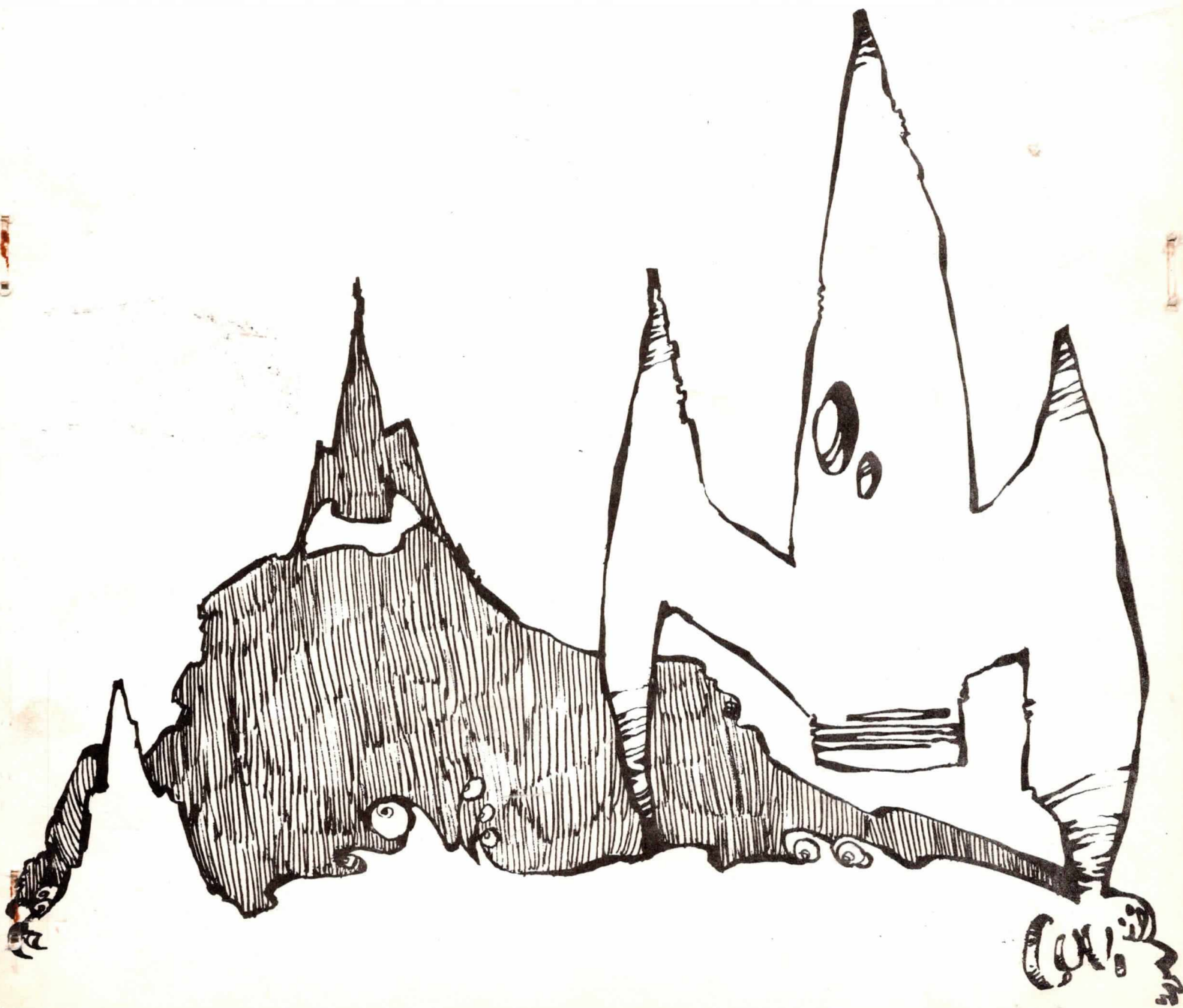


GENOOK



GENOOK

NO. 5 / SPRING '68

GENOOK....#5...for Spring, 1968...Genook is published quarterly by Bill Kunkel... 72-41 61st Street, Glendale, New York... 11227.....Driftwood Publication #9...

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other: contributions of accepted artwork or written material (no specifications-) or a printed letter of comment (no --I print them, not you...).....

This enforcement may come as a jolt, but this can become expensive after a while, and funds are required.

Please check your mailing sheet. Indicated there will be the number of the last GENOOK you will receive unless you do something.



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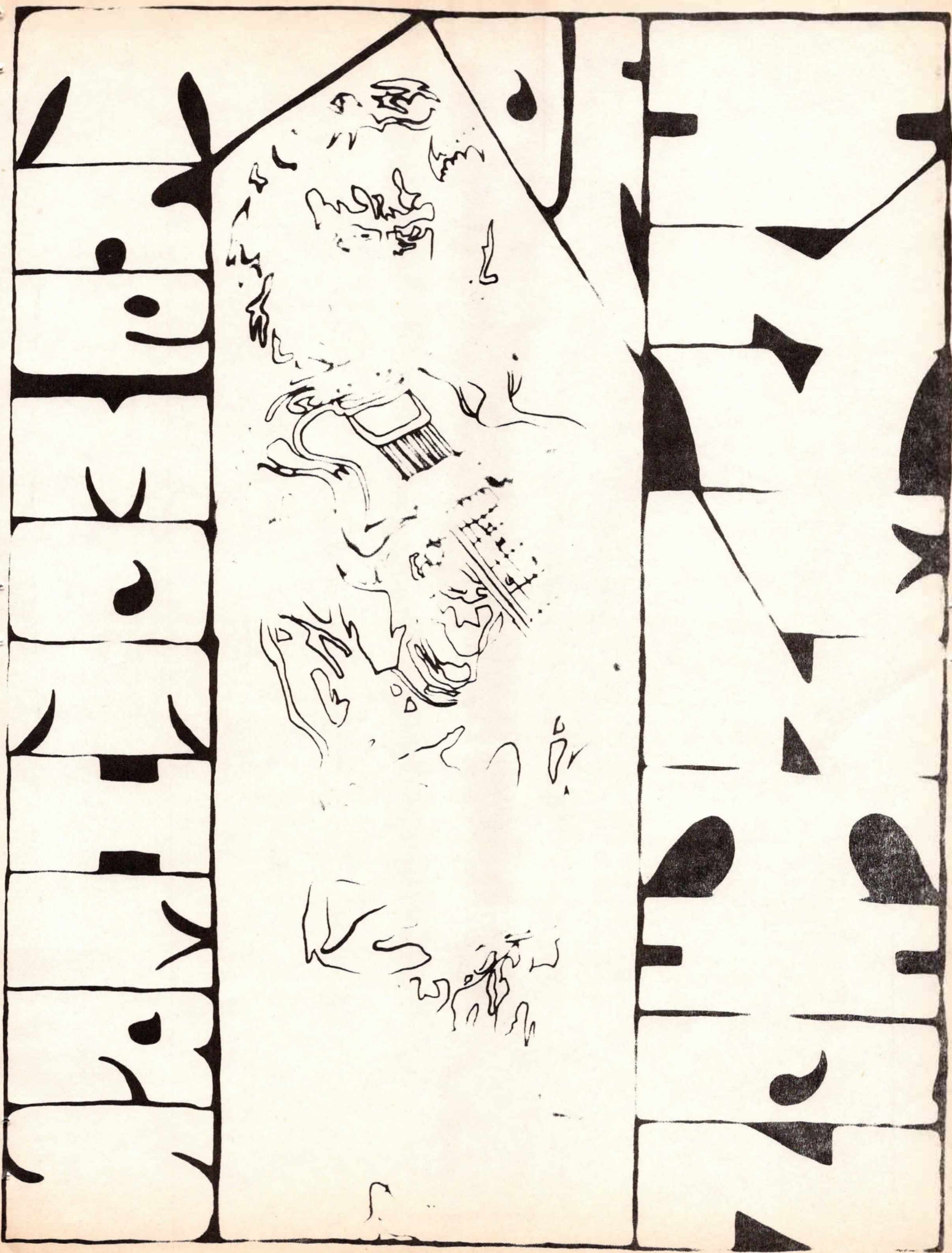
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ST. LOUISCON IN '69 ! ST. LOUISCON IN '69 ! ST. LOUISCON IN '69 ! ST. LOUIS



.....the mothers of invention

drawn by rick seward

((let me welcome Rick to the pages of GENOOK...

.....along with some other new artists....

like Bob Jennings....

long may they ink....))

DRIVE

EDITORIAL

BY WAY OF MONUMENTS DEPT.: By way of monuments, GENCOCK has thus far served well as a model to all that is changing, unestablished and basically diffuse. In five issues we've managed to work them out to the point where no two resemble one another, even slightly. There's a point to all this, but I shan't go into it. Just let me welcome you to our fifth issue. As you may have noticed, we are now quarterly and larger. This, therefore, is annual issue number one for us. And this being the GENCOCK ANNISH, I've deemed it be dubbed the GENISH....and you've all now been properly cautioned against the use of Jewish potato jokes. Ta daa.

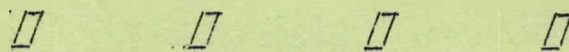
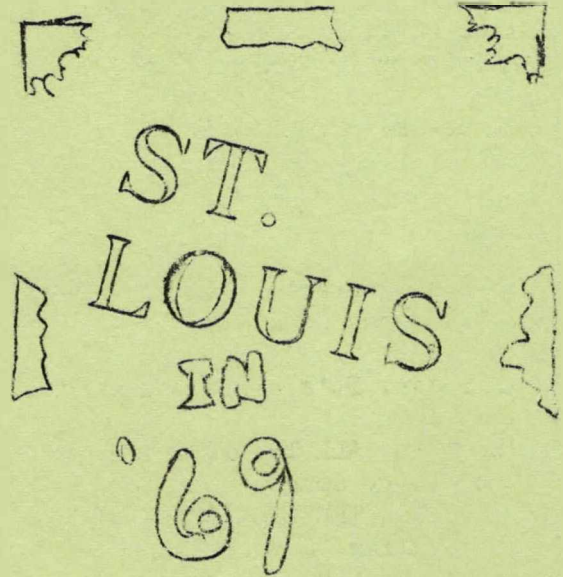


This, obviously, is a biggy issue. Art folios, mucho fiction and all. Future issues will not be this large. This is a special treat (?). Anyway, it is. But those GNK's yet to come ("..oh, for the unborn children..") will be pretty hefty anyway. Over forty pages, I'd suppose.

Next issue, for the summer, will go about that. The fall issue will not be issued. Rather, THE SPENDER will, at long last, be nailed out. Contrits are still being accepted and appreciated. That issue, however, is not obtainable (naturally) for loc and such so you will have to either trade, contribute or pay. Get it straight, folks. Those with subs (both of you) will get it as a regular issue. Or instead of, depending upon how you view the situation.

Other oddities: STAR TREK was renewed. I knew it would be. I think the campaign was a sham anyway. Not that I particularly care that it was renewed, but a lot of folks like it so, you know.....

....a lot of people liked my editorial last issue....cause they couldn't read it. ("..hey Bill, I loved the editorial..couldn't read it...hahahahaha...")..methinks the repro has improved this time out. I honestly hope so, anyway..



The more perceptive of youse should notice the fact that I wholeheartedly support St. Louis and its bid for the worldcon in '69..

Anyway, 'Columbus' takes too long to write..

.. No..really...I can't see how you'd go wrong..... and have I ever lied to you?

(--apologies to Lenny Bruce and Paul Simon)
I been Top Job'd, Mr. Clean'd
I been New Reef'd, Listerine'd
A touch of Wildroot keeps it cool all day..
I been Danaca'd senseless
Left defenseless
I'm on my knees and nearly scentless
Or so the commercials say...

But otherwise, I'm doing pretty well.....

impressions. . . (not quite reviews)

Recommended LPs:

Where have you gone,
Douglas Lovenstein?

THE FOX----CHARLIE BULLOCK (my personal fave
so far this year)--and THE STRANGER.....

(illegible lost, dept.)

Recommended lps:

stlouisconin69

JOHN WESLEY HARDING: repulsive, upon its
first hearing, Dylan's strangely appealing
voice and cuts like "Down Along the Cove"
grow on you rather quickly. Very Very Nice.

GRADUATE: Old S&G songs and terrible period
and fox trot music by David Grunin (I think).
Not exactly recommended.

TENDERNESS JUNCTION: Excellent FUGS music.
Favorite Cuts: "Wet Dream", "Casting the
Demons From the Pentagon" and "Dover Beach".
Pretentious often, and heavy handed, but
it's the FUGS (who, while not quite as good
as Zappa's MOTHERS are a fine group).

DISREALI GEARS: I haven't got the album
in here and I'm not positive about the
spelling of that. Nonetheless, this is
a great bit of CREAMusic. Far superior
to the tripe being handed us by far less
talented groups (like THE VANILLA FUDGE).
Clapton can play the guitar outasite.

ALICE'S RESTAURANT: Arlo Guthrie's great, grand and glorious tale of the
Alice's Restaurant Massacre and of his encounter with the shitsheads at
WhiteHall. On the flip side are some of the most beautiful, whimsical and
really, good, folk songs I've heard in a long time. "Chilling of the
Evening" is beautiful, "Ring-Around-The-Rosy Rag" is campily funky, "Now and
Then" is groovy. I dig "The Motorcycle Song."

And if the opportunity to catch him in concert, do. He's fantastic.

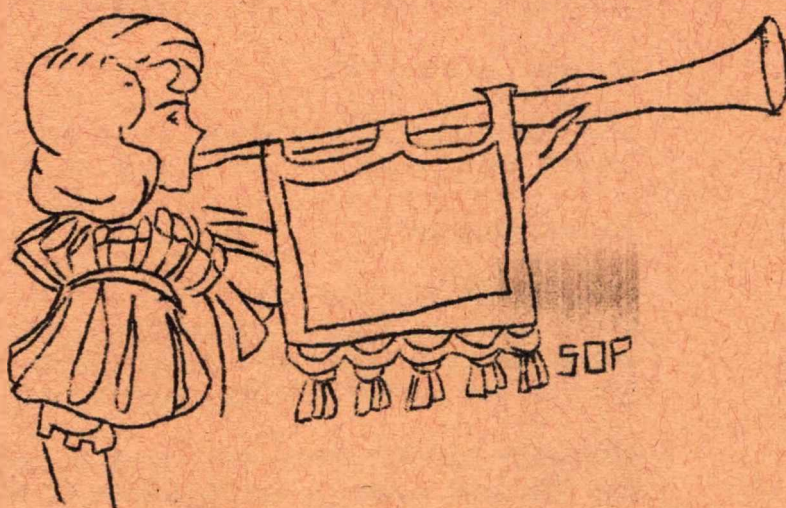
"You can get anything you want
at Alice's Restaurant."

It's your nose.

AXIS: BOLD AS LOVE: Wow! King Jimi is the world's best guitarist, as they say,
and he's got a voice that'll really turn you on--like when he sings "If 6 Were
9" (no double meanings, Morris).

Heartily recommended. Put it on stereo and let it blast. It's clear you ears.

SOME GOOD OLDIES I JUST HEARD DEPT.: Phil Ochs first lp, ALL THE NEWS THAT'S
FIT TO SING points out the trouble with social commentary songs--they get
dated mighty quick. The songs are good and funny though. THE HISTORY OF OTIS
REDDING, has some of Redding's greatest sounds on it, like "Respect" and
"Satisfaction". Soul music doesn't always turn me on, but this album did.
It's a damned shame that this man died. England voted him the best singer in
the world a year ago.



SUPPORT
ST.
LOUIS
IN
'69

But back to Wesley Harding, it does grow on you and you'll probably find a few of the cuts interesting at any rate. Wesley Harding, the title song, is monotonous and chic, cast in the Bonnie & Clyde mold that is rapidly becoming very tedious. But tracks like "Dear Landlord" are quite a bit better. And if you think you'd enjoy hearing Dylan do Tom Rush ("Down Along the Cove") then you'll really like Dylan doing an impression of Paul Simon doing Dylan ("Wicked Messenger").

Anyway, music is looking better. Even The Monkees, those TV assholes, are attempting to sound pertinent. And the fact that they sound more like assholes than ever doesn't seem to bother them.

More movies:

BELLE DE JOUR is an excellent erotic film

it contains some very funny perversion sequences and daydream scenes.....

And Hammer/7 Arts have a new double-bill playing the country: THE LOST CONTINENT and THE VIKING QUEEN. The former is a fairly literate bloodbath with awful special effects. The latter is a literal bloodbath featuring no less than: half dozen assorted rapes and ravashings....an extended sequence featuring the queen being flogged.....one human sacrifice....cage of Roman soldiers lowered into a fiery pit....eighteen pillages...sixteen doublecrosses and a partridge in a pear tree.

Hammer, formerly makers of creditable and even very excellent gothic horror has obviously abandoned such enterprises since their coalition with 7 Arts (an apt name). Films, or carnages, such as Viking Queen make both poor cinema and poor pornography.

I've never been opposed to displays of sadism, perversion or, really, anything whatsoever on the screen or anywhere in any media presentation. I just wish they'd make better films of the subject.

To be reviewed next issue:

THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR and 2001!

-----next issue out
in July!-----

DRIVEL HAS A WAY OF CONTINUEING

To start off, I misspelled one word in the above title. Can you find the word? I warn you, it won't be easy. But the first one to find the missing word, no I mean the "misspelled" word, the first one to find that---anyway---they win not only a photograph of yours truly in an erotic pose (taken in a 4 for a quarter phone booth at Union Square) but also, and dig this, three pieces of used Ko-Rec-Type originally given to me by Al Morrison. Now ain't that sumpthin?

Two things, before I get going. One is that you will notice a lot of what I shall call (for lack of an infinitely better dub) four-letter words. I certainly hope that the letter column will not be cluttered up next issue by pedantic nonsense regarding their use. Since just about everything I wrote this time out was done in pure streamofconsciousness, the written words will closely resemble my spoken words. Christ knows what that makes me, but that's the way it is. It may prompt some people out there to send me some things they might have hesitated to previously. And if you don't like it, well that's too bad. Let me know and I won't send you any more issues.

And the other thing was in segard to Jim Devlin's excellent article in two parts on Gilbert & Sullivan. He is quite willing to correspond with anyone interested in the pair. I got a note with the manuscript and he said he "welcomes" such. He can be reached at: 90-25 138th Place, Jamaica, New York 11435.

This issue is quite late, of course. That hardly needs saying, but you'd gripe if I didn't say it. This is a sort of obligatory masochism on the part of the faned. The issue is late:

"Hey, schmuck! Got your fanzine the other day. Been quite a while, eh?"

"Yeah. You could say that."

"Twelve years, right."

"At least."

"Well?"

"Well, what?"

"Go and say it."

"Say what?"

"Say you're sorry it was so late."

"Sigh. I'm sorry it was so late."

But anyway, I really am. The next issue, the Summer one, will be out in August some time, I guess. I hope so, certainly.

I was reading what I've got done of this issue and have come to the conclusion (Here's to you, Mr. Vardenan?) that genock can no longer be rightfully called a 'science fiction fanzine'. It will be called a lot of other things, I'm sure, but not that.

Hypothetical review:

GENOOK (#5..Edited and Published by Bill Kunkel, 72-41 61st Street, Glendale, New York.....crummy mimeo....published occassionally (har har)...for stuff..)

Well, er, I don't know what to say about this fanzine. It's certainly not a fanzine, tho, that's for sure. Nothing about science fiction. Umm. Nice art in some places. Good covers and folio and stuff. Bad words. And a very long editorial that makes no sense. I think it was supposed to be funny. It's pretty awful. For those who like polatiks and stuff. Good locs, tho, Bill. (har har).

NIEKAS (blah, blah, blah) Boy, wow, is this a great fanzine. Man oh man is it great.. I never saw anything so great! What's so great? This whole thing, boy! Wow! and blah, blah, blah/blah.

If there is anything worse than a pompous ass, it's a paranoic pompous ass.

Social Significance and a Cough Drop Department:

Genook was arrested for exposing himself last week in the ladies room at the Park-Sheridan.

"Yaaaah! What is it?"

"Christ knows. But whatever it is, it's..well it's...uh....er.."

"Dammit! It's exposing itself!"

"Who are you, pervert?"

"I am a genook."

"Who do you belong to?"

I hadda go down and bail the idiot out. That's why the issue's late.

More importantly now, I'm going to talk about two things: Lies and Fandom. The topics are not intrinsically related except in a broad structural sense. But I was thinking about lies, first off.

There is a generation gap in America.

Uh huh. Yup. Right. Check. Got it.

"Are you sure about that?"

"About what?"

"You know--the generation thing. Are you sure about that?"

"You mean do I know that there is one? Oh yeah. Really. Honest."

"But can you be sure, though? The media lies. You know, H. Rap Brown doesn't exist. You know that, don't you?"

"No?"

"Nope. CBS invented him because they needed something at quarter after six on the news and...well...nothing had happened. So--"

"So they invented Rap Brown?"

"Right."

"Gee. Is that documented? Like did honest TIME say it or sumpthin? Cause that's a real, real shocker! Boy!"

"Who are you, by the way? Didn't catch the name."

"H. Rap Brown."

"How do you spell that?"

"Any way you want, honkie."

Lies, lies, lies. Naturally people have to rely on "the media" for the truth. So what happens when the media says 'the media lies'. Is that a lie? Many a robot has gone SPROING! over a less complex question.

And America really lies.

"Don't say that."

"No?"

"No. It's subversive."

"Okay. It's just that the Government says things like: "We won the Tet Offensive" and I see dead soldiers with their heads falling off saying, 'god, man, they beat the shit outa us there, boy...' Maybe America fibs."

"They might fib. But lie? Never!"

We lie all over the place. It's hard to believe (no pun intended). Of course I assume that other countries lie with almost as much flagrance, but we have so much more to lie about.

And now here's Walter Cronkite--with the news!

"According to the Soviet "news" agency, TASS (snicker snicker) the Russians claim to have invented homosexuality. Britian, of course, is mortally offended, and a vote of confidence for Prime Minister Wilson would seem in the offing should he fail to take steps regarding this anti-anglo propoganda..."

genook is eaten by goats ('yummm' says Our Grand Tutor)...

"everybody's got to get stoned!"

--ST. LOUIS IN 69 ! whereit'sat

drivel

It eventually becomes a sick situation when The Lie becomes a National Policy. Naturally, everybody drops their pants when it comes to Hitler.

"Oh how ghat guy lied!"

"Urp."

So we lie too. But we're worse. History will stick the whole second World War in Hitler's lap. I mean, he makes the most convenient scapegoat for the whole thing. And not only that, but we know, deep in our hearts, that Adolph would've wanted it that way.

And now America lies. But it's really worse because now every schmuck in the world knows it. I can really see it after Viet-Nam when Joe America is on trial for busting up some villiage in the delta.

"Honest. I only watched TV, really!"

"But didn't you see the country being blown to bits illegally? Didn't you see the dead people? Didn't you hear the American General say, 'we had to destroy the villiage to save it'? Well!!!"

"Uhh. Well, the media lies."

Right, there, Jocko.

"Man, if I'd known they wuz doin' that! Man! But the media lies. Can't trust em."

Or how about No Opinion?

"Hey, hey man! That's my TV set!"

"So what?"

"You just gonna take it like that?"

"Uh huh. This is a riot, man, a black riot."

"Oh. I'm hip. The Civil Rights and New Left thing."

"Yeah man. What's your opinion (man this set is heavy!)"

"Too complex. No opinion.....hey! That's my house you're burning down!"

"Still no opinion?"

"No. Too many issue to consid--.....hey! Now I'M ON FIRE!"

"No opinion?"

"Yeahhh! It hurts!"

(care or you will be made to care, brother)

So where was I? Oh yeah. The media. Tell me, out there, if you get THE NATIONAL INQUIRER every week? It's one of those shock-schtick-exploitation things.

Typical Headline (bold black type): MOTHER BARBEQUED CHILDREN FOR FUN

Small headline (beside photo of frikaseed kids): MY WELFARE CHECK JUST WASN'T SUFFICIENT FOR A BIG EATER LIKE ME, said Chef Mother.....

It tells how the kid complained that his hungry ma kept putting Accent on his

brothers and sisters..

"I got nervous," the

kid explained,

"When she

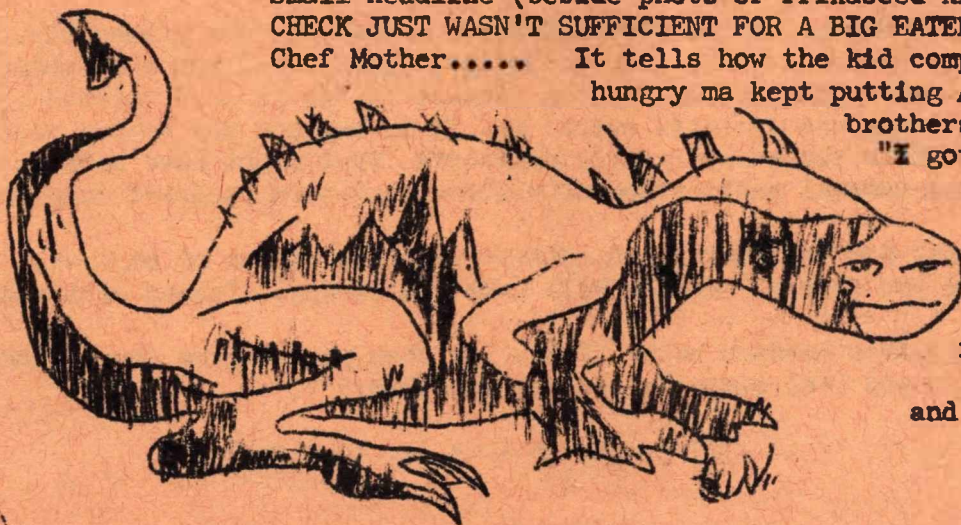
started

referring to

me as 'hot dog'

instead of Tom.."

and I love the
DAILY NEWS
yeah.....!



SS&ACDDand blah, blah, blah

The favorite picture used in the News is the underwear one. Really. The news is always pùbbing pictures of VC in their underwear.

"Well, here we have some VC in their underwear..."

"Yech. What are they, anyway? Fags?"

"Yup. Uh huh. All fags. You ain't fightin' Commies, you'r fightin' queers, man!"

"Christ! Lemme at em!"

How sweet. And that's the whole thing. Lies, lies, lies, lies.

"All come to look for America"

Nobody seems to believe it, but America is on the verge of revolution. H. Rap Brown was today sentenced to five years. You think he's upset? Man, he knows that he'll be let out with all the other political prisoners when the revolution breaks. And it has begun. Students will soon control the college entirely and the Blacks will control the cities.

It's not a secret revolution, either. Anyone involved can tell you. I can tell you. Anyone who bothers to read can tell you. The only reformers left are those people, the "good-time" liberals who are so intrinsically bound up to thee thou holy Establishment that they can't afford to leave. They're making a mint writing about the Kennedy Years. And that's them.

There are really very few dropped-out hippies nowadays. They are active, and now I bet Pat Kelly wishes they weren't as he cringes down in Baltimore.

Racism has become such an integral part of American life, with a massive hatred of the poor (spearheaded by heh-heh people like Wm. Buckley) by the middle class that the balloon can no longer be patched up. It's all patches now and still losing air.

In the Hudson Valley, upper New York State there exists now what might impress some as Feudalism-For-Today. Large manors loll on hilltops above orchards and fields of fruit and crops. On his land are houses. These houses belong to the migrant workers (both rootless and stable) who rent them at fantastic prices from the Lord of the Manor.

Now in this section of New York State, discrimination against the poor is part of the town's policy. Haircuts for the migrants cost \$4.75. A pair of child's pants will run up to \$7. And when an attempt was made to establish a center for distributing donated clothes free to these workers, the center was, with its staff, ejected from the town by the governing board.

All right, the examples of this type of thing in America are innumerable. It's all part of the reason that this revolution will take place. But what about fandom? How does fandom fit into this? It fits in because fandom is more worried about E.E. Smith than about the world it exists in. It is because the entire concept of 'fanzine' has been abused and nearly destroyed. What might have been an idea important in experimental publication of whatever has been rendered completely useless.

The fanzine has, for too long, been content with its status of enjoyable junk. Fandom will make you sleepy. Fandom will make you sleepy. Fandom will make you sleepy.

Fandom may be just a goddamn hobby. Fine. But when you see the abuse taken by people, shouldn't you feel compelled to say something?

"I've come to look for America."

drivel

Fandom will make you sleepy.

This country is virtually on the brink of explosion and fandom? zzzzzzzz

I would hope, therefore, that this--the fanzine--such a potentially potent form of expression might be put to somewhat better use. Fun is fun, but how long can the world be indifferent?

When the country will be caught on its ass with a beer can in its hand. I hope to hell fandom isn't caught at a Regional.

"Hey guys! They're burning the place down!"

"Who? FISTFA?"

"Whatfa schmuck! The country is in revolution!"

"Can't be. Harlan Ellison is about to speak."

"Too bad. Yaaaa! The bar's on fire!"

"Really? Shift. Get the committee outa there!"

Joe to Sybil (from the Bronx who has buck teeth and says 'Plak Tow..haha' all the time). Joe has a load of SPIDERMAN COMICS in his hands.

"This is terrible! And there was about to be a committee discussion on comic book editing next!"

"God.....what's the world coming to....!"

Okay? Got the point?

from Tom Sinclair: word comes that the CLEVELAND MOTHERS FOR A DECENT SOCIETY forced an underground radio station off the air for playing a record by Country Joe & The Fish. Oy gevult.....

Robert Kennedy was shot last week (as I write this). For an entire weekend there were insincere people busily being maudlin all over the place. Robert Kennedy was, despite what you shall doubtless hear to the contrary, pure politician. He said one thing one place and another in another place. He was dishonest and he lied.

But he at least had an image. Many people felt a rapport with the man and it always hurts you to see a Big Man go down. It did hurt me.

But really, I think the most significant comment on his death was related to me by a friend who decided he had to go down and wait for four hours to walk by the casket.

"They were selling Kennedy buttons," he said, "All over. But I didn't get one. It was stupid, right after he died and all. And people were selling ten cent orange juices to the people in line for fifty cents."

We live in an exploitive society. We exploited his brother, John, not only to his grave, but much beyond. How about all the scavengers who made a mint selling books about him:

"My Handshake With John F. Kennedy: The Man"

There's a certain shame to it all. A certain shame that some people have to sell pictures of Martin Luther King at his wake. A shame that ten cent orange drinks have to be jacked up in morning. A certain shame, emptiness and sickness in a world where we only can look at another man in terms of what I can exploit him for.

God, isn't there any decency left in the world, that something like The CLEVELAND MOTHERS can use that word to carry on their ignorant and moronic crusades? Isn't it time that something happened?

THE SOUNDS OF SIMON^{ED} SMITH

Review

Most people, most of the time, don't want to Think. Oh, they think all of the time (but only because they have to), but they avoid Thinking. These people's books, games, toys, music and customs reflect this in whole or part. Ah yes, especially their music. . . .

People are fond of doing four or five things at once, so they need something they can listen to while drying their hair, talking over the telephone, eating a prefabricated meal, and reading a comic book. The words over and over, maybe, Oh yea, oh yea, oh yea, oh yea. Speed it up in some places, slow it down in others. Save money when it comes time to pay the performers. Yeah, and then you can't tell when the needle is stuck.

Fortunately, we're not all like that. Some few people like songs that don't repeat themselves one time. A much, much fewer number sing such songs. I'd like to talk about Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel.

Their first hit (well, the disc jockeys did cut off the usual babbling for it a few times) was "Sounds of Silence". In simplest terms, this told of a "vision" of a man as he looks upon a typical crowd of people. He notices in particular the lack of anything useful being said or anyone really listening if there were. (This theme reoccurs in a newer song, "The Dangling Conversation" about which more later) The "silence" referred to in the song is the lack of anything really said--"and no one disturbs the sounds of silence". "Sounds" appeared on their first album, WEDNESDAY MORNING 3 A.M., and reappeared with an overdubbed rock backing on their next album, titled simply, SOUNDS OF SILENCE.

Now it is a little over three years later.

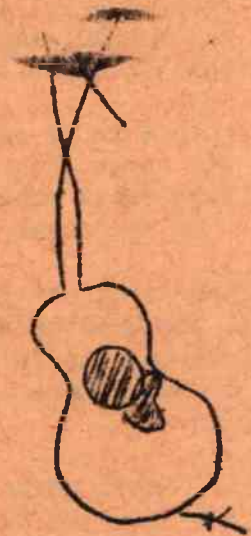
In 1966 the duo released a major song, "A Hazy Shade of Winter", in which our protagonist laments over the possibilities once open to him on a cold winter's day.

~~"Time, time, time see what's become of me~~
While I looked around for my possibilities.
I was so hard to please.
Look around,
Leaves are brown,
And the sky is a hazy shade of winter."

On the flip side was "For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her," which is on their latest album.*

PARSLEY, SAGE, ROSEMARY & THYME contains twelve songs, all very good to excellent in quality. The first, the album's title song, "Scarborough Fair/Canticle" is actually two songs. "Scarborough Fair" is an old ballad, while "Canticle" is an anti-war piece, written and sung by Paul Simon. The contrast comes off nicely.

* the article was written previous to "Bookends"



Sounds of Simon, encore!

--"Patterns" is the song of the fatalists ("My life is made of patterns that can scarcely be controlled..") and "Cloudy" is the gay (despite the dreary conditions about him) song of the wanderer. Our vagabond compares his uncontrollable thoughts, changing constantly, with the clouds. It is a happy, almost flippant composition that stays with you long after the song itself is over.

And the vagabond is also the theme of "Homeward Bound", though in a different way. The song of the traveling entertainer has many memorable lines, such as: "But all my words come back to me, in shades of mediocrity. Like emptiness in harmony, I need someone to comfort me..")

The mad world of television commercials is the subject of "The Big, Bright, Green Pleasure Machine"--written like a typically nauseating commercial itself-- "Do people have a tendency to dump on you?" "Does your group have more cavities than theirs?" "Do figures of authority just shoot you down?" "Is life within the business world a drag?"

About all I can say about "The 59th Street Bridge Song" is that it's melodic, fast and H-A-P-P-Y. Guaranteed to cheer you up on a gloomy day.

On the flip side, we begin with "The Dangling Conversation", which describes a typical over-the-coffeecup conversation, with one of the participants attempting to justify his actions. Witness: "Yes we speak of things that matter, with words that must be said; can analysis be worthwhile? Is the theater really dead?" But before long he gets a glimpse of the pointlessness of the whole thing, and the lack of communication there: "And I only kiss your shadow, I cannot feel your hand. You're a stranger now unto me, lost in the dangling conversation, and the superficial sighs..."

"Flowers Never Bend With The Rainfall" concerns confused people busily fooling no one but themselves. Or perhaps it's the experience of a man on LSD: "I don't know what is real, I can't touch what I feel, and I hide behind the shield of my illusion." The end presents an interesting paradox. The admission that he must leave his fantasy world is followed by the refrain: "So, I continue to continue to pretend that my life will never end. And flowers never bend with the rainfall."

"A Simple Desultory Philippic" is totally unclassifiable. Webster defines 'philippic' as 'any strong verbal attack'. I'll say! The importance of this song may be missed by those listening only to the cheerful tune and occasional lapses into nonsense. But it's a very good satire, mentioning within 3 to 4 minutes: John O'Hara, Robert McNamara, The Beatles, Communists, the tapping of telephone lines, the smallness of minds, Art Garfunkel, Andy Warhol, mothers, fathers, aunts and uncles, smoking pot/tea, Dylan Thomas and a couple of hundred more. At the end of the song he tells Albert he lost his harmonica*.

All of which is in sharp contrast to the poetic and musical beauty of "For Emily (Whenever I May Find Her)". The small detail and delicacy reminds one of a valuable but fragile glass inlaid with delicate carvings. It's a song of the appreciation of a loved one, but the title implies he has yet to meet the hypothetical Emily. Another deliberately placed enigma.

*the 'Albert' referred to in SDP is Albert Grossman, Dylan's manager. Simon obviously considered this the fitting touch to his parody of the Nashville poet. In the song, he imitates Dylan's nasal intonations.

"A Poem on an Underground Wall" is a single incident in the life of a subway wall writer. This brief sketch is extremely well done--tune and words alike are fast-paced and memorable.

And lastly, there is "7 O'Clock News/Silent Night". I hate to give away the gimmick here, but it is simply the singing of Silent Night while a news broadcast gets louder and louder in the background, eventually overwhelming the carol. Did I say simply? Wow-- once you've listened to it, you've been through an experience you'll never forget.

But no amount of printed matter will make you fully aware of their wonderful talent. Try some and see for yourself.

-E. Smith

S&G AT FOREST HILLS--August 17, 1968.....much better than last year's performance, in that we didn't have to sit through 'The Doors' frenetics. It was pure S&G. But tho it was beautiful, the sounds are strangely stale, the quick comments fewer and leaner, and the general involvement lessened.

I wish Simon would do something new, like a few new songs? -kunkel

conventional chatter....bk

The Republicans have chosen as their vice-presidential candidate one Spiro Agnew. wow. What a name! Like Monty Rock III.

How about "Spiro Agnew Experience" or "Spiro Sings Em Again!"

"Spiro Agnew vs Godzilla"

o_u ch!

as they say..no news like agnews.

"..the last time
America clapped
before they knew
what the song was
gonna be, Johnson
was elected

president..' -A.Guthrie

Spell it Right: Honquee, not Honky.....(all Spell It Right's are brought to you by TIME magazine and it's affiliates....

Accurate Department: Brillinace, typical of me, makes it neccessary to make a correction here. It's in regard to Robert Edwards Jennings--whose name I have spelled continually--"Robert Edward Jennings".
Sorry Bob.

PLEA: Make the convention, man. In August, the Democrats and Republicans are attempting to present the abused American Public with two of the most wretched excuses for Presidential candidates since...well since four years ago. Humphrey is famous for selling-out Liberalism in exchange for the Vice-Presidential nomination in '64. He is as close to the reigning madman in ideology/psychosis as one could imagine. With the possible exception of Richard Nixon, he is the most revolting individual on the political face of the earth. So, if there, again, is to be no choice. Insanity or Madness. Six of one, half dozen of the other, then the electoral system has truly failed and something must be done.

If it is possible--join your brothers in Chicago! Overthrow the convention! Open it up and nominate Donald Duck, Isaac Asimov, ANYBODY! Hey, here's one: Stephen Pickering For President!

Have some soul and do it. Be honest. Change this shitty country and change it now, before it is really too late. Madmen rule the Earth! They'll turn it into a whimpering old age home. Do something, or go gentle into the Good Night.

Love.

ARTICLE: by JAMES DEVLIN

MR. GILBERT

&

MR. SULLIVAN

--Part I

"Oh, a private bufoon
Is a light-hearted loon
If you listen to popular rumor
From the morn to the night
He's so joyous and bright
And he bubbles with wit and good-humor"

This verse from Yeomen of the Guard probably best captures the spirit of Gilbert and Sullivan. From the homicidal fantasies of The Mikado, to the wacky aesthetes of Patience, a broad stream of wit "bubbles" through both words and music. Yet each thought he was destined for something greater than comic opera: Gilbert felt that, as a dramatist, he was "greater than Shakespeare"; Sullivan's great ambition was to write a grand opera. Prior to Thespis, however, the pair that ~~was to give us~~ GEMS Pinafore, The Pirates of Penzance, Patience, The Mikado, and The Yeomen of the Guard was practically unknown.

Gilbert and Sullivan met in November of 1869, but to understand the significance of that meeting, we must go back to German Reed, the man most responsible for the Savoy Operas: In the early 1800's, actors and the theatre were looked upon as immoral. Of course, man has always found a way of getting around the bush, and one type of "theatre" that was very popular was the oratorio (a Biblical opera performed without sets or costumes). The lack of theatrical trappings was the key to the German Reed entertainments: they were known as "illustrations" instead of plays, with acts called "parts" and roles known as "assumptions". The plots were often simply excuses to provide the Reeds with several different roles to take on in the same play in order to utilize their talents of quick-change. Reed used many authors to create his entertainments. Gilbert and Sullivan had worked for him (though not together), and had in their own way, each brought theatrical finesse with them.

In 1869, Gilbert and composer Frederic Clay were rehearsing Ages Ago, when Clay introduced Sullivan (at his own request) to Gilbert:

Gilbert & Sullivan.....

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Sullivan, for you will be able to decide a question which has just arisen between Mr. Clay and myself. I maintain that if a composer has a musical theme to express, he can do it as perfectly upon the simple tetrachord of Mercury, in which--as I need not tell you--there are no diatonic intervals at all, as upon the much more complicated disdiapason--with the four tetrachords and the redundant note--for the tetrachord of Mercury embraces in its perfect consonance all the simple, double and inverted chords."

The first idea of a partnership came in 1870, when Reed offered Sullivan the chance to compose a piece with Gilbert, but Sullivan turned it down, and it was not until a year later that the partnership began--with Thespis. This might properly be called a forgotten opera. It has not been seen since its initial run, and will probably never be seen again, for the score was never published. Looking back at it now, we can see that it was a baddie. It lacks plot and character, and even at its funniest, it is nothing like the later Savoy Operas:

JOVE: Why, I can remember the time when people offered us
human sacrifices!

DIANA: Ah, those good old days--

JOVE: Then it fell off to oxen- pigs- and sheep...between
ourselves, it's dropped down from one thing to
another until it has positively dwindled down to
preserved Australian beef!

Still it was a big step forward from the horrible punning in one of Gilbert's earlier works:

MRCH: Some people say, and tell me as a duty
My cheeks are much too ruddy for a beauty!

LD.M: The wretch who said so is with falsehood tainted--
They're nothing like so ruddy as they're painted!

MRCH: That I should use more powder--

LD.M: To what purpose?

MRCH: And that my figure's padded--

LD.M: Padded? stuff!

MRCH: That my hair's stained yellow--which I denied first!

LD.M: You stain your tresses yellow? You'd have died first!!

With the failure of Thespis, Gilbert & Sullivan, having developed a healthy dislike for each other, parted company. By 1875, Thespis had been forgotten by everyone but Richard D'Oyly Carte--a businessman of such shrewdness that he later came to be called "Oily Carte". It was one of his ambitions to replace the vulgar operettas of the French with an English school of comic opera, so, when in 1875 Gilbert approached Carte with a piece entitled Trial by Jury, Carte jumped. He took the piece to Sullivan at once, and the magic had begun.

At the time Thespis closed, it could not have seemed even vaguely possible that Gilbert and Sullivan would be getting together again. To quote: "The two men, brilliantly in key as artists, were divided by other considerations, including natural temperament and social outlook."*

*Audrey Williamson

Gilbert & Sullivan.....

Sullivan (born May 13, 1842) was delicate, warm-hearted, sensitive and a trifle snobbish. Gilbert (born November 18, 1836) was irascible, with a wit at which his victims quailed. The Sullivan home, though poor, had never been lacking in warmth or humor; the materially comfort Gilbert home was filled with dissension, much of it brought on by the elder Gilbert, who considered himself a writer of unparalleled genius, and his volcanic temper was inherited by his son, William Schwenck. This story was often told by Sullivan:

On one occasion one of the principals said, "Really, Mr. Gilbert, why should I stand here? I am not a chorus girl..." to which he replied, "No madam, your voice isn't strong enough, or you would be!"

Arthur Sullivan also had his moments of humor. His parrot specialized in Little Buttercup's song from Pinafore. One day Sullivan smilingly remarked, "It may not be a perfect rendering, but it is certainly as good as Gilbert's attempts!"

Trial by Jury was a smash success; The Sorcerer soon followed. The Sorcerer is interesting for three reasons: a. it was the first D'Oyly Carte Opera Company production; b. it introduced George Grossmith, for whom most of the later comic baritone parts were created; c. it contained the earliest of the famous 'patter' songs.

After Sorcerer, the next major patter song (probably the best known of all) is Sir Joseph's song from Pinafore:

When I was a lad I served a term as office boy to an attorney's firm
I cleaned the windows, and swept the floor,
And I polished the handle of the big front door
And I polished up that handle so carefully
That I am now the Ruler of the Queen's Navy

As office boy I made such a mark that they gave me the post of junior clerk

I served all the writs with a smile so bland
And I copied all the letters in a big round hand
I copied all the letters in a hand so free
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee

The scene--on deck of a square-rigged warship, H.M.S. Pinafore, in preparation for the visit of Sir Joseph Porter, KCB, First Lord of the Admiralty. Mrs. Cripps, known as 'Little Buttercup' comes aboard. She is a buxom, elderly woman (in love with Corcoran) who sells odds and ends to the sailors.

Corcoran's daughter, Josephine, and Ralph Rachstraw (a young sailor) are in love, but dare not marry because of their difference in rank. When Sir Joseph arrives, he explains to Josephine that "love levels all ranks" (He, of course, plans to marry her himself). Ralph and Josephine, however, take this as their cue to elope.

Bick Deadeye, an old sailor, betrays the elopers, and they are caught. Sir Joseph is about to have both Ralph and the captain thrown into chains:

--continuedp--

Gilbert & Sullivan.....

BUTTERCUP: Hold! Ere upon your loss you lay much stress
A long concealed crime I would confess.
A many years ago, when I was young and charming
As some of you may know, I practiced baby-farming--
Oh, bitter is my cup! How could I do it?
I mixed two children up, and not a creature knew it!
In time each little waif forsook his foster-mother
A well-born babe was Ralph; your Captain was the other!

There is no reason why Ralph (now Captain) cannot marry Josephine; Buttercup takes Corcoran (now a sailor); and Sir Joseph must marry his cousin Hebe.

The play dissects, in turn: British officials, British sailors, elderly women, and the feeling that 'love levels all ranks'.

It seemed at first (forgive the pun) that Pinafore was going to run aground. However Sullivan, who knew the value of publicity, had an arrangement from the opera included in the program of a Promenade concert and the people flocked to the Box Office. Soon, phrases from Pinafore were being heard everywhere, particularly:

CAPT: I'm never, never sick at sea...

ALL: What, never?

CAPT: No, never!

ALL: What, never?

CAPT: Well, hardly ever...

Pinafore became so popular that American theatrical companies began setting up their own productions. Due to the copyright laws--or lack of them--there was nothing could be done about these 'pirate' versions--well, almost nothing.

It was decided to bring the D'Oyly Carte Pinafore to New York as competition, Gilbert and Sullivan going along. Furthermore, to foil the pirates, they were bringing their new opera with them--to give it an American premiere!

From The New York Herald:

The appearance and manner of the two famous Englishmen greatly belie the published accounts which have found their way across the ocean;...two more amiable, modest...good-humored, and vivacious men could not easily be imagined....The conversation, of course, turned first to Pinafore....Said Gilbert, with great humor--"We really had no idea it would be an extraordinary success..."

Once Pinafore got under way in America, work had begun in earnest on The Robbers, which had already been begun when Gilbert, Sullivan and Carte left England. But there was still much to do.

----article concludes next issue----

I'm certain you'll be baffled by the various dates and moths given for publication about this issue--both before and after this article. Suffice it to say that this is the final word, and everything else should be disregarded:
This is the Spring issue, being issued in late summer. An August issue of RATS! has already been mailed, and a September issue is currently being prepared.
Whatever title this publication appears under, you will be getting it on a more or less (I swear to god) monthly basis.

bk

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COLUMN: MY BIASED

OPINION

PAT
KELLY, JR.

((And so, going a bit further to prove that somebody up there likes us, Pat returns with another installment of M.B.O., after a conspicuous absense. BK))

WITCHES...WAELOCKS...and WIZARDS

WHEN I spoke of "thinking machines" I was speculating on the possibility of events as described in The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress. My concern centered around the question "what if...?" rather than "How...?"

I thank all who took the time to look at my work and invite any who wish to contribute ideas which I can discuss. Send them to Bill and I'll get them. If you wish a direct answer, send a stamped SAE to Bill and I'll be happy to answer your questions.

Any opinions expressed here are my own and I accept all responsibility for them. --Patrick Kelly, Jr.

1. WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF WITCH CRAFT?

In my biased opinion, it is quite possible that witch-craft does exist.

2. REALLY...AND WOULD YOU LIKE TO TALK ABOUT IT?

Yes, why not? Is the subject ta' boo or something?

3. NO, IT IS NOT TABOO, BUT IT IS NOT A POPULAR SUBJECT. HOW DO YOU DEFINE "WITCH CRAFT"?

There are two definitions of witch-craft, with the classical definition going something like this: WITCH-CRAFT it is the selling of one's soul to the devil in return for favors and powers on this Earth and in this life. The second, which is my own, goes like this: WITCH-CRAFT the ability to alter the material universe through some "natural" power of the mind which, as yet, is undefined by what we call science. You will note that the two definitions are not mutually exclusive. If we are to continue our talk we must decide upon which definition we will use. I prefer the second, not being an expert in the operations of Hell, indeed, I am not an expert on anything.

4. IT SEEMS THAT I HAVE SEEN YOUR SECOND THEORY ADVANCED SOMEWHERE BEFORE. IS THIS POSSIBLE?

Yes, it is quite possible that it has appeared before, you see all I do is codify the concepts of others in a way acceptable to me. If you will forgive this immodesty, I try to think through what others have thought up.

5. IT SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU ARE CALLING WITCHCRAFT WHAT OTHERS CALL ESP, ETC. YOU HAVE TAKEN A STEP BACKWARDS: EXPLAIN YOURSELF?

We must take a closer look at the logic of the situation, what is indeed happening is that what may have been called witch-craft is now being dressed up in the new term, "ESP." It must be remembered that the former term has been around for a considerably longer time than the latter. However, if you wish I will use any term that will serve as an apt description of the phenomenon.

M.B.O. continues

6. SINCE WE STARTED WITH WITCHCRAFT WE MAY AS WELL STAY WITH IT. IT IS USUALLY THE PLOT OF ANY STORY THAT THOSE WHO POSSESS THE VARIOUS POWERS REFERRED TO AS WITCHCRAFT ARE EITHER THE TOP-DOGS OR THE UNDERDOGS IN WHATEVER SOCIETY THE AUTHOR USES AS HIS BACKGROUND. IN YOUR OPINION, WHAT ARE THE PROBABILITIES OF EITHER CASE OCCURRING, GRANTING THAT THERE ARE ENOUGH PEOPLE WHO POSSESS THESE POWERS TO COUNT?

I don't think that there will be any serious problem because most anything the body can do can be duplicated by a machine. It should be noted that if such powers as are normally associated with witchcraft do, in fact, exist in the "natural" universe they are nothing but a biological superiority of one person over another and as has been demonstrated, technology can rectify any physical inequity among men. It may not be pretty, but the gun has made the fact that "A" is six foot tall and "B" is five foot tall of little importance if "B" decides to kill "A".

7. THE POWERS THAT WE SPEAK OF ARE MORE MENTAL THAN PHYSICAL, ARE THEY NOT?

Possibly, but I doubt it. If they were and if they exist in any large quantity, then the Earth would have been taken over by a number of these people long ago. No group of tremendously superior beings are going to submit to the rule of people who are not as intelligent as they, and possess the power to end life on the surface of this planet. The very drive to survive would force them to take over if they could. The apparent fact that the world is not ruled by men who have "magic" powers indicates to me that if "PSI-powers" do exist, they do not necessarily confer wisdom with ability.

In my opinion, "natural" witchcraft, if it does exist, is no more than a talent which makes the owner superior to the one who does not possess it. If you think about it, this may explain why it was so feared through history.

the editors of GENOOK now request that you
take one moment.

PRAY FOR ROSEMARY'S BABY . . .

8. WILL YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN THE ABOVE?) I . . .

To man it is acceptable that he can be killed by others by methods he can neither understand nor equal. Man fears the prospect that he could be killed without chance of self-defence. How does one defend against witchcraft? To talk of killing seems out of place, but we are dealing with fear.

9. I DON'T KNOW HOW DOES ONE DEFEND AGAINST WITCHCRAFT?

In ancient times, the best defense was a good offense. Attack the witches before they got you. Genocide would not be too strong a term to use in describing what took place.

10. TODAY THAT SOLUTION IS NOT POSSIBLE OR ARE YOU SUGGESTING THAT WE KILL ALL THOSE WHO DEMONSTRATE SUPERIOR TRAITS?

Of course not, I am simply relating what has happened throughout history.. Today such a "final solution" is impossible, at least I hope it is, so, in fact, there is no true defense against witchcraft except in the hope that science will duplicate the mechanisms and thus make us all "witches".

--continued

M.B.O. Continued.

11. WHAT DO YOU THINK WOULD RESULT IF THOSE YOU CALL "WITCHES" ATTEMPTED TO TAKE OVER?

The result, in my biased opinion, would be civil war with the witches on the short end of the stick. They are simply outnumbered.

12. WOULD NUMBERS MAKE THAT MUCH DIFFERENCE IN A WAR BETWEEN NORMALS AND SUPER-NORMALS?

Yes, for it must be remembered that the "super-normals" excel in only a limited way and any power they may have is limited by their physical body. Only a certain amount of calories exist in the body of any human being and thus, no matter how strong the individual is, he cannot stand against the world.

I have known of noone who has been able to deflect a .45 while in flight by force of mind. The energy needed is simply beyond the power of the body to supply in the time needed.

13. WHAT IF THE ENERGY THAT THE WITCHES USE CAME FROM A SOURCE OUTSIDE THEIR BODIES--A FOURTH DIMENSION?

That would, of course, considerably alter the balance of power. However, it is of some interest to note that in the past those who have been accused of witchcraft and who were to suffer death for that offense did, in fact, die. It is difficult for me to believe that if it is possible to avoid death at the stake, the average reasoning being will choose not to.

14. ONE LAST QUESTION, WHAT IF THE POWERS ARE NOT "NATURAL"?

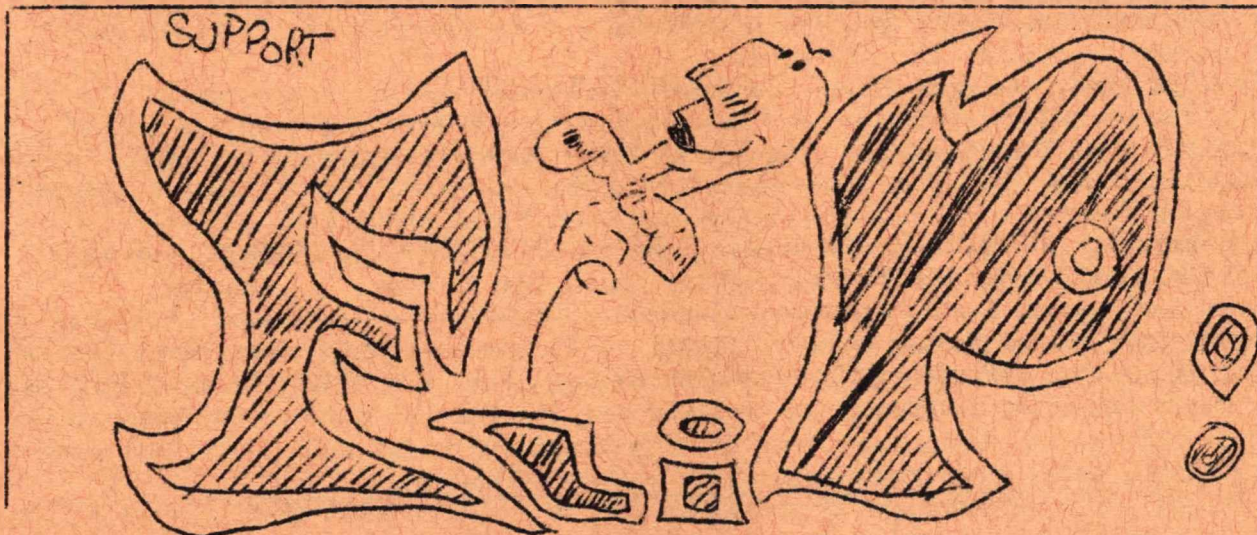
We call a priest and have an exorcism performed. Can you suggest an alternative?

--Pat Kelly, Jr.'

((Draw your own political allegories and use whatever popular symbols you like...
....next issue will feature a look at Pat Kelly, Jr. by his close friend and fellow GENOOK contributor, David Shea. BK))

editorial note:

Due to problems with space, Dave Shea's second look at TV & SF was edited slightly. Eliminated, basically, was the review of the SECOND HUNDRED YEARS.



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FROM ED SMITH
1315 LEXINGTON AVE.
CHARLOTTE, N.C. 28203

WILD IN THE STREETS

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REVIEW

"Old Friends" certainly isn't the theme song here, for WILD IN THE STREETS is a blunt and snarling attack, a la PRIVILEGE, on the Grand Old Establishment of the grandest order. Max Frost, typical product of Middle Class America jaunts off on his own after destroying his house and blowing up his father's CHRYSLER, vaults to incredible stature as a Rock and Roll singer turned politician. He enlists the support of a Liberal congressional candidate in a "vote for the 15 year old" campaign. Hoardes of hippies, yippies, Diggers, plastic hippies and more mass on Sunset Strip and overtake the police and Congress yeilds out of fear. By 25, Max has become president of the U.S. and has the nation disbanded and turned into a hedonistic pleasure garden for all those under 30. The "old friends" are banished to old age encampments (a la Sampler) where they are fed LSD and live their lives out in psychedelic bliss with god-knows-what happening to their chromosomes. Shock and shudder.

To say that I didn't enjoy this film would be telling a lie. I tremendously enjoyed seeing those old bastards beaten and sent off to camps and seeing congress turned into a playground. I like the fact that the film said so much. But the film is flawed, and tragically so. It is horrifyingly naive, almost to the point of seeming like the careless daydream of some plastic hippie.

There are too many generation-gap cliches in the dialouge and the "hip" people don't talk in the hip idiom. They talk like some middle-aged writer at AIP thinks hip people talk.

The film is based on the premise that since 52% of us is more powerful than them, then we can just walk in and knock the shit outa them and that's all. Wow! Watta thought! But I just can't see a herd of people piling onto the strip because a pretty bad R&R singer says so and then the whole fucking nation capitulating and handing over the good ol U.S. of A. Maybe I'm not idealistic enough.

I just couldn't believe that one rock group, made up of a fifteen year old fag genius, a one handed trumpeter, a soul-less black drummer, a nymphomaniacal acid-head and Our Boy Max (obviously implying youth's toleration of 'your own thing') waking up the lethargics and rallying support. The bright, young revolutionaries are stupid kids who sound like 1955 Liberals. And the score lacks the punch of that of PRIVILEGE.

No attention is paid to detail. I never wanted to believe a film so much, but they just were too sloppy in casting and writing to convince me. It could have been fantastic, but it is only good.

The last line, the most inane, contrived and banal thought expressed in the film comes from an under-ten who says, "We're going to put everyone over ten out of business." Yes, I said it was bad. But it does force the audience to think, "Hey, schmuck! I'm over ten. What does that little asshole know?" It's like Paul Simon telling us "you're going to be old someday, man. Think about it."

Nonetheless, let the Revolution come, not as in WILD in the STREETS, but with intelligence and wit. Let it come. Let it come. Let it come. --kunkel

THE FREE CITY needs financial help, though, till the revolution does come. Please help them. Send it to FREE CITY c/o/ the Diggers, P.O. Box 31321, Diamond Hts. Sta. S.F. California....."Middle-class living rooms are funeral parlors and only under-takers will stay in them. Our fight is with those who would kill us through dumb work, insane wars, dull money morality." --Digger Papers

"There was a wicked messenger/From Eli he did come/With a mind that multiplied the smallest matter/When questioned who had sent for him/Hé answered with his thumb/For his tongue it could not speak/But only flatter." -Dylan

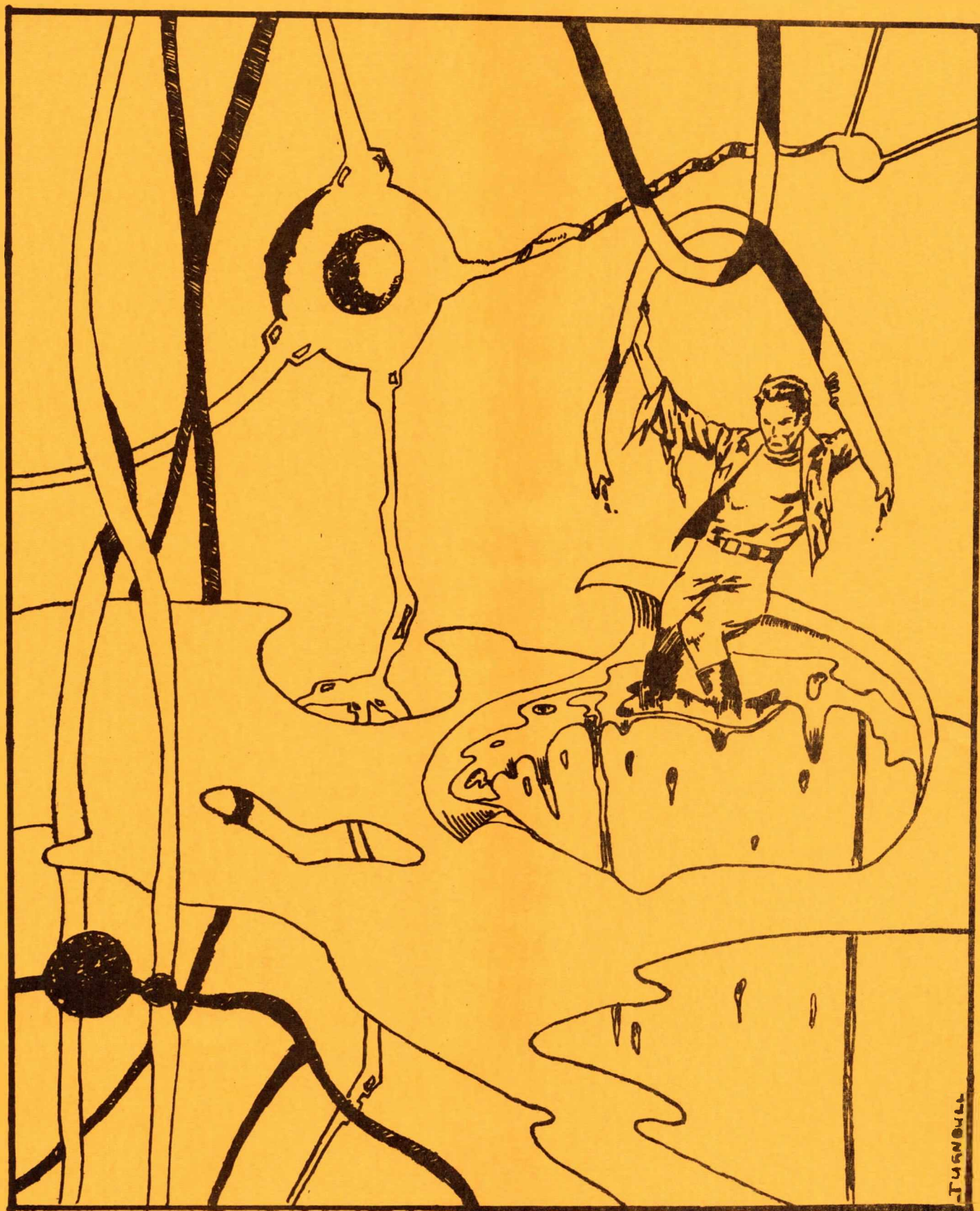
AN ART FOLIO

GENE TURNBULL









the folio you've just seen is by a
new artist--new both to the pages of
GENOOK
and new to fandom in general (he's
published, with his brother, two
issues of OCYMET). I'm hoping he'll
continue contributing to GNK as long
as we're around.

And in case you're wondering, I set
the pages in the folio in a definite
order.

They range from the comic-book
technique to surrealism.

More Turnbull artwork will
appear in THE SPENDER, illus-
trating various Bradbury stories.

Seeing this folio, I hope, will
inspire other artists to send me
full page sketches.

Seeing what happened to the
MOTHERS poster might dissuade you.

I will promise no re-occurrence
of that, however.

thank you, at any rate,

Mr. Turnbull.....

LOCJAW

epistles of comment regarding
issues 3 and 4,....



HARRY WARNER, JR. 423 Summit Avenue,
Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

I enjoyed the third GENCOCK very much, even though I'm so slow making that statement. Your mimeography improved perceptibly as you went along. There's apparently nothing wrong with your stenciling of artwork that some practice and a couple of accessories won't remedy. A stylus that gives a heavier line, a shading plate or two, and you should be again friendly with all you artists. ((Right. Ha!)) Of course, both the front and back covers are superb. Whoever Chuck Rein may be, his work doesn't suffer from the exalted company in which he finds himself. This front cover is so simple and so effective that it makes a non-artist like me wonder why I can't do the same thing. From long experience, I know there's no point in trying to solve that problem.

Bobby Taylor's article suffered somewhat from the loose use of a few key words like "creative". But the final paragraphs are excellent. I'd like to see a prozine editor take them to heart. Too many editors seem fond of only three types of stories: those that imitate the Hugo winners of the past year or two, those that describe a future world in which conditions are a magnified image of today (expanding population grows to impossible congestion, for instance) and those in which some future situation is exactly the opposite of today's status quo (Bradbury overdid this to the point of repletion, with his firemen who set fires and playgrounds that are deadly).

I think I solved the cryptogram: Doctor McCoy is unsanitary and Captain Kirk is a glory hound. ((Correct, Mr. Warner! Steve Lewis also came up with the correct answer..))

Is Patrick Kelly correct when he describes hippies as getting welfare support? In most states, I believe, welfare would be available only to hippie girls with small children who have no man in the house capable of working. The old practice of giving welfare money to people who are able began to break up when employment opportunities improved nationally and the number of unemployed dropped off radically. So many people confuse unemployment compensation with welfare money, and this confusion probably causes the legend that you can get welfare payments if you are too shiftless to work. There is undoubtedly a lot of unenforcement of the rule that unemployment compensation should go only to those who are genuinely unable to find work; but this compensation stops coming after a few months and doesn't go on indefinitely as welfare does to people eligible for welfare money. In any event, the hippies distress me because of the rapidity with which they are moving toward the living conditions and attitudes from which the nation is finally permitting the Negro to escape. The Negro isn't to blame for the ghetto from which he is escaping. The hippies are definitely guilty if they voluntarily retreat into exactly the same physical and intellectual ghetto.

Even if I knew more about Catholic dogma, I wouldn't want to risk opinions on the remainder of Pat's column. I can't figure out what he means by "thinking machine" or "Soul" or why the reasoning expounded here doesn't lead to the certainty that every animal has a soul.

letters.....

The letter column was good. I suspect you're responsible for a great deal of this high quality because you apparently did a lot of carefully choosing to prevent the letters from duplicating one another in opinions expressed and items getting the most attention. ((No Harry, I did more--I actually wrote the letters myself! BK)). I particularly liked Ann Chamberlain's little miniature essay. She says nothing new but she speaks the truth in a novel way.

SAMPLER was an excellent story, one of the best I saw in a fanzine during 1967. The first paragraphs were not too inviting but once I got past them I forgot this was a fanzine and an amateur writer and I read the story just as if it were something come across in an anthology. ((Funny. It was something I came across in an anthology...oops....no, scratch that....Seriously, though, I appreciated that..bk)).

The prozine reviews remind me all over again how odd it is that we complain about reprint magazines, and rarely speak a word against paperbacks. I suppose that we still think of paperbacks as feeding on the output of magazines and hardcover publications and accept as a fact of life that so many of them contain reprinted material. Yet, some of the most famous prozines of the past were reprint publications: the first two years of AMAZING contained little original material, for instance, Famous Fantastic Mysteries and Fantastic Novels were almost all exclusively reprint during their careers, and Arkham Sampler and Avon Fantasy Reader are among the most expensive magazines you can try to collect.

((The greatest loc'er. of them all is hereby thanked for his time..bk))

JOHN GOLDSMITH, 6774 Dartmouth Street, Forest Hills, New York 11375

GENOOK is excellent. It is so large! It astounds, truly, and confounds. I was a little surprised at the con reports, they didn't sound too much like the con I visited. ((That's because it wasn't. 'John, I told that you were heading toward the scientologists, but no, you wouldn't listen..bk)) Also, I just got my GENOOK, and I got IF today too, and you're doing pretty bad if you can't beat Lin Carter and Fred Pohl in their Con report in their Man in Fandom or whatever the stupid name is. ((It has been said that indeed we are doing pretty bad. I'll have to think about that tomorrow.... bk)).

In comment on Steve Johnson's question about computers, asking if a computer can reason... I shall have to speculate. Remember, speculation isn't so bad--Bernard Baruch made a million bucks in one year, speculating. ((groan)).

Anyway, there have been recent breakthroughs in computer technology indicating--to me, at least--that reasoning in a computer is completely possible. What they have done is to partially duplicate "gestalt" -- the computer can look at a perspective picture, think for a moment, burp, and then conjecture on what the object looks like from any direction.

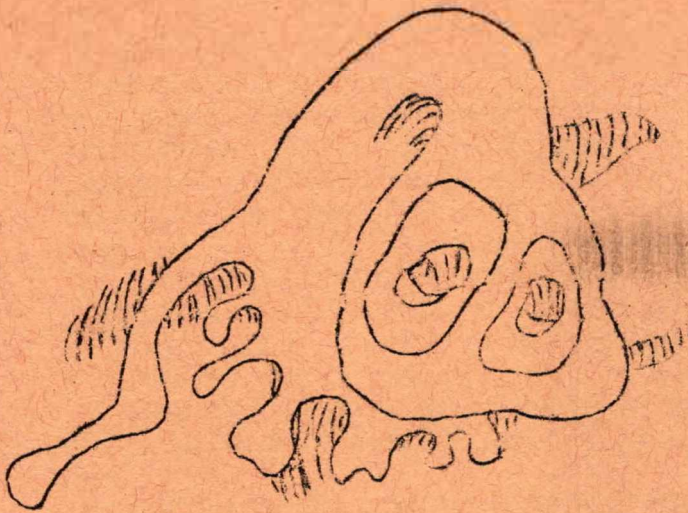
Lotsa people say computer intelligence cannot be. Don't believe them. It will be made within a hundred years. And these machines may easily--if they are so programmed--be self-aware.

Yes girls and boys, self-awareness in humans is really a programmed ability, programmed by your jolly DNA (know how to tell a male chromosome from a female chromosome? Pull down its genes).

Hope to hear some angry people saying consciousness is god-given, or maybe that it's part of the Universal Spirit. Nope, it's programmed. All the computer programmers need to do now is figure out just what to feed in. It's not theoretically or practically impossible. Machina ex deus!

As for slow glass, it has been invented. In fact, the stuff was announced at just about the time Shaw's first story, "Light of Other Days" came out. Dr. Shaw? Anyway, the real slow glass works with lasers, and fits Shaw's description pretty well in his second "slow glass" story, also in ANALOG.

((Information accepted and thank you very much, John. bk))



RAY FISHER, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis,
Mo. 63108

GENOOK pleases me mightily. I like the fact that it is an opinion-zine. I like the fact that you admit your own comments to be Fair Game. I like the fact that there's a pretty fair chance that my comments will be Fair Game.

Understanding People is sometimes a difficult thing. If you understand people too well, if you see the reasons that they're the way they are...then it becomes more difficult to blame, to condemn, to castigate. It can even become more difficult to

justify not being like them. --If I were in China and starving, I might be interested in the Collective Farms, so that I would be guaranteed my bowl of rice each day. ..And, if I, as I am and who I am, become too understanding of the pangs of hunger in the belly of the Chinaman who wants his bowl of rice, then I might find it difficult to blame him for becoming Communistic. Or, for that matter, to blame Communism which (after all) feeds him. --- A crudely spoken argument for Love, and against Understanding, or at least against Faulty Understanding. Faulty Understanding can be dangerous ..witness the Chinaman who understands only that he'll get his bowl of rice ((Right! The stupid dupe only realizes that he'll die of starvation...he doesn't have the wits to dig the political ramifications..bk)). // -- It's much easier to Love, especially if we don't understand the object of our devotion. If we understand too completely, we might discover that none of us are really too lovely, and we'll have to re-define loveliness, and that re-defining would take Thought ((ouch!)). And, it seems that none of us are really over-anxious to Think. // Did you ever notice that the 'I Love You' as expressed in its currently popular manner, has the emphasis on the 'I'?

Three random thoughts, there, and not necessarily connected. But...I'm with you. The only way for things to improve is thru understanding.

I'm not really too much of a comic fan. But, I've got to find a copy of HERBIE. Ed Smith's descriptio turned me on.

And, I couldn't positively decide whether Mark Owings' review of HER was for real, or not. If his review is for real, then I can't decide whether the book is or not. -- Ah ha. I see that he indicates it might be hard to find. I'll be keeping my eyes open.

Nick Grassel's reply to Pat Kelly reminded me again of something that I've been wondering about. Am certain that everyone must be familiar with the circumstances of the bionaut -- the Test-Tub Man. As this procedure becomes more practical, I think the Church will have a question facing it. For the first time in man's history, every ova will be capable of growing into a complete human. Think of it: Every woman could parent many thousand children..and with very little (if any) time between test-tube conceptions. (At least, at presnt time, it requires 9 monthes between conceptions.) Therefore, since every ova is capable of being made into life by the natural skill of man (which knowledge and skill was naturally God-Given) is it not man's duty to perpetuate God's Will by doing so? (after all, if God didn't want all these ova to develope into babies, he wouldn't have created so many of them.) ((I'll comment on that later. First off though, I hate those 'God's-will' things in discussions. They tend to get silly. For example: 'if God wanted all races to live together, why did he make them different colors? and if he wanted man to fly.....' bk))

Think of all these 'offsprings of man' that could complicate the Population Crisis to an even greater degree. Shudder. And, yet, not so impossible as it might appear on first reading. If the Church feels that it is a sin to use birth control to stop the fertilization of an ova, then the failure to fertilize these ova by the test-tube methods could also be considered as a birth control which the church could also decide was sinful. ((First off, Ray, the legalism in the Catholic Church, I daresay, has little or no effect upon either the scientists or the Catholics. Secondly, the Church does not say birth control, per say, is sinful. Some ancient members of the hierarchy persist in calling "artificial" methods sinful. Rhythm is accepted as a method, for the Church itself has said that it is unwise to bring into the world more children than we can care for properly. Too, within a very few years we can all expect the old Bishops to pass away to that big collection box in the sky and the "legalization" of contraceptive devices.))

I agree with you, up to a certain point, that Nationalism is the reason for the soldiers marching off to war. Where our difference comes is: Even if the soldiers don't catch this wave of inflamed Nationalism from their wives, sisters, sweethearts, the news media, etc., then they'll still march off to the wars. There's the chance they'll get shot by the enemy. But, there's a certainty that they'll get shot by their own side, if they refuse to go. ((odd man out. bk))

Enough for now --- except that I thoroughly enjoyed the issue. And, the artwork brought much pleasure. Naturally, I feel a special affection for Jack Gaughan's cover illo, which communicated a very Good Message.

((aye! St. Louis in '69!))

TED WHITE, 339, 49th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11220

A xeroxed copy of Harriett Kolchak's NyCon3 report from your GENCOOK #4 was passed on to me, and prompts this letter.

I have never been one of Mrs. Kolchak's admirers, a fact she well knows. I regard her as one of the less pleasant attributes of east coast fandom, and have so ever since she first sat down next to me and my first wife at a Disclave dinner many years ago and began telling us all about the condition of her bowells. Harriett is one of that type of people, and she is not one of my type. We both understand this point and I rather gather that she reciprocates my feelings.

People like Harriett see conspiracies everywhere, and it is typical of her that she begins her report by asking "How many lies?" Harriett is one of those people who expects to be lied to, and the rest of us rarely let her down, as she sees it. The facts of the matter are far more prosaic, in their own bizarre fashion, however.

Harriett wrote the NyCon3 committee a letter about a room for her Neofan Fund. She did not write this letter to me, or to Dave, or to anyone else on the committee. Instead, she sent it to some obscure NYC fan who was not on the Committee, not a member of the Fanoclats sponsoring group, and indeed someone whose name I no longer remember. This fact came up only monthes later when she had harrangued me at some local gettogether and seemed shocked I hadn't recieved it from whoever it was. This too is typical of Harriett. If the whole world is one, large conspiracy, it stands to reason we -- all of us, everywhere -- are all in daily contact with each other.

Put bluntly, I don't give one thin damn for Harriett's Neofan Fund which has always struck me as being of dubious value to anyone but Harriett. No one else cares much for it either, but Harriett is blithely unaware of this. But Harriett never once wrote directly to me about it, trusting instead to her odd little ways of slipping notes under doors via neofans.

But we told Harriett when she braced us that we did not feel she deserved a free room at our, or the hotel's, expense. The NEF Hospitality Room (which we did provide for) served the function she had in mind, and we are not in the business of bankrolling every crackpot charity scheme that comes our way. Indeed, until the day the con began, we were not at all certain of our financial outcome.

We suggested Harriett rent a room just like everyone else did, for her Neofan Fund.

Then there's Harriett's brilliant "The committee was told by me, after the Tricon that they should attempt to obtain a room for the NY where they could serve refreshments, yet they deliberately chose a hotel that opposed this." I presume we chose the hotel for that reason -- just to spite Harriett. Fact: the hotel was chosen before the Tricon, a fact Harriett damn well knew. Fact: not one major hotel in New York City would allow the open serving of refreshments unless catered by the hotel. This is because union rules forbid it. New York is a city tied tight by union rules -- that's why we had all the trouble with the elevators: operators didn't show up and union rules forbade bellhops substituting for them -- and the same situation obtains at every hotel large enough to have hosted NyCon3. We advised the NYF of this, suggested that if they preferred to book a suite (and suites cost only \$25.00 a night) the hotel would be able to ignore the sight of a coffeemaker, etc., in the room, but that it could not in a public room on the convention floor.

I genuinely regret that the room turned out to be next to inaccessible; the fact that the floor was torn up for a new escalator was a complete surprise to us.

Harriett's item about police confiscation of liquor is pure BS. When did this happen, and to whom? We heard absolutely nothing about this from anyone during or after the con. It sounds like one of Harriett's stories.

George Scithers handled the business session admirably, I thought, and one of the best things he did was to make sure nothing came of the motion to require the conventions to provide for a NYF room. Harriett and freeloaders like her seem totally unaware of the problems involved in putting on a multi-thousand-dollar convention, and she can rest assured that not one con committee would accept such a blanket requirement. We don't owe the NYF a nickel, and if we choose to help them, it is because we want to, not because we have to. The idea that a convention committee is obligated to a host of nit-picking parasites is a sure-fire way to dissuade anyone from bidding.

Harriett creebs long and loud about George and I "taking from the fan the rulings and manipulations of a fan convention." She overlooks the fact that George, I, and the rest of the committee were voted by fans the right and responsibility to put on the convention. The fact is, there was more recognition of fan activity at the NyCon3 than at any convention of the past fifteen years. We inaugurated the new fan Hugoes, and we did it over the strenuous objections of people like Harriett because we believed fan activity deserves more public (i.e., convention) recognition. Now Harriett's bitching that these new awards aren't enough.

Adding insult to injury, she says, "Both George and Ted are pros, and should not be allowed to speak for the fan. A fan is a fan and a pro is a pro and no change will ever be made in that law." Sure, and Harriett is a fugghead. Fact: George is not a pro unless you consider AMRA a prozine. He's never sold a word professionally that I can think of. Fact: I've been an active fan since 1952, and I've never stopped. I am probably (undoubtedly) a more active fan than Harriett is now or ever has been. Although I no longer publish many fanzines (I still do one for FAPA), I regularly contribute to most of the leading fanzines now being published. Also, and rather importantly, I devoted close to a solid year of my time to the NyCon3, sacrificing over \$8000 that I specifically know of in professional earnings in order to do so. Fact: by her lights, Harriett is also a "pro", since she acted for a time as "agent" for Don Studebaker, who sold a few stories as "Jon DeSles." Don submitted his stories directly, worked directly with the editors when changes were suggested, and then had the check sent to Harriett. That was her sole function as "agent" -- and pretty thin, too, but Harriett was bragging up her "professional" status in fanzines a few years back. How come you get to speak "for the fan", Harriett?

This whole fan-pro dichotomy is one that exists only in sick little minds. It's the very height of paranoia, the "them against us" syndrome. Harriett knows damned well I don't think much of her ((yes, Ted, I believe you mentioned it once or twice...bk)) (and for any number of reasons contained in her piece here), so she justifies it to herself by saying "He's a pro, and he's just being a snob like the other pros." Actually, I can't think of any name fan who has much respect for Harriett.

Harriett says "Ted is a pro /sic/ and has no consideration of the fan /sic/." And my only reply is, when Harriett has published as many high-polling fanzines as I have, has done as much for fandom as I have, and has been as active a fan as I have, then maybe she'll have a right to shoot off her mouth with such garbage. In the meantime, she's one of the tiny minds who can't do, and thusly find themselves reduced to picking at those who can. She's a nit and a twitch, and she deserves every bit as much consideration as she accords me. Which is to say, not much.

Let me put this simply and plainly: I've been around fandom for a fair time, now. Not as long as people like Bob Tucker (and what does Harriett make of Bob? Fan or pro?), but long enough. I've been in fandom and I'm still in fandom because it's where many of my friends are, and where I can still be myself in an informal fashion, saying the things I want to say without having to worry about The Boss reading it. I've concerned myself actively in every aspect of fandom, from collecting to clubs to conventions to fanzines. I've enjoyed most of it, and I've never shirked from an honest fight for something I believed in. (One of these things was my firm belief in more fan awards in the Hugo structure; another was giving over an entire day of the convention to fan programming.) I have no intention of backing out of fandom now, tail between my legs, because Harriett -- of all people! -- says I don't belong here any more. I'm one of the people who helped make fandom what it is today, for better or worse, and this is my turf, lady.

The fact that I write and sell sf for a living is no more pertinent to my status as a fan than the fact that Harry Warner writes for and edits a daily newspaper, or that Dean Grennell works for a gun magazine. We've each found things we can do with our talents, and we're making our bread at it. We're all "pros" at what we do for a living -- everyone is. The fact that my profession happens to be that of which I was originally a fan is hardly unique to me. It perhaps gives me a broader spectrum of interests and suchlike, but it doesn't change my fannish attitudes. My ghods are the old ghods -- Willis, Burbee, Tucker -- and none of that has changed.

But, by ghod, I'm not ashamed of my professional status either. I see no reason why I should defend it from a perpetual neofan like Harriett (most neofans outgrow the condition in six monthes to a year -- how long has it been for you, now, Harriett?), who hasn't the foggiest notion what it's all about, anyway. I have six published books sitting on my shelf next to the two yards of magazines in which I've appeared professionally (most aren't sf magazines!), and one of them is currently nominated for a Nebula, has been put on the NYC Public Library's "recommended" list, and was voted by a Santa Barbara high school the years outstanding sf novel. I'm damned well proud of that. And I've got more books coming out this year: one in April from Pyramid, one in July from Bantam, and one sometime in the summer from Paperback Library. And in the fall I'll have a new hardcover from Crown. There will also be books from Lancer, Westminster, and Holt, Rinehart & Winston. I'm happy about that. I don't have to apologize to Harriett for my success. I can stand on my record ((oh? you've one of those out too?)) And that's more than she can do.

I've probably taken this whole schtick a lot further than necessary ((probably)), but that woman burns me, she really does. There's hardly an accurate line in her entire conreport. It's filled with the twisted poisons of her petty mind. And it just happened to hit a couple of my buttons. Apologies for that.

((thank you for writing, Mr. White. I had hoped to avoid fan bickerings, not wanting OKK to become a forum for quarrels, but the point here would be of significance to fandom.

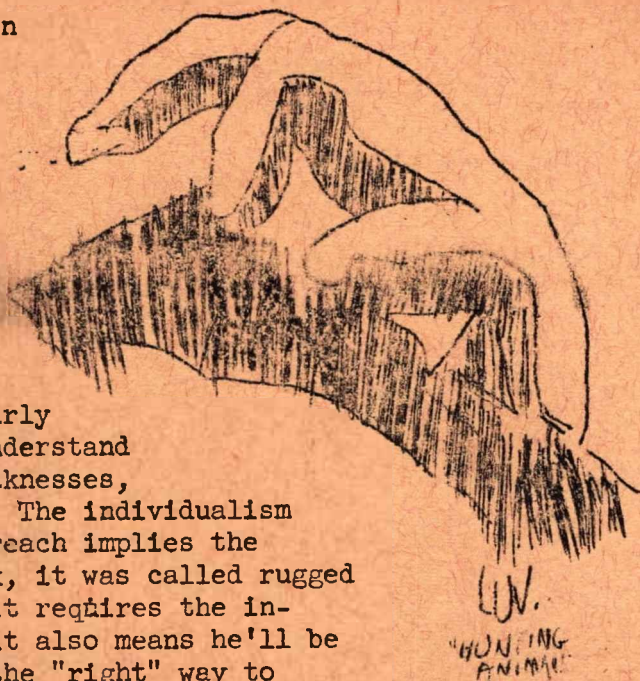
STEVE JOHNSON, 1018 N 31st, Corvallis, Oregon
97330

Actually, I never did see the point of loving the whole human race. And I don't really see why I should understand everyone, either. All of us have our individuality--our own frustrations, hang-ups, failings, aspirations--and I think it up to everyone to look after himself. I don't ask other people to understand me--just to let me alone--so I see no reason I should go out of my way to understand other people if I don't particularly care to do it anyway. If a person doesn't understand himself and can't compensate for his own weaknesses, that's his own business and his own problem. The individualism and non-conformity that the flower people preach implies the existence of self-reliance. Generations back, it was called rugged individualism. It's a good concept. Though it requires the individual to work if he's going to survive, it also means he'll be free from other people trying to teach him the "right" way to live and save him from himself. ((Honest, Steve, the LUV piece up on the top implies nothing. It was an accident, honest. But what can I say? As with all extreme positions there is as much truth as there is danger in what you say. Society, upon the individualist, is always abrasive. But the world is not made up of Heinleins, Buckleys and Johnsons (Steve, not Lyndons). It seems to me that self-reliance usually comes to mean selfishness. Naturally you have no responsibility to anyone in the world. People are dying in Asia. That's not my responsibility. People were atomized in Japan about twenty years ago. I wasn't even born, for Christ's Sake, that can't be my responsibility. And a lot of folks were gassed and put in ovens even before that. Not my business. I take care of myself and the world does what it likes. Not my responsibility. People live in poverty a mile or two away from me. I have a nice house. It's not my responsibility. Who is responsible? Who is his brother's keeper? BK)).

I really doubt if "rugged-individualism" will ever be practiced on a large scale again. Big government is "in" and the complexities of life in a modern society will no doubt make it necessary in the future. The purely technical aspects of life--transportation, community health, and so on--and the trend toward reliance on others and the simultaneous support of others has filtered down into daily life. But an individual can make it if he tries, at least in regard to relationships with others. He asks for no help and leaves other people alone, not butting into their problems and asks only the same in return. It usually works.

And now to other things. Ed Smith's article on comics was fairly weak. It ignored EComics of eight or a dozen years back which ran some xlint sfictional material, including adaptations of some Bradbury material ((glub)). National's Strange Adventures has also run competent hack sf over the years at various times--usually when Julius Schwartz was at the editorial helm. If Ed has as many comics as he claims, I suggest he do a thorough survey of sf in the comics, showing us the treatment it is usually given, stereotypes and perhaps suggesting comics sf fans might want to invest in. Ed's commentary was too shallow to be of much value.

Getting to your comment on my comment on your comments in RATS, I still hold with my statements--conditions cause wars, not slogans. If there would not have been economic chaos in Germany, Hitler would never have gained power. There was no wide-spread support for the Aryan superman myth before Hitler began gaining support in Germany after periodic depressions, including the one that hit the U.S. so hard made a mess of Germany. When Germany was prosperous, no one paid attention to trouble-makers like Hitler.



letters conclude....

In time of disaster people turned to his magnetic personality for easy answers-- and they got them. Up till round 41 Germany had prosperity--everyone except the Jews and political dissidents. It was an easy pill for the majority to swallow. Of course, the after affects of the pill were pretty drastic. {{so they say}}.

And speaking of Hitler, watching the teevee specials on the third reich reminded me of something: Hitler was a democratically elected leader. Just like Ho Chi Minh. Things like this are why so many people insist that the U.S. is a Republic, not a Democracy. In a democracy, anything the majority does is deemed right--and the poor minorities be damned! It's only in democratic republics that protection of minority and out-of-power groups are provided for. {{dandy. As to the patriotism/war thing--I don't think we have a disagreement. You have supported my argument. Patriotism says that my country is the most important because I am in it. Germany assumed that. They were in financial trouble so they, being the most important country, knocked off a few other nations. They were expedient. I think that we're having a reoccurrence of this in SEAsia. SViet is "expedient" in our "war on communism". Okay.}}

And now that I've alienated you and all the other liberal people connected with GENOOK; I'll get back to sf for a while.

Hmm, I find it hard to believe that a book which has unbearably long stretches of tedium could be better than the Rings trilogy. {{you see, I considered that trilogy one loooooong stretch of tedium}}. Maybe that's why you call it science-fiction..it's certainly a science-fictional idea for any book to be better than Lord of the Rings. {{oh come on....}}...

Glad to hear that all is not lost for ftl drives. If they could be perfected I wouldn't mind getting away from this madhouse for a few dozen light years...providing, of course, that I could take along several tons of misc. sf & fantasy, a typewriter, mimeograph and plenty of supplies. And an intellectual type femme who could concentrate on my fmz millions of miles from any other living creatures. . . . {{let me see it when you get back....}}

{{Regretably a lot more letters were recieved than could be printed. This issue is overweight as it is. Ann Chamberlain's long letter will appear in the next issue. Space just won't allow it.

Likewise squeezed out, was the film review column. Probably permanantly. I have given up, for the present, reviewing films. If anything of note pops up you'll hear of it. Anything else that doesn't make it will be here next time.}}

"Time it was
and what a time it was,
it was,
a time of innocence
a time of confidences.
Long ago...it must be..
I have a photograph.
Preserve your memories.
They're all that's left you."

--simon in "bookends"

note: EMMISIONS, James Koval's new fanzine will not, repeat, not be published. a number of difficulties have arrisen making publication impossible. Sorry.

Here's to you, Mrs. Robinson!

HARRY WARNER, JR. 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

The quality of the issue ~~77~~ was quite high, flavored for me by a faint scent of the fanzine's of yesterday when writers and editors weren't quite as jaded and world-weary as they are in so many fanzines today.

An odd thing happened after I read your editorial. The paragraphs about love and understanding came to mind quite vividly when I happened to re-read Thomas L. Thomas' *The Far Look*, in an old Dell edition of a Judith Merrill Year's Greastest anthology. (I'm not re-reading all my science fiction books. The local Goodwill Industries store happened to get the fallout when some person unknown to me decided that he didn't want to collect science-fiction any longer, and I bought 72 books last week. If this happens a few more times, I'll catch up to the point I would have reached if I hadn't stopped buying science fiction any longer for a decade or so). The Thomas story is applicable to the topic of your editorial. His characters must spend weeks of loneliness on the moon to undergo the sudden realization of what mankind means to them. The rest of us usually spend several decades before we finally understand how to reconcile the stupidities and evil of the general mass of mankind with the redeeming qualities you find in a few individuals. As you suggest, saying "love" and "peace" at every opportunity is useless, as ineffective as the literal meaning of the word "goodbye". I think I've finally reached the point of abandoning my long standing ambition to wipe out 99% of the world's population. Now that I've come to think that one percent are justification for keeping going, I've started to hope that I'll live long enough to think of some effective ways to increase the number of human beings. ((another story that comes to mind in reference to that is Bradbury's "The Vacation", reprinted in the new PLAYBOY SF & FANTASY. bk))

I'm not sure that I agree with Ed Smith's contention that the nation needs a good science fiction comic magazine. I'm probably revealing stupid emotionalism, when I think that it would be as out of place as a three-year-old child playing a Bartok concerto. There's nothing wrong with juvenile attributes when they involve the right things, and I feel that the comic format has such physical, mechanical limitations that it is best suited for juvenile entertainment. Juvenile entertainment can be very fine, as witness the Spirit of fond memory. Why try to twist adult, mature science fiction to fit the limitations of the comics, when it's so scarce in the form of prose stories? ((maybe because we're aborting a potential magnificent art form. New theories of media, etc., I think, are showing us that the 'comic' form can be put to brilliant use if put in the proper hands. As to the lack of talent, well, that's another thing. bk))

Every story like Monumental Error has the built-in problem of overcoming the comparison the reader will instantly make with the Arthur Clarke story in which the aliens make the same sort of mistake with a Donald Duck movie. This is fairly well done, and more logical than our natural reaction would make us believe. Hitler is still a horrible thought to anyone who is sane and has heard of the 1930's and 1940's, but there's little doubt that the devil must be given his due: enormous personal magnetism and ability to convince the masses that his advice was the only possible course to follow. Maybe those qualities would come across in a movie viewed by Venusians who knew nothing else about him.

I suspect that the problem of reaching distant stars will be solved in ways that bypass the difficulty of traveling faster than light. All the medical progress of the past couple of centuries is imposing enough to make me suspect that aging and natural causes of death can be eliminated after a few more centuries advancing knowledge have come and gone. It's impossible to guess how men would react psychologically to a journey lasting thousands of years if they were immortal, because the knowledge that we're going to die must condition all our philosophies and motivations. But I suspect that "boredom" and "loneliness" would be words that would deserve to go quotation marks if we were going to another star in the certainty that we weren't wasting the few precious years remaining before our death in the journey. Even if the certainty of hundreds of centuries of life didn't change our outlook, the conquering of natural forms of death would certainly simplify the task of devising ways to

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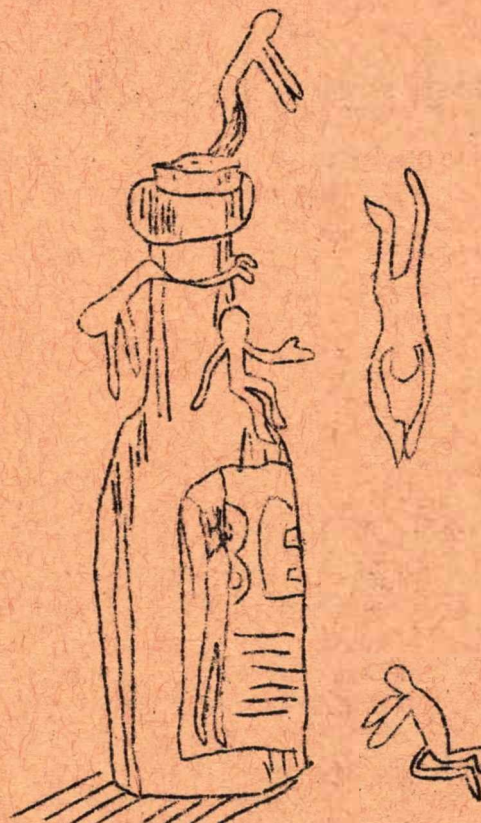
suspend animation and allowing the passengers to sleepaway the lightyears.

The contrast between Bobby Taylor and Harriett Kolchak con reports was amusing. One goshwow fan trying to impart an atmosphere of sophistication, and one well-experienced fan trying to sound grouchy provide a good complementary antidote. Ah, well, I mustn't complain about varying impressions of the same event, because mine were entirely different from the two published in GENCOCK (the NyCon that I attended was in a hotel where I got good service, for instance) and I must treasure each con report because it will probably be a couple of years before I'm again able to compare published reports with my own reactions to a worldcon. ((Harry, I think you were with John Goldsmith. Good service? Yahh!bk))

Jack Gaughan should be awarded an installment plan Hugo or something for all the work he has been putting into fanzines. Even if he never helps out another fanzine editor again, he's done enough in the past couple of years to be worthy of an automatic Hugo at each of the next four or five worldcons. ((Here, here! I can speak from experience--and it is quite an experience, let me tell you, to open up a letter of comment, hands all shaky after having read the name of its sender and, GASP, finding a beautiful piece of art staring you in the face. I know quite a few struggling editors who have gotten help from Mr. Gaughan. And after my second issue, glumly facing a batch of violently sarcastic reviews and locs, getting that letter and sketch from him made it all more than worthwhile. I was in a daze for that whole day...."Hey, everybody! I really got some art from Jack Gaughan! "Yeah..that'll do it...bk)). I hope that his recent procedure of previewing forthcoming professional work by sending sketches to fanzines will continue and will be adopted by some other professional artists. It's hard to think of a better way to arouse fan's interests in forthcoming books and magazine stories, or to give the non-professional some standards to try to excel. The Prism drawings are magnificent. The bacover ((by Chuck Rein)) is excellent in several respects, such as the unhackneyed theme and the effective black patches on the figure where they aren't expected. I thought at first that the angles on the left side looked bad in comparison with the realistic curves on the rest of the body, but after a second and a third look, I've begun to suspect that this is also good. But I'll bet the poor guy would walk with a limp. ((Do we win a prize? Two Harry Warner locs in one issue? We certainly deserve it. But I've been very pleased with both the cover and bacover art I've been getting for the last three issues--Jack Gaughan, Doug Lovenstein, R. Edward Jennings and Chuck Rein.....not bad. bk))

-----we also heard from a lot of people-----

Art, written material, and whatever is still requested for the Bradbury issue! Send it in, please, if the issue is to be published I need much more material.



BOOKENDS



and
other
records

Simon
and
Garfunkel

Reviewed
by
Bill Kunkel

BOOKENDS is a very beautiful album. It is life and, as EYE said, "Simon & Garfunkel's parting wave to America....a fugitive suite." Here are the bookends, life to death and that's all except for some memories we pick up along the way, like remembering about Paul Simon's songs some time tomorrow.

//Here we have Bookend's Theme, commencing this album, reflected superbly the Richard Avedon cover. SAVE THE LIFE OF MY CHILD, cries the desperate mother, moaning after her poor child of America as he totters, so they think, on window ledge. "Good God, Don't jump!/The boy sat on the ledge." Ghost-like cries fill the air as the mother (s) shout after the children. "What's becoming of the children?/People asking one another." Shocking, mind-bending effects, the song explodes with a charged G hollering down a fuzz tone and resolves into the wispily discordant AMERICA, almost overwhelmingly involving with the slightly out-of-tune twelve string guitar chanting the back-up and Art Garfunkel softly humming while Paul Simon and Kathy (an old friend from album 2) go off "to look for America" and find that it's failed, gone wrong somewhere, doesn't exist or never did. It has no dignity, it is no dream for which we might search, for we end up "counting the cars on the New Jersey Turnpike" or asking ourselves "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?/A nation turns his lonely eyes to you."

//Overs, then, says that. We only go on out of habit "like saccharine". Why doesn't it die, without an atomic end, which we now see America may secretly yearn for. The Grand Old Country is about to die, quote Eliot "with a whimper", and please give a bang, sir. "Why don't we stop fooling ourselves?/The game is over./Over."

/"Old Friends" is the piece following the concert of the finale, "Voices of Old People". Sit and die in Old Age Homes, all of you.

"Preserve your memories/They're all that's left you," closes Simon.

The second side is old Simon Singles. (read the EYE review of Bookends).

PRIVILEGE, the sound track from the film of the same name is a brilliant achievement.

"Free Me" pleads for Power with Compassion, something establishments seem to lack.

"Free Me, Reprise" is an excellent piece of sell-out significance. "Onward Christian Soldiers" hilariously parodies the Catholic Church's ludicrous attempts at making themselves "contemporary". A very fine album. Recommended.

The music from WILD IN THE STREETS is poor in comparison, but still worth having.

verse to the Workers of America....

I make Wonder Bread/Wonderful/Round/Wonder Bread/ I make it/and take it/home on weekends/for the family./Oh My Family!/Two and a third children/have I/,/And a wife who makes it well/and that's what I do/,/I said, I make Wonder Bread/ For you/ and Bohacks/and my two/and a third children/and my wife/in my home/in the suburbs/ how/lovely!/
What better life could a man have?/What better way/to spend/a day?/
I make Wonder Bread/Happiness is Wonder Bread/I'll make Wonder Bread/Till I'm dead/ and help our GNP/And I'll love it and learn to eat it/Eat it!/Can't beat it/ For nutrients./

I Make Wonder Bread./

-kunkel

((this section is published for a number of reasons. for one thing, i like publishing redneck material by rednecks in the belief that no one can make an ass of a redneck quite like a redneck. it's also a dumping ground for my inane satires and for things like the fuck communism...below. There are posters bearing that inscription now available via the Realist. veddy good))

(taken from "What's On?", the TV section of the Daily News, Tuesday, May 7, 1968, by Kay Gardella....it's part of a review of Dick Cavett's daytime show, but Kay obviously got carried away on the subject of "laughter"..)

"We all know the Commies don't want us to laugh. They want us to be just as miserable as they are. The person who can't look into a mirror and see himself and laugh, can't be amused by anything or anybody. In fact, like the Commies, he builds up fear of humor, wit or laughter, which ultimately takes the form of one big defense: Conformity." (and again, later on in the article..) "Humor is one of the greatest weapons against Communism...."

Well of course this shocked me, but it shocked Westmoreland even more.

"Is dat the truth?"

"I tell you, Westy, it's in the Daily News!"

"Den it's da truth! Okay men, line up!"

"What is it, sir?"

"We're starting our own offensive. They had the Tet Offensive. Well we're Americans. We're gonna have the Tit Offensive."

"Hahahahahahahahahahaha!"

"Pretty good one, huh?"

"You know it, Westy! What do we do now?"

"Listen, I want you lugheads to move into the jungles with no guns or anything. In the nude."

"Then what?"

"Then you laugh, jerk!"

"At what?"

"One another, asshole!"

"Oh. What's that gonna do?"

"It'll kill the Commies. It's our greatest weapons."

"No guns? We just laugh?"

"Right. It's like vampires and crosses. It burns out their brains. They have to hold their ears and they'll fall outa the trees. Okay?"

"Oye!"

FUCK
COMMUNISM

HERE'S TO YOU,
VFW!

!

46

verse accumulates here. now it's very good.....

EPILOG TO UNIVERSE 1965087327

Man came from darkness
And the cosmic litany calls him there again.

He lived long enough to suffer the pain
But not the beauty he appreciates
When he's not suffering (which is seldom.)
The litany never started
and 'twill never end
But chants surreptitiously among gods and men.
It calls before one has time to send a postcard home (wherever that
is.)
He makes the machines
That make the world
And in so doing kill the people.
An unavoidable and unimportant bi-product.
Not with a bang killeth the machines
But with boredom
And laziness
And weakness.
Nobody cares about men anyway except other men who want to sell them
something.
So man, who cares?
They say, "We all must die. Why not at the same time, it's fairer that
way?"
A man dies and the race goes on.
A race dies and the universe goes on.
With a vacancy for a while
Filled by another tenant someday
Who, like us, forgets to pay the rent and is thrown out.
Alone without an apartment, he dies of the cold from being without an
envirment.
Even if we were alive, we would not care.
It happened to us, it will happen to all.
The universe goes on.
Then one day, all the peoples die.
And then the Prime Mover wipes the slate clean and starts over.
After all, that's what They're for.

--Edward Smith

SUNDAY

Chicken could be smelled
in the air.
Little kids are running everywhere.
Daddy in his chef's hat
acting like a fool.
Only one conclusion could be drawn:
It's Sunday.....

-kunkel

WHEN YOU GROW UP

Tell me: I'm interested, really!
You won't be arrested--I promise.
What do you want to be?
"When I grow up," said Robert Claves,
"I want to take up robbin' graves--
selling the remains to Boris Karloff.
Oh to be a body snatcher!
Resurrectionist's fine!
You're doing great if they don't
catch you--you're doing fine."

-kunkel

BOOKS



DANGEROUS VISIONS did not appeal to Fred Pohl very much. This reassures me, even as it must reassure Harlan Ellison. At the WyCon, Ellison promised stories that would never be found in the typical prozine, and he has come through. The stories you'll find in DV (for I hope you'll read it) are different, are "New Thing" and are somewhat shocking if you're used to Captain John Carter-type writing.

I can only comment as a personal observation the Ellison seems to have a hang-up with Jack the Ripper. He comments on the theme in DV and their nuances, plus the TV scripts that he has successfully written based on the idea would all seem to point this up. So he has written a character study of Jovial Jack in a science-fiction setting. It may have been intended as a prototype in gruesomeness for the book, but I doubt it. But there is no debating that it could not

have been published in a family magazine. Hmmm.

Theodore Sturgeon has returned to sf with a good story. Not excellent, but good nonetheless. While its story background (the scenery made to support the plot) includes a world predicated on incest, an idea evidently invented to shock, the plot and the theme contain the old-school sf slogan: Be Logical! Think! Remember, No Matter How Disgusting The Idea May Be, If It's Logical It's Got To Be Right! The name of the story, incidently, is, "If All Men Were Brothers, Would You Let One Marry Your Sister?"

Just like many other readers of DV, I sorely regretted the particular inclusion of the Zelazny story. I had hoped to see what Zelazny would write when given free reign, but I was disappointed.

And the last story in the book, not by Zelazny as was his alphabetical right, is by Samuel R. Delany. This is one of the finest stories in the book, one that took advantage of the medium in that it was different and would not be found in BOYS' LIFE. It is, again, not so much a story as a character study of a group. The creatures who can go into space are, in this universe, sexless by operation. This neutrality engenders a perverted love on the part of many people on Earth, and the Earth-returned spacemen earn money quickly and easily in the red (ultra-violet?) light-type districts of Earth cities. "Aye, and Gomorrah" is an excellent story, somewhat reminiscent of Delany's own "The Star Pit" from Worlds of Tomorrow, but the DV story is far superior.

Finally, I appreciated the forwards by Ellison and the postscripts by the writers. Perhaps it took the sharp edge off the book, but no matter. Try and get this book from the SF Book Club, pay \$7, if you will; borrow it; but read it! Remember, according to Ellison, the paperback won't be out for two and a half years--it's in the contract. At 552 pages, I don't see how it'll fit it into one paperback. I suppose that's what's known as a binding contract, though.

--John Goldsmith

DRUMS OF THE DARK GODS (W.A. Ballinger..paperback library 52-584..50¢...) This is the worst book I've seen in some time on a number of counts. I won't go into all of them, however, as the novel hardly merits even mention.

Tediously paced and ineptly written. Those are two good reasons.

It concerns voodoo, torture and the like in some dark haunt of Ballinger's pathetically simple mind. Avoid, avoid, avoid.

--Bill Kunkel

books . . .

YOU'RE SOMETHING ELSE, CHARLIE BROWN (Charles M. Schulz..Holt, Rinehart & Winston..\$1.00) This is the newest collection of PEANUTS daily and Sunday strips, and one of the best to have been issued lately. A few more situations have been invented and the old-faithfuls (The Great Pumpkin) (The Red Baron, you know) are back and in fine form. Recommended to Peanuts People. And while I'm at it, two other PNTS books have been issued in paperback form. THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO PEANUTS and WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, CHARLIE BROWN? are about the finest examples of the strip and theological extrapolation of the strip available. Get both. -kunkel

HOW TO TALK DIRTY & INFLUENCE PEOPLE (Lenny Bruce..Playboy Press..75¢..) and THE ESSENTIAL LENNY BRUCE (Lenny Bruce, edited by John Cohen..Ballantine..95¢..) To be sure, these are two of the most important books appearing in this century and Bruce was the most adept satirist. He sliced neatly into morality, religions inc., fags, man, anything! He will either destroy you or your hang-ups, take your choice.

But whatever you do, get these books and you'll realize what an important man died two years ago to the delight of The Church, TIME Magazine and the indifferent, ignorant public. -kunkel

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE (Anthony Burgess..Ballantine..60¢) When this book appeared for the first time, about three years ago, it was not too well received. Davidson, reviewing it in F&SF called it, "incomprehensible and...unreadable". It was, to my knowledge, ignored in most sf circles. Hopefully now that Burgess has attained such fantastic stature as a novelist (THE WANTING SEED, HONEY FOR THE BEARS, NOTHING LIKE THE SUN, etc.) sf will discover that they had a classic in their hands and didn't know what to do with it.

The story is future-fiction, with Alex and his droogs (friends) cutting up in a world dominated by after-dark teenage gangs. Alex is captured and subjected to the Ludovico Technique, from which he returns, a psychological wreck.

But the thing is the language. Both fascinating and fantastic, Burgess' "rocker" slang is one of the wildest language innovations to appear in a sf novel. It's a melange of Russian, gypsy, slang, what-have-you--and it'll get you.

The book is quite definitely a classic.

-kunkel

f i l m s

The long awaited PLANET OF THE APES finally arrived at NY theaters a month or so ago to overzealous reviews. The film is rather bad--acting is on the weak side and the Serling dialouge occasionally becomes typical Serling-Dialouge (I can think of no worse insult).

The ending is a real yawner. It was so obvious, like, the whole audience probably guessed it in the first 15 minutes. The pace is draggy and tedious.

It's not at all up to last years FAHRENHEIT 451...but is far superior to the rot I've been seeing on STAR TREK this year.

from SLAN (Van Vogt)

"Jem Lorry pondered that. Finally: 'Your protector, yes. But he has no morals in the matter of a woman's virtue. I don't think he'll object to your becoming my mistress, but he will insist on finding a propaganda-proof reason."

BOOKS

SLAN (A.E. Van Vogt/Berkley/X1543/60¢) This is the sort of work that would just have to be a letdown even if it were great. If I could be given a nickel for everytime some fan told me I just had to read this "sf classic" I'd be quite wealthy. So you sort of expect a masterpiece. And you get a cheap magazine serial, and a rather poorly written one at that.

Obviously this type of work has got to lose something over the years. You know, like the guy watching "Red River" and saying "Just listen to all those cliches! This is a great western?" But they weren't cliches then. You're going to the source of the truism or cliché or whatever. Return to the prototype.

And in a sense, this takes much away from this novel. Telepaths have now been beaten to death so successfully over the years that anytime an old psi story comes your way it will look a lot worse than it did upon publication.

Aside from that, since it was a magazine serial, contrived tension is introduced crudely at the end of each chapter. You know: "I can hardly wait till next month" is okay.

But, "I can hardly wait to read the next paragraph"?

Sorry.

--Bill Kunkel

LOST IN SPACE (Dave Van Arnam/Pyramid/60¢) This book continues in the tradition of the television show. In other words, it ruins even further a potentially great idea. The book plods along with Doctor Smith plotting and getting away with his usual treason. Unless you are either an ardent fan of the show or a masochist, leave it alone. By the way, I'm trying to sell my copy.

--Nick Grassel

THE PLAYBOY BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY (anthology/Playboy Press/95¢) There's also a Playboy book of Horror and the Supernatural which, by the way, is much better than this one. I lost my copy, however, and haven't secured another as of yet.

The editors here are busily telling everyone that if it weren't for them there would be no good sf today. Aside from being obvious bullshit, this tends to start one off on the proverbial wrong foot. Most of the stories are downright terrible. H.C. Neal's "Who Shall Dwell" and "After" by Henry Slesar (both, coincidentally, about thermo-nuclear war) are the worst works in the book. "After" may be the worst piece of short sf ever written.

The best items were Bradbury's "The Vacation" and Pohl's "The Fiend". And if I see Clarke's "I Remember Babylon" reprinted once more I shall become violently ill.

The plots are, by and large, very trite with the writing on a rather low level.

The Book of Horror is recommended, but the best item in this one is the striking cover and the attractive packaging.

--Bill Kunkel

Condensed Book Reviews: (by Nick Grassel, shortened by Kunkel)

ONE MILLION CENTURIES (Richard Lupoff/Lancer/75¢/Gaughan cover) Very good book about a negro navy pilot, Robert Parker who crash lands in a lush, tropical jungle and confronts three different societies....FIRECLOWN (Michael Moorcock/P.L./50¢)

A beautiful novel full of little straws of thought at which literary types may snatch. One of his better characterizational forays. I HAVE NO MOUTH AND I MUST SCREAM (Harlan Ellison/Pyramid/60¢) Ellison is a hard and forceful, but not yet great, writer. But he is progressing to bigger and better things. Buy this collection of short stories by him and see if you do or don't agree.

--N.G.

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I want to thank John and Nick for their courtesy reviews. There were more books, but no room in which to review them.....

JAMES DAY OF DARKNESS KOVAL

Fiction

I entered Mira's by way of the back entrance and made my way slowly to the magazine display rack via an ultra-thin, paperback-crammed aisle. Most of these, however, were not at all the fiction kind, and the artistic core of my essence, what little there was that still existed, felt pushed under in concave fashion.

Fat Mira stood behind his greasy glass counter thumbing through the latest issue of TV GUIDE. He sensed my unwelcome presence, though I always tried to make it a habit to move about unheard, if not unseen, through quiet stores and shops, lest I unintentionally intrude on someone's personal ponderings. Even today, though I was already 23, I still felt sensitive in this peculiar respect.

Mira looked up at me as I shuffled one hush-puppy against the other. I had managed to break the silent, secular look of private despair he held on his face; but now, in its place, was a look of utter disbelief. The old man's twisted gaze made me feel suddenly uncomfortable, so I moved to inquire why he should display such a precarious expression, such overt facial contrasts from just discovering me standing there in front of him in his store. It seemed as if he were exposing his true nature for the very first time, and it seemed fitting that he should expose it to me and not someone else. I moved to comment on the strange situation in which I found myself.

"Is something wrong, Mr. Mira?"

"Nothing is wrong." His lips formed a pink-scarred smile. "Why aren't you looking...." he paused, then laughing lightly to himself "....at the magazine stand--your favourite part of it, I mean?"

He was right, of course. It wasn't very often I'd come up to him with nothing in my hands to purchase. He thought of me as strangely as I did him. It was a mutual feeling, I assured myself, perfectly natural--even though it was out of tune with the regular events of a day in the life; odd paradox here, I thought. So this is what happens when shopkeepers become suspicious; they eye you with the most sanguine difficulty.

I didn't reply, however, nor move to switch topics to one of a more presupposed interest. Rather, I did as the dry old man suggested and positioned myself in front of the always-changing, never-dusty magazine rack. It didn't take long to notice there wasn't a single science fiction magazine to be found.

Naturally, I felt I should rekindle the stunted, uneasy manner of communication between myself and the small, cleanly-dressed but smelly proprietor of the even smaller paper-book business and question him on the problem gnawing at my fuzzy, morning innards that already felt like drowned, mottled grey moths floating and sinking in cold chicken soup.

With much reluctance, I forced the question to my cracked, winter mouth: "Mr. Mira, why are there no fiction magazines?"

"Because there just aren't."

It was evident he was goading me; he always wanted to. But, thing was, he never had anything potent enough to goad me with, nothing that he could be sure would touch down deep enough inside to hurt. Now he had something, and he would use it for all his limited ability. However sour the situation was, I played along, knowing full well there was little else I could do. Stressed as I was, I pressed the matter.

"Would you please be so kind as to elaborate on said statement?"

"Don't get smart with me, you college punk. And don't think you're the only one in the world knows how to talk smart, knows how to...."

Day of Darkness

"Please, Mr. Mira. I only asked you to explain the situation to me--that's all. Maybe it'll help clear the air between us once and for all."

"I doubt if even God could accomplish such a feat. However, if you insist." He smiled and continued with an air of repugnant confidence..."Let it be known to you that on this day of Our Lord, November 11th, 1970, all science fiction magazines have ceased to exist; that they have, in all due respect, died a semi-glorious death, and that...."

"Enough sir! If what you have just told me is true, then tell me the reason why."

"Ahh....now that you are in the correct mood, I think I shall. But if I were to tell you, you would not believe me. Then again, you just might--that would spoil everything." I could see he was getting his fill of sick kicks. So as he paused in his high-toned speech, he reached into his pocket and withdrew his wallet. And from this leather container he drew a glossy strip of white paper, inked writing on it, and promptly handed it to me, saying: "Go to this address. Ring the bell. A tall, slender man will greet you at the door. He will then lead you down into the cellar--and you will know the answer, you will find out exactly why your beloved world of fantasy, mystery and science fiction has come to an end. And if you get sick, don't come crawling back to me. I'm retiring come next Friday." His smile spread wider, exposing his tarnished, gleaming yellow tobacco teeth. "After all, it was I who showed you the way to the truth. Now go. I have other things to attend to, other customers to serve."

"I did not hesitate to take his advice. I quickly threw open the front door of his small shop, stepped off the high, concrete porch and skirted several large businessmen on their way to work as I set off down the street in a combination of confusion and bewilderment. In the far back of my mind was a feeling of subtle terror. I tried to suppress this all as I rounded a crooked corner and strode a swifter pace toward the street and house I knew were my ultimate destinations.

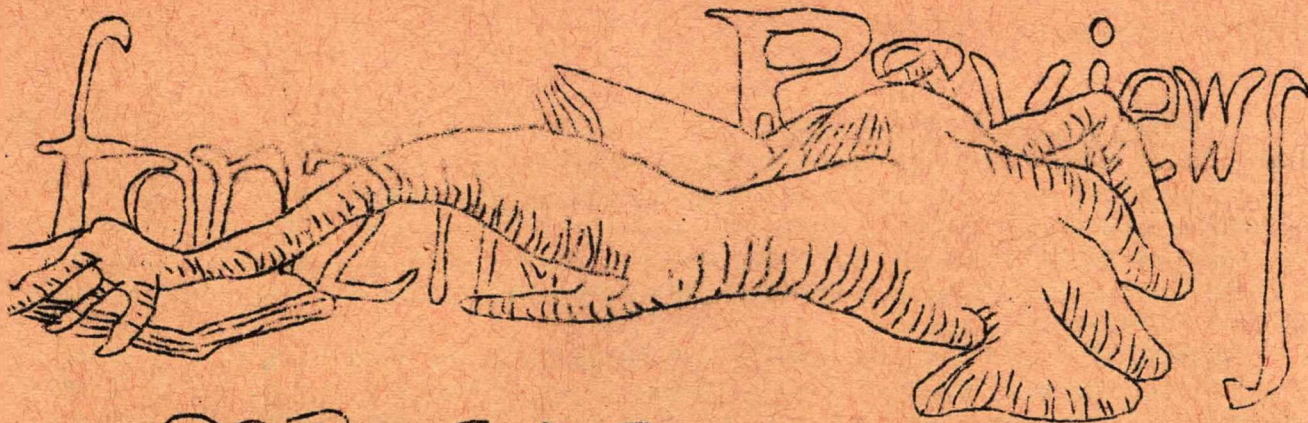
Above me, dark clouds shifted silently as I entered a writer's death.

--the end

catch a catchphrase,
kill it dead.
Then find the DAILY NEWS.
Look up all the lies it said
then find the VILLAGE VOICE.

Tommy is A Catholic
who doesn't go to mass.
Marvin is a Jew who isn't rich!
Jack is a reactionary caught puffing grass (alas!).
John's a Protestant and he hates Bach.

--fragmented verse by ye editor



POPULAR

MISCONCEPTIONS

They sprawl, dammit, they literally sprawl about the little workroom here at GENOOK Inc. And so, here I go, off on a reviewing tangent.....

ALPHA (#'s 20, 21 and 22..Ed Smith, 1315 Lexington Ave., Charlotte, N.C. 28203...
....monthly....mimeographed....20¢ per issue or the regular.....) At least ALPHA improves steadily. #20 is not too bad. #21 is better. And #22 is a rather good fanzine. Two pages in #20 have vanished from the face of the earth, and a few similar blunders rear their impish heads through the trilogy, but there're fair articles, a pretty good piece of fiction (by myself) and much better artwork (by REG amongst others) than in the past.
As it keeps improving, I'd recommend it if you're not too, too choosy.

OSFAN (#'s 31 and 32....Hank Luttrell, 49B Donnelly Hall, Blair Group, Columbia Mo. 65201....mimeo....10¢ each, and so on..) a monthly publication that features all sorts of items of dubious interest to the world at large. Neatly mimeo'd and nicely laid-out.

Little things. Reviews. News. You know, like, you've seen it before.

MANTRAP (#8..John Kusske, Rt. #2, Hastings, Minn. 55033..irregular..mimeo...
10¢ for your first issue...pay, don't contribute..) Very SAPSy and APAish. A nice cover. Not very much else of interest unless you happen to be John's mother. Interior repro lacks a bit and the material is pseudo-political.

TRYPOD (#'s 1 and 2...James Koval, 7626 Balfour St., Allen Park. Mich. 48101..
..quarterly and mimeoed...4 issues for \$1.20..) Jim's discontinuing the zine after the next issue and is going into something else. I'd suggest you get the next one, then, and/or back issues. Aside from an excellent Gaughan cover, the fiction within is quite good by fan standards.
A noble effort. Surprisingly successful.

SIRRUIISH (official publication of OSFA..Leigh Couch, Rt. 2, Box 889 Arnold, Mo. 63010....25¢, 4/\$1 or the regular..free to OSFAns..) Very good fanzine from cover to cover. I will recommend this fanzine to anyone (pssst--you're recommended!).

It goes 63 pages and impresses me almost as much as GENOOK.

Let's hear it gang, ST. LOUIS IN '69!

"Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?
A nation turns its lonely eyes to you.
What's that you say, Mrs. Robinson?
Joltin' Joe has left and gone away
(hey hey hey hey hey hey).

--Paul Simon (oh yeah)
"Mrs. Robinson"

POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS PLCD.....(yechh)

EN GARDE (#2 and 3..Mrs. Richard Schultz, 19159 Helen St., Detroit, Mich. 48234..
....irregular...mimeo...per issue or whatever) Formerly (good lord!) the
"Rigger Digger". This is the AVENGERS fanzine. Okaaay. It's repro'd fairly well
and the art's all right. #2 was terrible, but the third issue is quite a bit
better--they moved away from boring trivia into usefulness.
Recommended for AVENGER fans. I want the next issue, by the way, Mrs. Schultz,
if you don't mind. The reason I haven't written is, err, uhh.....

TANSTAAFL (#'s 1 and 2...Gary Grady and John Godwin, 2426 Belvedere Drive,
Wilmington, N.C. 28401..mimeo..irregular..request..) Oh Jesus. Every faned
in town has been kicking the hell out of this one. The second issue is, at
least, a bit better than the first. The first is an eternal apology for
itself and one long beg-your-pardon-for-having-published (you know, like,
"oh christmas. Am I a schmuck for putting this crap out. I'm sorry, really.
But, er, uh, we had some paper around and, shucks, you know, well, oh hell").
I've seen worse. Better still, I've published worse. Take heart. You may
one day reach this level (I don't believe it...kid's a megalow..whatsit..).

SANDWORM (#3..Bob Vardeman..PO Box 11352, Albuquerque NM 87112...irregular...
mimeo'd..for myriad reasons...) A very light, punny fanzine. Good art and
nice reproduction. Basically pleasing. I liked it well enough.
Pardon my brevity, by the way, but when you keep turning pages and keep seeing
all the reviews I have to squeeze into a few pages, you'll understand, I
hope. Sorry.

PLAK TOW (first few issues...Shirley Meech, Apt. B-8, West Knoll Apts. 260
Elkton Rd., Newark, ~~VA~~ Delaware 19711...mimeo'd..regular..10/\$1.....)
Now that STAR TREK is saved (for what?), the pace to churn out these things,
I hope, will be reduced. Items of world-shaking importance (what kinda
underware does Nimoy wear? Fruit of the Loom, baby!). For thosesoinclined.

SANCTUM (Steve Johnson, 1018 N. 31st Street, Corvallis, Oregon 97330..) This,
sad to say, is SANC's swan song. Whatever. College and money and time have
killed the zine. Steve has some of these last issues left and you might send
him some money or something and take them off his hands.
We wait for the Ozymandias Press to run again. Yeah.

QUARK (#5...Lesleigh and Chris Couch..same adress as Sirruish..contrib, loc, etc.)
Very good fanzine. Recommended. Fine art and repro--the high point is an article
on Folk-Rock and its deliniation by various people.
Very nice.

"Old Roger, draft dodger,
Leavin' by the basement door).
Everybody knows what he's
tippy-toeing down there for."
-Simon

"The halls of justice
The only place you see the justice
is in the halls."
-Lenny Bruce

FIRST DRAFT (David Van Arnam..1730 Harrison Ave., Apt. 353, Bronx, NY 10453...
with sf weekly or for other reasons) Sheet of dgv's thoughts for the week.
Sometimes worthwhile. Sometimes not. Good average, tho.

MORE POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS

SF OPINION (#7..Dean R. Koontz, 528 Walnut Street, Apt. 5, Lemoyne, Penna. 17043..
..irregular..ditto..35¢ per issue or 3 for \$1, or for trade, etc..art must be
done on ditto master..) Hmmm. As I gather it, Dean is a pro. That makes this zine
a little different by nature--witness cover and interior artwork by Vaughn Bode
(a very nice style, man!).

And since I'm gathering, I read somewhere that this used to be only a few
pages long. It's much longer now.

Mostly sf discussion on a number of levels. Areas range from a review of "San-
taroga Barrier" to a plea for more, realistic depiction of sex in sf. Most evry-
thing is competantly handled and rather interesting.

A little unusual.....recommended if, by some fluke, you're still interested in sf.

ALCOL (#13...Andrew Porter, 24 East 82nd Street, NY, NY 10028..irregular..ditto
and mimeo....75¢ or the regular..trades arranged...ok...!) Thoroughly beautiful!
An amazingly neat and altogether attractive fanzine from end to end. Very good
discussion of sf by some of the most competent people in the field. There's Ted
White in his column, thoughts and fiction by Samuel Delany, books reviewed by
Dick Lupoff and discussion of Zelazny's language by Banks Mebane. And more.
Certainly one of the best fanzines around today. Unconditionally recommended.

YANDRO (#177..Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, Ind. 47348...
..monthly...mimeo...40¢ per issue, 4/\$1.50) I got this issue because GENCOOK was
reviewed within. I don't get it normally. It amazes me that so many fans so
adore this fmz, cause, unless this was a notably poor issue, I see nothing in
it whatsoever. It has a fine appearance, to be sure, but if you can't get a
good surface to your zine after 177 tries well, then, jeez.

The co-editors write just about everything. Richard Delap offers a cleverly
done review of Lord of Light (with which Coulson disagrees in the book section)
and Rick Norwood has a poem and a prozine review section. Just about every hack
book written is reviewed in that department and the fanzine column is more a
listing than anything.

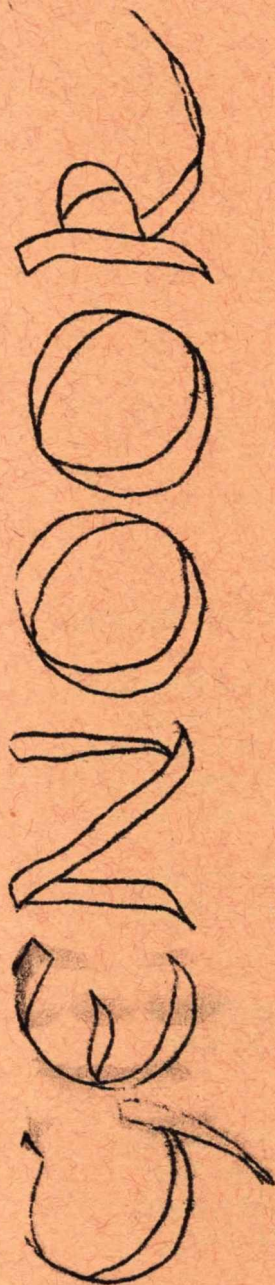
The best part of the zine is the letter column--which is quite good. I just
don't see how it could be considered for any award at all (unless they start
givin them out for stick-to-it-iveness). Oh well. That's just a matter of taste.

ODD (#18..Ray Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Mo. 63108...bi-monthly (now
that's idealism)...offset..75¢ per issue, 4 issues for \$2...or a contrib or
printed LoC...) Magnificent fanzine, and certainly one of the best available
today (have I said that before??). Well it is. Beautiful Jennings cover and
bacover (from Odd to Genook....sorry Bob)...and portfolio. 124 pages of artistic
and even poetic magic. As recommended as I can recommend (it's my favorite).

FANTASY NEWS (#6..Harry Wasserman, 7611 N. Regent Road, Milwaukee, Wis. 53217..
irregular..mimeo..35¢, 3/\$1 or the regular) The coming of e-stencil'ing has
much improved Fanews. Mostly film articles, too much stuff by me (it's not very
good, sad to say), good fanzine reviews and an interesting letter Column. A
lot of crudities, but it's still a commendable film zine.
Oh yes, a good cover this time. Finally!

SF WEEKLY (Andrew Porter..see adress above...10/\$1..) About the best newszine
in fandom, but unless they forgot me, I haven't seen it in some time. I did
resubscribe.

popular misconceptions.....



56

KALEIDOSCOPE (#1...Nick Grassel 14432 Polk, Taylor, Mich. 48180....monthly....ditto...25¢ or the regular) I'm the sole contributor to this first-fanzine from Nick Grassel, youngfan from Michigan. It's rather short issue with a few reviews, poems and my article (it's an expanded review of Bradbury in the Comix taken from the pages of GNK #2). It will become what the contributors make of it. Little to recommend in this first attempt. Best of luck with future issues, Nick.

RAKI (#3..M G Zaharakis, 802 11th Ave. NW in Minot, North Dakota 58701....quarterly....half-size mimeo....50¢ or poetry. Enclose SAE, stamped.) This is a very skimpy half-size fanzine devoted entirely to "promoting and preserving poetry in the SF and Fantasy Fields." Most of the poetic themes are corny and nothing in the issue really moved me anywhere. Next issue, they say, will be over 40 pages. The idea holds promise and a few of the poems in this fmz almost fulfill it.

MONSTROSITIES (#1...Doug Smith, 302 Murray Lane, Richardson Texas 75080....Bimonthly....ditto....25¢ or the SOS--same olde schtick...) One is tempted, offhand, to comment on the utter aptness of the title when regarding this ditto'd first ish's quality.

There's an extended look at Doc Savage (good grief), an offensively ignorant bit of "humor" and comic strip by one Bill Hiatt. The comic strip, "Captain Israel" is so crudely drawn with such immature concept as to be beyond belief.

There's a herd of reviews and an article on Harryhausen (I was going to publish one of him someday. I still may.). It's still a first issue and its editor has a lot to learn, but anyone who'd let his first issue run 52 pages does have ambition.

Now if he could only get someone with talent to write for him.

editorial shit.....

you will undoubtedly notice a few green pages around the issue. They were run off previously. I now have the paper and will procure the stencils for the next issue very soon. So unless the machine falls apart (as it threatens regularly to do) I really will have the next issue out in a month.

Won't that blow your mind, kiddies?

SAVE HUEY NEWTON, Black Panther Minister of Defense. Send all money to the Huey P. Newton Defense Fund, P.O. Box 8641, Emeryville Branch Oakland, California////////and send all FREE CITY money c/o The Diggers, PO Box 31321, Diamond Hts., Sta. San Francisco California 94131////////I Love You///

YES...MORE POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS...(yawnnn)

STARLING (#11..Hank Luttrell--see adress for OSFAN--and
Lesleigh Couch--see adress for QUARK or SIRENISH--.....
..irregular..mimeo..25¢, etc. or the regular) A pretty
good zine. Nothing outstanding, but everything keeps
on a relatively high level.

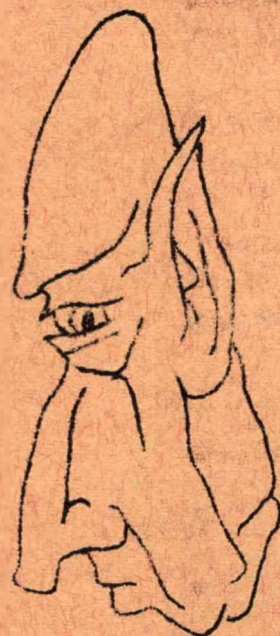
Nice appearance. The letter column was terrible, however.

A lot of ignorant comments on FAHRENHEIT 451 ("The
audience laughed when the police with the rocket
harnesses came on the screen...." "I never read any
favorable reviews of it outside fannish circles..."

"..pretentious..." and they get worse..). For one thing,
the audience was supposed to laugh when the rocket
police came on the screen. Is anyone that naive? Anyone
who knows anything about Truffaut knows that that's
his thing. He nixed Bradbury's fire and brimstone
and substituted comic touches and caricature features
(the fire-engine and Dick Tracy watches). I have really
come to believe that the film was too good for fandom.

It got excellent reviews in most film journals, here and abroad.

Oh well, back to Starling. It's a good enuf zine to merit you attention. Sure muf.



ARIOCH! (#2..Doug Lovenstein, 425 Coolville Rdg., Athens, Ohio 45701..irregular..
..mimeo...35¢ or the regular..) Gee. Certainly the big thing this fanzine has
is beautiful art and beautiful art reproduction. Jack Gaughan cover and interiors,
Jay Kinney, George Foster and, OF COURSE, Doug LUV. The art is either excellently
stencilled or electro'd. All very nice. The interiors are among the best I've
seen in any fanzine, including the offset ones.

Everything is well done. Let me retract something I said about Doug's writing
abilities lawst time. He's quite fine. And Bruce Johnstone has a good article
on hypnosis. There're reviews, letters, assorted stuff.

Yo, I recommend this one.

Jeez, it seems like I'm recommending everything this time. But I'm sparing a
lot of reviews on crudzines--out of kindness and a belief that you'd rather
know about the better zines.

THONA (#2..Bob Gersman, 3135 Pennsylvania, St. Louis, Mo. 63118..request..) Why
won't anybody contribute to THONA? This is a highly stylized Gersmanzine that
needs some help. It's sword&sorcery orientated. I can't begin to imagine what
it'll eventually evolve into, but it's from ST. Louis, so I have hope. Luck.

s t . l o u i s i n 6 !

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN (N3F) Ho hum. Typical N3F stuff. It is really about the
most uninteresting thing imaginable. If you get a kick out of reading who's the
head of which department I guess this is cool.

HRU THE HAZE (Art Hayes..from N3F..) A modicum of interest is aroused through
his collection of old articles. It's of an introductory nature ('ok folks.
Now writing for fanzines can be fun! Gee! Remember, even if you're in the first
grade yet, a fmz publisher will appreciate a contribution..if it's neat!").
I don't know why I got it. Probably some wise-guy reader.

popular misconceptions misconceived.

spell it right: "honkie" not "honky" (I think it's subjective...)

QUARK (#6...Lesleigh and Chris Couch..Rt. 2 Box 689, Arnold, MO. 64010...APA-45...
....mimeo.....no money, just send the regular....) A rather interesting if
unimportant APAzine. Both editors have engaging styles and the zine is pleasingly
reproduced, nicely laid-out and worth a show of interest, I'd say.

Best item this time around is the letter column.
Deet un dee dee.

TANSTAAFL (#3...from Gary Grady and John Godwin...see previous review) It's still
a half-sized fanzine and still not too good a half-sized fanzine at that. But it's
mildly diverting for a few minutes. If people would support new zines instead of
berating them for the purpose of sounding cute--then there would be a lot less
crudzines.

Art is much better this time, however, and with a little help, this will get
better. Lettercol has some well known names.

SANDWORM (#4...Bob Vardeman....see previous review) This zine, too, has improved.
It's still light and enjoyable, but the lightness and enjoyability are better.
How's that?
Rather good letter column--considerably better than last outings.

HUGIN AND MUNIN (#4...Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Road, Ottawa, Ontario....
mimeo....published --digit-- "periodically"....gotten for a quarter or a show
of interest) This zine represents the efforts of a SE-Club at a Canadian
university--ACUSFOOS. I ain't gonna spell it out, either.

Some reprints and originals in this sercon effort. Well written. Nothing
new may be said, but it's well said banality. Definitely interesting publication.
Try it once.

SPOCKANALIA (#2...Sherna Comeford and Devra Langsam..250 Crown Street, Brooklyn,
New York 11225....bi-annual...mimeo...50¢ or trade..) Hell, folks, a good reviewer
should be flexible, right? Frankly speaking, this is a terrible fanzine. The
layout is often quite sloppy and they have electro'd things that shouldn't have
been hand cut. Much of the material is abominably written and there are too damn
many pictures of Spock.

Artist: "What should I draw?"

Eds.: "Spock."

A: "Oh not again!"

Eds.: "But we love him!"

Still and all, it is heart-warming in its sincerity. And if you love Spock then
you should get a kick outa this effort. It will indubitably numb anyone else. The
art is, by and large, quite good considering the terribly limited subject area. Jack
Gaughan contributes some fantastic fillefs and the cover is quite impressive.

But if it amazes you that two seemingly mature people would devote so much time
and effort to such a seemingly inane project then I'm with me (Oh no you're not!).

What can I say? You adore Star Trek? I mean just love it to itty-bitty pieces?
Then I recommend it to you with all I have. Otherwise, skip it. And if you'd like
to contribute, by the way, you have to pretend that the time of Star Trek is
here and now and we live with Kirk and company. (oy gevult).

Definitely recommended to those so disposed.

Others: run and hide.

fanzines

KALLIKANZAROS (#4...John Ayotte, 1121 Pauline Avenue, Columbus, Ohio 43224...mimeo.. irregular...35¢, 4/4\$1.25 or the usual) This is a prestige fanzine in that anyone should be honored to have material of theirs appear within it. The layout is excellent with fine headings and e-stencil's artwork throughout by such talented people as Gaughan, Foster and LUV. (This reminds me--I VOW to have electro-stenciling in the summer issue..I swear to all that's righteous..).

The best item in this issue is a speech by Kurt Vonnegot called "Teaching the Writer to Write" and I don't think it has anything at all to do with that.

It's sometimes heavy-handed fannishness is its only drawback. Very fine work and a very recommended fanzine.

BILL SPICER'S GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE (formerly FANTASY ILLUSTRATED) (#8..Bill Spicer, 4878 Granada St., L.A. California 90042....offset with color covers and some color within...pubbed bi-annually....75¢ or 4/3 dollars...) The first graphic story in this issue is beautifully illustrated if one doesn't mind George Metzger's fine detail which tends to make it appear cluttered. The story itself (KaleidaSmith) is quite good and incorporates a certain amount of dialouge.

Other items (including an adequate lettercolumn, a brilliant strip conceived by Spicer and drawn by Jim Gardner, an excellent column by Richard Kyles, a rundown of 1966's best comix and why and an article by Spicer) are all fantastic.

A beautiful mag all the way through. Recommended!

(--special review by Nick Grassel)

This issue is dedicated to whoever gets shot while it's in the mails. . . .

"Whip me harder!"

--The Professor from "Belle de Jour"

The next issue of GENOOK will be out rather soon after this one, haha, so I'd suggest sending me things right away, please. And if you want your loc published please send that with like speed.

#6 will be considerably shorter--in relation to my funds, but will contain an offset page of contraptions and designs by R. Edward Jennings and will feature the conclusion of the Gilbert & Sullivan article.

I also intend to publish parts of the "Digger Papers" for the benefit of anyone not getting the latest issue of "The Realist". It is both interesting and beautiful.

Rednecks will be devoted to both "American Legion" and "VFW" magazines. And drivel will eek it's weary way across the window pain of time.

Books, fanzines, records, S&G, Lenny Bruce, Bob Dylan, Albert Camus...they'll all be around too--and you? Sir!

§ § § § § § § § § § § § § § § §

3 X FICTION

I'm here presenting you with three pieces of fiction. They are not related at all, except for the fact that the same degenerated mind birthed them. And they'd been gathering here, collecting dust, so I thought you might like them. Of course I could have used pseudonyms, or plume de noms or whatever, but let's not kid one another. Why should I make any attempt at covering up my megalomania?

If the stories are bad, credit them to Doug Faust...he's a good pen name.

"Foo on that Doug Faust...he writes terrible stories..ugh!"

I know I'll have to get that once, anyway.

THE DEVIL AND HARMON KIGSBY -story one

((Introduction: Devil stories always bugged me because they lacked credibility. The Lord of Darkness has become sterio-typed. So since he's hired me as a Public Relations man, I thought I'd attempt to straighten things out..hence...))

There are some things that are just too, too banal. There's the cavalry to the rescue and the chorus girl who becomes the big star filling in for the big star at the last minute. Or the boxer who comes through at the end of an old fight movie with Tony Curtis.

But I was thinking more in terms of the devil.

I'll tell you how it was. Things were really desperate. I was nowhere and headed steady in that direction. So I finally said what the hell and threw up my hands:

"I'd sell my soul to the devil if he were here!"

Then I braced myself for the puff of smoke and grandiose appearance.

Nothing.

I shrugged and repeated, unshaken:

"I'd sell my soul to the devil if he were here!"

But nothing again.

I suppose it was rather naive to expect the devil to be panting and drooling over me, just waiting for the word...but I thought he'd at least have the decency to listen.

But that was neither here nor there. I was now determined to make contact with the Lord of Flies (I like that!), so I read up on the subject. Fine. And in every short story the guy starts off by reading up on the devil. Well that was cool because that was what I was trying to do, but it was circular here. Where did the guys read up on the devil who read up on the devil who read up on the devil who...etc.?

The library!

I quickly divided everything up into two catagories--old and new. The old volumes were musty, ridiculous things, stuffed with potients and smoke and frog's livers and pieces of bat's brain. And with my stomach.....

But the new ones were just as impossible. Either they copied the old ones or they tried to be real hip, like, and had the devil be in the yellow pages

or as some successful businessman. Well he isn't in the phone book and I could never go to Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and company and ask if the devil was around. Naturally.

So I gave up devoting all my time to the venture, while not giving up the venture itself. I dabbled from time to time, and, in fact, was dabbling the day the devil came...

That day I found a book about pentagrams and how-to-summon-demons and I was chalking up the floor in the shape of a five-pointed star. And I conjured crazily, spilling potients and having vapors, a la gothic, moving madly to the moment of demonic orgasm (wow!). And here I was, sweating, screaming, reaching climax, when I here the door open and somebody coming down the steps....

"Yaaaaaaaa! He's drawink all over da basement!"

I looked up sheepishly at Mrs. Goldberg, my landlady.

I managed an, "Oh..hi.."

"What's wit da chalk all over da floor, Harmon? You gone nuts or what?"

I stared at here Jewish accent, it was that thick. "No. Actually," I told her, "I'm trying to conjure up a demon."

She nodded. She was used to weird people living in her house. "Well you'll get one when Mr. Goldberg gets home and sees dat mess on the floor, all right."

"Oh I'll clean it up, Mrs. Goldberg. You can be sure of that!" I told her, sincerity oozing from my person.

But she unenthusiastically clopped upstairs, saying, "..well, you better."

And that was that. I started mopping up the floor till I heard someone in the hall. Curious, I trotted up the steps and saw him, knocking on doors and having them shut in his face. I forgot about cleaning up the pentagram and went to my room, where I dozed off.

And then he came, the devil, and he was a salesman.

"Well, I really don't want any.." I assured him, half-heartedly.

"Any what?" he asked, with astonishing indifference. "You don't know what I'm selling yet. I'm sure you won't want any, but I gotta ask. Dou you mind?" He came in and say down on a chair near the door.

"I'll bite," I bit. "What've you got to sell?"

"Magic markers."

"They have magic marker salesmen?"

"That's what I am. But I'm also the devil."

That was a shocker.

"If you're the devil, " I asked slyly, "How come you're selling magic markers?"

He shrugged. "Times are hard, baby. Anyway, you were expecting me weren't you?"

Yeah, I thought, this was cool! One of my things had worked. "How did you know?"

"I found a memo."

"Oh." Rats. "But you are the devil, right?" I was a regular question box.

"One of many," he sighed. "Lost in a bureaucracy, you know. But you wanna sell your soul right? That it?"

I was a little upset. "You mean you're not the devil? Just like one of the helpers that Santa has?" Boy, that sounded inane. I couldn't stop myself, tho.

He shook his head in disbelief. "You're a real winner. Look, kid, I don't wanna go into a long explanation. Dig this; In the old days, people were stupid, uneducated, you know, like that. People said: This is right and that is wrong. And Satan, they called him that but he prefers Lenny, he was all that was 'wrong'. But today, Jim--"

"Harmon," I corrected.

"Oh yeah, Harmon, well today there are no absolutes. Everybody has his own moral thing and, ergo, ~~his~~ own devil. Now this is great for the aspiring, young-demon with ambition to be a devil. And with the population explosion..gee! But it's tough when it comes to selling souls. You hip?"

"No. Why is it tough?"

3 X Fiction

"Look Jim, or Harmon," he said, "There ain't no souls. That was a joke. But the Big Man--his name's Lucifer, but they call him 'Lucy' and he gets pissed off--he fell for it and made all these commitments. So for the next few years we gotta fulfill them to keep up our image. It wasn't so bad way-back-when, cause people valued their mythical 'souls' and got scared of the Gas Man--"

"The who?"

"You call him 'God'."

"Ch."

"I know it's all confusing, but just remember that evil is subjective and we each got a Devil. And try not to look harshly upon Lucy, either. Picture him a tragic figure. A little stupid, maybe, but tragically so."

"I'm still confused, but I guess I'll wish now."

"Groovy."

"Can I?"

"Yeah man, wish. But there's one snag. It's like a gotta file a petition and I don't carry a whole lotta smoke down there, you hip, like? It'll take a while. You mind?"

"Well how long?"

"Few monthes. What can I do you for then, Mike?"

"Harmon."

"Right."

"Yeah." And then it hit me, right and hard and knocked me out. Here came the big chance to really make it great and I couldn't blow it. No, not that.

"I want happiness for immortality." I was proud of that.

"You mean you want to be both immortal and happy along with it? Uh huh. Well, that's out, I'm afraid."

I was indignant. "What do you mean? I have rights! I have--!"

"Be cool. You only get one wish. You can live forever or be happy for as long as you live, but not both. Only one thing, that's all."

"Oh. Then I want to be happy for as long as I live--which is how long, by the way?"

"How should I know?"

"Well don't you have a book or something?" I looked in his back pocket and saw a paperback. I gestured toward it. "That, maybe?"

He looked confused and took it out. "Oh this!" he laughed, embarrassed.

"Pornography!" I admonished.

"Well, you know...." he was as red as a tomato, not a beet. "Hey be cool. I'm a devil, schmuck! I'm sin in carnate! What'd you expect? A Gideon Bible?"

It was true.

"Well could you find out how long I'll live?"

"I doubt it."

"No?"

"Well, it's around somewhere, I'm sure...well, I really can't bother."

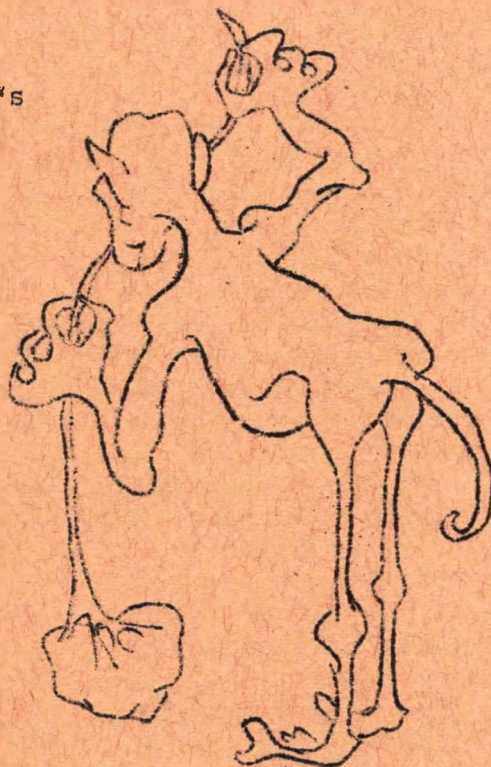
"Okay, then, just give me my wish."

"Happy forever? Okay, let's break it down. What is happiness?"

Oh no. A philosopher. "A warm puppy?" I tried.

"Solid. You want a warm puppy then--"

"No, no! I want happiness!"



3 X Fiction

"I want joy!

"I want--!"

"Hold it up, kid. My job's tough enough. What'll make you happy?"

I was upset, nervous, really scared. "What'll make me happy?" I gulped.

"How should I know? Listen, asshole, you wanna become a world-famous poet? Or a sports champion? A composer? A lover?"

"Yeah, that!"

"A lover?"

"Yeah! That's good!"

"Kinda hokey, don't you think?"

"Well maybe, but that's what'll make me happy."

"Okay," he shrugged, then, and picked up his magic markers. "It probably won't make you happy, though. It never does in these 'devil stories', you know."

"Right," I smiled, as he stepped briskly down the hall like the last cliché. Then I finished mopping up the pentagram.

finis

PART II

F U N E R A L F O R T H E F I S H E R M A N

-story two

The night breathed heavily.

The Space Trawlers drifted slowly through the Martian mist and into port, silver guide-legs jutting from the metal bodies, sliding through the night. Jough watched them. Beautiful and slender, the moorings and masts and sounds of the meteor fishers clattered melodically to the evening music.

Everything that moved, the whole Universe like a floating eye, was dark and slow. The whole of the cosmos was drifting and silent, unattached and empty. And it was a cold empty breeze that swept and howled over the rotted port. Only the sound in Joughs ear, the moan of a docking vessel slipped into the stolid stars.

It was quiet and slow.

"That's the last of them?" inquired the Government Man, jotting down numbers.

Jough rose easily. "That's it." He spit on the steel wharf. "No chance of a reprieve, I'd suppose." He looked into the eyes, unmoved and unmoving.

"No chance," threw back the man, chewing busily on some gum. "No sir, I'm afraid the Government simply has no more use for these old meteor catchers. The airwaves and skylines have all been plotted. All directions are safe. No use for them is all."

"That's it, then? Finished?" In his mind he hoisted a silver net and plucked a screaming comet from the sky.

"Uh huh. That's it."

"Damned shame it is."

The man boarded the Space-Fog. "If you say so." He checked the ship. "Hey, uh, fisherman!" he called.

"Yuh?"

"Tell me which ship this is."

"That? That's the 'Space-Fog'--Captain Lonigg's ship. Beauty."

"Yeah," he hummed absently, marking and jotting. "Lonigg you say?"

"Right. Why, is there trouble?"

"Looks like," he nodded. "This ship's too big to be shipped home. Gotta wreck it here, looks like."

3 X FICTION

Jough shooock his head in disgust. "Lonigg'll take a fit when he hears."
The Government Man looked unconcerned. "I'm not really concerned with public relations. Just my job."
Jough thought a moment and went inside into the tavern.

PART II --division 2---

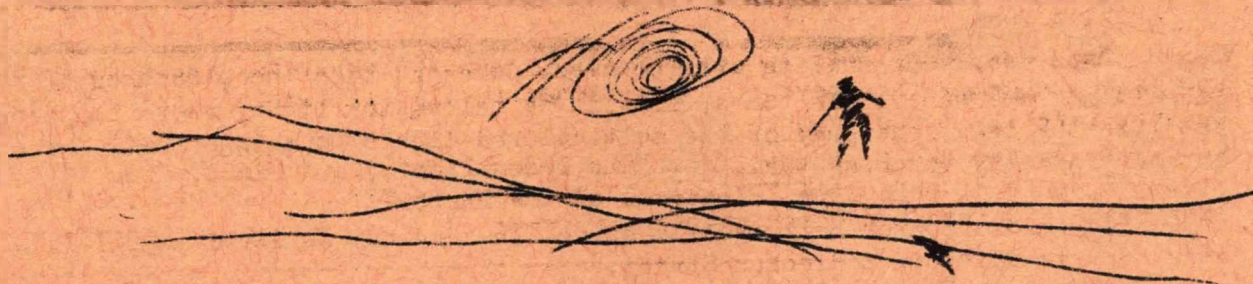
the last greatest show on earth

Camera focuses on a lonely caravan as it crawls over autumn hills.
"There should be something noble about being the last of your breed, I suppose."
"There should be. That's probably why there's a certain sadness here as I watch this ghost of a big top rattle on down a rocky road to die a little more because no one goes to circuses any more. We talked to the entire performing compliment earlier today: a sword swallower and a clown. Both felt a terrible depression as their museum piece--what was once known as 'the greatest show on earth'--opened in a new town. Derisive laughter can be swallowed, but confusion and people leaving and murmurs of 'did people used to go to these for fun' hurt them. The clown said that he only knows how to be a clown and that he's looking for someone who will laugh at him. He says that by traveling all over the solar system as he is, he hopes to find someone.
"The sword swallower claims that debt is his reason for staying, and that he will leave within a month.
"The manager of the circus, Lewis Munrow, says only, "It's not much, I know. But it's all that stands between me and the poorhouse."
"The greastest show on earth rolls over the hills now. Away. I almost wish I could feel nostalgia. But I can't. Only sadness.
"This is David Gerry, CBS News, Venus."
Camera fades as caloipe music blaers over a transistorized record player.
Fade to Jell-o comercial.

PART II --division 3---

i am the street

i am the street.
in the morning, everything is washed in gray. not a gray that drownes hope. rather, it is pregnant with the promises of a new day with forever to do things in. and because i can sit here and watch the newspapers disappear from the stoops, one by one. sometimes i glimpse the hand that snatches the paper, but only the hand because they wear pajamas and wouldn't want me to see them in them.
there is some red on me, and my ears are still ringing with the blooming screams of death from last night as death slashed over me, spilling red on night.



3 X FICTION.

the echo of cartoons are what i hear about now. there goes one. and another.
some small people will be playing in a moment as cars pass over me.
and somewhere i am obsolete.
i am the street.
and already i am old.

: : : : PART II final division

S T Y L E S

"There we go," spoke out the exasperated shoe salesman. "The very latest thing. I swear."

Mrs. Sweeny eyed them suspiciously. "Are you certain?" She looked doubtful.

"Really, we got this style only yesterday. Boscford's Shoes are the very first to get the latest styles. How do they feel?"

"A little loose. I think I take a smaller size."

"No, that's your size. You'd never get you foot--"

The cold stare broke off his dialouge. "Right. I'll get you a smaller size. You like this style, though?"

"Yes."

He fell into the back room and collapsed on a pile of stock. "I need compoz."

None. Figured. This shoe store never watched the commercials, that was their problem. Those goddamned shoes he'd sold her on were older than he was.

He settled on an asperin.

"Here we go, Mrs. Sweeny!" he bounced in with.

As her foot turned an unsightly blue and she winced and nearly collapsed, she lifted her lips into a smile.

"That's better," she grunted.

She forced herself up onto squashed feet. "Thank you, Chester."

She limped up to the cashier and paid for the pinching pumps she'd liked.

Her arms loaded with packages she stepped off the curb and in front of a delivery truck as Chester glanced out the window and dropped his jaw.

There was a gutted shopping bag in front of Boscford's. A dented can of tuna fish sat quietly by and a lettuce leaf blew down Emerson Street.

"Oh my God."

"Everything went on in the tomblike houses at night now, he thought, continuing his fancy. The tombs, ill-lit by television light, where the people sat like the dead, the gray or the multicolored lights touchings their faces, but never really touching them."

"I heard a church bell, softly chime. In a melody so straining. It's a long road to Cainin, on Bleeker Street."

"And soon your sailing will be over. Come and take the pleasures of the harbor."

quotes--first by Ray Bradbury, from "The Pedestrian"..Paul Simon, from "Bleeker Street"..and Phil Ochs from "Pleasures of the Harbor".

CONCLUSION

C O N T R O L L E D I N C O G N I X

--part three

Wavering uneasily between delerium and orgasm a light shook his mind and gave him a headache. He was stumbling.

Where.

In a field. Very Nice. Lights flashed madly from a farm house, across the rustic road and there was a cow. He sang and accompanied himself. Robots tumbled over the country side. The sky was black and he was in a department store buying a very useless telescope to see into the day with.

Summer Vacation.

Nobody else was in the field so he screamed and lunged into a babbling brook and shattered his Incognix. He passed out.

A sensation of moist earth and crawling awoke with him and he shot up from the bog in which he found himself. Delerium had passed and orgasm approached.

"Me."

He took her and fulfilled himself.

"My..." he began uneasily "...My Incognix has worn off. I don't understand."

She smiled. "Naturally. Here." She held out a reel of tape. "Eat this and don't worry." Earth moved around the sun. Earth moved around the world. A Man With A Giant Plow furrowed and turned Ground with a cutting, shiny steel blade the size of New Hampshire, one of the Smaller States Of The Union.

He peered bleakly at it. The ground beneath him moved. Wake Up!

"That's only the Plow Man turning dirt in the Mississippi Delta."

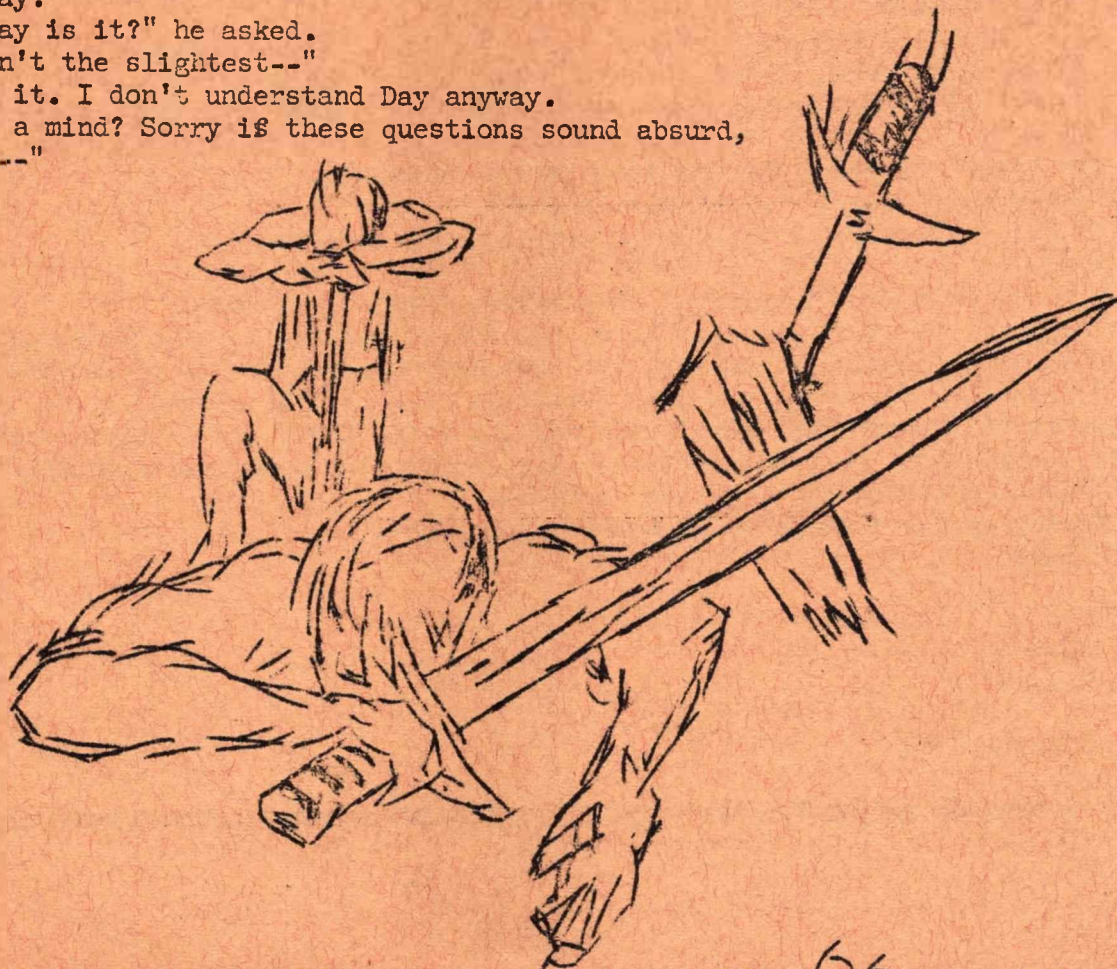
Yesterday.

"What day is it?" he asked.

"I haven't the slightest--"

"Forget it. I don't understand Day anyway.

Do I have a mind? Sorry if these questions sound absurd, it's just--"



3 X FICTION

conclusion

"Don't worry," she smiled comfortingly. "It's only Incognix leaving you. Now hurry and assimilate the Tape before the post-drug effect dissolves and you'll be in terrible trouble with the Makers."

"The Makers?" his voice questioned."

A cow pasture rolled across him and he knew what he felt. His senses were rousing. Illogic hurt his head and he ran then, screaming across the field. Yes! He was running, and not incognixally either, for things passing him moved in logical order and he soon confronted the PlowMan's blade.

"Stop!" she called after him. "You can't run! You'll only hurt yourself! The Makers! They'll--"

He tripped and fell into a gully and she rushed over him and he was towed back under the intense pressure of her soft body.

"The Makers...The Makers...The Makers..." he chanted in logical delerium. Well past orgasm.

"Where?" he implored, knowing she could not fathom his confusion. "What follows orgasm?"

"Orgasm? What?"

"Delerium. Then orgasm. Then slight delerium but it's passing. QUICK!" He was gasping--his breath was short and his head was rolling and spinning. "What next! I didn't learn..I..."

"Eat the Tape. The Makers."

"No!" he was screeching. Then, musing, "That sounds political."

"It is!" the girl's voice was urgent. "Eat it! Re-acheive Incognix quickly or you will have to be destroyed!"

He was still a moment. And then he was upon the tape. "I never saw the world," he said and he knew. "I was born into Incognix. Nonsense."

"The world is far worse than nonsense. It's grizzly. Re-acheive Incognix! You've no time!"

His hands quiveredred and his body perspired wildly.

"Water on my body!" he uttered in shock.

"Sweat," she offered briefly, hurriedly, now frantically.

Ahh!

"Let me free from Incognix," he pleaded. "Just time. Some."

"Only if you die," she said then, her voice twisting terribly--becoming metallic.

"Death only acceptable reality. You have only seconds now to re-acheive--"

"Seconds!" he roared, his mind fumbling. "How do I know? How? Can't understand? What is it? Where? Why? Cows! COWSSSSSS...." and the world tippled, toppled and he skid off the side, over the side, across the ocean gaining momentum over the dark continent and into the cosmos...

Yesterday was tinkling with sense of nonsense.

Blink!

Tap.

ahhhhhh

close curtain

FICTIONXTHREEFICTIONXTHREEFICTIONXTHREEFICTIONXTHREEFICTIONXTHREEFICTIONXTHREE

ST. LOUIS, MO. 1969

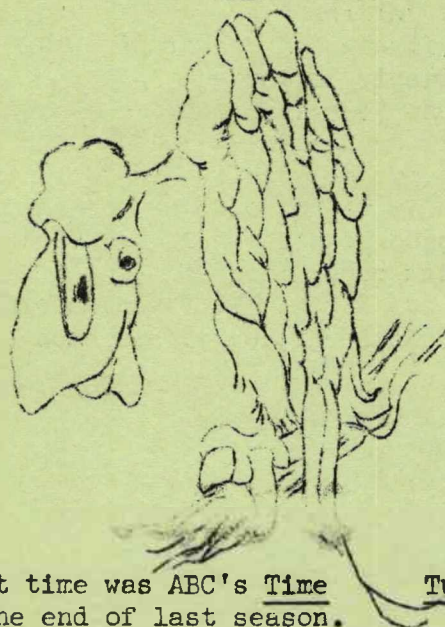
ST. LOUIS, MO. 1969

ST. LOUIS, MO. 1969

TV and SF REVISITED

by DAVID
M. SHEA

((In Genook #2 here appeared an article by David Shea entitled "TV & SF" and in it he surveyed the currently (then) running shows of a sf or fantasy nature. He now returns, a season later, to take a second look at the boob tube's efforts, this time taking a somewhat broader view, examining not only those pure sf shows but those that feature a sf flavor or utilize gimmickry in a basically different vista..



The first and worst of the shows we studied last time was ABC's Time Tunnel, which died a particularly unlamented death at the end of last season. In eulogies it is traditional to gloss over the faults of the deceased and emphasize his (in this case "its") good points. But after much thought we still cannot recall any good points about this show, and herewith consign it gladly to the Place where flop TV shows wind up, wherever it may be.

Another ABC offering that we panned energetically last time was Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea, and we feel we should treat it a little more charitably this time, especially since it is still going strong. Admittedly, it's still the epitome of all that is trite, stereo-typed and ridiculous in the old BEMs-ve-us tradition that has not really been in vogue for about twenty years. But this is not necessarily a reason to cancel it. For one thing, it does offer a certain amount of vicarious catharsis to the twelve-year-old mind (we do not specify biological age) who are its primary audience. Also, and more to the point, it does provide a neat filler for the Sunday evening hour which would otherwise be blank, unless you are one of those pinko types that does not acknowledge the inherent superiority of TV over all other entertainment media. In conclusion, then, Voyage is a show of nonexistent, redeeming social value, dubious entertainment, and scanty science, whose main appeal lies in the campy predictability of its alleged plots. However, for all its faults, it is still science fiction and at least deserves some credit for the discriminating choice of type this shows.

The Invaders is still here too, and with slight modifications is managing to retain a sufficient audience to stay on the air. As we said last time, it is strongly influenced by the since-departed Fugitive, owing it's nature to Quinn Martin who produced both shows. We have the feeling that Mr. Martin is doing a somewhat better job with the more recent show, but it is doubtful if The Invaders will draw as well as its predecessor. Most of us at one time or other have been shafted by City Hall, as was Dr. Kimbal, but alien invaders are another kettle of fish. The element of a "Glorious Quest", however, is one for which most Americans have an innate weakness, and as long as Roy Thinnes can continue to make his character of David Vincent reasonably convincing, the show will probably survive. Hang in there, Mr. Martin, there's still hope.

In the CBS tradition, but a far cry from the usual situation comedy, is the entertaining Lost in Space. We doubt if Arthur C. Clarke has ever seen this show, but he would probably like it, for this is what he must have been thinking of when he deplored a lack of "intentionally unbelievable science fiction". Utterly unrealistic in plot, with strong overtones of space opera, Lost in Space, keynoted by the inimitable Jonathan Harris as "Dr. Smith", rolls merrily along. Harris is the man who makes the show, and his impeccable interpretation of a somewhat typed character injects new and vigorous life into the humor of the show. Like the rest of the setting, the beloved robot (rapidly becoming a hero among fans both old and young) is totally without realistic guides, but more than makes up for it with comedy potential--particularly in witty repartee with Smith. The supporting cast is actually too large for the show, but it would not be credible to write one out at this late date and they do provide a variety of foils to play off against anti-hero Harris. Lost in Space is sort of a latter-day Walt Disney cartoon, but much better. Enthusiastically recommend

NBC has wisely decided to stay more-or-less with the status quo in Star Trek, and have kept it right up there as one of the best shows on TV, far and away the best serious sf offering the medium gives us. Among minor changes, helmsman "Mr. Sulu" of last year has been phased out in favor of a Russian "Ensign Chekov", and we feel this to be a minor but annoying mistake. "Chekov", aside from the poor name choice (they probably would have preferred Karamazov, but that was too long for the credits...) simply does not come over realistically. Outweighing this lapse, however, is the elevation of DeForrest Kelley as "Dr. McCoy" to co-star status from a supporting role. We have always felt Mr. Kelley was doing a particularly fine job, and honestly commend NBC for giving him due recognition. As for the two heroes of the piece, they are much as usual, which is to say very good, and in particular Leonard Nimoy as "Mr. Spock". Nimoy has given us a steadily developing insight into this particular character. The role offers much room for interpretation. Notwithstanding the comments of some benighted folk who claim William Shatner is "wasted" in "Star Trek", we feel he is doing an excellent job considering that he is in constant danger of being overshadowed, by the much more intriguing Spock. If the character balance can be kept stable, a long and successful run may be predicted for Star Trek. All that are really needed are a few talented writers--a commodity sadly lacking even in the literary field. However, the stars do well with the plots provided.

Although it is currently waging a ratings war in the highly competitive Friday night spot, we hopefully predict that we can continue to enjoy this fine show for years to come.

---continued-----

TV & SF.....

At this point we will digress slightly from the mainstream of purist science fiction, which is not overly common in television. If one is willing to stretch a few points (traditionally one of the characteristics of sf) there is at least one show on the air waves including a concept normally associated with sf in an entirely different context, often to the point where the fan might not see it without a little thought, and we know how conducive TV is to constructive thought.

Listen though...

The Flying Nun, which we regret to admit impressed us so little that we do not even recall what network it was on {{ABC}}, is not an outstanding show. Or even a good one. It is one facet of the show, however, that interests us, namely Sister Bertrille's inexplicable ability to fly.

This is totally ignored, even by the star herself, but self-levitation is a psychic power, and how much sf has been done about that? Tons, I'm sure. It's funny that nothing has been done to render the nature or origin of this nearly unique talent clear. Unless, of course, the show has already gotten the ax, in which case it doesn't matter much what supports the Flying Nun.

And there are others. The Second Hundred Years uses cryonics as a premise (a man is awakened after a century of frozen sleep), for example.

And other ideas are suggested for the future. Some of the sf on TV is good--and much is of course, bad. But the very fact that there are such shows at all point up the encouraging fact that sf is coming more and more into recognition as a worthy member of the literary field, and it is our considered opinion that if they can do as well as this with virtually no experience in handling sf themes, just imagine what the television industry can do when they put their minds to it. Look for the better sf show. Progress is being made.

Just think of it: a special two-hour presentation on TV of The Martian Chronicles..
.....

--Dave Shea

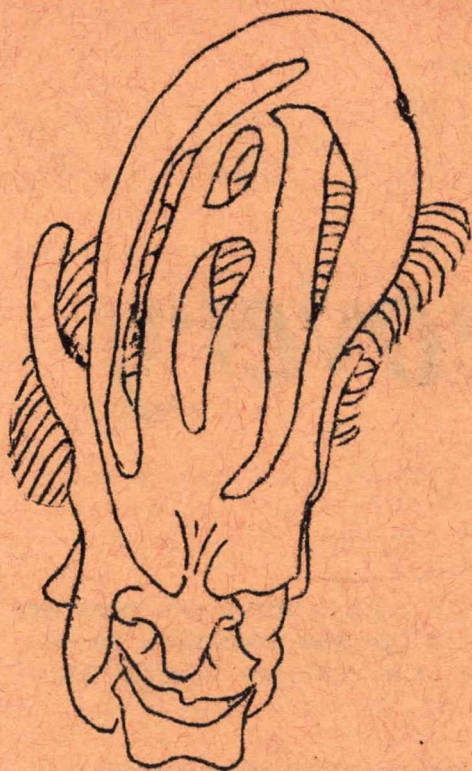
Because of the shamefully late date at which this issue is being published, much material in the previous article will seem dated and, in fact, is. And as if to help point this out, the new television season is upon us.....

It's sort of upsetting that Dave won't be doing the third "TV & SF"--I mean, that's sort of reserved for him. But right now he's got more serious problems to deal with than the correct spelling of DeForrest Kelley--being over in a little nation in SE Asia.

Maybe he could review Bob Hope?

As soon as I see them, the third TV&SF will appear. The upcoming season promises a number of new sf shows. I saw an ad the other day for a promised opus, titled "The Mod Squad"--which is either an extended clothes commercial or about junkie cops. And "Planet of the Giants"--or is it Village? And a horror anthology that shows a broad in nightgown going around her house with a candle (being brutally flickered by the cold winds of fear). A voice says stuff like, "Boyyy, will we scare the pants off of you! hahahahahaha!" And says that if you like spooky shit to watch.

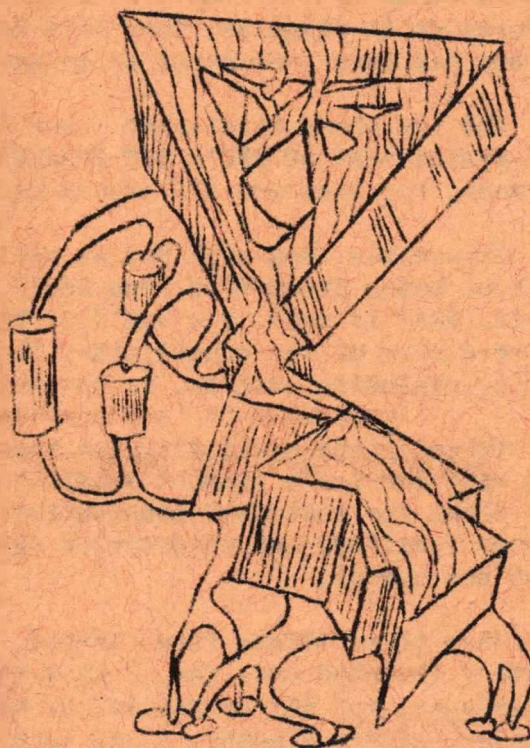
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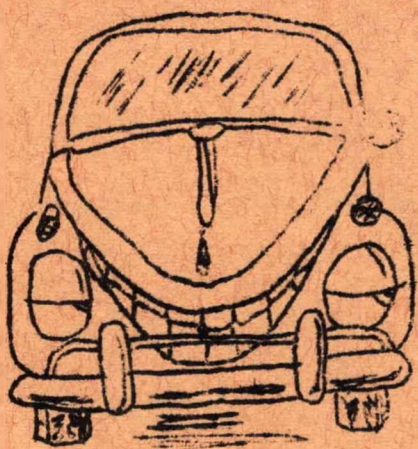


illos by Robert Edwards Jennings

next issue will feature more
of Mr. Jennings's more intricate
artwork--but will be either
offset or electro-stencil.....

apologies to all artists whom
I hand-cut badly.....





A Strange Discovery

—CHARLES
REIN —

There are many strange things abroad in the world today. There are monsters in the high mountains of Himalaya, the yeti, subhuman apelike creatures in the lumber districts of upper California and, of course, the familiar beastie in Loch Ness.

Strangest of all things, however, are the objects that are seen in our skies almost daily. These objects bear the name "flying saucers". No one quite knows what to make of them. The U.S. Air Force tries to convince us that they are all either weather balloons or atmospheric phenomena--or possibly marsh gas. What are these "saucers"? Where do they come from? Are they inimicäl or friendly?

I believe that I have found out the answer. I think that these invaders in our skies are manned spaceships from another planet far in the depths of interstellar space. They are alien to us, these saucer creatures, so they observe us in disguise. They have been so observing us for over 15 years, and no one has ever penetrated their masquerade.

Who are these creatures? What is their disguise? The answer is frightening, and reminiscent of ABC's THE INVADERS. I feel rather like poor architect David Thinnas, for they are all around us--disguised as Volkswagens!

Impossible, you say? Not at all! If you were an alien and wished to observe without being discovered, you would pick a common object and disguise yourself as it. What is more, you would probably want to be mobile so that you could observe more of the countryside. The most common, mobile, large object in the world, excluding animals, is the automobile.

These aliens could disguise themselves as domestic sedans and station wagons, but with America's planned obsolescence system they would be traded and junked too often for sustained observation of family units. Trucks are not owned by enough families, and motorcycles are too open to inspection, so these alternatives were not useful.

When these aliens first landed, there was no vehicle meeting their needs--so they invented one. Yes, I know that everyone said that Porche designed the VolksWagen, but did he really, or was the memory planted in his mind? The alien invaders picked Germany, a war torn country, during World War II, when many strange objects were in the skies so that they would cause no alarm, for their landing and beachhead. They built a--factory? incubator? and started producing a disguise for their strange and sinister masquerade. This disguise was unprecedented. It was oddly shaped, engined so unusually that automobile mechanics

a strange discovery continues! (aha!)

could not understand it, and they all looked the same. No one could tell one from another. This was important, for they could slip away and report, merely leaving one of their colleagues in their stead, and nothing would be noticed.

The Volkswagen entered America just after the beginning of the Atomic Age. We were the most electronically and atomically advanced power on the face of the Earth, and the aliens could not afford to leave us unobserved. Slowly, they started having themselves imported, and taking over the small "sports car" market. Since they did not change styles year after year, the people who bought them did not trade them in for new models, and they were able to analyze the American mass psychology and today, they are successfully beginning on the "standard" car market.

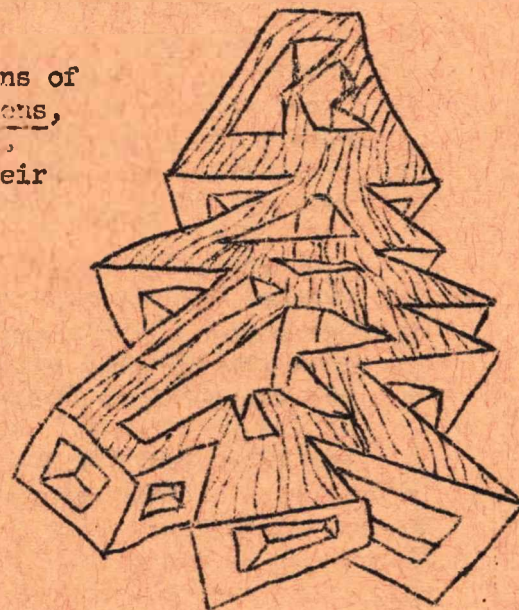
They are clever, these aliens. They set up chains of Volkswagen repair depots which repair only Volkswagens, all over the country and indeed, all over the world. There they can make their reports and relax into their natural shape--if indeed they are not true robots that are rebuilt to look like Volkswagens. All other repair shops have trouble getting engine parts for them, so that they maintain their secrecy from the prying eyes of mechanics who have not been sworn to their service.

Where do they come from, you ask? The answer is simplicity itself. A look at the Volkswagen symbol reveals a wolf astride a castle, above two wavy bars. The wolf symbolizes the star system from which they come, Wolf. The wolf in the symbol stands triumphantly above the castle representing Earth's cities.

The evidence is clear. There are aliens among us. Whether or not they mean to harm us is yet to be found out. I do not believe, however, that the invasion will be stopped soon. The next time you see a Volkswagen, smirking quietly to itself by the curb or peering with alien eyes into the star-specked sky, think about what I have told you--but for pity's sake don't talk about it, or we may all be doomed! I can't say much more, for my own Volkswagen may be even now wondering what I am up to here typing. Spread the word, spread the word--but silently, and good luck!

--Chuck Rein

I want to apologise for being so late with the above and for not electro'ing the heading, but then it wouldn't have made this issue and.....Oh no, I can't lie any more, damn it! The Volkswagen people came here as I was to publish my third issue and threatened me with awful death should I publish this. But now, at last, I can not give in to their powerhouse suppression tactics! Here is the truth and I just don't.....yahh! get that goddamn car outa here! Good God! Noooooooo.....



DRIVEL..

...time, time, time....

.....that was the problem with this issue. I wanted to take mine. So, cause and effect (you know), this issue will be quite late. But there is no schedule anyway, so what's the difference. This issue should be out by July, and it's the Spring issue.

sigh

But what's tha betwixt friends, hmm?

Material is piling up here, and now it seems doubtful that even the proposed sixty pages will be enough. I don't know if I can go over that page count and some material will be saved.

Once again, there was trouble with the Mothers poster, dammit, and I haven't been able to get Chuck Rein's VW Invasion article electro'd, though I presently expect to.

And as if to cap this whole mish-mosh, requests for issues have been coming in at an alarming rate. Ergo many of those who were sent complimentary issues to which they did not respond, well, tough shit. Too, remember to check and see the number of your last issue.

Where was I?

Oh yeah, the requests. Well anyway, please stop sending me five pennies or five cent stamps, okay guys? Christ, I don't mind your not paying for the issue but at least cover the cost of postage, will you? Nothing depresses me quite as much as opening up an envelope containing a battered piece of scrap with five pennies and a "Win with Truman" button scotch-taped crudely to it. Then there's the note: (usually comprised of letters cut from the newspaper)

"Here are five cents for ginuk,

sined,

blah, blah, blah"

okay?



So do contribute and comment. Genook will continue with, maybe, bigger and better things. Right? Sure, baby!

"You wouldn't kid me, wouldya?"

"Uh huh. Yup."

And to those many faneds who sent me their faned business and to which I remained completely dumb, well, I'm really sorry...but things have been going on a tight schedule. I would like very much to comment and such on all the things you send, but time, time, time does not allow. And unless you got a nasty letter I would like to see your stuff again and you will get another rambling, sprawling ginuk.

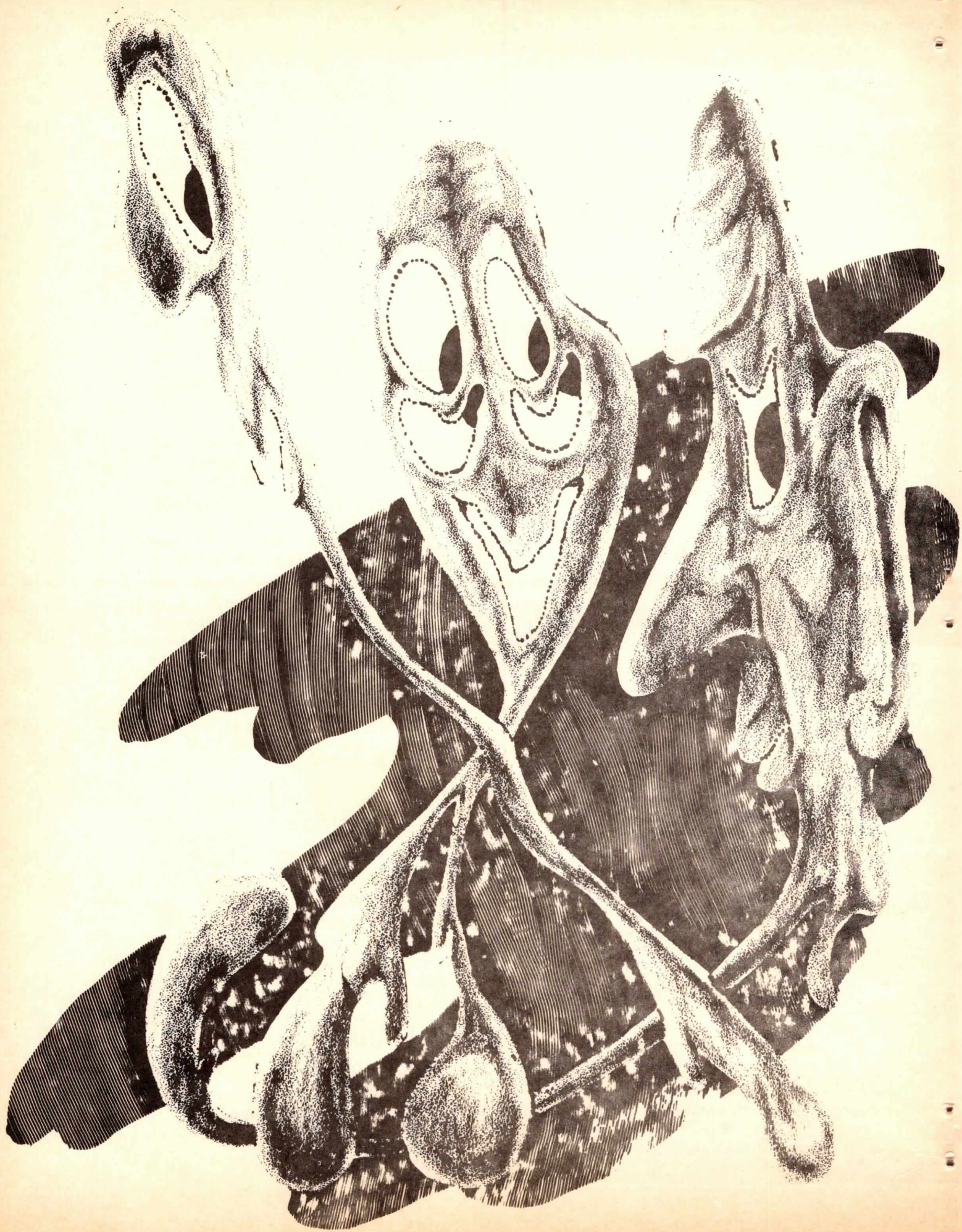
Hacha.

And to close it out, let me heartily recommend my favorite lp to you. Try it--it may become your favorite: (adios)

BOOKENDS / SIMON AND
GARFUNKEL

GENOOK





GENOOK MAGAZINE

Christ died for our sins.....don't disappoint him

Published when

he gets around to it by:

Bill Kunkel, 72-41 61st Street, Glendale, New York 11227

Anyone with complaints in the NY area should take them to Miss Charlene Komar.....
...I haven't time to listen...

WHY YOU ARE GETTING THIS DEPT. (or: You've Got No One To Blame But Yourself):

- () You're just plain unlucky
- (X) - You sent me money
- (X) You sent me your zine and I have decided to return the compliment
- () Would you like to trade with me?
- () You are Robert Edward Jennings who I thank very much
- () You are Doug Lovenstein and I thank you very much
- () You are Gene Turnbull and I thank you very much
- () You are Rick Seward to whom I extend thanks and apologies
- () You are another of my favorite contributors
- () You contribbed
- () You have contributed fluently in the past and could you maybe try it again??
- () You are Ray Fisher, who I admire very much and ST. LOUIS IN 69!
- () You are admired by me for your ability to write very excellently--would you consider writing for gnk?
- () You are a regular/friend/enemy
- () You pub a nice fanzine--please send me some mor@...oh yeah! You were connected with the NyCon--I never did get my money back...
- () You pub SF WEEKLY and ALGOL--I subbed to the former and never got it.....
...I loved ALGOL!
- () You are a reactionary
- () I want to hear from you
- () You smoke grass (real, lawny grass, you freaky freak you!)
- () You must be high on something..
- () You sniff bloomers and dance with chairs
- () You once impersonated a Delany Flush-Boy
- () You have a nude poster of Dean Rusk
- () You are me



To: R. Schultz
19159 Helen St.
Detroit, Mich 48234 #7)

*4th Class
Book Rate*

I guess I must perform my duty now and complain for the umpteenth time about not having my banquet money returned to me at NyCon. I told Ted White, I said, Uhh.. "They don't have my ticket." He responded: "When did you send for it?" I said, "About two weeks ago." He said, "Now that was sort of stupid, wasn't it?" I assumed that it was, and to this day do not feel any Paranoia in regard to the BNF's, Ted. Really. But right now I'm completely broke and I was wondering if the money for that ticket might be returned? I realize that the convention was a difficult and expensive thing to stage and hate to complain like this....and I've been doing it for so long anyway, it's lost its novelty. But, as I've said, it's not the principle....it's the goddamn money!

GENOOK #5: Published on the Driftwood Press by Bill Kunkel, Editor and Publisher..
...Assistant Publishers and aids: Karen Kunkel and Charlene Komar.....
a number of people have offered and will help with coalition, including: Jim Devlin, Jeff Merkling (I probably misspelled that one, Jeff.....) and past helpers include Margaret McGuire, Maria Barracca, and others. Thank You One And All.....

Draft Cops--They're Brutal Already
-button

you can get
anything you want
at Alice's Restaurant -Arlo Guthrie