

ASH - WING 15

ASH-WING

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NOVEMBER 1974

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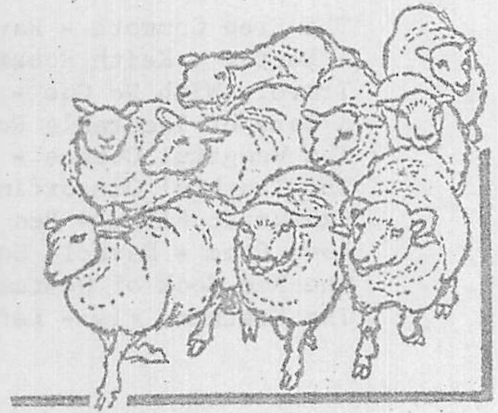
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THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO MIKE BAILEY

No room to be foolish this time; straight from the heart,
cowboys. From Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle,
WA 98166 A Bran & Skolawn Press Publication.



THE FREE COMMOTS



I've just put a stack of records near the hi-fi and I'll try to work my way through them and through this column at the same time. Being a great believer in the preservation of the vinyls which cost me an inflationary \$4.69 most of the time now, I should explain that I never stack records, never have and never will. With that little piece of information out of the way, now you ask what it is I'm playing. If you keep it up, I won't have to do a column at all, simply answer your questions. Which might not be such a bad idea after all. With many things around me looking bright, still I find myself in a strange mood. Consequently the less I say, the more likely it is that I can pass off a gleaming facade. Oh, yes, the records. Well, currently The Mystic Moods Orchestra on their record, "English Muffins". Big orchestral versions of some English rock tunes, picked up somewhere or other for a cool \$1.99. Then a couple of oldies, Steely Dan's "Can't Buy A Thrill" and The James Gang's "Straight Shooter". I'll probably finish it off with "One Live Badger", "Berkeley James Harvest" and "Refugee", which was recommended to me by Freff and he's never steered me wrong yet.

Freff has gone to Clown College, if you haven't heard yet. He can put more information on a post card than anyone I know. It's those 00 Rapidograph pens that do it. Anyway, he's been accepted with 39 others to go to The Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circus and learn to be a clown. If you don't know Freff, it's your loss. I first met him when he was still in high school, have listened to his stories of miming on the streets of San Francisco to stay eating and most recently writing comics for Charlton (I hope that's the right one). I never know where the next post card

is likely to come from. He's like his good buddy, Tom Whitmore, in that respect. (Tom, where are you? You never called. Did you not pass through the Gateway to the Orient on your way to somewhere from Discon? Oh, sorry, I digress.) One of my fondest memories of Freff is the evening he dressed for attendance at a Westercon masquerade; not for participation in the masquerade, but simply for attendance at. A beautiful, well-cut gray suit, turtle neck sweater underneath, a black patch over one eye. "Good evening, sir," he said, extending his hand. "Commander Christopher Robin, R.A.F., Retired." Cracked me right up. Well, enough about Freff. He's had a few illustrations in some of the prozines lately; he's off to clown college and he's never steered me wrong with a record recommendation.

Well, what other goodies do I have to talk about this time? What with the summer over, certainly something must have happened to me of import. Westercon is too far in the past to report on at any length. It was a most relaxing con. After last year's multi-programmed, choose-one, con at San Francisco, it was nice to have things spread out a bit and a chance to attend the programs if you chose to do so. Still there was plenty of time to meet with old friends for a drink, or just to watch the swimmers and lounge about and talk. I recall that Fred Whitledge and I stood for over an hour talking together about collecting and westerns and his teaching days in both Oregon and California. It's been a rare convention when I've had an opportunity to do that. Or sitting outside at a table with Roy Squires and discussing what publishers are likely to produce the real collectibles. Or having time to actually talk to Lois Newman for a bit. I heard gripes here and there about the food, but it was plentiful and I found little else that I could find fault with.

I've rambled on at some length about my daughter's wedding in By Owl Light and many of you have read that, so I won't dwell on it overlong here. It was a lovely, outside garden wedding. Beneath boughs of a great old willow tied back with yellow ribbon. A short ceremony written by the participants, performed by a librarian friend of mine. About a hundred guests under warm, sunny skies, and a great feast/picnic in the yard afterward. One of the highlights of the summer. Dad got to give daughter away, Mom cried (as anticipated) and everybody had a marvelous time. Relatives and other guests came to the Denton household after for drinks and a big spaghetti feed. The young people went out to a nearby lake where a hall was rented and boogied through the afternoon and into the night with Sean's band. Which by the way, had played acoustically and sang as Shannon and Dad came marching through the dandelions. They did "The Journey" from Rick Wakeman's Journey to the Center of the Earth. Neato wedding.



Then in August we decided that we had put off visiting Victoria, B.C. for too long. Every summer we would vow that we must go up and visit the capital city of British Columbia, but somehow we managed to miss it every year for the past fifteen years. So off we went to take the car ferry

across the Strait of Georgia and through the Canadian San Juan Islands. It was a beautiful, sunny Friday and everybody from the mainland wanted to go to Vancouver Island. We arrived at the Tsawassan terminal just prior to the 1:00 p.m. ferry only to be greeted by a long line of cars and a ferry official sitting in his land rover in the middle of the road with his red light going. "It will be a two hour wait." Those were his precise words. So by the time we arrived in Victoria it was nearly 6 in the evening; not a very good way to waste time on a short three-day vacation. Fortunately the ride over was delightful; we sat next to a family in which the mother and daughter were reading George MacDonald titles. Those had to be good people. As a matter fact, we fell into conversation with them and I'm afraid that they didn't get much reading done. We were also sitting in the forward lounge where live music was supplied by three young men with modern jazz leanings. Quite nice.

Friday evening and all day Saturday were spent in just moseying around Victoria's harbor front, back streets and side alleys. No particular plan of action was envisaged from the start and we just sort of wandered. Anna Jo had to stop in yarn and woolen shops; I had to look for book stores. Victoria is not a particularly good book town, it turns out. I did find a paperback of Bevis, which had been recommended to me by Keith Roberts, after I had raved to him about Watership Down. I also found for a mere 75¢ a lovely old book of short stories and essays about Exmoor, published in 1923. For that find I was grateful. Other than that I was satisfied that I had brought along The Lion of Boaz-Jachin and Jachin-Boaz, which is reviewed later on. Good reading.

Friday evening I called Michael G. Coney, just to say hello and I ended up with an appointment to meet him at noon on Saturday at Big Bad John's for a drink. Further he invited us out to his house for a Sunday luncheon, which we accepted with alacrity. Michael and Daphne have a lovely house, a nice yard with many shrubs, trees and flowers, and a marvelous wooded gully that drops off in the back. Mike has cut a trail through the greenery and I can just see how it will develop as time goes by. A real hideaway with a hammock, or chaise lounge tucked away somewhere so that reading can be uninterrupted in the summertime. He's got a good start on it. I chuckled when Mike called himself an "idler". I laughed right out loud when he showed me the room he had built in the basement, paneled, bricked the fireplace to provide himself a quiet place to write. He intends over the winter to put in a bar as well. Idler, indeed. And he's writing at the pace of about four books a year now. I should live so long.

Daphne provided an excellent luncheon and didn't she go and have a trifle for dessert. She didn't know how crazy I am about trifle, but she endeared me forever. I've got to write to her and get her recipe for trifle. Altogether it was a nice weekend, getting a chance to see the remarkable museum which had been built since the last time we were in Victoria and which has some excellent exhibits, catching a bit of the flavor of Old England which Victoria tries to cultivate. Just visiting a different environs for a few days does wonders for the soul.

As I write this a couple of events are upcoming which I'll probably write about next time. On the weekend of October 12-13 we are driving to Spokane to visit EXPO '74, the World's Fair. We've put it off this long for a couple of reasons. The crowds ought not to be so great now that school has begun again and most people's vacations are over, and the weather ought to be a little bit cooler. Spokane tends to run near 100 degrees in the summer time, but now it usually has a high of 70 at this time of year. Should be much more comfortable.

At the end of the month we'll fly down to Denver to attend MileHiCon and I'm looking forward to seeing all the good people there, the Beetems, Don Thompson, Gail Barton, Ed Bryant. Hopefully Bob Vardeman, Salvatore Di Maria and Mike Kring will zip over from Albuquerque and mayhap Jeff May will be down from Kansas City again.

Poul Anderson will be Guest of Honor and I always enjoy what he has to say. Those crazy people in charge of the con, Ted Peak and Judith Brownlee, were crazy enough to ask me to be Fan GoH and I've been speechless ever since. As a matter of fact, to this moment I'm still speechless, that is, I don't have a speech ready yet. I told them that I'd probably think about what I was going to say on the plane down. Oh, well, something will come to me.

Well, that about ends the column for this time. Look for a shorter format next time. I now have about 42 plus pages on stencil and it's almost more than I can bear to think about the job of mimeography, collating, stapling, etc., etc. for over 300 copies. It's funny how I don't mind taking my time over getting the stencils typed. They come along fairly easily at the rate of one or two a night without much strain. But once done, I somehow can't take the same relaxed attitude toward the rest of the job. It always looks monumental.

So who knows what will happen from now on. Certainly a zine that runs closer to 20 pages than to 40. Perhaps a more frequent schedule. Maybe even a new name. A bit longer meanderings about this editor's life and adventures, the sort of thing which has been appearing in By Owl Light, which only about half of you have been receiving out there. Hopefully this will relieve me somewhat of the trepidation I feel each time I face the mimeo job. It ought to give me a bit more time to read some things that I really want to read and haven't gotten to; things like The Hollow Hills, The Gulag Archipelago, a closer look at The Mabinogion and Taliesin Through Logres. I may even have a moment or two to loc some other very fine fanzines which I receive, or perhaps to contribute in other ways. I have a small bibliographic project going which I want to devote a little time to, and I still try to put words into story form every evening in the vain hopes that I will sell something some day.

Well, let me end here with a hearty chuckle of the day. Last week the office mail brought the Christmas catalog from Gumps of San Francisco. It seems to be highly flavored with the Orient this year. My secretary was leafing through it and had to show me the first page which featured a one-of-a-kind jade piece. Most lovely thing if you're into jade. The price tag was a mere \$70,000. I turned back to the cover of the catalog and almost collapsed over the store's slogan:

"Gumps - where good taste costs no more."



A LETTER FROM

keith roberts

I've been a bit snowed under with work and have let both essential and pleasure correspondence pile up. Even forgot a Dutch contract for The Chalk Giants for about a month. How dim can one get?

I've had Dutch translations before. I think they're great fun but slightly chastening. A very basic language, Dutch. You tend to find that phrases such as 'Poised on a thundering column of flame, the rocket ship hurled itself at the stars' comes out like 'Het iss gonn oop.' Or something like that.

Last time you wrote we were in the throes of an election. And a crisis. We are now in the throes of a Socialist administration. The crisis of course has become perennial. I don't like socialism. Which isn't to say I'm a Conservative. I think I'd be a Liberal if there was any point to it. Except of course that they are the bourgeoisie party. God bless American politics, I say. I guess you have to live with this but not Englishman ever has; does or I'm convinced ever will see any difference between your two parties at all. Which at least makes things easier for us. I think you must be getting wonderfully tired of the whole thing over there as the jokes that are filtering back are getting steadily more acrid. The newest 'oldie' here is about Mr. Kissinger, Mrs. Nixon and the writing on the lawn. I expect you've run across it. / Oh, yes, indeed. /

It seems to me one of the great basic differences between English and American politics (and it's a damned healthy difference) is that your major unions have never got themselves aligned in the way ours have. The attitude of our 'working classes' (I use the inverts because I don't know what the Hell else to call them) might reasonably I think be described as one of blind, unreasoning hatred; and it's getting worse. The new 'in' word on the English scene is 'divisive'. I expect you've run across it in the Guardian; or maybe it was an American usage anyway. But 'divisive' is here to stay. Everything gets tagged with it' mainly I suppose because if you're determined to be bloody-minded everything is divisive. Or can be twisted till it seems so. Our newest jolt (apart from our balance of payments and our sixteen per cent per annum inflation) is that the miners will be out again at the first cold snap, this time for an extra twenty quid a week. The news item on the radio a few nights back was that it would 'make last winter look like a picnic.' So we drift like sleepwalkers toward an eastern-bloc type economy. Except if Harold and his mob get back in any strength after the next election. In which case we shall rush on it with eyes wide open. I think personally I hate and fear totalitarianism more than any other single thing; but I'm terribly afraid that's what's coming, if only for the reason that no democracy has ever survived

explosive inflation. Will candidates for the South Oxfordshire SS please fill in form gee five eighth three stroke oh stroke seven. Block capitals please, ink only.

How's that for a page one of gloom? Bet it eclipsed yours.

Interested to hear of your trip to Vancouver, and your meeting with Michael G. Coney. I have read him, certainly, and like him a lot. I hope you won't think me merely bigoted if I say there's a unique flavor about British sf. Skipping a track or two, I wonder if you came across an intriguing theory of Mike's that we write disaster novels rather well because we've had first hand experience? And all those terrible totalitarian grey futures (Brian Aldiss must have written dozens of them) aren't really projections, they're memories; of austerity after the war, queuing, ration books, shortages. I think there's a lot in this; I've occasionally held young sf writers entranced with memories of blitzed London, while I almost believe that Mike's greatest achievement in the minds of some of his fans is not his tremendous output or vivid imagination, but the fact that he actually slept in an Anderson shelter. And a Morrison shelter too, or so he claims. / The Mike referred to here is Moorcock, although Coney could also have slept in such shelters. /

I indeed read Watership Down on your recommendation and thoroughly enjoyed it. Though I don't think I'd quite put it in my 'a;; time great re-reads' list. Maybe because it's just slightly too much like Animal Farm. I thought maybe the author was trying just a little too hard in places. Also he seemed to be trying to do a Richard Jeffries, and anybody who tries that is going to come off second best. Though maybe that's unfair; any long novel set in the English countryside is bound to invite comparison. Do you know Jeffries? I'm sure you must; but just in case you don't, could I recommend Bevis? That's at the top of my personal list of all-tiem greats. Along with the Kipling short stories, and---guess what--- The Wind in the Willows. Also Golding's The Spire and a strange little bitter-sweet thirties comedy, England, Their England by A.G. Macdonnell. Do you know that one? If you really want to dig the English, it's required reading.

Oh, I think I'd put Mark Twain in the list, too, for Connecticut Yankee. Just not to seem too insular.

Chalk Giants---thanks for asking--- came out in the spring. But like my short stories, it's failed in the American market. Your people would definitely seem to have decided that Roberts in a non-event. With the short stories, that's two books that have failed to find a market. I hope very much to do another story collection next year, so that'll be three going begging.

Now I must regale you with a fascinating Henley happening. I've been driving my friends frantic with it for a week and have just written a letter about it to a pal in Africa. So if I bore you as well at least I've sent it halfway round the globe.



Went into the Bear last Friday p.m. for a quiet noggin and found the place packed to the doors with seventeenth century gentlemen playing Renaissance music with solemnity and dexterity. Great clatter while I digested this as a troop of Royalist horse went by. They were closely followed by a five ton van towing a seventeenth century field piece. Got closely engaged with one of the Cavaliers as to whether they were playing a jig or an estampie. Annoying rattle and clatter outside door as duel broke out in car park. Further conversation made difficult by arrival of forty-odd thirsty pike men. And a dozen sinister-looking moustachioed coves with very nasty wheellock muskets. Later, quite by chance, a Renaissance-music-loving friend of mine phoned. Said he'd been driving to Maidenhead that morning and had passed a company of arquebusiers marching along singing psalms. Then got rather upset because he said he could hear a pipe and tabor playing over the phone. I told him to get down into the valley, he hadn't seen half of it yet.

Sounds like a Roberts fantasy, doesn't it? But I promise you they were all there. Between fifteen hundred and two thousand strong. If you can imagine Henley taken over lock, stock and barrel and drunk dry of wine, beer and cider, you'll get the picture. What was actually happening was that the three Civil War societies in the country, the Sealed Knot, the Kings Army and the Roundhead Association, had got together to re-enact the Siege of Greenlands House. Greenlands was a big house a mile or so down the river that was commandeered and fortified by the Royalists in 1643, and finally reduced by the Roundheads in July 1644. The re-enactment was done in Hambleden, a village about five miles off, in conjunction with a seventeenth-century fair.

You'll probably realize that little work was done that weekend. Certainly I couldn't believe either my eyes or my ears, and now the armies have marched away am inclined to wonder whether the whole thing happened or not. What good its done writing-wise I don't know; but I'm certainly hooked on the Civil War, which is a period I'd never really bothered with. Went to the Fair Saturday and Sunday, to catch both halves of the battle. Cannon smoke, blood---quite a lot of it real, there were half a dozen casualties---and all trimmings. Grass on fire from cannon shots; absolutely splendid. Echoes of cannonade roaring round valley; echo of really big explosion sounds like gale in huge tree; incroyable! Papist dogs -- mutiny -- little Puritans showing their drawers---unholy! New view of English history; the cannon, Sweete Lippes, blew away more than Henry VIII. Pavane? No, it was an estampie. . . Morris men. A roast sucking pig. A chair bodger with a pole lathe, a clay-pipe seller. A Miracle play. The Creation---York cycle. Got the script myself, had it for years.

Loudspeakers. Obviously the voice of God. Or maybe it was the Devil. That was a witchy valley anyway. Smell of bread baking--the bakers came from Dorset. And afterwards; a long, brilliant line of people, every colour of dress, of uniform, half a mile of them, some weary, dragging their feet, walking under green trees toward Henley. Noise of the swords in the yard of the Bear. Somebody singing in the dark. But not a pop tune. That was old when Edge Hill was fought; it's the Agincourt carol.

'Owre Kinge went forth to Normandye. . .'

Write you a story.

Sorry about stream-of-consciousness bit. Actually it works quite well. Only way I could get some of it across. Must close. Oddly moved by whole affair. Not because it was 'real'; patently it wasn't. But I think it was like PAVANE. A 'reality' of its own. Not historical, not modern; somehow at right angles to both. A drum; a flag; a boy with streaming auburn hair. Universal images.

TRAVELS WITH NO ONE

michael carlson

INSTALLMENT 6: DELEWARE, OHIO

In the Fall of 1972 I rode Amtrak out to Chicago to plan a trip to Europe with my friend, Blake, who lives there. I flew back from Chicago to Hartford; a flight memorable only because it was my very first and in O'Hare Airport I saw Barbi Benton and another Playboy centerfold girl walking toward an IA-bound plane. It was lucky I was headed for Hartford.

The farthest west I had ever been by car was Bristol, Tenn., which, as I write this in late May 1974, is still the farthest south I've ever been. So when I was assigned to do the Baldrige Program at Ohio Wesleyan, it became a major task to convince me I could deal with all the vagaries of the wild west.

Deleware is about 20 miles north of Columbus, but as it is the county seat of Deleware County it is a pretty important town in its own right. Ohio Wesleyan is a coed liberal arts school with about 2500 students, high aims, and low standards. They tend to get most of their students either from Ohio or from the east, and the easterners tend to be people with money who couldn't crack the more elite circle of colleges.

Rural central Ohio is very southern in nature, they drawl and talk like West Virginians, or Tennesseans; but I'm starting to suspect that a large portion of rural America has more in common with other rural areas than even with its own urban areas. This seemed to be the case in Columbus, where the accents and talk are much different from, say, Richwood, a tiny town outside Deleware.

To turn back to a quote I've used before, Deleware is "red, white and blue country". Red necks, white socks, and Blue Ribbon beer. Pickup trucks and hot rods roar down the main street of town, with T-shirted guys leaning out the windows and screaming obscenities. The bars are full of cheap whiskies and terrible but cheap draft beer. Golden Gambino's was the name of the local favorite, known as Golden Gams, Nector (sic) of the Gods to the patrons of Holly's Bar. Besides that, the bars are full of kids, which is a perennial hazard in college towns, because kids mostly make noise and get sick in bars. So the bars provided little solace.

The liquor stores in Ohio are state run, and are slightly better than Penn-

sylvania's, which isn't saying too much. The selection is limited, prices too high. Beer and wine are sold in private stores, and again the selection was poor. I could buy Heineken or Harp, both at the usual high prices, and every time I did the owner of the store would make cracks about status symbols. Answers to the effect that good beer is good beer and bottled piss bottled piss got me nowhere.

Movie theatres provided me with little solace in Deleware, although the drive to Columbus wasn't too bad when I got really deperate. In fact; Columbus provided me with the bulk of my entertainment. In case you aren't aware, Columbus is the home of Ohio State University; and to someone who went to a college with a total enrollment of 1400, Ohio State is quite a mindblower. I'd thought UMass was big-- but OSU is ridiculous. Not only is it huge, like a good sized city unto itself, but it also dominates the city of Columbus almost completely. Ohio State spring football practice is front page news in Columbus.

One of the benefits of such a large campus is the fact that there is a lot going on. The main drag around OSU is loaded with countless establishments looking to separate the college student from his parent's dollar. One of the best of these was the SeVa vegetarian restaurant, which featured a fantastic papaya float. The book stores were a distinct disappointment, but I guess I shouldn't really have expected anything too exotic, even in such a gigantic setting.

But the very first week I was there, OSU featured two concerts which attracted me in much the same manner Dobie Gillis was attracted to Tuesday Weld. The first had Harvey Gross (?) and The Kinks, England's finest rock group. The other had Steely Dan (disappointing, if you expected anything) and the ever-popular Beach Boys, led by Brian Wilson, who appeared to be tripping as he wandered about the stage clapping his hands and stomping his feet, out of rhythm.

The Beach Boys concert was held in Havlicek Hall, better known as St. John's Auditorium, where OSU's pro basketball team plays. We were sitting in the upper balcony, one of those straight up in the air jobs where if you lean over to tie your shoes you think you're going to hurtle down to the hardwood below. The crowd must have been at least 15,000, and when they called for an encore it wasn't a request, but a demand. Kind of scary. They also light matches in the dark to indicate they want more, which is supposed to be nice but merely indicates that too many people are carrying matches.

Both concerts were excellent. Nothing like Kinks or Beach Boys to bring back fond memories and make you feel good.

Right across the street from St. John's is the spiritual center of central Ohio, the OSU football stadium. As I walked past it I sensed the kind of atmosphere one might sense at the Vatican, or Parliament, or Red Square. I half expected busloads of people in sweatshirts, crawling across the grass to kiss the portals or buy color glossies of Woody Hayes.

I was living in a guest room in one of the dorms at OWU, a coed dorm at least. When I first entered the guest room I had to clean up a lot of broken bottles, beer stained walls, toothpaste on the mirrors and the like. Turned out the guest room was mostly rented by people with roommates when they wanted a room



to be alone with someone else. And someone had had a hell of a party the night before.

Besides my room, which boasted a bathroom made out of a closet, I began to frequent the lounge of the dorm, and soon acquired squatter's rights to the television. Columbus has all-night movies on weekends, which would have been nice except there was some kind of asshole doing live interviews with average joes and putzing around with the commercials. The afternoon movie was hosted by one Flippo, king of the clowns, and after the commercials he would run through the routine consisting of terrible old jokes, wise cracks with his crew, and small vignettes like "Secret Agent Man" which was Cold War humor about how terrible life among the commies is.

In the time slot right after Walter Cronkite every Monday, one of the local stations featured a Collège Bowl type show for local high schools. Now I had seen one of these in Virginia, from Roanoke, and the students were dumb beyond belief. (One girl identified the large sea between Britain and Ireland as "the Mediterranean." Another girl, whose school was to be consolidated the following year with the other two Roanoke high schools, was told by the emcee that hers would be the last team ever to represent Pulaski High on the show, which was called Klassroom Kwiz [bright]. The emcee then asked her to explain to the audience why this was so. She looked at him blankly and said, "Why?") Before each student was asked a question a wheel of chance was spun, and if the student picked the right number the point value of the question was doubled. Very scientific.

By contrast, the Ohio show, whose title escapes me, was done very much in the fashion of the old College Bowl, and except for the questions dealing with local information (did you know that the state drink of Ohio is not Gam's beer or Sulphuric acid, but tomato juice? Not even Gatorade.) the level of questions and answers was incredibly high. Particularly in fields like art & music history, which was surprising. If Ohio schools really teach all that, I am impressed. One student from one high school was a killer, he answered nine questions in a row, beating everyone to the buzzer, and only missing on the ninth.

One of the joys of Ohio Wesleyan was the fact that I had only 20 students; so I scheduled three classes a day, at 9, 11, & 1; and frequently cancelled the 9, enabling me to sleep late. To someone like me, in the habit of turning out the lights around 2, this was a godsend.

On my travels I have gotten into the habit of listening to the radio, and during the hockey season I always try to roust up CBI or CBF from Montreal. Delaware wasn't a good location for reception from the north for some reason, and I had to suffer through the playoffs with nary a word until the final game, when I picked up Canadiens losing to Rangers on five different stations, including WNBC in New York. Fate really steps in your face sometimes. To add insult to injury, the fourth game of the series, which was carried on TV by NBC, wasn't carried by the local affiliate, who preferred to show a rained-out Cincinnati-Atlanta baseball game. Rained-out!

Speaking of sports, OWU is quite a jock-school, with a lot of small fish who seemed to sense a chance for upward mobility in this small pond. I was watching two football fanatics working out in a yard behind my window. They were running pass patterns, sloppily, but with a lot of enthusiasm. Which faded after one of them, watching the ball into his hands like all good receivers are taught, ran head on into a tree, and crumpled like George of the Jungle, in a classic cartoon-like slide down the bark. As I watched the crash unfold I thought of my own days on the gridiron, like the time Doug Swift pounded my face into the ground when I

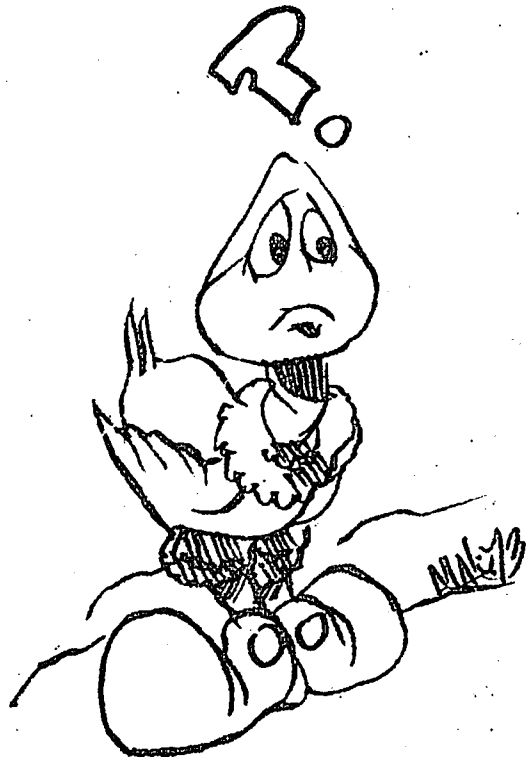
tried to block down on him. But I'd never hit anyone as tough as that tree. No wonder Csonka, who's an Ohio boy, is so brutal. I could see a whole state full of high school football coaches, sending their players head-on into elms, maples, pines. "Builds character", said Woody (now I know where he got that name) Hayes.

Much of my life in Delaware revolved around a small restaurant called the Stop-12, which was a diner-type establishment that served a fairly good and reasonable breakfast. So I continued my breakfast habit, begun in Carlisle, Pa., in Ohio. Doing so was not without its perils. One morning I was finishing my coffee and getting ready to leave for my 11 a.m. class when one of the women who worked in the back came out front for her coffee break. As she walked past my seat at the counter she stopped and looked at me. "Excuse me," she said, "but has anyone ever told you that you look like David Eisenhower?" Unfortunately, people have. I can't really see it myself; for one thing my ears don't stick out, but in general I've learned to live with it. But when every face in a crowded restaurant turns around and looks at you and then begins to laugh; well, it's a bit much. I told the woman I didn't consider looking like David Eisenhower to be much of a compliment, and that drew a scowl, so I left bad enough alone and paid my check and left.

Two other things of interest happened out in Ohio. One was briefly having the chance to talk with Paul Zindel, author of "The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man in the Moon Marigolds", who was spending a few weeks at OWU as an artist in residence and unlike many people in similar positions, he actually seemed quite willing and eager to associate with the students. I crashed a showing of the Paul Newman film of "Marigolds" and stayed around while the drama class listened to Zindel and then put questions to him. Of course, as a drama class, and with Zindel there, there was very heavy criticism of the film, not all of it justified, but the whole experience was enlightening. My main concern was trying to learn just what part Alvin Sargent's screenplay had played in the final structure of the film, and according to Zindel, although the final script was excellent, Newman varied from it quite a bit.

The other item of note was a couple of dates I had with a secretary at OWU, a girl whom I met completely by accident, and who turned out to represent at once the best and worst of the Midwest, at least as seen through my admittedly biased eyes. I'd been told that they grow beautiful in the Midwest, and I found it to be so, and this girl was a prime example. She'd been runner-up in a state-wide beauty contest, it turned out, and this was where the problem lay.

What it boils down to is that this was a bright, attractive, personable, friendly person, and I enjoyed her company very much. But at the same time I found myself shocking her frequently in mere casual talk--political views, life style, values, etc.--and I found myself amazed that she had, in effect, accepted a set of standards for life from the outside (I would assume the usual, parents, teachers, etc.) and had little, if any, aim, desire, or anticipation of changing them. In fact I began to believe that she wasn't even aware that they could be



changed. If she got her shit together, really, she might wind up as a stewardess. That hurts.

Perhaps working in a college will help. Already she's met such rare types as Jews (she had never met a Jewish person until she started work at OWU) so maybe there's hope.

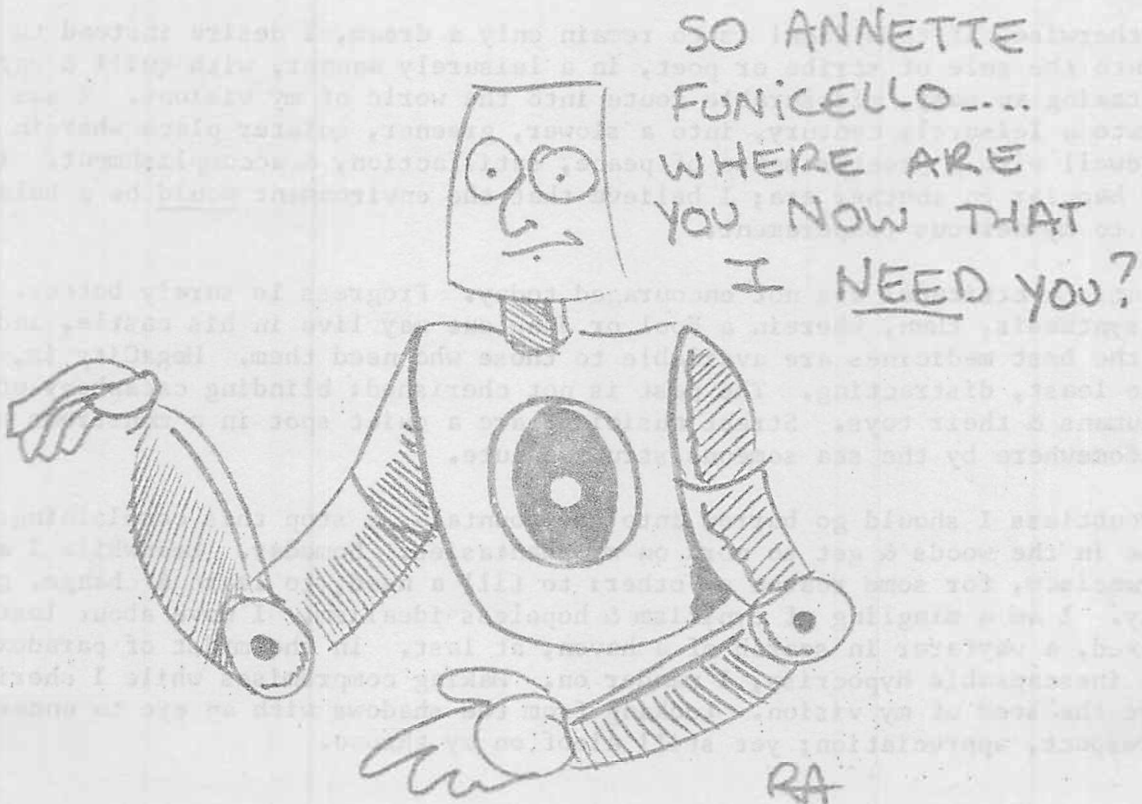
People like me, eastern "effete intellectual snobs", tend to miss the reasons for the people by whom we are shocked being that way, and completely ignore the sense of "rhyme" that is behind it. I was lucky that this was such a nice woman, because as you readers may have noticed, I have a tendency to generalize; and while the ability to distinguish trends and patterns is useful, it can also be blinding at times.

I find it hard to distill my shock or my disappointment into hate, or even into pity. And I think that those are the reactions which prevent so-called liberals and radicals from living up to their dreams, or which lead them to paths like the SLA, paths which amount to self-destruction. Supposedly liberals are such because they have too much faith in human nature--and if I ever adopt the smug superiority of a conservative columnist, slap me on the wrist.

The wonderful thing about these travels is that I've continued to see that beyond all the differences in upbringing, personality, and the rest; people are people.

For better, or for worse.

You can dry your eyes now, and we'll be back with the customary levity next time.



A CASE OF INCURABLE ROMANTICISM

SUTTON BREIDING

There isn't much room for an anachronism in the 20th century. It is difficult to nurture archaic values especially in the midst of roaring cities, although it can be done. Better to live in wild solitudes quietly & apart from the assault of modern civilization. Most important is what Colin Wilson has termed "the strength to dream," and to make those dreams real. The streets have their singers, but the atmosphere of a concrete reality tends to smother beauty instead of giving it the rich soil it should have & desperately needs in which to thrive. There are no tree-lined marble avenues to stroll down with lute in hand: rock music drowns out the secret song of flutes & fiddles along with the discordancy of autos & people.

The speed of the streets is dizzying: a whirling grey gaze of rushing objects. Somewhere a sparrow sings, somewhere a rippling guitar begs to be heard. Better, perhaps to wander the woods with dulcimer and mandolin; here the crow is raucous, but makes no interruption: rather it joins the music with a jesterish or melancholy note. Donald Sydney-Fryer has noted that the ideal of the minstrel is to compose, play and sing; as a writer this is an ideal which is desirous but difficult: if not impossible. Lyrics are within reach; but to read & write music, apply it to an instrument, then play as I accompany myself: no easy feat, though many do it in this age.

Otherwise, if this ideal is to remain only a dream, I desire instead to settle down into the role of scribe or poet, in a leisurely manner, with quill & parchment, taking an easy, pleasurable route into the world of my visions. I was not born into a leisurely century, into a slower, greener, quieter place wherein I might dwell with a greater sense of peace, satisfaction, & accomplishment. I might not be happier in another era; I believe that the environment would be a balm more suited to my nervous temperament.

Antique attitudes are not encouraged today. Progress is surely better. Why not a synthesis, then, wherein a Fool or Jongleur may live in his castle, and where the best medicines are available to those who need them. MegaCity is, to say the least, distracting. The past is not cherished: blinding cacaphony of frenzied humans & their toys. Street musicians are a quiet spot in a monstrous hubbub. Somewhere by the sea someone strums a lute.

Doubtless I should go burrow into the mountains & stop this complaining; find a niche in the woods & get to work on my phantasies. Someday. Meanwhile I am in San Francisco, for some reason or other: to fill a need, to learn & change, grow & decay. I am a mingling of cynicism & hopeless idealism. I move about lost & perplexed, a wayfarer in search of a haven, at last. In the midst of paradox and my own inescapable hypocrisy, I wander on. Making compromises while I cherish & nurture the seed of my vision. Looking from the shadows with an eye to understanding, respect, appreciation; yet still aloof on my throne.

In trying to explain my ideas, I wish to do so WITHOUT compromise or defensiveness; I know they are here nonetheless; trying to take into consideration all possible factors, risking an obscurity where I want to be lucid...And so, I linger in my world of dreams with a heart too careful; & I make a toast of golden wine to all the livingroom troubadors, all the tellers of tales by the glowing hearth.

TO MERVYN PEAKE

The crescent moon was caught in the grey spikes of the church's granite tower; nothing existed but that: white horns caught in rock. No wind stirred, no creature breathed. The pines were a mass of dark mute spice. The oaks slept in a drowse of dreams. No music of water trickled. No murmur of the Earth's song but in the huge silence, and the church like a great horned owl haunting the darkness. The tower aloof with dreams of ivory; the moon floating in its phantom selfindulgence.

-- Sutton Breiding --

SONG

a lady luted and forlorn
who has a secret song, a wordless melody,
a single rose aglow beneath the moon,
an empty shell cast upon Atlantean shores:
a creature hidden from my sight
within a darkling maze of dreams,
a silent mystery by the sea
whose russet words, like windlost leaves,
have left me like the sorrow of the flowers:
and she a trembling moonlit rose,
a lingering luted song upon Atlantean shores.

-- Sutton Breiding --

THE VENGEFUL CORPSE

tom hart

I sat at the front desk in Washington, D.C., working the graveyard shift and mulling over cases with the old soldier. After thirty years of military service with OSI, I figured he would retire from police business and take life easy. But his flaming-red hair cast a glow of vitality, and there is still a mischievous twinkle in his diamond-blue eyes and the Irish brogue of his voice. Of late his interest has turned to what he calls parapsychology cases - cases involving elements of the supernatural, occult, mysticism, or whatever you want to call it. I had never put much stock in such nonsense, but that was before this particular night. After twenty-two years on the force, it's the strangest case I'd ever come across.

Anyway, as I said, the old soldier and I were settling down for a long night when the guy came through the K Street entrance. Cold night air spilled into the precinct office, and tentacles of fog trailed through the door, clinging to the guy's clothing, then disappearing in a damp breeze. He wore a brown pin stripe suit that made his thin frame look skeletal. His green eyes shimmered in the overhead lighting, and from the look on his face I knew this was going to be anything but a routine night. His icy stare cut right through me, and I felt a shiver rippling down my spine.

"Help you, Mac?" I asked in my most official tone.

"I'll kill him - at midnight," he said in a soft, nearly whispering voice and pointed a bony finger toward the wall clock which chimed out ten p.m.

Normally I would have put this guy in the weirdo category, we averaged about two a month, that wander into the station. But there was something intent and threatening in his green eyes. He definitely wasn't the usual ragged vagrant who wandered in off the streets. His close-cropped greying hair and pencil mustache added a distinguished touch to his richly tanned and smooth skin. He might have stepped out of a clothing ad, except for those penetrating green eyes.

"Kill who?" I reached beneath the desk and pressed a button.

"William J. Farnsworth will die precisely at midnight, and I will do it."

"But why do you want to kill this guy?"

"My name is Anthony Zerno of Zerno and Farnsworth Manufacturers. Farnsworth was my partner until a year ago when he cheated me out of everything that's right-

fully mine. Since that time I've made a dedicated study of the occult, and now, tonight I am ready to avenge myself." Zerno spoke with determined fervor.

The night guard entered and stood quietly at the back of the room listening to Zerno's story. The old soldier, sitting nearby, leaned forward and listened intently. He puffed contentedly on his pipe and curiously studied Zerno's features.

"Why are you telling us all this?" I enquired.

"Because you are duty-bound to hold me, at least a few hours until midnight has passed, and that will give me a perfect alibi."

"But if we detain you it will be impossible for you to kill anyone."

"You will detain me until morning, but I will kill Farnsworth at midnight." A smile, almost imperceptible, tugged at the corner of Zerno's mouth.

"But you're confessing to murder!"

"On the contrary, I'm establishing the perfect alibi to preclude being sentenced for murder. No court in the country would convict me based on what I've said." The penetrating green eyes brightened and a slight grin formed beneath Zerno's pencil mustache.

I didn't know whether to laugh at the guy or lock him up. I glanced across the room at the old soldier. He sat quietly with his chin resting in his hand and staring intently at Zerno. I motioned to the night guard and he approached from the back of the room.

"Put this guy in number four, Bill." Zerno allowed himself to be led away.

"Well, you timed it right tonight." I smiled. "That's about the nuttiest guy I've ever seen."

"Sure and what will you be doing with the gent?" The old soldier raised his eyebrow and cast an inquisitive glance at the report I was filling out.

"Hold him until morning, then call around to see if we can locate some of his family."

"Sure and you mean you won't be calling this Mr. Farnsworth to see if he's okay?" The old soldier puffed methodically on his pipe.

"No need with Zerno locked up for the night."

"And if he's already done Farnsworth some harm?" the old soldier pursued.

I dragged the phone book across the desk, found William J. Farnsworth listed at an East Side residence and dialed his number.

"Farnsworth Residence." The voice had the distinct haughtiness of an English accent.

"Sorry to bother you, Mr. Farnsworth. I'm Sergeant Burns, precinct police. We've had a--"

"I'm sorry but I am very tired. I'll talk to you about it in the morning." There was a click and the connection was broken.

"Well if that don't beat all."

"Problem?" The old soldier cast a quizzical glance.

"Before I could explain anything, he up and hangs up on me."

The old soldier's brow raised. "Oh, well, lad, the rich are a queer lot, ya" know. Still, it is a bit strange. What time is it now?"

"Eleven-fifteen. Why?"

"Oh, nothing special, lad. I just thought we might take a peek at your Mr. Zerno." The old soldier nonchalantly tapped his pipe into an ashtray and refilled the bowl.

"You don't actually believe--"

"Not a bit of it, lad. Still, stranger things have happened." The old soldier gazed intently into the haze of cherry blend smoke drifting lazily from his pipe.

Silence filled the precinct office as the clock slowly ticked to thirty minutes before midnight.

"All right. Now you've got me curious. Let's take a look at Zerno," I said.

We walked to the lockup and found Zerno stretched out on his bunk, hands folded across his chest.

"You won't get nothin' out'a him. I can tell ya' that." The guard on duty stood and pointed to Zerno's unmoving body as we approached.

"Midnight," Zerno said in a rasping voice. Still unmoving, eyes closed, there was no sign the word was consciously spoken.

"He's been like that since we locked him up. Go on and shake him, yell. He ain't gonna wake up. I can tell ya" that." The night guard cast a dubious glance at Zerno's still form in the cell.

"What do you make of it?" I asked.

The old soldier puffed methodically on his pipe, and his eyes narrowed. He reached out and forced open Zerno's eyelid, revealing the pale green eye which stared blankly. Concern beetled the old soldier's brow.

"Sure, and I've only seen this a couple of times. Once in South Africa and again in the West Indies. Never saw it practiced on the continent before, though." Lines of worry etched the old soldier's forehead.

"You mean--"



"There is a theory," the old soldier continued. "A theory that a man while in a trance like this can reduce his brain frequency from the normal conscious level of beta to the sleeping state of theta. But he is still functioning on a conscious level - sort of a self hypnosis. The Ruskies have an electronic device that does the same thing mechanically. But when the theta state is self-induced, it's said to be most conducive to paranormal activities. One theory even holds that a man in this state can free himself from time and space, moving at will, unfettered by doors and locks, and still able to influence matter and people around himself," the old soldier concluded.

"Are you trying to tell me--"

"I'm simply saying, lad, that it would do no harm to pay your Mr. Farnsworth a visit, just to make sure everything is on the up and up." The old soldier relighted his cold pipe. "Mind if I ride along?" he asked.

"Not at all," I said gratefully.

* * * * *

We found the address on the fashionable east side. The house was a sprawling colonial with massive pillars along the front. Two large chandeliers lighted the porch and I noticed a light burning in one room at the front of the house. I glanced at my watch as we approached - a minute before midnight. The old soldier glanced at the lemon-yellow light spilling from the front window.

"Insomnia?" he inquired.

I shrugged my shoulders and reached for the bell. But before I could push the button there was a loud scream from the lighted room, followed by a thud and then silence. The old soldier's agility surprised me as he bolted through the front door, and I followed closely behind him. The scream had come from a room off the hallway. The door was locked so the old soldier and I put our shoulders to it, sending wood splinters across the room as we forced the lock. The room was done in an African motif. The walls were filled with game trophies and a huge leopard skin rug covered half the floor.

The body of William J. Farnsworth was sprawled in the center of the rug.

There were no visible marks on the body and later the coroner's report stated the cause of death as "unknown". We searched the room and discovered the window, like the door, was locked from the inside. There was no other visible means of entry.

"What do you make of it?" I asked the old soldier as he knelt next to the body.

"Mmm? Oh, yes. Well now, lad, sure and it is a strange one, isn't it? Look here the way his left arm is laying across the coffee table."

"He must have fallen across the table and his arm stayed on top of it, would you say?" I volunteered.

"No. Look here now, the coffee cup and server are undisturbed. They surely would have been knocked over if he rolled across the table. But more important, lad, look at his hand."

Farnsworth's damp, pudgy hand formed a loose fist, the index finger pointing

into emptiness.

"Yes, but I don't see--"

"Well, lad, supposing a man was to line up his sight with this finger." The old soldier squatted on his hands and knees and sighted down Farnsworth's arm and across the pointing finger. "See there now! It's the telephone he's trying to show us!"

The old soldier scrambled to his feet and crossed the room to the telephone receiver. Using his handkerchief, he carefully removed the phone from its cradle and turned the base upside down. "Sure now and what would possess a dead man to accuse a phone? This must be the very phone we talked to him on that short while ago, lad." The old soldier murmured to himself as he removed a dime from his pocket and used it as a screwdriver to remove the base of the telephone.

"But I don't see--"

"Aha! Would you give a look at this, lad!" The old soldier's face beamed and his bushy red eyebrows raised as he used his handkerchief to remove the tiny tape-recorder mechanism from inside the phone.

"Looks like a telephone answering device," I volunteered.

"Exactly. Sure and I'd be curious to hear Mr. Farnsworth's callers this evening." The old soldier examined the device in his hand, handling it carefully with his handkerchief.

* * * * *

Back in the precinct office, we brought Zerno in to listen to the strange tape recording. The old soldier sat quietly puffing his pipe in the corner. Zerno's cold green eyes cast suspiciously about the office, then came to rest on the tape recorder in the center of my desk. It was four a.m., and despite Zerno's trance-like sleep for several hours dark rings shadowed the blood-red rims of his eyes. He sauntered across the room and fell heavily into a chair.

"Farnsworth is dead," I said. A small grin tugged at the corner of Zerno's mouth.

"Pity," he sarcastically intoned.

"We found this answering device on the telephone in the library. There are two recordings. One is a recording of my call to Mr. Farnsworth last night. The second recording is--"

"Now you listen," Zerno interrupted. "I happen to know Farnsworth was a very methodical man. He spent long hours at work, ate supper at nine to ten p.m., read in his library until midnight, and then went to bed. He always locked himself in the library and wouldn't see anyone from ten to midnight. So don't give me any of your theatrical stunts in trying to place blame for a death you can't solve." Zerno's outburst rose to a high pitch of emotion.

"Play the tape for our Mr. Zerno, lad," the old soldier spoke quietly from the shadows in the corner.

I reached across the desk and flipped the recorder switch. There were several seconds of silence, the sound of a page being turned in a book, then Farns-

worth's voice.

"Hello? What's that? Farnsworth said in a startled voice.

Silence. Then the sound of someone sliding back a chair and walking across the room. Zerno's icy green eyes lost their confident stare, and beads of perspiration formed on his forehead.

"What in blazes!" Farnsworth's voice on the recorder filled with fear now, and he rushed on. "What are you? Is that you, Zerno? How in blazes did you get in here?"

Zerno's green eyes emitted a mixture of fear and hatred, and he leaned forward, listening intently.

"The door and windows are bolted from the inside. You couldn't have...Get out. Get out, I say, or I'll call the police. Stop. Zerno, you're killing... me." Farnsworth's voice became a strangled whisper.

"How do you like being on the short end of the stick for a change?" Zerno's voice was an angry snarl on the recording.

"Stop it! Stop it! That old fool, I didn't know he had that recorder. Yes, I was there--I could have destroyed the recorder. If I'd only known." Zerno slammed his fist down on the recorder, shattering the plastic case. His eyes bulged like a wild animal's and he thrashed out insanely so that three guards were called to subdue him.

* * * * *

The sun was bright later that morning as the old soldier and I talked across the breakfast table.

"It's all very clear," I offered somewhat diffidently. "The coroner could not place death closer than ten p.m. to midnight. Obviously Zerno committed the crime around ten, then rushed to the precinct to establish his alibi. Nothing mystical about any of it, you see," I concluded smugly.

The old soldier raised a bushy red eyebrow and peered across the remnants of ham and eggs on his plate. Pushing the plate aside, he filled his pipe and contentedly puffed for several minutes. The pleasant odor of the cherry blend hung lazily over the table.



"Lad, I can understand your need for a ready answer to answer peculiar happenings, but sure and I don't understand that need blinding you to fact. The old soldier tamped down the tobacco in his pipe for a better burn.

"What do you mean?"

"Think, lad. You called Farnsworth at eleven p.m. and he was alive. Right?"

"Yes."

"But from ten to midnight Zerno was locked in your jail."

"Well, maybe Zerno rigged the telephone recorder to transmit Farnsworth's voice so it would appear he was alive at eleven p.m.," I offered.

"And then left it there so we could find it with a recording of the murder in progress?"

"I forgot about that. Farnsworth's far too clever for an oversight like that," I admitted.

"But that raises another question, lad. The telephone recorder was an answering device. The type activated only when the phone rings. Sure and now doesn't it seem strange that it mysteriously recorded the conversation of two men in the room without the phone ever ringing?"

"Maybe there was a call, or maybe--"

"Maybe, lad, maybe. But that still doesn't explain the scream and the sound of a falling body we heard, precisely at midnight in Farnsworth's library. Sure and those same sounds were identical to those on the tape recording. And remember that Zerno was all the while tucked away in jail, though in some strange, deep trance. If it weren't for Zerno's violent behavior when he heard the recording, he'd be a free man now, instead of being held for observation."

"That's true," I agreed. "Just the thought of him free and prowling the streets sends shivers up my spine."

"Oh, does it now, lad?" The old soldier arched his bushy red eyebrows. "Well, being held for observation or not, what's to keep him from going into one of his queer trances and wandering wherever he pleases?"

Despite the warm glow of sunlight through the restaurant window, a cold shudder rippled down my spine.

THE END

THE TRUTHFUL DISTORTING MIRROR

dainis bisenieks

An art critic might look at me a bit queerly if he heard me say, "What good is a picture if it doesn't tell a story?" One of those Philistines or sentiment-alists, he'd think. But I like to tease critics once in a while. I do care a-bout color and design, though a purely abstract design is to me far less inter-esting than one which offers some interplay with the world of recognizable and meaningful things. It's the language of pictures that interests me above all. So I collect, in books if possible, pictures which give a twist to the world we know. At one end of the scale there's whimsy - Tim Kirk, Rowland Emmett. It was Emmett who created the Far Tottering and Oyster Creek Railway, England's answer to the Toonerville Trolley. I like the best of the newspaper cartoonists - Her-block, Mauldin, Oliphant. I don't like mere gags - there has got to be a person-al way of seeing things. The work of the best cartoonists cuts a bit close to the bone - their characters have real human weaknesses. Consider James Thurber or William Hamilton or a number of others who appear (or appeared) regularly in The New Yorker. Ronald Searle's far-out gags delight me (the classic St. Trin-ian's School series!) but he is also a portraitist of modern types who are not quite at home in today's world. The Big City (with text by Alex Atkinson) is the best collection of such work, and there are also sketchbooks of London and of Paris, with text by Searle's wife, Kaye Webb. Closer to home there's American Natives by Erich Sokol (who otherwise does conventional Playboy cartoons).

Here I had better distinguish cartoon and caricature. A caricature, we may think, is simply a cartoon of an individual, but not so. Nor is mere exagger-ation its essence - the nose of Nixon or De Gaulle, the skull of Herbert Hoover or Melvin Laird, the teeth and glasses of Theodore Roosevelt. Caricature is really a branch of portraiture and (when successful) reveals character - what has become fixed in a person. W.H. Auden said that we enjoy caricatures of our friends because we don't want them ever to change, and of our enemies because we hate to think they might change so that we would have to forgive them. Further, child-ren and animals cannot be caricatured: children because they have not yet become

individuals, animals because they are all they will ever be. But of course we can have caricatures of adolescents and post-adolescents who have failed to become anything. Ronald Searle's books are full of them. I think of all those co-eds with doll-like faces in my English classes, so hard to tell apart. I can imagine people whom no caricature could catch and preserve because they continue growing and revealing themselves; because they are not finished.



A portrait, said Max Beerbohm, is a picture in which there is always something wrong about the mouth. It's the most revealing part of the face, and it acquires a habitual set, shocking at times when suddenly seen in a mirror, even more shocking when seen through the eyes of an artist or an alert photographer. Good God, is that really me? I once had a chance to compare two drawings of me by different artists. One had something wrong about the mouth - surely I was not always like that! - and the other was too idealized. Heads of state love to be photographed, but they hate to be drawn or painted, except in the most approved manner. Remember the portrait that LBJ rejected? Years before, there was a fuss over a Churchill portrait by Graham Sutherland. And in dictatorships, artists can be as subversive as writers and are as rigidly controlled. Political cartoons in the Soviet Union never show the country's own leaders, whose wisdom may not be questioned. The features of hated foreigners are viciously distorted: no hint of portraiture here, they are mere bogeymen.

A caricature, then, can say: here is a man who is in a groove. All directions are closed to him but one. And a lot of people can be in parallel grooves, so that there can be caricatures of types, as in Erich Sokol's book. One of the first pictures shows only a back, the large square back of a man riding on a power mower. There are no captions. These are all pictures of people who might ask, "What am I doing here?" but don't. Some of them are very young. An infant in a Mickey Mouse cap. A Little Leaguer at bat, with a scowl of concentration. A freckled kid eating popcorn in a movie theater. An adolescent girl applying false eyelashes. Others are old - the Bowery derelict, the short-order cook, a thin-shanked woman playing cards on a Florida beach. They are all in a trap. The portrayal is entirely without nastiness. The artist has said: "I feel about people in this book just as I feel about myself. Usually I either like or hate myself; but often, against all reason, I do both at the same time... I am pro-American and pro-people and against their idealization."

A young artist named William Hamilton has been appearing regularly in The New Yorker for the past several years. I've been following his work right from the start. The New Yorker is famous as the home not only of Charles Addams but also of a number of cartoonists who show the foibles of middle and upper class Americana. Helen Hokinson may have been the best-known - her middle-aged women were recognized as a distinct type. Visually all these cartoons tend to be uninteresting: the same face and bodies appear in them time and time again. Hamilton's people all belong to the comfortable middle and upper classes. The men are just a bit fleshy; if the women are all slim, it is thanks to careful dieting.

There's visual detail to be noticed, but mainly the joke is in the captions. They are trendy people: they are "into" activities. They think in cliches, and they are unable to distinguish the trivial from the serious. One caption can represent the lot: "Now, Phil, about Hugh's summer camp. Do we want tennis, French, horsemanship, or survival?" (Feb. 25, 1974) It's really a one-line short story: the characters are summed up in these few words. If I had to teach, God forbid, a "creative writing" course - can it be any less horrible than Freshman English? - I would demand as the only assignment a number of cartoon captions of this sort. That would get rid of all the phonies for whom writing is self-expression or therapy. One more caption, for which I can't recall artist or date, as it appeared some years ago: "Alice, I have a confession to make. These ski racks on my car...I don't really ski. It's an image thing." Another short story.

All these things I've mentioned are good and admirable, but let's notice that they show a society which functions, after a fashion. It has norms, even if they are norms of phoniness, and people live by them. America has been prosperous enough and isolated enough to escape the total breakdown that European societies have suffered. How much would it take to make us crack? What desperate things have people unable to get gasoline done? We had the Civil War and the Depression and the present sickness of our cities, but a vision of the American Way of Life survives. But what of the German Way of Life, or the French, or the Italian? Kaputt, at one time or another. Consider Goya, a century and more earlier: "I saw it." "This is worse." Americans have seen death, but they have not seen Death stalking the land - their own land - and terror infecting all the people. Contrast Goya with Bill Mauldin, of whom I also think well. Mauldin saw what war did to the fighting Americans and to the Italians over whose land the battle passed. He says that people will understand that in his pictures corpses are always just off-stage. They had to be if his cartoons were to serve their purpose of speaking for the common soldier. Mauldin accepted that limitation - and so the fatigued soldiers and homeless starving Italians do not look haunted by their experiences, and we are not haunted by them.

A newspaper cartoonist is not one to draw the face of evil and make people see it as evil. All he can produce is bogeys. That's all Thomas Nast did. I suspect he had a bit too much affection for Boss Tweed. The famous cartoons "Let Us Prey" and "'Twas Him" are effective symbols, but less effective portraits. It's in the nature of this mass medium - the ones who depict the real horrors, like Goya and Grosz, have never been popular - in fact, the censor gets them more often than not. The reader's reaction to the ordinary cartoon stops at recognition of the symbol - vulture or taxpayer in a barrel or whatever. It doesn't help that the cartoonist usually makes a sort of joke - and when the event is beyond joking, all we usually get is Uncle Sam or Liberty in an attitude of mourning.

You've heard of Goya and Daumier and Grosz; let me introduce a successor: A. Paul Weber, German, born 1893 and still going strong. The lithograph is his preferred medium. I have reproductions of his work in two albums, the GRAPHIK of 1956 (hereafter "G") and the KRITISCHE GRAPHIK of 1973 (KG); a small book, MIT ALLEN WASSERN, a series of pictures on the theme of Reineke the Fox; and several of his calendars in book form, in which the pictures are accompanied by epigraphs from periodicals and books old and new. All these were published in West Germany, and I got my copies mostly through the good offices of a friend.

A picture is worth a thousand words, but I'll try to make do with fewer. The style of many lithographs can be imagined as a blend of Goya and Boris Artzybasheff, but not as "hard-edged" as the latter's work. There are some of the same machines with arms, legs, eyes and mouths - and men who have turned into machines,

like the racing athletes in "Mens sana in corpore sano" (KG 21), cheered on by one of Weber's mobs. Dehumanization is the biggest theme in his work: men who have renounced will or intelligence and turned themselves into mindless (and spineless: see KG 42) slaves or members of the crowd, mob, or mass. Weber's masses are always hungry for excitement. They are seen cheering a battered boxing champion (G 96, KG 20), following the triumphal procession of Undying Stupidity (G 82, KG 10), and in one of the most effective of Weber's images, joining themselves to the body of a saucer-eyed, sharp-eared and -tongued monster, Rumor (G 75, KG15). This monster soars along in front of an immense wall with countless windows, a tiny figure, open-mouthed and open-eyed, avidly leaning from each. Some lean toward one another - "Boy! Have you heard...!?" Many have the faces and bodies of beasts; it's hard to tell the borderline. This again is quite common in Weber's work.

Men as beasts are a staple of caricature, and Weber used this device most expressively in the Fox series. The fox is of course the one intelligent animal in those pictures. What the fox represents cannot be conveyed in words, since he (in some pictures she) is a personality. Active intelligence, certainly; in some cases predatoriness. The frontispiece shows the Fox poking at a swine comfortably snoozing on a sofa. In one of my favorites, "Sweet Grapes", he has inveigled a dumb bunny into giving him a leg up so that he can reach the hanging clusters of fruit. And in another, he is a ferryman in pilgrim garb; his craft is crowded with wide-eyed bunnies, some happily dabbling their paws in the water. Yet another: a rabbit is being swept along by a raging flood, and the only possible rescuer is the fox in a tree, reaching out a branch to him. A piquant dilemma. In the 1971 calendar, there is a fox saying grace over a large carrot on a plate: "...and bless this food which Thou hast granted..." There is a sequence of foxes as courtiers: in one drawing, King Lion, having doffed robe and crown, is jumping rope - two foxes are swinging it for him. The lion has the happy, wide-eyed innocent look that appears so often in these drawings. Another look is one of avid, leering concentration - bug-eyed would be the word for it. An audience of diverse beasts, all fixedly staring straight ahead; has in its midst two foxes, relaxed, slit-eyed, pencil and pad at the ready, looking very critical. And there are several versions (one in KG) of a small group of beasts watching TV while the fox turns away with a book.

In some of the best drawings, a simple and striking image yields its meaning at a glance - not that the meaning is always easy to translate into words. There are confrontations of unlike characters - the fox and the owl just looking at each other; the fox fishing who has hooked (but not "caught") a pike bigger than himself. There are more such confrontations: a fox and a boar in a hollow way; a bear on a log spanning a ravine; the fox jumping over him; the fox with a rapier, erect on the prostrate body of a bull. The fox and the jester taking refuge from a flood, allies in a subtle way. The jester is another favorite Weber character. Several pictures show jester and king; in one, they are walking a garden path, their backs to us, their heads bent in thought, and we scarcely need the caption: "How shall we tell the people?" (G 29; KG 1) St. Anthony preaching to the fish (G 39; KG 18) is not giving the traditional sermon, for he is clinging to an almost submerged mast, and the fish are hungry-looking sharks.



Sharks and other monsters are among the symbols of a collapsing world order in the apocalyptic "Post Christum". A few spires still project above the waves; tiny desperate men cling to them and to a crude raft, a few church banners still waving... but the sea monsters are approaching. (G 71, KG 49) "The Survivors", two ragged men, shake hands as they stand on a battlemented wall covered with skeletons and broken weapons. The cottage and peaceful garden of "The Last Freeholder" (G 59, KG 14) is surrounded by a wall outside of which is only a cratered battleground. The lifeboat of "The Debaters" (G 65, KG 13) is being swamped by the waves while they heatedly argue their differences. This is remote from any American feeling about the state of civilization. These works had their origin during and after the war, but we can see that Weber anticipated the horrors of World War II. "My good china!" dates from 1932 and shows a woman in a window clutching her precious dinner service as smoke whirls around her. (G 79) He saw the downfall of Nazism, as a drawing from that same year shows - a procession with swastika banners hurtling into an open coffin, also marked with a swastika (G p. 13, KG 11). He was imprisoned for a term but freed, and so he lived to depict other horrors of war and its aftermath. If horror it is in these pictures, we should not turn from it; but in almost all there is a grim wit, closer in spirit to Grosz than to Goya.

Let me cite a few pictures of the most striking simplicity. A foolish fellow in a nightshirt stands with his back to a post, ready with a hammer to drive a spike through his empty head (G 90, KG 8). The informer, notebook in hand, stoops at a keyhole, an avid leer on his face (G 44, KG 9). A calf looks in dismay at the prone body of the butcher who was leading it and has fallen dead; who will take the halter in hand now? (G 57, KG 12). A woman stares in fear as the air-raid siren howls and people behind her turn to run: this was another pre-war drawing (G 48). A skeleton pushes a mine trolley filled with "ore" - thousands of Iron Crosses. (Ah, yes, Death in this form makes quite a few appearances. G 89, that was.) Uncomfortable stuff for an uncomfortable time, but with few exceptions not gloomy: we can admire the mordant wit and the aptness of the symbolism. When the subject is not war and the downfall of civilization, the drawings can be hilariously funny. I've gloated and chuckled over many of the fox drawings or over such things as the "Village Gossips" (G 24), who are chickens, not women. One of the funniest fox drawings shows a foxy couple relaxing in their home, on a dogskin rug. The head is of course still attached and wears a most fierce look. The witty inventiveness is far better than Grandville's, whose animals are rather expressionless. He is the 19th century Frenchman with whose work (and that of others) the New York Review of Books has been decorating its pages. I can imagine Weber becoming as popular as M.C. Escher, if only some American publisher would take the plunge.

I have said next to nothing about Ronald Searle, and nothing at all about William Steig, Abner Dean, Max Beerbohm, Saul Steinberg, David Levine. Oddly I have nothing to say about Heinrich Kley, who has won the most fame as a "fantasy" artist. But about the others - I could be persuaded.



FANTASTIC FILMS

BEN INDICK

Reference Guide to Fantastic Films, by Walt Lee. Chelsea-Lee Books, Box 66273, Los Angeles, CA 90066. 3 Volumes. Vol. I is \$9.50; Vols. II and III are \$9.95 each. The set: \$29.50 complete.

I have previously written about Walt Lee's first volume (in SCIENCE FICTION ECHO 17, Moebius Trip Library) in admiring if jocular vein, indicating my pleasure with the book.

I am just as happy now to state that the work is complete, in three large 8½ x 11 volumes, perfect-bound in stiff wrappers, with a common but differently colored illustration by George Barr on each, beautifully drawn and relevant to memories of fantastic films. And, it is even better to have the whole set! There are a total of over 550 pages of primary listings, plus numerous additional pages of peripheral matter. Lee lists, in alphabetical order, not only every professional fantastic film that the encyclopedic minds of himself, his contributors and their many sources could recall, but also foreign language films, and even amateur films. A film of a mere few minutes gets the same respect that a classic full-length film gets, sometimes even one of the many stills which adorn each volume, about fifty in each volume. Generally the stills recall the more important films, Karloff, Lugosi, METROPOLIS, etc. The frontispiece of Vol. III bears three scenes from 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (I love the entire title); films of special interest may rate more than one picture (METROPOLIS seems to be the record holder with four; THE WIZARD OF OZ has not only a scene from the 1939 film, but a rare scene from the 1924 silent film, with "Oliver 'Babe' Hardy" as the Tin Woodman. Two splendidly evocative scenes illuminate the less familiar 1923 Fritz Lang film, SIEGRIED.)

The reprint is offset into very fine print indeed, but it thereby accommodates the enormous contents. Each film is outlined to indicate its date, producers, directors, writers, original story writer, or source of adaptation, actors, and subject; every possible aspect of the fantastic is treated, whether the film be straight, weird, science fiction, fantasy, horror--with or without the supernatural, dream-sequences, borderline cases, etc. It is even cross-indexed, so that one can, for example, discover the film titles adapted from, say, Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw" or Robert Heinlein's "The Puppet Masters", etc. What a source of Trivia! You might be interested in knowing that there have been seven versions of SAMSON AND DELILAH, there are six Italian muscle-bender Samson flicks, and even, Heaven help us lest we inadvertently actually see it, a 1961 Mexican-made SAMSON AND THE VAMPIRE WOMEN! Tarzan films are spread across three pages, in innumerable films, even a series made in India (NINE films!).

Fantasy in cartoons is not ignored, and Walt Disney's Snow White, with her seven friends, occupy a lovely still; as early as 1913, however, we learn, a silent three-reeler was filmed of the story. The "Cast" includes but one name, "Elsie Albert" and History seems to have forgotten the dwarfs. Likewise, serials are very much in evidence, from THE PERILS OF PAULINE on down, an adverb not meant to be derogatory. Often they too are illustrated. I realize my age when I learn that a beloved serial of my youth, THE PHANTOM EMPIRE (also known, Lee tells us, as GENE AUTREY AND THE PHANTOM EMPIRE), was produced in 1935. I saw it when it was new, and all the kids followed Frankie Darro. Indeed, I discover that it was released later in other forms under two other titles.)

Lee includes in each volume two other sections: one of "Problem films", about which not enough is known to justify their inclusion in the main section--sometimes even their existence is in doubt; and "Exclusions", films ascertained to be non-fantastic. This is not as easy as it might appear, for one could quite naturally assume some fantastic content in such titles as "A Village Vampire", "Spook Town", "Phantoms of the North" (with Boris Karloff!) and "The Pipes of Pan" (with Lon Chaney!). This section also includes uncompleted and unreleased possibilities, such as, alas for my special interests, "The Rainbow Road to Oz," which was begun and abandoned as late as 1959.

Interesting comments are also provided in Introductions and Afterwords by prominent persons associated with fantastic films. Robert Bloch makes a fine observation: (in comparing "vintage" films to contemporary efforts) "Whereas in these, the once-feared films of fantasy, the explicit violence is usually minimal--and the perpetrators therefore inevitably are punished for their actions--today's "realistic" motion pictures often pass no judgment upon the excesses shown or upon the characters who perform the atrocities. Which brings us to the paradox: the vintage "horror movies" are truly morality-plays, while contemporary "realism" offers true horror." Christopher Lee offers a lyrical word: "We are not dealing here with the ordinary or commonplace everyday world. In effect, we are letting our fancies roam freely without the drawback of being shackled by conventional experiences or rules of conduct. We escape. And what a joy it is. We are in a literal sense enchanted..." The ubiquitous Forrest J. Ackerman is also on hand, but in more than one sense. An observant eye will discover a 1972 film, a respectable 81 minutes long, titled SCHLOCK, a spoof of various films, and deep in its cast, none other than the old monster-collector, "Mr. Science Fiction" himself, Forrest J. Ackerman! (The accompanying still regrettably omits a vivid representation of 4EJ).

My sole reservation is the absence, surprisingly, of prominent television fantastic films. There is no reference to STAR TREK, LOST IN SPACE, etc. Possibly these shows, never having been shown as featurefilms in theatres, cannot qualify; certainly the log of their individual plays could occupy a fair-sized volume alone. However, I do regret the omission of mention; the advent of the kinescope and electronic tape recording has made them less ephemeral than many theatre-shown films which have vanished completely from sight. (Some TV fantastic films have been seen on the silver screen, and are mentioned, such as the Jack Palance starring version of DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, actually produced, on videotape, in 1967, as THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, and now in re-runs on the ABC Network, in two parts.)

There seem to be few errors, and these will be the mission to find by parties of special interests: THE MAGIC CLOAK OF OZ was based not on "Queen Zixi of Oz" but "Queen Zixi of Ix", and PORTRAIT OF JENNIE is based not on a "novelet" by Robert Nathan, but on a novel of a respectable 212 pages.

In any event, all fans interested in the visual aspects of fantastic literature, and those who simply enjoy, as I do, hit-or-miss title-collecting, and missing wistfully over foreign-language films whose stills promise great allure, should not be without this splendid and dedicated handsome set of books, a genuine labor of love. They will look forward, as I shall, to supplemental volumes.

LOVE POEM

darrell schweitzer

I have no intention whatsoever
of comparing you to a summer's day -
and you don't remind me of the moon at night,
or the sea with its gentle, inevitable tide caressing
the sand and shore,
or a star fixed in its course, beckoning to me
across a cold and lifeless universe,
or a sparrow returning to its nest,
or a budding rose,
or pure white winter's snow,
or the flowers of early spring, bursting forth
from the virgin earth to welcome the sun,
or anything like that --
those things that poets write about.

You are you
I am --
love is --

I have never attempted to write love poetry,
abstract and symbolic,
simple and sentimental,
or otherwise.

For one thing it strikes me as very contrived.
For another I wouldn't know what the hell I was talking about.

-- Darrell Schweitzer --

THE RED BOOK

OF WESTMARCH

denton

Hiero's Journey by Sterling E. Lanier. Bantam Science Fiction, Q8534 - \$1.25
The Halcyon Drift by Brian M. Stableford. DAW Books, #32 - \$.95
Rhapsody In Black by Brian M. Stableford. DAW Books, #59 - \$.95
Promised Land by Brian M. Stableford. DAW Books, #92 - \$.95
The Paradise Game by Brian M. Stableford. DAW Books, #111 - \$.95
334 by Thomas M. Disch. Sphere Books - \$1.75 in Canada
The Lion of Boaz-Jachin and Jachin-Boaz by Russell Hoban. Pocket Books, 78392 - \$1.25
The Early Asimov, Book One by Isaac Asimov. Fawcett, P2087 - \$1.25
Gwen In Green by Hugh Zachary. Fawcett, M2982 - \$.95
Omega, edited by Roger Elwood. Fawcett, M3030 - \$.95
The Exile of Ellendon by William Marden. Doubleday and Co. \$4.95
New Writings in SF - 18, edited by John Carnell. Corgi Books - \$.95 in Canada

It's been an extremely good reading period since the last issue; so good, in fact, that I somehow have neglected to do the book reviews as I've finished reading them. Now I sit here with a small box of books before me, wondering if I can reconstitute the feelings I had when I finished each of them and which ones ought to receive emphasis. I guess perhaps that's the best thing to do; dig out the ones with which I was impressed most, or which were the most enjoyable and have a go at those first. Then I'll stumble along to the lesser volumes. There's likely to be a less formal tone to the reviews this time also, as I'm going to attempt to just ramble on about the books, not being too critical, and if I'm at all satisfied with what comes out of it, maybe it will set the style for future review columns.

Hiero's Journey by Sterling E. Lanier was read way back in July, on the road and back from Westercon. I don't know if I was anticipating this annual trek to gather with other lemmings or not, but this novel seemed to fit my mood exactly at the time. The characterization was good, there was some excellent scenery, action and adventure enough for the most demanding, and a pretty good plot idea and the promise that this book does not end the adventures of the hardy band who jointly are the protagonists. The hero is Per Hiero Desteen, Secondary Priest-Exorcist, Primary Rover and Senior Killman. How does that grab you, you who have preconceived notions about what words mean; our hero is a killer-priest. The time is a very distant future, some seven thousand years from now, and the place is Canada and the U.S. after a great holocaust. Hiero's task is to find a computer and library somewhere to the south, so off he rides on his morse. No mistake in typing there; a saddle-broken, fighting moose. At first I said to myself, "Aw, c'mon now." But not for long. Next comes a communicating bear, small, brown, loveable, and becoming increasingly more important to the story with every page; one of the most engaging characters I've met for a long time. Then there's Luchare; rescued by Hiero, is she

really a princess from one of the large coastal city-states? And finally Brother Aldo of the Eleveners; followers of the eleventh commandment which forbids the taking of any life.

Against this motley crew are ranged The Dark Brotherhood (black hats) and the Leemutes (lethal mutations). Great fun, great adventures, lots of action and suspense. This is a Frederick Pohl selection; a good husky 370-page volume that you can sink your teeth into. Fred has hit with at least two out of the three selections I've seen with his name, as I also enjoyed The Star Rider by Doris Piserchia.

I hadn't discovered Brian M. Stableford until DAW Book #111 showed up and when I flipped it over the caption read: "Star-Pilot Grainger: #4". Aha, I mused, have I been missing a series? (I'm a sucker for series, as you probably already know.) So I dug back through my collection of DAWs and found #32, 59 and 92 to go along with 111 and began to race through the Grainger series. Grainger opens the first book stranded on a planet, his partner dead, his space ship inoperable. He is rescued but finds himself in practical bondage by the time the court has established a fee for his rescue. He finds himself bailed out of one debt by Titus Charlot but right back in bondage to a different company. Why me, he asks, as he is shown The Hooded Swan, super space ship, with the offer to become her pilot.

From here he is off on a series of adventures in the Halcyon Drift, and on the planets, Rhapsody, Promised Land and Paradise. The tight little crew consists of Eve Laphorn, sister of Grainger's dead partner, Johnny Soccoro, Nick del Arco and the aforementioned Titus Charlot. Grainger, who incidentally does not have a last name, and Titus Charlot are of such personalities that there is bound to be the inevitable conflict between them. The only thing they can learn to hate in common is the Caradoc Company, rivals supreme and at every turn. The plots are quite good in this series of books, and amazingly there does seem to be growth of characterization as the series progresses. Grainger mellows somewhat, comes to accept an alien creature living within him who often acts as an alter-ego as Grainger argues out his own feelings concerning a situation. Titus Charlot turns out not to be quite the bastard Grainger would be more pleased he remain. An intriguing series and one which I'm surprised the publisher didn't tag as a series earlier on. I'm sure that there are more suckers like myself who love series. (No, I must confess, I haven't gotten into the Cap Kennedy books yet, but give me time, give me time.) My spies inform me that there will be two more books in this Grainger series so I'll wait quietly. Maybe later I'll even go back and try Stableford's Dies Irae series, but I've been warned by one reader that they're not too good. Maybe he has no taste; I'm willing to give it a try. The books are arranged in proper order at the beginning of this column. Love those Kelly Freas covers on the latter three.

Mike Bailey is responsible for my reading of this next book. He kept talking about wanting to get ahold of a copy of Thomas M. Disch's 334, so when I saw a copy in a huckster room at Westercon I snapped it up. When I began to read it I realized that I had read a small portion of it in New Worlds # something or other. Disch's story takes place in a near future New York, the year being 2021. Its characters are the inhabitants of Apartment Block 334 and they are distinguished cast. Birdie trying to make it with Milly and never quite. Ab trying to get the body back from the guy to whom he'd sold it be-



cause somebody screwed up and didn't alert him to the fact that the insurance company might come looking. All the Hansons stuffed into that one apartment; Boz and Milly and Mrs. Hanson and Shrimp. The Seven Alexandrians out to do in an old man because there wasn't anything else to do in the summertime; Mary Jane and Amparo and Tancred Miller and Sniffles.

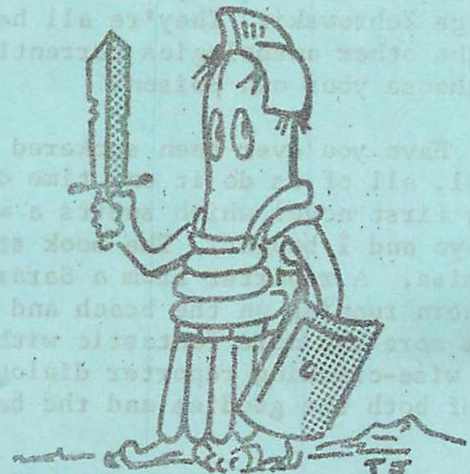
Disch can write. He can make it all come alive. His subject matter is a bit of Brave New World and he's not afraid to use street language when it fits. The impact is like the wollop on the side of the head my dad gave me when I lost my report card in the third grade (I forgave him when I was 25 or so ; it was a good report card, too. All A's; he should have known it was good.) Chapter Six which runs nearly 100 pages, is crammed with 43 short little episodes that give you a strange overview of the neighborhood and its society. If you can ignore the state which Disch is predicting for the year 2021 and read for the sheer enjoyment of a masterful usage of vocabulary and for the people who live and breathe in 334, you'll find your time more than well spent.

About thirteen months ago I was in a little bookshop just outside of the Wells Cathedral green and there was a brand new book grandly displayed. It was by Russell Hoban, the author of 32 children's books, so naturally this new title was displayed quite prominently with the other children's books. I wanted to buy it but my gude wyf observed that I probably had spent enough on books in the recent days and so I deferred to her superior judgment. The book was entitled The Lion of Boaz-Jachin and Jachin-Boaz. I hope the bookshop owner read the book before many days were out or she risked the wrath of a good many parents. This book is not a children's book. I'm not suggesting that it's full of four-letter words nor should it be shunned by even the slightly prudish. May I describe it as a "realistic fantasy?" It's a stunning book, and one that deserves to be read widely.

In some future time there are no lions, not even in zoos. There is, however, a park where lions once were, and where a lion-king ruled. Boaz-Jachin lives with his father, the map-maker, who is named Jachin-Boaz and with his mother. The family is disintegrating and before long the father goes away, abandoning his family. Boaz-Jachin and his mother try to continue the business and are relatively successful, although unhappy. Boaz-Jachin broods, however, over the lack of communication or any other real sign of empathy with his father. He runs off to visit the lion-place and soon realizes that he must search for both his father and a lion.

There is much guilt on both sides. Why didn't Jachin-Boaz give his son the master map which he had labored over so carefully? Why hadn't Boaz-Jachin been able to communicate with his father? Why had the family fallen apart; what might he have been able to do to save it? And what was the lion? Was it real? Or imagined? What might it represent?

Hoban shows absolutely no sign of being a children's author. He handles this complex topic with great skill, much realism, puts us inside the lion's skin, stalking Jachin-Boaz down the streets, across the bridge, through the grass. We have a novel here which requires something more than just eye-tracks from its readers. But if you're willing, it's worth the effort. I hope Mr. Hoban will consider doing more of this sort of work, however much small children love his Frances poems. The only disconcerting factor in



the entire book was the reversed names of father and son, a fact which I'm sure was purposefully done and were I a better psychologist I might be able to give you my own distorted reasoning for. I'm not and I won't.

There are a couple of delights in having The Early Asimov to hand. It contains thirteen stories which have never been collected before. For people like myself who came into the field (fold) in the past few years, it's nice to have these readily available (just in case we get all caught up with all of the stuff that flies onto the market each and every month). The other thing, of course, is that the Good Doctor sets the stage with a nice introduction, telling about his first sale, his meeting with John Campbell, and adds to each story a little bit about that particular story. As always his comments are witty and fascinating. There has to be a second volume of this coming up, as the hard back issued by the SF Book Club and probably in a trade edition as well, contains more stories. As far as I know the second volume hasn't hit the stands yet, but it will make a fine companion to this volume and a necessary addition to the Asimov lover's library. I think it was Rick Sneary in a letter in Roytac's latest Dynatron who commented that the stories hold up quite well in comparison with today's writing. That's an old fan speaking, but I do believe he's right. "The Callistan Menace", "Ring Around the Sun", "The Magnificent Possession", "Half-Breed", and "Black Friar of the Flame" are just a few of the titles contained in this first half. There are 300 pages and it's worth the \$1.25.

Zach Hughes has done a lot better than his effort in Gwen In Green. I get the impression that he wrote this specifically to cash in on the emerging market dealing with the ancient and evil ways, an offshoot of the occult that's burdgeoning the newsstands. Gwen and George buy a dream island and it turns out to do strange things to Gwen, gives her strange powers. Possession seems to be the password these days on the tail of "The Exorcist." If you're hungry for a little of this strange kind of stuff, go ahead and buy it. But don't tell anybody I sent you. Hugh Zachary is the name, but this is the same Zack Hughes who wrote Rack the Healer, which wasn't such a bad book. If you want to choose, read Rack the Healer instead.

Aw, what the hell do you say about Roger Elwood? We all know the story by now. It used to be news; you read about the contracts in Locus and shook your head. Now they are beginning to hit the market; you see ads everywhere for the hard backs, juveniles, adult sf, thematic books. And the paperback racks are beginning to see lots of Elwood titles now also. Omega is the one I have in my pudgy fingers at the moment and a scan of the Table of Contents shows you amixture of the established and the not so established writers. Any anthology with Farmer, Anderson, McCaffrey, Malberg and Lafferty can't be all bad. As a matter of fact, it's likely to be above average. I liked best Poul Anderson's "The Serpent in Eden", Lafferty's "Symposium", Ann McCaffrey's "Rabble-Dowser" and Lloyd Biggle's "Beachhead in Utopia." But then those are people that I tend to like anyway, so that's expected. You might just as easily like Jack Dann, Miriam Allen Deford, George R.R. Martin, Laurence Janifer or George Zebrowski. They're all here, and you'll just have to choose this against some of the other anthologies currently around. And there are some good ones just out; so choose your own poison.

Have you ever been suckered in by a book's cover? Yeh, I know. You can't tell... Still, all of us do it one time or another. The Exile of Ellendon by William Marden is a first novel which sports a white unicorn on the cover. That was enough to grab my eye and I bought. The book starts very well, or so I thought. It showed a lot of promise. A reporter from a Sarasota, Florida newspaper investigates a report of a unicorn running on the beach and he slips over into Ellendon where the adventures become more and more fantastic with each page. Mr. Marden tries too hard to keep up the wise-cracking reporter dialogue and make it work in a land where he's at the mercy of both the goodies and the baddies, with little chance of ever getting back to the

earth side of the veil. I think Mr. Marden has the skill to write a lot of books and he'll be interesting to watch. Others may love this first book by him; I didn't. Tell you what, I'll sell a near mint copy to the first comer for half-price, \$2.50 and I'll throw in the postage. Then you can see if I say true.

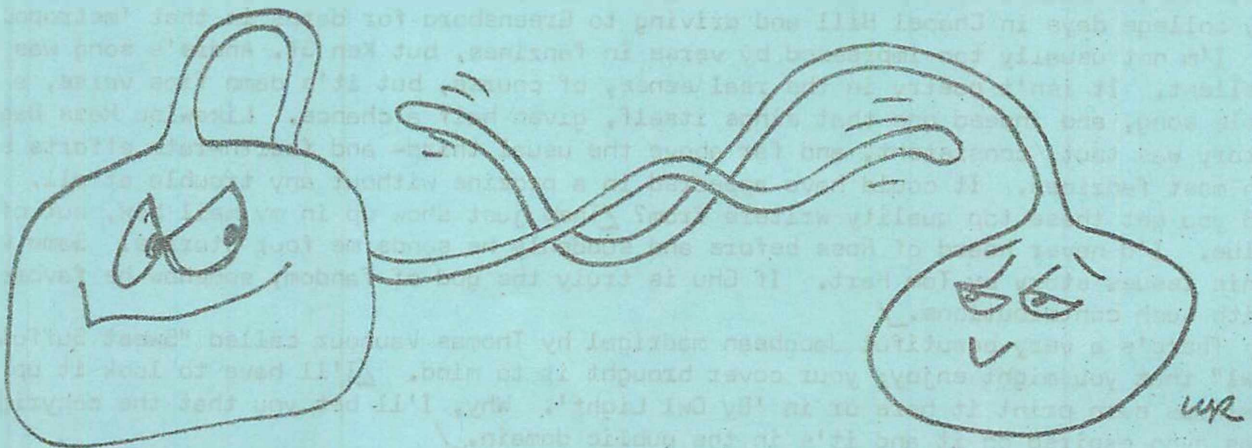
Hey, if you get a chance to pick up New Writing in Sf (any number) I recommend this title. John Carnell, now deceased, edited the first 21 volumes or so, and it continues now under new editorship. I enjoy it because it gives an English flavor to the anthology field. I've discovered some good short stories in the several volumes I've read. Of course, it's hard to come by for many fans, as it is an English paperback and not readily available in the states. But if you've got a Canadian friend, ask him or her to send you one. #18 has Robert Wells, James White and the rest are unknowns to me and probably to most American readers. But there's a consistency of good reading in the ones I've tried.

Hey, I really enjoyed this format. It's just sitting back and rapping about stuff I've read recently. It's easier than trying to be scholarly, which I'm not. Let me know whether it's better this way. A bit more conversational, I hope. There are some good things coming up in the next batch of reviews, like Leigh Brackett's new Eric John Stark novel, Marian Zimmer Bradley's new "Darkover" novel, Jack Finney's Time and Again, a new Andre Norton, and a several month old Moorcock.

I've got a little space left on this page I know, even though I don't want to crowd Rotsler. Bill doesn't crowd too well, if you know what I mean. But there's enough room to mention some children's stuff that some of the readers out there might be interested in.

Susan Cooper has a series going that's almost brilliant. Don't be bashful; go ahead and visit your children's librarian and ask her for Over Sea, Under Stone, The Dark Is Rising, and Greenwitch. If they don't have them, tell them to get on the stick and order them. Each can stand by itself, but together they are superb. I found the middle one most intriguing of the three. It's the old theme of ancient good and evil and I'm waiting rather impatiently for the fourth and fifth volumes to round out the series.

Now, listen. You let me know if you like this format better than what I usually do and let me know if you're interested in an occasional review of children's fantasy.



FEATHERS

/ Once again the readers take wing to shed a few feathers about the landscape. I'm always amazed by the quality of the letters which come in. It makes editing a real task, but I thank all of you who comment about the lettercol being good, especially those of you who attended Westercon and mentioned it. Finally, my apologies to Terry Jeeves, but this type size allows for a bit more content and this old portable Hermes (non-electric) is so comfortable to me that this part of the magazine goes together a lot more quickly than the rest. Besides, Terry, no one else complained. You're outvoted by default, 293 to 1._/

SAM LONG, Box 4946, Patrick AFB, FL 32925

Let us turn our attention to trifles. Have you tried such other delicacies as syllabubs and papadoms and those delicate pastries known in France as 'nun's farts' (pets de nonne)? And have you tried the gustatory delights of a peanut butter and banana sandwich on raisin-and-cinnamon bread with a thin layer of jam, jelly, or apple butter within, plus a few bits of bacon, nice and crisp between the bananas and the helly, all this with a few fritos on the side and a nice tall glass of iced tea made from the Longevian recipe given in Q6? There is indeed a treat.

Fandom (or any common interest) without a semi-mysterious lingo is mere mundanity; which is why yer actual highly-sercon zines are not really in fandom: they are scholarly and scholarly implies supression of 'lingo'--tho not necessarily of jargon.

I must say Clifford Wind made his super-cool bachelor pad (such as it is) more interesting than I could have made mine. It sounds typically fannish, but a trifle dull.

Mike Carlson's travelog was more lively, and it held my interest better because I was raised in North Carolina, not all that far from where he's talking about, so I can relate to the places and more particularly to the types he's referring to. Reminds me of my college days in Chapel Hill and driving to Greensboro for dates in that 'metropolis'.

I'm not usually too impressed by verse in fanzines, but Ken St. Andre's song was excellent. It isn't poetry in the real sense, of course, but it's damn fine verse, a singable song, and indeed one that sings itself, given half a chance. Likewise Ross Bagby's story was taut, consistent, and far above the usual third- and fourth-rate efforts seen in most fanzines. It could have appeared in a prozine without any trouble at all. Where do you get these top quality writers from? /They just show up in my mail box, out of the blue. I'd never heard of Ross before and suddenly he sends me four stories. Same with this issues story by Tom Hart. If Ghu is truly the god of fandom, somehow he favors me with such contributions._/

There's a very beautiful Jacobean madrigal by Thomas Vautour called "Sweet Suffolk Owl" that you might enjoy; your cover brought it to mind. /I'll have to look it up and perhaps even print it here or in 'By Owl Light'. Why, I'll bet you that the copyright has even expired on it and it's in the public domain._/

/ Heh, heh. I brought out the gourmet in everybody last time. Fun, fun._/

JODIE OFFUTT, Funny Farm, Haldeman, KY 40329

I love to read cookbooks and recipes. Andy and I belong to a gourmet club (one of our members calls it the drinkin' club; andy calls it the eatin' club), that meets (sort of) monthly at the members' homes. The hosts choose the country and provide the main dish, bread and beverages; everybody else (including one or two guests) bring the rest of the meal. It is fun and interesting. We've come up with some ghastly things that none of us would eat and some very good recipes.

We've eaten Mexican, Philippine, Pennsylvania Dutch, French, Swedish, African, Italian, Japanese (with chopsticks), Israeli and German dinners. We started with six couples, then two dropped out and instead of replacing them, the hosts fill in with guests. It is a weird group: two of us don't drink at all, even wine (the rest booze it up till dinner, which is seldom eaten before 8:30 or 9 p.m. although we usually arrive by 7); one is very wary of anything different (his favorite meal being cheeseburgers & French fries); because of various health reasons, two of the group have to be careful of rich and spicy foods; and I am on a perpetual diet.

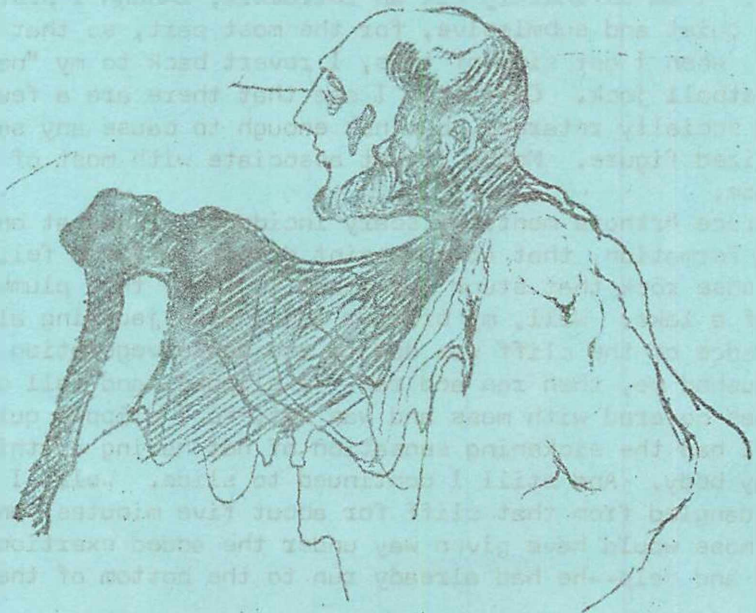
I've gotten recipes from a variety of sources: the library, PLAYBOY'S gourmet section, my sister, whose husband is Filipino (she also sent me a dress with those big sleeves to wear), my son's French teacher who sent me three French cookbooks, and I brought tostados and avacados back from D-con for the Mexican appetizer. Next up is Hawaii (where my sister lived for a year) and I'm going to fix a fancy melon boat filled with melon balls, strawberries, pineapple chunks and grapes. * Excuse me for a minute, folks, I've got to go fix a snack.*

I enjoyed Douglas Barbour's article. I like the way he writes. I don't think the lingo of fandom is pretentious, but rather that some fans use it pretentiously, deliberately excluding and showing off for newcomers. (I'm afraid I wouldn't have been so tolerant of the rudeness of the artists, and their pointedly exclusive conversation.) The majority of fans are willing to include newcomers (neos) in conversation and explain terms and phrases. If they're not, they probably aren't worth your time.

Slang and in-terms are all around us-- a part of our culture. It starts with families and extends to neighborhoods, communities, cities, and states. Institutions and every field of study and interest has language shortcuts. Lingo isn't necessary for fandom's survival; it is a part of it. Fandom could very likely survive without cons, fanzines, pros or even science fiction. All it really needs to survive are its people. Communication is what it's all about; the ways and means of communication are incidental.

Michael Carlson didn't come off quite as good this time. He seemed to have a patronizing attitude toward the people he had to do with. And too, his chauvinistic talk of being horny and looking around for a piece of cake will no doubt be a real put-off to your fem-lib oriented readers.

Salvatore DiMaria is right--most fans are introverts, even at cons. Better than average intelligence often leads to alienation of peer group. Two of our children have skipped a grade in school and by far the hardest adjustment has been a social one. Bob



Vardeman's observation about fans being first or only children is true to a great extent. There are exceptions: Our first-born is quite an extrovert and well-adjusted socially at school. He sometimes sends a drawing to fanzines, but he also does cartoons for his school paper which leads to instant egoboo without the wait for mail. He reads some science fiction but he reads a lot of other things as well. Our second son (one of the grade-skippers) reads sf almost exclusively, and is more of a loner, more the introvert. They are both happy, adjusted boys who enjoy going to cons, although one is more people and social oriented than the other.

I love Ralph Alfonso's letter.

CHRIS SHERMAN, 700 Parkview Terrace, Minneapolis, MN 55416

I like to cook also. Desserts aren't my specialty, though; I go all out and concentrate on main dishes. The largest (oh, no, the most GLAMOROUS) meal I ever did took me three FULL days to prepare. Oh, we had all sorts of things, from Beef Stroganoff, which was sauteed in a solution of Petit Syrah and melted butter; stuffed Rock Cornish Game hens, and all sorts of other goodies that were absolutely delicious. Nice thing about cooking. If you do it right, and maybe innovate a little, the results are very good every time.

And yet another in the continuing saga of Hrolf Kraki reviews. I loved that book so much that I've read it thrice in the past four months, and it drove me upon first reading to all sorts of strange things--reading and gobbling up Norse and Teutonic mythology, reading some of Lin Sprague de Carter's s&s drivel, which eventually led me to Conan and inevitable Solomon Kane and all of the other Howard masterpieces (o'course, I had read some phantasy afore that, but it was HKS that really got me going into s&s, and it is now a very strong influence on reading habits, with fantasy a not-so-near second, and sf out in a field somewhere, waiting to come in for feeding time...) Charles did better than most, filling we readerfolk in on a few of the things Anderson ranted about in his enthused introduction, and took it a bit farther, too. Thankee, both of you.

And Orbit, also. Yes, yes. I quite agree with you. Orbit, in the first couple of editions, was a sustaining force. I got hooked on Gene Wolfe and Ed Bryant. And, of course, there's Mike Bishop. I thought "The Windows" was a good story, but the action increased on the wrong notes; i.e., it was actionful and succeeded in creating suspense at what I felt were, for the most part, wrong locations in the story's stream.

Ah, and the letter column. Theories of the "typical" fan always have me climbing the walls. Not because I'm so much against categorizing that this would entail, but because from my view, so many of these generalities can be cracked wide open by too many idiosyncracies to mention. Sure, most fen might be the first born child (I am), but I can't see that all fen are introverts (generalization, mind you) except when dealing with like kind. I am definitely not an introvert, though I prefer to throw up a guise of being very quiet and submissive, for the most part, so that I can observe and figure people out. When I get sick of this, I revert back to my "normal" self, that of a semi-dizzy basketball jock. Certainly I see that there are a few fans who are introverted, or even socially retarded, but not enough to cause any sort of substantial dent in a generalized figure. Mebbe I just associate with most of the outgoing and wayward fen of fandom.

Bruce Arthurs mentions scary incidents--I was at one time wandering atop a cliff-like rock formation, that at one point dropped off and fell straight down to an outcropping of loose rock that stuck out about 10 feet, then plummeted another 270+ feet to the bottom of a lake. Well, my brother and I were jaunting along, altogether uncertain of where the edge of the cliff was due to the dense vegetation surrounding the area. Playfully he pushed me, then ran and ran. I slipped, and fell on my stomach on a slight incline. It was covered with moss and was wet, so I slipped quite readily. And I kept going, until I had the sickening sensation of not having anything solid under the lower portion of my body. And still I continued to slide. Well, I dug into that moss with my hands, and dangled from that cliff for about five minutes, unable to pull myself up, because the moss would have given way under the added exertion, and unable to get my brother to come and help--he had already run to the bottom of the hill via a path on the backside

of the cliff. So there I was, 300 feet above a nice pile of rocks. Holding on by the skin of my teeth. Well, I was getting a little bored of staying in that situation, so I made a desperate lunge for a tree branch that was about a foot beyond my reach. I caught it, and hauled myself up veeerrryy slowly, and then proceeded to stagger down the mountainside -- I didn't have enough senses about me to pound something out of my little brother.

And of course, the ideal fanzine would be a bi-weekly 50-100 pager...I'd like to see someone do that sometime, just for a month or two, but I suppose that by the time he quit it all, he'd curl up in some Tibetan Monestary and never be heard from again, poor soul...

Sure, Dr. Wertham's book deals with the chemistry of fanzines and fandom, so Denis has every justification to tell the librarians to get it. / Yes, and it's from a university press, and hence, must be scholarly. One more mark in its favor./

Har! You have to be 16 or 17 to publish those 100 page monsters, indeed! What do you think we are, some sort of snot-nosed ambition and eagerness, coupled with zillions of untapped energy fields? Hey? We get just as tired and sick of the whole show a while, believe me, yessir... / I was thinking mainly of the single-mindedness which someone of that age may have; not everyone, mind you. Once you're older and have other obligations it's tougher to get to work on the zine. I marvel at the regularity of some people I know, like Donn Brazier, for instance. A unique type of teenager, with no other interests, no girl friend, no sports, and maybe whose closest friends are also interested in sf and in his fanzine, could crank out a hundred-pager a lot easier than a middle-aged, lawn-mowing, screen-door-fixing, house-painting, friend-visiting, etc., etc. I'll be the first to admit that it takes no less energy for a 16-year-old than it does for a 44-year-old. I'm only saying that there may be fewer interruptions and greater stick-to-it-iveness./

I enjoyed Doug's con report, of sorts, but almost stopped reading it in mid-sentence because of those irritating lower-case "IIIIIIIIII's". I won't say anything clever about Freudian or Jungian shadings, hintings of inferiority complexes, self-demeaning attitudes, or inherent symbolism depicted in any of the, oh forget it, or any of those neat condescending things that are so fun to pick at.

BRUCE D. ARTHURS, 57th Trans. Co., Fort Lee, VA 23801

Re Barbour on language: I suspect that the real reason there were a number of real fans in the audience at the V-Con III fan panel, despite Susan Wood's statement that no trufan would be up at such an ungodly hour, was not because they had gotten up early because of friendship, but probably because they hadn't been to bed yet.

Clifford Wind's dwelling place sounds fairly typical of fannish surroundings I've seen. A rather old-fashioned dwelling, with something about the layout awkwardly planned, like Wind's kitchen; furniture either second-hand or makeshift; and all sorts of books, belongings, and strange objects making the place cluttered but comfortable. And, of course, the overflowing wastebasket.

My own room here is a little bit neater than most fannish rooms are, I suspect. Not just because I'm in the Army and am supposed to keep it neat, but also because a lot of my possessions are kept hidden in the wall lockers. Floor space is limited, so I save some by putting my bookcase up on top of my chest of drawers. Even with about nine feet of shelving in the bookcase, I've still accumulated too many books and fanzines to fit into it, so I managed to fit some slot-and-bracket shelving onto the side of the chest of drawers, which gives me about another four feet. Hopefully, that'll be enough to last til I get out next January. When I do get home, I'm definitely going to have to find an apartment with plenty of wall space. I may end up like Ned Brooks someday, with the windows covered over by shelves of books.

I've heard of the gallon bottle of Lavioris before, but haven't seen the thing myself. Our former company commander, a CPT Cahill, told me about the time he was in Officer Candidate School and he and some buddies went off for the weekend and got plastered. On their way back, they stopped off at a drugstore, looking for aspirin or something that would help their heads to stop going boom-boom-boom. And there, sitting on a shelf,

CPT Cahill saw this huge bottle of mouthwash, which he bought on impulse. Back at the barracks he stowed it up on the top shelf of his locker.

Now, these barracks had been used by OCS students for years. And of course they had all been required to keep the place absolutely clean, and a mirror polish on the floor. So over the years, the layers of wax on the floor had built up to about an inch thick.

So when CPT Cahill opened his locker again, and the bottle rolled out and shattered on the floor and the Lavoris ate right through all that built up polish like it was acid, he was not particularly pleased. He had to stay up all night, trying to get a shine back onto the floor, and it still left an embarrassing dip in the floor.

Carlson's mention of Virginia Military Institute reminds me of an even worse place. Ever heard of Fort Polk Military Academy? I don't know where in Virginia it is, and I don't want to. Last winter I was in the Richmond bus station waiting for a bus to Baltimore, when I saw a cadet in a gray uniform, standing stiff and straight, all the brass polished to a high gleam, his face utterly expressionless and devoid of emotion, and his eyes were empty of any life, any indication that there was a human being behind them. I got a cold feeling in my gut, seeing this machine that had been indoctrinated for one thing only: to OBEY his superiors. I wondered if he might not be a future Calley. Why do I say future?

He couldn't have been more than eight years old.

That frightened the hell out of me. What kind of parents would stick their child in such an institution, where he'll be marched here and there, not allowed to run or skip, to enjoy himself or do something for the fun of it, where he'll miss everything childhood is supposed to be? That's shivery, believe me.

"Bullfights of Hellkeep." Good story. Interesting characters, and I wonder if any sequels are planned? I also wonder if Bagby tried sending this out to the prozines? I can see a few spots where the language seems clumsy or the action drags momentarily, but this story is still much better than the sort of stuff Lin Carter writes. (I intend to nominate Carter's story in Flashing Swords #1 for Worst Story of the Year; it was bad!) / Yes, indeed, there is more of Bagby's writing coming up in the next issue. More of Giouffre and his side-kick. I don't know if these stories were submitted to the prozines. Ross??_/_

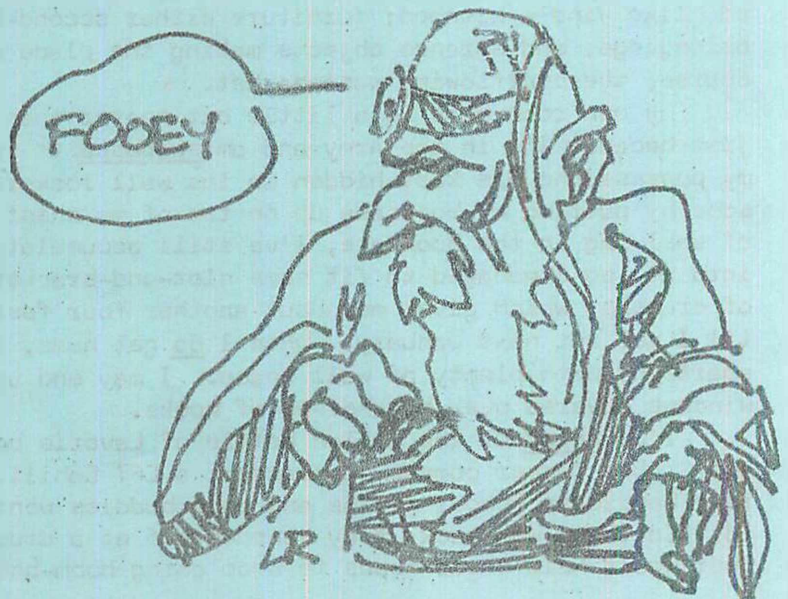
BEN INDICK, 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666

Garrison's is a most handsome cover. The popularity of the owl is amazing; along with the basic egg-shape, (of which he is typical anyway) he is perhaps the most popular art object collected. My wife, who is a professional artist (in a small way) used to sell through a gallery whose owner collected owl-art -- and also sold it. She had more danged owl-representations!

There is something in the crittur which appeals to us, his brooding seeming-wisdom; his beautiful egg-like symmetry; his portentous but never-breaking silence.

I got much, MUCH pleasure from Bagby's fine S&S tale! It is reminiscent of the Elric story by Moorcock which I read a while back, i.e., in its weary, nearly unheroic hero; however it is excellently told, and one wonders why it cannot appear subsequently in a paying market.

Otherwise, I regret I am no cook, and must forego your Trifling recipe...the book reviews were nice and saved me the trouble (as always) of reading the books...the other



articles were, I'm certain, interesting to many, in a personal way, but I must admit I did not linger with them. Impatience, I presume, and deplorable; however, no doubt one day I'll return to them.

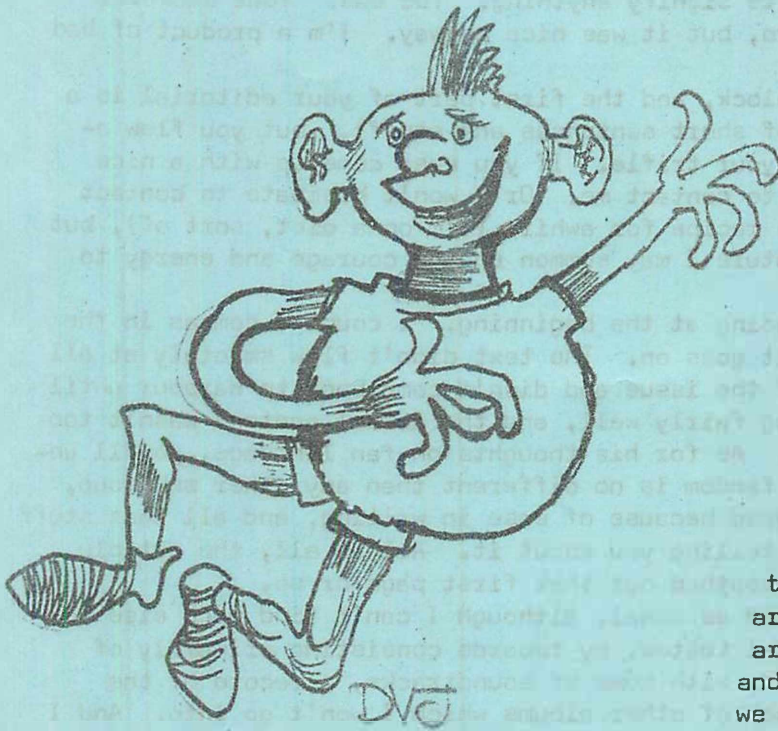
/ Editorial break: I was kidding Ben via letter a while back and accusing him of being a capitalist because he had mentioned being involved in the ownership of a drug store or two, or even a pharmacy, if you prefer.

I asked who the heck he thought he was and the following response from Ben I found enlightening./

I am the owner with my brother-in-law of a fair-sized corner drug store in the Bronx; the area is not the jungle that some parts of the Bronx are, but is not very good either. We are opening a second store only a block and a quarter away because we HAD to... we did not want to, but preferred that if anyone took it, we should. It is our first entrepreneurial enterprise -- and our own store is nepotistic, coming from Fred's

father. As you might guess, I am absolutely no businessman, and am only in Pharmacy because three decades ago I could not get into Medical School. I have never liked it, but it does afford a living, if not a grand one. In many ways, coming to work with my in-laws (I gave in because I was going broke otherwise, on my own as an employee) was my ruination too: I had been doing playwriting, and was starting to cook. I thought, with relatives, maybe I could have it both ways -- more pay and occasional free time as needed. It did not, of course, work. I found myself putting in about 1/3 more hours a week. Well, so it goes, and one gets resigned. Fandom has helped me immensely by giving me an outlet which has warmth and friendship, and does not demand much of one. I apologize to say that in spite of this, I try my best anyway, so you may perceive I might not have been a great playwright... you read Doug's bio of me in SF ECHO and you can guess my few years when things were cooking were the highlight of it all... Anyway, one gets older and cares less (I'm 50) and is satisfied with modest achievements, and has other problems, such as kids of 16 and 19, and THEIR uncertain futures. But Capitalist, hardly... if the new venture proves a real strain, I'll be in favor of selling both stores and becoming an employee again. I'm afraid of what it will do to my spare time, and the Fanac which I do enjoy... But I'll manage.

I saw a film set in Seattle -- CINDERELLA LIBERTY. It was a nice, sentimental replay of the old Jackie Coogan/Charlie Chaplin type of thing, done up in modern style, and never quite believable. Still, it was nice. It showed Seattle at its worst and seamiest, but in the first instant, almost the first frame, panning the water front across the bay, I spotted your Space Needle, and knew. / Thank you. The movie did show Seattle's seamiest, First Avenue, what we call Skid Road, where once indeed logs were skidded to the waterfront for rafting and thence to the sawmill. I try to be objective about my love for this city but I don't suppose I get very far. It is a beautiful place and although I've seen many other major cities, I've not found one that I'd care to do more than visit. There are some country villages where I could be happy in the British Isles, but no American city, not even San Francisco, has captured me like my own city has. Hey, Ben, come visit. I'll show you the real Seattle, plus Skid Road./



TONY CVETKO, 29415 Parkwood Drive, Wickliffe, OH 44092

Your cover was very good, though I'll be damned if I can figure out what it's supposed to signify. Or isn't it supposed to signify anything. Too bad. Your backcover would have been better with better repro, but it was nice anyway. I'm a product of bad repro so I understand.

You complain about your writer's block, and the first part of your editorial is a little hard to read comfortably (lots of short sentences and stuff), but you flow along pretty nicely when you talk about your trifle. If you ever come up with a nice fanzine article, please don't hesitate to contact me. Or I won't hesitate to contact you. I doubt that I'll try your trifle recipe for awhile (I'm on a diet, sort of), but maybe one day in the dim and distant future I may summon up the courage and energy to concoct some reasonable facsimile.

Barbour's article was very rough going at the beginning. I count 8 commas in the first sentence, 12 in the second, and it goes on. The text didn't flow smoothly at all and I immediately turned to the rest of the issue and didn't come back to Barbour until the end of A-W. Later on he flows along fairly well, and the actual content wasn't too bad, but that beginning sure was rough. As for his thoughts on fan language, you'll undoubtedly get many locs remarking that fandom is no different than any other subgroup, and that fan language was partly developed because of ease in writing, and all that stuff so I won't waste your time and mine in telling you about it. All in all, the article would have been good if he could have smoothed out that first page or so.

Clifford Wind's column was very good as usual, although I can't find much else to say about it. He and I differ in musical tastes, my records consisting primarily of Chicago, Moody Blues, and Beatles albums, with some sf soundtracks, a record of the space program up to Apollo 11 and a bunch of other albums which I won't go into. And I can't help but think what a great cover Schirmeister's illo would have made for Don Thompson's DUN-o-SAUR.

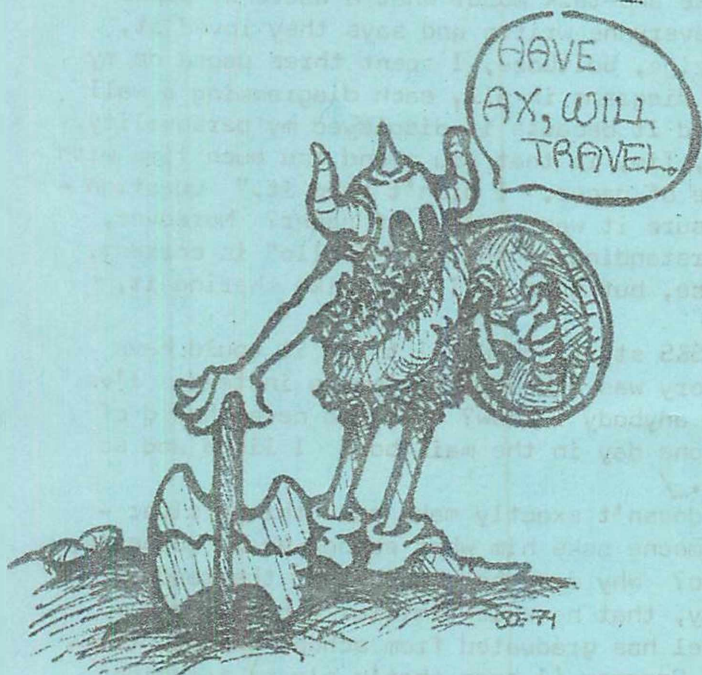
Carlson's article was also good as usual; and as usual I can't comment much on it, probably because I haven't had any similar experiences upon which I could expound. He has an excellent conversational style of writing which I enjoy immensely. Never heard of Delaware, Ohio, though.

Rarely do I enjoy stories of wizards and magic, but I enjoyed Bagby's story. Don't know why, but I did. He kept my interest throughout the story with his action and descriptions. Perhaps part of it was the revelation that a sorcerer uses robots, a fact which I had never run across before. Of course, I don't read much fantasy but I found myself caught up in this story and I'm beginning to think that perhaps I've been missing something. If a lot of fantasy is like this, then I'll have to read more. Is there some that you might recommend? / Oh, that's like opening up Pandora's box. There are as many kinds and levels of fantasy as there are readers of it. I'd hesitate to stick my neck out very far since it stretches (fantasy, not my neck) from sword and sorcery to William Morris and George MacDonald. In the book reviews this time you'll find a review of THE PASTEL CITY. I thought it quite good. I think I'll throw this open to the masses out there. Fantasy readers, arise. Send me a title or two and next Ash-Wing will present (Taa-daa) the first Reader's Choice of favorite fantasy titles. Help K&K lead Tony into righteous ways. /

This bank was held...by an elephant! Yes! When the police asked the teller to describe it, she said it was an elephant. The police said that there are two kinds of elephants, African with large ears, and the Indian with small ears. The teller replied, "I couldn't tell, it had a nylon stocking over its head!"

I just bought Alan Dean Foster's Star Trek Log One today and although I haven't started it yet. He devotes much more space to the stories than Blish does, so Foster should have better development in his adaptations. And the cover is really great.

I recommend George R.R. Martin's "A Song for Lya" in the June Analog most highly. Fantastic story! I have four favorite all-time stories right now: Childhood's End, Shane, "Flowers for Algernon," and "A Song for Lya." First Martin comes up with "With Morning Comes Mistfall," and now "Lya." He's got to be one of the better writers around. They do manage to keep coming out of the woodwork, these new writers with such fine stories; Michael Bishop, Michael Coney, Tiptree, Vonda McIntyre; the hits just keep on coming. /



WAYNE W. MARTIN, Rt. 1, Box D-64, Macclenny, FL 32063

/ Oops, right off the editor goofs; try 4517 E. Redlands, Fresno, CA 93726 for the new address for Wayne. /

I'd like to say something about the "ungodly hour" statement attributed to Susan Wood in Mr. Barbour's article. I am unaware of the exact hour in question, but I should like to point out that fans - neo and tru alike - may have different ideas on what would constitute an ungodly hour. I for one don't get going until well after midnight and would prefer a bedtime of around noon. That is one thing that is attracting me to fandom. The correspondence gives me something to do at those "ungodly hours" on certain weekends and vacation days.

In the lettercolumn there was a good deal of talk about a pre-article by Michael Carlson about the South. I have been living in a northern Florida city which is more typical of Georgia - and is a small town to boot. The entire county attends one high school and is about half the size of the high school I went to back in California. Now I have been living here for about a year and while walking to the store just this afternoon I was stopped by the police officer who

didn't recognize me as being "from aroun' heah".

As it seems that enough people are voicing their musical taste in their locs, I, for one, happen to be a Donovan fan and am quite annoyed at the lack of airplay his last few records have gotten. When "Open Roads" came out, I didn't hear anything from it played on any of the Fresno, California stations and his recent album has gotten play on only one northern Florida FM station.

I find that there is a lot of talk about fans - faanish and sercon - with a great deal of debate as to which qualify as the better fan. It seems that a number of faanish fans seem to be fans of fandom more than they are fans fo sf, but that's an article worth writing, and I won't go into it now. I'm going to write it someday if I ever find a place to use it. A lot of fans would get along just fine in their area if they had never heard of science fiction. A lot of non-fans I know have a deeper interest than some of the fans.

I noticed talk in the lettercol about New Wave. There is no such thing, a point on which Harlan Ellison has been adamant. If there are those who insist there is, they will have to look way back to find it's begging. To the pre-Amazing days in fact. A lot of what is running around under the label of New Wave has a lot in common with the science fiction/fantasies that prevailed in the 1910's and early 20's. The big emphasis was on the story and not the scientific ideas that pervaded the Gernsbackian and pseudo-science tales. Murray Leinster's early work would fit in the New Wave category as easily as Thomas M. Disch or Brian Aldiss or Harlan Ellison. Some of Van Vogt's work would fit, too, as easily as Piers Anthony.

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

The cover to #14 is very nice, but I'll be damned if I've ever seen an owl like that before. That owl looks more like I would imagine you to look than an owl! I don't think owls have eyes like that at all. Maybe they have the same sort of expression, but I've always been under the impression that owls have nocturnal eyes, much like that of a cat.

I was surprised that Clifford D. Wind actually wrote about his apartment in his column. Undoubtedly most of your readers will write and talk about what a waste of paper and how it was just "fillo" material, etc. If everyone writes and says they loved it, I'll be mad. In the third issue of my personalzine, SoltGoze, I spent three pages on my room. I drew a complicated diagram of it; four diagrams in all, each diagramming a wall of the room. Those who mentioned it either loved it because it displayed my personality, or others wrote things like, "My only complaint, Tim, is that you spend too much time with fillo material." Another - "Da Room was a waste of paper. I didn't read it." Question - if this reader didn't read it, then how was he sure it was a waste of paper? Moreover, my entire fanzine is fillo material, if my understanding of the word "fillo" is correct. I wrote the three pages not to just take up space, but because I felt like sharing it, since I was/am proud of my room.

"Bullfights in Hellkeep" was an excellent S&S story, though I think it would have been a bit spicier if the protagonist of the story was a beautiful female instead. I've never heard of Ross. F. Bagby...a pseudonym for anybody I know? / I had never heard of Ross before either and the mss. just showed up one day in the mail box. I liked and so "Bullfights" was published. There will be more./

I enjoyed Michael Carlson's column but he doesn't exactly make some things clear - why is he doing all this traveling, and when someone asks him what school he is going to, he simply lies. Why? What school does he go to? Why does he assume that the readers already know what school he goes to? By the way, that name is familiar - have I run across Michael in an apa or something? / Michael has graduated from school and now travels about the country for the Baldrige Reading Program (I hope that's close) teaching short and intensive courses in reading development to college level students who must be having problems. I suspect that it's easier to fib about where he goes to school than it is to explain what he does. You may have seen Michael's column in other zines as well, since he ships one off when he does it to the zine most likely to publish next. I think this makes the third column for A-W, but he's done six or seven altogether. I also suspect that he's too busy for apas./

I'm sorry that neither you nor Laurine White liked Excalibur (Laubenthal) - I found it a beautiful book myself. After reading her reaction to your review, I had to go back and re-read your review. While I agree that the climax is a let-down, I still enjoyed all the beautiful writing that led up to it, even though the protagonists' morals are a bit strange and even though it did become more and more complicated. I guess Ms. Laubenthal assumed that since she was interested in the Arthurian and Mabinogian legends everyone was. In my case she was correct and I enjoyed what I could learn from the book. / I doubt Ms. Laubenthal is naive enough to believe everyone is crazy about Arthurian and related things. But there is a fair market for fantasy and for Arthurian things and that is where her interest lay. It wasn't the subject matter at all that set me off, as a matter of fact I have a thing about Arthur, have scads of books about him and his time, both the real and legendary, and have visited many Arthur-related places in England, traveling specifically to places to see them, not just happening to find them on the way. Excalibur had as fine a beginning for a contemporary fantasy as any I've read. It showed great promise, and I rubbed my hands in glee. But by the last third of the book, I found myself plodding along with the young scholar and deriving no great joy nor intellectual stimulation from what I was reading. For me, it had disintegrated. I'm glad you enjoyed it, and I hope others did as well. My own feeling is that Ms. Laubenthal needed to cut it drastically./

STEVE JOHNSON, Mary McQuire Hall, 1317 Spring Street, Madison, WI 53706

Salvatore DiMaria's letter is fairly impossible to pass by, though the topic's a standard of fannish discussion, one that most of us have been through many times before.

Certainly a lot of fans -- particularly younger, newer fans -- are alienated introverts: whether fandom has more than its "share" proportionate to size and the total population depends on the extent alienation exists throughout the whole of society. I think the number of alienated individuals is far larger than most people, particularly alienated individuals, believe.

The alienated, of course, comes from a variety of backgrounds and possess a variety

of interests and skills; it is to be expected that the concentrations of various 'types' will vary from one social group to another. For instance, fandom has a larger concentration of alienated bookworms than the factory where I work. The factory, however, employs a large number of alienated working class folk, most of whom are not at home in abstract thought and discussion but who may be quite competent at mechanical pasttimes. One could justifiably say that the concentration of alienated hotrodders is higher at Oregon Freeze Dry than in sf fandom.

The point of this, I guess, is that fandom is not a dumping ground for social misfits; lonely people come in many varieties, not all classifiable as introverts, and its not surprising that a recognizable type shows up in a social group as specialized as fandom, particularly hard core fanzine fandom.

Getting back to the particulars of Salvatore's letter, I'm somewhat at a loss when I come to his lines about wanting to open up to people, but not knowing how. I have the feeling we've been in similar psychological boats, and I know that for the past several years I've been in better shape, mental health-wise, than ever before. I find it impossible, however, to attribute this to any one experience or even a particular series of experiences

RICHARD BARTUCCI, P.O. Box 21, West Berlin, NJ 08091

You have received issue number ten of The Alien Critic, I suppose. Anybody for a nice old-fashioned bookburning of the collected works of Stanislaw Lem? "The gilded cuffs of SF"! His opinions of fandom I consider to be of the merest tripe constructed; his lack of familiarity, his patent ignorance of the underlying purposes of western fandom--oh, Ghu restrain my blood pressure!

RUTH BERMAN, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, MN 55417

A couple of quick comments on Ash-Wing 14. Douglas Barbour takes a loaded set of examples in comparing fanspeak to kid-clubhouses and rock and drugs. Any group develops a group argot, and if the group's group interest has to do with words, the argot will tend to be complex and colorful. The jargon of scholarly journals, for example, although perhaps less colorful, is considerably more complex and off-putting to newcomers than fanspeak.

"Fascist" is an odd example of several different argots, and I'm not really surprised that the girl Michael Carlson described didn't know the meaning of the word. In its current use - an insult for anyone who believes anything you don't - it has almost no meaning at all. When Mussolini tried to get some flavor of ancient Roman glory into his party, it had almost no meaning at all. So...

/ Ruth had a lovely sticker used on the envelope to make sure the envelope stayed sealed. It said, "What ineffable twaddle! - Watson" I wonder if she meant her note or my fanzine. Hmmm...!/_

CHESTER D. CUTHBERT, 1104 Mulvey Avenue,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, CANADA R3M 1J5

Although I don't have time to comment on everything, I would like to say something about Ross Bagby's "Bullfights of Hellkeep." The story reveals his interest in many fields of fantasy; but I think it would have been stronger if some of these had not been used.



The medieval setting and characters make anachronistic use of robot ghouls; demons and wizards threaten the soul more than the body, but Ross concentrates on their physical phenomena. I also think that the element of suspense could have been heightened if Giouffre di Mourle and the demon had not been riding aimlessly, but had been engaged in some important quest whose interruption by the encounter with Nimros threatened its failure; and that the conclusion should have implied a resumption of the quest with new and invigorated resolution. As an amateur writer myself, I should greatly appreciate Ross making any suggestions which may occur to him about any of my writings he may chance to see. Mutual appraisal can be helpful.

JOHN ROBINSON, 1 - 101st Street, Troy, NY 12180

Douglas Harbour should not complain so much. The Fanspeak Slanguage is not merely the product of ghettoization but of Jobspeak. Since some take the view that Fandom Is A Way Of Life, it's quite understandable that some fans will use Fanspeak in the same way people of various professions use argot or slang from on the job when they are off the job. Pick up a copy of Egospeak: Why No One Listens To You, By Edmond G. Addeo and Robert E. Burger. Fandom has no corner on creating language barriers. Can you speak computerese? Or is the conversation of computer knurds beyond you (there, see, I've dropped one of those words - knurd: someone almost totally obsessed with a segment of science or technology and fascinated by machinery, i.e., engineers, mathematicians, physicists, chemists and computer programmers, etc.; to graduate from RPI -- MIT, Cal Tech, etc. -- you must be a knurd, or vice versa; ANALOG is a knurdzine.) You can get Egospeak for \$1.95. It's published by Bantam.

Not only are you in for trouble with the English, but the Ostrylians will probably establish a Ditmar Award (just once) for "Best Fannish Custard" and purposely leave your name off the list.

I'm glad you call your thing "rules" - and not a recipe. It does, however, conform with current day recipes. Imagine a fanzine doing that sort of thing 19th Century style; no measures and no instructions for combining and preparing ingredients. Yes, 19th Century cook books are fun for their way of listing ingredients (approximately) and saying "do it the way your mother or aunt did it." That wouldn't do today. More than half the mothers never tell their daughters how to fix an egg, and half the daughters won't admit to knowing even if they were taught -- like the reluctance to admitting knowledge as to how to type reasonably well at all. / Oh, you've brought up something that never crossed my mind when I typed up that recipe. The word 'Rule's' wasn't meant to be a synonym for recipe, but was the name of a hotel or inn, I'm not quite sure, where the trifle is made to that recipe. That never occurred to me. But you bring up the good point about older recipes. I have my mother's cookbook now that she is dead, and looking through it found all sorts of handwritten recipes on cards and scraps of paper. She used to make the most fantastic dinner rolls and I stumbled across the recipe on a much floured 3 X 5 card. I was elated until I realized that it called for flour, salt, etc. but no quantities; also no length of time for baking nor no oven temperature. Ah, sainted mother in heaven, what have you done to me? /

Glad to see you have more than 20 pages of A-W this time. Hope you keep me on your list. I suggest you use Mike Glycer's method and make your mailing list from the people who have written you over the past six months. With me that's 150 people, and I don't even publish a fanzine, only apazines, and write locs. / I never really kept track, except in my head, but finally in desperation last November I began to keep a note on the file cards of my mailing list. It's been almost a year now and you can bet that a lot of people who haven't responded in a year's time aren't likely to get any more issues. /

MIKE KRING, PSC # 1, Box 3147, Kirtland AFB, NM 87115

/ Having nothing to do with A-W, but something to do with music, which I like to hear rapped about once in a while. Mike and Vardebob and I had a great time talking about music at Westercon. /

Right now Melanie is on the ol' stereo and I don't care what anyone says, I think she's dynamite. Of course, sometimes she blows it, but that makes her that much more appealing to me. Human, even. And at times her songs, her voice, make a song truly

magical. Her version of "Carolina On My Mind" makes James Taylor's version seem weak and bad. And her latest single, "Love To Lose Again" is really great. But then, I'm prejudiced. You must take that into account.

And I like Janis Ian, too. And what makes it great about Janis Ian is a lot of her albums are remaindered now and I can pick them up for anywhere from \$1 to \$3. Not bad. I really like her FOR ALL THE SEASONS OF YOUR MIND lp. I got it for \$1. You might check around and see if you can get a copy. For \$1 it's really difficult to go wrong.

Zines are a hassle, but I only do one. And a personalzine, at that, which is fairly easy to do once I get going. I think I might rebel, doing a genzine. I hate typing stencils too much. / I threw Mike's last paragraph in to let you know that he does a nice easy rap in his personalzine, THE FRACTURED MONGOOSE. If you pleaded with him, and perhaps sent along some coin or a 10¢ stamp, he might let loose of one. I dig it, but then I dig Mike./

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

In one issue of SIG, Tim Marion gave a tour of his bedroom. It was accompanied by diagrams. So here is another room tour, which I also had fun reading, but let's not have a proliferation of such articles. Gosh, an Esther Williams fan. The only movie I really remember her in was "Jupiter's Darling"; she was a Roman patrician who saved Rome from conquest by going off with Hannibal; one of those costume musicals of the 50's, not at all serious.

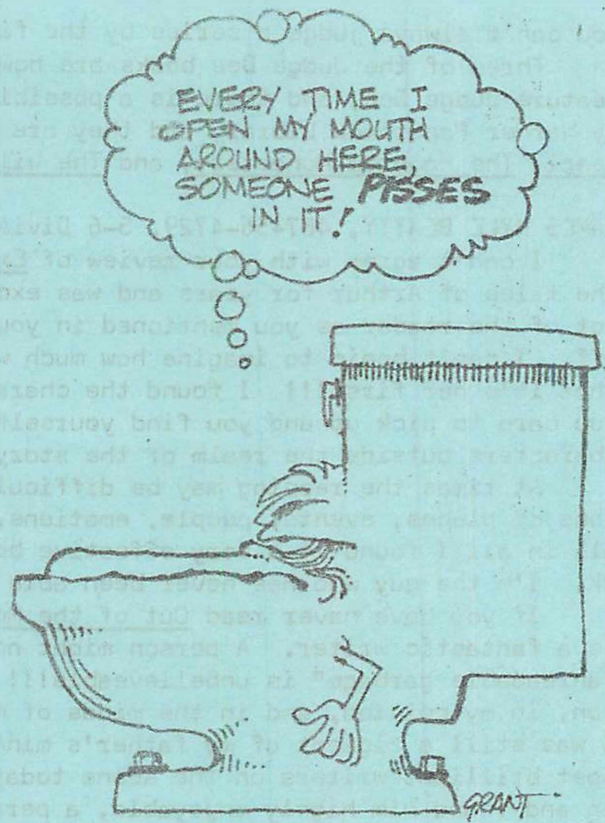
"Bullfights of Hellkeep" begins like an Italian western. Are Giouffre and his demon like Elric and Stormbringer or the Swordsman and Glirendres in Niven's "Not Long Before the End"? Parts of the story reminded me of some Zelazny stories and of The Pastel City by Harrison. /See reviews./ And I wondered where in that universe the custom of bullfighting originated.

Jodie Offutt's review of Future City made it sound so good. I'd like to read the book.

You mentioned talking to George Metzger at V-Con. I thought his "Moondog" comix excellent and hope to see Beyond Time and Again in print soon. I was wondering what sort of a person he was. / Hmmm. George is not what I expected. He's older than I thought, I'd guess somewhere around mid-thirties, maybe. He looks strong and robust from living up in the woods of eastern B.C. He has a strong, but gentle voice and when I complimented him on the various issues of Moondog, he accepted with humility. He was a the kind of guy whom I would have liked to take off into a quiet corner of a pub and buy a couple of drinks and just talk, but circumstances conspired against that. I think he'd be totally fascinating, as he's become fairly self-sufficient, having built his own log house and raises a lot of his own food. I hope he shows up again this coming year and I'll do my darndest to talk more with him. I, too am most anxious to see Byond Time and Again./

John Strang's mention of temple prostitution reminded me of something I'd read somewhere: that some of the temple contributions were used to provide dowries for the uglier women who could obtain a husband no other way.

Those comments on Dr. Syn on the High Seas about its being so dated sound rather discouraging. Actually the first book is different from the rest of the series, which are a lot better. If I had read that one first, I probably wouldn't have read the rest, either.



You can't always judge a series by the first book.

Three of the Judge Dee books are now in print. One of the TV movies this season will feature Judge Dee, and there is a possibility of its becoming a TV series. All published by Warner Paperback Library and they are by Robert van Gulik. The titles are The Emperor's Pearl, The Haunted Monastery, and The Willow Pattern.

JAMES NYLE BEATTY, 487-56-4729, S-6 Division, USS Guadalcanal LPH-7, FPO New York, NY 09501

I can't agree with your review of Excalibur by Sanders Anne Laubenthal. I've loved the tales of Arthur for years and was excited to find this book. The story does demand a lot of the reader as you mentioned in your article, but I would have to say that it pays off. I can't begin to imagine how much work must have gone into this book, and to think that it's her first!!! I found the characters to be more developed than most any fiction you care to pick up and you find yourself interested not only in the plot, but each of the characters outside the realm of the story.

At times the reading may be difficult, but that comes, I believe, from the descriptions of places, events, people, emotions, etc. that are used. There are weak points, but all in all I found it a very effective book, sorry it didn't work for you, Frank. / That's OK. I'm the guy who has never been able to finish a Heinlein book, either. /

If you have never read Out of the Mouth of the Dragon by Geston, then do so. Geston is a fantastic writer. A person might not find Geston to his taste, but to call his work "unreadable garbage" is unbelievable!!! I can't believe Ken Ozzanne said that. Mark Geston, in my opinion, and in the minds of many people I know who are reading sf and were when I was still a figment of my father's mind (well, maybe not his mind...), is one of the most brilliant writers on the scene today. ? I agree with you this time. I've read Geston and found him highly enjoyable, a person who sees the vastness of things, a veritable architect. Highly recommended. /

Noticed Ken also mentioned Cordwainer Smith. Of all sf writers, he's my favorite. His story, "The Lady Who Sailed the 'Soul'", ties with Lafferty's "Slow Tuesday Night" as my favorite short story - there's no way to pick between them. ? Again, we agree. I hear that Ellison was able to buy an unpublished Cordwainer Smith for The Last Dangerous Visions. Something to look forward to. /

Glad to know others are also familiar with "The Scarecrow", Brautigan and Charlie Chan. / There are no new "Scarecrow" stories out, but Brautigan has a new one and Charlie Chan #4 just showed up in paperback. Here's a chance to mention a couple of other detective story writers that you might look for, if you're at all interested. Edmund Crispin's Gervase Fen stories are the most literate detective stories I've ever read, and I might also mention Michael Delving as very entertaining. Unfortunately the Crispin books are hard to find, having been published back in the late '40s and '50s. But worth looking for. /

Well, I'm sorry. There are a lot of good letters left, but 13 pages of this super-elite ought to be enough or I'll be up to 50 pages. We heard from Dainis Bisenieks, John P. Strang, Mike Dunn, Tim C. Marion, Pauline Palmer, Darrell Schweitzer, Wayne W. Martin and several others to whom I apologize. Look for a zine within a couple of months. See if Denton has gone off his nut, or whether he really means it this time. Til then, peace.

