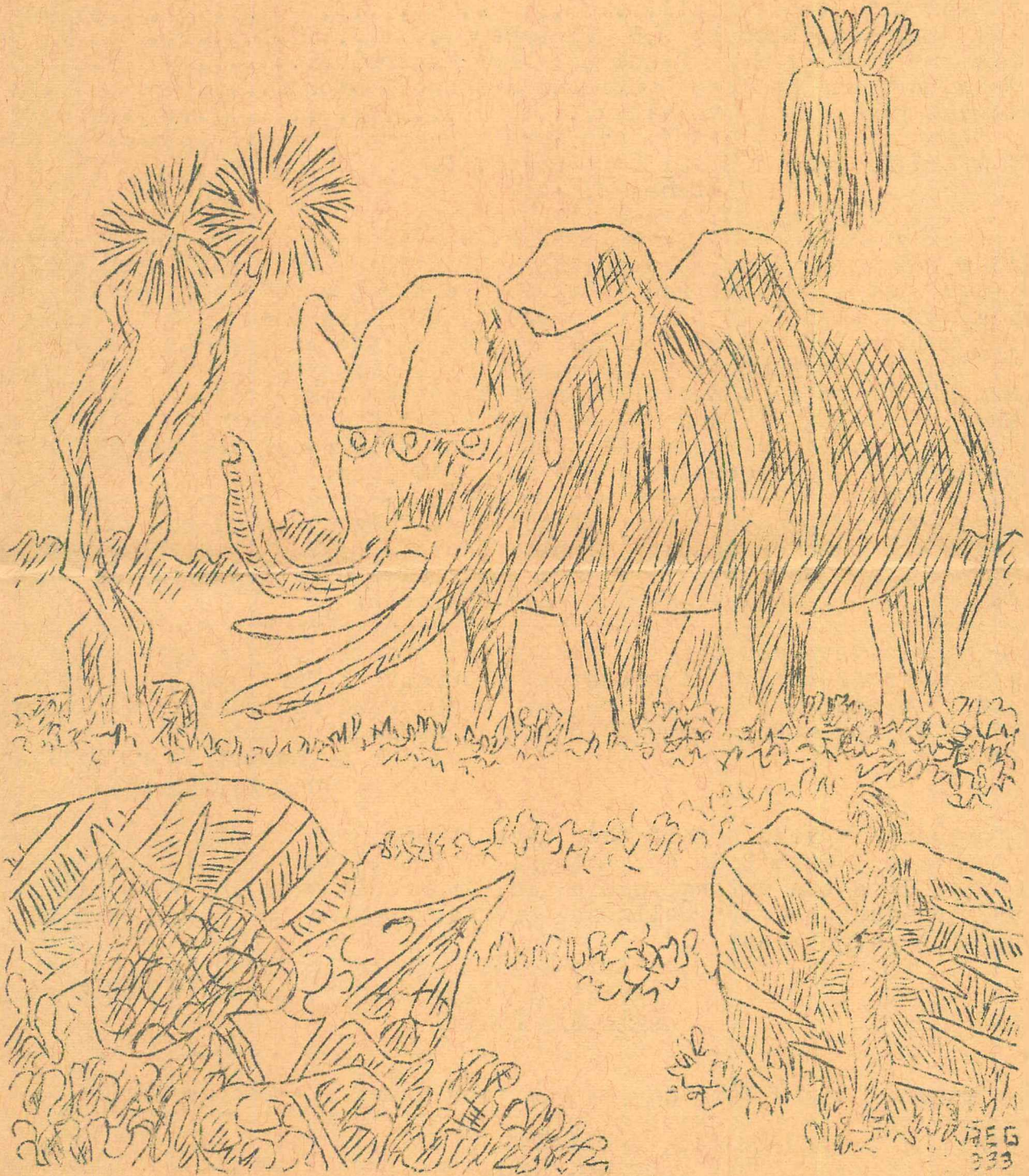


MAELSTROM

NO. 10



JULY

1963



# MAELSTROM

No. 10

## CONTENTS

Mulligan Mill (editorial).....	2
"Paragraph" (fiction by D.B. Fletcher).....	5
Books (reviews by Hank Black and Norm Maters).....	8
Flicks (reviews by Mike Deckinger and Joe Staton).....	10
Backlash (letters by ye alle).....	13

ART CREDITS: Robert E. Gilbert-cover, 3.  
D. B. Fletcher-2.  
Frank Mattson-4.

STATUS QUO Dept. Somewhere on the mailing label you will find a clue to your status quo for receiving this erstwhile publication. If a number appears there, it is the number of the last issue you will receive unless you redeem yourself in one of the acceptable fashions. A "T" indicates that we trade zines. A "C" is symbolic of your all-powerful status as a contributor or a letterhack. If no number appears (including "T" and "C" copies) you may consider your status quo as being relatively good. The next issue will reach you despite rain, snow, sleet, gloom of night, and all that jazz...

Please note the above change of address. They threw me out of the old place. Very ununderstanding people. They told me either the orgys had to go or I had to go. So I picked up my case of whiskey and my dirty books and left. Showed them. -- Kay DiMiceli.

"I disagree with you there," West said, "War is only a symptom of the disease, it is only an expression of humanity. War itself is not at fault, but man. Nor can man really be regarded as being at fault, since what he is now going through is only a stage of growth."

--Robert Moore Williams  
in Doomsday Eve.

"Unfortunately yes. And if they haven't seen fit to give you the details, then I musn't do so, either. If I told you all, I'd usurp authority. It's the unforgiveable sin. It breeds anarchy, with all its attending features of godliness, promiscuousness and every form of untaxable naughtiness..."

--Eric Frank Russell in Three to Conquer  
(original title as serialized in Astounding:  
Call Him Dead.)

My copies of Maelstrom came damn near a year apart...--George Earley

This is MAELSTROM #10, published by Bill Plott, P. O. Box 654, Opelika, Alabama. This fanzine, being Banshee Press publication number #23, is available by the usual means: contributions, letters of comment, trade for your fanzine, or -- if you must -- dirty old money, (only U.S. currency, because I'm suspicious young capitalist) Stamps of small denomination are acceptable.

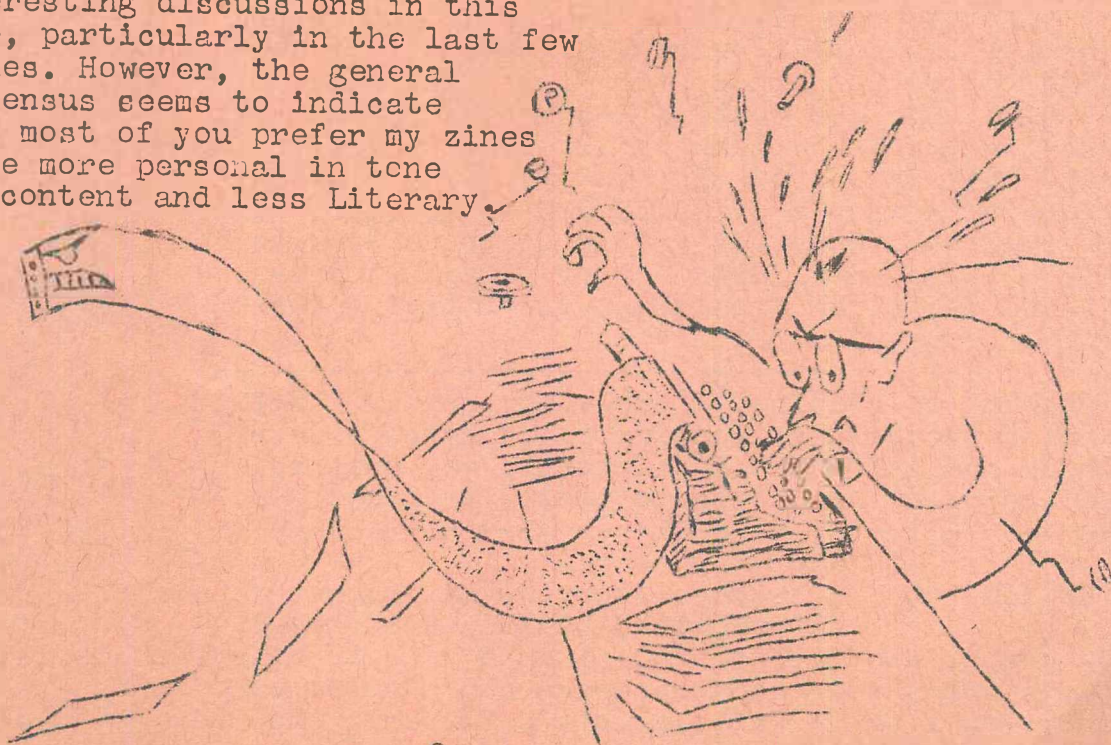


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DOUBLE FIGURES, AT LAST Well, well, ten issues of this fanzine have rolled off my battered Speed-o-print during the last four years if my mathematics are correct. That's something like  $2\frac{1}{2}$  fanzine per year, not a very high output to say the least. But if we figure in seven issues of my SFPazine, SPORADIC, and that one-shot called MYZINE that I pubbed for Howard Shockley a few years back, the total number of zines climbs to 18; that's about one fanzine every three months. In view of the reasonably consistent improvement in the various issues of my fanzines, I'm pleased with my output in general.

Fanediting is an interesting hobby. It is also time-consuming, at times hectic, and frequently expensive. Although, numerous articles have been written about the do's-and-don't's, the advantages-and-disadvantages, and so on of fanzine publishing, I still find myself pondering, at times, just why I continue to exert time and money in this manner. Well, no, Bob Jennings, I have not come up with anything profound to say, just a few off the cuff remarks.

For one thing publishing a fanzine is fun. I enjoy cutting stencils, organizing and selecting material, turning the crank and watching the finished product slide into the holding tray. Also, as I have mentioned above, it is interesting. Miz Fletcher, whose short story appears elsewhere in this issue, once commented to me that fanzines impressed her as being "an extended bull session." I think she has a valid point. Most fanzines present that picture tho we like to think of our own personal labors-of-love as "little magazines." But, to get back to fanediting-is-interesting angle. MAELSTROM has never run any particularly earth-shaking material and the lettercol has generally been rather short, but I think we've had some pretty interesting discussions in this zine, particularly in the last few issues. However, the general consensus seems to indicate that most of you prefer my zines to be more personal in tone and content and less Literary





My fanpubbing is much like my s-f collection, it's strictly for fun. Neither myself nor my fanzine has been mentioned in any fanzine poll, egoboo poll or what have you. I enjoyed publishing MAELSTROM and SPORADIC, and if those who read them derive some pleasure from reading them, I feel like I have been amply rewarded for my efforts.

By the way, the results of THE FIRST ANNUAL FAN POLL REPORT are out. Some of my favorites are on the various lists, some are not. Many of the big winners are merely names with which I am familiar, but totally unacquainted. For instance on the best fanzine list, I have never even seen 8 out of the top 21. However I have read a sufficient number of copies of each of the top six: WARHOON, XERO, YANDRO, CRY, SHAGGY, and AYE. The poll results are most interesting and copies are available (free, I believe) from CHARLES WELLS, 200 Atlas Street, Apt. #1, Durham, North Carolina. Charles said that additional copies were "available on request". He didn't mention a price, but it would be a nice gesture if you'd include a couple of stamps to cover the postage. He did put in a good deal of time and expense, you know...

THE SHRINKING ROOM I got home from school on the afternoon of May 29. Two weeks later I was still trying to get my room into some semblance of order. Every bag and box I unpacked seemed to pour out another load of books, magazines, and fanzines to be deposited on some shelf or in some nook or cranny in my room. I'm a typical fan, I can't pass up a book sale of any sort. Yet, I know I didn't buy that many books this past year...did I? Things are packed so tight in this room right now that I'll have to move my bed out in the hall if I bring any more stuff in here.

The population explosion (book-wise) has led to the necessity of cleaning out some of the stuff accumulated in this room. I have cut my fanzine collection down to less than half its former size. I now have two king-size stacks of fanzines roughly 10-12 inches in each stack which I will sell for roughly the cost of postage: \$3.00 per stack. (Okay, so that's slightly more than the cost of postage, fanzines are heavier than they look by the stack.) I also have back issues of SPORADIC #s 1-5 at 10¢ per zine; back issues of MAELSTROM #s 3, 4, 6, & 8 at 15¢ each. Somebody gobble up these "collector's items" Real Soon Now or I may get disgusted and throw them away. Isn't that a Horrible Thought?

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Speaking of reading, ("Huh...oh, reading? Well, that's those funny looking black marks you see above and below the EC pictures; you must have noticed them from time to time.")--Al Andrews.  
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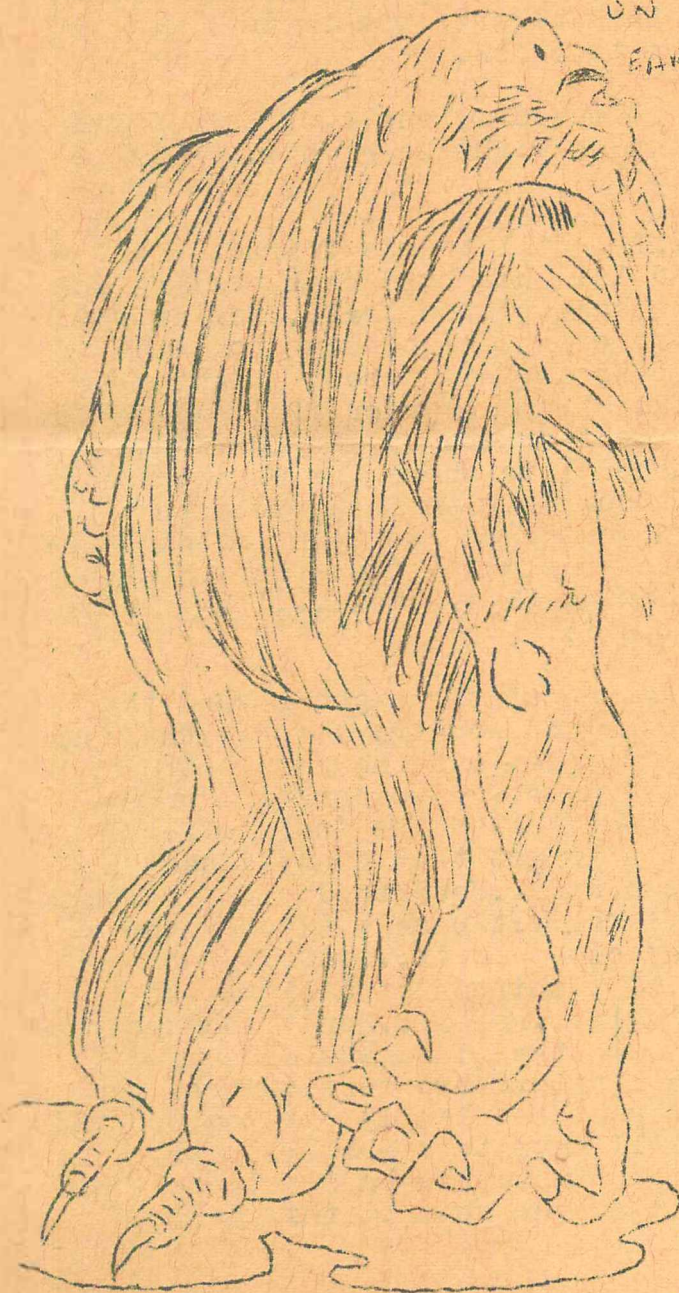
THE NEW LOOK I suppose everyone has seen the new prozine, WORLDS OF TOMORROW, by now. I was rather well pleased with the first issue. Several of the stories were above average and most of them were, at least, enjoyable. I think Fritz Leiber's "X Marks the Pedwalk" was my favo-





rite in the whole first issue. Very humorous, very satirical and fun to read. "Where the Phph Pebbles Go" by Miriam Allen deFord kind of fizzled out after a rather interesting start. "Heavenly Gifts" by Aaron L. Kolom (whoever he may be) was probably the poorest in the mag.

I really enjoyed "To See the Invisible Man" by Robert Silverberg. It wasn't really all that new and original in theme or plot, but it was well written and interesting reading. Robert F. Young is a writer who seems to be equally at home in the slicks and in the digest s-f mags. He is a writer who can take a sex or love theme and turn out a good story without making that the essence of the story. "The Girl In His Mind" is a good example of that kind of writing. The only other s-f writer who comes close ~~HE~~ <sup>LAST MAN</sup> to him is Jack Finney.



ON  
EARTH"

"The Long Remembered Thunder" is the first story I've read by Keith Laumer. That should be indicative of how short my time for s-f reading has been of late because he has been turning out stories at a phenomenal rate. I thought "Thunder" was fairly good along the Charles Eric Maine science-mystery line but nothing outstanding. As a whole I was rather pleased with the first issue of WOT. Hope Fred Pohl can keep it going.

AVRAM DAVIDSON DEPT. I thought the recent Bradbury issue of F&SF was rather good. The two stories were excellent and the commentary on Bradbury was very informative and very well written. The checklist of Bradbury stories should be handy for the collectors. I notice they didn't include the Bradbury stuff that was adapted by EC, however. EC did a great many adaptations of Bradbury stories. I wish my collection of ECs were complete enough to work up such a checklist, complete with artits and all.

This business of collecting is somewhat unique among s-f fans. When I first became really interested in fandom and s-f, I was an accumulator by circumstance. Then I became a completist, gobbling up every-

cont. p. 19.



"P  
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Wilton Robert Parker stared out the train window to the night beyond. He sat completely relaxed, his hands jabbed down into the pockets of his gray gaberdine topcoat, his shoes jammed between the back and the seat of the chair in front of him. His position resembled a reclining question mark and his head, thrust a little forward, jiggled and rolled as if his neck were a spring. His thoughts, lazzily flicking over snatches of conversation and moments of movement that he had been a part of during the day, gradually became conscious of the jiggling head and settled there. Up, down, left, down, right, up, around...Around?

He tried to shake off the mental lethargy without moving his body. He tried to make a lens of his mind to see if "around" was not just a series of up, left, down, right, up... or was it up, right, down, left, up? And he suddenly felt as if he had lived through all this before: the train, the seat, the position, the jiggle, the thoughts.

Delayed mind reaction, he mused silently. The left side of my brain just isn't staying up with the right...or is it the other way round?

Wilton (Willie to his wife, Will to his friends, WeRP to his associates) stretched and laid his head back against the freshly starched cloth on the back of the seat...Wonder why the Scientists settled on that explanation? Come to think of it, I don't think I've ever read anything about it actually being proved...Delayed Mind Reaction...Wonder if it's only assumed...That Reincarnation sect swears up and down that it's a subconscious memory of another life where the same thing happened. That doesn't jibe though...with the spaces they give between lives, the train wouldn't have been invented until after my last life...Those people are fanatics...No wonder there's been talk of outlawing them...Well...I have been in trains before...Guess that's it.

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He slowly became really aware of the night beyond the window, the lights of the houses and country stores, the sound rhythmically beating, and the jiggle. His thoughts settled there again. The jiggle...the jiggle...I wonder if I tried... I wonder if I could recreate that split-time feeling?...Relax...stare...I used to be able to get that funny detached feeling by staring when I was a kid...Used to do it for fun... Haven't thought about it in years...It wasn't exactly the split-time feeling, but it was close to it...Nuts...Must be trying to hard...Let's see...If I shift just a little so I can balance my head so it will jiggle...relax...Don't focus beyond the window, just kind of on where the glass would be if I could see it...Better hurry a little...two more curves, then a trestle, and we'll be going past a brightly lit station and that will ruin my focus and I'll have to start all over... What?...Odd...Why would I think "two curves and a trestle" when this is the first time I've ever been in this part of the country...

He leaned a little to the left as the train seem-



ed to gently push him to the right. Awareness of this movement crashed in upon him and he braced himself expectantly for the next curve. When it didn't come, he mentally smirked with shame and his alter-ego stood with his ego with bowed head and shuffling feet, a little boy caught in a mischeivous prank. As he apologized to himself for letting his mind run wild, he leaned a little to the right as the train seemed to gently push him to the left. He assimilated the realization of two curves as the sound of a trestle roared beneath the wheels and then bright lights of a station blinded him for an instant.

The soft sound which came from between his lips was half whistle, half hiss. Coincidence! But his body was tense and his heart beat faster...Been working too hard...No...not really that, but he had been getting upset and serious about everything lately...Small projects became Big Crusades...Friendly conversations became Scounding Boards for Beliefs...No wonder Ed had told him to go rest and take it easy for a week or so...go fishing...anything...but give his mind a chance to unwind...

His mind snapped, a vision of raw and bleeding nerve ends like a handful of soggy spaghetti dipped in ketchup yet each strand moving freely like the arms of an octopus. With a shake of his head he smilingly reprimanded himself for such mental images...You really do need a rest and you'd better begin right now...Go limp...Start with the fingers...one by one...now up the arm...relax...now the other hand...one, two, three, four, five...up the arm...now the toes...up...up...relax...relax...neck...let your head settle...close your eyes...relax...mind...empty...black...jiggle...jiggle...hope that boy driving the wagon has a good grip on those reins...train must have scared the horse...be there in a minute...

With a jerk he roused himself back to awareness of the dimly lit car with its two rows of seats and the conductor lurching down the aisle away from him...Whew! When you start having hallucinations you're really in bad shape...and he turned his head back toward the window to occupy his mind with glimpses of scenery which pulsed irregularly by under pools of electric light. A house stood near the tracks, it's door open, and light lay across the porch and on the road where a boy and horse and wagon waited patiently while the train roared past. The horse suddenly reared, frightened, and boy's slim body became rigid with alertness.

One quick glimpse and the scene gave way to blackness, then other scenes...Oh, God...the same horse...the same boy...His pulse quickened. His breath came faster. He felt a foreboding, a fear. He knew that somehow the split-time thing had not only worked again, but had outdone itself in the delay element. One side of his brain had taken at least a full minute to catch up with the other side...Noooo...that's not right...Ohmigod...how did one side know something was going to happen in the future?...Not split-time at all...Ohmigod...I knew it before it happened...Ohmigod...two curves and a trestle too...Before, not awhile...Ohmigod...Where are those tranquilizers Ed gave me?...Not in this pocket...other one...here they are...hard to get up when the train vibrates like this...that seat cover is rough...scratchy...walk faster and it's easier to keep your balance...the passageway wall...damn...cold and slick and shiny...brown and dark...lighter letters on

the door...bright oblong silver handle...slippery...cold...door's heavy...push...heavy...cup...cup...where...oh...looks like a damn dunce cap...pill first...damn top...damn bottle...dropped it...damn...omigod...forget it...get another...cup...water...why do they make a lump when they go down...I guess it went down...not stuck halfway...my hand sure feels cold to my forehead...it's wet, cold sweat...sit down...breathe slowly...slowly...think about Jennie...

Jennie...soft...kind...good..."I love you Willie"... "I love you"... we have something special, Jennie and I...marriage is funny...why am I nastiest to the one I love most...feel better after I rest this week...start fresh when I get back...she knows...always does...hate to see her unhappy...crying...god, why do they have to cry so easily...what would I do without her though...not much sense to anything if I didn't have Jennie...it'd be worse for her though, without me...everything in her life is wrapped around me...the little day to day things...if one of us has to die first, I hope it's Jennie...it'd be harder for her if I died first...we've got something special, Jennie and I...Jennie and I...Jennie and I...Jennie and I...Boy! That's some smashup!...like a bunch of pick-up-sticks...Used to put two trains on that old HO track and see how close I could make them come to having a wreck...and when they did!...

SMASHUP?...that wasn't any TOY train...omigod...ohmiGOD...we're going to wreck...Jennie, don't cry, Jennie, STOP CRYING...how can I see her so plainly when she's not here...Jennie...wreck...wreck...how soon...soft seat safest...damn door...get back to the soft seat and curl up...I'll be all right, Jennie...you're acting like I've died...curl up...no.

NO...warn everybody...WE'RE GOING TO WRECK...run...damn...catch yourself...hurry...down the aisle...they're not listening...CURL UP...protect yourselves...down the aisle...narrow brown walls...cold...main door...heavy...heavy...pull it open...wind...Jennie...wind...

I can't die first...I can't die first...jump...not going too fast...thick tall weeds...I could roll...can't die first...jump...STOP CRYING....

On an inside page of the afternoon Tribune, almost lost among the small ads for pills and restaurants and business schools and shoes, this short paragraph appeared:

"Authorities are investigating the apparant suicide of Wilton Robert Parker, 36, whose body was discovered this morning beside the B&R Railroad tracks about 10 miles from the scene of last night's train disaster. It is known that Mr. Parker was a passenger on the train involved in the accidnet. No lives were lost in the freak accidnet."

--the end---

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Around here we don't throw things away -- George Earley  
All of my relatives are alcoholics. Thank God I'm not, I'm just a drunk. -- Dave Locke.  
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# BOOKS

HANK BLACK

N. MASTERS

Those addicts of science fiction who have been pursuing the works of Ray Bradbury for the past decade or so may assert that they were tricked when they picked up Dandelion Wine. (Bantam Books, 1959; 184 pp.; \$ .35). For this early work (1946) of Bradbury's is anything but science fiction. True, it does have a magical quality about its prose, and, indeed, the story itself, but the subject matter is vastly different.

The book is the story of the Illinois summer of 1928 in which 12-year old Douglas Spaulding suddenly discovers that he is really alive. "You do things and you don't watch...then all of a sudden you look at what you're doing and it's like the first time," Douglas says.

Being alive happens all the time, but really being alive happens maybe only once, and maybe not at all. Douglas' summer comes alive with magical discoveries and revelations; he realizes that the world is alive, that everything in the world is alive.

Simply told with great effect, Dandelion Wine is composed of a series of vignettes, from the day of first going barefoot, to the day of the first dandelion harvest, to the day of the first realization of death, to the day of the taking down of the porch swing.

Everything takes on a new and special meaning to Douglas. He writes in his nickle tablet under the heading Rites and Ceremonies the date of annual events: the first time almost drowning in the lake. First mosquito. Then, under Discoveries and Revelations, he writes what he thinks about the event. After putting the first bottle of dandelion wine under the first heading, he puts this under the second: "Every time you bottle it, you got a whole chunk of 1928 put away, safe." After the first spanking of the summer, he put: "The reason why grown-ups and kids fight is because they belong to separate races. Look at them, different from us. Look at us, different from them. Separate races and 'never the twain shall meet'."

The enlightening style of the prose contains unbelievably beautiful Agee-like imagery: birds flickered like skipped stones across the vast inverted pond of heaven; His breath raked over his teeth, going in ice, coming out fire.

Paradoxically, the same summer Douglas Spaulding discovers that he's alive, he also discovers death, leaving, and loneliness. Throughout the story, people die, leave for good, are killed, and wonderful



machines are put away forever. Even the boy himself almost dies. One night he writes in his tablet by the light of a jar of fireflies: "So if trolleys and runabouts and friends and near friends can go away for a while or go away for goo, or rust, or fall apart, or die, and if people can be murdered, and if someone like great-grandma, who was going to liveforever, can die...if all of this is true...then... I, Douglas Spaulding, some day...must...DIE."

But Douglas asks the fortune teller at the penny arcade about it, she says he will live forever, and he is back in his happiness again.

There are very few books like Dandelion Wine which remind one of all he may have missed in his ordinary, unimaginative life. The Little Prince is one. Schultz's Peanuts is another. After reading these, one sinks down in his office chair, closes his eyes, and tries to imagine how it would feel to be really alive.

--Hank Black--

DAMN IT! (Regency Books, 1963; \$ .50). by William E. Miles.

The title is somewhat misleading; the book is about censorship: of words, movies, works of art, books, comic books, TV, music, etc., etc. It's both funny and terrifying, it makes you want to argue and it makes you agree -- and it often makes you seethe.

Virtually a whole chapter deals with the trouble Rod Serling had with censors (TV) with several of his scripts. The book is full of sterling examples of censorship: a scene in an adaptation of Brete Harte's classic "The Luck of Roaring Camp" for Kraft Theater showed a group of miners getting together and agreeing to share equally in any ore that came out of the mine they were working. "Communism!" cried the sponsor after reading the script and the scene was changed.

In such classic and favorite songs as Stephen Foster's "My Old Kentucky Home," "Swanee River," and "Old Black Joe" other words have been substituted for "darky," "massa," and "mammy" when the lyrics were sung by performers over the air because "these words may be offensive to some people."

Such things as comic strips: "Pogo." "In November 1958, John H. Coburn, managing editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch, deleted what he considered dialogue offensive to his readers in a series of "Pogo" strips spoofing "conseggregated," "de-conseggregated," and "unde-conseggregated" schools". Coburn claimed, "There should be no editorializing or propagandizing in the guise of humor and entertainment."

Book burnings of the modern day, cases of whether libraries should carry Russian newspapers like Pravda and Izvestia, damns and bans everywhere and on everything. This book is filled with censors' opinions and judges' decisions on censorship cases. It is a highly entertaining and thought-provoking book which is highly recommended.

--Norman Masters--



M. DECKINGER

# FLICKS

JOE STATON

If by any chance, you are offered the opportunity to view a picture titled THE MONGOLS; don't! I repeat: don't.

I recently had the misfortune to be exposed to this film; and after its completion, and I had conducted myself through alternate states of bored restlessness and nasty laughter, I came to the conclusion that as enjoyment, even the youngest of the young would probably be bored.

THE MONGOLS is merely another in the endless horde of Italian imports, dubbed in English, with one or two English stars and a remaining cast composed of individuals whose names sound like some Italian dinner menu.

The color photography is impressive, and in some instances quite good, but this is entirely overshadowed by incompetent dubbing, rotten acting, miserable effects, and the most misguided direction I've seen in many a day.

First we have vicious sneering Jack Palance as the son of Genghis Kahn. Unlike old dad however, Jackie-boy has a taste for violence which puts his sire's conquests to shame. Palance makes a nice dastardly villain, and along with a face that invites sneers, and a ridiculous shoestring mustache, coupled to an absurd haircut, he rants and raves in a nice Hollywood manner.

Playing opposite him is Anita Ekburg whose popularity is most obviously measured by her bust-line and not her talent. Since she is Swedish, the dubbing is done in a nice Swedish accent which completely offsets the exotic portrayal she seeks. Otherwise, being the villainess, she must carry out the same wicked deeds that Jack does, and try to breathe as much evil as she can into her role. However, in the semi-frontless gown that adorns her frame, it isn't so important what she breathes, as much as that she simply does that.

Anita comes to a bad end however, drowning in a pit of quicksand along with practically the whole Mongol army which is tricked into this trap by the Poles' employment of a strategic maneuver that wouldn't have stumped a pre-school child. No wonder there are no more Mongols around today.

There is a plot to this mess, strange as it may seem to those who have unwittingly seen it. Jack Palance would like to see the Mongols fight and slaughter all the non-Mongols (now you see where the KKK began) but his father has had enough with fighting and war and in authentic chicken-hearted fashion, declares that the Mongols should be at peace with their neighbors. This does not at all coincide with son Jack's views, and as a result he takes matters into his own hands.



The various battle scenes, sprinkled in large doses throughout the film seem specifically designed to exercise a viewer's sense of perception. Characters clutch at their middles, lustily scream, and stagger to the ground like high-school Hamlets. In fact, the Mongols are such despicable villains that they also employ the lethal under the arm-pit sword thrust which gets the enemy every time. After a while all the contrived sadism reaches a saturation point and anything that goes beyond that point is likely to draw laughs rather than shock or astonishment. Most of the extras seem to have a simply marvelous time playing human pincushions.

There's one scene however that must be described. It's at the end. The Mongol hordes have been beaten, Genghis Kahn is dead, and Jack Palance must flee from the opposition. He returns to the altar where his father's body has been placed. Around him approximately a dozen girls are tied spread-eagled to wooden posts. Palance sneers at them, and declares that since he has lost he will take his own life, and those of the girls by him. Palance is a Joan of Arc fan. He takes a flaming torch, and carefully ignites that stakes that the gals are imprisoned on. Then he turns his father's altar into a funeral pyre, mounts it, and stabs himself. He falls over, presumably dead, while the poor maidens who are smoking more now but enjoying it less are well on their way to roasting to a crisp.

But hark, in the distance the heroes appear. Galloping wildly, and with an uncanny rejuvenative power, after a fierce battle, they ride up to the girls. Our hero dismounts, carefully surveys the situation, decides that the girls are in need of help and shouts, "Release the woman". This is like placing a meal before a half-starved man and telling him to eat. Our hero's firm command clearly indicates he was taking no chances that his gallant band might set about to toast marshmallows first, and then save the women after satisfying their hunger.

Anyway, THE MONGOLS is indicative of the sort of nonsense the Italian epic-makers are flooding these shores with. Not only are they carelessly produced, but that seems to be a special trademark they wear with distinction. Avoid at all cost.

--MIKE DECKINGER--

As is well-known, most science fiction movies are pretty sorry, but last Saturday, I was privileged to see the worst of all time. A Memphis TV station has started running a science fiction or horror show of the lowest form on something called "Fantastic Features" and they chose a real piece of sheer, unadulterated crud this time around -- FROM HELL IT CAME. For those of you who have not been so lucky as to have seen it, I shall here recount some of the more stirring moments from the film.

Following a too-noisy burst of music, we see Daro, some sort of South Sea heathen (who, incidentally, speaks perfect English) all tied out on the ground. It seems that he is in a sad fix for a large fellow is holding a heavy axe or club or something nearby, waiting patiently to bash Daro's heathen-type head clean off. Daro looks rather peeved about the whole business and begins to holloer about how the medecine man -- or something like that -- poisoned the noble chief of the tribe so he could run the show. The witch doctor (medecine man,



remember?) replies meanly that it was Daro's good buddies, the Americans on the island, studying, of all things, nuclear fallout, who caused the good chief's untimely demise with their "devil dust" (i.e., the aforementioned fallout). Dear little Daro is being sent to the happy hunting grounds South Sea style because he let the Americans kill the chief. He appeals to his rather ugly wife (it's a low-budget clunker, remember?) to get him off but she says the South Sea equivalent of "uh-uh, Charlie" and he gets all worked up over it, saying he will come back from Hell and get everybody that double-dealed him. Then he is dispatched with whatever it is that the Local High Head-Basher was holding. Gag.

Okay, the plot being established, the camera cuts to the good ol' American scientists, two of them and an Army sergeant (huh? How did he get in there?) who are discussing an outbreak of the Black Plague that is laying the native types low, man, low. This absorbing conversation is cut short by a shrill kind of scream from outside somewhere. The brave Americans pick up their guns and go off to rescue an English widow who keeps a trading post on the other side of the island from the clutches of a native who is going to slit her throat because she walked all over the graveyard coming to see the scientists and get some nerve pills. This industrious native is sent on his way and the dame rescued. (She, too, is plug-ugly.)

Somehow, I forget what comes next, but at some time along the way, the scientists decide they need another scientist to help study their Black Plague bit. The help is flown in by helicopter and happens to be a blond one of the good ol' Americans is after. She, however, staunchly informs him she is devoted to Her Research. This chick sees Daro's grave and notices an odd sort of tree growing from it. She asks around and finds out it is a Tabonga, or vengeful spirit which will get larger, break loose and go out and kill somebody who done him wrong. Wise lady doctor, of course, dismisses this a native superstition and has the others help her dig the thing up and take it to the lab. Oddity of oddities, they find this particular tree looks rather like a lumpy man and has a ceremonial dagger growing in its heart. It starts to stop breathing, and she pumps it full of some X-this or the other serum. Little ol' tree monster reacts well to the serum and smashes the lab, hurrying off to avenge his death. Of course, you realize this is the spirit of Daro come back as a nasty ol' tree monster.

After the sweet little thing does his duty by mashing a couple of natives against trees (the witch doctor, for instance) and dropping his wife in quicksand, he grabs the wise lady doctor and heads for the quicksand to end her starring days. The scientists and the sergeant grab their trusty rifles and shoot at the critter. And the bullets bounce off (you knew that, didn't you?) So they decide to shoot this dagger, which is only halfway in his heart, all the way in. They do this and the tree monster drops the chick, goes stiff as a board (How else? It's a tree monster.), and falls into the quicksand. The chick decides to marry the scientist and all is well. Tada goes the music and the film closes. Now, aren't you sorry you haven't seen it?



BACKLASH

CURSES

THREATS

RAVES

HARRY WARNER  
423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown, Md.

I don't know if your editorial comment on the cover means "weak" as a description of the artwork itself or the amount of muscle the artist applied when he put it on stencil. I suspect that the latter territory is where the weakness resides, because it's quite good and would be much better if the fact itself stood out with Atom-black lines from the surroundings which could well remain just as gray as they are in this version. It's such a pleasant surprise to get a fanzine and to find in it art work that isn't immediately identifiable as that of the half-dozen artists who fill up the world's fanzines. I think the little spiders in the crevice of the skull in this picture are infinitely more horrible and effective than all the sadistic scenes with which Prosser tries to impress people.

Your material doesn't quite hold up to the level that the cover sets this time, however. I'd better not comment at length on the Cox article because I suspect I did so when you first reprinted it and it would never do for me to say exactly the opposite things this time. It's probably safe to say that I enjoyed reading it yet again because it handles pretty well a theme that could easily have become a clumsy attempt to sound grownup by using smutty matters.

I'm completely lost with the John Pesta "montage" this time. It sounds more like an accurate transcript of a sexual fantasy than any montage I've ever met. Maybe everyone would be benefitted if someone were to write a long biography and analysis of John, after which we could try to fit his stories and poems to his experiences and personality. Loecraft's stories wouldn't be nearly as much fun to read if we didn't find him lurking behind certain characters and it might be possible to make more comprehensive the Pesta fragments with background knowledge.

"The Twisted Streets" is one of Deckinger's better stories. In this case, I suspect that he deliberately gave just a few hints about the nature of the characters, instead of leaving out the vital facts by accident as the Pesta tales seem to do. With a more vivid description of the exact things that are so unsatisfactory about big cities as seen through the eyes of the two men, this would be a pretty good story.

"Lover's Clue" is good. I'd bet the copy of The Outsider and Others that I don't own that Loubel Wood is a student at the University of Alabama whom you've begun to recruit for greater things, like fanzine contributions. There isn't a cliché in this poem nor any sudden wrenching of thought or syntax by the need to make rhymes, and that's more than can be said for 99% of the poems in fanzines and 98% of the poems in any published places.

I enjoyed the lettercolumn after I caught onto the fact that you don't just staple in the pages wrong to make things really tough. On this discussion about brains and brawn, isn't it strange that we think it's a pity when an extra-intelligent person lives a mediocre and average life, yet we never



wonder when the individual with giant muscles and superb physique becomes a slaesman or takes up some other occupation where his build is as wasted as the other fellow's brains? I don't know if it's safe to generalize about the comparative sex appeal and girl-catching abilities of the eggheads and the athletes, but I'm deadset against those who would force the intelligent people to make the utmost of their intelligence. Once of the few freedoms that haven't been impinged is the one that permits the American to do the kind of work that he decides to do, and I suspect that more often than not the work in which he engages is the work he wants, no matter how much he may grumble about it and how contrary it may be to his aptitudes.

Your letters are too interesting not to be used, Harry, especially when the general turnout of LOCs is as small as it was this time. By the way, D. B. Fletcher is a she not a he. I'm not going to say anything about her other than she is a good artist and a good friend. If she wants to give a biographical sketch and so forth that's okay with me, I'll run it in the next ish. I mention that because several people have asked about her.///Loubel Wood is not a UofA student. She is an s-f fan of quite some time, which just goes to show, you can be in fandom 20 years and still not know everybody within and on the fringes.7

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This impregnable resolution and iron determination lasted all of twenty minutes... --Al Andrews

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DAVE LOCKE	Mulligan Mill? Huh? You mean Mulligan Stew, don't
P. O. Box 335	you? Now that's a pretty good dish, and I have it
Indian Lake, N.Y.	fairly often. But I throw onions into it and call
	it Hungarian Goulash. So it goes.

Pesta's fiction was skimmed very rapidly, and I'll leave it at that. But if you feel like it, don't hesitate to tell me what it's all about.

"The Title Game" was a cute little bit of faaanish nothing, wasn't it. But why you would want to reprint it twice I don't know. You can delete it from my copy, next time you reprint it. It wasn't really bad, I guess, but the fact that you've reprinted it twice in one year is much more interesting than the story itself...

Mike's story promised a lot more than it delivered. I have the idea that perhaps this was submitted to you some time ago, for Mike hasn't been turning out this quality work for a year or so. That is, lately he's been taking a bit more time to turn out a finished piece of material (or else all his hacking has finally paid off and he's gotten to the point where his hurriedly done stories and articles are worth reading). This piece reads like his old hackwork and probably is.

Best thing in the issue was either your editorial or Dave & Katya's letters. I like that statement: "Women, in general, is...a pretty broad statement." Heh. And it's interesting to know that ~~this broad~~ Katya considers Dave an egghead. Of course, I'm not married to him -- for that matter I've never met him. But I have corresponded, er, corresponded with him for almost as long as we've both been in fandom (and did you know that we both entered fandom on the same day? That day should beset aside as a fan-nish Xmas or something. Mostly or something), and I've received a tape



from the two of them, but I don't consider Dave an egghead. What the hell is an egghead, anyhow? Somebody with an IQ over 100? Somebody who's a genius? Somebody with an oval-shaped head? I dunno, but I'd have to meet Dave and talk with him for awhile before I could determine his True Worth, I suppose. Oh, well.

I must disagree with one of Roi Taketusee's statements here, that Kennedy presented a better appearance during the tv campaign debates than did Nixon. Of course, Kennedy is more youthful looking with that large clump of undergrowth decorating an otherwise empty head (it would seem that the inside of his head must necessarily be filled with hair-roots tho, firmly anchored to prevent the heap from tearing loose and falling to the ground), but Nixon made quite an impression as the straight-forward, sincere fellow that he is. I personally don't care for the ring-around-the-posie tactics used by Big John to answer the questions asked him. Part of the time he double-talked and made no answers at all, and I can't help feeling that this hurt him among intelligent viewers (unintelligent viewers were no doubt impressed by the double-talk). So we missed getting a man for president. That's the breaks.

The above statements have not been influenced by personal opinion. Not in the slightest.

According to what Dave once told me, his IQ is in the 150s and Katya's is in the 140s. This must prove something. Unfortunately I don't know what. Maybe they're both eggheads; you never know. Dave confesses he doesn't drink except a little rum now and then (or is it brandy?), and I always say you can't trust a person who doesn't really like hooch. Of course, I've only been drunk twice: Once for ten years, and I'm on my second drunk now.

By Ghod Plott, I'm damn mad at you. You got me out of a sick bed to send you this letter of comment. My girl isn't feeling well today.

A readable issue, but I'd rather see you publish something more along the lines of the defunct SPORADIC. A zine filled with your own writings, a lettercol, maybe an occasional article -- that's your best type of publication. I especially like your trip reports with its numerous and funny interlinos, tho I can understand why your hosts might want to confiscate and burn any notepads you have before you head back home.

/Just how much of what Dave Locke says can be taken literally, I don't know. One never knows when he's going to be serious and pop off a tongue-in-cheek comment. Anyhoo I'll let you and the Hulans work out the egghead business, Dave. All I've got to say is that they're both mighty sharp people./

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Write, this is the only way I ever get any mail. I can honestly say I haven't read many letters lately from people who havan't written me. -- Jim Belcher

-----  
GEORGE W. EARLEY      Well, well, another MAELSTROM to comment on -- hhh-  
9 Hiram Lane            ooooooo, Boy. Comments we got! Like why don't you  
Bloomfield, Conn.      give up that schmucky jazz of verigated papers,  
                         colorwise, and stick to just plain black (ink that  
is) on white paper? Be a helluva lot easier on the eyes -- especially  
in the places where the stencil didn't get cut quite as well as in



other places.

Now, to business. Editorial and mailing comments are about what one would expect when one is, as I am, relatively unfamiliar with all of the subtle ins and outs of fanzine pubbing. "Ralph, Jean"-- a total nothing. This I don't dig at all. Possibly there is some deep dark pseudo-freudian (or fraud-ian) meaning in it all but I don't dig it. And don't really care to. Various Misc. quotes -- I've used this sort of filler material myself from time to time. Stuff in Maels 9 is above the usual average, just don't overdo it.

"The Title Game" -- reminds me of a session or two a decade or so back in the old Washington D.C. (Your hosts for the 1963 Discon!) S.F. Assn. Good fun session, good article, not drawn too thin. "The Twisted Streets" -- reminds me a bit of some of Bradbury's bitches against the ultra-urbanized world. Valid, certainly, with regards to cities like NYawk, but can be overdone. Fans have a habit of over extrapolating and exaggeration -- however, this is better done than the average tho I did think the hole-digging bit was a little extreme. Still...

As for the petry and the lettercol -- I hope everyone (including you) is off this sex and southern politics kick. Sex is fine as long as it is confined between a man and his woman -- in fact it is damn enjoyable and I say that as a practitioner of some years -- but when you start kicking it about in a lettercol, particularly with the restrictions imposed by the lettercol, the post office, and the moral inhibitions of the various writers, it generally gets pretty inane and seems to run down, as your recent discussion did, into a battle of quotes from so-called "Authorities". Someone once said (no authority, I am sure, but just a practitioner with a flair for words) that "Sex is something you do, not talk about." Why don't we leave it that way? As for southern politics, I can get all of THAT I want from the various news media, including some of the vitriolic WASP hate sheets that originate both from the deep South and the (right now) frozen North. Maybe I'm oldfashioned but I'd rather see fanzines stick to the Stfannish subjects that brought a lot of us into science fiction in the beginning. Like: Is Campbell nuts backing Astro-weather? What's it like on Venus? Are the mysterious moving spots in some lunar craters a sign of life? Was the 1908 Siberian meteor really an exploding spaceship as some Russian scientists believe? Is one of Mars' Moons an artificial satellite? And many, many more. Damn it, fans, if you want to give sex a work over go get married, or join the Legion of Decency (or Indecency), or the Planned Parenthood Association...as for politics, there's always the Young Republicans, Demos for Political Action, John Birch or something like that. Now about this magnetic field that Venus seems not to have...

[I have nothing against the type articles you suggest, George. In fact I am all for them -- but I must have them to print them. So why don't you sit down and hack me out a publishable piece of scientific extrapolation...]

-----  
I don't have any faults, but I like to lie a lot. -- Dave Locke  
-----

KAY GREENLEAF (nee DiMiceli) Well, I hate to do it to you, but I'm sending you a LOC on Maels #9. After sending 3019 Elysian Fields Avenue New Orleans 22, Louisiana you a LOC on SPORADIC, you had to fold the zine, so just wondering what horrible thing will happen to Maels now. I can just picture it -- On a cold,



wintry night 2 ugly looking men burst into your room, tear all your papers up, smash your typer, burn your stencils and drag you off into the night to be thrown into some cold, cruel dungeon until your case comes up before the House Un-American Activities, The FBI and one of Senate Committess investigating unmentionable crimes. Oh, you poor soul, I just hate to think of this happening to you, but that's the breaks. Kiddo, and you'll just have to get used to the idea that this is a Hard and CRUEL world. It's a shame and you were a nice guy, too. Ch, well!

Sure did enjoy your recap of your visit to New Orleans, naturally. Really hope you can get down here real soon like again and spend more time. In fact quit college and come on down now, the devil with it who needs it? Get with it and become a hedonist, like me. Of course, while you're at it, better find a real good friend who can slip you a little money now and then where you can do suchfoolish things as eating. Really though, if you do take my advice (which, by all means, you should.), better not come down right now because we're having the most idiotic weather in years. Right now it's 15° and getting colder and there's only so much you can do in 15° weather -- like trying to keep warm. Think I'm going to move to the Amazon jungle or something. Wonder how a hedonist can do there.

Got a bang out of "The Title Game" by Paul Cox. I think probably most of the fun of having a fanzine is being able to give it a nutty name. I've really thought of some wierdos, like -- NEBULOUS NOTHINGS, a fanzine for the feeble-minded; FRENZY'S FRANTIC FANTASY, the jet-set's pet zzzinnnee; or FREETHINKER, the thinking man's zine; and lastly, I HATE!, the fanatic's fanzine. Oh, I could go on and on and on, but I'll be nice, I won't.

By the way, I do like poetry, so do keep the poetry section going. I found "Lover;s Clue" by Loubel Wood especially good in subject matter because it combined charm and wit with human nature. Don't know why so many people dislike poetry. I do admit that I like the really good poets better, i.e. Sandbrug, etc., but I do occasionally find the lighter poetry delightful.

Liked the various quotations throughout the zine, especiall the ones from Starship Trooper and I liked the cover too, although I believe it wasn't quite dark enough in places.

I didn't care for "Ralph, Jean" very much but "The Twisted Streets" was o.k. Well, that's about all the mud and roses I have to throw out this time, so I'll end this thing now because I have got to get roady for a delightful little orgy we're going to have this evening. The main attraction of this orgy tonight is a great big bonfire which we will gather around and pretend we're nice and warm. With these things, if you work hard enough, you eventually begin to believe them, thank God.

/I don't the U.S. Guv'mint is going to break into my room, but my father, filled with the wrath of God, and the director of the Local Branch of the Poor House might do so some dark night -- mostly because this fanzine will be responsible for our family's entering the poorhouse...///I am a hedonist bythewayincaseyou'reinterested.///Oh yes, congrats to you two on your marriage. I'm sure glad that happened because it enables me to cut my mailing list by one.../

-----  
It looked kinda slap sticked together with glue and crepe paper...--  
-----

Bob Jennings.



--MAELSTROM--

WE ALSO HEARD FROM DEPT.: LOUBEL WOOD: "I like your subtle wit such as 'I thought she came on to sing.' Ralph and Jean sound like a couple of ducks on a rainy night. Real quakery in that deal. Very cover they can say this time." MIKE DECKINGER: "Maels arrived yesterday and it was an enjoyable issue. Fletcher's cover was extremely good, and I'd like to see more..." JOE STATON: "Re 'Lover's Clue', Quote from Ben Casey, 'the heart is an organ to pump the blood.' I wish people would get off this Victorian kick of thinking of the heart as tied in with emotions. Also liver, kidneys, etc...." DAVE HULAN: "The repro and art was definitely your best to date. The material, less so. It's a matter of taste, I guess, but I liked #6 -- I think that was the number, the one with your Pittcon report in it -- best of any issue to date. The material in this issue was reasonably good, but I'd rather it had had more Plott in it and less fan-fiction, especially fan-fiction of the sort I don't like." ROY SMITH: "The cover was...the best cover of MAELSTROM I've seen." AL KRACALIK: "...a bit too heavy on the mundane material, even containing mundane fiction and verse." PETER J. MAURER: "Grizzly cover but imaginative. 'Mulligan Mill' magnificent. Your letter column is expertly edited. On the whole there is consistent improvement in the entire layout. However, you haven't, as yet, produced a better writer than yourself."

Please excuse the messiness of this paper but the cat sat on it. --  
Kay Greenleaf

ALSO LETTERS WERE RECEIVED from several others whom I can't recall at the moment. Normally I might expect good LOCs from Bob Jennings, Al Andrews, Dave Hulan, etc., but their remarks came out in the mailing comments as Maels ( was circulated in the 6th SFPA mailing. Oh yes, Norman Masters' book review was not written as such. I excerpted that from a letter. He sent me a rather interesting article called "Fandom and the Adolescent." It will appear next ish along with a three- or four-page cartoon feature by Pat McLean. Finis.

"Nigra," a word usually used by whites too proud to say Negro, and not crude enough to say n-----."

"Bigotry is not a disease of the people; it is a disease of individuals, and eradication of the disease is an individual responsibility, for the only ultimate cure is self-administered."

"Social integration, she explained, is purely voluntary and does not mean that anyone is forced to ask Negroes to their homes. 'But I should be able to ask them to my house...'"

"White supremacy is a way of life. You grow up in it and the moss gets in your eyes. You learn to rationalize away the evil and the filth and you see magnolias instead."

"To say that Americans fall short of the democratic ideal does not attribute weakness to democracy, but to the humans who fail to reach the democratic goal. And all manner of arguments about the relative merits of democracy and 'old-class societies' are irrelevant in the face of human weakness."

--all above quotes from South of Freedom by Carl T. Rowan.



cont. from p. 5.

thing I could get my hands on. Now I have settled back into the role of accumulator again. I am slowly working on complete sets of F&SF, GALAXY, and the last 10-15 years of ASTOUNDING. I just leisurely pick up odd items here and there, check them off on my want list, and add them to already full stacks in my closet. Hardcover-wise I usually on pick up those I particularly like such as Heinlein's Stranger In A Strange Land or Kurt Vonnegut's Player Piano, etc. My pleasure in touring old bookstores these days is just to pick up assorted odds and ends, usually of an uncommon nature, or both s-f and mainstream origin. It's a lot more fun than trying to complete sets of every s-f mag that has ever been published. God knows I'll never read half of what I've already accumulated...

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I'm one up on you because I already collect Burma Shave signs...--  
Rick Norwood (who else?)  
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SHOWTHROUGH AND OTHER HORRORS I don't have enough of A. B. Dick colored paper to do this entire issue so I may be forced to resort to using that old 20# white or blue paper that was used for earlier issues. This will all depend on whether I am able to get off an order to Varicolor for several reams of Twiltone paper. I want to finish this issue up by the end of the month so I can distribute various copies at the MidSouthCon in Huntsville July 6-7, and thereby save a few cents postage. Anyhoo, if I have to use that cruddy stuff, bear with me this issue, as I should be back to thicker, no-showthrough paper by the next issue. Also am having to finish up this ish with Speed-o-print stencils rather than A.B. Dick stencils which are much cheaper and easier to use. I can buy all of this A. B. Dick stuff in Tuscaloosa during the school year, but no one around here sells it. The closest dealer is in Montgomery and that's 60 miles away. (My folks would hardly agree to my driving all the way to M'gomery just to buy mimeo paper for a fanzine...) So when I fail to buy up a good supply and bring it home problems occur...

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A fan for reasons best known to himself bought me a supscription to Yandro.... I feel much abashed at the whole incident because I can perfectly well afford to subscribe to fanzines if I wish..."--Harry Warner.  
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BY THE WAY that book review of Dandelion Wine originally appeared in the CRIMSON WHITE, the University of Alabama student newspaper. Hank Black is the newly elected editor of the campus weekly for next year. Speaking of book reviews, I could use some for the next issue also. I've got about five or six pages of material for next time. I'll probably be able to up that to around 15 with the lettercol and editorial, but I'll need some outside help to fill up the rest of the zine. I'd like to pub another 20-page or so issue during Thanksgiving vacation, so somebody send me some material. Artwork I don't particularly need at the moment. I have a lot of good fillers by REGilbert and also a few more by Frank Mattson. Pat McLean and Miz Fletcher can usually be counted on as well as Jim Belcher if I get in a type for illustrations. Written material is what I need right now.

-----  
A P.S. on a postcard... Why, that's fantastic. -- Dave Locke  
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LET'S PLAY A GAME     Dave Locke, that dashing (?) young fan of Indian Lake who seems to have invaded this fanzine in force this issue, unintentionnally came up with a new game that is not so much fun to play as it is interesting. I call it: Desktop Discussion and Description. Like here's an excerpt from his letter describing his desktop: "Presently I've got: two ashtrays, three books, half-empty pack of Larks, 22 cents in pennies, a stamp holder & scale, an empty 45 shell, two 22 longs, two seashells, 6 plastic fish figurines, two tie clips, two compasses (the directional kind), five small notepads, 6 letters, a dictionary, a cigarette lighter, two pencils, two pens, a laundry-marker, a movie list, a stack of various kinds of writing paper, two jackknives, a switchblade my father gave me, a pair of sunglasses, an electric clock, 12 fanzines, 3 paper bags, two screwdriver stirrers, a napkin with humorous cartoons on it, a ruler, two wallets & a card case, 5 bookends, 22 ERB pb's, a small file card box, a Master mimeo catalog, a notice to attend an Indian Lake HS alumni association dance & dinner (and please send dues), an empty glass, 3 small illos I drew yesterday, two pairs of new socks, a box of letters I've answered, a couple of fancy stones, an ancient radio I've been tinkering with, and two kittens. The desk is large, but not large enuf for all this. The stuff I've got on the bar that runs on two walls of my room is fantastic. And I haven't mentioned anything inside the desk, either. The day will come when I'll have to move my bed into the kitchen (and even that has several hundred books under it...). The bed not the kitchen...."

Hooboy, that's quite a load, don't you think. Okay, now we get to my desk... Well, by ghod, you didn't think I was going to let Locke describe his without getting in my two cents worth, did you? At present my desk contains the following: my typewriter and this stencil, a desk lamp, a pencil sharpener, one ashtray, one-half pack of Kents, one small book case, one wooden box, 22 paperbacks, one dictionary, several Discon progress reports, one pencil, one pen, one pipe rack, four pipes, two cans of lighter fluid, one bottle of glue, one-half pack of Alpines, two cigarette lighters, one jar of tobacco, two packs of lighter flints, two packs of pipe cleaners, one tobacco pouch, three dozen envelopes, one coffee cup with grounds, one bag of pepermint candy, one and one-half pairs of dice, one piece of chewing gum, one cigarette holder, one book, five fanzines, one address book, one copy of Newsweek, several assorted clippings and pages from newspapers, one bottle of correction fluid, one color postcard, one ruler, one notepad, assorted paperclips and thumbtacks, several cartoons and Peanuts comic strips, and paints of assorted colors etched into the desktop after long years of carelessness...

Anybody else care to bring forth such a description?

Now, I realize you want to spend the holidays with your family and get the presents and all, but let's be honest, after a few days they are bound to be sick of the sight of you. So rather than have them throwing rocks at you to run you off you would have an excuse to leave. See, Clyde baby....---Al Andrews.

FINIS, MAN, FINIS     I guess I'll wind this issue up right here. Any last minute urgent comments will appear on the reverse side with the mailing label. Send those LOTS people.



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