priest-Kings reside, but is diverted from his purpose long enough to buckle his swash and knock over an empire or two in highly entertaining fashion. At the end of the fun & games, Cabot again sets out for the Priest-Kings.

Norman's plotting is sounder and his writing is smoother than in the first Gor novel, but this one is less enjoyable than the first; probably because of my anxiety to see what happens when Cabot comes up against the Priest-Kings! My money is on Cabot!

The mediocre cover painting does not compare at all favorably with the magnificent one that graced the first book in the series. Tsk, Tsk, and Tsk, Ballantine.

An addendum to my review of Tarnsman of Gor is in order. I complained that the giant birds could not fly because the gravity of Gor was apparently equal to that of earth. I ran across a reference in Outlaw to Gor's lower gravity which sent me running back to Tarnsman. Sure 'nuff, the Gorian gravity is lower (see Tarnsman, page 23.) Sorry about that.

-- Hank Davis

Swords of Lankmar by Fritz Leiber (Ace, 60¢)

There are not too many S&S stories that escape the bumbling brute type of fantasy and it is partially for this reason that I really enjoy the Grey Mouser stories! But more than this, Leiber comes up with such novel quests and sets it down in such a captivating style that I can't help but enjoy myself with one of these stories. This is (to my knowledge) only the second novel-length adventure of the Grey Mouser and Fafhrd. The first was Lords of Quarmall in the Jan-Feb 1964 issues of Fantastic. Swords of Lankmar is an adaptation of "Scylla's Daughter" (May, 61 Fantastic) in only the most general way. After Leiber adopted the rats as his villains he could have proceeded with the story and totally ignored the original plot. The appearance of the German zoo-master simply added wordage and contributed nothing to the story (for that matter, neither did the dragon except to get the Mouser out of a tight situation.) The intelligent rats, the War Cats, the mentors of Fafhrd and the Mouser and the other characters are well-done and the plot is simply chocked full of action. Not enough fantasy is written at this high a level, more's the pity.

Zanthar of the Many Worlds: Robert Moore Williams (Lancer, 60¢)

If Lancer should be commended for its fantasy books like the Moorcock books, it should be condemned for its RMW atrocities. I started on Zanthar (Unlike the ERB fanatics, I doubt if RMW copied the name Tarzan in an anagram plus "h") and thought, "What a nice period piece. 1920 or so I'd say." My sense of wonder blew a fuse when I came across a rather plastic description of hippies and their drug cult. I can't bring myself to go through a description of either the plot or the hackneyed characterization. They were both too pathetic! RMW is obviously a writer who has never progressed in either style or science since 1935 (and I think I might be

#### WINDS OF THE OUTER GULFS

In the deadened midnight hours,  
I have felt it cold upon my face:  
The wind that vents its fury in  
The ebon void of space.

The wind that blows between the  
worlds  
And roars among the stars,  
The wind that sets them tottering  
And fans their solar fires.

It comes when my soul reaches  
lowest ebb;  
This wind without a name.  
Then off it sweeps to the heav-  
ens,  
Returned from whence it came.

--Richard Davis

giving him the benefit of the doubt with a 15+ year addition to the 1920 figure.) 46.  
This is an extremely poor book and not worth 25¢ much less 60¢. And people say ERB  
is bad.

Vigilante 21st Century by Robert Moore Williams (Lancer, 60¢) I have about the same  
comments on this book as on Zanthar -- recently written but more of a 1920 period  
piece. RMW seems to go through contortions of style to avoid the use of the name  
"God" by applying the term "something." A metaphysical treatise of any depth this  
isn't. A science fiction piece of any skill this isn't. A overpriced book this is.  
An inept book this is! Where is the Robert Moore Williams that could write a King  
of the Fourth Planet and make it seem good? --Bob Vardeman

Past Master by R. A. Lafferty (Ace Special)

There are both positive and negative aspects to this book. Happily the good is the  
strongest. There are marvelous creatures and characters to meet on every new page.  
There are harrowing adventures and heroics, yet he still leaves room for skepticism  
and beings who were neither completely good nor wholly bad. Of course there is the  
evil Ouden and his followers, the programmed (mechanical) men. But those who are  
part programmed seem to have a choice whether to opt for life or nothingness.

The characters, the terrain, the atmosphere, and the ideas are all colorful and clearly  
depicted. But I have several reservations. Although I happen to usually like a  
book that has something to say, Lafferty is a little too obvious and repetitious  
with his philosophy. Time and again it is pointed out that golden Astrobe and medi-  
ocrities lead to nothing, and even disease-ridden Cathead is better than that. One  
comes to think Thomas Moore must be stupid and thick-headed not to see this. Espe-  
cially since many others continuously point this out to him. One of the necessities  
of a novelist is to make me (the reader) believe in the actions and choices of the  
characters. I didn't!

My other negative criticism is that the action took place on a symbolic level rather  
than on a real one. At times symbolism can work. But usually it either has to be in  
a short story, or in a novel whose characters are fully developed emotional beings.  
(there are exceptions, but they are rare and must be extremely well done.) Lafferty's  
characters were not people but characters playing out their roles and symbolizing  
different philosophies.

But even with all this, Past Master is an enjoyable and powerful book. I think  
Lafferty's next novel will really be something.

Three to the Highest Power edited by William Nolan, (Avon, 1968)

Sturgeon, oh beautiful Sturgeon. What a marvelous mixing of myth and beauty and  
wonder and love. Only Theodore Sturgeon can do that so perfectly. His best is Great.  
And this, "One Foot and the Grave," is among his best.

And a Bradbury Martian story, "The Lost City of Mars." Also beautiful, but in its  
horror visions of an automated city using humans. Here Bradbury uses mechanical con-  
trivances as a means to gain insight into people's innards. Each person is lead to  
his particular doom-paradise according to his personality and needs. And the reader  
follows, horrified!

Sturgeon, on the other hand, has magical forces cause most of the action and form much  
of the personalities of his creations. Yet his people live, as fantasy people in a  
fantasy world, complete. Sturgeon has what sometimes the newer writers lack -- a feel-  
ing for humanness! While creating creatures, using myth or allegory, and

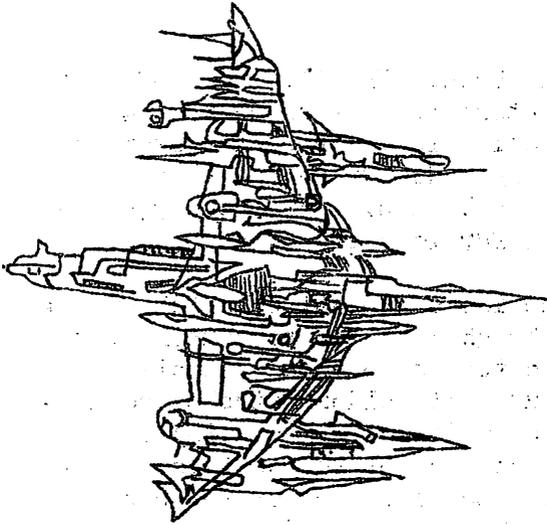
philosophizing, his characters retain their humanity. This plus plot, and an air of easy storytelling, result in enjoyable and superb fiction.

Chad Oliver's story, "The Marginal Man," is a well done man-investigates-new-planet-and-gets-involved-with-natives type.

The whole book includes the three stories, the complete listings of each author's sf/fantasy work in novels and in magazines, and interesting histories of each author by editor William Nolan.

--Evelyn Lief

OLDER ROCKS



Forbidden Planet by W. J. Stuart (Paperback Library, 50¢)

Every sf fan has a list of stories that he remembers with nostalgia because he read them when he was a little shaver! On rereading, he is blind to their faults and emotes anew over what he mistakenly considers sf "classics." Anybody ever tell you that? It's a crock!

I was in the second grade when I read Slan in Fantastic Story Quarterly and within the last two years, I have twice given it second place in polls of the greatest novels of science fiction -- but it was only a year after that mind-blowing encounter with Slan that I read a couple of novellas in Imagination that I retained fond memories of; until I obtained back issues of Madge and reread them. Eccch! (One of those two, Kris Neville's Earth Alert,

has again broken surface as a Belmont pb, The Mutants, in case anyone is in a masochistic mood.)

All of this personal history, which is of negligible interest, I am sure, is set down by way of defense. I read Forbidden Planet when I was in the sixth grade -- not just once, but three or four times I read it. The novel, originally published by Bantam Books, is a novelization of the movie of the same name; which merely happens to be one of the sf movies. (For some curious reason, Paperback Library seems to be trying to conceal the book's relationship to the movie.) I read the book at least twice before I saw the movie. W. J. Stuart, whoever he may be, occasionally departed from the script to clean up story logic and explore avenues only hinted at in the flick. (The result was that I was slightly disappointed by the movie -- although the goshwow special effects consoled me.) I thought that the book was great.

Rereading the novel twelve years later, I find that that adjective must be diminished, alas. But Planet is still uncommonly good space opera. And I may be in the grip of rose-tinted nostalgia, but I think that it beats the socks off most of the new sf published in 1967.

For the benefit of those poor devils who have not seen the movie: The story concerns a starship, sent to explore the fourth planet of the Alrair system, which has failed to return to earth. Another ship, sent to investigate, encounters the sole survivors of the original expedition and his daughter, who was born on Altair 4. The survivor, Morbius, has somehow gained superhuman scientific knowledge. And there is something invisible that kills.

Mr. Stuart adroitly handles the technical problems of telling a story from several viewpoints. Characterization of Dr. Ostrow and Mordius is good. No cardboard mad scientist, Morbius. The characterization of the young captain of the starship is less successful. He just walks around wearing a sign saying CLEAN CUT YOUNG MAN WITH A LOAD ON HIS SHOULDERS.

Stuart's economical and understated style is very effective! The visit to the underground machinery of the Krell (love that word) is almost as awe-inspiring as it was on the screen; and the movie had technicolor on its side! The scene where the invisible and indestructable thing attacks the starship is even more frightening than the parallel scene in the movie. For one thing, Mr. Stuart does not make the mistake of having his monster become visible.

Everyone has his own definition of sense of wonder, it seems! This story gave me a sense of wonder when I first read it. And it still does! It's good to see an old friend back again, even though one of my favorite sf artists has produced a cover painting which has a hideous caricature of Robby the robot on it! Mr. Gaughan! How could you?

The Power by Frank M. Robinson (Popular Library, 60¢) and Highways in Hiding by George O. Smith (Lancer, 60¢)

The Superman motif is a well-worked lode in sf, having yielded at least two classics -- Slan and Odd John -- and such memorable stories as Phillip Wylie's Gladiator, Heinlein's Gulf, and Poul Anderson's Brain Wave. The lode can still yield an occasional nugget, as witness these two.

Writing of a true mental superman is a feat inherently impossible in accomplishment. A dog cannot understand what goes on in a human brain; cannot even understand the nature of the gulf between man and dog. Similarly, only a superman could effectively describe a superman on paper (assuming that Homo Superior would write; do humans bay at the moon?), and, should such a manuscript fall into merely human hands, it would be as incomprehensible to us as a Bach fugue is to Fido! There are dodges; there have to be. Such as making the superman essentially an ordinary human with a new power or sense, such as the Slans. Or hinting obliquely at the thought processes of the superman in a manner paralleling that of Lovecraft's hinting at the appearance of his indescribable terrors. Or showing the superman from the outside, as seen by a normal human. Thus Odd John. And thus The Power.

A university is researching human endurance for the Navy. A questionnaire is prepared which supposedly will measure survival ability. The members of the University Committee fill out copies of the form, but do not sign their names. The answers on one of the forms indicate that the subject is a superhuman -- or is joking. That the form was not filled out as a joke becomes apparent as the members of the Committee are killed off, one by one. The hero of the novel, Bill Tanner, finds that the records of his academic work have ceased to exist. His bank claims that he has no money in his account. People who have known him for years don't remember him. So he starts to run! . . .

Written tightly in a style that owes much to detective fiction, the book moves rapidly and effectively frightens. But it is seriously flawed by lapses in plot logic. Not why the superman should be so stupid as to reveal his existence in the first place -- that is rationally explained, though to repeat the explanation here would give away too much! Rather, who does the superman blank out the memories of those around Tanner, rather than simply blanking out Tanner's memory? Indeed, why does the superman kill any member of the Committee, when he need only tamper with their memories? The superman supposedly can control only one person at a time. Therefore,

Tanner sticks to crowds. But why should the superman hesitate to strike Tanner down in a crowd? Surely nobody would be able to tell that a psionic attack is taking place. Any why does the girl who is controlled by the superman conveniently (for the hero) come to the amusement park, presumably at the command of the superman, toward the end of the book, when the psionic killer should want no one else around; particularly since the superman knows what he knows about Tanner? (To tell what he knows here would, again, spoil the book.) And, again at the conclusion of the book, why does the superman try to destroy Tanner with his Power instead of shooting him? In short, why does the superman act so damnably stupid? And yet, in spite of the flaws, the book hits home with the shock of a gallon of ice water poured over one's head. Especially the last line in the novel!

George O. Smith, an old hand at sf, tackles the less technically formidable problem of the "merely" physical superman in Highways. Almost. Smith's story uses a world of semi-supermen as its starting point. Telepathy and clairvoyance are commonplace, though the characters still have ordinary human thoughts within their skulls. In order to sustain suspense, Mr. Smith has made his hero clairvoyant but not telepathic. In spite of the prevalence of telepowers, the characters are thereby forced to talk to the protagonist and become comprehensible to the reader!

Just as The Power exhorts detective fiction in its lean style and denouement (wherein Tanner tells the superman why all the clues point to him as being the Homo Superior), so does Highways stir pleasant reverberations of Raymond Chandler with its hard-boiled writing and deft use of blockbuster similes. For instance, in Chandler's The Big Sleep: "The fist with the weighted tube inside it went through my spread hands like a stone through a cloud of dust." Detective Marlowe, thus clobbered, wakes up later to find himself "trussed like a turkey ready for the oven!" Another sample: "The muzzle of the Luger looked like the mouth of the Second Street tunnel, but I didn't move." Compare with Smith: "I hurt all over like a hundred and sixty pounds of boils." "The .356 Bonanza went off with a sound like an atom bomb in a telephone booth. . ." "He pushed me gently back down in the bed with hands that were as soft as a mother's, but as firm as the knid that tie bow knots in half-inch bars." Lovely!

The hero of Highways, Steve Cornell, is eloping with his fiancée. He wrecks his car and awakens eight weeks later in a hospital to find that his Catherine was not found in the wreckage. She has completely disappeared. In searching for her, Cornell uncovers a network of trefoil signs that lead to a nest of people whose flesh is as hard as metal. This itself is nothing surprising to Tanner. A disease from space, brought back by an astronaut named Mekstrom, alters the crystalline structure of the human body, giving it the hardness of steel. But the disease is incurable and fatal. Has someone found a way to make Mekstrom's disease a blessing? Someone has indeed, Cornell learns, as he gets caught in the crossfire between two secret and opposed groups of physical supermen, to the accompaniment of large helpings of delicious mayhem.

Highways has a beautiful twisty plot that surprises with switches on switches. It previously appeared in an abridged version as Space Phase (Avon). Even if you have the earlier edition, the full novel is well worth buying; especially with Roy Krenkel's delightfully busy montage cover.

--Hank Davis



Jewels of Apter by Samael Delany (Ace, 40¢) The reissue of Delany's Jewels is the uncut version he originally submitted to Ace 10 these many moons ago in 1962. At that time Ace published it as half a double book and allegedly cut it down by one-third. The editing seemed to consist mainly of surplus wordage here and there and about a page in the prolog concerning Cellini. If you read it the first time, it would be a waste of money to go ahead and buy the new one unless you are doing so for the Jeff Jones cover. It is a tossup whether the original Gaughan or the new Jeff Jones is the better since both are quite good. If you somehow missed the book the first time, by all means don't miss the new printing. Jewels is one of those rare books that somehow combines action and fast paced fantasy-type adventure with social commentary on religion, science and mankind in general.

The standard fantasy plot, the Sacred Quest, is undertaken by the poet Geo, bearlike Urson, four armed Snake (a mutant with limited telepathic ability) and Timmi (a Negro scholar who acts as a foil to Geo's towering idealism). These four are commissioned by the Goddess Incarnate Argo to steal the powerful Jewels which are apparently some type of solid state metal amplifiers. They encounter several different Argos (all goddesses), find that man has almost destroyed himself in a nuclear war, rebuilt his civilization and then almost completely destroyed himself with the Jewels, and perhaps most importantly they learn man is a shifty animal capable of almost any treachery given enough incentive. The motivations of the characters vary from the simple to the highly complex. It is this black/white/grey shading of motivation that makes Delany's characters come alive and seem so believable. Some do simple acts for highly complicated reasons while others engage in highly dangerous adventures for seemingly little reason at all.

The ending is rather unexpected with one of the "good" guys double crossing his friends by stealing the Jewels and then giving his own life to save Snake's. A most human and most confused ending. All in all while this isn't Delany's best, it is quite good. If you missed reading it, I can only pity you for missing out on some enjoyable (and maybe even profitable) reading. -- Bob Vardeman

#### The Dragon in the Sea by Frank Herbert (Avon)

How can the man who wrote Dune have written this failure. I am only reviewing it in order to warn you to keep away. Or perhaps some of you would like to be bored by endless technical details that are four-fifths of the story. Technical descriptions should be used to base a story on, not used to fill up space and make a novel.

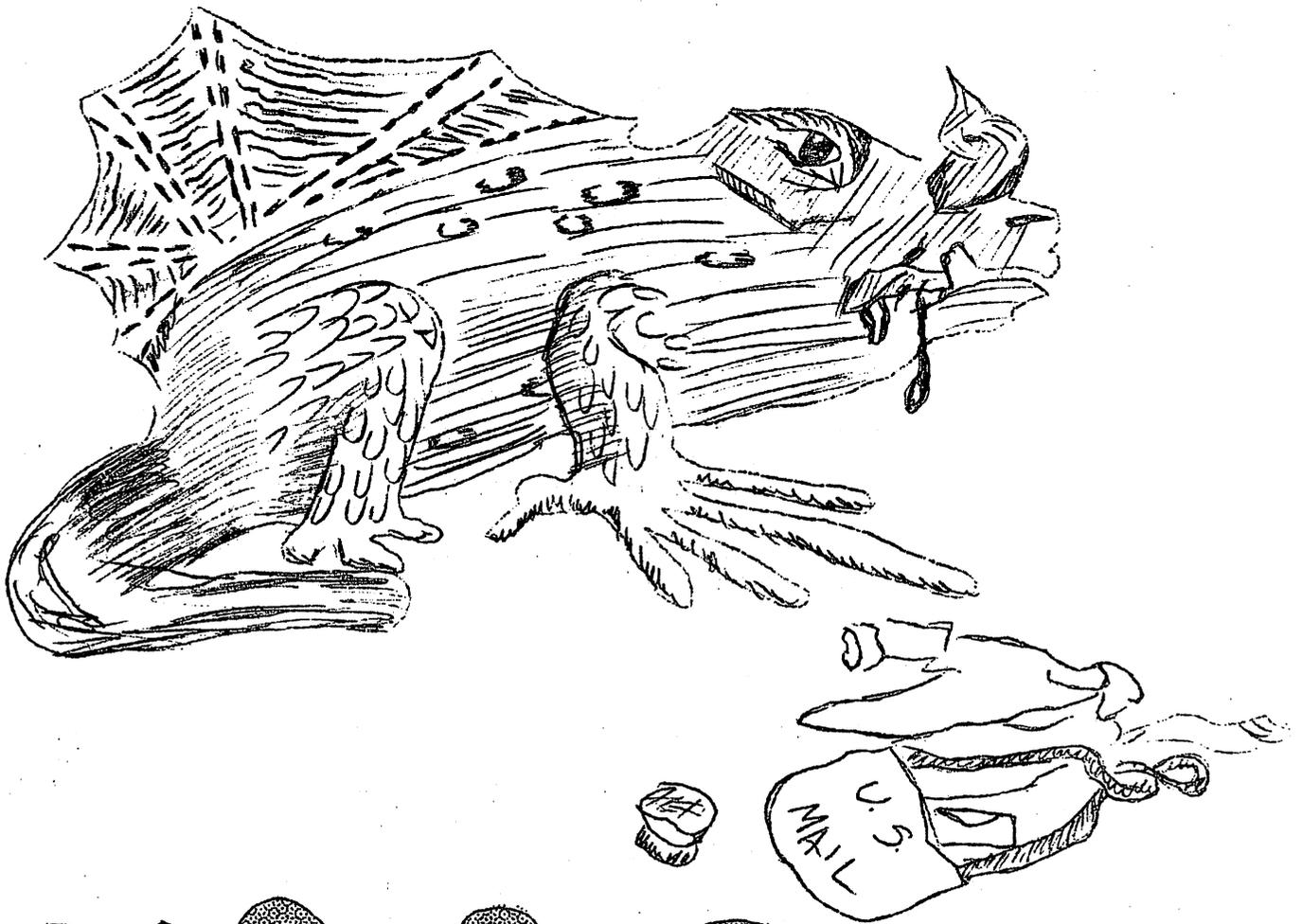
Herbert had a few interesting psychological ideas that didn't succeed. There was too little explored, answers too pat, and too weak an ending to back up anything. A disaster.

#### The Well of the Unicorn by Fletcher Pratt (Lancer)

It is disturbing. Questions are raised concerning peace and war. Is it possible for peace to be bad? It is a rather good sword and sorcery adventure novel. Some people compare it to Tolkien's LOTR. But when I finished LOTR's three volumes, I wished there was still more to read. In the Well. . . I could barely finish the one volume. It got bogged down during the last third. There was simply not enough momentum to carry the excitement through to the end. I don't really know why LOTR works and this doesn't. I could say it was because I didn't believe Airar could change from a country lad to someone with knowledge of warfare so quickly. But then Frodo did remarkable things when he had to. Let me leave it thus: it's a good book to read but not another Tolkien. -- Evelyn Lief

THE

LOGGERS



MONSTER

12

Laurence M. Janifer  
(Address supplied on request at the editor's discretion)

A few instant corrections on the bibliography:

1. Add editor, MASTERS' CHOICE, S&S 1967
2. The August 1965 F&SF yarn was called FIRST CONTEXT, please, and is a collab with S. J. Treibich.
3. THE QUESTION, March 1963 F&SF, was a collab with Donald E. Westlake.
4. REPLACE THE HOUSE? HORSE. Misprint, I assume, as is NORES for NOTES in the FASEG piece.
5. The FASEG piece was a collab with Frederick W. Kantor.
6. IT'S MAGIC was the second story, and the last published, about the Gnome Intelligence Service. It appeared in COSMOS #4 which, under a blind byline, I edited for all of its four issues. The first G. I. S. yarn was in #2, and I forget the title just now. I also had a yarn in #3, title and byline forgotten, about a comicstrip character who came to life. It was, and is, awful; it was a rewrite of a story originally chopped out, even worse, by someone else.
7. Add anthologizations: the FANTASTIC UNIVERSE OMNIBUS is now in soft cover, Paperback Library I think. The byline on MEX remains Larry M. Harris, due apparently to carelessness up the line somewhere. IN THE BAG was anthologized last year in AN ABC OF SCIENCE FICTION, edited by Tom Boardman, Jr. (Four Square Science Fiction, paperback).
8. Add new book, LOST IN TRANSLATION, collection of sf stories out from Belmont in March.
9. Add a story from ASTOUNDING, CHARLEY DE MILO. Also THE MAN WHO PLAYED TO LOSE, ASTOUNDING.
10. And BRAINTWISTER, slightly, and SUPERMIND, very heavily, differ from the magazine versions.
11. The name-change Harris-to-Janifer is not legal but doesn't need to be.

I haven't used Harris since mid-1962. And don't intend to.

Sneary, Sneary, the Ineffable RS, the Josh Billings of sf (sample Billings: "The Mule is haf Hoss and haf Jackass, and then comes to a full stop, Natur having diskoverd her mistake."), it is more cheering and revivifying to find your long and lovely letter than it would be to come upon a hoard of potent anti-agathics. Rick, with whom it was a Godawful honor to appear, jammed into the same lettercol, when I was Larry M. Harris and fifteen years old-- words do not express. I suppose you know what's happened to JoKe? For newer types, this is Joe Kennedy, another lettercol stalwart of the same period, now a religious, and, as X. J. Kennedy, a fascinating intense poet. As for the Coles, I, too, wonder. Any info appreciated. And has anybody heard of, or from, or about (however dimly) Mike Wigodsky?

The D'Amassa letter makes for reflections on the Hippies and so forth which are too long and too complex even to surface into words yet, let alone come out here. I think he is saying the most sensible things I have heard on the subject; I also think he is dead wrong. I'm sorry, D'A.: it is going to take time to get my own head in order on the subject. And when it is, I'll pass on the results and we can argue...

McKeown I want to see more of. Lots more. He's been reading Auden, I should think, which is not bad training; I could wish he was reading Marianne Moore and the collected poems of Kenneth Fearing.

53.

Gaughan's superificts are fun. Other art deserves better eyes than mine. (But my God the notion of action lines is older than Dave Ish--if I understand what Warner is talking about.) (Come to think of it, 1,000,000 YEARS B.C. was made a few decades ago--with Victor Mature--and the new version proves nothing whatever about public acceptance of the title. It was accepted then, too.) For those interested: my damned health has improved again, and will probably not get so horrible even in the August-September bracket, when I can usually expect the worst. May even be able to make the next worldcon. Hell, I may be living out there--I have at present next to no idea.

//Thank for the corrections and additions, sorry we missed them. McKeown is a religious, well an apprentice religious, but he is spending the summer in San Francisco so we don't know if he will come back to the monastery or not! When you do get your thoughts sorted out about the Hippies may I extend an eager invitation to use the pages of S for them. I do hope you make Baycon. We would all really enjoy seeing you.//

Redd Boggs  
P.O. Box 1111  
Berkeley, Calif. 94701

That Sirruish you sent me--no number, apparently, but dated Winter 1967/1968 is a large, unexceptionable, and strangely pale fanzine. Something called Argh! put out by Chester Halon Jr. and Ron Whittington( or Whittington; it's both ways in the magazine) seems to have monopolized all the personality in Missouri fandom, and you are left with a fanzine that might be computer-edited, for all I know. The editorial section and the comments on letters are all unsigned (except maybe the comment on Fred Lerner's letter, signed "Joyce") and, worse, exhibit little personal bias or enthusiasm. Altogether, Sirruish (about which I had great expectations, seeing it reviewed here and there) is disappointing and forgettable.

About the only thing I have to say about "Psychataxia"--or "Psyncataxia": you don't seem sure which--is that I'm surprised that you suppose that a world convention is too much for a 'new fan", and he ought to "break in" at a regional convention. Shee-at! In any case, this two-page hunk of rhetoric turns out to be mainly a plug for something called Ozarkon III and for "St. Louis in '69," which makes it all as frustrating as a commercial on radio. You think you're listening to a lecture on nutrition, and it turns out to be a plug for Metrecal.

Larry Janifer modestly compares himself with Thomas Mann, Anthony Trollope, and even John O'Hara in "Accustomed As I Am", which is a change from the old days, when he imagined himself to be the successor of Thorne Smith. In this little article Janifer seems not to have any clear idea what he is going to write about, but he is reasonably interesting here and there. Since he remarks that good writing requires passing the work through the intestines, I should reveal that I once read a sex novel that, from internal evidence--the byline was some obvious pseudonym--must have been written by Janifer. The trouble with the novel was too much intestine, not enough penis.

The Janifer bibliography, regrettably, is a list of a lot of forgettable stories. I once said a Janifer novel--perhaps "Occasion for Disaster"--marked the death of science fiction, but I have reconsidered. Janifer writes better than some of the Analog contributors at present. Alas!

I started to read "The Delian Hemlock Caper" by Alex Gilliland, but quit at the point on the first page where the narrator "retied shoes with bitter knots" I didn't think the rest of the story could surpass that high point. I didn't even start "There Were One Hundred and Twelve Ottos" by W.G. Bliss.

<sup>54</sup>  
"Pastiche" is a little more interesting than other items in the issue up to pages 29-30, and the reviews of books have some value. I liked James Dorr's comments on "Metropolis," except for the solemn cliché, "It is a film that should be seen"--the sort of thing one writes when his brain turns off for a bit.

The artwork in this issue leaves much to be desired; much of it is badly drawn, most of it is badly reproduced, aside for //sic// Richard Flinchbaugh's BEM on page 32, the front and back covers, and a few others. Doug Lovenstein's full-page Amra-like drawings are embarrassingly bad in their utter ignorance of anatomy. The man on page 15 is perhaps supposed to be running or jumping, but his muscles are not properly flexed; perhaps he is leaning against an invisible wall? The man on page 41 seems to be standing at ease on an almost perpendicular hill with his hands bound--a nice trick if you can do it. What world is he supposed to be on? The latter drawing might be acceptable if the man's farther leg was shown braced firmly on level ground, but as it is, one wonders why Doug didn't quietly burn the drawing instead of expose it to public gaze.

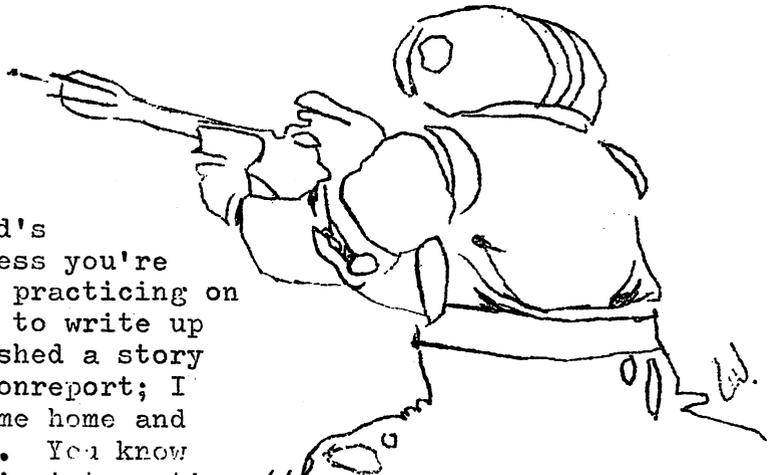
Sirruish in its present condition is a lot less palatable than sirloin, but at least it is an ambitious project that, being an optimist, I expect to see considerably improved with more experience and practice.

// Well, a real narsty one aren't you. I had heard as much when I mailed S to you. You're my first encounter with a "chew-em-up, and, spit-em-out fanzine devourer". From the internal evidence, I would guess that you are an old fan and tired, probably don't think anything worth reading has been published since "Cry", "Quandry", and "Kipple" and probably tapered off reading SF when Planet Stories folded. Clarification for you, S has one editor, me, therefore, I write the editorial and I make comments on the letters. I didn't think it was necessary to sign my name. The comment on Fred Lerner's letter was a quotation from an Irish author Joyce, first name of James. Maybe you have heard of him? Since S will likely not improve (I'm putting in all the work I care to on it now) it would probably be best if I don't inflict it on you again. I am very biased, I actually prefer the company of Janifer, Gilliland, Bliss, and Lovenstein to you. Do you realize that you made a MISTAKE in your letter? Well you did write and for that I thank you. I'll bet you haven't written anything outside of FAPA in years.//

Jay Kay Klein  
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Syracuse, New York 13212

I was a bit startled to find I'd been awarded a whole bunch of vegetables. I wonder what I did to deserve the honor. Rutabagas, yet!  
I was glad to find out what happened to Larry Harris. He turned into Laurence Janifer. We used to see each other at the Queens Science Fiction League and Eastern Science Fiction Associations. Last time I remember seeing him was at the 1956 Nycon II. Glad to see him do so well on the literary scene. Broadway musicals yet!

Hmmm-I see you are taking the coward's way out: no Nycon 3 conreport. I guess you're not ready for the bigtime yet. Keep practicing on Ozarkons, and someday you'll be able to write up a worldcon. //The award? You published a story of course. I have never written a conreport; I steal the stuff from Lesleigh. I come home and tape my memories for my own pleasure. You know you mostly name-drop Jay Kay, but it's interesting.//



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 P.O. Box 516 Rifton,  
 New York, N.Y. 12471

I feel good. I'm glad to know that the painting for THE LITTLE PEOPLE is in good hands. I'm overly fond of the thing. I know it's out of perspective and the edges aren't all clearly drawn, but it's as close to a legitimate painting as any of mine ever to see print. It is essentially a still life which I set up and painted directly and then added the figures to (at, on... my grammar has gone to pot)...speaking of pot, all the figures in the painting are self portraits with a few pounds shaved off here and there.

Rick Sneary (oh gawrsh! All those letters in ancient magazines with that name on them! Rick Sneary! Why, when I was a mere lad, indeed a toddler, that was a name to conjure with. Sgt. Saturn and Rick Sneary! And now he has written a letter mentioning ME! I have made it. I'm not being snide, incidentally) asks about the SFWA. Well they are a WRITERS organization. I don't and can't belong. However, they are not a heartless group and did listen with a sympathetic ear to my problems. But they can do nothing. Artists do not (as a rule) work under a contract arrangement. Thus, nothing. Their advice was to form a sort of artist's SFWA. My reaction was one of sheer cowardice. That's a lot of work and, as I have mentioned before, has been tried (disastrously) by better men than me (James Montgomery Flagg for one). Rick we did investigate that area and thanks for the suggestion.

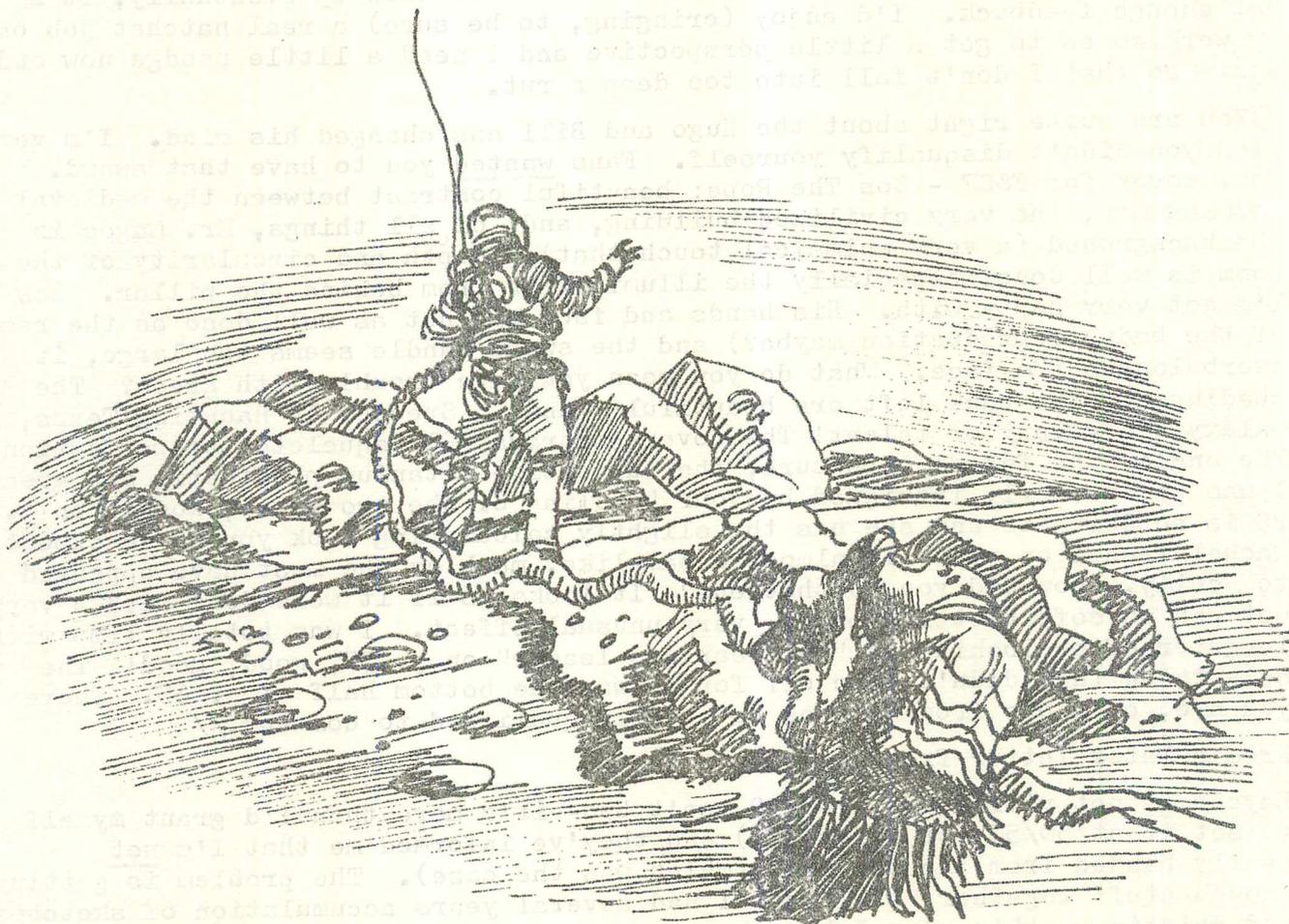
Bill McDermitt takes issue with my FAN Hugo. I agree that others deserved it more but I do not agree with one aspect of Bill's thinking. It is a FAN award...not an "amateur" award. Where does it say that a fan is an amateur? Is not a pro a fan? Some are, some aren't. Are those fans who are pros NOT FANS because they are pros? ANYWAY, I take issue with the fan/amateur designation. The award reads "FAN ACHIEVEMENT AWARD"...not "amateur achievement award". If you wanted to see one surprised, fat, irishman you should have seen me when the fan award was announced. I thought Steve Stiles had it sewed up. I think that the voting for me was...well, not ludicrous... because that would be insulting to those who voted in good faith...but perhaps "improbable" would be a better word. The only graceful thing for me to have done would have been for me to disqualify myself. Both out of vanity and because I listened to friends who advised me that any votes I got would be legit ones, I did not disqualify myself. I was truly sorely tempted to accept the award and then myself give it to Steve Stiles. Which of course, would have been a very clumsy thing to do and would have caused an uproar in many quarters...fortunately, that morning (of the banquet) John W. had roused my ire and I believe I mentioned him in a derogatory way (and forgot about Steve) when I accepted the award. So, I have the award. I like it. I am truly honored by it...perhaps...no! DEFINITELY moreso than by the pro award since so many of them are given out because "it's his turn". I apologize that I did not have the good grace to disqualify myself. And I sincerely thank those who voted for me. And I'm working like blazes on another one. Pro award that is.

Keep on the look-out for A SPECTER IS HAUNTING TEXAS in Galaxy. I think the art is good (the story is by Fritz Leiber and is a sunvagon designed to irritate every body...sure thing for Hugo nomination) and I think the reader will enjoy it.

Sorry Hank didn't like the Williamson covers. I liked the Cometeers but he's right about the rest of them. Ask him to comment on "The Way Home" by Sturgeon for Pyramid. I think that one is a good one. It was painted under the watchful eye and with a few suggestions from Samuel R. Delany. Pyramid demanded some changes (broadening of subtleties) but I think it's a good one. I know which are the bad ones, but I prefer to look at the others. Unfortunately, the reader is confronted with ALL of them, good and bad.

Let's go through Sirruish 6...The cover was lovely. Well handled and well thought out. It is an enjoyable drawing.....Thoughts on Conventions. I've been sorely tempted to write a Con report from my point of view. The trouble is I get so caught up in the maelstrom of people and the bits and pieces of conversations that any report I'd write would be kinda New Wavy. All quick film-type cuts and montages and speeded up sequences and overprints. A truly accurate conreport would have to be written three or four times but with each page printed right on top of the preceding page and overprinted again and again until it was illegible...like what happens when you tape a really good party...when you play the tape back the thing is all gobbledegook and one person talking over another and clinking and laughing and... well, noise.

Mild-mannered Alexis Gilliland IS an alien. Consequently he writes with authority. (But I thought the Liberty Bell was in Philadelphia. ? ) I've done a cover for METROPOLIS from the book. The cover was shown at a show of the Society of Illustrators (to which I do not belong) in N.Y. But I've never seen the movie. Some day I should like to. I'm pleased that Mr. Warner liked the drawings. He's a tough critic because he really LOOKS at what he's looking at. But I'm puzzled that the drawings which were naught but quick sketches done for fun have produced such serious comment both pro and con. Migawrsh but it's flattering to have someone like one's sketches and read into them what they will, but it's puzzling that





this is done. Some things I have done very carefully, with mucho thought towards composition and symbols and all like that are not even seen.

I just delivered a cover for Sos The Rope for F&SF. It's keyed to green which for me has always been a difficult color to use. It's done more or less as a colo(u)red drawing rather than as a painting. I'd like some reactions to it. Spare not the criticism. I get very little feedback on my pro work. Seldom does any comment go beyond "nice" or "not up to par". Unlike writers who work on their own cognizance I am commissioned to do work and these come at all times...in the midst of glooms or joys, in all phases of the Moon, when the muse is with me and when she ain't. And at all times I try to do my best and not all times are amenable to producing, but produce we must

and do. I have trained myself to cut off much of the world when a job has to be done but it's (tritely) a lonely world when the feedback even from a client is little more than "OK". All covers that see print are acceptable or they wouldn't see print but though the check DOES show up eventually, it's not enough feedback. I'd enjoy (cringing, to be sure) a real hatchet job on my work so as to get a little perspective and I need a little noodge now and again so that I don't fall into too deep a rut.

//You are quite right about the Hugo and Bill has changed his mind. I'm very glad you didn't disqualify yourself. Fans wanted you to have that award. Now, cover for F&SF - Sos The Rope: beautiful contrast between the medieval looking man, the very civilized building, and, of all things, Mr. Magoo in the background (a very whimsical touch that). Depth and circularity of the room is well done, especially the illumination from behind the pillar. Sos I'm not very happy with. His hands and face are not as well done as the rest of the body (reproduction maybe?) and the sword handle seems too large, it overbalances the face. What do you mean you have trouble with green? The shadings in the back left are beautiful! And, A Specter Is Haunting Texas, Galaxy - a galaxy of talent! The cover portrays "El Esqueleto" to perfection! The angle, the facial structure, the supportive titanium prosthetic are great! I was particularly intrigued by your handling of the two women, Kookie on p. 29 is so definite and she has the slightly calculating look you would expect. Rachel Vachel on p. 54 is almost dream-like, much as she must have appeared to Scully. How did you do that one? It looks as if it were done with a very wet pen on soft blotting paper, very unusual effect. I was totally limp with laughter after looking at "our fearless leader" on p. 37, good, good! The only thing that didn't come off for me was the bottom half of p. 65. There you are, opinions from someone not really qualified to comment.//

From a later letter from Jack G.

Baycon is not villainous. 60/40 isn't bad--it's more than I'd grant myself (I set it at 50/50 for Nycon III) and they've informed me that I'm not really banned from the art show (which was the case). The problem is getting enough stuff together. At Nycon I had several years accumulation of sketches and paintings--this year I have but one years worth of stuff--and some of that I'll need for a one man show in Dayton, Ohio. I shant be in Calif. because of the house, the Inkum Tax, the loan, the car, the etc., etc., etc.  
//That's important information! Thanx Jack. Sorry you wont be there but I know just what you mean.//

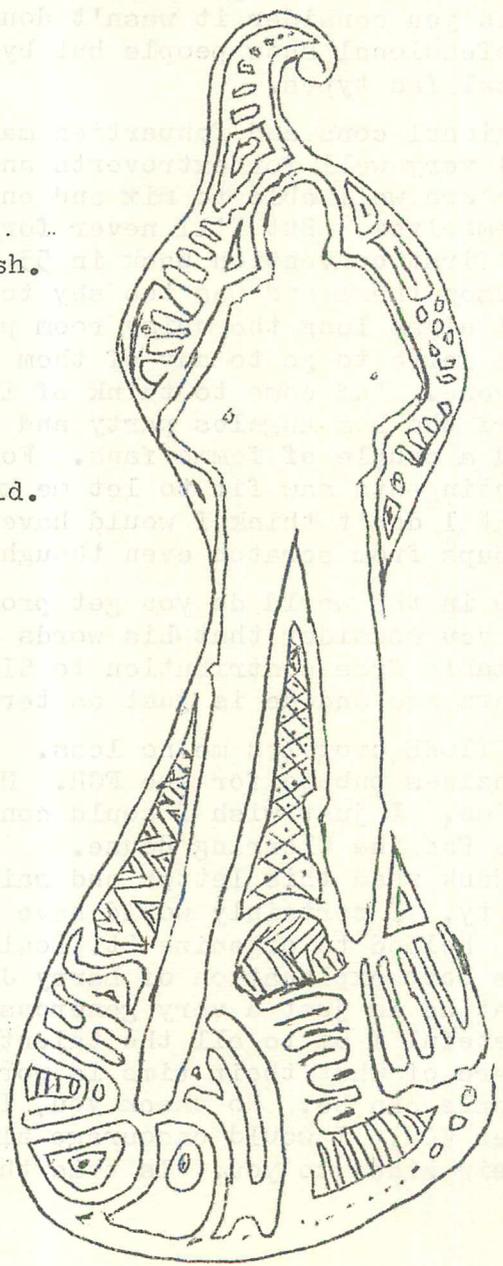
Darrell Schweitzer  
113 Deepdale Rd.  
Strafford, Pa. 19087

I got copy of SIRRUISH today  
And as a comment I must say  
That your zine is rather nice  
And certainly worth the price  
The cover is not very good,  
But of course it can be understood  
That there are few good fanartists around,  
And some more need to be found.  
On nextish I think it would be fine,  
To have one by Gaughan or Lovenstein.  
Your illos are sufficient,  
And your editorial leaves me content.  
I'm one of those nuts you see,  
Who likes to have you tell me about me.  
Janifers article was rather boring,  
And Ottos was deploring,; //sic//  
And this makes me feel kinda sick.  
I always liked fanfic.  
Aquarian Bar was over my head  
So I'll talk about something else instead.  
Hastily drawn was Super Nonsense  
It was not very good hence.  
(I liked Beerman though)  
The Delian Hemlock Caper was best in the ish.  
More like this is what I wish.  
Pastiche I must tell you,  
Should not be a listing, but a review.  
James Reuss wrote the best poetry.  
More by him I would like to see.  
Why review a movie 40 years old?  
Do something more recent Dorr should be told.  
I hope you find this nice and snappy.  
It should for a while keep Nussy happy.

Rud Fair  
661 W. Polo Drive  
Clayton, Mo. 63105

I liked the Jack Gaughan thing. Some of  
the illustrations were very humorous.  
The book reviews were worthwhile even  
though I disagreed with some of them.  
I liked Edge Of Time by Grinnell-  
Wollheim. Most people handle similar  
themes very poorly. "Time Of The Ottos"  
by W. G. Bliss had a poor, almost  
unreadable title page, and the German  
dialog was a bit overdone. Otherwise  
it is a good issue.  
//Comment by a fellow OSFan is very  
welcome. I usually hear about  
Sirruish at the meetings so it was  
nice of you to write. Reviews  
represent one person's opinion. I  
too have enjoyed books that other  
people didn't like. But I have  
saved money and time by reading  
reviews.//

I actually have a complaint about  
your lettercol. It does not concern  
your zine but is actually another  
Tightbeam. Of course I understnd  
that it is a club zine but some  
consideration should be given  
for non-OSFans who pay for it.  
//What can I say to this? Stick  
around awhile Darrell maybe you'll  
learn a little. Since you didn't  
pay for Sirruish I don't see your  
complaint. Did you notice the  
amount of postage on the envelope?//



591  
Seth A. Johnson  
345 Yale Ave.  
Hillside, N. J. 07205

Seems odd not to be LOCing SIRRUIISH to Hank Luttrell, but I must say you're doing a terrific professional looking job with it. Only thing that didn't inspire any particular enthusiasm was the artwork. Guess I'm hopelessly oldfashioned and want a woman to look like a woman with face, neck, torso and legs, etc. and not like a blueprint top bottom and side. It might seem odd to you but I found nothing to complain about about Nycon III. Every event was right on time and everything went like clockwork which is something like a miracle when you consider it wasn't done by professional show people but by local fan types.



Regional cons and fanparties may be all very well for extroverts and those who are well able to mix and enjoy themselves. But I'll never forget my first convention back in 53 or 54 in Philadelphia. I didn't know a person there and was too shy to make or scrape acquaintance with anyone and all night long the noisy room parties kept me awake although I didn't have the nerve to go to any of them because I wasn't invited and didn't know anyone. And come to think of it the only room parties I attended at Nycon were the Los Angeles party and then a private room party by Cleophas Benoit and a couple of femme fans. For some reason neither the Columbus or St. Louis contingents saw fit to let me know about their parties or invite me. Not that I don't think I would have been welcome since I helped to organize both groups from scratch even though I belong to neither.

How in the world do you get professionals like Janifer to write for SIRRUIISH? If you consider that his words are worth five cents each then he made a very sizable free contribution to SIRRUIISH. He gave a talk at ESFA about ten years ago and he is just as terrific in person as on paper.

PASTICHE croggles me no less. Was a time when I received almost all the fanzines pubbed for the FCH. Now practically all you reviewed are strange to me. I just wish I could con the St. Louis fan group into taking over the Fanzine Clearing House.

//Hank read this letter and said that he did invite you to the St. Louis party. I certainly would have but I have never met you. Are you sure that you helped to organize St. Louis fandom? I've never heard that before. The best explanation of Larry Janifer writing for S that I can tell you is that he is just a very generous person. I could never begin to say how grateful I am to all the talented people who contribute to S. I am well aware of what their time is worth. I think it just shows how very nice people can be. No thank you, I don't think St. Louis fandom wants to take over FCH. I would encourage all fanzine publishers to send extra copies of their zines to you. Is this the kind of girl you mean?//

Rick Brooks  
 R.R.#1 Box 167  
 Fremont, Ind. 46737

Now I've always loved the variant pronunciation of your name. I have this dream of introducing you and your charming daughter as "Lay" and her daughter "Let's lay"Couch. Don't you just love people like me? // NO!!!  
 The main thing I disliked about Nycon was that they didn't have any large open parties like Tricon did. I could never find anybody I wanted to unless they were holding a party. And crowded. Shish. 1450 people is too much. Right now I'm reading a fascinating book, THE SECULAR CITY by Harvey Cox, which is on religion, cities and various human interactions. He comes up with the interesting point that people in the big cities deliberately "compartmentize" their relations with most of the people they meet so as to have time with the people they prefer. You might be interested in it as a radical attempt to relate religion to the modern world.

//I'm going to make sure that you never introduce me to anyone! I read most of Cox's book but I think he fails to relate religion to the modern world for the simple reason that it just doesn't relate. It is regarded as a personal preference or idiosyncrasy, not as something of radical importance. I think that's the reason Kennedy won. Can you imagine a crusade based on religion in the western world?//

Paul Doerr  
 Box 1444  
 Vallejo, Calif. 94590

I've taken 2 or 3 courses in drama, Greek tragedies, etc. and get less sense out of them than I did out of The GOH Speech by Roger Zelazny. Why doesn't he write a book, "Lit Made Simple"?

I would like to read Tarnsman of Gor if anyone would lend it, or any of the other ERB like stories. I would also like to buy any ERB fanzines, prozines, paperbacks, etc.-cheap for reading, not collectors items-also swords, zetan sets, etc. I want a drawing of a sunburst or starburst. Could any artists help me? Send sketches first. I have 40 acres of land in Calif., I'll trade for a plane, 4 wheel drive, flat land on the coast, etc.

//There's your free adv. Now I'll take a couple of copies of the Berkely Barb you mentioned. Mail them or deliver them to me in person at Baycon.//

Larry Herndon  
 1830 Highland Dr.  
 Carrollton, Texas 75006

Most fans are entirely too harsh on Con Committees. It seems to me that if the con isn't run exactly as they think it should be, then it was a lousy con and the Con Committee are all Evil Types out to ruin fandom, or something. I've been chairman of two regional Comic Cons, and speak from experience. Cons would be a lot of fun, if it wasn't for the fans...(Eh? What'd I say?!) Good for Steve Rasnic. But I don't know what he meant when he said the good writers don't stay too long in comics--I can't think of a single writer who's left the comics in the past few years. Sure, some of them grind out pb novels on the side, but they still work in the comics too. And a few have done tv scripts, but as far as I know, these are sideline jobs too. It is true that new writers are coming in, which is a bit amazing, since several companies have died recently and the market has shrunk, but new blood is moving in. (I've even added a drop or two of my 'blood', selling two scripts recently.) The story is much more important than the art; the art serves to drag a new reader in, but the good stories keep him coming back for more over the long haul. You had good art in Sirruish. Great covers.  
 //I know nothing about comics, but I have the feeling you are right. The story is the main thing. Congratulations on your sales.//

61.

Rick Sneary  
2962 Santa Ana St.  
South Gate, Calif. 90280



It's been four months since you wrote, so I guess I needn't say that my fan letter writing is rather spasmodic.. I always mean well, and if I wrote as many as I 'think', I still would be as great a letter hack as Warner.. --Yes, I'm sure a number of your readers wouldn't have heard of me....but that makes it even.. I am given to shaking my head and muttering when I read Porter's SFWeekly, and the list of those who must subscribe.. About half the names are fen I never heard of. How can one be that out of things... --So you are old pulp readers.. I'm still a little suprised to realize how many people who were not letter-hacks them selfs not only read my letters, but still remember them.. Generally I find this flatering, but some times it is very embaresing---such as the first time I met Margaret St. Clair.. As you might remember I hated her Ona and Jeck (?)// Oona and Jick. They were terrible stories!// stories with a passion and said so.. But by the time I met her, not only was I more thoughtfull about my remarks, but she had written many exalent stories under the Idres Seabright penname, which I admired. She remembered me well enough and threatend mock engance, untll I told her how my opinion had changed... and we ended having a very enjoyable talk.

Ted White is right in saying that writer-reader feed back is important.. It would be a good question to try an answer, whether the lack of reader opinions is partly responcable for decline in 'enjoyable' stories.. To many of the authors only talk to other others, who writing the same sort of down-beat problm stories, tell them it is great as long as it has meaning. (Not, if itis fun to read.)

No, I don't know anything about Les & Es Cole. They never were very active in Fandom itself....some of the old letter hacks never did enything else but write pro-mag letters. Most of them are gone back to Limbo, but a few of us still remain.

My hay-fever having gotten worse, I have been slowly blowing my mind---out the front of my face.. Like tooth aches and ingrown toes, it is a non-serious type complaint that causes no one else to worry about your sudden passing, but is so disstracting personally that it is hard to think of anything else. And it doesn't take much to distract me.

Your remarks about attending Cons is very good, and having once done an article on the subject myself, it is interesting to note how little things have changed... Other than the cons get bigger. Our Westercons, with 300-600 attendies, hardly counts as a regional conference, in the way you discribe it. I would like to attend one of the smaller, less organized mid-states-conferences, just to see how it went.. - A point you didn't make, and which is some help to the new fan at his first Con., is to try and read up on the people he is likely to meet--via fanzines, if not by personal letters.. It gives a list of names you at least know..and if you are a letter hack, a few people who will at least know your name. I've always maintained that unless you are a Lee Hoffman or Ted White, you can become better known writing for other fanzines than editing your own. (Not as famous, but better known.)

Janifer's article was the most "plonking" bit of opinionated writing I've read in a long time. ("plonging" by my term is to write as though everyone with an average intelagance knew the truth of your statements, but that it was doubtfull that the particular reader did.) I referr particularly to remarks on It Can't Happen Here. If I were a writer, being told everything had been said on a particular subject would cause me to start writing

something that said something different.. As it is, I can only view it as a very silly statement. There can be no last word written on any subject, as long as time passes and the frame of reference of the reader changes.

The book reviews were good. Davis manages to be opinionated enough in his brief space to be interesting to those who have read the books, while giving enough review to interest those who haven't. - Vardeman is not quite as good, or it is maybe he has less quality to work with. I'm certainly not inspired to rush out and buy any of the books he reviews....but then that is worth-while knowledge in it self.

Interesting review of Metropolis... After all these years in fandom, it is a film I have yet to see.. Mater of fact, it has been around so long that no one has bothered to publish a plot outline in years, and this is the first one I can remember.. Some day when there is a Science Fiction Muesum, I'll get a chance to see a private showing...

Loc's.. Well, Dylan doesn't entertain me!! And I can't remember anyone named Donovan.. If he is compairable to Dylan though he must be terrorable. I have a strange belief that songs were ment to be sung, and that the sing-ability is more important than the message.. The thing, "--up in my beautiful belcoown..." has exceeding stoooid words, to my mind (the ones used by the air line commercial are actually better) but the "sound" of the song is good.

STF is an education.. Now R. Gersman knows were Habakkuk comes from.. I trust he is eather young or a new fan...it would shake my faith in fans being full of esoteric information.. --I could hardly agree less with his views on Pros.. --For one thing, most of the regular professional writers (and some of the artists) are fans, and show the same interest and enthusiasm as fans who make their living as teachers, computer opporators or bookkeepers. = But on the charge of unfair comatition, he is suggestion that fanzines lower the quality of their writing so neo-fan clods wont feel inferior... (The same reasoning Viedo Producers use to explain programs that don't tax the intelagance of 12 year olds) There are enough crud-zines that every clod should find a home, but the only way anyone can hope to improve their writing style is to be expose to and compeet against the best there is.. Warhoon who regularly carried aricles and letters by ranking pros, also used the best of fan writings...and one thought about and polished material for a good fanzine First draft writing is good enough for crud-zines. (My letters are first draft...but I'm lazy...and Old Guard have some privalages..yes?) //Yes!!!!//

I agree with White's reasoning on pornography, but wish there was some way of limiting the slush. Bad writing is bad writing, no matter what the subject.. --The only danger I really see in pornography is that while it may not cause anyone to do something, the frequent exposeour to the ideas will possibly cause some to feel that is the way everyone behaves, and thus lower their own moral standards.. What would be wrong would be lowering them to conform to a falce standard.

I agree with your remarks to D'Ammassa... It seems he disslikes a lot of thing s.. ===A nit-pick with re. statement that man is the only animal who tries to exterminate his own kind.. Man hasn't yet set out to exterminate "man", only, "those men".. And many animals fight for land or love, and try to kill their own young.. This for very primitive emotional reasons. Man has just thought up more complex reasons. Re Baycon - from what I hear from a Berkely fan, unless you have a car you are cut off from everything at the hotel.. Means eather packing a suitcase full of peanut butter sandwich or paying hotel food price.. Sigh! Best wishes for St. L. South Gate again in 2010. //Come on up Rick, I'll have a car and you wont have to bring peanut butter sandwich or pay hotel price. Be sure to read the next two letters. I hope they will amuse you as they did me. I knew it would happen!!!//

63.

Robert Willingham  
21934 Millpoint Ave.  
Torrance, Calif. 90502

A little help with the Kaufman loc appears to be in order. Jerry recommended Capek's "The Absolute At Large", but couldn't recall where he'd seen it. Well, if anyone wants to read this funny story, it can be found in Damon Knight's A Century of Short Science Fiction Novels. Knight in the introduction says he has cut some chapters from the original. So if someone wants to read this Capek piece in its entirety, you'll have to hunt up Thomas Mark's 1927 translation.

The Kuennan front and back covers thish are positively the best I've seen in a fanzine in some time. Other good artwork was Gaughan's (of course!) and Lovenstein's.

JAMES REUSS. I capitalized that name because I liked more than a little bit the owner's "A Book Called Earth". Come to think of it, I've seen his poetry many places--and always it is outstanding. "Outstanding" because he is easily understandable. His stuff contains no vague or undefined thoughts, as most fanzine poetry. And he has something to say. Can a poet qualify as Fan Writer of the Year? //A very interesting thought!//

As editor, you should have corrected Sneary's horrible spelling. You've no idea how misspellings upset my equalibrium. //sic// And you're supposed to be an English teacher. I don't believe it; nope.

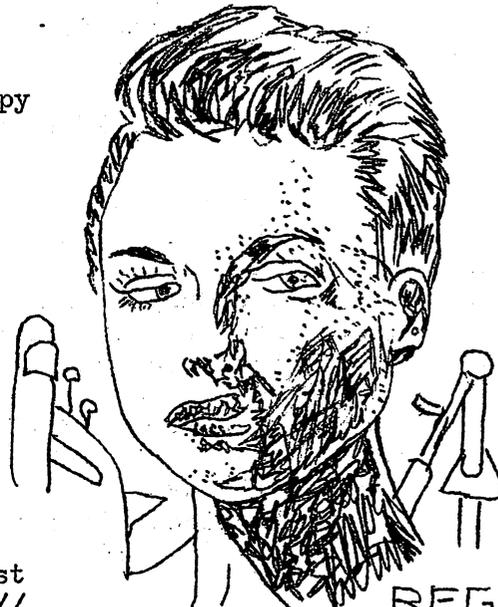
//You do well not to believe it. I'm not an English teacher, never said I was, and can't imagine where people get that idea. See comment on next letter re Sneary. Look up word followed by sic in your dictionary.//

Chris Walker  
5311 Old Mill Rd.  
Fort Wayne,  
Indiana 46807

Re "Psychatatia"; I'll pass over the mechanics (my unofficial campaign to Rid Fandom of Dreadful Grammar is slowly grinding to a halt, due to lack of public interest).

About Doug Lovenstein's beautiful illos, pp. 15 & 41. This is the first I've seen of his work, and I think he's great! All of the art in SIRRUIISH, come to think of it, is well above the average in fandom, but Doug is head and scapulae above the rest of your art staff.

I'm glad you didn't publish Rick Sneary's address with his letter, or I'd have been tempted to photostat it and send him a copy liberally red-pencilled. Some of the spelling errors at least must be typos; nobody could really mean to write "pola-titions", "bordres", and c. And he has the gall to complain about "functional illiterates"! Ventre-de-biche! de-St. Gris! (Pardon my French...) //No typos, no errors. Rick can write in perfect English if he chooses to. These are "Snearyisms" & they have a long tradition in fandom. Fandom does have a history you know, it didn't begin last year. Rick is one of the all time greats of fandom. If you look closely at his "mid-spellings" you will find reasons. He is protesting against the ridiculous rules of English spelling.//



REG  
1128

Ted White  
339, 49th St.  
Brooklyn, New York 11220

My, you St. Louis fan are really jazzing up your fanzines these days. I certainly hope that after you've won and put on the convention all this enthusiasm won't turn to dust...

SIRRUIISH (yes, please explain the title) is a thoroughly impressive looking fanzine. It seems to borrow a little from ODD without being derivative; the fact that it's mimeod lends it it's own personality of appearance.

Overall, I must say I'm impressed as hell with the tremendous strides St. Louis fandom has taken in the last few years. When the Halls told me, at the Ozarkon I, that St. Louis was thinking of bidding for the 1969 Worldcon, I responded with a polite "That's nice." At the time the whole group seemed too new, too isolated, to be seriously considering such plans. But it's been barely two years, and already you people have demonstrated with fanzines and convention-behavior that you're ready. I hope you don't just burn yourselves out in advance. //Not a chance Ted. We're having a ball!//

Now that you have the appearance and format of SIRRUIISH mastered (no pun), it's time to start editing more closely, I think. Some of this is due to the evolving nature of your contributors, some just to experience, but there's a percentage of blather in the lettercol which can be pruned, and I really agree with Sneary that amateur fiction by fans is rarely worth publishing.

You know, for years I've heard the neofans cry that they need fanzine publication for their early efforts at fiction writing. They claim the exposure and criticism is important and that it helps them develop into professional-quality authors. Yet, I can't recall a single neofan who published his early stories consistently in fanzines who went on to professional glory.

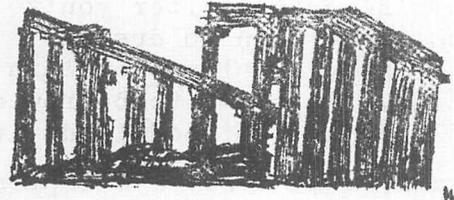
There are several reasons for this, I think. The first is that fanzines which publish amateur fiction are too uncritically edited, and too uncritically read. Once in a while I'll read a story in a fanzine. I always regret it. There's little I can tell the author except, "This is lousy." In most cases the author thought his gimmick was the whole story. Sometimes, when he is a better writer than that, it's just that his prose is wooden and unfeeling. Most often he does not choose to write about characters or situations in which the reader cares to involve himself. Sometimes, in criticising a story to its author I've asked, "Would you read this story if someone else had written it?" It's a good test--most wouldn't. But in any case, few fanzine editors who do publish these stories can give critical help to the would-be authors. I was aghast at the Bowers story in ODD, it was so atrociously written (that was my story to read for this year). What was Ray thinking of, when he accepted it? The lovely accompanying illustrations? Then too once the story is published, I'm willing to bet that ODD's letter column next issue will have its share of comments in which the writers just loved that story. As any professional can tell you, you don't learn much from those who like your stuff--you learn from those who don't. But I suspect that the neofan writers of amateur fiction shut their ears to their critics ("Oh, he just doesn't like fiction in fanzines; what can you expect?") and bask in the ego-boo of their know-little peers.

I wrote stories for fanzines once. They were, all of them, uniformly awful. Most of them appeared in the first year or two of my fan career when I knew no better (I was fourteen). My contemporaries included a fellow named Bobby Gene Warner, whom all of us thought would be the Next Bradbury. Warner is still on the fringes of fandom, after all these years, and he was still getting them bounced by the prozines. As far as I know, despite vigorous attempts, he's never sold a word. That's sad, because he had some talent. But he spent too much time trying to use fandom as a place to polish his prose, instead of learning how to write fiction. Every bad story a faned accepted marked one

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less lesson learned. Fandom is good for teaching one facility with words. You can develop the ability to think at the typewriter by fanning. But the ability to write fiction is best developed by reading authors you like, trying to do what they've done, failing, learning why you've failed, and trying again--all the time collecting pro-mag rejection slips.

Laurence M. Janifer's article was one of the best items in the issue. The bibliography was flawed, since the "Mark Phillips" stories were not identified as such, and "Pagan Planet" was actually Pagan Passions, written by both Janifer and Garrett.



Pastiche: You'd really like to see Harriett Kolchak's article answered? Good news! When Andy Porter passed a xeroxed copy of it on to me, I hit the ceiling and wrote Kunkel a four-page letter. He may publish it. You may rest assured that Harriett's vision of reality does not agree with ours to any real extent. For instance, those letters she "wrote to the Committee"? Well, she wrote them to us, but she sent them to a neofan (a Richard Roberts, if my memory serves me correctly) who was not at all in communication with us, and who told us about them only months later. Why? Ask Harriett.

I wish the book reviews had been more clearly identified as to the reviewers. I was all set to jump on Hank Davis for a couple of reviews when I discovered they were by Bob Vardeman. However, just so that Davis won't feel slighted, I will mention that despite the content of Sloane's two books, I thought that The Edge of Running Water was the better of the two, back when I read them in 1956. I really strongly disagree with Vardeman's low assessment of Lee Hoffman's Telepower (original title: Rats!). I think this is one of the strongest novelettes I've read in years, and I think Lee is potentially one of the best sf writers in the field (despite the fact that she prefers to write westerns most of the time). She's written two full-length sf novels, by the way, and both are scheduled for serialization in STELLAR.//Where is it?//

I'm amazed Hank Davis managed to wade all the way through Binder's The Avengers Battle the Earth-Wrecker. His synopsis only hints at what a truly awful book this was. The writing was unbearably bad, unbearably comic-bookish in the worst sense. By the way, as far as I know, Bantam does not plan any additional Marvel novelizations after the publication of Captain America this July. Binder's book bombed badly, and I dunno how well mine will do following in its wake. My Captain America, is much less comic-book-oriented (although it's faithful to the Mythos), and was written in a pulp style rather like a cross between Doc Savage and James Bond. Those who've read the manuscript rather liked it; it's the first (and only, thus far) book of that type I've written. I'll look forward to Hank's review.

Letters:

Harry Warner's amazing memory has faltered; it wasn't Dave Ish he was thinking of, but Dave English (author of a story in the latest MAG. OF HORROR), who drew those "double-exposure" cartoons during Sixth Fandom days. I always loved "de-toons", and reprinted folios of them in VOID, but fannish reaction was mixed from the beginning. According to Dave, he started out drawing double-lined because his hand was too uncertain. Then it became a style. Last I heard of him, he was married, a father, and living in Cambridge, Mass. Dave Ish, was an infant terrible of Sixth Fandom (although overshadowed by Harlan), who sold a story which was really a convention report to one of the last volumes of NEW WORLD WRITING in the mid-fifties. Ballentine gave him a contract to turn it into a novel, but somehow it was never written. I last saw Dave in 1959, when he'd just gotten married and moved across the river to N.J.

HABAKKUK's title has a descent slightly more complicated than that. The fanzine is named after Bill Donaho's cat, a beefy Tom who lived in the Nunnery in the late fifties, followed Bill to the Bay Area, and died a few years later. Early issues of the fanzine were brief letter-substitutes in which Bill told about his new home to those of us back east. Somehow it mushroomed into a huge monster of a fanzine, lost out for the Hugo in 1961 (to WHAT IS A FAN?, which wasn't even properly eligible) and disappeared until a couple of years ago.

Don D'Ammassa's comments on his reasons for so thoroughly disliking me are interesting in light of his (as you pointed out) own rather forceful way of expressing himself. Actually, raised as I was on Mencken, Laney and Boggs //A powerful brew that!!// I've always had a thorough respect for those who could state their opinions forthrightly and with every evidence of forethought. Indeed, I warm to Don's description of his travails with English teachers. As for "talking at" instead of "talking to", this may be true in Don's case, but not because I deliberately set out to make it so. In most cases when I write for a fanzine I set out to address the total audience as I intuit it. Usually what I'm addressing myself to is the editor and those in the audience I like or dislike. I've certainly written on occasion to antagonize certain people. There's a fellow in YANDRO's audience whom I despise for a thorough hypocrite. Several times I have written with him in mind, hoping to really make him boil with anger. More often, I'm writing to Buck Coulson, for whom I have a cynical admiration, or to Juanita, whom I like quite a bit. (Well, I like Buck too; it's just his cynicism I like most)

In writing for other fanzines, I may be writing to other audiences, or addressing myself in specific reply to a single person. I don't think the tone of my fanzine writing is unvarying, but since I write for fanzines for relaxation and in order to express my relatively uncensored opinions, I am writing largely to please myself. I'd like to hope I'm pleasing a lot of other people too, but it's not absolutely essential to me. Buck tells me I'm his most controversial columnist, and he treasures me for the storms I stir up. Knowing this, I sometimes write deliberately controversially for him.

As for "not giving a damn about what other people think," I prefer your ammendation: I don't suppose I give too much of a damn about what some people think. Ghod knows you can't please all of the people all of the time. In thirty years I've developed enough ego not to let it wear me down completely. But I do care about what a lot of people think. The opinions of my friends and those I respect are important to me. And I tend to respect those who show themselves capable of thinking for themselves. Maybe I'm unique--but I bloody well doubt it!--but I do think out my stands before expressing them. I will very rarely express a careless thought (although sometimes I express my thoughts carelessly; that's something else entirely). As long as I'm sure of my facts, I am quite confident of my interpretation of them. I'm always willing to accept correction when I'm wrong about the facts--I welcome it. But I will defend my opinions quite strongly.

Why not? I'm not stupid, and I know it. Why should I, or anyone of intelligence, be defensive about my/his right to considered opinions? I don't pretend to know the solutions for the world's ills--and people who can reduce such problems to catchphrases and then repeat slogans as cures, earn my contempt--and I don't pretend to be expert on very much in this world. But that which I do know and understand, I am confident I know and understand quite well. That's ego, sure, but I don't believe in being defensive about that either. As Jung has pointed out, sanity lies along the route of the total acceptance and utilization of oneself.

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My view of The Truth? I'm the only one I know (exaggeration, there) who hasn't The Final Word On The Vietnamese War. I have some ideas about where a long-range solution of the race problem must come from, but a great deal of scepticism about its accomplishment. And I know nothing more about Don D'Amassa than he's revealed in a precious few letters--and I'm a lot less willing to categorize and dismiss him on that basis than he is of me. So much for that topic.

Bill McDermitt is confused about the Fan Activity Hugoes. They are not awarded on the basis of "best amateur", but on the basis of "best fan activity". The fan-vs.-pro dichotomy (pace, Mrs. Kolchak) is a false one. No, Jack Gaughan isn't an "amateur" artist, but neither was Atom (art in CREEPY, EERIE, AMAZING, FANTASTIC), Steve Stiles (commercial work in an agency), etc. And among the "Fan Writer" contenders, Harry Warner has written professionally, both for a newspaper for the last couple of decades, and for sf prozines in the fifties (he also did some translating for INTERNATIONAL SF), Alex Panshin (the winner) has written professionally, selling stories to ANALOG, IF, WORLDS OF TOMORROW, SEVENTEEN, et al, and has sold four books, two of them non-fiction. "Fanzines"? LIGHTHOUSE editor Terry Carr is also a professional writer and now a full editor at Ace Books. And so on. All of us who remain in fandom after "turning pro" or who, as Avram Davidson did in 1960, 'turn fan' after being an established pro, do so because fandom is as much fun for us as it is for any other fan. We are still all fans in our fanac. Take me: I've never slacked in my fanac over the last fifteen years. Last month I wrote a book. This month I wrote another. Next month I must write a third. But I write letters like this because I enjoy the fanac involved in letterhacking.

I've asked John Boardman to refund Doug Lovenstein's banquet money, and I've apologized to him for the ~~st~~afu, but I'll repeat that in the last few weeks before the NyCon, with over eleven hundred members and hundreds of letters coming in every week, we obviously got overloaded. There was no intentional slight involved, and no conspiracy. That's the best we can do. As for the Dialogues, well, I don't think they were boring, but that has to be a matter of individual taste. I will absolutely certify that they were on time. With the exception of two changes in the schedule, both posted, I ran that schedule with an iron fist and a stopwatch. The first change was due to our

overestimation of the time needed to open the Con. We added an extra program item to fill in. The second change was due to the business session running overtime into the afternoon program. The program was adjusted that day to compensate. Harlan Ellison was late for his TAFF auction, but that was Harlan--I had to get on the phone and drag him away from Doubleday's offices. I spent half each program running about lining up each person scheduled in the back of the room so there would be as little delay as possible in bringing them up. We did goof on various items with the Con, but not the time, not the schedule. No. //But Ted, you tell me to edit my letter column and then write all this very interesting stuff that I have to print!//



RF-67

Don D'Amassa  
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I thought about Ted White's letter quite a bit. He has a point when he says that I'm a virtual unknown, because I am. I'm not really a "trufan", whatever that is, because I have too many other interests to really devote myself to it. I have no inclination to be a BNF, or even an AveragesizeNF. But I do have some interest in SF, and many of my friends are fans, and it's my favorite hobby--one to which I've devoted a good deal of my time and money. So I don't agree with Ted White. This seems to be quite in the "fannish" tradition. Almost everyone disagrees with Ted White somewhere along the line, as indeed with everyone else, particularly when they're involved with so many controversial subjects as Ted has gotten himself into.

Ted also has a point when he says the language used was somewhat nasty. Granted, and we've already cleared up the fact that the paragraph in question wasn't really intended for publication.//I am sorry!// Which is not to say that I retract it, which I don't, but simply to say that it was undoubtedly a poorly substantiated position.

OK, some substantiation. As I mentioned before, it's not so much what Ted White says, but how he says it, that irritates me. He once wrote an article in YANDRO called "The Reviewers Reviewed". He had many things of value to say, but he ruined his arguments as far as I was concerned by constantly referring to the fact that these reviewers did not review his books.

There is his criticism of STAR TREK. I don't like the program. There have been a few good episodes, but in general they bore me. But I grant it as a step forward, and when it's compared with the general tv fare, it looks pretty good, which is why I don't bother with tv often. But when Ted White opens up on it, he points out all of it's faults and none of it's virtues. Granted it's a valid position, it also shows a negative bias that I don't find convincing. When an author quite obviously is presenting only one side of a question, it always makes me suspicious of what he is hiding.

But that's not really what annoys me about Ted White's letter. It annoys me that he blows his cool. If I am the insignificant type that he paints me, why not just ignore me, perhaps with a passing reference? But no, we're treated to choice phrases---. That bothers me. Not because it puts any slight on my character, which it doesn't; it's not likely to change anyone's opinion of me particularly, though it may change their opinion of Ted White. What does bother me is that anyone in a leadership position, and Ted White despite his disclaimer, is in a position of that sort, should react so vehemently to such a minor irritant. When one allows himself to become a public figure, one should realize in advance that his actions are going to be sharply criticized by others, and this type of overreaction certainly does nothing to enhance his public image.

But I really don't see any point in going on with this. If Ted White wants to hate me, he has my blessing.

//Since I started this, inadvertently to be sure, I now officially call it off. Ted doesn't hate you Don. Pace gentlemen.//

George Fergus  
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In response to Fred Lerner's question, I believe that "solar system" is a general term, whereas The Solar System can be referred to by nitpickers as the Solarian system.

I was rather startled by some of Bob Vardemans book reviews. He says that Thorns "contains enough sex to fill a dozen competently written books" and "lacks characterization altogether". Are you putting us on, perhaps, with a

five-year-old reviewer? Apparently in my years of careless reading I've missed what he calls the "standard 'girl nabbed by aliens and dumped into another society' plot" in his review of Restoree.

Hank Davis calls it a serious scientific blunder when in Echo Round His Bones Tom Disch has the Moon fall toward the Sun after the Earth suddenly disappears. But though the Moon shares the Earth's orbital velocity, as he pointed out, it also has its own orbital motion relative to the Earth. It seems perfectly possible that the Moon could be heading approximately toward the Sun at the moment when the Earth disappears, and continue on without the Earth's gravity to curve it back.

"The Delian Hemlock Caper" by Alexis Gilliland was quite amusing and well-written. Now all he has to do is join Chester Anderson/Michael Kurland/Laurence Janifer set and sell a novel to Pyramid. Seriously, I wish more fan fiction were written this way.

As I recall, the simplex/complex/multiplex terminology used in Empire Star is not original with Delany. Does anyone remember who invented it? I must disagree strongly with Gene Klein's opinion that Lin Carter follows Robert E. Howard's style well in Conan and King Kull. In fact, I find it hard to accept the notion that Lin Carter can write at all. DeCamp does better, but still seems much more suited to his scholarly heroes than to Conan. Carter-deCamp collaborations are probably the best means at hand of imitating Howard.

Jim Sutherland mentions in his letter two items he'd like to read about. One is "Cordwainer Smith's Ideas and Philosophy" for which I would refer him to the interesting set of articles in AUSTRALIAN SF REVIEW #11. His other request is "Let's Get More Science in SF", which spurs me to some thoughts. Back in the old days, there were lots of unrealized potentialities laying around. Gernsback could write detailed descriptions of devices that wouldn't be built for another 40 years. But as the years went by, things got tighter. By the early 30's, the super-science of John Campbell and Doc Smith had already become divorced from what an engineer would consider as reality. Few examples of SF since George O. Smith's Venus Equilateral series have managed to extrapolate from a state-of-the-art level. Even such a famous example of extrapolation as Cleve Cartmill's atomic bomb story that got the FBI after him was admittedly gleaned directly from contemporary technical journals. To a great extent, SF has been forced out of the prediction business by the fact that almost no one but the specialist can hope to absorb enough of the existing knowledge to strike out intelligently at something new, and by an industry that's quick to take advantage of the potentialities of any new discovery (unless everything becomes so compartmented that things are filed away in the patent office and forgotten). Murray Leinster's front projector would appear to be the exception that proves the rule. Many discoveries, such as transistors, could hardly have been predicted anyway. Thus there seems to be some small justification to the conclusion that there are only two ways left in which physical science can be brought into SF. One is by presenting in dramatized form what is already known--a popularization of science, as it were--but authors like Asimov and Clarke apparently feel that this lends itself more to essays than to SF stories. The only major alternative left is to invent things out of thin air without explanation of their inner workings (as long as one doesn't contradict obvious conservation laws or violate any known facts) and then go about examining their effects. In this regard, is there really that much difference between Larry Niven and Tom Disch (or H. G. Wells)? //You've got to be kidding!// Hugo Gernsback complained that it was all fantasy. But who can say what's likely to be invented or discovered tomorrow--ray guns came true, didn't they? What would a 19th century physicist have said if presented with Ray Cummings' idea of successive universes within the atom versus the unbelievable complexities of sub-atomic particles and modern quantum mechanics?

It's the poorer writers who make a mess of things by trying to justify themselves with double talk. Remember van Vogt's "ingravity parachute"? He denies that it uses anti-gravity; then goes on to explain: "Null-A science recognized the urge of the two bodies to come together as an invariant of nature, and simply altered their nucleonic structures to slow the fall". (I'm quoting from memory, but you get the gist.)

Some of the reviewers who stage witch hunts for scientific errors are just as bad as the writers who make them. For instance, in the aforementioned issue of ASFR, John Foyster criticizes Delany's "The Star Pit" on the basis of some incredibly silly star geography (astrography?). Putting his argument into a conventional setting: the hero lives in a large city (red-white binary star) that Foyster can't identify, so he assumes it must be far away from New York (Earth). The hero gets back from a trip to Cleveland (Tau Ceti) in 5 days, but is gone a long time on a trip to Los Angeles (Aldebaran). Therefore he must be fairly close to New York, implying a contradiction. "Delany does have that trouble with scientific facts..."

It seems to me that SF authors are specializing too much again. Back in the early days when lots of writers were would-be physicists, there was a great deal of science-oriented SF that appealed to a small audience (I'm one of them) but left the layman cold, particularly the literature-oriented reader. Now, on the other hand, the new wave has come with many authors who've studied mainstream literature and are trying some stylistic experimentation (incorporating the established literary devices of symbolism, complex metaphors, allusion, structure, etc.) that de-emphasizes plot (and even, sometimes, characterization) even more completely than Ralph 124C 41+ ever did. It's a shame that most of the creative New Wave efforts just don't communicate to the average SF reader. Authors have been accused of using style as an end, rather than as a means, because to readers the style often obscures the meaning rather than clarifies and expands it. And no reconciliation seems possible.

//Ah yes, "The Girl In The Golden Atom!" I know the concept fascinated me. I like van Vogt, even if fans put him down today.

His convoluted, 'wheels within wheels' type of writing has always entertained me mightily. I remember having a very hearty laugh at the establishment when JWC's offices were invaded by security men. I want the scientists to come up with "deep sleep", the kind that you only need two or three hours of and you function normally. I understand that the Soviet scientists are doing some very successful research along this line. Hasten the day when it will be available to people like us who could really use the extra time to do important things like read SF and publish fanzines and write letters.//



71.

A. Graham Boak  
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I enjoyed much Alexis Gilliland's story - but then the Gillilands are very much "in people" because of Doll's review of *BADINAGE 2*. Not only did she pass many a kind word - but about the right pieces! "Doll is a doll" seconded, voted on, and passed unanimously!

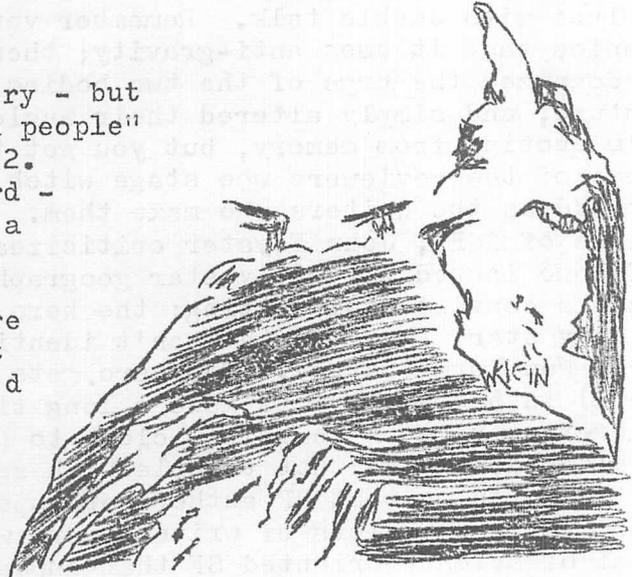
McLuhan is rather frowned on over here but after that cross-reference I must read some, at least, of his work. I'd always been under the impression that he'd stated a now obvious point which had previously been completely overlooked, and then gone on to draw over-fanciful conclusions from it.

I'd been puzzled by the Phil Och's reference to "the Sunday New York Times" too. Rob Johnson and I were discussing this section (and the Dylan/Donovan letter) the other day: we wondered how many other female fans, old enough to have a teenage family, know Phil Och's work well enough to quote from it? None in the U.K. certainly (or male fans around that age either). Admittedly he's not that well known over here, but then I don't suppose he's massively supported in the U.S.A. Yes, this is a compliment. //Thank you.// It is also a serious point - is it only in the U.K. that this kind of music finds devotees only among young people?

I agree that Dylan isn't the only person in the world saying something and saying it well. He's merely been doing it longer and better than anyone else. Entertainment is a personal thing - all I can say is that Dylan entertains me. I wish someone could explain to me why I should like Donovan. Or rather, how I can. I approve very much of his work, in principle, but I can't stand it in practice. Maybe it comes from distaste at his rush to leap aboard the Dylan bandwagon, and his equal rush off when the backlash hit him. Beautiful words, yes, but too sweet and good and kind to be true. I want to like Donovan but can't. Most of his work affects me to the extent of walking out of the room, or switching the radio off. I have now heard the Dylan LP enough times to pass a reasonably considered judgement on it. I didn't like it at all. Even the best songs ("Along The Watchtowers," "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight") were only mediocre by his standards, and the poetry has disappeared entirely. Heartbreakingly disappointing.

Disappointment appears to be the order of the day in folk/pop music recently. Al Stewart was at the University Folk Club the other week: his stage act has improved considerably, but he didn't sing one new song. It wasn't really noticeable at the time because his act was so enjoyable (I wish he'd record "Mary Foster"! ) but it's a shame really. And the new LP by the Incredible String Band isn't as good as it was publicized. The not-yet-released new Byrds LP is said to be inferior to "Younger Than Yesterday" - not a great surprise, but still disappointing.

// Your compliment is treasured. I sometimes wonder if it is me that is all wrong. My 'age group' gets turned on by Lawrence Welk and Dean Martin and somehow I can't fit that mold. Music has always been an important part of my life. One of the greatest singers of all time to me was Billie Holiday, Lesleigh and Chris can't see her at all. Entertainment is a personal thing.



Just now I am the strangest mixture of up and down. I saw/heard The Jefferson Airplane and went totally out of my mind over it. Then I came home and found one of my cats smashed on the road in front of my home. Death appalls me. It's strange that the only time we really see death as it is, is when an animal dies (military madness excluded, or highway accidents too, come to think of it). The funeral parlor type just leaves me cold. "Close the eyes of the dead not to embarrass anyone" song by Joan Baez. Gracie Slick did one song that I'm sure will never be recorded and I would like you to hear some of it as well as I can remember it:

"I love you. That's plain to see. And the only answer that occurs to me Is why can't we continue as three.

Sister lovers, water brothers  
Maybe later there'll be others  
If you're as crazy as me."

The above is reasonably accurate but the following is paraphrased because I can't remember exactly how it goes.

"The cold, frozen ghost of your mother  
Looks over your shoulder and says,

'No you can't do that. You're breaking all the rules."

I think that more of Heinlein is being read than "Stranger In A Strange Land" because this to me, is a reference to a line marriage such as he described in "The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress". I suppose because of my long reading of science fiction, some little knowledge of anthropology, etc. this doesn't strike me as damnable or depraved. I think the present family set-up is too restricted a circle. This brings me to McLuhan; I hope tribalism will extend to family relationships. I was fortunate to live for awhile in a depression menage. Aunts and uncles had to move back to the old homestead and I lived part of the time with a whole house full of people. I was very lucky. There was always someone to talk to, someone to listen to you, someone to love you undemandingly. I do really hope the young people will restructure our society.

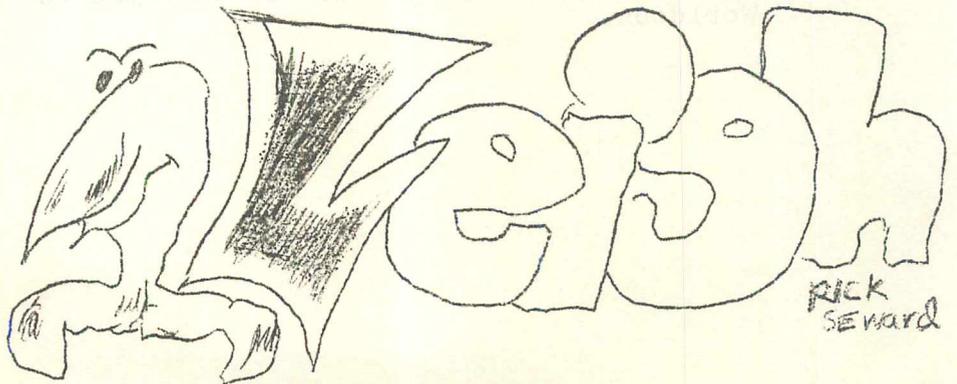
"Ah, Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,  
Would not we shatter it to bits--and then  
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!"

Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayyam

Write again Gray.//

People, trufen, and et al, would you believe a continued letter column? I hope so because this is what I am going to do. This edition of Sirruish is going to be closely followed by the Baycon edition and I have many more really good letters that I want to print.

I have agonized over this, pondered about it, and this is the solution I have arrived at. I am told by fans who should know that it has been done before. So the other half of my beautiful stack of letters will be out with S. over Labor Day Week-End. See you all at Baycon. St. Louis in '69



Why is a Worldcon?

There's only one reason for worldcons: to have a good time. The St. LouisCon Committee knows this, and we can offer you the varied elements that make a worldcon fun: interesting program items, a large and comfortable hotel (with convenient nearby facilities such as restaurants, bookstores, and easy transportation to other parts of the con city), big parties, little parties, an understanding hotel management, and a competent and interested group of fans to put on the convention.

When you come to St. Louis, you come to a city, one of the most important, exciting, and fascinating cities in the Midwest. If you want to combine a vacation with con-going St. Louis is the place, with all the attractions of a large metropolitan area, such as a world-renowned zoo and art museum; a planetarium; a large and diverse shopping area catering to every taste and pocketbook; numerous breweries (featuring all the free samples of their product that you can drink); fast, economical transportation systems; and one of the largest and most active fanclubs in the Midwest.

The St. Louis bid consists of more than the official members of the bidding committee. The Ozark Science Fiction Association has over 50 members in the St. Louis area. OSFA has hosted five highly successful regionals in the last three years, and is fully backing the St. Louis bid. It produces the monthly newsletter OSFAN and the quarterly gazette SIRRUIISH, and individual members produce a host of good gazettes and apazines for SAPS, SFPA, APA-45, and CAPA-ALPHA.

St. Louis fans are united in their desire to put on the best convention possible: we want you to enjoy the 1969 Worldcon.

