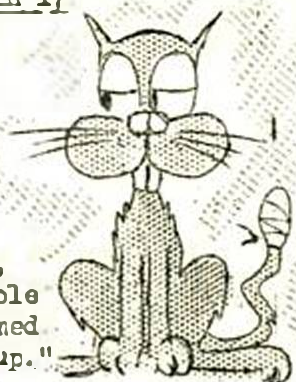


MY LIFE WITH THE CAT PEOPLE

by JAMES BLISH (from Tumbrels No.4) (Excerpt)

I don't want anyone to get the notion that I dislike cats, or harbor any sort of grudge. My friends all have heard me say I refuse to marry until I can find a woman who will bear me kittens, and this is only partly due to my dislike for children. No; my whole intention in setting down these events is to correct the misinformed people who always answer, "Well, I like kittens, until they grow up."

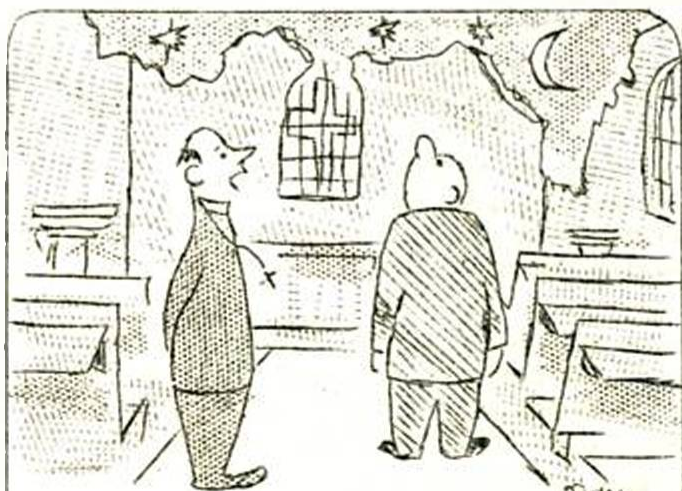


A nature cat, usually, has lost the salacious curiosity which makes living with a kitten a somewhat dangerous process. This nosiness takes peculiar forms, especially when linked with the feline interest in fishing and running water generally; I once owned a small black Tom who was perpetually climbing up my trouser-leg to peer in and see what that noise was. There was a time when I thought this trick charming, if somewhat morbid; but that was before he was replaced by Curfew, whose curiosities led her up the inside of the trouser-leg.

This latter climb took place one evening while I was sitting in the front room listening to some records. The kitten was quite small, and once seated on my thigh in the darkness, could not figure out how she had gotten there, why she had wanted to be there in the first place, or how to get out. Attempts to ease her back down the way she had come resulted merely in scars on my leg. I was forced finally to let the beast out via my fly.

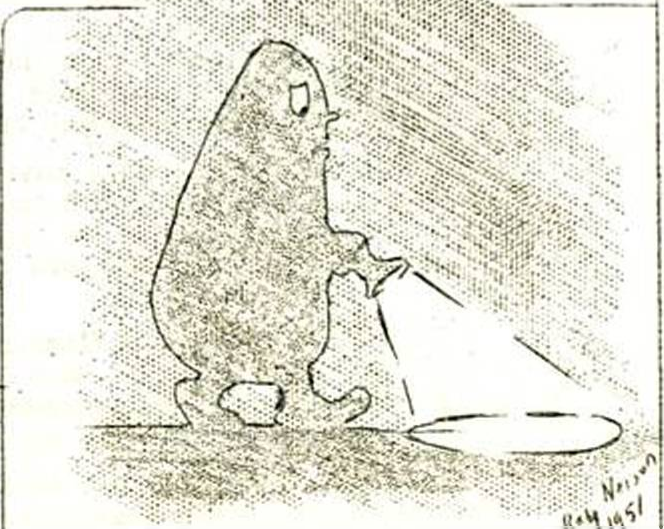
Had this been the end of the matter all would have been well; however, as Curfew blinked forth into the light, I looked up and discovered that I had forgotten to pull down the windowshade, and that the woman in the next apartment was watching the whole proceeding across the airshaft. The expression on her face could not have been wilder had she been confronted with a sluggoth; and for months afterwards we could not meet her on the stairs without her muttering to herself:

"By God! Ears!"



"The roof was blown off during the war, but we will soon have it repaired. The sight of the stars distracts the people's attention from my sermons."

Ray Nelson 1951



ONE MUST LOOK TO THE FUTURE

Ray Nelson 1951

"He hardly ever reads anything about sci or science in a fenzine." -Henry Elser in WTC #46, Sept. 1955

THE SACRED WRITINGS OF ROSCOE

Book I

BY ARTHUR RAFF

(From SPACEMAN No.27, June 1949)

There exists a spy young beaver; Roscoe is this beaver's name, and he seems like most young beavers, but he isn't quite the same, for although the rest are brownish, or a muddy greyish-blue, when you take a look at Roscoe, why the look goes right on thru!

He cannot be seen in water, he cannot be seen in air, and if he didn't bite you, you would vow he wasn't there. But his teeth are keen as chisels and if you commit a sin, Roscoe will find out about it, and he'll bite you on the shin.

Roscoe watches out for stfen wheresoever they may be, from the canyons to the desert, from the mountains to the sea. He's a kind and helpful beaver, riding fan in many ways, and he merits Finnish worship on the Sacred Beaver Days.

These days are two in number; one's the fourth day of July— it's the day when Roscoe flies a fiery spaceship in the sky. In his honor, on that date, a truce should fall on fan dissension, and every true disciple should assemble in convention.

The second day is Labor Day, the date of Roscoe's birth, when tribute should be paid him over all the Finnish Earth, when all fan shall meet their fellows to look back upon the year and shall drink a toast to Roscoe in that other great god: Beer.

Now, Roscoe helps his followers in many, many ways; just to list them would consume about a hundred billion days; he reduces typing errors; he makes fanclub laws more stable; he keeps laid-down pens and styli from a-rolling off the table.

He makes mimeos print legibly, makes typer ribbons last; he keeps hacks from pulling boners when they're writing of the past; he climbs into crowded newsstands, ferrets out the stifen zines, and attracts the fan's attention via telepathic beams.

Roscoe crawls in cluttered corners where the bookstores' treasures stand and despite the dust and darkness guides the groping Finnish hand that it misses the obscuring mass of mundane, worthless books and brings up the rare edition for which every stfen looks.

And it's Roscoe who puts blinkers on the greedy dealers' eyes so they sell their stf like other pulps, at half the cover price; and it's Roscoe who takes cognizance of what you're always wishin' and arranges that you find the mag in perfect mint condition.

And many other boons befall those true and faithful fan who agree that Roscoe merits being honoured among men, and to prove that they are striving to fulfil the Roscoe Goal, submit their names for listing on the Roscoe Honor Roll.