

mathom 5





# MATHOM

"the plain brown magazine"

#5 oct 1970 A.D.

Official fanzine of the Houston Science Fiction Society.

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RAW STAG ADVENTURE (Pumilia fights for his life).....2  
REMEMBER WHEN GRASS WAS SOMETHING YOU MOWED INSTEAD  
OF SMOKED? (Dean Koontz has a novel idea).....3  
THE ULTIMATE PLEASURE (Joe Allred tells all).....6  
THE WALRUS GOD (Darrell Schweitzer writes "fin").....9  
THE DAY AND THE HOUR (Charles Booth has a nightmare).....11

SPACE IN THE SEVENTIES (Joe Green moons around).....13  
THE FAMILY LIKENESS (Joe Allred splits his genes).....15  
ASK DR. ZARG (Pumilia and Farkash didn't write this).....16

SHOUTING DOWN GARBAGECANS (Raki raps radically).....17  
HUGO GREENBACK MEETS DR. ZARG (Collision of the colossi).....18

THE BOOKLEGGER (Reviews by Steve Parker, Paul Dellinger,  
Ward Schmidt, Al Jackson).....19

HOMER'S COSMIC REGURGITATOR (Letters to Mathom and  
other upheavals).....22

POEM (by Linda Brevelle).....33

PLUG PAGE (Pumilia patronizingly praises publications)....34

MATHOM appears somewhat quarterly.

Free to contributors.

Subscriptions: \$1.50 per year.

Subscriptions to The Purple  
Obscenity, the HSFS ditto  
newsletter (twice a month)  
are \$1.75 per year, or \$1.05  
mailed two at a time.

"Death, as I passed,  
idled in a doorway  
shuffling stencils."  
--Ralph Pomeroy,  
'Letter to Hungary'

Cover: Mike Hagerty, with embellish-  
ments by Joe Pumilia; layout by  
Billy McKinnon. Backcover, if  
any, by Dennis Pumilia.

Art:

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Darrell Schweitzer: 6, 9, 10, 15

Seth Degramajian: 5

Dennis Pumilia: 8, 16

NOTE: If your Mathom tends to  
come apart, try rubbing Elmer's  
glue on the spine.





# RAW STAG ADVENTURE



...as opposed to "True Confessions," the title of editrix Lisa Tuttle's column. Since Lisa went to Syracuse U I've taken over the editor's chair. She left a lot of tacks and cockleburs in it for me. She'll probably be back in January. Up at SU Lisa's either starting a SF society or an SF fanzine (Her note on this ambiguous); she and Jerry Lapidus got \$50 from SU for a SUSFS zine; they asked for \$300. I'm trying to start a club at the University of Houston before I leave after this semester, so I'd like to hear from other campus SF groups.

This ish we have 2 pro writers, Dean Koontz and Joe Green. 3, counting me (laff, laff). Janet Fox (see LoCs) seems to be some sort of pro too. I have a story by her that's too long for this ish. Dean has dedicated a book to Lisa and to Danny Jennings, & another fan; it's BEASTCHILD, out from Lancer around December; of course the title is mere coincidence. Dean's given us the first chapter of a non-fiction thing he's doing. (Thanks!)

If any foolhardy soul wants to take up Darrell Schweitzer's round robin, keep it down to a page, for heaven's sake. Walrus God!!

Dr. Zarg earnestly solicits your queries for his science column, fans, because till now he's had to make them all up.

Contrary to Joe Allred, the "Ultimate Pleasure" as any faned knows is getting the zine finished up. But read his story anyway. Chuck Booth's story is based on an actual dream; since he has a degree in philosophy, his dreams are more significant than ours. Would you believe I had to cut an "I woke up and it was all a dream" ending?

Sorry about all the black "o's" I think my typewriter got crossed with a cookie cutter. And while I'm on the subject of cookie cutters, let me say that the big white space in Joe Green's article is not a place where we forgot an illo, but a typographical "white space." Joe did it that way. I resisted the temptation to draw in it till I ran that page off; now I wish I had. It looks naked. Obscene. Fanzines, like medieval manuscripts should have no white space. So I'm sorry we left so little room for illos this ish. So sue.

Nextish will be a special H.P. Lovecraft ish, and MAY be out sooner than quarterly. We have on hand a tape discussion of "The Dunwich Horror" (movie), and a HPL parody, and a ouija board communication from "HPL." We'll be soliciting some pro article, so wish us luck.

On fanfic submissions to us, keep it short; check lengths this ish; Darrell sent a long, long novelette we'll be sending back, which is why we used Walrus God (Also because it's funny.). Clubfic gets preference, natch, but we'll keep the stories on hand till we get tired of looking at them or something better comes in (or the authors ask for them back).

Oh, Bill Wallace and I may be starting an HPL apa; if interested, write us. The HPL specialish may be partly offset.

After the HPL ish, Mathom's editorial staff may grow to several, in which case you'll have to endure several editorials; I may be too busy to be editor by myself. Special thanks to Ken Donnell who I kept awake at all hours running off Mathom while his mother was hospitalized and the laundry was piling up. (Ah, Pumilia, you have no heart!). Thanks to our typists Sue Masters, Doris Moran, Reed and/or Ward Schmidt, Linda Breville, Lauren Hagerty, and me--I'm Joe Pumilia.

REMEMBER WHEN GRASS WAS SOMETHING YOU MOWED INSTEAD OF SMOKED  
BY DEAN R. KOONTZ

(Mr. Koontz writes: "I would like to explain this Thing I have sent you is the first chapter of a non-fiction book. It deals with the experiences of a late-comer to the hip world--me.... There are many things laughable about hip society -- especially when you can look upon it with the coolness of 24 and a half years and do not leap into the whole hairy thing right out of high school. I will be interested in reader reaction." Mr. Koontz's address is 4181 E. King George Dr., Harrisburg, Penn. 17109).

\* \* \* \* \*

"When I see a guy with long hair and a beard, wearing boots and a battered army jacket, I really get turned on!"

...Betsy Ross (or Dolly Madison; they were both swingers)

When I look at you on this Graduation day, at your Beatle hair, your Digger Free Store clothes, your sophisticated bearing, your knowing command of yourself, I can't help but remember the first day of your sophomore year when...

...you wore white sweatsocks to dinner.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a Monday morning when I decided to become a wild-eyed apeman.

It had been one of those weekends when even the Ed Sullivan show would have livened things up considerably. There had been a moment of cataclysm early Saturday morning when the cat -- supposedly house-broken and fiendishly clever enough to keep us fooled for some two years -- pissed on the livingroom carpet. There followed a tumultuous hour of cleaning the acrylic with three different varieties of soap while spewing a string of curses and threats at the cat who did not seem convinced we would immediately dismember it and put it at the mercy of a hundred crazed robins. After that, I can only remember scattered moments of the weekend: trying to get a piece of burnt toast out of the toaster with a knife and nearly electrocuting myself; dropping marmalade down my bare chest at Sunday breakfast -- things like that. A distinct case of the blahs.

Perhaps it was a reaction to this blandness that gripped me Monday morning when I went into the bathroom and looked at my face in the mirror. It looked back at me, but that was not what caught my fancy. What caught my fancy was my beard which I had not shaved since Thursday morning. My whiskers (I feel like Gabby Hayes when I use that word, but what other good descriptive word is there?) have always been heavy, since I was sixteen. They lie beneath the surface of my skin, waiting to catch me unawares. Then they thrust up madly, wildly, and take over my face where I used to have skin. This morning, it was worse than usual, for they had been given three and a half days in which to explode from their pores. If Saltzman or Preminger or -- better yet -- Levine had been around looking for



someone to portray Ghenghis Khan or a freaked-out wino from the East Village, I would have been a natural for the part. Yet, I liked it. There was character in this hairyness where none had existed before--or where none had existed to the eye before; I don't want to put myself down too badly.

Then, as if half a gram of hashish had just passed in and out of my lungs, I had an extrapolative vision of my eventual appearance if I should put my Norelco in mothballs and thumb my nose at the barber for a few months. I have long had an inclination toward long hair. Perhaps it is patriotic--stop and consider the signers of the Declaration of Independence whose hair was shoulder-length --or egomania. And maybe Patriotism is a form of egomania, extending our self-love to encompass the sprawling, dirty, massive, growling, ulcer-ridden country in which we live. I stood there digging my vision of the new me, knowing that at any moment I would have to squeeze out the Glean and break the magic of the moment with a follow-up gargle of that hideous tasting red stuff they call mouthwash and bottle in jugs for ninety-nine cents. But better to suffer the alcoholic sting of the breath freshner than to be pulled aside by the Katy Winters of the tongue and gum set and get the word about your anti-social odors.

The lure of a hirsute appearance was even stronger than it should be in the healthy young American male, for I had spent so many years conforming to what everyone thought I was supposed to look like. I had graduated from college when the hip movement was just beginning to gain momentum. Early Beatle-length hair was progressive then. Dig out one of your first albums and look at John. Or Paul. Or George or Ringo for that matter. Today, they could pass for YAFers on a Barry Goldwater Campaign Picnic. After college, I had taught high school for three years --one under the poverty program in Appalachia--where the more enlightened views of a liberal society are held to be subversive, obscene, or are ignored altogether. A school board's idea of a socially acceptable hairstyle is something between Yul Brenner and Oral Roberts. No mustache, no beard, no sideburns. In fact, if you can afford to undergo electrolysis to have each and every hair exorcised permanently from your body, they immediately vote you a merit raise equal to an annual increment. And put your name on a brass plate in the entrance foyer.

By the time I had spat out the vile red fluid that had eaten away a dangerous percentage of the mucous membrane lining my mouth, I had made up my mind. I would let my hair grow, try a beard and mustache. I had quit teaching a few months earlier. I was writing paperback escape novels to support us now, and there was no boss or board to pass judgment on the way I looked.

I made the announcement at the breakfast table with all the flourishes attendant a major speech. Gerda reacted as I knew she would. I could tell her that I was going to give up writing and start trying to make a living as a freelance peace picker, and she would nod and smile and say go ahead dear, that's fine, I'm sure you'll click with it. She didn't care at all about my proposed change of appearance. We had been in the hip movement for four years. If I wanted to start looking like the apeman I was, that did not matter to her any more than the contents of the latest Good Housekeeping. Which is to say not at all.

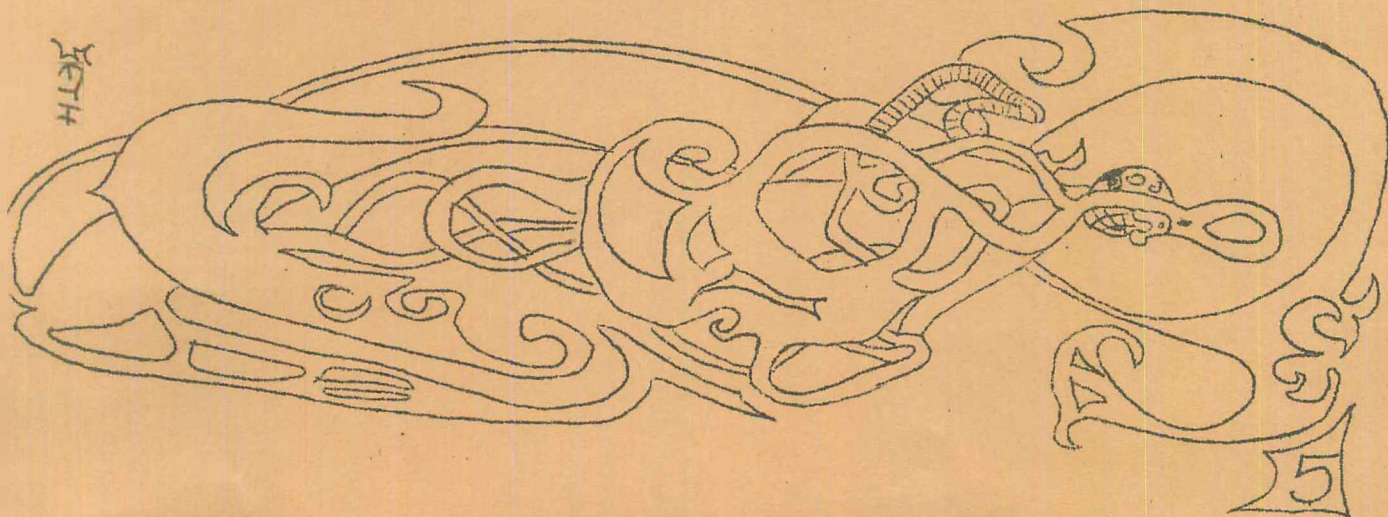
Apeman, I must admit, is not my own pejorative term for "long-haired" or "freak" or "hippie". It sprang from the fertile mind of my Aunt Bertha whose entire life has amounted to a put down of everyone she comes into contact with. Perhaps that statement is too severe. I should modify it by saying that I have never heard Aunt Bertha say anything nasty about Herbert Hoover, Boris Karloff, one-eyed sailors, one-legged mailmen, dogs, lizards, or asthmatic popinjays. But then neither have I ever heard Herbert Hoover, Boris Karloff, one-eyed sailors, one-legged mailmen, dogs, lizards, or asthmatic popinjays say anything nasty about Aunt Bertha. Could be that they have an agreement between them regarding character assassination.

"Apemen, apemen," Aunt Bertha said once when she picked up a copy of Life magazine at my mother's house and saw an article about the people in Frisco when everyone was tripping into Haight-Ashbury. "They don't wash. They act like animals. Apemen, apemen!"

If you would like to hear more of these country witticisms, would like to know more of what Aunt Bertha said, clutching the slick pages of Life in her thick hands, just re-read that paragraph ten times. Everything she said for the next hour is all there. The more I think about it, the less able I am to understand why Herbert Hoover, Boris Karloff, one-eyed sailors, one-legged mailmen, dogs, lizards, and asthmatic popinjays would bother to make a truce with Aunt Bertha. A ny one of them would be much more fluent and telling in their language than she.

I thought of Aunt Bertha that Monday morning, and I felt a chill in my spine and a moment of what was oddly like post-coital depression. Then I decided that the Aunt Bertha's of this world must surely be in a minority and ceased to have any doubts about the wisdom of becoming an apeman in America where we are the land of the free, the home of the brave, the livingroom of the individualists, the closet of the rugged man, and the toilet of the wizards. The national catch-phrase was "Do your thing!", and who would ever think a national catch-phrase could really be a phony front....

\*\*\*\*\*









decimal place. Showing just the right amount of sincerity, humor and profundity he said, "Yes, I do," and exited stage right.

Beaming with self-satisfaction, he hailed a taxi or would have if it had been necessary. The cabby had learned of Alfred's Thursday night habit eight and a half years ago and was always waiting for him at precisely ten fifteen P.M. on every other Thursday night.

They drove to the same Italian food restaurant as on every other such occasion for the past octave plus years without as much as saying a word. Alfred had become so used to the ritual that he didn't notice that he never had to tell the driver where to go or that it was the same cabby. He was always too deep in thought for that.

He sat at the corner table just as he had done every other Thursday night for the past eight and a half years at ten thirty-five P.M.

The waitress brought the small piece of cheesecake and a cup of coffee at ten thirty-eight just as always and Alfred propped a small paperback book against the ashtray as he always did.

This month the science fiction magazine was reviewing another of those the-night-the-bomb-was-dropped books and as always it was compared not too favorably to the "... masterpiece of the big bomb novels by Alfred J. Lawrence: The Holocaust trilogy."

The review was very kind, especially to Alfred's books if not to the author of the book currently being reviewed.

"... characters well developed but not as in The Holocaust trilogy by Lawrence."

As much as he dearly loved the cheese cake he couldn't have noticed if it were sponge rubber, for his reading fed a greater need.

"In all, a good book of foreboding about the possibility of a nuclear war but not nearly the chilling suspense--in short, not in the same league--as the trilogy by Lawrence which threw a fright into the whole world though regrettably for too short a time. But this isn't a fair comparison since I don't think that any author will ever treat the subject as did Alfred J. Lawrence."

He pocketed the book and finished the last of the second cup of coffee not even noticing the doldness of the brew. He had warmth enough reflecting from the extraordinary pleasures of the evening. First, the beautiful exit at Norton's house and now this marvelous review.

He glanced over the people as they talked and ate in the full but not crowded restaurant. These were the people who had made his trilogy so famous. They and the people like them. They had read his books when the whole country was talking about the Holocaust trilogy. For months it was impossible to finish swallowing a bite of cheesecake or a sip of coffee without signing an autograph or listening to some underdressed matron exclaim about how many sleepless nights the books had caused her.

It had provided for several interesting affairs. Not all of the women who recognized him and approached his table to compliment him about his books were gushy society grand dames. Some of them were much, much better than the cheesecake. He came more often in those days.

Now and then an observant person would still recognize him at his corner table and ask for an autograph, but this time he was able to finish without any sort of interruption.

As always before, he laid the three crisp one dollar bills on the table and turned to walk out the long way when he noticed the murmur among the patrons had suddenly silenced. The innocuous piped-in cocktail music ceased and in its place an announcer's voice.

"... President of the United States."

"My beloved fellow countrymen, in a few minutes the first nuclear bombs will begin exploding in cities through our beautiful land.

"I want you to know that we will strike back with all our might and



deliver to the enemy the most powerful...."

There was a period of silence as the President's voice suddenly disappeared from the radio and an announcer apparently in another part of the country began talking.

"I'm sorry ladies and gentlemen but we've lost our signal from Washington. It seems as if that city has received the first hit. Please stand by."

Several women fainted, but mostly the people just began mumbling quietly in urgent tones, too stunned to do anything else.

"My God," exclaimed Alfred settling into his chair.

"This is really too much for one evening. First the perfect exit with the group, then this excellent book review and now this episode straight from book one, chapter one, page one of The Holocaust.

"It's really too much!"

The reports came in rapidly at first and then sporadically as the county-wide communications network became chaos.

After twenty minutes the reports ceased entirely but not before it was told that at least eighteen bombs had already exploded in twelve major cities with the promise of more on the way.

The radio gave out only static, and the crowd began to get panicky. Alfred stepped up onto his chair, and the people began to quieten as one by one they noticed him. He cleared his throat and packed his pipe in a confident and reassuring manner. All eyes were turned to him.

He lit his pipe, took one puff to start it smoking, extracted it from his mouth and began his address.

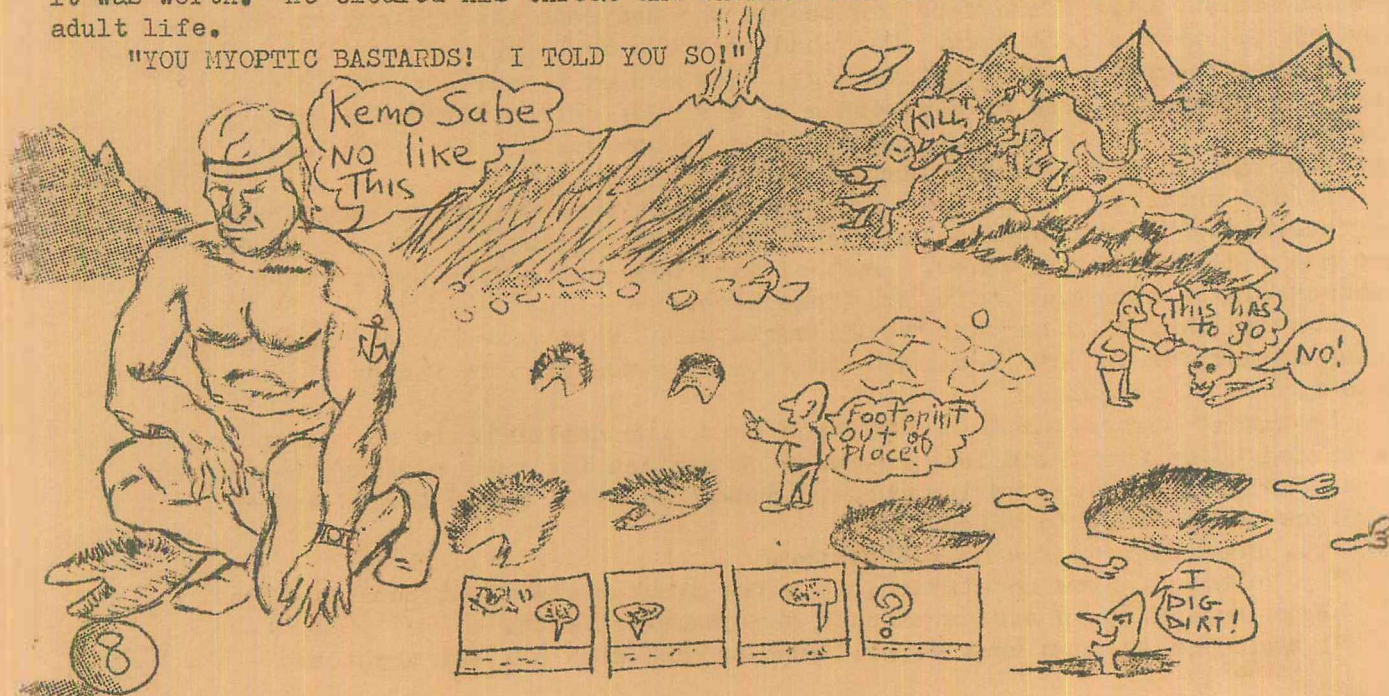
"My friends, my name is Alfred J. Lawrence, the writer. Yes, I'm the same Alfred J. Lawrence, who wrote the well-known Holocaust trilogy, which most of you have probably read.

"I have but one thing to say."

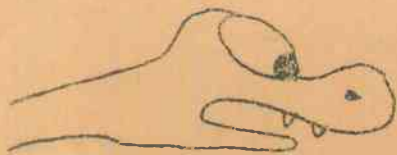
It was Alfred's extra good fortune that as he prepared to speak a vehicle descended through the outer reaches of the atmosphere bearing a nuclear warhead. It was destined that his next speech would be his last. As soon as his words were understood by all, Alfred, the patrons, and the restaurant became what was later to be called ground zero. Though it was hard on his audience for Alfred it was perfect timing. With his last speech he achieved that ultimate pleasure, which to the frustration of his friends he had refused to name.

He took one more puff on his briar pipe and milked the moment for all it was worth. He cleared his throat and shouted for the first time in his adult life.

"YOU MYOPTIC BASTARDS! I TOLD YOU SO!"







IN THE LAIR OF THE WALRUS GOD  
A Round Robin(?) Started by Darrell Schweitzer



"Help! Help!" screamed Dr. Zxyiptyl over the scraping and slashing sounds.

The cries drifted out into the parking lot of Smith, Smith & Smythe Laboratories where assistant Joe Haines and his friend Irving were standing talking about the weather in Croatia.

"Sounds like trouble. We'd better go see what the old man is up-tight about," Joe said. Calmly, they strolled into the building and up to the third floor where the Doctor's lab was. The place was a mess when they got there. The floor was littered with fragments of glass from broken testtubes, tables were overturned and the window was broken. At first they thought that nothing was amiss because they knew Dr. Zxyiptyl to be a rather untidy person. Then they noticed huge puddles of blood all over the floor and a still form in a stained lab coat lying in the middle.

"Oh my God!" Irving exclaimed. "He's been murdered! Musta been spies after his secret space drive, that everyone knows he was working on."

"Look at this!"

"What?"

"This, dummy!" Joe shouted irately as he indicated two huge and rather gross looking holes in the corpse's chest. "They must've stabbed him with something huge. But what? And it is still very fresh...The killers must still be in the building! They couldn't have gotten out so quickly."

"Look what I found!" Irving said while waving a piece of paper in his friend's face. "It's a diagram from the Doc's plans! They must've dropped it. It looks very important to me."

"Yes, and very complex. I doubt they can get very far without it. They'll be back for it, I'm sure."

"Good! Then we can set a trap for them."

"I thought we decided they were still in the building and---"

Suddenly the door to the men's room across the hall burst open and out rushed a rather large walrus with blood stained tusks and a packet under one flipper, sliding down the hall on his soap smeared belly.

"There's the culprit!" Joe shouted, pointing, "After him!"

They both ran out into the corridor but slipped on the soap, thus allowing the walrus to make it to the elevator unapprehended. By the time they got outside, he was driving off in a blue Volkswagen. They hopped into Joe's car and sped off in pursuit.

They lost him in the fantastically complex maze of side streets that occupied that section of town.

"Oh damn! We lost him," Joe mumbled in disgust.

"I know what to do!", Irving piped up cheerfully. "I'll ask that cop over there. Hey Officer! Did you see a walrus with bloody teeth drive by in a blue Volkswagen?"

"No, but I did see one in a green mustang. Get out of the car you two. Got any booze in there? Let me smell your breath."

Suddenly there was a roar of an engine and a screech of tires. They all whirled around just in time to see their quarry vanish down a dark lane.

"There he goes! See ya later, Officer," Joe stammered.

"Wait a minute buddy! You ain't goin' nowhere. I can't let nuts like you drive around loose. You're coming down to the station with me."

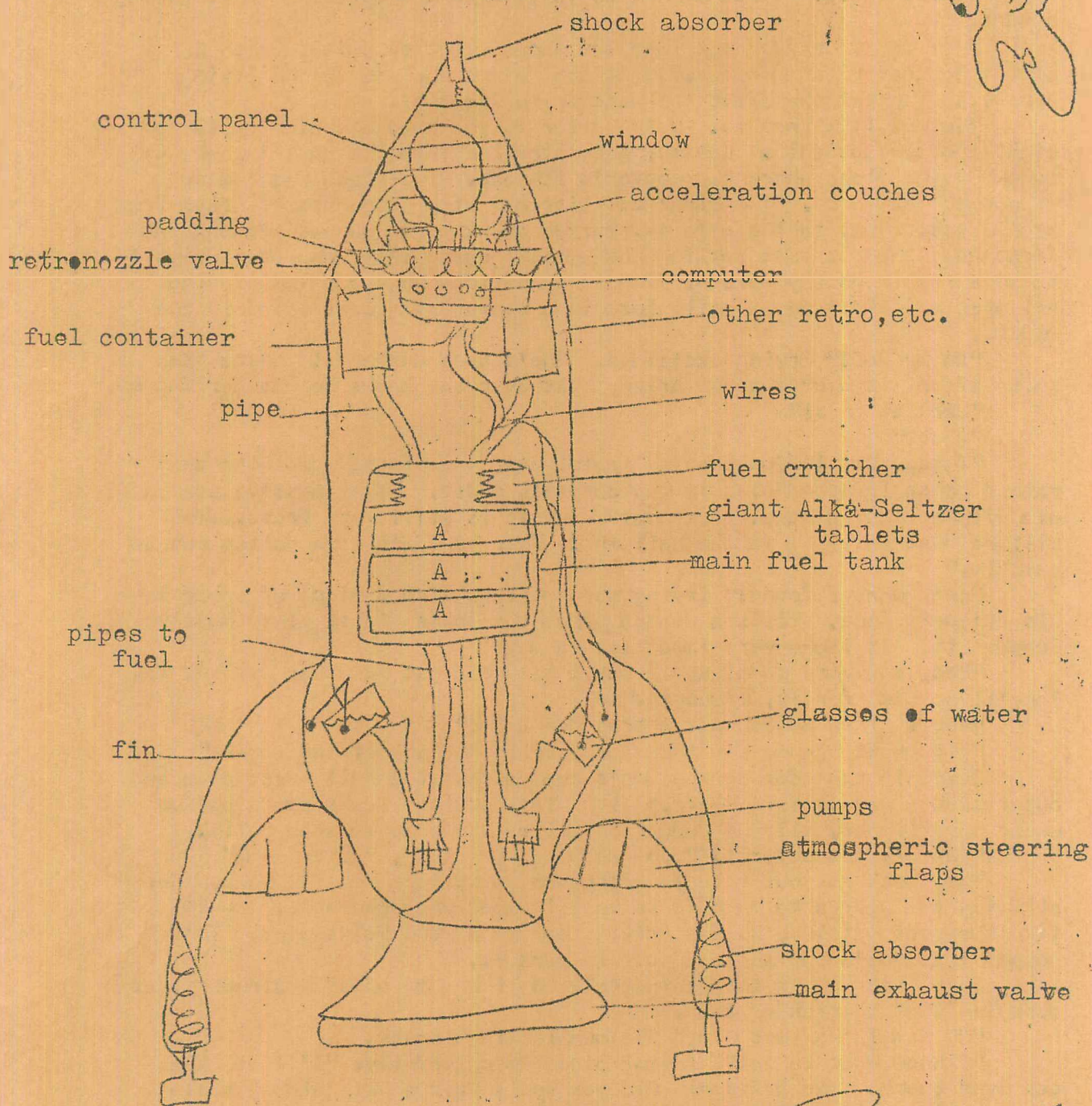
"But officer! The walrus is escaping with the secret plans to Dr.



(WALRUS GOD)  
ILLO  
(STORY CONT. P. 32)

by schweitzer

figure 1



10

JOE GREEN!  
TAKE NOTE!  
V. R. M. - ed.

TOP  
SECRET



## THE DAY AND THE HOUR

by Charles D. Booth

Only the moonlight painted the naked parts of our bodies as we locked in embrace. The red clay mixed with patches of sand to form the trunk of the huge concave cliffs which guarded our solitude. But even as it protectively shadowed our love, it was being relentlessly torn away by the jaws of the sea. For Love dissolved us in the eternal now, and the heavens blanketed us.

My eyes shifted from the longing face next to me to regain their sense of proportion and beauty in the abyss above. If anything elevates man to his sense of infinity and wonder it is the universe. The mind fruitlessly reaches out to those luminous particles for answers to unknown questions and bolts back to its recluse, trembling at its daring. It was such a time as this when my mind was probing the galaxies that the phenomenon occurred.

It was extraordinary....and quick. My mind reverberated with color and mixed emotions long afterwards, keeping its phantom image dancing before my eyes. At first I experienced that knowing-surprise one feels when one sees a shooting star; I quickly pointed to it so that it could be shared. However, the star did not disintegrate but moved steadily across the outer surface of our eyes. Not knowing a thing about space or astronomy we soon jumped to the idea that it was a weather satellite slowly making its monotonous rounds. All of this must have absorbed a span of eight or ten seconds when suddenly it burst with a split second bead of light giving the tiny sphere crisp bright fingers that curved symmetrically about it. It was much like the common experience of driving a dark curving road and following a tiny set of headlights as they round the bend only to explode starlike in your face. It was gone as fast as it came. We stared hypnotically into the empty hole when it popped again and gave birth to an even greater spiral. It was intense but infinitesimal. I suddenly had the feeling of a shepherd laboriously following the mythical star of Bethlehem. What sort of sign could this be? It was fascinating but frightening as it nestled in the heavens growing in brightness; but darkness overcame the light---a common occurrence-in nature and religion. Was this meteor or machine?

Bursting with fear and wonder we could stand the solitude no longer. "Man is a social being" "No man is an island", and "society is security" were all sayings that were as deeply embedded within us as our own names, and reflexively captured our minds with no resistance. Within the second we were surrounded by throngs of brightly dressed people, music and buildings. Everyone wore a smile as familiar faces bobbed here and there in the park. It was a holiday and everyone was out having fun and trying their skills at merriment; it was a rule now. Were we the only witnesses to the night's spectacle? My love had become a distant face in an impending crowd and I felt hollow. It is the most ungodly feeling to try and express something you know or have seen to another who has no concept of such a thing. It reminded me of old Pro. Greeden making us go through mental gymnastics trying to describe a lavender and rose dress to a blind woman, in sophomore descriptive writing. I looked questioningly into the crowd for some sign of amazement but instantly I knew that no-one else knew.

My hushpuppies, with their glassy looking toes showing their age, occupied my whole field of vision, but I was looking beyond them into the chasm of deep thought. These events had sparked the age-old question, 'What is man'? My mind laboriously rewound its mental tape and prepared to scan the mystery of existence once again, hoping to find new insights and clues. God--universe--stars--earth--man were the familiar outline of pursuit. Could that light have been the birth or death of a planet, star or galaxy? It was fascinating to think of this enormity just popping

in and out of existence. But, if it did, how much more rapidly does man span his corporeal life? He enters and leaves through no power of his own. Could that distant light have been the door of heaven opening and closing, giving death a free reign? I began to shudder as my thoughts were racing ahead of me intuitively understanding things that did not even consciously exist. I remembered the dread images painted in Revelation "There was a violent earthquake, and the sun became black, like coarse black cloth, and the moon turned completely red, like blood; the stars fell out of the sky to earth, like unripe figs falling from the tree when a strong wind shakes it. The sky disappeared, like a scroll being rolled up, and every mountain and island was moved from its place."

My thoughts became clouded and distracted as I felt a distant pain. It was a numb sensation and I was unable to locate the origin. The Bible with its prophecies of death and the end of the world were riddling me. I was afraid. The pain was getting more intense and I slowly began to come out of my intellectual coma only to feel the hot gritty cement biting into my cheek. I was lying in the street with blood dribbling down my chin. People were running, screaming, looking like distorted giants as they stepped on and over me. I quickly rolled to the side seeking protection and support from the fountain rail. Speakers were garbling indistinctly at high volume and with a tone of urgency. Then every fiber of my body knew what my ears couldn't hear... it was the end of the world, it had to be.

Why did that door have to open now? I had never really searched for the true values in life, but now they were dear to me. "Where are they?" was a question not to be found in this confusion. I began to laugh aloud as the whole world around me crawled like a disturbed ant hill. Everybody running frantically; some trying to hide, some to fight back at destiny, some crazed with fear, and others who just didn't know why. As I laughed I could see the "HA HA's" printed in space above me, as if I were a comic book character. Oh Christ, I'm a Catholic! What am I gonna do now? My mind sobered up and twirled the litter barrel of past sins in front of my abused conscience which in turn cried for a priest, I've gotta find a priest or I'll burn in hell! I had to rebuke myself for this line of thinking because I'd never be forgiven just because I don't want to go to hell. I really am sorry God, really I am. Now I knew what it felt like to be the only guy on the block with money. I remembered how Sister Marian told us how badly it stunk in Hell and all of those scalely creatures down there. I couldn't have been that bad to deserve that, could I Lord? Salvation! A Church right in front of me. I rushed in but it was empty. Why can't these fools see that this is the only place to be? Everything was so quiet and normal that it seemed like Tuesday afternoon instead of Doomsday. I ran through the back door and was inside of a house where a little old man was stooping over tying his shoe. He was just in a T-shirt with suspenders holding up a pair of old black pants, but I knew he was a priest.

"Father, can I please go to confession now?" I pleaded, out of breath. Still tying his shoe he looked up and told me that it would be only 15 minutes before he held confessions in the main body of the church. "But Father we may not have time, there'll be a thousand people out there by then. Please!"

"OK my son just kneel down there and begin"

"Bless me Father..." and I can't remember what all I told him but it was a thorough purging; because I was scared. For my absolution he drug out an old "Jack and Jill" magazine and fingered through cartoons, drawing wise and diverse meanings from them that were supposed to make me see things more clearly and help me lead a more child-like life for the remaining minutes. When he finished I profoundly thanked him and told him I'd look him up in heaven tomorrow. As I walked towards the door I realized how stupid that last remark was. The old priest would probably be too busy tal-

(-CONTINUED P. 32)



## SPACE IN THE SEVENTIES

by  
Joseph Green

TODAY:  
(Florida's Space-Age Newspaper)

### "TOP SECRET REPORT URGES LANDING ON MARS BY 1982"

The Kennedy space area paper is very space-oriented. At the top right appears:

#### Next Space Shot

A British Skynet communications satellite will be launched on a Delta rocket Sept. 24.

#### Today's Weather

Partly cloudy with scattered showers...

But that's enough. The next space shot is as regular as the weather, and appears above it. The headlined article was a fair summing up of coming space program hardware, with only one major surprise included. The large programs already planned once this hardware becomes available would fill a very thick book. A large telescope in orbit, a zero-G manufacturing facility, and the first small moonbase are three good examples. All of these and more are dependent on NASA coming up with a much cheaper space transportation system, one that will not require such enormous sums of money for each trip. Such a system, not surprisingly called the STS (Space Transportation System) is now in the works. All future utilization programs will be designed around the capabilities of the four basic hardware items that form the STS. They are (1) a nuclear-powered rocket capable of taking men to Mars and back, or providing shuttle service between Earth orbit and moon orbit, (2) a space shuttle operating on a regular schedule between the ground and an Earth-orbiting space station, (3) a permanent space station with a minimum 6-man capacity and a potential to go far higher, and (4) a space tug to operate between lunar orbit and the moon's surface. All four items will be designed for reusability and long life.

(1) NUCLEAR ROCKET: The NERVA (Nuclear Engine for Rocket Vehicle Applications) has been in development for several years but has yet to fly in space. This engine does not utilize nuclear fission or fusion energy as a direct source of propulsion. The present NERVA consists of a 75,000 lb. thrust rocket that operates by heating hydrogen in the core of a very powerful small reactor and exhausting it through a rocket nozzle. Used this way the hydrogen becomes a monopropellant, eliminating the need for an oxidizer.

Nuclear propulsion is regarded by most experts as virtually essential for a continuing space program. Dr. Payne was quoted as saying, "I wouldn't attempt a Mars expedition until we have a fully proved-out nuclear capability. It could be done, but it wouldn't be worth it."

(2) SPACE SHUTTLE: Reusable space shuttles with the capability of taking off like a rocket and landing like an airplane have been needed for some time. Several configurations are under study at present, including a delta-shaped spacecraft inside a huge but cheap V-shaped fuel tank which would be discarded as the vehicle neared orbital speed. The most likely configuration is a two-stage craft looking much like a giant 747 with a 707 riding on its back. The larger stage would boost the vehicle above the lower atmosphere by rocketpower, then disengage and start two ramjet engines to

fly back to Earth for a conventional landing. The second stage would use its rockets to attain orbit, complete its mission, fire the rockets again for re-entry, and shed its orbital speed by atmospheric friction (needless to say it will have excellent heat shielding!). It too has ramjet engines for a conventional landing.

The HL-10 Lifting Body is leading the way in configuration development. It has already completed an extensive drop-and-glide program, and in 1969 flew for the first time under its own rocket power, exceeding the speed of sound.

(3) SPACE STATION: The newspaper article deals with a space station planned for the mid-seventies or later, one which would start with a six-man capacity and gradually expand. But a type of space station is already under construction. NASA calls it "Skylab," apparently because it will have a life expectancy of only 16 to 18 months and they are saving the designation "space station" for the larger semi-permanent version. Skylab will include two new major items of hardware--a Multiple Docking Adapter (MDA) and an Airlock Module (AM)-- and a major scientific payload, the Apollo Telescope Mount (ATM). The ATM is an extremely complex series of telescopes, all designed for an intensive and extensive study of our sun.

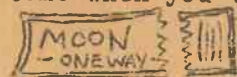
Skylab underwent a major shakeup last year when a decision was made to change its launch vehicle from the Saturn 1B to the larger Saturn V. The three astronauts' living and working space will be in the MDA, AM, and the interior of the hydrogen tank on the S-IVB (the third stage on the giant Saturn V vehicle and the second on the two-stage Saturn 1B). The original plan called for launching Skylab via the Saturn 1B vehicle, which would require burning the engines of the S-IVB to achieve orbit. Under the new plan the S-IVB will be launched "dry"--no fuel or oxidizer--by burning just the first two stages of the Saturn V. This change will delay the original 1971 launch date into the second half of 1972, but will mean a larger payload capacity and less work in space for the astronauts. Under the "wet" S-IVB plan they would have to exhaust all propellants to space and perform a major equipment assembly job in the hydrogen tank.

(4) SPACE TUG: The fourth major item is the surprise mentioned earlier. Little is known about this vehicle at present, except that it is designed to operate between lunar orbit and the moon's surface. And obviously it could easily be modified to serve a similar function for Mars, and this has indeed been officially mentioned.

The Tug will operate only from lunar orbit to surface and back because there will be a space station in orbit around the moon by 1980. The one designed for Earth will be constructed of individual modules, each a complete station within itself. One of these will be transported to the moon and place in orbit.

There are many other programs of major interest on the horizon. In 1971 NASA will attempt to place two Mariner spacecraft in orbit around Mars. In 1975 the Viking program (which replaced the more elaborate and expensive Voyager) will place two two-part vehicles in Martian orbit. A lander will detach from each and descend to the surface to search for life. NASA will also launch a TV-equipped Mariner flyby around Venus in 1973, which will go on to Mercury. Hopefully, we will get our first close-up look at the real Twilight Zone. In 1975 we will launch our first Jupiter probe, which will perform a flyby and then move on out of the solar system, giving us our first look at deep space if the spacecraft functions that long. In 1977 a probe will whip around Jupiter, fly on to Saturn and repeat, and use the speed gained from both planets to fly to Pluto. If this vehicle performs as programmed we will, in the 1980's, reach the known end of our solar system. As always, instruments will precede the man...but let's hope he follows closely behind!

As for the more distant future...there is a facilities development plan at the Kennedy Space Center which shows a tremendous hotel in front, with equipment such as low-G simulators, exercisers, centrifuges, etc., all designed to prepare passengers for spaceflight. This is intended for scientists, not tourists...but the day will come when you too may apply for tickets!





## SCIENCE FACT

### The Family Likeness

by Joe Allred

I was reading an anecdotal column in the local paper which posed the question, "Which is the closer relation, father-son or brother-brother?" Now I'm not a pedant where such things are concerned and had the answer cited heraldic tradition or law as the authority I would have passed over it but the answer given was said to be the BIOLOGICAL answer. "The brothers are closer related," it said, "because they are 'full blooded' while the parent-child relationship is 'half blooded'". That was more than I could take as a graduate student, ersatz scientist, in the molecular genetics end of biophysics. So, I've used this article as an excuse to write a biological answer; forthwith.

A working definition of the nearness of relation in biological terms is the greater the number of genes from a common ancestor, the closer the relation. By this, the closest possible biological relation is identical twins since each has all of the same genes as the other due to an accident occurring soon after conception.

A human is made of cells, about 100 trillion of them. Each cell at one time or another contains forty-six chromosomes, twenty-three separate pairs, where one member of each pair has come from each parent. These chromosomes contain the genes which are primarily made of a chemical called DNA, a long stringy molecule wound up in the chromosomes. (The standard analogy is of a long string of beads, the beads being the genetic information of the DNA.) Each human cell is only about a micron or so in diameter (ten to twenty thousand side by side would be an inch) yet in the forty-six chromosomes of each cell there is about eight feet of DNA, if it were stretched out in a line. If all of the DNA in a human being were stretched out in a single line it would be  $2 \times 10^{11}$  miles long. More than  $1/3$  light year! Now that we've established some perspective let's return to the problem.

Dad and Mom each contribute twenty-three chromosomes, one from each of their pairs, so a child had half of its hereditary material from the father and the other half from the mother. (The expression half of full blooded has no meaning since it's genes not blood which are the stuff of heredity. Indeed, the type other characteristics of the blood are determined by the genes.) The point is that there is a one-half chance that any particular chromosome will be given to a child and this applies to each of the forty-six chromosomes.

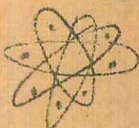
Now suppose that one child is born and we wish to know the probability that another child will be born with all of the same genes as the first. This is equivalent to flipping a coin forty-six times and then asking what is the probability that the same sequence of heads and tails will occur if the coin is flipped forty-six more times. This comes out to be once in  $2^{46}$  (two to the forty-sixth power) or once in 130,845,488,355,328 times an event so improbable that it is unlikely to have happened even once in the entire history of the human species!

It is just as unlikely that two children of the same parents will have no chromosomes in common so that the most probable and therefore the most usual case lies in between. On the average two children will have about half of their chromosomes in common with each other, regardless of whether it is two boys, two girls, or a boy and a girl.

Since each child always gets half of his chromosomes from each parent then on the average a child is as closely related in a biological genetic sense to a parent as to a fellow sibling.

Now that the question is settled, I would like to point out one more thought. Suppose, as unlikely as it is, that a child were born with all of the same genes as a child already born. If their prenatal environments were similar then they would be as identical as identical twins but could be widely separated in age. This may

not appear to be profound but knowing the mixups which happen with twins imagine the confusion of two otherwise identical people of widely different ages. It could be confounding to an insurance company trying to insure one of their lives.



And now, ready or not, Science Column Number 3, which is to say, more weeds of wisdom from the fertile mind of Dr. Zarg!



ASK DR. ZARG.....by Dr. Zarg

Q. Dear Dr Zarg, there is a thing in my cellar. It is getting to be very annoying, all that scratching and growling. To top it all off, the neighbors are complaining about lost pets. I think it gets out at night. What should I do? I'm afraid it might get into the house. --- Worried.

A. Dear Worried, obviously your thing is psychosomatic and will cease to be a problem once you obtain competent help. I recommend Dr. Jekyll, who is a specialist and has a deep understanding of problems like yours.

\*\*\*\*

Q. dere dr zarg nobody loves me and all the other kids say arrrch when i crawl in and they call me names like horrible sickening unholy fiend how can i make them like me they wont play with me whats a few tentacles among frimbs?---sad

A. Dear Sad, are you sure nothing can be done to make yourself attractive? Do you have BO or halitosis? Do you do anything for your acne? Are your clothes clean and neat? Perhaps your friends lack the tact to tell you that you should take a bath. Try the above suggestions and let me know how it works out.

\*\*\*\*

Q. Why does NASA continue to launch ships to the moon when they know it is futile?---Mike Farkash

A. Actually there is a feasible method of moon travel, but NASA has refused to try it. A giant hollow shell could be shot out of an enormous cannon with astronauts inside. The shell, hitting the moon, would imbed itself in the lunar surface. To return to earth, the men simply dig the capsule out of the moon and fall back to earth. The only inconvenience is standing around upside down while on the moon; for this reason I suggest that the first manned lunar mission have a Chinese or Australian crew.



Q. Dear Idiot, when will you be home for dinner?

A. Coming, dear.

$$\sqrt{16} = 4$$

Dennis Parnell  
Joe



Shouting Down Garbagecans

On one of my recent strolls down Main Street, Minot, N. Dakota, I chanced upon a garbagecan bearing the inscription, "Keep Minot Clean".

Immediately the normally dormant portion of my mind which concocts fiendish schemes came to life. What an opportunity! I had found a way to repay the granny ladies for their attack in the theater the week before (Magical Mystery Popcorn High--M #1).

The next day, as people were coming out of their little business ghettos to inhale their lunch, Tom Goyett and I took our positions at the first garbagecans on opposite ends of the main street.

"George, are you in there George?" I queried plaintively into the garbagecan. (About this time Tom began his trip toward me doing the same thing.)

Soon, all the astonished citizens about us could hear, was the phrase, "George, are you in there?" echoed from each and every garbagecan in the city. All might have been well had it not been for the city police.

"Whatchadoin', sonny?" I understand that the current terminology for the police is "Pig". The fellow that greeted my eyes as I emerged from the garbagecan, however, looked more like a fat warthog than anything else.

"Ahsaidwhatchadoin'?" he nervously fingered his weapon.

"Ah." I replied with all the suaveness and cool at my command. "Ah."

"You see, it was this way," I continued, "George is stuck here in this garbagecan only..."

The warthog put his head down into the garbagecan to take a peek...I'm afraid neither of us noticed the Minot Daily News photographer till after the flash. I departed the scene quickly while the warthog attempted to smash the camera.

Headlines the next day said:

Jewcommiehippies Place Bombs in Garbagecans Says Officer Frumpe

(Minot) Minot Police reported the existence of a jewcommie-hippy underground here yesterday after foiling an attempt to place bombs, code named "George" in various Minot City garbagecans.

According to Officer Frumpe, the courageous officer who stopped the attempted bombing during the noon rush hour, the jewcommie-hippy agent wore a long beard, smelt as if he had not bathed for days and was also eating some of the things in the garbagecans.

God fearing city officials have changed the curfew to 8 P.M. for class B and C citizens as it is felt most of the conspiracy comes from this group.

Class A citizen curfews will remain the same.

Mayor Bill Glasburger says that drunken indians, negroes, and other assorted riffraff will be shot on sight.

I'm laying low now, eating popcorn and saving newspapers. If anyone asks they can find me hiding in the maildrop on 4th and Main.

First it was Frankenstein meets the wolfman, then it was Abbot and Costello meet the Mummy, now...hold onto your hats for.....

# HUGO GREENBACK MEETS DR. ZARG!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

This is a transcript of a debate between the two self-acclaimed mental giants of the Great Southwest, the wry and eccentric Dr. Zarg, and the megasardonic misanthrope Hugo Greenback. Sponsored by the Houston Asteroid Naming and Drinking Society (HANDS), the topic of the debate was "Is the Earth Flat, or What?"

Dr. Zarg was for flatness. He mentioned something about "Geoplatology," so I opened the debate on this point.

PUMILIA: Suppose we begin with you, Dr. Zarg. Exactly what is geoplatology?

ZARG: I should think you'd be smart enough to figure that out for yourself, dummy. Platy means flat. Platy--plat--flat. Notice the similarity in sounds?

GREENBACK: Platy is derived from

the Greek root platys, meaning broad or flat. As in platypus.

ZARG: (Cupping ear) Did he say I had a broad in my flat? Is he trying to confuse my issue?

PUMILIA: No, I--

ZARG: Keep your puss out of this, Greenback. Platy means flat. As for geology, well, everybody knows what that is. Therefore, geoplatology is the science of the flat earth. As opposed to round.

GREENBACK: What about Columbus?

ZARG: Who?

GREENBACK: Christophero Colombo. He discovered America.

ZARG: When did this happen?

PUMILIA: 1492.

GREENBACK: What about Magellan?

ZARG: Wait a minute! One name at a time. Who was this--this Magellan?

PUMILIA: He sailed around the world.

GREENBACK: His fleet sailed around the world. He was killed.

PUMILIA: Oh, that's right. Sorry, Hugo.

GREENBACK: Call me Mr. Greenback.

ZARG: Are you sure about this?

PUMILIA: Yes. Let's see, how does it go? In fifteen hundred and eleven, Magellan sailed the oceans seven? Or oceans blue. But that would make it 1502, wouldn't it?

ZARG: I've never heard about this Magellan person. Anyhow it's impossible to sail around the world. You'd fall off.

GREENBACK: What about Sir Isaac Newton?

ZARG: Science fiction writers don't count.

GREENBACK: Would you care to step outside?

PUMILIA: Careful, Dr. Zarg. He knows karate.

ZARG: Oh, so? Well (throwing open his coat), what do you think that is?

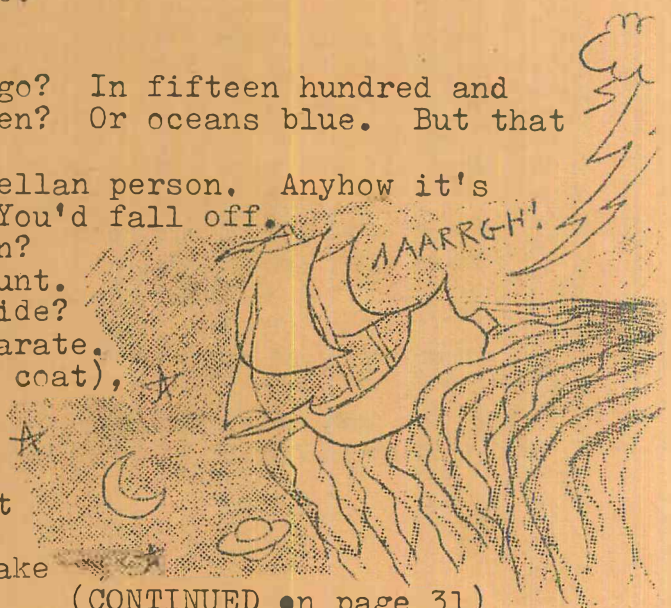
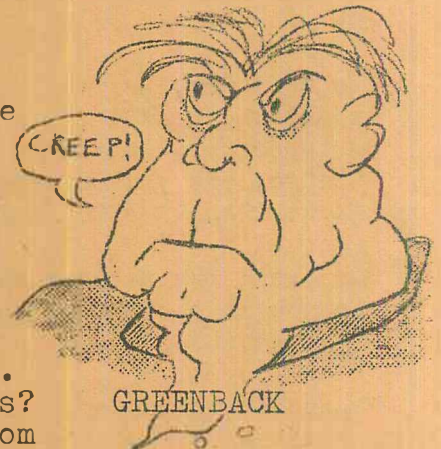
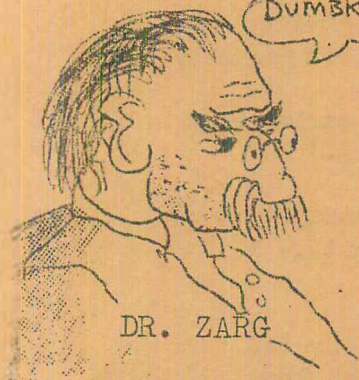
PUMILIA: A black belt.

GREENBACK: Holding up his pants.

ZARG: Take back what you said about Magellan!

GREENBACK: (With a sinister grin) You take it back.

(CONTINUED on page 31)

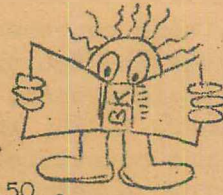






## BOOK REVIEWS

By Steve Parker Paul Dellinger  
Ward Schmidt Al Jackson



THE POLLINATORS OF EDEN BY John Boyd, Weybright and Talley, \$5.50 .

In a weird tale of intelligent flora, and mankind's reaction to these endearing bloomers, John Boyd's talent transcends that of the storyteller, writer, or author. With his second novel THE POLLINATORS OF EDEN, Boyd has joined the small, elite group of Science-Fiction artisans.

Boyd's characterization is beautifully explicit, and functional in helping the reader recognize and understand the hopes and fears of "his people", while never tending to run off the mouth to the point of banality.

Unfortunately, the plot carries such impact that it cannot be revealed in this review, what can be told, however; is that Boyd establishes a strange unifying bond between mankind and the Flora civilization in the bizarre, shattering climax.

One note of disconcertation: In having just completed his second novel, Boyd has already begun using a set of stock characters and plotting. These are (A) The major characters are professional specialists in some abstract form of science, (B) One of these characters is emotionally cold, or more specifically, indifferent to love, beauty, and their cultural heritage, and (C) Each of these frozen types is persuaded (with, ultimately, veiled promise of bed) to love beauty, etc. by a free footloose lover-of-life. . . . naturally this lover-of-life holds membership in the sex opposite that of the emotionally Frozen One, aiding in the scene containing the aforementioned "promise of bed".

But then, this is merely an underlying theme, and I'm confident John Boyd will correct this annoying trait of plotting in his next novel.

To sum up: With the storytelling skill of Bradbury and Simak, with the brilliance of Delany, and the knowledge of "humanness" possessed by Zelazny--THE POLLINATORS OF EDEN is woven into one of the most fascinating, beautiful tales produced within the field of Science-Fiction.

--Steve Parker

DRAGONS, ELVES, AND HEROES, Lin Carter (ed.), Ballantine Adult Fantasy, 95¢.

DRAGONS, ELVES, AND HEROES is an anthology in prose and poetry of heroic tales and of ancient and not so ancient myths. This collection edited by Lin Carter attempts to depict the typical adult fantasy which is not widely read or known now, but was centuries ago. The editor shows the reader the magic of ancient, medieval, and modern tales of the mystical and super-great.

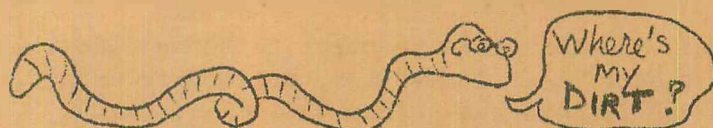
The collection has nineteen selections, twelve prose and seven poems. Only one complete work, by Voltaire, exists, with the other pieces being ten to fifteen page excerpts of the best myths, legends, oral poetry, and written fables of many nations. There are romances, travelogues, fables, and adventure epics; of Roman emperors, Persian kings, Russian giants, and just regular heroes, with dragon fights and searches for wisdom thrown in, too. Although today the selections are not well known in America or written by famed authors, almost every prose piece and three of the seven poems are of superb quality.

The collection spans the centuries and the works of many nations: Persia, Finland, Britain, France, and Denmark to name a few. "Beowulf and Grandel" is included with some very good tales from LE MORTE d'ARTHUR, THE KIEV CYCLE, the GERTA ROMANOVNA, and the beautiful rhythmic poem "The Kalevala", to name a few more. Lin Carter has made a good selection in most cases from each work, except for Spencer's FAERIE QUEENE. Almost all of the pieces were bestsellers in their time; some were popular for centuries, being the national epic of their respective nations. These works were the science fiction (and as some people believed, the science fact) of their day.

The different translators chosen, show the beauty of the works in descriptive translations. The editor leads into each work with an interesting historical note.

Every selection is short, easy to read, and interesting. Each has a different style; some easy, some cumbersome. Only two drawbacks exist: in the first three poorly written poems and two prose pieces, where one lists names, and the other lists cities with no plot inbetween.

DRAGONS, ELVES, AND HEROES has humor, sadness, suspense, confusion, boredom, interest, and adventure. An enthralling collection of adult fantasy in its original, unchanged form exists to make a wonderful and remembered reading.



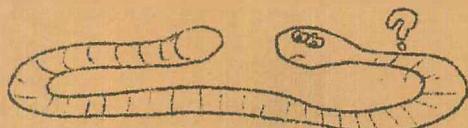
--Ward Schmidt

THE MENDELOV CONSPIRACY by Martin Caidin, Meredith Press, \$5.95.

The first third of this book is the most fascinating look at the UFO or flying saucer phenomena I've seen in science-fiction. It covers much of the same material as "factual" books on the discs, including some of those by the "Blue Book" researchers, and provides a wealth of detail about the optical illusions that can be confused for saucers (even by experienced fliers) and those which cannot be explained by swamp gas or anything else. But the reader sees it all from a tough, hard-nosed reporter's point of view, and his airline stewardess-girl friend's. And, since both these people are interesting in their own rights, so is the information they unwind.

But then the author takes off on a "horrors of nuclear war" tangent and disposes of the saucer mystery in a disappointing way. The remainder of the book is about the attempt by those who control the so-called saucers to try and prevent World War III--and the way they do it leaves the reader wondering if the cure is not worse than the disease. This section also touches on another sf theme, that of the next step for man up the evolutionary ladder, but this is never developed.

The main shortcoming of the book is a lack of unity. It could have been a good exposing-of-the-saucer-mystery story, or even a fair, if not new, description of nuclear catastrophe. And it does manage to raise a difficult question of ethics--but this book also fails to answer it. Still, those who have looked for an intelligent book on UFOs--instead of one which uses them only in the first few chapters to establish the plot, then takes off on some wild space opera--should read this one.



--Paul Dellinger

SCIENCE FICTION IN THE CINEMA, John Baxter, A.S. Barnes and Co., New York, 1970, \$2.40.

There are several attitudes to take towards science fiction as film: The Gritch: "The only good sf film is no sf film"; The Monster: Only twelve year olds need apply; The Motion Picture fan: "The first and last good sf film was METROPOLIS" and the Steel Eyeball School.

Requirement for members of the Steel Eyeball School are: a long acquaintance with modern sf; an appreciation for the modern cinema (including hugging copies of "Cashiers du Cinema", "Sight and Sound", and "Film Quarterly" to your warm body); and cast iron patience. It means that you have sat many long hours while garbage-encoded photons from the likes of FIRE MAIDENS FROM OUTER SPACE, TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE, or PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE are reflected from the silver screen and flung upon your poor optic nerves. For if you are like John Baxter and others of our ilk and you do not let that steel callous on your aesthetic facilities completely zonk your central processor, then you will discover a little bit of gold now and then. Thus your hopes for the good sf film are pushed a little further up that mountain of crap Hollywood has placed in its path.

John Baxter's treatment of sf film history is the best and most complete I have seen in English. He has a good eye and sense for what is and is not sf from 1895 to the present. It is refreshing not to see a rehash of the thirties horror film so popular with many film historians. And, too, Baxter is an insider, both fan and pro, which gives him a refined perception for sf.



The whole book is chuck-full of nice little tidbits, such as that there were two endings for 1934, although I have never seen a US print with the bitter-sweet alternative to the usual Orwell ending that we see. There is the dasteredly deed committed by AI in swiping Ward Moore's Lot and Lot's daughter in making PANIC IN THE YEAR ZERO. (The only big mistake I noted was that on page 172 Baxter confuses COUNT-DOWN with MAROONED.)

To be a critic of the sf film is a difficult thing and I find I have several agreements and disagreements with Baxter. It is nice to see a good rating for the Kneal's Quatermass series, too often forgotten. However, I rank Quatermass II (ENEMY FROM SPACE) before Quatermass I (THE CREEPING UNKNOWN). The best Quatermass and the Pit (FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH) has sadly been lost in the schuffle, having been released in the same year with 2001 and PLANET OF THE APES.

I cannot go along with Baxter's endorsement of Jack Arnold. I agree that IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE and the INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN are masterpieces. I did not find great genius in the CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON and its sequel. Nor do I think that TARANTULA and the SPACE CHILDREN rank anywhere but just above the Z film ranks of the fifties. In these days of the Corman cult it is good that Baxter has pointed out Arnold, who made films head and shoulders above Roger the Z.

I cannot dismiss FAIL SAFE as a "pale carbon" of DOCTOR STRANGELOVE and the WAR GAME. Lumet made a taut and gripping film. Frank Overton's portrayal of a modern young Air Force General is a classic. Though FAIL SAFE had its fire stolen by the earlier release of STRANGELOVE, Lumet showed how to handle doomsday ideas Kubrick was so afraid of presenting except as comedy.

I cannot help but be amused by Baxter's confusion about 2001's "fragmentary structure". (It is also this aspect of the modern cinema that has bothered Fred Pohl and Lester Del Ray so much.) To think that Baxter can partake of Godard's ALPHAVILLE and Marker's LA JETEE, and then have difficulty with 2001 strains the bounds of credibility.

In a diverting digression, Baxter includes a note on sf in tv. Since Baxter lives outside the US, he gives us some interesting sidelight about British television sf drama. This also explains why Baxter has missed the best tv sf, namely that of the fifties, some of the TALES OF TOMORROW, PLAYHOUSE 90 offerings, and the supremely excellent OUT THERE. Though he is correct about DEMON WITH A GLASS HAND and SOLDIER, I fear Baxter has the false impression that OUTER LIMITS has the "best sf ever presented on tv". Oh my!

Lastly, there is philosophy. I have honestly tried to find some rationale for Baxter's words in the first chapter, but the only image that comes to mind is that of a certain kind of lunch meat. Baxter makes, if not always too clearly, correct identification of the sources of the sf film: Ninety-five percent, B horror films of the thirties and forties and five percent comic strip. He creates a muddle about the essence of the sf cinema, giving the impression that sf film can never be faithful to the spirit of sf literature.

"...Even the greatest of cinema artists can do no more than approximate in symbols the intellectual development of an abstract premise on which science fiction depends so much for its effects which the lack of a set of symbols common to sf writers and renders the work totally alien to the other."

Not so! The difference between the written and the filmed is one of form, not of symbol. The problem is that the film art form has been seeking its own identity for 70 years. The articulation of the art of the film is only in its embryonic state. Enough! This is leading us to a long-winded digression on film art. (See Stephen Koch, "Fiction and Film: A Search for New Sources", Saturday Review, Dec. 27, 1969.).

I disagree with Baxter. Indeed the underlying aesthetic structure of modern sf was created by the prose form, but it need not remain there. What we need is a film maker as dedicated to that as Bergman is to Christian existentialism, Bunel to iconoclasm, or Hitchcock to humor-suspense. Kubrick has shown that he understands, but will he persevere?

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# HOMER'S COSMIC REGURGITATOR

((the letter column presided over by lisa tuttle))

JANET FOX

519 Ellinwood  
 Osage City, Ks.  
 66523

This is a dull, rainy day in Kansas so I think I'll  
 take exception to Roy Tackett's comments to me in  
 Mathom #4. Let me make this very clear...when I said

"the prozines are not a large, beckoning market" I  
 meant that there are few magazines that use SF stories as compared to  
 other ty es of markets--Confessions or Mens Magazines--to name a cou le  
 of examples.

Now,(she cackled, rubbing her gnarly hands together with glee  
 Mr. Tackett accused me of making the gawdawful generalization that only  
 "names" get ublished, then turned around and hit me with the even  
 gawdawfuler generalization (guaranteed 100% to send all un ublished  
 writers gibbering itifully back under their rocks to dro a few penitent  
 tears among the rejection slips) that "indeed" GOOD stories do get pub-  
 lished (and where does that leave you m'dear???)

Well (she snorted through  
 her bulbous, wart-encrusted nose) I shall not deal in generalizations  
 but will relate a personal experience. When I was writing in another  
 field (yes, for money tho not much), I found that once I'd "broken the  
 ice" and sold an editor something, I could take stories that I'd prev-  
 iously submitted and had rejected, retittle them, resubmit them and have  
 them accepted. Same stories, not revised, and it didn't happen only  
 once or twice either. As I say, I can only speak from personal experience,  
 and if I have erred in applying these experiences to the field of SF, I am  
 mightily sorry.

I NEVER said I expected pro editors to make a kindergarten  
 out of their zines to accommodate us learners. That is where the fanzines  
 could come in.

-----  
 What's that in the road, a head?  
 -----

HARRY WARNER, JR

423 Summit Ave  
 Hagerstown, Md.  
 21740

Very many thanks for the HANDS membership card. It  
 has already made my wallet lumpier, as it nestles up  
 to my treasured Goon Defective Agency membership  
 card. Such evidences of distinction encourage me to  
 be a safe driver and to keep my temper while out in public. If I were  
 ever picked up for speeding or disorderly conduct, it would be much  
 worse to explain away the contents of my wallet than to go meekly to  
 jail.

The anniversary issue of Mathom was very fine, and not the least  
 of its merits was the description of Clarke in Houston. It's odd how  
 quickly television causes any sense of remoteness to vanish; now that  
 I've seen Arthur many times on the tube, it makes me feel like an  
 encounter with an old friend, to read about him in Mathom. ((Tell me,  
 how does an encounter with a friend feel? I feel like a cold drink  
 right now...and that is strange!)) The morsels of new information about  
 2001 are interesting and I'm impressed by Arthur's references to Jupiter



as a possible source of life. Something tells me that Jupiter and its moons will come in very useful to a lot of science fiction authors in the next few years, now that Mars seems even more dubious as a habitable planet and the first definite facts from a closeup probe survey of Jupiter are still safely in the realm of the future. It's getting hard to find nearby locales for interplanetaries, what with the constant danger that Russia will do something spectacular on Venus before a manuscript could get into print.

Klaus Boschen seems overoptimistic about the lesson taught by Woodstock and some other achievements of young people. It's not too hard to achieve this kind of comradeship when the company is composed solely of thinking-alike people and when the situation is one that is temporary and has some specific goal like fun or setting an example. But such successes don't solve at all the problems created by the people who think and emote differently, and the questions involved in how to keep the camaraderie intact after the special situation has run its course and people are looking around for something else to do. Klaus believes that "a central coordinating system" would be set up to run this anarchy without reckoning with the one or two percent of all the people who are always fighting to obtain power in the group that runs things. This kind of minimal-work, no menial job society doesn't reckon with the nature of the physical universe. Who does the extra work if the automated machinery spoils a quarter-million copies of a rock lp that everyone wants replaced with copies in good condition?

Of course, Joseph Green says some other things relevant to Klaus' article. The world is always there, and sometimes I think that today's stress on education is the main reason so many young people are trying to find a way around the world. When boys are about sixteen and girls are around fourteen, they're physically and mentally mature enough to take up the activities of adults, and until the past few decades, most of them did. Now they face at least another six or eight years of school, all sorts of financial problems if they marry immediately, just as many kinds of social problems if they stay unwed, knowing they'll scramble for enough money to survive for the rest of their lives if they give up school in their middle teens and that they can't become a great surgeon or atomic scientist without even lengthier studies. The temptation to decide against the ratrace must be enormous, either in the form of dropping out of school and doing the hippie thing, or staying in school but concentrating on revolt symbology instead of study. I don't know if there's any solution, because the education lobby is too strong by now to try to revamp the school system in a way that would waste fewer years and graduate people in a year or two after they're ready to be grownups instead of a decade or two later.

The key to Janet Fox's disputed remark is the first adjective, when she wrote that "the prozines are not exactly a large beckoning market for newcomers." There's no doubt that a newcomer's good story will sell. But if there are a hundred people in the nation trying hard to sell their first story, it is a physical impossibility for many of them to succeed in any given month, even if all their stories have the same level of excellence, because there aren't enough prozines and most prozine editors try to have a few familiar names in each issue as a lure to potential purchasers. The real problem with using fanzines as a testing ground is the way it almost forces the authors to write very short stories. The lengths that will fit in most fanzines are particularly hard to write well and this must be one reason why so many fanzine stories are really synopses

of novelettes or incidents rather than complete stories.

The front cover is impressive for the fact that it contains the most complicated master I've seen in a long while. I get the impression that it could have two or three helpless maidens in its grasp and lose track of where they were. I'd like to see Harryhausen animate this one.

---

How much news would an Agnew choose if an Agnew could choose news?

---

NED BROOKS

713 Paul St.

Newport News, Va.

23605

Much thanks for the MATHOM, and for the H.A.N.D.S. membership card--I shall carry it next to my membership card in the Garden Ghouls...

I have read just about all of Sturgeon's fiction, I think, not that there has been much lately. The only thing I didn't like were his 'afterwords' to Philip Jose Farmer's porno-fantasies for Essex House - I simply can't understand how he could praise such tripe. I liked Farmer's better work, things like THE ALLEY GOD and STRANGE RELATIONS, and I have no objection to good pornography, but A FEAST UNKNOWN, IMAGE OF THE BEAST and BLOWN are tiresome, overpriced, and mostly just plain silly...

I agree about THE DARK SYMPHONY being Koontz best so far. I enjoyed it too.

I would like to agree with Klaus Boschen on anarchy, but I just can't see how it would work...It would be much more convincing if he would point to an example of a 'truly free' society that lasted for, say, several generations. Note his language where he discusses the 'economic aspect' --"a central coordinating system would be set up"; "If a certain good were in short supply it would be rationed"; etc. This would be done and that would be done...but by who? How would decisions be arrived at or enforced? I quite agree that all governments and systems of government suffer from flaws--perhaps even from eventually fatal flaws. But then so do all men, and men...Still, I would like to be proved wrong, and I hope you can get Klaus to write further on the subject. The anarchists seem to be a rather closed and esoteric group. I have come in contact with them briefly before, but they don't seem to make much attempt to explain their ideas to the non-initiate.

I enjoyed the rest of the zine too, especially Dr Zarg and the other humor. And THE.

---

What's a woodchuck?

---

LYNN HICKMAN

413 Ottokee St.

Wauseon, Ohio

43567

The cover was fair to good. Regarding your review of THE SORCERER'S SHIP by

Hannes Bok, I have to agree and disagree with you. I read it in a different light than you did. Knowing Hannes and his art, instead of just reading the words, I saw paintings of what was going on in the story. I could imagine each scene that he described done in his own special way and I loved it. If it hadn't been for that I would agree with you that as





writing it was not anything special.

I still can't class the Farmer books as pornography.

Bishop Hill, Illinois, started as the type of society Klaus Boschen advocates. It failed as most free societys do because of the laziness of some and the greed of others. It is a shame, but most people DON'T want to be free.



IRVIN KOCH  
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Knoxville, Tenn.  
37902

Thanks for the HAND's membership--if you are ever in Knoxville, the Gnomes, Elves & Spacemans SFS will take care of you.

I read the story Clarke said he would write. It was in IF or GALAXY some months ggo. Very short, very phunny.

I noted a line in "Anarchy and the SF Fan"--"ecology of the planet is in danger of being screwed up." Analyze that for double-entendre and consider: the very existance of the ecology is due to being screwed up. It should also be noted that free anarchical societies always either disintegrate because people wander away for something more comfortable (how many of these "free" high schools and universities are being propped up by outside resources?) or degenerate into non-free societies of more or less obnoxiousness.

MAYBE  
WORLDS OF FANFICTION needs more fan fiction - I even now am still having to rely on pros and semi-pros for over half the material. Also - 6 issues for \$3 anyone? ((With MATHOM cutting down on use of non-local fiction, whg not send your stuff to Irvin for MAYBE?))

-----  
If your nose runs, and your feet smell, you're built unsidedown.  
-----

DARRELL SCHWEITZER  
113 Deerdale Rd.  
Strafford, Pa.  
19087

A couple people raise an interesting point in the lettercol about a fantasy award. A good idea but, alas, totally impractical. Just who the hell is gonna decide what qualifies? There is no universally accepted definition of either fantasy or science fiction. There's a constant running argument over whether SF is just a form of fantasy. If you accept this, then the Hugo and Nebula are Fantasy Awards. Remember that CITY which everyone considers SF (including John Campbell and Howard Browne who published the stories in ASTOUNDING and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES) won an International Fantasy Award. John Pierce claims that THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION is not SF but fantasy and it has been nominated for a Hugo and has won a Nebula. What do you consider the Northwest Smith stories to be?

A fantasy award is simply impossible. It simply can't be done. ((Since we've discussed this at some length in our letters, I won't say anything more here except...beware of making statements as flat as that one: calling something "simply impossible." Statements like that act on certain people in a powerful way--they'll do all sorts of things to prove you wrong.))



"Anarchy and the SF Fan" presents an interesting idea which is also, alas, totally impractical. Klaus pictures a society which would be just fine, if everyone cooperated completely and thought the same. The anarchistic society has no provision for policing itself (we are always going to have thieves and murderers, for example) and doesn't even have a way to settle an argument short of violence. You can't have elections because someone in authority has to conduct them and no good anarchist would stand for that. ((But in an anarchistic society, which is without a central government, what would be the purpose of elections? They are not needed. I agree with you that anarchy--at least in the near future--is totally impractical because of human nature. But the difficulty of holding elections has nothing to do with it.)) The free society that he mentions that came into existence at Woodstock would have broken up completely if isolated from a food supply (ready made, I mean, not one that would have to be worked). Perhaps a small anarchistic band could exist, but only if an organized society wanted to care for it.

"The" by Joseph R. Wanner was a brilliant horror story. Reminds me of good ole' Lovecrypt himself.

"Greenback's Moonshot" - Oh such irreverence! Heresy heresy! Shocking! Where'd you find out what really happened?

I have a question for Dr. Zarg:

Dear Dr. Zarg,

How do I know that the whole world is not a figment of my imagination? As you know, if you imagine hard enough you can fool yourself into feeling, smelling, seeing, tasting anything. How do I know that I'm not a giant toadstool and that an ant is typing this letter?

-D.S.

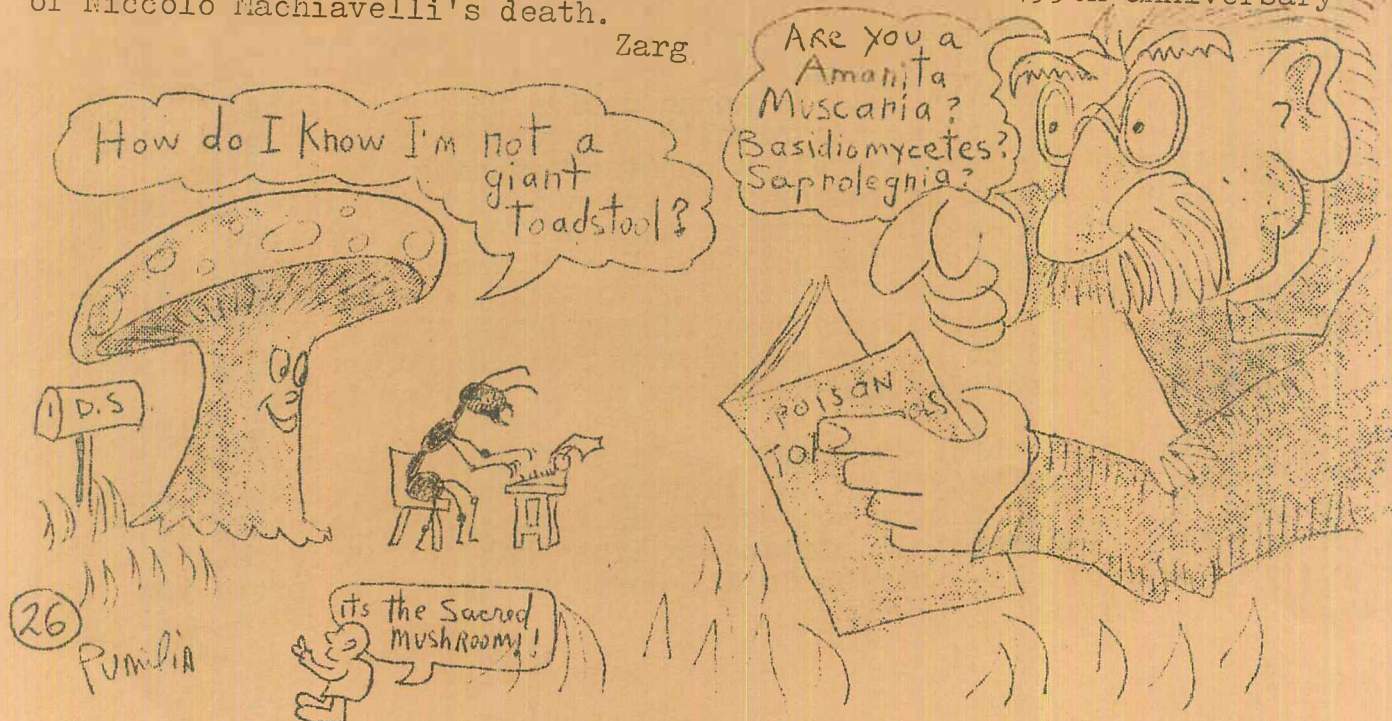
p.s. I said toadstool, not mushroom. I do not taste good in soup.

\* \* \*

Dear Darrell,

How can the world be a figment of your imagination when I am the navel of the universe? I have absolute proof that you are a toadstool and would like you to come down to Texas where we are making the world's largest poison pizza to commemorate the 435th anniversary of Niccolo Machiavelli's death.

Zarg





LEON TAYLOR  
Box 89  
Seymour, Ind.  
47274

Well, I'll miss you, Lisa. I've always thought you to be one of the most charming faneds I've ever been insulted by, and positive proof that a femme indeed can be a fan. And...uh, Lisa...gosh, I don't know how to say this, but...

Will you marry me? ((If I wasn't so kind-hearted I would say yes and chuckle evilly as you turned pale and began choking. I would then sue you for breach of promise and retire in comfort...even donating a few tax-deductable dollars to the State-supported care of that former fan, Leon Taylor.))

Hmmm, that's what I thought you'd say!

((you never cease to amaze me.))

Glad to see, tho, that MATHOM will be in such capable hands. I seriously think that Joe Fumilia is soon going to be a leading contender for fanwriter, and things like that hilarious moon shot farce are really hastening that blessed day along. "Hugo Greenback Rewrites the Moon Shot" is one of the funniest things I've ever read in any fanzine--magnificent! And just because it's now scientifically proven that Hugo Greenback is imaginary (I hope?!?) is no reason for him to lapse into gafiation (like that chicken-man, Bob Stahl--by ghu, I'm gonna drag him back into fandom if I have to get you to help me!)

Brother is that a rotten cover! Dogramajian will have a fit...say, why don't you let Seth do a cover or two? Or bring Walker back. But kindly tell Dennis Fumilia to stick to DIRT.

Klaus Boschen's article was well-written and provocative but rather picked its own facts to suit its theory. The kicker, Klaus, is in your own words: "a truly free people" (my emphasis). As a matter of simple evolution, homo sapiens have not yet reached a "truly free" state of being. Here in 1970, anarchy is synomomous with chaos: for openers, Klaus, what would you do with' psychopaths, frauds, etc.? I think that anarchy will eventually come to be, but we cannot force it on a timex that does not fit it. Right?

DICHOTOMY:  
very good. Someone with a mass circulation should reprint this. Joseph Gree is lucid and loose, and he inevitably comes up with something of importance to say. His science articles in MATHOM are far superior to thos I read in most professional science zines.

Hmmmm, I may have missed some socio-economic implications in THE, but I don't think so. Joe would make an excellent dirty old man. Actually, THE was a well-executed short, altho the author's choice of subject is unfortunate. Next time, Joe, couldn;t you get something more...er...well, never mind.

I've read PARADOX LOST many times before. Not too original, I'm afraid. Likewise Dalzell seems to be better at poetry than columns. THE ANYTHING PAGE wasn't anything.

Al Jackson's review of MAROONED was interesting for the several moot points Al raised about its authenticity. Say, Al, why doncha write some articles about NASA? The book review was very good, with all reviewers contributing well-reasoned and entertaining efforts. My favorite reviews were Joe Allred's and yours.

PROTOTYPE ran on and on and on and on and...well, you get the idea. Joe's style is engaging, but he needs to learn how to control it and to channel it into telling a story. Adornments I can get off a Christmas tree.

And now that so many of us agree about the need for a Fantasy Hugo, how do we

bring it about? Sign a petition or just what? I would be very interested in actively soliciting for a Fantasy Hugo.

---

Did you hear about the German sub that was lost at sea with all Hans?

---

MIKE KRING                      Klaus Boschen does have a good point in his article P.O. Box 626                      (tho I disagree with his conclusions). I, too, think Sabinal, Texas                      our present form of government (tho it is the best in the world at present) is hopelessly out-of-date, and 78881                      also not too practical: the majority is very seldom (id ever)right. (Just because a group is in the majority doesn't mean it is right. In fact, it's a contradictory term, for the majority is usually biased in some form or fashion, or they wouldn't unite and form a majority.) (Have you heard Steppenwolf's "Monster" album? It's a complete put-down on various aspects of the average American's way of life, and (of course) the government. The long cut, "Monster", is about the decline of efficiency and the rise of corruption in our government. It's very bitter, biting satire. Very truthful.

The short by Joseph Wanner was okay (and a trifle amusing, for the same thing has happened to me a couple of times.) "Sense of Discipline" by Schweitzer was amusing and interesting. Pretty good stuff. I did not like, in fact I detested, "Prototype". It tried so hard to be funny it was boring and insipid. Yech. All in all, a very good MATHOM. (Much better without the serious poetry.)

BILL MARSH                      Thanks also for the card designating me as a 1119 Cedar St.                      nominal member of HANDS. I am honored...I think. Carson City, Nev.                      I shall cherish this nominal membership and have 89701                      given it (the card) a position of preeminence in that portion of my wallet reserved for membership cards testifying to my affiliation with a host of other like, estimably humanitarian organizations, such as SLOBS (Scottish Legion of Bowlegged Sorcerers), LOOK (Loyal Order of Knuckleheads), FLUB (Fraternal Order of Unctuous Buffalos), PFUI (Protesters for Unlimited Indignance), and NUTS (National Unarmed Thimblerrigger Society)...just to mention a few. ((Sending out those HANDS cards has really done a good job at digging out the skeletons in certain fans' closets...in response to the cards, people are proudly mentioning belonging to the most unlikely clubs...Pertinent information on those who responded is being sent to the FBI with the recommendation that they keep a close watch on ALL members of such subversive societies. HANDS is, of course, another branch of the U.S. Government.))

Getting to the contents of MATHOM 4, the article that impressed me particularly was Joseph Green's Dichotomy. Perhaps it was because this points up a human duality that I have been especially aware of in my own person lately. It was a very perceptive and thought-provoking essay. This conflict between the passions and the intellect has been pondered on for ages and most of the philosophers have commented on it; but Erich Fromm's observation, that our possibility of establishing a balanced interplay and coordination between these two facets of our selves--an orientation system Fromm calls it--is dependent upon the establishment of an object of devotion from which to extract a meaning and direction to life, makes a lot of sense to me. This is something many of us seem



to lack in these grim times, an Ideal outside ourselves, our family or our immediate social and cultural coteries. God is dead and apparently neglected to leave an understudy in his stead.

The report on Arthur Clarke's appearance in Houston was well done and of great general interest to me, but the opinion expressed by Clarke and apparently concurred in by the Spacecraft Center scientist, that Phobos is an artificial Martian satellite really jarred me and left me a bit goose-pimply. I am not too up on astronomical speculation and this was the first credence I had heard given to this possibility by sober, authoritative opinion.

Joe Punilia/Zarg/Greenback etc.. shows great promise of developing into one of fandom's reigning clowns, and that is meant in a complimentary vein. He is a very funny guy and his humor comes across quite entertainingly in print. He does much to bolster the light-hearted side of your zine.

The fiction pieces were all well worthy of publication and if more fan fiction were to reach this level maybe I would get out of the habit of automatically cringing when I encounter fan efforts at fiction and flipping onward to the "good" stuff. Of the three fictional efforts I would rate Joseph Wanner's thingie in first place. This is probably because I am a sucker for fiction that has lofty philosophical themes underlying it.

I am afraid that I failed to see the connection implied in Boschen's Anarchy and the Science Fiction Fan. Anarchism as a political philosophy has never elicited much respect in my thinking. In common with Communism, and even to a greater degree, I find it a highly utopian concept that might work beautifully for man as we would like him to be, but is highly impractical as a means of politically organizing man as he is, still largely a near savage essentially self-centered brute.

L'SHAYA SALKIND  
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32789

It's true about anarchy when there is self-discipline involved (Heinlein's political 'rational anarchist', really existentialist). The people who equate anarchy with chaos are those who would cause the chaos if turned loose. They must like to be brainwashed, controlled from without. But if the religious types would live their religions--that is, mainly the western religions because there are phansigars, etc. and the eastern religions are lived to a greater extent--they would be rational anarchists as far as this realm is concerned, in most ways. Their consciences would be their guides, instead of their ids...the bourgeoisie might never have been born. That isn't well-phrased, but I'm not doing my thesis.

We need more pieces like the one about our President. Xeroxing fins is a great idea, but wouldn't they fade somewhat? Then they should bring in more, as special interest for numismatists.

There is more to life than bread of any kind. If that sense of brotherhood did last, then the anarchist society mentioned in the other piece could be reality. No more gutting the environment and all those other realistic ideals we'd better start doing something about. Love and sharing do not deny working for survival. Logic and intellect are necessary but they are not all. A balance is possible--isn't it? For health, it must be. (And, byway, intellect does bring pleasure, tho it's more valuable than that. So is love.)

Apparently Dalzell quit liking the Beatles just when they got really creative and profound and not just in spurts. I've never thot of the Who as outstanding and I'm not ready to fade away. True, few groups are any good. But there are many singles around, such as Richie Havens, who is somehow not known much. Rock is made up of all is divisions (folk-rock, acid-rock, soul-rock, blues-rock, rock-rock, etc.). Very little hard rock has much merit, even historically. And why stick to rock? But since the column did, I won't go on.

PAUL DELLINGER  
390 Umberger St.  
Wytheville, Va.  
24382

I think I would like to aim a few words at Roy Tackett in response to his few words aimed at Janet Fox. The prozines are hard up for short stories, Roy? When they receive upwards of 4,000 per year (and probably more now; that was the figure various editors gave at the 1963 Worldcon) and use maybe 40 over a 12-month publication period? Sure, any of the prozine editors will tell you that they cannot get enough good short stories--they don't want to lose the occasional outstanding one they get from the slushpile. But I must agree with Janet that the prozines are not exactly a large beckoning market for newcomers, self-pitying comment or not. All this is in aid of complimenting MATHOM for publishing fiction, something most of the fanzines I've seen appear reluctant to do. We can't all have our first stories accepted for publication by the decreasing prozine market (which admits it is accepting less fiction and more factual articles. Maybe Analog set a trend for mainstream magazines). Besides, where else (besides perhaps the NSF writers' exchange) can you publish stories and get first-hand criticism from sf readers on' your work? Prozine editors certainly don't have time to provide it.

Speak-

ing of the fiction in MATHOM 4, I found the dialogue in Darrell Schweitzer's "A Sense of Discipline" most convincing. Its ending also provided quite an impact. A good job all around. Joe Allred's "Prototype" was a most interesting look at some of society's values, I felt, and the macabre humor of the accident-prone hot dog and its catsup fit the mood perfectly. I found it comparable to Kirk Douglas' "Lonely are the Brave" movie, in which the last rugged individualist cowboy is run down by a truck carrying a cargo of toilet seats. Joseph R. Wanner produced perhaps a good joke in "The," but little more; the surprise ending, if such was intended, was given away by the time the reader got to the seventh word. "Paradox Lost" by Bob Rozakis got me interested with the first graph, swept me along to the climax wondering how the conflict would be resolved, and then left me still wondering at the end. Maybe I'm obtuse.

...how does one submit a fanzine cover for editorial consideration? Only an a stencil? ((No. For MATHOM, the artist should do a black-and-white cover--ink on stiff white paper (letter-sized paper). Send it mailed flat to Joe Tumilia (address on the first page). To date, we've used only covers by members of the HSFS, and unless members cease submitting them, we'll probably continue to do so. But others are welcome to try. If not used, your cover will be mailed back flat--if postage is included.))

My suggestion after Dalzell's last "Anything Page" is to retitile is the "Nothing Page." And what free society has anarchist Klaus Boschen been living in--a paleolithic one?

By the way, did anyone else not the number of times 13 cropped up during the last Apollo flight? The flight number



of course was 13. The astronauts were the 13th, 14th and 15th to travel to the vicinity of the moon. Liftoff time was 13:13 on Houston's clock. The date would have been the 13th of the month (Friday the 13th, at that) had liftoff occurred on the month originally scheduled. The panel blown out of the spacecraft measured about 13 feet. That happened on April 13. Splashdown occurred shortly after 1 p.m. which, in military jargon, is of course 1300 hours.

Superstitious, anyone?

CHARLES E. KORBAS  
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Dryden, New York  
13053

First of all, on Klaus Boschen's "Anarchy and the Science Fiction Fan": I really don't consider that a good title. It seems like it would refer to an article relating sf fandom to anarchy (like Dwight Decker did with comic fandom in the latest Comicoology), rather than to what is essentially a straight political article. Now, i've got nothing against politics in fanzines, but straight political articles should not be titled to imply that they have some fannish or sfnal element unless they do.

I would hardly consider Woodstock a good thing to base a society on. If it had gone on in essentially the same form for, say, five years, it would become nothing more than sheer chaos. The crowded conditions there would not be suitable for ideal permanent living.

The "free schools" are poor examples of anarchy at work, as they do not, to my knowledge, involve a person's entire life. I don't really know if the Sorbonne case could be considered a good example of a free anarchistic society or not; my knowledge of it is limited. Klaus' may be too; he only cites the Time article as a reference.

A better case of successful anarchy, altho perhaps too far back in the Dark Ages to suit Klaus, would be Josiah Warren's Modern Times community on Long Island, which lasted from 1851-1857, and failed because of outside economic forces rather than because of any internal problems. (See Mark Holloway, Heavens on Earth pp 157-159; Victor Galverton, Where Angels Dared to Tread, Ch. 17)

As far as the theory of anarchism itself goes, there still remains one weakness that nobody has dealt satisfactorily with. That is the problem of those who would take advantage of the absence of law enforcement which would go along with the loss of government, and steal, murder, etc. How would you deal with those things, Klaus? Or do you believe that it is government which makes people do them, and if there was no government, they wouldn't happen?

In my mind, what needs to be done away with is a certain philosophy of government, not government itself. That philosophy is that the people are servants of the government and hence the government may do anything it wants with them (e.g. military conscription). ((In my opinion, this philosophy is not as you have stated it, but rather that individuals must be sacrificed for the good of the group--that the mass, as represented by the government, is all-important. Sort of a "the whole is greater than the sum of its parts" way of thinking that endangers the rights of individuals, and, indirectly, of the mass which is composed of individuals. In theory, if not always in practise, the government is servant to the people, not the other way around.)) A related concept also must be removed: that the government may interfere in someone's actions for a purpose other than preventing or punishing action against another person or persons or his/her/their property. (e.g. censorship, laws prohibiting forms of

sexual conduct among people engaging in them of their own free will).  
The

only rational purpose of a government is to protect the individual and his property. A person's rights or property should only be taken away when such an action can be rationally justified (e.g. imprisonment, just taxation), and a person or persons should be allowed to do anything they please as long as they do not harm anyone else or his/her/their property.

---

Underneath my clothes I am naked

---

CONTINUED STORIES:

(Walrus God)

...Zxyiptyl's rocket!"

"Look, buddy, don't get excited over it. You and your friend probably won't even remember it in the morning when you've slept this off."

And the Volkswagon disappeared from sight.

TO BE CONTINUED

(any takers?)

---

(The Day and the Hour)

...-king with all the famous saints and popes and they'd probably be patting him on the back telling him how he'd won the battle, etc.

I opened the door and stepped into nothingness.

---

(Greenback & Zarg)

GREENBACK: (Pulling a gun) How would you like a see-through navel?

ZARG: Well, I suppose he could have sailed along the circular edge.

GREENBACK: I can see that demonstrative evidence is useless (Putting back the gun). Let's try logic. How do you account for the fact that when an observer on the beach watches a ship sail over the horizon, first he sees the hull disappear, then the cabins, then the masts. Doesn't this prove that the ship sailed over the curve of a globe-shaped earth?

ZARG: It proves the ship sank.

((As much as I deplore violence in settling purely philosophical questions, I feel that Mr. Greenback's actions following this remark were somewhat justified. As soon as the Good Doctor recovers from the force of Mr. Greenback's arguments HANDS will arrange a rematch))

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CLARIFICATION: Last ish one of our correspondents misread a statement attributed to Arthur C. Clarke during his Houston visit. When asked about the peculiar characteristics of one of the moons of Mars, Mr. Clarke and astronaut-scientist Chapman's response was reported in Mathom thus: "Clarke and Chapman's straight-faced verdict: definitely artificial." Perhaps the fault is mine, for I had intended to convey the impression that it was only a gentle, obvious put-on. No one present would have gone away with the wrong impression, but unfortunately the printed word is liable to misinterpretation especially in the hands of an untrained reporter. Mr. Clarke and Mr. Chapman definitely did not intend to be taken seriously, and if I misled any other readers I apologize. On the other hand, Phobos' orbit is indeed unusual--hmmmmmm. Quien Sábe?



She sung to me  
during our voyage  
through corridors of stars.  
Adrift on her music,  
I cherished every sound:  
Windchimes chimed  
by the solar wind,  
or so I imagined  
in my delirious dreams.

Space fatigue:  
Mind on shore leave  
from the sea of reality.  
Mind mingling with madness.  
Outside-in  
and yet...  
thought-screams  
from within.  
Mind in pieces  
surrealistically,  
muddled,  
wrung in torsion  
between the real  
and the wanted.

Feverish euphoria:  
Semi-sweet imaginings,  
Mirages of miringue.  
Gladly then  
I would have opened  
Pandora's Box  
and eaten the contents,  
no questions asked,  
or tackled any dare.  
I was half god,  
and then...  
not half a man.  
I knew  
I could reach out and  
catch a comet  
in my hand,  
and the universe  
would let me rule,  
which only showed  
I knew nothing real.

Ideals  
dissolving,  
dripping away  
like candle wax,  
the dream-wax spent  
I strangled on starlight.

--Linda Brevelle

PLUG PAGE: I get stuff in the mail, see? And sometimes I answer and sometimes I don't, if it's not my bag. If they want contribs, I may whisk off something on the typer, or pull out a fanfic quality story from my trash file. But just to set the record straight, here's a plug page for the nice people who send me stuff on speculation. I can't guarantee to mail a Mathom in return because of our limited printing; and this ish will be sold out due to the formation of a sf group at the Univ. of Houston; but everybody gets a copy of the Plug Page with their very own free plug--JP

MOEBIUS TRIP-Edward c. Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Ill. 61604; 3/\$1, 6/\$2. I appear here occasionally. Ed's a fan from way back who's returned to the fold; despite his mania for stamp collecting, it's a good zine. He lists LoCers on the contents page!

THE PULP ERA-Pulp Era Press; 5 x/yr; 1yr sub \$2.25, 2yrs, \$4. Articles on pulps, authors, artists; 413 Ottokee St, Wauseon, Ohio 43567.

INTERPLANETARY CORN CHIPS-Jim McLeod 7909 Glen Tree Dr, Citrus Heights, Cal, 95610; and Dale Goble; \$1.50/yr. Jim's interested in hearing from fanartists; he's accepted one of my old trash stories providing he can fix it up a little; he also gave me some excellent criticism that came many years too late; fortunately I write better than that now, Jim!

FANACTIC-Brian Schuck, 416 Donbar Dr, Bowling Green, Ohio 43402; 25¢/ish; in #2 JJPierce raps Spinrad on sex in sf; poems by me and the omnipresent Darrell Schweitzer, who has cornered the fanfic market and apparently is now cornering the fanpome market.

GRADIENT-Robert Sabella, 32 Cortwright (cartwright??) Rd., Whippany, NJ 07981. #3 reviews Galaxy in '69; Delaney biblio; Lunacon rept.

BADMOUTH-Lynn A. Hickman, 413 Ottokee St, Wauseon, Ohio 43567; \$1.25/yr to non-OMPans.

TACHYON-Cy Chauvin, 17829 Peters, Roseville, Mich; monthly, 1/20¢, 5/\$1. A small newsletter zine; kind enough to plug Mathom 4.

DYNACENCE-Michael Juergens, 257 Florence St., Hammond, IN 46324; 35¢/ish, 3 for \$1; needs contribs, but is printed on yellow paper; help him out.

THE ORIFLAMME-John Harlee, Bx 1245, Florence, SC 29501; apparently from the Society for Creative Anachronism; has article on Constructing a Curved Wooden Shield, by Ulric of Wolfhaven; cost=\$16.00; a Medieval crossword puzzle and other items. Not my bag.

PROCRASTINATION-Darrell Schweitzer, 113 Deepdale Rd, Strafford, Pa 19087. A droll zine and one of my favorites; I frequently contrib; Darrell says my funny story "Time Considered as a Tinfoil Trapezoid" was well recieved. Lisa Tuttle sometimes contribs. 25¢/ish, approx 1/4ly. Group rates available! I don't know why he bothers to copyright this insane thing, at \$6.00 a shot, but all faneds are crazy. The book review is called "The High Up BOOK REVIEW SECTION That Saw the Black Sky Train Come Spinning. Bubabubabuba.. ((Lead him away gently, said the nurse.))

(-Most of the above zines available for LoCs, art, articles, \$\$\$-)

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REMEMBER FANS: "Variety is the spice of vice!" /\*/ Helzapoppin, pa!

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