

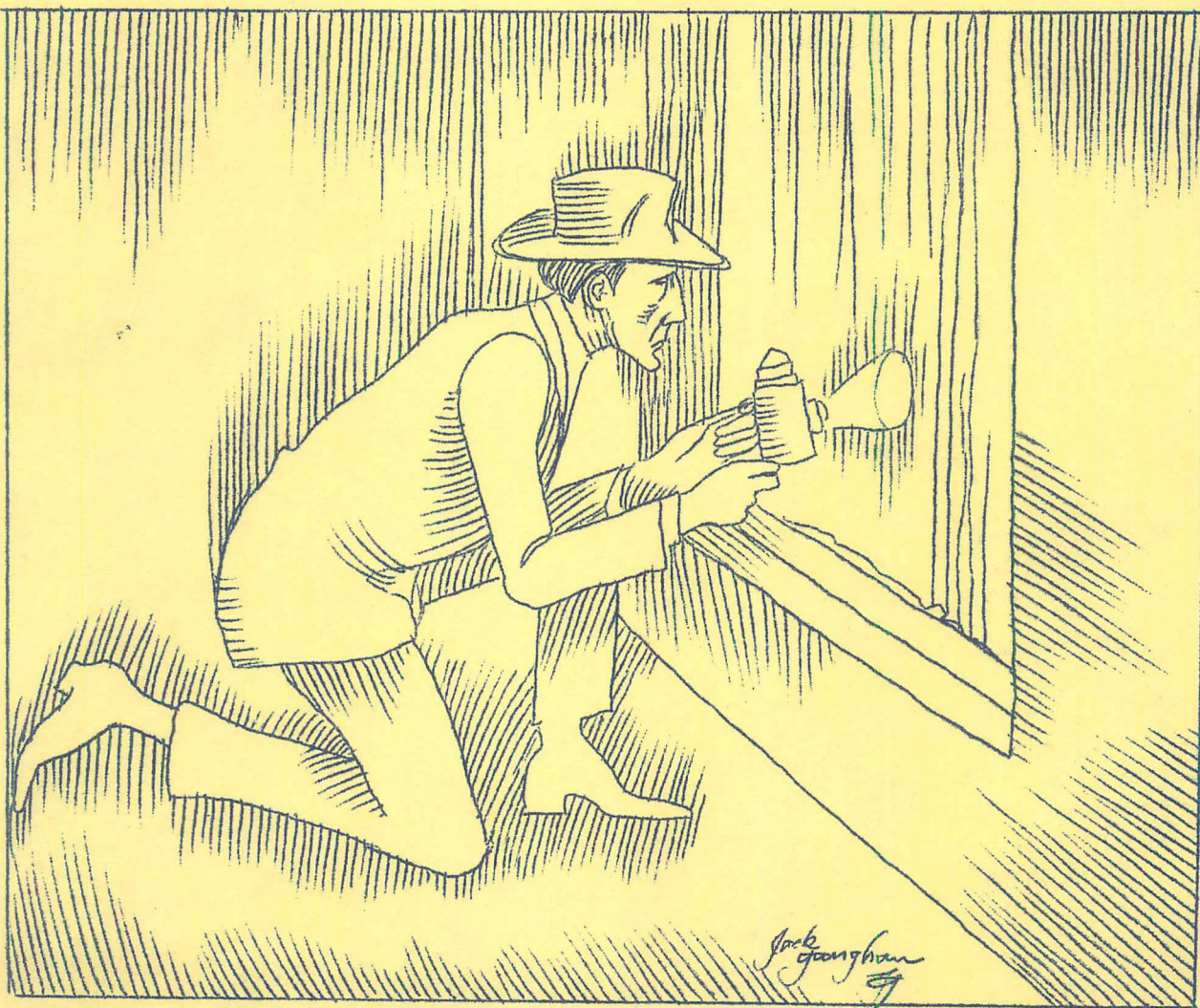
Another Bangs Up Issue!

HORRRRIB

NUMERAL



NINE



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MAILING COMMENTS (121)

Mundane-type business brought me to the Washington DC area in mid-November (if you can call filming the newly-installed world's fastest computer at the Goddard Space Flight Center mundane) and Bob & Peggy Pavlat kindly lodged and fed me. Dear old IBM would have done the same, of course, and I suppose I'm as fond of expense-account living as the next fellow, but it was much more fun to visit fans. The November mailing had just been posted, and the OE had considerably put aside pat's/my copy, which I used as bedtime reading.

Whether the congenial circumstances had anything to do with it I am uncertain, but my impression is that the 121st was substantially the best mailing since Pat and I joined with the 114th. A big mailing but not Gigantic, nor was there any one item so big or so brilliant as to stand out in the manner of a Lighthouse or an SF Five Yearly, but the number of substantial, significant, readable, well-turned-out items was such that the 121st has to be the outstanding mailing of the past couple years. So much for generalities. Now for specifics:

FANTASY AMATEUR 121 (Fiche Wholes): Odd that nobody noticed the Gala Thirtieth Anniversary of FAPA. Not that one expected a foofaraw like the 25th Anniversary, but some note was expected. Ahweel, wait till the 200th Mailing in 1988.

Regarding this presidency bit, I will make my statement here and omit comments to specific zines addressed to the question. I have my doubts as to the legality of measures enacted by the Nycon FAPA meeting unless they were enacted by an absolute majority of the entire membership, not just attending group (even if the latter, all counted, constituted an absolute majority of the membership). And I doubt that this was the case.

Further, I agree with Lawyer Speer that write-in votes, in the absence of a specific prohibition, are legal. And even an attempt to legislate against them may be overthrown as denial of free exercise of franchise. Finally, such convoluted logic-bending and apa-lawyering as ex-President Hansen and his supporters engage in took place after Len Moffatt had been elected, been duly notified of election, and had taken office (read your FAPA Constitution if you don't believe it!).

Well, the amusing aspect of this tangle is that between FAPA's slow quarterly feedback time and its fast (annual) turnover of officers, the contested term of the presidency will almost certainly have expired and
(continued on page 10)

R. HOLMES & CO.

I
Introducing
Mr. Raffles Holmes

by John
Kendrick
Bangs

Harper & Brothers

1906

It was a blistering night in August. All day long the mercury in the thermometer had been flirting with the figures at the top of the tuber, and the promised shower at night which a mendacious Weather Bureau had been prophesying as a slight mitigation of our sufferings was conspicuous wholly by its absence. I had but one comfort in the sweltering hours of the day, afternoon and evening, and that was that my family were away in the mountains, and there was no law against my sitting around all day clad only in my pajamas, and otherwise concealed from possibly intruding eyes by the wreaths of smoke that I extracted from the nineteen or twenty cigars which, when there is no protesting eye to suggest otherwise, form my daily allowance. I had tried every method known to the resourceful flat-dweller of modern times to get cool and stay so, but, alas! it was impossible. Even the radiators, which all winter long had never once given forth a spark of heat, now hissed to the touch of my moistened finger. Enough cooling drinks to float an ocean greyhound had passed into my inner man, with no other result than to make me perspire more profusely than ever, and in so far as sensations went, to make me feel hotter than before. Finally, as a last resource, along about midnight, its gridiron floor having had a chance to lose some of its stored-up warmth, I climbed out upon the fire-escape at the rear of the Richmere, hitched my hammock from one of the railings thereof to the leader running from the roof to the area, and swung myself therein some eighty feet above the concreted pavement of our backyard -- so called, perhaps, because of its dimensions which were just about that square. It was a little improvement, though nothing to brag of. What fitful zephyrs there might be, caused no doubt by the rapid passage to and fro on the roof above and fence-tops below of vagrom felines on Cupid's contentious battles bent, to the disturbance of the still air, soughed softly through the meshes of my hammock and gave some measure of relief, grateful enough for which I ceased the perfervid language I had been using practically since sunrise, and dozed off. And then there entered upon the scene that marvellous man, Raffles Holmes, of whose exploits it is the purpose of these papers to tell.

I had dozed perhaps for a full hour when the first strange sounds grated upon my ear. Somebody had opened a window in the kitchen of the first-floor apartment below, and with a dark lantern was inspecting the iron platform of the fire-escape without. A moment later this somebody crawled out of the window, and with movements that in themselves were a sufficient indication of the questionable character of his proceedings, made for the ladder leading to the floor above, upon which many a time and oft had I too climbed to home and safety when an inconsiderate janitor had locked me out. Every step that he took was stealthy -- that much I could see by the dime starlight. His lantern he had turned dark again, evidently lest he should attract attention in the apartments below as he passed their windows in his upward flight.

"Ha! ha!" thought I to myself. "It's never too hot for Mr. Sneak to get in his fine work. I wonder whose stuff he is after?"

Turning over flat on my stomach so that I might more readily observe the man's movements, and breathing pianissimo lest he in turn should observe mine, I watched him as he climbed. Up he came as silently as the midnight mouse upon a soft carpet -- up past the Jorkins apartments on the second floor; up stealthily by the Tinkletons' abode on the third; up past the fire-escape Italian garden of little Mrs. Persimmon on the fourth; up past the windows of the disagreeable Garraways' kitchen below mine, and then, with the easy grace of a feline, zip! he silently landed within reach of my hand on my own little iron veranda, and craning his neck to one side peered in through the open window and listened intently for two full minutes.

"Humph!" whispered my inner consciousness to itself. "He is the coolest thing I've seen since last Christmas left town. I wonder what he is up to? There's nothing in my apartment worth stealing, now that my wife and children are away, unless it be my Jap valet, Nogi, who might make a very excellent cab-driver if I could only find words to convey to his mind the idea that he is discharged."

And then the visitor, apparently having correctly assured himself that there was no one within, stepped across the window-sill and vanished into the darkness of my kitchen. A moment later I too entered the window in pursuit, not so close a one, however, as to acquaint him with my proximity. I wanted to see what the chap was up to; and also being totally unarmed and ignorant as to whether or not he carried dangerous weapons, I determined to go slow for a little while. Moreover, the situation was not wholly devoid of novelty, and it seemed to me that here at last was abundant opportunity for a new sensation. As he had entered, so did he walk cautiously along the narrow bowling-alley that serves for a hallway connecting my drawing-room and library with the dining-room, until he came into the library, into which he disappeared. This was not reassuring to me, because, to tell the truth, I value my books more than I do my plate, and if I were to be robbed I should much have preferred his taking my plated plate from the dining-room than any one of my editions-de-luxe sets of the works of Marie Corelli, Hall Caine, and other standard authors from the library shelves. Once in the library he quietly drew the shades at the windows thereof to bar possible intruding eyes from without, turned on the electric lights, and proceeded to go through my papers as calmly as though they were his own. In a short time, apparently, he found what he wanted in the shape of a royalty statement recently received by me from my publishers, and, lighting one of my cigars from a bundle of brevas in front of him, took off his coat and sat down to peruse the statement of my returns. Simple though it was, this act aroused the first feeling of resentment in my breast, for the relations between the author and his publishers are among the most sacred confidences of life, and the peeping Tom who peers through a key-hole at the courtship of a young man engaged in wooing his fiancee is no worse an intruder than he who would tear aside the veil of secrecy which screens the official returns of a "best seller" from the public eye. Feeling, therefore, that I had permitted matters to proceed as far as they might with propriety, I instantly entered the room and confronted my uninvited guest, bracing myself, of course, for the defensive onslaught which I naturally expected to sustain. But nothing of the sort occurred,

for the intruder, with a composure that was nothing short of marvellous under the circumstances, instead of rising hurriedly like one caught in some disreputable act, merely leaned farther back in the chair, took the cigar from his mouth, and greeted me with:

"Howdy do, sir. What can I do for you this beastly hot night?"

The cold rim of a revolver-barrel placed at my temple could not more effectually have put me out of business than this nonchallant reception. Consequently I gasped out something about its being the sultriest 47th of August in eighteen years, and plumped back into a chair opposite him. "I wouldn't mind a Remsen cooler myself," he went on, "but the fact is your butler is off for to-night, and I'm hanged if I can find a lemon in the house. Maybe you'll join me in a smoke?" he added, shoving my own bundle of brevas across the table. "Help yourself."

"I guess I know where the lemons are," said I. "But how did you know my butler was out?"

"I telephoned him to go to Philadelphia this afternoon to see his brother Yoku, who is ill there," said my visitor. "You see, I didn't want him around tonight when I called. I knew I could manage you along in case you turned up, as you see you have, but two of you, and one a Jap, I was afraid might involve us all in ugly complications. Between you and me, Jenkins, these Orientals are pretty lively fighters, and your man Nogi particularly has got jiu-jitsu down to a pretty fine point, so I had to do something to get rid of him. Our arrangement is a matter for two, not three, anyhow."

"So," said I, coldly. "You and I have an arrangement, have we? I wasn't aware of it."

"Not yet," he answered. "But there's a chance that we may have. If I can only satisfy myself that you are the man I'm looking for, there is no earthly reason that I can see why we should not come to terms. Go on out and get the lemons and the soda, and let's talk this thing over man to man like a couple of good fellows at the club. I mean you no

harm, and you certainly don't wish to do any kind of injury to a chap who, even though appearances are against him, really means to do you a good turn."

"Appearances certainly are against you, sir," said I, a trifle warmly, for the man's composure was irritating. "A disappearance would be more likely to do you credit at this moment."

"Tush, Jenkins!" he answered. "Why waste breath saying self-evident things?" Here you are on the verge of a big transaction, and you delay proceedings by making statements of fact, mixed in with a cheap wit which, I must confess, I find surprising, and so obvious as to be visible even to the blind. You don't talk like an author whose stuff is worth ten cents a word -- more like a penny-a-liner, in fact, with whom words are of such small value that no one's the loser if he throws away a whole dictionary. Go out and mix a couple of your best Remsen coolers, and by the time you get back I'll have got to the gist of this royalty statement of yours, which is all I've come for. Your silver and books and love-letters and manuscripts are safe from me. I wouldn't have 'em as a gift."

"What concern have you with my royalties?" I demanded.

"A vital one," said he. "Mix the coolers, and when you get back I'll tell you. Go on. There's a good chap. It'll be daylight before long, and I want to close up this job if I can before sunrise."

What there was in the man's manner to persuade me to compliance with his wishes I am sure I cannot say definitely. There was a cold, steely glitter in his eye, for one thing, that, had I been a timid man, I might have found compelling on this special occasion, but it was this that bade me stay and fight him. With it, however, was a strengthfulness of purpose, a certain pleasant and masterfulness, that, on the other hand, bade me feel that I could trust him, and it was to this aspect of his nature that I yielded. There was something frankly appealing in his long, thin, ascetic-looking face, and I found it irresistible.

"All right," said I, with a smile and a frown to express the conflicting quality of my emotions. "So be it. I'll get the coolers, but you must remember, my friend, that there are coolers and coolers, just as there are jugs and jugs. The kind of jug that remains for you will depend upon the story you have to tell when I get back, so you'd better see that it's a good one."

"I am not afraid, Jenkins, old chap," he said, with a hearty laugh, as I rose up. "If this royalty statement can prove to me that you are the literary partner I need in my business, I can prove to you that I'm a good man to tie up to -- so go along with you."

With this he lighted a fresh cigar and turned to a perusal of my statement, which, I am glad to say, was a good one, owing to the great success of my book, Wild Animals I Have Never Met -- the seventh best seller at Rochester, Watertown, and Miami in June and July, 1905 -- while I went out into the dining-room and mixed the coolers. As you may imagine, I was not long at it, for my curiosity over my visitor lent wings to my corkscrew, and in five minutes I was back, with the tempting beverages in the tall glasses, the lemon curl giving it the vertebrate appearance that all stiff drinks should have, and the ice tinkling refreshingly upon the sultry air.

"There," said I, placing his glass before him. "Drink hearty, and then to business. Who are you?"

"There is my card," he replied, swallowing a goodly half of the cooler and smaking his lips appreciatively, and tossing a visiting-card across to me on the other side of the table. I picked up the card and read as follows: "Mr. Raffles Holmes, London and New York."

"Raffles Holmes?" I cried in amazement.

"The same, Mr. Jenkins," said he. "I am the son of Sherlock Holmes, the famous detective, and grandson of A. J. Raffles, the distinguished -- er -- ah -- cricketer, sir."

I gazed at him, dumb with astonishment.

"You've heard of my father, Sherlock Holmes?" asked my visitor.

I confessed that the name of the gentleman was not unfamiliar to me.

"And Mr. Raffles, my grandfather?" he persisted.

"If there ever was a story of that fascinating man that I have not read, Mr. Holmes," said I, "I beg you will let me have it."

"Well, then," said he, with that quick, nervous manner which proved him a true son of Sherlock Holmes, "did it never occur to you as an extraordinary happening, as you read of my father's wonderful powers as a detective, and of Raffles's equally wonderful prowess as a -- er -- well, let us not mince words -- as a thief, Mr. Jenkins, the two men operating in England at the same time, that no story ever appeared in which Sherlock Holmes's genius was pitted against the subtly planned misdeeds of Mr. Raffles? Is it not surprising that with two such men as they were, working out their destinies in almost identical grooves of daily action, they should never have crossed each other's paths as far as the public is the wiser, and in the very nature of the conflicting interests of their respective lines of action as foemen, the one pursuing, the other pursued, they should to the public's knowledge never have clashed?"

"Now that you speak of it," said I, "it was rather extraordinary that nothing of the sort happened. One would think that the sufferers from the depredations of Raffles would immediately have gone to Holmes for assistance in bringing the other to justice. Truly, as you intimate, it was strange that they never did."

"Pardon me, Jenkins," put in my visitor. "I never intimated anything of the sort. What I intimated was that no story of any such conflict ever came to light. As a matter of fact, Sherlock Holmes was put upon a Raffles case in 1883, and while success attended upon every step of it, and my grandfather was run to earth by him as easily as was ever any other criminal in Holmes's grip, a little naked god called Cupid stepped in,

saved Raffles from jail, and wrote the word failure across Holmes's docket of the case. I, sir, am the only tangible result of Lord Dorrington's retainers to Sherlock Holmes.

"You speak enigmatically, after the occasional fashion of your illustrious father," said I. "The Dorrington case is unfamiliar to me."

"Naturally so," said my vis-a-vis. "Because, save to my father, my grandfather, and myself, the details are unknown to anybody. Not even my mother knew of the incident, and as for Dr. Watson and Bunny, the scribes through whose industry the adventures of those two great men were respectively narrated to an absorbed world, they didn't even know there had ever been a Dorrington case, because Sherlock Holmes never told Watson and Raffles never told Bunny. But they both told me, and now that I am satisfied that there is a demand for your books, I am willing to tell it to you with the understanding that we share and share alike in the profits if perchance you think well enough of it to write it up."

"Go on!" I said. "I'll whack up with you square and honest."

"Which is more than either Watson or Bunny ever did with my father or my grandfather, else I should not be in the business which now occupies my time and attention," said Raffles Holmes, with a cold snap to his eyes which I took as an admonition to hew strictly to the line of honor, or to subject myself to terrible consequences. "With that understanding, Jenkins, I'll tell you the story of the Dorrington Ruby Seal, in which some crime, a good deal of romance, and my ancestry are involved."

That's John Kendrick Bangs for this issue. Next Horib will carry "The Adventure of the Dorrington Ruby Seal," chapter II in the 1906 volume. The full title, by the by, was "R. Holmes & Co. / Being the Remarkable Adventures of Raffles Holmes, Esq., Detective and Amateur Cracksman by Birth". The second chapter is the most interesting and important part of the book, being (to borrow an expression from Another Fandom) the "origin story" of Raffles Holmes. Further Bangs and Bangs-era reprints will depend upon FAPA reaction. This needn't be massive, but if there's no feedback I'll assume that there's no interest and drop the series. If there is interest, there's lots more where this comes from.

(continued from page 1)

a new president have been elected and installed before the present dispute is settled.

Regarding membership changes, adieu to the departed and welcome to the arrived. There is no question whatever that Stiles will be an outstanding member -- his contributions to FAPA through others' zines in recent years have outshone the activity of many members. The others have all won their spurs in other areas of fandom, but will have to prove themselves in our Association. So again, Welcome, and I look forward to your participation.

DAY*STAR 28 c/w ALLERLEI 17 (Bradley-Breen & Breen-Breen): Everything in the issue was readable and of interest, but certainly the outstanding item was MZB's "One Touch of Goshwow." As I read through the pages, again and again I had that feeling of shared experience, knowledge that you were describing me and my experiences and attitudes when you described your own. Of course my neo days were a few years later than yours -- the early 50s instead of the 40s -- but conditions had not yet changed so very much. (They have now, where the veriest teenybopping neo seems able to stroll up to a huckster table at a worldcon and plunk down astonishing numbers of bucks for whatever suits his fancy.) Yes, I can even top (or bottom) your first publishing experience. When I was 17 (yes, it was just about my birthday, too!) I published my first fan-zine on a Smith-Corona portable typewriter using only carbon paper to reproduce the thing. Needless to say, circulation was somewhat limited.

I've had long talks with Larry Shaw about his neo days too, and we all seem to share the feeling of the importance of SF and fandom in those days, the sense at the time that we were doing something worthwhile and important. Do we have any of that left? I wonder.

SERCON'S BANE 34 (FMBusby): You ask about the cover of Horib 7...that was Jack Gaughan's mechanical sketch of the almost-flying machine of Par'z from ONE MILLION CENTURIES. In case you haven't read the book (and shame on you if you haven't!) it's a kind of super pogo stick combined with an autogyro-type rotor -- you bounce way the hell up with it and then you windmill slowly down. But it doesn't really fly, not quite. Jack did several pages of pen sketches and two color roughs before he actually painted the cover for Lancer, and he's given them all to me. Very handsome indeed.

Buz, you were one of several who did well on the Pop Division Quiz questions (Norm Clarke was another). As long as we're on the subject, here are the answers:

Classic Division

1. The quotation about the Purple Emperor comes from the list of characters at the beginning of THE RIDDLE OF THE PURPLE EMPEROR by Thomas E. and Mary W. Hanshew, published 1918; it is the fourth of seven volumes of the adventures of Cleek, the Man of the Forty Faces.

2. Lady Margaret Cheyne comes of age at 18.

3. Miss Cheyne (as distinct from Lady Margaret Cheyne) is the eccentric sister of Lord Cheyne, Lady Margaret's late parent, whose title became extinct on his death, some years previous.

Pop Division

1, 2, and Alternate Question: All are references to Sgt Peppers Lone Hearts Club Band, q.v.

3. The Royal Australian Mails were help up by Stingaree, E. W. Hornung's Australian "Raffles," as recorded in STINGAREE, 1906. The production involved was Gilbert & Sullivan's Iolanthe. Thus:

"....you may have seen this opera that I have been reading about?"

Kentish asked what it was, although he knew.

"Iolanthe."

"Rather! I was there the first night."

"The deuce you were!" cried Stingaree; and for the next quarter of an hour this armed scoundrel, the terror of a district as large as England and Wales, talked of nothing else to the man whom he was about to bind to a tree. Was the new opera equal to its predecessors? Which were the best numbers? Did Punch do it justice, or was there some jealousy in that rival hot-bed of wit and wisdom?

(--pp 110, 111)

In all fairness, this should have been in the Classic Division.

VUKAT #5 (Patten): Your comments about the surprising loss of your bid for the '68 worldcon were fascinating. In fact, it was as early as Thursday of the Nycon that Al Lewis was complaining to Pat and me about the hotel's mishandling of your committee's reservations. Of course, as you yourself say in Vukat there was a lot more to it than the hotel, but it helped (or hurt, depending on your viewpoint). I think that a lot of people thought there was a sort of "little rotation plan" within the big Rotation Plan, that is, that within the years allotted to the Pacific Coast area, cities would take turns. Since the Bay Area had it in '64, LA would have it in '68 and Seattle in '71 or '72.

I thank you for your very kind words about ONE MILLION CENTURIES. I started another novel (not a sequel) but stalled when I developed a fairly severe health problem this past fall. The medical situation is pretty well in hand [I don't wanna alarm nobody] but I just haven't got around to resuming work on the thing, even though it's all outlined (to the extend of one sentence per chapter). Well, as soon as this Horib is out of the way....

Incidentally, reviews have been sparse. To date I've seen only your own in Vukat, Coulson's in Yandro, Heap's in Shagrat, and Boardman's in Leftovers. I'd much appreciate copies and/or publication data on others that I may not otherwise get to see.

SALUD 28 (Ellinor Busby): Of course you got the "Pepper" questions right, and your guess of THE MOONSTONE for THE RIDDLE OF THE PURPLE EMPEROR was a damned good guess, albeit not quite on target.

Snoopy is "really" a nice dog, but he's so very yappy that he tends to make a bad first impression, following which things often go from bad to worse. But he makes a strong impression. Jim Harmon phoned recently for the first time since he visited us at the 73rd Street Penthouse of Fond Memories back in nineteen and ought sixty. His first question was whether Snoopy was still among the quick. Jim dropped in to visit in December, and he and Snoopy renewed their friendship after a seven year lapse. Neither seemed much the worse for wear, although Snoopy has of late years got gray around the muzzle (he's otherwise solid black), and a little bit creaky in the joints.

Most people take more quickly to our cats; Kitty is an appealing little callico and her son Supercat is an incredible blue-eyed 3/4 Siamese with strong orange points on a cream-white background. He's also fat, extremely friendly and placid, mischevous, and has been offered innumerable adoptive homes. But he isn't available. And all kidnaping attempts to date have been foiled.

Sorry you haven't seen ONE MILLION CENTURIES around. I'm quite concerned about its apparently very spotty distribution, and have written to Larry Shaw about it. Being a first novel by an unknown name it'll sell or sink on the basis of packaging (pretty good, I think) and distribution. And it just doesn't seem to be getting the latter.

OMAHA #1 (Stiles): Hey, yellow covers and granite interior pages and several pages of pica type followed by a comic strip drawn by Steve Stiles and then some more words at the end of the fanzine. This is obviously a swipø of Horib and I think I'm going to run you out of FAPA, fella, or maybe even all of fandom. You'd better just pack your bags now and get out before you get thrown out.

It's a damned fine fanzine so there! Only trouble is, from the viewpoint of a mailing-comments-writer, I keep saying "Good stuff, good stuff," as I read it, but I don't find none of them whaddayacallem, ah, comment schnooks.

But I'll look forward avidly to the next issue. (By the way, if you happen to run across Fenton Farnsworth down there in the sinful sity, tell 'im that ole Pascal Pascudniak's been looking for him. He'll understand!)

SGT. PEPPER'S PUNGI STEAK BIND #1 (Eney, Busbys): Forced, unfunny, unpleasant.

THIS STENCIL (June Moffatt): Search me. Please.

WABE (Ballard, Murray, Weber): Forced, unfunny, unpleasant.

PONG IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD 2 (Tucker): I had this nightmarish fear that after the Nycon bidding uproar and the barbs hurled you-ward, that you would quietly withdraw from all significant fanac, hurt and offended. I'm glad to see that you are not so thin-skinned. Much as I prefer the cool post-mortem analysis of Patten to the recriminations of other LA bidders, I can sympathize with the latter. Get that, sympathize -- not agree.

There they were, having walked into the Nycon and into the very bidding session itself with the thing all sewed up. No contest. The Bay Area's bid was only a token opposition. Even the bidding and voting were mere formalities -- as likely imagine an "upset" in the Electoral College! Half an hour later... and they are the losers. Immediately arises the need to find someone to blame, some treachery to uncover...ah, Tucker, 'tis thee, foul-hearted traitor, ethicless swine, betrayer, turncoat.... I suspect that with the cooling of tempers and a better understanding of what happened (see Patten, Donaho, yr own words, etc.), the loudest yowlers will shamefacedly back off from their accusations.

A PROPOS DE RIEN (MS) 1 (Caughran): Move to IBM Lexington? Hah! Don't kid yourself. The more I see of the United States, the more wedded I become to the few really lively cosmopolitan areas we have. Most notably New York, with the San Francisco Bay area running second and there's not hardly noplacelse even in the running.

Thank you for the essay on feline genetics. We do still hope to mate Super to some Siamese lady and see what results. All we need is the suitable Siamese lady, in heat. Any volunteers?

PANTOPON 19 (Berman): Your description of getting drunk in order to find out what it's like, your clinical descriptions of the process of drinking, your reactions and observations of the process of getting drunk, and the aftermath (congratulations on no hangover!) are a delightful mimicking of similar writings about various drug experiences. You did intend this, of course, did you not?

DIFFERENT v3 n2 (Moskowitz): This must of course be read in conjunction with your letters in the "SFWA Forum" for October '67 and December '67 (issues 1 and 2). Unfortunately, not all members of FAPA are members of SFWA (and vice versa); only those who are, receive the full dose of vitriol which you have begun to spray at Messrs. Blish, Harrison, and Aldiss. In brief you condemn Blish for publishing analytical material concerning his own works (under the unconcealing pseudonym of Atheling Jr) and therein praising said works and/or himself. You similarly condemn Harrison and Aldiss for praising each the other's works in a joint literary appearance.

Now on the face of it you have a case to make. The three parties against whom you range yourself have one of their own, also; an exchange of views might prove interesting to say the least, helpfully illuminating perhaps. Unfortunately, you choose the line of personal viciousness to make your case, rather than one of critical objectivity (or as near to that ideal as the human factor permits). I have ragged others on this point in the past, and you now, nor quit I today. Your behaviour, to borrow Bob Silverberg's phrase, is most unseemly. Please mend your ways!

BAYCON PROGREP #1 (Donaho) Well, what I've already said to Patten
 BAYCON PROGREP #1 1/2 " and Tucker continues to apply. I do
 HOW WE WON " think that your victory was more the
 result of LA's blowing their bid (with
 an assist from the Conrad Hilton Empire) than of the Baycon's brilliance.
 Let's say that, there you were, ready to exploit any mistakes the other
 side made, and they made 'em, and you exploited 'em, and you won. Well,
 Pat and I both like the Bay Area better than we do southern California,
 and if family finances and babysitting and health and all the other
 variables cooperate not to cross us up, we'll be there with bells on.
 '64 was a good convention, and we look forward to another just as good.

INSCIENT 2 (Fitch): Ever since Pat and I got into FAPA, I've bitched
 periodically about minac. Each time I've done it,
 it has been with some hesitation lest certain individuals interpret my
 statement as implying personal rancour. So far, saints be praised, this
 has apparently not happened, but at the moment it seems that I've come
 dangerously close to treading on your toes with my size 10-and-a-half
 brogans. Well, let me say that I think you're a fine fellow and that I
 enjoy reading what you write. The only guy I'm trying to run out of
 FAPA is Stiles, not Fitch.

I think that the 8-page rule is undesirable; I think that any mini-
 mum activity requirement is undesirable. FAPA should be an association
 for people interested in actively participating, and anybody not willing
 to give his fair share should have the sense of justice not to take,
 either. Unfortunately, that would probably not work. It might be inter-
 esting to try it some time -- just drop the activity rule and put it on a
 sort of honor basis: He Who Giveth, Getteth; He Who Giveth Not, Getteth
 Not.

What I'm saying is, if you (not you, Fitch, but "you" -- anybody)
 aren't going to participate willingly and fully in FAPA, then in view of
 the long waiting list and terrific premium placed on memberships, you
 ought to yield your place and let some have it who will participate.
 Eight pages isn't the point -- nor is any rigid rule. The point is the
 spirit and degree of participation. Now: I still like you, OK? Not
 angry, OK? You neither, OK?

BETE NOIRE 18 (Boggs): There I was ready to join the crowd jumping on
 you for your defense of Pickering in re: his
 affair (disclaimer) with Ackerman, when Jim Harmon dropped in for that
 visit I mentioned a few pages back, and the topic came up. After hear-
 ing the story from another viewpoint, I found myself retracting. Not
 that I think Pickering comported himself creditably, but apparently
 Ackerman behaved no better, his conduct possibly extending to conscious
 or unconscious entrapment. Lie down with dogs, I guess, get up with
 doggie odor.

VANDY 28 (Coulsons): I used a Smith-Corona electric portable, the ancest-
 or, I suppose, of yours, for some eight years, fol-
 lowing which the SCM people overhauled it into like-new condition and I
 gave it to Pat's father, who's used it for another three years, so far.
 It's always given good and reliable service. I expect you'll have simi-
 lar experience with yours. ¶ Go to it with Doom Zombies, Stratton!

To you also, thanks for kind words about ONE MILLION CENTURIES. You talked about it both in Vandy and in Yandro, and I'm not sure just where I should reply, but let it be here. Regarding your objection to the Relori speaking the same language as Teras...ulp, I think you're right! Unless some devious-minded reader can bail me out, I'll concede the point: it's just something I didn't think of. Regarding the kissers and the kumquat juice, however, I point out that it was the spattered juice on the three, er, two airborne Terasians that drew the insects, not the whole fruit.

What most puzzles me, however, in Bob Briney's reaction as well as your own, is your reading the book as a "sword-and-sorcery" adventure. Of course there's no sorcery whatever (unless you want to call some of my fudged "science" sorcery). And as for swordplay and swashbuckling, that's at a minimum. The book was intended as a combination 'novel of character' and what Isaac Asimov calls 'social science fiction.' If I missed the target I aimed at but hit another one by accident, where does that leave me? Crying all the way to the bank, I guess.

HORIZONS 112 (Warner): An interesting point: Since Erbdom won the fanzine Hugo in '66, and assuming that the same people who voted for it would also vote for a Burroughs series for "all time best," why didn't a Burroughs series win that Hugo too? On the face of it, maybe enough people didn't vote straight tickets to swing both categories. For another possibility, maybe there was some hanky-panky when it came time to count the votes. (I have heard rumors of such, but have myself no data.) In any case, as an at-that-time highly active Burroughs fan, I can say that I Vas Dere, Scharlie, and there was simply no conspiracy. As usual, one can hardly prove a negative proposition, but I have seen no evidence that there was one. It looks to me simply as if people who don't like the idea of Erbdom's having won, would rather believe that there was a conspiracy than that the election went as they disliked. See my comments to Tucker for reference to another case of this kind of thinking.

HORIB 8 (Lupoffs): It was Sid Coleman, not Noreen Shaw, who made the comment about the Love Feast and the Festival of Hate. My apologies to both Sid and Noreen for the misattribution. It was due to faulty memory, no darker motivation. No plot, conspiracy, intrigue, treachery or malicious intent of any nature was involved. Okay?

NOMAD 1 (Ellik): You're another minacing FAPAn whom I do not mean to put down personally by my generalized comments on minacing FAPAns. Let's put it this way: Don't quit FAPA. Do increase your activity level and give us more of Ron Ellik to enjoy.

BOBOLINGS Nov 67 (Pavlat): Still again, thanks to you and Peggy for a delightful evening-and-overnight. I wish it had been longer, and I hope you will return the visit. ¶¶ Yar, it looks as if that four-year rotation plan that we rushed into may have some bugs in it, that a five-year plan would correct. We'll see what happens at Baycon. Meanwhile, present second thoughts seem to represent a good argument in favor of study committees and deferred action. Sure, that slows progress--but in the long run it often pays to make haste slowly. Or, to coin another phrase: There's never time to do it right but there's always time to do it over.

NULL-f 43 (White): Your further illumining of the details of the bad conduct of the Statler-Hilton drag me back to a series of discussions Pat and I held with one member of the Nycon committee as early as the late spring and summer of 1966, when you were in the process of making your hotel selection. The (informal) chats ran on through late '66, as I recall. I remember the occasion upon which he told me that you were inclining toward the S-H. It was like this:

We were sitting in the Second Avenue Delicatessen, at Ninth Street, having spent a while bookshopping at Biblo & Tannen and Steve Takacs' shops. There we sat over our food and Committeeman X said you would probably pick the Statler-Hilton. "Oh, no," I cried out dramatically, "I was there for a business dinner and it's a dingey old place. You don't want that hotel."

"When was this?" X asked. I told him that it was several years ago. "Completely refurbished since then," he told me. Well, I had my reservations at that, but he was adamant and carried the point. What about the terms, I asked. Brother X told me of all the glowing promises the management was making to get the con. "Are they putting these in writing," I asked, "with dollar penalty clauses for failure to live up to their promises?"

Well, X didn't know about that, but it sounded like a good idea and he'd look into it, but as time passed and the contract was signed, X told me that the penalty clauses were not there. Too bad. I have a feeling that the Hilton slogan ought to be "Promise them anything, but give them the shaft." Maybe future convention committees will be able to take a lesson from what happened.

SYNAPSE FAPA 121 (Speer): Was "Vip" (Virgil I. Partch) an active fan before he became a commercial cartoonist? You express doubt, and when I try to cite my source I find that I cannot recall it. The "fact" about Partch is one of these innumerable scraps of hearsay, "common knowledge", strange-but-true's and other miscellanea one picks up over the years and files away in the back of one's skull, from whence they pop after a seemingly random interval. E.g., Charles Foster Kane's dying murmur of "Rosebud." Ennyhow, I'm not able to support the statement about Partch, but I wonder if ennybody out there in big wonderful FAPAland is.

DYNATRON 33 (Tackett): Being somewhat antiquariifish in bent, I most enjoy the material devoted to the Grand Old Days of our mutual childehoodes...your own stuff on the "Six Great Classics of Science Fiction for \$1" and Ed Cox's bit on "Dynamic Science Stories." Some of those old relics (as distinguished from new relics, Speer!) hold up pretty well -- but not many! Of those that wheeze and creak, though, there are still a fair number that have a certain period charm to them, while more recent stinkers ("Fantastic Science Fiction," "Dream World") just stink. Or, Idunno, maybe give them another twenty years to dessicate and they too will acquire that certain je nai c'est qua. (Speer, I am laughing raucously! Eeeah-hahahahaha-hheee-hhooo-hhaaaa!!!)

RESIN #32 (Metcalf) I find your SAPS stuff of no particular interest in FAPA, and would much prefer to read material directed to the FAPA audience. This is really an abuse of the Association.

SELF-PRESERVATION #10 (Hoffman) A year ago the tech film people borrowed my services from information people here in the IBM laboratory, to write a year-end progress report film, all about how we're developing bigger and better and faster computers, programs that actually run (sometimes), etc. We had one section on a project to use holography as a data storage medium. They actually had made bit plates (does this sound like dentistry to you?) and then read back the information, using lasers to make the holograms and re-create the images. It was great fun to write an animated section of the film showing how the recorded data would be converted back to digital form, transmitted to a computer and so on. We also filmed an experimental hologram -- the classic "chessmen" shot, which our optics lab people had duplicated.

We asked the fellow in charge of the project if we could film the holographic projection; he said he didn't that anybody had ever done so, but we were welcome to try. The cameraman (a fascinating character he is, I'll tell you 'bout him some time) made the shot twice, once using his light meter reading, once on a hunch. The latter was right. He dollied the camera right and left as he shot, and sure enough, there were the chessmen emerging and disappearing behind one another beautifully.

This year, making a similar film, we went back to the optics people and filmed an experimental holographic system they're working on under a contract from the Office of Naval Research. It's to create a full 3D image for pilots to use in landings when the actual target is not visible. Projected uses are aircraft carrier landings in storm or darkness, space rendezvous, and flight simulation. You can look at a hologram of a carrier, and by looking up or down properly see either the top or the bottom of the flight deck. There's one projection hooked up to a joystick, and aircraft maneuvers indicated by the stickman make the image change just as an actual carrier would "move" relative to a maneuvering aircraft. Another experiment simulates an approach from some miles off to near touchdown, just by moving a focusing lens behind the hologram. You should have heard our cameraman curse figuring out how to shoot that! Rotsler, you dig this? He finally used a follow-focus.

At Jim Harmon's request I checked into holography a little further and found that there is considerable work going on in holographic movies and television, which will produce that full 3D phantom projection so dear to science fiction writers in decades past. The Gernsback School scores another triumph!

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC v2 n2 (Brown): We missed the FAPA meeting at the Nycon because, let's see how it went now...Terry and Carol and Pat and I and Sid Coleman and Boyd were taking Greg and Joan Benford to a Fancy Expensive Restaurant. The place is La Cave Henri IV, it's at the corner of Third Avenue and 52nd Street, and it's sort of a semi-official hangout for fans who like to eat at FXRs from time to time. We've been there with the Willises, Ethel Lindsay, the Wollheims, ATom, James Blish, the Shaws, and Ron Ellick in addition to those named above. We're going to have dinner there tomorrow night with the Carrs and Ron, plus a couple of mundane friends. Oh yes, Andy Porter's been there too...and George Locke...and Steve Stiles? It's a

good place altogether: nifty decor, prices not too X (as FXRs go, that is), and the food, ahhh.....the crepes, and the pate, the vichyssoise, the soupe l'onoin, the noisettes d'agneu, the brochette, filet of sole amondine, and ah, the duckling flambe, the duckling. And for dessert, without hesitation, the mousse au chocolat. All preceded by a couple of good scotches, and with a Tavel or Rose d'Anjou to accompany the food, and a good brandy (oft on the house) following all. O tomorrow, haste!

Tom Perry is now one with Ellick and me and Jerry Knight in the computer business, programming the Model 67 Real-time System (a dog if ever we built one) and zipping to and fro between Kingstone (about 25 miles NNW of here) and Mohansic (about 25 miles due south of here).

ALIQUOT Nov 67 (Hevelin): It was good seeing you again, and may I say that a couple of those quiet sessions with you and LeeH and one or two others in Bickford's and/or up in our room were high points in the con for us. [Thanks also for the pulp-oriented offset zine you've been sending. It isn't quite my bag, but it's fun.]

SIMULACRA (Gaughan & Lupoff): Forced, unpleasant, unfunny.

THE VINEGAR WORM VII n10 (Leman): Thurlow Faulbetzer deserves to live forever in the annals of something... I'm not sure just what. And the most beautiful thought came to me after reading of Thurlow's close shave: Thurlow turns the contract over to Literary Agent Daniel S. Mead to handle for him because Thurlow isn't too conversant with literary contracts and he doesn't want to get gypped, see. But with a sharp agent in his corner....

ASSORTED POSTMAILERS: P. Howard LYONS: You are one more minacer whom I am not trying to run out of FAPA (as if I could anyway!)...see my comments earlier for details. Dick SCHULTZ: I enjoy "The Avengers" and am glad to see the show returning, albeit sorry to see Miss Rigg departing after the first eight "new" installments. But "Rigger Digger" just goes on and on and on and I find my interest reaching its end before the zine does. This may say something about the quality of "R-D" or merely about the extent of my interest as against the extent of the zine. Joe SANDERS: I'm not that much of a poetry buff, so your eight pages of something didn't do much to me -- which is not to put down the poems by any means! I hope to see some Sanders prose, tho, some time. Bill ROTSLER: I don't know whether "Wishing You the Same" was sent to all of FAPA or not...but thank you for it. It's on my office wall, where it's made a big hit not only with the staff but with a couple nice-looking models we had in this week for some product-announcement shots. Unfortunately, they keep all their clothes on to pose with computers.

= = = = =

QUOTATION:

In approaching a problem a Marxist should see the whole as well as the parts. A frog in a well says, "The sky is no bigger than the mouth of the well." That is untrue, for the sky is not just the size of the mouth of the well. If it said, "A part of the sky is the size of the mouth of the well," that would be true, for it tallies with the facts.

--Chairman Mao (1935)

The Incomparable Perigrenations of Professor Thintwhistle and his Nephew Pariel*ether Flyer

SCRIPT:
PASCAL
PASCUDNIAR



ART (HAH!!)
FENTON
FARNSWORTH

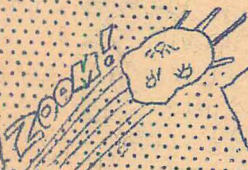
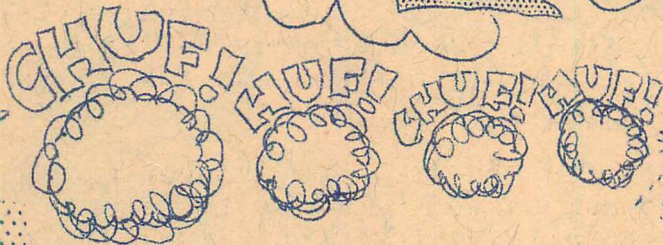


HOLY
COW!

WHILE the Professor
and his Acolyte innocently
contemplate the awesome
wonders of Nature...

...And so you see,
my dear ninny,
forenaggio will
serve as well as
fettuccini
alfredo!

O fount of
enlightenment!
a mentor
SUBLIME!



Asteroid
menace!

LUCY IN
the SKY
WITH
DIAMONDS



MOON

TREACHERY in the SERVANT'S PANTRY!

Listen, Blithering Snipe,
Baby, I'm GONNA SPLIT
Now and set the
SUPER-magneto -
electronoidal
attracto -
generator in
our engine
Room, OVER &
out!

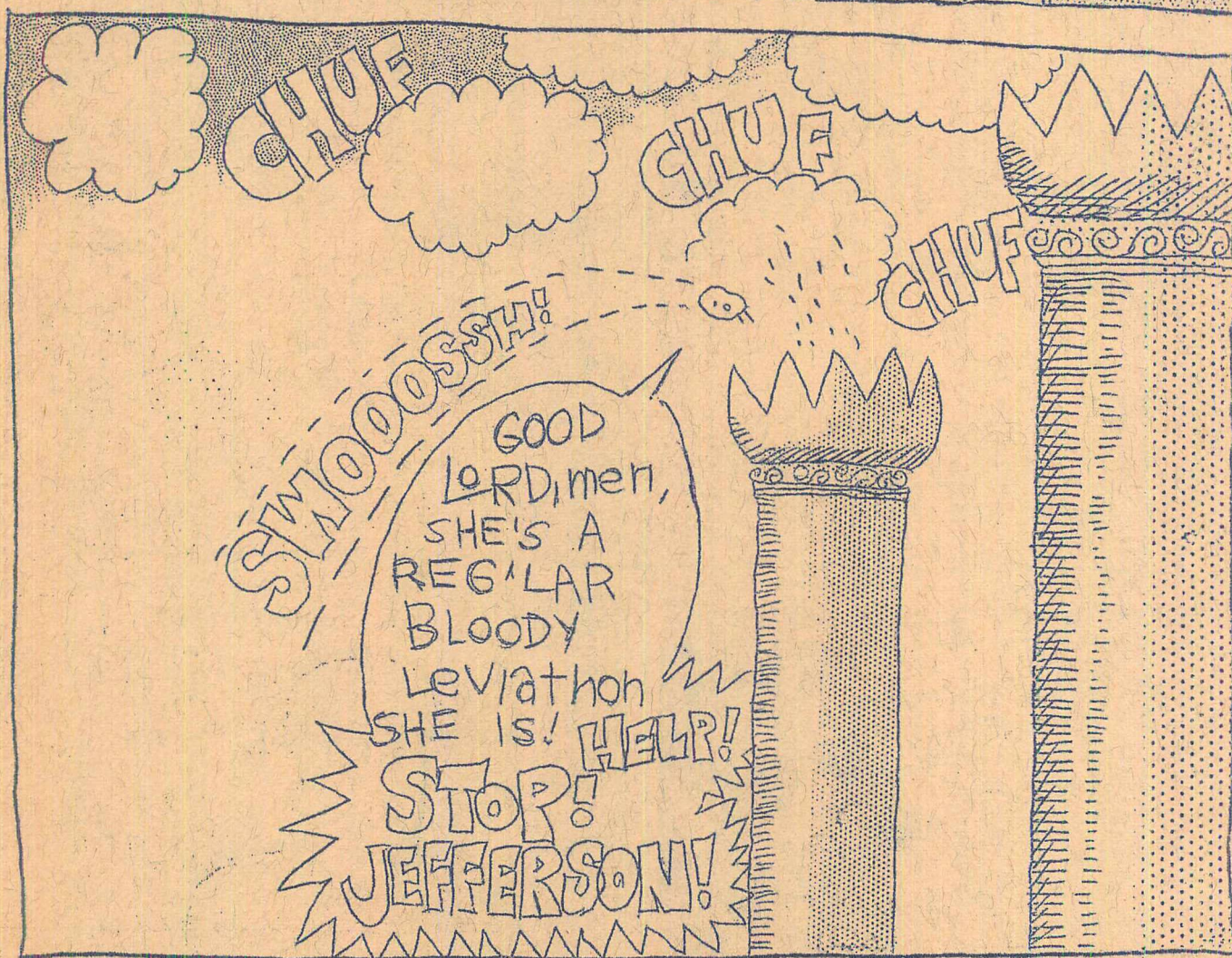
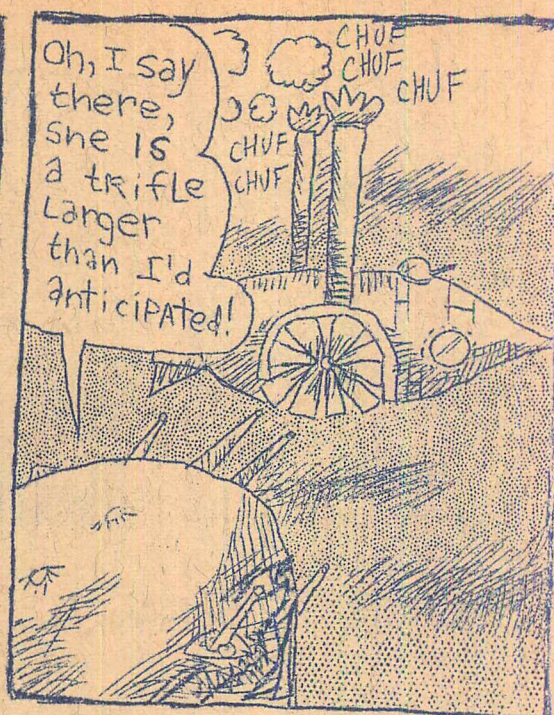
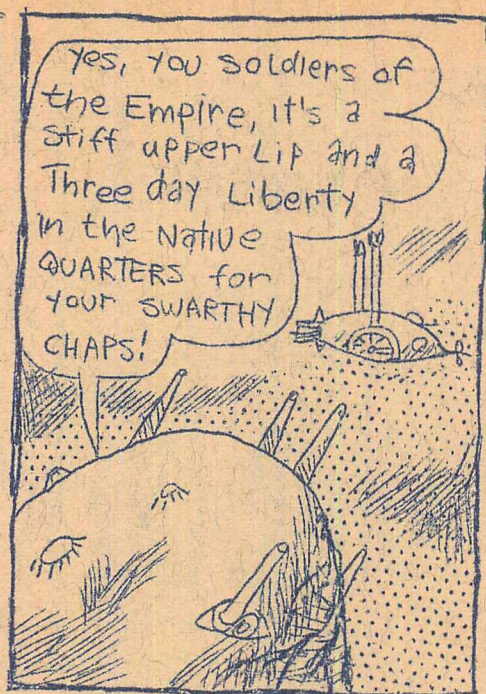


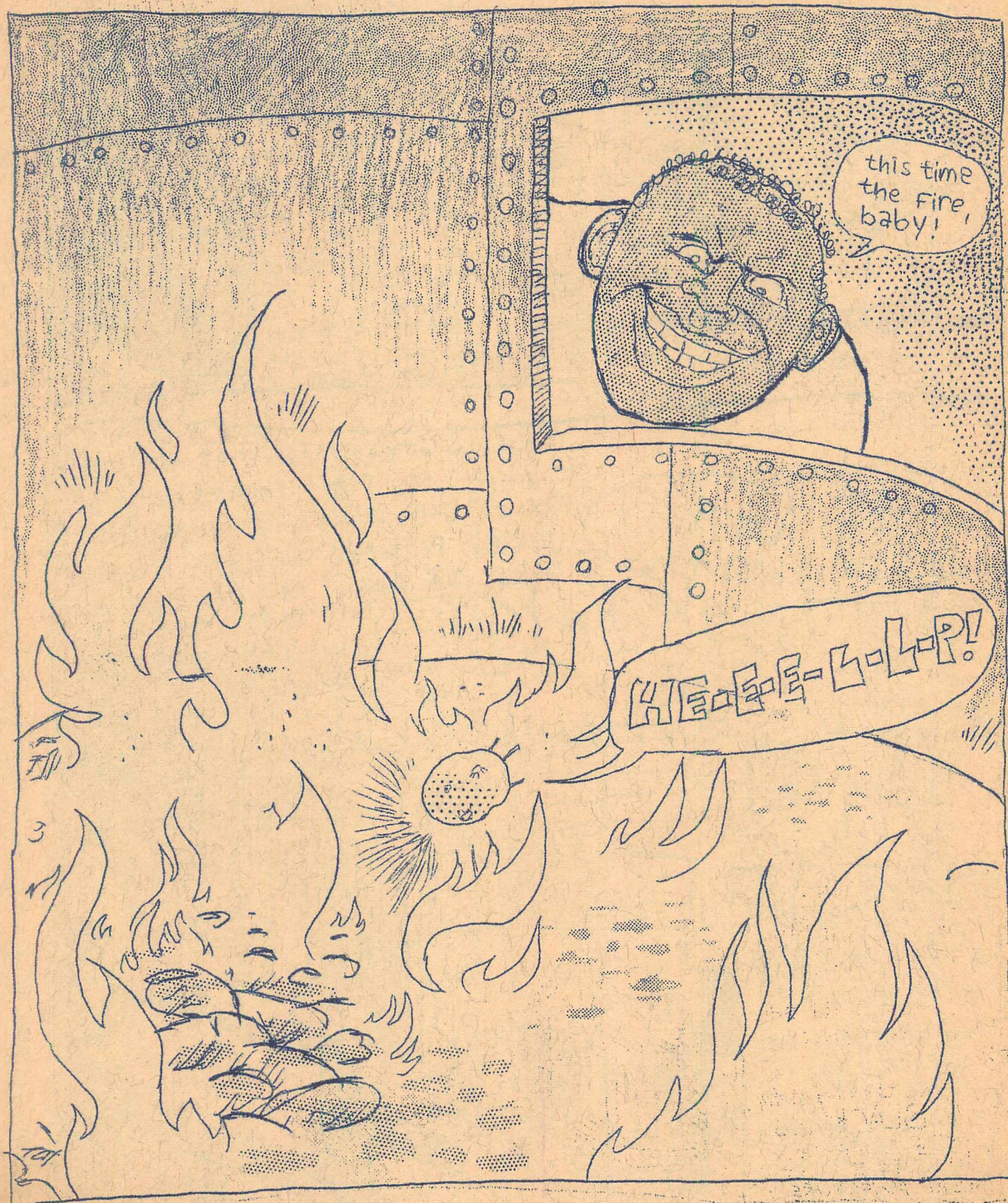
AND, on the Doom PLANEToid.....

very well, old
chappie. we
shall home
in on your
automatic
MAGNETIC
SIGNAL!



And you fool son
of EthioP, shall
become smither-
eens with
Them! OLT
Leftenant B.-S.
has a trick
on two
up his
sleeve yet!





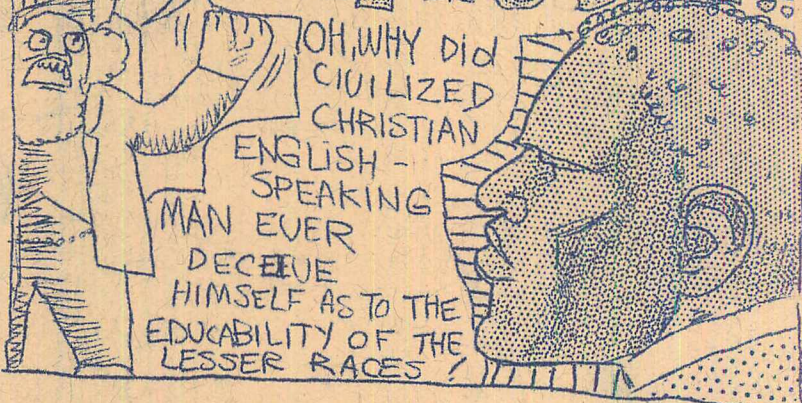
And so, aboard the VICTORIA all returns to NORMAL.

AH! I'S BROUGHT YO' DRINK, PERFESSAH SAH, & ONE FO' de young GEN-NUAL MAN!



YOU DUSKY RASCAL! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN!?

OH, WHY DID CIVILIZED CHRISTIAN ENGLISH-SPEAKING MAN EVER DECEIVE HIMSELF AS TO THE EDUCABILITY OF THE LESSER RACES!



NINNY.

OH, PUT IT ON THE TABLE AND GET OUT, YOU BUFFOON!

GO ON, FOOLS! LORD IT UP WHILE YOU MAY! THAT MILITARISTIC FASCIST IMPERIALISTIC COLONIALISTIC LACKLEY BLITHERING-SNIPE THIS RUNNING DOGS GOT THEIRS! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET YOURS TOO!

YOWSAH!

EXIT

CHAPTER'S CONCLUSION:

Will the VICTORIA EVER Reach the moon?

IF So, what will she and her crew find there?

Or, will the ungrateful, Arrogant BLACK J.J. CLAY work some new MISCHIEF TO SABOTAGE The GREAT ADVENTURE?



A COLUMN TO MAKE FRED PATTEN HAPPY (YAY!)

THE INVISIBILITY AFFAIR ("Man from U.N.C.L.E. #11) by Thomas Stratton
Ace Books 1967, 50¢, 158 pp.

High regard for our West Coast namesakes notwithstanding, Pat and I have never subscribed to the belief that All Good People like The Man from U.N.C.L.E. When the program first came on we watched it -- once -- and found nothing more to it than very bad imitation James Bond. For all that everybody says the program improved, we just never bothered to tune in again (and now it's too late, is it not?).

With this for background, I approached the present novel by Buck Coulson and Gene DeWeese somewhat trepidaciously, and found, instead of the Instant Boredom I half-expected, a fairly amusing, easy-reading novel. The high points are the humor which, although of the slapstick variety, manages to come off quite well. Example: the two heroes, being driven around the midwestern countryside in the trunk of a car controlled by baddies, make their escape by hurling sticks of soft margarine (being smuggled into Wisconsin in the car-trunk) over the top of the car, to smear the windshield upon impact. One might doubt the aerodynamic acceptability of the incident, but it is funny.

As is the lady tech writer whose speech tends to lapse into technical writerese when she doesn't force herself to speak straight English. Only an ole tech writer like Buck or Gene (or yr 'umble reviewer)...or perhaps a civil servant like our OE or ST, can grasp the full poignancy of that shtick.

The plot of the book is a kind of mindless comic book-like complicated chase involving the two competing international undergrounds (U.N.C.L.E. and THRUSH), a Latin American Revolution, an invisibility machine mounted in an airship (the authors' title for the book was "The Invisible Dirigible Affair")...and the strength of the book, aside from its humor, is the amusing characterizations: the girl tech writer I mentioned, an overage German zeppelin pilot called out of retirement to pilot the invisible dirigible, etc.

But the greatest weakness lies in the lack of characterization of the main characters--Napoleon Solo and Illya Kuryakin. Presumably the confirmed U.N.C.L.E. fan knows these characters as well as he does his wife or himself, so there is no need to flesh them out. They are just there, and speak their lines and follow their stage directions like good actors. To a non-fan, however, this huge deficiency cannot be overlooked, and makes for a rather unsatisfying reading experience.

THE WELL OF THE UNICORN by Fletcher Pratt. Lancer Books 1967, 75¢, 384 pp.

This reprint of a 1948 hardcover is presented in a lovely package -- a fine colorful cover illustration by Steele Savage, a map, endorsements by L. Sprague deCamp and Baird Searles (of WBAI). And of course the by-line of the late Fletcher Pratt carries plenty of weight.

The book is fulsomely blurbed as another "Lord of the Rings," a motif even carried forth in the cover painting; and it starts very well. The setting

is a kind of Dark Ages fantasy world, seemingly patterned on Scandinavia, a few demons and spells thrown in to provide the supernatural element. At the beginning of the book the young hero Airar Alverson loses his farm for non-payment of taxes and sets off to seek adventure in the wicked city.

It's a familiar enough theme, but well handled by Pratt. Airar is a small-time mage, for instance, but every time he casts a spell it takes so much out of him that it makes him sick and weak for days following. In early chapters the book moves along nicely; Airar meets a number of interesting characters, has the customary struggles, captures, escapes and flights, and generally gets on quite well.

Unfortunately, the book soon deteriorates into an interminable military history. (Pratt was, of course, a leading military historian, and wrote fantasy as a sideline.) For all I know, the epic of Airar Alvarson is based on the rise of some actual medieval chieftan. But in place of the earlier views of Airar's age and surroundings we see only an endless series of marches and countermarches, battles and sieges, staff meetings and strategy sessions, preparations of battlements, and so on. Nearly 400 pages of this -- at least 200 too many!

THE HUMAN ZERO AND OTHER SCIENCE FICTION MASTERPIECES edited by Sam Moskowitz and Roger Elwood, Tower Books 1967, 60¢, 224 pp.

The title story of this collection is one of the handfull of legendary science fiction stories by Erle Stanley Gardner; it appeared in Argosy magazine in 1931, and scientifictional antiquarians like me must thank Moskowitz and Elwood for unearthing this rarity. However, regarding the story as a piece of writing rather than as an antique curiosity, one must concede sadly that "The Human Zero" might better have been left buried.

Based on the rather fuzzy notion that matter reduced to 0° Absolute would simply !poof! out of existence, this is an SF detective tale concerning the hunt for an extortioner and his victims. The characters are straight out of the pulp gallery of stereotypes: kidnapped millionaire, mad scientist seeking revenge against the millionaire for refusing to finance his invention (so help me!), greedy banker, quivering male secretary, harried police captain, cleverer-than-thou private detective, and two newspaper types: the wise-guy with the cigarette in the corner of his mouth...and a sob-sister.

The writing is on the same crude level:

A siren wailed.

There was a pound of surging feet on the stairs, blue-coated figures swarming over the place.

"He's behind that door, boys," said Rodney, "and he's armed."

"No use getting killed, men," said the officer in charge. "Shoot the door down."

The other stories in the book (the Gardner is 60 pages long) range from astoundingly bad ("The Imaginary" is the worst Asimov I've ever read; "I, Rocket" is the worst Bradbury I've ever read; "The Proxy Head" is the worst Bloch I've ever read) to only one pretty good ("The Cosmic Relic" by Eric Frank Russell from Fantastic, 1961 -- reads like Astounding 1943).

This book might better have been subtitled "...and other SF Disasters."

Another Bangs Up Issue!

HORRRRIB

NUMERAL

9

NINE

