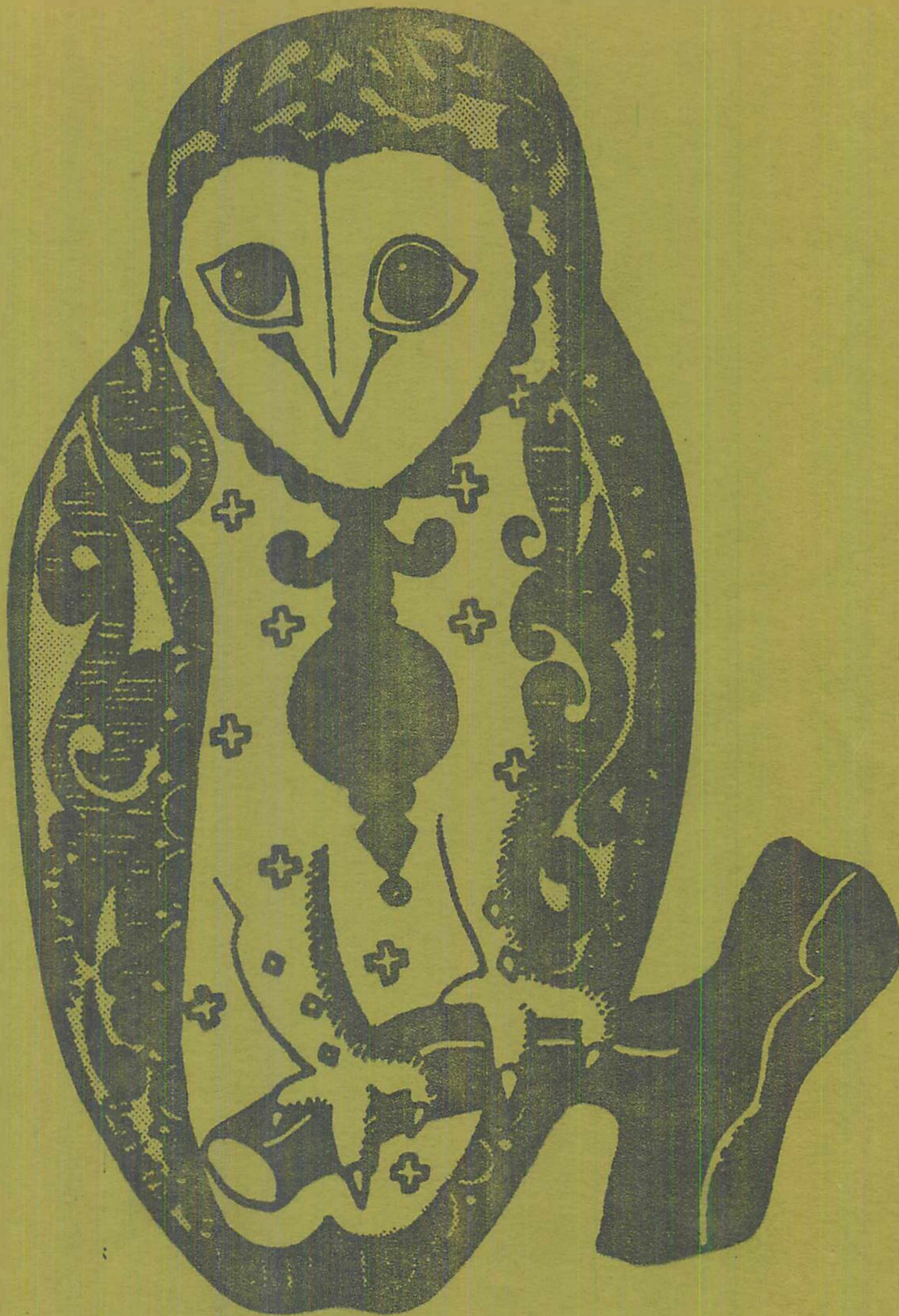


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ASH - WING 12

ASHWING

ASH-WING 12

JUNE 1973

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THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO DALE "COORS" GOBLE

Ash-Wing is published irregularly (there, I said it) whenever several things happen at once (that's convergence, I think). Like I have the energy, the submissions come in, and I get embarrassed about how long it has been since the last issue. So it all comes from Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. We (editorially) like letters of comment, book reviews, art work, long scholarly articles, short unscholarly articles, puns, one-liners, uncanceled stamps, Scottish Deerhound puppies, trades (oh, we love trades) and egoboo in other peoples' zines. Mostly we just like to be loved. Or love to be liked. Encouraged? Put up with? But never scoffed at.



THE FREE COMMOTS

This is being written at Besta Far's Hytt, which is the name that was given to our cabin some years ago by a teaching colleague of mine who happened to be Norwegian. She told me that it meant Grandfather's Hut and that seemed reasonable, so the name has been used sporadically ever since. This seemed like an excellent weekend to get away from the city for a while. It is the weekend at the end of Anna Jo's spring break and next week she has to go back to teaching the little darlings, so she spoke early in the week about coming to the cabin.

There is always something special about coming to the place for the first time in the spring. We generally do not come up during the winter as the elevation is about 2000 feet and there can be varying amounts of snow on the ground. It gets to be just a tad cold during the winter, and there seem to be so many things to keep us busy in town that it is just less trouble to lock the place up and wait for the spring thaws. Actually we try to make our last weekend visit toward the end of October and can generally depend upon the weather being good enough by the first part of April to come this way. That leaves about five months that we keep it closed and seven months that we have the use of it.

We drove up on Friday night and the road was clear and dry all the way. That's not always so. Along the way we spotted three deer. There's always a moment of panic when you spot a deer along the edge of the road at night, especially when it has gone

past the dusk stage. You never know whether the animal is going to stay where it is or is going to spook and make a mad dash across the road. I've witnessed that happen and it didn't do the Volkswagen a bit of good. Nor the driver of the car, for that matter. And it did the poor deer the least good of all. So you step on your brakes and pray fervently that the animal just stays where it is until you get by.

When we arrived it was getting close to nine o'clock and the sky was clear as a bell. Once you get away from the city, if the night is not cloudy, it seems as though you can see every star in the sky. Of course, it was cold, too. Anna Jo started to build a fire, while I unloaded the groceries, the cooler, and some other junk from the car. Every time I came in with a load, I could hear her exclaiming, "Oh, God, it's cold." By 9:15 we had a good roaring fire going in the Franklin stove and it was beginning to warm up just a little bit. By 9:30 we could quit shivering and relax enough to get down to some serious reading. The light from a couple of Coleman gas lanterns is sufficient for reading, and a kerosene lantern lends an aura of home-iness to the place.

It seems as though I never have enough time to do the things I want to do at home, and I drag half of my stuff up here when I come to try to catch up. A couple of books to read, most notably this time TODAY WE CHOOSE FACES by Roger Zelazny and THE CLOUD WALKER by Edmund Cooper. Probably you'll find book reviews of them later on this issue. There are always a few comics to catch up on. That's relaxing during a break from sawing wood for the fireplace. A couple of issues of The Avengers, good old Subby, see what Shanna, the She-Devil is up to, and catch the magnificent art (to my mind) of Jim Aparo in The Phantom Stranger. Then there's another book to write a review of and several fanzines that I'd like to loc/review. So, of course, all of this comes along to the cabin along with a pad of paper and my good old Hermes 3000 typer. Fortunately there's not a darn thing that we have to do while we're here. Maybe bring in a couple of gallons of water from the well, and cut a little firewood. Other than that, meals are prepared quite simply, dishwashing usually only has to take place once during the weekend and time is our own to do with as we wish. Right now Anna Jo is working on a coat that she is crocheting. Today we did do quite a bit of firewood stuff, Anna Jo transplanted some small evergreens to screen off the back of our property, and I picked up a lot of limbs and cones blown down by the wind. They make excellent kindling. Tomorrow (Sunday) there should be time for a walk up toward the Big Creek Campgrounds. I swear that if it weren't for this place, there probably would be no issues of Ash-Wing.

GLOBAL VILLAGE CONFERENCE

About the middle of February several members of my staff and I attended a conference which had been billed as a Global Village conference. The advance notices looked quite interesting and I felt that there was to be enough media and communications displays that it would be worth it. Well, I was disappointed in that respect, but in other respects the conference was stimulating. The conference was held at Evergreen State College, our newest four-year college in this state. It's still quite small and is always a delight to visit. Besides, my former media coordinator holds the same position there, and I get a chance to catch up on the news of the college and of his family.

Shortly after registration, where I noticed a good many library people of my acquaintance, we wended our way over to a large group lecture hall to hear the opening remarks and a keynote address. The opening remarks were by a student in the Futures Program at Evergreen who outlined the remainder of the day and introduced the keynoter, Robert Theobald. I'm afraid that I didn't know who Mr. Theobald was at the time, but have since discovered that he is the author of several books about the future and is the editor of a magazine entitled Futures Conditional, as well as the editor of a book of readings of that same title.

It wasn't long before he pretty well had me lost. I have not been into the growing discipline of futurism very much, and must abashedly admit that when he started in on The Club of Rome, I felt adrift. I felt even more so when I guardedly looked around at the audience and found that many of my colleagues, roughly the same age as I, were equally at sea. More disturbing, however, was the obvious understanding of the college students who were sitting in on the address. I would suspect that many of them were in the Futures Program, but still it's disconcerting. I think it told me something, but I'm not so sure what. Probably that there is a younger, brighter generation coming along behind and soon it will be time for me to step aside. Also that things are happening around me of which I am not aware and maybe if I don't want to stagnate entirely, it might be wise to dip into some of them, including The Club of Rome. Well, I don't feel quite so badly now. The Club of Rome is really tied in with the book, THE LIMITS TO GROWTH, and I was aware of that book, albeit not familiar with it. Of course, I didn't get that straight during Theobald's speech and I felt that he did poorly to leave a portion of his audience in the dark, but he probably had made the assumption that we were all up on it. At lunch, from discussion around me, it was obvious that I had not been alone.



"Hi fandom!"

Theobald, himself, was an interesting guy. He was educated at Cambridge, and took graduate degrees at Harvard in this country, then moved west to do his work. He settled in Arizona and claims that the Southwest and the Pacific Northwest are the only two areas of the United States that can still be saved from all of the environmental and other evils that seem to beset this country. He says that it is too late to save the eastern seaboard and California. Theobald has been serving as a consultant to Expo '74, which is the world's fair to be held next summer in Spokane, Washington. It is to have an environmental theme and Theobald spent a good part of his speech in talking about building a world exposition in which you wish to espouse environmental concerns and yet it must be paid for by the big corporations, many of whom could care less about environment as it is in conflict with economic principles of profit. That part I could follow quite well and it will be most interesting to visit this exposition in the summer of '74 and see who won.

The one thing which I did bring home from the conference was a desire to find out a bit more about The Club of Rome and what part they played in THE LIMITS TO GROWTH. Well, I've found out. It didn't take long for The Reader's Guide to lead me to a host of articles on the subject. I've poked my nose into everything from The New Republic, The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists, The Economist, to such mundane things as Time and Newsweek. The more I read the more it sounds to me as though not too many people agree with the MIT report, and more especially with the world simulation model upon which the report was built. I hope that the critics know what they are talking about. Because if they don't and MIT's model is correct, there is only about 99 years left. Now, I won't be around by then, but it would be nice to think that the Earth was still

able to support life.

The latest report that I have read that criticizes The Club of Rome is one issuing forth from Sussex University in England. They did a couple of interesting things with MIT's model. The first was to add in to the variables which MIT was working with, things like pollution, population, economics, etc., and improvement factor of 2%. That is to say, Sussex said, "What if we were able to make some strides toward improving the condition in which we find ourselves? Even though it is a very minor improvement, what would happen if we were to clean up pollution by as little as 2%? What if we were able to curtail population growth by 2%?" And so on. Using the same MIT configuration, they determined that the Earth was good for at least 750 years, and they hoped that within that time, man would solve his problems to a greater extent than 2%. The other thing was even more interesting to me. If the data on which the MIT simulation was built covered the last 70 years, and if they were using that data to predict into the future, wouldn't there also be the possibility to determine the model's validity by going backward in time, say predict backward to 1825? Well, they did, and came nowhere near what history tells us about the era around 1825.

Well, I'm sure that I know little enough about these things. I'm also certain that there are some readers out there who are really into this whole thing and will shoot hell out of all this in the next issue's letter column. I hope they do; it should make for some interesting letters. All I'm saying is that I was turned on to a new field, one that I don't know much about, but that I find fascinating. Who to believe? I don't know. But at least it shows one that he or she should be concerned. Fossil fuel shortage, if there is one, is sure to cause great changes. Here again great arguments rage. One side says that there is plenty of fuel around. Another says that the world supply will last less than ten years at the present rate of use, and there are predictions that gasoline rationing will occur as early as this summer. I hope that they are working on the little battery run electric car as hard as I have heard that they are. We'll need it soon. Meanwhile, only a couple of weeks ago I saw a Metro Transit experimental bus being run on a route. It carried only about 30 passengers, but it proudly proclaimed itself to be "Smog-free" and "Battery Operated Electric Bus." It was making good time, seemed much more maneuverable than the big monsters and probably would do quite well on a number of routes. Especially since Metro Transit now covers the entire county and many of the outlying areas do not really have enough passengers as yet to use the big buses. But at the present that is all that Metro has, buses that carry up to 80 passengers. If gas rationing does indeed come, look for a huge increase in bus patronage.

HOW TO KILL AND SF COURSE

A couple of weeks later I was invited back to Evergreen for a curriculum planning session for high school science fiction courses. I felt honored indeed. It seems that the fellow who was putting the conference together, a teacher from Wilson High School in Tacoma, had been talking to the Director of the library at Evergreen and he had told him that I should be invited. I felt much more at home at this session and the entire day was just a gas.

I arrived just a few minutes late so did not get the names of all of the people on the panel which started off the day. But right off I saw Vonda McIntyre, a young professional writer from Seattle, perched in her most familiar position on the stage. Said position is usually cross-legged, Yoga style. Her harness boots and leather vest are a fixture to all in this area. The others I did not know. The moderator was our host for the day and coordinator of activities, Bob Lynch. Another person on the panel was a teacher from Wilson High; there were two young college students from the University of Puget Sound, and a young lady from Evergreen. The two boys from UPS were quite interesting. It seems that there is an arrangement at UPS whereby, if you can put together a mini-course of study, you are allowed to make living arrangements together. There were seven guys who wanted to live together, so they sat down to see what they

had in common upon which to build such a course. There wasn't much there. They all had different majors, different life goals, different class schedules. Finally, after much searching someone hit upon the idea of science fiction. While they were not all inveterate readers of sf, all of them had read some sf, and indicated that they would be interested in reading and discussing more. So they drew up a reading list, some goals for the mini-course, established the number of hours that they would meet formally and submitted it for consideration. It was accepted and they were able to move into a house together. On top of that, since there seemed to be some lack of enthusiasm for serving on the college's Artists and Lectures Committee, four of the seven volunteered and became 80% of that committee. Out of that grew a plan to bring Arthur C. Clarke to the campus for a lecture. Which they did. (How come I didn't hear about it? As Vonda remarked, "For the \$1500 you paid Clarke you could have had darn near all of the western members of the Science Fiction Writers of America.")

From the panel discussion, which revolved mostly around what people had been doing for a curriculum, a general discussion ensued. The audience/participants was small enough to do this. Perhaps 30 people in all attended. Some were teachers of high school sf courses; some were students. Each had been asked to bring a list of 12 works or 12 authors which he or she felt could be used successfully in an sf course, presuming that one work would be read for each week of the quarter. I took the opportunity to get in several licks. Two of my own kids have had sf at the local high school, where they spent mucho weeks on 2001. I have spoken to other high school classes where much the same was happening. So I took the opportunity to prepare a paper entitled "How to Kill an SF Course; or, Let's Read 2001, A Space Odyssey Again." I attacked the idea that the work was significant enough to devote the major share of the quarter's work to it. I also attacked what I call the A-B-C Syndrome, in which the teacher thinks that as long as he sticks with Asimov, Bradbury and Clarke, he really has a neat course. And I finally suggested that the preparation of most teachers of sf didn't go much beyond, "Gee, he read 2001 and Stranger in a Strange Land and saw the film, 2001, twice; why don't we have an sf course." I suggested that until such a person had read a bit more broadly, he ought not to try to teach such a course. I then laid out about 41 titles which I felt could be used, all of them having plenty of material for discussion. They represented newer and older authors, vary-

ing kinds of sfional ideas, and many different styles. And finally I told them that when a person had read all of those titles, or at least as broadly as those titles suggested, he or she might be about ready to tackle an sf course. I had a ball writing the diatribe, because I knew that I had a captive audience, including the teacher of my own kids, who was/is GUILTY, GUILTY, GUILTY. And since I do not teach such a course, I don't have to live up to what I said. Maybe someday I might have to.



After lunch we were treated to a talk by Ursula LeGuin, who talked mostly about the responsibility of the science fiction reader to the writer, and vice-versa. It was a most interesting talk, one that I think startled the audience with the sincerity and seriousness of an author approaching her art/craft. I hope that at some later date it may show

up in these pages. There is sort of a tentative agreement to that on Ursula's part. I wanted to take her rough notes, but she allowed as how they weren't in the kind of shape in which she would care to have them presented, and besides it gave her something to work on when everything else bogged down. Oh, it made me so happy to hear that sometimes even she bogs down. Of course, I do it all the time, 'bout every other word, and I'm willing to bet that my bog is deeper than Ursula's. Anyway, that's something to look forward to. Ursula graciously fielded questions from the floor for another half hour and then we broke into groups to discuss books which lend themselves to sf courses. A young teacher from Coupeville, a small island town, was among participants in our group. His name was Ken Winkes and he put us all to shame, not only in his knowledge of sf, but generally of literature. He sounded a bit like a rebel, and he teaches a course which he fondly calls Junk Literature, in which he allows the students to wander amongst detective, westerns and science fiction. Even girls' romances. At least he has them reading. I gathered that he was active in fandom at one time, writing locs, attending conventions, etc. Does anyone remember his name? I'd be interested in hearing some details. I gather also that he is hibernating in the little town in which he teaches in order to get some writing done. As a matter of fact, I envy him. Ursula joined our group after she had stepped out for a smoke, and we spent a good hour going over authors, books, and reasons that they might or might not be useful in sf courses. It was amazing to me that nobody had given much thought to the use of any of the anthologies which are on the market. I think that a teacher could get discussions going a lot faster if they started with some short stories, rather than trying to tackle a novel. The other thing that really frosted Vonda was that not many of the teachers were even aware of some of the fine young writers who are doing such fine work. Ballard, Disch, Joanna Russ, James Tiptree, Jr. and others were conspicuous by their absence from the lists. Names would come up in discussions and we could tell from the blank looks that some of the people in the room had never heard of these authors or their works. Well, hopefully we gave them something to take home, ponder, and perhaps look for their stories and novels and read some of the very fine sf that is being written today by other than Asimov, Bradbury, Clarke and Heinlein.

About 3:30 in the afternoon we broke up. Our host had arranged for a tour of the Olympia Brewery and we headed for our cars and the fifteen minute drive. I was not certain as to the route since there is a freeway which intervenes between the college and the town of Tumwater. The high school teacher from Wilson, whom I knew only as Chuck at this point, volunteered to ride with me since he knew the way. As we started off he asked me a bit about my relationship with science fiction. I mentioned fandom and an amateur publication. He said that he also did an amateur publication. Thinking that I knew all of the fanzines being published in the northwest, I asked him what it was. He replied that it was called Presenting Moonshine and that it was primarily bibliographic. I howled. I had picked up several copies of that very fine publication at Morley Fox's bookstore in Tacoma, but had never made contact with its publisher. Now the "Chuck" became Charles Yenter and there really was a person behind this excellent publication. It really is not a fanzine in the ordinary sense of the word, but a bibliographic work. A number of science fiction/fantasy collectors contribute to it and it has made for some highly delightful reading. I understand that it is difficult to get on the amiling list for this publication. Only about a hundred copies are run and half of them are distributed through the bookstore. So it is quite a limited work. I have managed to pick up about four issues now and may just have to be a bit more regular in visiting Fox's in order to get the ensuing issues. Then again I may use my silver tongue and the blarney that came off when I kissed the Blarney Stone a couple of years ago and coerce someone to put me on the mailing list. Anyway, it was most pleasant to meet the anonymous Charles Yenter whose zine, if you can call it that, I have admired over the last couple of years.

If you've toured one brewery, you've toured them all. Is that right? I've toured four of them in my life, including this one before it expanded about a dozen years ago. We were the last group to go through for the day and most of the conference group

had opted to head for home. There were only about seven of us left, including Ursula and the young woman who had driven up with Ursula from Portland. Brewery tours seem to have been streamlined quite a bit since the last time that I was on one. We were shown a continuous loop film that gave a bit of history of the company, what happened during the prohibition, during the two world wars and the post-war expansion. Then we were off to the rooms where the big vats brew the stuff. Much of it is computer controlled these days, and that was new to me. From the vat room we could look up the valley to see where the artesian wells are located. Olympia's slogan is "It's the Water" and the water comes from 21 artesian wells. The wells are covered by a lovely golf course now, but the well houses could be seen and the one from which the water is currently being used is marked with a flag. To the right, Tumwater Creek cascades down over Tumwater Falls, and there is a lovely park which the company has made where people may come and picnic and a trail leads down to the original brewery buildings. From here we went down some steps to the aging rooms, where the beer is krauzened, or naturally aged. Olympia is one of the few breweries still doing this. Then past the computer which counts the barrels being drawn off, so Uncle Sam can get his share. Shortly we were in glassed-in room which overlooked the bottling process. Closed circuit television cameras gave us a close up of some of the action, and a short walk from there brought us to the tap room to sample the light and dark of it. It seems to me that the tours have been streamlined considerably and a half-hour does it nicely.

Our conference host had been conspicuously absent during the tour. But those of us on the tour, it turned out, had all been invited to a dinner afterward. Back across the freeway and a few blocks up the hill, we turned into the yard of a small Unitarian church. Here we were greeted by mine host and his wife and entered to find a big room, the table set for about a dozen, and good smells coming from the kitchen. In a

moment we had gathered near the fireplace and had been poured a nice glass of wine. Good conversation ensued for the next few hours.

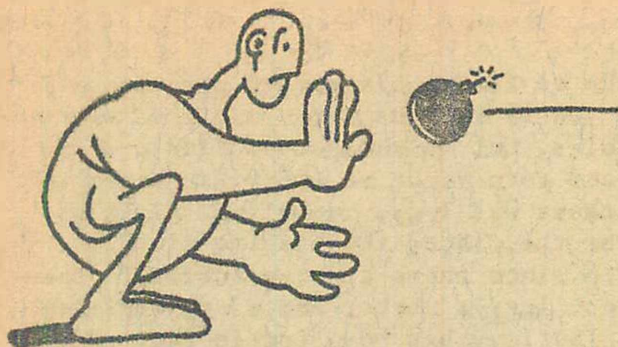
The first course was brought out to us and we consumed I don't know how many small steamer clams in the shell.

They were succulent, done just to perfection and, surprisingly, went extremely well with the wine.

Before long we were called to the table where a baked salmon, fried oysters, green salad and rolls, plus more wine all put us in a convivial mood.

Conversation tended to be non-science fictional as we had talked enough about that for one day. It tended to stay in the arts, however, with much talk of drama and opera in Seattle,





Tacoma and Portland. The talk went on for a couple of hours, and finally Ursula said that she had to be on her way home as she and her family were heading for California the next morning. Spring break for the children and for her husband, Charles, a professor at Portland State University, came at the same time and they were off on a short vacation to take advantage of it.

Vonda's car was still back at the Evergreen campus so I drove her back to pick it up. I mean I couldn't just let the poor girl be stranded in Tumwater. After that

there was only the drive home left to accomplish. It had been a most enjoyable day and I'm happy that I was invited.

TRAVELS WITH CHARLIE???

It seems like all I'm talking about this time is travels, little jaunts over hill and dale. But that seems to be what I've been doing a lot of lately. The next jaunt was down to visit with Larry and Judy Paschelke in Portland, with an even further extension shooting off from that. But you'll find out about that later in the narrative. So pay attention; there's going to be a quiz.

We drove down after school on a Friday night, but didn't get away very early. Just as we were piling into the car and giving it a final instrument check, our eldest offspring, Tim, came home. He's been living away from home for a couple of years and he dropped by to crash at our house for a couple of days before going on the road. He said that he was going to head for the Golden State for a couple of weeks, to see what Big Sur looked like in the spring, to visit a friend in San Diego, to surf a bit. So we stayed and visited with him and got away later than we had anticipated. The trip to Portland is automatic. Once you hit the freeway, about five minutes from our house, there is not a stop until you take a Portland exit somewhere amongst the sphagetti-like bridge system high above the Wilamette River. We arrived at Larry and Judy's house about 10:45 p.m., had a couple of beers (just to keep Larry company, you understand) and finally hit the sack about 1 in the morning.

After breakfast, Larry and I saw to it that the back of the Barracuda was unloaded. Anna Jo had brought lots of ground cover, forsythia, and chrysanthemum to plant at their new house high up on Mt. Scott. It sits on over an acre of ground and has been left natural for the most part. But contractors do a good job of scarring up at least a portion of the land near the house, so these should help to cover up the scars a bit. Of course, Larry and I weren't about to get stuck with the work, so we arranged to speed down the freeway to visit Mike Horvat and new bride Susie. We stopped briefly at The Looking Glass, a book store which has lots of sf, including many English paperbacks. You know, the ones that say "Not for Sale in the USA." Well, they had not opened yet, so we headed out to Beaverton, picked up Richard Dix, another collector of fine illustrated books, and then headed for Tangent.

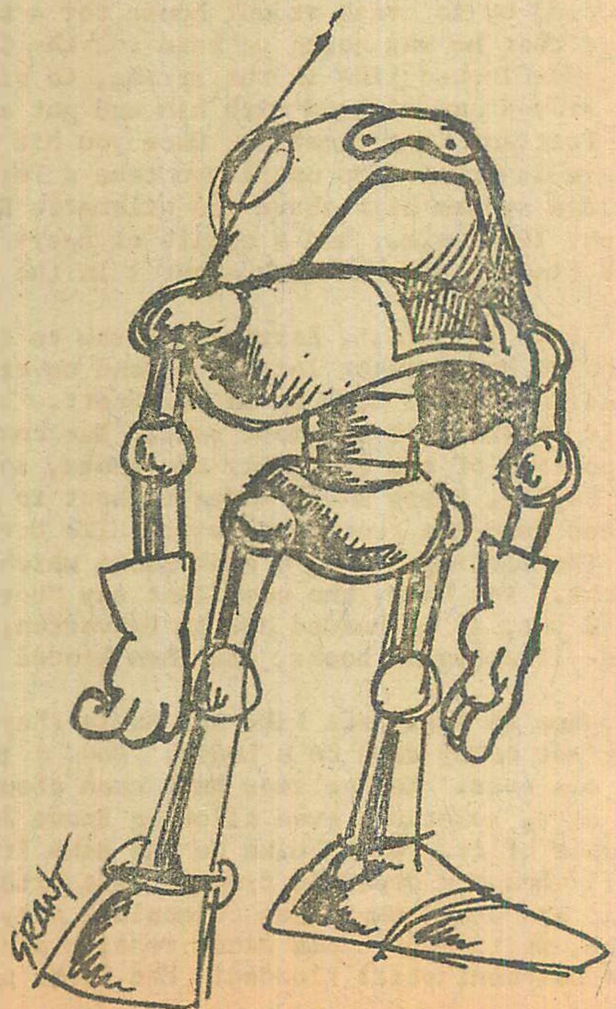
When we last left Mike and Susie they had just married and were talking about having put money down on a house. Now, I just couldn't believe that; I had to see it with my own eyes. You've read here much about the old church inhabited by Mike in his single days, sometimes even allowing Steve Johnson, another sf fan, to share one miniscule corner of it. Would Mike be the same if he did not live in the church and ring the bell when you departed from a visit with him? Would he leave the huge collection of pulp and other magazines to moulder away? Who would guard the big press which stands idle, waiting for some minor repairs and tender, loving hands to turn the thing? Was the basement still flooded? Had first priorities been the moving of Mike's private

collection? These were things I had to know.

Well, sure enough, we drove up to the church to find a blackboard perched on the front steps. It said, "If we're not here, then you'll find us here" and this was followed by a map. Now Tangent is a growing metropolis, but we managed to find our way the several blocks, across the railroad tracks and turn right at the Dixie Tavern. There was Mike working over a power mower, and there was Iggy, gamboling. Iggy is a lamb who thinks he is a dog, follows you all over the place, and, at the time, was just beginning to eat grass. That will be a help since there are two acres of it on the place. Iggy came from Susie's mother, because Iggy's mother had died, and sheep, so they told me, will not take care of orphans. So Iggy has been bottle fed. Richard Dix reminded Mike, after introductions, that animals who have been given names, rarely are led to slaughter.

They did, indeed, buy a house. It's a monster, damn near as big as the church, just a little more conveniently put together for living. I mena, like you don't have to climb down a ladder, or else go outside and come in a basement door to get to the kitchen. That's OK, Mike, the church has character. Nobody else in Tangent had those lovely stained glass windows in their house. The new house has 13 rooms. I didn't count them, but I take their word for it. The original part of the house was built in 1850 and then added on to. Mike and Susie have been stripping old wallpaper off the walls and have already done a new job on the kitchen. Cheery and cozy, and a great table to sit around. The living room is pretty liveable, but will get the treatment soon, I would suspect. At the front of the house is a room that they are working on now, which will eventually hold the furniture which Mike refinishes and puts up for sale. Next to the living room is another room (these old houses confuse me; I don't know the names for all of the rooms they contain) with a great fireplace, which is going to need some repair when they get to it. Upstairs is room upon room. At every second room Mike would say, "And this is the library." Several bedrooms, and one room at the back of the house where Mike has already set up his ham shack and has his collection of old radios. It's a great place for a couple of young people with lots of energy. I think I'm probably too old to take on all of the work that a place like that would entail, but they should whip the old place into something wondrous. It was great fun to see what they had purchased.

We whipped back over to the church to see what we could buy. I managed to find a few more items to add to my magazine collection, but we had to watch the time as Mike had to leave for work at 3:30 in the afternoon. Susie served us some kool-aid and we stood around in the yard and talked for a bit. Just a few minutes before it was time to leave, Steve Johnson drove up to exchange greetings. He claims that he is starting a genzine. Remember that you read it here, folks. This is the guy who couldn't get around to running off his apa-45 zine, and after many years, is OUT. He claims that, with three mimeos



available, he's got to publish something, and it might as well be a genzine.

Well, it was time to let Mike go to work. After all, he only works two days a week, and he can't afford to be late. So we said our goodbyes and fled back up the freeway. We left Richard Dix off, stopping only long enough to see some of the latest illustrated things which he had purchased. Then Larry and I dashed on to see if we could make it to The Looking Glass before closing time. We made it, and bought a few nice things, as well as picking up the last copies of the Virgil Finlay book, which is now out of print, for Mike.

Finally we arrived back at Larry's house nearing 7:00 p.m. Dinner was soon on the table, and then we just sort of crapped out. The girls were tired from working outdoors, although I heard ugly rumors to the effect that at least one of them had taken a nap along about mid-afternoon. Larry and I had had a long hard day at the bookshop and we just sort of sat around watching dumb television shows and listening to records. The highlight of Larry's most recent acquisitions is the record that the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band cut with various of the greats of country and bluegrass music. It's entitled "Will the Circle Be Unbroken?" and is really a fine record of old-timey music. If you're into that at all, I recommend it highly.

Well, that about raps up this trip to see Larry and Judy. Sunday morning was leisurely. I managed to get down to Larry's library to measure his bookshelves. They are well-designed and constructed; a job which his dad did for him. I took measurements and drew rough plans so that I can do the same sort of shelves here. Yep, running out of room.

It was raining when we left Portland, but when we hit the Columbia River and crossed over into Washington, the skies cleared and we had smooth sailing all the way home.

NUDDER TRIP

The next weekend we tripped in the opposite direction. North, not quite to Alaska, but to Vancouver, British Columbia. Ostensibly the purpose of the trip was to take care of arrangements for a charter flight to England this summer. I say ostensibly, because we could easily have made the arrangements here in Seattle. But we never pass up an opportunity to run up to Vancouver, so off early in the morning. Outside of a flat tire, which a passing gentleman was kind enough to point at before it went completely flat, and which I had to change in the rain, the trip was quick.

We arrived noonish and went directly to the offices of Intervac, which does the booking for Ward Air, a Vancouver based charter company. There we got the real surprise. The young lady asked if she could help us and we replied, "Yes, we'd like to book a flight to London on July 8th." She told us that the Sunday flights were being combined with the Saturday flights, and that the flight would now be on July 7. That was all right, so she went to confirm, and was back in a minute to tell us that all flights were booked full until July 21. Choke! Not that it completely upset the apple cart, but in the back of our minds we had been thinking in terms of July 8. We said that we guessed that we would have to be content with that and when she came back to tell us that we had just gotten the last two seats on the July 21 flight, we really gasped. We thought that we had plenty of time to make the arrangements. After all, it was only the end of March. She has put us on a waitlist for an earlier flight and told us that there are often cancellations, but currently we have switched our thinking to late July. That will bring us back home on August 25, which is just about the latest that Anna Jo can arrive back. Seems that her school contract puts her back to work for teacher's workshops the last couple of days of August. (The very reason that we cannot attend Worldcons, except those on the west coast. Bah!)

With our receipt tucked in our hot little hands, we set off down the street to celebrate at The Schnitzelhaus, our favorite eatery in Vancouver. Authentic German food.

Last time I visited there I learned that I no longer can do justice to Schnitzel ala Gypsy, which is a superb plate full of food. So we opted for knackwurst and German potato salad and found it to be just right for a lunch. Maybe next time I'll starve all day in hopes that I can eat a full meal there.

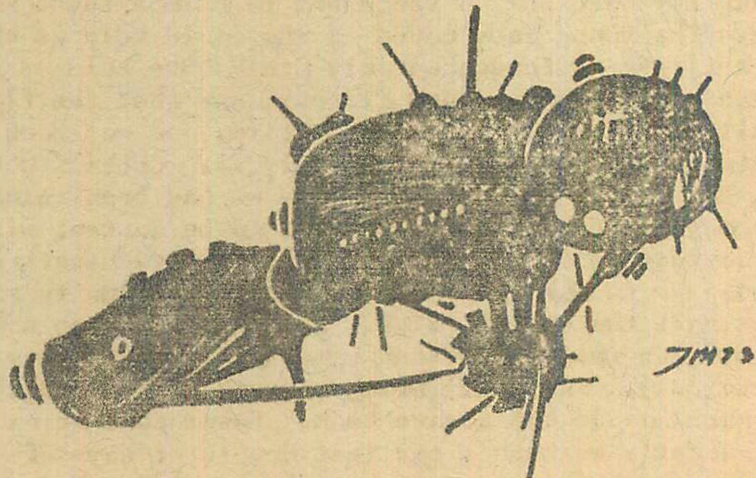
The rest of the day was spent in doing Robson Street, the international street, and a few of the book shops which I generally frequent. I didn't find a great deal of interest this trip, although Moorcock's New Worlds Quarterly 5 in the English edition was available there. It hasn't shown its face down here as yet. And Keith Roberts' THE INNER WHEEL, which hasn't been seen in an American paperback was also there. Has anyone seen the Oleandre Trilogy by Don Fretland? The last time I was up to Vancouver the middle volume was available, but not the first and last. I was sure that they would be there by this time. No such luck. Surprisingly the publisher is an American firm and I guess I'll have to write directly to the publisher to get the two volumes. Probably won't be able to review this time, but maybe next.

The afternoon was spent in trying to ferret out some bookshops out near the University of British Columbia. Didn't find much of consequence there, but I rather guess that we were not looking in the right place. I couldn't remember the name of one shop that I had been told often has Arkham House books at discount. I later found out that it is called, uniquely, Discount Books. Deuced clever, those Canadians. We couldn't have been very far away from it, but didn't find it.

All day long I tried off and on to phone Mike Bailey. Guess where he was. Out bookshopping. Finally after dinner, at about 7:00 p.m., just as I was about to give up and head for the States and home, by gar, he answered. So we dropped out to his house to visit for a pleasant hour and a half. We saw his collection of limited editions stuff, Arkhams and other good stuff, which I am constantly amazed to find out he manages to find at rip off prices. How come I'm not so lucky? Mike allowed as how the old gang had split up, with Rob Scott going into banking, and Brent MacLean gone north to work in a lumber mill, or logging operation, or some such. Mike said he'd be showing up at The Nameless meeting since he was going to be in Seattle that week for a computer conference at the University of Washington. Anyway, we had a nice visit. It is indeed nice to know fans up and down the coast. And elsewhere, for that matter.

A DIVERSION

I just flashed on Harlan's statement about rolls of toilet paper. When he was here last summer he mentioned something that I had just thought about a few days previous. He asked the audience if they were aware that men and women put rolls of toilet paper on the dispenser differently. Men usually put the tongue or loose end so that it comes over the top. Women, conversely, generally put the roll on so that the tongue comes off the bottom of the roll from behind. Isn't that exciting? Well, anyway, I just visited our favorite room and discovered



that the rod for the roll was missing from its holder. It's one of those spring-loaded kind. One end of the roll and the spring were present, but the other end was missing. Where in the heck would something like that go? Search the floor, search the counter. Not there.

Tim, eldest son, finally hit upon the solution. Sean, lead guitarist of the rock band, Gryffyn, which practices right here on the very premises, obviously was in need of a bottleneck for some bottleneck guitar playing, and this thing just worked beautifully. That probably gives you a mote of understanding about the insanity of this household.

Speaking of Tim, eldest, he just got back from two weeks on the road. I'm trying to convince him that he ought to write up some of his experiences, because the whole trip was really cool. But I don't think I'll be able to succeed.

Sean, second son, moved out just last week. I waved goodbye, with tears in my eyes, and as the truck drove away, I dashed for the empty room to establish squatter's rights. Aha, I cried, another room to fill with books. But now Tim, having moved home temporarily after 2½ years away, is inhabiting the room and inhibiting my possession of it. He obviously has a greater priority than I have. I mean, it's spring, and the garage doesn't have very much in it, if you don't count all of those big speakers and the drum set and the electric piano. Shucks, why can't he sleep out there? Somebody has suggested that I should have boarded the room up before Tim got back from California, and said, with arched brow innocence, "Room? What room?" I'm just not that swift a thinker on my feet, and it was too late. Some deep inner sense told him that the room was still there, right behind the door.

A couple of weeks ago I needed to know the dimensions of the room in question. As a matter of fact, I needed to know the dimensions of every room in the house, plus the garage. Sean was fast asleep and I couldn't wait for him to arise from the arms of Morpheus sometime around mid-afternoon. So I snuck in and measured. I wasn't as stealthy as I might have been and he aroused long enough to cock one eye at me and to see what was going on. Later that day he wanted to know what I had been doing, measuring the room. I told him that I needed to figure out the total square footage of the house for income tax purposes and that I couldn't wait until he got up. His response crushed my psyche something fierce, "Sure, Dad, we know. You just can't wait to get me out of here, so you can put in bookshelves." Now, how did he know? Anyway, it's obvious that it is going to be a while before I can take possession. I'll probably have to call the county sherrif and get an eviction notice. Sure could use that 200+ feet of shelving that I think will fit in there, along with my desk. A place to write, golly, what will be my excuse then.

Smile; it lets your teeth breathe!

Well, I fear I've let my fingers run away with me. My intention was to make this zine a bit more of an extension of myself, but I didn't think it would lead to this. I've blathered on for far too many pages, but if you'll bear with me a bit while Ash-Wing adjusts itself, maybe everything will come out all right. I'm sure that I've made the right decision. That opinion was bolstered with the recent arrival of Out-Worlds from Bill Bowers. It's absolutely magnificent and there is no way that A-W could reach that sort of perfection. Just in case I don't get a chance to review it later on, you can get it 3/\$2.00 from Bill Bowers, Box 354, Wadsworth, Ohio 44281. If you write a check, make it out to Joan Bowers. But do it. You won't be disappointed.

Joan and Susan Glicksohn have started the "Lae Strelkov Fund" to bring Lae from Argentina to Washington in '74. If you've read Lae's stuff, no more need be said. If you haven't, take my word for it and support it. \$\$\$\$ should be sent to Joan at the above address.

MEAN WHAT YOU SAY

ED CAGLE

It is written that:

"Pain makes man think,
thought makes man wise,
and wisdom is the key to the universe."

One of such humble mental powers as mine might take that to mean that the only thing keeping me from becoming a legend in my own time is the lack of a clothespin on each ear and a beartrap on both legs. But I do realize that the Wise Old One who coined the above little gem might have had some definite idea as to the time factor involved in attaining great and lofty intellectual heights through ooching and ouching. Then, too, the Old Boy might have had his Wisdom Weapon pointed in another direction. He could have been saying, "Oh, boy, after they whopped me pretty good and told me they'd do it again if I didn't turn to, I turned to!" Man is always saying things he doesn't mean.

For instance:

"The good have no need of an advocate."

Clearly the author of this Lofty Goodie has never been entangled in a civil suit. More probably he was a devotee of the first proverb, easily aroused by the sight of a weeping willow in a gale and given to wearing jockey shorts five sizes too small. Again we have evidence that the dictums of man are not mayonnaise of fact to be spread on the peanut butter sandwich of living.

Even the most well-intentioned utterings can be misleading and not what they appear to be at first glance. The cheeriest of parting salutes can take on a totally different meaning under the proper circumstances. A man departing the local pub after a night's imbibing with his pals would ordinarily be cheered to hear his fellows shout

"May the wind be ever at your back!"....

unless, of course, the street be steep and the wind strong and his legs quite unstable. Pleasantries are not always what they seem to be. What was fine and good in the original text may be thoroughly polluted by passage across the human tongue.

Personally I prefer the Word Wisdom of those persons I have known a length of time sufficient to determine the slant of their intent. I have no way of knowing what Confucious or Ben Franklin might have advised me had they been nearby when I managed to get myself in a situation demanding some immediate remedial action of a profound nature. Certainly both of them would have been less than useful when I wanted to trade cars, and as for my personal life, I can't see myself with long hair and a long little-pinkie fingernail!

Ah but I knew a man whose wisdom was wonderous, and ever useful. My late, lamented grandfather, an Irishman. He was tall and he was loud; he drank whiskey with a fierceness and a dedication that would put John Bangsund to shame. Yet his vision

remained clear; his advice sound. How well I recall those warm summer nights, shortly after his retirement, when I - an impressionable 8-year-old - would sit by his side on the long front porch and listen to his voice in rapture and fascination.



His was not a formalized presentation of knowledge gained throughout 75 years of living, couched in poetic form, but an example; a clear living portrait of a man who knew what the world was about, and who didn't really give a damn if his 8-year-old grandson was sitting nearby and taking in every word. His wife, my grandmother, a wee Scot hardly half his size, objected in no uncertain terms, but over the 2 years I lived there I managed to gather in a general outline of what life is all about.

It was on that grand and gloomy front porch that I learned from him the subtle art of misdirection. From his straight-backed pose in a chair that concealed numerous bottles of Irish he would give directions to persons who stopped in the street, unsure of their course in our small town. Since Grandad was prone to wave at everyone who passed in a car, quite understandably anyone who became lost in Leon (population 500) would stop and shout, "Do you know where so-and-so lives?"

There would follow a most complicated routine of instructions, given in a hearty voice (audible for seven blocks, by actual test). I would hide my face, privy to the knowledge of the area to an extent that let me know the unsuspecting motorist was being misdirected to some local 'hot' spot....the sewer plant....the city dump....a dead end road....anywhere except where the information-seeker wanted to go. On the rare occasions when an irate 'informed' would return to question the directions, Grandad never failed to convince them they had misunderstood, and would then direct them somewhere else, equally as far from their destination.

When times were slow, and lost-souls absent from the street, Grandad would create his own situation. The magnificent voice would bellow out of the darkened porch to a passing car: "Hey! Yer trunk's on fire!" "Yer tire's flat!" "This whorehouse is closed!" As I said; wisdom. Young girls passing on the sidewalk were also fair game. Unfortunately this is not the place to go into that. Rest assured that I learned things from the exchanges he had with the young girls. And the middle-aged girls. And the old girls (one of which he got up and followed one night, much to his later regret.) In every respect, the old man was a source of early wisdom of great value.

But he had his poetic moments, as all Irishmen do, and from one of these rare lapses I took the motto by which I have strived to direct my life to date. It isn't a profound thought, and it is not a thought immediately identifiable as one of great insight, but it sums up an attitude; it expresses a proper attitude toward life. He said:

"If ye never bed a crazy woman or piss into the wind ye'll be arright."

That, friends, is the kind of advice I can accept.

* * * * *

LETTERS FROM A RED BALLOON

CLIFFORD R. WIND

I made a pledge, between finals, that during the week following I would make my mind as blank as possible, and keep it that way until spring quarter. I seem to have succeeded, because I can't think of a damned thing to write. Nor a blessed thing either.

Having the heavy articles of Mr. Dick and Mr. Burton to comment upon doesn't change matters. I've still nothing more profound, provocative, or interesting in my head than methods for the generation of singly and doubly even magic squares, how to get a translation of the French sf lyrics of "Dizzy Gillespie & The Double Six of Paris," or why it is that most everyone pronounces album as 'album'.

Mother says I've a shallow personality; must be true.

It is funny, though, how people will always strive for maximum separation in an elevator, as though they were mindless elementary particles obeying repulsive electrostatic forces. I've always wondered how close the parallel is between human traffic flow and fluid dynamics. If it is close enough, and I rather think it is, perhaps the unemployed aeronautics engineer, with much wind tunnel and other experience, could turn to civic engineering, controlling pedestrian traffic flow.

But as for communication vs. conversation, I think perhaps people want the former though they will or can initiate only the latter. I carried a ten-foot

/three weeks pass/

red balloon (10 ft. long, 3-4 inches in diameter)



around with me for a day at the U. once. Under my arm, over my shoulder, as the mood moved me. To the few brave souls who ventured a "What's that?", I gave a cryptic answer, namely, "A ten-foot red balloon." And you know, they were disappointed. They wanted something more, something different.

I hated to disappoint them, but the only thing I could think of was "a communist phallic symbol." So,

[three days, this time]

but I hate to disappoint anyone, even the street corner dispensers of free papers, pamphlets and tracts. I always accept their gifts. Some of the religious tract dispensers, especially, look so sad when you refuse their offerings, as if you were depriving them of their only chance at salvation.

I don't buy any of the radical, religious, or other papers, though, save one 'Christian' paper once, if only to say that I had bought the Truth, and only for a dime.

But were it not for these saviors, I'd never have discovered the terrible secrets that abound all about me. Just this last week, for instance, some Birchers and other concerned Christian patriots alerted me to the horrible truth of Freemasonry and the Council on Foreign Relations. The former hides a Satanic sex cult that murders to keep its secret and the latter fronts for the Rockefellers, Mr. Rusk, Maj. Gen. Westmoreland, Mr. Richard M. Nixon, and other secret socialists as they strive to establish a world socialist government.

[pause, intake of breath. I'm not much at gliding smoothly into a new paragraph. Just jump right in. Continuity be damned.]

I've made an important decision. [another pause while you consider that]

I've decided to become an Esther Williams freak. Watch every one of her movies, memorize the plot, the players, all that my poor sieve of a brain can hold. I started today with Million Dollar Mermaid, with hers truly (as Annette Kellerman, the girl who, bless her, introduced the one-piece bathing suit), Victor Mature (and just the day before he was a Christian fighting the Caesar's tigers), Walter Pidgeon, Jesse White (Maytag's lonely repairman, and the orderly in Harvey on stage, film, and tv), and a kangaroo named Sidney. Not to forget Busby Berkeley, who staged the water ballet numbers.

Of course I recognized the stamp affixed to your envelope. It was the only one in which the reason for Mr. Eisenhower's looking off to the right is evident. Holding the stamp close to my eye, I espied that the sly devil was watching,

a topless dancer???

heavens, a good Republican and American war hero like him? No,

reruns of I Love Lucy!



THE RED BOOK OF WESTMARCH

REVIEWS

The Curse of the Wise Woman by Lord Dunsany. Collins, London, 1972. £ 1.75

We should be grateful, I think, to anyone who sees fit to bring a long unavailable Lord Dunsany novel back into print, and especially to the Collins Company for re-issuing this one. The book is not for sale in the United States, though possibly some fantasy dealers might be persuaded to buy a stock of it, the same way Richard Witter has done with the Spearman Clark Ashton Smith reprints. If not, you might be able to get it in Canada, since many British books are sold there, and if that fails you'll just have to have someone in England send you a copy, as I did. But whatever you do, don't pass this one up.

Some people have complained that Dunsany never put himself into his writings. He was a humble man, the polar opposite of someone like Harlan Ellison, and he never wrote the story of his life in his fiction, editorialized, or otherwise let his readership in on his private life. He even wrote three volumes of autobiography without letting his readership in on his private life. (If you care to track them down, they are The Sirens Wake, The Sirens Sleep, and Patches of Sunlight, all of which make most engaging reading, and are rich in anecdotes - about other people.) Thus some critics have dismissed his work as irrelevant, since much of it could very well have been written by a little old hermit who hadn't emerged from his cave for the last fifty years, and wasn't even aware that the thing we sometimes call "The Human Condition" ever existed.

Well, here is a book to shut up those same critics. It is not an autobiographical novel, but it does contain more material about Dunsany's background than any of the others. It is, of course, very low key and reserved, and you'd never know it was actually the author unless you either knew him personally or had been reading Mark Amory's excellent Biography of Lord Dunsany (Collins, £ 2.75). Otherwise it would just seem to be a bit of very skillful writing by someone who knew of what he wrote.

Unlike most of Dunsany's better known work, the setting of this novel is neither The Edge of the World nor Fairyland, but Ireland towards the end of the nineteenth century. It is, in fact, about the Ireland of Dunsany's boyhood, even though the marvel-

ous, the things beyond the fields we know, continue to linger just below the surface. Tir-nan-Og, the Land of Youth in Irish folklore, looms right over the horizon, and the peat bog, which is as the dustjacket says, the real hero of the story, seems to harbor the magical. We never see any of these wonders; they remain always in our imaginations and those of the characters, and this is probably for the best.

Is it fantasy? Who cares? It definitely has the feel of fantasy, and like all of Dunsany's work, it is beautifully written. Beautiful even when you know it should be boring. Dunsany was the only writer I know of who could drag a fox hunt out over five chapters and not only get away with it, but do it gorgeously. (One of his big passions in life was hunting, and he did sometimes get a bit carried away.) The plot is actually of little importance in a book that is 90% mood and imagery: Charles Peridore, son of an Irish nobleman, suddenly finds himself alone when his father is run out of the country by Sinn Fein types. He promptly behaves as Dunsany himself would have no doubt behaved at such an age (17) and under such circumstances. He skips school (Eton no less) and goes tramping over the bogs with a shotgun, blasting everything imagineable all over the countryside. Yet he, like the author, does come off as something out a "men's adventure" raw gutsy magazine, since he has a deep respect and love for nature, even the things he kills. (Yes, that is a paradox, and Dunsany spent many years trying to figure it out. In later life he gave up shooting.) Anyhow, after a good deal of that, which again is never boring as it serves as an excuse for a truly marvelous and atmospheric depiction of the Irish countryside, it is discovered that 1) the local gamekeeper is dying, and he fears that has lost his soul by longing for the pagan paradise of Tir-nan-Og, and 2) the Peat Development Syndicate wants to destroy the bog. After this the story begins to move at a much quicker pace, as Mrs. Marlin, the "wise woman, i.e., witch" of the title does her best to put a curse on the Peat Company. It all ends as the bog, soaked with an unprecedented amount of rainfall, sort of sloshes to one side and in a tidal wave of peat, buries both the Peat Company and Mrs. Marlin.

Was she really a witch? There are natural explanations for everything, but there are also some of the best conjuring and cursing scenes ever written. I'd quote one here if there were room.

The book's qualifications as fantasy really hinge on Mrs. Marlin's cursing powers, but as I said before, it really doesn't matter.

Go thous and buy. Also while you're at it look for the Amory Biography and another Dunsany novel brought out by the same company, My Talks With Dean Spanley. £ 1.50. [At last report, the English pound (£) equaled \$2.55.] It's almost enough to stow away to England for.

- Reviewed by Darrell Schweitzer -

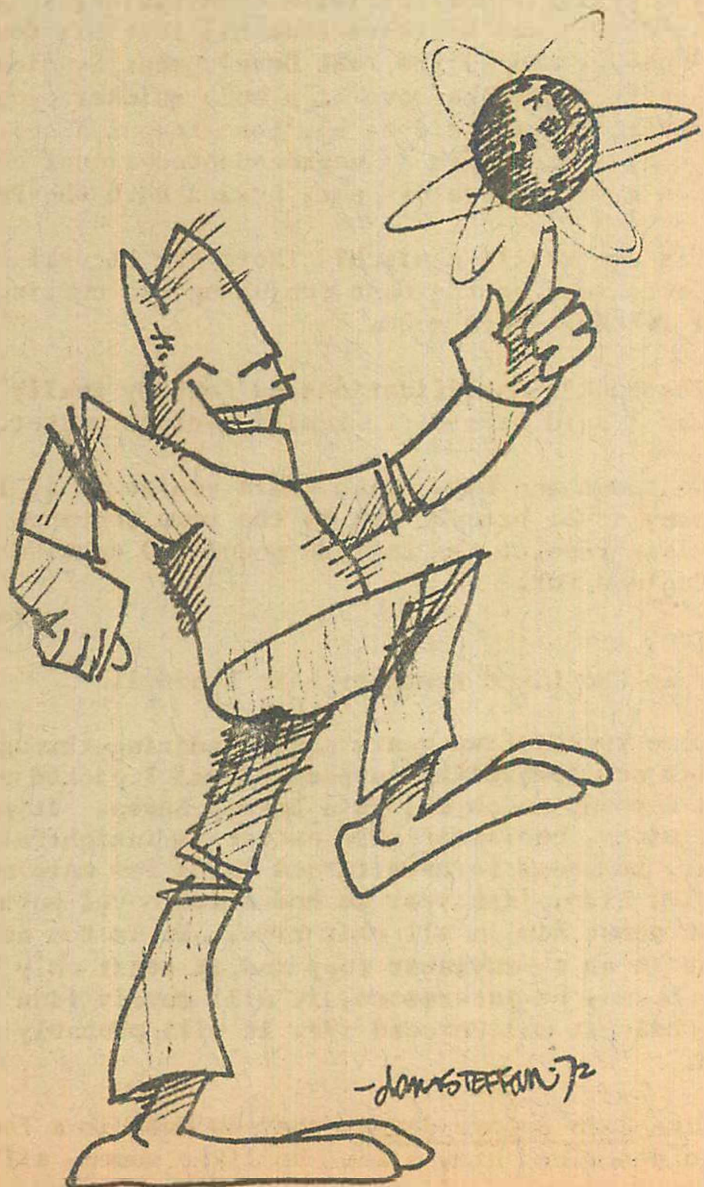
The Man Who Liked Women by Marc Brandel.

Some twenty-five years ago, wandering through some book-remainder shops on 42nd St (which now specialize in peep shows) I picked up, for 19¢, a slim novel by Brandel, then a young neophyte, Rain Before Seven. It proved to be a delightfully off-beat satiric piece, unclassifiable except as insightfully screwball. A quarter of a century later, he seems to have turned out a few more novels and become involved in making films and TV; also, last year he had a new novel published, and this was my first occasion to think about him in all that time. It is too new to be remaindered, but fortunately, I found it as a reviewer copy and at least only had to pay half for it; however, for anyone who may be interested, it will surely find its way into Marboro's remainder shops, and while it will exceed 19¢, it will probably level at \$1.49. It will be, alas, too much.

Like Rain Before Seven, the new book is a fantasy. Its hero is literally as the title describes him, a man who likes women, all women, although only one at a time.

He tells us this, anyway. He has had innumerable romances, although they all ended, without rancor, and would be replaced by others. In a world of so many women, it did seem a pity he could not discover the delights of every one; however, if he could not, it was for no lack of trying. In the midst of his rather literal pursuit of one of them, an abrupt searing pain in his head forces him to return to his rooms, where he staggers and faints. When he awakens, he discovers on the floor a minute figure, a woman, an inch and a half high, but, as a magnifying glass reveals, quite exquisitely formed, in adult dimensions. She is eventually revealed to be none other than Venus herself, returned to Earth and to mortals, and born as was her sister, Minerva, from someone's brow. Unlike Minerva who was, after all, the Goddess of Wisdom, and obviously smart enough to emerge full-blown from Jupiter's brow, Venus is a miniature; our hero, examining her carefully and finding her parts to be eminently worthy of a lover's pursuit, rues this. Shortly thereafter, to his delight, he discovers that she is growing larger. He calculates the happy day when she will be of full stature and he can enjoy the favors of this doll. Venus, not to forget her *raison d'etre*, begins to oblige him as soon as she is big enough by admiring his maleness, and bigger yet, riding him with such abandon as to cause him deliriums of ecstasy. He is able to give her some pleasure, too, albeit as one would a pet. Other women and, indeed, his job (which is some interminable business about persuading some Britishers to fluoridate their water supply, are quite forgotten in the inexpressible delight of ogling, touching and playing with his little goddess. In America, (he sneaks her in as a doll) he engages in a group orgy, which is described as a love-in, but which he does not enjoy. Dutifully he obliges a young lady, but with no enthusiasm. Venus sneers at the loveless love-in. Eventually she becomes full-size, and quite unconsciously he finally enjoys normal sexual union with her. Regretably for him, she continues enlarging. When she is near eight feet, she reluctantly leaves him, to return to Olympus, leaving with him, however, a charm whose power is to attract all women. In a final act of love for her, he throws it away.

Brandel seems to believe his hero is honest and really likes all women. However, the final joke of the sly goddess of love is on the author of the book, for he is not talking of love at all, whatever he may think. It is a solitary love that preoccupies the writer, for in his constant, if casual references to his cock, and his devotion to a minute and at least temporarily unobtainable women, he is quite in love with himself. It is none other than our old friend Alexander Portnoy, in reality, with his hangups, however disguised. The very choice of a doll for a true human relationship



is the tip-off, even though she eventually grows larger: this is merely the ultimate gratification of self-love with a self-created alter-ego device. The author and his hero exhibit the antithesis of love, an emotion considered, in other times than ours, as a sublime emotion, which involved a full giving and receiving, on a one-to-one ratio. Alas, The Man Who Liked Women is a man who likes no woman, and it is a dull and most unaphrodisiac trick he plays upon Eros, Venus and Love.

---Reviewed by Ben Indick ---

The Wind From the Sun by Arthur Clarke. Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, Inc. \$5.95

This anthology should be of particular interest to Clarke fans. It contains all of the stories Clarke wrote during the 1960's -- ALL. When one considers the falling-off of Clarke's output, it has to be with mixed emotions. True. All of these stories are solidly crafted and well into the six percent above Sturgeon's Law. Clarke again shows himself to be a really capable storyteller - as if we didn't know already.

High points in the collection: "The Last Command", a short-short by Clarke, the Internationalist. If you haven't read it, I can't tell you anything about it without giving it away completely. You'll have to buy the anthology. "The Cruel Sky" is a well-crafted story about an anti-gravity device, told with great humanity and imagination. Every punster will recall with earth-shaking groans "Neutron Tide". 'Nuff said. The anthology closes off with the Hugo nomination, "A Meeting With Medusa."

Two strange tidbits in the center of the book slide over into the great 94%. "The Longest Science-Fiction Story Ever Told" is simply a rejection slip which encloses a quote from a rejection slip which encloses a quote.....I'm sure you get the idea. And "Herbert George Morely Roberts Wells, Esq." isn't a story at all. Rather it is a non-dramatized bit of speculation.

Oh, yes. One mainstream story of the kind Asimov likes to write - a scientist in a backward African country works the ultimate irony on The Omnipotent, the All-Seeing in "The Light of Darkness."

However slow the next stories may be in coming, Clarke has apparently found his Happy Medium. The ENFANT TERRIBLE is 55, and an accomplished master. Buy this anthology. It is well worth the money, even at hardback prices.

--- Reviewed by Bill Patterson ---

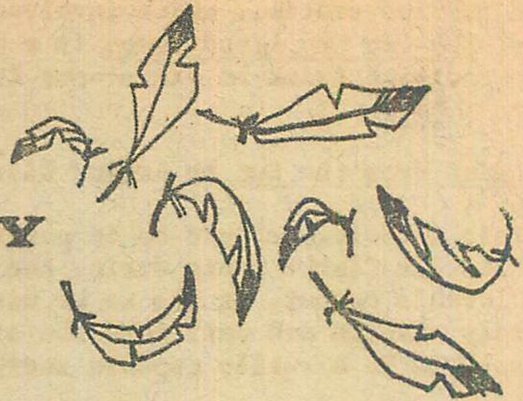
Mayenne by E.C. Tubb. DAW Books, # 54. 95¢

Dang, this is going to be a hard review to write. Mostly because I have enjoyed the Dumarest stories so much, and this is a Dumarest story, and I want the review to be a good one. But that's sort of hard to do, at least in this case. As far as I know this is Tubb's first novel-length Dumarest story, the others being usually a half of an Ace Double. I haven't done a word count on those, but presume that they are not the length of a full novel, more likely they are novelette length.

Don't get me wrong. This is generally a fine book, although it has a couple of spots that bother me. But to enjoy it, I have the impression, requires that the reader be a bit familiar with the series and what has gone before. Dumarest is a character who is constantly striving to get back to Earth, where he was born and orphaned. This is the single driving force in his life. This is not as apparent as it could be. Little is said about The Cyclan, an organization which wishes to take over the galaxy, yet they become extremely important to the denouement of the story. Essentially the story deals with a shipwrecked space ship which is brought to a planet which is sentient. The planet wishes to learn about love and hate and uses the passengers to this end. There is good action, a few memorable characters and some not so memorable. But the ending is completely unpredictable with Cyclan motives much in evidence, which is not apparent during the tale. And little of Dumarest's motivation is apparent. Only his toughness.

--- Reviewed by Frank Denton ---

THE FEATHERS FLY



BILL MARSH, 1119 Cedar St., Carson City, NV 89701

...I enjoyed the last Ash-Wing, as usual. Dick's thing was absorbing and fascinating to me, as is all of his kinky cogitations and imaginings, but I'd suspect that it was a bit tough to follow as a talk. Conciseness, cogency, unity and directness aren't typical of Dick's verbal emissions.

The fact that Ken Scher and I had rather diametrically opposed views of the Klein book bothered me for a few seconds upon reading his review. I quickly assured myself of my own infallibility, however, and summoned a measure of my vast store of saintly compassion and forgiveness for Ken's blindness to the essential quality of the book. The fact that most subsequent reviews of the book were more in agreement with Scher's than with my review might make a lesser mortal than El Swampo a bit unsure of his perception and taste. Off the record, it might be that I did become a trifle over-enthusiastic in writing that particular review. As I remember I did take on three or four scotch-and-waters in the writing process. [Swampy, you have the gift, and I'm the one who has kissed the Blarney Stone, but you outdo me. You'll be relieved to know that there were others of equally fine minds who agreed with your review.]

J. BRENT MAC LEAN, General Delivery, Pemberton, British Columbia, Canada

...Speaking of mail, did you get the loc I sent in response to Ash-Wing 10? [Probably.] Two pages of singing bagel-gram speculation and other foolery. Yours is the third fanzine I haven't got a WAHF from. I realize that a starting writer is supposed to find it difficult to get into print but this is ridiculous. I think I mailed all three letters in a batch so maybe there's a chronosynclastically infindibular mailbox lurking in Victoria. Or maybe it's my breath. I'm gargling with mouthwash between sentences and spraying my armpits between paragraphs. Mississippi John Hurt (accompanying himself on guitar) is dispelling bad vibes. All seriousness aside, though, I just didn't want you to think that I was some sort of fannish, irresponsible, amorphous slob.

Hey! #11 is a damn fine issue well-deserving of being asterisked by Locus: a fate somewhat less than worse than death. [Run that by again.] Re-reading the Dick speech I was struck by the thought that (to turn the Oscar Wilde thing on its ear) it's not that Dick did the speech, but that he did it so well. Probably one of the major pieces to appear in fanzines this year. I read SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION last week so the Greg Burton column seemed pretty interesting. I wasn't thrilled by Dribblings. Since I disagreed with most of the book reviews, I read them with amused interest. I think

that it was probably a good idea to omit the letter column. Most fanzine lettercols are pretty much the same as one another anyway. The WAHF listing could use a little work, though. [You'll notice that I take all such good advice. The lettercol is missing except in your copy and the WAHF has had a lot of work done on it, since, if memory serves, this is the first time I've ever had a WAHF.]

I'll have to sign off now - got to go to work. I'm fulfilling my potential by turning lumber in a sawmill. As Dylan said: "Twenty years of schooling and they put you on the day shift."

JACK FALLOWFIELD, #308 - 293 Arrowstone Drive, Kamloops, British Columbia, Canada
...I finally got around to reading a Richard Brautigan book recently: THE ABORTION. It was fun, but I'm not ready to count myself among the Brautigan coterie yet. I did go so far as to pick up and read the Warner paperback series of Writers for the 70's on Brautigan.

A decade-old paperback of short stories by Robert Sheckley called STORE OF INFINITY has several good things in it. And a novel by David Gerrold called WHEN HARLIE WAS ONE is good enough to recommend to friends and enemies alike. Harlie (standing for HUMAN ANALOGUE ROBOT LIFE INPUT EQUIVALENTS) is a sort of benign HAL, and the conversations he has with his project chief are worth the price (\$1.25) of the book alone.

Colin Wilson's last novel, LINGARD, has come out in paperback and in order not to spoil my record of having read all of his fiction, I did my duty. I'm not sure about Wilson. I can't decide whether he's the thinking man's pornographer or whether his novel treatments of murder and perversion may one day stand beside Kraft-Ebing and the phenomenological psychologists and psychiatrists with scholarly credentials. [Jack used to be a librarian on my staff and currently is librarying at Cariboo College in Kamloops. We share a liking for Colin Wilson's stuff. Have I recommended THE OCCULT? If not, I do so now.]

STEVE RILEY, 18 Norman Drive, Framingham, MS 01701

...A brief note you may wish to pass along to Ken Scher is that the cover of SWORDS-MEN AND SUPERMEN is by Virgil Finlay. It's one of his earliest illustrations from Weird Tales. He had a habit of signing a lot of his early work "Virgil" with a curvy "V", which is why Ken thought it said "Porgil". The fact is that the cover is indeed by Finlay. (It's also reproduced in Don Grant's Virgil Finlay memorial volume.) The paperback itself was probably edited by Don Grant (of RED SHADOWS fame.) He's been publishing the Centaur Press editions as a sideline to his hardcover line. [This is just one of the letters containing the answer to Ken Scher's enigma.]

DON FITCH, 3908 Frijo, Covina, CA 91722

[Don sent a nice long letter, much of it personal, but one paragraph well worth quoting.]

...There's no danger of being accused of being a Fake Fan just because you haven't read some particular sf work -- even some famous and much-loved one. Remember what Christopher Morley said when admitting that he'd not read Shakespeare's King Lear -- "It's a way of extending my life span; when the Angel of Death comes for me, I'll tell him, 'Sorry, I can't go with you now -- I haven't read Lear yet.' "

TIM MARION, 614 - 72nd St., Newport News, VA 23605

..."The Android and the Human" - yes, I read every (*choke* *gasp*) excellently written word of it. And it has changed me entirely. I am now a telephone freak. I will call Philip K. Dick collect every night. I will throw beer cans all over the place and threaten judges.

Excellent illo by 'Freff' (I see it's really you, Jeff Cochran, who should do more work for fanzines). Possibly Hugo worthy even. [Agree that Freff should be doing a lot more illustration, but he's so dang busy, it's hard to keep up with him. Makes me tired just reading his stuff. Freff, when will next "Nathan Beastie" be out?]

Your [mine?] and Bill Marsh's book reviews put Ken Scher's to shame. Scher's

reviews were much too sketchy and short to present a comprehensive review. [Here Tim reviews the "Porgil" problem.] ...He thinks that the REH story, "Meet Captain Kidd" is misplaced because it is not sword and sorcery, but then, who says that the book is necessarily sword and sorcery? The title is SWORDSIEN AND SUPERIEN. I will not, however, blame the editor for lack of authenticity in Scher's reviews, like some people would.

SALVATORE DI MARIA, 3405 - 21st Ave. S.E., Rio Rancho, NM 87124

...Leon Taylor's piece was just delightful. I think he's really got something when he says that the space above the elevator doors is the most valuable ad space in America. It's almost unreal how everybody looks at the flashing lights instead of each other. It makes me wonder how other societies and peoples react to elevators. I am curious about one thing though, I don't mean to offend, but is there really a Leon Taylor from Seymour, Indiana? The reason I ask is that I found out that people who write for Certain Fanzines are non-existent and only the pseudonyms of Certain Others. (I heard this directly from the perpetrator of one of these non-existent names. His identity shall, of course, be kept Top Secret. [Hmmm. This poses a real problem. Do we tell all? I used to think that there was a Leon Taylor, but when I wrote to remind him that it was time for him to crank up a column for this issue, he did not respond. So maybe you're right. On the other hand, there is an Ed Cagle who lives in Leon, Kansas. Hmmm. Do you suppose? No, he wouldn't!])

JILL ALLAN, 144 Mary St., Orillia, Ontario, Canada L3V 3E4

Frankly, you must number me among those disappointed at your decision to pull Ash-Wing out of the amateur fiction business. If fan fiction is mostly skipped, it's because most of it is practically unreadable, and it was such a shock to discover a zine containing almost nothing but fan fiction and articles written in an artsy style which was very readable.

The Phil Dick article was interesting, but I can't see how programmed disobedience is any better than programmed obedience. The compulsive thief is just the other side of the coin of the compulsive law abider. And because programming is still too complex for us to recognize it fully in respect to human beings, does not make it any less a fact. According to Skinner and psychologists of his school we already are androids in the sense that Phil seems to use the word. Skinner may be wrong, but he's pretty damn plausible.

If Skinner is right, then of course the whole concept of morality goes out, except as a system of game rules to maintain the status quo. And those who eventually gain the knowledge and skill and position to program others will, by their realization of the essential meaninglessness of all human/android action, either act out of pure utter selfishness, or out of despair. (Maybe there is not much difference.) When Apollo preached "Know thyself" he also preached "Moderation in all things" including, one must suppose, self-knowledge. Otherwise one gets Dionysos, a shaking off of the "superior" layers of the personality as superfluous, and



ends with the basic drives unhindered by inhibition. Or one gets Buddha, with even the so-called basic drives removed. A de-programming of sorts.

The Orville Prescott disposal of Cabell has a lot of truth in it. His books do have appeal to a certain sort of erudite snobbishness, and his double-entendres are of the sort sometimes called "sophomoric." Also, he is one of those writers whose style and manner puts down and puts off many readers who try him. Besides, his early reputation depended to a large extent on the daringness of the sexual references in his books.

On the other hand, since I have read everything by Cabell I can get my hands on, and have found over half of it worth re-reading several times, I can't accept Prescott's judgment as all that complete. He and many others either cannot find the other Cabell within the "coterie writer", or what to them are faults are to myself and Cabell's admirers virtues. A by no means unusual situation despite attempts by critics to establish absolute criteria of literary merit.

BEN INDICK, 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666

I keep reading about you in Ed Cagle's KWAL, and I enjoy seeing your snippets from letters there. [Ed who? I don't believe we've met.] Ed is one hell of a guy and maybe one day I'll meet the inimitable nut! I sent him a story too, a bit of lunacy which I hope you'll enjoy. I think he'll use it soon; while it is, because of its nature, right at home in KWAL and to Cagleophiliacs, that is its ONLY possible home. You'll see. THAT piece I managed on pieces of three successive midnights. I have this here sense of obligation which, pity the poor recipients, FORCES me to try to send them things....[Glad to know that someone else in this funny world tries to do writing at such macabre hours. I've tried that bit of getting up early in the morning and it just doesn't work. Lloyd Alexander starts in at 4 in the morning, after a cup of tea. My poor, fuzzy brain refuses to acknowledge that my body is even out of bed at that hour. It's still fuzzy at midnight, but not so much so that some words miraculously appear on the paper.]

One thing about A-W: it is the cleanest, clearest, nicest mimeozine ever! You take pride in appearance, and it shows. And, in a day of slapdash, this is a merit, at least to an old cocker like myself (unhappily not a neat person.) (Ask my wife.)

I enjoyed P.K. Dick's essay. Darn. I read it when I received it, and my failing memory refuses to regurgitate whatever carps I felt. There were some...Couldn't have been important, though, since I entertain a respectful memory for it. Any time you can get such lectures for printing, it's our privilege to read them!....Burton's bittersweet ode to what is/may be/might have been/should be moves me. Mostly because the individuality he seeks seems indeed to be becoming tougher to find, in a world of crowds and insensitivity. What can we do, outside of moving half the world's population elsewhere? Or destroying them? Maybe, outside of destroying ourselves (for why should we pick on others?) maybe we should move. NASA: get busy with big ships.

To Leon Taylor: I'll grant you complimentary prescience: in reading Orville Prescott's bitchings against Cabell, Taylor realized that even though he hadn't read JBC, that he just might be good. Well, Leon, he is. He demands leisurely reading, savoring of a good romantic, sometimes cynical line. I think DOLNEI is now in paperback. By all means, read it; it is not the most famous of his books. JURGEN, which ran afoul of the old ladies, is just that; but DOLNEI has delicious satire and sharp insight into the ways of humans and the world....To Ken Scher, and his review of SWORDSMEN... [here Ben becomes the 47th person to identify the Finlay signature.

I congratulate you on eliminating LOCs. You may think me a total iconoclast, if you note in a past KWAL that I was also in favor of eliminating reviews of actual books. (I so rarely read any of them that I get a complex over it, and prefer imaginary reviews, because I can read them with a safe conscience.) However, as my enclosure proves, I am not entirely opposed to reviews (as long as I have already read the book) or letters, as this one demonstrates. [Having shot down both letters and book reviews, Ben gets both in this issue. But do we really know if the book reviewed is a real book of one of Ben's imaginary reviews of an imaginary book? For that matter, are we really sure that this letter isn't from an imaginary Ben Indick? I'd rather feel not.]

NED BROOKS, 713 Paul St., Newport News, VA 23605

Phil Dick's speech was interesting, if somewhat disjointed. I more or less agree with him, but I don't know if I would want to live in the totalitarian anarchy he seems to see for a future - how could anyone collect books without enough social stability to insure that the books would still be there when he came back from getting more...

LAURINE WHITE, 5408 Leader Ave., Sacramento, CA 95841

I don't know how to react to Dick's article. I don't concur with his viewpoint, perhaps because I haven't seen so many crimes of the Establishment. Are people not as alive as they used to be? Do you rip off a company just because it is big? Coca-Cola used to exploit migrant workers; they admitted it and said they wouldn't do it in the future. So are they still villains?

Perhaps the majority of Californians feel as you in Oregon and Washington do. We want beaches, open and undeveloped, and unpolluted rivers, but there are some people with a lot of money, some not even living in this state and others who haven't been here too long, who think Progress = a lot of people in one area, and you can't stop people from living where they want to. Oregon keeps them out by not giving non-natives jobs.

Rose Hogue's poem was lovely.

If Ken Scher will take a CLOSE look at the cover of SWORDSMEN AND SUPERMEN, he'll see that is Virgil. How many Lin Carter books have you read? The first 20 or so were enjoyable, but after that his style began to irritate me. I bought UNDER THE GREEN STAR for the illos alone. Why did you have to review the SCORPIO book? Aw, shucks! I was hoping to do the first review of it for some other zine.

Jan Strnad's first underground comic issue of Anomaly is now out. It is rather good if you like undergrounds. Bob Kline has a story in it with his usual walking and crawling lizards.

CHARLES CUSHING, 8315 - 105 Street, Apt. 903, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6E 4H4

Many thanks for making the text of Philip K. Dick's speech available. I laughed again uncontrollably at the love life of the wayward sewing machines. I also seem to be reading much of the text for the first time; I believe Dick slashed the text of his speech when he was delivering it. You have, I think, performed a real service by making this text readable; it needs re-reading.

I greatly enjoyed both the Burton and the Taylor columns, and am glad to see that you hope to continue printing work from them in the revamped Ash-Wing.

I also enjoyed Bill Marsh's reviews, especially the one of Gerard Klein's book. I agree with him about it, far more than with Ken Scher. I particularly feel that the translator achieved a very fluent style, as Marsh said.

I liked your own review of the latest Darkover book. My favorite among them is currently THE WORLD WRECKERS, but this might shift as I reread others. I have just recently bought (again) THE FALCONS OF NARABEDIA, and found that dark and dizzy book every bit as gripping as on the other two occasions when I read it. I do feel that the last page or two takes us rather far away from the characters as we have seen them up till then, but otherwise the book holds up well.

Thank you, too, for the delightful poem by Rose Hogue.

The books I have most enjoyed lately have not been science fiction. Ballantine

has been brining out some real winners lately. A NATIVE SON OF THE GOLDEN WEST, by James D. Houston, is a picaresque novel whose hero is a California boy making his pilgrimage to Hawaii in the 1950's. It is disorderly, touching, hilarious. There is a very charming heroine, but she has bad luck.

Thomas McMahon's novel, improbably titled PRINCIPLES OF AMERICAN NUCLEAR CHEMISTRY, brings the Los Alamos of 1943-45 vividly to life. It is very hard to believe it is a first novel.

Another really fine book that Ballantine has reprinted is THE WRECKAGE OF AGATHON, by John Gardner, more recently famous for GRENDAL and THE SUNLIGHT DIALOGUES. About this one I can only say that it made every other novel I had read that was set in Classical Greece look pale and thin. [Just about finished reading GRENDAL, and it is a real treat/experience. Highly recommended, even at a horrible \$1.25]

But I have recently read THE WATERS OF CENTAURUS by Rosel George Brown, the second of her Sibyl Sue Blue novels, and laughed out loud, so I shouldn't say I haven't enjoyed any science fiction lately. I also bought, like a shot, the reprints of Fredrik Pohl's STAR SCIENCE FICTION, One to Six - and discovered, in Number Five, Rosel George Brown's first story ever to be sold, "Hair-Raising Adventure". Her talent was fully formed at that point. But then the lady was from the South, and you can't beat them for story telling. [Is it natural to them, Charles?]

[Charles' letter goes on far beyond where he quit locing A-W, and got into a personal letter to me. His rap about the books he's been reading appealed to me more than the egoboo he was heaping on me. Let this be a lesson to you guys and gals, tell me more about the stuff you're reading and you'll get a larger loc published. I always like to know what others are reading, and recommendations such as Charles has given steer me to some good stuff occasionally.]

ED CAGLE, Route #1, Leon, KS 67074

If you don't eventually win a Hugo with production quality and excellent material like in Ash-Wing 11, I will personally cry for injustice. [Give this thing a Hugo, Ed, and you'll have injustice.] Add to that the fact that your attitude is of a type that I expect, but rarely encounter in fandom, and I see now way you can miss. I w would award you the BEST FANZINE HUGO right now. I'm very serious. [Hell, I can't go on with this paragraph. It's embarrassing. But, by dang, thank you, Ed.]

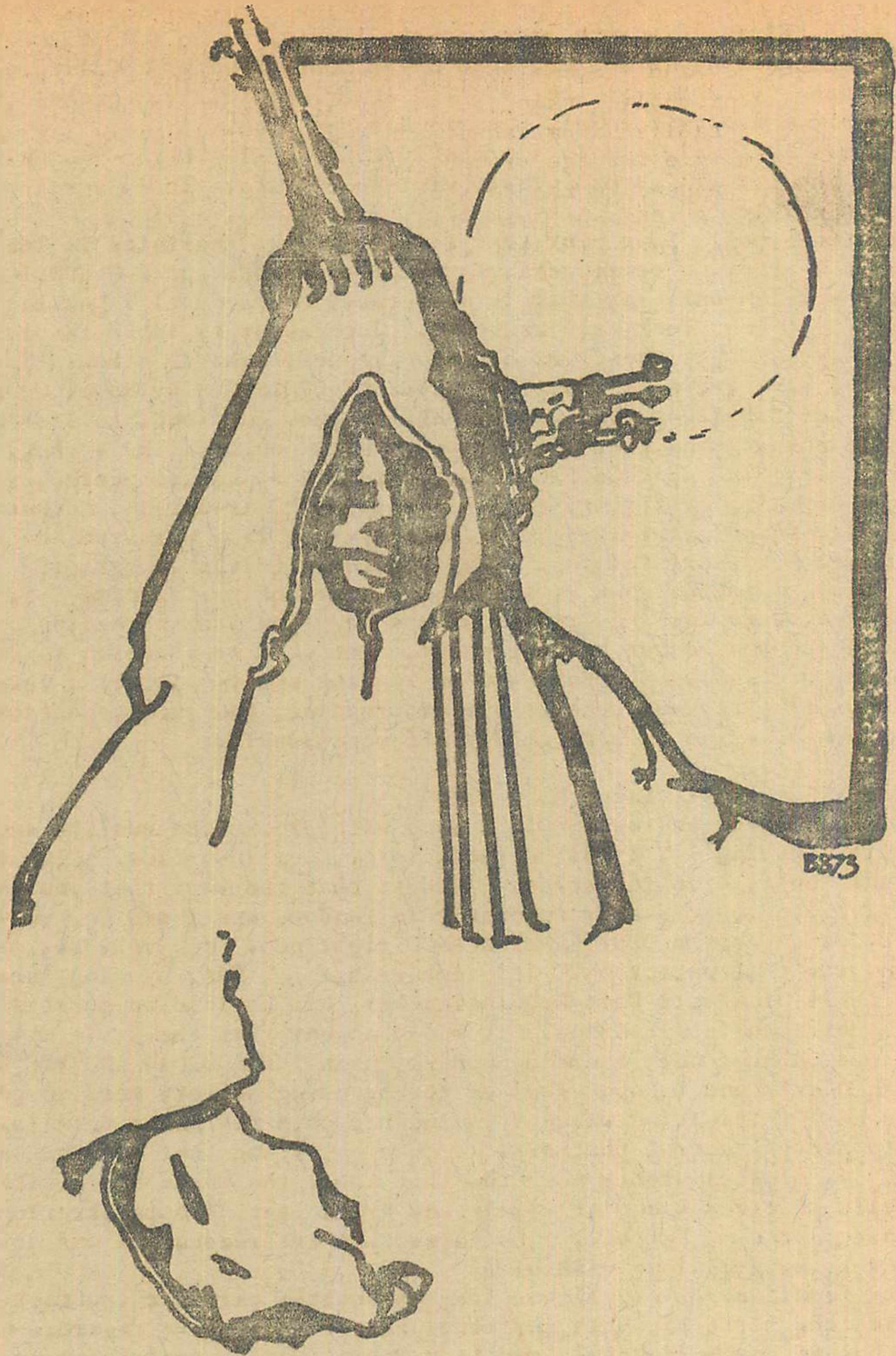
If Phil Dick were Hoot Foquintipecker, his article would still be one of the best I've ever read in a fanzine. It would appear that the style may drive off a few fen, but jesus I hope not; there's mucho mean in THE ANDROID AND THE HUMAN. The similarity in Dick's and my own views on the bleeding society mess in general is such that I see no justification in questioning him on a few minor details. I actually felt bad to see the end of that article come up, I was that involved and thinking along with him. I feel pretty much the same about the whole bit - without all the precise examples he cited - and it wasn't any great feat of concentration on my part. Laybe he just pushed my buttons. Who cares what the reasons, I was able to see a few more things by moving along with him.

The remainder of A-W 11 was less noteworthy only for the fact that I was so taken up with the first bit. In any other zine I would have regarded Greg Burton's bit as both poetic and insightful, and Leon Taylor was as satisfying as I always find him (I'm not in agreement with Taylor, I just find it invigorating reading him.) With Greg I agree, though I would say it somewhat more pointedly.

Ken Scher writes my kind of book review. I think some of his opinions are unnecessarily kind, but he slips in a thoughtful and insightful thing here and there often enough to make me shy of questioning his rationale. Lore probably he and I have vastly different tastes. [That I wouldn't count on. I know Greg for a pretty independent guy, much as I suppose you are. I would expect you to be much alike in thinking.]

Now, who? Oh, yes, Denton. Doggone you, I live in the hills - the Flint Hills - and not on the prairie. [whew, I spelled that correctly this time. Inside joke for readers of KWALHIOQUA,] Other than that I agree with your opinions of my increasingly time-robbing fanzine, KWALHIOQUA. It is looney. Fortunately I intended it to

be that way. If I try to write in any other fanzine, about the things I care about, I tend to get either violent or maudlin; looniness is the only viable alternative. Evidently looniness is in demand at the moment, as I seem to get a lot of response. Personally I prefer to regard the rather voluminous response as an indication that everyone regards me as basically silly, and thereby relatively harmless. No matter the true reason, I am flattered by the response, and find much of value in the letters. I also find a lot of shit, but I expect a lot of shit no matter what the hell I'm trying to do. To get back to the point (and to finish this paragraph) I thought your review of KUAL was primarily accurate. I only hope you did not generate any more subbers. I hate collating, Frank!



DARRELL SCHWEITZER, 113 Deepdale Road, Strafford, PA 19087

Leon Taylor asks what happened to all the fans of yore, like 1969 and other eras of the distant past. Well, the fannish sages generally agree that the span of activity for most fans is only about three years, so what has happened is simply that a feneration [hey, I may have coined a new fannish term with that typo] of fans has passed. (By the way, we can effectively define a neofan as a first generation fan. Anyone whose generation has passed away but who is still with us is no longer a neofan. Does not that make you feel incredibly ancient?) Most fans are done in by the major changes in their lives which tend to draw them away from fannish activity. Like, for example, graduation from high school and going away to college, graduation from college

and getting a job and leaving home, and marriage. If a fan can survive all those, he or she will probably remain active for life. Some tend to come back once they have a family well established, at about the age of 35 or so. Ever wonder why most fans seem to cluster into two age groups, about 15-23 and 35 on up?

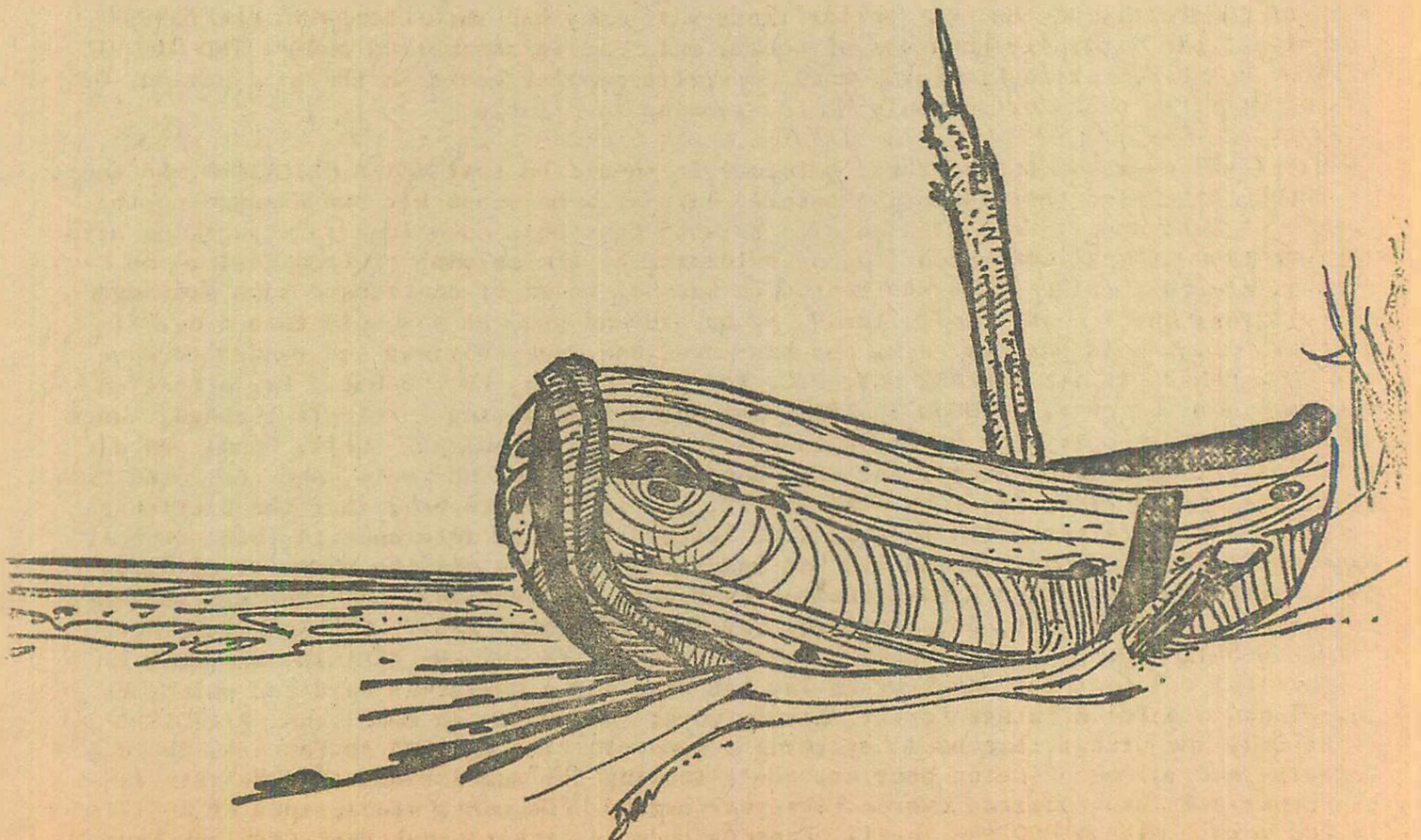
As for what happens to the fans of 1969 in particular, well for openers, Leon and I are still around (though I am actually Class of '67), which makes two of us. Lisa Tuttle is selling professionally like crazy (about 10 stories last I heard) and that takes up her time. My guess would be that the next time she surfaces in fandom it'll be on a panel at a convention. Joe Fumilia has also turned pro, but he still writes for fanzines. Well, my fanzine at least [Procrastination]. I just received a new batch of manuscripts from him, and I think I'll try to get him to revive his "Dear Dr. Zarf" column while he's at it. I think some of the others are still around.

It was also interesting to read that Orville Prescott bit on Cabell that Leon quotes. Never before have I seen a critic so thoroughly wrong about something, not only in his evaluation of a writer, but in his understanding of why that writer was popular. Cabell was popular because JURGEN made him notorious. Mr. Comstock and his friends made the public think that Cabell's books were "dirty", and, of course, they became best sellers. However, this was a false kind of popularity, because if anybody ever picked up a Cabell book looking for sexual gratification he would only do so once. Also, fame hurt Cabell's writing. He tried to imitate himself, and write another JURGEN (which is a splendid book, by the way). His post-JURGEN fantasies, such as SOMETHING ABOUT EVE and THE HIGH PLACE are far bawdier than his earlier work, but also far inferior. (Later he pulled himself together again (the SMIRT trilogy is very good) but that was after he had fallen from fame.)

I don't think Cabell will ever become popular again, for the same reason I don't think his works will ever die. There is not much of a readership for fantasy, especially the very sophisticated and rather esoteric kind of thing Cabell wrote, but what readership there is tends to be very loyal, thus allowing things to survive longer than they otherwise would. (A lesson can be learned from Robert W. Chambers. This guy was constantly on the best seller lists - if they had such things in the 1890s - but of all his literally hundreds of books, only one is remembered today: THE KING IN YELLOW. Also F. Marion Crawford wrote many very popular books in the same period. Of his about fifty books or so, only KHALED remains in print.)

WAHF: [I've never had one of these before: It should be fun!] MIKE GLICKSOHN who seems to think he's heard that editorial before, like when he wrote his own announcing the demise of Energumen. He's pleased also to know that he's not alone in struggling with the question of real communication, as evidenced by the columns of Leon Taylor and Greg Burton. // MARC SCHIRMEISTER who wanted to know if he might contribute some drawings to this rag; and I said, "Hell, yes." So he did and you get a sample this time. // JEFFREY MAY, who is busy as heck, and has moved and wants various and sundry to have his COA, sohere it is: JEFFREY MAY, P.O. Box 68, Liberty, MO 64068. Pay attention and make note of that. // DONN BRAZIER, who has a fascinating turtle letterhead, and who claims to be sorry for having missed all previous Ash-Wings. Well, Donn, you did not miss all that much, except for some good stories here and there, and the Conan pastiches were a riot. // JAMES NYLE BEATTY, who is sorry to hear that the fiction has to go. He's not alone from the number of letters I got in reference to this subject. Nyle needs every fanzine he can lay his hands on, to stave off the insanity of Uncle Sam's service. So deluge him, already: Once more with feeling, his address: AN James Nyle Beatty, 487-56-4729, S-6 Division, U.S.S. Guadalcanal LPH-7, FPO New York, New York 09501. Now hear this, send him your fanzine. // ANN CHAMBERLAIN, who sent me a beautiful owl that her daughter-in-law had done for a Christmas card and which she says I can use for a future cover. Lovely work. Thank you so much, Ann. // JOSEPH B. WILSON, who writes that he is starting a semi-pro zine devoted to Fantasy, Sword & Sorcery, and Science Fiction stories. He's looking for submissions and the rate is two cents per issue mailed, over a five-year period. He wants manuscripts of 500 - 15,000 words, with 5,000 the ideal. Expects them in decent manuscript fashion, and must be accompanied by a SASE. The magazine is to be called LAPWING. The address is

Hecate Enterprises, P.O. Box 3840, St. Louis, MO 63122. // JIM ALLAN writes with information concerning Tolkien zines from England, which you can find elsewhere in this issue, since that is important information for many of the readers of A-W. Thanks, Jim. // Nice long letter from DOROTHY JONES, who reminds me of another birthday by sending a card, and thinks that Ash-Wing's more personal approach will get it back to an earlier time. I'd forgotten that it was once that way, Dorothy, and I've enjoyed hammering this one out in a relaxed sort of manner a lot better. // GEORGE BEAHM, who wrote one loc and said that it was so negative that he ripped it up. Now all I have are some comments on how good a zine A-W ll was. Hmmm. I wonder what George really thought. He, too, pleads for A-W to remain a place for amateur fiction to appear. He remarks that so many fans think they can make it in the pro field, but fall by the side of the road and die. Thinks they need more places to expose their amateur writing before being shot down, by jumping right into pro submissions. Well, George, I'm giving thought to going back on that dastardly threat. // SHERYL BIRKHEAD sent along a birthday card telling me to "live it up, drink, smoke, indulge. You don't want to grow up to be a clean old man, do you?" Sheryl, you know better than that. My wife, Anna Jo, says that I wasn't always old. I don't know how she can remember that far back. // TED PEAK, who is lucky enough to live in Denver where Ed Bryant is working with a group of local writers-to-be. Ted says he is beginning to see how writing goes together instead of facing it as one, giant, insoluble puzzle. Ghu, Ted, will you let me in on the secret? I haven't reached that place yet. // STAN WOOLSTON for a second time, in which he speaks of future A-W being somewhat shorter of pages. He says he is waiting for "The Shape of Thins to Come." That's really bad, Stan. // DAVID GERROLD, who sent me a nice Rotsler rejection slip. But he had kind words for the story I submitted, and he's still got one manuscript, so there's still hope. Thanks to one and all who wrote. You make it all worthwhile.



Jim Allan of Toronto, Ontario sent along to me a while back a list of Tolkien zines which are being published in the United States and England. I know that there are a number of readers of Ash-Wing who are interested in Tolkien to a fairly large extent. More than likely they are aware of the Tolkien zines which are being published in this country, and are familiar with the Mythopoeic Society and the merger of the Tolkien Society with that organization. Jim listed some zines being published in England, however, that I thought many may be unaware of. So with many thanks to Jim for the work he has done, and in an attempt to spread the word for Tolkien fans, I've listed the English zines.

When ordering, do not send cost in stamps or checks to a foreign country. If you wish to avoid sending cash, and I'm sure that you're wise enough to not send cash, purchase an international money order from your post office.

From The Tolkien Society (in Britain)

MALLORN: (mimeo) The journal of the Society, concentrating on Tolkien, fantasy in general, and folklore. Contains articles, reviews, poetry, art, and a very lively letter column. Sent to Society members.

AMON HEN: (mimeo) The Society's bulletin and newsletter. Short articles, reviews, news, and many letters. Sent to Society members.

Membership in The Tolkien Society is £1.50 or \$5.00 in North America for one year. It includes 8 issues of AMON HEN and 2 of MALLORN. Send dues to Archie Mercer, 21 Trenethick Parc, Helston, Cornwall, United Kingdom.

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ANDURIL: (offset) A general fantasy zine with articles, artwork, poetry, reviews and letters. Past issues have all contained a good deal of Tolkien material. Cost \$1.00 per issue in North America (+50¢ extra for air mail) from John Martin, 27 Highland Drive, Bushey, Herts., United Kingdom WD2 3HH.

MATHOM: (mimeo) Short articles on Tolkien and other topics and lots of letters on Tolkien, previous issues, and on other letters. Free on request from Grahame Lamb, 'Ashfield', 20 St. Mary's Road, Huyton, Lancashire, United Kingdom L36 5SS.

THE MIDDLE EARTHWORM: (mimeo) Letters discussing Tolkien and topics raised by letters in previous issues. Always lots of material. Free on request from Archie Mercer, address above under The Tolkien Society.

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LAST RITES

Well, so ends another issue of Ash-Wing, one which has taken a change in direction. It has accomplished at least one main goal. It has become shorter. I can't say that it came out any faster. The last issue was dated Jnauary and here it is June. Hell, I may as well give up on it being a quarterly. The only person I'm trying to fool is myself, it looks like. And I sort of went overboard on the personal part. There is way too much of my own stuff; I guess I got carried away. Hopefully next issue will be a bit more balanced.

Anna Jo and I will be off to England and Ireland in another month. So it's likely to be well into the fall before another issue comes out. Hopefully Greg Burton and Leon Taylor will be back for that issue. Last trip to England and Ireland I tried to tape record on a small recorder a record of what we did. Of course, it never got transcribed. This time I will write it longhand, so that it WILL be transcribed for the enlightenment of anyone who wishes to hear about our peregrinations. Hope to meet Archie Mercer and, wish me luck, I've tried to contact Keith Roberts. Till next.

