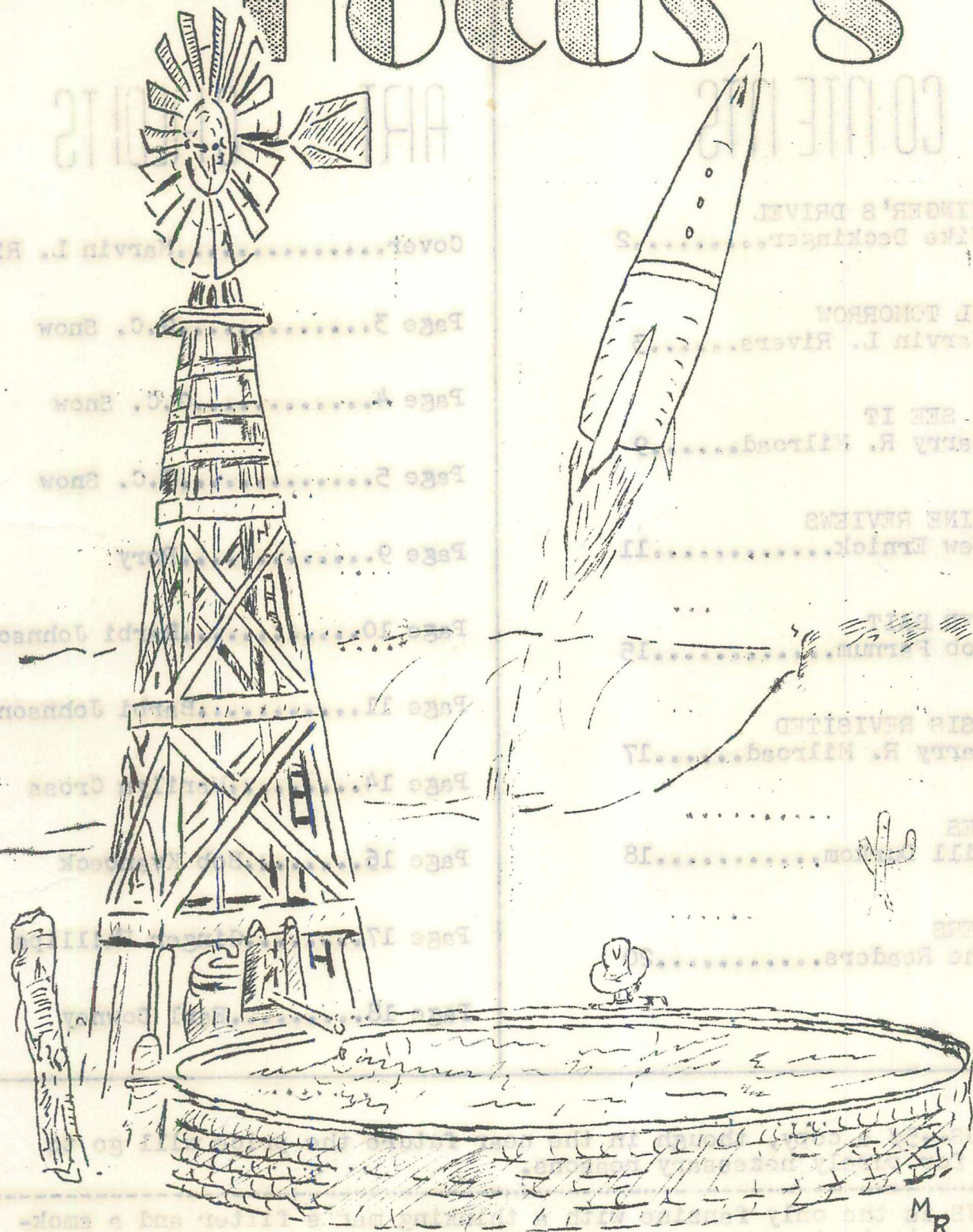


# 8 LUCOH



White Sands

MR

Edited and  
Published by  
Mike Deckinger  
85 Locust Ave.  
Millburn, N.J.

# HOCUS

Foreign Agent  
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100 Box 403  
Vallingsby 4,  
Sweden

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## ART CREDITS

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Page 3.....G.C. Snow

Page 4.....G.C. Snow

Page 5.....G.C. Snow

Page 9.....Rory

Page 10.....Barbi Johnson

Page 11.....Barbi Johnson

Page 14.....Marilyn Cross

Page 16.....Bob Kvanbeck

Page 17.....Ginger Phillips

Page 18.....Earl Downey

HOCUS--5¢ a copy, though in the near future the price will go to 10¢ for purely necessary reasons.

HOCUS is the only fanzine with a thinking man's filter and a smoking man's taste.

All the cranking for this issue was done by a real crank himself: the editor.



# DECKINGER'S DRIVEL

The publishing schedule of HOCUS is really erratic, eh? This was done in such a quick interval after the last issue, because ye ed frequently gets fit of fan-pub-itis, and the only remedy for this is turning out a few more pages. Hence, this issue.

There are some new features here, and I feel a few of them deserve a note of explanation. River's Until To-morrow could be classified as a serial, though I prefer to think of it as a "continued story". Anyway, it will run for three issue and that's all, no more serials after that. Then there is the lettercol which various fen have been wanting to see, and which I've finally gotten around to printing. This I'm hoping will be present every issue, and just looking over ye ed's present volume of correspondence accumulated in just one week, I can safely say there'll be enough material for it. Any anyway, a lettercol is an important feature of any zine, and HOCUS has been too long without one. Then there is Milroad's "As I see it" which shall continue as long as Milroad sees it. Durkom is back again (old obnoxious) and I really don't know whether he's serious about this current bit or not; it's hard to tell when he's joking and when he isn't. Next issue will probably have the first installment of "Generalities" by Paul Shingleton which will be a sort of column. Plus Deckinger's Drivel shall always be around. Now could this mean that HOCUS is lousy with columns? No! HOCUS would be lousy without columns. (A good semantic pun).

I've just been sitting in front of the old Smith-Corona for the last 5 minutes, staring at the stencil, and trying to think of something interesting to write. Maybe I'll let this editorial write itself, that may improve the quality somewhat. Unfortunately this typer needs assistance in cutting the stencils, so the above idea is out. If nothing else, this shows how to waste a full paragraph.

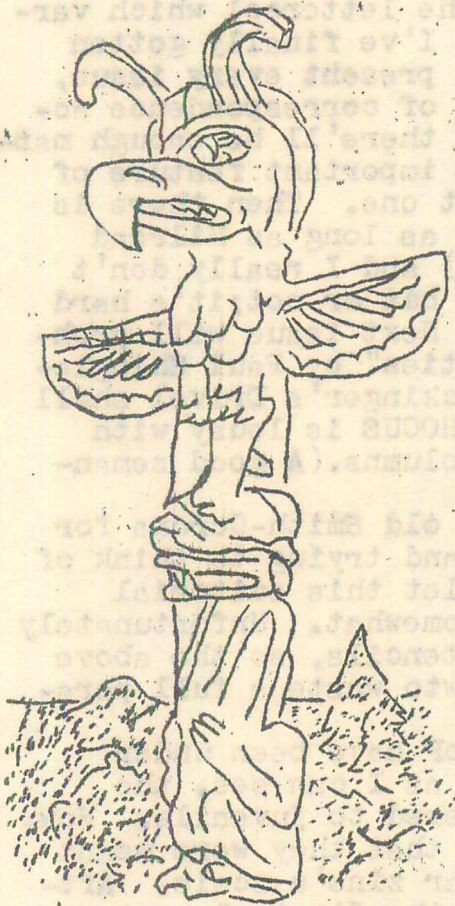
The Monster mags, namely Ackerman's FMOF have been under fire from many sources in fandom, and as far as I can see, the main reason for this is that they are considered to juvenile. Now, has anyone taken the fact into consideration that they were meant this way? How can you judge FMOF on a regular zine's scale. After all, what are these zines intended for in the first place; to make money that's all. Just because Ackerman has a devilish sense of humor when it comes to making up outrageous puns, is no reason to look down on them such. I could be mistaken, but I had heard that FMOF was first intended as a one-shot, but the response to it was so great he had to bring out three issues. He has a wealth of information in the numerous stills he's used, and his humor just helps to enhance, not to detract, from the reading of it. If all these grippers (Generation of grippers???? Pit griper????) would reconsider, they'd see they are not criticizing the zine itself, but only Ackerman's motives. Unfortunately, many fen have adopted the habit of looking down at anything which does not meet with their high standard of approval, these fen may be known as snobs usually, but the geographic locality has much to do with it, especially California. So take FMOF for what it was intended, not as competition.



# UNTIL TOMORROW

By Marvin L. Rivers

A FANTASY IN TIME



Editor's note: Throughout this release common language terms are used where such exist. Where certain terms are unique to a planet, such as the terms used to measure time, those words are contained. Since the Intergalactic Conference Number 12 has standardized weights and measures to those in use on Earth, Western Hemisphere, Earth Year 1886, only those weights and measures are quoted. Out planet readers may wish to have handy either printed or projection-tape copies of conversion charts. These are available free upon requisition from EmDee Publications (either Printing or Filming Divisions) Mars Office. We of Space-and-time correlation control are extremely proud to make this release available. Video-tape release is contemplated when certain sequences can be filmed in less dangerous circumstances. Here is the first official story of the heroism we have all known since childhood:

The sun hung a little West of noon as he turned his ears from the valley trail into the mountain pass. A gentle motion of breeze whispered of the stories of the trail and was heard with half-asleep ears. A questioning horned-toad scuttled away from the horse's hooves and waited atop a warm stone to discover the reason for this invasion of his domain. In the sky, not even a wisp of cloud marred the horizon-wide sweep of azure.

He eased himself to a new position in the saddle and relaxed again. The long hours he had ridden meant nothing to him but pleasure...time was a gift to be spent in the most pleasant manner. He glanced ahead at the smooth, flat, big, rising



and slack-reined his mount, letting the horse pick his own gait. Time was a gift...the mountains seemed as his...spend, then, the gift of time to attain the summit of please from these, his Rocky Mountains!

The trail wound slightly, and his upward progress while slow was steady. He crossed a clearing, entered a thicker portion of the forest, then in a suddenness like the dawning of day, he emerged and was by the side of a little stream.

The Observer watched him closely from the invisibility of Now-minus-One in Time-space. The Observer was curious as only an electronic entity may be. And well it might be curious, but it had not facts yet nor facilities ever to be surprised. And the electronic circuitry duly noted and stored:

He was tall...some six feet six inches. He was somewhat slender in build... an electronic niceity for long-and-lean...and he was more heavily muscled than men The Observer had noted before. The Observer noted the structure of the grass then watched its deflection as the man swung down from the horse. With this gravity of 1.183 Normal, the man's weight was...according to observation...just over 176 pounds. The Observer shifted a comparator circuit to the standard color wheel and noted: his hair was on the red side of brown and his eyes were a green with an undefinable sparkel to them. His skin coloring was slightly varied and seemed quite darker where it was exposed to the sunlight. The Observer formed what was to it the obvious conclusion that here was another castaway or a descendant thereof from one of those inexplicable accidents of early space history. The Observer started to shift slightly in Time to contact the man, then placed an electronic "Hold" on its actions as he began to remove his shirt. The Observer plotted rapidly through its ferrite-core memory banks but could not reconcile a new bit of added information. There was generous body hair on the broad and muscled chest -- but "Man" to The Observer was lacking of body hair below the neckline.

The Observer clicked back into Time, moved slightly in Paraspaces, then re-oriented itself to Now and Where. Silently it slipped into its notch in the hull of Space Research Craft "Novina" and joined its electronic circuitry to that of the ship's master computer. Electrons moved silently through semiconductor circuits and in microseconds devised a solution. In the forward, manned, section of the ship a tiny lamp glowed and a buzzer sounded briefly and apologetically.

The Pilot of the ship turned a questioning glance at the lamp...only once before had it showed itself. The designation below it read "Computer Unable to Reach Valid Conclusion". Once he had queried the computer, deliberately, about a course to reach the Home of God...knowing full well what objective electrons could draw no subjective conclusion.

But this...some one of the Observers was feeding in data beyond the huge capability of a Mark 6B. He pressed the Readout switch and turned to the printer to see what the analogue tracing would be like at this time.

To the Pilot's surprise, the pen remained still and a printing tube began to glow:

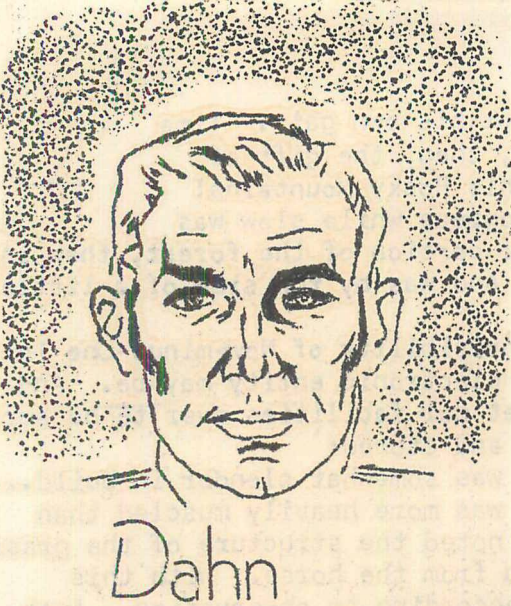
Fact #1: intelligent life form of type supposedly identical to "Man" of Elicia on planet at co-ordinates (a row of figures appeared).

Fact #2: intelligent life form noted has body hair below neckline.

Fact #3: all intelligent life form of the species "Man" is noted to have originated on Planet Elicia.







Fact #4: intelligent life form -5-  
known as "Man" does not have  
body hair below neckline.

Conclusion: Fact #1 will co-ordinate  
with Fact #3 with exception that Fact  
#2 does not co-ordinate with Fact #4.  
Given four facts, two of which are  
mutually exclusive, this computer is  
unable to reach a valid conclusion, and  
problem is referred to manual solution.

The Pilot's eyes opened wide and  
he pressed the "Record Screen" button  
below the Computer Readout system. In  
a moment, there was a click, an answer-  
ing lamp, and "Screen Recorded" on the  
panel. Quietly the Pilot turned to his  
controls and began to set up the row  
of figures still glowing on the "Fact  
#1" line of the computer tube.

He refused to allow himself to think...he couldn't allow himself to dream at  
this particular moment. But his Racial Dream crept forward and swept forth like  
a pleasant flood of caressing balm -- perhaps...just perhaps...it was possible!  
Maybe, after these eons alone in space, he and his people would find that one  
elusive thing that had swept them into the depths of despair with the return of  
their first ships, and then had cast them forth into the intricacies of When and  
Where. In perpetual desperation they had hunted...could it be that here was the  
answer to their cry? Was it possible that they were not alone? He touched the  
buttons with careful haste and moved his ship to the proximity of the third of  
the planets of the solar system indicated. Quietly, with deliberate actions, he  
set the Time for Now-minus-One.

Now...on Earth...was the summer of 1386.

On Earth, the rider had slipped his lariat from the saddle and formed a long  
tether for his horse. The animal was grazing easily, refreshed with its drink  
from the cool stream. The rider finished undressing and walked gratefully into  
the coolness of the water. He relaxed and let the stream wash away the desert  
heat from him...he ducked below the surface and felt the alkali-sting drift away.  
He rolled over several times in pure pleasure, then turned and swam to the clear  
depths of the pool and drifted lazily back to the surface. He smiled widely as  
he swung the water from his eyes.

And from the yesterdayness of Now-minus-One, a videonic Observer relayed  
the pleasant polychromatic-multidimensioned scene to a display center on The  
Ship for the Pilot's unbelieving eyes to behold.

To "Observe" was not an unusual role for the Pilot. Many planets in many  
galaxies in many universes had he seen. He had located descendants of wrecks of  
early space vehicles and had put them in contact with their home planet of Elicia.  
He had seen worlds born and he had seen worlds die. He had looked-in on every  
imaginable moment of the life-cycle of a universe...he had manipulated Now to  
suit his choice...he had maneuvered through Where at his whim. It had been both  
beautiful and ugly, both joyous and sad. But it had all added into pleasant  
memories...with a touch of inescapable longing for The Dream to be fulfilled.

Could this, indeed, be the moment for which galaxies of civilizations had  
waited through milleniums? Could this be man? And not man descended of his own  
planet of Elicia? He concentrated on his viewing area.

He was almost afraid to concentrate on details...but he stared and thought.  
The Computer had stated the facts correctly, as always. And this was not a  
moment for the cold efficiency of electrons...this was a moment for emotions!



Until Tomorrow (contd)

Indeed, thought the pilot, this is man...but not man of Elicia. No man of Elicia would have this one's courage. Nearby stood a beast several times the man's size and weight, yet subdued by the imminence of this new man. And the man was consorting in a wildly flowing stream of water as if it were pleasure -- the fact of it being pleasure was evident in each move The Observed made...and yet the uncontrolled liquid was many times the man's height in places. This was a man with no fear, the pilot concluded. Then he corrected himself...this was a man who expressed no fear in surroundings with which he was apparently familiar. And as the pilot watched, The Observed made his way from the stream, stripping the water from him with the side of his hand. The arid breeze stole away the tiny tendrils that were missed, and the rider commenced to dress again. **The pilot understood all he saw, except the purpose of the wide belt that did not hold the clothing that was weighted with a heavy metallic device at one side.**

The pilot made up his mind and touched a control. The Observer moved from now-minus-one and into Now. As it did, the pilot touched another button and The Observer emitted a low, mild "Squeak". It kept its "eye" on the rider.

The horse raised its head quickly, ears pricked forward, and stared at the small device hanging in the air nearby. The rider wheeled toward the sound, his hand dropping to the pistol at his side reflexively, and looked curiously at what he found. He walked slowly, unafraid, toward the object and attempted to walk around it for a complete view. As he did, The Observer turned to follow his motions. A slight smile crossed the rider's face...this "Whatever it was" was sure keeping an eye on him. He extended a hand toward it...with the same speed the unit backed away to keep the same distance.

The rider laughed aloud, genuinely amused by the apparent impasse. He wanted a good look at this thing, and it wanted a good look at him... but they weren't going to get very close together.

And in The Ship a reproducer echoed his laugh, and to the pilot it was a new sound of delightful connotations. The pilot touched another control and the unit glided closer to the rider...and stopped well within reach. The man extended his hand and gingerly touched it...it was cool, smooth, and plainly metallic. He tried to grip it and it shot from his fingers like a wet watermelon seed, then slipped quietly closer again. And as it moved closer, the lens under the transparent nose turned slightly as it refocused automatically. The rider was entranced...he had once seen a camera at a county fair...and he knew that the new ones had lenses that revolved. This, then, was some sort of camera. But, too, it seemed to be making friendly overtures. And this was funny...how could a camera ask to be a friend? Again he laughed, and sat down on the cool grass to watch the device.

Again the pilot heard the laugh and again he felt the tingle of pleasure at the sound. He touched the audio switch and inquired:

He walked slowly, unafraid, toward the object and attempted to walk around it for a complete view. As he did, The Observer turned to follow his motions. A slight smile crossed the rider's face...this "Whatever it was" was sure keeping an eye on him. He extended a hand toward it...with the same speed the unit backed away to keep the same distance.

The rider laughed aloud, genuinely amused by the apparent impasse. He wanted a good look at this thing, and it wanted a good look at him... but they weren't going to get very close together.



Until Tomorrow (contd)

"Do you speak the language of Elicia?"

The effect on the rider was electric as the sounds came plainly from The Observer. He sat erect and looked inquiringly at the metal pear shape hanging in the air. The camera part he could understand. But the voice of the thing was something else. It sounded a great deal like Spanish...not quite the border-Spanish he spoke so well, but it was almost understandable. He moved his hand slowly back to the comfort of the revolver butt as he said quietly: "I don't quite understand you, friend." He repeated the statement in his best Spanish, just in case.

And on The Ship, the reply caused as much excitement. Obviously this man had addressed The Observer in two languages...a possibility that occurred only in some remote theories...and just as obviously this man had not yet become accustomed to audio transmission. Could a culture rise and develop more than one language and still not be familiar with electronics and time-phasing? Fantastic! A sudden thought struck the pilot and he quickly walked back to his commodious cabin, took out his favorite music-tape and brought it to the control room, dropping it onto the playback cam of the communicator. And on earth below, soft melodious harmonies of undreamed complexities wove themselves into the air. The rider stared incredulously, then took it for another gesture of friendship. He relaxed and let the unit sing to him.

He wasn't really surprised when another Observer...Mark 17G...moved into Now just a few feet in front of him and settled to the grass. A port opened in one side of this one leaving a cavity perhaps a foot cube. As the rider watched, a tridimensional image formed in the cavity and he saw a long, cigar-shape of gleaming metal floating in a setting of stars. The size of the object increased until it filled the viewing space, and a door was visible on one side. The door swung open to reveal a small room with another door beyond...a red light gleamed at one side. The object again expanded in size -- as the Observer carrying a video chain moved into the ship's airlock -- and then the light flashed to a green and the second door opened. The viewing space filled with an interior view of the ship...and slowly the rider comprehended what he was seeing. The view moved toward the control room and a miniature of the pilot turned and smiled at the rider, then turned back to his own viewing area. The rider smiled in return, and noted that the pilot wore no sidearms. Rising, the earth's first man to contact another world rose to his feet and slowly unbuckled his pistol. Feeling almost naked, he laid it on the grass and stepped back. Intuitively he knew what was to come, and he walked to his horse and held tightly to the reins. The Receiver Observer closed its hatch and disappeared into another time and in a few seconds The Observer was gone.

Quietly and with a deliberateness born of the pilot's immediate need to be accepted at once, the huge metal shape of the Novina began to show itself in Now just a few hundred feet away from the rider. As it grew larger, it moved away slightly to prove its friendly intentions. At last it was no longer shimmering outlines, but was a real thing of the moment. The blue-purple gleam of its landing beams searched out the



UNTIL TOMORROW(continued)

restrictions of the area. Slowly the huge ship settled toward the jagged rocks, then stopped, inches above the highest one below it. Small quartets of metal rods slipped out of the hull and touched the most firm foundation stones. The glow of the landing beams stopped.

Inside the ship an array of devices were already completing their work and signalling that the atmosphere outside the ship was almost exactly that of Elicia...perhaps a little less rich in oxygen by fractions of a percent, but no other differences of note. The pilot hurried to the air-lock, stepped outside, and cycled the inner door closed. He pulled the release lever to its middle position, hesitated a moment, wondering just what the proper thing to say would be, then pushed the lever to "open". The outer-lock sighed electrically and moved aside. A ramp probed for the Earth below and settled into place. The pilot stepped into view, and stood attentively, and a bit apprehensively, on the top step. But he could not resist the temptation to breathe deeply and enjoy the clean tang of the smell of the mountain pines.

And while it was all occurring, the rider was soothing his trembling horse and talking the animal into quietness. For some reason, the only two emotions the rider could muster were curiosity and anticipation...and he could not reconcile the reason of his anticipation. He tied the lariat end securely to a tree, then walked toward the landed ship. As he came near, the outer port opened and the pilot came into view.

For a reason he could not know, as if he approached a diety, the rider removed his hat and held it in his left hand at his side. He nervously smoothed his hand with his right hair and wondered to himself just what to do next.

Tentatively the pilot descended a step... and just as tentatively, the rider walked closer, and he smiled. The pilot returned the smile automatically, and felt relief as he did so, the rider extended his right hand upward to help the pilot down the steep ramp and unthinkingly the pilot accepted. There was a moment of consternation that turned to self-amused chuckles when the pilot reached the ground and suddenly discovered he has accepted the proffered hand.

"Well, we've got off to a good start...even if we don't understand each other," said the rider, his face beaming.

"My name is Dhan," the pilot said in Elician, pointing to himself.

"Gotcha," replied the rider. He pointed and said "Don". Then he pointed to himself and said "Hank". The pilot was almost able to pronounce the name. They sat down to commence the serious business of learning to talk to each other.





AS I

by  
Barry R. Milroad

SEE IT

This is to be a column about nothing in particular. I'll kick around everything here from jazz to beatnick poetry to free love to free bier to birth control to stf to religion to you-name it. Any subject you want to kick around-drop me a line. You might not like the way I think, or vice-versa, but at least we'll listen.

For all you record collectors: One of the funniest things I've heard in years is the cool job on Angel Records, "At The Drop of a Hat." Two guys sing their own satirical songs with side remarks galore. There's one about London's buses that "like to drive in convoys, /we're most gregarious..." "A Happy Song" with sound effects. A song about interiour decorating: "The walls are covered with shrunken heads, /Ever so very contemporary..." and nine more, all a riot. Price is \$3.98.

Did you ever stop to think about the high cost of dying? Funeral rates are high and climbing. They're even using (so I hear) imitation wood for pine boxes. I guess it's just supply and demand. "Did you ever think as the hearse goes by, that it costs one hel-luva lot to die?" Free bier all around.

This is just a dry run for the column As I see It. This should, and will be a regular feature in HOCUS. And to those who don't already know it, MD and I are two entirely different people. Four, if you count split ids. Anything you want to kick around here, drop me a lone. All cute girls please send pictures (of yourselves) (and measurements), I need wall decorations. My wallet's empty. Any and all correspondence will be welcome and answered. Write if there's something on your mind or if you need a mind to put something on. Write to:

Barry R. Milroad  
91 Locust Ave.  
Millburn, N.J.

////////////////////////////////////

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CLAUDE HELD

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I dreamed i met  
you in my  
asleep dream



# FANZINES

REVIEWED BY

Lew  
Ernick



There are plenty of fanzines on my desk now, most of which Mike was kind enough to lend me for this feature. But I hope to get to all, or most of them, at least, in this issue.

AMBROSIA-David McCarroll, 644 Avenue c, Boulder City Nevada-no price listed. Now one thing this zine lacks right off is uniformity. I mean, who'd want to read a zine composed of 12 irregular shaped quarter-pages poorly stapled together? The cover might have been better if I could have figured out what it was. It's mimeod, but that's all I can say about it. The contents includes MAD WORLD, a short story by Glenn King which has a predictable ending and reviews of THE BLOB and I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE by someone(I suppose Dave).

ALTISSIMO CATAMOUNT-Johnny Bowles, 802 S. 33'd St., Louisville 11, Kentucky-154. This I am told, was formerly called AMATEUR'S CORRESPONDENT, and why Johnny had to change the title to this combination of words meaning "highest wildcat"(honest) I don't know. The cover is by Dave Prosser and it's truly an outstanding one; he makes full use of the shading plates, and it's reminiscent of the old Vampire Trader covers. Bob Warner leads off with a story called The Night Summer Died and it's strictly Bradbury ish, in fact I'm certain Ray used a similar plot with Embroidary, if anyone has ever read it. The rest of the zine contains mostly above average fiction plus some reviews by Roger Ebert and a column on Alcoholics Anonymous by Bob Dodson. AC is really a very attractive zine.



THE SICK ELEPHANT-George H. Wells, Box 486, Riverhead N.Y., 10%.

The copy that I have on hand is issue 7, even though the cover says issue 4. Actually, the cover is from the cover of issue 4, I understand George isn't going to have any more NEW covers on SE. George uses a spirit duplicator on this, but you wouldn't believe it by looking at the contents page, for instance. It looks like the 30<sup>th</sup> copy to come off a hecto. The contents is only fair, and I think the wisest thing that the ed. could do would be to latch on to some lettering guides pronto. Nothing looks worse than hand-drawn headings. Most of this is taken up by the listings of several books and zines George has for sale, in fact you could even call this the "poor man's Vampire Trader". There's some fiction by Rod Frye and Jan Welch, and some undefinable stuff by Tom Milton and Paul Shingleton. George only prints on one side of the paper, and I want make any wisecracks as to why he does it.

JA-ARGASSY-Lynn Hickman 304 N. 11<sup>th</sup>, Mt. Vernon, Ill.-10%.

This is mainly a chatterzine handled by Lynn, though on p.1 he says the next issue will be a big one with a lettercol. This is one of the few multi-lithed zines, and the repro is excellent throughout. Not much artwork here, except a few Adkins illo and a cartoon taken from something called GOOSE, whatever that is. The highlight of this issue of Chap. 6 of Madle's "A Fake-fan in London" describing his adventures as the TAFF candidate. Dan Adkins also reviews fanzines, in what I think is a very fine format, that is commenting at length only on the ones that really prove interesting, and Lynn announces the enrollment of First Fandom is starting. This would have been a fine issue, 100% excellent, that is, if it wasn't for that "For a hit, make it Pitt. in '60 card that Lynn stapled to the first page.

YANDRO-The Coulsens, 105 Stitt St. Wabash Ind.-15%.

I have on hand the March issue, which is done with green granite paper, a departure from the usual yellow paper, and Buck explains that he uses the green for Saint Patrick's day. About the only fanzine that observes holidays, too. With only 20 pages, YANDRO is pretty slim for this issue, but the next one will be larger. R.E. Gilbert's cover is nice, and the illos are cut rather well. Bo stenfors contributes an odd bit of miscellany called "Something About A natural Mystery", and I can't believe he's really serious about it. The World of Null F by Marion Z. Bradley was my favorite feature, but this issue also had The Coulsens' editorial, An Open Letter, by Bob Tucker which is also highly enjoyable, and a short letter section.

proFANity-Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona St. Tampa 9, Fla.-15%

I still think the title of this is a clever pun, I wonder who FIRST thought it up. This is multi-lithed, and is quite good too. The cover is a photo cover, with pics of Bob Coulson, Don Franson, Al Andrews, F.E. Katte, and DEE. Bruce, for some reason, is rather fond of Gilbert & Sullivan, and uses quotes freely throughout the zine. Alan Dodd contributes one of his few really funny pieces titled "Dodd meets Frankenstein" and I loved it. Berry has a disappointing story called Lightning Conductor which just isn't up to John's usual high standard.



Bob Coulson reviews fanzines, Al Andrews works on books, and there is also an adequate letter section at the end. The repro is passable, except for two slightly faint pages.

FANAC-Terry Carr and Ron Ellick, Apt. 7, 2444 Virginia St., Berkeley 4 California. 4 for 25¢.

I can picture Carr and Ellick going through this copy of HOCUS looking for ego-boo, which Terry Carr says on p. 2 he usually does. So here it is. FANAC is fandom's newsheet, and can keep anyone up to date on what has happened or is likely to happen in fandom. I think Carr and Ellick must have spies all over the US to get their information, but they get it allright.

FANTASY ASPECTS-Alan Lewis 129 Jewett-Holmwood Easy Aurora, N.Y.-15¢

Now this is the kind of fanzine that fandom can use and I'd like to see it receive a better response than Alan says it has. It is the only zine currently being printed devoted entirely to reprints from older zines. Alan does a fine job of mimicing FA and choosing the features for it. Bob Bloch has a play type article called Birth of a Notion from Ploy and is a terrific satire, written as only Bob can write them. Also in FA is The Ridge by Joe Gibson from PENDULUM, an editorial by Alan, Lovecraft is "86" by F.T. Laney from SKYHOOK, and I remember Comics by Jim Harmon from PEON. If any zine deserve recognition, FANTASY ASPECTS does.

THE BULLFROG BUGLE-Lynn Hickman 304 N. 11<sup>th</sup>, Mt. Vernon, Ill.

This is a FAPA zine, and thus would be of interest only to members, though it leads off with a very good article on t.v.s annoying commercials by Ray Oviatt titled A CRITIC LOOKS AT TV'S EDUCATIONAL ASPECTS VIA COMMERCIALS. This is illustrated by an outstanding illo by Plato Jones showing the cut away "commercial" of a human being from the waist up. Bill Pearson has a good illo on page 5, too, and the rest of this is filled with comments on various FAPazines.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS-April '59-CRY, box 92, 920 3<sup>rd</sup> ave., Seattle 4, Wash. 25¢.

This is the thickest zine I have with me now, and the startling thing is that most of the material that contributes toward this 46 pages is well worth reading. As usual, Renfrew Pemberton inhabits the first 5 pages with his inimical prozine reviews, and while some may think they're a waste of space, I like them. John Berry is represented by SAGE AND ONIONHEADS, which is good Berry, and good Berry is... Terry Carr has his usual FANDOM HARVEST column which makes interesting enough reading. Mike Beckinger has some hilarious SCRAMBLED DIALOGUE followed by fanzine reviews from Rich Brown under the title CRYING OVER BENT STAPLES. Webber's MINUTES are good tongue-in-cheek humor, and pages 26-46 are taken up just by letters, which I think is one of the best lettercols in any zine.

CONNECTTHEFAN, #3, Bob Lambeck 22 Long View Dr., Simsbury, Conn., 10¢.

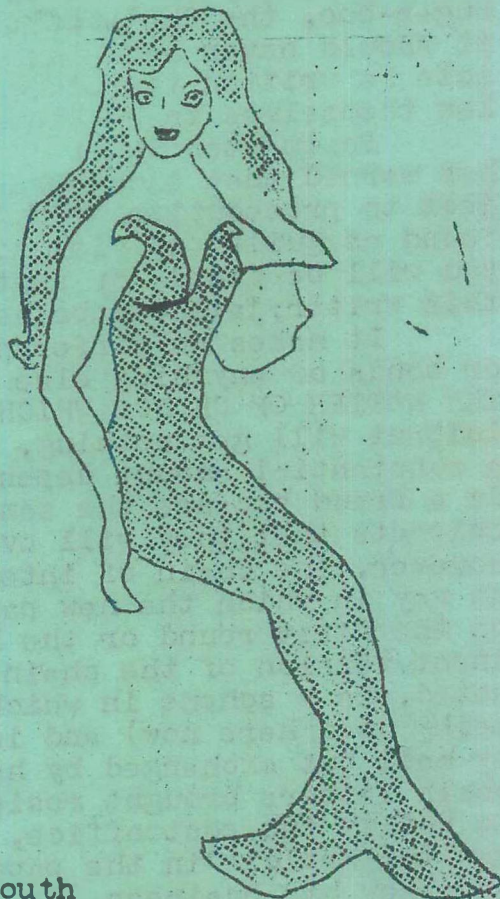
This, I've been told, is the last issue of CF, so let's see what we have here. Nice spirit-duper repro throughout, and a very good cover, only marred by the hand lettering above.



On page one Bob says CF has a new feature: legibility, and if it wasn't for p.ll he would have been 100% right. There really isn't anything spectacular within; Bob talks on religion, Charles Owston has a story called "Galadiator" which is fair, though very similar to Frederic Brown's "Arena". Bob's "Poetical Ramblings" are the best things in this though, at to quote one of these gems: "Out of the coffin and through the swamp/To Frankenstein's house we go/For he will make us live again/Or join us down below." There are reviews aplenty with George Johnson reviewing books and films, and Robert Carson (Marilyn Cross) handling a few films too. There's a short letter section too.

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES (SHAGGY)-LASFS, 2540 W. 12<sup>th</sup> st., L.A. 6, Calif. 20%.

Shaggy is the CO of the LASFS, but don't let this imposing title scare you away. Actually it's a lot of fun to read, and there's humor galor in this. Djinn Faine does the editing of this, and is assisted by Bjo, Al Lewis, and Ted Johnstone. This is mimeod, and done on the new Gestetner LASFS recently purchased; three color mimeo jobs too. Featured in this issue are people like: Fritz Leiber, Bob Bloch, E.E. Smith, Terry Carr, Ron Ellick and many more. Plus, of course Burbee, what would a Shaggy be like without Burbee. One of the highlights of this are the illo by Morris Scott Dollens on p.15. It looks like it's photo offset to me. Then there is a feature called The Night Burbee came to LASFS which is full of laughs and Burbee-puns as are the minutes of a recent LASFS meeting. If you really want something to laugh over get Shaggy.



MOONSHINE-Rick Sneary 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif.

This is Rick's FAPazine, and only goes to FAPA members (that's logical, now). It has a nice Bjo cartoon, and then there are the usual mailing comments on other FAPazines complete with Rick's wonderful spelling. On p.4 he has an article on the ISFS, and provides some egoboo for Mike by mentioning him, and then goes on to talk some more on ISFS.

GYRE-#3-Steve Tolliver, 909 S. Madison St., Pasadena Calif. Free with FANAC, usually.

This is a one page duplicated containing a short vignette titled Noise which doesn't make much sense and a letter and a review of Deckinger's OUTBURST. Needs to be expanded.

T HATS ALL FOR NOW



# SUCKER BAIT

BOB

FARNUM

Recently in a small southern town there has arisen the old bug-a-boo, the Chain Letter...someone got stung evidently, else it should never have been publicized in the newspapers. This article is written therefore, as a warning to all readers, not to allow themselves to be "took" or made suckers of.

Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield of Washington D.C. has warned that those who participate in chain letters may be subject to prosecution. This means that if you are caught, tried, and found as guilty of violating the postal tabu on chain letters, you will be fined, or sent to jail...or BOTH...and take it from this writer; jail can be hell.

It makes no difference whether the chain letter is for money or bonds or anything else of value WHETHER THE CHAIN IS BROKEN IS THE MATTER OF CHANCE WHICH MAKES IT A LOTTERY. Whether the participant will get nothing, or a small amount, or be lucky and receive a substantial amount depends on chance. The chain-letter scheme is a fraud because the same representations are made to all participants that they will eventually receive substantial rewards. However, the chain of interested persons soon vanishes and there is no way in which the new participant can determine whether he is on the first round or the last round of a chain letter. One prominent version of the chain letter being revived, Mr. Summerfield noted, is a scheme in which U.S. Savings bonds are used (as they are being used here now) and in which the list of names is not sent by mail but exchanged by hand. An attempt to peddle one of these chain letters brought resistance from this writer and upon threat to notify the postoffice, the offer was withdrawn. When my wife saw the article in the paper she almost fainted...for once the old man knew his business.

This particular version of the chain-letter scheme was employed several years ago and was at that time an object of warning by the Post Office. Neither the fact that a savings bond is used to give it an aura of respectability in the scheme, or the fact that the list of participants is not circulated in the mails, alters the illegality of the operations Mr. Summerfield stated.

All reports of such schemes which come to the attention of the Postal Service will be investigated thoroughly, and submitted to the Department of Justice for possible prosecution whenever there appears to have been a violation of fraud and lottery statutes applying to chain-letter operations.

The investment required of a participant in the savings bond operation is two savings bonds-\$37.50. The new members of these groups, sometimes calling themselves "Savings Bond Clubs", buys two bonds.



I gives one to the person who has enrolled him in the "club", and sends the other bond to the name at the top of the list furnished by the enrolling member.

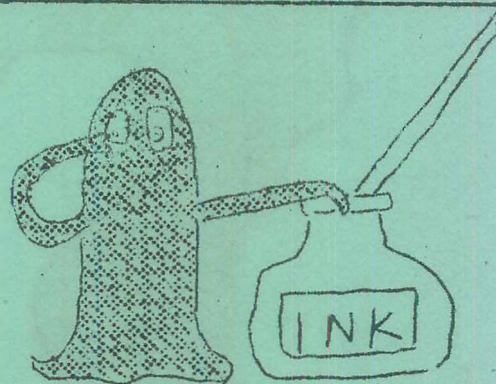
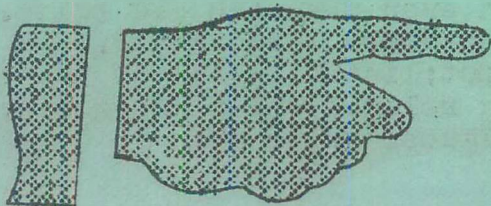
The new enrollee makes two copies of the list he has received from the person "enrolling" him in the "club". These new copies of the list vary from the original, in that on the new lists the name of the person to whom the "new Member" has just mailed a bond is now placed on the bottom of the list. The name of the new enrollee is now placed on both lists near the bottom.

The new member attempts to sell both lists to other persons. Each time he makes a sale, he receives a bond from the buyer, and his name is advanced one notch on both of the lists prepared by each new buyer.

In this way, the enrollee is supposed to get his new investment back quickly and to find his name ever moving upwards in a growing number of lists that will get him a harvest of bonds.

"However", Mr. Summerfield explained, "while we in the postal service are directly concerned with the illegal aspects of such schemes, we are also anxious to caution people that they may lose their money if they are lured into such schemes. Chain letter schemes always turn out so that the few who start them may get back a little more than their investment...AT THE RISK OF CRIMINAL PROSECUTION...while practically all the others lose their money. Such an outcome is inevitable...as the supply of interested persons is soon exhausted."

THE END



To think that a nasty old BEM,  
Would have enough guts to land  
here,  
He thought he would scare us to  
death,  
But we are not filled with such  
fear,

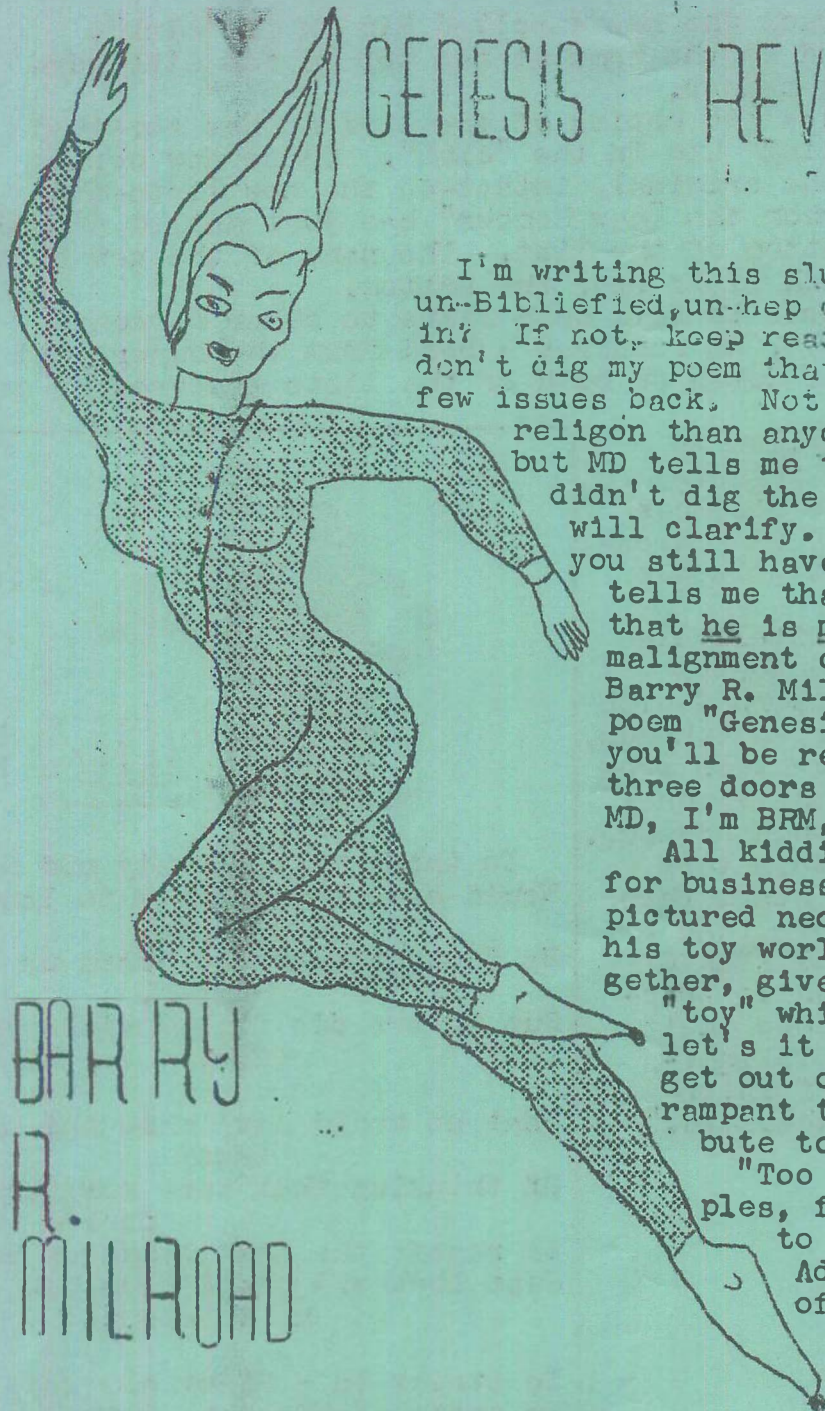
That he could have made the mis-  
take,  
Of thinking that were were such  
fools,  
Is really the last laugh on him,  
Just look and you'll see how  
he drools,

To strike in a BEMmy old way,  
In spite of his mere 3 inch  
height,  
Attack by such a small BEM,  
Would be a ridiculous sight.  
--Bob Kvanbeck





# GENESIS REVISITED



BARRY  
R.  
MILROAD

I'm writing this slush for the uneducated, un-Biblied, un-hep charactors--do you fit in? If not, keep reading anyway--those who don't dig my poem that Deckinger printed a few issues back. Not that I have anymore religion than anyone else, probably less, but MD tells me that several people didn't dig the "apples" reference. I will clarify. Dig out HOCUS #6 if you still have it with you. MD also tells me that several of you think that he is me. I resent this great malignment of my charactor. I am Barry R. Milroad, author of the poem "Genesis" and other crud that you'll be reading here. MD lives three doors away from me. He is MD, I'm BRM, get it?

All kidding aside, I'm me, now for business. In "Genesis" I pictured neophyte God playing with his toy world-us. He puts it together, gives it life, another "toy" which many people waste-and let's it go by itself. Things get out of hand. Wars, crime, rampant technology, all contribute to a possible blow-up.

"Too bad about those apples, friend." Apples refers to the "original sin" of Adam and Eve, the eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge (Gen. III, 6-24). No, I don't know the exact spot

from memory, I just checked it.

As I see it, "Genesis" is a cynical allegory that uses the Bible as a tool against itself and religion. Don't get me wrong. I'm not an atheist. Not yet. But I don't hold with any sect that points to the Bible and says: "Look, it's the truth. It's in the Bible." Story-wise, the Bible wouldn't even make the old pulps. It's nothing more than epic poetry on an ultra large scale. Now if you disagree, don't call me a crackpot; listen. I'll do the same for you. Any correspondence concerning religion, other con-games, or anything under the soon, moon, or Betelgeuse write me:

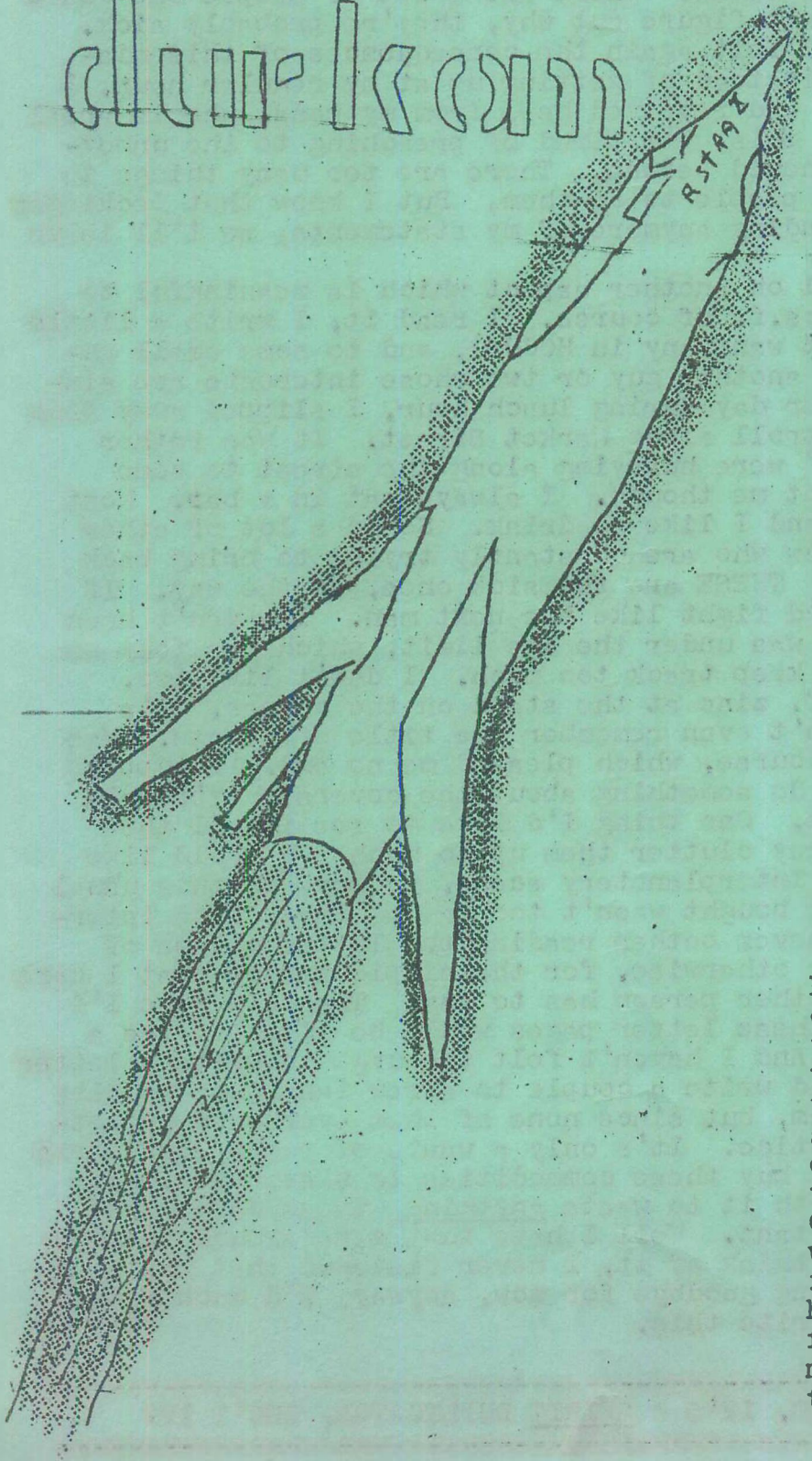
Barry R. Milroad  
91 Locust Ave.  
Millburn, N.J.



# GRIFFS

## bill

## clerk



We have now instituted in this grand nation of ours the system whereby the days are longer and the nights shorter. To me, this is a fairly idiotic system, but naturally everyone has gone along with it. Now I say unto you: who needs it. There's enough trouble in the world as is, and for that matter there always will be as long as people are around-yes, you and me, so why force every "hard-working" guy to get up an hour earlier because the mass, or the public as it's commonly referred to, is too ignorant to do anything about it. We are in a perfect position to be led around by our noses like sheep, and every day this possibility increases. There's too many of us here, too little of the clear minded and smart thinkers like yours truly, and too much of the other, the automations. And I think many of us WANT to keep it this way, no fooling. Of course I could be wrong, but with conditions like this it's highly unlikely. Modesty forbids me to reveal any more of my superiority to the commoners, but



it's really quite evident. Most people here don't have to be TOLD how inferior they are, they know it already. But that isn't what I came to talk about now; I seldom talk about the blunt truth, unless I'm moved to it by some force.

Getting back to this abominable clock situation, surely you aren't going to sit complacently by. We must fight it, why must we fight it? Because I AM AGAINST IT. Isn't that reason enough? I don't mean to be selfish with this, but surely you must have some respect for my judgement. There are a lot of people who don't like me, and I just can't figure out why, they're probably sick.

Just last week I felt again the consequences of this miserable clock system. Instead of getting up at my regular hour, I slept "ahead one hour" and received hell from my boss, who is a real idiot anyway. So fight this, I'm tired of preaching to the unmoving masses that more should be done. There are too many things to be done and not enough people to do them. But I know that Deckinger does not want me expounding anymore of my statements, so I'll leave that situation here.

I'd rather dwell on another aspect which is meaningful to everyone here, that is; s.f. of course. I read it, I write a little of it (though I wouldn't want any in HOCUS), and to some small extent I correspond with another guy or two whose interests are similar to mine. The other day during lunch hour, I slipped away from the bunch and took a stroll along Market Street. It was rather crowded, all the "sheep" were hurrying along the street to some restaurant or cafe. Not me though. I always eat in a bar. Most of them have good food and I like to drink. So do a lot of other people, except for a few who are constantly trying to bring back Prohibition to the US. THESE are the sick ones, by the way. If I was denied a drink I'd fight like the next man. I haven't been denied a drink since I was under the age limit, which was four or five years ago, I don't keep track too much. I don't like too.

I bought some s.f. zine at the stand on the corner, it's a funny thing but I can't even remember the title of it now. Was some formula cover of course, which pleased me no end. I suppose if I had it my way I'd do something about the covers; they're always the same old thing. One thing I'd like to see is all the girls off the covers; they clutter them up too much. I would like to see a good artistic interplanetary scene, no more of this usual junk we get. The mag I bought wasn't too bad at that, nice inferior illos anyway. I never bother reading the letter column of ANY zine, be it s.f. or otherwise, for the simple reason that I care not one whit what the other person has to say. The only time I'd bother to read one of these letter pages would be if there was a letter by me in them. And I haven't felt the urge to write a letter to a prozine yet. I did write a couple to a few fanzines, usually I have to criticize them, but since none of them ever used my letters I ceased this practice. It's only a waste of paper, envelopes and stamps, and I don't buy these commodities to waste them. In fact, it just isn't worth it to waste anything these days. Remember that, it's important. Well I have that zine around my room somewhere--and come to think of it, I never finished that last story. So I'll be saying goodbye for now, anyway, I'd much rather read a good story than write this.

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OF COURSE THEY'RE GHOSTS, IT'S A SPIRIT DUPLICATOR, ISN'T IT?  
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# LETTERS, WE GET LETTERS...

Seth Johnson, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, N.J.

Steve Tolliver wrote a rather interesting article. I only hope you sent a copy of HOCUS to Bjo Wells, though, so she will get a chance to read the comments on her driving. (A copy was sent to Bjo). I understand Bjo is wonderfully aggressive and a highly dynamic fan. So Bjo for TAFF indeed. (Indeed).

I enjoyed that review of Tarn of the Dead and I only hope it comes to the US, as I might be interested in seeing it. (I hope it can come here too. And now I'd like to explain a few words that Roar used in the review and are distinctly Norweigian. A Tarn is a small lake, or riverlet. A lensman is like a sherriff or overseer.?)

Marvin Rivers really wrote up that article on the telephone company well, didn't he? I enjoyed every word of it. I wonder why the world couldn't settle on one scale for thermometers though. Some day, I suppose there will be one scientific scale used universally for everything where heat is to be measured. I hope you have plenty more things in the works by the late ML Rivers. (See Until Tomorrow starting this issue).

Richard Stephens, 11958 Magnolia, El Monte Calif.

Scandinavia has intrigued me for quite some time. When I first entered fandom, I knew there were some quite active fan groups going on over there, and I had intended to contact them. I'm now in the process of learning Swedish.

Who needs Esperanto? Well, the idea is that if everyone spoke another language besides their native tongue, everybody would be able to communicate with everyone else, and thus there would be less misunderstanding and ignorance between the peoples of the world. This language could never be a natural language, because they are all too complicated, and there are too many emotional feelings towards them for everyone to accept one. Esperanto is the utmost of simplicity; there are only 16 grammatical rules and it is completely phonetical. And it is catching on. The movement is very big in small countries, and is even going strong in oriental countries such as Japan.

Next week at PCC (Pasadena City College) they're going to screen the Geo. Pal film WAR OF THE WORLDS. As I remember it, the effects in this picture were quite fantastic. I wish he would make another sciencifilm of this quality. (So do I).

Colin G. Cameron, 2561 Ridgeview Dr. San Diego, Calif.

How did I get such good repro from a hecto? Well, in the first place I'm happy to hear you though the repro was good. Actually, I've never been satisfied with the results of hecto reproduction-- never could stand all this little hectos running around the house... (Clever, clever). In all seriousness, there are several methods that can be used in improving hecto repro; it helps to use the best possible brand of "jelly", which in my book is Hoyer Refill Compound; second, cool the "jelly" before use (I put it in the refrig-



erator before I used it), third, using ditto master units in place of hecto carbons, fourth, using not too much water on the printing surface, but being sure to keep it moisturized, to minimize "surface loss", fifth, using good paper (AB Dick), and sixth, having a lot of patience--it's probably the last which is the most important of the steps.

However, the next issue will be mimeod (IMPROBABLE) with ditto and silk screened covers.

Rich Brown, 127 Roberts St., Pasadena Calif.

The truth is--I don't find time for 3 APAs. I've been dropped from the Cult on a technicality and there is now doubt in my mind for OMPA. And if I don't get my SAPSazines off to Busby's in a few weeks I'll be dead in SAPS too.

Man, get hip--letters make the fanzine. I dunno about others, but the first thing I'm interested in reading in any zine is the lettercol/ It is there that everyone has a chance to splash around, say a few words.

What's wrong with expecting fan fiction to be top-notch? Not that I do--if it were, it would be in a prozine. If it's not than what's the use of publishing it in a fanzine? Now don't get me wrong. I'm not against fan fiction. But I find that most of the stuff I do like, I like because it's off-trail enough not to sell to a prozine or because the writer has a good style.

OUTBURST I liked. One thing tho--hanging by one's thumbs is outmoded, it's passe, the true non-conformist just doesn't do it. It has become the thing to do, which is directly against the true non-conformist's nature. BE DIFFERENT--HANG BY YOUR EAR LOBES.

You say s.f. isn't passing through a slump--maybe a few mags are folding but are the readers folding?--are there less readers now than when sf started? And so forth. I can't see any logic in this. Isn't it obvious, with most of the good mags in the recent boom dropping dead, the big three trying shakily to keep their feet, that something is happening to the readers? (Could be Rich, but look, the main reason all these mags have folded is due to the distribution problem. If a prozine can't be circulated all over the US, then less people will buy it, and hence it soon won't make enough to survive).

THE TERRIBLE UTTERABLE HORROR was by far the best thing in the issue. Man, if you could just fill a zine with something as good as this, I'd jump for joy with enthusiasm. As it is, I waded through a lot of stuff I could care less for, just on the off-chance on coming across something as good as this. It's funny, but you're one of the few people who liked it.

Ann Chamberlain 2588 W. 12th St., L.A. 6, Calif.

No, I don't get suckered into blowing my top, when someone says some slighting things about women. I think every human being in this world must go through a period of being soured on everything. We all come out of it all right, eventually/

I guess you know I'm originally from Chicago. (no). Well, when I first went South, the southerners were determined to "teach me a lesson on what I ought to know about the South", and when I went West the westerners had the same idea. In the south, a northerner is always rich and opinionated and meddlesome. In the west, he's a tenderfoot and a fancy-pants that can't take it, and so they PROVE it to him.



When we are guests in another's home we never argue with the host. It's a matter of principle. Some such hosts may take undue advantage of the fact and sort of lay it on-heavy like. The same thing happens south and west. How do north-easterners treat people from the south and west? Not ALWAYS with warm geniality, but with a "You've got to learn our ways. You have to stay here a while until you see how we do things. Our way is better." So you see, there are snobs everywhere you go. Plenty of north eastern snobs too. But fans forget where they are from, so long as they are AT a convention.

B. & J. Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Ind.

No, SEX & CENSORSHIP has nothing to do with fandom, but it should be of interest to fandom, and besides, they're sending me review copies. For that matter, as long as you're mentioning items concerned with fandom--and not sf--the most appropriate review would be on of PLAYBOY. Or Mad. I'll bet that more active fans read it than Astounding.

As to the reason for using granite paper--you can tell quite easily by checking over YANDRO #73. One of the sheets was a different type of paper which I bought because we ran out of the regular stuff; it shouldn't take you over 30 seconds to locate it and see why we don't use it regularly.

About 15 years ago at least, maybe more...some radio program did Lovecraft's "The Dunwich Horror. Beautifully done, too, whoever wrote the script did a nice job of adapting Lovecraft's passages into something which could be spoken as a conversation. This was my first encounter with Lovecraft, and for a while there, I read everything I could get ahold of. Then there was a lull...too many new stories coming out for me to have time to read the old ones, and when this last pb came out, I expect that it had been 3 or 4 years since I'd read any of Lovecraft's stories. And I just couldn't take this batch seriously--all those adjectives suddenly became just too much.

We have two columnists now who seem to be majoring in movie reviews; besides Dodd there will be a new one coming up by Bob Tucker.

Robert Bloch, P.O. Box 362, Weyawega, Wis.

Thanks for a look at HOCUS, though my look at present is a somewhat bleary one, through a haze of acromycin and other anti-biotic compounds which are designed to help me get rid of the flu. But I'm conscious enough to be able to say that (1) I mistook HOCUS for a mundanazine when I saw the OUTDOOR LIFE type of cover and (2) corrected my views when I read your editorial note.

The nonconformity rules are nice, but it's possible to extend a list endlessly. Such as... (16). When somebody turns on the t.v. set, sit yourself down in front of it, and open a newspaper to read. (17) If you find yourself in a public restaurant or bar and somebody plays the juke box, whip out a bull-fiddle and drown out the record with a bit of Bach. (18). The next time you get in the crowd of self-professed "cool" talkers or admirers of the Beat Generation, reply in pidgin English or beche-de-mer. (19). Buy a Marilyn Monroe calendar for your room but paste a picture of Whistler's Mother over Marilyn.



Jerry DeMuth 4927 N. Winthrop, Apt. 311, Chicago 40, Ill.

I don't know whether there will be anymore SIGSOs. Can't afford to pub another issue right now, and I don't have the means, either. And the next issue, if it does come out, will be quite a bit different content wise, than the past six. It will be non s.f., social comment, fiction poetry of a more avant-garde and/or satirical nature, articles on the arts, etc, etc.

Will send you a copy when it does come out. And if it does, it will be this summer, before the world con in Detroit which I'll be attending. None of my Evanston addresses are good anymore. Use either 3223 Ernest St., Franklin Park, Ill, my parent's home, or my Chicago address.

Lynn Hickman, 304 N. 11<sup>th</sup>, Mt. Vernon, Ill.

I'm certain Knorr is a pen name for Silverburg. {So am I}. If Horace Coon is a pen-name, I don't know whose it is. I beleive it to be his real name. I would prefer to see you use more items of a fannish nature, or off-trail material. Humorous articles I like too. I wish you'd write more of HOCUS yourself. {You don't know what you're asking for, Lynn}.

My multilith is pretty big. Has an air and vacuum feed from conveyor to drum. Does nice work. My old one is a much smaller model.

I go to few s.f. films anymore. Unless I was to hear that it was an exceptional picture, I'm afraid I'd rather sit in my motel room and read a prozine. I'd like to see that film with Zsa Zsa Gabor though. It may stink, but at least it will be pretty. {Agreed}.

The heading for Madle's London Report in JD-A #43 was a Plato Jones drawing.

I've received so many letters that I may have to put out a special issue with just the letters in it. I've got to do this ish of JD-A, plus a BB for SAPS and another for FAPA plus my monthly Boy Scout paper.

Bill Durkom (present adress unknown)

So you weren't kidding when you said you'd print that whimsy by me in HOCUS. I didn't think you have the nerve too. I can do a lot more things for you too, just say the word. Of course I can't always have them to you right away, but I suppose my stuff is worth waiting for.

What could I tell you about the last issue of HOCUS that you haven't been told before? Of course it wasn't sheer perfection, at least not in my opinion, but I imagine these days that's pretty hard to reach. If you ever do get, it, let me know, but I don't think you can, in fact I'm certain you can't.

Today was a lovely day. I think I may be switched from jobs, at least that's what I learned this morning, and that's what makes the day so lovely. My headman is a real idiot, too bad I won't be able to tell him off soon enough. Out of all the people in the world, why did I have to get up with this jerk. At night I dream of tossing him into a pit filled with alligators, and boy, I wouldn't hesitate if I had the chance. And then I'd yell down to him asking him what's eating him so. {Oh no}. I told you you'll have to put up with my miserable puns for a while. Maybe I could write you an article on just what I thought of him, only if I did it would be very unwise for you to send me a copy.



Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Rd., Springfield, Ill.

Please accept apologies on my delay in commenting in HOCUS. As an excuse, I can only offer the fact that my high school, Springfield High, just won the Illinois State Basketball Tournament...tops in a field of 800. Excitement has reigned high recently, and with regional games etc.etc. I've had little had little time for fanac. (No free plugs now!).

On to HOCUS, cover o.k., but it just isn't faanish. What are you? An iconoclast, or something? (Nope, only a non-conformist!).

Multog's article (story?) was fair, but we all know that eventually the masses will see the light. They will learn the existence of faaandom, and it's activities, and then.....they'll destroy us. (Horrible thought, what!).

As to the movie MACABRE, I can only agree. (To what!). The idea of Lloyd's of London insuring me nearly scared me off. (It worked just the opposite on me, I figured any film needing a publicity gimmick like that must really be a stinker!).

I fully expected to see several young Mds checking blood pressures in the lobby. One thing I have to say for that movie...it had it's moments. (Yes, if you were sitting up in the balcony with your girl friend!). I liked the scene where the girl stumbles across the corpse or where the arm stealthily reaches for the heroine from behind a tombstone. All in all, it was a better than average horror movie.

Share on you for pubbing Mallardi's story. That was the most overworked plot in fandom. (I don't think so!). He handled it good, but it was nothing outstanding.

Art Hayes, c/o Bicroft Uranium Mines, Cardiff, Ontario, Canada

Illos for my ditto is a lot different that working illos for the mimeo, but this is the way I do it. I take thin paper, onion skin will do, and trace the illo onto it. Then, with the tracing of the illo on thin paper, I place several thicknesses of paper, a magazine or two sometimes under the ditto master sheet and on top of the carbon under the tracing, and staple the works together. I retrace in the ordinary manner. The result is, that on top of the ditto master, you have a tracing of the illo.

Marsolo has a history, a past, but only two issues in reality. Years ago, with a hecto, I started to put out a zine. MARSOLO was to be the title. Better judgement stopped me from this. Years later when I started my OMPA zine, I decided to use the old title. At the moment, I don't need any new titles, but when it comes time for me to put out a SAPS zine (I'm on their waiting list) I'll dream one up.

Roar Ringdagl, Box 495, Drammen, Norway

Have you seen Hitchcock's VERTIGO? (Yes, unfortunately!). It's the kind of film that touches my heart (ouch). Cato told me about the film with the skeloten, a lousy cheap thing, he said. From which you might draw the conclusion that he actually got scared. We seldom see horror films here. The censors seem to give a damn. And here we have to watch films without dubbing--we get those ugly lines of norwegian words jumbled directly on the screen. I'll never forget when Cato and I saw a movie in London, no ugly white and glowing letters filling your view. It was odd. Wonderful...

\*\*\*\*\*  
WITH ALL THE NEW SATIRISTS, IT'S A REGULAR CYNIC BOOM.  
\*\*\*\*\*



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☐ Subscriber

☐ Review

☐ Trade

☒ Sample Copy

☐ Freeloader

☐ Who knows?

☐ Who cares?

☐ FCH

☒ I'd like you to subscribe

☒ Please, please, please contribute something.

☐ The editor would like to trade with you

☐ The editor would like you to go fly a kite.

☒ You owe me a letter. (This is just a reminder for some people, you won't get a free copy because of this).

☒ I want comments on this



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