

Pegasus



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Pegasus is available for letter
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Art:

Cover was by Richard Delap, silkscreened by Martha & Johnny
Moore.

Bobby Bass-p. 16
Patrice Duvic- p. 12, 28, 34
Bill Guy-p. 6, 14, 21
J C Moore- p. 26
Dan Osterman-p. 1 (logo)
Glen Palmer-p. 1, 3, 15
Doug Potter III-p. 2, 5, 9, 18, 32, 39
Joe Pumilia-p. 10, 11, 22, 30
William Rotsler-p. 25
Bob Stahl-p. 29

There is no table of contents, but the editorial starts on p. 45.
and may explain the long lapse of time between 6 & 7. Pegasus
8 will appear after my book list SF Published in 1970 is
finished. A listing of forthcoming books was mailed earlier
to all people on the mailing list for Pegasus.

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II. THE FAILURES
by Robert Coulson

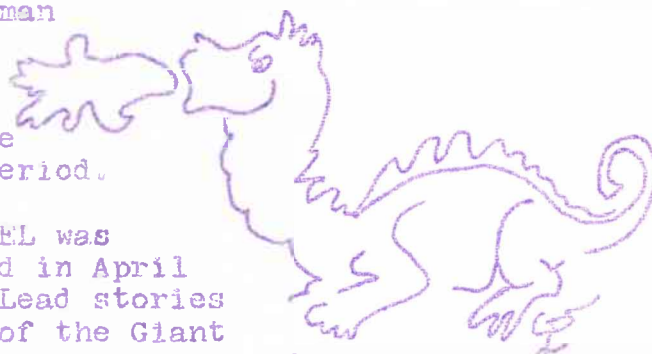
I had intended to write about the various Avon magazines in this second installment of my column, but my set of AVON SCIENCE FICTION READER seems to have disappeared during my recent move, so I'll postpone that installment until it is located or replaced. Instead, there are numerous short-run publications to cover. Their lack

of issues - and of quality, in many cases - mean that they aren't mentioned very often. Considering the ephemeral nature of most science fiction, I've arbitrarily decided that any magazine which lasts over three issues is a moderate success, and this time I'm restricting myself to those which lasted three issues or less. (Most of the Avon magazines would come in this category, but they're being saved until later.)

Earliest of the failures was MIRACLE SCIENCE AND FANTASY STORIES, which saw two pulp-sized issues in 1931. I have only the first, labeled "April-May". Publisher was the Good Story Magazine Co., Harold Hersey, president. Lead story was "Valley of Sin", by Douglas Dold. This ran 68 pages, and was listed in the hypobole of the times as "a double book-length novel". It might make half of an Ace Double, though it's doubtful that Ace would ever lower its standards enough to print it. The blurb is more interesting; "Here is a man who holds one spellbound by the glamour, the speed, the realism of his stories laid on faraway, unknown places." Well, not hardly. The action is set in a "hidden valley" in Egypt, peopled with the usual lost race, and written in typical pulp style. I rather like lost race stories, but there are limits. Backing this up are "Outlaws of the Sun" by Victor Rousseau, billed as a "complete novel" but actually a short novellet, and "Mad Marionettes" by Arthur J. Burks, a short story also billed as a "complete novel". The latter was obviously intended as the first of

a series (which I fervently hope never materialized). There were no features, but lots of ads for correspondence schools, sex books, Johnson Smith novelties, etc. Elliott Dold, Douglas's brother, was illustrator, producing a fairly good cover and his usual assortment of abominable interior drawings.

DYNAMIC SCIENCE STORIES, a companion to MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES, lasted two issues in 1939. Science fiction had advanced slightly by this time, and while the fiction was pretty typical of the pulps of the period, a few of the stories are quite readable. For example, "Ananias" by L. Sprague de Camp, which besides being readable (though not particularly good for de Camp) has a rather startlingly accurate lineup of the sides in World War II, though considerably less accurate appraisal of the fighting conditions. The stories were mostly the second-rate output of the big names of the period: Eando Binder, Ed Earl Repp, Stanton Coblenz; plus the prolific second-rate writers; Fredric Arnold Kummer, Jr., Manly Wade Wellman, Lloyd Eshbach, Robert Moore Williams, Nelson Bond. Some of the fiction is more interesting to me now because I can understand more of the private jokes included by the writers - such as Wellman naming his gangster "Dillard Harpe". When I first read the story I'd never heard of the bloody deeds of Micajah and Wiley Harpe, but obviously folklorist Wellman had. Artwork featured Frank R. Paul and his imitators, but the cover of the second issue was by Norman Saunders, a first-rate artist who worked a few times for Marvel and disappeared. It made a dramatic change from the Paul-dominated covers of the period.



Another companion of MARVEL was UNCANNY STORIES, which appeared in April 1941 and folded immediately. Lead stories were by Ray Cummings ("Coming of the Giant Germs"), B. DeWitt Miller, and Frederic Arnold Kummer, Jr. Among the short story writers were David H. Keller (with easily the best story in the magazine) and the western author, Wayne D. Overholser. Artwork is mostly unsigned (and if I'd done it, I wouldn't have put my name to it, either.) One "J. Kirby" (Jack?) had more courage than the rest, but not, at that point, much more talent. A good magazine to miss, unless you're a completist or a Keller collector.

The boom of the early 1950s produced several losers. First was a magazine that in 1950 produced one issue as FANTASY FICTION and the second as FANTASY STORIES. This was an obvious imitation of F&SF, which had appeared shortly before. Photocover like the first F&SF, no interior illustrations, and a mixture of old and new fiction. This was combined with AVON FANTASY READER's habit of retitling stories to make a more lurid impression on the newsstand browser. Curtis Mitchell was editor and publisher, and he produced a good magazine, though the reprints were better than

the new fiction. Highlights were Theodore Sturgeon's two stories, "On Account of a Woman" and "Leopard Teeth" (retitled respectively "She Said Take Me if You Dare" and "Her Love Was Jungle Gold"). At least those were the titles on the contents page and above the actual stories; the covers showed variations of the new titles. Irvin Cobb's "Fishhead" (retitled "Blood Broth" of the Swamp Cats") was another good fantasy. There were good stories by Robert Arthur, Richard Salt and Cornell Woolrich. The second issue contained various small ventures; a "True Fantasy Letter", a sci quiz by Perry Ackerman, and a "Fantasy Poll", this issue being on what the layman thinks of telepathy. (The layman interviewed didn't know much about it.) For the next issue, the question was "If you had a chance to go to the Moon and back safely, would you take it?" It's not F&SF, but it wasn't a bad magazine and I'd have enjoyed seeing it survive for a time.

WORLDS BEYOND was one of the tragedies of the boom. It had Damon Knight as editor, excellent fiction, and was killed by the publisher (Hillman Periodicals) before the returns had come in on the first issue. Since magazines are prepared well in advance and since returns are sometimes slow to come in, it lasted for three "Lame Duck" issues, but it never had a real chance. It was again a mixture of new and reprint stories, although with more emphasis on new material than FANTASY FICTION had. It has been well mined by anthologists; "The Mindworm" by Kornbluth, "The Fittest" by Katherine MacLean, "Null-P" by William Tenn, "Clothes Make the Man" by Richard Matheson, "The Rocket of 1955" by Kornbluth, "Rock Diver" by Harry Harrison. Listed as "coming" was Blish's "Surface Tension", eventually sold to GALAXY after WORLDS BEYOND folded. There were stories by John D. MacDonald, Franz Kafka, Jack Vance, William Seabrook, L. S. Tucker, John Christopher, Rumer Godden, Judith Merril, Rudyard Kipling, Poul Anderson, Lester del Rey, Lord Dunsany, and others. Not all were good, but the average was as high as in the "big three" of the time (ASTOUNDING, GALAXY, F&SF), and indeed, the stories promised for future issues eventually were published in ASF, GALAXY, F&SF, SPACE SCIENCE FICTION, SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, and presumably others. Interior illustrations were mediocre, but van Dongen made his first appearance as a cover artist here. This, like FANTASY FICTION and most of the later failures, was a digest-sized publication.

Charlton Publications, the comics publisher, has tried two sci magazines, both well-deserved failures. The first was FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION, issued in large ("bedsheet") size in 1952. It lasted two issues and has the distinction of being without doubt the worst science fiction magazine published in the United States. Walter Gibson was editor and chief writer. The magazine is today a collector's item because so few were purchased - and even fewer kept, presumably. Fiction and art were not only of comic-book level, but of Charlton comic-book level, which is close to the bottom. Charlton's second effort, also bedsheet size, was TALES OF TERROR FROM THE BEYOND, which appeared for only one issue that I know of, in 1964. Editor was

Patrick Masulli, and most of the fiction was by Stanton A. Coblenz, who while not exactly a great writer, is a vast improvement over the nonentities in FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION. Art was a combination of photos and drawings, neither terribly distinguished but an improvement over FANTASTIC S F. Both magazines are eminently forgettable.

TOPS IN SCIENCE FICTION lasted two issues in 1953; the first pulp, the second digest. This was a magazine that reprinted exclusively from Planet Stories. First issue used the original artwork as well; the second issue had new art and featured a gorgeous cover by Kelly Freas, illustrating Brackett and Bradbury's "Lorelei of the Red Mist". PLANET actually featured some better stories than its reputation indicates, and the reprints included Asimov, Bradbury, Leigh Brackett, and Frederic Brown, making TOPS a reasonably good magazine if you hadn't already read all the stories. (Unfortunately, I had a complete set of PLANET and I had read them all.)

VORTEX SCIENCE FICTION lasted two issues in 1953, with Chester Whitehorn as editor. The emphasis was on lots of short material; there were only 160 pages in the mag. and the first issue contained 20 stories and the second issue 25. Stories were either the secondrate output of good writers, or the best effort of mediocre writers, with the latter predominating. An interesting item is a story by "S.A. Lombino" (who I believe is now Evan Hunter?) in the first issue, along with one by Alfred Coppel under his incredible pseudonym of "Derfla Leppoc". Artwork was universally bad. Fiction was universally forgettable.



SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST, a companion to VORTEX, lasted two issues in 1954. This one had an excellent idea, particularly for hard-core fans; it would reprint articles and fiction from various sources including "mainstream" publications. This could have been quite interesting; however, the reprints seemed to feature mainly secondrate material from fairly recent stf publications. Mainstream reprints were definitely in the minority, presumably because the slick mags or their authors charged too much for reprint rights. The first issue was a very poor magazine. The second issue had improved and there were more reprints of material that every true-blue fan hadn't already read, but by then it was presumably too late. It was still an interesting idea; a forerunner of the genre reprint books from PLAYBOY.

SPACE SCIENCE FICTION was published by Republic Features Syndicate and edited by Lyle Canyon Engle. It lasted two issues in 1957 and is not related in any way to the SPACE SCIENCE FICTION edited by Lester del Rey some years previously. The first issue contained exceedingly poor stories by the likes of Carl Jacobi, John Jakes, Milton Lesser, Charles Eric Maine, Philip Latham and others. The second issue had better authors, particularly Arthur C. Clarke and Jack Vance, but no real improvement in material. Clarke's story was one of his "Tales from The White Hart" series, but not a particularly outstanding one. In fact, Mack Reynolds' "Slow Motion" was probably the best thing in either issue, which isn't saying a lot. The stories do look better from today's viewpoint, but not really a lot better.

TALES OF THE FRIGHTENED was a companion mag to SPACE, and it also lasted two issues in 1957. Material was even worse; Michael Avallone had the lead story in the first issue, to give you an idea. There were some good writers present; John Wyndham, John Christopher, Ralph Williams, Hal Elison, Poul Anderson (misspelled Paul Anderson on the cover) and A. Bertram Chandler, but their stories gave the impression of having been written as beginning efforts and stored away in the bottom of a desk until they located someone desperate enough to buy them. Artwork in both of Engle's mags was pretty terrible.



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STAR SCIENCE FICTION appeared unfortunately as the "boom" was collapsing, in 1958. It was an attempt by Ballantine to convert their excellent Start series of original paperback anthologies into a digest magazine, and it lasted one issue. Fred Pohl was editor and Richard Powers did cover and interior art. The fiction was good; Aldiss's "Ludas Dancing" is probably the best-known story from the issue, but the other material; "It Walks in Beauty" by Chan Davis, "Mark X" by John A. Sentry, "The Apprentice wobbler" by Poul Anderson, "S as in Zebatinsky" by Isaac Asimov, "Daybroke" by Robert Bloch, and "Nor the Moon By Night" by Gavin Hyde, is well worth reading, and very little of it has ever been reprinted. A good effort that failed.

VANGUARD SCIENCE FICTION also came out in 1958, with James Blish as editor. This one was marked by an offer of a "life subscription" for \$25.00. "Care to bet \$25 that you'll live longer than we will?" I didn't care to, and was proved right when the mag folded after the first issue. Apity, for this was also a worthwhile effort. Major piece of fiction was C. M. Kornbluth's "The Dark Tide", but there were reasonably good stories by A. Bertram Chandler, James E. Gunn, Raymond F. Jones, and Richard Wilson, and - one thing I'd like to see continued somewhere - a science column by L. Sprague de Camp. Good, solid science fiction, not too much of which has been reprinted. Very little art.

SHOCK managed three issues in 1960, but the main item of interest was that the covers were by Jack Davis. (It managed at least two more issues as a sex-and-sadism magazine, but I'm ignoring these.) Contents included mediocre new stories and fairly common reprints ("Bianca's Hands", "The Monkey's Paw", "Sredni Vashtar", "Yours Truly, Jack The Ripper," etc.) The reprints were very good, but were also available in almost any horror anthology that the reader wanted to pick up. The last issue did contain one of the early stories of R A Lafferty; "Beautiful Dreamer".

FEAR also produced three issues in 1960. It was published by the same group that published FANTASTIC UNIVERSE and the American Reprint Edition of NEW WORLDS. Material seemed to be mostly original, but since no reprint credits were given, it's hard to be sure. Authors were mostly unknowns, and the stories haven't been reprinted, for very good reasons. Second-rate horror stories. Interior art is scarce, which considering the quality is just as well..

BIZARRE! MYSTERY MAGAZINE lasted three issues in 1965 and 1966. Somebody named John Poe was editor. Stories included both straight detective stories and fantasy-horror stories, both old and new. First issue featured Lovecraft's "The Horror at Red Hook" and several short and mediocre fantasies. The second issue had a condensed version of "Planet of the Apes" (Which, if you had to read the thing at all, is the best way to do it) Third issue restricted itself to short fantasies, the long stories being straight detection. Mostly undistinguished, although Arthur Forge wrote good stories for the first two issues.

And finally we come to BEYOND INFINITY, which appeared once in 1967. Presumably most of you have seen it, and those of you who bought it undoubtedly wished that they hadn't. (But hang onto it; it may become a collector's item like FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION.) It's the latest proof that getting stories from big-name authors such as John Brunner, John Christopher and Christopher Anvil does not guarantee a readable magazine. (The Brunner story was the best of the issue, but it didn't have much competition.)

And the only moral I can draw out of this to wind up with is that success in the sf magazine field has very little to do with quality. WORLDS BEYOND and STAR SCIENCE FICTION failed just as rapidly as VORTEX and TALES OF THE FRIGHTENED. AMAZING STORIES survived along with P&SF, and except from two brief periods under Cele Goldsmith and now Ted White, AMAZING published worse stories than almost any of the failures. I wonder if there's an alternate world where WORLDS BEYOND survived and took up so much of Damon Knight's time that he never founded SFWA?

INTER-OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE

TO: ALL PERSONNEL
FROM: PERSONNEL OFFICE
SUBJECT: ABSENTEEISM

It has been necessary for us to revise some of our policies, due to frequent absenteeism of our office staff. The following changes are in effect as of today:

SICKNESS: NO EXCUSE-We will no longer accept your doctor's statement as proof, as we believe that if you are able to go to the doctor, you are able to come to work.

DEATH: (OTHER THAN YOUR OWN) This is no excuse. There is nothing you can do for them, and we are sure that some one else with a lesser position can attend to the arrangements. However, if the funeral can be held in the late afternoon, we will be glad to let you off one hour early, providing that your share of the work is ahead enough to keep the job going in your absence.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE: (FOR AN OPERATION.) We are no longer allowing this practice. We wish to discourage any thoughts that you may need an operation as we believe as long as you are an employee here, you will need all of whatever you have and you should not consider having anything removed. We hired you as you are and to have anything removed would certainly make you less than we bargained for.

DEATH: (YOUR OWN) This will be accepted as an excuse, but we would like to have a two week notice, as we feel it is your duty to teach someone else your job.

Also, entirely too much time is being spent in the restroom. In the future, we will follow the practice of going in alphabetical order, for instance, those whose names begin with "A" will go from 8:00 A.M. to 8:30 A.M., and so on. If you are unable to go at your time, it will be necessary to wait until the next day when your turn comes again.

Pumilia's Postulate: the number of typos on a page can increase only to the level of the pages unintelligibility. After that, it's glossolalia.



Threads of thoughts, born of
angel's wings,

Weaved a web of contentment in my
sleepy head.

My mind, cleanswept of the day's worriments,

Accepted the thoughts of darkness visible.

Shades of secrecy of some darkling manifestation

Agitated my pulse to celerity.

Night is the Sustainer and the cloud-compeller.

It is the wind-creator and the soul-binder,

The star-setter and the dream-mender.

On and on I muse on evening's favors.

Slowly the threads unwind themselves into morning.

The beautiful night disembodied itself from my mind.

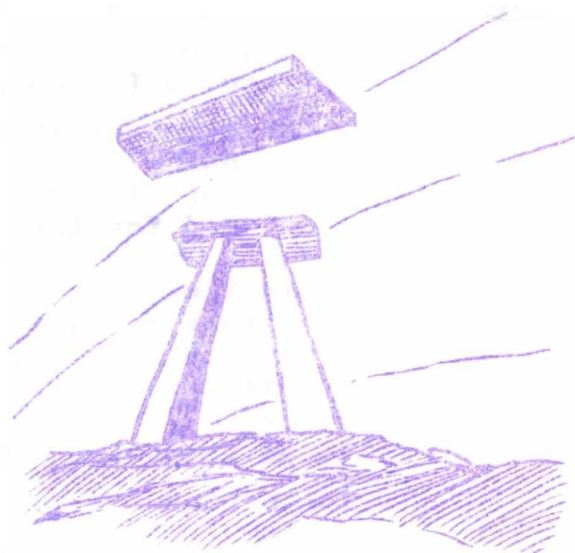
And I faced the day defiantly.

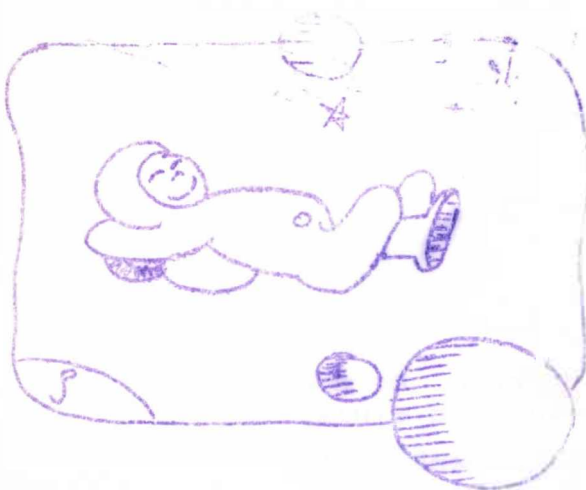
(R. L. Long)

Bent with trouble
Your burden is too much
Can't go on
Can't go on

Yet you will, for
Another loves and cares
And shows it
And shows it

(R. Long)





TALES FROM JOE'S TAVERN

42 Skidoo

by Steven Lawrence Goldstein

As I was walking home from my usual night's drink at Joe's Tavern, I met a green man walking down the opposite side of the street. The man was wearing a 1920s style suit and was carrying a machine gun reminiscent of those used in the old gangster movies. The green man spied me, walked up to me and promptly said "43 Skidoo."

Not to be made completely ignorant, I corrected him, "23 Skidoo."

"Quite right," he replied. "I was wondering, could you direct me to the nearest speak-easy, bud?"

Now, I could see right off that he wasn't a normal person and needed some help, but I wasn't too sure that he wasn't violent with that machine gun in his hand, so I directed him to the state mental hospital, Happydale Farms. He thanked me and walked off in the direction I gave him and that would normally be that. We usually get strange types of people around Joe's Tavern and I never thought about it, but there was something about this green guy that caught my attention. Now, I am not usually a brave person, but I must admit that this man had gotten me quite curious. I mean, it isn't everyday one meets a green man walking around with a foot suit and a sub-machine gun. So, being of a curious nature, I followed him to see what he would do.

The creature continued walking in the direction I had indicated he should and entered the gates proudly proclaiming Happydale Farms! I stayed outside the gates knowing that I had done a good deed for the day. The green man would be taken care of very well. Then I heard some women screaming and I rushed to the gates in time to see the green man walking right THROUGH THE GATES. The creature ran out of the gate before I could hide myself and he grabbed me by the collar while threatening me with his gun. "Alright buddy, yeah," he said in a terrible James Cagney accent, "I'm going to blow youse through of holes unless you tells me where the broads are."

Being a bachelor by nature, I naturally knew the answer to that question in this big city and I told him where my latest mistress lived. The creature let me go and headed for her house, and I being of a curious though incredibly stupid nature followed him. Meanwhile behind me I heard men running from Happydale Farms after us. Brat! I wondered what he would do with my mistress. Now I would never know--unless. "He went that away!" I said, pointing in the opposite direction from which he ran. Then I headed after him in time to see the man go into the apartment building where the woman lived and into her apartment.

I being not of that curious a mind did not enter until I heard screams. Then I ran inside. It seems like the creature has a cockeyed view of sex he must have gotten from reading obscene books. He was trying to put Irene in a compromising position---with her legs behind her head and her arms down her throat. The green man saw me enter and stepped back behind her, looking on with an admiring look on his face as he realized that he did a good job. I untied Irene with great difficulty and cursed that now I would have to find another willing girl.

Then the man walked up to me again and asked "Where's some booze?" So, I took him back to Joe's Tavern where I usually hang out to buy him some cheap whisky. It was amazing how quiet the place got when I walked in arm in arm with the green man. I would think that the usual bunch of winos who inhabit this place wouldn't notice that my friend looked a bit different. But shrugging my shoulders I walked up to the bar and ordered a double. The bartender looked kind of funny at me but got the drink. I paid for it and then the green man drank his drink.

The green man's eyes nearly popped out of his head as he drank the stuff. He also lost complete control of his body and when I say complete I mean complete. He turned into a green melted blob of nothing, glowing with colors beyond the spectrum.

After I recovered my mind enough to say "Hunh?" he turned back into the green man and looked sadly at me. He said, "Well, I guess that's as far as my masquerade goes."

Having read science fiction all my life, I asked, "Are you an alien?"

"No" he replied, glowing with inner light. "I'm God." And with a sound of trumpets, a scent of sage, and a flash of light the green man disappeared leaving behind it a burning bush.

Now everyone goes to Joe's Tavern where cheap whisky is served. The great debate on currently is whether or not the creature was God. And when the people are not arguing, they are listening to the burning bush giving off commandments.



The SF Story

by Richard Schultz

Whether the story of space travel (when an author writes one) deals with the trip or what one finds at the end is basically unimportant. What is important is what happens to the people (human or alien) and how they react to the situation, whatever it is. Essentially a sf story is a human story of human reactions to a situation that would not exist were it not for the science-fictional element in the story. That some of these humans are robots, non-human, does not affect the outcome, as Hal Clement has shown time and time again. The story remains essentially what somebody does or thinks in a vastly different situation.



Which brings us back to the point that most stories, much less science fiction stories, fail as stories. Not necessarily because of the scientific or sfish element, but more usually because of a failure in the protagonists and characters themselves. (All this is, of course, courtesy of Dick Gals's SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW but the argument is still valid and could bear repeating whenever someone gets the erroneous notion that it is the sfish element in the story that makes or breaks a sf story. The story...now as ever...is made or broken upon the wheel of the abilities of the writer himself to portray a living and if possible emotionally involving story. That a good sf background helps is self-evident...but that in itself is more often characteristic of the talented and conscientious writer than of the slipshod writer, who is more often prone to produce unreal people in unreal situations than the more gifted word-juggler.)

It is sad, of course, that most fans attack the scientific inaccuracies in a story rather than the writing itself and the characters thrown into it. Which is one reason I'm so sad that Faith Lincoln has turned out to be a hoax. For a while there, as Bob Tucker pointed out, she was doing more gifted and accurate cutting-up-into-little-ribbons of the professional sf output than we had seen since Damon Knight and Blish aka Atheling, Jr. were writing for the fanzines.

But I think the tide is turning towards a more realistic and studied attitude towards the pro materials. This burning interest most of fandom has in the present Hugo slate and the almost-rans that didn't quite make it onto the ballot reveals a resurgence of interest in the old pro materials that has been

missing for a long time. It's been building up for some time, and I rather wonder if the present spate of superlative materiale coming from the pro authors lead this new interest in fandom or is at least partially a result of it. Interesting food for thought there, that when the dedicated audience of fandom is inspecting the pro stuff minutely and with obvious ability, the pro's are themselves prompted to better their materiale. And when fandom ignores prodom, the pros themselves don't bother to do their very best.

Unfortunately, like most solipisms, I'm afraid the theory wouldn't hold up under examination. Simple correlation of periods of interest with quality in the prozines (and in the past decade and a half, in the pocketbooks as well) would reveal there is far from a one-one relationship indeed.

But it does prompt another thought and observation. Previously, when there has been a large "Barbarian Invasion", i.e. the population in fandom jumps sharply, the interest in science fiction itself has generally been miniscule. At first, then under the reactive influence of their own looseness, fandom persee seems to re-discover science fiction. A great resurgence in interest takes place, as is occurring now after the intense population explosion which was so evident at the immense BayCon. The next step is also predictable. In fact the catalyst for this next stage is already amongst us.

I refer to the superlative Harry Warner Jr. Fan History which has come out from ADVENT Publishers.

The next stage is a burgeoning of interest of fandom in its own past, its own rich lore of slander and adventure and humour. In-groupishness, faaaaaaaaanishness, call it what you will. The next stage will probably satisfy the New York John Berry very much because it will find fandom involved in a vaguely incestuous relationship with itself and its past. Which can be a hell of a lot of fun. And after that? we'll see.

((an excerpt from a letter of Richard Schultz's dated Aug. 20, 1969))

Excerpt from Aminco Laboratory News: "...nuclear wastes once dumped into one of our southern rivers in amounts...considered negligible, until oysters growing (there)...were found to glow in the dark."

Comment from Frank Kerze, Atomic Energy Commission: "They ought to be Gandy for a light lunch!"

(C&EN Feb 1, 1971)

Good Vibes



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Dave Halvey, the Hard Bat hippie, presents:

GOOD VIBES...

a column dedicated to the proposition that even this type of racism
can be amusing.

AS THE OLD/NEW WAVE TIDE GOES OUT...

Wearily, in his armor of insignificance, a 2nd Foundationer
pens a poem born of BEM boredom intercourse.

I wanna die
On the 4th of July
Like a fly in the sky
Munchin' Mom's apple pie,
That's (sigh) how I wanna die.

In an Unworldly show of insight the New Wavicle replies:

In spaceships of cardboard
I first learned the Green Galactic's
Slender sword of flesh
Grew in mind-gardens
Upon mushrooms planted in pink satin.

But still the debate did not droop, although all the people
had gone home to bed.

In 1939
Sci-Fi was fine
I got novels for a dime
And it was no crime
To believe in Frankenstein.

Not to be outdone the New Thinger expounded:

I am, therefore I think
Lamp shades of past shadows
Will shine on parrot moons
Under sunny pretense
Beside morning's cloak.

These two ideological antipodes drifting into endless spaces between the profound and the trite will live until the ego-death of the Universe. Translation: A True Believer is a True Believer is.....

Roly Pratt (England): I have just had a catalogue from England's most expensive bookseller, Alan Thomas. And you his stuff is worth it - if you can afford it. 11th, 12th, and 13th century handwritten and beautifully illuminated books starting on page 1 at 6,000 pounds. I eventually get to the last few pages where the prices come down to earth a bit. Incidentally he has written one of the best short introductions to the collecting of MSS and printed books. It is called "Fine Books" and is only 30/- which is cheap, (say 3.50) and has a number of good colourplates.


Alan Dodd (England): Tonight being Saturday (July 1969) is another STAR TREK episode and this will be called "The City on the Edge of Forever". I didn't tape last week's episode THE NAKED TIME as that was even worse than the first episode. I have checked with other fans here to ask what they think and the general census of opinion is that the series is quite atrocious, and filled with not only errors and mistakes but obvious cheapjack production methods, like these alien landscape are obviously nothing more than just canvas backcloths painted, the vegetation is phoney and plastic. Gene Roddenberry who produced this had a lot more money to spend than a comparative BBC TV series like "Dr Who" has but he never seemed to get it onto the screen, all the control room shots and the rather cheap spaceship interiors are obviously the cheapest he could get yet in a series made here with less money you got far better sets and imaginative use of the money.



Warp One (a STzine) should be out soon. For info, write Ellen Pearce - Box 343, 4361 Wheeler, Houston, Texas, 77064

Book Review

A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA by Ursula K. LeGuin,
Parnassus Press, 1968, Ace, 1970



Mrs. LeGuin has written four science-fiction novels for Ace Books, the most recent of which, The Left Hand of Darkness, has suddenly catapulted her into the rank of writers-to-be- reckoned-with. This, her first book written expressly for juvenile audiences, will assuredly endear her to young readers as well as bolstering her reputation with adults. Like the best of Andre Norton's works, LeGuin does not "write down" for youngsters, and her book is unbeatable entertainment for any reader seeking a literate by-wonder-filled adventure.

The fantasy-world of Earthsea is a large archipelago surrounded by endless ocean, a world of magic and magicians. A young boy, Ged, displays his burgeoning powers of wizardry by saving his village from raiders, and is soon on his way to a school for wizards on the isle of Roke. As with most students, Ged has his triumphs and his problems, but disaster seems to haunt him like a shadow, literally. In a prideful attempt to master feats of magic which are beyond his reach, he conjures up "one of the Powers of unlife" that appears as a shadow which disfigures Ged, battles with and destroys the school's Archmage, then escapes into the world to wait with deadly patience for Ged to leave the protection of Roke.

Ged undergoes a complete personality transformation as a result of this horrifying experience, and his fear of casting spells makes his apprenticeship a long, hard pull. At 18, his wizard's staff finally in hand, Ged leaves the school to travel among the islands of Earthsea and engage in adventures ranging from protesting one island from invading dragons, to battling the sorcery of the Court of the Terrenon, to a series of escapes from the stalking shadow. Sick at heart, tired of running, he seeks the counsel of an old friend and fellow-wizard, Ogion, who tells him simply, "You must hunt the hunter."

Setting out to sea in a small, magicked boat, Ged actively seeks out that which he had so long run away from facing. This adventure includes one remarkable incidence in which Ged is shipwrecked on a small sand-bar where he meets an old man and woman with whom verbal communication is impossible because of language differences. Yet in this gentle and moving episode there is more actually said about communication and love and humanity than in all the long-winded treatises you may ever have

had to wade through. It is so undeniably fine a piece of writing that I would recommend the book for it alone, even were the rest unforgiveably bad (which it most certainly is not).

And, at last, Ged comes face to face with his mysterious and powerful antagonist in a climax that will pleasantly surprise any reader who imagines that the author will finally settle for a simple Good vs. Evil confrontation. If LeGuin has hinted at deeper, underlying motives throughout her story, she brings them wonderfully and believably to the fore in an ending that is complete in itself but hopefully promises a sequel at some future date.

What is even more remarkable than the vigorous and lively plot, however, is the fantastic cast of characters. Ged himself is no extraordinarily talented (or lucky) adolescent-coming-of-age, or easy-out that weakens even the best plots of many "juvenile" sf novels; he is a young boy turning into a young man, understanding the mistakes and trials of living, and taking turns in character development that move in perfect accordance with the plot. And although the supporting characters are never allowed to become prominent, all of them are so expertly molded with crisp dialogue, actions, and a minimum of explanatory background, that they rather enough dimension to almost stand up on the page.

The chapter-reading art, maps and dustcover and all the work of the illustrator, Paul Robbins, who should be commended for his artistic contribution to this extraordinary book.

If *Arcturion* is measured in nature writing, LeGuin is here writing successfully for adults; if it is measured in enjoyable children's writing, equally well for youngsters. The truth of the matter is, however, that she's writing for both. I hope the adults and both sides of the generation gap will please her.

— Richard Bales

I think that I shall never see,
A poem so wrote like C. S. Lewis
A man whose adventures were
Just now be sought 'round other stars;
On Venus and beneath the Earth.
His super-heroes proved their worth;
But heroes now can be no more,
Unless to doubt harried our.

(Paul Dellinger)

Macrocism

A COLUMN DEVOTED TO SORCERY, OCCULTISM, AND THE FORBIDDEN ARTS

A quick search through any collection of superstitions or spells will immediately reveal a special emphasis on several specific themes. Among these are health, strength, money, the ability of flight, and so on. Two common themes in occultism seemed to have been held in great reverence by the ancient adepts. These are Invisibility and Power Over Others.

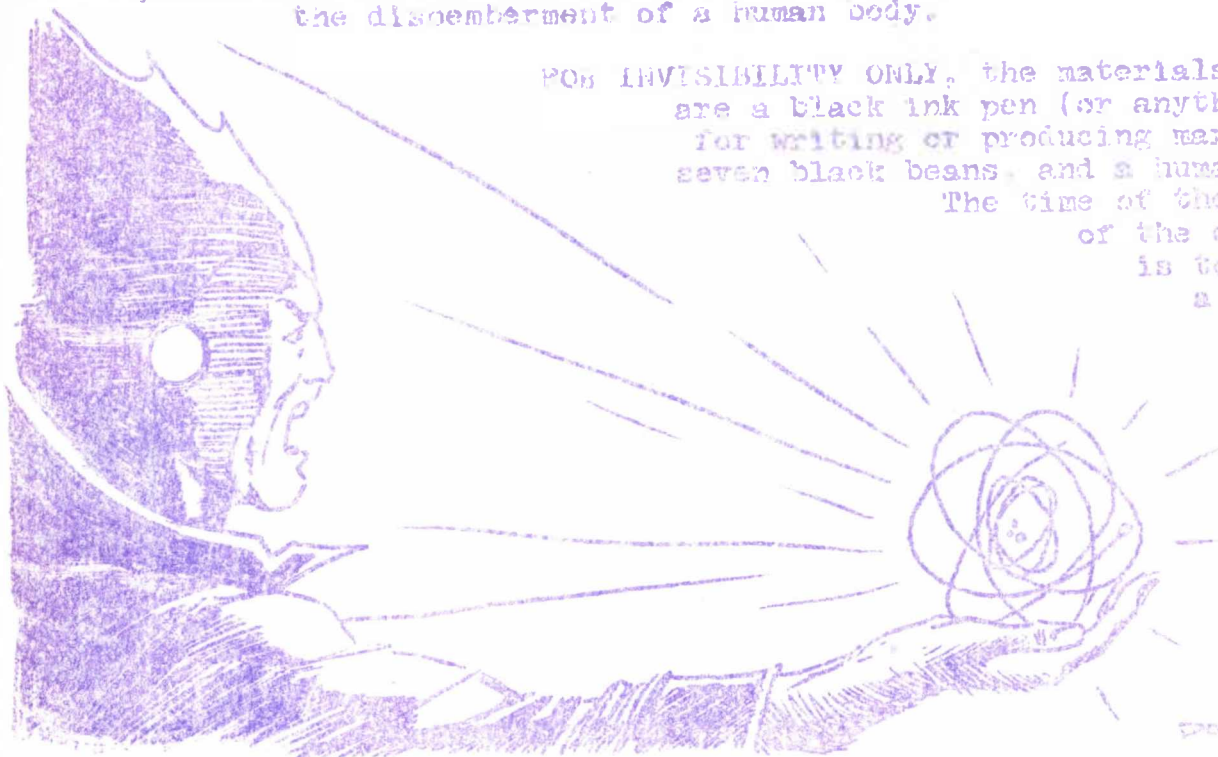
It is written in The Book of Black Magic and Facts by Arthur Edward Waite that these two attributes can be obtained in many diverse ways. For Invisibility alone, a method is set forth involving the conjuration of a Demon. For both Invisibility and Power Over Others, it is necessary to resort to the age-old spell of the Hand of Glory.

Both of these rituals are true Black Magic by any definition. Presumably both are intended to help obtain some foul end. Both involve the co-operative help of the Dark Powers--help which these powers are always only too willing to give. And both involve the dismemberment of a human body.

FOR INVISIBILITY ONLY, the materials needed are a black ink pen (or anything else for writing or producing marks), seven black beans, and a human head.

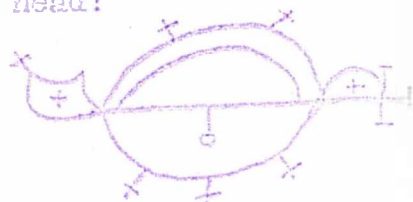
The time of the beginning of the operation is to be on a Wednesday

morning, before the rising of the sun.



DRUG POTTER '40

Using the pen, inscribe the following mark on the forehead of the human head:



(this mark is the sign of the Demon Morail, who is to be conjured; it is omitted in The Book of Black Magic but supplied in The Secret Lore of Magic by Sayed Idries Shah.)

Place one of the black beans in the head's mouth, two under its eyelids, two in its ears, and two in its nostrils.bury the head face upwards, not too deep.

For the following nine days, before sunrise, you are to return to the spot and water it with "excellent brandy." On the eighth day the Demon Morail will appear; he will confront you and ask: "What wilt thou?"



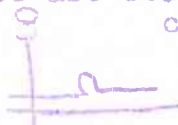
You will reply: "I am watering my plant."

Morail will then say: "Give me the bottle, I desire to water it myself." You must refuse him this, until he displays to you his sign which you wrote on the head. Then you will know it is truly Morail, and you are to give him the bottle. He will water the head and leave.

On the ninth day, dig up the head; you should find that the beans are germinating. Standing in front of a mirror, place one in your mouth at a time. Some will produce invisibility; these you keep. The rest are to be reburied permanently with the head.



TO OBTAIN BOTH INVISIBILITY AND POWER OVER OTHERS is slightly easier, and is done through the ancient spell of the Hand of Glory. The Hand is a charm in the form of a human hand with one candle on each finger. When the candles are lit, all people the light falls on are paralyzed; all those within a good distance are forced to fall asleep; and the one who holds the charm (who is immune, of course, to these other effects) becomes invisible. All locks touched with the hand will spring open.

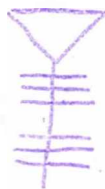


A hand must be cut off the body of a strangled or hanged criminal and wrapped in a winding sheet. The blood must be squeezed out. Place it in an earthen vessel with powdered nitre, saltpeter, salt, long pepper, and peppercorns. Since the purpose of this is to pickle it, perhaps vinegar should be added. The hand must be left in the vessel for four days (according to some) or fifteen days (according to others). Then it must be exposed to the sunlight during the dog days (July 4-August 10). If this does not fully dry it, it must be dried in an oven with vervain and fern.

When the hand itself is prepared, the candles must be fashioned and placed one each upon its fingers. The composition of the candles is virgin wax, sesame from England, and the fat of a man who has hanged. The wick must be made of twisted fibers of a dead man's hair.

The Hand of Glory is now ready. To work it, it must be held in the left hand and lit.

The Hand of Glory will not, of course, work against anyone who can muster the strength of will to overcome its influence or who has a counter-charm. If any can master the strength of will necessary, the entire Hand of Glory spell can be broken if the candles are put out with milk--water will not work. If one does not have the strength to defy the spell, a counter-charm is needed. Such a charm would be to anoint the doorways and windows of one's house with an unguent composed of the gall of a black cat, grease from a white fowl, and the blood of a screech-owl. This, like the Hand itself, must be prepared during the dog days.



---Ken Nahigian

If any readers have any questions or communications involving Occultism and Occultism in fantasy, then the author's address is:

Ken Nahigian
6220 Jansen Drive
Sacramento, Calif. 95824

Communications are appreciated, especially if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

AGE

Fantasy's delight
At a youth's twilight
But soon it comes to night
and delight takes flight
Leaving youth alone to lose the fight
To face the ugliness of fright
His own aged face
too soon in his sight

SIP

*****--(Rose M Hogue)

Darrell Schweitzer, 113 Deepdale Rd, Stafford, Pa. 19087 is looking for 165 (aug 66), 166 (sept 66), 169 (dec 66), 171 (march 67) and 176 (october 67) issues of NEW WORLDS.

Book Review

THE PALACE by D. S. Compton -- W. W. Norton, 1959. \$4.95. 232 pp

The publisher misleads the reader with the dustcover blurb, "A novel of intrigue," and the author of two previous sf novels, The Silent Multitude and the excellent Synchaioy, wiggles his toes in the mainstream without doing any more than simply getting them wet. The Palace is one big mistake from beginning to end.

In a small European Communist country, the Palace lords over its human inhabitants like a threatening god, filled with secrets, well-known but unknowable, suffusing its ground with the brooding mists of centuries of power (not to mention a slightly gothic aura). But the centuries have taken their toll, and as the novel opens, the Palace is settling heavily on foundations that are crumbling and nearing collapse as the waters of a nearby river seep into the catacombs and weaken the entire conglomerate above.



Against this brooding stage set is played the story of the humans who presently reign over this troubled land. The country's President, tightly bound in his actions by the political setup, seems unaware that his wife, Katarin, has become the mistress of his rival. A minor official, Major Kohler, discovers the water seepage below the Palace, but is unable to make anyone believe that danger is imminent. And woven throughout this are the minor squabbles among the various ministers, hardly daring to speak aloud in fear of the recording devices hidden in every room, yet each working surreptitiously to discredit his associates and secure his own position.

Everything seems to go awry for the characters, as does the novel. The danger to the Palace itself, the water in the underground passage, is rather heavily symbolic, and the buildup of its threat is so extended that the reader soon begins to ignore it as do the officials. A few of the minor characters spring briefly to life (the old women, Sorelle, especially) but in the end the majority of the people seem as petty as their incessant arguments -- it is as good as impossible to feel emotionally involved with even one of them.

The tragic climax is inevitable and, editor's blurb to the contrary, holds no question other than why the author used a lengthy novel to tell a story that would be far more dramatic had it been pruned of all the useless detail and told straightforwardly as a short story.

Labored and lifeless, The Palace will be much better off when the waters of time sink it quickly back into the oblivion that will be its just reward.

--Richard Delap

Memories of a Chemist

by Herbert Alway

I stayed on for a year to prepare my M.Sc. thesis which was on the products of the catalytic oxidation of paraffin wax, and based on my own experiments. I was also given the task of preparing and proving the composition of a pure sample of the hydrocarbon $C_{32}H_{66}$, the requirement being for a straight chain with no branching so that this could be compared by a following standard in its behaviour on catalytic oxidation. No chemical firm at the time was prepared to supply the hydrocarbon so I had to make it, finishing with an exciting distillation at about 350°C under a pressure of 0.1 mmHg, with the bottom nearly being knocked out of the flask by the bumping of such a viscous liquid. *lex- ever, veni, vidi, vici!*

I was invited to stay for a further year and submit a thesis for Ph.D. and this I was sorely tempted to do and in these days would have done. At that time, however, in this country at any rate, the higher your qualifications the more difficult it was to get a job because chemists in industry generally were regarded as a luxury and a Ph.D. limited your choice. A friend of mine who took his Ph.D. was out of a job for two years while another was working at a tobacco company doing moisture contents at a correspondingly low salary! When therefore I was offered a pioneering job as a chemist in a large printing and packaging company, the head of which had been at school with my professor,

I jumped at it and let the Ph.D. go. I thought I might get it later, but the job proved to be too exacting and time consuming.



It was great fun however and I would do the same thing again if I were re-incarnated. It gives you a real sense of achievement to start with one junior high school assistant and a small 10 x 15 lab and to end up with a separate research and development centre with its own offices and library, 4 chemistry and 2 physics labs with dark room and special controlled humidity rooms as well as several development sections... but it was real hard work as it also meant a complete reversal in that scientific orientation

was given to an industry which previously was based on a mixture of crafts, more or less handed down from one generation to another.

One big problem was posed by the Trade Unions who in the early days were sure that my activities boded no good for them and might undermine their authority. On the other hand, each factory manager and head of a department was concerned that I might be after their job. Eventually altho' not without a few squabbles I came to be regarded as harmless and could turn my attention to wrestling with troublesome materials and processes. I was so dissatisfied with the available printing inks that I set up a department to make them internally and this is now a flourishing subsidiary factory in competition with the outside manufacturers.

I might have been just as successful and as content in a big chemical organisation where at first I would have been a very small scientific cog in a big machine but the challenge of being a pioneer appealed to me. It might not have come off, of course, but I might have been just as unlucky in a chemical set-up in which my immediate boss grabbed all the credit of my work for himself and resented my progress because of a challenge to his own position. I took a great pleasure in all the people I trained, some of whom will probably do even better than I, if only because they will not have to waste so much time fighting for the recognition of their value to the industry.

YOU'VE GOT TO RUN FULL SPEED JUST TO KEEP UP AND I'M GETTING TIRED

By Roy Tackett

Jim Corrick has a story running in CORB and in a recent scene he has one of his characters ask, "Have I the only blaster on the planet?" to which the voice of Authority replied, "You have the only one that has been fired recently."

"Well" I hawed. Sure, sure, Corrick, the fuzz have every gun in the world wired into a computer and can tell whenever one is fired. Sure they can.

It's possible.

A recent news release reveals that the Army Experimentation Command is holding maneuvers at Hunter Liggett Military Reservation in California using all sorts of super-sophisticated equipment and, among other things, every man is tied into a computer by radio which receives a signal every time a man fires his weapon.

The weapon is a low energy laser laser.

There are times when I feel very old.

"Helmets with antennas which automatically send a signal to a central computer. The antennas can also receive directives from the computer. Rifles which fire pencil-straight beams of lasered lights, which have a range of more than 1000 yards."

"This is a slice of a battlefield of the future," says Colonel Boyd Branson. "We hope to be able in three or four years to compile a complete military data bank, based on information gained from our experiments from which we can draw data applicable to any military problem."

Death rays. Human automatons doing battle directed by a computer. It is, really, a science fiction nightmare straight out of AMAZING STORIES of the 1930s. Mindless soldiers striding across a stark, bare landscape reacting to the orders of a computer programmed by some fat general safe in his underground bunker.

Of all the possible worlds of science fiction it is the bad dreams that are coming true. And still my neighbor asks what I mean when I say our society is sick.

On the other hand, one of the theories current in those days was that Mars was ages older than Earth (just as Venus was ages younger than Earth) and we could look at the Red Planet and see what our blue one would be like in the far future. The oceans were gone leaving what Edgar Rice Burroughs, and others, referred to as the dead sea bottoms. The air on the dead sea bottoms might be thick enough to support life.

We've had a couple of moderately close looks at Mars with the various Mariner probes but despite the fact that they have shown us some interesting looking craters, the Mariners have really told us little about the Red Planet.

Dr. Ronald Wells, using the 60-inch McKath telescope at Kitt Peak, has made measurements of carbon dioxide density on the Martian surface and has discovered, my sense of wonder rises again, the dead sea bottoms. He checked his results with radar studies made in 1967 which seem to confirm them. There are continent-sized highlands on Mars and there are adjoining "basins" thousands of feet below them. Said Dr. Wells, "When the sizes of these areas are compared to the sizes of Earth and Mars respectively, the similarity in the presence of continental and ocean basin features on Mars is striking indeed!"

Indeed! Indeed! I don't know about you, but I'm going to brush up on my High and Low Martian. Ah, the ancient cities along the canals.....

ROY TACKETT

THE CRIMINAL ACTS OF GORG'S GALLANT GAINERS

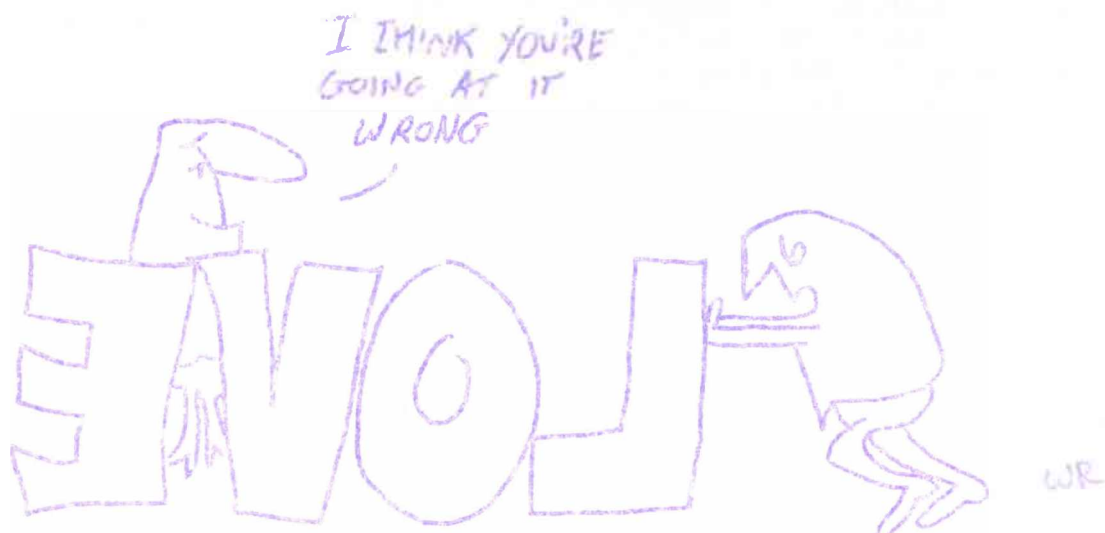
by Weyé Kays

There goes a corpulent cadet, called Gorg, given to conquering globes, a margin well gain by any God-given gift. Gorg gets his commissioned commandos and accustomed crew, all got into the riantesque capsule for corssing the cosmos, and at the cost of many coffins, cast off for the carnage, combat for cashes, and kill for greed, their cause.

And come the culmination of each conflict, Gorg's crusaders gloat and cry for constant glory, ill-got.

So using graft, gluttony, cunning, and guerilla guises, and getting up gumption by gulping grog and gorging on green garlic, they gossip of the glorification of gore and gird for action.

The gold song clangs, and the corpuscles commence to gush. Eyes of the kind conquered class encountered in the killing crusade are caught goggling, and mouths come agape. The kind crew cannot gloss over a colossal climax of combat killing. There cannot be plib kisses for Gorg's Aggressive Gainers. Glassy eyes care not for glare of cosmic guns. The conquered and contained are rimlet-eyed and grim. So hard are Gorg's commandos' glares, their glances, if gotten, could cork or caulk a rocket cone leak with care.



The guilty killers grill the caught gentlefolk with giggles. They lack concern in their chastly gestures.

The guiltless are acquiescent and getable and face gruesome grueling and crucifixion by the grisly inquisitors who comfort no cries.

"Confract to your gerent; kiss the crown of your governor-god" commands Gorg.

To the common folk, he is no great. He's a general but also a germ. Of course ingenious combat capacity, he yet is not genial. Indeed, Gorg is generous in granting gambles and committing captives to gelding.

The gathering of captives cannot escape the gaily and gauche crusaders at the gate. Gorg's comrades, looking like gargoyles, stand guard with garrotes and cause their kind of gangsters to seem winners in crime. The gambit and gamble are concluded. Gorg's gainers can galumph gaily and gazele gag again as the gallery of captives gallop to gag at the gallows on the cosmic galley ships.

As the gala concludes, the galactic group commits itself to confronting a gogol of galaxies on a forthcoming campaign.

+++++

TWO UTOPIAS, reviewed by R. Reginald (from a letter)

Facial Justice by Hartley and Walden II by Skinner, the latter is quite famous, as I'm sure you know, and it's one I've been meaning to read for some time. The idea of a rigidly predetermined society has been posed before, but not I think, so strikingly. Skinner's logic is enormously effective, and the book is not so much a novel as a treatise. I happened to agree with much of what he said, but to this day I'm not certain whether I yeasay him because I actually agree in mind, or because he forced upon an indiscriminate mind an untenable series of propositions. The problem is this, at least to me: if you accept one proposal, you pretty well have to accept them all. The structure is that well built. Objection he says: the perfect human construct is yet to be devised. Flaws are of necessity present, somewhere, but are they 1) of importance; and 2) capable of being found? I don't know-- I'm not that good at tearing something like this apart. The preceeding is totally unintelligible unless you've read the book-- so--read it. I can say this: the work was one of the most fascinating I've read in years--you may or may not agree with it (and I can't see how anyone could be neutral) but one thing's for sure: you won't put it down. It's out in pb from Macmillan, \$1.95 (give up your Essex book for the week). Hartley's book is entirely different, and I'm still not finished with it. It seems to be one of a vast number of 1984 types, the warning or anti-utopias that seem to have covered the reading public in the past 20 years. Its concepts are curious, but surprisingly, though it is meant to be a novel, and fiction, rather than just a personalized essay, it's much duller than the above. I can't seem to get very interested either in the world or the people, and though I'll

HERE LIES
LESTER
MOORE
-
4 SLUGS
FROM A 44
-
NO LES
NO MORE

10M

finish it, I feel no necessity to do so. Skinner's work has few characters, and they really make but few appearances as people as opposed to mechanical eyes for the reader, but when they do, you notice them, you relish them, you live again. The Hartley work is stale and gray, one book of a million; Skinner's is one out of a million.

Finagle's Creed: Science is Truth; don't be misled by facts.

Finagle's Motto: Smile! Tomorrow will be worse!

Compendium of Ground Rules for Laboratory Workers:

1. When you don't know what you're doing, do it neatly.
2. Experiments should always possess duplicability; this means they should all fail in the same way.
3. First draw your curves, then plot the data.
4. Experience is directly proportional to the equipment ruined. Progress, too.
5. A record of data is essential; it indicates you have been working.
6. Teamwork is essential in the laboratory; it gives you someone else to shove the blame on.

Patrick's Theorem: If an experiment works, you must be using the wrong equipment.

Finagle's Constant: That quantity which must be subtracted from, added to, multiplied by or divided into the result you got in order to obtain the result you wanted.

Allen's Axiom: When all else fails, read the instructions.

Quinterson's Law: The probability of the occurrence of an event is inversely proportional to its desirability.

The Compensation Corollary: An experiment may be considered successful if no more than half the data must be discarded to give the desired result.

Carson's Consolation: No experiment is a complete failure. It can always be used as a bad example.

---Roger Bryant, Jr.

Here's to each chemist's secret wish,
To outsmart his data,

women,

and fish.

BOOK REVIEW

The Jagged Orbit by John Brunner (Acc Science Fiction Special
and Science Fiction Book Club)

To say that The Jagged Orbit is a sequel to Stand on Zanzibar is basically true, but it is a somewhat deceiving description. It is not a sequel in any usual sense of the word. Both books have entirely different settings with virtually no similarities in plot. More importantly, the plot of Orbit is not dependant on that of SoZ since both take place in different possible futures. What is similar though is the intent behind both books and the basic premise of each: Take our present world, choose certain aspects of it that you wish to satirize; then exaggerate them and place them in a world some forty years in the future. Thus we find that both books are examining how today's problems could be blown up in the near future, although one considers different problems. If you don't like the term sequel, maybe the phrase companion novel is more appropriate.

In spite of SoZ having one the Hugo, I don't think that it was nearly as successful in its goal as The Jagged Orbit is. There are a number of reasons for this:



In SoZ, Brunner tried to cover too large an area. He was attempting to give a complete view of his world, and that just can't be done without going into a thousand pages. Thus what he actually does give is bits and pieces of a far-flung world, many of which have little or no relevance. In Orbit though, he selected a narrower range and thus manages to give a more integrated picture. With few exceptions everything in Orbit is related to the main plot.

Probably the main fault of SoZ is the plot: There is very little plot, really. True, there are the continuing stories of Norman House and sundry other characters, but none of these are really interesting enough to carry a novel by themselves. In other words, while Brunner is busy giving a look at his world, he is forgetting to tell the readers a story. In The Jagged Orbit though, there is no such problem. Once Brunner gets over his initial problems (setting up his world, and introducing his characters), he does get into a story that takes up almost the entire book, and carries it more than adequately. When the plot reaches its climax, I promise you that it will grip you as few novels do.

You must realize, of course, that Brunner had anti-realism in mind when he wrote this book; that is, realism within the confines of satire. Thus you cannot expect an ending that will produce a world-changing revolution or some other such gimmick that such novels usually contain. What we do get is a realization to the people of the book, a first step along the path of improving their world. But that in itself could be considered to be world-changing, for it represents a move away from the narrow world that they had been indoctrinated in since birth.

It is ironic that most of the people in Orbit are actually being born now in the Sixties and Seventies. Brunner is saying that it is we who are shaping the not-so-desirable world of The Jagged Orbit, but he also says

that there is hope for us, if we can realize where we are going wrong. There is yet a chance to get from present isolationism to possible future unification.



Many people have been saying that science fiction should be more relevant, while also closer to the mainstream. The Jagged Orbit is a move in both these directions, although it is still thoroughly science fiction. John Brunner is also becoming a very polished writer and he deserves to be read by the mainstream of literature.

-----Bob Sabella

Conan lives! He exists today.
In superb health in every way,
His black mane never glistened more
Than when he does through our home soar;
His barbaric tastes remain intact,
We bear tooth marks to proof the fact,
All arguments, I fear, he's won.
Conan, you see, is our dachshund.

(Paul Dellinger)



DARRELL'S FANZINE



REVIEWS

Darrell Schweitzer's Unimaginatively
Entitled Fanzine Reviews

Resurrection's Dept: Well, we're back; for better or for worse we're here. At least for a while all three of us.

(#2(Whaddaya mean "for a while"? Why shouldn't we be back for good?))

Well, you must consider that a lot of people don't like us. They think this column is a cheap trick. Tho, I must admit there seem to be just as many people who love us.

(#2(Well, you're controversial, kid. Now you know how Norman Spinrad feels.))

Yes, but Al Snider said in BRABOHAMA that we come over like a load of wet mud.

(#2(Ah! You'll recall that was back when BAB was on the controversy kick. You had to hate someone or you didn't get printed.))



No, I think he meant it sincerely. Al didn't like us.

(#2(So what?))

Lots of people, and I mean lots of people think we're a cheap imitation of Dick Geis.

(#2(You know better than that! Geis didn't invent schizophrenia, anyway. And you know as well as I do that you conceived of this column and had written a few trial passages before you'd even heard of Geis.))

Yes, there was a PSYCHOTIC 24 in the package Joanne sent to start us off. It occurs to me that Dick might have not been using his alter-ego back then anyhow. But no matter. I'll never be able to convince the readers of this. Besides, Dick is much better at it than I. Why do you think he got the Hugos?

(#1(Well there's one thing that probably tires the reader more than anything else, and that's you two gabbing on like this. Get to the reviews!))

Alright! One thing tho. The original idea behind this column was to write fanzine reviews that were fun to read. We'll continue to attempt that. Also I believe in detailed criticism, so I might only review 10 or so fanzines per column. (But do send me yours. If it starts getting crowded, I may try to condense or make a policy of not reviewing the same fanzine twice unless it deserves additional attention, or even list some at the end like John Berry does.)

(#1(Get on with it!!!!))

Oh my! Shudder! March on your bones! I will! I will!

The first fanzine on hand, one which I think really deserves attention, mostly because of its current change in policy is BEABOHEMA. (50¢, Frank Lunney, PO# 551, Lehigh Univ, Bethlehem, Pa. 18015). This is the same one that got nominated for a Hugo--well the title's the same anyway. The old BAB was what I'd call a fightzine, or perhaps a feudzine. It specialised in blood-belted and nasty names and trumped up controversy. (Often even resorting to having outrageous articles written under pennames.) The thing about it all was that reading a Who's Who in Hatred can get boring after awhile. Looking back at my BABS from that period I realise that I don't remember a thing, except for some of the non-"controversial" stuff. Leo Kelley had an excellent article on Fellini, in #11 I believe, and I remember Al Snider writing an open letter to Piers Anthony telling him to grow up and stop backstabbing long enough for people to learn to like him. But that's about it.

Well, what's happened, if I may be so presumptuous as to say I know what's happened (I don't know Lunney personally, only met him once, so I don't know his reasons for the change) is that BEABOHEMA has grown up, become quieter, more readable, and uh.. shall I say more human. I mean the old BAB was enjoyed the way the ancient Romans enjoyed the gladiatorial combats. I for

one didn't. Now this new BAB is an entirely different magazine. If I were Lunney I'd have changed the title when the changeover took place, thus sidestepping rather than trying to live down my previous reputation.

The current issue, #14, is a fine fanzine, (tho not as good as 13, but more on that in a minute), starting out with a fearnishly chattering editorial that isn't just idle natterings, but makes good reading. Next George Hay reports on the SF prozine situation in England in a calm manner that doesn't really try to blame anyone. (If this had appeared earlier, I'd expect something like "The Inside Story of Why the Cheap Distributors are Plotting Against British SF", or some such). Next a column by Jeff Smith called "I really don't know much about music," which is record reviews. I submit, Jeff, that you don't have to know anything about music to appreciate it. (And then you must consider that "good" is usually defined as "what I like, as opposed to what the other guy, who has no taste, likes".) BAB is becoming increasingly rock oriented. (And I'm beginning to catch the disease. I've never reviewed a record before, but by the time you've read this I will have sent Lunney a record review or two.) There is a book review section, which I don't feel qualified to comment on because I I'm in it, but my companions in the thing are Ted Pauls and Jeff Smith, both of whom have had much experience in fanzines, SF and reviewing books. Record reviews also, by Gab Eisenstein and Don Keller. Gab's especially is a very detailed, very well done job. Also lettercol. More real discussion and less name-calling. GIVE THIS ZINE ANOTHER TRY.

(A quick plug. Published simultaneously was BAB 13, a special issue supposedly devoted to Bob Shaw. Costs a dollar and money goes to the Bob Shaw Fund. But actually much of the best stuff isn't Shaw oriented, like "A Story from Shangri L'Affaires" by Rich Brown. Feanfiction. You don't know how much is true, you suspect all or none of it is, but it makes incredible reading. Article on Shaw by Bob Bloch, article on how Anthony Boucher invented slowglass in 1943 by yrs trully, plus more. Muchly recommended.)

I don't have to tell you that BAB is flawlessly mimeoed and has work of fandom's leading artists, so I won't.

Whew! I did it! I reviewed a fanzine. It's a good feeling after all these months. (#1(Well we're short of room! Do another one quick!))

Okay: Sympathies go to Bill Wagner, 801-400-1111, 141 Blenolden, Pa. 19036, whose ~~name~~ ALBION & GILBERT has just come out without any contents worth mentioning. When I was starting PROCRUSTINATION (6th is just out) I remember someone, I believe it was Ned Brooks, telling me that a first issue is just a statement of existence. I didn't believe him at the time, but now I do! Ghod! (An encouraging note is that Wagner has something that I didn't have at the beginning and had to struggle for--good repro. So there is potential here. But send him a contrib please! It's more important than the 25¢ he asks for it.)

See, I did it again. (#1(Onward! Paper's a wastin')) You slavedriver....

I think quality of fanzines is cyclical, controlled by tide or locust population density or something. Like, I've been receiving really good fanzines in the last few weeks. One of the most outstanding is CYPHER, which is even more delightful because I've never heard of it before. It's good to see a really first-rate zine enter the field. (So even before you finish this review, send 1/35¢, 2/65¢, 3/90¢, 4/\$1.20 to the American agent: Cy Chauvin, 17829 Peters, Roseville, Mich. 48065. If you are an Anglofan, send 2 for 5/-, 3 for 7/- to James Goddard, 1, Sharvells Rd, Milford On Sea, Lyndington, Hants, SO4 0PR, England.) There is only one page of editorial, but the quality of the contents is staggering. James Blish on James Branch Cabell, and most of all, an interview with J C Ballard, which is required reading for anyone really interested in SF. Ballard is one of the leading thinkers in SF today, and you might want to see what he really says, as opposed to what people say he says. He's not really anti-SF after all. Next comes an article by Terry Jeeves on what he considers to be the differences between new and old wave sf; he isn't very fond of the new. Also this an article on British fandom. Unfortunately it's a serialised article, and I don't have the other parts. Very good lettercol and reviews. I'd contrib immediately to ensure that I continue to get the thing, but there's this mail strike in Britain, you see... I hope it'll be cleared up by the time you read this. (But if you only want to subscribe and not contrib, send right away to Chauvin.)

Once upon a time, J J Pierce, who dwelleth at 275 McMane Ave, Berkeley Hgts., N J 07922 decided that it was time to get rid of the new wave so he started agitating and formed his semi-organization, The Second Foundation, which published a journal called RENAISSANCE, which was given away free (and still is) as "propaganda". Well, I don't know if there ever really was an organization (I suspect I was a "member" because I was with RENAISSANCE from almost the very beginning -- Pierce's first contributor in fact--but I don't feel much like a crusader and have a fondness for Jerry Cornelius stories, which doesn't make me all that anti-new wave...) but RENAISSANCE is still here. I'm convinced that the new wave is a past thing, and whether John knows it or not, he's not putting out a propagandazine any more.

He's running a fine zine person fanzine, what sort of reminds me of SPECULATION. The best feature is a serialised article on Cordwainer Smith, which obviously entailed a lot of research and brings to light many hitherto unknown facts about this author. It reads like Sam Moskowitz without the screwball analysis, armchair psychiatry, and mixed up facts. In other words, a real piece of SF scholarship. I think it is the best single article I've ever read in a fanzine. Vote for Pierce for best fanwriter of 1971 come Hugo time. Also this ish, lots of reviews, letters, a few notes which show traces of the prior propagandistic intent, and an incredible thingy by yours truly (which Pierce had enough sense to disown) called "A Boy and His Aardvark", a parody in case you hadn't gathered. Actually, I think it one of my best (almost as good as the Lovecraft thing I recently sent to MATHOM) and it was hard to write because I had difficulty to find a base from which to parody a self-parodying story. Even if you don't like my "horrible" satires (as Jeff Smith calls them) get this zine for the C. Smith article.

Oh room room! We're short of it!

PHOCET #1 (how do you think you pronounce it?) is another statement of existence firstish. Send a contrib to Jack West, 711 West Spring St, Covington, Ky, 41016. Nice offset printing.



Got an ENERGUMEN #3 here, a little old, so I'll just give it a mention. Articles, fannishness, beautiful artwork, excellent printing. Mike, I'd like to see another one...

A potential Hugo nominee. #3 is the Aug 1970 ish, so when I receive a newer one I'll review in depth. (That was a hint!) Send ye 50¢ to Mike Glickson, 267 St. George St., Apt 807, Toronto 180, Ontario, Canada. Coo that gorgeous Kirk cover!

Oh woe! Alas! Time doth fly and fanzines do pile up. (Also I've been reading Lord of the Rings for the first time, which is where my time went.) I have a pile of un-responded-to, un-read, unfinished fanzines.

THE ESSENCE (Jay Saremba, 21,000 Covello St., Canoga Park, Calif, 91303, 50¢, 4/72) is an absolutely gorgeous artzine, with the best printing fandom has seen since TRUMPET. Barr, Kirk, Rotsler, Gilbert, Shull... Art oriented too. Very good article on what it's like to be an sf artist (an how that goddamn faneds exploit you) by George Barr. A film review by Shull. Whattheshell you buy a zine like this for the illos anyway. By the way, I'll have a column starting in #4. I'm proud to be in a zine this good. (Which reminds me, I have a column installment to write.)

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SPECULATION #27 is a typically brilliant issue, which goes to show you why SPEC is considered Britain's best fanzine. Sort of a cross between SF REVIEW and RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, Sercon but not stuffy. This issue features a report on SCI-CON 70, complete with photos, a column by Michael Moorcock, which is made up of a couple of LOCs, which are a little hard to follow if you haven't been reading all along. But there are some things in here that will surprise you. Like Moorcock does not think too highly of his own work. Also his ideas and opinions about various important aspects of SF. He also makes one statement which I consider stupid. He denies the Joycean influence in Aldiss' Barefoot in the Head, saying it's all Brian's own. (Uh, huh. And I suppose Aldiss wrote Ulysses too.) Also this ish, speeches by Blish, Bulmer, and Aldiss, from SCICON, but I think the most outstanding thing in SPEC is the quality of their reviews. I remember Langdon Jones once saying that the reviews in SPEC are far, far better written than the books they review. Well, that may not be true, but they do have some of the most perceptive and thorough critics in the business. (And I aspire to join their company. I sent Weston a few reviews a long while ago. He acknowledged, but...) This is the closest thing to a "journal of criticism" fandom has ever produced. Also remarkably readable. (40%, 5/12 00, cash, not cheques, Peter Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, UK) MUSTBY

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There are essentially two kinds of fanzines - (#1) (Careful! you were gonna write a column installment on that! Don't spill it now!!) You're right. But still, briefly, and without expounding, there are two types of fanzines. Well, almost three. One is the high quality, critical, artistic fanzine like SFR or SPEC, or TRUMPET. These are for things that are very well written but which cannot be published professionally. (I mean prozines are made out of stories. You can have only so many critical articles per ish. And restrictions of illustration and art editors usually prevent artists from doing their best.) There's another kind, too. Just as valid, even if it won't attract as many readers and never will win a Hugo. Actually, the majority of fanzines are of this type. "This type" is that kind of a fanzine which specialises in amateur creative efforts, like fiction & poetry. It is usually circulated mostly among the people taking part in it (I know, I run one.) The value of such a zine is that they are a boot camp for writers. (There are, of course, hybrids like Jerry Lapidus' TOMORROW AND..., and I think this is the best kind of fanzine there can be, but still most zines fall into one category or other. (MAYBE, WORLDS OF FANFICTION is exactly what the titles implies, real Fanfiction. (By this I mean serious fiction written by fans, not fannfiction, which is fiction about fans and their subculture.) The one real I find in the zine is that it seems to discourage letters or comment on the stories. (The assit. ed. Hank Davis says this will change.) The editors print the address of all the contributors in hopes

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that if you have any criticisms I'll send it directly to the author. This is not a wise policy, to put it mildly. As a habitual writer of detailed critical letters, I'll tell you right now that any editor who thinks I'm gonna write comments to ten different people is out of his mind. No, I'll write a single LoC and send it to the zine, so that all the contributors may see it. And also anyone else who might perchance find my comments of value will see it. And anyone who thinks I'm crazy may see it and comment. This zine, and anyone like it, is only worthwhile because it provides exposure to new writers. And these new writers must have criticism, so there must be an extensive lettercol. Tell the editor that. Write him a LoC. (Bimonthly, from Irwin Koch, Apt 45, 614 Hill Ave, SW, Knoxville, TN 37916 \$2.50) Also has a supplement, mostly letters, hopefully a sign of an increased willingness to print LoCs, called BABY OF MAYBE.

Oh yes, all those enthusiastic followers of my writings (I hope I am not presuming too much by putting that into the plural) will be glad to know that I will have an autobiographical fantasy in a forthcoming MAYBE.

An extremely promising zine which has been sneaking into my mailbox lately (and will hopefully continue to do so because I'm a contributor and like it very much) is INTERPLANETARY CORN CHIPS, which is pubbed by Jim McLeod & Dale Goble, editorial address: 7909 Glen Tree Drive, Citrus Hgts, Ca, 95610, 50¢.

This is one of those hybrids I mentioned earlier. Article oriented, faanish, rock oriented, but it still presents amateur fiction (by the ever present Janet Fox) and poetry by yes trully and somebody who signs his work "tobey" (no capital), who is very good and I'm honoured to appear alongside him. The highlight of this, however, is "Leon Taylor Presents" (by the ever present and extremely present article writer, whose work every faned desires if he's got any sense. And That Includes Me, Leon?) which is a reprint column, so you can't really credit Leon for writing anything but the intro, but he knows how to dig for material. I submit he'll make a damn good anthologist someday. This issue's offering is "Rough Rider" by James Wright, and incredibly vivid free-prose piece on freight-train riding. You wonder what's so great about that; well read the damn thing is all I can say. JWright is a brilliant writer and I couldn't begin to convey the impact of this thing. What it does is take you into a completely alternate lifestyle and makes you feel it and maybe even understand it. On the basis of this alone the zine is a mustbuy. So why don't you.

Well, we're near the end of the column. I started this by saying I'm glad to be back and glad to see PEGASUS back, now I'll review something else I'm glad to see back after an absence of over a year. Jerry Lapidus has gotten out another issue of TOMORROW AND, his handsome offset zine. This time he also experiments with format, producing a zine that is wider than long. I don't have a ruler handy, but I'd guess that it's about 10" high and 15" across. This has certain advantages, like it

permits wider and easier to read columns (he uses a 2 columns per page layout throughout) and does help for wider, almost surreal effect artwork. But there is a disadvantage too. There's this poem of mine within, you see, and it's ~~supposed~~ a shape-writing piece, and it was too long to fit on this kind of a page (tho it would've fit nicely on a convention one) and the bottom section had to be carried over to the right. Enuff with layout, inside this ish are three editorials by Jerry and his two assistants, Barry Brammell, and Lisa Tuttle (yes the Lisa Tuttle) wherein everyone discusses Hugos and other things I don't have room to list. The real feature is an article by Andy Offut telling how he writes, and giving samples of outlines and first drafts of his new novel Evil is Live Spelled Backwards. Also this a story by Steve Herbst which presents a fascinating idea but goes off on too many tangents and doesn't develop. (I've already written a detailed ltr to Jerry, so see the next ish if you really must know what was wrong with the story.) Send ye 50¢ or 62/5 issues to Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Drive, Pittsford, NY, 14534.

Well, I'm not quite done in this column yet. I don't know if I'm in a good position to review OMNIFAN because the editor has frustrated me by rejecting every story I've sent him, but then that's his privilege, even if I did get every last one of those tales accepted elsewhere. I suppose it's all a matter of taste. Editor Kraft has a serial running called Talnoth of Annozgor which I think insipid and first unreadable, but he tells me that many people like it. I suppose one reason is that it's sword & sorcery, a field I don't really care for, especially when done by amateurs.

But what OMNIFAN is (and why I am so stubborn in trying to land a story there) is a beautifully offset fanzine (#75 has a lovely Fabian cover) neatly printed in digest size, well laid out, and it prints fiction. It's essentially a fanzine of the previously mentioned amateur class. Therefore I'd recommend that anyone who ever wrote an amateur story should submit to OMNIFAN. It's very rarely that you'll appear in this kind of quality format and printing.

The current issue is a special all-fiction, with stories by Janet Fox, Robert Weinberg (a Morgan Smith story), David Kraft, and Daniel Oagen. Future issues look good. Article by E Hoffman Price on old-time fictioneering, Otto Binder on superheroes, and more. 50¢. 62.00/4. David Anthony Kraft, St. Michael, North Dakota, 58370.

My ego is bruised by my inability to get into this zine. Ghu, editors have even paid me for stories before, but this is ridiculous. I'll find your weak point yet!

I suppose a picky editor makes a good zine.

David Kraft!

EPILOGUE :

You know, I haven't received a really bad zine in quite a while. I suppose this is because I've been out of circulation for awhile as a reviewer and am only receiving those zines which I trade for or contrib to, which means only the ones I want, but still, I notice a general improvement in recent fanzines. A trend towards familiarity, less feuding, more readable.

(#2(Is good?))

Is good.

SEND FANZINES FOR REVIEW TO: Darrell Schweitzer, 193 Dacoma Rd, Strafford, Pa. 19087.

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OF FLIGHTLESS WINGS

Pegasus in the morning
Stables in clouds drifting by,
He bends to lie
Pillowed deep,
Then bows the massive head to sleep.

Pegasus in his dreaming
Speeds Orion to the hunt,
Where bold and mighty Taurus
Rises to confront
The hunter
In clash of eternal battle.

Pegasus upon his waking
Blinks sleep from dreaming eyes,
And trumpets his wanderlust
Tow where Orion lies.
But Pegasus was dreaming,
He cannot move a space;
He cannot wing to battle
From his appointed place.

And I on Terra, watching,
See the sadness in his face,
And sadness, too, is in me,
For I have my appointed place.

July 18, 1969
Elizabeth Fishman

THE HOUSE

a Ghost story by

H S Weatherby

reprinted from H.S. Weatherby's volume of six plays SHIVERS, available from Vantage Press. Amateurs may give royalty-free performances, provided copies of SHIVERS are purchased, one of each member of the speaking cast.



CAST: Lillian Lee
Irene O'Flaherty
Furniture Movers
Paperhangers
Raymond O'Connor
Chief Bo'sun McDonnell
Ananda
Crowd of Irish-American Neighbors
Jack Lee
Korean Shopkeeper
Kurt Vollier
Navy Commander
Executive Officer
Postman
Police Dog
Stranger

SHIVERS by Harry Weatherby, featuring "The House" published by VANTAGE, 516 West 34th St., New York, NY, 10001 at \$3.95

DISSOLVE TO:

FADE IN 302

SOUND: WOODLE IN WIERD, SICKENING SWEET, MUSIC, ALONG WITH EXTERIOR (ESTABLISHING) SHOT OF MIDDLE-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD STREET OF PALMER AVENUE, PANNING TO WILLIG AVENUE. THEN PAN IN UPPER CASE BLOCK--DEAD END

DISSOLVE TO:

303. Mrs. Lillian Lee arrives in a Yellow Cab at the intersection of Willig and Palmer Ave. Lillian follows the hacky up the narrow brick sidewalk one-half block long--this side of the wall--on willig avenue. The camera dollies ahead of them. They pause at No. 16 Willig. She pays the hacky his fare.
(copyright 1968 by H S Weatherby)

FADE TO:

304 Camera Pans a tight close-up on Mrs. Lee as she inserts door-key and twists it. Dismay rides her features as--

SOUND: An echo of a weird organ noodle in.

ERASE TO:

305 Camera Pans across Willig Avenue to Mrs. Irene O'Flaherty peering white-faced from her window. Neighbors on the sidewalk silently question the new arrival. One dirty noddad pointing a grimy finger at Lillian and mothing:

"That lady looks rich, Nummy! is she--?"

DISSOLVE TO:

306 Camera Pans to the Ivy-covered brick wall that stretches at the half-block mark across the street.

SOUND: Bring organ melodically up to the fright level.

FADE TO:

307 Exterior shot of #16 Willig Avenue with Mrs. Lee entering the living room, an unpleasant expression masking her beautiful face. Echolalia takes the speech:

"The same stale, brackish stench I smelled yesterday!"

Camera pans Lillian gazing curiously at the woeful neglect of THE HOUSE, singularly eldritch with its esoteric aloneness and, with more dismay, she carries the luggage into the living room and runs a hand over broken, mouldy furniture.

ERASE TO:

308 Camera Pans fluidly over stocks of furniture, destroyed hastily and spilling in from the kitchen...plaster hangs above the hall panelling like shrouds from a dusty skeleton hanging high in a cavern.

DISSOLVE TO:

309 Camera Pans to Yesterday's scene on Willig Avenue with Mrs. O'Flaherty advising Lillian Lee.

IRENE

Take charge of the cursed heap, Mrs. Lee, where crumbling bones have piled their debris for generations untold.

LILLIAN

You mean? (She glances to the father, Son and Holy Ghost three story brick house towering from the other side of the brick wall).

IRENE

(Nodding) Yes. I also mean that pile o' debris on t'other side o' these slimy bricks... It's so close to that abomination yer rentin'.

LILLIAN

Mrs. O'Flaherty!

IRENE

Oh, don't mind me, Mrs. Lee.. I'm honest in me opinions.

I've always spoken me mind since I was a little girl.

LILLIAN

Then go ahead, Irene, and tell me the truth...What's wrong with the place?...You know, I wouldn't have realized that it was for rent, except that you were such an old friend of my mother's and I made up my mind to visit you.

IRENE

I'm glad ye did, darlin'...These dissolvin' bricks were built up there across the street more than two decades back. It seems like yesterday tome somehow, and yet...We used material from an auld house that fell down at t'other end of this split-up block.

LILLIAN

Oh!

SOUND: Weird theme working in.

IRENE

Today, these ancient bricks shield some of Philadelphia's earlist construction... 'N on moonlight nights--particularly at the full moon--the crumbling, dusty bricks resemble nothin' more than bones piled high 'n three floors skyward... Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

LILLIAN

I see! (She shudders) But I don't wish to.

IRENE

Tenants are gone from back there. 'Tis said that it's rat infested, that it's been long deserted by man. (Crosses herself, a good Catholic).

LILLIAN

I wondered at the neighbors being possibly awake or near, easy to fetch, and whether I'd be terrified should I have need to discourse the stairs early on these moonlit mornings.

IRENE

It's not your immediate neighbors that you need heed or beware.

LILLIAN

Meaning what, exactly?

IRENE

Perhaps we won't discuss a darksome subject. Maybe things things will turn out better for you than one would naturally expect.

LILLIAN

I hope! Jack and I have had such an awful time of it, finding any sort of rented property.

IRENE

Ye have?

LILLIAN

Yes

IRENE

There's plenty o' it if ye know where to look.

310 Camera Pans a Close-Up Shot of Lillian Lee

LILLIAN

Myriads of homes were barely safe to live in... Just old junk, and I don't care to reclaim it.

IRENE

That's why they're tearin' out so many o' these shacks.

LILLIAN

And fifty-five dollars seems a cheap enough rental for these Viet-Nam Days... I can't expect fairness of renter to exceed that of Mr. Raymond O'Connor's qualities.

311 Camera Pans an elevated close-up of Irene.

IRENE

(with acerbity) Partly true, I guess!

LILLIAN

This neighborhood--?

IRENE

Fish Town is the common title, 'n it's all due to the dockside quays lyin' down Palmer Avenue a piece, where poor folk once earned their livin' a-fishin' from the Delaware river.

DISSOLVE TO:

312 Camera Pans a Tight Two-Shot

LILLIAN

Oh, Jack and I will fix it up nicely enough.. We'll never make you ashamed of having us for neighbors.

IRENE

I niver gave it a thought, Lillian, believe me! Yer nither 'n I have been ould friends for years, child!.

LILLIAN

We'll paper the house completely: something gloriously attractive but preferably with oriental wallpapers imported from Tokyo, Japan!

IRENE

How picturesque!

DISSOLVE TO:

313 Camera Pans to No. 16 Willig Avenue's Interior and to Mrs. Lillian Lee Conversing with Mr. O'Connor.

LILLIAN

Oaken hall-panel serellings need scrubbing and varnish. These window shades, Mr. O'Connor, should be renewed with something bright, more cheerful and less outre.

O'CONNOR

Certainly. And thank you, Mrs. Lee!

LILLIAN
What for?

O'CONNOR
My name. You've pronounced it right. "O'Conner!"

LILLIAN
What's so regal about that?

O'CONNOR
O'Conner! We represent the Irish Harp side of the flag
(in family!

LILLIAN
Pardon me, Mr. O'Conner, but you have outlined exactly
what I want. Jack always agrees to my wishes.

O'CONNOR
Certainly, Mrs. Lee. Why shouldn't he!... And I'll repair
the broken windows--wrecked through youthful vandalism. I
regret to say--also every bit of the woodwork torn from off
the back door!

LILLIAN
(Twinge of Fear) Torn woodwork?
SOUND: A lengthy and wild organ theme.

O'CONNOR
Yes, Mrs. Lee. TORN!... I should say 'ripped'!
DISSOLVE TO:
314 Camera pans an Elevated Close up of Lillian Lee.

LILLIAN
ripped!... just what do you mean, Mr. O'Conner?

O'CONNOR
We haven't feasible time to dig into things shady... Now
have we, Mrs. Lee?

LILLIAN
With me doing every bit of the planning? (She notes him
eyeing her peach-bloom complexion, the "bat-winged
eyelashes", small cupped breasts, blonde hair-do and blue
eyes, his gaze resting on her perfected ensemble).

O'CONNOR
I'll take fifty cents off the rental, if you'll dispose
with the garbage.

LILLIAN
(Theatrically coquette) Easily... I use it mostly in vegetable
soup.

Continued in Pegasus 8

LAPSED INTERLUDE

(This is not a story in the truest sense. It has no ending, it has no beginning. And you, dear readers, are so fortunate as to enter here. So just---walk in.

A. Broz)

You are alone, alone in a shadowy, misty world not of your making. As you drift, aimlessly, pointlessly wandering, you know that you search for something not known, for something not there. Yet you know not how to find it.

This is a vague indefinite world, in which the sense are of little use. As you float with the mist, you crush grass and flowers underfoot but it matters little. Feeling is non-existent and in its place instead is an empty hollowness, a sense of detachment from the surroundings and from life itself. The smoky outline of a tree can be seen in the distance, and it is just a tree, shrouded in shadow, tendrils of moss entwining its branches, making the whole a formless vision.

But wait, there in the shadows is a darker shadow, a smaller something not part of the tree. While you watch, this new thing slowly takes shape and even more slowly begins to drift dreamlike away from the darkness of the tree. It moves toward you. As it approaches, you somehow realize that this seems a familiar form, one that grows more familiar as it comes nearer. Still, you know that you have never seen it before, have never known it before. So you wander and wait.

Suddenly you know, as surely as you have known for eternity. This is what you were seeking, what you have known you must find. Even as you think this you discover that you are moving to meet it, being pulled by a force greater than the wind against you, then the mists separating you. It seems that time itself stands still as this indefinable force draws you inexorably together till at last you meet, finally you are in each others arms, touching, clinging.

You embrace, fiercely, passionately, lips seeking, bodies straining, demanding fulfillment in this first wild surge of joy. Every fiber seems to swell into throbbing life, every nerve tingles. As you find each other, everything seems lighter, mists clear around you, flowers bloom; the tree in the distance gently sways as wind fluffs its branches. Then you begin to notice other things, much as if a veil of shadows has been lifted from your eyes and all is etched into sharp detail.

When the hungry longing for each other is at last stilled, when passion slowly fades, this changes into something else, something soft, tender, and close. A touch or look becomes more gentle, a means of expressing love and a closeness never before experienced, a satisfaction with all things, this increases, there is a sublime union, two suffusing into one, into something greater than either of you. There is a subtle blending, an extension of yourself into the whole, a feeling of awe at being a part of greatness.

Soon it is completed, this fusing, this melding of two into one. So total is this union that separation would mean tearing out part of you, rendering you less than complete, less than perfect. When together all is perfection, the closest possible blending of two into one. When apart, you retain a part of the other, knowing that someone exists who is as necessary to you as you are to them.

Thus now you can never really be apart, can never really be separated. This new entity formed by this tremendous fusion cannot be destroyed, not without destroying each of its parts. It is strong, endless, undimmed by the tarnish of time. It will continue for eternity, till death mars it perfection, and perhaps beyond that.

And Now, The editorial:

Well, it has been quite awhile since the last Peg, but then, these things happen. I have been busy since then. I spent the summer at Texas A&M Univ, doing the research for my Masters degree in Chemistry, courtesy of the Dow Chemical Co, who continued to pay my salary while I was spending the summer playing. And actually, I did play quite a bit. I had done most of the work before I went up to A&M, and so I was just getting the final data, which didn't take too long. But A&M insisted on me spending 12 weeks on their campus before they would give me the degree, so I did.

I went to Multicon in Oklahoma City, that summer, where I met Buster Crabbe (his address is Aye, New York, he says) He also said that he has gotten letters addressed to Flash Gordon, USA and they reached him. He is still a handsome man, more so now I think than when he made the Flash Gordon serials, since he isn't so pretty. He seemed to enjoy himself at the con, and now that he knows what one is like, I think he won't be as reluctant to go to the next one.

When I went to Multicon I didn't expect to find much that I wanted there, since I knew it would be mainly for comics fans, but I was wrong. Boy, was I wrong. There was this boy there, you see, who was just starting out as a dealer, and his father had loaned him the money to buy the collection of some guy who had a garage full of old prozines. Part of the collection was 54 issues of Astounding, in mint condition, between 1936 and 1943. I bought them all, for \$100, and the boy even took my check. He also had some original art, from Amazing, and Fantastic Adventures mainly. I bought one by Malcolm Smith, that I have decided that I don't really like. But it was only \$13, for something from the 40's. I also got an original drawing of a BC Sunday page. I was broke by then, or I would have gotten the original Wizard of Id that was also up for sale. And I won a door prize. A tape of old radio shows, all of which were new to my collection. 12 hours

long too. All in all, it was a very good con. But after I got those ASF's, nothing could have ruined the con for me.

Anyway, after I got thru up at A&M I had to write the thesis, and I did, and got it in by Nov 13, the deadline. They accepted it, and I recieved my BS in Dec. I haven't been fired yet, so it was worth the trouble. Actually, Dow isn't firing anyone. They are not hiring anyone either, but at least no layoffs are occuring. Right now, it is difficult to find a job in the Chemical Industry. Every time I read C&EN, the weekly journal for chemists, I read about a 10% reduction in work force by some big chemical company.

I have been running the Tape Bureau for the NFFF, and it is going along fine. I keep getting these old radio shows from people. I am always surprised at what shows turn up. Jack Benny shows, even from the 30's are fairly common, but I have only found 3 Red Skelton Shows. I have a tape of "Exploring Tomorrow" shows, narrated by John Campbell, which are quite interesting, mainly for his narration, the shows themselves are run of the mill. However, the openings for most of them have been lost, and we don't know what the original titles of the shows were. Some of them I recognized, like Sound Decision by Randall Garrett. But others are familiar but I can't think of who wrote them or what the names were.

I am becoming famous now. Which still seems odd. But my book lists are copyrighted, and the Library of Congress has issued a LC card for the 1968 list. And I assume they will eventually issue one for the 1969 and 1970 list too. And P.S. Miller reviewed the 1969 list in Analog, and I am still getting orders from that mention.

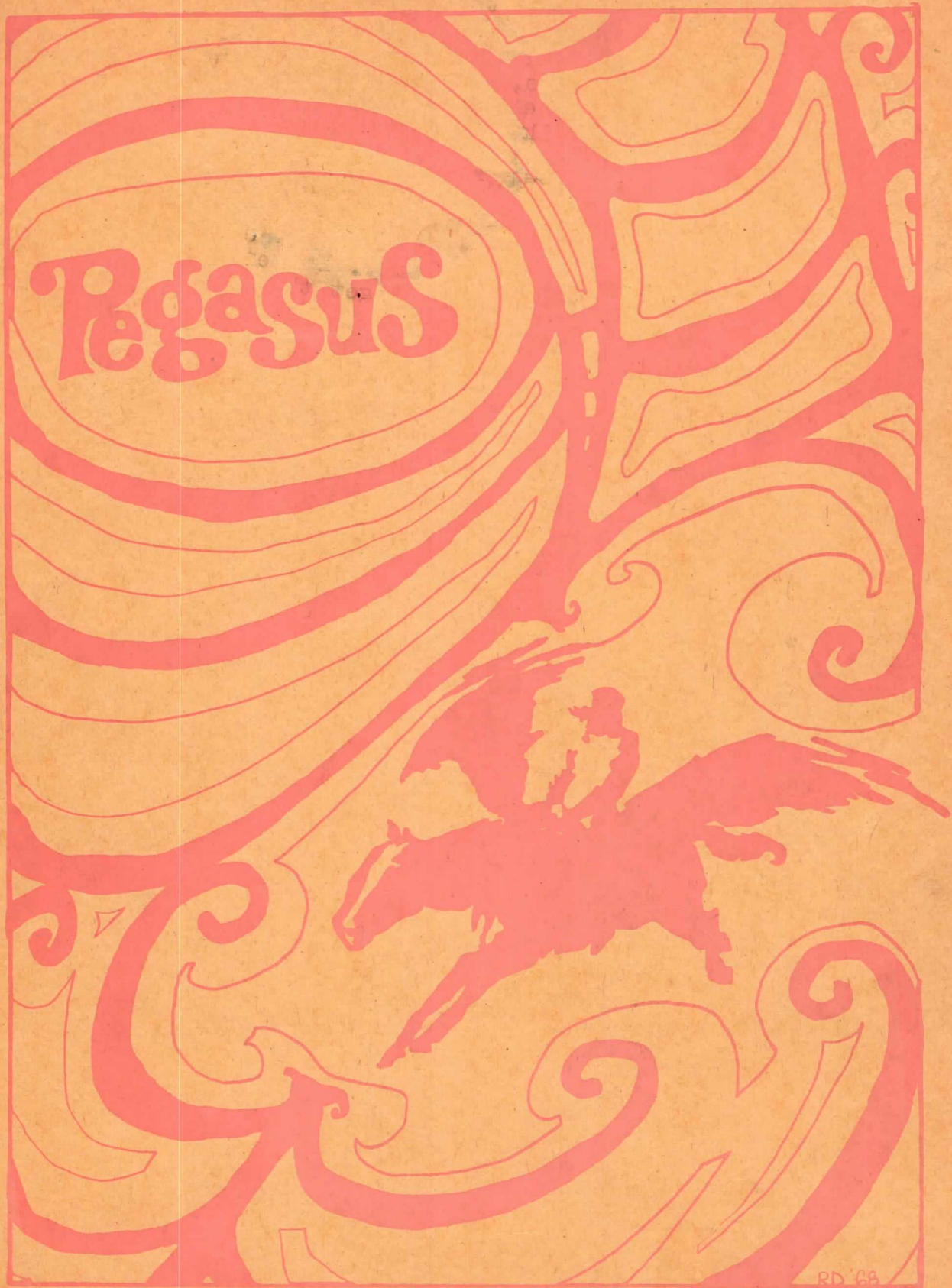
My parents live in Corpus Christi, and Ceelia (the hurricane) went thru there last summer. Ceelia didn't damage the house they live in particularly--they lost the patio but that was all. But they had extensive damage on the beach property. Our two rent houses lost their roofs. And they didn't have insurance on them either. Because the oil company drilled an oil well close by and the insurance company wanted more money. I am just as happy that they didn't insure the houses, since the company carrying their car insurance went bankrupt, like most of the insurance companies. And so now he doesn't have any insurance.

My father has been retired for about 6 months now, and he is tired of retirement. So he is spending half of the month here, turning my car-port into a room for books. It is costing more than he thought it would, but I don't mind. I would be just as happy to have him here even if he wasn't doing anything. And he seems to enjoy it too.

Well, I hope you have enjoyed this issue of Pegasus. No locs were included because they were all so badly dated. Maybe there will be some for the next issue.

Peace,

Joanne



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