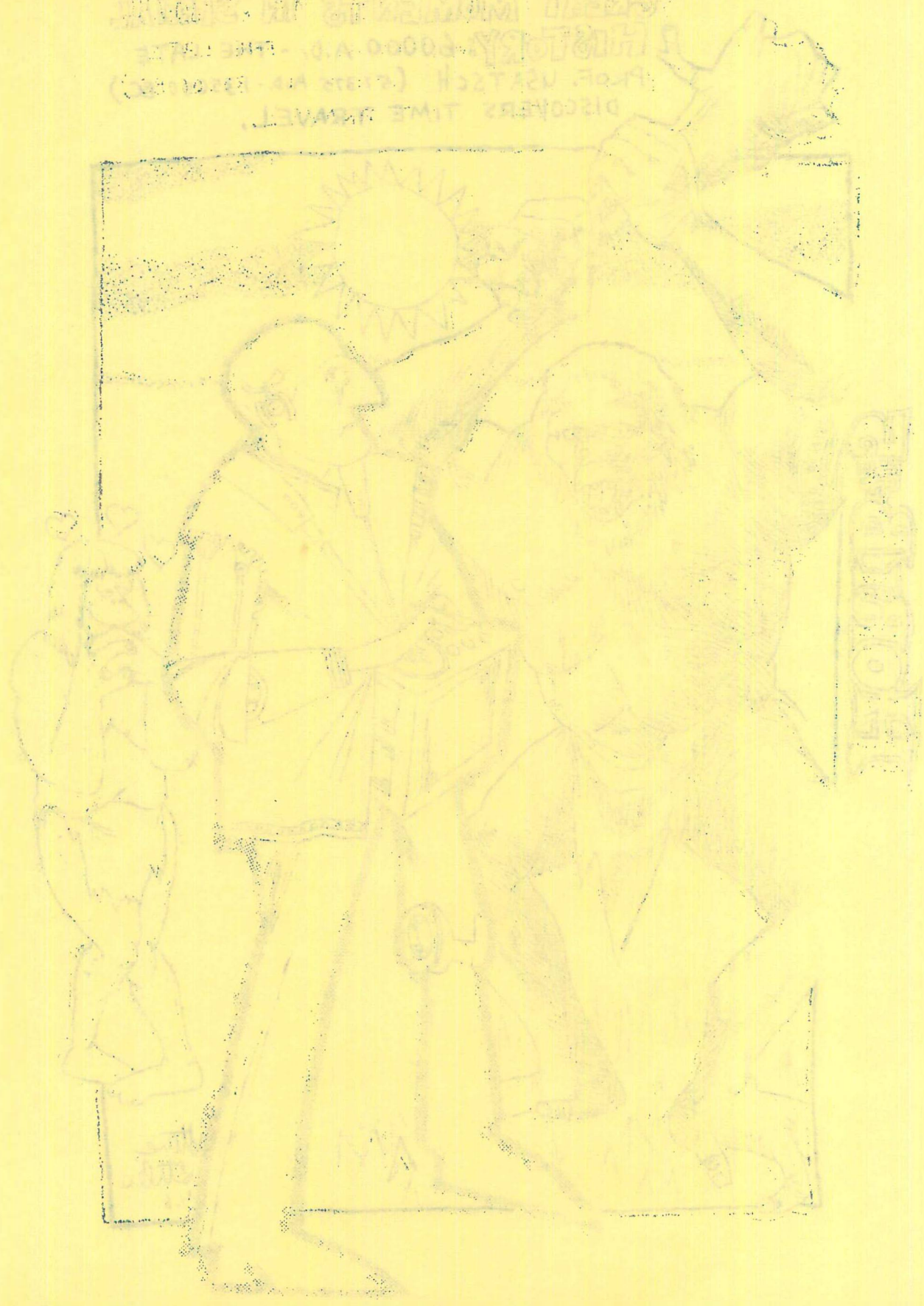


**GREAT MOMENTS IN SPECIAL
A HISTORY: 60000 A.D. - THE LATE
PROF. USATSCH (57375 A.D.-135000 BC)
DISCOVERS TIME TRAVEL.**

Steve Stiles '66

Steve
Stiles
'66

DISCOVERS TIME TRAVEL
PROF. USATSKY (1913 A.D. - 1900 A.D.)
HISTORY - 6000 A.D. - THE FUTURE
GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY



THE HISTORY

MC's ON THE 117th: Since I began doing mcs in the second Horib I've attempted to say something about each item in each mailing. This time, in keeping with the austerity program in effect for this issue, I'll restrict myself to comments on those magazines that really stimulate me to say something. For the rest, the usual disclaimer applies. I.e., lack of comment does not necessarily imply lack of value in the fmz, or lack of enjoyment on the part of this reader. So okay:

HORIZONS 108 (Warner): If you'll pardon my intruding on your comments to others...You come out in favor of paperbacks as a sort of reverse-snobbery I guess. My own attitude has undergone several changes over the years. At one point I hardly read anything but paperbacks; the reason was mainly economic of course, if I could buy a book for 1/10 the price of the hardcover edition I would do so. But also there is an undeniable handiness to pbs. During the early 1960s when I was commuting to work by subway it was easy to shove a paperback in the inside coat pocket of a suit, pull it out and read it in any but the most severely crowded subway car, then shove it back in my pocket when I reached my destination. Since moving home and job to the sticks I spend much less time commuting, and that by automobile, so there's neither the need nor the opportunity for "commuting reading." I do almost all my reading at home now, and find hardcover books easier to handle (they'll stay reasonably flat) and more durable than pbs. Also -- call it snobbery if you wish -- I like the whole feel and, ah, "atmosphere" of a "real book" more than that of a paperback. Lastly, but far from leastly, there is the matter of typography. Maybe I'm just getting olde, but I very much prefer the relatively large and uncrammed type used in most hcs to the teeny weeny little type crammedupallclose in the average pb. I can read paperbacks and do read some, but not many these days, and certainly not when I can get the same material in hardcover.

George Locke kindly provided me with a copy of the ancient fanzine containing "The Reign of the Superman," and the title character was not a complete and accurate preview of Clark Kent's alter ego. Ernest Smalley, a chemist, administers a rare meteoric substance to a drifter named Bill Dunn (by slipping it into his coffee). The effects are described by Dunn:

"I can do four things that no one else of the planet can emulate. They are: intercept interplanetary messages, read the mind of anyone I desire, by sheer mental concentration force ideas into people's heads, and throw my vision to any spot in the universe.

"Furthermore," he added. "during the night my mind has assimilated all the knowledge that exists in the universe. I know as much about Pluto as its inhabitants whose information I absorbed. I am a virtual sponge that absorbs every secret ever created. Every science is known to me and the most abstruse questions are mere child's-play to my staggering intellect. I am a veritable God!"

SCROTE 1 (Tapscott): "Kittens barely big enough to walk will use a litter-box if given the opportunity." When the Silverbergs gave us the eight-week-old female Siamese-calico hybrid whom our son promptly dubbed Kitty a little over a year ago, she was "pan-trained." So the first time she got loose in our kitchen she clambered onto the stove, jumped into a frying pan.... Cats are very literal minded creatures.

THE VORPAL DRAGON [3] (Harrell): Does your statement on page 3 ("If some of the letters look a bit odd at time....") mean that you have each drawing or heading e'stencilled on a separate stencil, and that you then type through the rest of the sheet? Oh Phil, Phil, you cluck! What a waste of \$\$\$...and how hard you're making it on yourself, needlessly! Look: paste up all the stuff you want e'stencilled onto stencil-sized sheets (note the legal length of the e'stencil too!), have 'em done, then patch the e'stencilled stuff into regular stencils, having first cut it up. You'll cut your costs w-a-a-a-y-y down, and you'll make it easier on yourself into the bargain.

SCIENCE-FICTION LUSTRAL (Hoffman): Oh beautifulbeuatifulbeleutafal!!! I hesitate to pick out one item for praise for fear of snubbing the rest. But...may I say, "Bloch was superb." And the inside-back-cover ad cracked me up. And Stiles and Chamberlain were magnificent. And now I've offended Aaargh and Tucker and Grennell and Nosille and... Perhaps oddest of all was the feeling of carrying back to the days when I would have taken such a fanzine seriously. Only 247 weeks to the next issue!

LIGHTHOUSE 11 (Carr): Since I already told you and Carol of my enjoyment of this issue in person, I'll save stencil-space by passing over it now.

DIFFERENT v3n2 (Moskowitz): Did I miss the point, or did you omit to tell is why Satellite folded...especially so precipitously that two issues, one virtually completed and the other well along, were cancelled? I often enjoy this sort of thing "The really truly secret inside authentic behind-the-scenes story of...." but you have told us just enough to tittilate without satisfying. Point: was Philip Jose Farmer's "The Strange Birth" from the (ahem) aborted June '59 Satellite the Same Story that appeared in F&SF (May 1960) as "Open to Me, My Sister?"

SALUD 24 (E.Busby): I guess there are neos and neos, both by type and by era. When I was a quivering child fan circa 1950-52 I did learn the names of authors-editors-artists first, but very shortly after I learned to say "Waw-waw Wiw-wis," "Lee-ha-f'man," "Snar-ley Seibel," "Ack-urr-m'nn," "Mos-ka-wiss," etc., (plus the names of a good many others, some still active, some well remembered, and some quite forgotten), and would surely have swooned of terror and joy an the prospect of actually meeting one of them had aruz. Today...mebbe not. I've decided to keep my John Astin type m'stache for a while. Decided that the day I found out that my boss's boss is annoyed by it. Come see it at the convention next Labor Day, then I can let it go.

ALIQUOT [3] (Hevelin): I share your admiration for George Scithers' efficiency in keeping convention programs rolling but I have a strong reservation regarding his inflexibility. (Or perhaps the inflexibility of the programs he's been called upon to administer.) Twice now -- at the Discon and at the Tricon -- George has cut off program items in which I was involved, that were going great guns, that had, as it were, "caught fire" and deserved to keep running. Both times it was because the sacred schedule had to be upheld. I'm not an advocate of the overloose program management that so marred Chicon III, but some flexibility can and should be built into the program, as by alternating

"regular" items such as speeches, panels, films...with "fillers" like auctions or intermissions that can be stretched or cut as need be.

DAMBALLA 12 (Hansen): This Gomez Addams thing is getting to be too much. An Albany TV station which we can pick up here in Merry Hell is rerunning the old Addams Family series at 4:30 daily and, along with the Munsters, it's a favorite of our children. (Don't hold it against them, fellows, they're only small.) One day I got home early from work and witnessed something that Pat had described to an incredulous me: no sooner did John Astin [as Gomez Addams] appear on the screen than our two-year-old daughter ran over to the set, began petting the tube, and murmured ecstatically, "Daddy, Daddy!" I may just have to get a black double-breasted pin-striped suit for next year's convention.

VANDY 27 (Coulsons): I'm glad that you both found my Burroughs book pleasant reading; "pro" type reviews notwithstanding, one likes to hear the opinions of people one knows. And of course when those opinions are favorable, they're pure beautiful music. A small bit on this business of plot synopses.... As originally conceived the book was to have been little more than a compendium of synopses, along with minimum bibliographic data. Thus: Title, date written, first magazine publication, first book publication, synopsis of major characters, setting and plot...and then on to the next book.

I had actually got quite a lot of the book done in that format when I decided that that wasn't what I really wanted to do. I might have thrown out the work already completed and started over at that point, but being a parsimonious cuss I couldn't see tossing away several hundred pages of ms, so I redrafted instead. Several times. On each successive revision there was less synopsis, more analysis and evaluation. Eventually resulting in the book you read. But if I had it to do over I'd go still farther in that direction: still less synopsising, still more analyzing and evaluating.

Yes, I spent quite a while with Paul Williams at the Tricon. He's one of half-a-dozen or more pretty talented young fans who came on the scene four or six years ago, then dropped out; several are now wandering back, and I'll be glad to have 'em among us again. I remember Ricky Ertl and Larry Ginn although only as names out of the past, but I remember Jerry Greene (how could I ever forget him and his Dear Comrade letter!) and I still like to tell the story of the time we elected Ed McNulty's Pekingese bitch Toni president of ISFA. You remember how fond she was of crawling inside Lew Forbes's boots?

BINX 4 (Grennell): Pat thanks you for the deck of playing cards...how did you learn that she had posed for pasteboards? I thot that that was a Deep Dark Secret unkown to anyone in fandom save myself! And thank you for the Milwaukee Journal clipping. The book seems to have got quite a large number of notices (this one could hardly be called a review), most of them favorable, and I've had to rely on friends clipping them and sending them to me. Canaveral had subscribed to a clipping service at one time, but they found that they were paying a fortune and getting every crummy little item about Johnny Weissmuller or the latest Tarzan movie instead of notices of their own publications.

SPIANE 3 (Sneary): I should have mentioned a few ¶s ago, that one of my fannish baby words was "Riks-neer-ee," and it would be a major disappointment for me if you left FAPA. Dun't do it, Rick!

VUKAT 2 (Patten): The idea of using such peripheral fandoms as comics, monsters, etc., as recruiting grounds for stfandom is a natural and attractive one, but unfortunately I have grave doubts that it works. At least, in the years that these periphandoms have existed (monsters for about a decade, comics for half that) I don't know of any periphandom who actually became a stfan. I read somewhere recently (was it in Yandro?) that monster fans consider stfandom a strange and contemptible excretion of their own fandom! And I know that "real" comics fans (as distinguished from stfans-with-an-interest-in-comics like the Thompsons and yourself) bitterly resent any suggestion that their fandom is an outgrowth of stfandom, or is indebted to stfandom for anything.

The only periphandom I ever knew who became a stfan was Dave Keill, who later told me that stf was his first love. He just didn't know that our fandom existed. When he discovered monster fandom he accepted it as a surrogate for the (to him) "nonexistent" stfandom. When he discovered the real stfandom he quickly dropped "monsterdom."

SYNAPSE (Speer): "So long as it's a multiple of 6, whatever fits goes."

This statement intrigues me. Why multiples of 6? (For that matter, one might ask Harry Warner, why 24? But if he wants to set a uniform size for Horizons, that's his affair.) As I was saying, why 6? If Synapse were printed on a largeish press you might want to stay to even signatures to avoid trimming troubles and paper wastage: hence, you'd want to work in multiples (depending on the press's nature) of 4, 8, 16, etc. But of course the mimeo process being what it is, the natural sizes are all the multiples of 2. So again, Why 6?

You're right, of course, about the Louisiana Purchase (not the Mississippi Purchase), as I realized about halfway through the piece. You'll note that toward the end I did use the correct nomenclature. And I was well aware of the nature of the Gadsden Purchase. But you startle me with the fact that Indiana wasn't part of the Louisiana Territory. And my knowledge of Washington-Oregon geography is approximately zero. The whole thing was written strictly off-the-top; if I ever undertook such a thing seriously the first thing I would do would be to look at a map, the second would be to check a little history. As for that Vermont - New Hampshire bit, for instance.

Maybe platters do favor 25' lots in order to encourage consumers to buy two. But wouldn't it be simpler to lay out 50' plats in the first place?

Rover Cleveland is indeed a lovely name for a dog. One of my own favorites is Harlan Cleveland, the State Department spokesman.

SPINNAKER REACH 6 (Chauvenet): I agree with you that FAPA could well use "the Best of Alvin Fick." In fact, FAPA could well use Alvin Fick, a lot well-er, in my opinion, than certain members that we do have among us. But before I start complaining that Fapan X is a worthless member, maybe I'd better ponder the possibility that somebody out there thinks, maybe, that Fapan Lupoff is a worthless member.

Postcard received from Mike Deckinger informs me that "Eleanor Parker played Ann in BETWEEN TWO WORLDS." Tnx for the information. The film is high on my list of all-time best fantasy films. I understand that there is at least one other film version of "Outward Bound." I'd like to see it too.

...and that's this mailing's truncated set of mailing comments. With more, uh, more of the spirit that moves fen to make mailing comments, I should surely have gone on for at least as long again; next time out I hope to return to my former policy of commenting on everything in the mailing.

Oh, there is one more thing: I have tortured Terry and Carol long enough now. This is a fine lighthouse, nipping even sffy for the title of best in the mailing. For one thing it's a very good-looking fanzine, a matter not to be brushed aside lightly. The layouts are attractive, the artwork is good. I don't know whether my single favorite drawing is the Gaughan on the cover, the bhob on the contents page, or the Cameron on page 33. And taken as a set rather than as single drawings, the group that Steve Stiles did (pp 37-48) are outstanding...and a new style for Steve, no?

Query: Did some unexpected occurrence throw your planned pagination off by one? I ask not only because the customary arrangement of even-numbers verso/odd numbers recto is reversed, but also because some of the pages look as if they were planned for the opposite arrangement.

Phil Dick's contribution and Carol Carr's seem to have an intrinsic common characteristic: both are stylistically pleasant, both present fascinating, tantalizing ideas, both are thought-provoking, and both end far too soon. How about 20 pages on one topic, or at least strung continuously, with alternating paragraphs written by Phil and Carol? Hah!

Benford's idea of How fans can write professionally is intriguing but not convincing. Greg Benford notwithstanding, Joe Phann is no better a humorist than he is a dramatist (or melodramatist). And while the average run of the humorous stories in Analog, F&SF, or Galaxy may not be particularly good, that doesn't say that Joe Phann is going to top Gordon Dickson, Larry Jannifer and S. J. Treibich, Christopher or Edward Macklin. Writing stories is probably the best training for writing stories...or at least writing narratives is (there is a distinction there into which I won't go just at the moment). By the principle of learn-by-doing, analyzing the stories in the latest Analog may be fine training for a would-be critic, but a would-be fictioneer will learn more by writing narrative than analysis. But I think this applies equally to all forms of fiction, not just humor.

Jack Gaughan's dog vomitted on my curtains.

Edmondson's story has a degree of ingenuity and indirection in it.

Willis was just fine. I'll pass the word to Bing Crosby; who'll do so to Barry Fitzgerald?

I have the strangest feeling about Alexei Panshin's article, and about a number of comparable pieces he's contributed to various fanzines. I'm not certain how to formulize this feeling: maybe that he's trying too hard to say too much. Maybe he ought to relax more. I dunno.

I should say a lot more but I won't.

 "I have inherited the mantle of Fox B. Holden."

---me.

S H E E T M E T A L C O N C E N T R A T I O N D E P A R T M E N T

I don't intend to look this up, but even from memory I can vividly recall an amusing tangle that arose back in the days when Pat and I were publishing our genzine Xero. Seems that a discussion of fantasy films was taking place, involving such people as Harry Warner, Hal Lynch, Ken Beale, and Chris Steinbrunner.

Somewhere along the line a certain classic fantasy film was described, and mention was made of a scene which occurred on a golf course. In the process of stencilling the issue I unfortunately typoed the reference to "gold course." Now this is just the kind of typo that makes mischief. If golf course had been mangled into something obviously wrong, but not too far wrong, readers would have reconstructed the correct words. I.e., "golf cuorse" will fool no one.

But "gold course" made sense in context, and threw numerous readers completely onto the wrong track. We had letters to the effect of "Gosh, I saw that picture, and I have no recollection whatever of a gold mining sequence. Are you sure we're talking about the same movie?"

The author of the original reference wrote in and set the whole thing straight, most injuredly complaining that he had written "golf course," and of course we published his letter, and in the process of stencilling the issue I unfortunately typoed the reference to "gold course."

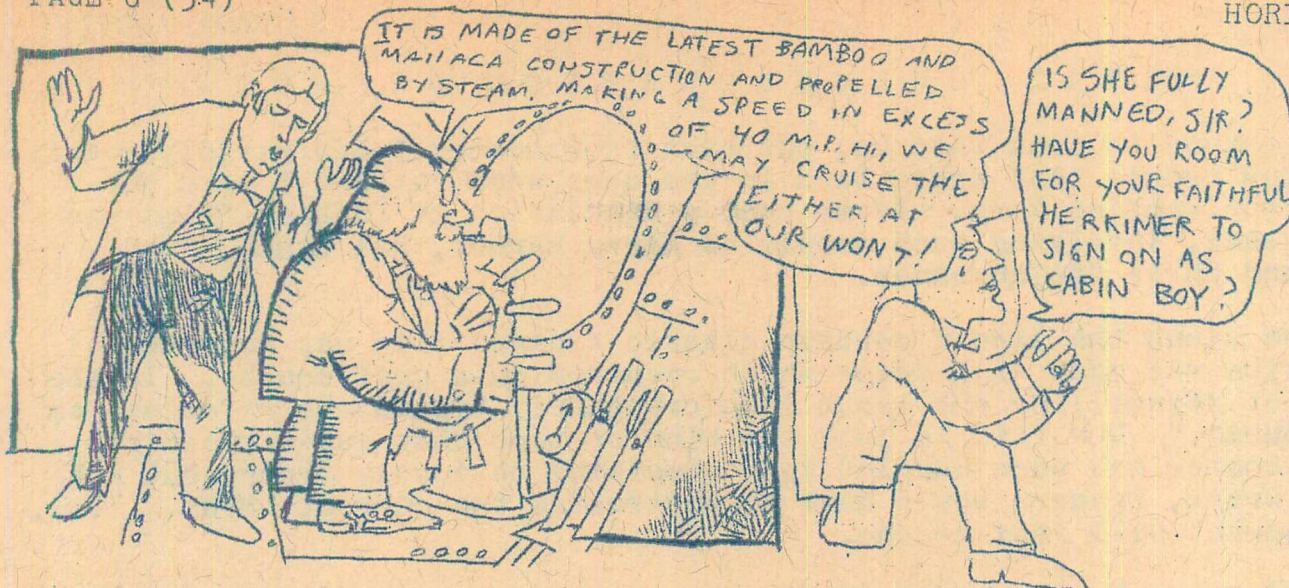
Now then, back on page two of this issue -- Horib 5 -- I quoted from a story by Herbert S. Fine, in which the protagonist Bill Dunn is describing the fantastic powers of his own brain. I accidentally made one phrase come out "sheet mental concentration," which is patently ridiculous. What I meant, before Jack Speer or any other nitpicker starts to pick, was "sheet metal concentration."

B I G H O R I B C O N T E S T

Back in Horib 2 (115th mailing) I offered a prize to any Fapan who could identify a quotation that began with this sentence: "The next novel, based on a dream, was called 'In Search of Qrart.'" Since no reader offered a correct identification (did anyone even try?) the prize is carried forward to a new contest. The Qrart quotation if from Andrew Lang (hello, Terry!), occurring in his book ADVENTURES AMONG BOOKS (Longmans, Green, 1905), in the essay "Enchanted Cigarettes," page 254, as reprinted from The Idler magazine.

This is, incidentally, a most worthy volume, and although not too readily available will well repay the effort of obtaining it. To Fapans I particularly recommend the essays "The Supernatural in Fiction," "An Old Scottish Psychical Researcher," and the already cited "Enchanted Cigarettes." Holmesians will also find the last named essay to contain a most interesting reference to Professor James Moriarty.

So we'll have a new contest featuring a Big Prize. This one will be much easier, in fact I expect to have at least four and maybe as many as ten correct answers to part one of the contest, so there'll be a part two to which I expect fewer correct answers. But still some. First, however, a brief installment of "Professor Theobald Thintwhistle." Surprise!



There, that was brief.

Now, back to that contest. Again, we have a quotation as the basis of our sport:

It was evening, and the smooth active badgers were scratching and boring holes in the hill side, all unhappy were the parrots, and the grave turtles squeaked out.

Part One: Can you translate this into modern verse, or rather back into the modern verse of which it is a prosification? Better yet, can you put it back into the Anglo-Saxon from which it is derived?

Part Two: Can you give the name of the prosifier, and cite the occasion of the appearance of present version?

Q U O T A T I O N S I ' V E L I K E D :

1. "Mr. Milne pooh-poohs my fears."
--A. C. Doyle: "The Captain of the 'Polestar.'"
2. "'Tit for tat' murmured Captain Marvel and, smiling pleasantly, he shot his fist out at the thug's chin like a steam-driven piston."
--O. O. Binder: "Captain Marvel and the Return of the Scorpion."
3. "My translation of what the voice said -- though following certain periodic laws which I will not define -- is quite arbitrary, and of course may be wrong. 'Come to Awn' I construed it as meaning 'Come to Awn.'"
--Francis Flagg: "Tyrants of Saturn" (Chapter 5 of "Cosmos.")
4. "'It is the little things that tell in detective work, my dear Watson,' said Sherlock Holmes as we sat over our walnuts and coffee one bitter winter night shortly before his unfortunate departure to Switzerland, whence he never returned."
--J. K. Bangs: "The Mystery of Pinkham's Diamond Stud."

ALL FANDOM PLUNGED INTO WAR [AGAIN]

The first progress report package of the NyCon3 has arrived, and it is a very admirable bag of goodies. Jack Gaughan's "Nycon Comics" is here, and good as expected, albeit very slim; the PR itself is quite handsome and bodes well for the eventual program booklet; the long delayed convention membership cards are provided, and other minor inclusions make for a thick and pleasing bundle.

Deserved compliments delivered, I must pick a couple of bones. The first fly in the ointment, to mix my metaphors, is the new series of fan achievement awards, or "Pongs," initiated by the Nycon. Of course new is a word applied here only in a certain sense: the idea of annual fan awards is a very old one, dating to a time before many of today's active fen were even born. Some senior Fapans not only remember but participated in and even drew many votes in the original fan polls. In recent years the institution has seen several revivals: the Fanac Poll, Dick Eney's annual fan poll, the Focal Point Poll....

All that was missing was some sort of tangible trophy to go along with winning. As for that, I recall Noreen Shaw's passing along a rather charming suggestion. (I don't know whether she herself originated the idea.) There was to have been a simple piece of "two-by-four" wood, maybe six inches or a foot in length, beautifully stained and waxed, and with a small engraved plate attached giving the name and occasion of the winner and the award. The name of this simple block of wood was to be the Tucker Bloch. I thought it all quite fetching, but unfortunately the suggestion came at about the same time as the Willick brouhaha.

Remember George C. Willick? Yechh!

Okay, we've had enough time now to get that bad taste out of our collective fannish mouth, and this may indeed be a good time for a new consideration of the fan award question. "Pong" is an amusing choice of name, and certainly acceptable to any "faanish" fan. (The ultrasercon might object; but it's their ox being gored, not mine. And I am certain that we'll hear from them right quickly.)

But (you knew there was a but coming) we've managed, over the years, to build up a rather good system of fannish democratic "self-government" through our annual convention business sessions, and one item very carefully looked after at these sessions (and, between them, by a series of study committees) is the matter of awards. Specifically, of Hugos.

And one of the solidly established Hugo categories is that of best fanzine. Which the Nycon committee has, without reference to or consultation with any convention business session, simply wiped out. Executive fiat.

Place yourself in the position of a genzine publisher, fellow Fapan. You produce a good genzine, a damned good one. It costs you a hell of a lot of time and energy to gather copy from leading contributors, to get outstanding illustrations, to work up attractive layouts, to stencil all that material, duplicate it, collate and staple and mail. As for money, of course you operate your genzine at a loss.

But you get your reward in terms of creative experience and egoboo...and you think you have a good chance of winning the Hugo this year, because you put out several of your very best editions in 1966. You've competed hard and fairly, and you think you're going to win. And now you're told -- Happy New Year! -- that the category has been eliminated.

If the concon wishes to add fan awards, as in the categories of best fan artist and writer, "by executive fiat"...there's nothing to prevent their doing that. And if they wish to monkey with the Hugo categories, as by eliminating the one for best fanzine, there's a mechanism for doing that too...they might as well have proposed doing so at the Tricon business session, which would have been the orderly and "legal" way of doing it. But they didn't. And, holding executive power but being subject to "laws" which happen not to suit their whim...the Nycon committee just say, "Screw the 'law,' we hold power and we'll do as we like."

It is a shameful performance.

The second unpleasant goody in the envelope was the little note about the lateness of the progress report. I won't go into the details of who is right or wrong or who has finked out on whom in regard to the Tricon/Nycon transition.

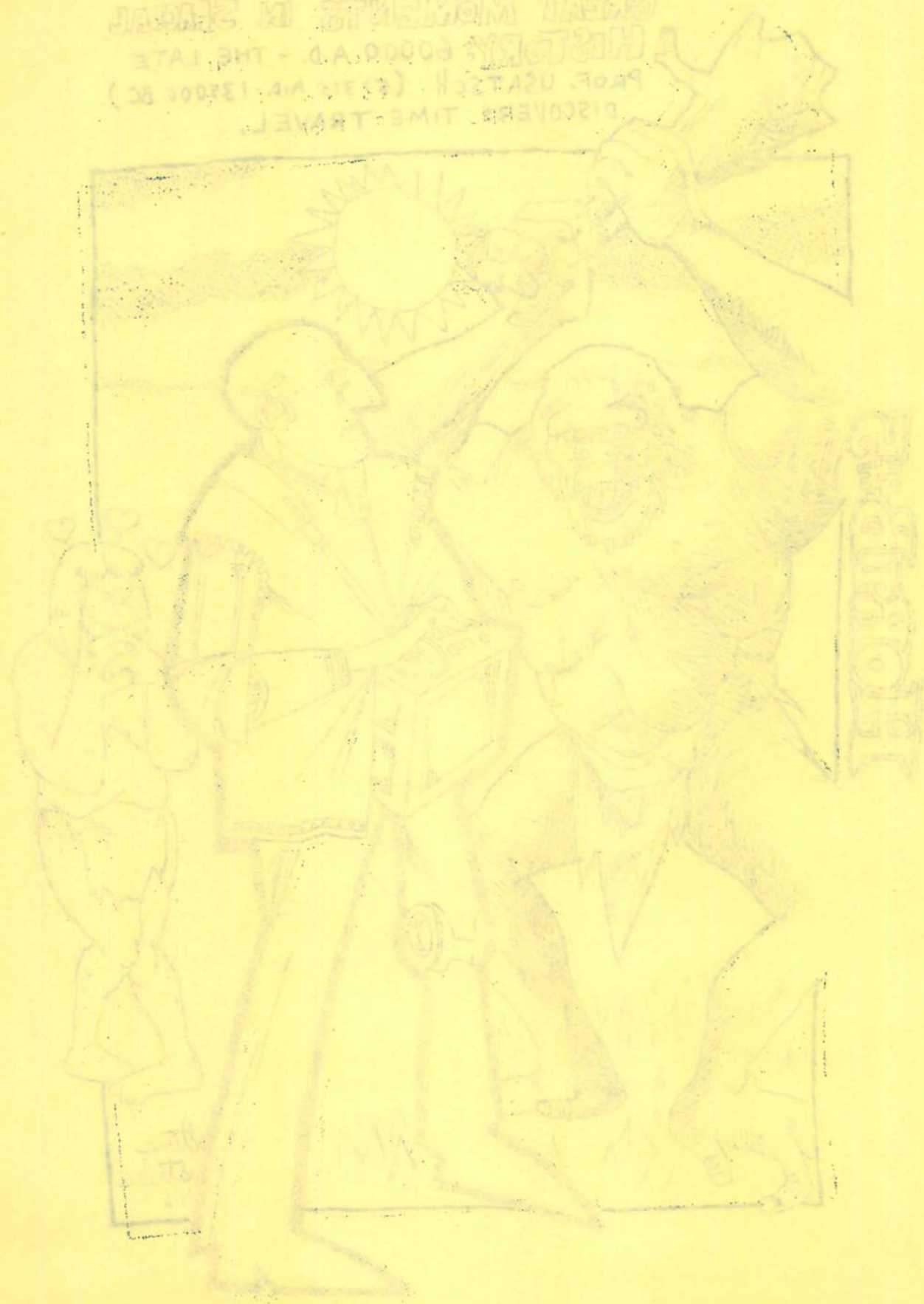
After all, Scharlie, I wasn't dere, and I've heard only one side of the dispute.

I will say simply that the "explanation-if-not-an-excuse" smacks of a sourly immature attitude of buck-passing and recrimination. And, face it, brethren, this is an excuse, the denial of which fact makes it no less a fact. If the Nycon committee felt constrained to comment on their own lateness, they would better have issued a brief statement to the effect of, "We're sorry we're late, but here we are."

The statement as issued, even if Ben Jason & Company are as black villains as they are painted, does not really make the Nycon look any better... they will be judged by their performance, not their excuses. That is a lesson better learned now than in six months, and one which I hope they will take to heart.

Dick Lupoff
January 9, 1967

DISCOVER TIME TRAVEL
PROF. USATZEL (4333 A.D. 1300 BC)
HISTORY 6000 A.D. - THE LATE
GREAT MOMENTS IN STORIAL



Chilton

GREAT MOMENTS IN SPACIAL
HISTORY: 60000 A.D. - THE LATE
PROF. USATSCH (57375 A.D. - 135000 B.C.)
DISCOVERS TIME TRAVEL.

