

ASH - WING

13



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ASH-WING 13

FEBRUARY 1974

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This issue is dedicated to Sheryl Birkhead

ASH-WING 13 is perpetrated by Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W.,
Seattle, WA 98166. It is a publication of the Bran & Skolawn
Press and dearly loves locs, contriubs, art work, old stamps & popcorn.

THE FREE COMMOTS

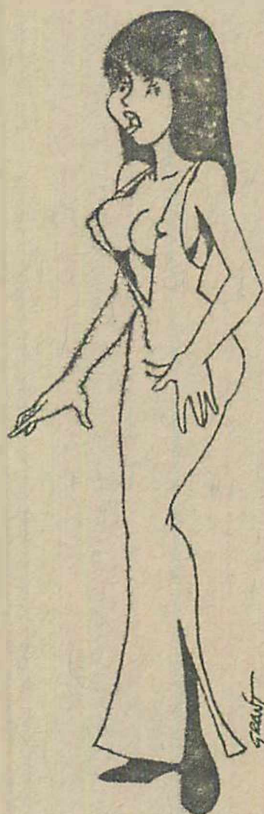


I curled up in a big chair the other night with ~~Roy Tackett~~ DYNATRON, a whole two issues of it. It had been a long hard day emptying the kitchen completely, down to four bare walls. But that's another story some of you have heard already and others won't have to hear if you're very lucky. Anyway, I felt I had earned a reward for the day's work, so I poured a couple of fingers of Chivas Regal, added ice and a splash of water (no soda, thanks) and grabbed the first fanzine in the stack. Old Roytac won. I should have guessed. He's one of the people who got me into this crazy business a little over five years ago when he was OE of N'APA and I was a stumbling neo.

Well, I chuckled and chortled my way through one issue and then got up to refill my glass and sort through a foot-and-a-half stack of zines (that's how far I am behind from going to England in late July and August) because I knew there was another DYNATRON in there somewhere. This time there were a few cusses and discusses, along with the chortles, but generally I was feeling mellow by the time I finished up. Was it DYNATRON or was it the Chivas? I'll never tell. All I knew was that it had been a

I sat back to ruminate about the business of fanning and of being a fanzine editor. One of the conclusions I came to was that HORT has the right idea. How did he manage to put out 56 issues of DYNATRON? How had he been able to put out two issues in a two-month period? How come I only managed to pub two issues in an entire year? Pretty simple. He quits when he has twenty pages. Then he fires it off folded in half for an 8¢ stamp. Not bad.

We've been hearing that there was going to be a mimeo paper shortage. Well, folks, it's here. Loren MacGregor went to his favorite paper dealer the other day and there were exactly six reams of fibretint paper in the store. I may have a dozen assorted reams left over from various previous issues of ASH-WING. I haven't called an order to the wholesaler I deal with. I usually buy two cases at a time. I'm going to be very interested in seeing what sort of an answer I get.



BLATANT
SEXISM
#1

Then there's the matter of a postage raise as of March, so we are told. With a mailing list of around 300 now, it might be wise to reconsider the size of the issue. Besides which I no longer seem to be able to look a 30-40-50-page stenciling job in the face. Which is probably why it is so long between issues. It's not really the typing; it's making up my mind to get started that is so hard.

Yep, the more I thought about it, the more it seemed that Roytac had the right idea. Rick Stoker and his zine, MUNDAC, seemed to have taken the same leaf out of somebody's book. Not bad, not bad, I kept muttering as I reached for my now empty glass. And folding them for mailing saves that crazy envelope that costs 4¢. So I have a hunch that what you are holding in your hand is the last of the biggies. And Ghu willing, the next issue might just be seen a long time before July because of it. A new leaf has been turned. The twice-a-year fanzine may go quarterly yet.

Somebody wrote to say how different each of the last four issues of ASH-WING were. I suppose they were. That's because after five years of this thing, I still don't know what it is I want to publish. It just keeps rolling along with whatever my current thoughts are and depends a great deal on the sort of material I get. This time you'll find a couple of short stories again. They haven't been around for a while. And I have some other good ones coming up; I think you'll like them. Maybe I'll even be able to talk Jeff May out of another "Hookhand" story. A lot of readers enjoyed them.

I guess all I can say is for you to stick around and see what appears. I sure don't know, but I hope it's all interesting. Next time, for sure, you'll see at least a portion of a conversation with Keith Roberts from last summer's trip. That should be worth the price of admission.

After five years of this thing, I've finally gotten around to instituting a system of keeping track of response. That means that sooner or later I'm going to start trimming the mailing list. You won't find any boxes marked as yet, but I thought I let you know that I am keeping track of trades, locs, contributions, dead salamanders and other things I receive in the mail, and if I don't hear from you for a long, long time, I'll probably root your name right out of the file and throw it into the fireplace. Just thought I'd mention it.



A while back in a small apa to which I belong George Wells, librarian extraordinaire, was speaking of The Hollies with some degree of fervor. Right on, I echoed, in my best, mod, young set accent, trying to be hep (remember that one?). For indeed, by some unknown quirk of mine, I was taken by the cover art of The Hollies' last two albums, Distant Light and Romany. I'll correct that error in just a minute, guys and gals. I sometimes get hung up on cover art and buy almost as much for that as I do for the music. However, I justify doing so by realizing that I haven't often been stung by the music. See the cover art on the Yes albums and on One Live Badger. Also listen to the music.

I found the Hollies music on the inside equally entertaining. The group has grown a lot musically and I discovered suddenly that it has hung in there for a long

time. I enjoyed those albums a lot and continue to do so. Then along came their latest album, THE HOLLIES' GREATEST HITS, which gave me a little more historical perspective on the group. My, they have grown musically a lot more than I had realized. Listening to "Bus Stop" and "Carrie Anne" and comparing them with "Long Cool Woman in a Black Dress" and "Long Dark Road" makes it very apparent.

It was at this point that I began to wish that I had been collecting Hollies' records when they first began to produce them. Hindsight is a whole lot better than foresight. The jacket squib on THE HOLLIES' GREATEST HITS mentions that the Hollies have produced fourteen records during their career. That's pretty good.

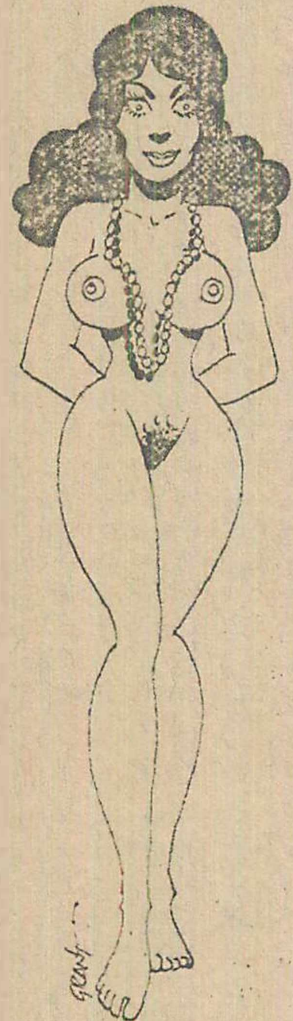
I'd like your help if you have any Hollies records, particularly ones other than the three I've mentioned here. I'd like to build a discography of their records. If you'd send me the title, the record label and number, and if you can find it, a date or an approximation of date, I'd appreciate it very much. If I can get it all together, or even a part of it, I'll publish it next issue for anyone else out there who might be interested. (Now, are there any other Lulu freaks out there. I could sure use the same information on her records.)

Somewhere later there will be a few pages of reviews but I'd like to mention here a book I know I won't get read in time to review. By next issue you won't be able to find it on the racks and I'll do anything I can for this charming gentleman. The book of which I'm speaking is URSUS OF ULTIMA THULE by Avram Davidson. Avram is a perfect gentleman whom I have enjoyed greatly in my several brief meetings with him.

But of greater consideration is his writing. It's of a type that many people may not be taken with, but those of you who have known his previous work and have enjoyed it will revel in this one also. For me, I can't wait for a few quiet hours to sit down, relax and savor every word. I urge you to do so also. You may have seen excerpts from this work in a couple of the magazines.

Avram has a unique way of building worlds and cultures which I find spell-binding. He evokes a past that I find as real as medieval Europe and I plunge into it as a young kid dives into a river on a hot midwestern summer day. Ghu, I begin to rhapsodize and I've only read one of the excerpts so far. But please, if you've enjoyed Avram's work previously, dash out and buy this before they rip the cover off and send it back to the distributor.

By this time many of you will have received and read, thrown away or otherwise abased a 52-page monstrosity entitled Sassenach and Gael, also known as By Owl Light 6, a description of the trip to England and Ireland which Anna Jo and I took this past summer. I ran copies for most



BLATANT
SEXISM
#2

people who had previously evinced an interest, for all faneds with whom I trade constantly, for a few relatives and non-fannish friends, and for the members of several apas. I didn't think that everyone on my mailing list would be all that interested in the diary of my peregrinations. I do have a few copies left, about 9 altogether, and if anyone out there who has not received a copy feels an undying need to have one, just drop me a line. I'll distribute them until they are all gone. It is one of the reasons that this zine is a bit later than might have been. I spent most of November and half of December putting it together.

The day after Christmas Anna Jo and I threw caution to the winds to journey to the land of long gas lines. We might not have been so frivolous if the Toyota didn't get such excellent mileage. The purpose of the trip was the 3rd Annual Tangcon/Tan/kcon (variant spellings) held at Mike Horvat's house in Tangent, Oregon. Those of you who have read reports on the first two will recall that Mike previously lived in a hundred year old church. Marriage last February changed all that. Susie needed a bit more of a real house; running down a narrow stairway to a basement kitchen didn't quite make it. So the site was a bit different this year, an old house first built in 1850 and added onto sometime since. But still in good old Tangent.

Anna Jo, of course, simply dropped me off at Mike's and drove on out to the Oregon coast to have a few days to herself and to commune with nature, wind and waves. And buy gas where she could find it. This was the area where Governor Tom McCall was refused gas because he wasn't a regular customer. Anna Jo must be prettier than Gov. McCall because she managed all right.

Meanwhile Mike and I settled down to a plate of his famous spaghetti and waited for the other participants to arrive. Along about mid-evening in they rolled in a Chev Blazer driven by "Leadfoot" Dale Goble. Accompanying him from the Sacramento area were Jim McLeod, boy fan artist, and from Carson City, Nevada was Bill "Swampy" Marsh.

For three days we enjoyed each other's company. If Tangcon is anything it is relaxed and informal. We stayed up late, ate when we felt hungry, drank lots of imported Coors (it's not sold in Oregon or Washington), told a lot of stories and generally had great fun. Usually we were aided and abetted by local fans, Dave Killian and Steve Johnson. From time to time there were others who dropped in to argue, eat, talk, drink or whatever. We managed to straighten up some of Mike's stock, getting it out of boxes and nicely in order on shelves. For old times sake, we journeyed over to the church to see what was there to buy and for a second year in a row I managed to slip on the wet front steps and fall down, bruising my dignity every step of the



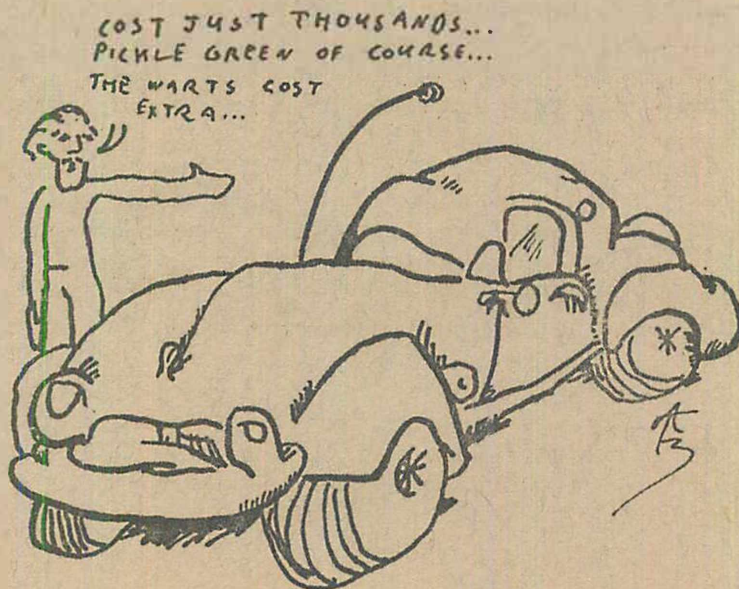
way. We listened to odd and assorted music and one night we heard a whole string of old radio shows on tape, including several which featured Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. Oh, such flaking out has not been seen in the old town of Tangent since the last time we were there. Jim McLeod was the most industrious of us all, drawing more than he has for a long while. His inactivity is largely due to a full-time job, a family, and attendance at college part-time. He did find time to do a lot of drawing during his stay. Somehow we never did manage to finish the proverbial one-shot which we threaten each year. Mike was all prepared, had the mimeo inked and the stencils ready, but we just couldn't get cranked up for it.

I should make sure that I give Susie Horvat a vote of thanks for all of the sweet rolls and other goodies that she left for us. She stayed over in Powell Butte with her parents not wanting to share the house, her house I should say, with five wild men any more than Anna Jo did. Mike says that it's in the marriage contract that he has to do this every year. So thanks, Susie, for turning your home over to us, and thanks, Mike, for having us once again.

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One of the crazy conversations we got into while at TanKcon was about westerns we had read. And books about Indians, and cattle trails, and the new Time-Life series on The Old West. It seems that several of us read an occasional western to break the sf habit, however so briefly. We got to fooling around about changing Slan-apa, to which we all belong, into a western apa and we ended up being serious about starting a western apa. Someone even suggested it be called CHAPS (Cowboys and Horses Amateur Press Society). It's proposed to be bi-monthly, or perhaps quarterly, and we have at least three members so far. If you read westerns and would like to find out more about the apa, write to Dale Goble, 8201 Valewood Court, Orangevale, CA 95662. Find out how many books Louis L'Amour has really written. Discuss the Clint Eastwood spaghetti westerns, talk about Lee Hoffman, Will Henry, Zane Grey, Dee Brown, Vine Deloria. Did Jack Schaefer write more than two novels, was Will Henry really Clay Fisher? The first mailing is scheduled for March 1, 1974 so write to Dale. He'll put you on the right trail, pardner.

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With the gas shortage so critical, we decided to take advantage of being in Oregon to stop and visit with our friends, Larry and Judy Paschelke. Stayed two nights with them and got to see the football play-offs as well as get a lot of good talking done. And Larry and I went over to visit with Dick Wald. Dick had recently taken a trip to Montana and bought a huge collection of sf materials, books, magazines, fanzines, you name it. He brought it back in a 24' U-Haul. You can imagine all of

the stuff that there was. We sorted through a great number of fanzines the evening that we visited there. FAPA mailings that wouldn't quit, British magazines from the 40's, Ray Bradbury's fanzine, letters from August Derleth. Most of the stuff will go on the market when Dick gets it all sorted out. Meantime there are just stacks of things around Dick's garage and store room.

Larry and Judy and the kids and we Dentons went to the Old Country Kitchen for steaks on one of the evenings, and let me suggest that if you are ever passing through Portland, be sure to eat there. I've had the pleasure of eating there several times when I have been in Portland for professional conferences, and the steaks are down-right succulent. Just superb. Salad, huge baked potato, sour cream, rolls. Mmmmmmm! They have a 72 oz. steak that is free if you can eat it all, along with all of the other things which normally make up a meal. More people have failed than have finished it, just in case you're interested.



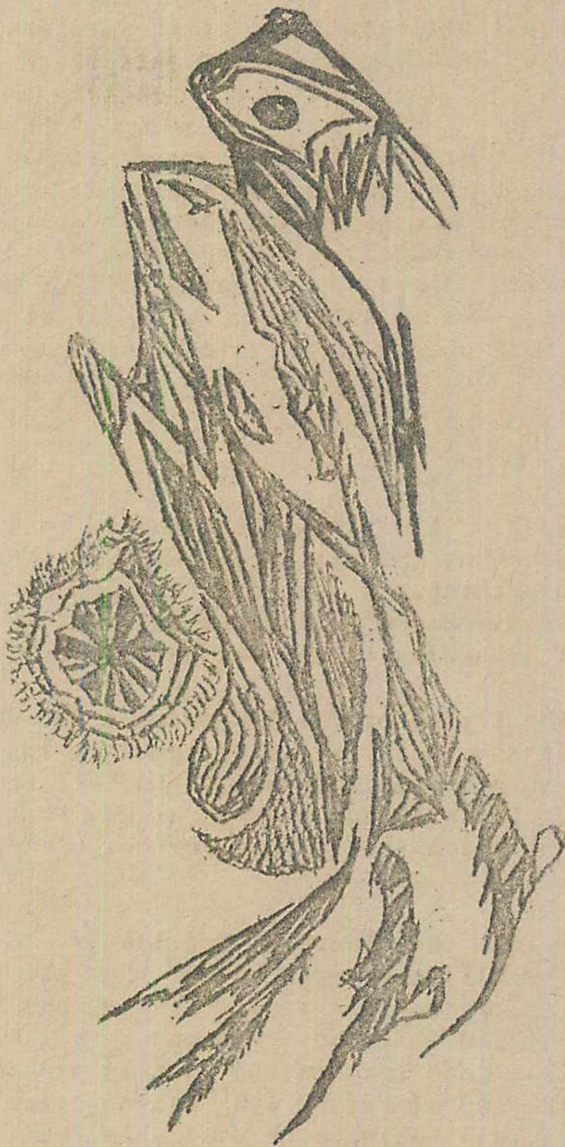
I got this letter from a nice lady at Hyperion Press. And she wanted to know all about Ash-Wing's advertising rates and frequency and all such. Well, I wrote back to her that only Ghu knew the frequency of this thing. I sure didn't. And as for advertising rates, I mean, what are they? I still haven't figured out what subscriptions are. How's a hundred bucks sound? Per subscription and per advertisement.

Better still, I told her, just send me the flyers or the mechanicals or whatever it is you have laying around the office and it should appear in the January issue. I sure fooled her, 'cuz this thing isn't going to get out in January. But all fanzine editors lie, and she's got to learn sometime. She allowed, anyway, as how that might be all right and she sent along the advertising which you'll find further along. Maybe it's the back cover. Then again, maybe not.

Is Sam Moskowitz a name that strikes awe into your hearts? Not likely. So don't be afraid. Read the ad. Buy even a few of the titles or even all of them if you have to be a completist. Because it sounds as if there are some really fine things there. Sam has garnered the laurel's of sf's historian and while not everyone agrees with what he has to say always, he has done sf a very good turn in the past in seeking out our roots and elucidating them. Now he's turned up almost 30 long out-of-print volumes of historical significance to sf and they will begin to be available sometime during the month of January. I know that there are a few titles there which I want to buy and I'm sure that you'll find a few to your liking also. And I wish Hyperion Press and the nice lady all the best with this new publishing venture.



It's a little late to be talking about a con that took place at the end of October, but I'm going to do it anyway. Don't consider this as a con report, but do consider it as a recommendation. If you're anywhere near Denver next time MileHiCon rolls around try and make it. Those are nice people in Denver, and the con was just the right size. A good costume show, a nice huckster room with some very fine items and not too much buying, unfortunately, good audiovisual programming, an Society for Creative Anachronism tourney and Court of Love, computer games, a superb brunch banquet. There were excellent guests of honor, Gordon Dickson and Devra Langsam, and the inimitable Ed Bryant as Toastmaster. A nice contingent from Albuquerque, including my good friend, Bob Vardeman, showed up and the Denver people were perfect hosts and ran a very fine con. Congratulations to Judith Brownlee, the con chairman, and we'll look for great things from Ted Peak next year.



Up in this part of the woods we're looking forward to the V-Con III, in Vancouver, B.C., to be held February 22-24 and sponsored by the British Columbia Science Fiction Association. Guest of Honor will be Frank Herbert. All of the advance notices make it sound as if it will be a fine regional con. Mike Bailey says that he is even reviving the Elron Awards for the "worst sf of the year" in a variety of categories. Should be great fun. I'm hoping to see a number of acquaintances there and keep hoping that people like Charles Cushing and Don Livingstone will show up. There should be a con report next issue.



The other night I got out the complete back file of Ash-Wing, just to look through it and see what I had done over the years. Tim, my oldest son, picked up the first issue and was chuckling over the fact that he had a drawing in it. "Hey, Dad, don't you think it's time for me to do another illo for your magazine?" "Sure, Tim, any time you've got one, I'll run it." Me and my big mouth. Glance left just a moment and you'll see what he came up with. Don't ask me what it is. He claims it's a bird. Hummmph! Some bird. As an illustrator he will make a good tailor.



Well, it looks as though I'm getting near the end of the time allotted for me to speak out. It's just as well, I guess, as I'm running out stuff to say. The rest will be odds and ends, bits and pieces. Someone took me to task last time for not knowing how I really want to spell Ash-Wing. Well, it isn't my fault. Really it isn't. Sometimes people do logos for me and they don't spell it the way I do; other times cover artists do the lettering and they get it wrong, err, I mean they spell it differently than I do. Jim McLeod did the cover drawing while we were at Tangcon; I did the lettering. It are correct. Now, if I could only learn grammar.

Read "The Beautiful One" by Keith Roberts in the January issue of The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction.

You can't fuel all of the people all of the time, Dick!

So ends another scintillating column by ye olde editore. I hope you enjoy the rest of the lineup this time. Look for a thinner issue next time, somewhere along about May. Are fans superstitious? Should I have skipped number 13? Tune in next time and see. Until then, keep fanning, buy war bonds, don't hoard and smile a lot.

A WORLD AWAY...

A WORLD APART

DAINIS BISENIEKS

The novels of Mervyn Peake:

TITUS GROAN, 1946	British publishers:	American publishers:
GORMENGHAST, 1950	Eyre & Spottiswoode (hc)	Weybright & Talley (hc)
TITUS ALONE, 1959	Penguin Books (pb)	Ballantine Books (pb)

Page references are to the American editions.

A memoir by his widow, Maeve Gilmore:

A WORLD AWAY (London: Gollancz, 1970) 157 pp., illustrated.

Paperback: New English Library, 1971 (no illustrations).

What extraordinary man could have written those extraordinary books? Well, it is my nature to be abashed when someone tells me: "This was our private life - no concern of yours." I can still wish for some such biography as Sylvia Townsend Warner wrote of T.H. White. I have caught glimpses of Mervyn Peake in the memoirs of his friends. But if his widow has given us a book that hides more than it reveals, I will not ask that it be something else.

It begins with their first meeting in 1936, skips briefly to his childhood as the son of an English doctor in China. "So many things which are called 'Gothic' in his Titus Groan trilogy must spring from the fantasies which presented themselves to him, years later, from his childhood in China." (p.23, Gollancz edition.) From there, glimpses of their life together - the ups and downs and the customary poverty of the artistic life, complicated by both partners' lack of talent for anything but art. War-time service, and the tragic waste of an artistic mind being forced, with no useful result, into the mold of a common soldier. After the war, some worldly success after the publication of Titus Groan. Some keenly felt triumphs and disappointments. Then, the wasting disease which gradually destroyed Peake's mind and took about a decade to

destroy his body. Then, at last, success and recognition, justifying the publication of this book.

I would have liked to know him, to bask a little in his light. I discovered Titus Groan early, and came back to it. Before I knew of the author's illustrations, I used to imagine his characters as Ronald Searle might have drawn them, except that Lord Sepulchrave had the face of H.P. Lovecraft....Gradually I discovered his world, and I am still hungry to know more. But I have no right, and I think no need, to call A World Away unsatisfying. It does inform us, however obliquely, about the character of a man to whom the "real world" was a distraction, its ritual demands (such as auto registration) more fantastic and incredible than those of his imagined world of Gormenghast. His art was in every sense original and authentic. I cannot imagine any biographer explaining Peake. Such influences as Stevenson and Dickens (and he has illustrated both) might be documented, but the originality and its effect will not be accounted for.

Peake was a man of many talents - a graphic artist and a writer of verse and prose. His major prose works are of course the three Titus novels, which have a companion piece in the novella "Boy In Darkness". There is another novel, Mr. Pye (1953), which was recently reissued in England. It appeared with the author's illustrations from the start, while the books of the trilogy originally had no more than a dust jacket and title page or frontispiece design. Other books, a number of them for children, were both written and illustrated by him. My favorite of these is Letters From a Lost Uncle From Polar Regions, indescribable like the rest of his work, more "far out" than anything by Tomi Ungerer or Maurice Sendak. Numerous books have his illustrations, mostly line drawings in a meticulous style he did not practice otherwise. Easiest to obtain is Quest for Sita, a retelling of the central section of the Ramayana by Maurice Collis. The Capricorn paperback is, unfortunately, in much reduced format.

But the Titus books are the big thing and the works which we can most readily get. (Until the last printing, the Ballantine editions used to have illustrations in halftone - portraits of the characters.) They are books which, like most of Peake's work, one either likes very much or cannot stand at all. I find it hard to describe the qualities of mind and character needed to appreciate them without slighting some good friends and fine people - or without patting myself on the back. It takes, I should like to say, a largeness of imagination to take in Peake, who is surely at the opposite pole from Hemingway (whom I dislike). Many have imitated Hemingway; who could possibly imitate Peake? One has to see things as he did. The prose is vigorous, sensual, conscious of itself as prose...but even at its most extreme I do not find it bombastic. It is, as we can see time and again, the prose of the painter, who described what he saw with his mind's eye, who played with his visions, his words, his sentences. Time and again we find such outrageously effective passages as these:

His voice came down from the shadows in huge wads of sound, or like the warm, sick notes of some prodigious moldering bell of felt. (Description of Swelter, I, 25)

There was blood in him to revitalize an anemic army, with enough left over to cool the guns. (Swelter, I, 468)

How could any human head contain such terrible and dazzling teeth? It was a brand new graveyard. But oh! how anonymous it was. Not a headstone chiseled with the owner's name. Had they died in battle, these nameless, dateless, dental dead, whose memorials, when the jaws opened, gleamed in the sunlight, and when the jaws met again rubbed shoulders in the night, scraping an ever closer acquaintance as the years rolled by? (Dr. Prune-squallor, II, 30-31)

He descended from somewhere near the ceiling like a visitor from another planet, or from the cosmic realms of Outer Space, as with all the signs of the Zodiac fluttering about him he plunged earthwards. Had he but had a long brass trumpet at his lips and the power of arching his back and curling upwards as he neared the floorboards, and of swooping across the room over the heads of the scholars in a riot of draperies, to float away and out through the leaves of the plane trees and over the back of Gormenghast, to disappear forever from the rational world... (Deadyawn's fatal plunge, II, 126)

The stories I value most are those I can open and read, long after I know the plot from beginning to end. The characters live in my imagination, and they spring to life whenever I open the pages of the book. If then the prose is not merely workman-like but has a spirit to match the action of the story, then reading it is an experience that lifts up the heart like music. My favorite writers, of who I will name J.R.R. Tolkien, Ursula LeGuin, and Mervyn Peake, all have an ear: they have rarely written an ill-sounding sentence.

Characters, plot, a well-realized setting, and effective prose: the Titus books have all of these. One might think that a book in which the first seventy pages are spent in introducing a dozen or so characters is a mite slow. But Titus Groan is not a diversion: the reader must surrender himself to the atmosphere of Gormenghast and savor its reality before he can begin to follow the rise to power of the baseborn schemer Steerpike (a blend of Steerforth, Uriah Heep and Richard III) and the growth to manhood of the young earl, Titus, who at the end of Gormenghast confronts and kills his foe.

Like all true places, Gormenghast is not on any map. We should not ask how it came to be so isolated or insist that if fact A is true of it then B must be also. The better-off inhabitants enjoy mid-Victorian home comforts, even running water H & C. Their garments would seem to date to that era - but Peake did not think like a science fiction writer and consciously provide such details. From the existence of watches we infer watchmakers, and other craftsmen and their products are mentioned in passing. There are even cannon (used ceremonially) and bells, so one would infer metalworking on a sufficient scale. But where would the rubber for hot-water bottles come from? We know that geography is studied and that some, at least, have traveled among other peoples. In the end Titus leaves and the land that he reaches is not on this Earth either. But no paths are charted to Gormenghast.



Ancient, self-sufficient principality (Titus is its 77th earl), it has turned in on itself and, like the nautilus, left a shell of buildings largely uninhabited - the architectural fancies of former lords. The complex of Gormenghast Castle extends for miles, linked by dark corridors where no human foot may have trod for centuries. All is ruled by

custom and ceremony of which no one is less the master than the titular ruler. The heresy of Steerpike is that he tries to become the master; having succeeded to the post of Master of Ritual, he aims to falsify the ancient records of ceremonial duties. But how he might become autocrat, in Gormenghast of all places, is unimaginable. His delight, anyway, is in secretly observing and manipulating. Sooner or later the castle would rise against him, even if he had succeeded in bringing Titus' older sister, Fuchsia, under his power.

For ancient custom is the lifeblood of Gormenghast, and its denizens, grotesque in body and mind as some of them seem, draw their vitality from it. Lord Sepulchrave's servant, Flay, exiled and knowing his master dead, feels compelled to return in secret, keeps faith with it and is in death reconciled. The Countess Gertrude, Titus' mother, tells her son (II, 568):

"There is nowhere else. You will only tread a circle, Titus Groan. There's not a road, not a track, but it will lead you home. For everything comes to Gormenghast."

Yet Titus escapes: only he escapes. In Titus Alone, we find him wandering in a technocratic world, a travesty of science-fictional depictions of our future. It is a world that does not know and cannot imagine Gormenghast, to which he is a vagrant or madman. Having deserted Gormenghast, he must now affirm it, hold on to the knowledge of it - and himself. At the end, returning to a familiar spot almost within sight of his home, he hears the dawn guns being fired. They were mentioned earlier when the child Titus had strayed from his home and had to be searched for. It seems then that his absence has been incorporated in the web of ritual. With him or without him, the life of Gormenghast goes on. He turns, never to see his home again.

Nothing so neat as a trilogy had been envisaged, Mrs. Peake tells us, giving a long and fanciful list (more than a lifetime's work!) of the Titus books that might have been; there were dreams at least for a fourth book: Titus among the

Soldiers	Monsters	Pirates	Shapes
Thieves	Hypocrites	Mermaids	Echoes
Actors	Madmen	Dreamers	Textures
Painters	Bankers	Decadents	Sounds
Psychiatrists	Angels	Athletes	Tones
Labourers	Devils	Invalids	Colours
Eccentrics	Mendicants	Blood-Sportsmen	Scents
Lepers	Lotus Eaters	Vagrants	

And that was only part of the list. "He needed three concurrent lives to do all that was simmering, later to boil over, in his restless brain, and his imagination which could find no rest."

Nothing remains now but to collect the scattered heritage. The growing interest in Peake's work in England has prompted the publication or republication of a number of works - a selection of poems and one of nonsense verse, and several books which had been designed around his illustrations. Most notable of these is the Household Tales of Grimm in a handsome new edition. I doubt if there will be a public demand for these in America; devotees can at any rate get them from England, where the future of Peake's reputation seems assured.

In closing, these words from the introduction to his Drawings (Grey Walls Press, 1949): "For it is one's ambition to create one's own world in a style germane to its substance, and to people it with its native forms and denizens that never were before, yet have their roots in one's experience. As the earth was thrown from the sun, so from the earth the artist must fling out into space complete from pole to pole, his own world which, whatsoever form it takes, is the colour of the globe it flew from, as the world itself is coloured by the sun."

IN THE ROOM THAT SMELLED OF TIME

DARRELL SCHWEITZER

Consider a room that smells of time. By appearances; there is nothing unusual about it; it is a rather plain room. The walls are brown, unfinished plywood and there are no decorations of any kind. In the centre of the room is an equally unadorned table. On it rests a typewriter, a small stack of blank sheets on the left side, and a huge heap of manuscripts on the right. In the corner is a cot. On it a man sleeps.

He is not a young man; not an old man. His hair is black, interspersed with grey. His face seems worn, with bags under his eyes, like he has lived longer than he should. There is something about this man and his room. They seem eternal, as if they have always been this way, never changing.

Beneath the floor there is a humming of many machines. The noise can be faintly heard in the room itself. The sound disturbs the man as he sleeps even though he should have grown used to it long ago.

He is dreaming:

There is a vague image, a face perhaps, roughly oval shaped, its lower section pulsating, silently mouthing unknowable words.

The man looks out over a city, somehow familiar, somehow strange. A sense of Deja Vu prods his brain. He knows this place almost as if it were a part of him, yet he can't quite put a mental finger on it.

A woman screams somewhere behind him. He doesn't even turn around. Her cries seem faroff and unimportant. He won't let them bother him. Yet they do. He feels that he once knew the woman, once loved her, but he tries to tell himself that it doesn't matter now. He is a poor liar, even to himself. Who was she? he wonders.

He is moving, is immaterial presence shifting, the world sliding beneath him.



Green is the grass as the fresh wind blows the smells of blossoms across the sparkling river, whispering up through the valley. The man rests under a cherry tree, looking into the distance. The air is filled with the buzzing of bees.

A woman sits beside him, facing away. She is young, well proportioned, has flowing black hair. Looking at her arouses a faint, almost forgotten feeling within him.

He touches her shoulder. She turns.

Beholding her, he screams -

She has no face.

The valley convulses and trees blacken and grass withers river boils sky falls his presence rips across unreal world past Deja Vu city faceless woman follows

SHE HAS NO FACE!!! I CAN'T GIVE HER ONE !!!! I MUST !!!!! I'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT SHE LOOKED LIKE !!!!!

She fades into a blur, into a pulsing oval, mouthing silent mockeries.

The shape expands, smothering him.

He cannot scream...

* * *

He jumps into wakefulness, sits up on the bed, holds his head in his hands. The age-old horror has returned again. Who was that woman? She has troubled his dreams so many times. She must mean something to his subconscious. Perhaps he knew her once....

Once? The word is gibberish. It bounces off his mind having no effect. Time means nothing to him anymore. He is suspended. There is no tomorrow, no yesterday, only an endless now.

* * *

An undetermined amount of time later, he sits at the typewriter that has always been on the table in the centre of his twelve by fifteen universe. He paused for a moment, staring unseeing at the keys, then begins to type:

'Long ago - whatever that means to me - I wanted to be a god. Now I am a god and am not happy. Ironical, isn't it? I have always been a god, I think sometimes. Nothing changes. All is stasis.

I live in a glass display case with walls of one way transparency. I sit here, type, exercise, sleep, etc. and they watch me from outside the walls - walls through which only they can see. To me they are opaque. I've often wondered just who they are and if they exist at all.

Idle thoughts, but what else is left to me?

Sometimes I think I'm a conversation piece, sitting discarded on some giant's shelf, gathering cobwebs. (Shades of Jack and the Beanstalk even!)

My mind is gathering cobwebs too. I have been here for all eternity and you must admit that such a thing can get pretty damned boring after a couple billion years.

Men (plural?) used to dream of immortality. I have it; I am eternal. Somehow those who put me here (did they? Or did I do it?) have cheated time, sealing me off from the rest of the universe, which has undoubtedly crumbled into dust eons ago.

This, of course, is all very academic. It is impossible for me to think of Time Past.

Immortals of the world unite! Kick the habit before it's too late!

I hope I make a fucking lousey exhibit.

THE END.

Is it? I hope so.

Come on somebody, lower the curtain, turn out the lights, lock up the theatre and everybody go home.

Well? I'm still here.

I am not amused.

Somebody?

Oh shit.'

He stops, gazing at what he has written, then at the stack of fresh sheets on the table. It has never run out. The pile of manuscripts is three feet thick and contains thousands and thousands of pages, and millions and millions of words, but this tiny stack, not more than a hundred sheets, is never exhausted.

The ribbon on the typewriter never runs out of ink either.

* * *

After a certain amount of time has passed, during which the man has exercised, eaten the food that mysteriously appeared on the floor under the table when he wasn't looking, and urinated into the hole in the wall that appeared when he was distracted by the food, he sits down again and begins to type:

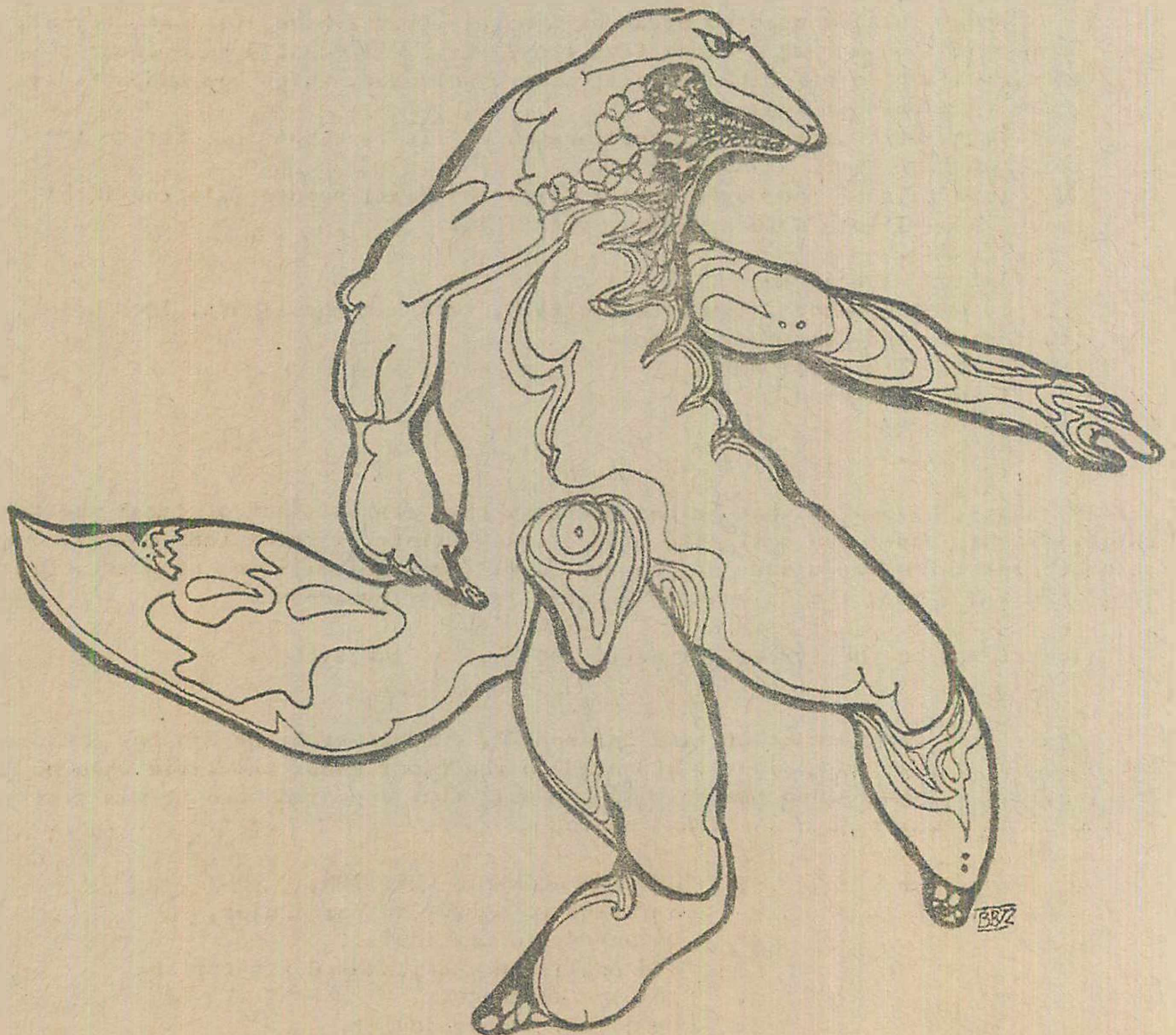
'ANOTHER ACADEMIC QUESTION,
as asked to nobody in particular,
by nobody in particular,
and published and rendered fit for the
reading audience,
by nobody in particular,

and distributed by Nobody & Particular
Publishing & Distributing Co. Inc.
Nowhere, Sometime:

Pardon that bit of levity, but sometimes I have to do things like that to amuse myself. Perhaps a god should be somber and stern and wise, but not being wise I don't see why I should fill the rest of the bill either. Besides, I really couldn't give a shit whether you like it or not. I am the center of things around here, and since you don't exist, and consequently are not reading this (but I would like to know what you think of it) it doesn't matter what I write. Perhaps as my scribblings lie in the pile, each page reads the one below it and is bored or amused or revolted, but since none have complained or complimented me there is little I can do but go on as I have been.

The question? Ah, yes, the question. Well, I was thinking, you see. I was wondering whether or not there is anything beyond these walls. Can there be? I find the idea incomprehensible and unimaginable. This room is totality, a finite infinity.

But then what would happen if I broke through the wall to the other side? Is there another side? Impossible, I know. There's something about these walls that



makes them impossible to touch. I put my hand against the wood, or what looks like wood, but I feel nothing. I keep it there and look closely. I see light coming through, between my hand and the wall. It's only a little slit, no thicker than a sheet of paper, but it's definitely there. Some kind of energy field around the entire room. Is this part of the force, whatever it is, that preserves me?

Then praise be to Vishnu of the Walls! Preserver!

* * *

A bowel-induced pause (at the hole in the floor that appeared while he was typing), then:

In the back of my mind there is this image of another person. He looked a lot like me and acted a lot like me and still was different somehow. I can't say how, but he was. Must have been my brother. I think I had one once, I vaguely remember.

Remember? Funny word. I'll have to write a book on it sometime, a profound and probing philosophical treatise on the theory and practice of memory. But not just now. I just don't feel all that profound just now.

* * *

Clacketty-clack, clacketty-clack. The ribbon is holding up wonderfully. He writes:

'I am in very high spirits. The woman did not trouble me when last I slept. I dreamt nothing. My mind is becoming blank, I think. (Is good, nicht wahr? Si Senor!) These memories (or pseudo-memories?) that are all that's left of the unimaginable time before Now, are fading. I must try not to think of them.

Now how the hell can I do that? I think "don't think of that", and in consciously trying to forget, I remember. It is the great riddle of being, no doubt, and if I wasn't trying too damned hard to forget I would philosophise endlessly on it and bore you to death even if you don't exist.'

* * *

A pause. Measureless and unmeasured time passes.

* * *

Humming an old, forgotten song, he resumes typing. The last sheet is still on the roller, only half filled with words. He takes it out and puts it on top of his pile. He wants to start anew, not linked to his previous writings. He pauses, trying to think of something to write. Finally he presses a key, then another, and another. Slowly at first, but with increasing speed, he pounds out his message of futility, carefully considering each letter, space, and mark of punctuation as he does:

'It's irritating to have something around that I can't understand, the walls, the memories, the - (Watch it!)

I feel that I should know everything. It is fitting, after all, considering that I am a god. But I don't. Frustrating.'

* * *

And so to bed. He sleeps fitfully, writhing around, twisting the covers around him like a bizarre cocoon. His mind cannot rest. He is dreaming:

The hydra looms over him all necks bearing the faceless face that has no face the forgotten woman "Master! Master! Give me a face! My face!" she screams at him, howls, pleads. He is screaming screaming screaming A FACE AFACE AFC! Give her give give "I can't I don't remember! I can't can't remember rembr-"

* * *

He wakes up on the floor screaming. He is silent, stares around as if he doesn't know where he is. Then he tiredly lumbers over to the typewriter:

'I am an incompetent, senile god. I do not control the universe. I do not even control myself. I leech off fate, coincidence, reality...'

* * *

Days, years, centuries, eons, flip by like shuffled cards or else stand still. Again the man dreams:

She is standing there, nude, displaying herself before him, her faceless face staring at him, her hand offering him the apple.

He is the serpent.

He slithers backwards, fearful. She advances.

A courage born of despair seizes him. He rears up and springs at her. She is immaterial. His fangs poison dust. She laughs.

"Who are you? What are you?" he cries.

"Don't you know? Surely you remember."

"No!"

"Forgetful are you? Then I won't tell. It serves you right."

"What do you want?"

"You know that too. Give me my face. Know who I am. Recognize me. I cannot allow you to shut me off anymore, like you have for the last trillion years."

"I know! I know! You are Death!"

"Perhaps. Perhaps I am just your past. Or maybe someone from your past. Is that it? Am I someone you abandoned so that you could live forever with your damned self-worshipping self?"

"I know nothing of these things."

"Then either you have forgotten or you are lying. I crush your head, Serpent."

"Lady! Lady don-!"

She does.

* * *

A timeless time passes. He is awake.

Something is different, distinctive. He senses change. It is in the air and he can feel it. Smell it. Something has been disturbed, removed, altered, damaged.

He moves cautiously across the room to the typewriter and begins to write. The keys won't move. They are rusty. The ribbon is dry.

He does not react. Somehow he expected this to happen. He gets up, leans against the wall, puts his hand on it and touches it.

He jumps back as if he'd been burned. Then he touches it again with the tip of his index finger, gingerly, experimentally.



He feels the wood. He runs his hand over it, drawing back when he gets a splinter. It is real.

A thought comes to him: "The field is gone! The generator must have broken down! I can get out! I can see what lies beyond the room! I can get out!"

He pauses, listening attentively. The low hum beneath the floor that he has known all his life is gone. He can get out, he knows it now.

He grabs the table, breaks off a leg, oblivious to the sound of the typewriter crashing to the floor. He begins to pound the wall. The metal tip knocks chunks out of the aged wood.

Furiously, mindlessly, he pounds, kicks with his feet, rams the leg into the wall. He throws the cot at it.

The wall seems to be crumbling, not so much as the result of his efforts but its own decay. It is rapidly dry-rotting.

Something snaps. A crack appears. The man attacks this with renewed fury. The wall is giving way; creaking sounds fill the room.

Then it is gone. A great black hole gapes in its place, a cold and howling wind sucks the bed through, then the typewriter and the papers, then the table, then the man...

There is no air. He gasps for breath in the twilight, a cold agony filling his lungs. He looks up at the copperpenny sun and the stars all shining wanly over the endless plain of glass that stretches to the horizon.

Gasses erupt from his body, freeze, and fall to the ground. Air bursts from his mouth forming frost on his face. His vision ceases; his body begins to explode in the null pressure.

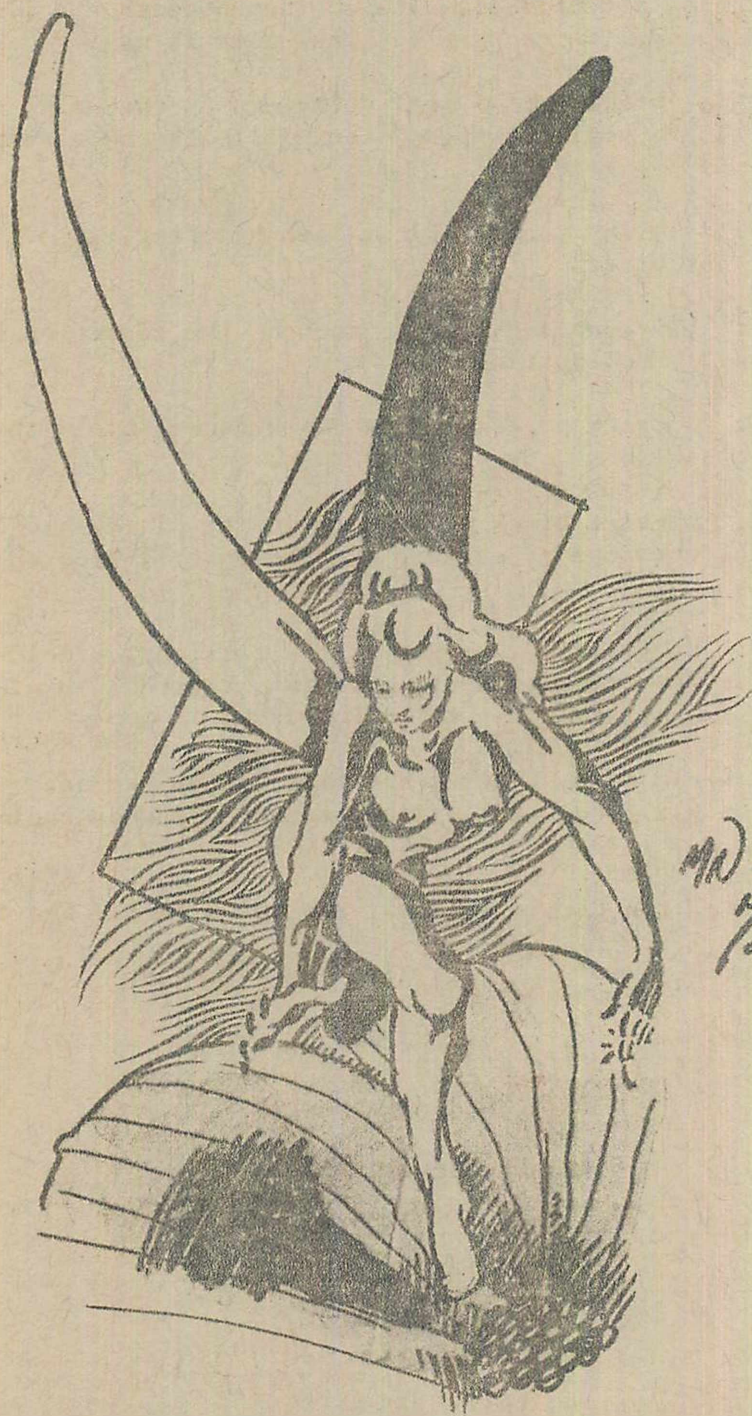
In his mind he sees the Faceless Lady. She has a face. She is laughing at him.

Eternity is over.

THE END

Absolutely.

The universe blinks off.



Jewel-haunted Lands

In my jewel-haunted lands
I sit and wait.
Glitter red glitter gold
The flashing eyes of the bold

Teardrops glitter on high cheekboned faces
Diamonds fall to the ground, brown and rusty
Greenleaved garments flow in tiding winds.
The clank of armour in my mind.

Rain! Tears!

Sweet colourful rain, misty and faded.
Colours fall translucent on the ground
Seeping slowly away into brown and rusty.

And the wet jeweled forest glitters and shimmers,
Quivering in the still air.

- Bill Breiding -
July 22, 1973

TRAVELS WITH NO ONE

michael carlson

Stop One: Ashland, Virginia

Wheresoever the Baldridge Reading & Study Skills program sends me, there shall I go. My first assignment was 38 eager freshmen at Randolph-Macon College, in tiny Ashland, about 15 miles north of Richmond. Which, since I don't have a car, may as well have been the world. It never ceases to amaze me how you can travel 500 miles in a couple of hours, and then be unable to backtrack 15 without a great deal of effort and pain. One Of These Days, however, I will get into Richmond. I have a name to look up if I do.

Anyway, this is my first exposure to Southern Living; or more impressively, the Southern Belle, that legendary creature of poise, charm and beauty able to melt strong men in a single glance. It runs Deeper Than That.

In fact, I suspect that the violence which seems to seeth beneath the slow and placid atmosphere is primarily due to those Belles, or at least to the same attitudes that fostered them.

This is the curious repressive morality which seems to lurk beneath the surface everywhere. Whether it induces bad actions or merely covers them up on Sunday I'm not sure...but Virginia's liquor laws don't seem to stop anyone and everyone from tanking up on cheap Bourbon. Anyway, the Southern Belle seems to be the prime example of this morality.

She's raised on a pedestal, in a universe where her slightest pleasure is the overriding criteria; where the world revolves around her shadowed eyes and jewelled navel. She has an entire personality which she paints on with her makeup, her jewelry and her clothes; a personality without which she is helpless. If it were possible to catch her in the shower, in bed, you might meet something entirely different.

Imagine walking in to teach an eight-in-the-morning class and seeing every girl in the class wearing full makeup...eyeshadow, mascara, lipstick, face powder, finger and toe polish...plus jewelry...rings, bracelets, watch, earrings, necklace, POW bracelet (ugh)...plus a perfectly pressed and matched outfit (even coveralls, which seem to be making late inroads around here, are worn cleaned and pressed); and then listen to her tell you how she doesn't have enough time to study and how she can't get up this early in the morning, it's inhuman.

And she spends a good 45 minutes to an hour getting herself ready. When I was in college, in Connecticut, girls weren't even made up to go out on dates. Freaky people (and most college kids seem to consider themselves at least a little freaky, after all, they've almost all tried smoking dope) don't wear eyeshadow. Except maybe as face paint.

Of course, makeup grates on me. So do tattoos. And the funny part is, women's

liberation seems to be making some small inroads around here. After all, these girls sort of are the intellectual top fringe of the south. But I've yet to see a girl leave her room without being properly bra'd. Even a couple wearing bras beneath halter tops! Of course, if a girl ever did dare the Randolph-Macon Interfraternity Council would probably send a committee to investigate, and wind up putting her on display in a glass case at Homecoming.

Which brings me to the guys down here, the drones for the Southern Belle Queen Bee. They hurt. The college boys sit on their fraternity porches and yell, shout, grunt and gesture suggestively at any girl who walks or bicycles past. The local boys do the same thing, but from their cars, since the girls won't leave campus to come to them. Freakiness is starting to hit them as well, but Monday night football still packs 'em in.

Ashland is also the home of the Camptown Races (do dah, do dah) which are held every May and provide a kind of Mardi Gras atmosphere for the town. Everyone takes advantage of this, I'm told, to get stinking drunk, and few are able to watch the actual races. The rest of the year the town of Ashland travels to Richmond for excitement; although the car wash seems to be the big place on Friday night, but the guys there, polishing, revving, or just showing off their cars, were mostly black.

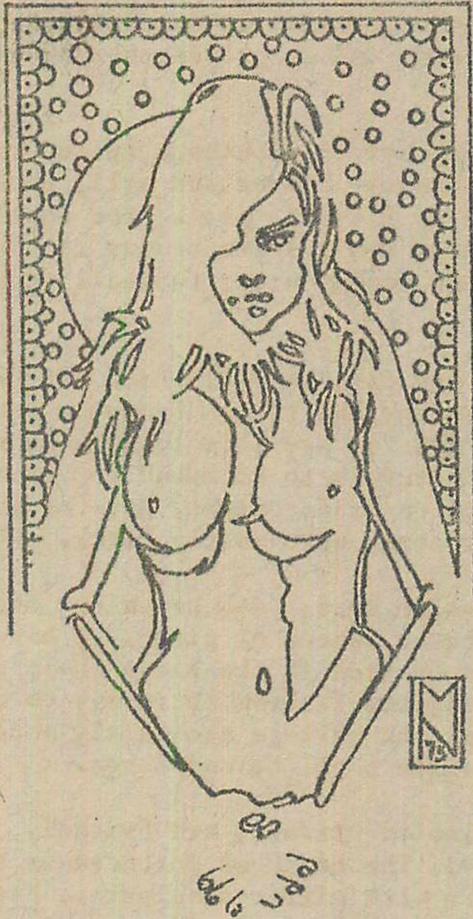
The race thing doesn't seem to be much of a problem here. R-M has a few black students, mostly athletes and what I suspect is an equal number of girls. I haven't seen any black faculty. Blacks and whites work side by side in the large chain stores; but the small shops in the center are all white-owned, and I think there may be a few black stores somewhere else in town. The students at the college are fairly modern about the whole thing, the pressures of time have turned them, by and large.

Mostly the people, in formal and public, and also in private, are friendly, and always eager to show a stranger southern hospitality. The South we Northerners think of, Georgia Highway Patrol speedtraps, burly sheriffs with mirror sunglasses, Easy Rider-type shootings, doesn't seem to apply, at least not up here. Of course, college towns are not always the best indicators of an area's true feelings. But we are only 90 miles south of D.C.

It's also moist. I leave my sweatclothes and a pair of wet-from-swimming shorts in my locker and the next day they're just as wet, only now they smell. It hasn't been terribly hot, but it is moist. You can really see the why behind that easy slow paced life. I actually pass everybody else on the sidewalk as I walk to my classes, and in New York City I'm a trotter in a field of thoroughbreds.

My room is large, and like a set from Dillinger or The Front Page. In fact, sitting here now, writing this on a very old borrowed Royal portable, I could be Joseph Cotten typing up a review for Orson Welles, or one of the Untouchables doing his report on a distillery raid. The windows of the room overlook the OX house (Greek letter 'theta' doesn't come out too well, so if you want to call it the "ox" house, that's what I do, so it's OK). The oxen make a lot of noise. Every night there seems to be a fight, actual physical violence, over what is going to be watched on the tv. Except Monday night, when anyone who doesn't watch Monday night football must be banished to Greenwich Village, or some other fag heaven. They had a party last Friday night with a live band. Mostly they got drunk, commented on the tit size of each other's dates and any strangers with tits, and play-fought to impress their own girls. I don't think Southern Belles are especially passionate, or earthy, when it comes to sex. It would probably muss their makeup. By the same token, they've probably been trained not to cry.

The oxen, in any case, also liked to stumble through the bushes into the yard of



the house where I'm staying. I was sitting on the porch watching, and sipping Jameson's Irish from a spare $\frac{1}{2}$ pint bottle, washed clean and filled from my fifth. I got to watch and listen to an ox and his girl have a wicked fight, which was mostly his drunken posturing as a wronged but tough hard-ass; and her flitting to increase his misery and alleviate her ennui. Seemed she'd been dancing with "anybody and everybody" and not attending to her man, while he was busy trying to impress her. She made it clear just who was supposed to be attending whom, and when last I saw them he was following behind her, edging into begging forgiveness.

Also staying in this house is a biology professor, a middle-aged man who lives in Florida and goes home every other weekend or so. He came by as I sat on the porch, and when I could hear him over the din of the oxen's band, I gathered he was telling me how much those boys respected how strong he was and how he could have them quiet any time he wanted, only he didn't want to spoil their fun. Right. That'd be like John Mitchell trying to quiet 100,000 peace marchers. Maybe he could offer them candy.

Politics isn't a good thing to discuss around here. Since most of the people are being proved wrong in their faith in Nixon, Agnew, Mitchell, et al they are covering their error with a combination "get tough"

policy (directed, as always, at the 'outside' menace, i.e., drug addicts, long hairs, the revolutionary college kids who nearly toppled the government by getting killed in '69) and a forget it and it will all go away attitude. So if you remind them of something they just write you off as a McGovern supporter and never trust you again.

But I haven't said anything about the nice things. The friendliness of the people has made it easy to get settled, and my students, if not exceptional, are for the most part, serious. Of course, I tend not to get many exceptional students, since they have less need of reading and study skills. I have met some nice girls, and really no complete Southern Belles, though some are really close, and I would hate to see what a southern finishing school is like. And the boys have been OK too, as I haven't lacked for a basketball game, or bullshit about college life.

I'm hoping to get out into the Virginia countryside and do another article before moving on...my next scheduled stop is Hamilton and Kirkland Colleges in Clinton, New York. See you then.

/ Michael has probably traveled far beyond Clinton, New York, by the time you read this, as it is now several months old. Winter has come to his territory; he's started a zine or two of his own, and he's that much older and wiser. I hope we have more of him next issue._/

CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?

JOHN A. & RANDALL D. LARSON

The sun had just set and the sky was gradually getting darker as the dim headlights of a car came into view, the silhouette of a cat moving across the roadway becoming more pronounced.

"I'm turning off at the next corner, so this is as far as I can take you," the driver said to his weary passenger.

"Oh, yeah. Okay," Jack said, his eyes adjusting to his surroundings. He was back in Greenbay, where he was just yesterday. Usually Jack kept going, never returning to the same place twice. But Jack had a special reason for returning to Greenbay.

The car was gradually coming to a halt when suddenly the driver slammed his brakes on, rapidly increasing abruptness of the stop.

"What's the matter, what..." Jack asked.

"A cat, there was this cat. Jesus, it just suddenly was there in front of me. God, I hope I didn't hit it."

"Shit! Jack said to himself as he hopped out of the car in pseudo-concern. "No, you didn't. There it is, over there.!" Jack told the driver. "The little bastard," he added to himself. The driver nodded and drove off.

Jack walked over to a tree and sat down, his eyes fixed loathingly on the cat, who sat less than a yard away from him. Even though it was near dusk, it was still quite hot and Jack wiped his forehead with his dirty handkerchief, cursing as the cat playfully tried to grab it from him. Yep, this was the same damn cat that had bugged the hell out of him yesterday.

Jack hated the cat, hated it enough to kill it. It was just lying there, meticulously licking its white paws, as if Jack weren't even there.

Sucking in his hollow cheeks, Jack collected the saliva in his mouth and suddenly spat in the cat's face. The cat jumped back, startled, glaring at Jack with wide-open eyes, then settled down and quietly massaged its face with its white paws, ignoring its attacker, as if it somehow sensed that its attacker was too lazy to reach over and persist in a fight.

It was a good specimen of a cat, young, but solid throughout, with no ribs sticking out from beneath its smooth, silky black fur. It was black all over, except for the white paws, like a baby's white booties.

Jack was thin and his ribs stuck out white against his sallow unwashed skin. His last meal was yesterday morning from a sympathetic housewife. The small town of Greenbay didn't open its heart to transients who lived by begging.

Another car approached along the dirt road, heading toward the lake, and Jack got up to thumb a ride. The car zoomed past, leaving a rush of hot air and dust to hit Jack in the face. He cursed loudly, his hand signal changing from a thumb up to a finger. He turned and seeing the cat still cleaning its face, kicked out viciously at it. The flat of his instep smacked against the cat's ribs, sending it flying backwards against the oak tree. With a squeamish moan, the cat stretched its length up the trunk of the tree, frantically clawing at the bark, climbing until it reached the limb above Jack's head. It painfully settled itself, panting violently, staring down at Jack with frightened eyes.

Jack laughed, a loud rasping laugh that caused him to go into a fit of coughing. When it was over he picked up a large rock and heaved it at the cowering animal; it missed by over a yard, sailing into the field on the other side of the tree.

"Forget it," Jack gave up, and turned and trudged down the road toward the lake.

He had an appointment, later tonight, at the house of the sympathetic lady who had given him the meal yesterday morning. When he had finished eating, she had given him a dollar, saying she hoped it would help him to get back on his feet; he had spent it on whiskey an hour later.

Tonight, he was going back. Going back because, through the open kitchen door, he had seen the jar she had taken the dollar from, and it looked full of other dollars.

The thick dust in the road rose around each worn, ragged shoe as he placed it down, then joined behind him into a long diminishing trail of dust. It settled over the sweat on his brow, oozing down into his eyes so that he had to wipe them out with his handkerchief.

How long he had been travelling, begging and pilfering, Jack didn't know. Most of his 48 years. He hated his life because of its discomforts, but he was too shiftless to do anything else.

He was anxious to reach the lake so he could wade into its cooling waters; he could do little more than wade for he had never learned to swim.

There was only one beach on the lake shore and it was across on the other side of the lake, as Jack discovered to his disgust. The shoreline, except for the beach, was steep, cliff-like, inclining into the water. The lake's depth had never actually been measured; residents said that it was bottomless. The bodies of three persons, who had drowned in it, had never been recovered.

Discouraged because he would be unable to reach the beach for another half hour, Jack lay down under a tree on the lake's shore and tossed pebbles over the slight, precipice-like incline that dropped into the black water. The pebble landed with a loud "plomp" and disappeared from sight.

Across the lake, near the beach, Jack could see the house of the woman. He wondered just how much money was in her jar bank. He could have taken it yesterday, but he didn't know who else was in the house besides her. But he'd find out today. And if she were alone, well, then maybe he'd do more than just take her money. Yeah, lots more.

The meow of a cat startled him, and he turned to see the black cat with the white paws walking slowly toward him. "Jesus! What the hell do you want?" Jack said, picking up a handful of pebbles. "Get outa here!" He threw the pebbles. None of them

hit the cat, but it arched up its back, defensively, staring with disdainful eyes at him.

"You think you're so goddam smart, don't you, just because people feed you," Jack cried, picking up a heavy stick and getting to his feet. He lunged toward the cat, swinging the stick. The cat nimbly jumped sideways, backing against the tree, spitting at him, its back still arched sharply.

"You're too goddam happy, you black demon!" Jack growled drawing back his arm and throwing the stick. It hit the trunk of the tree to the right of the cat, falling harmlessly to the ground. The cat lightly jumped away again, towards the lake, and stopped, facing Jack, its eyes ablaze with fury.

"Goddam it, I'm gonna kill you!" Jack screamed, leaping toward the cat, but falling to the ground, cursing some more.

He lay there for a moment, his dull eyes staring contemptuously at the cat. It took all of his strength to double his knees up in front of him. He rested his long, scrawny arms on them, breathing heavily.

The cat sat back on his haunches, watching him. Slowly Jack bent forward and started crawling on his hands and knees toward it. "Nice kitty, nice kitty," he said softly. He moved closer until he was within a foot, edging forward carefully, his voice still cooing away in a harsh monotone, "Nice kitty, nice kitty. I'm just gonna pet you, kitty. C'mere, dammit. Nice kitty..."

He slowly extended his arm and began stroking the cat's back. The cat still stared at him but made no movement. Then it began to purr and stretched its back taut so it could get the full benefit of Jack's thin fingers.

Still talking softly to the cat, Jack's arm carefully encircled it, and he stood up, holding it against his chest. He made his way to the edge of the lake where the shore line dropped sharply for about five feet into the water.

"That water's deep, kitty." He took it by the loose skin at the back of its neck and held it out in front of him.

"You're too goddam happy, you son of a bitch, so you're going swimming! Only I don't think you can swim."

The cat meowed and Jack started laughing. Then once again, collecting the saliva in his mouth, he spat in the cat's face. Swiftly, the cat's paws shot out and came down viciously across Jack's cheek, leaving a long, red trail.

"Goddam mother fu....." Jack screamed until the blood trickling into his mouth forced him to shut up. He drew his arm back as far as he could, then, laughing hysterically despite the

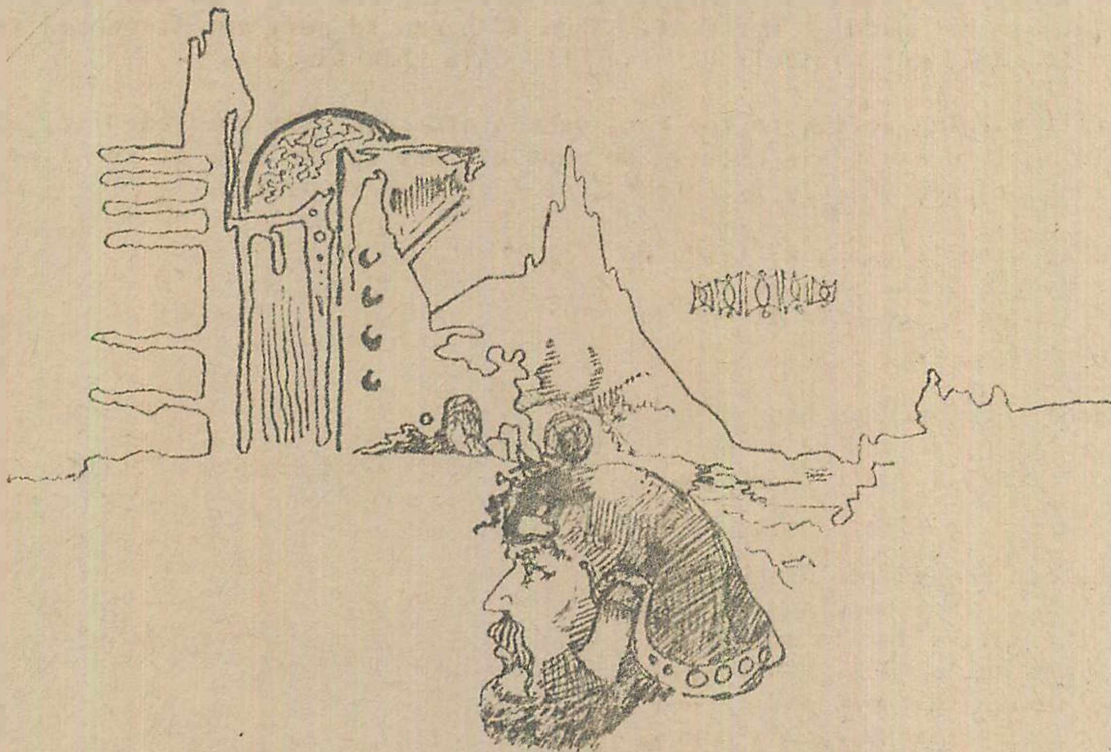


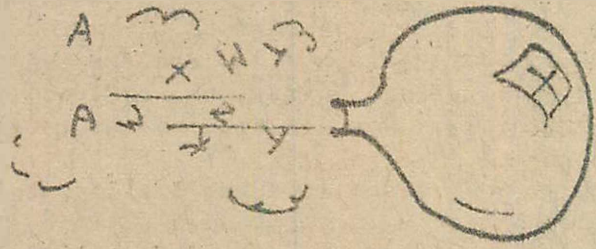
blood collecting in his mouth, threw the cat out over the water. Unexpectedly, the ground beneath him crumbled, and with his arms wildly falying the air, he lost balance and tumbled into the deep water after the cat, cursing all the way down.

First a small circle and then a larger one sent their individual ripples out from their centers, and across the surface of the lake, until they mingled with the slow windswept current and dissipated as the ripples subsided. The lake had claimed a fourth victim.

A lone black cat with white paws like baby booties scrambled, dripping wet, out of the lake and up to the top of the incline. It paused briefly, looking back down on the now calm water, then slowly made its way toward the dusty road. It soon reached the woman's house, the one that had fed Jack yesterday morning, and jumped in the open window.

The sympathetic lady saw it, grabbed a towel and began to dry the animal off. The cat purred, content that it had, for the fourth time, saved its mistress from misfortune.





letters from a red balloon

clifford r. wind

My great-grandmother lived into her 90's, with all but the last few years spent quite independently. But she gave me no words of wisdom unless it was when, having been offered help to rise from a chair, she snapped, "I can do it myself." Nor has my mother's step-father, an A.A. alumnus, given me any words to live by, except perhaps once. After chasing a waitress (on crutches, since the osteomyelitis that came with the broken leg of twenty-three years ago has never been permanently cured, and the missing inch or two of bone necessitates a leg brace) he told me, "Always give people a hard time." Nor has my grandfather given me much but the hope that, though I may eventually go blind, like him, or partially deaf, like his son, my father, I will probably never, thank God, go bald. Nor have my uncle and his wife (born in France, and though in America the last couple of decades still not an American citizen and still with an accent that is nearly unintelligible) given me much but a book of sermons as a graduation present. Of their habit of including religious tracts with their Christmas card, we cured them, by retaliating in kind.

Such a paucity of profundity has forced me to seek wisdom from movies. Movies like "The Unguarded Moment" starring Esther Williams. (My, how slyly her name was brought in.) Ms. Williams *sigh* plays a high school music teacher, Miss Lois Conway, beset by mash notes; John Saxon plays the troubled student sending the notes; and Edward Andrews (who of late plays mostly neurotic executives and fathers on tv sitcoms) plays Mr. Saxon's psychotic, misogynous father. The last scene has Ms. Williams *sigh* sitting in the sweet shop with George Nader, the police detective with whom she has fallen in love, when some students enter. Ms. Williams *sigh* turns and says, "I guess when you love them, they turn out all right."

/a long, long sigh/

Mr. Denton, I appreciate your thinking I could write a column, but, uh, I've run out of material. Already.

A life spent totally in suburbia simply isn't full of fascinating details. The major topic of conversation around here is whether the roads are being torn up for water, sewers, or street improvement, and whether it'll be three months or four this time before the dust settles.

So I have to turn to newspapers for stimulation. John Berardino (Dr. Steve Hardy of General Hospital) has issued a challenge, backed by a large sum of his own money, to all night-time tv actors to an acting duel. It saddens me to think, as he does, that soap opera actors and actresses get so little recognition, but it solaces me a little to note that Morris, the cat, won a well-deserved, I think, Patsy Award for his tv commercials. Not all true talent is ignored.

For some reason or other I always read the religion pages. Not the columns on the Church's role in the modern world by some noted theologian but the little notices of church meetings, giving sermon titles and times. In a local paper a restaurateur gets his ad on the religion page by not closing on the Sabbath, with a drawing of stick figures walking from church to a 'Sunday buffet'. But a Seattle paper runs an ad on the religion page that reads "Never On Sunday," by a used car salesman who proclaims his refusal to sell on the Sabbath.

Perhaps that column describing the forthcoming "Christian Yellow Pages", wherein only certified Christian merchants would be allowed space that Christian customers might know whom they may trust, was not a joke.

"Indeed, the recollection of the many falsehoods which I was then obliged to tell, would render my life miserable were I not sustained by the consolations of my religion."
Samuel Butler, Erewhon

A co-worker considers giving birth to be the most immodest thing a woman can do, unless done solo out in the woods. Something to do with the position. When told the position involved was probably not so different than the position that got the woman into trouble in the first place, she replied that that was different. The doctor involved in the childbirth does much looking, while the man involved in intercourse does none at all.



THE RED BOOK OF WESTMARCH

REVIEWS: SCHWEITZER - DENTON

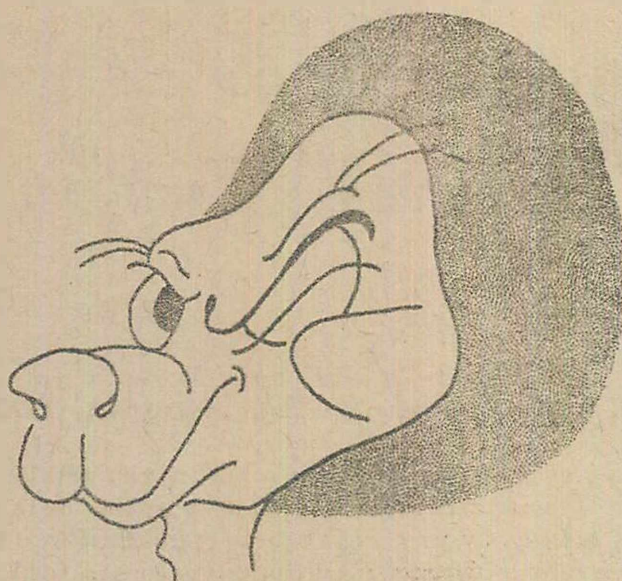
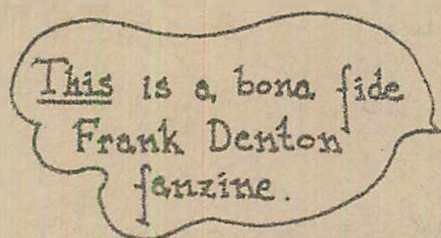
ORBIT 11, edited by Damon Knight. Putnam, 1972, 255 pp. \$5.95

I've noticed a curious trend in the ORBIT series of late. Knight has been including more and more stories in his anthologies that can't be considered science fiction or fantasy by any stretch of the imagination. They are mainstream and should be. If they were somehow turned into science fiction (e.g., with a final line "and then he was run over by a spaceship!") it would be to their detriment. The only question is whether or not they should be included in a book clearly labeled science fiction. While it is true that anybody who reads sf and nothing else is rather narrow-minded, it is also true that many readers buy science fiction when they want to read it, and might feel cheated if they didn't get what they paid for. They might even cease buying the series of anthologies in question. For this reason I think that including mainstream stories in quantity in a science fiction anthology is a bad practice, for the simple reason that it is commercially unfeasible. NEW WORLDS magazine collapsed for doing just the same thing, and while Knight hasn't gone that far yet, such an end may soon be in sight.

All considerations of marketing aside, the best story in the book this time is one of the mainstream ones, "I Remember Winter" by Frederick Pohl. It's a story about the trivial causes that eventually shape one's life. The tone is nostalgic, and it's beautifully done. It succeeds without a plot, entirely relying on character and sheer good writing. The other mainstream stories in the present volume fall far short of it. The only other one really worth anything is George Alec Effinger's "Things Go Better", an attempt at creating a myth out of contemporary cliches and advertising slogans. It almost works, but Michael Moorcock did it better in his Jerry Cornelius stories.

On the drearier side of things we have Joe Haldeman's "Counterpoint", about a rich kid with all of the advantages who flunks out completely and the poor kid who makes it, all through a Strange Quirk of Fate. The story is trivial, without any insight or anything else to make it particularly memorable. Equally forgettable is Steven Herbst's "Old Soul", a character sketch of a Negro hospital attendant. This person might go well in a story, if only Herbst would write one...The big disappointment in the collection is Kate Wilhelm's "On the Road to Honeyville" which starts out very well and adds up to nothing. It's a travel story, as the title suggests, and builds up toward what happens when the characters get where they are going. What happens? Nothing in particular.

Oh, yes, there is some science fiction in the book too. Gene Wolfe's "Alien Stones" is an alien contact story about a derelict ship found in interstellar space. Our hero is supposed to find out what's in it and where it came from. We are then faced with the traditional ANALOG problem-solving routine, complete with its cardboard characters and questions asked for the benefit of the reader. The author would have us believe that a woman whose husband is missing would do nothing more than discuss mathematics with the captain! The question is then raised as to why Knight bought this thing. My only explanation is that he did because it was written by Gene Wolfe,



who has written a lot for ORBIT rather than, say, Joe Poyer, who has not.

"To Plant A Seed" by Hank Davis is one of the better things in the volume, about an attempt to assure mankind's survival beyond the death of the present universe, and told in a series of short scenes, interviews, and documentaries. The idea is that a spaceship surrounded by a time-stasis field can survive the collapse and rebirth of the universe (this is the "oscillating universe" theory, standard in modern astronomy). The only problem is that it is discovered after the launching that the universe doesn't collapse after all, and will keep on expanding forever. Everybody feels very guilty. The power of the story is diluted somewhat, however, by a slight bit of illogic. There is nothing to prevent the crew of the ship from colonising a new planet anyway, several billion years from now when the field breaks down. Their ship can travel at relativistic speeds, so it should be quite possible for them to chase after one of those retreating galaxies. There really is no moral dilemma, contrary to what Davis tries to tell us. Still, it is a fine story up to this point.

Gardner Dozois' "Machines of Loving Grace" suffers from what is fast becoming the commonest shortcoming of modern science fiction writers, the inability to realize a future society. The promise of the story is that there are life-restoring machines in every city, thus making suicide impossible. Aside from that the story is contemporary in every way. All the imagery is right out of current urban living. Certainly by the time such technology is available quite a few things will have changed. Dozois' protagonist slits her wrists one morning in the bathroom. Thirty years ago we didn't have electric toothbrushes. A century or two hence we'll have a lot more than that. It is the neglect of this kind of detail that makes the story unconvincing.

"Father's In The Basement" by Philip Jose Farmer is a nasty but sincere piece about an eleven-year-old witch who helps her writer father survive long enough (he has a heart condition) to write a Great Work, which will make up for all the hackwork he's done in the past. The story is much more interesting for Farmer's attitudes (should I say confessions?) on writing than it is for the fantasy element.

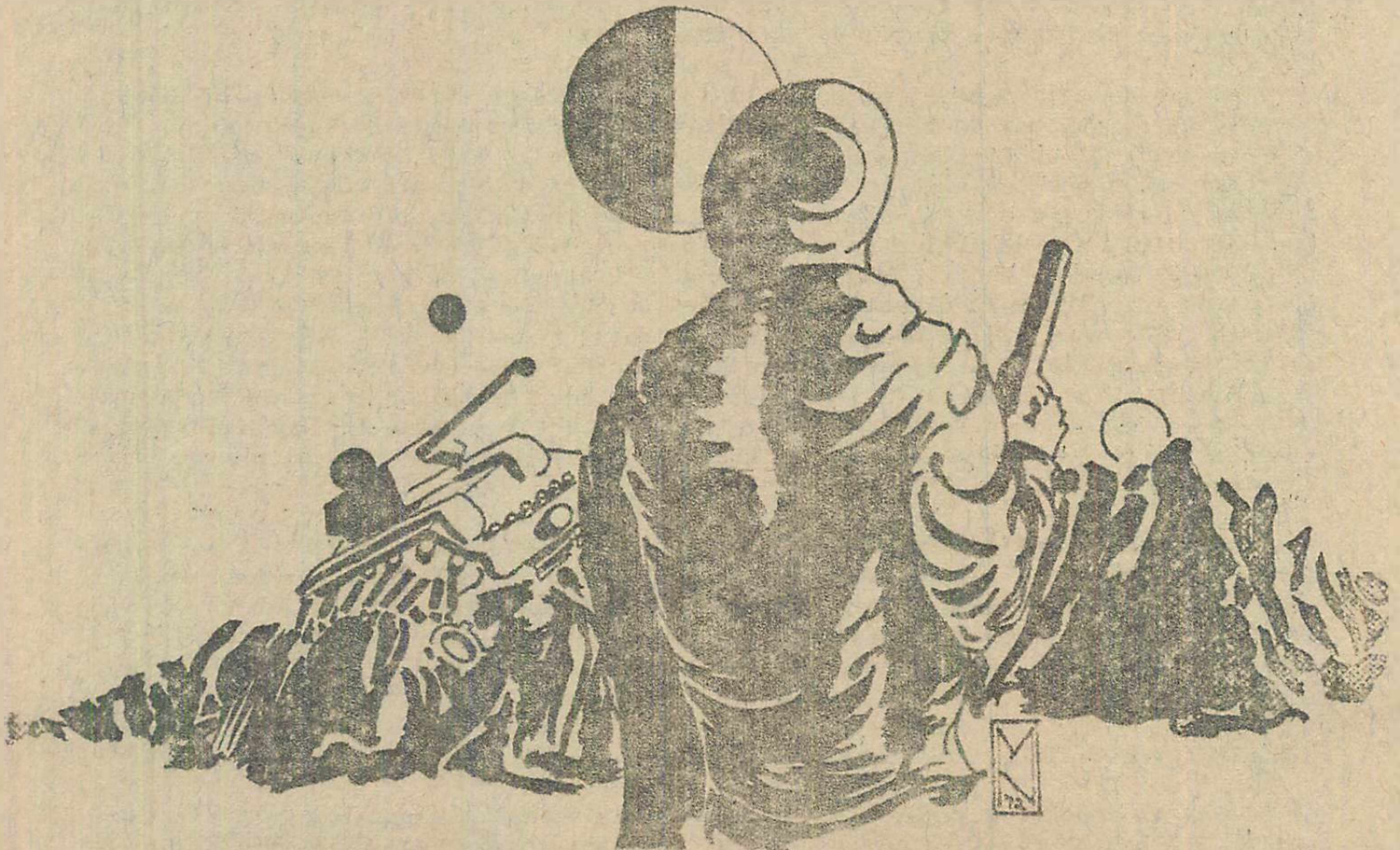
"Dune's Edge" by Ed Bryant is one of those stories where a bunch of people wake up in a strange world with no idea how they got there. They are, in the usual fashion, a great assortment of oddballs. Bryant tries to escape this basic triteness with Allegory, but it doesn't work. The story remains interesting while it is being read, but certainly it's not the kind of thing one would ever come back to.

Clarion graduate Robert Thurston's "Goodbye, Shelley, Shirley, Charlotte, Charlene" is about a man who falls in love with a series of identical women, each of whom vanishes after a couple of years. It is a lightweight, basically fun story that doesn't particularly mean anything, but remains quite enjoyable. My only objection is with the card playing with God scene at the beginning, which was entirely unnecessary.

Dave Skal, another Clarionite (there are seven stories by Clarion people in this book, which says something about the workshop, no?) is present with "They Cope", a story about a hyperactive artist in a world where everyone remains sedated in order to escape the tensions of living. This is, I think, typical Clarion material. It's a conventional, plotted story which builds up a premise, glimpses at a society, and resolves everything all in five pages. The workshop tends to emphasize this sort of thing, mostly because everybody is reading 40,000 words in manuscripts a week and short pieces are a relief. I hope brevity doesn't become habit forming though, because Skal could do more with his material if he wanted to.

I was quite impressed by C.L. Grant's "The Summer of the Irish Sea", which concerns a future society where criminals are released and hunted down like foxes. (This is throughout a very British story.) One of the more fascinating touches is the paradise myth circulated among the fugitives - "Paradise was an island in the Irish Sea" which is greatly reminiscent of Tir-nan-Og, the Island of Youth from Irish folklore. Grant is a writer to watch. He may be a master in a decade or so.

Vonda McIntyre's "Spectra" handles the familiar theme of man treated like machines rather well. It depicts a future society in which people have become part of



machines, and perform dreary, meaningless tasks without any hope of escape. Of course with the character in a situation like that there can't be much of a plot, since there is little room for change, but the story succeeds in its own static manner mostly by the effectiveness of its sensory descriptions. Or, I should say, its lack of sensory descriptions. The protagonist is almost entirely blind (can see some grays, whites and blacks) and the story, told from this viewpoint, has an almost claustrophobic atmosphere about it.

Finally we have "Dissolve" by Gary K. Wolf, which tries to build up a distorted reality via television. The point of the whole thing is confusion, but it doesn't make very good reading as such.

I said "finally" above, even though there are several more stories I haven't mentioned. They are varied attempts at surrealism by new authors and ones who should have known better. They are all dreadful. Surrealism is probably the hardest kind of writing there is, and even though it has become quite fashionable in sf right now, there are very few writers who can handle it. I wish they'd give up.

ORBIT 11 is typical of the series right now, and shows three possible directions in which the series could head, namely science fiction, mainstream or "experimental". I hope Knight knows what he's doing.

--- Reviewed by Darrell Schweitzer ---

HUNTERS OF THE RED MOON by Marion Zimmer Bradley. DAW Books #71. UQ1071. \$.95

Here we go with a string of non-critical book reviews by your ed, I'm afraid. As long as I admit that, I provide some measure of safety for those of you out there who have critical minds. It's bad enough to try to figure out what's wrong with my own stuff (fiction) without trying to take on the people who are and have been producing enjoyable sf for longer than I've been reading it.

Marion is all right by my book. I look forward to every new story by her and I'm as hung up as anybody on her Darkover stories. This is not a Darkover story. It builds its own brand of excitement and swept me along just as well as those stories do. Dane Marsh is sailing alone when he is swept away and finds himself on a space ship with various other human and non-human types. He and they have been captured by the Mehkar and ultimately are delivered to a planet where it is discovered that they are to be the prey in a great hunt. They are served by robots and do not see their hosts. They are given time to train themselves and then during the time of the Red Moon it is their task to kill or be killed during the eleven days of the Hunter's Moon. Unlike others of the hunted, the group which has trained together determines to stay together; Dallith, Rialla, Cliff-climber (a lion-like Mehkar) and the hulking lizard-like Aratak. And, of course, Dane. Problem is that they have not been able to identify their foe as yet. Later comes the realization that the hosts can change shape, a most important consideration.

Marion has studied weapons and fighting styles and writes very well about combat. She acknowledges the help of and dedicates the book to Paul Edwin Zimmer. Further complication involves the empathy for pain felt by Dallith, whom all in the party try to protect, but simply are incapable of. A fine, fine story, and as much as I like Darkover, this book was not an unwelcome change.

--- Reviewed by Frank Denton ---

JONDELLE by E.C. Tubb. DAW Books #74. UQ1075. \$.95

Tubb is another guy that I'm hung up on. He's not the greatest writer in the world, I'd be the first to admit it. But come on you guys and gals, 'fess up. You all have someone you like, too, that isn't all that great a writer, but that you read

pretty consistently and quietly appreciate even if you don't always shout to the world about them.

Tubb has created Dumarest and that's not bad. Dumarest, at least for me, is a likable character with a major problem that provides the recurrent theme of all of the Dumarest stories. Orphaned as a child, he somehow has made his way through the galaxy and has reached so far out that no one any longer knows or even believes that there is a Terra. Dumarest wanders from planet to planet trying to find any evidence that Terra exists in the knowledge of the planet and hoping to find the coordinates so that he can make his way back.

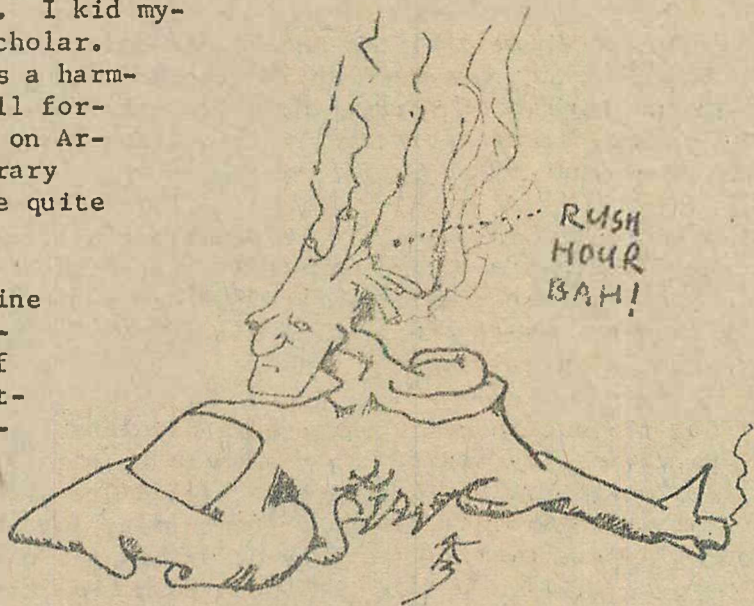
In this adventure he finds himself on Ourelle and by happenstance being in a position where he can save the life of a small boy, Jondelle, he is swept into the action that follows. He is wounded in the interchange of fire, and recuperates on the farm where the boy lives. When the boy is kidnapped, Dumarest finds himself committed to getting him back from Melevgan, a mad city-state over the mountains. He purchases a raft for transporting trade goods, and goes with a group of out-of-work lowtowners in the guise of a merchant. Once there he discovers that the boy has been taken to another place, and he and his men, aided by Neema, a girl who wishes to escape the mad place, finally attempt a night-time escape during which they wage a running gun battle with flying rafts. The importance of Jondelle comes out at the end of the story and is just a bit thin, but then what the heck? It's the action of Dumarest which really makes up the story. No deep philosophy here, folks, just good old action. Space opera, I suppose. Bring on some more, Mr. Tubb. (And he has been doing so, with great regularity since Don Wollheim has given him a home at DAW.)

--- Reviewed by Frank Denton ---

EXCALIBUR by Sanders Anne Laubenthal. Ballantine Books. \$1.25 (Adult Fantasy Series.)

When I first picked this book from the rack, I got pretty excited about it. I kid myself a lot that I am an Arthurian scholar. That's not true, of course, but it's a harmless deceit for which I hope you will forgive me. And here was a book based on Arthurian legends but set in contemporary times. It sounded as if it might be quite good.

And indeed it started off in fine style. A bit of mystery, an archaeological search for the lost city of Caer Mair, a 12th century Welsh settlement, and the possibility of finding Excalibur, King Arthur's sword. The characters seem to be real, there is a bit of potential romance and a villainess is already on the scene. A bit of a Gothic with Arthurian overtones; not bad.



Rhodri Meyrick has come to America to investigate some ruins belonging to the Silverthorne family. He hopes that he will find evidence of a settlement begun by Prince Madoc of Wales in the 12th century. Linette Silverthorne is more than willing to become his assistant, hoping for the chance of a romance. Miss Morgan Cornwall, a house guest of Linette's aunt, Julian, seems to be the opposition to the quest.

Soon Linette's ex, Anthony Ironwood; a literature major doing research on the Arthurian legend, is also involved. Well, enough.

But as Miss Laubenthal delves deeper into the search the mythology takes over and soon we are being asked to deal with Arianrhod, Blodeuwedd, Ceridwen and other characters out of the Welsh Mabinogian. What began as a straightforward story has become a very complex and convoluted plot. This, coupled with long passages of turgid prose make the going tougher and tougher.

I'm afraid I gave up. This is not to say that there won't be some who like the novel very much. Peake's GORMENGHAST (see article this issue) and the works of Eddison are likewise tough going. They demand a lot, but they pay off at a good rate of exchange. I don't think EXCALIBUR does.

--- Reviewed by Frank Denton ---

THE ETERNAL FRONTIERS by James H. Schmitz. Berkeley Medallion Book 425-02458-075 \$.75

I think that everyone keeps waiting for James Schmitz to write another THE WITCHES OF KARRIS and he doesn't do it. He doesn't do it again here, but he does write a smashing good tale of galactic adventure. There are no deep messages of philosophical import here. There is a cast of hundred, if not of thousands, and there's a good story to keep you occupied for a couple of hours.

And there are some flaws if you want to look for them. The story begins with what appears to be a conflict between two factions of the Star Union over an exploration and mining feasibility study on the planet Kulkoor. If you can hang through the first few chapters to get things sorted out, you learn that there are two types of humans in the Star Union, those who choose to live in a null-g environment and are called Swimmers and those who choose to live in gravity and are called Walkers. All of the political implications are not brought out, but it can be seen that there is a conflict, largely political, between the two groups.

Captain Crowell Witter and his feminine side-kick, Ilken Tegeler, a Mailliard, are attacked and shot down while reconnoitering. They determine that it was done by a Swimmer. Betheny of Varien and a few other Swimmers are on Kulkoor, not only as observers of the Walker operation, but to secretly command an expedition of Swimmers doing their own study of potential mining.

Then there is a small team of Galestrals, from the share-holding Galestral Company of the planet of the same name. They seem to be the most decent sorts in the novel, and Capt. Witter works closely with them as the plot thickens. They have dropped off Dr. Farquhar, who prefers to do his own exploring. He won't have anyone accompany him and soon he is missing.

It becomes apparent that there are inhabitants of the planet who have the ability to appear and disappear. They seem to be huge bipeds. The Galestrals, trying to determine whether these beasts have killed Dr. Farquhar, kill one and discover that they have a device for transporting themselves, just like beaming up in Star Trek. Soon it becomes apparent that they are not indigenous to the planet, but are there for the same purpose as everyone else. They pin down the Star Union forces, destroy both Star Union and Galestral base ships. There is a slam-bang battle at the end in which the Galestrals and Crowell Witter, having obtained the transportation devices, discover a huge ship hidden underground and destroy it. In the meantime they have obtained valuable data applicable to new transportation modes, which they determine to share equally between Swimmer, Walker and Galestral. Seems kind of weak to me, but then I'm neither a Swimmer or a Walker. I'm a Crawler.

Farewell, caravan to Xanadu

THE WORLD OF FANZINES: A SPECIAL FORM OF COMMUNICATION by Frederic Wertham, M.D.
Carbondale, Ill., Southern Illinois University Press, c1973. 144 pp. \$10.00

This is a difficult book to review. Here was fandom's golden opportunity. The good doctor, author of SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT, was about to have a go at fanzines. He would do bad things and say bad things about us, and oook out. Once he did that, he would be fair fame and we could jump all over him. Well, shucky darn. He wrote a nice book; he didn't say anything particularly bad about us; as a matter of fact, it was mostly good. So what the heck can we say about the darn thing.

Well, let's see. That leaves nitpicking, doesn't it. Let's nitpick. Aw, heck, that's not much fun. So he didn't pick the illustrations we might have picked. So he used an illustration from an old Frank Denton fanzine, done in Elvish runes ala Tolkien, and he didn't give credit. So he used some fanzine covers with atrocious art; that's the way it sometimes was in the old days before we had our Kirks, McLeods, Steffans, Canfields and Shulls. So he missed some good fanzines. I wonder whose fault that was. Perhaps it was his for not asking the right people at the right time.

So he didn't mention all of the right fan's names. You know we all play that game. The first thing one looks for in a fanzine is to see if you are mentioned or your loc is printed. Well, I guess one could concede that the good doctor couldn't mention the entire fannish roster. Well, OK. But he's sure out of date. A whole bunch of fanzines he mentioned have folded already. Well, I guess that's true, but if he started all over again tomorrow, by the time the book saw print he'd still be out of date. That's the enigmatic way of fanzine editing.

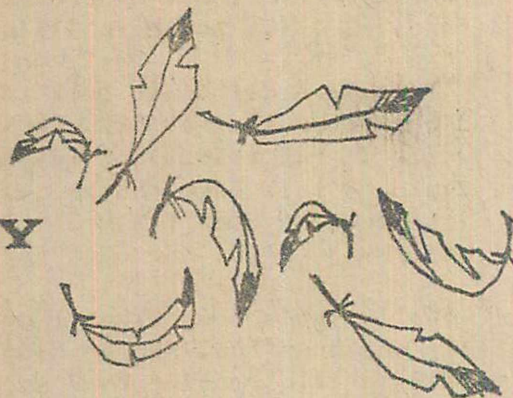
Well, shucks, nitpicking wasn't all that much fun. What besides that is there? Well, I guess there is the basic question as to why Dr. Wertham wrote the book. I'm not sure he answers that. It seems to me that there are two parts to that question. First is probably a basic need on the part of the writer to write a particular kind of book. But secondly, and closely related, is the audience which he intends to reach. I probably have a distorted view of the potential market for this kind of book, but it seems to me to be a heck of a lot more limited than, say, A REQUIEM FOR ASTOUNDING or HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION which might reach the broader spectrum of the science fiction reader. Certainly one would expect only died-in-the-wool fans to be interested in a book about fanzines, and not all of them would buy such a book. The only other potential market that comes readily to mind are the university libraries which order everything, or schools of communications within those universities who order all such books dealing with any form of communications for their own departmental libraries. It seems to me to be a very limited market, but perhaps no more so than a book on Xhosi linguistics. I'd be curious to know what the print run was on the book.

Basically the book is about the fanzine as a tool of communication, albeit among a very small and select group. And that is Dr. Wertham's concern. He sees fanzines as a totally open tool of communication, and recently in a letter to Donn Brazier's fanzine, TITLE, he expressed concern for levels of censorship operative within our society. There seems to be a dichotomy here in light of what occurred as a result of his earlier book concerning the comic magazines. That book was instrumental in placing restrictions on those magazines through the establishment of a comic code.

Well, although the book is slight in number of pages, about 140, those are fairly large pages. So there is a good bit of information there. Whether it is of import to you or to me is something each one of us will have to decide. I suspect that we don't even think of the words which we distribute in the same terms as he does. The fan who is into fanzines will find the book very interesting and perhaps worth the rather heavy \$10 being asked. There is a fine index which helps you see if you or your friends are mentioned.

--- Reviewed by Frank Denton ---

THE FEATHERS FLY



There must be two approaches to a letter column which is as old as this one. The first one is quite attractive. It says, "Gee, these letters are so old that no one will care anyway, so why don't I just list the people who wrote, add some kind of apology/excuse, and try to start fresh with the next issue." If I did that, the foregoing paragraph would be appearing at the bottom of the page previous to this one, and I'd just about have it wrapped up. Of course, the other approach is that these letters are pretty interesting regardless of age. So I chose not to cop out and to go right ahead just as if they were as fresh as yesterday. If things get settled down and I do turn this into a 20-pager, I may have to trim the letters a bit more. We'll see. Meantime, onward.

KEN W. OZANNE, 'The Cottonwoods', 42 Meek's Crescent, Faulconbridge, NSW, AUSTRALIA 2776

Here is a guy you could hate. He claims to have a 100% record of losing fanzines the same day they arrive.

The location of your cabin sounds a little like where I live. At 1450 ft., and about 50 miles from Sydney. I have several acres here and it is a good place. We don't get snow in these latitudes much - I believe there have been two snowfalls in the last twenty years at this altitude.

Why did it surprise you that the clams went well with the wine? Wines are mostly made to be consumed with food and there is no dish that doesn't have at least one wine that will go well with it. Usually there are many. (I'm a little of a wine buff, you might guess.) Of course, you're right. I've had wines with many different foods, just hadn't ever thought of it with steamed clams still in the shell. 'Twas superb. How come you didn't mention that there are some pretty fair Australian wines. Occasionally we find some in the Canadian liquor stores and bring a couple of bottles back with us from Vancouver, B.C.

So you want mention of what I have been reading, do you? Remember, you asked for it. The rest of this is bound to be taken up by my last week's reading (and it was a light week). I read a lot! Understatement of the week. Watch what follows.

Lessee. NINE PRINCES IN AMBER. Zelazny. The best thing I have read from an author of whom I haven't thought too highly. But this is good. PLANET OF EXILE. LeGuin. I'm a LeGuin buff, from fairly recently. Not her best work, but damn good! THE TIME MASTERS. Tucker. This is revised from a 1953 novel that I missed (don't know the original title). I'm glad I caught up on it. OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE DRAGON. Geston. Unreadable garbage. FANTASTIC: December 69, June 70, June, October, December 71, April, October, December 72, February, April 73. I discovered recently that Ted White has rejuvenated both AMAZING and FANTASTIC. I have a whole bunch more FANTASTICS to read, but I finished all the AMAZINGS I could lay my hands on a week or two back. There were two bridge magazines (one US, one NZ) two bridge books. PHOENIX PRIME. Ted White. Worth reading, but nothing special. UNDER OLD EARTH. Smith. Seven good Cordwainer Smith stories, including his masterpiece, 'The Game of Rat and Dragon'. UNDERSTANDING TOLKIEN. So so. A HANDBOOK ON LAYOUT - watch out, Jerry Lapidus. 1066 AND ALL THAT (re-reading). One of the two or three really funny things in the language. HORSE NONSENSE. Same authors. Some laughs. Not half so good. THE SECRET LORE OF MAGIC. I needed this; you mightn't. FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, April 55. OVER THE MOUNT-

AIN. Child's book, written by a friend. THE WORLD OF NULL A. Had been looking for this for years. Exciting, but not the best of van Vogt. THE OTHER HALF. Case histories of the new rich/new poor. Sociologically interesting. Cost me 49¢ and worth every penny. And that was my week's reading, apart from fanzines, newspapers and such. (Maybe it wasn't a light week.)

AUSTRALIA IN '75. BANGSUND & ROTSLER FOR DUFF! BHEER FOR ME!

STEVE JOHNSON, 1018 N.W. 31st St., Corvallis, OR 97330

Now that I'm at my parents' house again I have all my books in one place, a distinct pleasure after being restricted for two years to what seven or eight shelves would hold. I spend an hour or so a day putting novels in alphabetical order, deciding what belongs on "special" shelves, culling out rejects for the second hand store, and fondling those volumes I'll never part with.

Put two days between that last paragraph and this one. Now is a rainy Sunday afternoon, with the usual odd mixture of gloom and good cheer. The latter predominates for me, oddest of all; I am reminded of hundred and fifty foot tall Douglas firs and mushrooms. (Do you recall the chapter heading in Sometimes A Great Notion describing a mushroom sprouting from the head of a drowned beaver?)

The real world aspects of this past week have been bizarre, on a close to home level. Within five days a next door neighbor and good friend, an economics teacher, retired because of heart attacks and strokes, went back into the hospital again; next day was a burglary a couple of houses down the street; then the elderly lady who lives next door broke her hip doing yardwork. That night her brother-in-law, who lives two houses down from there and whose wife is in the hospital, dropped dead of a heart attack.

Now this normally isn't the sort of thing I'm preoccupied with to the point of mentioning it in a letter, but there's been so much of it dropping down at once that it's hard to ignore. (If I went on and included everything weird I've omitted, it'd eventually lead back to the middle of the summer -- about the time I last saw you -- and include long lines of friends unseen for many a year, a suicide, broken marriages, and drug busts.) Concomitantly I've been getting back into books and letters, academia and fandom, scrupulously reading The New York Review of Books and wondering why Locus stopped coming.

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

Maybe by now you've had time to read Wandor's Ride by Roland Green. Since you mentioned it, I looked for it on the stands and read it. It is enjoyable, but not great s&s. The first in a series, alas, and who knows when the sequel will be out. With some series, the books can be spaced one to several years apart; for some reason, these are always the best ones, and waiting for a new Farmer "Tier World" story or Dorothy Dunnett book can be frustrating. The bad series books come out too frequently, like the "Scorpio" books, worth getting only for the Tim Kirk art. I read the first Cap Kennedy book from DAW and it is BAD. Part of the story seemed borrowed from A Circus of Hells.

Whither Ash-Wing? The three issues I have are so different, they can't be the same zine. What will the next issue be like? Surprise us. / You are SO right. Even I don't know where this thing is going, but I haven't let it stop me yet. A-W and I just keep truck-in'./

I have had little experience with jet lag, but it seemed to me that I had less trouble adjusting to Toronto time than some people from the East Coast had adjusting to Pacific Coast Time when they came to Davis for a two-week class I attended last month. No sooner did I return from a nice vacation in Toronto than I was notified at work that I'd be attending a class on flood plain hydrology the next week. Eight hours a day of lectures and problem solving with extra reading assignments. Best way to wreck the effects of a vacation.

I found a few British books in Toronto, like Horrobil by William Croft Dickinson, published by Puffin with a Pauline Baynes cover. This is similar to Alan Garner's Weirdstone and Moon of Gomerath. Incredible to think it was first published in 1944. Did you ever see the "Scarecrow" series on the Disney show several years ago? The seven books about the Scarecrow, Dr. Syn, were published in pb by a British publisher last year, and I found three of them in Toronto. It is a historical series, nothing to do with sf, but I like historical adventure. Ballantine plans to reprint the series in America, starting with Dr. Syn on the

High Seas, last August. / Mmmm! Yes, I managed to pick up all seven of the "Christopher Syn" books in London this summer. So far I've only seen the first volume in the Ballantine edition published here./

Black Belt magazine is sponsoring a Martial Arts Expo which passed through Sacramento last night on its way to Seattle before going to New York. Did you ever read Tower at the Edge of Time by Lin Carter? The hero was named Thane of the Two Swords and I thought it impossible for a hero to wield two swords at once. Somebody did a beautiful job of handling two Chinese swords last night at the Expo. I still have my doubts about two broadswords though. / There 's a character in Piers Anthony's sequel to Sos the Rope (entitled Var the Stick) who wields two sticks at once, which surprises the protagonist. In Marion Zimmer Bradley's Hunters of the Red Moon the hero chooses a Samurai sword: s his weapon, but only a single one. Which reminds me, John Strang, once upon a time in fandom known as Pat Strang, was interested in the Samurai and their weapons. Are you still, John? Ted Peak in Denver is, too./

DAVE SELL, 1921 Lakewood Drive, Olympia, WA 98501

Clifford R. Wind is insane and is pleasant craziness. Is not it the truth, people always want something to be more exciting than it is, whether it be a 10ft. red balloon or a person. / Or a fanzine named Ash-Wing./

Thanks to Don Fitch. I'm finally able to put down that cat who comes up and says, "Have you read such and such?" "No" and you get that look of "You have got to get with it, dumbie." I'll get him now. Ah, Sweet Revenge.

To Jack Fallowfield I recommend Trout Fishing in America. It is Richard Brautigan's best novel. Or Revenge of the Lawn which is short sketches. It might be noted that Brautigan grew up in Tacoma, Washington. (I suppose someone had to.) / Here, here, now. Richard Brautigan, Bing Crosby and Frank Denton grew up in Tacoma. So how come I'm writing fanzines, Brautigan is making money writing and Crosby has Kathy./

Brad Balfour's drawing on page 20 was the best of the zine. Good Work.

BRUCE TOWNLEY, 2323 Sibley Street, Alexandria, VA 22311

All of us down here at the garage and Bart and Ziggy would like to sign up for your mimeographed program of self-help and self-improvement. We were quite impressed with the sample copy of your unique philosophy (we were really destroyed by your wonderful presentation of your side of the Truth about American holidays.) We're telling all our friends about the new insights we've gained through Ash-Wing and the wonderful wart removing qualities they have, too. We might even do a tb commercial about it and if we do we'll keep in touch with ya, honey, chickee, baybay. / Isn't fanpubbing grand?/

JO3 Daniel G. Grady, USN, Box 25 AFRTS, FPO New York, NY 09571

I NEVER comment on artwork in a fanzine - I just appreciate it. I will now make an exception to that rule to protest your not naming the artist whose work adorns the title page of your editorial. The drawing is really haunting - I honestly feel I have seen it before somewhere - but nowhere do I see a hint of the identity of "JRY". Enlighten us. / Gads, caught in the act of stealing. In the summer of 1971 I visited England and during a day's touring with my wife's cousin in Cumberland we visited Brougham Castle and then a small church which is part of the Brougham estate. The art work depicting the shepherd and his flock was on the cover of one of their Sunday bulletins. It fit so well with the idea of The Free Commots and the usual logo which I use that I swiped it then and there, but only with this issue did I get around to using it. Indeed it is lovely, but I have no idea who JRY might be./

DAVE PIPER, 7 Cranley Drive, Ruislip, MIDDX HA4 6BZ, England

/ The first paragraph which follows was in response to a request from me as to whether my name were being bandied about in the UK and how Dave came to write for a copy of A-W./

Nah! Y're OK. S'far as I know your name ain't been bandied about too much by all and sundry over 'ere. Mind you; that's as far as I know and as I don't get many UK fanzines I could be wrong. I first saw, as far as I can remember, mention of A-W in Ed's Kwaliioojamaflip (whatever it's bloody called!) some time ago but it just takes me a while to get around

to doing things. That's all. He spoke highly of it and anything Cagle likes I reckon I'd like. / Oh, David, lad. You and Cagle are two of a kind. Your taste is all in your mouth./

S'funny you should mention meeting (Nyah! Ya name-dropper, you!) Keith Roberts and your admiration for him. I've gotten to the stage with his work where I buy collections and magazines just to read his stories and I'm very seldom disappointed. Pavane is one of the very few books that I continually recommend to my mundane friends. A beautiful, beautiful book. What's he like In Person? / Well, stick around. Next issue of Ash-Wing should include part of the conversation we had late during the evening when Anna Jo and I visited with him. I have to finish transcribing it, send it back to him to fix up a little bit if he wishes to, and see if it holds up as publishable. I think it does and you'll find out quite a bit about Keith. Meantime I can say that he is a perfect host, brews a good pot of coffee, holds a much too low opinion of himself and the acceptance of his work, was delighted to know that a lot of fans on this side of the water really liked his work, has a thousand varied interests, some of which show up in his stories. I don't know whether I am his #1 fan, but you and I have got to be right up there. I'm afraid I've reached the uncritical stage. Obviously I am quite smitten with both the man and his writing./

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

The canning operation reads as if it might be a fun thing. Ghu knows that it is time that many of us are going to have to begin resorting to such measures to stretch out the power of the food dollar. In our instance, geographic location and all, I'm not sure that Mary and I would realize a truly significant savings by attempting to can fruits and vegetables, once we laid out the cost of the jars, lids, etc. My family, unfortunately, are not big fruit eaters. Our ploy is buying canned fruits and vegetables when particularly reasonable sale prices are in effect. Then we purchase pretty heavily. Even as a kid at home, I can't recall my mother doing much canning, even though we were a family of quite modest means. My early experience with canning was at my grandmother's house. That good hardy and frugal soul was a prodigious canner. At any time she must have had enough stuff canned to last a couple of years. My mouth waters now in recollection of the tasty jams and jellies she used to have larded away in the fruit cellar. That cellar was an item of awesomeness and eerie mystery to me when I was a tyke. It was just one of those dug out pits under the house with earthen walls and floor and was entered by double wooden doors that laid almost horizontal with the ground at the back of the house. They used to be pretty common to all the old farmhouses back in my part of the country. I haven't been in or even seen such a cellar for years. It used to be a test of bravery among my cousins, my sister and myself to swap a lot of spooky tall tales and for one of us to descend into



the dank blackness of the fruit cellar, have the doors closed on us and endure the dark and weird isolation for a prolonged period, while the others stood outside and made scary sounds. I used to cheat. I had matches and a candle hid down there. / Ah! Isn't nostalgia grand? Bill Miller and I had a force of Commandos and the chief test, often used to keep younger botherers out of our tightly knit fighting force, was a prolonged stay down a manhole, with the cover placed back on top. Of course, we used to stay close by to see whether the younger tyke might not cry thinking he had been left alone, abandoned by the world. And of course, if he cried, he obviously was not fit to become a Commando._/

MIKE GLICKSOHN, 32 Maynard Ave., Apt. 25, Toronto 156, Ontario, Canada

Ed Cagle's column, aside from being another good piece of writing, caused me to become aware again of one of the many reasons that I'll never be a well known fan writer. I have practically no memories of my early childhood at all. In fanzine after fanzine I see people creating columns and letters out of childhood reminiscences and my early years remain a gray blank to me. Oh, I recall isolated incidents and characters, but the ability to relate entire episodes complete with dialogue is totally beyond me. My grandfather, for example, should be a veritable treasure house of material. One of the best known gamblers in England, several times a millionaire, an intimate of the biggest names in English crime as well as a bridge partner for the then world champion, he ought to be capable of filling a book for me. And yet I can clearly recall only one incident involving him, even though his face is as clear to me right now as my own father's. When I was perhaps 8 or 9 we went to London to see him and we were going to watch television, a very rare treat for us in England in the early '50s. I wanted to watch something called "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" because it sounded nice but he told me that I wouldn't like it because it was a mushy love story! We played poker instead. If I had a memory like Cagle's, who knows how far I might have gone?

Clifford R. Wind has a strange but likeable mind. Our main street is closed off during the summer and becomes a pedestrian mall, filled with flowers and street musicians and stalls selling leather belts and candles and other neat stuff. And as I walked down it today I kept accepting fliers for massage parlors and nude photography studios ("No experience necessary! We supply film and camera.") and bought yet another sign-language card from a deaf mute. Sometimes I wonder if I have feathers all over me which I can't see or if I mumble "Coo-coo" all the time without being aware of it.

JACKIE FRANKE, Box 51-A RR 2, Beecher, IL 60401

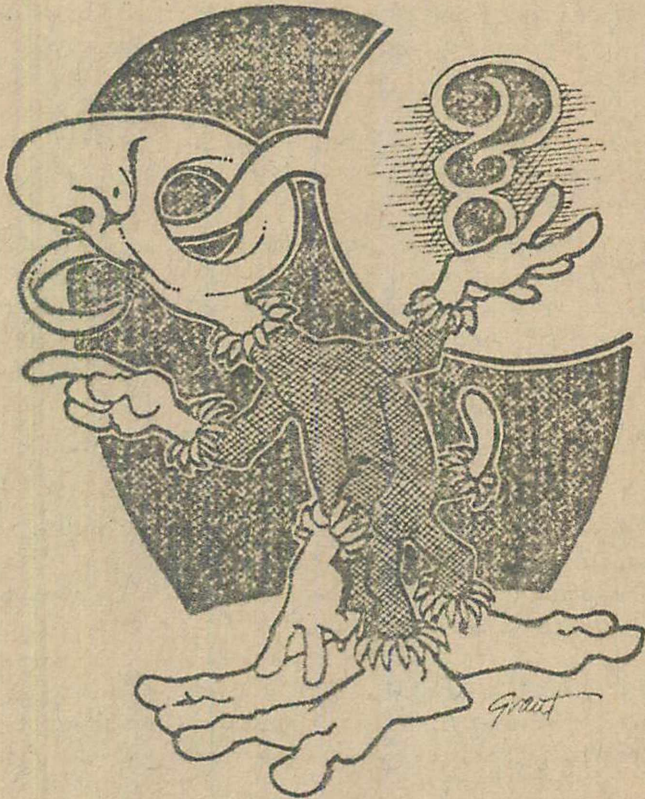
Ed Cagle sent you one of the best columns of his that I've read. Very enjoyable, very well done. I half-way wished he had gone into the initial topic more deeply; examining folk truisms that sound oh so correct until you really study their implications, but the wry sense of humor expressed in the reminiscences of his grandfather more than made up for the lack. Ed's funny bone is usually far more broadly based (and take that as you will) than mine, it's refreshing to find one of his articles that I truly enjoy, not merely appreciate.

Wind's column was different, good and uncommentable. More coming, I hope!

Enjoyed the Lettercol (of course, I'm a LoCfreak...) but, as usual with a new-to-me zine, find little to offer to it, as I'm not into the swing of the general chatter yet. I do want to bring up one class of fan Darrell missed apparently (or deliberately ignored), the fan that comes into fandom terribly tardy...long after school is left behind and after marriage and (sometimes) the family is established. I didn't get into this schtick until a few months before my 30th birthday, ignoring a year-and-a-half in Trekdom which I try desperately to forget. And I know I'm not the only one. All fans aren't bright-eyed astute teenagers after all, some of us are creaking ancients who were too dense to notice all this marvy stuff going on about us.... I resent the oversight... / Amen, Sister. Your humble editor was a aging, dour, old man of 38 when he stumbled into this strange business. What ho, he cried, and since has become a rejuvenated youth of 43. Fandom is ghooooood for you._/

CLIFFORD R. WIND, 4116 - 12th N.E., Apt. 304, Seattle, WA 98105

I know you don't really want to know what I've read lately, since it's determined more by the selection of the local pawn shop and St. Vinny's, rather than my own tastes. (Which is just as well, since I haven't any taste.) So in the last month or two I've read four anthologies (one by Mr. Bradbury), a collection of Mr. Harrison, two old works by Mr. Dick,



and two Conan books (one by Mr. Howard, the other by Mssrs. deCamp and Carter). I finally read Mr. Cole's Funco File and Mr. Blish's Black Easter. (I've a most disconcerting habit of reading series out of order. I read the sequel to the latter first, and I read Mr. Lewis' trilogy in the order 2-1-3. Which reminds me, I read The Screwtape Letters but a week or two ago.) I'd recommend Erewhon, which I just finished, but no doubt you've already read it. But in case it's been too long a time to recall any details, here's a passage that might interest you and yours:

"...the fact that our seats of learning aim rather at fostering mediocrity than anything higher, is due to our subconscious recognition of the fact that it is even more necessary to check exuberance of mental development than to encourage it. There can be no doubt that this is what our academic bodies do, and they do it the more effectively because they do it only subconsciously. They think they are advancing healthy mental assimilation and digestion, whereas in reality they are little better than cancer in the stomach."

I nearly fell in love again yesterday, watching Ms. Helen Reddy's new show. Had I not realized that my euphoria was in part induced by my earlier purchase of two albums of Mr. Schiffrin, Ms. Reddy would have replaced Skye Aubrey (tv actress), Brenda Vaccaro (ditto), Ann Martin (KIRO news girl), Carol Merrill (the prize presenting model on "Let's Make A Deal"), to take a place on my list, just below--oh, never above--Ms. Esther Williams.

SEAN SUMMERS, 710 West 21st St., Austin, TX 78705

Since you mentioned ~~what~~ (the fingers are faster than the mind) music in the editorial, I will take this chance to do a little missionary work. (Since seeing them in concert I have become a hard core proselytizer.) I speak of John McLaughlin and the Mahavishnu Orchestra. Their music is really good. Live they are phenomenal! Especially if they are seen in a small concert. They put out so much driving energy and have such a rapport with the audience that they have been amazing crowds throughout the U.S. Their music comes under the division 'Inspired'. Four-fifths of the band go in for Transcendental Meditation. McLaughlin himself is quite devoted to it. During some concerts the band becomes 'inspired' and the superb quality of their musicianship cannot help but draw out all of the audience. At the beginning of the concert McLaughlin says, "We are going to do something tonight and we want you to be a part of it." Included in the band, besides McLaughlin on guitar (he writes all the music too), are Jerry Goodman, probably one of the best electric violinists around (and I do dearly love that instrument), Jan Hammer on a Moog, Rick Laird on bass, and a sparkplug of a drummer, Billy Cobham (he and McLaughlin are so in tune that they can perform impromptu duets). I have never heard anything so good. / I caught a little bit of this group a week or so ago on one of the late evening concert shows. Very fine indeed. I won't vouch that the makeup of the band is still the same. Sean's letter was dated August 4, 1973./

The editor comes first! He should publish what he wants. The field of fanfiction lost a lot with your switch in content. / I'm like the little boy who doesn't know what he wants to be when he grows up. You'll notice that some fiction appears again this time. I'm going to quit trying to predict what Ash-Wing is supposed to be or even wants to be. I don't know./

I am trying to organize a bicycle trip through England and the continent next summer

and will look forward to your trip report. If I don't organize it, nobody else in the group will.

/ Well, I'm running out of room for all of the fine locs that I received, so I'm just going to dip into the rest of them and see what I can come up with; sort of Donn Brazier style./

DARELL SCHWEITZER: Lovecraft being taught in universities? Ten years ago this would have been incredible. Perhaps the Great Old Ones exert Their wills in strange ways...

DENIS QUANE: You mention history books about the Arthurian Age. Over my vacation I bought and read the Penguin book ARTHUR'S BRITAIN, which I enjoyed muchly. And it reads fairly rapidly for a history book. On the other hand, I started to read THE AGE OF ARTHUR, but got bogged down about fifty or sixty pages into it, and haven't been able to get started again.

FRANK L. BALAZS: It's bad loc to luck a fanzine on Friday, the thirteenth. Oof! Did I write that?

SHERYL BIRKHEAD: As usual, like Cagleobilia - wonder if a volume of his "sayings" could be put together and then banned - so they could immediately become best sellers? As in his article - perhaps pain is the mother of invention - because it feels so good when it stops, unless you happen to be a masochist, and in that case.....

STAN WOOLSTON: Ash-Wing in its new emphasis seems another F. Denton personalzine - which is not bad. I like to know what the Dentons do - what is going on along the coast from the Denton point of view in academia, fandomain, and forest, sf, and mysterydom. / Hey, you left out westerns./

HARRY WARNER, JR.: Ed Cagle's two pages cause me to think he would do a wonderful job if assigned to write an episode or two of The Waltons. That series would go to the top of the ratings if the grandfather took on some of the habits of Ed's grandpa and if John-Boy wrote on his tablets sentences like Ed's. // I can't induce myself to follow Clifford R. Wind in the creation of Esther William fandom. I feel about this actress pretty much as Fannie Brice did: "Wet she's great. Dry she ain't." Now, if anyone in fandom wants to become a Jean Arthur freak, I'll be willing to listen. / How about Maureen O'Hara?/

BRUCE D. ARTHURS: What does an owl light? Cigars, if he's a white owl. / Groan!/ Nothing in this issue arouses any memorable or lengthy comment, and all I can come up with is a bunch of pitids (a nonsense term I use for lousy one-sentence comments; the term for long, meaty quotable comments is "doomschlaggers.")

DAVE HULAN: If the Charlie Chan novels by Davis are anything like as good as the ones by Biggers I'll have to get that magazine, because CC is one of my favorite fictional detectives (and he translated fairly well to the screen, for a wonder - I've enjoyed most of the CC movies I've seen), but I have a natural skepticism. / As well you might. I don't think they're as good as the Biggers./

HAL HALL: Your thoughts on the LIMITS OF GROWTH controversy touched a chord in me. I suspect that the report paints too grim a picture, but that the trend and results foreseen are valid - just the time scale is wrong. It is a fact - hard, cold and immutable - that our resources are finite. I think it would be wise to start planning for these eventualities now, rather than stick to our traditional patterns - that of muddling through and/or management by crisis. These seem to be the only methods known to government - and may be the only methods possible in a "democratic" state.

JAN M. SNYDER: Did I tell you my car is named King Arthur? But I usually call him Wart - it seems to fit better. A '69 Toyota Crown, also known as my "stick-shift star-ship."

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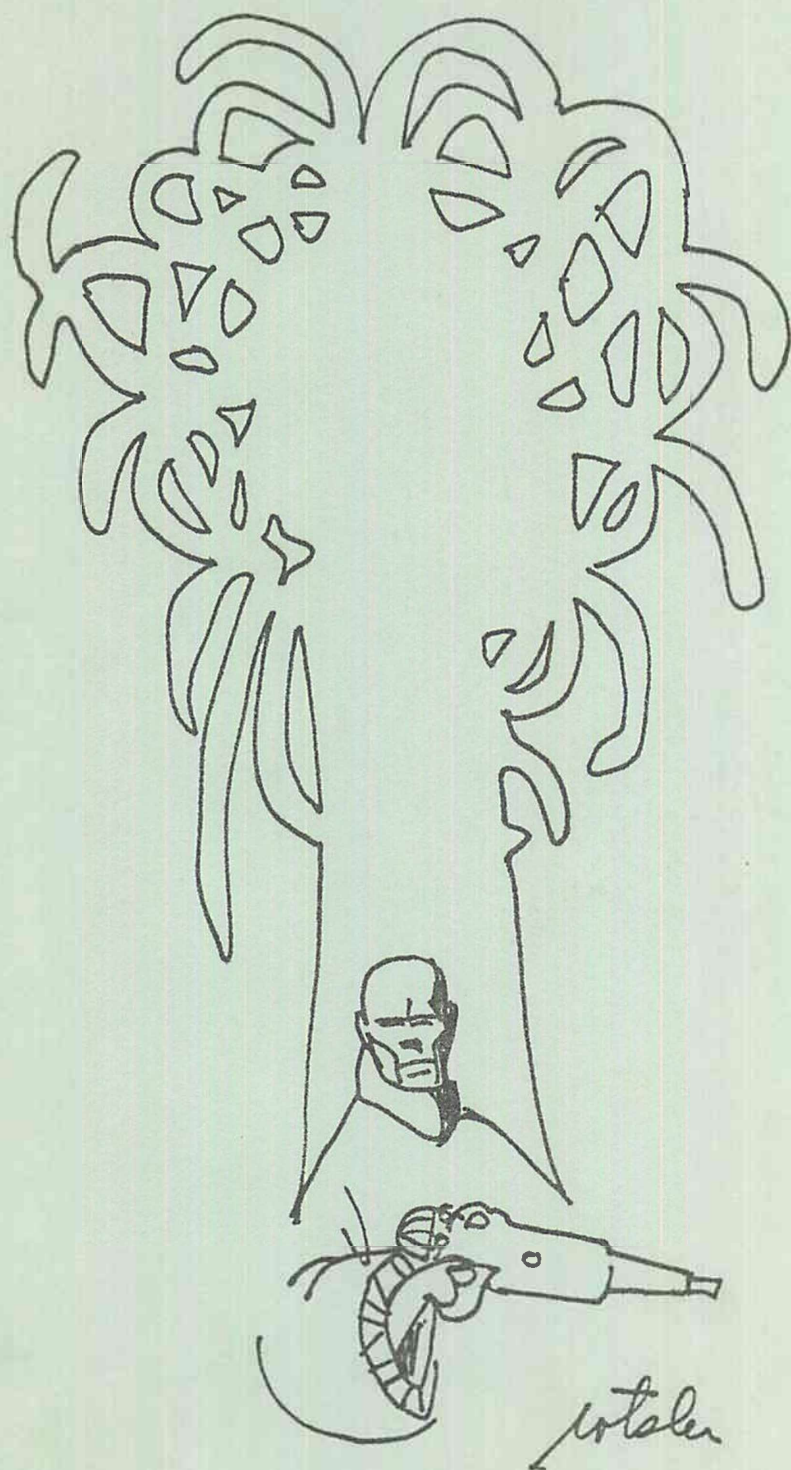
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CHAPS

TRY 'EM ON

At a recent TanKcon we were discussing things like Frank Herbert's Indian novel and the latest Louis L'Amour release and if there were pornographic connotations about Red Ryder's faithful Indian companion.

It occurred to me that out of a gathering of eight fen, we had three with a more than passing interest in westerns and Indian tales. Not a bad percentage, so surely there must be other fans who would like a place to talk about these. So why not a Western Apa? A place to talk about Lee Hoffman, Will Henry, Dee Brown, Vine Deloria and myriad others and their works.

So Cowboys And Horses Amateur Press Society was born. We are going to try a bi-monthly schedule to start with, and may adjust it to quarterly, depending on interest and activity. Rules will be minimal, a rotating OE and a 2 page per mailing (four every other mailing) minac requirement. Rotation and deadlines to be worked out later.

I am trying for First Mailing date of March 1st.

If you have ever wondered if Will Henry was really Clay Fisher, or if Jack Schaefer wrote more than two novels, or if you would like to find a source for good recommendations for further reading in this field, this is the place to be.

Send contributions and/or inquiries to:

Dale A. Goble, Jr.
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A suggestion for your first contribution would be a brief biographical sketch of yourself and a list of subjects or authors you are particularly interested in, plus any interesting facts you may have, and any questions that you would like answered. But be sure to make the first Roundup of this bold new Apa.