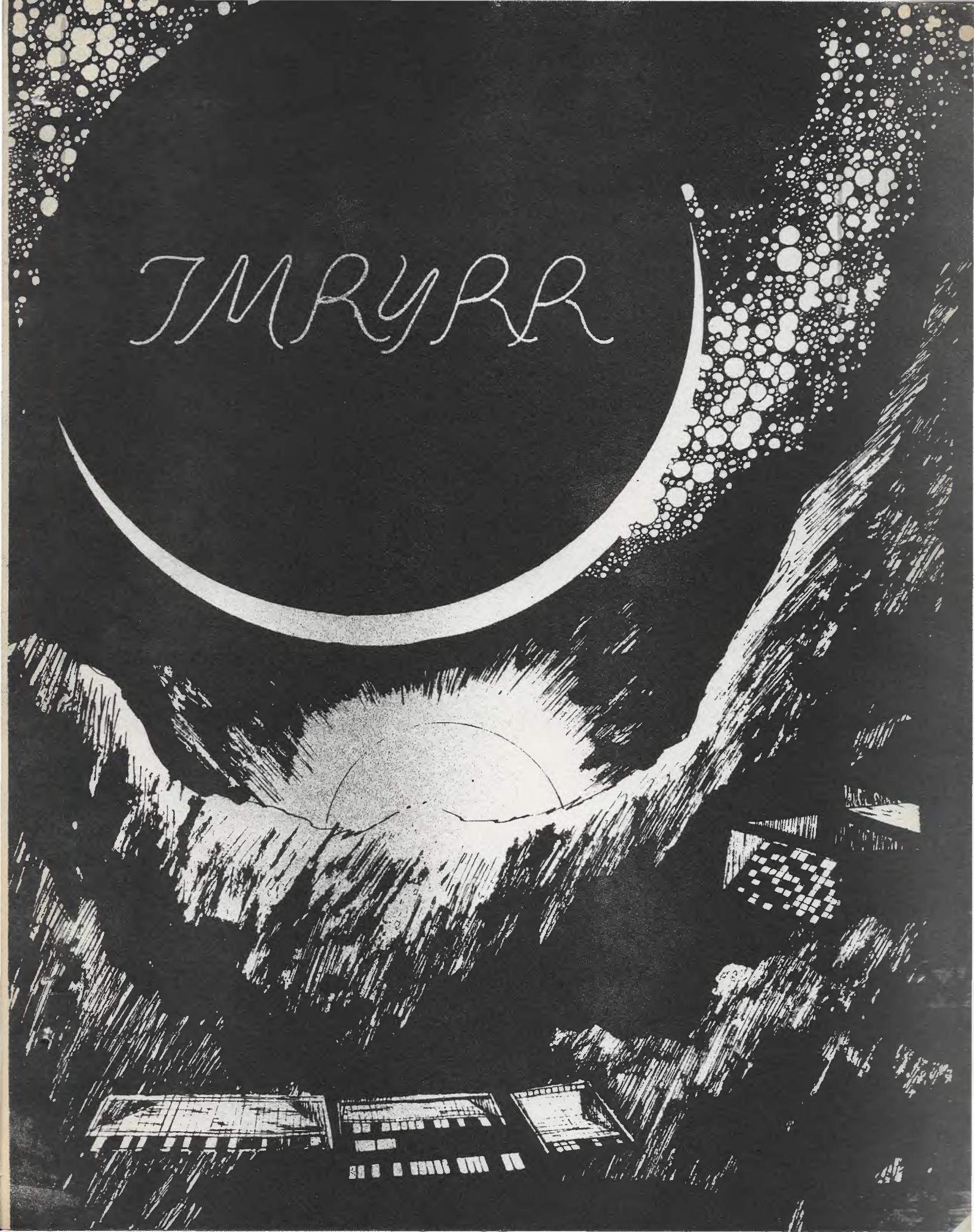


IMRYRR





IMRYRR

Vol. 1, No. 1

Edited by:

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Imryrr is published several times a year and is available for trade, substantial letters, contributions of art, articles, fiction, or humour. Also by SUBSCRIPTION: 50¢/issue or 3/\$1.00.

I would like at this time to thank the members of the Western Pennsylvania Science Fiction Association, who do not at this time that they are going to make a major contribution to Im by helping us to collate it after it is run off. But they will!!

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A BASIC BASEMENT Production
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November, 1969

Well, finally, after much grumblng and complaining and in answer to the great groundswell that arose to ask the most popular question of Summer '69 -- Where the hell is Imryr? --- my grumblng, complaining and questioning, that is; no one else knew what Ginjer and I were calling this thing, let alone asked for it. Except of course, for several wonderful requests -- threatenings letters, actually, from people who sent us stories and articles and artwork and, for some strange reason, would like to see them published sometime before 1975. Here it is. Sort of.

I shall not apologize for not getting IM out sooner. I don't work at all well alone and it was rather difficult for Ginjer and me to work together on this issue over the summer as she was in Pittsburgh and I in Johnstown. The weekends spent in Pgh. (that is the abbreviation for Pittsburgh, by the way. I didn't realize until PghLANCE that many people don't know this fascinating fact...) were not condusive to working on a fanzine ; as G. and I were (and for that matter still are) rather involved in fixing up (not to mention moving into) our lovely basement apt. There was some talk about calling it Carithugol, after our multitude of spiders, but now it's a dead heat between Bag End and Basic Basement. It is rather, you see -- A Basic Basement. A panelled basement, which G. and I have painted and contacted Avacado and Gold (not the panelling, just everything else...), and interesting place, but still aB asic Basement. With one window that can be opened and a half-finished room that will someday be our living room. but it must wait until Greg (Moore - Vice God in Cahgre of WPSFA) comes home for Thanksgiving vacation and puts the ceiling in. It figures. Our landlady bought all the material but let Greg build a floor and put in the panelling. Of course she'll be glad to wait for him to do the ceiling. I just

SUZLECOL

Can't wait for G. and me to attempt installing the carpeting. [Would you believe we have a couch that is supposed to go in the new room and is across the street on the second floor of our landlady's father's house?? How about a rocker in the attic..?] Well, enough about the B. It's only one of the reasons IM is months behind schedule.

The other is St. Louiscon. I tried frantically to finish IM by the Worldcon. I had the covers run and cut about 20 stencils by staying late every evening at work and using the IBM Selectric typer. [Matter of fact, that's where I am right now. Back at the Johnstown Red Cross, attempting to finish stenseling, etc.,etc., and thereby prove ther are indeed at least 30 hours in a day...]. But I had too much to do in too short a period of time. So I was eventually forced to give up that adventuresome idea.

The St. Louiscon also ruined my plans for the next few months as it was there I decided to not return to Carnegie Tech for a semester. (I am intensely involved in a group of people that seems to always make major decisions and have major crises at conventions. Remind me to go into a discussion of fandom as a social agent sometime...)and then I had a nervous breakdown. Not really! But I was rather in upheaval and couldn't do much but look for a job for a few months. Now --- Voila! FANZINE!!

In this issue we are lucky to have the lovely services of Kevin Erwin (his covers are wild) and Andy Porter with some really good artwork. Andy's drawings were done at the Pgh. Party at the Disclave last May. He just sat there, in the middle of a loud (Eliot Shorter was singing with great feeling) gathering, handing me drawings as

He finished them on the hotel stationary. Speaking of artwork, there are several equally good drawings by someone with the initials M.S. Linda (Eyster -- Bushyager, my ex -- co-editor of Granfalloon, that is) gave them to me last Spring, but neither she nor I can figure out their creator. Legend has it that M.S. is Mike Symes of Boston fandom. Does anyone know? Mike, do you know? I hope to straiten this out during Philcon and will report the results in IMII, as they are excellent illos and their artist is well-worthy of being identified. Also, in this issue we are starting what I hope will be two regular columns. [That is, if either of them are speaking to me...] Bill Mallardi's Record reviews and Ted Pauls Book reviews columns. Of course, I shall also gladly accept any reviews by anyone who will contribute. For example, Richard Delap has several excellent reviews in this time and I hope he will send me more, considering, of course, the fact that he didn't send those to me in the first place... Also, as Bill mentions at the end of his column, if you have any ideas or specific discs you'd like to see reviewed, drop him or us a note about it.

Now about Tim Evan's story. It is rather nostalgic -- the kind of story you imagined as a child, and the kind of fantasy games you played. Or at least I played. And it is because of this quality that it appears here.

Finally, we have no fanzine reviews, although I have received quite a number of fanzines over the summer, mainly because they are all outdated. Ginjer will be reviewing them next issue.

One thing I would have liked to round out the issue was a Bob Tucker-style satire, a good humourous article, or perhaps a nicely fannish article -- someone writing on fandom. Although we've asked for them, I'm afraid none have so far appeared. One thing we do have is lots of good artwork -- but -- more is needed, especially covers. And I'd like to ask for good articles, humourous, fannish, etc., to go with it.

CONTRIBUTE! IMRYRR WANTS YOU...

COMING NEXT ISSUE

Well, there are a few definites. The first part of a story by Bill Bowers; a fantasy tale by Greg Moore; more book reviews by Ted Pauls; Sandra Meisal; artwork by Kevin Erwin, Sandra Meisel, Richard Delap, William Rotsler, Connie Reich, Mike Gilbert, Tim Kirk, Robert Gilbert, Bill Bowers.....And perhaps a surprize or two.

YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A WPSFA DEPARTMENT

As those of you who read Locus may know, PgHLANGE, our Pittsburgh regional held last-June, was rather successful -- of not in being a model of efficiency and comfort, at least in being what a con should be, or is supposed to be -- a place for fen to get together and enjoy themselves. I think from the comments I've heard that everyone in spite of several annoying inconveniences, really did enjoy themselves. So now, drugged by our success (so to speak) we are having another go at it this year. Plans and decisions were started into action at the meeting after St. Louiscon, and with the following page our fun and exciting issuance of bulletins is about to begin. DON'T MISS THEM -- if last year is anything to go by they should be some of the best light fiction to come out all year....

Bye-bye. SVT

* * * * *

I have a word for all you people out there and that word is Avacado...

PgHLANGE II

Western Pennsylvania Science Fiction Association
Pittsburgh Regional Convention

Date: July 17 - 19, 1969
GoH: Harlan Ellison

Remember PgHLANGE I? We do. Which is why, this year, we've made some startling Pghlangish innovations:

¶ We are organized! The planning and execution of PgHLANGE II is in the ~~grubby~~ soft hands of three of WPSFA's loveliest femmefans. (With a little help from our friends.) Doesn't that make you feel secure?

¶ We have a large hotel-motel. The Chatham Center Motor Inn (which is a Howard Johnsons). It is not located at the end of the airport runway, or anywhere near the airport. It is located in Downtown Pittsburghville, at the very brink of our indigenous ~~ghetto~~ deprived neighborhood! If the smog don't get you, the ~~ghetto~~ underprivileged will.

¶ The hotel has 450 rooms, a pool, gymnasium, two saunas (one for either sex), air conditioning, free parking, and adequate meeting facilities.

¶ We are going to have an actual banquet, with meat, potatoes, vegetables, etc. In the evening. No brunch. It will be expensive, but we won't mention that now.

¶ We are planning a program including films, organized this year by someone who knows something about films; the usual fascinating panels, consisting of anyone we can lay our ~~grubby~~ soft little hands on, (Any volunteers); and a few surprises...?

¶ We got Harlan Ellison at St. Louiscon, before everybody decided to get Harlan Ellison. He agreed to be GoH at PgHLANGE II and he's honoring that commitment. Harlan has enough problems -- he doesn't need grumps of irate WPSFA members.

¶ We have Bob Silverberg (Hugo winner) as GoH Emeritus, too. He won't speak, but his presense will be felt.

¶ Our expenses have increased this year, so, in addition to a ridiculously overpriced banquet (which we are not mentioning) we've had to raise registration. It's \$2.00 in advance, \$2.50 at the door. For information, contact:

Mrs. Linda Bushyager
5620 Darlington Road
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217

or

Suzanne V. Tompkins or Ginger Buchanan
5830 Bartlett Street
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217

¶ We have a fantastic money-making scheme -- The PgHLANGE PORTFOLIO. Connie Reich is grabbing all the fan-pro artists she knows, with her legitimately ink stained hands and persuading them to contribute. Deadline for submissions is December. Originals of the art included will be auctioned off at PgHLANGE, for the benefit of TAFF.

SO -- of you liked PgHLANGE I -- you were weird!! Come to PgHLANGE II, which will be more of the same only.....?

LADY LAZARUS

EDITORIAL by GINJER BUCHANAN

One's first editorial in one's first fanzine traditionally takes the form of an I-was-born-in-a-trunk-in-the-Princess-theatre-in-Pocatello-Idaho sort of column. So be it.

I-was-born-in-a-hospital-on-the-Northside-of-Pittsburgh, Pa., nearly a quarter of a century ago. The occasion went largely unmarked, except by those immediately involved, since everyone else seemed to be more interested in the approaching end of World War II. I grew up, still in Pgh, in the more or less normal way of upper lower class Irish-German Catholic girls.

Now, I don't want to insinuate that Pgh. is dull, or stodgy, or uninteresting or such, but let us say that I soon, as necessary escape therapy, discovered the local branch library, specifically the juvenile fantasy section [Pittsburgh, by the way, has a fairly good free library system. It was endowed by Andrew Carnegie in his declining years when he was feeling guilty about the many charming things he'd done to amass his fortune.]. Anyway, I spent a good deal of time in Narnia, with Prince Caspian and friends, romping around with Edward Eager's various characters, and even (choke!) floating up-and-down on umbrellas with Mary Poppins. Later, while my peers were scrambling for the next Nancy Drew or Hardy Boys book, I was quietly collecting Rick Brant Science Adventure Stories. And eventually, as happens to AllMen, I found Bradbury. Bradbury is one author that any library can be depended (!) to have.

In between books, I managed to get thru grade school successfully, and incarcerate myself in a Catholic girls' boarding school, run by nuns. My father still affectionately refers to it as The Asylum. Well, people, that two years messed up my mind quite comprehensively. When I finally got out, I spent the following high school years in my room, hanging from the ceiling dripping green -- and reading. More Bradbury. Asimov. Clarke. Heinlein. Wyllie. Sheckley. I began buying paperback collections, like the year's best, and discovered Cordwainer Smith and Ted Sturgeon (Still among my favorites). My tastes were, to put, it mildly, diverse.

College brought me down off the ceiling, and the volume of work and routine class cut down my reading time. I still hadn't delved into either fandom or the pulps. The former I was vaguely aware of from references in anthology intros, but nobody told me about Dirce Archer (Now I Know...). And the latter looked appealing on the newsstands, but, well, What Would People Think?? No, at the time I preferred to extrapolate privately -- and everyone knows what that leads to!

Oh, there was one friend and fellow sociology major, who I finally "converted" to SF. Specifically to my latest "discovery": H. Ellison. Sometimes I still feel guilty about throwing "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream" at a neo-reader. She survived, tho, and it was pleasant to be able to discuss my favorite literary aberration with another (relatively) human being. We even (gasp!) began buying magazines.

In fact, I became addicted to such discussion. So when aforementioned friend left for the Peace Corps and I, having finally gotten thru graduate school (of social work), found myself with nothing to do but earn a living, more time to read, and no one to talk to about SF, things began looking morose.

Therefore, I did something most unusual for me -- I wrote a letter to a couple of total strangers. Two girls whose names I'd gotten from a guy who'd worked with me in the book department where I'd toiled in my spare time during my educational precees. I'd been told they were trying to start an SF club in Pittsburgh. These were, of course, Suzle Tompkins and Linda Eyster.

They answered, by telephone, and I went to a meeting, and then to the '68 Disclave, and then to Baycon, where I bought Harlan Ellison -- and the rest is recent history.

So now I'm an officer in that fan club, sharing an apartment with Suzle, and actually putting out a fanzine (altho this ish is 75% Suzle's work, really).

And the future, as Mort Sahl once said, lies ahead.

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In that future, I had hoped to make this column a scathing, caustic, controversial commentary on things fannish. I planned to expose the bitter bile at the core of the bright bubble, in the best tradition of Ted White and Gore Vidal.

Alas, to paraphrase Will Rogers, the Bob Hope of his generation, "I never met a fan I didn't like." (Someone will now pass amongst the audience to collect for the Old Pro and Fan Foundation for the Study of Cirrhosis of the Liver, and its annex, the Young Pro and Fan Foundation for the Study of Hallucenogenics). True, there are some I like muchly more, such as the Silverbergs, Elliot Shorter, Charlie Brown, Sandy Meisal, Jerry Kaufman, the Couches, Ron Bounds, Fred Lerner, and Harlan. But even those people whose written and spoken opinions on panels and in zines reduce me to apoplectic teeth gritting [I should tell you that when Greg typed this for Ginjer, he couldn't read her handwriting and put epileptic there instead, but I won't ...SVT] turn out to be eminently worthwhile in more relaxed situations. Lester Del Rey, and even Ted White, for instance. I'm sure that if I bothered to get to know them, JWC and J.J. Pierce would turn out to be absolute pussycats. It rather takes the guts out of one's invective.

This time around, tho, I do have something to bitch about. Perhaps some of you out there can explain to me in your letters, [and you are going to write LoC's, aren't you, you Wonderful People?] why, from a convention membership of near 2000, there were only 450 nominating ballots cast for the Hugo's. Even with my less than lightening fast calculating ability, I figure that's less than 25%. I can't accept the possible excuse that it's because a major proportion of the 2000 are neo. Maybe so, but there are as sure as hell more than 450 active fans in the entire country. Perhaps I haven't been in fandom long enuf to become blasé about it. It seems, to me at least, that the Hugo's are important. I consider it not only a privilege, but a unique opportunity to recognize those authors and achievements that I feel are particularly worthwhile. I don't know what the authors themselves think about the awards. They may prefer to receive a Nebula, as a tribute from their peers. However, judging from the figures from the SFWA bulletin, which were printed in Locus, the Nebula has a much narrower base, not only in terms of limited SFWA membership, but also because of the

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Frank Mills is a narc

presence of even more apathy, according to the number of abstentions.

Where is it at then? Is it the old fen who aren't nominating in rebellion to the New Wave? Is it the young fen, not quite neo and not quite assimilated, who feel too insecure? Does the average fan want to be a sheep, by letting a few people choose what his choices will be, and then tell him what to vote for, thus saving him from reading that Buck Rodger's stuff? An apathetic majority in a group or situation that one belongs to not entirely by choice, such as a church, university or nation, I can understand (altho not condone). But people join fandom because, theoretically, they want to. Shouldn't they, then, be interested in the Fannish honoring of those pro's whose efforts, past and present, are what fandom is basically about?

Maybe, in my semi-neo naivety, I'm missing some point, somewhere. Any thots on the matter?

ADDENDUM, SOME MONTHS LATER...

Imryrr has been in the formative stage for an eon, so they above 'editorial' was written and partially stencilled ages ago. On re-reading it, I went semi-berserk, but Suzle wouldn't let me re-write completely. She's mean, rotten, bad and nasty and she snores. /I do not, but Ginjer does...SVT/ Sigh. So please excuse my old ramblings, and brace yourself for some new ones.

My thots on St.Louiscon are included as an after-thought to Sandy Meisel's con report so I won't go into that here. Suffice to say, I am learning.

I would offer to trade shaggy roommate stories, but it could lead to extreme pain caused by Suzle kicking me in the back in bed. We sleep together, you know. (I hope Suzle explains that in her editorial). /No, I don't. SVT/

As an alternative fun thing, I have decided to launch a contest for the most illogical Piers Anthony title. One hears the sequell to *SOS, The Rope is Var, The Stick*. VAR, THE STICK??? That rivals *The Thief of Thoth*. It also led, in a fit of late night giggle, to Tor, the Tissue, Ned, The Noodle, Bruce, the Wrist, etc. What do you think Piers and Pen will think of next?

Next issue, which will hopefully not have such a long gestation period, will have a report on the October 15 Moratorium march in Pittsburgh, a fantasy story by Sandra Meisel, further book and record reviews, Suzle and me. Don't hold your breath, tho.

If I don't see you and Philcon, see you next Spring.

'Til then -- Peace!



BOTH

First of all, to introduce this column correctly for Suzle's readers, I want to say that I'll review any records (read: album.) I feel like, and so far I do have some unusual ones lined up for future columns. If anyone out there has any suggestions or ideas on albums to review, feel free to send them in to me (address: 2345 Newton Street, Akron, Ohio, 44305) or to the editors. I don't guarantee to follow any of the suggestions, but I will consider them. (Providing of course the suggestions are not ones like: "Take a long walk on a short pier, Anthony!")

These reviews will be 'straight' as much as possible, and I'll pan as well as praise wherever I think it's needed, regardless of who's tootsies are tromped on re: our opinions of what's good and what's bad conflicting. With that, onward to:

DAYS OF FUTURE PASSED. Deram Label (Stereo DES18012) by THE MOODY BLUES, with the LONDON FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA conducted by Peter Knight.

SIDES

DAYS OF FUTURE PASSED is a beautiful album. It's as simple as that. From the unusual cover to the last song, ending up in a poem. I had first heard of THE MOODY BLUES when they had two cuts from this record reach the "pop ten" on an underground station in Cleveland. (I hate that

term pop ten -- or top ten -- it reminds me too much of the sock-it-to-ya, yell-in-your-ear type rock stations, etc., but I'm using it for lack of a better term.) I liked the songs, but didn't know they were on an album until I heard the BLUES themselves being interviewed by one of the station's disc jockeys one day. THE BLUES were on a tour of the U.S., plugging their record, and though I can't recall all of what was discussed, I do remember their saying they tried something different with this album, by combining rock with semi-classical music. It sounded great to me... an unusual twist, I thought. So I bought the Album. For once "they" were right -- it's an exciting, tasteful blend of pop and classical music. I'll even go out on a limb and say that I can imagine anyone liking it. I think even someone such as Harry Warner would like it if he heard it. It's just that kind of record.

Before I get to the reviews, I must describe the cover of the album. It may not be too clear a description, but I'll try anyway: the day I played the album for the first time, Joan Baker was visiting us before Bill Bowers took her out on a date. She immediately fell in love with the album -- both the record and the cover -- and later she bought a copy for herself (as she also did with the music from '2001'. Picking up the cover she exclaimed...

"Look! There are faces hidden in the painting..." We proceeded to scrutinize the painting, which the credits say was done by "David Anstey". Friends, not only are there more faces cleverly hidden than one can honestly count, there are silhouettes, heads, bodies, figures (nude and otherwise), knights on horseback, an eclipse (in seven stages) of the sun, a black-feminine-crested-creature (?), a flying space ship, the Madonna with child, an hour glass (with face inside), numbers from one through 12, twigs, leaves, blossoms, etc., depicting the four seasons of the year, the top half of an astronaut with a curving planet-skyline (Earth?) behind him, plus many,

NOW

record reviews

many things I may have missed. Trying to spot all the faces and heads alone is enough to drive you to distraction. (There is even one teeny head hidden inside the nostril of one of the two large female faces that are opposite each other like a combination smiling/frowning egg face used to be drawn.) Oh, yes, I almost forgot... there is even a small fetus curled up (a la '2001') complete with umbilical cord, on the left cheek of that same face. And that, dear fans, is the best I can do describing of cover. You've really got to see it yourself.

The selections on the album are all good -- some better -- and only one is not quite up to expectations (in my opinion) to the others. It is good in itself though, but compared to the others it suffers just slightly. Perhaps it's because it's one of the few songs with more of the 'hard' sound to it, and is a bit harder to understand. Not that I dislike the 'hard' rock -- far from it -- it's just that in this album it seems almost...well, incongruous, or something.

Side One, Cut One: About six minutes of THE DAY BEGINS, which is an instrumental medley by the orchestra similar to the "overtures" of musical scores...bits of all the songs are played in the beautiful semi-classical tradition. As the sounds of the piece fade away, the first part of a poem about day and night is introduced aloud by one of the BLUES. (The poem, incidentally, is just as good as the rest of the album, but I'm not going into it now...)

Cut Two: "Dawn Is A Feeling" --Almost four minutes long, this starts off with an instrumental intro, then a vocal solo which starts ..."Dawn is a feeling... a beautiful ceiling...the smell of grass just makes you pass into a dream." The double-entendre is obvious (grass/dream) but doesn't spoil the mood or effect. It's beautiful, slow song, with a dreamy quality: "This day will last...a thousand years...if you want it to". The whole effect is just what you (or at least I) get by waking up slowly to a pretty morning.

Cut Three: THE MORNING: "Another Morning". This is an up-tempo type of song of a child's world in the morning and what he may go through in his playing and his imagining. "Yesterday's dreams are tomorrow's sighs, watch children play...they seem so wise..." And after all, when you played cowboys, or flew a kite, played Queen in her Palace, went fishing, or any of the other things you did as a child, it really did seem like: "Times seem to stand quite still...in a child's world it always will." When this one ends, there is a small interlude by the orchestra before the BLUES start out

Cut Four: LUNCH BREAK: "Peak Hour", which is the last song on side one. This is the song mentioned earlier as being just a bit too harsh for the rest of the album. But then, it's supposed to be, I guess, since it depicts rush hour in the city. It also starts off instrumentally, like a busy traffic period in any town...brassy horns, swift strings, and staccato saxophones, while the "Dawn Is A Feeling" segment is rapidly reminisced throughout; then it blends into a semi-hard vocal by the whole group on "Peak Hour!" As I said, it's the hardest of the songs to fully understand the words to...but it does have a catchy guitar and drum outburst that's awfully hard to avoid wanting to dance fast to. The main fault I find is the tendency to use the echo chamber a bit too much in this song.

Side Two: To me this is the best side of the two -- I've played it so much it's beginning to wear out!

Cut One: THE AFTERNOON: "Forever Afternoon (Tuesday?)" was one of the two popular songs from this disc -- at least around North East Ohio area...I don't know how it

by bill mallardi



did elsewhere around the country. It starts with a dreamy chorus that sounds semi-organ, semi-flute, but I'm sure is all organ music, and after a few bars comes the drawn-out vocal: "Tuesday afternoon...I'm just beginning to see... now I'm on my way...it doesn't matter to me...chasing the clouds away..." To me, it exudes the fragrances and drowsiness of sitting alone or with someone you love in a flowery field, under the shade of a huge oak tree with breezes blowing in your hair. "I'm looking at my self-reflections of my mind, it's just the kind of day to leave myself behind." ...yes...it reminds one of of the carefree days when you could easily forget your worries and problems, and, along with your loved one: "So gently swaying through the fairyland of love...if you will just come with me you'll see the beauty of ... Tuesday Afternoon." Over eight minutes of 'driving' beauty, if you can picture that. The piano is used to good effect in a hard-pounding, deep, sonorous voice, fading out to segue to the London orchestra again until the voices return with the announcement: "Evening...has come...at last..." Once again the piano plays a catchy tune that builds up to (along with the

voices) a crescendo that says: "Evening...time to get away." That chorus is very repetitive, as well as the choruses on the next two pieces. I find myself singing them from time to time.

Cut Two: EVENING: "The Sun Set"; "Twilight Time". "The Sun Set" is actually another song apart of "Twilight Time"; both are attached to each other to make one song of 6 minutes, 39 seconds duration. The former is just what the title says: The drums (and a cow bell(?)) beat a slow, steady rhythm as the echo-chambered voices of the BLUES say: "When the sun goes down, and the clouds all frown, night has begun, all it sunset. See it with your eyes, Earth re-energized...by the sun's rays every day...take a look out there, planets everywhere..." Essentially, it's a song telling how shadows may lengthen, night takes over, but things still go on...people still work, play, live, etc. It swiftly goes right into the second song: the piano drives a pounding rhythm once more in the low keys, as they sing: "Twilight time -- dream with me a while!" When it ends the orchestra takes over again with an interlude before the last cut of the album:

Cut Three: THE NIGHT: "Nights In White Satin". The BLUES sing, "Nights in white satin, never reaching the end...letters I've written...never meaning to send... beauty I've always missed ... with these eyes before... just what the truth is I can't say anymore... 'Cause I love you! Yes, I love you! Ohhh, how I love youuu!" It builds like that to a great climax. To me this song is about loving someone who doesn't love you, as witness: "Gazing at people, some hand in hand... just what I'm going through...they can't understand". The singer (who's never identified -- but I imagine he's the leader of the group) with the other fellows sort of "Aahhing" in the background, makes this, as well as "Tuesday Afternoon", one of the best songs on the album. The combined efforts of the orchestra and the MOODY BLUES comes to a full head to steam here, in a smash finish. "OHh, how I LOOVVEE YOUUU!"...Then the orches-

tra (as before) slowly takes it down to a dreamy, beautiful pace, until it ends with crystal clear vibes and xilophone chimes... and the poet comes back to finish the essay which he started on side one.

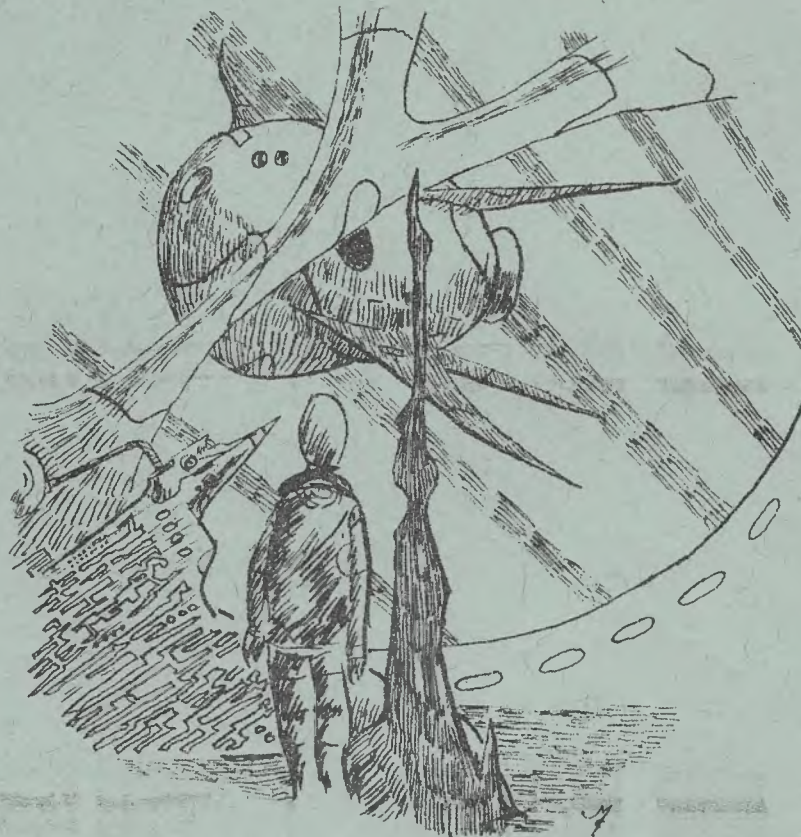
Then a few more slow. closing notes from the orchestra for a finishing touch, and the album ends.

Truly a beautiful combination of rock and "good music" -- this is a definite MUST for your collection. No matter what your tastes in music, I'm sure you'll like it. And don't forget to study that album cover hard, too. You may find more in there than I did! Highly recommended.

-- Bill Mallardi

Next Issue: Up for possible review - LOVE IS by the Animals; BALAKLAVA by the Pearls Before Swine. Stay Loose... and be looking for me to be lurking around these pages again.

-- BEM



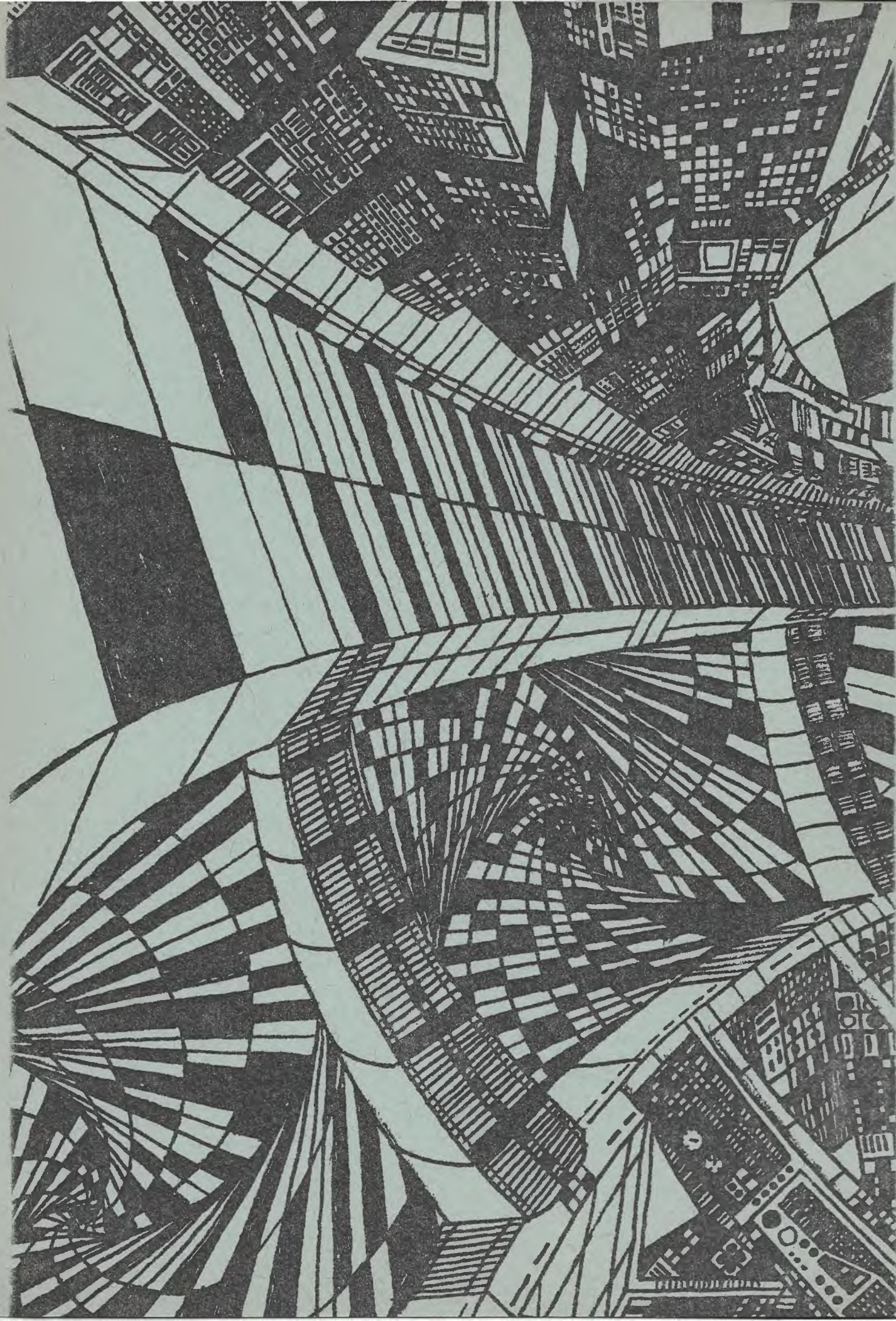
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Charlie Brown is secretly magnanimous.....



THE RYXX 'N INVASION

"Tune in again next week, same time, same station, when Crunchy Pops will bring you another action-packed episode of 'Captain Crucher of the Space Patrol'," announced the baritone voice enthusiastically. At these words, Johnny (Never Fear, Johnny's Here) Jones, Captain-Galactic Space Patrol, carefully donned his special Su per Six-ty space helmet. Then grabbing his portable handblaster, he made a hasty exit out the side window. He was none too soon, for just at that momen-y, Andrea, Scourge of the Space Lanes, came into the room. If she caught him, he would probably spend the rest of his life at hard labor.

From the window ledge, he tumbled into the driveway. Crouching, he slippied across the back yard, through the fence, then down another driveway and out onto Baker Street. As he rounded the corner of Baker and Mulberry, he spotted an Arcturian, one of the short red kind with the large snout. Taking quick but careful aim with his blaster, he petrified the Arcturian as he raced past. A small dog who happened along stopped to sniff at the petrified Arcturian, then, mistaking it for a fire hydrant, utilized it as such.

Meanwhile, 'Killer' Jones had reached his favorite retreat, a desolate area where ancient spaceships made their last earthfall. Safe at last in his own domain, he holstered his blaster, then paused to reconnoiter the area. Immediately, he noticed that there had been an addition during the past week.

▼

The Sphinxter Model III medium light cruiser made its approach on the night side of the planet, carefully avoiding sputniks, mutniks, and Telstars. The navigator, awakened by the proximity alarm, chose a landing spot at random from his charts, fed the necessary information into the Navigation Control Computer, and went back to sleep. The ship made a hasty descent at the equator, the headed west following the evening terminator, the line separating daylight from dark. After perform ing several extraneous maneuvers meant to confuse unwanted observers, the ship came to rest ina desolate region in the middle of a densely populated area. Working quickly, the crew had it hidden by morning, cleverly disguised a s an abandoned truck.

▼

Captain Jones sauntered over to investigate the new arrival. Although the ship was well camouflaged, it was, he noted with a practiced eye, an early model Sphinxter medium light cruiser. Jones warily circled the ship; then opened the airlock and stepped inside to investigate. Everything suddenly went black.

A CHILDREN'S STORY BY TIM EVANS



"Avoid contact. avoid contact! Can't you idiots read; are you incapable of understanding even the simplest directives; why was I saddled with a misbegotten bunch of uncivilized incompetents who can't tell a left-handed risbach from their own left foot?..." At this point, Captain Ohg stopped to wheeze painfully.

"But, sir--", the First Mate Began.

"A simple, easy, arm-chair job I can get for you in the Civil Service, my brother-in-law saysto me. You like to travel? I got just the job for you, he says, he should only drop dead...", Captain Ohg began wheezing again.

"But, sir--", began the First Mate.

"You!", screamed Captain Ohg. "You're responsible for this; it's all your fault; you should never have let the filthy thing get on board in the first place; now get it off I don't care how, just get it off -- do you hear? Now get out, out, OUT!" The First Mate retreated under a hail of books and paperweights.

▼

Captain (Knows No Fear) Jones found himself lying on a cold metal floor in complete darkness. Trembling slightly from suppressed emotion. he fumbled for his blaster, which he seemed to have mis-placed in the dark. Obviously, this had been a trap set for him by his mortal enemy, Altarian Al. Finding his blaster, he switched on the auxiliary light unit and swung it around to see where he was. Suddenly, there was a loud screech. Startled, he dropped the blaster and the light went out.

▼

"How is the cook?", Captain Ohg asked, somewhat calmly.

"Severely burned by the creature's ray gun, but the medical officer says he'll be all right," replied the First Mate.

"What the @#%&*! was it carrying a ray gun for?", Ohg said, half to himself. "If you remember," the First Mate said, "we landed on the night side of the planet to avoid direct exposure to the radiation of this system's sun, which is quite different from our own sun. The creature's action seems to confirm our suspicion that its visual range is in the part of the spectrum harmful to us."

Captain Ohg digested this information in silence a moment. Then looking up he screamed, "You still here??" The First Mate retreated under a hail of books and paperweights.

▽

Groping in darkness, Captain (Knew His Cool) Jones found his blaster again. The light wouldn't work at first, so he made a few minor technical adjustments by pounding the thing on the ground. When he finally got it working again, he found himself in a low-ceilinged room; the room had been intended for use by creatures four feet tall. The walls were made of metal plates. Taking out his pocket knife, he silently went to work. Soon he had loosened one of the plates and crawled through the opening into the space beyond. It was as dark as the room he had just left, but it appeared to be a passageway. He began feeling his way along to the left; his light was growing weak.

▽

"The creature is in one of the outer passageways, Sir," the Second Mate said. "We should be able to steer it out of the ship at any time now."

"Good. And the tests?"

"The planetologist has finished taking samples. All tests are positive."

"Excellent. Alert me as soon as the creature is out and have the engineer stand by for lift--ff as soon as I give the signal."

"Yes, Sir." The Second Mate saluted and went out. The First Mate turned back to his work.

▽

Johnny Jones had no way of knowing what lay just the other side of the wall he was following. The Ryxx, however, had good reason to worry about his presence, no matter how unwittingly he had come to be there. The Empire of Ryxx, large and unwieldy already, was presently in a period of expansion. The planet Earth, with only the beginnings of interstellar travel, was an ideal target, for invasion could take place without the knowledge of the inhabitants-- until it was too late. The Empire was not, however, the young, vigorous power it had been several millenia ago. Now, political appointees, like Captain Ohg, filled many decision-making jobs, jobs they were not qualified to fill, such as captaining a preliminary survey ship.

▽

"I am happy to report that the creature is out of the ship, Sir."

Captain Ohg glared at the First Mate in a drunken stupor.

"And just how did you accomplish this feat, oh, simple-minded one?" he demanded.

"Er," the First Mate began uncertainly, "well, unh, hrmph, uh, it, it, sort of, well, ah, dismantled, you might say, uh, the uh, the airlock."

The First Mate again retreated under a hail of books and paperweights, smiling grimly to himself.

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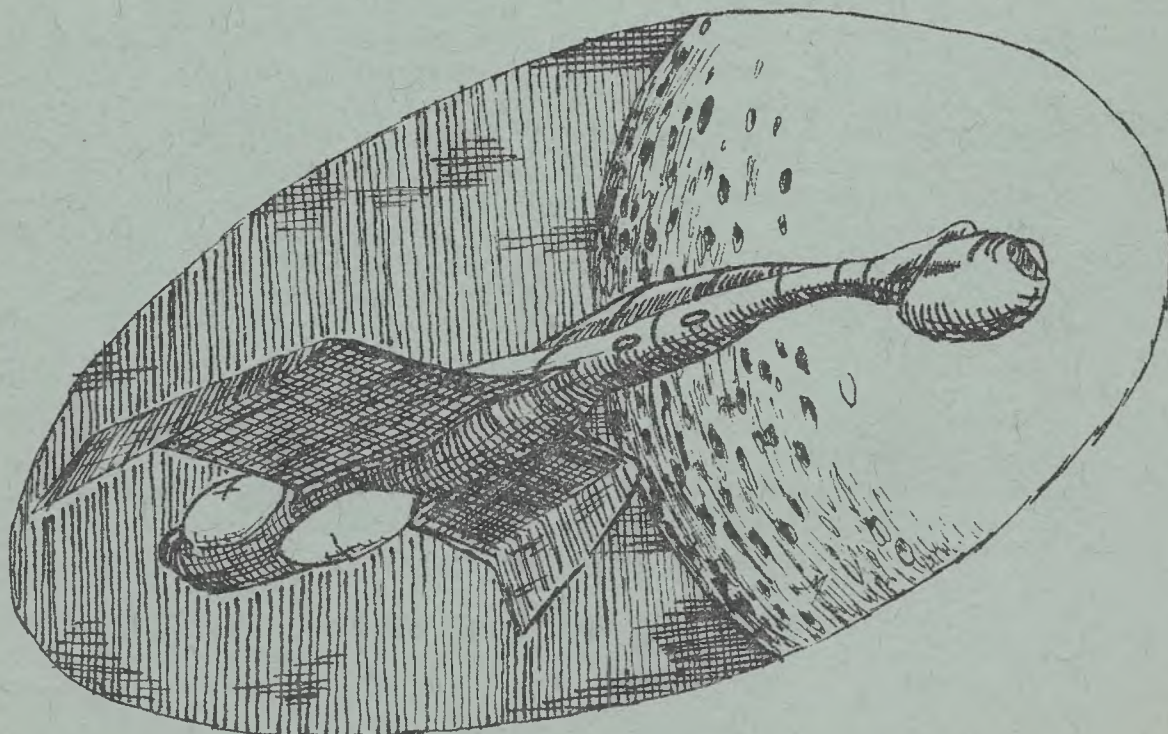
The sun was setting over the Mulberry Street Dump as Captain (Always Returns) Jones emerged once again into the open. He decided that he had better head for Galactic Headquarters and evening mess call. Little did he know that he was playing an important part in one of the turning points in the fortunes of the Empire of Ryxx. Earth, to Ryxx, was just another minor planet, a simple conquest using tried and true methods. First came the strange objects in the skies, the UFO'S, the flying saucers. Not all were Ryxx'n, of course; some were natural phenomena. This led to the developement of a fanatic cult, a core aroundwhich a steadily growing following developed. The government or governments inpower, naturally, were forced to deny the existence if a potential threat they had no defense against. Finally, as the evidence grew more conclusive and it became obvious that out-space races did actually exist, these governments were on the verge of collapse. It was at this point that Ryxx'n forces stepped in, offering support in exchange for a few small consideration. Like assuming the role of a protectorate of the Empire, for instance. Or trade in various raw materials. Sites for spaceports. Etc. In time, the conquered world's culture was absorbed painlessly into that of the Empire. The planet became a full member of the Empire, having lost all of its own individuality. The method worked. The Ryxx had not fought a major war since the beginning of the Empire.

▼

Late that night, the old Sphincter Model III medium light cruiser lifted off. Once in space, the First Mate activated the visi-message screen. A cold face appeared on the screen with the words, "Galactic Headquarters, RYXX". The First Mate saluted and said, "Sir, First Mate Sonafar of the fleet cruiser Jaxzer reporting. Have departed planet 793-78459-278. All tests positivel presence of large quantities of rare metals indicated, including iron, aluminum, and copper. A full report is being filed. Am proceeding to next assigned destination."

The figure on the screen returned the salute and replied, "Very good, Sonafar. Carry on."

-- Tim Evans



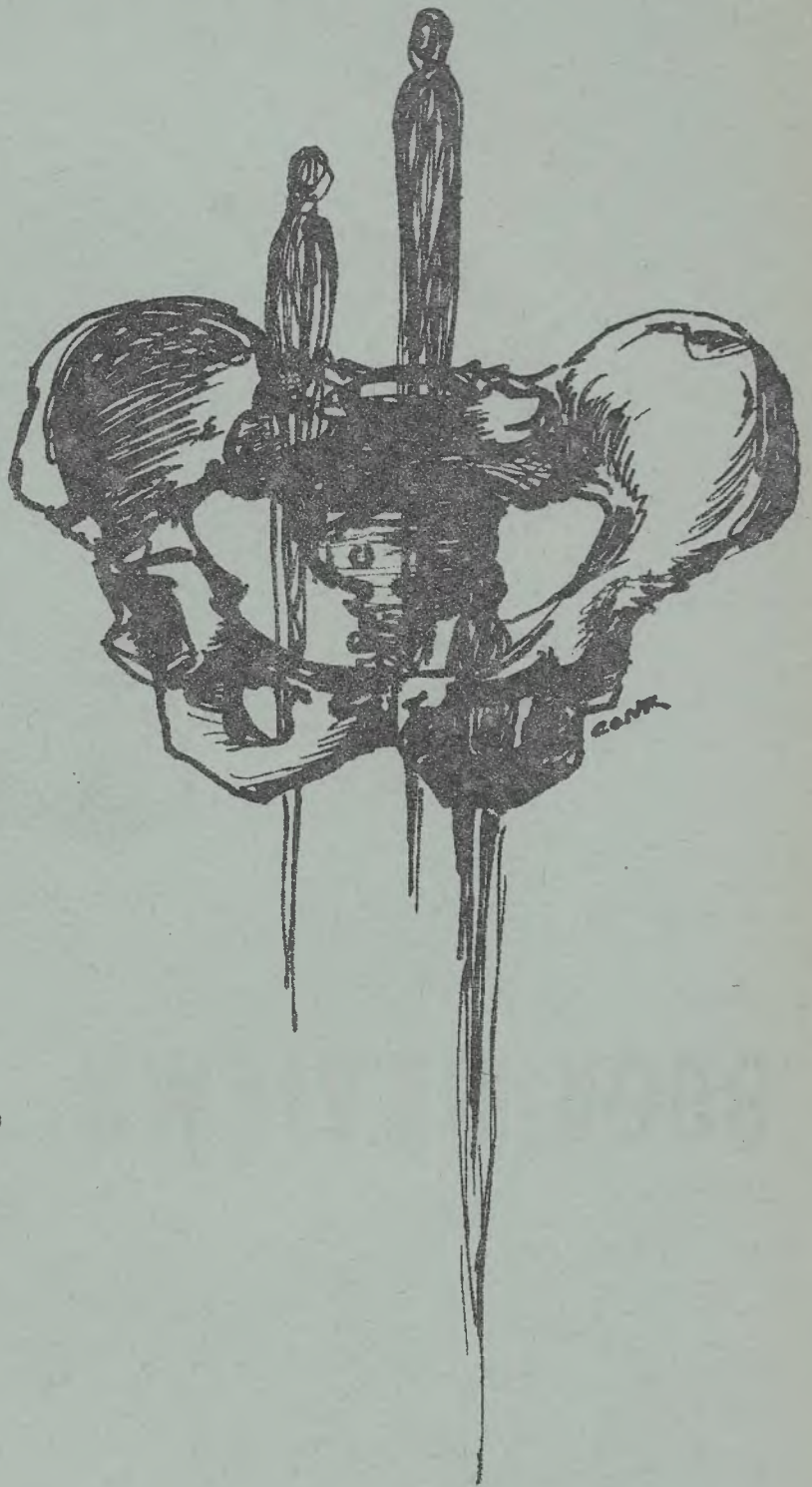
" A HOUSE FOR YOU WAS MADE / ERE YOUR MOTHER BORE YOU "

A townhouse is a tomb
A thoroughly modern mausoleum:
Total electric living
For the lately dead.

There are none to mourn us,
Pour the milk or
Lay the soulcakes
On our hungry threshold.

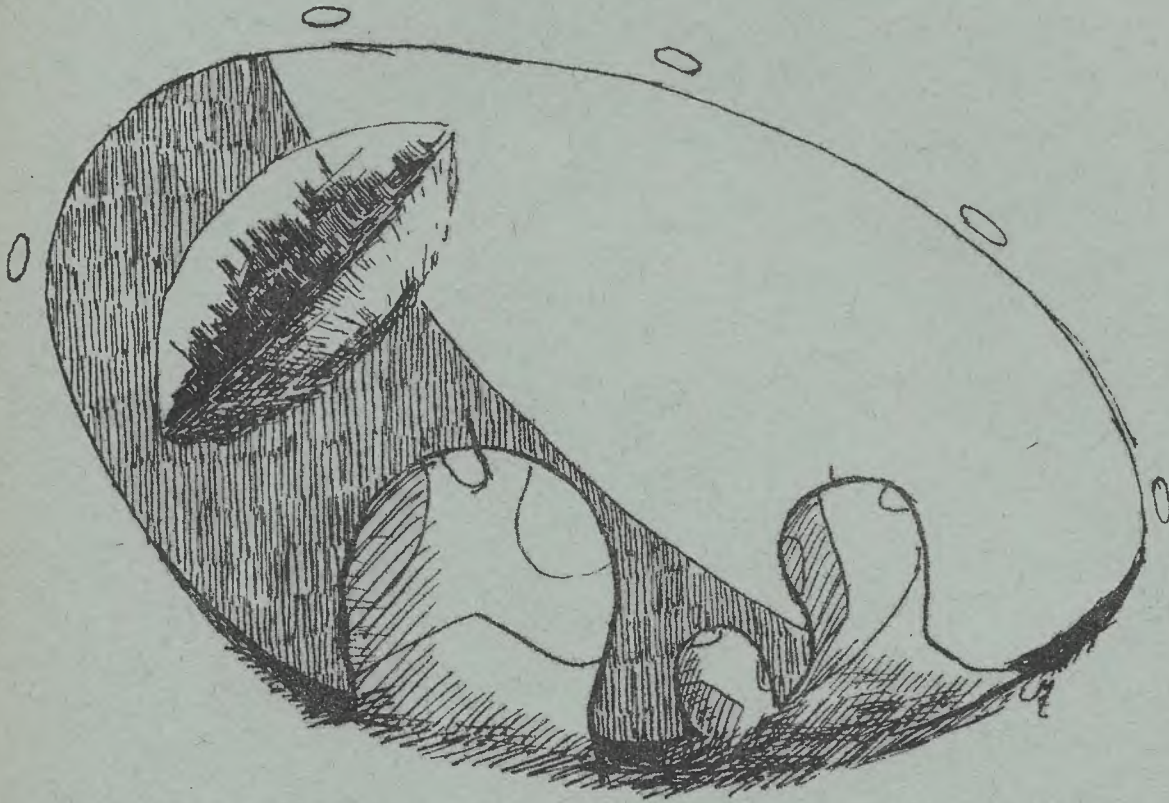
Only unliving brains retain
Some vestige of our memory.
As blissless data bits we are
Immortal in the mailing lists.

What resurrection waits?
When shall we roll back the stone
And with cerements all unbound
Exhume our neighbors one by one?



A poem by SANDRA MIESEL

THE TOP SHELF



BOOK REVIEWS

by

TED PAULS

&

RICHARD DELAP

Anthologies that boldly proclaim themselves collections of the "Year's Greatest", "Fifteen Best", or "World's Finest" set up a defensive reaction in the minds of many readers, an "Oh, yeah? Prove it!" reaction. The psychological response of critics is even more pronounced; a collection of stories that openly advertises itself as the best available presents a challenge to critics, and some embark upon the reading imbued with a black determination to demolish the pretensions of their editors. The fifth Wollheim-Carr anthology will weather this difficulty better than most anthologies in recent years. With a couple of exceptions, the nineteen stories collected under this cover have at least a decent claim to being, indeed, the best science fiction stories published in the past year.

The Book opens with Robert Sheckley's *Street of Dreams, Feet of Clay*, an amusing tale of the "perfect city" of the future. The fully automated robot city with a personality (or at least individual consciousness) of its own has appeared in many science fiction stories, and usually it is portrayed as a monster, man's creation turned against man, ala Dr. Frankenstein's creature. Sheckley's city is monstrous without being a monster; it is monstrous in the same way that the two little old ladies in "Arsenic and Old Lace" are monstrous.

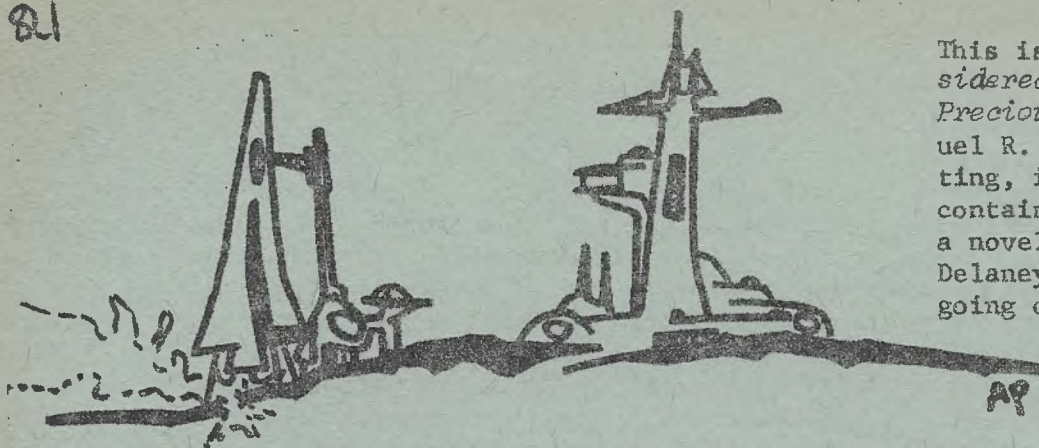
Backtracked by Burt Filer, is an excellent little piece about a form of time travel in which people can backtrack on their lives to alter incidents affecting them. There's a catch, though: the backtracking involves a physical exchange so that, for instance, if you go back nine years you are nine years older at the time of the incident and have consequently shortened your life span by that much. The story is especially noteworthy for the matter-of-factly downbeat ending, in contrast to the usual "And the sun shone and they lived happily ever after..."

Poul Anderson's *Kyrie* is superb, the finest story in the volume. Both ingenious in its science and sensitive in its treatment of the relationship between the two principal characters, it deals with an expedition to study a supernova and with the love between two of the expedition's members, an Earth woman named Eloise Waggoner and a vortex of "ions, nuclei and force-fields" called Lucifer. *Kyrie* is a good example of why Anderson is one of the best writers in our field.

Robert Silverberg's *Going Down Smooth* concerns a computer-psychiatrist (that's a computer that functions as a psychiatrist, not a psychiatrist that specializes in computers) that is itself insane. This story is one of the best treatments of the deranged computer theme you are ever likely to see. There isn't much plot, but the idea is handled extremely well and the writing is excellent.

The Worm That Flies, by Brian Aldiss, is an enigma. It is beautifully written -- this is what in mainstream writing is often blurbed as "rich prose" -- but somehow managed to be boring. Its moral is "Death is what makes life worth living", but other than that I could not for the life of me have told anyone what the story was "about" ten minutes after reading it. It occurred to me while reading *The Worm That Flies*, as it occurred to me while reading other Aldiss works, that this author missed his true calling. He would have been a great fantasy writer of a certain school. But applying a prose style which is better suited to heavy fantasy in both narrative and dialogue to science fiction leads to over-writing, as in *The Long Afternoon of Earth*.

Damon Knight's *Masks* is an excellent little story about medical technology that has advanced a bit too far for human beings.



This is followed by *Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones* by Samuel R. Delaney, a fascinating, involved novellette containing ideas enough for a novel. This is typical Delaney. What is actually going on here is sometimes more than slightly obscure, but the author's ability as a stylist takes over and prevents

the reader from pausing long enough to notice. Delaney's prose style (or rather styles, for after the first couple of pages there is a perceptible change of style along with a change in pacing) is refined and, though unspectacular, exceptionally engaging. He uses it in this story to portray a social milieu and a variety of uniformly fascinating characters, notably the Singers and one Singer in particular named Hawk, and Harold Clancy Everet, thief and quick-change artist extraordinaire. Remarkable.

HEMEAC by E.G. von Wald, is about a future university that exceeds the worst nightmares of the alienated college students of today, one in which the students are quite literally molded into automata to the extent that the human mentality permits. It is an engaging, very well-done story with some original angles. Particularly noteworthy is the author's handling -- the best I've ever seen in a short story -- of the idea of a robot-mentality breaking down, disintegrating, without realizing that anything is wrong with it.

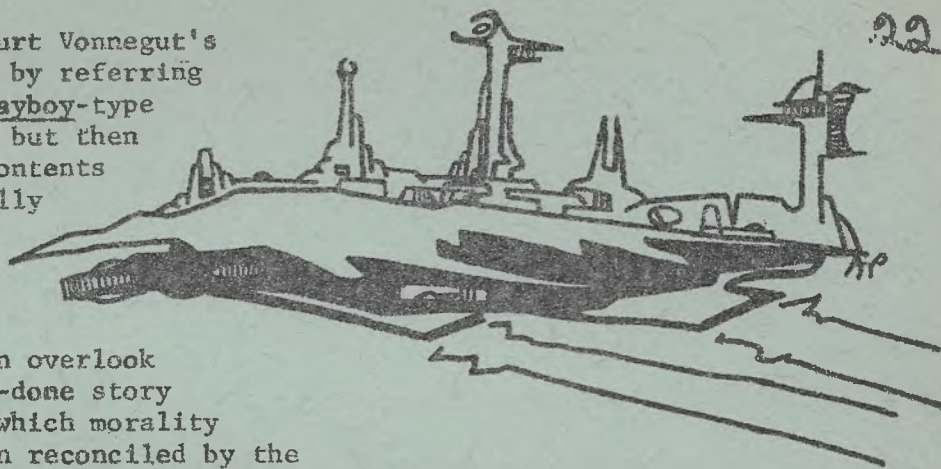
Colin Kapp's *The Cloudbuilders* is set in a post-Atomageddon society of the guild-and-sword period in which the Journeymen's Guild has access to a store of pre-Big Bang knowledge and is secretly working to revive technology. The representative of this altruistic bunch arrives in a community near the edge of such civilization as exists, makes friends with the rough-hewn but cunning chief, beds his luscious daughter, saves the community from a scourge of pirates, and then lives happily ever after secretly guiding the world back to its former technological glory. Sounds like something we read -- often -- in *Planet Stories* at the age of thirteen. Kapp does make it interesting in a mild sort of way, and you'll like the story if you are a balloon fan, but *The Cloudbuilders* is hardly likely to go down in history as a substantial contribution to the maturing of modern science fiction.

This Grand Carcass by R.A. Lafferty, is a curious tale of a vampire computer. It's very hard to comment on, but it hangs together well and achieves the desired effect.

Sydney van Scyoc's *Cleveland General* is a science fiction horror story, a rare commodity. Very few SF stories, even when they deal with oozing, pulsating, malevolent blobs from outside the galaxy or overwhelmingly ghastly societies, manage to generate genuine stark horror. This one does so, and brilliantly. Scyoc uses some original and intriguing ideas, excellent writing, and the classic horror story device of revealing more to the reader than to the central character to create an absorbing, hideous story which comes very close to challenging *Kyrie* for top honors in this volume.

The Selchey Kids, by Laurence Yep, is a fascinating and sensitive story marred by a poor ending. The story should have ended, on the down beat, either at the bottom of page 237 or at the bottom of page 238; instead, we get page 239, and especially the final two paragraphs, which add an irritating woman's magazine ending to an otherwise fine, rather grim story.

I had intended to review Kurt Vonnegut's *Welcome to the Monkey House* by referring to its "rather annoying Playboy-type self-conscious slickness", but then I looked on the table of contents and found out that it actually did come from Playboy, which makes the phoney slickness no less annoying, but at least explains it. But anyway, if you can overlook that, it's amusing, a well-done story about a future society in which morality and birth-control have been reconciled by the invention of the ethical contraceptive ("The pills were ethical because they didn't interfere with a person's ability to reproduce, which would have been unnatural and immoral. All the pills did was take every bit of pleasure out of sex.")



Next comes Terry Carr's *The Dance of the Changer and the Three* a strange and exceptional tale about the beings of the planet Loarra. As editor Wollheim says in the introduction, it is one of the most effective portrayals of a totally alien life-form and totally alien culture that you are ever likely to see. It isn't really possible to characterize completely alien mentality, because no human mind can conceive of a totally alien mind, so writers who make the attempt are analogous to scientists trying to achieve Absolute Zero in a laboratory: they know it can't be done, but everyone tries to approach a little closer. Terry made his contribution to the effort with this story, and it will be quite a while before another traveler on the same path does better. It was in recognition of this superb attempt, and some pretty good writing, that this story was nominated for both the Hugo and the Nebula Awards. I don't really think it could be considered the best short story of the year -- in fact, as mentioned above, there are two other stories in this volume I would rank higher -- but it's a helluva good story all the same, and one that I anticipate re-reading at least once every couple of years.

H.H. Hollis's *Sword Game* is a clever little tale of a girl in tesseract, but hardly one of the year's best stories. Fluff.

Total Environment another Hugo nominee, is Brian Aldiss' second contribution to this volume. It is a disturbing, well-written account of a sociological experiment, composed with a certain cynicism about man's state which I found reminiscent of L. Sprague de Camp. It is a very good story, but flawed. First, I got the feeling that it would have been better had Aldiss made it either ten pages shorter or two hundred pages longer. (i.e. turned it into a novel). And second, what Carr and Wollheim lavishly praise it for in the blurb -- "the awesome and horrifying evocation" of the world of *Total Environment* -- struck me as its principal failure. It was a fine story in many respects, but the one thing that it conspicuously did not do was to make me feel the "wornstone noise and the starch-filled interior of the monolithic prison/world called *Total Environment*."

Fritz Leiber's *The Square Root of Brain* is a weird story which contains some hilarious "encyclopedia entries" and makes a Hollywood party given by and for oddballs see seem as empty and depressing as we've always heard they are. I have the distinct feeling there's something I missed here, though, and at the moment the debate over whether it would be worth going back and reading it again to find out is unresolved.

Fred Saberhagen's *Star Song* is a well-done but thoroughly minor story about the berserkers. As with Hollis', there's nothing wrong with it, but one doubts that it really belongs in such formidable company.

Fear Hound by Katherine MacLean, is the final story in this collection, and it is an excellent one. It involves some possible ramifications of telepathy which haven't been explored very thoroughly in other stories, and to a good basic idea MacLean adds some fine writing, good plotting and a couple of interesting characters. The sequence in which the identities of George Sanford and Jean Fitzpatrick get mixed up with one another is handled especially well.

-- Ted Pauls

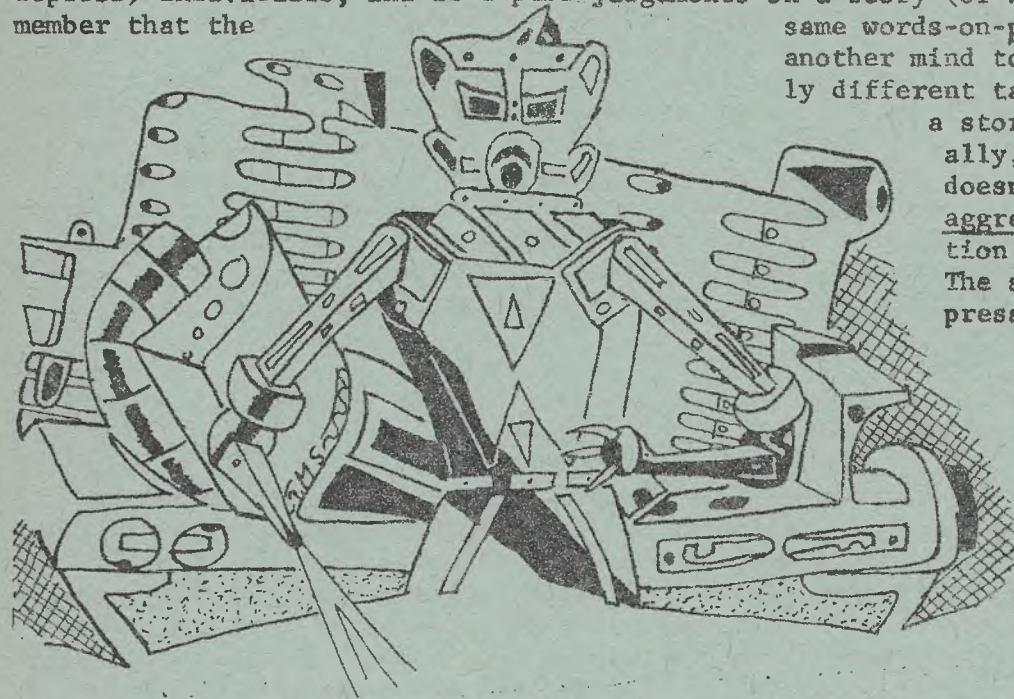
NEXT ISSUE: Ted Pauls reviews Anne McCaffrey's *Decision at Doona* and others.

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ENGLAND SWINGS edited by Judith Merrill, Doubleday, 1968, \$5.95, 406 pp.

Do I call this book "trash" because there are included "Stories of Speculative Fiction" (as Miss Merrill likes to call them) that make no sense to me whatever? Do I call it "great" because the editor has culled the avant-garde cream of the current "in" group? It's rather difficult to say anything specific, really. Isaac Asimov waits for the New Wave to have "deposited its froth and receded", while Frederick Pohl asks "...why do you insist on publishing your failures?" How much of the New Wave is really good or bad . . . and who is qualified to say which is what?

Most of the stories included in this volume are of the type that will impress (or depress) individuals, and if I pass judgements on a story (or whatever), I must remember that the same words-on-paper can easily cause another mind to slip away on an entirely different tangent. In New Wave, if a story "fails" for me personally, I must remember this doesn't mean it has failed aggregately (with one exception I will mention later). The stories that most impressed me were:

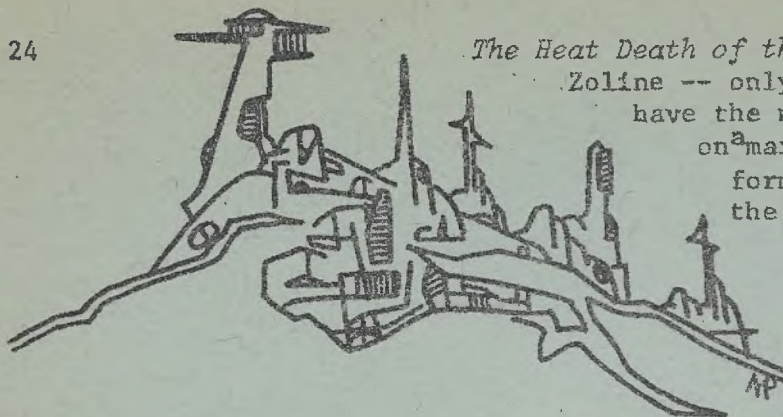


The Singular Quest of Martin Borg by George Collyn -- there are more ideas and truly original thought crammed into these 20 pages than many put in to 200! I'd like see Collyn expand this to warranted novel-length.

The Squirrel Cage by Thomas M. Disch -- alienation/communication/vigil/freedom/news/me/you/Him/us/victim/-izer/speak . . . and speak Disch does, with force, intelligence and not without some very sly messages. Already widely anthologized, if you haven't read this, do.

Manscarer by Keith Roberts -- quasi-allegory on the re-birth of Art, and of the giant mobile, Manscarer, representing the hugeness of that which must be overcome in rediscovering the purpose of the individual. Can Roberts write a bad story -- I'm beginning to think not.

Dr. Gelabius by Hilary Bailey -- this one hits like a cannon discharge. If "test-tube" babies pervert the law of nature, do not be too sure that Nature doesn't have a way of getting even.



The Heat Death of the Universe by P. (Pamela) A. Daniels
Zoline -- only an unmarried person would, I think, have the nerve to write this scathing comment on married women, her children, her daily formula-life and the entrophy leading to the frightening "heat death".

There are more that were interesting in different ways, including: Roger Jones' *The Island*; Josephine Saxton's *We Deja Vu Pas*; John Calder's *Signals*; John Clarke's *Saint SOS*; (amusing tale of a computer receiving Last Rites); Daphne Castell's *Who's In There With Me?*; Langdon Jones' *The Hall of Machines* (self-maintained, self-repaired and, not surprisingly, constantly expanding); and Peter Tate's *Same Autumn in a Different Park* (the only story herein first published in the U.S.).

There are others that left me cold and unconcerned. And then, there are three particularly which made me ill and near-violent: *You and Me and The Continuum*, *The Assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy Considered as a Downhill Motor Race*, and *Plan for the Assassination of Jacqueline Kennedy*. All are from the head of J.G. Ballard, England's scatological Warhol-focus, who seems to think greatness is synonymous with offensiveness. *Continuum* is abominable, *Race* is merely stupid, and *Plan* is aimed at the ignorant (who will see nothing in it anyway) and restates (tastelessly) a problem without offering even an idea for a solution (which seems to be what he thinks the rest of us should be looking for). Ballard is writing junk, insane collages in which the pieces overlap until nothing is visible but a maddening blur -- and the terrible thing is that he obviously realizes it and gets some sort of perverted jollies in doling it out. I think he's very sick indeed.

There are more, 28 inclusions all in all, ranging from poetry to pacted prose, from surreals to what-is-its to almost anything you can dream up (and a few you couldn't possibly); but there are NOT whitehero/blackvillain/helpless beauty/slaving monsters tales from the Dear Old Dead Days of Pulp Glory. Will you like it?... only you can decide.

-- Richard Delap

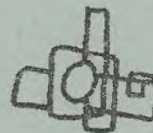
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You're thinking -- Charlie Brown is secretly what!, right??? Well, do to a typo we now present that original one-liner as it was supposed to read only I couldn't read Ginjer's handwriting and I know that didn't make any sense back there, but...

Charlie Brown is secretly Monogamous!

There, was that better. I hope so. Sorry, Charlie.

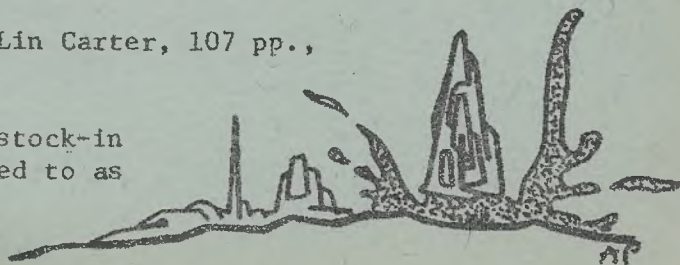
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INVADER ON MY BACK by Phillip E. High, 146 pp.
and

DESTINATION: SATURN by David Grinnell and Lin Carter, 107 pp.,
Ace H-85, 60¢.

Mr. High's novel is a listless, routinely stock-in-trade item in which, after a period referred to as



The Troubles, the inhabitants of Earth have been split into five distinct categories: Norms -- the largest group, the average man; Scuttlers -- normal except that looking at the sky will send them into shock and probable death; Delinks -- hateful, anti-social results of juvenile delinquency; Stinkers -- whose very presence sends all the others into blind, homicidal fury; and Geeks, aggressive marauders who bind together and work towards world domination. Mike Craig and girlfriend, Geo Hastings, are both Stinkers, together discovering that their group possesses telepathic powers as well as finding that the world situation has been bred by alien invaders who have been working secretly for years, using their mental powers to cause the present human "classes" and creating a breed of human who will be the perfect host to their (the aliens) parasitic selves.

It takes nearly 100 pages of buildup to reveal the invaders, and all this dilly-dallying is to my mind not at all compensated for by the preposterously whirlwind climatic chapters. The characters react to events as strict stereotypes and their interactions are plotted with all the complications of a walk around the block. The policeman, Gammon, seems to be the only person with any personality at all, but even his brief glimmer turns to painted cardboard when he begins mouthing trite replies to Craig's questions. The invaders are given powers too varied and controlling to proceed with the haphazardly unsuccessful method depicted here, and they seem only stupid rather than believably unaware of the human race's capabilities.

The idea was well worn when Heinlein squeaked it by in *The Puppet Masters*; at this date, 'well-worn' has frayed into disintegrated fluff.

* * * * *

The sad thing about *Destination: Saturn* is that the authors probably thought they were writing something really funny. Such an attitude from Carter wouldn't surprise me greatly, considering his past works, but I cannot understand "Grinnell" getting involved in such tripe. The story (?) is some nonsense about a multibillionaire Earthman, Ajax Calkins; his fiancée Emily, who may take first prize as the most nauseous insipid heroine ever to debase sf; Wuj, a Martian, who looks like a furry spider but acts somewhat batty (not only because he hangs upside-down from the ceiling, either); and the mean, evil, nasty Saturnians who will conquer the entire solar system of the hero doesn't get off his fat ass and Do Something.

The story's plotted like a very bad 1930's drawing-room comedy -- as light and fluffy as a burnt pancake. The dialogue has all the verve and subtle humour of Donald Duck. All in all, it's a moron pacifier that is offensive to anyone holding an I.Q. above 50, Trash.

--Richard Delap.

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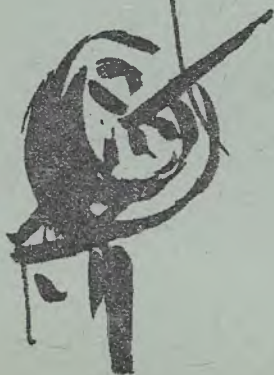
Have you heard about the WPSFA PORTFOLIO ??? The Western Pennsylvania Science Fiction Association is compiling a Science Fiction Art Portfolio -- edited by Connie Reich -- and featuring the best fan and pro artists. Reproduction will be the best and the originals are to be auctioned at PgHLANGE with the proceeds going to TAFF. Details -- such as price, size, where-to-get-it -- will be in future bulletins and club flyers. If you'd like to contribute (we are asking artists for three drawings) you may send your work to Ginjer and me or to Linda Bushyager of Granfalloon. We are doing the PORTFOLIO to help raise money to PgHLANGE II. Danke.

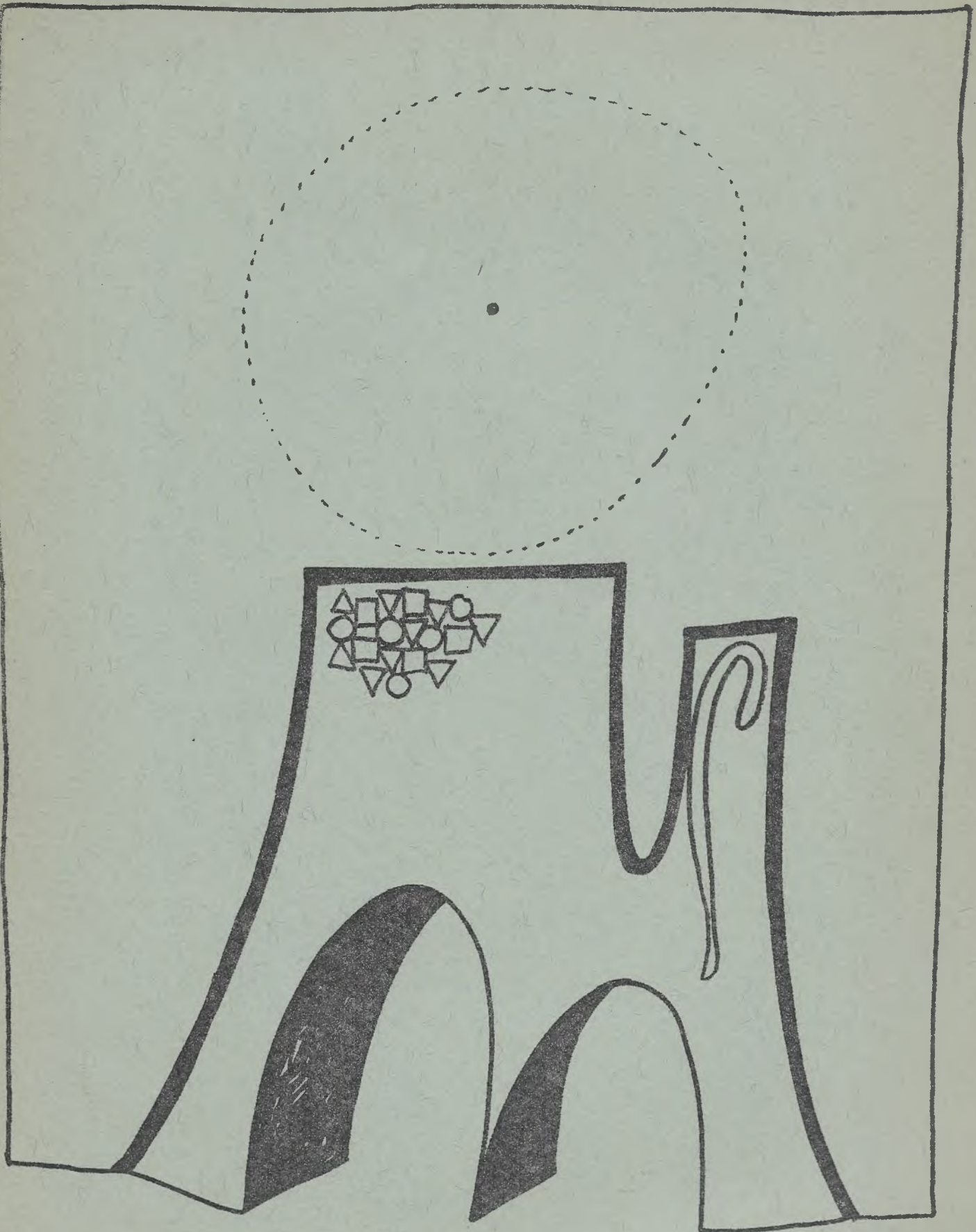
PgHLANGE PORTFOLIO.....PgHLANGE PORTFOLIO.....PgHLANGE PORTFOLIO.....PgHLANGE PORTFOLIO



Distance so immense, it hurts the brain.
Matter and anti-matter clashing once again.
Uncertain smear of stars: another Milky Way?
How to keep the lunging meteorites at bay?
Onward: ever onward to Deep Space.
Twisted and tortured by the monstrous pace!

(E.A. WALTON.)





TIME GATE

P. T. S. L. R.

ya' basic straight person

by SANDRA MEISEL

John and I arrived at St. Louiscon Thursday afternoon, flushed with triumph at having successfully negotiated the intricacies of the city's expressway system. Sitting on our suitcases waiting to check in, I scanned the strolling fans. The sights were not especially reassuring. "What's a staid young Indianapolis matron doing in a place like this?" I muttered. What if there were trouble with the authorities? How would a narcotics agent react to the contents of our medicine bottle?

("Why, Officer, the pink and blue ones are vitamins, the yellow ones are vitamins, the crimson and white ones are iron ... The big red ones? Aspirin, honest. What do you mean, you never saw shiny red aspirin tablets before?")

Happily, this scenario never materialized.

The first crack in my priggish facade was at the art show. The long, hot drive and the wait to hang my entries had left me desiccated -- with nary a fountain in sight. Then a bearded and bizarrely accoutered individual handed me a glass of cold water. Ah, friend, your place is safe on judgement day!

Relations between the Convention and the Outside further polarized for us that evening. What promised to be a delightful group expedition to a local Lebanese restaurant proved to be a dreary ordeal at a sub-ordinary American restaurant. The management viewed us with such distaste they kept us waiting two hours for dinner. The hostility engendered by our partly mod appearance was scarcely soothed when one of the party recited lyrics from HAIR within earshot of the waitress. We retaliated, though. I wonder what the next customers thought of the "I Grok" stickers on their menus? Anxious to shake the dust of this accursed place from our feet, we decided to return to the hotel in one trip. Yes, ten people can fit in a Dodge Coronet. No, our ailing radiator did not expire and leave us stranded on the Kingshighway.

Actually, not all Outsiders were so unfriendly. Waiting for an elevator the next day, John and I were approached by a gentleman who politely asked what "St. Louiscon" was. We explained, a bit defensively. But he smiled and inquired further: "Do they perhaps publish a little magazine?" We bravely stifled our hysterics.

An impression that was reinforced time and again in the next few days was the refusal of people to fit rigid categories, stereotypes, and preconceptions. Some fans with whom I'd crossed swords in print proved delightful in person; authors I'd belittled were revealed as charming and erudite. There were a few disappointments, of course, but very few.

The pros were consistently gracious and approachable -- indeed some were entirely too approachable. I'd always been too paralyzed with awe to speak to any of them at regional cons but I finally managed to conquer this affliction. Why had I waited so long?

We were not the only people thinking as well as partying: witness Harlan Ellison's impassioned plea for concern and commitment Sunday afternoon. But we remained unconvinced that SF people have any unique qualifications/obligations to better the

world. Each time Mr. Ellison said "fan" or "writer" he could have said just as correctly "human being". With a few judicious changes his speech could have been delivered with equal appropriateness to the League of Women Voters or a group of seminary students.

My conversion from ruler-straightness was completed that evening. We were dining with two friends in a small restaurant which showed vastly more enthusiasm for fannish patronage than the hotel. As we innocently watched columns of famished fans straggle past the window, we caught the notice of several natives. I am simply not used to being stared at with such obvious aversion. These people evidently regarded long hair as a badge of infamy. One scandalized old man stopped to look twice. What else could we do? We waved at him.

Then on the way back to the hotel, a gas station customer threw a small firecracker at us. By this time I was almost relishing persecution. Visions of noble martyrdom spun before my eyes. When I tried to count a barking dog as further harassment, John punctured my delusions. He was right, of course -- only people can be intolerant.

By the end of our stay I was trying to convince John to grow a beard.

"No use, wifey," he replied. "I'd still seem incorrigibly straight -- I always squeeze the toothpaste neatly from the bottom of the tube."

So John will continue to serve fandom by confusing prejudiced Outsiders with his conservative dress and sober demeanor. Even Ya' Basic Straight Person has his special role to play.

We reflected on our con experiences all the way home. A sign in front of a church in Montrose, Illinois said it all:

"DARE TO BE DIFFERENT"

We'll try.

-- Sandra Meisel

a way of life ?

This may not be necessary since Sandy's "con meditation" gets the point across well. But, it's my 'zine. Mine, Mine. I can take comfort in that nothing I say could possibly ever compare in inappropriateness to our Vice-President Spiro T. Who's marches thru his mouth.

I enjoyed St. Louiscon more than Baycon, possibly because I knew more people, and wasn't quite so totally "out of it". On the other hand, the atmosphere of the con was somehow much less pleasant. Not just the straights versus fans dichotomy to which Sandy refers, but also the intra-convention atmosphere. Perhaps the former produced the latter since no one could be disgruntled with the con itself. The program was good, if not flashy, the art show and masquerade were fantastic, and the St. Louis people are good people. Anger at the hotel undoubtedly produced the mob reaction at the masquerade that could have resulted in a real riot over that goddamn movie screen. I can understand that being somewhat familiar with crowdpsychology

However, the L.A.S.F.S. building fund "games", and the increasing vehemence towards Harlan Ellison (which culminated in that horrible scene at the banquet) were my first experiences with a kind of fannish infighting that I suppose is more common than not. I didn't like these incidents, though. Nor do I like the fannish attitude they seemed to represent. That's not my fandom.

Otherwise, it was a marvelous convention, highlighted, for me, by a great many positive, personal interactions, and by Bob Silverberg's receiving a bar mitzvah present for his teenage Hugo. It was well deserved and long overdue.

So thank you very much, Fishers and Couches, Jim Reuss and Hank & Lesleigh, George (Illustrator of nametags) Foster, Doug Lovenstein, et al. Thank you, too, all you hissers and boosers and secret master-types. In one way or another, you each helped to make St. Louiscon a truly memorable event.

-- Ginger Buchanan

mumblings...

Gee, Terry, it certainly wasn't a weird convention!!

In fact, St. Louiscon differed so much from the Baycon that I feel compelled to comment on it. At Baycon, everyone kept looking at one another with basically incredulous looks and commented upon the weirdness of the situation. St. Louis was, well, calm, quiet and rather a linear con, with a minimum of wandering and searching, although Sandra Miesel saw it as rather freaky. -- By the way, Sandy mentions in her con report that she'd really like to be "different". It occurs to me that anyone with three children named Chirp, Mite, and Super Stomach (the youngest of whom was born only a few weeks before the Worldcon) isn't exactly ahm, well, ordinary herself.

For a while, St. Louiscon meant going from party to party and seeing no one I knew. -- fan or pro. It was only when on pro-type came walking in to a small gathering and mumbled something about this group being the first people he'd seen that he knew during the entire evening that made me realize how wide-spread this peculiar manifestation was. So WPSFA gave a party in my suite and invited everyone we knew (and by word of mouth) quite a number we didn't. It was a blast. A lovely success. Harlan Ellison and Bob Silverberg captivated a large group in one room, while Tim Kirk and Mike Gilbert were turning out cartoons in another. (With me and five other fanzine eds beaming at the results hungrily...)

Aside from my first experience with party-giving at a Worldcon (and the fact that it had to be closed -- making me feel very guilty...), I found a relaxing and "ordinary" convention at St. Louis, in spite of the majority of the St. Louis con committee, who were indeed anything but ordinary, the Midwestern atmosphere prevailed.

Before the con, I kept wondering what it would be like, with Baycon as an example. Now, with Heidelberg not that far away, I guess I'll spend months in anticipation as usual. I hope that it is worth it.

Did you know that Jim Reuss has webbed toes?? That fact and running the soda machine at the Pro-Fan party were my biggest thrills of the con...



WHY YOU HAVE RECEIVED IMRYRR ---

- ___ You are a Baby Bolshevik.
- ___ You are nitty-gritty
- ___ The words 'nitty-gritty' and 'Baby Bolshevik' make youretch.
- ___ You are mentioned.
- ___ You shall be released.
- ✓ ___ You are Rosemary's baby's nurse and you will soon write a behind the scenes exposé revealing what it was really like to work for Rosemary.
- ✓ ___ We are supposed to be trading. Bet you thought you'd never see this thing, didn't you? But, Light house, we aren't.
- ___ Could we trade?

- ___ You believe in Orion.
- ___ You believe in Claude.
- ___ You believe in God.
- ___ You're pretty gullible, aren't you??
- ___ You're a pro we're trying to impress.
- ___ You're a pro we've already impressed (?)
- ___ You contributed, thank you.
- ✓ ___ You didn't know you contributed, did you?
- ✓ ___ For some obscure, yet pertinent reason, we, the editors feel that you might appreciate receiving this fanzine.
- ___ We, the editors, drink a lot...
- ___ "My lords and ladies...
- ___ Would it embarrass you very much...
- ___ If I were to tell you ...
- ___ that I love you?"
- ___ Your eyelids are getting heavy.
- ___ You are getting sleepy.
- ___ When you wake up, you will write us a LOC.



