

Ventura

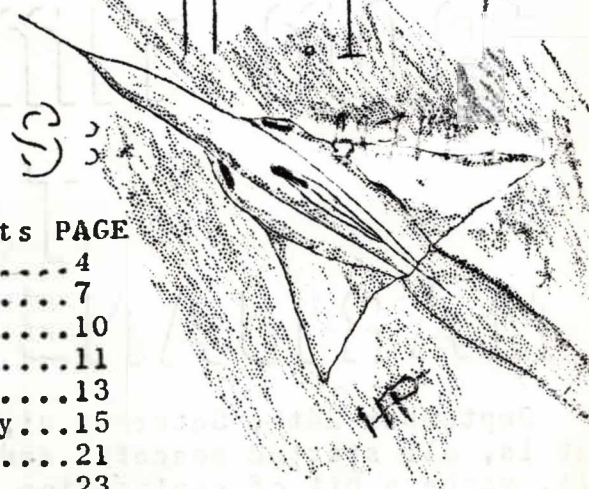




VENTURA

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-----oO)(Oo-----

VENTURA#1 is published for me (Phil Harrell, that is) by poor unsuspecting
 bert Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tennessee, who is a pub-
 shing giant and demon fanned himself, besides being a very good friend of
 me.....At least he was before I ran over page count a little (another mas-
 ace of understatement),.....This is an ISFCC zine and will go to all membe-
 d a few others. This sells for a quarter, and is well worth it, but as I
 e money so seldom I'll settle for a Letter of Comment (that better than fo-
 cion?) which after all the hard work on this I think I deserve one don't ye
 send floods of them to me at my home address 2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk
 Virginia.

-----oO)(Oo-----

ARSECTION, anyone...?

*****oO)(Oo-----

the only sure things are; death, taxes, & Crabgrass...

-----oO)(Oo*****

Ya, know it's wierd writing in capitals...it gives me the feeling I was typ-
 g on tiptoe.".....Bob Jennings.

*****oO)(Oo-----

FROM TIME

TO TIME

MARIJANE JOHNSON

A Clancy
Story

September 24th, Saturday night, year 1960; all was peaceful and quiet. That is, all started peaceful and quiet, until two times two trios equalled. All, maybe a bit of explanation will clear things up. At least I hope it. All, I could use a large dose myself. Two trios of two Clancys', two Janey's to Mr. Mittens, two times...Oh heck! Let's go back to Saturday night and start all over again.

My name is Marijane, better known as Janey, Johnson. I live with my mother and my aunt. I'm an arthritis case and have a hydraulic lift that I named Clancy, after the song "Clancy Lowered The Boom.", and Clancy is used to hoist me in and out, on and off of various objects. Being an avid science fiction fan, & having the proud possession of a lively imagination, I decided to endow Clancy with some extra powers. After joining a sf fanclub I wrote a series of stories, laid in the future, in which Clancy became telepathic, a large black & white cat named Mr. Mittens (who also is a real personage in the present part of the story.) joined our group, and we became "The Intrepid 4." I enjoyed all of this very much, hoping that those exposed to them did so, but when things like this, that, no, this I guess, as they're still happening, I need to write it all down. If nothing else is accomplished. At least I won't be confused all by myself any longer.

As I said, it was an ordinary Saturday evening, the usual TV programs, me typing on a story, and then to bed with a book. I didn't usually read in bed at night, but had gotten interested in a book of horror stories and couldn't put it down. Although the Clancy of the present is a far cry from the one of the future, I supposed my mind was keyed to accept almost anything. When a slight sound emanated from the corner where he was, and was is the correct word, as he had disappeared, I didn't seem too surprised. It was what happened next that surprised, shocked, and really confused me. One minute I was lying in bed, staring at the empty corner of the room, the next, (or so I thought) there I was, bed, book, and all, in a strange room. The book slipped from my hands as I sat up, clutching the covers around me. A gasp must have escaped my lips as I stared into the hazel eyes of a redheaded mirror image of myself. She grinned, and seemed about to say something, then nodded her head in approval as I felt a movement at the foot of my bed. There, before my now somewhat popping eyes materialized Mr. Mittens, all fifteen pounds of him. A most wildered bundle of Black & white fur, with white whiskers bristling and Groceries as big as over-sized gooseberries. Evidently he had been snatched from his sleeping quarters in the shop, as Clancy and I had from my room, but so only Clancy wasn't in a state of near collapse over it all. This time the

ror image really did grin and also spoke. Like listening to myself on a re-recorder, I heard my voice say. "Well, you all finally made it, and a very looking lot you are." She sobered and went on. "I shouldn't have said that, you really must be confused and scared, so let me bid you welcome to year 2134.

That's how it all started, as she spoke, my mind was accepting what had happened, but I was at a loss as to how it had happened. The concept of time travel, whether it was possible or not, has always left me completely fuddled. Evidently it was possible, because I certainly had traveled in time, that is, we had traveled in either real or fictional time. But, going back to our cozy, if somewhat at odds, little group in the livingroom of the key of the future, friendly relations weren't exactly being cemented rapidly. I snapped back, in the same voice she had used, "You'd look a bit sorry, if you'd been snatched out of your time into another, without so much as by your leave!" Then, thinking of the sight we must have presented to her eyes, I did have to laugh. Ruefully, I said, "Mmmm, I do see what you mean. Here, I have the Trio written up, or are here for real, (I decided this would be to be cleared later, one step at a time was all my senses could take) as the three of you appear to me now? Then, by some yet unexplained, as yet, quiet the three of us from 1960 show up just as we were picked from the various places we were in at the time." I paused reflectively and went on. "I see that Mittens and I look the same, in spite of our 'unexpectedly grabbed' appearance, but poor Clancy certainly doesn't resemble the chrome and green job see there beside your chair. I'm afraid my Clancy was designed and built in the way of varied uses than the one you have. Both mechanically and totally speaking. Speaking of mental processes, I haven't seen your Mr. Mittens yet."

I was actually beginning to enjoy this strange set of circumstances I had been so unceremoniously dumped into. At least, I figured I might as well enjoy them, there didn't seem to be much I could do about them. In spite of the party attire I had arrived in, and by arranging the covers and propping the pillows a bit higher, I was feeling quite at home. I found myself thinking that a flying bed, which might be the forerunner of a real flying saucer, was the most comfortable way to travel! As I looked around the room, I thought how much it was like our living room at home. A natural thing, I supposed, for me to pattern it after my own familiar home. The same overall appearance, with a futuristic look. All sorts of random thoughts were running through my head, among them the one that we should change our name system a bit, or perhaps two of each it could become quite a mixed up affair. Just about to speak I looked up to find my hostess smiling at me. She nodded and remarked, "I know what you're thinking, no, not mind reading, just that under the same circumstances I'd be thinking the same thing. Suppose you three keep your names as they are, and call us J, C, and Mr. M. That shouldn't be too confusing." She glanced over at the door into the kitchen, grinning that rather infectious grin she had, but said nothing.

I looked down at Mr. Mittens in time to see him stiffen. His whiskers stood out stiffly and his green eyes slowly widened until I thought they would pop out of his head. If a cat could gasp, I'll swear he did, and I hardly needed to raise my own eyes to know what had happened. As I did, I wasn't in the least surprised to see a carbon copy of my feline float gently, some three feet off the floor, across the room and light gently on the green leather seat of the runabout Clancy, excuse me, I mean C. Later we found that there

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ould be absolutely no mental communication between members of the two trios. I guess C. & Mr. M. decided to put on a show for the poor bewildered time travelers. It had been in vain as far as Clancy was concerned and as I had bitten the whole thing in the first place, I hadn't been too surprised, but it was a smashing success in the case of Mr. Mittens. A fleeting look of deep concentration passed over J's face, so I figured she was giving C. a mental lecture for his and Mr. M's shenanigans. After she was satisfied, and had soothed Mr. Mittens ruffled feelings, we settled down for a most interesting and, by now, friendly talk.

It was a rather mixed up conversation, as we didn't quite know where to start. Establishing our relationship seemed to be important, it just didn't seem that two people could look so much alike and not be tied together somehow by blood. So we decided it must be a much removed cousinship. I hadn't worried by the time I made my first hop and the prospect that I would seemed very improbable. That deduction satisfied us, so we compared the changes that had come about in everything in nearly 200 years. C. & Mr. M. put on some demonstrations of their powers and all was very jolly, when suddenly J. looked very strange and said in a puzzled tone of voice. "How do we know if any of this is real? I mean, you wrote us up as fictional characters and yet, here we are all together. Are we real and you can really bring stories to life, even to the point of creating a future to travel to, or are you beaming the whole thing back in 1960?" She pinched herself and yelped, "Ouch! It feels awfully real, but I don't suppose that's an actual test."

Just as I was about to say something, goodness' knows what now, I found myself back in my 1960 bedroom. As I looked around to check, Clancy materialized in the corner and from the direction of the shop came an outraged howl. Evidently Mr. Mittens was just getting used to his first snatch job, and bitterly objected to having it repeated. However, we were all back safely and at the moment that seemed very comforting.

Which brings me to the "mind boggling aspect of it all. As I said at the beginning, it's still happening, or at least, I think it still is. I have the distinct feeling that there have been other visits in that livingroom, but whether they have all started and ended the same way I don't know. There seem to be memories of other conversations, each taking up where the last left off. I always arrive back here just in time to see Clancy show up in his corner, and to hear that howl from the shop. I guess Mr. Mittens will never quite get used to it. I feel very strongly that there will be many more such visits. The main reason I wanted to put this much down on paper is this; each time I returned from the future, (now, I'm sure it couldn't have been dreamed), I find, on my desk, this story. Each time though, there would be a few more paragraphs added, but each part of the story in its entirety, from the beginning up to where that visit ended. I figured if there are to be many more visits and I keep doing the same thing, I'd better write up this much, before the sheafs of paper cover the whole house.

Yet, the idea of time travel still completely befuddles me, you know, I'm most afraid to reach for that book on the table!

-----000000-----

Do you have a foaming hekto? Have you ever thought that it might have rabies?"

-----Buck Coulson-----

CHAIN GANG

JOHN BERRY

Most American fans own cars...or...to use the correct technical vernacular...automobiles. Buz Busby, for example, has possessed seventeen different ones since he was able to hold a licence. I don't know what the percentage of car owners is in British Fandom, but in Northern Ireland Fandom, Willis, Bob Law, and Ian McAulay have cars. I have travelled in all three, and once when Willis changed gears, it took me 5,000 words to describe it.

But I haven't a car.

I am, in fact, a pedal cyclist of considerable repute.....and I'd like to make up a few thousand words describing in detail some of my adventures in the middle.

Actually, I did once come in the power range. It wasn't a motorcycle...but the whole dang 49 cc of my motor-assisted pedal cycle (or pedal-assisted motor cycle) could fairly hum along the road, once, I recall, going down hill and with the wind behind me I hit a cool 11½ MPH.

I recall that 1958 was my year of triumph in the power range. I don't want to give the impression that I flogged the engine to death in the sheer huberance of twisting the accelerator, but the machine did only last me for a year. As a motor assisted machine that is. I've already written in detail what went wrong. What happened was that the fuel used was one percentage of oil, and another of petrol. the figures were 25% and 75%. I forget which, and I probably had a warped sense of humor. To cut a long story short, I plumbed for the wrong mixture.....and 75% oil sure makes a mess. When I started off there was a big cloud of blue smoke, which rumbled like an H-Bomb, and when I free-wheeled home, I had to sand-blast the sparking plug. I don't talk about my Power-Pak much. (That's what the machine was called.) It lasted a year, like I said, and I finally took the engine off when I discovered that when it was at full revs I was being passed by pedestrians.

Troble was, when I'd originally acquired the Power Pak, I'd sold my old and trusty pedal cycle, which had borne me unprotestingly for years. So all I could do was take the engine off and use the ~~POWER~~ Pak as an orthodox pedal cycle.

Of course, one difficulty was that the machine was designed to take an engine, which worked the rear wheel by a roller. The pedals were to start the



CONTACT!

engine, and to help it a mite when the going was rough, like on a slight slope which was one degree or more above the level. Well, to give it to you untechnically, the pedals were designed so that you pedalled like mad to start the engine.

When the engine was taken off me four days and a steam-hammer) knowledge was such that I didn't tamper with the pedals to slow 'em down a bit, so my feet were a blur of sheer slashing motion as I cycled along. Hell, it was rough on the Once, a man in a bath-chair passed

My feet were going like mad, and the speed I thus acquired was only sufficient to keep me from losing my balance. True, it was economical, saved me the fare, but I was a pool of sweat every time I got home. Took me three hours, and I only live three miles from the office. The only advantage I gained was going up hill. This is when my pedals were in their element. Folks whizzed past me on the level, but I caught up with 'em again on the hills. It gave me a supreme sense of power to gradually the young chaps on their racing cycles. True, they were walking up hill, but I was mounted, and that's what counted. I had the ability to cycle up hill. It was rough downhill, though, I'm afraid I could go fast, but the pedals also went so fast that I couldn't get my feet on them. I tried just once, and fortunately landed in a garden, after I'd passed over a bus. So I had to whizz down the Upper Newtownrads road with my feet at an angle of 45 degrees. Fairly shook Willis one day, as he was leaving his house....though I attribute this to the fact that I'd picked up a shopping basket en route....and it hung precariously from my left hobnail boot.

The engineless power pak had to go. It's still in the spare room....and stolid....and one day maybe I'll find someone desperate enough to buy it

The actual engine, you ask????

I didn't like to see it lying on the floor of the spare room oozing oil at every breath, and one rainy day I tried to convert it to a slip sheet machine, but discarded it after I'd chased the table down three streets.

A man in the office joined the automobile brigade and sold me his ped cycle for \$12. This was just over a year ago....and it was a great bargain. It's sort of light, not a racing cycle, but fast just the same. The handlebars are low, and the three speed gear is a great innovation to a provincial cyclist like myself who had previously used just one gear...a fast one.

Well, as you know, I'm 34 years old, but I feel round about 18. Rarely go, if you know what I mean. And when I was in my teens and early twenties, I was quite a reasonable physical specimen. Not like Cheyenne Body, admittedly, but I had muscles in the right places (even if they were small ones). Well, soft living and the passing years haven't helped me to maintain this magnificent virility, but I'm still in their pitichin', and some of the young tads

their racing cycles take me for a sucker. I'm cycling along nice and steady thinking about a plotline for CRY OF THE NAMELESS, or possibly page 288 of LADY CHATTERLY'S LOVER, when there's a breath of wind, and a tad shoots past like mad. All I can see is his bottom, and his legs going up and down like pistons. This happens every day, or used to. But I got peeved at this attempt to show me that I was a hasbeen in the cycling racket (which is very competitive these days.)

It was, and still is, my avowed intention not to look like a cripple on my bike, as one tad quipped last week. I've years of experience behind me, and I've worked out certain stratagems to show these young bucks a thing or two and I do sincerely hope that perchance some of the elder readers of VENTURA like Bloch and Tucker will take advantage of my instructions, and use them when cycling through Hollywood or Bloomington, if a couple of young neos try and make them look real charlies!

The first guiding principal is to be discerning in your opponents. In actuality ignore the young tads if the circumstances are not as I describe. Like, if you're drooling along nice and happily in the country and a tad tags you on a long level stretch, you'll burst a blood vessel if you try and catch him....and the young tad on his racing bike will revel in the egoboos as you sink exhausted on a grassy bank, a physical wreck. I've got so's I don't notice them whipping past me in such circumstances. But when things are in my favor I'm a real cunning devil, sort of trembling with enthusiasm for the fray.

The Newtownards Road is one of my favorite battle grounds. It's a good road surface, with plenty of pedestrian crossings, school children, bus stops and traffic jams....essential for the exuberant tad conflict....which I face every morning.

So follow me.....

A nice morning....bit of a drizzle and light fog, typical Belfast spring weather. I'm cycling along steady....to all appearances a happy soul, but I'm all tensed up for the tad.....and.....BINGO!....with a grin of triumph as the tad shoots past me, his racing bike swaying from side to side with effort as he shows me (and they all show me) how fast a real cyclist can go.

Young Bucks haven't the stamina of us older folks. They sweep past and their cheeky grin shows they could keep it up for miles, but they can't. They hope that the utter speed of their passing is sufficient to cause thoughtless pursuit but a pious hope in the feeble mind of the old stager....not so in my case!

The ostentatious tad, satisfied with his conquest, cycles along, getting a bit of breath back. I tag along on the back of a trolley bus, close behind to avoid the slip stream (but not too close...I haven't always had a pug nose)...and like I said, with all the signals and pedestrian crossings and things it is possible to hop from trolley bus to trolley bus, and when the tad is near, to speed past him behind cover of a vehicle, but on the wrong side of the road.

Now this is a risk, but if you've got the adventurous fannish spirit, it's worth it.....you regain your side of the road, and smile as the tad whizzes past you again. Wait for that double-take. Of course, some times there's a hitch. Like the time I overtook the tad behind a Belfast Corporation Sanitary

Truck, on my wrong side of the road, and as he passed me, I was lying on the pavement getting first aid.

But, I always feel it's a principal which is of first consideration.

Even though I am well past the tad stage, there is still one thrill for me.....nothing gives me a greater surge of triumph than to cycle like an old man staggering along on a penny farthing.

-----oo0)(Ooo-----

THE SABRE JETS

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY

Out of the thunder and the storms of flight
We saw the dawn behind your midnight burning,
Retreating ever farther into night
And solemn spaces whence there's no returning.
While thunders fling us halfway round a world
Reluctantly this little pebble flinging
Out of its dark, the constellated stars
Laughed at the spark that envied them their singing.

Wex, the first vanguard of that mightier fleet
Built whelmingly to storm their citadel,
Ride on the whirlwind, its Valkyrie feet
Champing the stars that smile beyond its yell.
Yet new wings, prenticed to the sword of Mars,
Beyond your battles, dream beyond the stars.

-----oo0)(Ooo-----

What ever happened to Joe Fletcher that used to read AMAZING?

=====%%%()%%=====

There is a zine out I think that everyone that gets VENTURA would really enjoy. It's called BEYOND and it's put out by Charles Scarborough, 1405 Talcott Lodge, Los Angeles 27, Califandom. Charlie's one of the most talented authors around, and rates with the greats like Dave Prosser, George Barr & Dan O'Neil. Also another zine around I think you will enjoy is Bob Jennings Saturday Evening Ghost. Bob just came out with his fine annish which was a joy to behold. You can find his address on the Contents page under publisher. I hasten to add that the reason I'm mentioning these is that as you can see I had some spare space and wanted to fill it up with usefull things to help people. None of the people mentioned knows I did this. I just enjoy then and thought you might.

-----oo0)(Ooo-----

Join the SeaCon, fun, fun, fun, The BayCon, more fun, and go you forth and support TAFF. SEACON: \$2.00 to Wallace W. Webber or "Seattle Science Fiction Club" P.O. Box 1365, Broadway Branch, Seattle 2, Washington, and the BAYCON: Mari Carr, 18181 Hearst Avenue, Berkeley 3, Califandom. I'm not sure of the price but I'm sure they'll be glad to tell you if you ask'em. Mari is the wife of some body you might or might not have heard of name of Yerry or Terry.

THE SEVENTH DAY

a Review By:

PEGGY SEXTON

This long book, which runs about 375 pages in pocket edition, was first published in Germany in 1947 under the title **KEINER KOMMT DAVON** and translated into English by George Weidenfeld in 1959.

Judging from current European news, it is an accurate, well-reasoned account of one possible way in which World War III could start, and a terrifyingly logical history of mankind's last week on earth.

The beginning of the end is launched by a Polish popular revolt against a treaty signed by Polish officials with the U.S.S.R. which would allow the maintenance of Soviet troops in Poland for fifty years. East and West Germany are quickly drawn into the fray, and the first shot is fired by a sensible idealistic young East German soldier.

An attempt is made by a West German philologist who is an unofficial adviser of the Bonn government to avert the final disaster by forming a united government. Both East and West Germany refuse to recognize it. Within a few days, the civilized world degenerates into a radioactive hell.

Besides the philologist, the characters include an industrialist, his estranged wife and mistress, an American newsman, two pairs of young lovers, a conscience-stricken scientist whom American agents attempt to kidnap, and various assorted civilians, national officials and military personnel.

As political speculation, **THE SEVENTH DAY** is unsurpassed for astuteness. As literature, I considered it a near-fiasco.

The biggest defect was the lack of continuity. Kirst switches episodically from cabinet meetings and military strategy to the romantic tangles of his personae until it is only by agonizing memory-searching that the reader can tell what is happening. Perhaps the difficulty is an excess of persons.

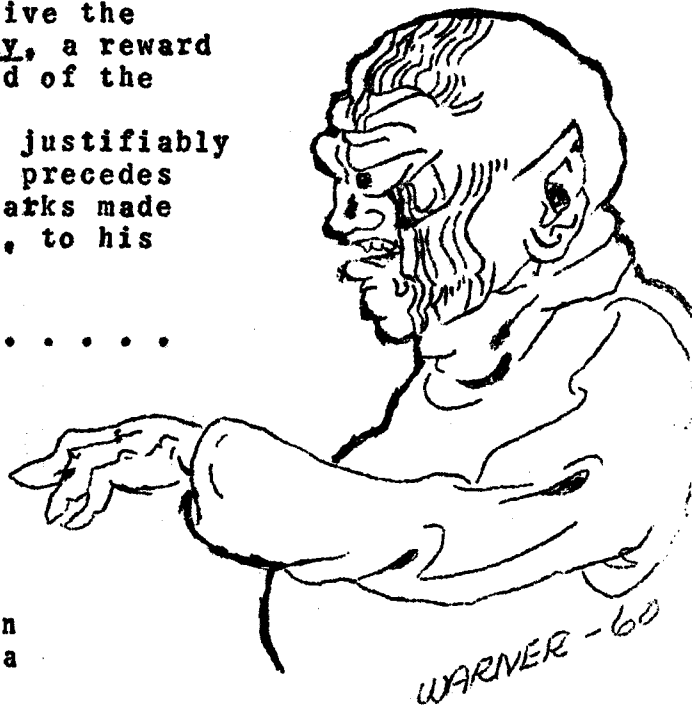
Theodore Sturgeon used a similar story form in The Cosmic Rape with success. I felt that Kirst should either have reduced the number of people involved or made the book into a collection of vignettes, each portraying the few days as lived by a small group of people whose lives were closely linked.

The second fault was that the conversation often seemed stilted and unnatural. This however, may have resulted from peculiarities of the German

language which , unfortunately, survived the translation to plague the English speaking reader. Despite this, the characters on the whole seemed believable and human.

For those hardy souls who can survive the structural ruggedness of The Seventh Day, a reward awaits in several paragraphs near the end of the book.

These are quoted so that those who justifiably quail at the mountain of verbiage which precedes them may read the deeply disturbing remarks made by Dr. Michael Reiners, the philologist, to his East German executioners.



.....
"I am sorry for you--just as I'm sorry for the millions of others like you. You let yourselves be persuaded that wars must be waged to preserve peace. Of all the clichés that echo through the world, that is the most abominable. You declare that you hate war-- but you help carry it on. You even believe that it is your duty to murder a man."

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"You and the others do all these things because you are cowards...It takes more courage to disobey an order to commit murder than to carry it out. There is often nothing but self-defense. The cowards hide in the crowd because it is easy to be brave with the support of the crowd--and the crowd is merely a concentration of cowards."

-----ooO)(Ooo-----

"You young men...are brave and credulous. You want to improve the world but you're always falling into the hands of the world's greatest bandits. And this ill luck of yours is the ill luck of all the world. For it's only through your youthful courage, faith, and strength that wars can be fought. But courage without understanding, faith without reverence for life, and strength without kindness are like a piece of land that has too much sunshine and too little water. It remains a desert."

-----ooO)(Ooo-----

A DEPRESSING DITTY

Put that chocolate milkshake down, Billy Boy, Billy Boy.
Put that chocolate milkshake down, Charming Billy.
Strontium ninety's on the fall

Making weaklings of us all
And that cow may have grazed at Yucca Flats,

-----Peggy Sexton

NO ONE IS EVER ALONE IN FANDOM

BY
BOB FARNHAM

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When I was a lot younger than I am now, I once worked in a place that had a leaky radiator. It would plug up with cold water and hold the steam back, but water would leak out and run all over the floor, and were, perchance, the pet-cock (installed for the purpose of releasing cold air and allowing the movement of warm air,) to be left open slightly the leak would develop into a flood that took everything in the place, and the men were frequently aroused at the need to change clothing standing in 3 to 4 inches of icy cold water. Everyone got the same treatment so nobody grumbled much--they just quit the job outright.

In a way, going to a World Science-Fiction Convention is a bit reminiscent of the scene described above; at least for me it is.

My first convention was the NolaCon. I stood there in the convention hall, silent and alone. I then began to have qualms about having come without knowing anybody before I ever got there, but the qualms soon died, when, like the water from the leaky radiator, fans engulfed me and the sense that I'd at last found an element I liked, and in which I could take an active part, actually be a part of it, gave me more comfort than anyone who has not passed thru it themselves, can know--- The water, that tide of loneliness that had washed over me, went away, and has never come back in fifteen years I've spent as an active and semi-active member of fandom.

The first thing that set me at ease was one hekkuva red face that made Bob Tucker grin like a gargoyle--he introduced me to one Lee Hoffman and I learned for the first time that Lee was a Lady---- Some off-beam remarks in previous letters to LeeH had betrayed me---- I later learned that I was about #6 fan in the same boat! nothing can break the ice of remoteness like a good joke, even if it is on you--and you can take it.

I managed to make it through the rest of the NolaCon without any more boo-boo's, but it was there that I met for the first time a real friend who has done as much for me as my parents ever did, has never criticised or belittled any effort I ever made in my efforts to become a pro-writer. I succeeded well enough to satisfy my urge to "find out if I could do it" and then gave up writing. Why? Bluntly, I'm lazy, and battling a dozen yakking in-laws, a wife, who is never a writer or a fan, and a nosy mailman were not my ideas of fun.

But back to my original theme; all through the NolaCon I made friends who have stayed with me, and stood by me in times of stress, and near-fatal sickness, and are still on the active roster of friendship. At Chi-Con 2 which followed the NolaCon this was done all over again. More new friends whom I still have, two, of whom I've met but once since, did me a service when I was unable to fend for myself, for which I'm ever grateful, the story is I ran into White Mule, (Southern Corn Whisky) for the first time and laid myself out for 14 hours. The two friends

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carried me to my room and put me to bed--and it took some effort, as then I weighed 320 pounds. Today I'm only 194 pounds-- That Chi-Con 2 was about the biggest and best convention the science-fiction world, fan or professional side, has ever seen. Despite the ones held since, I can not from all reports received about them, say that any of them were as good, either in size or quality. Judith Dikty is about the only femfan who knows how to put on a successful con.....

Phil Con 2, which followered was about the poorest excuse for a world con that I have ever heard of, or been to for that matter. As a fan gathering it did well enough, but as a convention it stunk like hell. through no fault of the convention I suffered personal loss that ruined the con for me. I had taken many pics when a careless elevator operator slammed the doors on my camera-- which fixed it but good! only not for taking pictures.

An incident of faithlessness on the part of responsible persons who certainly should have known better was mainly responsible for an early departure----

My last convention, the Clevention, got me the sets of pix I've always striven for, and when that convention ended, life itself almost ended. I was stricken with high blood pressure, and arthritis at the same time. A two year fight-for-life resulted in which I won. During those two years my pictures, and an unbroken flow of letters did as much good as the medicine---

Now-- the point I want to make is this; Fandom can damned well become more than just a "ghoshdharnedHobby" as some unseeing souls describe it. It CAN be a way of life, in which there is NEVER any sense of aloneness, loneliness, or driving need to be acquainted with one or more SNF in order to get the feeling, or sense, that one belongs. You either belong, or you don't ...right from the start, it's as simple as that.

Those friends you make in fandom will stick to you if you are in anyway worth your salt. You want to know what a smoke filled room is like? Hunt one up and walk in...Room 770 is one this fan will ever remember. Paul D. Cox, of Columbus, Georgia, introduced me to that one, and I've been in several since that time. Save your cash, and blow it on a world con ----it's darn well worth it!

-----oO)(Oo-----

"The art of success is learning that it doesn't matter whether you get along with people or not, as long as you can make money for them.

---Buck Coulson---

-----oO)(Oo-----

I don't care what my typerscript looks like I'm not Ted Paul's.

-----oO)(Oo-----

I hear they'er planing a movie "I was a teenage Human" . . .

-----oO)(Oo-----

16

"This is Mrs. Swenson," she said, "you sent me an extra pair of socks with my laundry. Rather odd socks---"

The voice on the phone groaned. "Oh Christ, lady," he mourned, "not you too!"

The woman said with dignity, "There's no need to curse---"

"I'm sorry, lady," he sounded harried, "I'm sorry, I'M SORRY, only well---Jeez, lady, what is this, a practical joke? It ain't nice, lady. We guys in the laundry business got to make a living."

"I'm afraid I don't understand---" she began.

"Look, lady. I been answering this telephone all day. Or the door. Some ladies call on the telephone, some just brings me back the socks. They ask me is "It an advertising stunt for something," or "Who own the funny socks?" or "You better send these socks back to the poor cripple who owns them." I've been taking these socks all day, lady. And I never seen them before. I can tell you just what those socks are like. One of them got four little fingers where the toe ought to be, and the other got seven. I got forty-five pair of them here on the desk, lady. Wherever they come from, they didn't come from here, the girls here didn't wash none of them, and Marty --- that's the guy wraps packages --- swears he didn't stick none of them in."

"You mean they didn't come from your---"

"Heck no, lady, I never saw them before. Somebody's playing a goofy practical joke."

"It isn't some kind of advertising stunt?"

"Could be, lady," the man said, "Flatbed Laundry, down the street, said they got a few pairs of them in. But they don't come from us."

"What shal I do with them then?"

The man sighed, "Damfine, but for Crysake don't bring them back here! Then, as a subdued racket brokeout somewhere in the back of the telephone, clearly audible, he yelled, "Aw right, be with yo inna minute," and hung up on Mrs. Swenson.

THAT, was the beginning.

The next day it was in the paper. Not only the laundry patronized by Mrs. Swenson, but every laundry in the city-- in the county-- in the state -- in the whole nation-- in the English-speaking world, was flooded, inundated, clogged, stifled, and choked with a spate of complaints, returns, questions and protest about queer little white socks, each pair with four little bulges on one foot where the toe should have been, and with seven little bulges on the other foot.

The public, very mass- medium-conscious, waited two or three days for the publicity to complete itself. What movie, what new product was

THE BEANS THAT CRIED

W O L F.

MARTIN Z. BRADLEY

There is evidence no that it was a carefully worked out plan. And this probably how it started; Helen Swenson accepted a paper wrapped package from an in the grey uniform and cap of the big laundry; hunted up her change and gave him a dollar and thirty cents, carried the package to the kitchen table and started sorting the contents. She examined each garment, as she sorted it, (he was a careful and conscientious house wife) for holes or loose buttons; then bestowed each article in its proper place.

Down at the bottom of the paper package were all the socks, and she took them out in pairs; The white cotton anklets she wore with blue jeans, her girl's colored bobby socks, the striped elastic socks her teen age boy liked as Swenson's heavy grey work socks. It was while she was sorting socks she came across it.

It. The pair of socks.

It was white, which was why she missed it on the first sorting; she thrust it into a pile of her own anklets, and only when she picked up the little stack to carry them to her bureau drawer did she notice that she had one pair too many. Four pairs? Surely she'd only sent three to the laundry. She stood and counted in her mind. She owned six pair. One was on the sewing-machine, waiting to be darned; one pair, the pair she'd worn yesterday, in the dirty clothes hamper; one pair on her feet. Three pairs left in the laundry! "Brother," she thought, "They've sent one pair too many." On second thought, she wondered if she had sent the pair to be darned, to the laundry by mistake. That was how she happened to unfold all four pairs again, just to be sure and discovered IT. The Socks.

They were undeniably white socks. But there was something very, very queer about them. One sock had four little bulges, knitted like the fingers of a glove. Where the toe ought to be; the other had seven little bulges. Yet they were socks, and Helen Swenson wondered who on Earth would or could wear socks like that. Other women probably reacted differently, but Helen Swenson was a woman of sluggish imagination; after that moment of surprised wonder, she decided in her mind that the socks --- for peculiar as they were, they were undeniably socks --- had been custom-made for some person with peculiarly deformed feet, and she had better make arrangements to return them before he missed them.

"But just imagine it," she thought, "Socks with toes in them!"

She went to the telephone and dialled the number of the laundry.

being advertised? When no one claimed the peculiar white socks, pandemonium broke out in the press. Nothing like it had happened since the Flying Saucer stories. A few women who did their own laundry declared firmly that the odd socks had no existence; a few skeptics went on suspecting a gigantic, expensive hoax. But by and large, the socks were accepted and treated with respect, amazement, wonder, and varying degrees of stupefaction. Violent rumors arose overnight, and were dispelled; they were made of a new synthetic which would make nylon, orlon and dacron obsolete; they were poisonous; they were indestructible; they were an unknown substance; they were made of spun glass or asbestos; they were of extra-terrestrial origin. A commercial testing laboratory dispelled these rumors by testing the socks and discovering that they were knitted of ordinary, good - quality, mercerized cotton, and that, strictly speaking, there was nothing peculiar about them except their asymmetrical shape. A well-known radio commentator declared authoritatively that they were distributed (but he failed to say how) by a communist-backed co-operative, aimed at the destruction of private enterprise in the garment industries; named a few names, and got a suit for libel, and a great deal of free publicity. A fad sprang up for socks with toes, (only five on each foot, of course) and was enthusiastically taken up by the bobby-socks crowd.

Still the flood continued. Somehow, between the laundries (even when watched by research teams of skeptics) and the customers (even when the drivers were guarded by police) a pair of little white socks, which would just fit the foot of a small woman, provided, of course, that she had four toes on one foot, and seven on the other, got into every package. There were learned discussions about teleportation, poltergeists, and the manna that materialized from nowhere in the desert. A few laundries went out of business. A few managers had nervous breakdowns. A few neurotic women got their names in the paper by reporting that they had received sock with nine, eleven or twenty toes. A few laundries cashed in on the publicity by advertising "FREE! Mystery socks with EVERY order!" Arthur Godfrey made gags about it on the radio, and somebody sponsored a prize contest and gave away anew car, a refrigerator, a television set, and a six year supply of socks for the best answers to the problem of the Mystery Socks.

Then, even before the flood of socks dwindled to a trickle, people got tired of hearing about them. Women, unfolding their laundry, would hunt for the mystery socks, and throw them into the handiest trash basket. Children used them for mittens and doll's hats. They made good dust rags. If somebody opened a conversation with peculiar socks as the subject, he would be greeted with yawns and boredom.

At last the phenomenon died out to a pair here and a pair there. The last pair of socks, it is believed, was received by Harold Albert Ainslee, Jr., a spindly, and malnourished professor of ancient history at a small-town junior college, and since he has small feet, and myopia, and never read the newspapers, he wore them for a week without discovering anything odd about them, and when he finally noticed the bulgy toes, he squinted near-sightedly at them and remarked, "Dear, dear! I must be getting bunions!"

And then there were no more socks.

But by that time the beans were already coming.

The beans. The miracle beans.

13

A housewife in Texas carried her groceries from the family car; unloaded beef, pork, celery, onions, potatoes, turnips, frozen strawberries, frozen peas, oranges, canned hash, canned beets, canned shop suey, canned—now wait, she thought, these aren't the kind of canned beans I buy. The can was bright, shiny red; not metal, but plastic. It said in brilliant silver letters, Miracle Beans. She thought, it's a sample of some sort, and stowed it away with her other canned foods. All across the country, for two or three days before the news exploded, women took bright red-plastic cans of Miracle Beans from their grocery bags, unloaded them from boxes and crates of food, stared, commented, or paid no attention. Some women returned them to the grocer, saying 'he had made a mistake, and were disturbed at his disclaimings; some thinking them a sample, opened them, served them, found them delicious (the flavor; half-way between curried shrimp, and pork-chops in a nutmeg sauce) and tried to buy more. Then the grocers disclaimed them—and the news exploded again. In the absence of a Senate Investigation, or juicy torch murder, headlines yelled;

FIRST SOCKS: NOW BEANS

GHOST GET PLAYFUL WITH HOUSEWIVES

No stores admitted selling them, giving them away, or smuggling them into grocery bags. No one could be found who had manufactured them, who had made the cans, who had grown the beans, printed the can labels or trucked the considerable bean loads around the country, but beans continued, day after day, to trickle harmlessly into grocery bags. They were delicious; imitations arose, but the distinctive flavor puzzled chefs.

Rumors arose and were laughed down. They were mutant beans, radioactive. (actually they were plain, ordinary, white navy beans, prepared in a delicious tomato sauce with some unidentifiable spices). They contained tiny cumulative doses of some secret, undetectable oriental poison. (but the beans turned up in, and were equally popular, in China, India, Japan, and Russia). They were a sinister plot, circulated by some mad scientist, to reduce the world's overpopulation by sterility (repeated test by the Pure Food and Drug Administration officials found the beans harmless, highly nutritious and very rich in vitamins B-1, A and D.) inevitably, religious groups compared them with the food brought by ravens or other supernatural ministers, or, conversely, said they were a temptation of the devil. Isolationists said they were communist-distributed; the Cominform, that they were an American Imperialist bribe to enslave the Free Russian People. Inevitably some crackpots declared they came from Mars. Mrs. Lottie Dimmesdale, of Nairn, Idaho, "Proved" they were poisonous, by telling on a nation-wide hookup that three large helpings of Miracle Beans had made her eighteen-month old son, Georgie, sick at his stomach.

By and large though, after the first few puzzled days, the general public accepted each new can of Miracle Beans with amusement and pleasure, ate them with gusto, and paid little attention to the mechanics of their distribution.

Eventually — to everyone's disappointment — the Miracle Beans, too, began to vanish from the picture, and finally dwindled away altogether.

Then it was the necklaces; the pretty necklaces of tiny, shimmery, blue-plastic stars. They were doll-size; they were found, mostly, by children, for they materialized, mostly, out of doors. They were extremely dainty, exquisite, and lovely; and so unusual that a few sharp dealers managed to sell what they found, at good prices, before the deluge came, and everyone discovered that he could have dozens simply by going out and picking them up. After a week or two, not even the children bothered to pick them up; they lay on the ground like shining drops of blue dew, but they were no litter problem; indoors they lasted indefinitely, but if they remained on the ground for more than twenty-four hours, they dissolved into sprinkles of ink-like liquid, which melted harmlessly into the ground.

Theories, among the academic population, multiplied like laboratory rabbits; but the public mind was becoming immune to incredibilities. Even the newspapers paid little attention to the star-like necklaces. Whatever the cause of these repeated manifestations might be, they had evidently decided that they were becoming too common to be newsworthy. "It's like the socks, and the beans, was the common attitude, "See? What's a difference? They don't hurt nobody, laying around on the grass. My kid's got half a dozen, and she plays with 'em all the time."

It got only a few paragraphs, mostly on the inside pages of city dailies, a few front-page stories on news starved country weeklies, when a sprinkling of pastel-pink cats were reported, not quite so universal this time, and a rain of chocolate bon-bons-- or an excellent substitute for chocolate bon-bons -- in a few of the Northern states, and some of the provinces of Africa. No one paid much attention except the children who ate too many.

Then--overnight, and without warning-- every dog on the planet turned green.

It wasn't paint, dye, or anything else....the hair of the dogs had simply turned green, and that was all. The only dog who retained his original color was the Mexican Hairless, and it was a toss-up whether the market for Mexican Hairless dogs would fall away entirely, or jump upward out of sight. In the end, of course, the Mexican Hairless became a freak, scarcely classed as a dog; but that came later.

The greening of the dogs was the last straw to the professional worriers, the intellectuals, the theorists. A few people committed suicide; a few cynics proclaimed that the law of averages had gone haywire, or that the probability cycle had ceased to operate. They talked wisely about monkeys and typewriters. The headlines of "quality" magazines and intelligent reviews shrieked blindly. The radio commentators fought over theories, ran out of words in the dictionary, invented new ones. A few veterinary doctors tried to discover a cure.

But the average citizen, Mr. John Q. Public, had had enough of miracles. They had become commonplace. There is a point beyond which the public's taste for novelties cannot be whetted. Indifferent to theorists, experts, scientists, crackpots, the public, by now totally immune from further shock, took a single surprised collective glance at Rover, Rex, or Skippy, shrugged and remarked practically in a racial voice, "Well, whaddya know? Ya never know what's gonna happen these days, do ya? now

it's green dogs!" If an occasional pessimist tried to stir up curiosity, wonder, or surprise, or whet their flagging appetite for the unusual, someone was apt to look at the pessimist, and remark simply, "What's eatin' you, buddy? They ain't hurtin' nobody, are they?" After a while, chlorophyll-colored dogs became so common that very few people bothered even to comment on doggish color. Homo sapiens, as a race, as a world was shrugging its collective shoulders at miracles, and rolling up its sleeves to get back to work.

And so, when everybody woke up one morning to find families of Bems in the back yards, there was only a little grinning, a little amusement, and a sort of surprised, pleasant welcome. They were real little Bug-eyed monsters, about three feet tall, with purple skin, and large (for their size) horny, flat feet, with (you guessed it) four toe-like appendages on one foot and seven of the other. They rode, and they lived, in small, flat, elliptical ships, which, with a little imagination, could be called "Flying Saucers," and, of course, were called exactly that. They were polite and friendly, spoke excellently the language of the country where they happened to land, grinned broadly at everybody with their two little rosy mouths (one, of course, for eating, and the other for talking), and winked with jolly kindness out of three huge, elongated blue eyes.

And naturally, no one paid the slightest attention to them, there were no incidents. It is reported that a little boy near Vladivostok blacked the eye of an immature Bem, but it was a childish affair, and immediate apologies were tendered on both sides. The Bems settled in quite happily beside their new neighbors, each family appropriating only a few square feet of territory where he landed and no more, and they gave as much as they took from the people of Earth. Bem Scientists showed Earth scientists how a teleport worked, and the cunning device by which dogs were turned green; they freely traded their Miracle Beans (which were actually made out of petroleum residue, separated to its component nuclei and electrons, and built up again into edible proteins and carbohydrates for green grass and pine-needles, which were what they liked best for salad. And they were enchanted with television; the Bem have the most intense sense of humor on any planet of any star-system, and they had never invented television; therefore they have always had to satisfy their perpetual need for amusement by elaborate practical joke.

Now and then, of course, some expert, some professor, some long-haired, wild eyed intellectual or professional pessimist, some sociologist or psychologist, would try to point out to the people of Earth how cleverly they had been taken in, how they had been psychologically prepared to become immune to incredible and startling results, how their suspicions had been gradually lulled so that they had been invaded from space without protest. But the common man, the average citizen knew better. His wife had swapped bean recipes, and new ways of darning socks with the female Bems; he and the Bems always got along fine. If this was invasion, the common man would remark, "We like it."

And that, of course, is how it happened; how we managed to civilize the barbaric, suspicious natives of this planet by giving them insight into true civilized behavior, and teaching them a genuine sense of values, a perspective, and above all, a sense of humor.

And I just love it here. Especially that television.

ON THE BENCH

(I'm afraid the couch is busted.)

- George Spencer

"Good morning, Dr. Spencer."

"Uh? Oh, yes. You are ...?"

"Plintz. Harold Plintz. I was recommended to you by Dr. Glutzman."

"Oh, yes."

"Say, I see you're keeping up with your psychiatric journals. Always glad to see that."

"No, actually, this is a copy of ANALOG. Tuesday morning is ANALOG-reading time."

"Yes, well with all those journals you have to read, I'll bet you don't have time for much else."

"Well, sometimes I wish I had fewer patients. Getting through Campbell's editorials is a full-time job... Incidentally, aren't you hot in that coat and beard?"

"Oh. You noticed that, did you? That's what I like -- observation."

"Yes, I noticed right away."

"This is my Santa Claus suit. Wear it all the time. I think it's pretty symptomatic. Don't you agree?"

"Could be."

"Probably an Oedipus complex, eh? Probably I'm in love with my mother, so I dress up to fit a father-image. That's what Dr. Kluger said."

"Who?"

"Dr. Kluger. You know, the head of the institute in Philly. The author of YOUR ID AND YOU, on the best-seller list for seventy-nine weeks."

"Oh?"

"I was seeing him before Dr. Glutzman."

"Oh."

"The way he sees it, the struggles between my ego and superego have been moderated by my id interference, culminating

in subliminal manifestations of an aggressive nature typifying the ..."

"You don't say."

".... subconscious symbol formation as described by Dr. Crowley."

"Who?"

"You know, the Dr. Crowley whose article on nail-biting as a symbol of self-castration appeared in the latest issue of the PSYCHOANALYTIC QUARTERLY."

"The latest issue of what?"

"Y... Oh, yes. You're jesting again. I can tell. Ha. Ha."

"Yes. Ha. Ha."

"Those are issues of the QUARTERLY stacked over there in the corner, aren't they?"

"Noooo ... Actually, those are issues of NEBULA. Would you believe it, I cancelled my Wednesday afternoon golf game last week just to keep up, and I'm still three issues behind!"

"Uh, yes. Well, doctor, I had a dream last night in which I kept getting onto subways. All night -- on and off, on and off. Pretty symptomatic, eh?"

"Could be, yes."

"It's just like the last chapter of Dr. Cohen's book on the HYPNOANALYSIS OF A COMPULSIVE WELL-DIGGER. He kept dreaming about subways, too."

"Oh?"

"The cases are identical, don't you think?"

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised."

"Well, doctor, I see that my time is almost up. This session has done me a world of good, I can tell."

"Fine."

"I can just feel all the tensions and repressions being washed away. You have no idea how good that feels, revealing all those traumatic experiences and all."

"How nice for you."

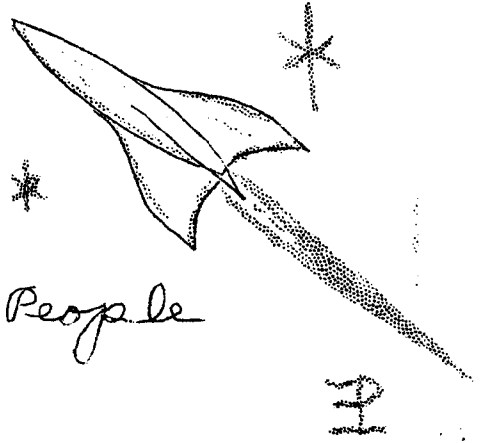
"Yes. Well, I can just tell that you're going to do wonders for me, doctor. Something tells me that next week I'll have a really big catharsis. Don't you think so?"

"It's quite possible."

"I mean, I feel one coming on about then."

"Fine. Just make another appointment as you go out, will you? Now, what page was I on ...?"

SPACE CHILD



A Story Robin By 5 People

CHAPTER ONE : CLAYTON HAMLIN

The ship came tearing in from somewhere outside of the solar system like a politician hellbent for election. Past the desolation of eternally frozen Pluto it skittered, then sped by Neptune without slacking speed. Approaching the orbit of Saturn the walls seemed to glow with an opalescent light as the speed seemed to let up while the occupant, whatever it might be, paused to take a closer look at the rings of meteoric debris.

Inside, slumped down in the corner of an oversized control chair, sat a young girl, both completely human, and exceedingly human, and exceedingly decorative in every respect. She gazed in decidedly bored fashion at the globe of prisoned gases shifting and changing constantly to mirror a picture of the view outside. Intersecting the orbit of mighty Jupiter she flicked a tiny switch that brought the image into a close up view, then shuddered delicately at the churning horror of the surface pictured before her. Speeding onward she gave a puzzled glance at the asteroid belt, then only moments later as it was replaced by the dreary expanses of shifting sands of Mars she uttered a most unladylike, "DAMN! This system is a dead loss!"

From somewhere in the air behind her a voice stated, "Please Jef, Watch your language." Before she could answer the vision of green and inviting Earth formed in the picture before her. Momentarily she felt a flush of homesickness, but then as her flying fingers brought the picture into full enlargement, and the cloud cover was pierced to show the surface; a welling laughter burst from her lips. Actual cities, millions of people all crowded together. The laughter bubbled unquenchably from her, as she contemplated the ridiculous spectacle, then she suddenly stopped as a devilish gleam came to her eyes, and she stated "These people are positively prehistoric, let's have some fun with them."

The voice behind her stated matter of factly, "Planets in development stage three, early nuclear, but pre-magnetic, are not to be visited by any but qualified investigators. Therefore I must prohibit your approaching this world."

Then a plaintive note came into the voice, as it continued, "I find that certain synopsis of my instructions and abilities have been erraced, and I can't stop you." It continued like a petulant child, "You shouldn't have done this Jef, you still might get in trouble."

As if to support this statement a flight of rockets rose from the surface below them to investigate the visitor. Their thundering rocket engines sped them rapidly towards the ship. Seemingly englobing the visitor they came rush-

ing in from all sides. The ship waited until the last possible moment and then gave a little flip-flop which brought it outside the circle of rockets, and then began a series of dizzying gyrations as more and more rockets sped towards it; but try as they might the controllers on the ground below simply couldn't get close to the irritating invader. Finally tiring of the game Jef muttered, "This is no fun, finish them off."

Words immediately became actions and softly glowing beams sped from the ship to clutch the rockets and turn them away. A series of intricate changes of course and they all sped towards each other, to collide in a space wracking explosion of unleashed nuclear power.

"Wow, these guys play rough. Find me the guy that sent them up will you?"

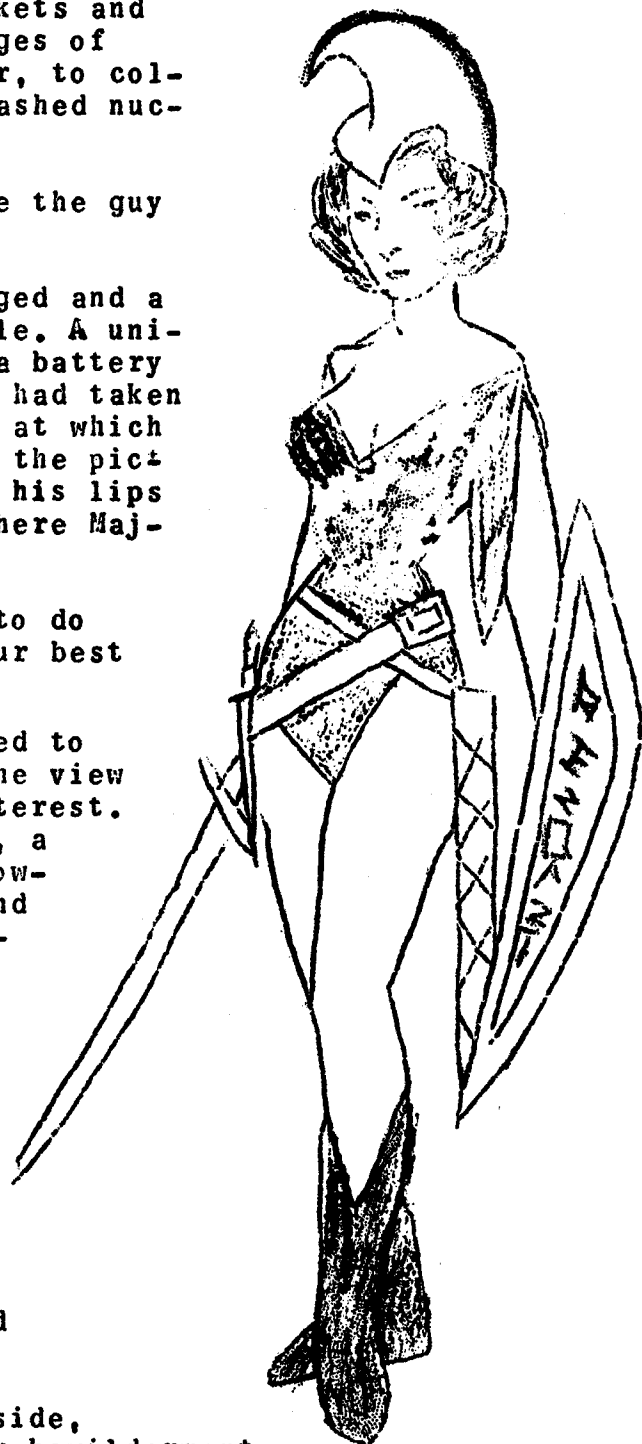
The pictured scene in the cloud changed and a room in a concrete blockhouse became visible. A uniformed man was staring unbelievably into a battery of television screens at the debacle which had taken place. A violent curse came from his lips, at which the other men seemed to cringe. Staring at the picture he finally cut off the exclamation on his lips in the middle of a word and yelled, "Come here Major."

Then he went on, "What are we going to do about this, Clay? If they can do this to our best interceptors, what else can we expect?"

Far above the pilot of the ship seemed to lose interest, and expanded the field of the view screen searching for something of more interest. The vision steadied as she found something, a young boy wandering down a shady street, towards his home. With an airy wave of her hand over a series of glass beads on a panel before her she cut in a series of mental receptors, and delved deeply into his mind. She was utterly bewitched by the thoughts she felt. "Set me down there, you mechanical monster, this looks like fun."

Protestingly the ship obeyed, muttering, "Won't you at least take this emergency kit with you?" A wall opened and a tiny bag appeared as the airlock opened. As the ship had descended it had switched into invisibility as it neared the surface.

She grabbed the bag, and stepped outside, right beside the boy she had seen. In utter bewilderment he stopped, then seeing a perfectly normal looking girl, the boy smiled, and



said, "Hi, my name is Bud, but where in the world did you come from?"

25

CHAPTER TWO ==+==+==+==+==+==+@#@==+==+==+==+==+== JANET FREEMAN

"Call me Jef," she smiled, "and I didn't exactly."

The boy, Bud, looked confused. "Oh" he said vacantly. Then he brightened. "I didn't see you, tho I can't figure out why? Where're you going?"

Jef did a doubletake. She hadn't the foggiest notion. "Oh, down that way I guess," she waved vaguely down the street. "Great!" bud commented enthusiastically. "So am I -- mind?"

That evidently meant "May I join you?" "What the hell," she thought, "I'd say he was about 15, local. I can handle that with my eyes closed..... Sure" she smiled back at him.

They walked down the street, exchanging small talk. For a moment Bud frowned, then gathering his courage blurted out, "Are you a beatnik, or something". The clothes and all, I mean....." he stopped in an embarrassed awkwardness.

"A WHICH!??", Jef yelped. Bud spelled it, deadpan. Jef frowned, laughing inwardly. "This is more fun than anything! I wonder if I can get this place routed for tourists?" A voice answered inside her head, "Planets in this stage of development are NOT to be molested, let alone by tourists. Then on a plaintive note it added, "You better hurry up. There's a couple score people having nervous breakdowns and--"

"Oh, all right, give me five minutes." she snapped back.

"You're not mad, are you?" that was Bud .

"Un, no. Not at all, Bud. but look, I have to flit. Trouble with your SAC boys...."

Bud jumped. "Say? What are you anyway? I mean, first you come walking out of---well, I don't know what, dressed like--like something from Mars..." Jef winced, she'd seen Mars and didn't take it as a compliment. "...Don't hear or understand half of what I say, and to top it all off---SAC! What goes on here anyhow?"

"Well, I guess I goofed--" Jef winced again under Bud's demanding stare, "Let's have some help, you conglomeration of wire, spit and chewing gum!" at this Bud's jaw all but hit the sidewalk and he started to say something else to her, but before he could speak she vanished, this time his eyes almost fell out. He just stood there for a minute just staring. Then he walked slowly down the street, head down, muttering to himself, and seriously doubting his own senses.

"I don't know sir," Hamlin looked warily at the young, hotheaded officer "It seems as though there isn't much we can do. We sent our best up there after them, and they just thumbed their noses at us. It's a job for the politicians

now. I guess we just have to cross our fingers, and hope they don't decide to blast us out of this plane of existence." Hamlin looked at the cold, competent eyes, now filled with impotent fury. Harrell was liable to blow and heaven help the installation! "There's no choice for us, unless you want to evacuate the installation untill...."

"THE HELL I WILL!" Harrell exploded. "If we can't take them, we sure aren't goint to run! Have radar run a check, then trace em, and plot their course, and after they have that have 'em check it again. Then give it to me. Get the boys ready and call the reserve out, have the pilots ready to scramble. I want a top priority line to Washington and Conac..." The list went on and on. Hamlin breathed a sigh of relief, mentally. The guy was good. He hadn't believed a guy with a temper like that could..." and fast! Now MOVE!"

The room hummed with activity; men moved quickly, efficiently, from place to place. Messengers ran from place to place, dodging oblivious trackers and spotters. Suddenly it stopped, completely, and the machines that never stopped did, and all at the same time. This stopped all the men and they each looked at each other with a wordless fear, and the silence was deafening. They had all heard something just after the machines stopped. A blast of thought, frightening in intensity, especially awesome to the non-telepathic.

All eyes turned to Harrell. The General stood quietly. There was no fear in his eyes, only a speculative gleam. The man stood tensed, ready, hand on gun but. The calmness in his hard distant eyes reassured them.

"Okay, quiet, everybody sit down, slowly. Easy now, and...DON'T TOUCH THAT BOARD!" he yelled, "Stay AWAY from that equipment, it's charged. I'd like to know just what is going on here, but I don't so just take it as it comes. I'm in contact with somebody on the ship."

The voice was low, clipped, in full command of his men, and full understanding of the present situation. Or at least so it seemed. "He....she...it" (Bug eyed monster, or blond from Beta Cehtanni?', he wondered silently) "is to set down on the field. It--in leiu of no information, had already cleared the boys off the field. Now SHUT UP!"

"Okay, Bucket Buddy, set yourself down right in their laps. And no back-talk. That guy is trying to pull a fast one, but have I got a BIG surprise for HIM." and with that Jef set back and gave a delighted chuckle.

The silver ship lowered itself gently onto the field, scorching the pavement black. Jef picked up her emergency kit, and made ready to meet the enemy.

CHAPTER THREE =+=+=+=+=+=+=+=)- (=+=+=+=+=+=+=+= BUD POWELL

'Meeting the enemy, HA! More like being enveloped by them', thought Jef as she stepped out on the field. 'Good thing I have this kit along with me, let them try to use anything against me, be it ray or rock, and the kit throws out a shield like carbotanium steel.'

Still, upon leaving the ship she was surprised, expecting to see something like a mass of bullets, bombs, or blasting powder, but still atomic weapons was something she didn't expect.....at least not so close to so many

people. THE atomic blast was an entire surprise to her, the ship, and the kit. The kit was even faster than the nuclear explosion, and all she felt was a slight shimmy in the air, and a rise in the temperature of a half a degree or less.

When the girl stepped out of the ship the general almost countermanded his instructions. "That girl could not possibly be what we think she is. She is just too....too....beautiful, yes, that is the word, to be an invader from outer space. She is entirely too innocent looking knowing that every conceivable weapon on this world was brought to bear on her" he added to himself. He was actually glad even though mystified to see her still standing there after the explosion.

Jef gave a tuneless to herself then mentally framed a query. "Boyl do these guys ever play rough--what size was that last firecracker you hunk of tin and rip cords?"

"The measurement of the nuclear explosion was only in the range of half a kiloton." The ship continued with a little more emotion than previously. "Still it really was a doozy, wasn't it? Just the same you better come in out of there, it's pretty hot both in thermal, and gamma radiation right now and..."

"Oh don't have a conniption, can." Interrupted Jef, very annoyed, "You'll get your oil in time, and these guys need a lesson, not to fool around with fireworks like that; and I am just the one to teach them. Incidentally, any more ships from home in the vicinity?"

"Well, yes, now that you ask, Officer Brodsky's ship is hot on our trail because of those escapades on the last two planets. She is closing in on a regular search pattern. I see on searching my memory tracks that there is nothing about the control center taking effect to turn you over to her if the police are searching for you, so I can do nothing but warn you of her ships approach, I'll bet you erraced that too."

"I'll just bet, but don't worry meteor bate, that fuzz will never catch us."

"Don't be too sure, Jef," Announced a voice through her head piece, "this is 'that fuzz' speaking, and you had better come up, or else."

CHAPTER FOUR =+=+=+=+=+=+=+=&O3+=+=+=+=+=+=+= JANICE BRODSKY

"And Jef, no more fast ones like the last escapade out past Vega. The gamma's you raised there is going to make that place a hot-hole for five years, and if you don't recall, the police in that direction are just the least bit unhappy with you. So get back here---NOW!"

Jef cracked a wide grin, and said, "Well, Bolt Brain, what next?"

'What next' came half a second later, and Bolt Brain found himself well enough occupied recovering from the shudder and shock of a second nuclear explosion, uncomfortably close even though the assimilative powers naturally kept Jef from any harm.

But officer Brodsky wasn't letting her ship rust in the space of the

"None," answered the major. Then a thought crossed his mind, and he added, "Sir, isn't it possible we are overlooking a bet? I mean, that blasted field near the base might indicate that there is perhaps more than one ship involved here, and heaven knows we are going to need any help we might be able to get when that devilish ship comes back....if it does."

Only moments later a trace was made and a yell went up as a ship was located near the planet. The rocket blasted off and in a thunder of flame, sped upwards. It seemed only moments till an orbital pattern which would bring the rocket into proximity with the unknown. Immediately all broadcasting from the base ceased as the General spoke into a microphone. "If you can help us against that lunatic for heavens sake come down and do so. We can't touch her with anything, and she is libe to wreck this whole planet if she comes back. And don't count on it that she won't or hasn't already."

"Yep, but this time she won't get away quite so easily, this ship of mine carries some instruments that will locate her no matter what, and all it needs is the general area to work on." Then she gave a mental command for a



pattern of search beams, and then slumped languidly back in a chair to wait.

The delay seemed endless, but it was really only a matter of ten minutes or so for a trace of the returning ship to be picked up, and Jan got a message from her ship "Here she comes, and right where we knew she would be. Coordinates 3147 and 8508, landing under full invisibility, right there."

Phil reached for the microphone to order interceptors, but the captain immediately stepped in front of him and switched it off, then raising her voice in exasperation she asked impatiently, have you not yet got it through your thick skull that you are completely helpless against that ship? Now do just what I tell you and stop acting like an infant."

Clay noted this exchange of compliments and hid a grin that threaten to spread over his face, and awaited the outburst from the general . . . but it never came. Demoralized by a will stronger than his own he meekly slumped back

at his desk and sat there quietly while mental instructions sped thick and fast between the girl and the ship.

Jan raced for the door, and she was immediately followed by the two men. they ran into the ship and it took off in a blast of thunder, then in only seconds came to a rest immediately above the renegade craft. Peering closely at the instruments the whole picture unfolded before them as the girl opened the airlock and left the craft, completely unsuspecting the surveillance she was under.

The police craft settled invisibly to earth with telepathic blocks full out to prevent the other ship from radiating a warning, then the three entered the open portal, where the captain immediately got to work with a complicated mechanism. She strode to the control panel and immediately set to work, wiring in the apparatus.

As she finished a shimmering field came into being around the new control which she had installed, a field which the men were unable to penetrate no matter how they tried.

Jan gave a sigh of relief, and stated, "Now just let her try anymore tricks with this complete new synaptic brain." She giggled girlishly at the thought. "That brat is going to have a nice uncomfortable lesson taught her, and it

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starts right now." So saying they left the ship and immediately took to the air to await developments.

CHAPTER SEVEN----- JANET FREEMAN

Later when Jef returned to the ship Jan flipped a lever, and the ship immediately took to the air.

"What in the name of--" Jef started. The ship surged outward upward, while the girl sat, stunned. "Holy Kimball Kinnison!" she swore, finally, and slapped on the outside viewer. A picture of the Captian's ship swirled into being. Awareness dawned on the girl. Using the controls, her willpower, her own tp powers, and trying futilely to control the ship she struggled in Brodsky's trap. The controls were bugged, her willpower couldn't work altogether alone, and a flicker field had blanketed her own Telepatic sending power. The ship was evidently out of her hands, and with the new rig she couldn't teleport out of it. "What am I going to do?" her mind raced like an animal in a trap, around the boundries that were her limitations. There was only one chance, and that one slim, depending on whether or not Brodsky had thought to bugger the hyperspace tightbeam. Desperately she hit the switch, hard.

There was nothing but static. The screen swirled in blue-gray-green nothingness. Last hope,...last chance. What now? She wouldn't give up...

She looked down at her board, and giggled hysterically. She deserved that she'd gotten! Any one foolish enough to try to place a call without clearing Etheric Distance Charts deserved one hell of a scare. She twisted the dial, grinning, wryly, tense in spite of herself. The screen cleared. He let out a half sigh. The hard, cold face on the screen was that of a youth about 17, or maybe older..... His eyes lighted with recognition when he saw the girl, then questioned her, silently. The rapport between these two told him something was wrong, terribly wrong, before any words were spoken. Finally, the girl spoke.

"Look, Trev, I'm in kind of a jam." she was interrupted by a sound half way between a sardonic, derisive laugh and an It-figures type grunt. She glared at him, telling him, "Why else would I be calling you? You should have known, but you're hopeless, that's all. Now here's what I want you to do..." The rest was deeply technical, but meant; Can you from a distance send out a disruptor beam capable of a) giving Captian Brodsky one hell of a jolt, and b) setting a synapse block on this ...~~Cancer~~ so that I can handle it? The youth grinned wolfishly, and said sure he could, within about three minutes after she signed off, and that would she come home after this one, or did he have to come and get her? Jef made no promises. Just said she'd be home, soon, but if he didn't do her this tiny little favor, she might not get home at all.

Jef signed off, and got ready to give the whole stinking planet, and most especially one Captain Jan Brodsky, what for.

-----oO)Oo-----

On Wolf IV's fifth planet, the young physicist-dynamics-engineer was setting up his equipment. "Damn foolish kid," he muttered to himself.

"Next time I get hold of her--" and he knocked out a pair of transformer tubes so energetically they exploded into a billion tiny fragments. "What the hell does she think I am?? at her beck and call maybe? Out of a sound sleep yet!" Then he was silent, head bent, all his attention on delicate dials and mechtuners. That "tiny something" he was doing was outlawed, and doubly so since he was obstructing justice, and if he got caught he'd spend the rest of his life on penal asteroid 1205-60 in section 50583 chipping rocks off of larger rocks, which had come off of boulder which had been blasted off of even bigger boulders called planets, but then he didn't expect to get caught.

Finally, the thing was tuned. The youth, whistling racously through his teeth, spliced the last wire, fitted the last connection, made the last minute adjustment, and fingers crossed hit the simple switch that gave the whole ultra-complicated mechanism enough power to span half a not-galaxy, which was about the not distance a Beam traveled, and as was expected, the beam traveled; and it worked.

CHAPTER EIGHT -----oO)(Oo----- BUD POWELL

"How in the name of the Greater Galactic Cluster did you ever manage to lose that infantile excuse for a space she cat?" Snarled the District Supervisor of the Galactic Federation, "You should have brought her in cycles ago, but instead you loose her again on another unsuspecting planet. I suppose you know you are being held responsible for any and all damage Captain Brodsky?"

"But it wasn't my fault sir, My ship just failed to keep up the screen. It must have been a malfunction in that new synaptic brain I installed, but I swear sir that it seemed as if someone had cut loose with a power beam and jamed it. I know it sounds impossible sir, for a beam to reach out that far, but that's the only reasonable explanation."

-----oO) (Oo----

Back at the ship Jef was in the process of changing her mind about making the Base her first visit and began to think 'Gee, I'm getting lonesome.' and then the memory of Bud came back to her and she called out "Hey, you overgrown soup strainer, try and find that Earthling I was talking to before---You know, the stupid one."

"You must mean that young man called, Bud Powell," came the tinny reply, "I've been keeping track of him just in case you want him again."

-----oO) (Oo----

Bud noticed something the instant his private plane was smashed flatter than a pancake by nothing visible only a few moments after he had left it. "I'll bet it's that girl again, well, this time she's just gone that little bit too far," he said in an unheard oath. It was at this moment that Jef stepped out of the ship which at the time was not only invisible, but was as well, smack-dab on top of Bud's prize airplane. Jef had no sooner stepped out of the plane (at least that's what it looked like being as the ship was invisible) when she was abruptly up-ended, and a much needed spanking was applied to her petite posterior.

"I'll get you for this," flamed Jef, "You just wait 'till I get to Arisia

and get my lens."

CHAPTER NINE -----104-----JAN BRODSKY

Bud grinned, then he grinned wider, for Jef had jumped up, materialized a plastic chair, attempted to sit down, and decided speedily that there was a definite advantage to standing.

Then he twisted his usually pleasant face into an angry scowl that was not entirely put on, and snarled, "Do you make a habit of snatching expensive private jobs like that one--" here he gestured toward the now useless pile of jet juice, and metal, with the invisible rocket on top of it--"at three PM every day, or was this just a special demonstration put on for my benefit?"

"Ah, cut it Bud. I'm really sorry about the plane, but maybe this time I can give an effective apology. Wanna ride in my little bucket of bolts that could beat yours at at stanstill?"

"You mean if I still had one."

"I said I was sorry, and it is a good offer isn't it? Don't be such a sore head."

A number of things entered Bud's head, but in as much as a second glance assured him of two things, he was inclined to say yes. The first was that his plane was beyond repair; the second, that while Jef might be a bit unusual in some respects those respects did not include lack of an attractive set of statistics. He accordingly said, "Yeah, I guess so, since there seems to be no other way of avoiding the hundred-mile walk back home," and managed to hide the eagerness which had almost crept in unaware.

Jef lead the way, and they entered the cabin of her ship, which, as usual, set up a protesting howl. "Jef, I don't like to complain, but you know the regulations. NO untrained personnel; no one unauthorized by..."

"Look, you undernourished kiddy-car, there's not time now for technicalities. If your powerplant can stand the strain, get us out of here! Whether or not you're noticed, our beloved Keeper from back home is approximately 3,000 local miles from this forsaken spot at the present, and I don't know you but I'd rather not be here when she zeros in on that hunk of metal down there."

Half a minute later Bud's curiosity satisfied with the news that this was only a short hop and that he'd be dropped off near his home, the vessel was airborne. He didn't take notice, fortunately for his peace of mind, and sanity, that the course plotted would not take them "Home."

-----oO)(Oo-----

Captain Brodsky, alias, "The Keeper," was busy. Extremely so, for she had her cruiser newly equipped with a souped-up drive system, ultra-speedcomputer relays, and a surprise for a certain youngster that didn't need any gift-wrapping to be devastating.

Jef looked around at Bud and said, "BOY! do you see what I see Bud? Looks like and Air Base doesn't it? You know it looks like a drag down there. Let's see if I can't liven things up a little bitty."

Then was when Bud began to get the horrible suspicion that he was going to make it home as quick as he thought he was, and when Jef said, "I believe I'll see what kind of a reaction I'd get if I used my spectro-chrome unit to make pretty patterns on their radar screens. C'mon you creaky bucket of bolts get a move on, you know what to do." he knew he wasn't.

Down in Base ops the radar operator stood up so suddenly that he sent his chair crashing over, and with such a force that it ripped the mike cord off, and he went rushing out of the room shouting at the top of his lungs, "radar, giant birds, bombers millions of them, General Harrell scramble, scramble." this was followed by a general rush to the radar screen, the yellow alert alarm, and the high pitched scream of jets winding up for take off and a very loud explosion as General Harrell's top flew off. "Would somebody mind telling me just what the hell is coming off here any way? and turn that damn alarm off before I bust every man in here and have you shot twice at sunset. You know damn good and well that this is just some more of that vixen from space. You heard me MOVE!" He was upset to say the least, and his anger only caused more confusion as when he got that mad, heads rolled.

The sargent rushed to turn off the alert switch and in his quaking stated red alert instead and off went the jets and the sargent in an effort to try to undo it, switched on the mikes, to call them back, that is he thought he had switched on the mikes, he hadn't, it had been the fire buttons for the Nike batteries firing. Now the Nike's were out after the fighters that had just taken off, and General Harrell was just sitting there, at a desk, with his head in his hands, sobbing softly to himself, "Oh, no" he moaned, "Oh no, no, no, no, no." He lit a cigarette with trembling fingers, "Be brave" he told himself, "Chin up and all that sort of thing, This can't go on forever.....Can it?" the last was said in, sort of a plaintive plea in hopes that someone would tell him it couldn't, but no one did, they just stared at the spectacle that was going on above them as the Nike's through the sky.

In the ship Jef was just about in hysterics and Bud was frozen there with an unbelieving look on his face, as if this was just some kind of a horrible dream that he would soon wake up from or out of. Jef had almost got her laughing under control when the ship, anxious to protect the fliers, ~~released~~ two Nike's to run head on after he had teleported the jet about fifty feet above them. This caused the pilot to wobble through the sky like a drunk over a straight line, narrowly missing another jet who in his effort to get away from him almost speared another Jet who was being chased by a Nike. This set Jef off again and she just lay there helplessly laughing. In fact she was laughing so hard she didn't see the other rocket materialize behind her and destroy all the Nike's, and Bud wasn't about to tell her.

Bud wasn't the only one glad to see it, or were the jet jockeys....

General Harrell was down right hysterical to see her. I say that because when Captain Brodsky showed up and destroyed the disguised missiles he slapped a guy on the back so hard, he went sailing across the room and into a wall. His joy afterwards at having Captain Brodsky arrive when she did is doubtful, but General Harrell's certainly isn't.

Jef finally realizing who had shown up told Bud, "Button up, and watch us give old kill joy out there a ride for her money."

CHAPTER ELEVEN -----oO)(Oo----- CLAY HAMLIN

This was just too much for Bud. He grabbed the switch and closed it, and with his free hand grabbed Jef, and yanked her away from the controls "I've taken, and been through a lot, but this time is just too much, I'm tired of being pushed around like this, and though you are a mighty decorative specimen, enough is enough."

The airlock opened and Jan strode in. "Thanks Bud, It wouldn't have made any difference, all I wanted to do was trace that beam and find out who the accomplice was, but perhaps we can make it up to you for this just the same." In fact, I know exactly how to use you, and it's something you are just bound to enjoy." Setting a box down she was carrying she removed a couple of mechanisms, grabbed the struggling Jef shoved her into the control seat, and turned a dial so the restraining straps held her immovably there. Then donning a complicated mechanism like a helmet she proved deeply into the mind of the helpless girl. A silence ensued, punctuated by a giggle, "Only fifteen and local, eh? You can handle that with your eyes closed can you?" Another silence, then she added, "Oh, Truv, is it? We'll just see about that."

Another pause, she removed the helmet, and sent out a mental message to her ship to turn off the confusion field, whereupon things went back to normal. Then turning to Bud, she handed him the helmet, and grinned as she told him, "Just put this on Bud, You're going to have a long trip back to our home, and you are going to have a job while doing it. You, my boy, are going to be a baby-sitter for this creature. This will give you mental control over her, and if you feel like it you can give her a mental working over that will make that well-deserved spanking seem like love pats." She smiled at the thought.

Bbbbbuuutt, "Bud sputtered, but she interrupted him again. "No, No, don't worry about it, you can handle her, I know. And when you get back to our home we'll have a use for you. This miserable excuse for a planet is long overdue for an inspection, so naturally we will want an observer, and an ambassador of sorts. Just let us put you through a few years of school, fit you out for your own ship, and who better than yourself?"

Before Bud could protest again, she added, "You surely don't think we would use someone downstairs, do you?" she snorted. " That general, uuuuuggghhh!"

She reached out and removed the restraining force from Jef, who was quietly sobbing, and with an affectionate tone in her voice added, "She may be a wild sort, but after a few days of working over her mind so she can see just what you are like, who knows, You just might have company

when you get ready to return to your home here. She gathered up the mechanisms and floated out the door.

Bud turned to Jef with an affectionate look, which she returned, he then smiled and said, " Show me how to send a message to my parents that I'll be a few years late for supper, and let's go , shall we?"

She smiled shyly and turned on the drive jets.

-----oo)(Oo-----

IN THE CAVE OF HECATE
BY
MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY.

Thy task is ended. Fling away the sword,
shatter the starry jewel that gave thee power,
For this one hour, Hell, and Satan bended
over thy task, and kept thee close in ward.

Turn now in hate
from the dark cave, and flee the dismal Dame,
sans thanks, and fearful; cover up thy face
and kneeling ask for grace, who trusted fate
and for thy somber deeds sought Satan's flame.

Magic thy guide,
in dark, forbidden ways thy task was done.
You did not scorn my sorceries in your need;
now take to heed; that these Hell-hounds beside
my throne, shall follow after sun to sun...

Thou art my thrall!
Flee if you dare, and try your soul to save,
deny the fearful hour, call it dream...
False though it seem, yet thou wilt find it all
true as they fate. For now thou art my slave!

-----oo0)(Ooo-----

A funny thing happened to me on the way to the publisher...

-----oo00)(O0oo-----

someone called me a BNF which flattered me at first and then I found out that they thought it meant Big Noisy Fake.

-----oo00)(00oo-----

"DO UNTO OTHERS..."

A Short Story by LENNY KAYE

"Oh, Lord, how I hate him!" Professor Stanley G. Hamilton said to his butler, "I just despise him." Franklin just nodded.

"Did you notice that right after I brought out my paper on orbital techniques, which of course, was sure to make all the scientific journals, he comes out with a paper on how we can avoid the deadly radiation band around Earth, which makes everybody forget my brilliant work and takes the public's eye away from me!" The professor paused for breath. "You'd think he planned it that way!"

"Maybe it was only coincidence, sir."

"It's not the first time he's done it. Remember a few years back, when I discovered the one hundred and tenth element, Hamiltonium? Well, the day after I made the news public, he comes out with a paper telling about a new theory of his on why the dinosaurs disappeared from the face of the Earth, which was the most ridiculous thing I have ever read, but it still got higher priority in the science journals than mine did." The professor slammed his fist down on the table.

"Still those things do happen, sir."

"If I want your comments I'll ask for them. Now get out Franklin!"

The butler said a stiff, "Yes sir," and walked out.

"Now," muttered the professor to himself, "what can I do to get even with one Professor David S. Laskins?" and he smiled a grim leer.

He leaned back on his chair, picked up a pipe from the rack, and twisted it back and forth in his hand, then replaced it, and reached for the always full humidor. Selected a cigar, placed it in his mouth, and lit it. As the smoke billowed in great clouds around his head he leaned back and put his feet up on the desk. He thought about revenge.... "Kidnapping? No, that was illegal, the thing he must do had to be entirely legal." He thought for a while with the smoke curling upwards to form a white umbrella between him and the ceiling. Soon a plan formed in his mind. He sat there for a while formulating it in his mind. Finally, it was finished as was the cigar, and he snuffed it out, and called Franklin.

"Franklin, I have here a plan of revenge to end all plans of revenge. You know my little nephew, Jimmy? Well, he likes to read this science-fiction stuff, and one day having nothing better to do, I picked up one of his books. It told how this guy goes back in time and kills this guy's grandfather whom he doesn't like. There fore, the guy he doesn't like ceases to exist. So, that's what I'm going to do!" The butler's mouth dropped open, then he said, "very good sir, and will that be all?"

The professor chuckled arcavely to himself and said, "That will be enough."

The next few months were hectic ones. First the trans-temporal equations had to be worked out fully as the slightest mistake in them would either leave him stranded in the past or the machine wouldn't work. Then it had to be checked so that nothing would go wrong in the past. The machine itself looked like a little round egg, and the interior was exceedingly cluttered. The whole front of it was a mass of dials and gauges. There was a seat with a sliding door beside it, and the outside was a silver color.

Finally, all was ready. Day of departure; December 27, 1970. He climbed into the "Revenge", named in honor of his main purpose, turned ~~the dial~~ and pushed the button. The engine rumbled under him, and then it stopped with a suddeness that made him think something had gone wrong; but when he opened the door and glanced out, he saw that he had arrived at his destination. He got out and looked around. On the corner was a news boy selling papers, so he bought one and glanced at the date Sept. first, 1884. Good! exactly the date he had set the machine for. Now to find Laskins's great-grandfathers house. He got directions to Albany street, and then it was a simple matter to find 219. He knew the address as he had looked it up in the hall of records before he left. He walked up to the door and knocked .

A grizzled old face poked out at him and said, "Yes?"

"I'm looking for a Mr. Donald Laskins."

"You're speaking to him right now sonny."

"Good." said Hamilton, and with out further ado pulled out a knife and stabbed him. At least that's what he attempted to do...but nothing happened so he tried again, and again....

The old man scratched his head and shrugged, "Now I wonder where that young feller went? He jus' seemed to vanish into thin air." and with that remark he shrugged again, turned around and walked back into the house and shut the door right in Hamiltons face. First he knocked, then he banged, and seeing that he wasn't getting anywhere went back to his machine and then back home. After he got back he decided before he went back in he would go by Laskins house. Then he remembered he had left his keys in the house and walked up to the door, only to find it locked so he rang the bell and waited..... and waited, and waited. He'd have to speak to Franklin abot that as he knew it wasn't going to take long and he'd said he was going to be back the same day He'd take it out of his pay, and see how he liked that. Maybe there was a window open he

could get into around the side. Then was when he found both cars were gone. That did it. He'd teach Franklin to take one car and loan the other out, boiling with rage he sat out for Laskins on foot. It was a long hard walk but he finally made it, and sneaked around back so he could look into the study window. Laskins was sitting with his back to the window talking to himself, and as it was a pleasant evening the window was open "I always knew he was a little crazy, and this proves it." Hamilton remarked to himself, and moved closer so he could hear what he was saying.

"Yes, it was pretty clever of me" Laskins said, "very clever indeed, all I had to do was go back in time and kill his great-grandfather. Now I'm rid of that pest forever." and with that he let out a great chackling laugh.

Hamilton stood outside slightly dumbfounded..."So that's why Franklin didn't answer the door he couldn't he'd never been hired because...." The impact of it then hit him full force and before he could finish the thought Laskin continued...

"GAD! I really hated that Hamilton, he always thought that he was better than anyone else, I guess I showed him. It was so simple to get rid of him that I almost can't believe it's done, but it is, now he doesn't exist anymore, and I'm the only one who knows who Hamilton was and I'll probably forget myself, as a matter of fact his memory already seems to be getting dim." and with that Laskins entire body shook with laughter and he kept on laughing.

Outside, Hamilton felt himself becoming very woozy almost as if he were fading out then a saying he had chanted as a child came back to him "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you..." and if Laskins had looked out his window just then, or been able to have seen Hamilton if he had looked, he would have seen him slowly fade away like smoke from a cigar....

-----oO) (Oo-----

VENTURA original was going to be 36 pages long but I didn't take a couple of things into account that I should have so now it looks as if it will run 46 pages instead of 36 because as you see this is page 36 and I still have somewhere around 10 pages more of material to put on stencils, which brings up another problem as I only have 2 more stencils to put it on and today's Saturday meaning all the stationers are closed. until Monday... Sigh. Anyway The extra ten pages are worth it.

Coming out short on pages like this gives me sort of a running ed column which when it happens I enjoy as it gives me the chance to give all sort of free plugs like..... RON ELLIK FOR TAFF, and JOIN THE 19TH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION(Meet number 214.... Gee Ma, I belong) and there seems to be a move on to bring Walt and Madeleine Willis to the '62 worldcon, so I'll give them a plug too. Send donations to "Larry Shaw, Treasurer IOAWF, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, New York." I wish someone would start another to bring John Berry back again..Or may be one just to get me to the SeaCon Like I mean what's a con without me? (now watch some wise guy say "Fun." of course I haven't ever been to one.

As I was going over some of the things I've collected over the years. I came across my old school catalog written by the Dean of that wonderful old place CLAY HAMLIN. He has since added the presidency of ISFCC to his distinctions, of Course Clay Hamlin is just his Pen Name we all know his real name is Asmodeus. I'm sure you'll enjoy reading it, and after you finish it some of you may even decide to go to.....

MEPHISTO UNIVERSITY OF NECROMANCY

PURPOSE

A growing appreciation of, and demand for, the broadly trained sorcerer, and witch, particularly in the fields of politics, psychology, and advertising, emphasises the need of introducing special courses of the more liberal arts into the curricula of the ancient Mephisto University of Necromancy. Today's complexities, and developments in the ancient art of sorcery are such that a knowledge of the most recent developments in motivational research, subliminal techniques, and symbolic logic are a most worthwhile addition to the spells and incantations of an earlier day in fully developing minds capable of the comprehension necessary for attainment of adeptship.

Mephisto University supports this position, with a complete academic experience in the fields of magic which will develop our students for a vocation in this honored profession.

THE UNIVERSITY

Mephisto University is located in dreary Gilgamish Swamp, one of the most popular suburbs of West Baal. Its black basaltic structures, made even more dismal by climbing poison ivy offers a home-like atmosphere for its students. Deep underground crypts, eternally shielded from sunlight, allow a twenty-four hour per day activity to be carried on unhampered by the necessity for the periodic requirements of self protection necessary among humans.

Convenient broomports are commonplace, and two local teleport stations are nearby, allowing students immediate access to all points of interest.

THE GUIDANCE PROGRAM

The objectives of the guidance program at Hephisto University are to discover, and develop the qualities, and abilities of its students, so they can best insure success in whatever field they are best suited for, whether the common lycanthropy, the numerous fields of sorcery, or the relatively uncommon predictors, and sibblys.

THE FACULTY

The innercircle of adepts in both administrative, and teaching positions is recognized as one of the finnest of its kind in existance. The presidency of the university is in the capable claws of Asmodeus, Thoth is the highly popular Dean of Males, with Hecate holding the comparale position for the female students. Count Dracula serves in both adminstrative and teaching positions as head of the School of Lycanthropy, the School of Sorcery is headed by Merlin, and the highly dishonored human Rasputin serves in the capacity of head of the School of Diabolism.

LIBRARY

The university library is supplied with all standard reference parchments, including the faculties own works, Thoth's Collegiate Grimoire, Hecate's immensely popular Who's What In Magic, and various others of comparable interest. The school is also the proud possessor of one of the most complete collections of grimoires and texts in the field of sorcery in the three worlds.

CURRICULA

The Hades Department of Education has fully accredited Hephisto University for the professional training of sorcerors, witches, and lycanthropes of all varieties. Upon completion of any of these programs immediate assignment is made to whatever covent best fits the abilities of each student, the student witch receives the coveted broom and cauldron, while all successful students are awarded the parchement of graduation.

A brief resume of the courses required for each course required for each course of study is as follows.



THE SCHOOL OF LYCANTHROPY: requires basic training in the incantations of transformation, with specialised courses in mechanical aids to simulate the necessary moonlight needed, as well as various potions and their preparation including Belphegers potion. Courses of advanced study cover transformation of the non-were creature, known as Circe's Syndrome, Partial transformation of the popular Centaur, griffin, & sphinx patterns, while lab work covers all facets of such creatures as chimera, and loup garou, and development of the mandrake root.

THE SCHOOL OF SORCERY: offers the most complete education possible, with large numbers of students taking advanced courses, from the basic language courses including Sanscrit, Latin, The useful Transylvanian Dialects, & Arabic, a complete and well rounded educational program is presented. Arabian sorcery covers thoroughly incantations for calling and controlling the various elementals and sprits, preparation and use of the Seal of Solomon, controls on genii, and modification of the flying carpet for jet assisted take off, and anti-gravity controls.

WITCHCRAFT COURSES: required of all students of the school, include; meteorological control, preparation of all useful potions, useful curses, and geas, possession of individuals, and groups, techniques of mob psychology, and construction of runes. Compulsory courses are given in development of esp powers, telepathy and telekinetics, and training in use of the electronic crystal ball has supplanted development of precognition.

A required liberal arts course in the history of magic is given, covering all phases of it's development, from the Olympian pretenders, the alchemists, development of our most monstrous and hilarious science, astrology, through the dark ages of Saint Walpurgis, The Inquisition, and Salem, to present day disbelief, including the insurrection of the saturnalians against the weres, and the development of fandom.

The record for diabolism of the university is unequalled in any comparable school. Courses offered in use of the devil doll, and the voodoo rites give a solid foundation. The university is the proud possessor of an official condemnation from his eternal lowness.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Recognizing that it takes more than scholastic excellence to complete the education of the well rounded and educated creature, many activities are offered for the students. One of the most popular is the Local Chapter of The Hellfire Girls, a sorority devoted to the promoting of general hellishness of our female students. Many former students offer proof of the effectiveness of techniques taught them by guest lecturers in making the lives of the men with whom they come in contact much more miserable, and alumni have been instrumental in the creation of equal rights for women, even among our own graduates, as well as among humans.

For those politically inclined a recognized caucus of the Demoncrat party is available. Many graduates have gone on from this to a remarkable number of public offices, in which they have used techniques learned in creating the bureaucracy, and idiocies so common among humans.

One of the most popular off campus gathering places is the famous Koven Klub, where special celebration are held yearly on Walpurgis Nacht, Solstice eve, the night before the longest night of the year, and Halloween eve, as well as regular programs nightly. The Klub is famous for the development of the Jekyll & Hyde cocktail, although students are limited to one. Hexpresso coffee is also available, and the entertainment presented

is famous in all parts of Hades.

For those with a journalistic bent, the regular student newspaper is included in their fees, titled THE NIGHTLY CAULDRON, it has news of the university, and outside news of interest is presented to allow students to keep up on current developments. Interested students have gone on from here to editorships of many tabloids, including the highly regarded DAILY GRIMOIRE.

A local chapter of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Were-Humans is available, and is a highly popular phase of the program offered to students.

For information on how YOU can increase your opportunities in the high paying and honored profession of Professional Sorcery write today for detailed information. Our address is 1313 Mephisto Pit, West Baal. Write now before you forget.

-----oO) (Oo-----

WISCONSIN DIARY

BY

AUGUST DERLETH

19 January: A group of visiting students told me today that one of their teachers had evolved a new way of grading. If on a test a student omitted the answer to a question, one point was deducted; if he answered, but in error, two points were deducted. This seemed to me certainly novel; perhaps it is the latest lunacy of some nuclear-age educationist. Quite conceivably under this system a student might end up with a -10 rating, which, if the teacher followed the natural direction of this zaniness, could be deducted from the student's next plus grade. This system might eventually empty the schools—unless someone turned the tables and subjected the teachers to the same kind of grading.

20 January: I watched the inaugural ceremonies in Washington over television this noon, and thought President Kennedy's inaugural address both impressive and commendably short, while the gentlemen of the clergy to a man out-talked the politicians. Robert Frost, being his natural self, seemed to me to take top honors, but Cardinal Cushing came close to stealing the show, for, while he was delivering the invocation, smoke began to curl up around him, which suggested that the Cardinal was raising fire and brimstone. His Eminence, however, was no whit disturbed by the smoke rising from his feet, quite as if he expected the Usual Opposition to make itself manifest on this auspicious occasion.

23 January: April Rose protested tonight at my adding sentences to the bedtime stories I read to her. "Daddy, those words aren't in there!" she said indignantly. "But aren't they funny?" I asked. "Yes, but they don't belong there, and I don't want them there." Evidently we have a purist in the family.

-----oO) (Oo-----

The above is taken from a feature in my zine SOLAR #3 soon to be published.

CURSES

I'm sick of good,
I'm sick of Right,
I'm sick of Purity and Hope,
I'd like to see us hang ourselves,
And I'll give out enough rope.

I'm sick of nice things,
I'm sick of the best things to say,
"Say something good or nothing at all."
Hell...Say way you want
And who cares where the insults fall.

I'm sick of do-gooders,
I'm sick of charity,
I'm sick of the helping hand,
To hell's what I say,
Who cares for the friend of man?

I'm sick of Joy,
I'm sick of the Gay,
I say its time for a change.
But even there I'm defeated, for,
"It's good for the physiological range."
Curses...

One of the rules that emerges from a consideration of the factors that promote self-sacrifice is that we are less ready to die for what we have or are than for what we wish to have and to be. It is a perplexing and unpleasant truth that when men have already "something worth fighting for", they do not feel like fighting. People who live full, worthwhile lives are not usually ready to die for their own interests, nor for their country, nor for a holy cause. Craving, not having, is the mother of a reckless giving of one's life.

Those who see their lives as spoiled and wasted crave equality and fraternity more than they do freedom. If they clamor for freedom, it is but freedom to establish equality and uniformity. The passion for equality is partly a passion for anonymity: to be one thread in the many which make up a tunic; one thread not distinguishable from the others. No one can then point us out, measure us against others and expose our inferiority.

They who clamor loudest for freedom are often the ones least likely to be happy in a free society. The frustrated, oppressed by their shortcomings, blame their failure on existing restraints. Actually their innermost desire is an end to the "free for all". They want to eliminate free competition and the ruthless testing to which the individual is continually subjected in a free society.

Common hatred unites the most heterogeneous elements. To share a common hatred, with an enemy even, is to infest them with a feeling of kinship, and thus sap his powers of resistance...

YES, WE HAVE NO B'WANAS

" A NEW LIGHT SHED ON DARKEST AFRICA "

Shed by:

ALAN DODD



I always have trouble with Eggar. The trouble with Indian Hanging Parrots is that they are so small that they can be shoved into your pocket---but so noisy they won't allow themselves to be. Such a beast I am burdened with, one that makes a noise like a barking puppy, and bites like one if suitably annoyed.

Last summer, as I may have already mentioned to some of you, I visited Morocco in North Africa, which was indeed a shock to Eggar. He thought we were going to Bombay. The resultant language on his discovery at the quay in Tangier was something shocking to listen to and a native policeman, wearing a turban took somewhat exception to the words used. I tried to explain the situation in French, but as the little green beast in my pocket refused to speak then, I couldn't get my message over.

Not knowing quite what to do I told him a joke in French. I don't know what I said - but I told the second joke at the police station.

Having extricated myself from this embarrassing predicament I stuffed Eggar back into my pocket with only his beady red eyes sticking out. He prefers to sit on my shoulder, but as this usually subjects me to undignified remarks from the coarser elements as to , "What-ho Long John Silver - Where's ya crutch?" I do not favor the arrangement very much.

Mohammed Ben Mohammed Mulud has thirteen taxis in Tangier ("All American car" as the driver described the fleet) and I got into one of them noticing the flashing gold teeth the driver had. No matter how poor the people seemed to be there were always plenty of gold teeth around. One fellow was so scared of robbers he slept with his head in a safe at the Tangier Bank. This didn't do him much good because one night they sneaked up on him, pinched his trousers and sold them in the Casbah.

Ahh - the Casbah. Famed in film and story. It really exists all right complete with the narrow white walls built so close together to keep out the sun's rays and therefore the heat - the wierd smells, the tiny hovels where people live as their ancestors have done for centuries. Somehow it made me feel - well -- homesick...

But dalliance among the native quarters of Tangier was not the main interest I had. I was headed north. North to Spanish Morocco. To the Rif Cities of Tetuan and Xauen, to the Rif Mountains, and to the Small Atlas Mountains where

in the film: SIREN OF ATLANTIS there was found an ageless queen of great beauty and a mummified male harem.

I did stay in Tangier for a couple of days though to see various sights - to buy a dagger. There were many beautiful things in the Casbah shops where one offers half what the fellow wants. I picked up a curved silver looking dagger with a gleaming scabbard, and asked the price. It was fantastically dear - it WAS silver, but all the cheap daggers in the Casbar are rusted into their scabbards for some reason. I saw The Caves of Hercules where men spend their lives in darkness chipping at the great stones they use even now to grind the corn with, and on to Cape Spartel, where the Mediterranean joins the Atlantic, and to the Camel Station where...sniff?...where...sniff??...sniff??? where...

Listening to Arab Radio, Radio Tangier, Cairo Radio, and Radio Morocco (But not all at once - even though it sounded that way) we sped off into the darkness in the taxi, so dark that we never saw even the driver's face.

Next morning when we awoke it was Eggar who first remarked that the Rif Mountains seemed a lot lower they he imagined they would be and that they were a funny orange color - which you'll admit is rather a strange color for mountains to be.

Orange mountains? The idea, I thought it over more like orange hill--~~as~~ sand dunes was a better word, but the only sand dunes in this part of the world must be in.....

T*H*E S*A*H*A*R*A!!! IT'S THE SAHARA! TURN ROUND! YOU'RE COING SOUTH!!

-----oO) (Oo-----

He took no notice; not even when a group of riders galloped by on camels warbling, "My Desert is waiting.." did he slacken the pace of the old Desoto taxi which miraculously was not bogged down in the vast expanse of yellow ochre. We sped on.

"Either he's a deserter going back to the Foreign Legion at Sidi Bel Abbes, or he's a fugitive from the Tangier police," said Eggar informatively.

"Oh," I said thinking the latter, "do you suppose he tried telling them French jokes too then?"

One wit once remarked, "You never get hungry in the desert, because of the sand-which-is there," but believe me one does. It was impossible to jump out of the speeding vehicle to try and find food at an oasis, lest I be left in the desert for a worst fate. I began to look contemplatively at Eggar, an innocent movement that caused no little alarm, and ended with him perched on the roof outside squawking protest, and me swinging on the open door, and the taxi-driver deaf, and blind to the outside world as he hurtled the old car through the unending dunes.

-----oO) (Oo-----

It's a hundred and sixty miles into the mysterious Karamojo country, but the fuel held out, and the driver didn't bat an eyelid.....He couldn't he was fast asleep. Which is rather interesting at 80 miles an hour.

It was the car running off a dirt road 70 miles out in the jungle that woke us all up. At least it woke Eggar, and his language was enough to wake up anyone - even Tarzan. Of the taxi-driver there was no sign.

The old Desoto had finally given up. It's immense, specially constructed fuel tank was empty, and cracked, with the impact of the collision; both front tires of a special balloon type were holed by bamboo stakes and the crushed radiator sighed expressively as it gave vent to lazy clouds of steam.

I could have stayed in the wrecked Desoto if I wanted to, after all we were now deep in the rain forest and the rear half of the car was still waterproof and had both doors intact. Then the Monsoons came...

This was too bad. We didn't have any food for them, and Bert Monsoon was always a big eater. Finding nothing to eat though, the Monsoons moved on and left Eggar and I continue on into the jungle.

The second day out I had the most embarrassing experience with a short-sighted female gorilla. She trapped us in a small clearing and at once singled me out for special attention. With a horrible leer she chucked me under the chin, chucked Eggar into the undergrowth, and made off with me firmly tucked underneath her arm. She introduced me to her family, a hideous collection of harry idiots who were immediately suspicious of my attentions. They lived in a cosy white framed thorn tree with a horde of Galapagos monkeys as next door neighbours. After being duly inspected by the family she carried me aloft to her abode where we were alone. She put her hand in mind and squeezed gently.

My screams sent crows of vultures scurrying skywards three miles away where Eggar was hiding. For a precious moment she clung to me. Neither of us spoke.

I couldn't.

I was unconscious.

I knew I could not fight this thing! She was bigger than both of us.

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The days bassed peacefully. We played chess using the next door neighbours as game pieces. I took great care never to win, a pat on the back in congratulation would have crushed me. One day she took me to a nearby plain where it was rumoured the camels came to die. I saw several of them head into the plain with the deliberate intention of dying there....The natives call it the Kamel—Karze Plain.

I slept fitfully at night. I had to I kept falling off the branch. Once I fell on a pair of courting lions, and shot merrily up the tree again to the sound of gnashing teeth and a sudden draft in the rear. When I grabbed the branch on my way down, Liane (for such was her name — Liane Such) was waiting for me, lying languorously on the branch as she drummed her fingers idly on the ground-- THIRTY FEET BELOW!

----o0)(0o----

I determined to escape to Eggar and head north to the nearest steamer port I could find. The idea of escape came one day when they examined my camera the only object of value I had left, I said I take a picture of them after putting my running shoes on, and got them lined up on the longest branch while I focused from a neighbouring tree.

I requested them to back up a little so that I could get them all in the picture. They obligingly moved back and promptly fell off the branch backwards.

I headed out for steamer territory with Eggar cling frantically to my back. I left with the knowledge of Darkest Africa - that this was the only country where you could still get the whole family to go out on a limb for you.....

-----oO)Oo-----

This page could be titled "Why Faneds get grey"(which is spelled 'gray' in Britain so take your pick) or "44 stencils and a bottle of Corflu later"

I don't know why I thought that Ventura was going to be 36 pages, but I did. Maybe if I single-spaced between paragraphs it would have been, but I'm a little inclined to doubt that too. Still I know it would have been some shorter. Me I like double spacing between paragraphs as I think it adds to the appearance of Ventura, and gives it a sort of roomy comfortable feeling that I don't think it would have other wise. I have tried to make VENTURA into a zine I think you'll like, and that those that contributed to it will have been proud to have done so. I just recently went out and bought \$20.00 worht of stencil- ing aids to help me achieve that end. I apologise to Marion Bradley and Bob Farnham for not putting titling on their respective columns, but at the time I didn't know I would be able to get the size lettering guides I was able to and they were the first two things I typed as I happened to have that many stencils. If I typed the things over (for that is what it would take to go to line 18) it would be nice, but I can't afford it at 20¢ a stencil, so I'm sure they'll understand and accept my apologies.

This is as you know going out as an ISFCCzine at the request of my very good friend Clay Hamlin, who is also the president of ISFCC, an a copy of it will go to each club member.

I would also like to pay a tribute to two of the finest English teachers I have ever known, or hope to know for that matter, and a third that while I didn't have him I also thought a great deal of him also. They are; Mr. Jack H. Camp, Mrs. Margaret T. Smith, and Mr. Garland E. Jackson.

I owe a great deal to Mr. Camp, and Mrs. Smith. For it was Mr. Camp who started me writing, and Mrs. Smith who has kept me at it. It was for Mr. Camp that I wrote my Short story KORENTH, or CITY IN WAITING, as it is now called. that will soon be appearing in Charles Scarbrough's BEYOND, and had it not been for Mr. Camp I would never have attempted it as I don't really think I'm very talented at all (ahh modesty is a becoming virture isn't it?) but as long as others think so who am I to say "Nay"? I will say though that all I am in the writing line I owe to Mr. Camp and Mrs. Smith, for it was they who taught me not to dangle my particples and infinitives (you know like "The dog ran out and bit her on the knoll" which is a painfull place to be bitten) or to mis- place my modifiers which are even more fun if one misplaces them right.

I was just thinking - if I come out short like this on one more page I'll have run out of things to say in my editorial, for instance I've told you about Clay giving me those dozen stencils, and the others I received, about the mass of things I bought to help me out. I'll think of somethin' tho, I guess

A SCIENCE-FICTION WRITER'S NIGHTMARE

MARION Z. BRADLEY

It was curiously dark, even though the heat, and the agony of acceleration had ended. He had ripped out of the atmosphere of Earth, the first leave the planet of Man's origin, and, as the Colonel had warned him, once the equilibrium had been reached, he felt as if the ship were standing still. He opened his eyes, rubbed his head (he knew it should be aching, but it wasn't) and read dials.

The Ship was standing still!

He muttered "What...?" and checked the dials again. Slowly, slowly, through his preoccupation, he became aware of strange sounds at the edge of consciousness, strange lights. It was almost as if (was he delirious?...) as if the ship were transparent, and outside there were cool delicious light, not the horrifying glare of the naked sun. "Am I delirious," he wondered again, "or dreaming?" For some reason the question didn't interest him much. He was much more interested in the succession of strange sensations involving his ears. It was far away, too far away to hear properly, but it was not tinnitus or the impact of rocket noise. He wanted more of it.

Firmly grasping at what seemed like vanishing sanity, he wagged the radio key desperately. There was no response. The dials still read, impossibly, nowhere and nothing. A slight scraping sound behind him struck him back, paralyzed, in the acceleration couch; slowly, slowly, the airlock door began to turn.

He clutched the padded edges of the couch, a queer whimpering sound coming from between his lips. He had by now quite abandoned sanity; he moaned and stared through wide eyes at the turning handle of the airlock door, and wondered if he were dead or mad. And then there was the nightmare inrush of cool, sweet air.

A voice said, "I can't understand it. Such impudence! Bursting straight through in front of the..."

A second voice said more gently, "Hush. It doesn't really matter."

And old man stepped through the opening lock and said, gently grumbling, "Now this time, young fellow, you people have gone almost too far. There is a limit, you know, to what passes under the name of Free Will! Well, I suppose now you're here..." he took the pilot's limp arm in strong, gentle fingers; then, apparently noticing the paralysis of terror, added, "...not afraid, are you? Not here, of all places! come along, now you've managed to get here."

The other voice, still unseen, added with something very like a pleasant chuckle, "It, a novelty, at least."

I still say there ought to be limits," the old man grumbled. He turned on the pilot. "You," he said in a mixture of annoyance and contempt, "Why, you're not even dead!"

He turned, the keys at his belt jingling. "Mind the steps," he admonished, "you made a big hole in the Street."

He lead the way toward the airlock. The pearly glow of the gates was blinding bright.

-----oO)(Oo-----

THE LAST WORDS OF PHIL

(GOOD GRIEF! NOT HIM AGAIN!)

The bit in the ()'s is what I'll bet just about everyone out there is saying this time I have a good reason. you're looking at page 4 counting the cover as page 1, but I couldn't very well leave Marion's story out now could I? and who ever heard of a zine without an edcolumn of some sort, altho granted this is a heck of a place to have one on the last page. Depend on me to start a tridition (Hal you're happy now you found an error you know it's tradition and think I don't, but like I said Ventura has something for everyone, and that error along with a few others I sprinkled in for you to make you happy as who am I to cause the collapse of fandom by putting out a perfect zine? I'll just settle for half way perfection.)

I'm composing this cold right onto the stencil so expect anything most especially wierd spelling. VENTURA is a little late (How's that for a masterpiece of understatement?) but it was worth waiting for. I'm proud of it. So much so I might even do another next year. (which is how it will take me to recover) VENTURA hasn't been gathering dust in the seven months it's late, in fact if it had come out on schediual (like I said wierd spelling...onward) it wouldn't have; An article by John Berry; A cover by Dave Prosser; The long short story (which I just got not too long ago) and a few other things. So if you'll just pretend it's on time you'll be just as happy won't you? Try.

I've enjoyed puting this together editorially speaking. It surprised me in that I only expected 36 pages, and ran out of stencils twice because of it, also keep in mind that this is only my first Mimeo zine, and I hope I did alright on the titling (except for Geo. Spencer's that he did) being the only fan in this fair city I did it all myself, Frank White a Portsmouth Fan, who is not quite so active as I am read the 2nd page of Janey's story to me while I typed it but that was all the help I had (save for Dave Prosser who did the cover so magnificently, and Bob Jennings who mimeoed it for me and who also puts out a fisrt (real wierd spelling) class zine and is a 1st class friend of mi