

HORIB

#

Knee
(pivots a lot)

[forward to forward]

top

two way
wrist

← Rotor, revolves
or rotates as
the case may
be on the
rotor shaft
(there are 4 blades)

Rotor shaft
(round)

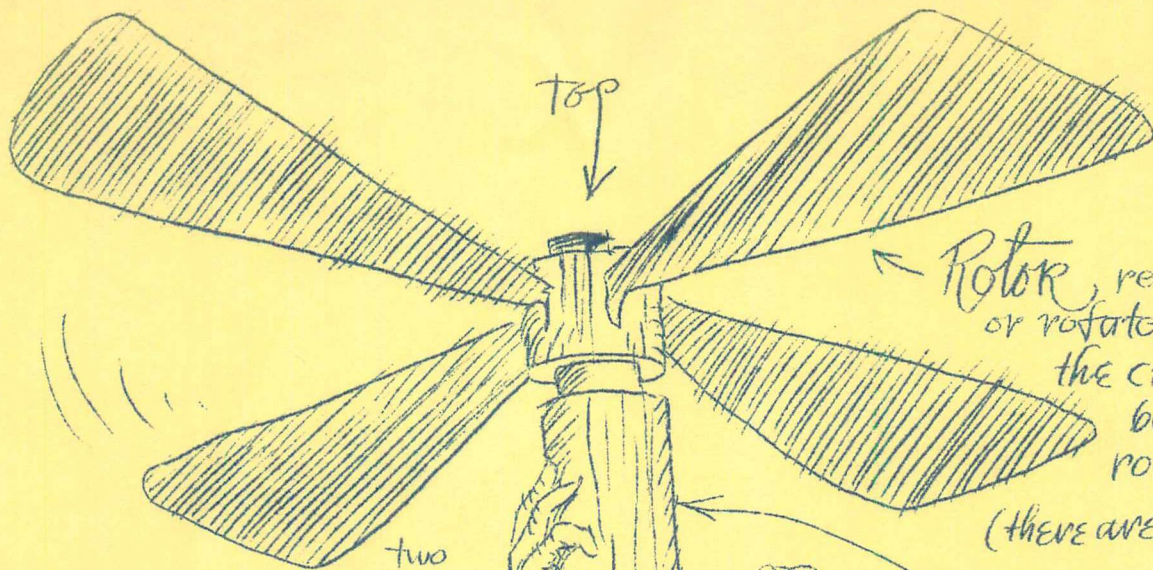
← man with
no clothes
on

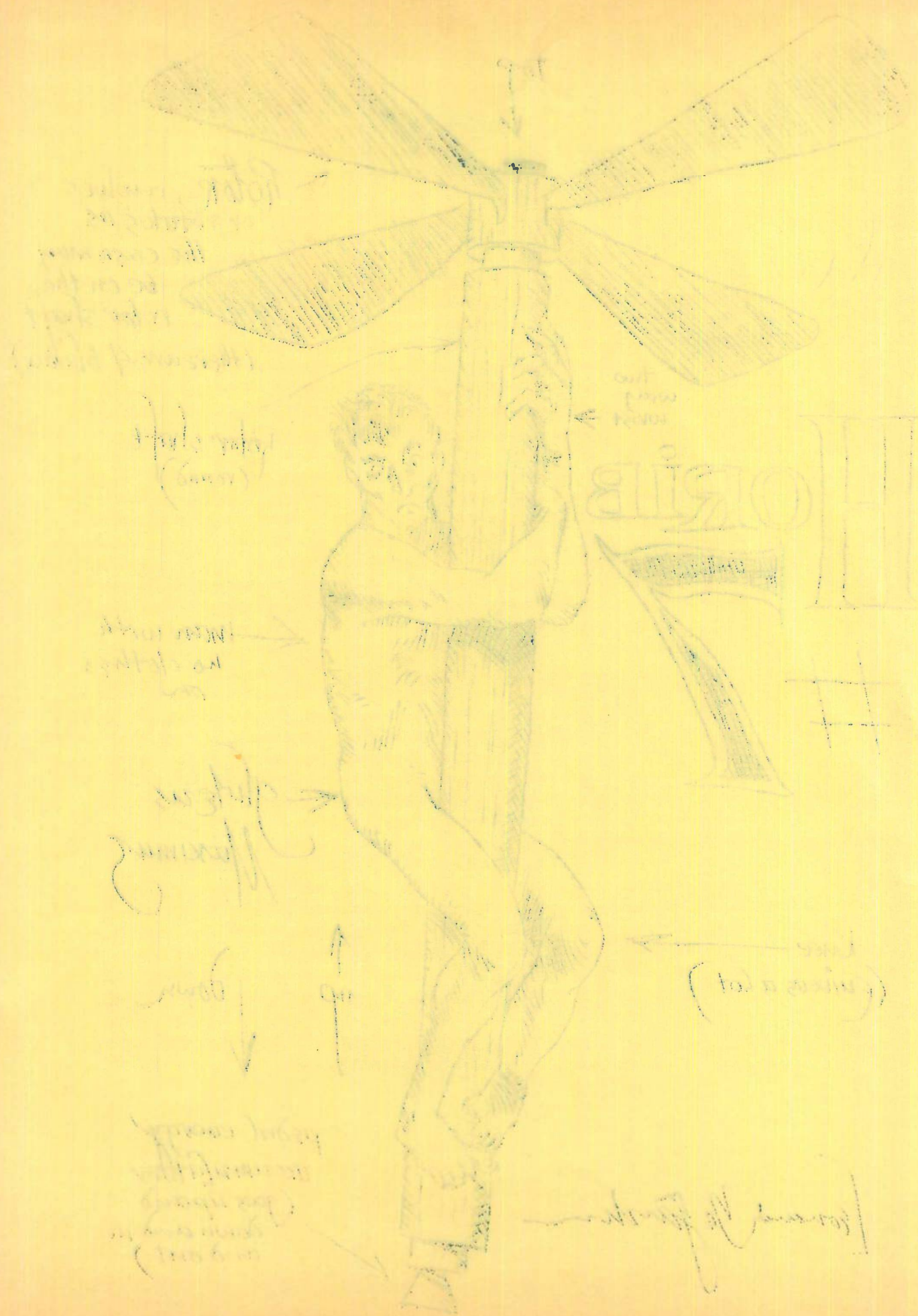
← gluteus
Maximus

↑ up

↓ down

pedal energy
accumulator
(goes up and
down and in
and out)





HELEN'S FANTASIA 19 (Wesson): How come the Lupoffs occupy only one FAPA listing while the Breens have two? As I recall (and I'm sure some apa lawyer will correct me if I'm wrong...or even if I'm right), when a husband-and-wife come up the waiting list together, as Pat and I did, and finally become eligible for membership, they may elect to take separate memberships or a joint membership. In the former case they must each establish credentials, each pay dues, and each maintain activity credits in FAPA. In compensation for this they receive two bundles each quarter, may cast two ballots for officers or other matters voted upon, and...and I guess that's it.

If they elect to take a joint membership they pay only one dues (Speer, where is my grammar?), need keep up only one activity credit (but both must participate), receive only one bundle per mailing, and cast a joint ballot for officers etc. Frankly, Pat and I don't care that damned much about voting. And we don't have any wish for two sets of each mailing -- as it is we give away the one we get as soon as we finish with it.

For us the critical point is whether we shall occupy two or only one of those precious 65 lines on the membership list. And we're happy to have Don Fitch (or whoever it would be) in FAPA instead of on the waiting list where he would be if we held separate memberships. However, as for the Breens, if they wish to maintain separate memberships (they came into FAPA separately to start with) that's their business, and I won't be one to howl about it. Roy Tackett might feel a little grumpy though.

Regarding IBM in Kingston...or here in Poughkeepsie...or in East Fishkill, New York, Endicott, New York, Burlington, Vermont, Rochester, Minnesota, Hursley, England, etc. This generally fine company has a way of locating its installations in the most godawful out-of-the-way places imaginable. If I had it all to do over again, I think I'd still work for IBM, but I'd never have accepted the transfer that brought me here. I'd have resisted up to and including the ultimate weapon -- my resignation. Unfortunately, having come here, with every Lupoff penny invested in a house, children enrolled in local schools, etc., moving away is not an easy proposition. Still, I'm working on it.

HORIZONS 110 (Warner): So that's why Horizons always has 24 pages! Don't you ever ruin a stencil? I want to say something here about bloc voting, Harry, which you mention with regard to ERB-dom's having won the Hugo last year as best fanzine. Many other people have raised the same point as you, and I hope that a good many of them will read these words. I think I know pretty much what's going on in Burroughs fandom, and I can tell you that there was no bloc-voting for ERB-dom. That is, not in any organized sense. To be sure, many Burroughs fans voted for it, especially when they got that final ballot and saw one fanzine with which they were familiar and which was devoted to their idol, on the short list. But there was no cabal, there was no organized campaign, to vote for ERB-dom. And it isn't really a dreadfully bad fanzine. Worse have won Hugos (SFTimes, the second time, to name one). I think that a lot of "real" fans, seeing this "outside" fanzine win, are suddenly seeing a ~~Red~~ Burroughs conspiritor behind every bush. I'm not saying that that ERB-dom deserved to win, or that it wasn't boosted in by Burroughs fans' votes. But, to repeat, I assure you that there was no organized, conspiracy-type bloc voting.

PANTOPON 17 (Berman): You're right, of course, in identifying the Dodgson quotation, and in giving the translation. Several Fapans answered correctly, and the old copy of FLYING SOURCES FROM OTHER WHIRLS that was offered as prize will be ripped into equal portions and distributed among all winners. The prose version, however, was not taken from Gardner but from "The Works of Lewis Carroll," edited and introduced by Roger Lancelyn Green; Paul Hamlyn/Spring Books, 1965. The relevant quotation appears on page 240, bearing an original dateline, "Croft 1855."

Thank you for kind words regarding Puckle Pits. I expected it to be roundly condemned, but nobody did so and several said nice things. Well, you win some and you lose some. Sometimes you win one you expected to lose. Sometimes that's the nicest kind.

DAMBALLA 14 (Hansen): Trouble is, I don't smoke. ### Your entry in the Big Horib Contest is another winner a la Ruth's. I don't have an Annotated Alice handy, but if the same material appears there that I found in the R.L.Green version, you deserve credit of course. For that matter, if you happen to have a complete set of Misch-Masch lying about at the moment.... ### More, perhaps, on Hugos, Pongs, etc., later in this issue. Or then again, maybe Not. One nice thing about Horib is that I seldom know what's going to be on the next line, no less the next page. Makes it kind of exciting to stencil.

PHANTASY PRESS 51 (McPhail): I greatly enjoyed your reprints from ancient fanzines, and hope to see more in future mailings. Please don't minac us with this stuff...it's too good to wait a year between servings of it. I got a bonus boot out of the Trylon and Perisphere on that July-August FAN-FACE cover. The 1941 World's Fair is one of my treasured little-kid memories, and having attended the Fair is something I frequently use to one-up Pat, and to prove what a Wise Old Man I am. Well, old anyway.

SPIANE 4 (Moffatts & Sneary): Our son Kenneth looked at your cover drawing and commented, "Superman forgot to take off his Clark Kent head." Out of the mouths...! The more I think about that statement, the more meaning I can see in it.

SERCON'S BANE (F M Busby): Whoops, forgot "32." Gotta have consistent format. Sorry that I miscredited the origin of the Tucker Bloch idea. Very likely Noreen picked it up as you suggest, passed it on to me without claiming to have dreamed it up all herself, but I assumed that she had. History seems to be repeating itself...just as Willick botched a basically meritorious idea by presenting it all wrong and offending everybody, so this year's convention committee has revived the Willick Plan, refurbished it ever so slightly...and offended everybody by presenting it all wrong. They seem to be waking up a little bit now (I'm writing in June) and perhaps by Nycon time will have come to a more reasonable position. ### Automotive news: The Sunbeam is gone, and good riddance. It was traded on a Volvo 122S station wagon which is now the Official Family Car (Pat drives it locally, I drive it on Family Trips). We kept the 1965 122S sedan, which is now my commuting car. I use it mainly for work, although I whipped up to Boston in it last week, 477 miles round trip. The car has 35,000 miles on it, still looks and drives like new. My next (when this wears out--if ever) will be a Volvo 144.

SALUD 26 (E Busby): The vagaries of syndicated (as distinguished from network and local) television being what they are, the Addams Family is seen no more around here (it's all the Flintstones now) so my resemblance to Gomez is being quickly forgotten by small fry. However, I had a lecture tonight from my son to the effect that I should grow a beard, which I'm not going to do, at least in the foreseeable future, but if I ever did, and they got to watching "Family Affair," I suppose I would quickly become regarded as Sebastian Cabot in the flesh. ### Considering how long it's been since Hugo Gernsback was active in the SF field, "Tucker Bloch" might still have some whammy. Besides, what's Edgar Allan Poe written lately? And who remembers that the Oscar is supposed to have been named by Bette Davis in honor of a former husband whose naked posterior the statuette she thought to resemble?

Speaking of naked posteriors, I stood in my bedroom wearing only a bath robe one Sunday morning recently, and felt the rear hem of the robe being lifted. Before I could turn around to investigate, the culprit, our three-year-old daughter, asked "Daddy, where are your panties?" I sighed and went back to bed. Also speaking of naked posteriors there was the time when Pat and I had been married only a few weeks and had just bought Snoopy, our cocker spaniel. At the time, he was a wee pup. Come to think of it, I'll tell you that one some other time.

SPINNAKER REACH (NS#8). Chauvenet: I don't really know where those cards with Pat's picture on them can be purchased. I don't recall ever seeing them for sale. The deck we have were sent us from California by Dean Grennell, but I think Dean had carried them there when he moved from Wisconsin. Guess you'd best check with him.

SYNAPSE (FAPA 119) (Speer): Well, Stiles never claimed to be a great mathematician. Come to think of it, he don't spel two gud nyether. But the boy can draw! ### Yes, the fanzine with "The Reign of the Superman" was from Siegel and Shuster. The story in question was bylined "Herbert S. Fine," but I believe (Don Wollheim has told me so, so it must be so) that "Fine" was Siegel. ### There are several differences in planning a page to go on the left (verso) or right (recto) side of the book/magazine/etc. An obvious one is the placement of the page number at the outer edge of the publication rather than in the gutter. A more subtle one is the placement of lettering and illustrations, so that they "read into" the layout rather than out of it. And of course if a complete two-page spread is planned as a coherent design and then thrown off so that the opening verso becomes instead an opening recto, while the opening recto becomes a following verso, the whole thing can get screwed up.

ACAPULCO GOLD (Main): Yes, Paul Williams showed up briefly at the Lunacon this year and I enjoyed chatting with him for a while. He was still quite bowled over by the fact that "Crawdaddy" (and Paul himself) had received a free and unexpected plug in -- of all places -- "The National Review." He gave me a free C'daddy and Pat & I invited him to a picnic here in Merry Hell, which he did not attend--still I hope he'll be at the worldcon this year, as last. ### Glad to see you save your membership, especially with a nice fat interesting issue, but I wish we'd hear from you more often. Part of the point of an apa is the continuity of activity, and these annual gasps of membership-saving activity just don't permit for much of that.

NEW CAT SAND 2 (Demmon): Well first of all so you won't take what follows personally please note that (1.) I'm glad that you got your two pages in and I hope that you didn't forget to pay your dues too because you're a good fellow whom I like and a good writer whose stuff I like having in FAPA; also, that (2.) I enjoyed, specifically, New Cat Sand. Still and nonetheless, this obviously whopped-up-at-the-last-moment two pages makes me think, for the twelve stillionth time, on this matter of minacing Fapans. People who stay on the roster for year after year doing no more than they absolutely must to stay in the association, taking Four Fat Mailings a year and giving eight pages, no more.

Why do people hang around FAPA when they're not really interested in being active, and, indeed, would probably contribute even less than the little they do -- perhaps nothing at all -- if they didn't have to do eight-a-year to stay members? One reason, possibly, is the ignoble one of wanting to get all the fanzines that those four mailing represent at minimum cost (in terms of effort) in return. Somewhat like the probably apocryphal fellow who added up the estimated value of all the Christmas gifts he received each year, compared it with the actual expenditure he made on gifts he gave, and decided whether that Xmas had been a profit or a loss.

I don't think many, if any, Fapans really are quite that coldblooded about it. More likely there's a combination of other reasons. They really would like to be more active but don't have the time. Or they think they might some time regain their lost fervor and want to become active, and maintain their memberships against that coming day rather than face the long climb through the waiting list again. (That ol' debbil the w/l rears its ugly head again!) Or maybe they have a strong nostalgic and emotional attachment to FAPA that they don't want to let go. Or maybe FAPA represents a last, slim link with fandom that once meant so much, and they're afraid to cut that last remaining tie. Or maybe it's a case of Prestige.

I can't really say that these motive are evial and wicked and that their holders should be damned. Individually such people have my sympathetic regard. Hell, if for no other reason, maybe someday I'll be old and tired of FAPA -- as I have been the last couple of years of genzine-ac -- and will find myself performing minac year after year. But from the viewpoint of the corporate FAPA, these people are really being unfair and detrimental. If this were a mundane apa with unlimited membership the presence of Deadwood Jones (hmm, if I ever write a western....) on the roster would do no harm and might even do some good, if he paid his dues regularly. But here in FAPA, with our limited membership and that incredible waiting list, Jones is occupying one of those 65 precious positions and thereby denying it to some wait-lister who might turn out to be a highly active, highly valuable member. What I'm saying, then, to the minac contingent, is that I wish you'd participate more fully. Hell, what's the point of being a member if you're not going to participate? But in fairness to those poor guys out there on the doorstep, maybe those of us here in FAPA -- all of us, and I include myself -- ought to ask ourselves what we're really getting out of it, and what we're putting into it, and whether we really, fairly, belong here at all. Sermon Ends Here.

VUKAT 3 (Patten): Yes to what you say, yes, yes yes! And, once you've nostalgized fully, you Get Out, especially when you have got a bellyfull of the conduct of so many comics fans.

ANKUS 20 (Pelz): Glad to hear your agreement, & see following page.

NEWS FROM NYCON FRONT: FIGHTING DE-ESCALATES, PEACE FEELERS NOTED...

Analysts Speculate: Is Dropoff in Abuse a Sign of Coming Settlement or Merely Lull Before Renewed Heavy Engagement?

The above style notwithstanding, there really have been two highly encouraging signs of moderation and good sense from the Nycon committee lately, which indicate that it may yet be possible to salvage some sort of reasonable solution to the mess that their arbitrary and tactless actions of the past months have created. For one, as reported in several places (including Andy Porter's admirable "SF Weekly") they've dropped the name of Pongs from the proposed Fan Achievement Awards. While the name of the new awards is really only a peripheral and relatively minor matter, it has been an annoyance to many fans, both in its own right and as an example of the heedless determination of the committee to Have Their Way "irregardless." The dropping of the objectionable name is symbolic of a new awareness of the power of protest, at least; perhaps, one hopes, even of the rights of other fans than the tiny inner circle of the Nycon committee to be heard and to have their wishes considered and respected.

Another development, so far mentioned to me only in personal conversations (by the disparate pair of Army Katz and Terry Carr) is the decision of the committee to permit a business session after all, reversing the formerly held position that such sessions "are an absolute farce and a total waste of time." True, even the reversal is tempered by setting the meeting at an early-morning hour for the clear purpose of minimizing attendance and participation. (Will I be there at 9 am after attending a party until 7? Quien sabe?) Still, it is a gesture -- no, it is more than a gesture, it is a substantial concession to the principle of continuity and responsibility by convention committees, and a step away from the arbitrary exercise of power.

This represents the beginning, rather than the end, of the struggle to salvage, restore, and if possible strengthen the processes of orderly and democratic control, by fandom, of its own annual awards, the Hugos. There remains the fact that the Nycon committee ignored the established, orderly and democratic procedure for controlling Hugo categories by abolishing the fanzine category. [And, one must mention, the authorization by the Tricon business session, for the Nycon to award a Hugo in an "extra" category, if it chose to do so, can hardly be converted into an authorization to drop an established category.] The giving of new, Willick-type, fan achievement awards by the Nycon, either on a one-shot basis or in hopes of setting a precedent which others will comply with, is clearly within the discretionary right of anybody -- the Nycon committee, any other worldcon committee, any local or national or international fan club, the Science Fiction Writers of America (who have, of course, initiated their own set of annual achievement awards), or even you or me or Samuel Davenport Russell acting as a private individual.

What is at stake here is the principle that the Hugo, fandom's highest award and greatest honor, is subject to a set of rules controlled by the annual convention business sessions, which constitute a fairly good approximation of a fandom-wide assembly and referendum (except, possibly, when rigged to meet at an ungodly hour when attendance will be minimal). These rules are fandom's rather successful attempt to balance stability with responsiveness to changing times, democracy with responsibility. Fandom needs no dictators. After all, even DEGLER! has changed its name to SF WEEKLY. May one hope that that, too, is an omen?

-RAL, June 21, 1967

 " I r e a d t h e n e w s t o d a y o h b o y "

GOOD RESPONSE to the Lewis Carroll contest in Horib 6 encourages the proprietors to conduct another contest page in this new issue. The contest this time will contain two divisions, Classical and Pop, with a prize offered in each. Winner of the Classical Division will receive a used copy of TO COMPETE SILENCE INDENTURE BROOKS. First correct reply to Pop Division wins a genuine, albeit somewhat dog-eared, copy of UNDER THIS WHIRLED INVENTIONS, the official organ of Pellucidar fandom.

C L A S S I C D I V I S I O N:

1. Identify the following quotation, giving title of work, author and year of publication:

"...the ill-fated Purple Emperor, a big violet coloured diamond looted from an Indian temple, and set as a pendant. She comes of age at 18, until when she is left in the charge of his eccentric sister, the honourable Miss Cheyne, a recluse, living in a lonely house, Cheyne Court, on the banks of the Thames."

2. Who or what comes of age at 18? The Purple Emperor?
3. Whose eccentric sister is Miss Cheyne?

P O P D I V I S I O N:

1. Who is the one and only Billy Shears? Who cares? Why?
2. How many holes does it take to fill the Albert Hall? Who told you?
3. Who held up the mail stage-coach just to get a theatre review? Of what new production? Where is this information available?

 Answers in the next mailing, please.

THE FIRST THING WE PROMISED most of our fannish friends when we moved to Merry Hell nearly three years ago was a picnic, perhaps to develop into an annual occasion rivalling the Coulson Spaghetti Feed in splendor and pomp. But it was November when we moved, the warm days of 1964 were at an end, and we decided to make our "picnic" a post-New Year's party early in January, 1965. Invitations went out, travel arrangements were made...and then a combination of blizzard weather and other transportation problems cut the attendance drastically. In fact, the guest list at the next-to-last minute was four, and word that Terry and Carol Carr were stranded in Milford by the snow left the number at two: Ron Ellik and his then-current lady friend, a Radcliffe student if I remember aright.

We had already laid in supplies for 20 people, but Ron's aid was truly heroic and no food went to waste. Next day Ron went back South on the New York Central, his friend went North, and the Pokpic series had had its somewhat inauspicious inaugural.

Somehow the rest on 1965 slipped away with no Pokpic II; every time we tried to schedule the thing we hit a conflict of one sort or another -- some regional con or local festivities that would keep people from coming, or some obligation on our part that would keep us from hosting. By the spring of '66 we'd all but given up hope of ever dragging New York fandom the 75 miles it takes to get here, but in the spring of the year Henry Hardy Heins, the Burroughs bibliographer par exelance, hosted a little gathering at his home in Albany.

It was only a small affair -- four or five people, I think -- but it was enough fun that the participants all agreed to try to have another in a few weeks. This time Pat and I would be hosts, and we started with the same guest list Heins had used. Somehow, though, as the history of the past six or seven years will indicate, Pat and I have this problem when it comes to guest lists: they just g-r-o-w. We wound up with some dozen or 15 people where we'd started to plan on four. It was a beastly hot day but except for running out of cold liquid refreshments and having to replenish from the local Sunday-opening grocer, everything ran very smoothly indeed.

So this year we took the plunge for real -- girded our loins, worked up an invitation list (largely olde fanoclastic types), planned a date and a couple back-up rain days, sent out invitations and bought food. About two days before P-Day (Picnic Day) I thought of one little problem that had eluded me prior to then. Suppose, I said to myself, P-Day dawns clear and balmy, with all forecasts for plenty of the same? Why, no difficulty. Suppose, then, P-Day dawns with the skies pouring rain on the whole Northeast, cold gusts blowing, etc., et...? Again, obviously, switch to the first rain date. Swell, But... ...suppose P-Day dawns grey and misty, with a fine drizzle in the air, a faint sun glimmering weakly through raggy clouds, and a prediction of "some" rain?

Suddenly I had visions of dozens of fans rising that morning, going to windows scattered from New York City to Syracuse to Hartford, gazing up at that equivocal sky... and wondering.

Fortunately, that situation never materialized. P-Day, the Sunday before Memorial Day, was just about a perfect day. Maybe it could have been a few degrees cooler, but it wasn't as hot as last year, and otherwise the weather couldn't have been better. The first guests arrived the night before the picnic: George and Sherri Heap drove in from Syracuse in their Microbus and took us to dinner at the best (and only) French Restaurant around this benighted area. [[Drat! For Syracuse read Rochester.]]

Alternate question, Pop Division: Identify: Vera, Chuck and Dave. Go!

Sunday afternoon the rest of the guests started to arrive by train or car. Now lemme see if I can remember everybody. If I forget someone, he may be very peeved. There were: Jack Gaughan, Phoebe Gaughan, Mora and Brian Gaughan and Susan Adams; George Earley, Margo Earley, Steven and David and Kathy Earley...that's ten right there. Chris Steinbrunner, Hal Lynch, Ted White, Robin White, bhub Stewart (yes!), Lee Hoffman, Dave Van Arnam, Cindy Van Arnam, Bob & Barbara Silverberg, Don & Elsie Wollheim, Lin & Noel Carter, Arnie Katz, Andy Porter, Charlie Collins.

And A*L*E*X*E*I P*A*N*S*H*I*N!!!! You thought I'd forgotten you, Alexei baby! Never in a million years, never!

Everybody stayed in the yard for the most part, KDKA Captain Great buttons were distributed, the food supply held out, the cold drinks needed replenishment only once in the course of the afternoon, any potential feudists in the crowd managed to stay at opposite ends of the lawn, and to make things complete WOR-FM was coming in strong and clear. I moved a speaker out onto the patio and we had good rock music sans the repellant dj's who seem to go with rock as a matter of course on AM. God Bless WOR-FM!

To cap the festivities the Roman Candle that Andy Porter gave us two or three years ago and that we've been saving since worked beautifully. Although there's been considerable turnover in personnel since the early 1960s when Pat and I were Fanoclast meeting hosts, the general atmosphere was very much like that of the early Fanoclast meetings. Despite a few cases of individual disputes, it was a crew that blessed beautifully. It was largely a crew of BNFs and/or pro's, with the few younger fans distinctly of the Real Comer type.

The result wasn't snobbery, as you might guess, mainly, I suppose, because there was no one to snub. Considerable mutual respect and regard, not to say Mutual Admiration; there was no Climbing, and hence little or no need (or opportunity) for Putting Down. It was a goodd, good picnic, and there will be more.

ONE OF THE SAD THINGS about Worldcons, Picnics, etc., is the fact that they come to an end, and then there's always a let-down. Picture of a little boy sitting in a big chair crying because his camp is over for the summer. When our Picnic ended it didn't really end all at once. One guest stayed another three days. Arnie Katz. I had a four-day weekend off, so after the last badminton racket, soccer ball, and frisbee were put away (you wouldn't believe what athletes these fans can be!) we sat up far into the night arguing about science fiction, fan politics and the Nycon, the Nycon, rock music, psychedelics (Millbrook is practically a suburb of Poughkeepsie and our next-door neighbor's son is a pal of Tim Leary's ditto), fan publishing and so on. It was a great three days, and if we can't be Right In The Swim of New York Fandom (where it's happening, Bebe!) we'll try to keep drawing New York Fandom up here in bits and chunks.

Among those who missed the Picnic were Larry and Noreen Shaw; they made it a few weeks later for their own Custom Edition, along with their sons. This coming weekend (I'm writing on July 10 -- gotta keep up, Fapan!) we hope that Steve Stiles will be visiting. After all, Pascal Pascudniak broke his back writing another four pages of Professor Thintwhistle for this Horib; Fenton Farnsworth had better do his Bit for the sake of Terry Carr if no one else. The Carrs too will be up as soon as Terry gets his Space Pilot's certification.

Comes Nycon time -- 50+ days off as I write but almost tomorrow as you read -- we'll probably take some vacation time and go into New York a few days early, which may crimp plans for visits en route TO the con, but we hope to entertain assorted friends on the way home. Hear, Clarkes, Boyd, the ressyas? Ah, but it isn't the same as living there, no it isn't.

"Who the hell is George Earley?" I can hear somebody asking. BNFs and pro's at the picnic...who's this Earley guy? Back in the early 1950s, you may recall, there was a group called MUSFA -- Miami University Science Fiction Association. George was then an undergrad at Miami -- this is the one in Ohio, not the one in Florida -- and a fairly important cog in MUSFA. Noreen Shaw tells me that he was quite a well-known Midwest type fan at the time; I didn't know George in those days but then I was a very little neo in the early 50s and it's not at all surprising that I wouldn't know any particular fan of the era except for the very Biggest Names.

Somehow George dropped out of circulation after a few years, did a hitch in the air force, married a very attractive girl, had two sons and a daughter, and popped his head out of the fannish woodwork every so often by attending a convention (I first met him at the Discon in '63). He's now a technical writer for United Aircraft near Hartford, Connecticut, and fills me in from time to time on their space projects, to the extent that talk is permitted.

And, somewhere along the line -- I think as a result of some experiences he had in the AF -- George picked up an interest in UFOs. The past few years he's been the chief honcho of the NICAP branch around Hartford. He is not a flying saucer nut...has no dogmatic ideas about glowing visitors from Venus...does have some funny stories to tell about people who do have dogmatic ideas about glowing visitors from various planets. And he's the SF book reviewer for the Hartford Courant...and, from the tear sheets he's sent me, he does a good job. He's generally a good fellow, plans to be at the Nycon, and if you happen to run into him I think you'll enjoy his company.

 "Starting in our next issue, an exclusive series of reprints of the rar

The rather indistinct material on the facing page is a Xerox copy of a cover proof of that thar fience sciction novel I was telling you about in the last Horib. It should go on sale within a couple of weeks after you get this FAPA mailing...non-fapan readers may not receive this Horib until after the book goes on sale. Anyway, for the interest of the moment, the background and the sea in the painting are red, the lady's cloak is blue with silvery trim, her skin is patterned a variety of colors including green, brown, and yellow; the pattern continues in her hair, which is itself black. The painting is by Jack Gaughan, the Squire of Rifton. The title is by Lancer Books, as is, of course, the blurb; I have a feeling that it was not written by Larry Shaw, but I haven't checked that out with him.

It may seem kinda steep to pay 75¢ for a paperback stf novel, when most of them these days sell for around 60¢ [Hell, I still resent their costing over a quarter!] but the average 60¢ Lancer book runs 150 - 200 pages. This one is a little over 350 pages, so there's double the verbiage for 25% more money. I don't think anybody has a gripe there. As for quality, now, that's another matter. I'd appreciate comments from Fapans who read the book.

See you soon...at the Nycon...and the rest of you, next mailing.

WORLDS HE NEVER MADE

Parker had always been an outcast. Even in the ordinary world he knew so well, he had had to fight for survival. And when he found himself thrust suddenly, jarringly into another universe where everything was different, he had to learn to stay alive ...and to make instant decisions when any wrong move might lead to instant death! He should have died to begin with. But when he awoke, he found himself facing not just one new world, but three:

Retro, primitive but strangely appealing.

Par'z, exotic, sensual...perhaps fatal?

Teras, where science was being reborn, with all its hope...and all its fearful menace.

None of these was home. Each offered attractions and perils. And in each a woman begged him to stay.

Parker learned, finally, that he couldn't go home again. But from these three totally different worlds, could he create one in which he could live?

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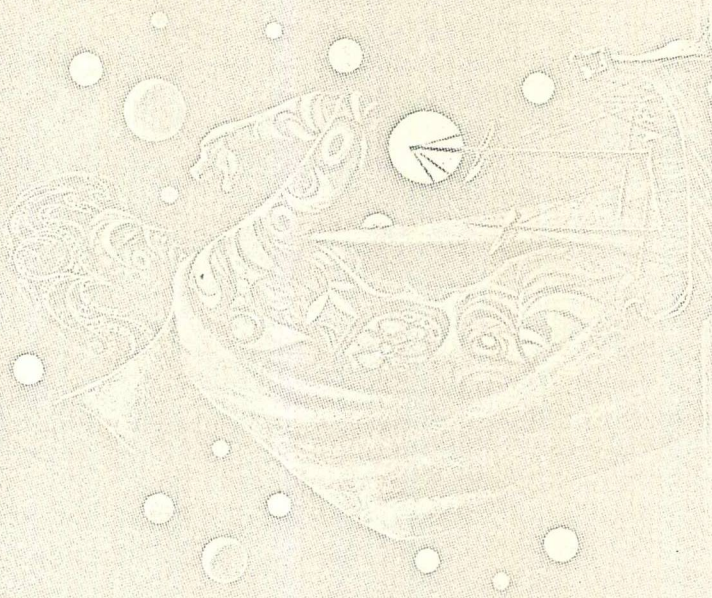
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ONE MILLION CENTURIES • RICHARD A. LUPOFF



ONE MILLION CENTURIES RICHARD A. LUPOFF

AN EXILE IN SPACE-TIME PARKER HAD
TO LEARN WHERE AND WHEN HE WAS
... BUT FIRST HE HAD TO SURVIVE!

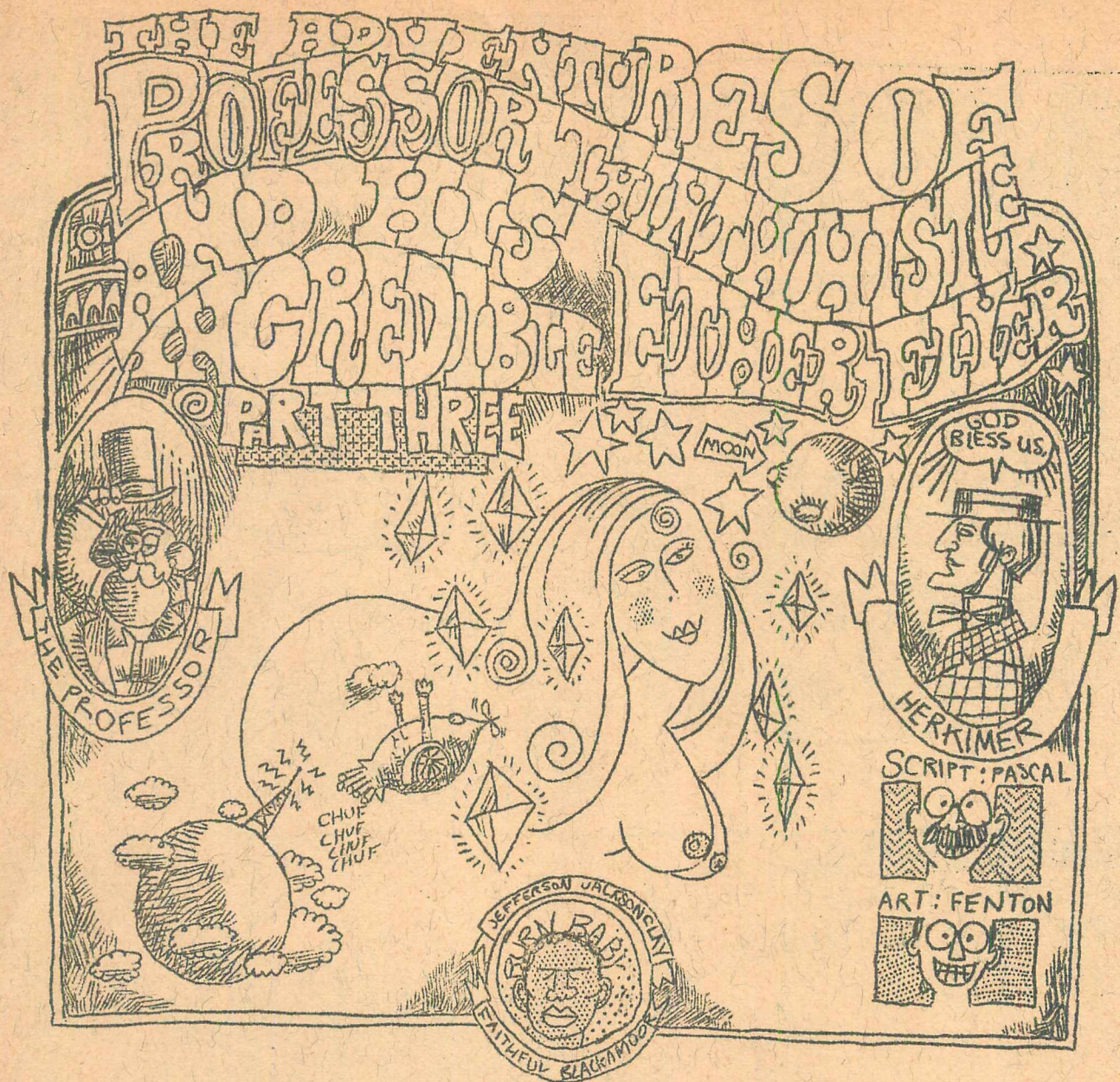


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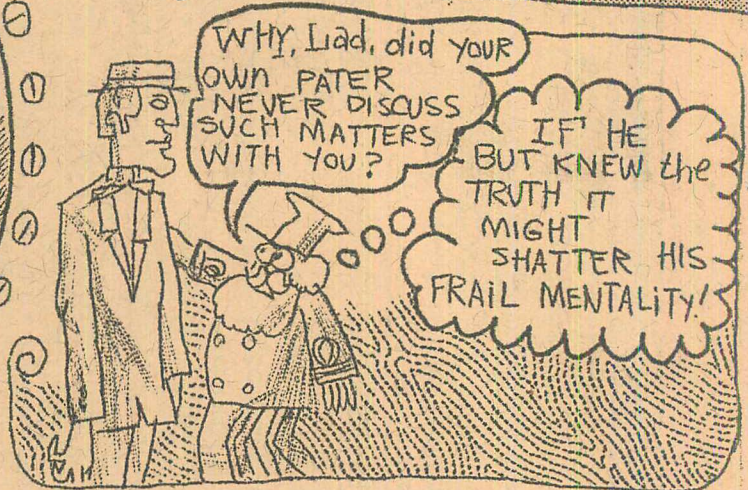
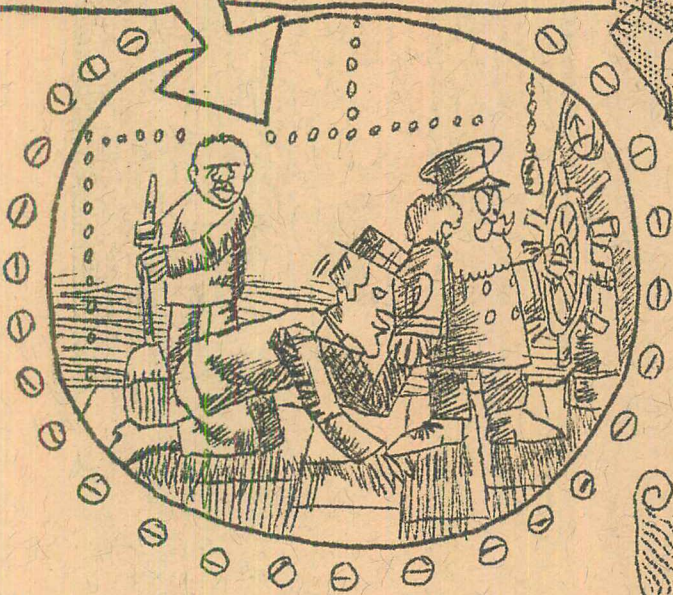
KLING



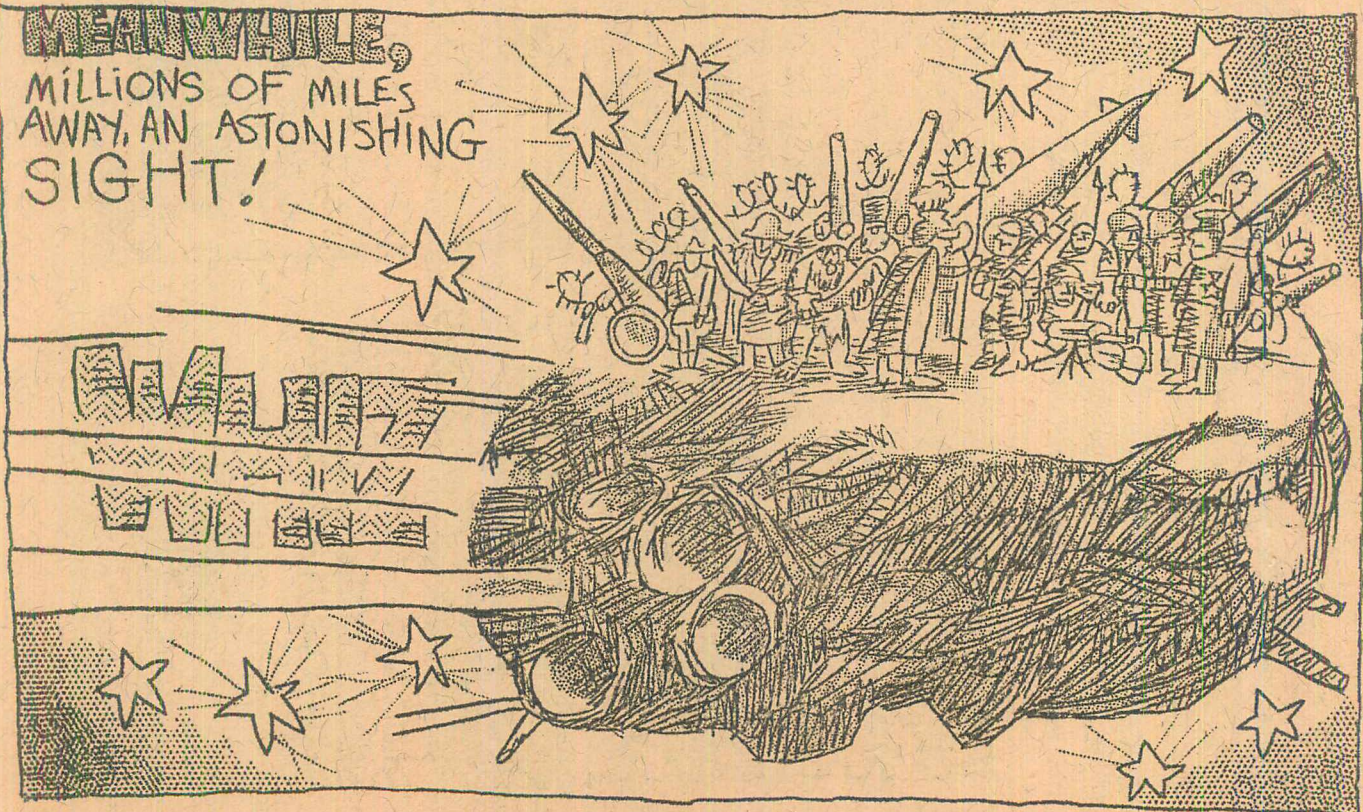
HEY KIDS!
 Collect the GREAT
 NEW PROF. THINTWHISTLE
 STAMPS! **SAVE 'EM!**
SWAP 'EM!
 (IF YOU DO NOT,
 ALL THE CHILDREN
 IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD
 WILL THINK YOU ARE
DIFFERENT -- & HATE
YOU!!)



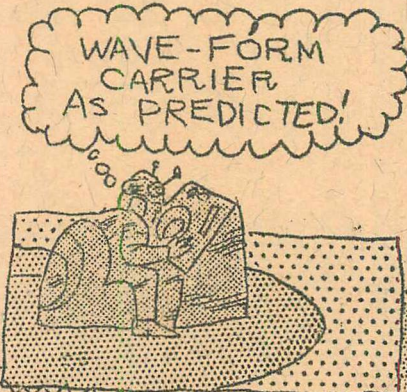
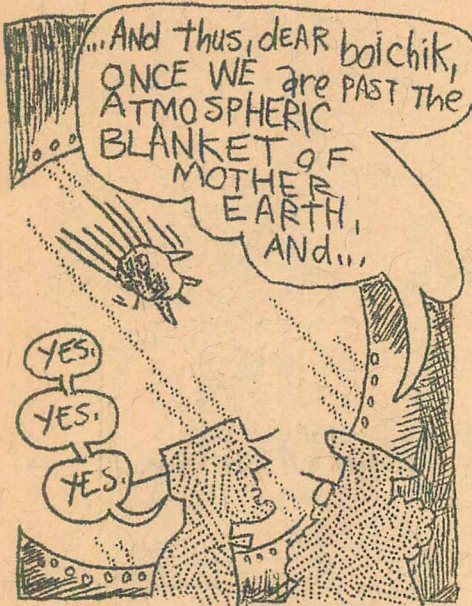
THE TRAVELLERS ENROUTE TO OUR LUNAR CONSORT



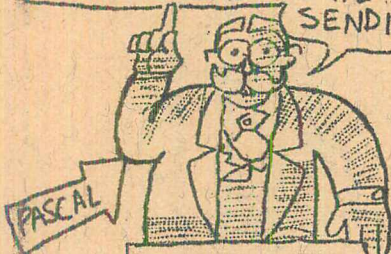
MEANWHILE,
MILLIONS OF MILES
AWAY, AN ASTONISHING
SIGHT!



WHILE Professor Thintwhistle Lubricates the
Cranium OF Herkimer with the wonders
OF PHYSICAL PHILOSOPHY --
PERFIDY THREATENS!



REEDER! WHAT CAN THIS MEAN? IS THE FAITHFUL J.J. CLAY OTHER THAN A DENSE AFRICAN? WHAT MESSAGE IS HE SENDING?



PASCAL

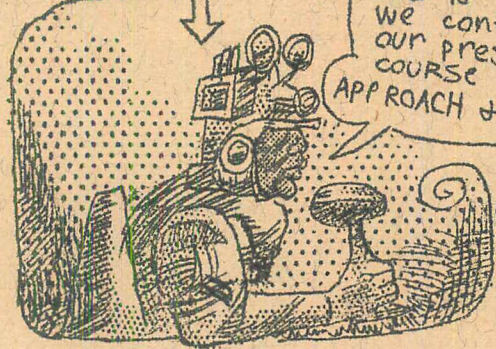
BUT WHAT OF JEFFERSON?

AND WHO ARE the POLYGLOT TROOPERS OF the void? READ ON!



FENTON

...very well, I will see to it that we continue on our present course during your APPROACH & LANDING.



HASTEN ere the FOOLS SUSPECT!

And so you see, LAD, AS LONG AS OUR SUPPLY OF PASTA REMAINS, WE NEED FEAR NAUGHT FOR HAVING NAUGHT AGAINST TO PUSH!

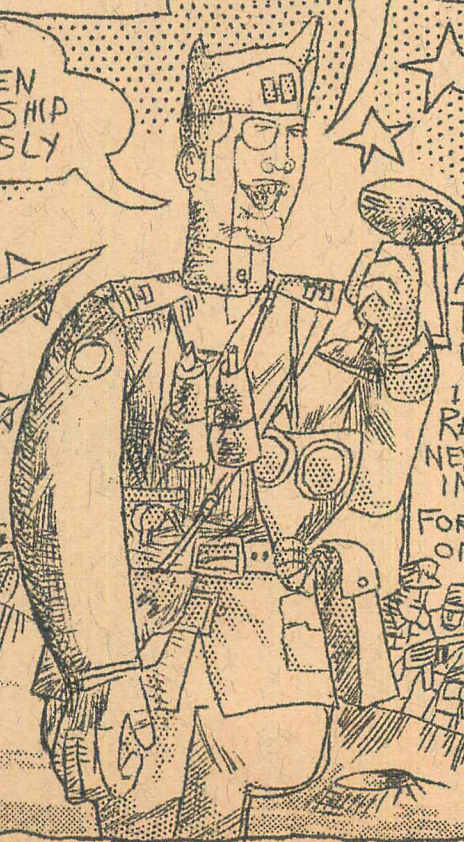
O JUPITER OF MIND! O AUGUSTINE OF SOUL!



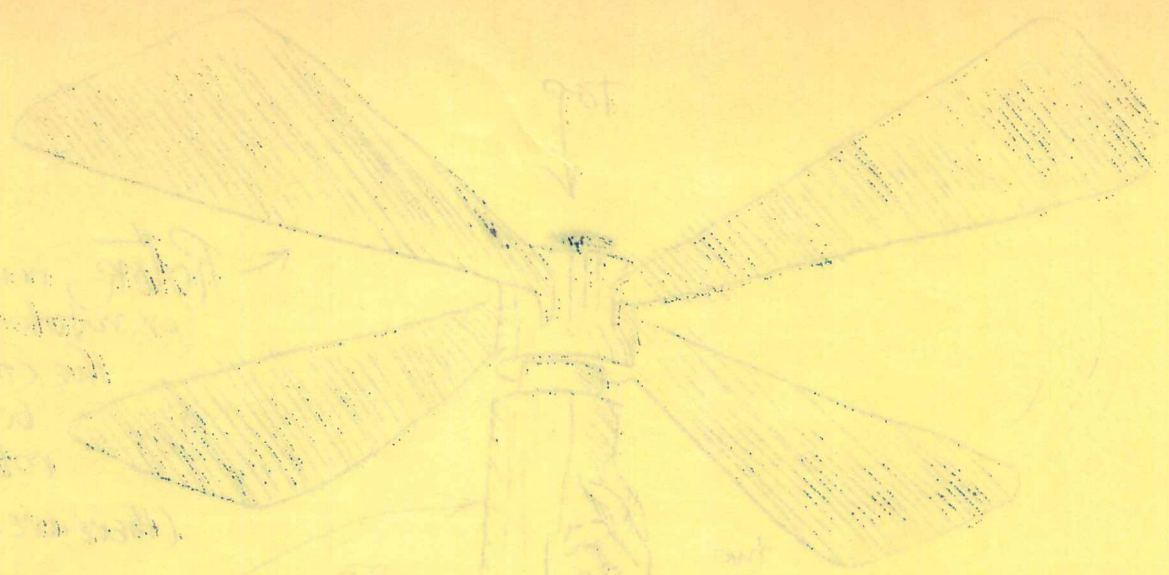
Blithering-SNIPE, HERE, OLD CHAP. JOLLY GOOD TO BE IN CONTACT AGAIN! WE SHALL APPROACH ON OUR PRESENT COURSE; WE SHALL REACH VICTORIA E.T.A.

APPROXIAMATELY 1500 HOURS, SHOULD BE DONE IN TIME FOR TEA, DONCHANO!

OH, AND I DO WISH THAT YOUR PROFESSOR CHAP HAD CHOSEN SOME OTHER NAME FOR A SHIP THAT'S TO BE SO HIDEOUSLY BLARSTED!



WELL, READERS, A SURPRIZING TURN OF EVENTS, IS IT NOT? READ THE NEXT INSTALLMENT FOR THRILLS OF THE IMAGINA-TION!



(the machine
 is made of
 the same
 material as
 the propeller)

(the propeller
 is made of
 the same
 material as
 the machine)

HORRIB
 #

(the machine
 is made of
 the same
 material as
 the propeller)

(the propeller
 is made of
 the same
 material as
 the machine)

(the machine
 is made of
 the same
 material as
 the propeller)

(the propeller
 is made of
 the same
 material as
 the machine)



(the machine
 is made of
 the same
 material as
 the propeller)

(the propeller
 is made of
 the same
 material as
 the machine)

HORIB

#

Knee
(quivers a lot)

[forward no further]

top

← Rotor, revolves
or rotates as
the case may
be on the
rotor shaft
(there are 4 blades)

← Rotor shaft
(round)

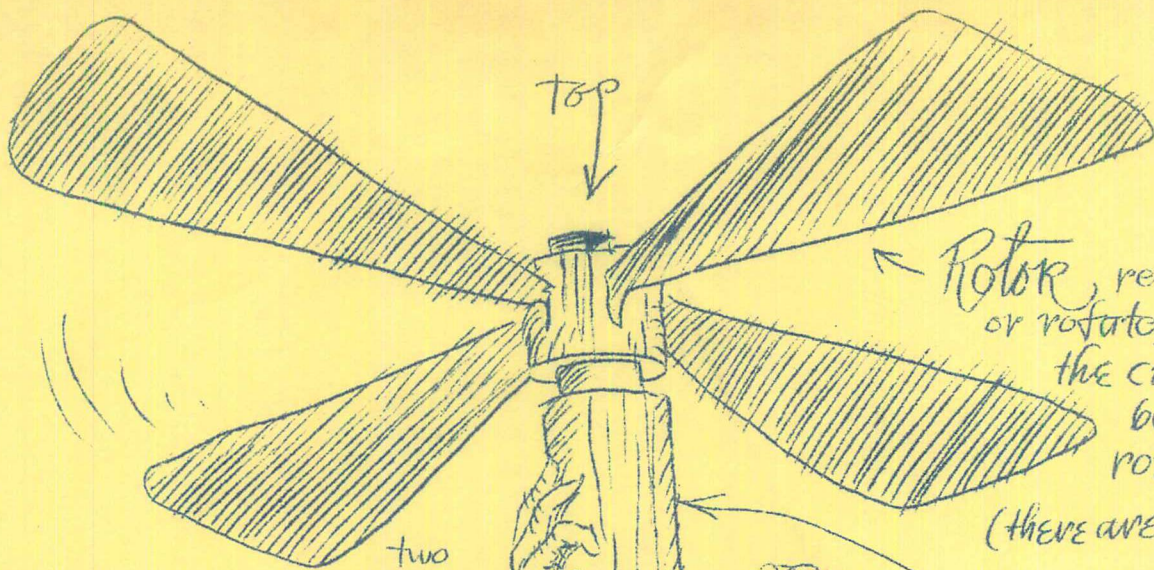
← man with
no clothes
on

← gluteus
Maximus

↑
up

↓
down

pedal energy
accumulator
(goes up and
down and in
and out)



two
way
wrist →