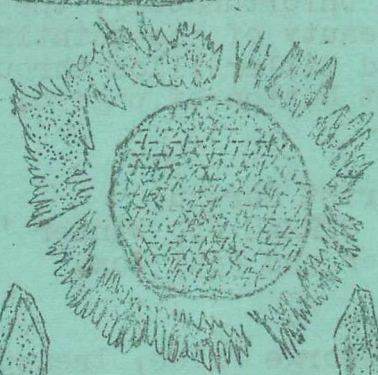


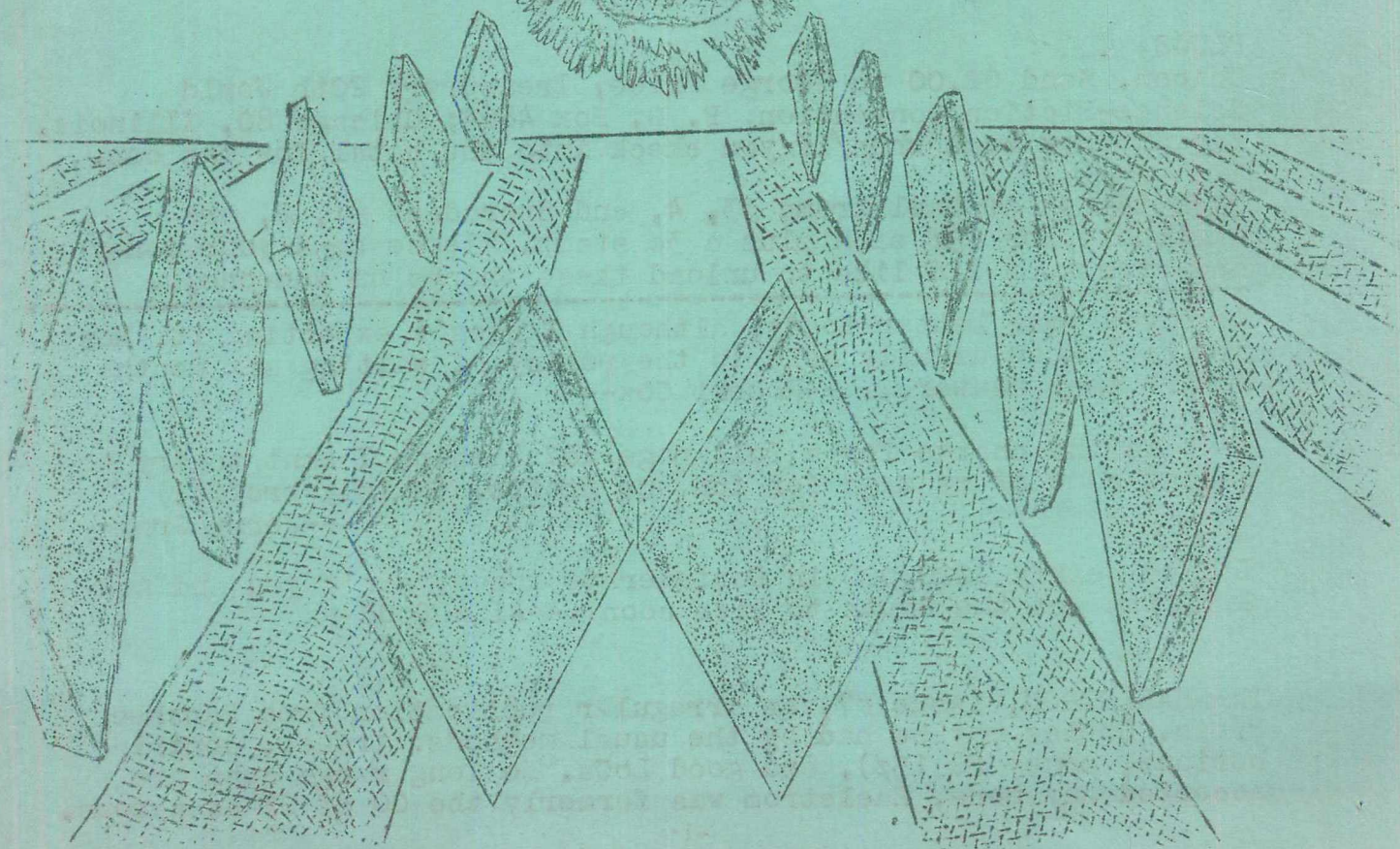
THE

Maelstrom



no.

7



MAELSTROM

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ART CREDITS:

Cover -- "Marriage of the Diamonds" by Jim Belcher. This was originally done in four color water color and was quite a beautiful piece of art. Unfortunately, the transition to mimeo ruined the depth and beauty of the painting.
Brad Diagle -- assorted filler illos throughout the zine.
Al Andrews -- filler at bottom of page 6.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

* From the NFFF Manuscript Bureau
** Reprinted from TIME STREAM #3, Winter '52-'53, by permission of the editors, JTOliver and Paul Cox.

PLUGS:

Chicon. Send \$2.00 to George Price, Treasurer; 20th World Science-Fiction Convention; P. O. Box 4864; Chicago 80, Illinois. Pay another buck when/if you check into the hotel for the con.

Back issues of Maelstroms #3, 4, and Sporadics #1, 2, are available for 15¢ each plus a 3¢ stamp. Please send your money and stamps as I'd like to unload these things on someone...

Received your letter toady, although I wasn't expecting it. Most people I know usually hold to the policy of waiting six months before they answer... --Robert Cox--

What is the charge for a full page ad? I think I want to try to unload some of my mags for fun and profit. (Mainly profit.)
--Jerry Gray--

I have nearly \$220,000 in Confederate money, can't you and Andy Griffith get the South to rise soon!--Alan Dodd--

The MAELSTROM, issue #7, an irregular publication from Banshee Press. Copies may be had by the usual methods: trades, contributions, money (@ 15¢), and good LoCs. No long range subs are accepted any more. Maelstrom was formerly the OO of SF Anonymous.

MAELSTROM-"7"

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RETURN OF THE NATIVE

Relax, Art Hayes. Everyone else is as shocked as you are to see this, the seventh issue of Maelstrom. I believe I am even more shocked than any of you. It is true that I folded the zine several months ago, but it is also true that I began to feel a nostalgic longing to publish another issue of the zine that took so much of my time and money when I was being indoctrinated into fandom.

Sporadic, my SFPA zine, kept me satisfied for a while, but after two issues I felt the urge for greater things. So, this morning I went to the local office supply store to buy ten stencils for Spore #3 and came back with a quire and dreams of Maels #7. I have started here the day after Christmas to cut the stencils for this issue. If I finish the job it will in all probability be mailed out in March or April. I still can't afford to put it all out in one whack, but by working steadily when I'm home for weekends I should have it ready to mail by the end of spring vacation.

COLLEGE MAN

My new address for those of you who don't know is: Bill Plott, P. O. Box 4719, University, Alabama. By the time this issue comes out, there is a good possibility that it will be almost time for me to return home for summer vacation. Therefore, I am going to prepare appropriate boxes below; one of these will be checked to indicate where LOCs, etc. should be mailed: Please address all correspondence to:

☐ Bill Plott
P. O. Box 654
Opelika, Alabama

☒ Bill Plott
P. O. Box 4719
University, Alabama

Now, for those who are interested, a few facts about the University of Alabama in general, the effect of my arrival on campus, and other sundry matters. Besides having the Number 1 Football Team in the country, we also have an accredited academic rating. I am majoring in journalism. My first semester courses include History of Western Civilization, English Composition, Spanish I, Physical Geology, Survey of Journalism, and Plane Geometry. The latter is a remedial course which I did not take in high school; the credit must be made up as an entrance requirement. At present there will be only two apparent changes for the second semester. The journalism course will be replaced by sophomore ROTC (my three years of high school ROTC exempted me from the Freshman course), and Plane Geometry will be replaced by a yet undetermined course of my choice.

WE'RE NUMBER 1!

The final game of the season with Auburn brought about a wild, almost fanfisk, weekend. Early Saturday morning, I hit the road with a tiny overnight bag. A few minutes later, I had caught a ride to Birmingham, which lies about 60 miles northeasterly of Tuscaloosa, Alabama and the University. Being somewhat elated over my success at getting an early ride, I failed to realize the tragic mistake that was soon to stare me in the face.

Panic, sheer panic. That's the only way I can describe my emotions at 8:30 A.M. that Saturday morning when standing on the corner of 19th street and 7th avenue, I suddenly realized that my ticket was in a desk drawer 60 miles away! I was stunned. I went into a dingy restaurant to drink a cup of coffee and prepare a plan of action. A few moments later it was quite evident that a bus was my only possible means of getting back to school to get my ticket. It would be almost hopeless to try to thumb from B'ham to Tuscaloosa on this particular Saturday morning.

Having realized my course of action, I went the Greyhound bus station and checked the time schedules. I could not get a bus to Tuscaloosa until 11 o'clock - only three hours prior to game time. At Trailways the situation was even worse. So with two hours to kill, I resolved to spend them constructively and not worry about the bus or the game until the proper time arrived. I settled down in the second hand book and magazine store where I found plenty to keep me occupied for the next couple of hours. Among the goodies that unearthed there was a good condition hardcover copy of Bill Mauldin's Up Front. There were assorted prozines and comics which I bought also, but the Mauldin book was a treasure to me..

Despite my lackadaisical attitude, I was still nervous about the possibility of missing the game. I suppose one has to be an avid sports enthusiasts, or at least a football fan, to understand the utter of horror of my situation. There was also a personal note involved. My family are all devout Auburn supporters and I live in an enemy camp, so to speak. Therefore, this game, of all games, was most important to me. My father was to meet me at halftime as he was coming up for the game also. From an outsider's point of view, the national championship and the Southeastern Conference championship were at stake for Alabama.

I found myself, shortly after leaving the bookstore, at the bus station with some forty-five minutes to kill. This I did by buying a copy of the paperback, Breakfast At Tiffany's by Truman Capote - which has been made into a delightful movie that I recommend heartily. The novel is not as good as the movie, but still it was interesting. This I almost finished by the time the bus reached Tuscaloosa. During the bus ride back to Tuscaloosa, I was as nervous as I can ever remember being. I smoked chains, chewed gum madly, tried to concentrate on the novel, and nearly went mad in general. The bus driver seem to drive with an uncanny slowness that covered a route of back roads, leading me to believe that I would have to walk several blocks to the campus after getting off of the bus. Fortunately, we eventually emerged on the main highway once again and I got out on University Avenue, about two blocks from my dorm.

Five minutes later, I was back on University Avenue with my ducat securely wedged into my shirt pocket. After about ten minutes of despair, two students in an old Chevy picked me up. One of them had been working so they were leaving late for the game. I considered myself fortunate until the condition of the car began to soak in:- we could not expect more than 35 or 40 miles an hour of the old gal. About ten miles outside of town we junked her and the three of us applied for passage on the Hangnail Express. We were, fortunately, picked up by the first car that came by - two more latecomers on the way to the game. The driver of this car more than doubled our previous speed. We reached Legion Field only three minutes late, and also in time to see the first Alabama touchdown.

It is pertinent that I mention here about my overnight bag and purchases from the bookstore. I put them in a locker at the bus station before I returned to Tuscaloosa. After the game, I reclaimed my possessions and caught a streetcar out to Al Andrews' house where I spent the night and part of the following day.

My unique weekend did not end Saturday evening, however; Sunday afternoon I had the experience of catching a ride with a truck driver -- something I had never managed to do before in my neo hitchhiking career. That is indeed a memorable experience to ride in the cab of a lumbering tractor-trailer truck. The maddening and constant growl of the engines and the neverending bumpity-bump of the ride is a lot of fun if you accept it in an awesome manner; it's almost like regaining your sense of wonder.



COMMENTS ON THIS ISSUE

This is, by no means, a sign of things to come. I am not returning to the hyper-active state of fanac that I enjoyed a year or so ago. I cannot even contemplate such a venture, but I am managing to work a little more fanac into my schedule now. The reason for this lies in the fact that I am now away from home and have 24 hours at my disposal to be used as I see fit. After classes and study hours are taken into consideration, I still have some time left for letter-backing, reading, etc. This issue of Maelstrom is an impromptu affair in origin and slow in evolution. Maelstrom is still officially folded because I can't promise future issues with any degree of reliability. This issue fullfills all of my subscription obligations from the time that Maels was an overcharged 25¢fanzine.

I do not request any subscriptions or contributes. Nay, I discourage them. Be it known now, that I am not responsible for any money that is sent for Maels #8. If that issue is produced, it will be done so in the same manner as this issue. By the same token, contributions run the risk of remaining in dusty files and eventually being returned unused. The material in this issue is some leftover stuff that I discovered while cleaning up. I had planned to return it to the authors, but decided to use when I became inspired to put out another issue of Maels. I trust that this explanation will be sufficient to cover any questions that may have arisen.

The letters in "Backlash" are in re of issue #6. I had many more LoCs, but disposed of them when I folded Maels several months ago. At present there are only two letters on stencil. I'm going to look around and try to find some more to extend the lettercol. For those of you whose letters were destroyed, I apologize. This issue was not scheduled to be published so I had no way of knowing that they would have a chance for publication. I hope this doesn't seem that I am ungrateful for your LoCs - I am not ungratefully by any means.

STRIPPERS PLAY ZIP-TEASE

The above heading is not designed to confuse, bewilder, tongue twist, or sexually stimulate anyone. It is used for lack of a more suitable heading for this particular topic. The title is, however, related to the item at hand. Several months ago, an article appeared on the Women's Page of The Atlanta Journal under the heading: "Strippers Are Stymied--- Zipper Seams to Vanish." I was, needless to say, no less intrigued by the title, and venture to read the article. Yep, that's what it was all about. Now, I would never have expected an article on strip teasing to appear on the Women's Page of a big city newspaper -- but then, where else is there to put it, after all the strippers are women, too.

The above paragraph concerns an American institution that is going to be exterminated by the clothing industry rather than the religious zealots or the vice squad. It seems that a revolutionary idea in zippers has come into use - invisible zippers which "lie flat and completely hidden inside a seam. There is no outside stitching to clue you in on where your zipper may lie." Of course, the obvious reasoning behind the assumption that the stripping game will die out is the fact that the poor girls won't be able to find the zippers when the climactic moment of "Take it off!" arrives! H'mm. This is going to put a lot of people out of work, you know. It's an interesting thought, but I don't think the gals will let themselves get sewed up -- there is too much money to be made before the panting public.

PLOT AGAINST PLOTT " " " "

Alan Dodd insisted quite some time ago that I share with everyone the weird experience that the Plott clan went through a couple of summers ago, about a year or so after I had made my fannish debut. My father, feeling generous, one night took our family out to eat. The restaurant was noted for its fine food, but it lay a couple of miles beyond the city limits. Those of you who are familiar with small towns understand this situation. After finishing our meal, we all piled back into ye olde '56 Mercury and were soon homeward bound. Just after entering the city limits of Opelika, we discovered that our left rear tire was flat. Unfortunately, we were on a slope and could not jack the car up to change tires. So my father pulled off of the highway and flagged down a car. They people gave him a ride into town and he got the delivery truck from the store and came back to get the rest of us.

So what, you say? Well, that night a unique and weird even transpired. We were notified early the next morning that three young punks had been picked up the police. These hoodlums had a carfull of automobile parts belonging to a '56 Mercury. It seems that sometime during the night they had come upon our abandoned car, which was to be towed in the following morning. They expertly stripped the car of every removable item and they took the back seat with its new seatcovers and burned it. They were kind enough to leave the flat tire, though.

The news item appeared that next day in the local paper and was eventually picked up by the wire services. A friend in New York City noticed and mentioned it to us a few months later. But the most amazing thing about the whole business was the letter from Alan Dodd about four months later. Enclosed was a clipping from a British paper called Tit-Bits. It was entitled "Plot Against Plott."

Dodd was quite impressed by it all since he new me and happend to notice the name Plott conected with a news item datelined Opelika. He wanted to know if there was any connection with me. I explained it all to him and he suggested that I present this information in Maelstrom. Somehow, I never got around to it until now - two years later. My father was overcome by the clipping and his worldwide fame. Here is a quote from the last part of the British clipping: "Missing were his tools, bumpers, air filter, floor mats, radio, hub caps and four tyres. The flat tyre remained for Plott." That's a pretty comprehensive coverage of the damage inflicted. So, in the future if you should hear our Anglo fan, Alan Dodd, refer to a Plot Against Plott, you'll know what it was all about.

NEW ADDITIONS

Herewith I shall give a partial listing of newly acquired books and records to the Plott Unmemorable Library. Items marked by asterisk (*) are items which have been digested, or read in the case of books.

Records:

"Concert In Rhythm, Volume II" with Ray Con-niff and His Orchestra and Chorus.*
"A Festival of Light Classical Music"*
(RCA-Reader's Digest collaboration. A 12-album set of choice excerpts from light classical musical. Expertly handled by European symphonies.

Books:

To Kill A Mockingbird by Harper Lee. Pulitzer prize-winning novel of a small Alabama town.*
The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich by W.H. Shirer.
Advise and Consent by Allen Drury
A Stillness At Appomatox by Bruce Catton
Profiles in Courage by John F. Kennedy.
Encyclopedia of American History by Richard B. Morris
Here Is Your War by Ernie Pyle
Up Front by Bill Mauldin



*The Catcher in the Rye - J.D. Salinger
(Signet pb) A modern classic.
*Nine Stories by J.D. Salinger. (Signet pb). Salinger is the most important writer in America today.
*Breakfast At Tiffany's by Truman Capote (paperback)
*Other Voices, Other Rooms T. Capote (pb)

Movies: (good ones to be recommended)

"Breakfast at Tiffany's" - A. Hepburn
"Fanny" with Maurice Chevalier
"La Dolce Vita" - Italian film, most powerful movie I've seen. Full of symbolism.

"Susan Slade" Troy and Connie again.
"The Comancheros" good John Wayne-western
"A Sound of Drums" very good western

with Richard (Paladin) Boone and George Hamilton.

--bjp--

FIRESIDE GATHERING

by Ray Nelson*

"My parents planned great things for me," said Mrs. Fielding, staring into the weary flames in the fireplace, "But they reckoned without two things. First, that I was a woman, and second, that ~~X~~ once I was safely married I would be little inclined to compete for a job with the poor kids who really needed it. I took all kinds of lessons, learned all sorts of things. Even took a bit of painting with silly old Uncle Phil." She gestured toward a competent but dull oil of Jimmy, not yet dry and leaning against the wall. "Who's to say that it's wrong if my life has been nothing but a long, long walk down a long, cool street with only dead leaves rustling in my wake."

"How morbid," muttered Mr. Fielding, settling deeper into his chair and his mental rehearsal of what he would say tomorrow on the floor of the senate.

They sat silent for a long time, watching the fire die.

Both jerked sharply when the front door slammed.

"I'm home!" cried Mary Fielding, age 18, as she bounded into the room.

"Hello, dear," said Mrs. Fielding.

Mr. Fielding was already back on the senate floor.

"Any mail come for me?" asked Mary.

"A package," answered Mrs. Fielding. "From the return address it's from your boy, Bob."

"Bob! That creep! He was my boy last month. As the Republican said to the Democrat, 'It's time for a change.'"

She picked up the package and shook it. Something bumped around inside. "It's too big to be valuable. I don't want it."

Before anyone could stop her, she tossed the package into the fire.

"Mary, why did you do that?" gasped Mrs. Fielding.

"The fire was dying, we need a little life around here."

The wrappings caught with a bright whoom and the three Fieldings watched the paper blacken and bend away.

"The burning of a great walled city," whispered Mary.

"You should have looked to see what was it first," said Mrs. Fielding.

"Look! I can see it now. Why, you know what it is? It's a toy train. Imagine anyone sending me a toy train at my age."

"It's only wood. It's catching fire now," said Mrs. Fielding.

"Mother, what beautiful symbolism. That creep, Bob, sent me the train because he thinks I'm still only a child. Now the train, symbol of my childhood, is burning away. I become...a woman!"

"It'll take more than a burning train to make an adult out of you." Muttered Mr. Fielding.

Pretending to take no notice of the remark, Mary plunked herself down on the floor and stared fixedly at the burning train, imagining that it was a real train, with people inside screaming.

Suddenly Mr. Fielding got up and strode out of the room. In a moment he was back with a typewritten speech in his hand. He sat down and attempted to read it by the fading light of the fire.

"Don't strain your eyes, dear," said Mrs. Fielding.

"Listen to what I say in this speech," said Mr. Fielding. "I have given this body a little common decency for a change. I have taken no bribes, taken no orders from any special interests, but now the boss of my party has given me an order. Vote for the McNarby bill...or else. I take no orders from anyone but the people, therefore, though I know it may well mean the end of my political career, I cast my vote against..."

"Go on, dear." said Mrs. Fielding.

"What's the use? You know and I know that I'm never going to give that speech. I'm going into that big tomb tomorrow and vote for the McNarby bill, just as I was told to do."

"No, Daddy! You can't let them do that to you." cried Mary.

"For your sake, for your mother's sake, I must."

The fire flared up again, feeding on the typewritten pages of his speech.

"That speech was only a false gesture of phony heroism," said Mr. Fielding. "A gesture of egotistical childishness. Just because I don't happen to like the McNarby bill doesn't give me the right to double-cross the people who put me in office. Without a few sacrifices like mine, a few compromises, no party could exist."

"What's wrong with that?" asked Mary.

"I often wonder," laughed Mr. Fielding.

"The fire is going out again," said Mrs. Fielding. "It is time I made my contribution."

Smiling grimly, she picked up her painting and threw it into the flames.

"That is my childishness," she said. "A foolish, worthless daubing of a frustrated old housewife. All of us must burn away the child in ourselves. All of us must grow up, burned clean of childishness."

"Don't talk like that, darling," said Mr. Fielding, trying to put his arm around her.

"Stop pawing me, Senator," whispered Mrs. Fielding coldly. "Can't you see I must tend the fire?"

With efficient machine-like motions, Mrs. Fielding bunched up newspaper after newspaper and fed the fire until it blazed so hot she could no longer stand near it.

"Let me burn something, too," came a small, excited voice.

"Jimmy! Why aren't you in bed?" growled Mr. Fielding.

"For God's sake..." gasped Mary.

11

"You go back to bed this min..."shouted Mr. Fielding.

"NO!" shouted Mrs. Fielding, "This is the big burning. All contributions welcome."

She took the football and, shielding her face from the heat, rolled it into the flames.

"Aw, Mommy. It rolled off to one side," cried Jimmy.

"Don't get so near the fire, Jimmy," said Mr. Fielding.

Suddenly, before anyone could stop him, Jimmy ran into the fireplace and picked up the football.

Mrs. Fielding screamed and Mary leaped toward the fire to save him. Mrs. Fielding grabbed Mary's arm and tried to reach Jimmy herself, but Mr. Fielding pushed her aside, tripped over Mary, and sprawled headlong across the hearth.

Jimmy carefully placed his football in the very center of the flames then, as his family fought like mad beasts for the right to rescue him, he lay down on the blazing football, painting, speech, and train, and quietly burned to a crisp.

-the end-

Elegy To Earth

Throughout the night the heavens rang,
Sweet sounds, quiet sounds.
And every star in yonder sky has kissed
Our earth,
On this,
Her last breath of space.

--John Pesta--

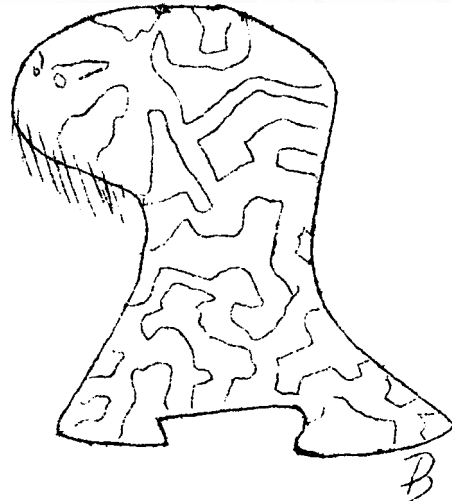
We ought not to judge men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them. --Chasson.

...OF THE PASSING PARADE

by LEE HOFFMAN*

Reams and reams of paper have been covered with the praises of the Greats of fan publishing, the All Time Fanzines, such as FANTASY FAN and TIME TRAVELER, but little mention has been made of the many crudzines which would best be left unmentioned. Yet these bygone monstrosities are just as much a part of fandom as the oft-praised immortals. They may have had less effect on the growth and development of fandom but in many cases their editors became outstanding leaders among fans. And these fanattempts, poor as they may have been, are nonetheless a part of the passing parade, a gust in the Immortal Storm. As such they deserve to be remembered.

Then too, most of these zines are just as much a headache to the avid collector as are their more famous fellows. While those leading zines of yesteryear were collected and saved, often the crudzines were tossed away. So although the completist who strives to have every fanzine in his collection has only to wave enough long green in the adzines to obtain almost any of the top zines of the past, he has a discouraging search on his hands to find even a single copy of a zine such as THE PLANETOID.



Judging from reviews, THE PLANETOID was one of the worst zines published in the thirties, although most probably quite a number of the mags printed in the forties and the still-young fifties could match, if not surpass it for cruddiness.

In a pamphlet titled SCIENCE FICTION BIBLIOGRAPHY, published in 1935 by the Science Fiction Syndicate (sounds ominous, doesn't it?) in Austin, Texas, this mag was described as follows:

"PLANETOID

"Vol. 1, Number 1 was dated Dec. 1932. The second issue, Jan. '33. There is not a single item of interest, or a scrap of information, in either issue. There is absolutely no reason why anyone should waste time collecting this item. Both issues are printed on cheap slips of paper about one-fourth the size of a sheet of typing paper."

In SCIENCE FICTION FAN for Oct. 1936, there is a review of THE PLANETOID which says that the contents were so poor that Charles D. Hornig gave the editor a blasting which resulted in an enviable friendship. It further states that copies of this magazine are very rare.

*"...Of The Passing Parade" by Lee Hoffman, reprinted from TIME STREAM #3, Winter '51-'52 by permission of editors JT Oliver and Paul Cox. JT and Paul were actifans in Columbus, Ga., in QUANDRY times.

The editor of this journal was a teen-aged midwestern lad, known in fandom as Bob Tucker.

SF BIBLIOGRAPHY lists another ultimate in fanzine lows. In fact, two of them from the same publisher. The first is...

"RADIAGRAM

"The Radiagram is a typewritten affair edited by John B. Michel and Edward Gervais. No stranger collection of scientific fallacies and misinformation has ever been put into print - an unbelievable revelation of callow thinking and juvenile maunderings. Lasted but one issue, April 1933."

The other is...

"INTERNATIONL OBSERVER

"This magazine is the official publication of the International Cosmos Science Club, mimeographed, 8x11. It is edited by John B. Michel and has appeared monthly since September, 1934. It illustrates the general impotence of the average science-fiction correspondence club. Contents are on a par with the Radiagram. No collector who has seen a copy will give this magazine any further consideration."

The INTERNATIONAL OBSERVER concerned itself mostly with science and a small amount of fan gossip. Among the fans connected with it were Sykora and Wollheim. This zine advertised on its masthead that it was "Combined with The Cosmology."

These are only a few of the many perpetrated on fandom in its early days. Some of these mags, like many zines of our own day, grew into fine respectable fanzines, if a fanzine can be classified as "fine and respectable." Others folded quietly as their editors stole away.

THE END

That article is rather personal to me. Those of you who were around when Maelstrom first hit the mails as splotchy crudzine can well understand what I mean. I've managed to keep up a steady rate of improvement for the most part, but I still feel that there is a long way to go. I wish I could feel reliable about future issues of Maelstrom, but I can't...--bjp.

If you think you had trouble with your first issue...you're right...
--Les Gerber--

Yes, the Beaumont book was quite a letdown. Beaumont is good. I just bought the wrong book. --Jerry Gray--

Well, bless your little southern fried hide... --George Early--

It sounds like the Plotts have got their own Plot to me...--A. Dodd--

...the only fannish organization I ever did join was your SF Anonymus. Never joined any of the other apas at all. Your organization was different though... --Alan Dodd--

Speaking of politics, I'm campaigning for Mort Sahl for president.
--Peggy Sexton--

NEO'S LAMENT

SF and fantasy fiction, they say
Are allied in a very intimate way.
Really thorough readers will often insist
That most books belong on the "borderline list."
True SF, the sagacious and wise Gernsback saw,
Should be solidly based on natural law.
Hugo's goal was a core of a Corps de Elite.
Of the scientifically erudite.
Trufans, in his technocentric Utopia,
Suffered none of the common man's "horse sense" myopia.
But neither would readers or sfans permit.
Doubletalk no extension of truth would admit.
Thus anchored, this cross-braced tripod foundation.
Should have checked any retrogressive mutation.
But what author today will stop to explain
At the risk of some loss to the plot's subtle chain?
And what fan write of any but occult science
In our N'APA?

---Charles Fortier---

DESPAIR

As I walked down the street,
I saw a man run screaming from the sanitorium,
With five men in white coats pursuing him.
And I was terrified.
I kept on walking,
And I saw a disheveled drunk,
Lying in the gutter, an empty bottle in his hand.
And I was disgusted.
Then I went home.
As I walked up the walk,
My mother met me at the door,
And she told me that my best friend was dead.
And I was saddened.

Isn't life wonderful?

---Les Sample---

-
- 1) Fossenkemper's First Axiom: You can't make no money with a fanzine. (You can't hardly do it with a prozine, but that's another problem.)
 - 2) Fossenkemper's Second Axiom: You can't make no money writing for a fanzine. (You can't hardly do it writing for a prozine, either, and that's exactly the same problem.)
 - 3) Fossenkemper's Third Axiom: The main trouble with science fiction is that the people interested in it aren't rich.

---Lloyd Biggle, Jr.---

Coward: Fan at con who says to John W. Campbell, "Well, I like psi stories, John." --Al Andrews--

Why don't you get Mickey Spillaine to do those articles on the Hammer movies? --Craig Cochran--

SUN--BURNED

We swam together in the surf,
The rolling waves,
The pounding breakers glancing off the shore.
We'd dance like dolphins in the shallows
of the sea -
At night, when the moon was high.
Embrace we would, and touch our sea-wet lips,
And laugh and dive beneath the pensive swell.
And everyday, my love for her would grow. . .
Would grow and grow and grow.
Another day we swam throughout the night -
the late, late night when stars were harbored high.
Deep in the billows of the surging salt
We played and danced in ecstasy.
And then we rose
After hours of sport and love.
We rose up in the depths of water,
Oblivions to our defiler.
For now I kneel here on this sun-baked rock
And bow my head o'er my true love.
The sun has parched her scales -
her silvered fins.
The sun has claimed my love,
My only love.

---John Pesta---

Your discovery of a book on Palmistry, written in the 1400's could
be highly important. Do you feel that this would justify an assumption
that already by that early date people had hands? I caution
against rash conclusions and suggest that you seek confirmatory
evidence in independent sources.

--Lloyd Biggle, Jr., (in a letter
concerning above mentioned book
which I found during a book sale
locally.)

I kind of like that stationary you use where the hairy hand with the
untrimmed fingernails (and only 4 fingernails, too) looks like it
is exhausted and is dripping catchup. It is quite obvious that he
has just finished eating a hot dog smothered with the works.

--Craig Cochran--
(in re of a Jim Belcher designed
letterhead that many of you have
seen. Also, see bacover Maels #4.)

She had nine lives, at beck and call;
The extra eight were no use at all.

--Mark Curilovic-- (in re
of McAdoo, a fannishly named
cat of mine, who was killed
accidentally.)

Unless you walked in stark naked, I doubt if you would be noticed.

--Emile Greenleaf-- (in re
of what type clothes to wear
during the course of a world-
con.)

BACKLASH

{ curses, raves
 threats, }

Norman Masters I'd like to make a few comments on Maelstrom
9500 Bridge Lake Rd. #6 and then rant a little on my own. Your
Clarkston, Michigan Pittcon report was enjoyable reading, and as

far as poetry goes, I enjoyed "Night Song" and especially the part about the snow. Modern verse is okay, and often quite enjoyable, so I hope you keep on printing it. But the paint blots on canvas that some people call modern "art" is quite the opposite from modern verse. A five year old child can do the very same thing in fingerpainting. Modern splochers, who call themselves artists are either not developed artistically any further than a five year old child or are being - to give them the benefit of the doubt - sadly deluded. Maybe modern "art" is a part of general non-conformity. But if they are non-conforming, why not go all the way and quit ridiculously maintaining that this IS art? Why not call it something else? For example, why not call it psychopathic ravings? There is no relation between ~~real~~ art and modern art other than the fact that both use paint - but so does a barn, and a painted barn isn't called art.

Modern art can probably be tied into the "sane-insane, crazy-uncrazy" discussion by Bart Milroad, but I'm not going to take the time to do it because I want to discuss your observations on love for a while.

I don't know what you mean by the third category - "Surrealistic." I wish you'd develop this a little further, explaining it more clearly. You didn't mention such things as love of country and love of God (unless this is what your third category meant) which are certainly a part of love, but which are not the main issue - as far as we're concerned at the present. Although these are also real love, henceforth when referring to real love, I will mean the same thing that you do (I hope) - that of a male for a female, but not including puppy love and equivalents, parental and relational love, love of God and country, hero worship or respect.

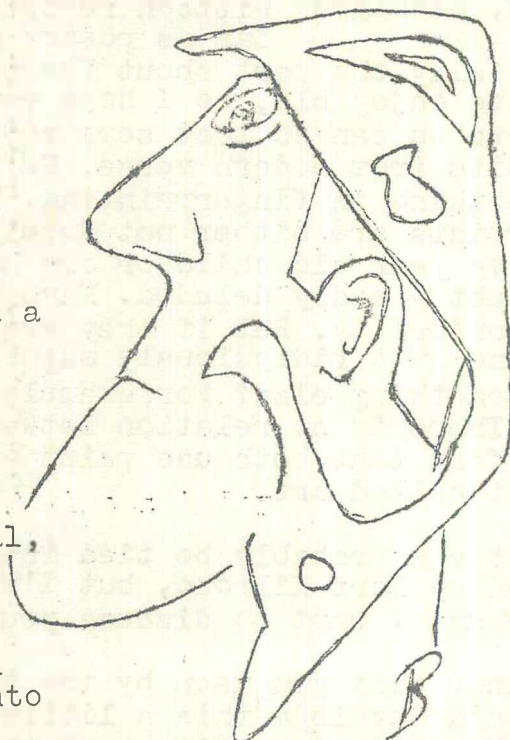
You say that real love can "be considered marriage when such is without mispha in the nature of divorce and separation." I disagree. Real love is NOT marriage. Marriage may be a result of real love and also real love may be a part of marriage; but, on the other hand, marriage may NOT be a result of real love and there may exist no real love whatsoever in the marriage between two people - and in both cases there may be neither divorce nor separation. Several marriages are not marriage's for love's sake. An old man may marry a young woman - the old man marrying for companionship - the young woman for his money when he passes away. Both may be quite aware of the other's reasons, yet they can remain happily married, getting what they want from the marriage - but neither of them actually loving the other. Such marriages are not uncommon.

Also, real love can exist between a man and woman without marriage ever coming about. Never being married may be for several reasons - for example: family pressure or religious beliefs. A good example of the former is Henry James' novel, The American. As for the latter, the love life of George Eliot is a good example. She lived with

a man for most of her life, she loved this man, he loved her, yet they could never marry because he had previously been married and his real wife was insane. Religion prevented divorce and remarriage. Incidentally, a good example of pseudo-love is her marriage, after this man had died, to her and this man's best friend. Although it is difficult to be sure of the true feelings of others -- for the very reason that we often cannot even understand our own feelings -- it is still reasonable, and generally accepted, that she married this friend mainly out of grief over the death of the man she'd lived with so long.

Thus there can exist love without marriage and successful marriage without love. Therefore, real love and successful marriage are not equivalent.

Next you say "that love has degenerated to the point of mere physical attraction," brought about by "the advertising medias of television, radio, newspapers" etc., which "have pounded into the minds of our nation one thing - sex appeal." I have to agree with you that a lot of stress today is put on sex appeal, but not that love has degenerated to the point of mere physical attraction. Instead, let me say that because of the stress on sex appeal several people are being deluded into thinking that physical attraction is all that there is to love; but as I said, they are being deluded. Love is still love, not just physical attraction. Here you may attack me by saying that since they believe love is physical attraction, then what you maintain - that love has degenerated to mere physical attraction - is true. But this argument does not hold up because you yourself say that puppy love is pseudo-love; but the person experiencing this puppy love believes that it is real love. So in puppy love and physical attraction, the participants feel that it is real love. If you maintain that puppy love is pseudo-love, you must also agree that mere physical attraction is also pseudo-love, for the very same reasons. Thus, love has not degenerated to the point of mere physical attraction. In fact, love is a very complex thing made up of many ingredients of which physical attraction is just one -- but an important one, especially when a couple is married.



Modern art is a matter of taste - I like some of it, but dislike most of it. My theories on love were too general and personal to be very comprehensive, but I think the growing divorce rate in the U.S. is exemplary of the fact that physical attraction IS playing an increasingly greater role in marriages today. I've become more firmly entrenched in this belief since entering college. Your thoughts were well thought out and on a much more solid foundation than mine, Norm. - bjp.

Are these letter-substitutes of yours something like Green Stamps? Or maybe it's something like the Black Spot. -- Ted Brooke.

Harry Warner Writing this letter may be an epitome of the typicality of my stupidity. I have some vague recollection of a postal card from you thanking me for fanzine comments and explaining that you were gaffiating for some time so there might not be any more issues right away. Now I find the sixth issue of The Maelstrom, which I'll bet that even you have forgotten, tucked incredibly deep under a pile of unanswered mail. I may have already sent you comments on it, or I might have written you about a later issue, or that card might not have been from you after all. All fans in the South are beginning to coalesce in my mind, since formation of this Southern Fandom Group, into a solitary picture of a fan in somewhat tattered clothing, slogging his way determinedly through dusty and muddy roads, his mimeo still firmly strapped to his back although his shoes are in tatters, with the helicopter on his beanie alternately vanishing and reappearing as the clouds of gunsmoke gather and dissipate.

After all those preliminaries, I may be a trifle shy of comments. Much of that issue was used to publish material that requires either endless essays as comment or just the simple statement that the item was liked or disliked. I wouldn't want to tackle the subject of love in two pages, even though you were brave enough to do it without even filling out the second page. The only thing I can say briefly is that I'm glad to see a fan writing something about a topic which has been an exception to the rule that fans publish material about everything in their fanzines. But your generalizations could be questioned for the rest of this long weekend which I hope to utilize instead by attending the Philcon.

Bart Milroad's column was just plain awful. He obviously is writing about topics which he started to think about the day before yesterday during this or that class in college. It is true that French is one of the most precise languages, in a certain sense, but not in the sense that he seems to assume, that each word means a particular thing. How about the French word hôte, which can mean either the host or the guest. Or the multiplicity of wildly misnamed political parties that have thrived in France during the past half-century? To say that Esperanto has "no natural relationship to any other languages, there are no derivatives in the true sense" is even worse, as a bit of comparison of Esperanto words with a few dictionaries of European tongues will prove. I got dizzy and couldn't finish the part of the column about sanity and complexity in civilizations.

Your convention report was extremely pleasant to read. It was nice to see at least one convention goer admitting that this was his first time and he was dazed by the wonder of it all and not a bit blasé about what was going on.

I almost wish that I hadn't tackled the subject of love in 2 pages.bjp.

Quote of the month: In re Norman Vincent Peale
(he of The Power of Positive Thinking fame):

"Paul is appealing,
but Peale is appalling."

---Al Andrews---

We write and read of fear, because we are afraid. --Jerry Gray.

BOOK REVIEW

by Howard Shockley

CLEOPATRA, H. Rider Haggard's novel of Egyptian love, intrigue, royal chamber maids, and what have you is one to remain with you - especially if you have paid the man at the newstand for C.I. #161. Yes, Classics Illustrated are still selling at popular prices - 15¢.

One day while visiting the newstand as I often do, I noticed the wide assortment of Classics I. (Which will be referred to in the remainder of this article as CI. More or less informal credits there.) I plucked up a few, thumbing through, then decided to invest the small sum into what looked like fairly good reading. Namely, CLEO.

Profoundly illustrated by N. Nodel (the "N" probably stands for Melvin), this "Haggard" novel comes through with the best of them, true to CI style. Briefly, for those of you who are not familiar with the story, here are a few highlights of it.

The new-bourne child, Harmachis, destined to become the Pharoah of Pharoahs, has an unhappy childhood. First of all, he was born on the same day as Cleopatra, who was not such a nice little girl. Secondly, when he was just a young tot, he barely escaped the blade of the soldiers of Ptolemy. Now Ptolemy was the Greek ruler of Egypt at the time. Not that he was one to fear a small child, but he had heard stories 'round about the court taverns, and he thought it wise to remove Harmachis from his pre-destined ivory tower, even before he got there!

After reading How to Remove Babies Who Threaten Your Empire by K. Herod, Esq., of Palestine, Ptolemy sent out his silver-shielded swordsmen, who sought to wreak a short life span on poor little Harmachis. However, the plan was to be foiled by the quick thinking of Harmachis' relatives and the switch-a-roo pulled by the old nurse. A baby got the axe, sure enough, but the baby was the old nurse's grandchild. (I think the parents of the child were out of town; to Alexandria, I think, and they were muchly bereaved to hear of the child's misfortune.)

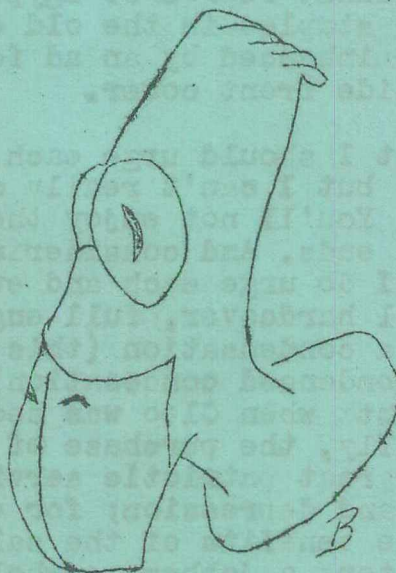
Nevertheless, Harmachis grew in wisdom and stature, and finally in years. One day, after he had been out in the reeds and bushes with a friend (I shan't disclose the sex of the friend for obvious reasons - this is a family type fanzine), Harmachis' poppa didn't make any bones about it, either. So for the next five years little Harmachis lived with his uncle at Annu, increasing his knowledge of the movements of the stars, pyramids, and other celestial things like that. After learning all these mysteries, Harmachis was installed in the Egyptian underground as most high exalted grand pharaon of the Pharoahs.

Then it came time to meet Cleopatra. The old gal wasn't doing too bad for herself, either, because by this time, she was ruling Egypt, too. Except her ruling was on the up-and-up with everybody, and she got to rule in a beautiful palace and all. Anyway, Cleo was going down the street in this parade when Harmachis decides he wants to meet her. He "lifted his staff aloft and smote" one of the big Nubian slaves standing by, thus creating a scene and halting

the procession. This disturbance served to get him into the royal palace to see Cleopatra. During his audience with the Queen, he presents a few minor tricks to amuse her highness who forthwith presents Harmachis with the title of "Court Astrologer." This is all very good, because Harmachis and the members of the right-wing underground are planning to slay Cleopatra, and expell the Greeks and Romans from the sacred land of Osiris.

Support Nat. Figleaf Week.

But one night our boy H gets into the Queen's chamber (with her consent) and plans to do the evil deed. However, the Queen's tricks prove to be too much for Harmachis who retires forthwith. Therefore the plot is uncovered. H failed in the well-planned undertaking, but he doesn't lose favor with the Queen. Cleo has more tricks in store as she persuades Mr. H to invade the sacred tomb of Menkau-ra and borrow a few coins and precious stones to finance the latest foreign aid program (that is, with the Romans. H didn't know this.) Soon after the Queen has spent the fortune entertaining the Roman envoy, Harmachis feels he's been duped, and starts raising a racket about rifling the sacred tomb and squandering the loot on a bunch of



fat Romans. Cleo soon tires of his tirades and decides to excommunicate him from the royal set. Big H gets wind of this from a chamber maid (SHE got him into the mess in the first place, but that's another story) and feels that it is best that he take flight from the near vicinity of Cleopatra and her bad, bad guards.

By this time, the Romans (in the person of Marc Antony) have securely annexed the little province in the sun, and are making plans to do evil things to Harmachis and his group. But anyway, H makes his escape good, although he caught a bad freighter that went down the murky deeps during a storm, but let's face it, they don't build 'em like they did in the good ol' days. Harmachis retires from the underground for a while to take up his old trade of magic far off into the hills; he catered to the mountain folk, but word of his work soon spread far and wide to all peoples. All this time, Harmachis has thought of revenge, so when word comes to him that Queen C is in dire need of his counsel, H considers this to be the opportune moment.

The stage is set: Antony, an industrious and ambitious boy, is now engaged in war with Octavius. But it seems that Antony has been away from the Olympian Games for quite a while and isn't up to date on the modern warefare of the day, and hasn't done too well against Octavius. To add to the chaos and confusion, H comes on the scene to disrupt matters to the utmost by giving Queen C a great amount of false counselling. In the long awaited end, Tony smites himself with a weapon, and Cleopatra begs of H to give her a fix (a fix in those days was generally a brew of potent drugs which generally

produced a long, long sleep, which generally gently carried a body to a longer sleep which is generally referred to today as death.) While Cleo is gently being carried away, H informs her as to his true identity, and that the curse of Menkau-ra has surely fallen upon her. Cleo then expires--not of the stark revelation, but of something she she ate. H feels somewhat nostalgic about the whole thing. He recalls all the wild times he'd had and desires to put the complete story on papyrus for future generations to enjoy.

So ends the story. The cover is magnificently done: a simple profile of Cleo against repros of Egyptian mosaics. Cleverly bound by stainless steel staples in the old comic book tradition. The production is further enhanced by an ad for "an attractive, permanent binder" on the inside front cover.

I feel that I should urge each of you rush out and buy a copy of Cleo forthwith, but I can't really do that because of my station in this situation. You'll not enjoy the CI version, since I've already told you how it ends. And considering the recent slump or recession, I do feel and I do urge each and every one of you to rush out and buy the original hardcover, full length novel for these reasons: The comic is merely a condensation (this review, then, by logical reasoning, is merely a condensed condensation); the book contains a lot of those juicy moments when Cleo was seducing H, for all you beady-eyed rascals; finally, the purchase of the more expensive, hardcover book will be a great patriotic service to our country in these times of dire need and depression; for each book there's gotta be somebody reaping the benefits of the sale. For each book sold, there's a worker, a printer, a jobber, a wholesaler, a cheat who'll fatten his pocket-book; and just to be honest, how many clods will you impress by carrying a comic book around, when on the other hand, with the book, dark glasses, a pipe, trench coat, 3-piece suit, etc., you're

kops,
↓
BEWARE THE NIGHT

There are nights when frost-veined leaves
Fall,
And, gliding to the earth,
Cast shadows over windows, sidewalks, houses.
Clouds are streaked and blown hard across
The sky, like spectres,
Reaching for a bit of soul to haunt.
And then a chill wind
Wails
Its ghost agony
Screaming banshee yells across the town.
And only snow-capped streetposts light
The night,
As every lamp in every house
Goes out.
And then they rise,
These dwellers of the night,
To haunt the city streets by
Darkness.
Close that window, fool!
They enter that way too.

---John Pesta---

really set to attain what everyone wants: status. In a nutshell, I suppose the reason for writing this review was status. But I don't know - the book was pretty good.