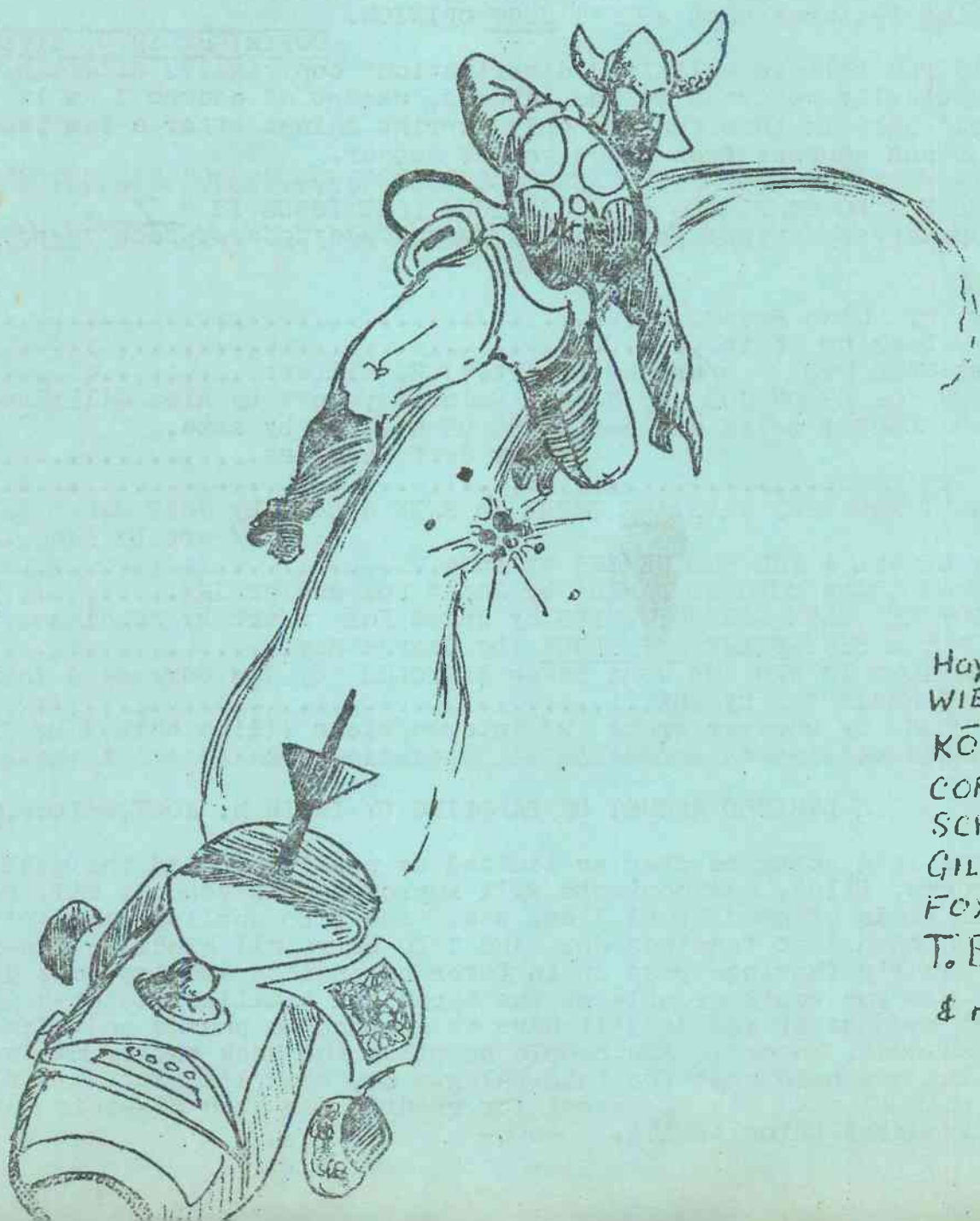


MAYBE

Worlds of Fanfiction

#6 - July-Aug '70

75¢, maybe.



Hay ~~W~~
WIENBURG
KÖCH ~~W~~
CORRICK(S)
SCHALLES
GILLILAND
FOX ~~W~~
T. B. SWANN
& more

MAYBE

2

MAYBE, Worlds of FanFiction comes from Irvin Koch, Apt45, 614 Hill AvSW
Knoxville, Tenn.37902

this is issue #6 and IMK pub25
July-Aug 1970

(bi-monthly or oftener, mailing
is the first of various months
except for special parts which
go to meet APA requirements)

the Chattanooga address I gave
last issue is also good(my Dad
has an office)but I have'nt
and won't change apts for about
a year after all.

36-48 more often

NEW PRICE POLICY: 75¢ an issue(I guarantee at least 22pp/like the ones
in this issue)with third class postage.) 6 for \$3 and I throw in first
class postage, that's what's new. I take trades almost always. I take
contribs for copies--but that means LoCs have to be interesting enough
to print and hopefully interest other readers--what I desperately need
are 2200 wd or less stories, 3"x4" easily traceable line drawings, a
few larger drawings,(NO covers) Prozone reviews, and maybe other int-
eresting features that AREN'T JUST OPINION.

COPYRIGHT 1970, Irvin Koch

(would you believe a"limited distribution" copyright?) All rights are
automatically returned to the authors, except of course I am liable to
(myself only in this fanzine only)reprint things after a few years, but
that means another free issue to the author.

UNLESS YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT YOUR LAST ISSUE IS # 7.

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A LIMITED AMOUNT OF BABBLING BY IRVIN M. KOCH,editor,maybe.

And it's going to stay as limited as possible. And the quality of
the repro, illos, and contents will improve. And you all will send me
in all kinds of good stuff I can use. And I DO publish regularly which
is more than most fanzines do. And I DO carry all kinds of fan-fiction
that usually fanzines pass up in favor of endless and lessless discuss-
ion. But you won't grumble at the typos and simillar mistakes which I
ignore because if you do I'll have to go back to punns and "fan, shud-
der, shudder, humor". And people surprise the heck out of me--some
actually pay hard cash for this thing. So, soon I'm getting a room-
mate that flunked out of school for reading too much SF--this maybe
the strangest thing of all. -o0o-

ROBERT WEINBERG, 127 Clark Street, Hillside, New Jersey 07205

Thanks for the copy of MAYBE, I'm sorry that I have not had a chance to comment on it until this late date. The perils, I guess, of graduation, a ritual that I seem to be going thru every few years.

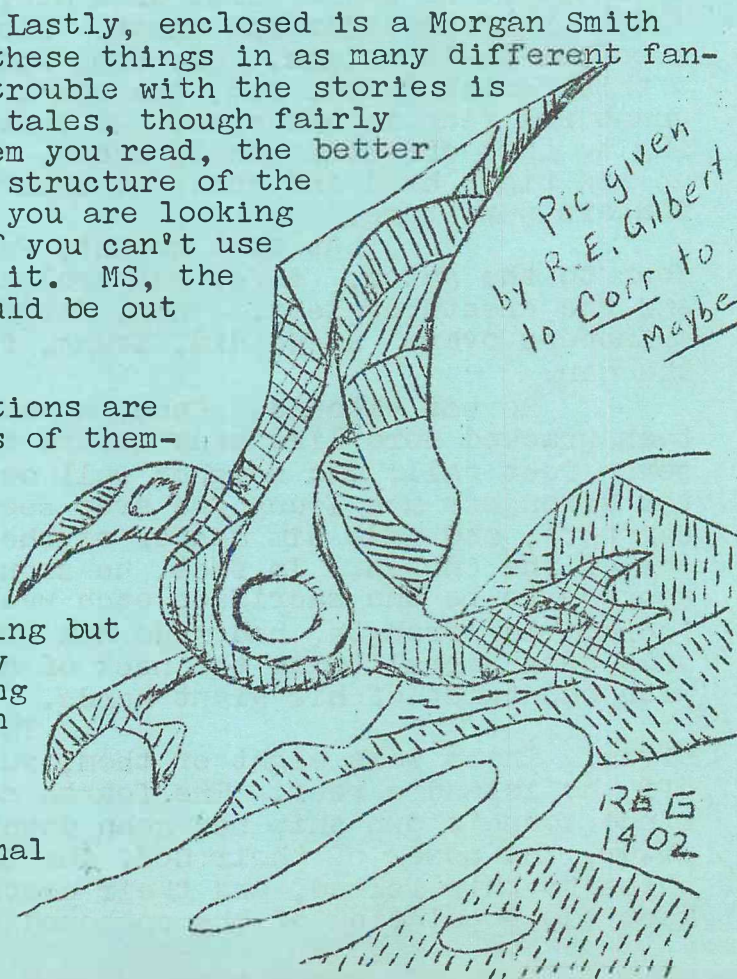
I thought MAYBE was pretty interesting. I'm a nut for bibliographical info, so you satisfied a certain yearning of mine with your short listings for Jakes, Williams, etc. I am not a great Andre Norton fan, though I did like her work years back. I guess I outgrew that stage. I once tried to do the same sort of work on vanVogt's works, which I discovered was sheer impossibility. I did a timeline for HPL also, which was sheer nonsense, trying to base the work on data provided in his stories in the Cthulhu mythos, which have interested me.

If I can be classified in any field, I guess I could be called a mathematician (6 years of college, B.S., M.S., and am just beginning on my Ph.D.). I've been writing mediocre SF longer than that. I have yet to write a story with a mathematical background. I have used some physics, but never ever math. The only type stories I actually think are possible are the type in Fantasia Mathematica, based on topology or mathematical oddities. I've been wrestling with a story based on some ideas in Recursive Function theory, but I've learned that one person in a thousand understands the first page of the stuff, so have dropped that. You just need too much of a background in math to read a good detailed story in the subject. If you've come up with one, you have my congratulations. Arthur Porges, who has written the best mathematical short story of all time, "The Devil and Simon Flagg", I think I was told, is a mathematician.????

Lastly, enclosed is a Morgan Smith story. I'm trying to place these things in as many different fanzines as possible. The one trouble with the stories is that they are an in-group of tales, though fairly independent. The more of them you read, the better idea you get of the internal structure of the series. Since you mentioned you are looking for stories, here is one. If you can't use it, would you mind returning it. MS, the fanzine with Smith in it should be out again soon. -oOo-

Answer: I bet Recursive functions are functions which are functions of themselves. I further bet that a story could be based on an entity which is a set of statistics on standard deviation and variation which behaves as a living being but is just on paper. And lastly I am still still still looking for you to get all the Morgan Smith Stories together in a book and have it published by someone like Don Grant or Jack Chalker if not by a normal commercial company like Ace.

-IMK-



THE RING OF THE DEMON GOD

by Robert Weinberg

1. Alan Young watched the new prisoners being herded through the gates of the compound by the fishmen. Young couldn't help but shudder as his eyes swept across the monstrous half-human, half-aquatic creatures that ruled this isle. But, he was not really interested in the fishmen. The latest captives interested him much more. Perhaps there might be one or two that would stand up before Farrel and his band of cutthroats. Alan grew bitter after a quick survey.

Everywhere there was fear. They all cringed in horror from the fishmen. Not that he blamed them, for not only were the monsters terrible to the sight, but they were quick to anger, and their inhuman cruelty had sent more than one unfortunate to an untimely death. But, there was not even a spark of anger, of rebellion. More slaves to stumble under the lash of Farrel, until they were summoned as one of the Chosen. Young felt his own nerves tauten in fear. Better to die by one's own hand than suffer to be one of the Chosen! Better than letting "her" face that horror.

"Her" was the one girl in the entire group who had caught his eye. She was young and fair, with long dark hair and flashing eyes. The shipwreck of the night before and the ensuing capture by the fishmen had not dimmed her beauty. She stood in the center of the small group, staring about in curiosity.

There was another in the group who caught Young's attention. He was a giant of a man, more than six feet in height, and hugh of shoulder and chest. His arms were massive, the size of a normal man's thighs. His face was scarred and rugged, covered with a thick black beard. But, the man's face was empty. There was an unnatural fear in his eyes. He continually shook his head as if trying to cast off some unholy dread. From time to time, he would hold up his right hand and stare at something that was not there. His fingers were bare.

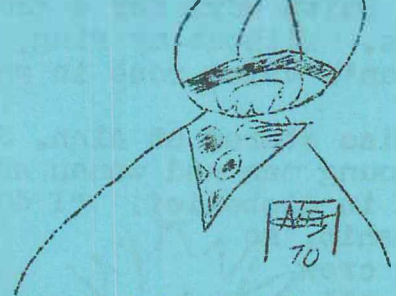
At that moment, Farrel and his henchmen swaggered down to the gates. A few guttural exchanged words with the fishmen, and the creatures left. Then, Farrel turned and looked the new prisoners over. As he did, Young, for the hundredth time, studied the man.

He was titanic. Once, he had been a sailor, but his ship had been wracked here like many before and since. Farrel stood nearly seven feet tall, and weighed well over three hundred pounds. He was the strongest man Young had ever seen. The fishmen, sensing this strength, had made him master of the camp. He was exempt from being one of the Chosen. In fact, he soon was put in charge of selecting who was to be the sacrifice each week. That power, backed up by his incredible strength, had made him ruler of the compound. Young had once seen Farrel break the neck of a man who had disputed his rule with one twist of his giant hands.

The giant looked over the new captives. There were eight of them, survivors of the latest shipwreck off the island's reef. The fourth shipwreck in the last eleven months, since Young's own ship had gone down. The fishmen had some diabolical power, the power of their God, The Dweller in the Deep, that lured ships to this island, and their destruction. In that fashion, they kept the population of the compound steady.

Young clenched his hands in the terror. A sudden scream brought him back to his surroundings. "I must have been!"

Farrel spoke. "My name is Farrel, I rule this compound. It's a stockade, around a mile in diameter. We raise our own food here, and everyone is expected to lend a hand in helping raise the crops. I'm the boss here, and what I say goes. The other facts," the man chuckled, "you'll learn in short order. Do what I tell you to, and you'll be okay. Otherwise, I'll kill you!"



No one doubted that the man meant what he said. Quietly, the new group started to drift apart. There were other people about, who had come to the gate to see the new prisoners, and they were more than willing to help the new captives adjust. Anything to get news of the outside world.

Farrel walked over to the girl that Young had noticed. He whispered something to her, and then laughed. The girl turned red. She spun away from him, and began walking away in the opposite direction. The sailor laughed again, and caught her by the arm. The girl moved like lightning. An open palm caught the giant square in the cheek.

Young started forward, but there was no need to try and intervene. Farrel had let go of the girl and stepped back. "You'll be sorry," he promised in low voice. "when the time comes to make the chosing."

The girl just stared at the man in disgust until he abruptly turned from her and walked away. His cronies followed him. In a few minutes, the only people by the gate were Young, the girl, and the man who kept staring at his hands.

Young limped up to the girl. His leg had been broken when his ship had been wrecked, and it had never been properly set, so he now walked with a limp. He smiled at the girl. She stared at him with distrustful eyes.

"My name is Alan Young," he declared. "And I have no desire to rape you."

The girl smiled for a second. "I'm Anise Van, and glad." Then her mood changed. "Who does that ruffian think he is! And, what was that remark about 'wait till the chosing?'"

Young was no longer smiling. "He rules this place, there is no way out. The Chosing is a little ritual we go through each week. He is in charge of it. You see, the fishmen maintain this little colony for a specific purpose. The like us. Alive. As food!"

"Cannibals!?"

"Worse, gouls, they rip the flesh off humans still alive. Once a week, Farrel picks out a member of the colony to satisfy their hunger. Otherwise," he laughed completely without humor, "they leave us alone!"

Silently, the other man had walked over to the two of them. His eyes held a more rational look, but every few minutes he kept on looking down at his hands. "Why do you allow this to gon? There seem to be a number of people in this compound. Why don't you fight?"

"Against the fishmen!" Young stared at the man. "They are twice as strong as a normal man. They don't use weapons, and don't have to. They could rip us all to pieces without even trying."

The other man growled deep in his throat. "For the first time in my life, powerless, and, doomed to die!"

Young stared at the man curiously. "You could probably remain

alive for a few months at least. Farrel always can use a strong man to help him maintain his rule. You could keep alive as long as he liked you."

The other man made a face. "Morgan Smith work for a ghoul? Better to die immediately. Not that it matters. Without my ring, I'll be dead within a week. A week to live." The man's voice rose in rage. "After centuries, but a week left to live.!"

Anise stared at Alan. Smith had begun to mutter crazily to himself. The young man and woman stepped back a few paces. The girl shook her head in disbelief. "I don't know what has happened to that man. On board ship, he didn't know the meaning of the word fear. The crew seemed to know him..Tough, dangerous men, they all feared him. And then, after the shipwreck, he seemed to go to pieces. Keeps on about his Ring."

2. A day passed. Alan and Anise spent all their time together. The man, alone and unhappy with the rest of the people marooned on the island, many who could not speak English, was delighted by the girl's company. And, she could not hide the fact that she was strongly attracted by him. But, like a shadow over them was Farrel's ugly promise to the girl. And, now the night of the Chosing!

Smith had become more rational, but no less mysterious. He kept muttering about his lost ring, The Seal of Nyarlathotep. All that Young could learn from the man was that the ring had been given to the man by his father. He raved that it had magical properties, but what they were, he would not say.

For hours at a time, the man would sit, staring into a mirror, closely examining his hair and beard. He just sat there, praying to some unknown entity with a vaguely Egyptian sounding name. Evil sounding prayers, most of them in some strange language that no one could recognize, to The Dark Messenger.

The night was swiftly approaching. Young went from person to person trying to find someone to help him stand against Farrel, but everyone was frightened into submission. Finally, Young came to Smith. "Smith. Listen to me, man, Farrel is going to feed Anise to the fishmen tonight for them to eat her alive. I need your help, dammit man, won't you even listen!"

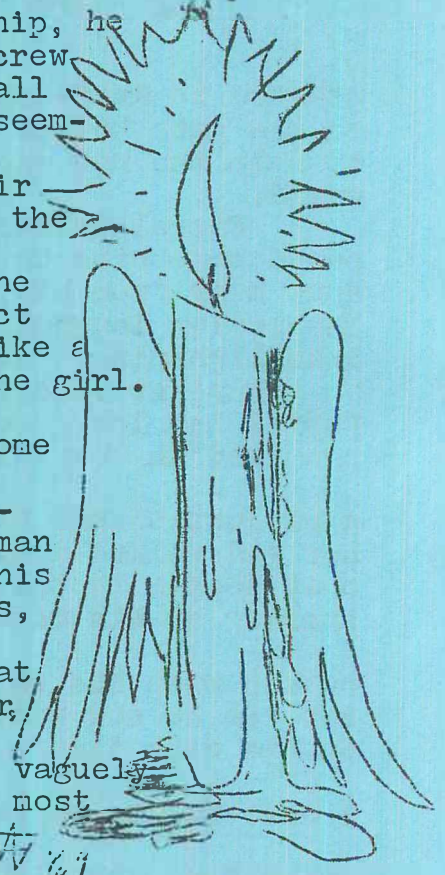
Smith turned to Young, his eyes filled with fear. "My hair, Young, my hair! It is turning grey! I'm growing old!"

Young stared in disbelief. Yesterday, that hair was black, now streaked with white, wrinkles on face and hands where yesterday there were none--growing older by the hour.

The giant looked at Young. "Now you see. Know why I am afraid. I've been young longer than you can imagine. I've never feared growing old. Now I've lost the Ring. If I don't find that ring, I'll crumble to dust!"

Young clenched his hands in horror. This happening was beyond comprehension. A sudden scream brought him back to his surroundings. "Anise!" he shouted, recognizing her voice. "Farrel must have her!"

It was not yet time for the fishmen to come to the gates of the stockade for their weekly sacrifice, but the sailor was in a black



mood. He had sent two of his men after the girl early, in order to have some "fun" with her before giving her to the monsters.

Alan reached the gate just as Farrel was ripping the girl's makeshift dress from her body. With a cry of rage, Alan rushed at the sailor. For a second he managed to land a few lucky punches on Farrel. The man was forced to drop Anise and defend himself. Young was no match, within a few minutes, the smaller man, hampered by his shorter reach and limp was a battered bloody wreck tumbled to the ground at the gate of the stockade. Farrel stepped closer, his two huge fists raised high over his head, a savage expression on his face. "I knew you would give me trouble some day, well, I'm not going to bother saving you for the fishermen. Your girlfriend will serve them. I'll kill you myself!"

"Not until you kill me first," came a voice.

Farrel roared and turned. Alan was just barely able to raise his head. There, where Farrel had left the bruised Anise, stood Morgan Smith, a huge branch in one hand. He stood in front of the girl to protect her from Farrel.

"Kill me first," the man repeated, his voice low with anger.

I GUESS I AM TOLERANTER
THAN, THOU...



Farrel laughed, and moved forward. Alan was horrified by the change that had taken place in Smith in but a few minutes. His hair completely white, his huge body bent and twisted with age, arms with less strength, with every move the man grew a little older.

Farrel, unarmed, rushed at Smith, who swung his tree branch before him. The sailor was quick for his tremendous size. One powerful hand swept out and grabbed the branch. With a wrench, he pulled it out of Smith's grasp. With the other arm, he knocked Smith to the ground. He lifted Smith over his head with one titanic sweep of his arms and sent the man flying across the earth. Morgan groaned, and struggled weakly to his feet. Alan knew the man could not stand much more, but Smith stood bravely there, waiting for the sailor to move.

Alan's clutching hands came in contact with something hard and cold in the sand.

He looked down in disbelief. This object had not been there a few minutes ago. It was a huge ring, ornately carved, with three shining stones set in an upraised triangle resembling a strange three pronged eye. A ring! It could only be the one that Smith had lost. How it had gotten there was beyond Young. He didn't care.

"Smith! Here!" He threw the heavy ring to the other man. All watched Smith who seemed to have forgotten the sailor clutch the ring with near religious ecstasy. "The Seal," he howled. "The Ring of Nyarlathotep!"

"Die, you damn idiot!" cried Farrel and leapt.

But Smith was on the move. He nimbly dodged Farrel, and backed up against the gate. With a grin, he cried, "Now, feel the power of the Dark Messenger!" and slipped the ring on the fourth finger of his right hand.

3. Every eye was on Morgan Smith. His back straightened. He stood taller. Young blinked; Morgan's hair was slowly changing color. The gray and silver streaks were darkening. The man's chest swelled before the eyes of all assembled. Morgan Smith was growing younger with every step he took.

Farrel came rushing forward, but this time Smith was ready. The two smashed together with an audible crunch. Smith's arms wrapped around Farrel's chest in a bear hug. The sailor pounded on Smith's back and head with sledgehammer blows but was ignored. Smith began to squeeze. The sailor shrieked in agony. His men rushed in, but it was too late. Farrel's back snapped with a crack like rotting wood. His killer dropped the dead man and faced his cohorts.

The three thugs hesitated, and two of them became bloody ruin. The last turned and ran. Smith laughed and let him escape.

Smith helped Young to his feet. Together, the two of them went to help Anise. The girl was bruised, but otherwise all right. Young could not help but marvel at the change in Smith; the man radiated energy like next to a live volcano. With each movement he grew stronger.

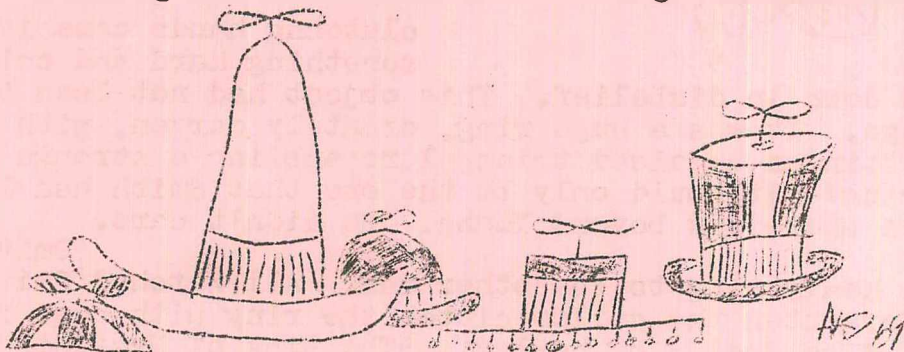
The man laughed, and it was the laugh of a god, or a devil. "The Ring was without my constant drain of energy for days. It has been storing its power. That backload is all mine tonight. This day I am the most powerful man on Earth!"

Alan did not even bother asking the man how the ring got to where he had found it. He instinctively knew that the sea could never hold the powerful symbol. When Smith had needed it, by some dread summons, it had come to him.

"The fishmen!" screamed Anise, breaking the mood.

They came, all of them, twenty strong, towards the gate. Now they were running at the trio. They could spot the lifeless bodies of their aides. The flimsy gate would not hold them for long. "Back!" cried Morgan Smith, sweeping the two behind. Up went his arms. Smith's eyes burned with an unholy fire. He began to chant in deep voice. In an unknown language with ominous sound it caused Alan and Anise to back away with cold chills running up their spines.

Amazingly, the fishmen stopped. They seemed to recognize the chant. One of their number leapt forward. Its arms raised in imitation of Smith, it too began to chant in a croaking inhuman voice in a strange unknown language.



A wind sprang up out of nowhere. Huge, dark storm clouds were growing, Smith and the fishmen both chanting at the top of their lungs. Lightning bolts flashed in the darkness. Huge peals of thunder rang in the air, but could not drown out the terrible cries.

Beyond the crowd of fishmen, a giant figure, fifty feet tall was forming out of the darkness. A huge, fish-like monster, with waving arms and mouth full of huge teeth. An indistinct but evil figure, the Dweller in the Deep, god of the fishmen.

But, above Morgan Smith, there hovered a figure of darkness as well. More substantial, and more horrible in form than the water god. A flying horned figure, with strangely octopoid body. An unusual horror that Alan knew must be Nyarlathotep, the god that Smith worshiped. Lightning crashed again and again; bolts of pure energy flickered down, smashing into the fishmen. Without mercy, again and again, killing all that stood before their god. And as they died the cloudy figure slowly vanished back into the night. The power of Nyarlathotep defeating that of the Dweller in the Deep.

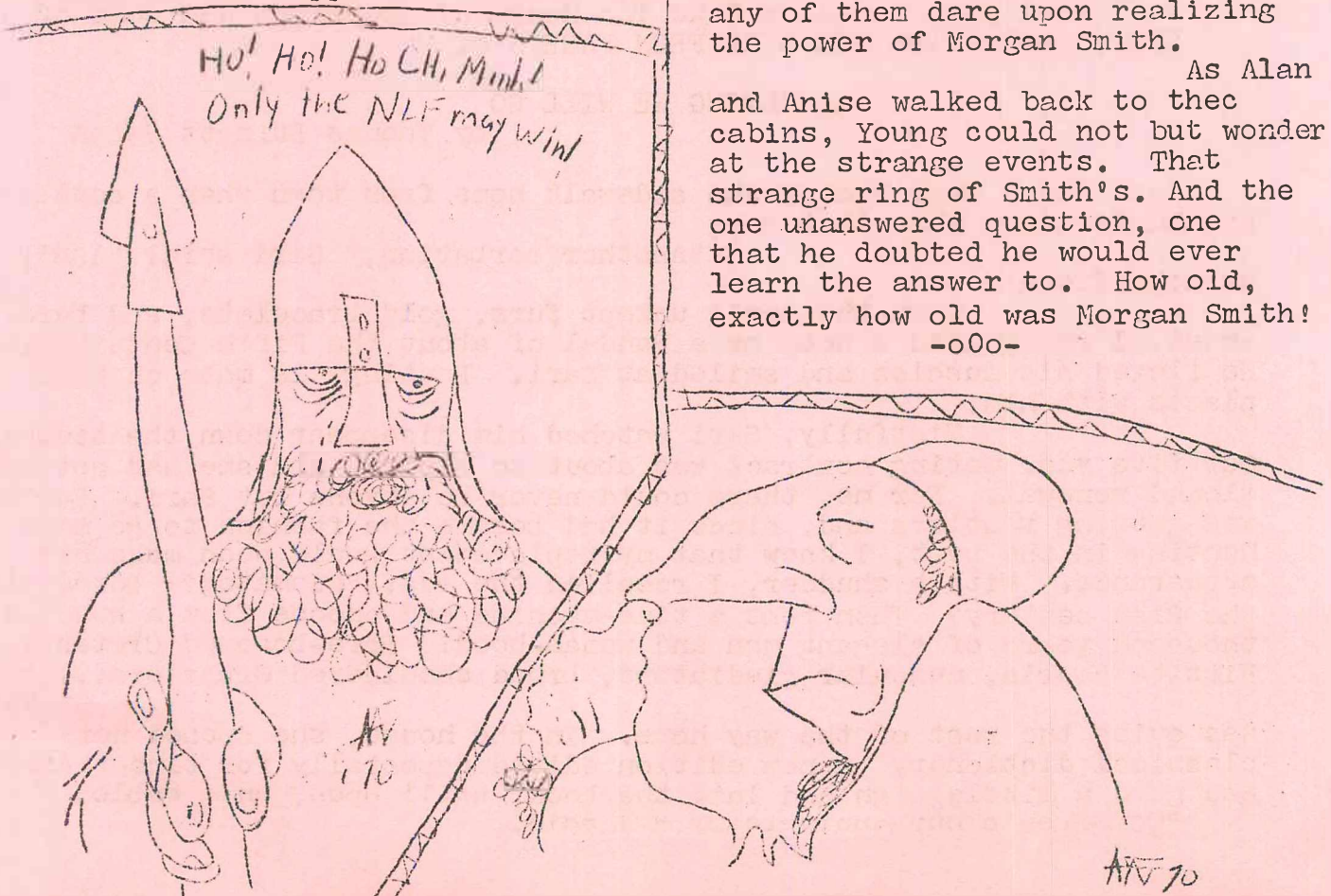
Smith's body was covered with sweat and he was trembling as he turned to the waiting pair. With the destruction of the fishmen, the flying thing above his head had vanished. The man grinned at Anise and Alan.

"A ship should be along within the next few days. I think it would be a good idea if we remain silent about the fishmen and Farrel. They would never believe you anyway."

Alan nodded slowly. He would have no trouble convincing the rest of the people in the stockade of that fact. They would be too happy on learning of their freedom to protest. Nor would any of them dare upon realizing the power of Morgan Smith.

As Alan and Anise walked back to the cabins, Young could not but wonder at the strange events. That strange ring of Smith's. And the one unanswered question, one that he doubted he would ever learn the answer to. How old, exactly how old was Morgan Smith!

-oOo-



MAYBE

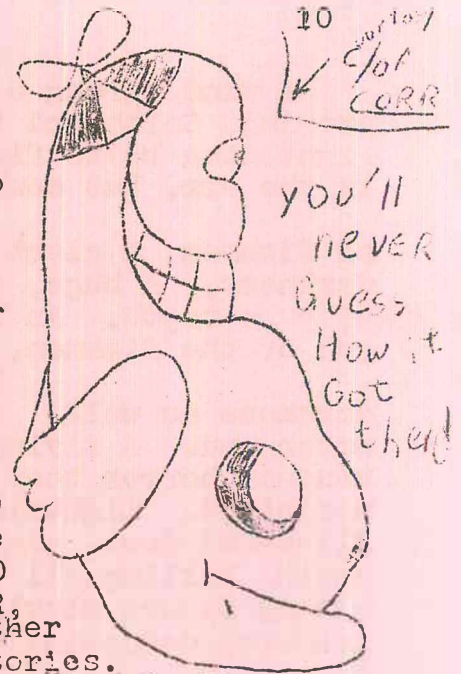
THOMAS BURNETT SWANN, Apt1217 5709 Lyons-view Pike, Knoxville, Tn.37919

These are as bad as I remembered. They are under-developed and they strain too hard to be humorous. But use any of them if you find one tolerable.

It was a real pleasure meeting you and Jim and seeing your highly attractive fanzine. I particularly appreciate that nice paragraph which like your phone call helped welcome me back to Knoxville.

-oOo-

What caused that: T.B.Swann, PhD(in English) is the author of several novels and magazine fantasy pieces: MANOR OR ROSES, DOLPHIN AND THE DEEP, THE WIERWOODS, DAY OF THE MINATAUR, and MOONDUST, WOMBATS AND MOONDUST,--and another book with WOMBATS in the title plus other stories. He used to live in Knoxville and moved back to live with his cousin here a few months back. When he found out about the club here, he wrote me. When he moved in, Jim Corrick and I went out to visit him. His place is a real fantasy(not SF) writers place complete with minature treehouse and other odds and ends. Anyway, both Jim and I asked him for some of his rejects or something to use in our fanzines(CORR is from Perri Corrick, 126 N.Orchard St. Apt2, Madison Wis.53715). I got three things which he wrote ten years before he ever sold anything of which one is in this ish and the other two will follow. Jim got a novella which he and Perri plan to do up like The House of Greystoke did some of ERB's works like THE GIRL FROM FARRIS's.



A-HUNTING WE WILL GO

by Thomas Burnett Swann

Sari and I were riding the sidewalk home from town when a couple passed us going the other way.

"Another barbarian," Sari said. "Isn't he magnificent!"

From the man's unkept furs, gold bracelets, and bare chest, I recognized a Goth or a Bandal of about the Fifth Century A.D. He flexed his muscles and smiled at Sari. Pouting, is mate changed places with him.

Wistfully, Sari watched him disappear down the sidewalk. Our five year mating contract was about to expire, and she had not mentioned renewal. For me, there could never be anyone but Sari. But she was getting restless and, since it had become the fashion to go mate hunting in the past, I knew that my replacement would soon make his appearance. With a shudder, I recalled the ads: "Mismatched? Bored with the 21st century? Then rent a time-machine and choose from a hundred thousand years of elegant man and woman-hood! Bare-bosomed Cretans, Hittite Houris, muscular gladiators, broad shouldered Crusaders...."

Sari

was quiet the rest of the way home. In the house, she opened her classical dictionary, a new edition edited especially for time-travelers. She gave a little sigh and laid the book, still open, on a table.

"Tomorrow's our anniversary," I said.

"Yes," she said. "Also the end of our contract."

"Will you be glad?"

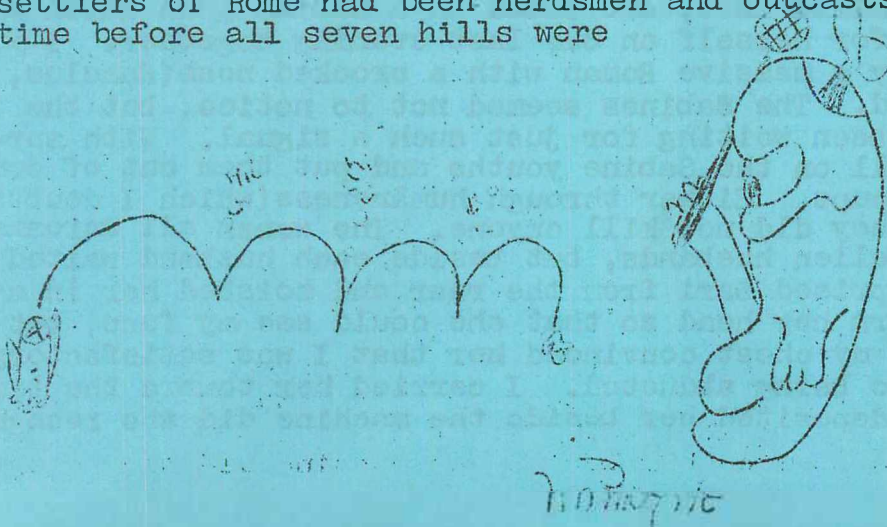
She came across the room and gave my hand a friendly pat. "You know I've been happy with you," she said. "And I'll always love you as a friend, a brother. You're a nice young man with appealing yellow hair, but you're not--well, you're not like that Goth we saw. Or better yet, the Romans. Now there was a stalwart and noble race! No doubt you find a lot to be desired in me, and I think it's time we both had a change. In another ten or fifteen years, when we've had our fill of romance, we can get together for a second contract. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some sewing to do."

I did not tell her that as far as I was concerned, romance was still alive. I just sighed and thought how beautiful she was in spite of the current uniform-like style in clothes. Everyone dressed in the same drab materials and colors. It was the discipline of too many wars and deprivations. People had grown used to wearing clothes which were easy to make and suitable for defense jobs. Right now we were at peace, but a war was inevitable within the next ten years. In untailored khakis, I am sure that I looked common-place. But Sari's beauty was unimpaired. She made me think of palm leaves, cool, slender, and graceful.

When I awoke the next morning Sari was gone. She might have waited to tell me goodbye, I thought. But perhaps she had wanted to spare me a difficult parting. Disconsolately, I wandered through the living room to look for reminders of our five years together. She had left no possessions except her classical dictionary. It lay on the table, still open, and an article caught my eye: "The Rape of the Sabines." I read: "At the suggestion of the harvest-god Consus, the wifeless Romans are said to have invited the Sabines to a festival and abducted their women. But the Romans were stalwart and handsome youths, and the captive brides were not unhappy in their changed circumstances." Stalwart, handsome youths. Of course! Sari had gone by time-machine to disguise herself as a Sabine and get caught by a Roman. In turn she would lure him into the machine and bring him back for a five-year contract! Well, I knew where she had gone, but what good did it do? I was more than twenty-seven centuries too late. Or was I? Suppose I dyed my hair to a Roman darkness and went back too....

I stepped out of my machine onto a plain below seven hills. The hills looked undistinguished, and only one seemed to be occupied. It held a cluster of mud huts, surrounded by a makeshift wall. I remembered that the original settlers of Rome had been herdsmen and outcasts, and that it was a long time before all seven hills were enclosed by walls.

I was almost too late. The festival of Consus was underway. Some of the uncouth young men were drinking wine from earthenware cups or dancing with plump women to the music of reed flutes. The men were bare-chested, with fur around their waists. I could distinguish the Sabines from the Romans





by the slightly more tailored cut of their furs. The Sabine women (the Romans had none yet) wore loose, woolen robes almost to their sandaled feet.

I hid my machine in some bushes and sneaked to the edge of the merry-making. A spanie-eyed Roman stood a little apart from his friends. "Hisst," I called. It was my plan to startle him

into lending me his clothes. He stared at me in astonishment. The yellow of my hair was camouflaged, but my khaki outfit must have looked extraordinary to one who was dressed in furs. To heighten my appearance of other-worldliness, I drew a cigarette lighter from my pocket. It was a new make which resembled a woman's lipstick until you pressed a tiny lever after removing the top. Then the end glowed an incandescent red. I bent down and set fire to a clump of weeds. In volcanic Italy, fire has always filled the people with a special awe, and the Roman fell to his knees.

"Consus?" he whispered.

"Yes," I said in a confidential tone. "But keep it a secret, if you don't mind. I'm here to watch my festival and see how the bride-hunting comes out. If you'll give me your clothes, I'll slip among the guests unnoticed."

He

knew better than to argue with a god. He gave me his fur and hurried up the hill toward the settlement to get another. My clothes, of course, were useless to him. I bundled them up, returned them to the machine, and joined the party. It felt good to be unencumbered for a change. My chest was far from inadequate, and I threw back my shoulders in what I hoped was a typical early-Roman fashion. There were a lot of guests, and no one noticed an unfamiliar face. The Sabine youths had all drunk too much. The Romans pretended to drink, but at every chance they spilled their wine on the ground.

Most of the girls were attractive in a homespun way: like ripe pomegranates, plump, rosy, and ready to be picked. One of them, though, was getting less attention than the others. I moved closer and recognized Sari, outfitted in a Sabine gown which she must have been sewing for herself on our last evening together. I was just in time. Suddenly a massive Roman with a crooked nose (Romulus, I decided) raised his hand. The Sabines seemed not to notice, but the Romans had apparently been waiting for just such a signal. With surprising speed, they fell on the Sabine youths and put them out of commission with rocks or cups. Either through humaneness (which I doubted) or fear of reprisal, they did not kill anyone. The women all screamed and ran toward their fallen husbands, but beside each husband waited a wifeless Roman. I surprised Sari from the rear and hoisted her in my arms. She tried to turn her head so that she could see my face, but evidently the sight of my chest convinced her that I was satisfactory, and she settled down to being abducted. I carried her toward the time machine. Only when I deposited her beside the machine did she recognize me.

"Mak!" she cried. "You followed me!" There was incredulity in her tone. Was there also a touch of pleased surprise? I put my arms around her.

"I couldn't let you go," I murmured.

"You pest," she cried, and wrenched herself free. "If you've lost me a husband, I'll never forgive you!" And she ran toward the scene of the festival with the energy of a Forty-Niner on his way to stake a claim.

I followed at a short distance. Even if I had lost her for good, I had to have a final try. I caught up with the last Romans as they were disappearing inside the village with their new brides. Sari was already out of sight behind the walls.

"And who are you?" Romulus asked in a thuggish tone. A companion whom I recognized as the clothes-lender whispered in his ear.

"Well, well," Romulus said with a conspiratorial smile. "We're honored." I put a warning finger to my lips. We walked together through the gate.

"Is there anything we can do to make your visit more pleasant?" he asked in a low voice. I looked around the enclosure. Pigs and sheep wandered at random through the alleys, and the largest structure, apparently a temple, differed from the mud huts only in size. Then I saw Sari, whose elegance seemed badly misplaced. She stood in front of a hut, hopefully eyeing every man who passed.

"There is something you can do," I said. "Give me that young woman over there."

Romulus looked as if he expected a god to have better taste. "She doesn't seem to have been claimed," he said. "You're welcome to her."

"You there," he called.

"Me?" Sari said happily, coming toward him. Then she saw me and stopped. But Romulus reached out and yanked her the rest of the way.

"Here's your husband," he said, and showed us to a hut.

"You're as persistent as a mosquito," Sari pouted when we were alone together. "And as unwelcome. But you needn't think you're going to take me back with you."

"No," I said. "I was wrong to come after you, and I'm sorry." I went to the far side of the hut and lay down on a straw mat. I had no choice but to return to my own era. Still, it was good to be close to Sari a little longer, and I could at least stay until I saw her happily mated.

"Do you think we can trade?" she said after a while.

"Trade

what?"

"Mates, what else? I'll admit my slim figure wasn't too popular in the shuffle. But you seem to have made a good impression on Romulus. If you ask him, he may work out a swap."



"All right," I sighed, "If that's what you want." The next morning I want to see Romulus and told him my problem. "It's a case of incompatibility," I explained.

"Who cares if a woman's compatible?" he asked in surprise. "That's not why we stole them."

Patiently I told him that back home the women had a say in marriage along with the men. He shook his head. No doubt he suspected that I had found Sari not incompatible but skinny. Nonetheless, he promised to help us. That afternoon a couple came to our hut.

"We're the swap," said the young man dourly. Sari went with him smiling, and they disappeared into a hut across the alley. The woman came to me.

"How do you do," I said, trying to divert my mind from the loss of Sari.

"Why so formal?" she asked.

"We've just met I don't even know your name."

"After what I've been through, I don't think we need stand on introductions. But if you insist, it's Bona."

"And I'm Mak."

"I must say you're a backward young man," she said after a pause. "Aren't you going to kiss your new mate?"

I kissed her on the cheek. "That was mighty tentative," she muttered.

"But you've lost two husbands in twenty-four hours," I protested. "I don't want to rush you."

"I'm a fatalist, Mak. What is, is, whether in husbands, crops, or pigs. You ought to become a fatalist yourself."

"I'll think about it."

"But that's your whole trouble. You think and fret too much about everything."

"I've had reason to lately."

"Nonsense. I'll bet that's why you couldn't get along with your first mate. You worried and talked things over until she left you."

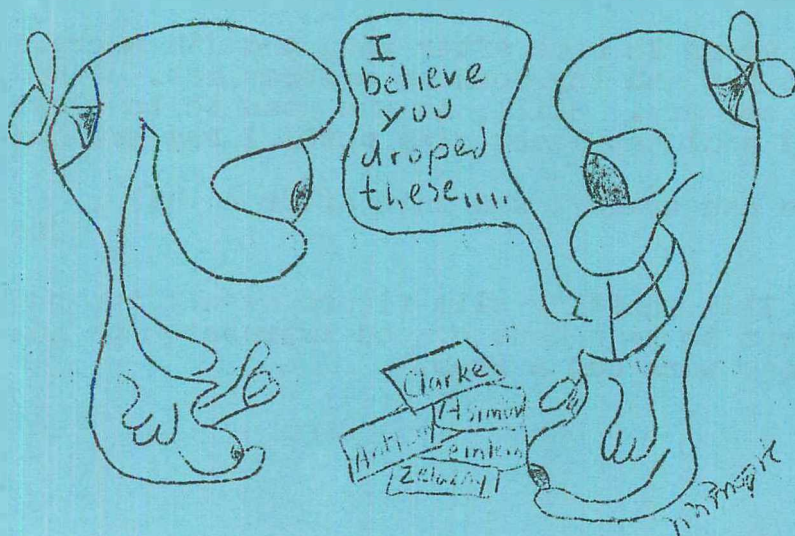
"You think so?"

"Women don't want to be understood, they want to be mastered."

"All women?"

"All I know. Especially me."

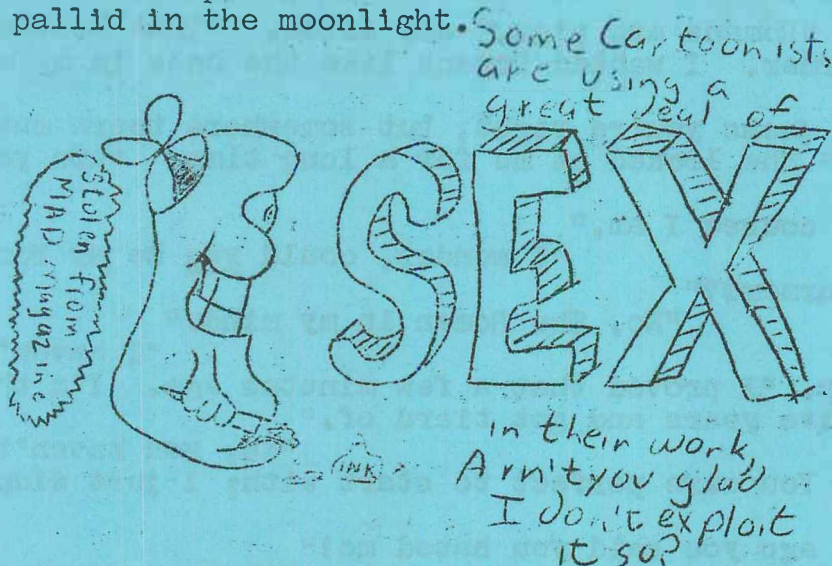
"You may have a point," I admitted. "All my life I've been a worrier, and I haven't had much luck with women." It was true. How will a certain person react if I do a certain thing?, I would ask myself, and often do nothing at all. To be sure, I had taken decisive action when I followed Sari to ancient Rome, but once there, I had asked, not compelled, her to return with me to the 21st century.



And even when Romulus had made her my bride, what had I done? Worried that she might be unhappy and agreed to swap mates.

"You can always change," Bona reminded.

"You know," I said, "you may be right," and I turned to do some more thinking. I thought for a long time. Finally I said to myself: you're doing it again. If ever there was a time for action, this is it. Bona had fallen into a petulant sleep, and I tiptoed from the hut without waking her. I remembered Sari's new establishment lay across the alley. The problem was how to steal her from a husky and ill-mannered bridegroom who had lost one bride to me already. I listened at the door and heard only noisy snoring. The Romans had no locks, and I pushed open the door. The bridegroom lay on his back asleep. Sari sat across the room on a pile of straw, her face pallid in the moonlight.



"Mak," she whispered. "What are you?" I sprinted across the room and stuffed a piece of wolfskin in her mouth.

"Give me any trouble and I'll knock you out," I whispered. I hoisted her in my arms and made for my time machine. There was a sentry at the gate, but the news had spread that I was a god; he gave us no trouble, in those days gods were expected to abduct maidens at every opportunity. Safely in the machine, I removed the fur.

"Once we get home, you'll

never see me again," she sputtered.

"We're not going home."

"But it's ag-

ainst the law not to return the machines!"

"I know, but where we're going, they'll never catch us," I did not add that as soon as we arrived, I planned to wreck the machine and keep Sari with me for the rest of our lives.

"I hate you," she said with feeling.

"That's what you say. You may even think it. But you'll be glad later." We landed in what looked like a garden which had never seen a gardener. Flowers spilled tangled yellow over the ground, and trees reared a green opulence into the sky. There was a pool where I half expected to see Narcissus admiring his reflection. A rabbit paused in drinking to watch us without fear.

"Where are we?" Sari demanded.

"Arcadia,"

"Oh?"

"Before there were any Fauns. Get out." She clung to the machine.

"I want to go home," she wailed. I seized her roughly by the arm. "Don't talk back," I snapped. But the sound of my voice, harsh and unfamiliar, disconcerted me. I had spoken with the same ugly arrogance I had always despised in others. Must I

not now despise myself?

"I can't go through with it," I sighed. "I know it's the only way to make you love me, but it isn't my nature." "What are you talking about?"

"Bona told me that every woman wants to be mastered. That's why I carried you off."

"Bona was speaking for herself."

But she

said that all women feel the same."

"Women are consistent in only one thing: inconsistency."

"You did say you wanted a stalwart Roman. And Romans carry off maidens."

"Romans are pigs," she cried. "That husband of mine was an uncouth farmer. I wanted Romans like the ones in my mind."

"They don't exist."

"I guess you're right, but somewhere there must be a man to fit my dream." She looked at me for a long time. "Are you going to take me home."

"Of course I am."

"I wonder, could you be my Roman?"

"One of the uncouth farmers?"

"No. The Roman in my mind."

"I haven't changed," I said wistfully. "I proved that a few minutes ago. I'm the same man you lived with five years and got tired of."

"No, you haven't changed; why should you? You were perfect to start with; I just didn't know."

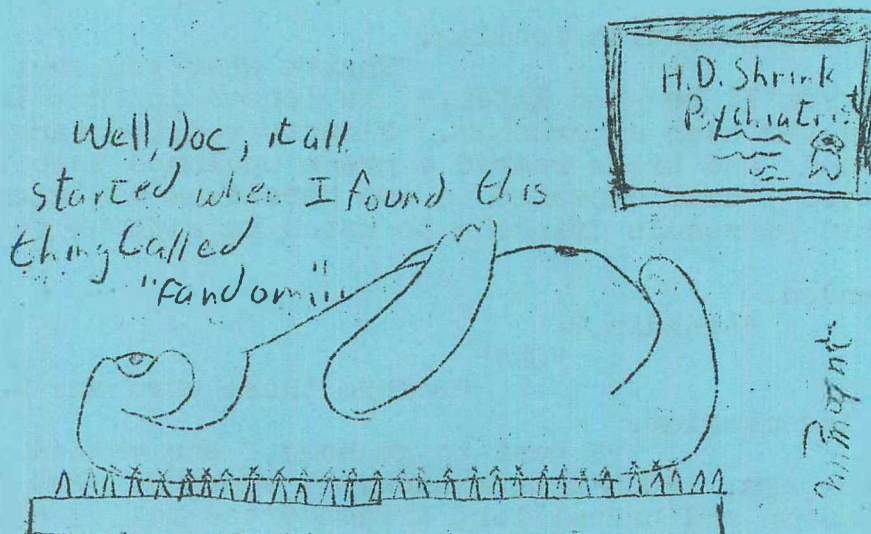
"But a little while ago you said you hated me!"

"That was when I thought you were going to be like my recent husband." She began to kick the time-machine apart with her sandals.

"What are you doing?"

"Now that I've found my Roman, do you think I'm going to share him with anyone?"

-oOo-



Another cartoon courtesy of Corr - as if I didn't have a pocket of my own Schell's art. -dink

JEFF SCHALLES, 173 McClellan Dr., Pittsburgh, Pa.15236
 ((LAST ISSUE, I started the Schalles letter, he said a few nothings, then said, "It's your zine, mess it up anyway you want." At that point I, Imk, realized I was out of room, cut him off, and ended the zine, now for the rest of his letter)) I like your way of putting writers signature after he says his bit, but it looks as if mine was added as an afterthought. It did rather throw me to see those two letters printed, I hadn't been writing them with the thought in mind that you might want to print them. ((If it's interesting, and doesn't have DNP on it, as a few BNF/pro's have learned, I am liable to use anything...IMK)) If I had, I might have tried something different. But, you got a candid, unstaged glimpse of how assinine I can be at times. ((That's twice I've been accused of taking something as good the author thought cut him/her down...IMK))

Also, my story. I guess I should have edited it a little--the line "I could care less if the Mets beat the gods" stinks. 30-20 hindsight. I've given up on poetry. So you can relax--I won't be sending you any more.

But I will send you some more cartoons. The best I have((see note at end...IMK)), this time. The last batch, I regret to say, wasn't so good--I wasn't sure what your zine would turn out to be.

Enclosed is also another article. Pretty bad, isn't it? I shouldn't be at all troubled if you chose to send it back. But it's the only thing I dare risk at this time--the other stuff I KNOW would sicken you so it stays in it's file.((you notice MY story-serial is not in this issue--you think after what I write... ..IMK))

I like the fiction you print--it is fiction, isn't it?((most of it--the "Army stuff" was absolutely 100% true and unexagerated...IMK)) There seem to be a lot of zines coming out that want to publish fanfiction. What's wierd about it is that it's a heck of a lot more fun to write than read. So I'd rather write it.((notice I am getting some would-be pro fiction...IMK))

Brock's bacover was the best he's done to date. I'm glad he got off the spaceship kick.

You are excused for the front&backcovers of the APA part--but try not to do it again.((and, if you haven't gone after a lawyer yet, what do you think of my attempts to trace the art this time?...IMK)) I'd much rather listen to you ramble about your army ex;eriences....

I feel strange, being in your zine--a kid from the north of the Mason-Dixon line. Everybody else seems to be from your general area.((dream on...IMK)) I also like the fact that you people seem to appreciate Andre Norton.((YOU people--you make it sound like I had help getting this zine out...IMK)) There doesn't seem to be many other people discussing her stuff, but it is good, very good. Her books were some of the first SF I ever read--along with Heinlein and Nourse(and who talks about Alan Nourse?).

Wait a minute--did you say ELECTROSTENCILED my cartoons? But everybody has been telling me that fiber tip pens don't register on the scanners!((ANLYthing dense will pick up...IMK)) But I thought my stuff was easy to trace--...10 dollars worth for one article? Did you electrostencil the typing too?((it takes a page at a time, not just the cartoon...IMK)) You should have been able to get all the cartoons on one stencil--about \$3 worth.(((\$2.60 a sheet and look what happened to ish#5 when I tried that--they misprinted the stencil in a way that defied my ability to unscrew on top of their other sins ...IMK))

How come you start each paragraph of text at a different spot

in the line. Your own particular style, or ignorance of what tab stops are for? (you must mean nonstopparagraphing, a device for compromise between leaving a space between paragraphs and crowding as much as can be done into a "short" period at the typer. It has been used by fans, a minority of, for years--was adopted by the, shudder, army, much to my surprise, a year or two ago, was toyed with in that issue you refer to but only in a couple of parts, and is now my official whole hog policy as you can see. The thing does have rules to follow if you look close at it...IMK))

Well, you asked what namarie means...it's from the Lord of the Rings--like Throngril, the elvish name you didn't know how to trace. Namarie is sort of...well not exactly...er...it's like farewell, but much more...elvish. You know--I just can't quite explain the way I think of it.

namarie

ff
or
namarie

P.S. I just looked through my stack of cartoons--these are the best I regret to say....As for the worst... Don't hesitate to return what you don't like...

((AS YOU CAN SEE, I mixed his last batch, the ones from the time before that, and the ones Perri CORRICK gave me in the last and this issue. I should finally run out but I've got more art...just wait...IMK))

((And he calls this *smk* next an article...))

AND JUST HOW MANY WAYS ARE THERE TO SKIN A CAT?

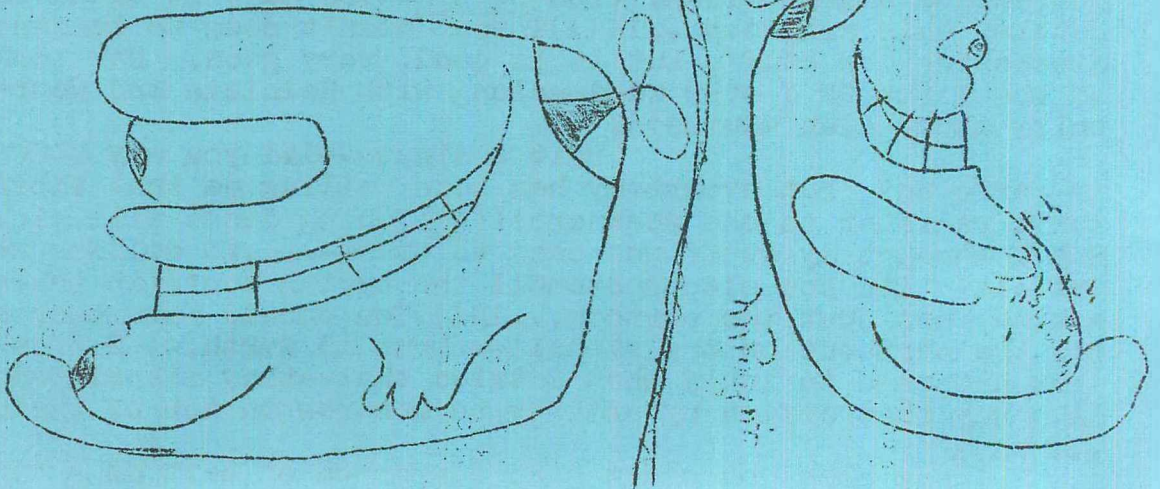
by Jeff Schalles ((a story...IMK))

Did you ever reach into a college mail box...and have your hand grabbed by some horny mail room clerk? It kinda throws ya, even after some of the things that have appeared in that box. I was talking about fishing once to a fan (I really don't fish, but I didn't have the heart to tell him--writes such nice letters) and mentioned that worms are hard to find around here. So he sent me one--a great big slimy mother, and I stupidly opened the envelope and plastic bag during lunch....

But back to the mail clerk. "Uh miss, could I maybe have my hand back? The door hinge is kind of cutting into my arm."

2 more - 1/2 CORR

Bot-
My
Dear
I AM
standing
UP
human



"Oh darling, you say such sweet things!"

"Ya got a band-aid?"

"Shhhh-

we can't meet like this--people will wonder...(yeah--there I was in front of the mail boxes with my arm 3/4 of the way into the wall)... what we're up to.. Why don't you meet me down by the gym at 9:00 to-night?"

"Yeah, why don't I? Who the hell ARE you, anyway?"

"SHHHhhh---

gotta go now. Be seeing ya."

Now how the heck do I get into these things? I know I'm incredibly handsome(of course--I tell myself that every morning. If you hear anything enough times it starts to seem to be the truth...)but how the heck did she notice from just looking at my hand? Only the finger tips, even? And usually through a box crowded with mail! Maybe if I wore gloves....

9:00

"Oh darling! You came!"

"Grunt"

"Come on!" Let's go for a walk! I've got all kinds of things to tell you!"

"Money talks?"

"WHAT?"

"Well, arn't you trying to blackmail me for the illeagle things that come in those plain brown wrappers?"

"Oh

darling, you say such sweet things!"

"You said that already."

"giggle gig-

glegiggle What's the matter, I got bad breath? Walk a little closer why don't ya."

Actually she wasn't that bad looking. But I didn't know if she was about to pull a knife or what. I moved over. "I don't want to walk--lets sit down on that bench so you can tell me whatever it is that's so important that you have to be here squished up against me like this."

"Oh darling, you--"

"Shut up." So we sat down on one of the benches the college so conveniently placed there. No back and a street light right beside it. "Listen ya fruity broad--what's your name? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?"

"Just you."

So I gave her me. Then I gasped again:

"What's your name?"

"Does it really matter? Isn't love enough?"

"You

mean to say you dragged me all the way down here just to do THAT? Why, I've got a million things to do."

"Like writing to fans?"

"HUH???"

" I

thought you'd guessed by now. I'm a fan too!"

"Now wait a minute. Isn't this kind of a weird way of letting me know? I mean, couldn't you have just put a note in my mailbox or something?"

"But I Love You! I love your cartoons, your letters, everything about you! I need you! I must

have you!"

"OK. You got me. What are you gonna do with me?"

"Put you in my zine, of course."

"What zine?"

"Why, the one I'm about to start publishing. I've already got you down in the table of contents, so you have to give me something to put in!"

"You mean you brought me all the way down here, went through all this, just to get a contribution to your stupid zine?"

"Yep!"

"You're crazy! Editors don't do that, do they?"

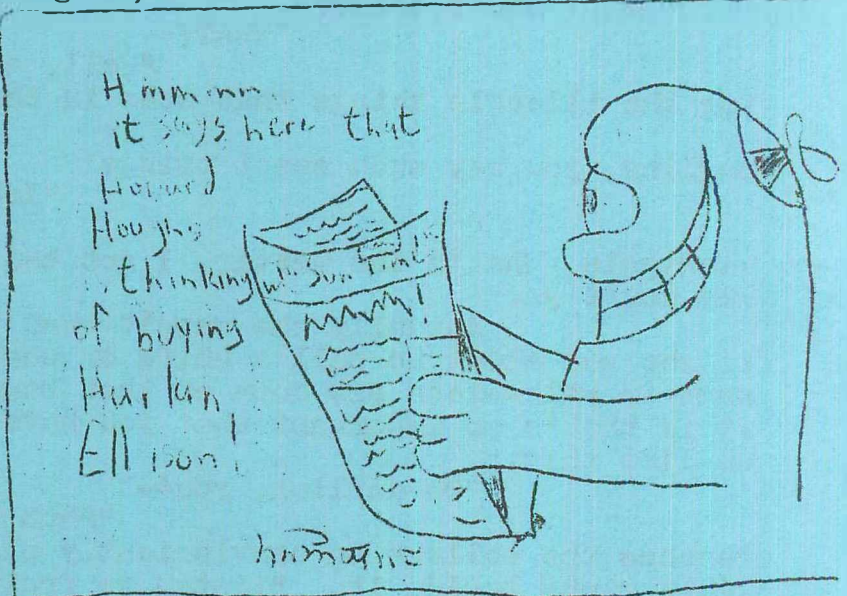
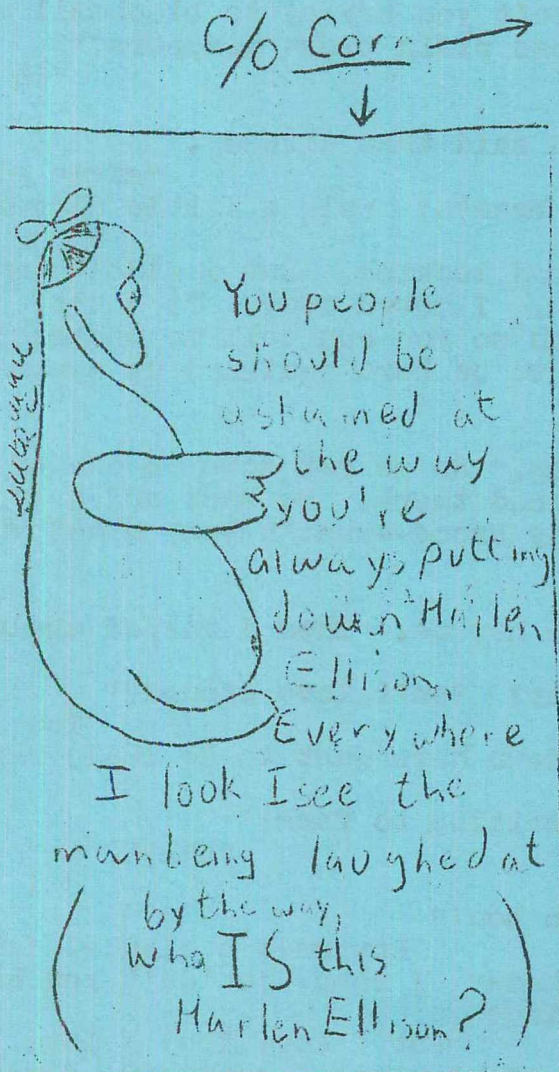
Why, er...uh...."

Needless to say, she got her contribution. After all, didn't I get one heck of an advance on it?

this thing was foolishly written for you by none other than jeff schalles who nobody knows or understands--do you?

-oOo-

((JEFF, when girls start chasing ME, I'll answer that one....IMK))



YOU ALL may wonder what all those "c/o CORRS" are doing plastered over this zine (like the one below). Well, Perri Corrick came home to visit her brother Jim at the same time I was over there and her zine is so good that the great contribs actually overflowed...and...I got them. IMK

GEARY GRAVEL, 110 Columbia Dr., Amherst, Mass. 01002
Dear Perri--

c/o Corr ↓

This was actually an English assignment that I did during my Freshman year here at U. Mass. I think it was in the fall of '68. Anyway this was the assignment: Describe a scene from two different points of view 1) An objective description 2) A subjective description from a different participant in the scene. I enclose it 'cause I did it so long ago (well a year and a half anyway) and was always kind of fond of it.

THE END: HE

He had been there for several minutes, staring at the flames which filled the eastern sky. He didn't hear her come up to stand beside him, and started slightly when her warm hand slipped into his.

He turned to look at her as she studied the open land spread before them. She was facing away from the blazing fire of the east, looking intently at the western mountain range. Now her gaze swung to the sky with its huge low clouds. He thought he saw her lip quiver. She turned then, and caught him staring at her. She blushed and lowered her eyes.

He drew a small kephel stick from his pocket and removed the seal to ignite it. He inhaled deeply, letting the mild narcotic soothe his thoughts. A sharp gust of wind tugged briefly at his shirt. Through the kephel haze, he saw her hair flutter in the breeze. He sighed and turned back to the east.

He was surprised when she spoke. She asked him how much time was left. His guess was little over a day, but he lied and told her two or three. He knew she must be watching the flames.

For a moment she was silent. He winced when he heard her wild laughter begin....

THE END: SHE

She put on her short, lemon-colored tunic and joined him on the Hill. She stood motionless by his side for a moment, then reached almost instinctively for his hand. He was staring toward the east. The air was crisp and a light breeze blew from somewhere.

Avoiding the east with a shudder, she gazed out over the valley, beyond the crisscross of grain-fields, to the dark mountains on the horizon. At the mountains' base was a small strip of forest, its uniform green already splashed with bright autumn color. Her eyes were drawn to the low-hanging clouds. She remembered once long ago when she had climbed the Hill with him. They had lain on the soft grass and watched as the setting sun turned the clouds from white to pink to violet, and finally, dull blue and grey.

He was staring at her face when she turned, and she quickly lowered her eyes, trying to hide her tears. He flicked the seal from a kephel stick which flared briefly on contact with the air. She frowned. She had never gotten used to kephel. That thick purple smoke always seemed... so unnatural? He had told her time and again that it merely calmed his mind and was completely harmless. Still, she had never been able to bring herself to try it. A sudden wind came up from the valley; it

whipped the pungent mist in dusky spiral before his face.

The wind died down. He was looking toward the east again.. Unwillingly, she followed his gaze, hoping for an instant to find the sky calm, the horizon clear. She flinched when she saw the towering flames. Red and golden claws making the sky, they seemed twice as near as yeaterday. "How much longer?" She spoke for the first time.

"Two, maybe three days." He didn't turn.

Three days. She tried to make it mean something; her only reaction was a numb disbelief. As she stared at his back, a small hole in his shirt caught her eye. She was wondering if she had a large enough patch of the same color when she started laughing. By the time she could stop, she was crying....

-oOo-

NOTES ON CRISP COLORED PAPER

The next story is the third Janet Fox story for MAYBE, only Schalles and "the tennessee people" have had that much. I've been trying to talk her into putting some or all of her stuff together behind some unifying idea and making a 40-65,000 wd book out of it. She says: Dear Irvin,

I've written some stories that I consider pro quality, (not saying anybody else does) and would love to do a novel, but don't have any idea that could be extended to 65,000 wds. I keep sending the stories to pro markets and maybe some...day....


I'm supposed to get a batch of pictures in a couple of weeks and then I'll send you one. They're in color, though, so don't know if they could be used in the mag. Here's another story. Janet

But the editor IMK doesn't quit there and a few weeks later I got the pic. It was in color and would have just barely come out, but, I don't think it was a good photo to start with so after the electro~~static~~ stencil got through with it--I didn't even try. Anyway-- Dear Irvin,

I haven't been doing much toward pro sales--I got a "sorry but try again" note from Galaxy tho. I'd like to write a novel, but for that you need a strong idea. I may send in a batch of stories to Ace as you suggested, but right now everything I've written is out somewhere. Janet

So the IMK will say it again. Look at all the books on the market. Some are not as well written as some of your stories or as interesting as others. All you have to do is figure a way to tie them all together with 800 wd scenes like VanVogt did. A "mysterious person" who wanders thru the book will do fine. You can add as needed and weave some kind of plot through the entire thing. The "mp" hunting for something will do. Write a scene every so often that carries him to or away from his goal. Each of those scenes builds on the previous special scenes and the interwoven stories. Finally one is the climax and the next one is the end of the plot with maybe another story writtn before the book as the actual end.

I'm awful tempted to ask for the carbon or other copy of all your stories at once and try to arrange and bridge them myself. Then you could add to mine and I again and... maybe....

Flash  There is a story in Magazine of Horror (Pro) by Janet Fox (Volume 6 #2)

THE BOY WHO GREW GIANT TURNIPS

by Janet Fox

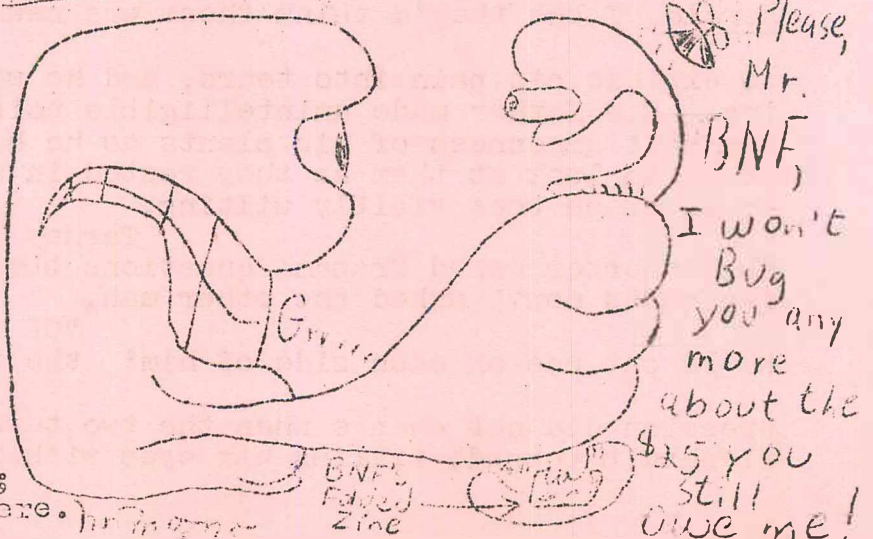
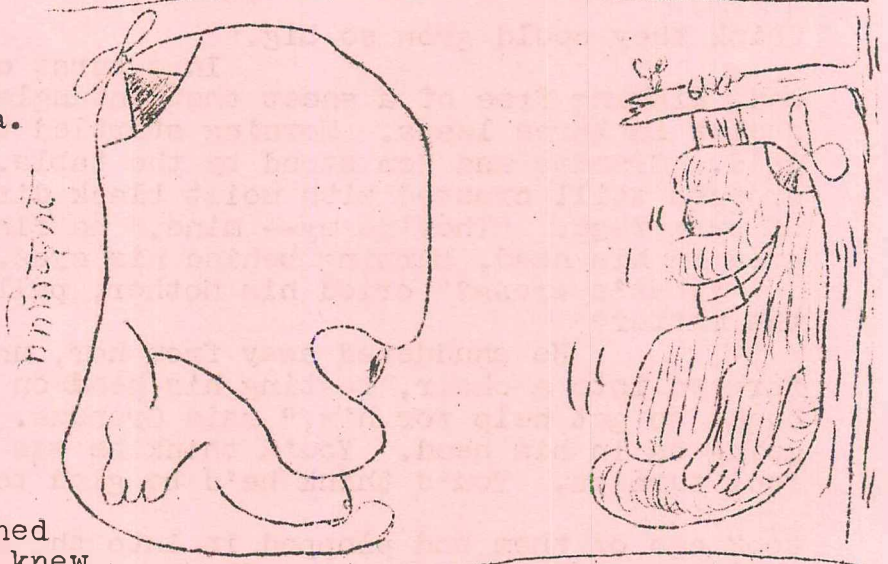
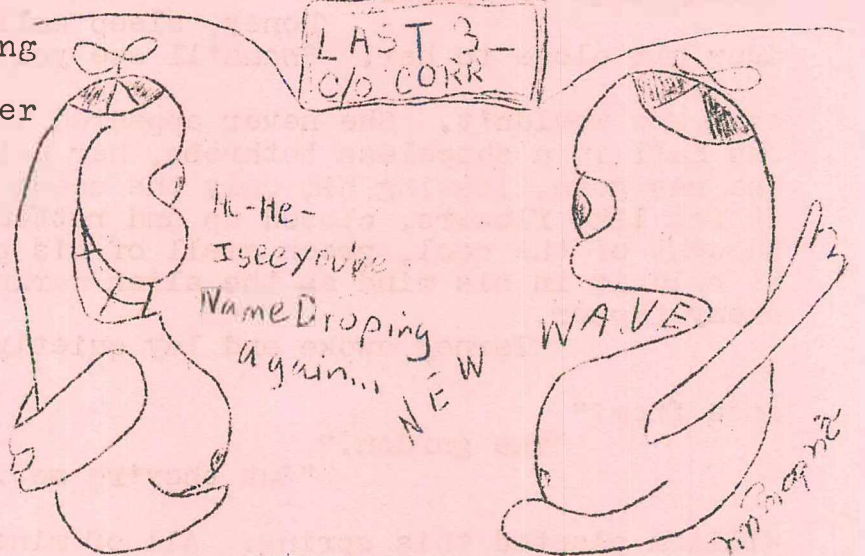
The night was blue translucence hardening into opaque; white flowers stood starkly luminous at the edge of the garden, while velvetwinged moths dipped and drank and flew again. Tarney sat among the plants of the garden, humming a formless tune under his breath and touching the tops of the growing plants delicately, as softly as the wind touched them.

The back door opened, releasing a torrent of harsh yellow light and a voice that probed the dark, "William, William Harris. Come in here this minute!"

Tarney sat quietly, his bony body bunched against the dampness that crept up from the black earth. He did not understand Grandma. Her voice was harsh, even when expressing love; her hands were hard. And she never called him by his right name, though he didn't know why it was his right name. It was a made-up name, but everyone called him that, everyone except Grandma.

He square form, conspicuous in a light print housedress, approached and he knew then that she knew where he was. "William, you're hiding out here again." Her hard knuckles prodded his shoulder, and he rose mechanically and moved toward the house. "I don't know what you're thinking of--out here all day and half the night."

Tarney felt the wrenching, nauseous feeling in the pit of his stomach, but he held his face rigid until his jaws ached. Things were okay while he was in the garden; everything was peaceful there.



To the tune of Grandma's whining voice he went inside and prepared for bed. Just as he was coming down the hall from the bathroom, he heard his mother's heels clicking, and she came out of her room, her face palely masked with makeup, her eyes huge and dark, rimmed with the waving legs of spiders.

"Honey, sleep well now," she said, kneeling to draw him close to her. "Mama'll see you early tomorrow morning."

But he knew she wouldn't. She never appeared before afternoon, slouching down the hall in a shapeless bathrobe, her hair and makeup a ruin. "Bye." She was gone, leaving him only the scent of her perfume on his pajamas. It was like flowers, closed up and rotting in an old sealed room. He thought of the cool, green smell of his plants. It was a good thought; he held it in his mind as the alien darkness closed all about him, an enemy flower.

Tarney awoke and lay quietly listening.

"Ohhhh, where'd they come from?"

"The garden."

"But they're so...huge!"

"They're the ones Tarn-- William planted this spring. All of mine died."

"But the size...I didn't think they could grow so big."

In a burst of speed, he leaped from the bed, kicking free of a sheet that entangled his legs, and was down the stairs in three leaps. Morning startled the small, dingy kitchen into gold. Grandma and Mom stood by the table. On it were two huge round objects still crusted with moist black dirt. Tarney screamed, a sound of pure rage. "They're my-- mine," he finished. A red ache pulsed and grew in his head, burning behind his eyes. "And now they're--dying."

"What's wrong?" cried his Mother, pulling him close. "Tarney, what's the matter?"

He shuddered away from her, unable to speak and collapsed forward into a chair, resting his head on the back. "I've told you we ought to get help for him," said Grandma. "You can't ever tell what's going on in his head. You'd think he was mad at me for digging up these fool turnips. You'd think he'd be glad to see how big they've got."

She took one of them and plopped it into the sink where she began to run water over it, exposing the fleshy whiteness. "I'm going to ring up the Herald. I bet they'd think these was news."

Tarney had at last been able to explode his pain into tears, and he was sobbing and slowly subsiding. His Mother made unintelligible noises of comfort. He thought of the soft greenness of his plants as he had touched them. He couldn't stand to look at them as they rested in stark whiteness on the table, their green tops visibly wilting.

Tarney sat stiffly on the sofa while the reporter asked Grandma questions about the turnips. "Can we get a few shots now?" asked the other man.

"Of course," said Grandma. "Here, we'll put one on each side of him" the two biggest ones."

Tarney's expression did not change when the two turnips were placed beside him. The flashbulb popped, filling his eyes with floating blobs of light.

"Hey, the

kid looks like chief mourner at a funeral. Can't you perk him up?"

"Can't you smile, William?" asked Grandma. "These reporters came all this way just to see you." Tarney ignored them.

"He's a sensitive chile," said his Mother. "He's just confused by all the excitement."

"Okay. If you can't do anything with him--" said the photographer, putting in a new bulb.

Raindrops jumped in the puddles of the street, and the sky was devoid of color. Tarney was crossing the street at the corner of his own block when he saw a man standing on the other side. The man was wearing a dark, shabby coat, and he held a large, black umbrella over his head, but the wind blew the rain over him, giving his face and suit a shiny look. For a moment Tarney was afraid to cross the street. The stranger was tall and his face was in shadow and he seemed to be waiting.

"You're Tarney Harris," said the man. "I saw your picture in the paper."

Tarney swallowed a throatful of fear. "You did?" "I was almost ready to go home. I would've gone, if I hadn't seen that picture by accident." Under the shadow of the umbrella Tarney felt strangely safe. It was as if he hadn't realized before how frightened he had been, minute by minute of every day. "Where's your father?" asked the man.

"He's uh...uh." He didn't really know. Grandma always put on a thin set of lips if he asked about it. "He's dead. Killed in the war," he added as an afterthought.

"Are you sure?"

"Well, I, no, I guess I really don't know anything about him." "Would you like to know... about him?"

"Well, sure, but--"

"He was a traveler, a loner. Not out of choice, but of necessity, because he had a job to do. He moved around a lot, and he was lonely, but the job's finished now, and he's going home. Home is a place where the wind doesn't scream at you and the sun isn't an edge of fire on your skin."

"Is he...Are you going home soon?" asked Tarney, grasping the stranger's hand. Once he had taken it, he found himself clutching it, unable to let go.

"Yes." The man began to walk slowly along the street, and Tarney was compelled to go with him. In his mind the plants sang to him from their deep beds in dark earth; he touched their soft, cool leaves and he loved them.

"Love in a strange land is not always beautiful. No. But I understand, my son. I understand."

-oOo-

AND FROM OVER THERE...

The last story is by a British fan, whome anyone who knows about SCI-CON 70 know well. He ran it. He also compiles professional type anthologies, at least one of which has sold: THE VANISHING FUTURE by Panther Books(I may be wrong, he may just have agented some stories to it). This story originally appeared in the British fanzine, STING, edited by JANE E. HALES, 2B Cheriton Road, Folkestone, Kent, U.K.

LOG OF THE SEMI-STIFF ANTHOLOGY
by George Hay

31Oct2044 It is weeks now since I came across the body of Madel, the proofreader, in a corner of the galley, grotesquely twisted over some blocks--and he, I thought was the last of them to hold out. Yet this morning taking an idle turn in the mens' washroom, I came on the still form of Edwards, the office boy. At first I assumed him dead, and then I saw beside him the half-empty bottle of Martian Heart, that strange, sweetly addictive drug from the equatorial plains of the Red Planet.

His pulse was weak but steady. I was in the washroom two days ago, and there was no sign of him then; if my guess is right, he will sleep like a log for some days yet. Wonderful! Back on the bridge now, I am putting down this story as fast as my weary body will allow. Once finished, I shall secret it about him, suit him up, and drop him out of the airlock, pointed in the direction of the Old Home Planet, his suit radar locked-on and his jets at maximum blast. The power will run out soon enough, but there will be more than enough built up velocity to get him there. The poor lad will be stone dead by then, of course, but what is an office boy's life compared to the Fate of Man? Besides, his personal habits were disgusting. If ill luck does not intervene, the story of the ANTHOLOGY may yet come to light.

That is, if ~~They~~ do not....

1 Nov I had to break off this account last night. Even as I scribed the word ~~They~~ I fancied hearing the sound of distant throbbing from the pressroom, and the light seemed to go strangely dim. It was only overwrought nerves--I hope. I cannot be sure. It is true there has been no sign of ~~THEM~~ since I found Madel, and I hoped they had fled the ship. But they are as cunning and patient as they are sadistic. They could dispose of me with one opening of their hideous mouths at any time; if they have not, it may merely be that they are playing with me as a broker's man plays with a pleading tenant.

No matter! I must scribe on, and take my chances; at any moment young Edwards may wake, and I would have to kill him before putting him outboard, which would be embarrassing and messy to boot.

This account actually begins with my first day aboard the offices of the ANTHOLOGY, a good two years ago. My signing on had taken place a week earlier, in the palatial oak-lined boardroom of Paul Hamlyn House. As we sealed the contract with a drink of Venusian Rotgut, the Chairman's eyes wandered along the rows of editors' heads decorating the walls. "We keep a taut ship here, Benson," he barked, "always remember that. But there, I'm sure you will. We took out time selecting you, you know. It was your success with the last collection that decided us. What was it? TALES OF THE BAR-MITZVAH, I think."

I muttered something about hoping I would fulfil his trust. "I'm sure of it," he boomed, then rose, extending a hand. I noted with interest that it was entirely of steel. He chuckled, catching my glance. "A memento of old times--lost that one exchanging contracts with Beaverbrook Press. Ah, brave days, those...."

My head awhirl, lopsided with the weight of the contract in my pocket, I left the building. When I started to work the next week, I saw nothing but fame ahead of me. Poor fool! I had my first inkling of the truth the day I started out....

3 Nov It was necessary to skip a day in this record. Young Edwards

came to earlier than I expected. Fortunately my ears, sharpened by weeks of listening for THEM, and heard his footfall, and I turned from my desk in time to fend off the upraised adding machine he was bringing down on my head. I used my laser-gun, and within seconds his brains were boiling in his skull. I could see them steaming out of his ears and condensing on his neck; an appalling sight...

The strain of coming to a decision left me no more time for this log that day. Should I launch his body, or eat it? For hours I teetered on the verge of decision, now this way, now that. Finally, my mind was made up when I realized that he had not washed for weeks. Once a lower-deck man, always a lower-deck man, I suppose.... At all events, though I am a fair cook, I have always objected to having to dress the meat myself. Anyway, he now lies in my suit beside the lock, ready for launching.

To go back to my account of that first day in the office, I had expected to be greeted by Mawson, the outgoing incumbent. References to him, however, were met by an uneasy silence on the part of the staff. Determined as I was in the first flush of my enthusiasm to clear up all possible doubtful points, I finally pinned old Barker, the accountant, in a corner and insisted on an answer. He saw that further evasion was useless, and beckoned me to a window.

I froze, panic clawing at my guts. Sometime in the couple of hours since my entry we had TAKEN OFF! Gone Ludgate Hill; gone the mile-high needle of Wilson's Folly; gone the proud cross of St. Paul's; gone the intolerable but beloved clamour of the street. Outside in the great dark, only the merciless rainbow shimmer of the uncounted stars.

Frantically seeking some point of familiarity, I returned to my question, "But Mawson...?" Barker shook his head impatiently, pointing outwards.

Again I looked. This time, following the direction of his finger closely, I detected a slowly cartwheeling figure outlined, an indeterminate distance away, against the backdust of stars. The figure was human in outline, yet strangely distorted. Peering more closely, I saw that something enwrapped it. Here and there strange tentacles erupted, and every few seconds, a hideous octopoid head raised itself for a moment, then plunged its muzzle deep--for there was no doubt I was indeed beholding the fate of my predecessor.

It began to look as though there was something amiss.

I returned to my desk without further remark. There was no need now for me to question, as I had intended, the peculiar, lengthy sweep of that desk, or the odd array of dials and controls built into it. Editor's Room, forsooth! THIS WAS THE SHIP'S BRIDGE!

The hours passed. Gradually the panic in me ebbed, to be replaced by, not, I will say, courage or resolution, but a strange feeling of resignation. When at last the tea-girl came in with her offering, I was strong enough to make a weak pass at her.

Later still, I remembered the sealed instructions the Chairman had given me. Tearing open the envelope, I found a spool of tape. Threading it into the recorder before me, I awaited the worst.

There was a solemn drum-roll, followed by a voice fit for ears of heroes. "Operations HQ to Benson, Captain of S-S ANTHOLOGY. Instructions follow. These are to be adhered to as closely

as possible. In view of the nature of this mission, some latitude of interpretation may be allowed, but deviation must be kept to a minimum. Failure to follow orders will be considered even more serious than the failure to achieve the overt object of the mission."

Already my fears were forgotten. The blood throbbed in my ears; I made a mental note to see the MO about this.

"Mission is as follows: Fullstop Press are known to be operating a pirate edition of our book, WHY JESUS WEPT, in the region of Alpha Centauri. ANTHOLOGY is to make contact with this ship, and inflict maximum possible damage, regardless of risk involved. The position in this area is critical, and loss of control here would have the most serious results along the whole battlefield. We count on your utmost effort." A blare of trumpets followed these stirring words, carrying me away. Fortunately someone remembered me the next day; I was found curled fast asleep round the aft reactor, and brought back....

It was not my imagination! THEY are aboard, here, with me, on this deserted Flying Dutchman of the Spaceways. I broke off just now when I heard sounds of movement forward. Rushing to the airlock, I found Edwards' body gone--I will not even venture a thought where. My suit now squatted awkwardly against one wall. My cap had been poised rakishly on the helmet, and my spare autowriter stuck in its right hand. The empty face of the helmet leered mockingly up at me. A bowl containing a tarnished obol lay on the floor between the crumpled legs; on a card were the words: Penny for the Guy. See you on the fifth. Oh G-d -- I HAVE ONLY TWO DAYS LEFT!

4 Nov Drunk! Later: Dead drunk....

5 Nov 10.00: Must make an effort....(Illegible. The paper is heavily stained at this point with brown smears. Chemical analysis reveals these to be spilled Nescafe.) Later: (Illegible)...Better. Little time left. I can hear their feet padding on the upper decks; ever and again a hideous peal of laughter drifts down to me. But I think they are saving me till tonight, so must quickly jot down what I can hear, in the very faint chance that it gets to Earth.

Earth! What memories the name conjures up! Happy hours spent idly waiting in the traffic jams on the M84; visiting the Elvis Presley Shrine at the UN World Home of Rest at Bombay; winning a monor jackpot on the newly resurrected THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS programme, world-relayed from Mount Wilson Observatory; dialing black velvet all round at the Globe Autobar; getting fired from Odham's for beating the computer at naughts and crosses--the machine sulked for a week, delivering incorrect invoices from Dartmouth to Delhi; my first visit to the John Bejeman Memorial at Slough; my... Enough, fool! The time for dreaming is past.

I had hoped to give a full account of our long voyage; of how we sought out the pirate edition, and left her split athwart from infinitive to colophon, after the grimmest of day-long battles. How proud we were, those of us who survived! How we looked forward to citations from the Chairman, and the buckram-bound first editions of our memoirs.

The mockery of it all! So far had we fared that months would elapse before we could break out of hyper-space in the vicinity of old Sol. And in the very first day of the journey back, the hideous death of Mary Slagg signalled us that THEY were aboard. There were five of us left; Mary, young Edwards, Jill Cromarty, Madel Petersham, and myself. We had armed ourselves heavily and started to

comb the decks one by one, splitting up into two groups. I was with Mary, advancing aft along the main corridor; others were to advance towards us from the far end. Halfway along I heard a shriek from somewhere ahead, and hurled myself forward. It was a trick, of course-- I realised that a moment too late as a smothered cry reached me from behind. Wheeling, I saw Mary's shoe vanishing into a stateroom. Edwards crouched by the door white-faced and silent with shock. The door was slammed and locked ere I could reach it. It took me minutes to burn through the lock. I shouldered my way in, expecting a blaster in my face at any second. But the room was empty, a jagged hole gaping in its far side. What had once been Mary lay crumpled pathetically in a wastebin. Gone all that huggable flesh; gone all those curvaceous(er!) charms; there was only a dry sack of skin huddled inside her clothes. Nearby was a piece of paper with the sneering message: This character is completely empty.

Was I crestfallen! But I was not alone in my slip-up; when I joined the others amidships it was to find that they too had been tricked. Petersham had been lured into a side corridor, where he now lay bloated with the grisly message: Overdone! This went on over the days. We never set eyes on THEM, but Jill was taken a few days later; a paper found on her berth portrayed a large ampersand, and the epitaph: A mere cipher.

Only young Edwards and myself were left. No doubt they chose to spare him deliberately, knowing how he rasped on my nerves. Much must be forgiven to youth, but I found it hard to overlook his masturbating in my porridge. You know what happened to Edwards. Now I alone remain. What next?

20:00 I can hear them howling like demons aloft. They will be down for me soon. Will there be any further entry in this log?

21:00 (The remainder of the log is barely legible) There will! There is! You will recall that my spare autowriter had been left to mock me by my suit. Now, as they surround me, stuffing me into the armour, they have forgotten to remove it from my reach. The logbook is concealed in my waistband--and now I withdraw my arm from the suiting, and safely inside and unobserved, am scribbling these last words. Do they suspect? No; they are too busy now at some maniacal jest of their own, something at my expense no doubt. I had expected to be dumped out of the ship at once, but for the moment they are all clustered round the duplicate screen and controls by the airlock. My mind reels at the sight of them. Many lifetimes now the legend of the Phantom Critics of Space has circulated among the vilest reading dens of the spaceports, but never yet did human eye see them in the ghost, as I see them now. Death pale, their faces yet glow with an indescribably hideous phosphorescence. From tale and picture of old I recognise them--Amis, Connolly, Raven, Toynbee, Brophy--all the eldritch crew of the undead. An now I can see the cause of their excitement. Somehow, by some evil art, culled from who knows what nameless hell, they have found out how to overpass even the great engines of our day. I have said that it should have been months before we reached Earth--yet even now Amis has broken us out of hyper-space, and Raven is guiding us down; in the screen I see The Smoke itself swinging up to meet us.

My last view of London by night! Something extraordinary is going on down there; the city is a sea of blazing lights, raining and exploding over spire, block and park, in colours rivalling the very stars I have watched for so long and shall never see again(Unless the Theosophists are right about Reincarnation--but thts is no time for idle theorising). These lights--what can they

be? Is it possible that--but of course--GUY FAWKES' NIGHT!

Down we go.

I can see those proud buildings, citadels of my own joy and youth, rising to meet us. Thomson House, the Daily Express building, the Daily Mirror slab--the tears course down my cheeks. Am I never to pace your corridors again?

And now They turn towards me, their fangs slaver-ing in unholy joy.

My suited form is being hustled helplessly into the airlock.

Now the outer door slides open. London, a sea of exploding lights, lies before me. I....

-oOo-

CORRECTIONS TO THE ROBERT MOORE WILLIAMS FEATURES LASTISH

Jim Corrick, peerless(or less) bibliographer, got in several new shipments of indexes and sources just about the time last issue went to that machine in my livingroom to be printed. The following are the only changes to the Robert Moore Williams listings in issues 4&5: delete the following(they are probably by Silverberg, Garret, or others who used some of the same housenames as RMW did)--under Alexander Blade delete The Alien Dies at Dawn, The Ambassador's Pet, Weds Morning Sermon, Warrior Queen of Mars, Battle for the Stars, The Silver Medeus, Android Kill, & 3117 Half-credit Uncirculated. Delete under E.K.Jarvis Never Trust a Martian & Moon of Death. Also delete from the Alexander Blade list: Brainstorm. Jim says there are absolutely no new additions unless RMW has sold something not on the stands yet, BUT I think he did miss a few, BUT I'm usually wrong.

Also: Jim found another John Jakes story for that list--Scream of the Wergs in May63 FANTASTIC written under the Jay Scotland penname.

-oOo-

 EVERYTIME I HAVE A BLANK SPACE TO FILL GUESS WHAT HAS TO BE USED?????

FANZINE REVIEWS

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, Richard Geis, box3116, Santa Monica, Cal90403. #37, Apr70, 56pp, 50¢ each or 75¢ first class, monthly more or less This is supposed to be the best fanzine in existance. It is a zine run by a pro, mainly, for discussion by the pros, mainly. Interesting and informative. It would be pointless to say why it isn't perfect. RATES 8½
 AVERNUS, Michael Dobson, 1310 Buchanan St., Charlotte, NC. 28203. #2, Spring70, 100pp, 50¢, supposed to be qtrly but don't believe it. This one includes a reprinted pro detective story of The Saint, a batch of features which may interest you or not, the usual fanzine natterings including quite a bit on Alabama fandom or what there is of it(was). If you're a southern fan, a screenplay SF fan, etc. this is for you. RATE 8
 HOSTIGOS, Penn State SFS, c/o Fred Ramsey V-202 Bluebell, State College, Pa. 16801. #1 March70, 50pp more or much less, 50¢???, irregular. They learned what not to do on this issue. It's readable, fairly interesting(usual fanzine material) and a good example for a club to follow EXCEPT double spacing, blank pages, too much money of members burned up, and not enough material in the huge amount of space(comparitively)they had. RATES 4. 4 MAYBE

Incidently, on my scale 10 is perfect, last issue was a 4 RATE and this one only a 6 at best.

LETTERSSS

LANE LAMBERT, Rt#2, Boaz, Alabama 35957

In answer to your questions: Boaz is approximately 50 miles south of Huntsville - it's in Marshall County. Population about 6,500. Concerning the NFFF: I have known of its existence, but had not read anything detailed about the organization. I have also read of Agacon 70 - I believe I saw mention of it in an issue of GALAXY. I'd like to attend; I doubt that I can, but just in case, could you give me more information on it: Guests of Honor, program, etc.?

About that review in AMAZING--I hope I didn't mislead you. It was only listed: address, length, repro type, etc. Judging from the copy I received, it deserves to be reviewed. It's pleasant, and editorial personality is not missing. Plus, it's a nice size - not an 80 page monster like David Malone. Your Andre Norton article was especially good. Janet Fox's story was nice (in a gruesome manner) also. It reminded me of "The Bees From Borneo" in Conklin's OMNIBUS OF SF. "The Snarkelfink's Story"-- I just quite don't know...

In my first letter, I wrote you that I was planning to put out my own fanzine. Now that school is over, I can go ahead and get it done. NEXUS will be short and mimeographed. (Have you seen a copy of Arnie Katz's FOCAL POINT?) A good bit of material will be local, but I would appreciate you sending me some info on Agacon, N3F, or something else that I could include. I'll send you a copy as soon as I get it printed.

Have seen copies of WARHOON, SFR, LOCUS and/or EGOBOO?
What do you think of them? -oOo-

ANSWER: Note I didn't break in, in the middle of his letter--I told you I was getting better. Re Agacon: Send \$2.50 to Glen Brock Box10885 Atlanta, Ga. 30310 and beat him on the head until he gets reservation cards from the hotel to send people who write in to ask him. If you go with a person to split a single, I think you can get away with \$9 a night or less. GoH is Sam Moscowitz, program is fans, pros, art, hucksters, usual con stuff with little formal program. Consult the pamphlet I relayed you. Dates are the weekend of 14Aug if memory serves. Re NFFF: send \$2 per year (at least one Jan to Jan year plus fraction) to Janie Lamb Rt1 Box364, Heiskell, Tn. 37754 and there's no telling what'll happen--there's so many bureaus and publications, none of them too dependable, that no matter what your fannish heart desires, it's there if you dig it up.

Re FOCAL POINT: I would hope you are more like the late lamented RALLY in being a Southern small frequent fan newszine. You think 80pp is bad (tell Malone to send me a copy and I'll trade him) you should have seen Mike Dobson's 100pp AVERNUS, you Ala. fans are mad. I have seen WARHOON and have no copy or no comment either. SFR is mentioned elsewhere in this. LOCUS same as WARHOON. -oOo- IMK

ROBERT WEINBERG, 127 Clark Street, Hillside, New Jersey 07205

There is really not that big a market for s&s short stories, even in fanzines, unless I wanted to resort to comic fanzines, which I've done to a small extent. But, I like to keep my stuff in SF zines so whenever you get the story in print, fine with me. ((NOW; here; next??.. .IMK)) I sent a piece into DOUBLE BILL years back ("A Modest Proposal") and it was just published in a fanzine that Bowers started after DB folded. Someone reviewing my piece said that it was a little dated. Sure was, considering it was published two years after it was written.

The Smith stories, at least, don't age.

The Porges story was based on the famous Fermat's last Theorem. It gave the reader at least, the feel for the tremendous subject matter scope in mathematics with not even Satan being able to solve the problem in 24 hours. And, it treated math in a friendly and sympathetic manner, not as a terribly cold field. Did you ever read Lovecraft's "Dreams in the Witch House"? It employs math in a very fine horror story. If you want to try a math story, a time travel story back to Newton, or bringing him forward, ((how about Poul Anderson's OPERATION CHANGLING which brought back Bolchai and Lobe-what's his name, the other great non-Euclidean geometer as geomancers...IMK)) and giving him a try at modern math, or Gauss for that matter and see what he could develop. In "Giants from Eternity", Manly Wade Wellman brings some of the great scientists of all time back to life to conquer a world menace. Newton is one, but a disappointing one. He and Gauss probably had the greatest power of concentration on mathematical problems of any mathematician who ever lived. But, he is presented as a physicist in the story. Let Newton work on Unified Field Theory, and solve it, with interesting results. There might be a story. In the same vein, might I mention "Gomez", by Kornbluth, the story of a mathematician but only vaguely SF.

I, too, would like to see all the Smith stories in one spot. However, the sameness of many of the stories (as in "A Thing of Bones" and "The Damned Dance") would tend to kill this. And, there are still many stories to be told. At least, I hope so. -oOo-

ANSWER: I'm not sure what I've read and what I haven't; similar themes and titles and having read a good deal many years back.... Anyway, how about doing what I want Janet Fox to do? Put all the Smith stories in some order (after writing them all at least in outline with a few extra details and sketches), then go back, write bridge material and interpose scenes in and outside of the already written stories which tie them all into a interwoven set of a few plot lines which follow the usual graph of a novel's action like say five, ninth degree polynomials with increasing maxima and a simultaneous solution just after the highest of each. For that matter I think someone ought to be able (YOU) to do a story ABOUT graphs and graphic solutions as related to some fiendish interesting batch of characters (look out on the campus for the characters--carry a taper in your back pocket and dictate to yourself at parties.....IMK -oOo-

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Please — somebody — write
some prozine reviews & fan fiction
(or pro/semi-pro for that matter). You
don't want me to have to use MY
stuff again?

A letter from George Hay is left out. The first one he wouldn't let me print and the second was short enough not to even need an answer (and George, I just didn't have anything to say in a separate airletter). And

two letters from Art Hayes plus one from Gary Labowitz which I said elsewhere would be here, won't. The next NAPA zine I do will be a special INKpub which will have them. Ditto Brian Hval. So now I have room for the piece on RMW which Perry Chapdelaine appended to his letter.

PERRY A. CHAPDELAINÉ, Rt4 Box137, Franklin, Tenn. 37064

Enclosed please find a shorty originally written Dean Sweatman ((what's his address, or is he one of the many fans who have unfortunately fainted permanently lately--from the world)) who, as you would know, never got around to using it. I think it particularly appropriate in view of your latest comments on Bob. Regards!

Oh yes. See that Bob gets a copy if you use it; if you don't use it, please send it back. ((but that's my policy already, Perry))

WHO'S ROBERT MOORE WILLIAMS?

At a Science Fiction Writer's of America (SFWA) cocktail party: "Have you seen any of Robert Moore Williams' letters? They are so vitrollic, I wonder if the man is sane?"

Another man, same party. "His letters have driven two SFWA president's crazy so far!"

Fan letter. "...thank you for creating such beauty!...they are as great as the works of C.S. Lewis... like a religious experience." ((I almost agree, but he only approaches Lewis at best...IMK))

A group of mod fans standing around jawing. "He's just an old hack writer--a cowboy story writer--he's nowhere man!"

Sitting at the kitchen table in a pro-writer's home. ((tell me who he is so I can send him this issue...IMK)) "One of the oldtime pros--can write space-opera, genuine SF, kid stuff, or TV scripts, on demand, on time, under contract."

At a writer's conference. "He's a nobody!"

Aside from the obvious fact that that nobody is a nobody except, perhaps, the one who is making such an assertion, just who is this man, Robert Moore Williams, who apparently stirs such mixed emotions from such mixed groups?

Looking back on thirty years of continuous SF reading, always, everywhere, Robert Moore Williams was there first. Up to twenty years ago he was a name--just a name attached to good, readable SF stories found then in abundance in every newsrack. Nearly twenty years ago the name became a face, a body, a human, even a friend.

Unlike the usual fan, I was blessed with the opportunity to know a number of the SF greats as friends first, their writings representing merely another way of earning daily bread. Fortunately Robert Moore Williams was among this group.

I remember him best with cherubic, re-cheeked face and grin topping his moderately heavy set build. His average height was accented by a totally bald head bordered by a u-shaped rim of short cropped white hair looking for all the world like a Roman grape-leaf crown. Hesitation to accept him as either devil or angel soon gave way to a fine feeling of comfort under his warmth and openness.

His ego is huge and, unlike so many others of over-sized psyche, he will freely share his excesses, hopefully to show that "in spite of the threat of the hydrogen bomb, riots, plague, famine, and red war, this old world--this old universe--is still a fantastically wonderful place and that if you have the eyes to see it, wonder is everywhere."

He is a huge, aged, teddy-bear of a child; he is essentially innocent of life's--real life's--ways. Whenever the universe, and its people, differ from his idealistic, child-like image, he strikes back with scatologically oriented printed words and a trembling, hurt tone of voice, physically burying himself further into his hermit's cave where things are more orderly and people are absent!

I like Bob!

Next time the sophisticated fan-group, the over-analytical SF critic, the latest in New Wave-~~anti~~-everything, and the all-around down grader meets together in studious inharmony, tell them that I like Robert Moore Williams because under his curmudgeness is a fine, decent, fellow who is ethical, honest, upright and is willing to be a friend to those who need a friend!

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[illegible]

CUYLER WARNELL BROOKS, JR., 713 Paul Street, Newport News, Va. 23605
 ((Ned, how come you always sign "Ned" like everyone calls you but do not have it ever on any name stamp or return address you put down?...))
 Thanks for the MAYBE - maybe.... Seriously, it's improving. Nowhere to go but up...

So why is the Table of Contents in the middle? Hah? ((It is always on the second page of the genzine version regardless of what page in the combined version that happens to be; you should be glad I even have a table of contents and/or colophon...IMK))

The answer to the trivia question is, of course, Ed Meskys.... I got ORIFLAMME today from Hank's ((Is that Hank Rienhard, Lord of the Middle Kingdom of the Society for Creative Anachronism or H.R. of the sword and sword&saucer collection?)) and blunder ((that's blunder as I tried to cut pencils at 11PM after a full day of Engr. classes on a second hand electric typer that is beginning to behave like second hand...IMK)) crowd; the editor was begging someone to tell him what 'conflu' is!

Is your 'limited distribution' copyright still good if you sell copies? ((I think the limit is 200 in print--no mention of sales either way))

What in the name of Chu is an 'Analogue of Venus'? ((alternate world, probably in same time-line universe but in a different part--an unknown number of light centuries away but connected to the vicinity of the similar planet in this region by some sort of "door" in space OR the planet Venus in a story cosmos different from our own but practically the same on Earth)) The book reviews would have been better if you had mentioned the illustrators' names. ((NYET!! Most readers, given a limited amount of space would prefer more info or insight into the book itself--yes some agree with you but you'll have to get them to write the reviews if you want them that way...IMK))

I never heard of an 'acetylene flashlight', but if you mean a light that runs on compressed gas like an acetylene torch, I don't see how it could turn itself back on after going out. Be hard to carry the gas for it too. Maybe you meant a carbide lamp like cavers use, but it still won't turn itself back on. ((I meant something unspecified something like either or both of the two things you mentioned. In the story I had it, it DID NOT turn ITSELF back on--you were supposed to correctly conclude that such was impossible and that something spooking was going on--exactly what spookiness was left to the readers' imagination but in my mind the inhabitants of the abyss were able to mentally suppress the recording of light on nervous tissue of all beings in their home Pit...IMK))

SFPA's 'original material' rule means pretty much what it says. At least 3 of the 6 pages required for every two consecutive mailings have to be your own original writing, meaning that you wrote it and it has never been published anywhere before. It does not have to be fiction, of course. All forms of writing count, including poetry and mailing comments.

21 copies of your zine would have been quite sufficient... I think Lon has a fireplace... ((I hope his fire burns brightly this summer. You said the mailing deadline was 21 May. It is 18 Jun and I have NO word from him but a canceled check through the bank. I will gladly do 12pp for the mailing after the first one I receive and not collate those into anything but special issues for SFPA until after I receive the mailing in which those 12pp appear but I mailed the first SFPA edition weeks in advance of

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of your system soon. Fairly well written but depressing...((you can say that again--it stays out as long as I have masses of better stuff but it is NOT out of my system and files yet...IMK))

all Robert Moore Williams will appreciate being referred to as a "competent minor writer!" I will add the issue to my bibliography collection. One of these days I will index my indexes--I think I have more than Tillman even.

that she had something ready to mail to SFC((is this the 2d one or the one she did send out to some people?))and I sent her the mailing labels I had prepared.

Look at CARANDATH((where do I get that?))or even EGGGGS. ((There was a
PS on the SFPA deal but I've already answered that))((ATKINS, where))
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