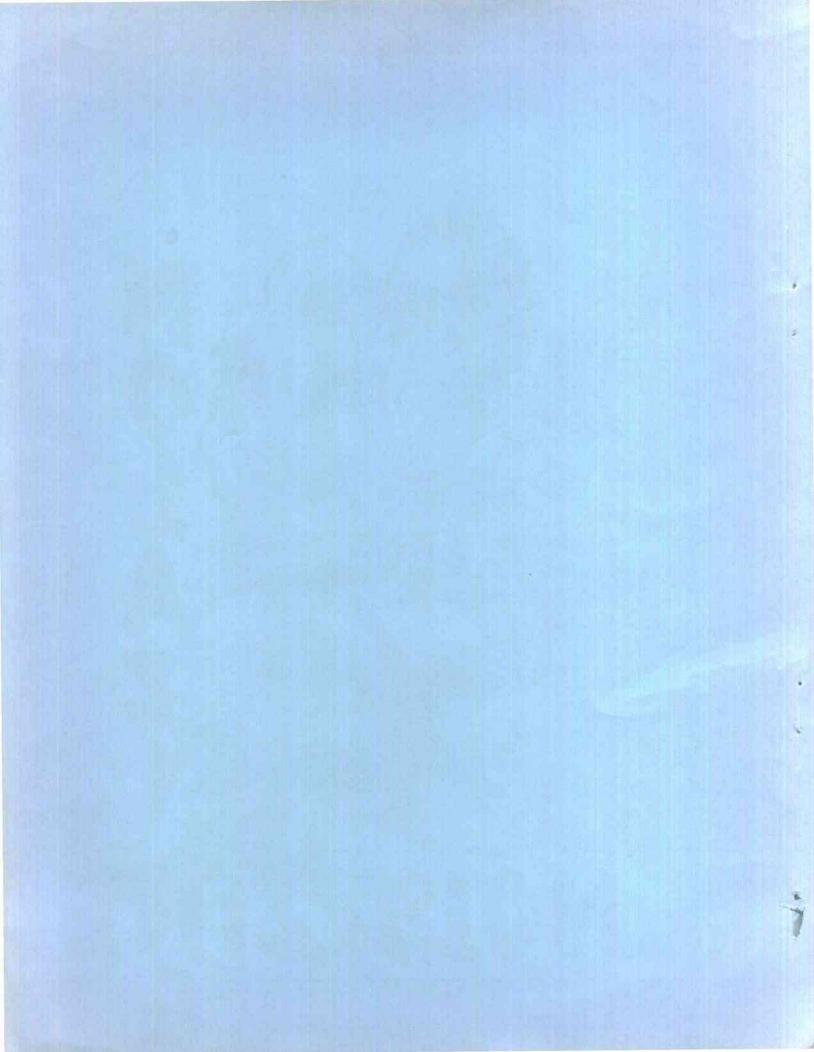


NO. NOLDATIVE



NOGAZINE 10

Cover by Stan Taylor, A.I.E.

Contents page art by George Barr

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SO! YOU WANT TO BE A SF ARTIST, story not by John B. Gaughan

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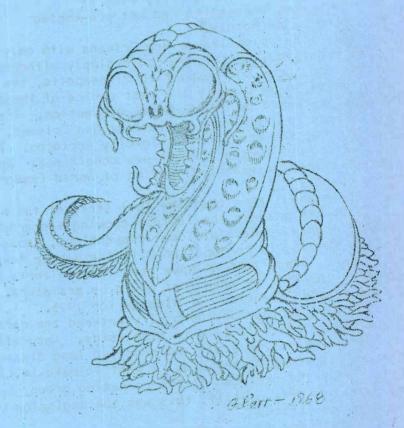
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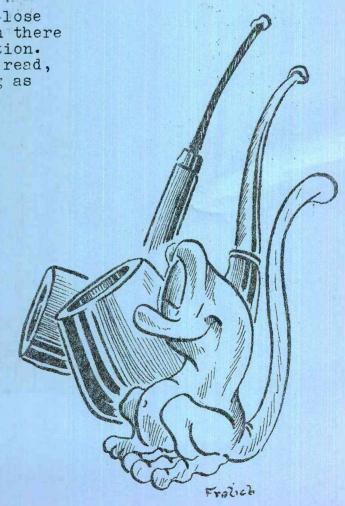
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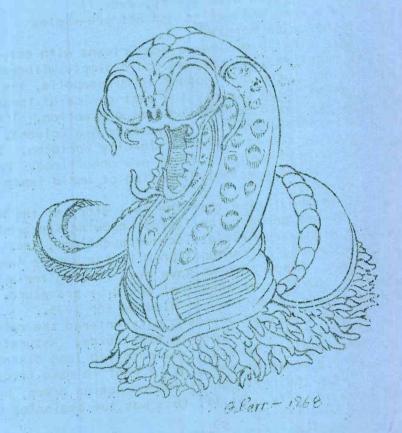
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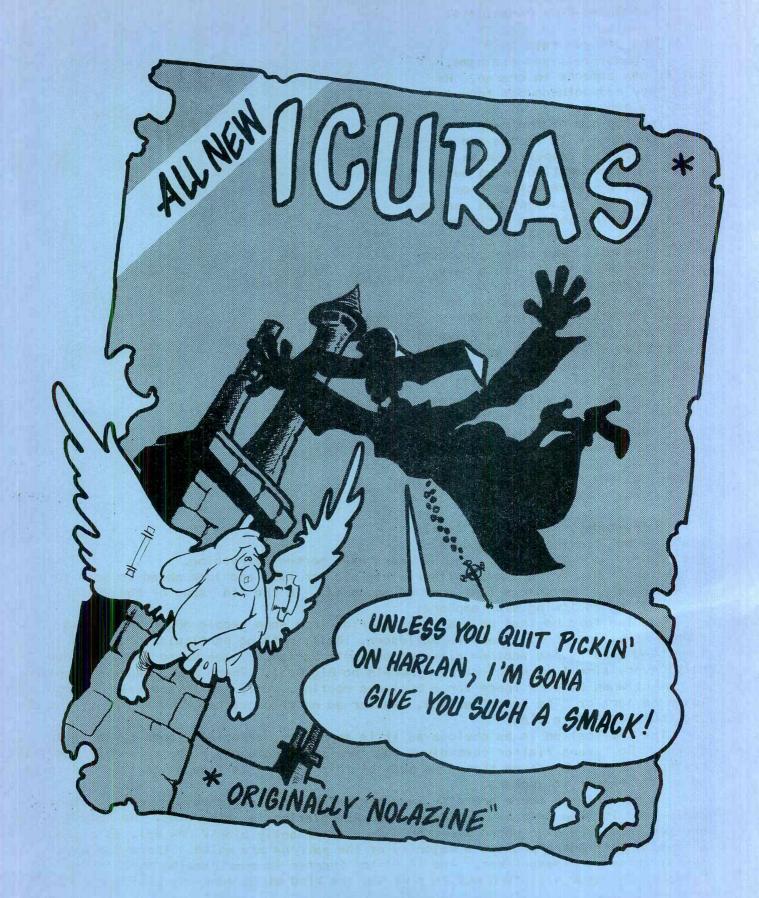
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Now it has become an annual event.

We plan to keep in shape by hosting a number of regional cons, starting, we hope, with the Deep South Con in 1971. Several hotels have already expressed an interest in holding the Deep South Con.

We'll continue to publish NOLAZINE. The proposed ICARUS, which was to replace Nolazine, was dropped when the editor-to-be turned pro and decided to write only for

money. His poem on page 38 is one exception to that rule.

Meanwhile, if you're ever in New Orleans, give us a call, 282-6475, come to a NOSFA meeting and meet the famous NOSFA anteater Rebecca. Rebecca's picture appears on page 30. Rebecca is the one on the left. She'll be the subject of a big picture story in the New Orleans Times Picayune's DIXIE ROTO magazine on April 5, by the way.

And if the Worldcon by-laws are ever straightened out (that \underline{was} to have been the subject of this editorial) you can expect a New Orleans bid \underline{very} next chance we get.



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OR ME, it all started sometime between the time Mike Collins graduated from West Point [1952] and when Neil Armstrong graduated from Perdue [1955]. I was somewhere between 4 and 8 years old, and was an avid watcher of Captain Video.

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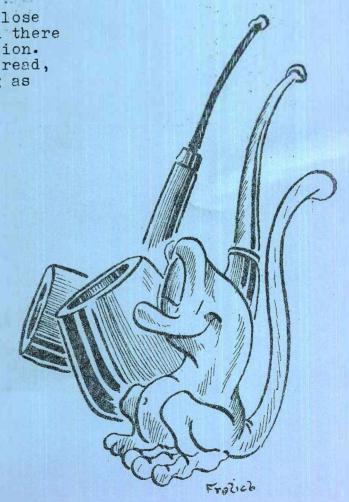
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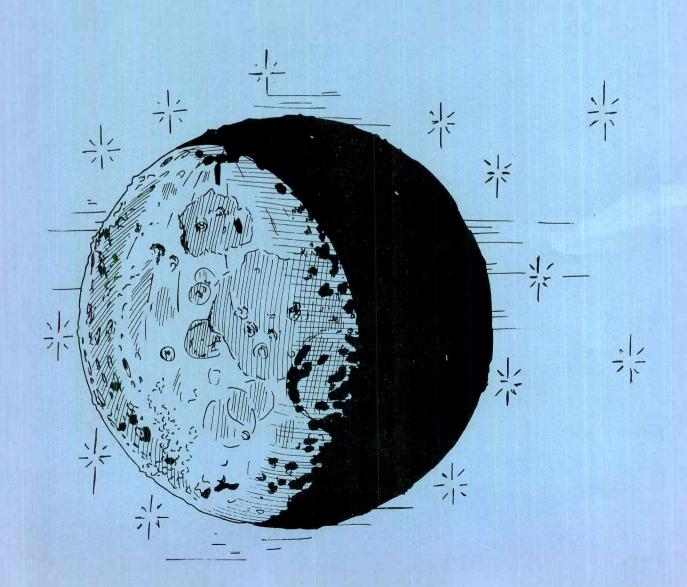
I was in the fourth grade during most of International Geophysical Year [1956-57], and the weekly bulletin the school subscribed to for each student carried stories about attempts during the "year" to launch an artificial satellite. I became a precocious expert on the Vanguard program. I followed each of the eight attempted launches in the newspapers, and watched each one fail.

But still I kept the faith. These were only temporary setbacks, and I had begun to believe that very soon we would be going into space.

And then, on Oct. 4, 1957, vindication caught me by surprise. Sputnik was a success. Nobody will ever know how many Soviet satellite attempts failed, but all of a sudden space became a vital thing to everyone.

I got the impression from attitudes in the news media at the time that the United States had been perfectly capable of launching a satellite for years, but had not thought it worth the effort. What small souls men must have had! Now, however, it seemed as though the time had come to bypass the ineffectual Vanguard program and start something stronger.

Within three months, our Explorer I was orbiting. Now it was just a matter of time. Twelve years later, we have landed men on the Moon. All of us who grew up with me and believed with me are justified.





So where do we go from here? When Arthur C. Clarke was interviewed on television prior to the launching of Apollo 12, he was asked if he was becoming blase about Moon landings now that we were about to launch our second. He replied that he would be blase about it the second time he went himself. The next step, then, is to open space up for everyone.

A lot of people think we should immediately put all our energy into going to Mars. I think not. We've already proven we can land a man on an alien planet, and going to Mars would just be a refinement of technique. There's still a lot to do in Earth-Moon space.

A dozen years from now, there must be permanent Earth-orbiting space stations, permanent Moon-orbiting space stations, and permanent bases on the Moon. These are coming. By the end of this decade, NASA envisions over 300 launches a year--almost one a day.

We're getting there. Right. And I'm getting there. Twenty-five years from now--probably not long after the first manned Mars landing--there will be commercial flights to the Moon. And I'm going to be on one. I'm going to the Moon, and I'm going to reach out and touch one of those rocks--and it's not going to be papier mache.

This story, co-authored with Jack Gaughan, successfully captures some of his own personal traits as well as the difficulties of the SF artist in the real world. In fact, Jack wanted to burn the final draft but his wife threatened to hide his beer-can opener if he did!

Perry

Sol YDU Wami to be a st Artist?

Story not by John B. Gaughan

Art not by Perry A. Chapdelaine

There are times, they say, when it just doesn't pay to attend SF art conventions and I was beginning to suspect this was one of them.

First, my paint brushes, which I had carefully grown and curried throughout the past year, were frazzling on me. When I tried to comb them out with the convention's courtesy polyspastic comb, static electricity caused each hair to stand away from every other hair.

Now I ask you, how can a body paint when her brushes behave

that way?

I was still fussing over my body-brushes when the daylight-not more than fifty-six hours on this convention planet--began to fade and shift into the 6500 angstrom region. Naturally I opened my flexible iris folds to permit the entrance of more light but with the shift in wave length, my painting no longer seemed to hold proper texture and balance.

No sooner was I reconciled to my plight--drying off my body-brushes and folding up my easel--when that over-bearing, conceited, egotistical Rixel Pix, the third, from Adelpixy IV blowed himself

my way.

I almost lost my temper when his underjets blew dust over my easel before I could get it properly sealed but then I thought of our founder's immortal words: "When attending the annual intergalactic SF art convention, hold your tempers as close as you would your angstroms, for every member has a right to his imagination, even as you have to yours!"

The words of our illustrious founder were not quite pertinent to my present circumstances but they did serve to placate me and

that was the whole point anyway.

Rixel Pix, the third, belonged to a marshy world. Still, how his kind had ever evolved, I'll never quite understand. He was baggy with blow-holes underneath and air scoops on top. He took in air from the top and blew it out through the bottom and this provided his sole means of locomotion, enabling him to ride everywhere on a comfortable cushion of hot air.

Eyes surrounded his air-scoop and he had the disconcerting habit of looking one right in the eye while his big balloon-like body

darted here and there without any apparent pattern.

I quietly tightened my brush muscles, folding them inward-though they were not dry--and I tucked my easel behind my third external carapace so it would be better protected from Rixel Pix's blowing. Only then did I turn back to my guest resigned to my fate.

As one of the newest members to the SF art-club, it would not have been seemly for me to walk away from one of its eldest and most successful members. Rixel Pix's reputation had traveled evertwhere. He was listed among the galaxy's top SF illustrators. Could he help it that his reputation as a wind-bag had also preceded him?

I put all prejudices aside and adopted the innocent stance of my

I put all prejudices aside and adopted the innocent stance of my number three husband. "Good evening Rixel Pix, the third," I said in as propitiative a tone as possible."

"So!" he replied in his blowing manner, "You want to be a SF

artist! One of our newest members, aren't you?"

I nodded my facial tube in quick acquiescence.
"Well, friend," he boomed out, "I, Rixel Pix, the third, am
always happy to reach out a helping hand to beginners. Never let
it be said that Rixel Pix, the third, would not reach to the very
bottom of life and help a fellow artist up the long, treacherous
ladder of fame. Why I remember once on Delphin Berrin V when..."

I interrupted at this point since I had heard believable stories on just how long and how unbelievable his bombasities could become. "What kind of background does it take to be a SF artist?" I asked.

He blew his way around me in darting, jerking motions and snorted several times before answering. "Well, let me think. Hmmmm! Yes, that's a most difficult question, my friend. You see, most any kind of background will do-teacher, flarg grokker, advertising art director, gadget taster, oil-well manufacturer, saucer mechanic, time expander---say! awareness inducer is a real good background.

"Yes! Yes! Most any kind of background is just fine."

Rixel Pix's blowing stayed steady and I could see he was just

warming up to his subject.

"There are two exceptions, though. Don't ever advise a writer or editor to try the field, friend. They'll starve to death before they make their first sale!"

"Oh yes! Another word of caution is appropriate, too. Anyone who does become a SF artist shouldn't try writing. In the intergalactic language of mathematics, the intersection of the set of writers and the set of artists is the null set -- strictly empty of any elements at all!"

"Why I remember once back on Dungeon planet, the seventh, when

this young fellow..."

I was caught by this old wind-bag but I was determined not to sit through any of his long windish tales, so I interrupted his concoction again, "Please, Mr. Rixel Pix, could you be more specific about successful artist backgrounds?"

Every one of his eyes quivered as he blew around me several more times, "Hmmmm! he said, "I don't know about the new hatching. Are you sure you aren't getting a little impudent with me, friend?"

I made the third universal sign of propitation by curling my body in the "S" shape through it was most difficult to do in my present seasonal form.

"You say you're not?" he snorted.
"Well all right! Here's one kind of background type that will probably do OK as a SF artist. I, Rixel Pix, the third, started out as a lowly awareness expander. My early life was spent twisting knobs and dials to please crabby customers whose natural sensorium was no longer functioning well. Still I did not complain nor cry out against a cruel world. I, Rixel Pix, the third, bore my status in quiet while using every one of my spare moments to practice and perfect my art. When my day fell, I was ready, I...

"Who started SF art work on your planet?" I interrupted has-

"Let's see. That must have been twenty or thirty thousand revolutions ago. Before the lovely marshes covered my planet, cave entities drew pictures of natural history on the walls of their crude

homes, depicting gruesome monsters of the period.

"Later on two rather bright Pixes combined science with art work, drawing imaginative vehicles whose principles were not yet known to our kind. Many revolutions of the planet passed before the saying appeared about 1623 A.M. -- that's after the Marshes, of course.

"'One picture is worth a thousand words!' was the saying.

got everyone started in the field."

I had never heard such a faked-up, glossed-over set of historical facts so I was understandably impudent with my next question.

"Are you sure of the facts, Mr. Rixel Pix?"

For a moment I thought he would blow up completely. He seemed to scoop in air forever, getting bigger and bigger all of the time. I stood back and waited for all that air to blow out in one big bundle, but it never did.

He swelled up for a while then quietly said, "Of course I am!" I sort of regretted my earlier question, so I asked him my most impressive one, "Just what kind of characteristics ought to go into

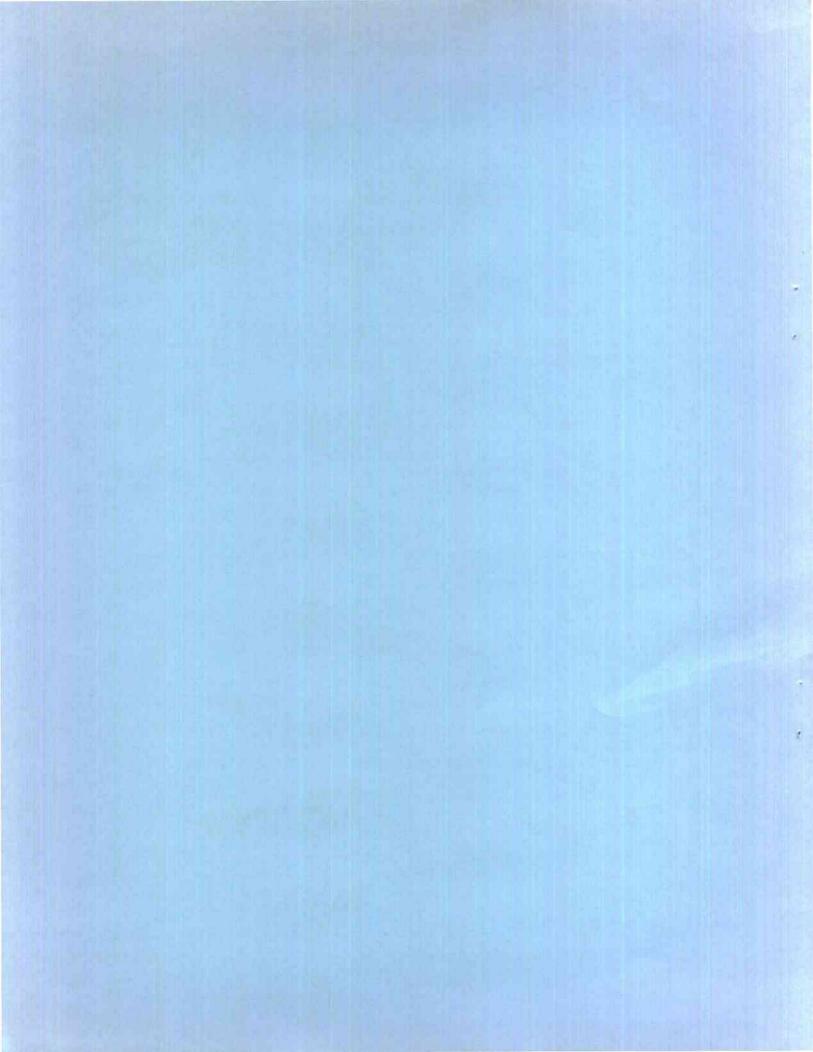
the drawing of a good Bug-Eyed Monster?"

He let out a long, shrill whistle, releasing some of his pent-up air. "I'll do better than tell you," he said pompously. "I'll draw you one and you can study the characteristics in detail after

I'm gone."

He blew his way over to a sandy spot, turned his air scoop toward it, and sucked sand in with the wind. Moving rapidly in skitterish motions, he blew the sand through his narrowest out-tube against the face of a protruding rock. The etched picture looked like





I looked at the picture and idly commented, "Sure is the

weirdest I've ever seen."

Mr. Rixel Pix huffed and puffed again, but not so great this time. "You say the appearance is weird? Look, friend, I've done my best to explain facts as they are. I've taken time away from important work to give you insight in the field. I wouldn't draw silly BEM's just to tease, believe me.
"Now I've really got to hurry. Try not to interrupt so often,

will you?"

I guessed that I had touched another sensitive spot so I

remained quiet.

"Let's see. Where was I? Oh yes. You've got to look at other important factors in the SF art field too. For example, have you ever considered how the SF artist gets attention from cold-blooded editors from Reptilia IX?

Rixel Pix, the third, was a pompous wind-bag all right, but he was beginning to get my attention now. It had long seemed to me that editor-attention-getting was really the key to success in the

SF art field.

"Back on my world of Adelpixy IV," he continued, "there is a lowly but useful mudgator which we use for our manual underwater chores. Why I remember the time I was blowing along the surface of the marsh when I came to another Pixy who was beating the mudgator over the head just as hard as he could with his mudgator stake.

"'Friend, ' I said, 'You shouldn't hit a poor dumb animal that Those mudgator stakes are made of hard floating siliconaceous

fibers, you know?'"

I let Rixy Pix ramble on without interruption this time since I was interested in his secret to getting the SF editor's attention. "Well, you know what that Pixy farmer said?"

I moved my body in the universal language of negation.

"He said, 'Whose beating the gator? I'm just trying to get its

attention so's I can give it its instructions!"

Here Rixy Pix scuttled backward and forward and upward and downward just hooing and hawing through its jets as loud as he could. The joke was terribly old and not even will told and I sort of guessed what his next application of it would be. Sure enough, he said, "One of the best ways of getting the editor's attention is to walk up to him, holding the mudgator stake behind your back, smiling. The swaat!"

Rixy Pix went off into another paroxysm of hooting and hawing laughter. I quietly waited out his latest misplaced convulsions. When he settled down he continued, still in serious vein, "Of course, now that I think about it, it is a little out of date. Editors have become wiser during the last one hundred revolutions and manage to arrange most of their work at home. They don't give out their address often and they move frequently, causing all sorts of difficulties when utilizing this method.

"No! The more I think on it, probably that method of getting attention is out of date now. Times have changed and we ought to

change with them.

"Here's a modern thought. Either the editor has got to get to

you or you've got to get to him."

He looked at me as though this latest profundity was a brilliant gem, given from one who was all-wise to one who was all-innocent. I'd heard better.

"Since there is only one editor and there are many SF artist aspirants (teacher, flarg grokker, advertising art director, gadget taster, oil-well manufacturer, saucer mechanic, time expander and awareness inducer) it is self-evident that, unless the editor can multi-locate his body to be in many places at the same time, he'll probably never get to you. Though I've known some editors who mult-locate well whenever they get angry, usually their body doesn't seem to function well under those conditions."

Here Rixy Pix's eyes sort of vibrated as he waited for my appreciative response to his humor. I made a serious humor response by wiggling my whole body in the universal sign, though this shook the

earth somewhat due to my weight.

His bombastic manner continued, "What to do?"

"Well, you get to him, since there is only one of you. All you have to do is convince him that you are reliable, able and familiar with SF."

"How do you do that?" I naively asked.

Rixy Pix, the third, huffed and puffed over my question, acting for all the world as though it were improper. I still think it was an important question but he just glossed over it.

"I'm well established in the field so I don't have to worry over that part of the problem!" he said with frosty reverberations

in his blow tubes.

A little to rapidly, I thought, he said, "Let's pass along, now, and assume that you, too, are an established, reliable, able SF artist. Your next problem is how to earn a living."

"What!" I exclaimed, somewhat taken back. "Don't established

SF artists make a living?"

Rixy Pix could see he was finally getting an emotional response from me so he drove the point in further. "You didn't think the field was an honest profession did you? Now you've got to get out and scrounge. It's lucky if you started out as an awareness expander or saucer mechanic because they are always in such short supply. You won't starve while you draw and paint. Of course, being a teacher is a little difficult what with such tiny wages being paid nowadays. Why, I remember once on Jostin's planet when one cute little oldmaid school teacher..."

"I think I understand your main principle, Mr. Rixy Pix. Don't

give up your other job!"

His eyes sort of wiggled in and out for a moment, indicating some loss in mental direction from my picking up his main point so quickly. He recovered well, however, then continued, "One day one of those cold-blooded editor types has to meet a deadline--the wheels of production grind on and it becomes time to produce the SF magazine. Does he pick up the phone and say, 'Hey, Mr. Rixy Pix, I'd like to have you think up a real fancy picture for this story by A.P. Zugwell entitled ALL THE STARS IN THE SKY ARE MINE TONIGHT. I thought you'd maybe make it a half page with BEM's, half-naked females and a coupla' type A stars scattered around to give it the genuine SF feel. If you can come up with a real lulu, I'll let you have a whole page, though.'?"

I was all attention now. Rixy Pix was finally starting to say

something.

"You can bet your last anti-grav pill no cold-blooded editor is going to talk like that. What he will do is send you some 'page proofs' which consist of uncorrected type and the title and the little

blurb of whatever story he wants illustrated. The proofs will contain no more complicated instructions than 'Two pages and title spot. July 15.'

"If you've become a shrewd SF artist, as well as reliable, able and familiar with the field, you'll try to spread your stories equally among the various page proofs. After the stories are set-

up in type, the space left over is where the SF art goes.

"One of the most important things that you must know as a SF artist is how to draw bug-eyed-monsters that don't look like ordinary type of intergalactic life forms. Even use of sub-microscopic life, on an expanded basis, is poor taste.

"Notice the picture which I drew for you. See the vegetablelike growth on top of the head, the cadaverous eyes and the asymme-

trically oriented top and bottom features?"

Rixy Pix pointed horizontally across the weird picture which he had etched for me in the rock with his smaller wind-blower. The light was fading fast; I had to open my iris lids all the way to

take note of his points.

Rixy Pix, the third, was now moving back and forth, huffing his way along like some great stage actor. Once he had gotten into his subject, he also got rather well wound up. But the light was now so feeble that he automatically turned on his 4136 angstrom phosphorescence.

I had a choice. Either I had to close my iris lids nearly all the way to cut out his harsh glare or I could activate my own frequency cones, counter-acting his light by proper frequency phasing. Number five husband could have handled the frequency shift better

than I, but I like to think that I do rather well.

Rixy Pix didn't seem to notice my temporary discomfort for he continued on, "Sooner or later you've got to come to grips with the writer's story. Now writers -- and editors -- always think they know what makes a good picture. They've learned how to manipulate the finite set of words in the intergalactic language into infinitely many variations thus have some right to expect to be proficient in that direction. But no SF artist has ever been able to convince them that there is a difference between the lines that go into making up a drawing and the lines that go into making up word symbols.

"Why I remember once when this cute little balloon shaped female

on Praxidosis II was talking to this one editor when ... "

"You were commenting on getting a grip on the author's story, Mr. Rixy Pix," I said with my most propititative form.

"Was I? Was I? Oh yes! Yes! Hmmmmm!

"Now you must come to grips with the author's story! Isn't that what I said?"

I nodded in silent assent.

"Sure," he continued, "you could write about your impression of the author's story by making some kind of gooey phosphorescent lines across the page. This leads to the reader's problem of interpreting your interpretation of the author's abstract visualization of what might have been, way out there.
"That isn't good, friend! That isn't good!"

I opened my iris folds wider to indicate my continued and genuine interest in his comments. I turned up the frequency damper bristles, however.

"If you want to stay in the game, you will head for the SCIENCE part of the story, drawing your BEM's to look fully operational and

and realistic and your gadgets to be fully probable. Female bodies must always be drawn nearly naked--unless, of course, their natural culture calls for nakedness, in which case, you should draw them nearly fully clothed.

"Sex is here to stay no matter the form or planet," Rixy Pix

said with windy gusto, making a gigantic Z as he said it.

"Why I remember back on this one nicely watered planet where this beautiful 5216 angstrom colored female was blowing along the surface when my craft dove through the cloud cover and..."

"You were talking about what one ought to do to stay in the SF

art game," I said rather primly.

I thought at least he should have noted that I, too, was female and therefore he should have had more reserve with some of his takes. After all, I did have my sex welded on my number four plate and with the number of eyes Rixy Pix, the third, had, he surely must have noticed.

"Oh yes! Yes!" he continued, "I've known artists who had their SF pictures come out looking like nothing more than male-holding-appendages-with-female. Of course, if that was the point of the science in the story, then that's the kind of picture to do. Usually, though, it isn't the point of the science of the story in which case the reader usually asks, what's so different about this picture? I've seen the same thing every day out in the public swimming tubes. This is science fiction?'"

"Can an artist ever draw interpretive pictures?" I asked.
"Sure he can. I do it every once in awhile. Not so much
because the story calls for it, as it sometimes will, but because I
feel a little education is called for too. Be careful though! The
readers and fans (Klonos' Claws bless them!) want their science to
change but not their art work.

"Once you are an expert in the field, friend, you will find it easy to sell your sketches and layouts to your own fans (Klonos' Claws bless them!) at the SF conventions for what I--ahem--call

'dew money.'"

Here Rixy Pix stopped snorting his way around me and unfolded one of his lower skin folds. There, resting snugly inside, were twenty or thirty Rixy Pix, the third, original sketches and layouts,

personally signed.

Once I stretched back to listen position, he continued, "Covers and paperback books provide professional status--ahem, money--for the SF artist. Some of the magazines permit the artist to send in covers on a speculative basis--just like stories by writers. They get accepted or rejected--just like stories. If they match a story already purchased, that's the story which gets the cover. If they don't match the story, the editor will twist some writer's appendage until the writer agrees to write a story which matches the cover.

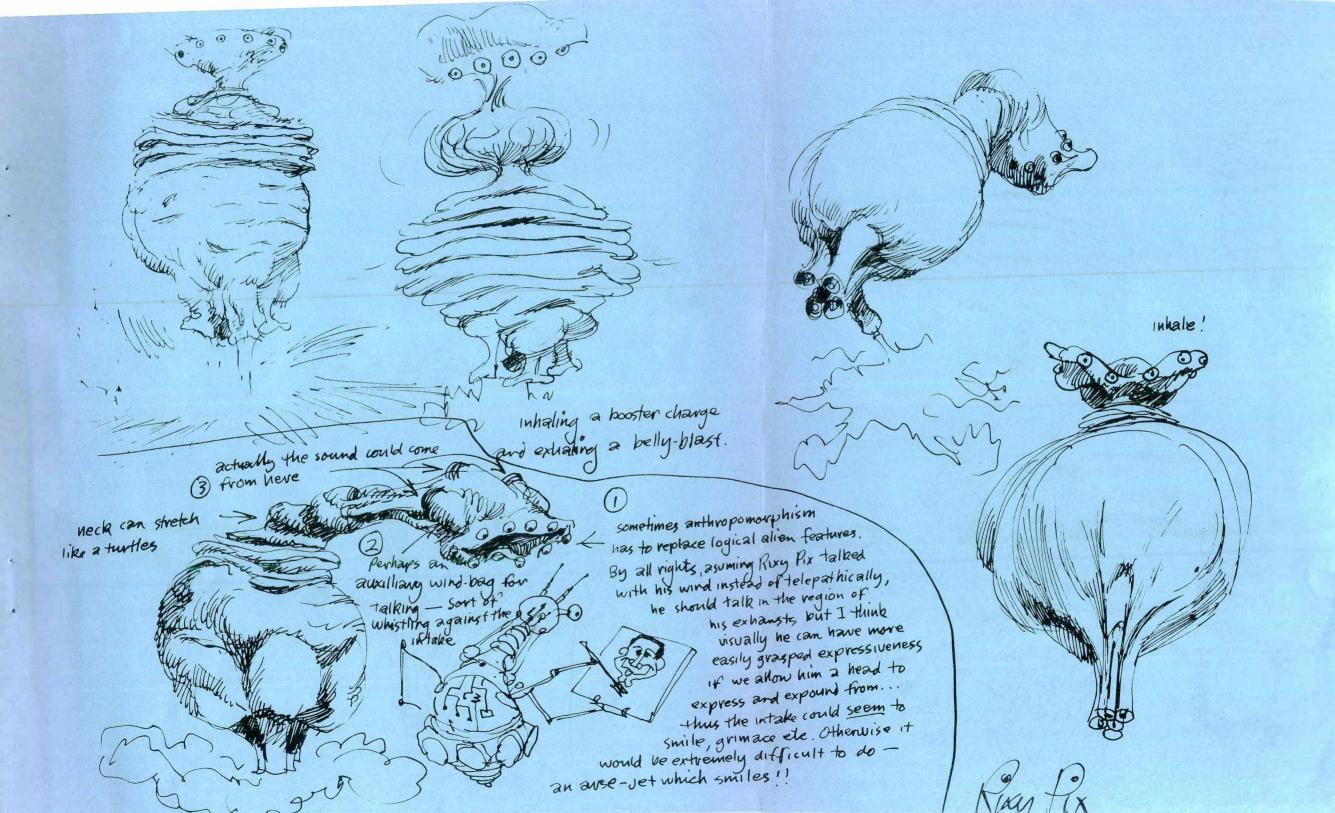
"Is it as bad as that?" I asked in genuine innocence.

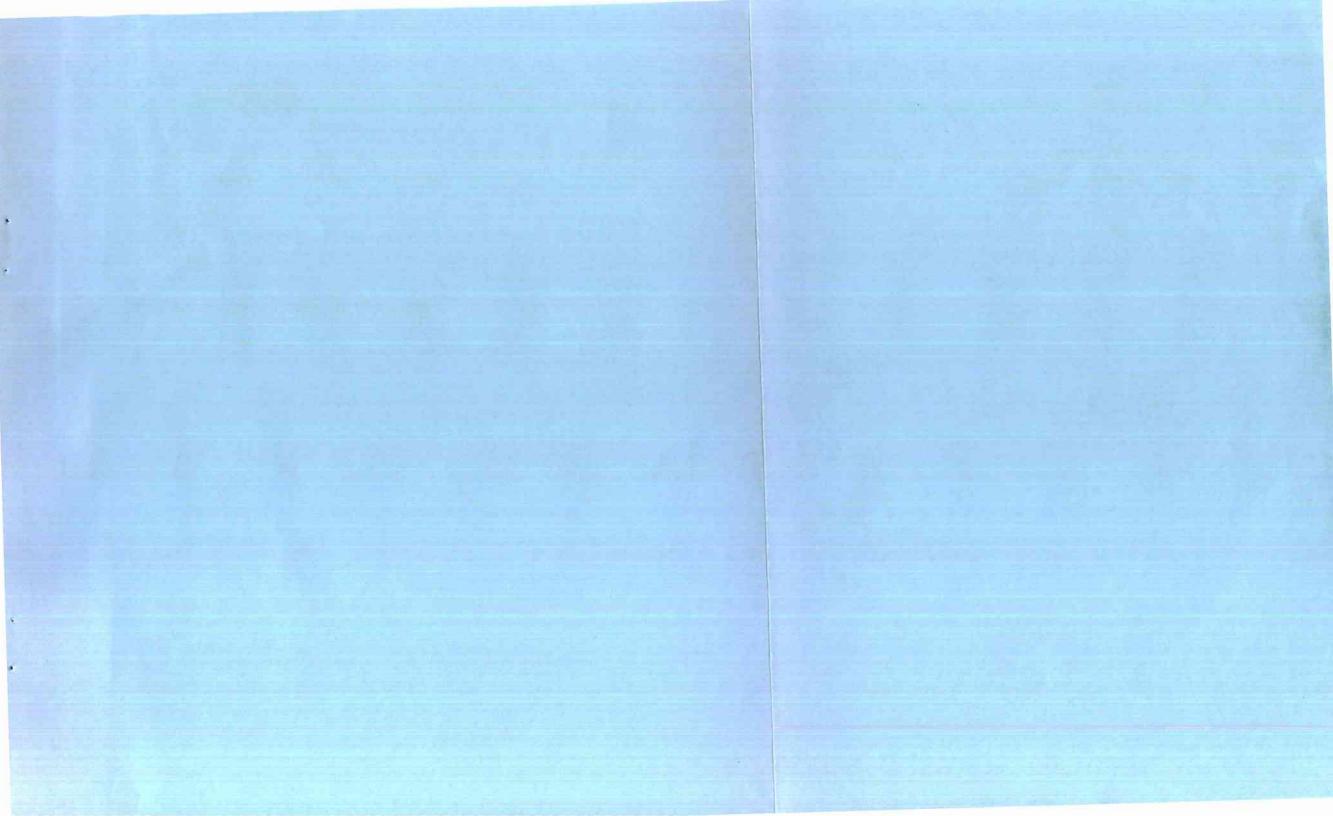
"No, friend!

"Sometimes a SF artist will receive a manuscript with instruc-

tions to 'Make out the cover story.'

"What with layouts and color engraving and Klonos-knows-what mechanical difficulties in crude color engraving still practiced by the usual in-power editor, you had better figure on lots of trips from your inner den to the editor's lair.





"Let's see, since you're going to have to create two or three sketches in color as well as revised sketches, the finished painting and its subsequent revisions will take at least a week of your effort.

Where twenty universal galactic glisten-pods per sketch may have kept your ego bolstered sufficiently for you to say, 'Look, I'm a SF artist, ' having one cover under your anti-reverberation suit will give you the same ego feeling, with one hundred and twenty-five universal galactic glisten-pods for the week's effort. Let me tell you, that's more than you could make teaching school nowadays!"

Somewhat shocked at the low rate of pay, I blurted out with,

"Where's the real money?"

Rixy Pix joggled back and forth sharply several times, then said, "Well! It's all universal galactic credits and that's supposed to be real money everywhere, isn't it?"

"I didn't mean it that way, Mr. Rixy Pix. I meant, where does

one earn larger shares of money?"

"Oh! You want to know about more money. Why didn't you say so? This intergalactic language is so full of vernacular nowadays. Why I remember back in twenty seven ought and six A.M. when language was really clear. I had stopped over a small, smelly lump of grass to better view this female when ... "

"You were talking about more money, Mr. Rixy Pix."

"To be sure! To be sure!

"The paperbacks are where more money lies. You can get about three hundred universal galactic glisten-pods per picture; but, I'm afraid you'll find it somewhat disappointing for beginners for two reasons:

"No clear policy exists among the various paperback publishers. It ought to be a packaging problem since paperbacks are sold like a packaged article. The cover on one paperback must stand out and be noticed from among equally attractive items. The artist's problem is to consider both the foreground -- the cover -- and the background -the field. But the field consists of many other nearly equally attractive foregrounds.

"But there is no policy here and life would be so much simpler

could one be formed."

Rixy Pix paused to sigh and his eye stalks looked far off. envision a policy which would be sufficiently flexible to grow and change with the temper and the times. Just think, if ... "

"You said there were two disappointing facets here for the

beginner," I prodded.

"Yes! Yes! Well, the fans are not quite as loud out there as they are in the mags and after all, what is an SF artist without fans? Nothing! That's what he is. Absolutely nothing! He is a collection of elements containing but himself. He is a lonesome set. He is a cipher in the magnanimity of ... "

I could see he was growing bombastically inward again, so I asked, "Are there editors who know what they want and how to ask for

His eyes pulled outward again and he said, "There is one, I will grudgingly admit."

"Who is he?" I asked. "Sonofjake? Bellcamp? Merfan?"
"No!" he interrupted, "I won't give out his name since one thing an artist must never do under any circumstances is to bolster an editor's ego beyond its present expanded state. You see, a true SF artist must not only be reliable, able and familiar with the field,

"Somehow," Eeyore said, "I didn't think it was that easy. Not that I care about conventions and such, but if anyone had asked me, I would have told them that I thought, just thought, mind you, that conventions weren't quite so easy to come by." But nobody did ask him so Eeyore stood alone in a corner, pulling on his whiskers and nibbling thistles.

"Now," said Christopher Robin, "The first thing to do is to plan what we want to have at the convention."

"People of Importance," said Rabbit.

"Interesting speakers," said Owl.

"Good things to eat," said Pooh, who had been humming quietly to himself.

"Music to sooth the savage beast," suggested Piglet, casting an uneasy glance at Tigger, who was getting bouncy again.

"I was almost sure it wasn't that easy," said Eeyore. But nobody paid any attention.

"Yes, yes, of course we'll do all that," said Christopher Robin.

Pooh retired to his corner and began to talk to himself. "I suppose they will want to have this convention at my house. And they will expect me to serve honey all around. And do they ever say, 'Thank you, Pooh.' or 'It was nice of you to have us over, Pooh. Why don't you stop by for lunch some time.' No. All they ever say is, 'Who can we send out for some more honey.' And it's always me, because, after all, when you want honey, of course you ask a bear."

Pooh wandered over to where Piglet was sitting, typing a one-shot. Actually, Piglet hadn't typed anything yet. He was trying to decide whether you spelled "Heffalump" with one "lump" or two.

"I don't suppose," said Pooh very casually, "That we could by any chance have the convention at your house."



"Well, Pooh," said Piglet, "You know how it is. I'd like to hold the convention at my house. But it's a very small house because I'm a very small animal and there just isn't any room at all. Which reminds me, Pooh, you have some space in your attic that you aren't using for anything at the moment. I wonder if I could keep a few things there, just until I get straightened out."

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he must also be sympathetic and intergalactically humane to his professional associates. Contrary to opinion of some writers and artists, editors do belong to the class of intergalactic beings

bound under our single civilizing document!

"Usually, though, some editors only think they know what they want and either conjure up easily described scenes which are impossible to paint or, more often, bad pictures. Often they skirt around the thing that they vaguely envision with words like 'style,' 'feeling,' mood,' graphic,' 'grabber,' 'colorful' and so forth.

"Writers are lousy artists and I suppose the converse is also true. Artists are lousy writers. But believe me, it's far easier

to write about drawings than it is to draw about writings!"

Rixy Pix, the third, was getting all puffed up again, but I let

him blow on.

"One thing that ties the artist to the writer, however, is that the editor's adjectives are used to cover either the art work or the writing. Yes! The same words are used to cover either the art work or the writing!"

I let my bristle cones exude a modest 4246 angstrom wave-length

to show how surprised I was.

Rixy Pix expanded a little more from my careful display.

"One final word, friend, about your desire to be a SF artist. You must love the field. You've got to love the ideas, the peculiar philosophies, the twisted plots, the BEM; s and, above all, the readers (Klonos' Claws bless them!).

"Now there is a class of professional associates for which there

are no bad words.

"Whenever one of the dear readers writes to the editor to tell him how much he liked a particular drawing, the artist's wind-bag glows. Gone are all thoughts of the measley twenty glisten-pods he

got for the sketch.

I tell you there is nothing like a fan to an artist. He is the Alpha and Omega of SF art; he is the reason for being; he is the first and final judge of the artist's work; and, he is the finest kind of entity you will likely meet around the entire one hundred billion stars in our galaxy, no matter his shape or habit patterns. Why I remember the time when the cute little fan came up to me on Ancil VIII..."

It was past time for me to return to my liquid feeder and my energy cells were growing low. I hadn't yet figured out a polite way of leaving Mr. Rixy Pix, the third, but my next question solved

my problem.

"Will you lend me some of your fans, Mr. Rixy Pix?" I said.

He sucked in air in large volumes, blowing his shape up two or
three times its criginal size before he scorchingly said, "Don't be
silly. I've worked long and hard for the ones I have and I wouldn't
dream of giving up a single one. That was a highly unethical
question. Good night, Madame!"

He whooshed most of his hot air out, speeding away from me at

great velocity.

I made one final check of my easel and brushes, turned my iris down to pin-point size, turned up my bristle cone frequency to 5560 angstroms and groppled my way back to convention hall, lost deeply in thought.

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The Return of the Pooh

In which Christopher Robin makes an Announcement of some Importance

by Rick Norwood

NCE UPON a time, at a fan club in New Orleans, Christopher Robin came to a meeting. With him, naturally, came Pooh and Piglet and Owl and Eeyore and Tigger and Rabbit. Rabbit's friends and relations didn't come, thank goodness; they were busy setting up a protection racket in the Quarter.

"Let's put on a convention," said Christopher Robin.

"That's a great idea," said Piglet. "Let's put on a convention. I love to dress up."

"A convention isn't something you wear," said Christopher Robin.

"It's something you eat," said Pooh excitedly, patting his stomach.

"No! No!" said Tigger, bouncing on each "No!" It's something you do!"

"That's right," said Christopher Robin, "And Pooh and Piglet can be co-chairmen."

"How does one go about putting on a convention?" Pooh asked. "I know, of course, but you might explain for Piglet and the others."

"Certainly," said Christopher Robin. "The first thing you do is bid. Now, I've been reading..." You, of course, are Christopher Robin, and you like to mention, just casually, every now and then, that you know how to read, so the others won't forget. "I've been reading about Robin Hood."

"Robin Hood always used Owl feathers to feather his arrows," said Owl, who was a very great authority on Robin Hood. "Only the very best Owl feathers."

Christopher Robin very politely ignored the interuption. "This book about Robin Hood, which I've been reading, is full of 'bid's and 'bade's. What bid means (Here you paused to make sure everyone was listening.) what bid means is 'ask'. As in, for example, 'I bid you bring King John to me at once, varlet.'"

"Who's Varlet?" asked Piglet.

"Varlet was one of Robin's merry men," Owl explained.

"As I was saying," said Christopher Robin, "Bid just means to ask, so I bid you all put on a convention."

"Somehow," Eeyore said, "I didn't think it was that easy. Not that I care about conventions and such, but if anyone had asked me, I would have told them that I thought, just thought, mind you, that conventions weren't quite so easy to come by." But nobody did ask him so Eeyore stood alone in a corner, pulling on his whiskers and nibbling thistles.

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"Excuse me," said Pooh, "But I think I hear Rabbit calling me."

On his way to Rabbit, Pooh wandered a little. He had just remembered that Rabbit lived in a hole in the ground with all his friends and relations and that that was not a good place for a

convention and it might after all be better to ask Owl, who had just moved into an upstairs apartment in the same tree as Pooh.

"I don't suppose," began Pooh.

"No," said Owl.

"Oh," said Pooh. He walked a little way away and then moved back to where Owl was perched. "Excuse me, but did you say 'No' or 'Oh'?"

"No," said Owl.

"That's what I thought you said," said Pooh.

The only animal left to ask was Tigger.

"I don't suppose," said Pooh. Tigger looked down at Pooh with an interested expression on his face. "I don't suppose," said Pooh again, "That we could hold the convention at your house across the river."

Tigger looked up. Then he looked down. Then he looked off to one side.

"Well?" asked Pooh, a little impatiently.

"Yes?" said Tigger.

"Yes!" cried Pooh.

"I mean, no," said Tigger hastily.
"I often say 'yes' when I mean
'no', just for effect, you know."

"Oh," said Pooh sadly.

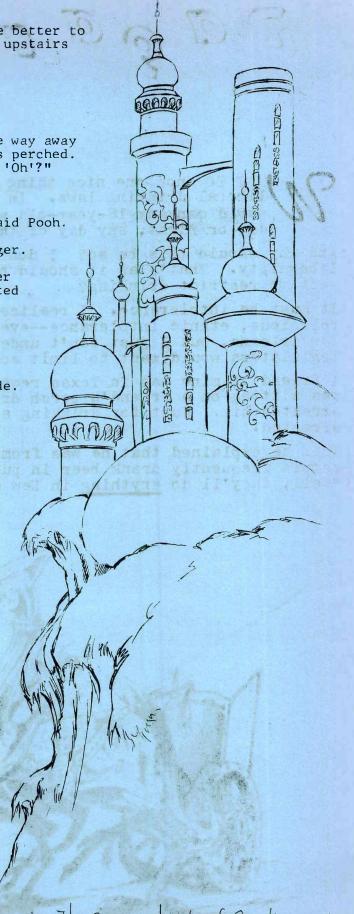
"What I really mean," said Tigger, who didn't like to hurt anyone's feelings, "Is, 'I don't know; I'll have to think it over.'"

"Of course," said Pooh.

Pooh went over to his great friend Christopher Robin. "I guess we'll have to hold the convention at my house and I don't really mind if all my honey gets eaten, even the three large jars you gave me for my birthday and I had put away for a rainy day and the special clover honey and..." Pooh was at the point of tears.

"Silly old bear," said Christopher Robin. "We're holding our convention at the Marriott Hotel." Pooh brightened visibly.

So Christopher Robin invited them all over to his house for tea and toast and while they ate they made plans for their convention.



The City on the edge of Something-or-other

BOOGOOCO

a column by Harry G. Purvis

JANT TO know one nice thing about New Orleans? We've got liberal drinking laws. In no other city in the civilized world can any 18-year-old walk into any bar, any hour of the day or night, any day of the week, and be served.

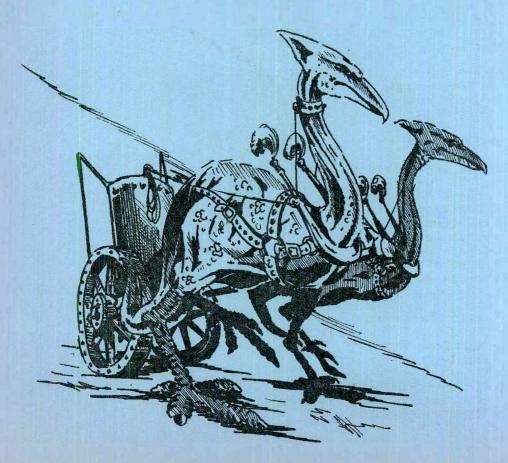
And why should this be so? I don't mean to question New Orleans' liberality. That's as it should be. I mean, why should anyone else want to restrict drinking?

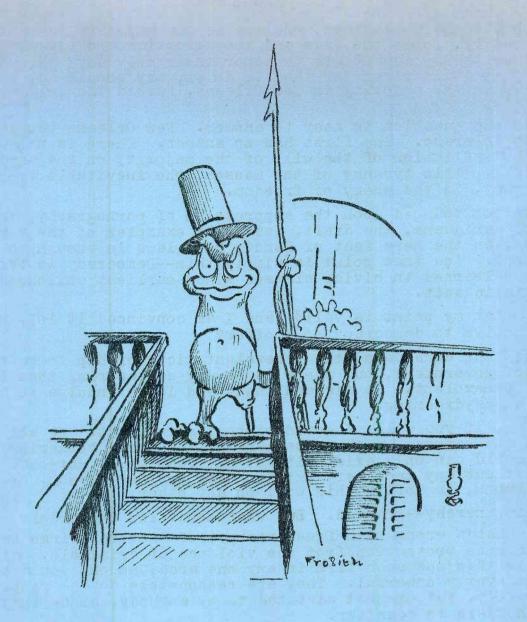
It must be intolerance. I realize there is such a thing--racial, religious, ethnic intolerance--even though I've seen very little in New Orleans, but I just can't understand why supposedly responsible legislators would want to limit something as innocuous as alcohol.

A friend of mine was in Texas recently. One Sunday afternoon, he was sitting on a friend's porch drinking a beer. A cop came up and arrested him. Just for drinking a beer on Sunday in public, he got arrested!

When he explained that he was from New Orleans, and that New Orleans people frequently drank beer in public, even on Sunday, the cop said, "Well, they'll do anything in New Orleans."

I guess he was right.





Let's look at that a second. Given that people [at least, people in most localities] are intolerant, and enjoy the small measure of power that comes of restricting the actions of others in the name of a perverted "morality," how can we preserve individual freedom in such a way as to retain democracy?

Answer--we can't.

For the person who wants to live his life as he pleases, without being bothered by the notions other people have as to how a life should be lived, democracy is the one form of government most given to tyranny.

I myself was in the North about a year ago, and on Sunday, I wanted to go to a bar with a few friends and get a drink. I was told that the bars were all closed. Although I knew that this was the case outside of New Orleans, it hadn't quite registered on my mind that it was real.

Sunday is not a holy day for me. In fact, as an agnostic, I have no holy days. But the people in this area, in general, did, and adjusted the lives of others accordingly.

I asked what justification there was for this forcing of bars to close on Sunday, and was told, "Well, majority rules."

Why should the Christians, who are in the majority in most areas of the country, force the Jews and the agnostics and the Luslims and the Seventh Day Adventists to honor their holy day? Given the premise that it is right for them to do so, why should not the Catholics, who are in the majority in New Orleans, forbid the selling of meat on Friday?

The second question is easy to answer. New Orleans people are generally tolerant. The first has no answer. There is no justification for the infliction of the will of the majority on the unwilling minority. This tyranny of the masses, the inevitable by-product of democracy, is the enemy of freedom.

I have not touched upon the suppression of pornography, the illegality of marijuana, the draft, and other examples of the tyranny of the masses, as the mere fact of Sunday blue laws is enough to illustrate my point. And that point is simply this--Democracy is tyranny. What we have learned in civics classes since earliest childhood is idealistic shit.

Given that my point is valid [and I am convinced it is], what viable alternative to democracy do I offer?

I have long considered the benevolent dictatorship to be the best form of government, but there is no way of insuring that the dictator stays benevolent. So discard that, and let's indulge in a bit of utopian daydreaming.

Imagine, if you will, a world without government. We all live in peace and harmony, with no segment of the world bothering any other. This world can only exist without any vestige of national interest and without any machinery existing for any one person, or any group of persons, to inflict his will on any other.

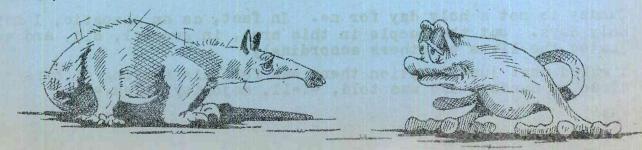
This is anarchy--granted. But what about law and order?

Well, what's wrong with free enterprise? Several firms are set up
to dispense protection from the violence of criminals. Since there
is more than one such firm in any one area, no one would be able to
become overly powerful. They are responsible to the people, who pay
their fees, but are not dictated to by anybody, since they have their
stockholders to consider.

The postal system could also be handled in this manner. Streets could be built by competitive firms who charge those whose property the streets pass. Product inspecting firms could be paid by those who apply for their approval, and applicants could pass the fee on to the consumer.

Courts could be set up in the manner of those in Heinlein's THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS, with a mutually agreeable judge whose fee is paid jointly by the disputants. All of these fees, taken together, should come to no more [in fact, very likely less] than the taxes we pay for these services and to keep the government running. And one fee--that of national defense--need not be paid at all.

I realize this will never come to pass as long as there are selfperpetuating vested interests in our national governments, but, given a world situation in which this could be set up, why shouldn't this work?



MEMORIES OF QUINN

by E. Hoffmann Price

The New Orleans group will be saddened to know that Seabury Quinn died Xmas eve. Late September, I learned that he had suffered a "massive stroke". The outlook was grim. But until I received that telegram, Christmas morning, I had not entirely abandoned the hope that I might once more sit for a little while with the "Old Master".

I discovered Weird Tales early in 1924, a novel experience. This magazine opened strange vistas. For me and many another, it was a passport into lands of wonder. My first offering, THE RAJAH'S GIFT, appeared in the January 1925 issue. Thus, being one of the contributors, my interest in the magazine and its authors became an important segment of my life. It never occurred to me that I'd ever meet those writers, and even further from my fancyings was the notion of outliving so many friends-and-comrades-to-be.

For the aficionado, W.T. was a segment of his life. Ly first wife and I, honeymooning--or was it battle-mooning?--in the Vieux Carré of New Orleans, always took time out to digest Weird Tales. Look at cover and table of contents to answer the standard queries, "Who's appearing this month?" And soon, "What's Quinn got?" Often and often, when the mosquitos were not too vicious, we'd sit in the gallery of our apartment on the uptown-lake corner of Royal and St. Peter---ours was the fourth floor, and, not the corner apartment of the building, but the apartment furthest in the uptown direction. This for seeing what the Eyrie offered; what the fans were saying about ME; about HPL---about HOWARD---but, most of all, about QUINN.

From the frequency of his appearances -- no other writer showed up so often in W.T. as Seabury Quinn -- he became, somehow, "Mr. Weird Tales". This did not mean that Helen and I made him our favorite author. We knew Kline -- and Hamilton -- and Jack Williamson -- Robert Spencer Carr -- W.K. Mashburn -- we liked Howard and Lovecraft and many another. One of the few things she and I agreed upon was that E. Hoffmann Price was a pretty competent operator. Still and all, Seabury Quinn and Jules de Grandin became invisible, unobtrusive members of our tempestuous menage. They didn't raise anywhere nearly as much hell as did she and I, and our daughter and our son.

Quinn and de Grandin. I have tuned in on all too many a thousand of words devoted to such nonsense, for instance, as to which was the "greater", Lovecraft or Clark Ashton Smith. Each, as a human being and a friend, was far more important to me than anything he wrote, and who cared which was "greater"? Over the years, I read many an Eyrie jammed with praises of Quinn, and I have read here and there some opinions by folks who felt that Homer, the Bible, and Shakespeare had considerably greater merit than Seabury Quinn. Every so often, someone would dig in, to whittle Quinn down to lifesize. On a point by point basis, I could not always undertake a rebuttal. Indeed, a few details of his habit-patterns in the Jules de Grandin series struck me as a bit off base. I shall not particularize. First, these trivia make no difference. And second, reading the de Grandin adventures was simply fun. Since I had never met Quinn, the writer and the written fused, as it were.

We liked this Quinn-de Grandin who had whimsy; who loved good food, good liquor; who was generous, an individualist, a friend of law and order, yet--always a bit over, above, and beyond any law except the law of good fellowship, of noblesse, of kindness.

Whenever it suited his lordly purpose, Quinn devastated every "rule" of fiction technique. Sometimes I fancied that when up jumped the question, NHAT THE HELE AM I GOING TO DO WITH THIS THING I'VE COCKED UP FOR DE GRANDIN?, he would reach for Escoffier's Cook Book, Brillat-Savarin, P.Morton Shand's BOOK OF FRENCH WINES, [and, at times, that same writer's BOOK OF WINES OTHER THAN FRENCH.] After relishing something that sounded like breakfast at Brennan's, only a lot more so, de Grandin-Quinn would resume his battle with the forces of evil.

This made sense. I recall how, long ago, when I had been financially gutted, I regarded the eighty-seven cents remaining, after my account had been closed. Payday was some while away. I bought myself an Hoyo de Monterey---colorado maduro---for 40 cents---fired up, and strolled along St. Charles Avenue, enjoying a good smoke. They did not have 60 cent or 70 cent or 85 cent cigars available, but I did my best. So---de Grandin-Quinn, gourmet, epicure, brightened my life; there was meaning in what he said, whenever a story halted for however long it might take to hustle up food and drink.

This was in the Land of Antoine. But even among the Northern Barbarians, there were such persons as Farnsworth Wright and Otis Kline, who knew a thing or two about food and drink.

Often and often, we wondered how Quinn-de Grandin would ever come out of this one. Yet, there was no real suspense. Success was inevitable. Story after story, year after year, Quinn-de Grandin always won. But, there MUST have been suspense, you declare? Yes, I tell you, there was---and it came from this---after all that he has eaten and drunk, during this interlude, what can he possibly eat and drink, at his victory-banquet [as they put it in Grand Prix racing circles], that will not be anti-climactic? Quinn never failed. The final flare up of the epicure was always a new height attained.

Horrors---gore---ghosts---the eldritch---the ultra-mundane and the ultra-cosmic---graveyards---I do not disparage these specialties of those other craftsmen, who found space between Quinn yarns. Howard slew his hundreds, Hamilton blasted universe after universe. But, it was the Quinn menus that became part of the reader's life, the Quinn wine lists which inspired the reader to do as best he could, with, for instance, 25 pounds of Grenache raisins, and a 25 gallon barrel---and, maybe I could make good crepes suzettes, if only be jaysus, I could find some kirsch, some countreau, some brandy, and a good orange...

After finishing my 40 cent cigar, and deciding that I'd be a writer instead of one of those pathetic jobless jerks looking for gainful employment, I had nothing to do but stage a studio party, a reception to announce that there was a new professional on the scene---and send out notices by mail, to the hapless chaps who couldn't drop in at 305 Royal Street.

I think I must have notified Quinn because Quinn-de Grandin had for so long, so often, been part of my life. With a new career, a new wife, and a new address, [Bay St.Louis, Miss.] and a growing awareness that I was NOT going to collect even as little as \$6000-\$7000 that year, now that I was a full time writer---this was 1932, remember---the Quinn letters, welcoming me to the Fraternity, were exceedingly good company.

Things became so dark that I began quoting Exodus, I, 8, "Now there arose a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph..." Quinn made it clear that I came into a land populated with Josephs, and ruled by new kings. This was standard practice. "And," he added, for good measure of realism, "Every so often they not only know not Joseph, but they don't want to know him, now or ever. But you get used to this...."

One does. And in spare moments, I learned how to make an orange brûlot, using corn whiskey instead of brandy. Turning the orange peel inside out to shape the goblet that contains the liquor is a trick. Quinn-de Grandin and I, however, were resourceful fellows. We outwitted the kings who knew not Joseph....

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as Dan does. He's right. LoL would not have been written ten years ago, five years ago. In theme it can be called modern, if not so much in technique. The first of the two novella winners at Baycon was Phil Farmer's "Riders of the Purple Wage" and Fritz Leiber won the novelette Hugo for "Gonna Roll them Bones" both from DANGEROUS VISIONS. Harlan took his second and third Hugos home from the Claremont, in addition to the plaque honoring his editorship of DV--the short story honor was his for "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream". This masterpiece has a story line but wild technique; it's modern, all right. Despite, then, the presence on the '67 Hugo rolls of Anne McCaffrey (you great lady) and her Weyr Search", it's safe to balance the West Coast's seeming modernist tendencies--as shown in '67's Hugo dole to literary, and therefore modernistic "science" fiction--against the East's seeming traditional, non-literary tastes...and if that sounds ludicrously simple, just wait a line.

The mid-west. St. Louiscon. The cross-section.

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Look: read STAND ON ZANZIBAR, the book of the year. It's damned long and Phil Farmer did "it" better in "Riders" but it is the most ambitious sf novel since DUNE and both its length and its style fit -are absolutely necessary to the point of the novel. It's McLuhanesque and incoherent -- seemingly, but read, please, with patience. You'll catch on. It does have a problem with the synthesis of all those diverse elements in its 500/600 pages. But it isn't a plot book. As Brunner's pukey-cute "Message from our Sponsor" says rightly it's a non-novel. It does tell a story, but to do so it first creates a world --extrepolates this world, as fully as Brunner's talent can take it. A book about a world has to be long; a book of such ambition must assume some of the proportions of its subject. As a result Brunner's opus is probably bigger than Zanzibar's phone directory. And diverse? Doesn't tie together? Why sure, man, look at the world. STAND ON ZANZIBAR can be completely justified as to technique; its story line is there. So much for defense. It's a modern modern story. It's a spark on a fuse. And it must've done something right: whether for its bulk or its brilliance, its ambition or its intimidation, you and I gave it the Hugo award as Novel of the Year, 1968.

"Nightwings" by Robert Silverberg won a Hugo in 1968 for its too-much-maligned author, who used to room with Harlan Ellison and writes good solid straight fiction, most of the time. Stylistically "Nightwings" is Silverberg...exciting, newly compelling and sensitive...and that must be worth something. The novella Hugo had the strongest contenders scratching away at each other--or should I say flapping; notice that three of the four nominees deal with flight--and the least sure winner. To take home his first Hugo for a work of fiction the pleasant Mr. Silverberg had to shunt ahead of a Nebula-winning dragon yarn by that wonder lady Anne McCaffrey and good stories by Dean McLaughlin and Chip Delany (who deserves a Hugo, people, to go with his three Nebulas). Delany's "Lines of Power" was far more modernistic than "Nightwings"--yet tastes just weren't solid in the Hugo voting this year.

Oh, sure, obvious. Poul Anderson danced off with his third Hugo for "The sharing of Flesh". Back in late '58, when Galaxy published this yarn, I--me, Lillian, lookit lookit--told Poul across the Little Men's table at Brennan's, in the midst of a paean to its extraordinary restraint and excellence, "This'll win the Hugo, Poul." He said, "Um, thank you." He's like that. He takes praise and criticism both with the same pleased deference. I suspect he doesn't give a damn. Who

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The occumulating years, I repeat, and our backward-lockings, undoubtedly moved us finally to get the correspondence back to something of the pace of 1932-33. We had a lot to remember. The roster of deceased comrades was becoming ever longer. The muster of surviving comrades required less and less time...neither he nor I wrote for publication, nor had for a dozen years or so. Some fan group in Washington, D.C., had gathered in honor of the Old Master. I think they referred to him, in the newspaper account of the doings, as "The Grand Old Man of Fantasy."

Mrs. Quinn had died. Seabury's health was failing. He had, beginning with the war, served in some government department, aviation or other intelligence. Finally, whether because of age, or disability, or both, he was retired from this work. The testimonials of his immediate superiors were impressive, but, one expected some such recognition of the man.

Finally came the prospect of my taking a vacation sufficiently long to permit a drive to the East coast. This was in 1963. I would meet Seabury in Washington, D.C. Careful staff work. I would be writing from such and such stage of the safari. I'd phone from such and such stage. On arrival at Bethesda, I'd phone for us to make specific arrangements for the following day. I followed through. No answer. My host at dinner that evening suggested that too much grog was making me fumble, when my third attempt was futile. He dialed. We checked for correctness of number. No help.

Following morning, while awaiting a visitor at our motel, I set to work. At intervals, until noon or later, I dialed. No answer. Sadly, and deeply depressed, I quit Bethesda, and resumed our safari. I was sure that his health had blown---that I'd missed him for keeps.

I learned eventually that he had been sitting on the phone, waiting for my call. That during necessary absences, he had stationed his son at the phone. Seabury had pictured me as a traffic casualty....

His signature became ever shakier. I mailed an Arkham House collections of his yarns, for autograph, and felt that I was imposing. His vision was far from sharp. Nonetheless, he composed a dozen articles annually for a trade journal. I devoted more and more time to wondering whether he would remain topside until I could undertake another safari. That supreme foul up of 1963 oppressed me more and more. I began to picture a hoodoo. I knew that he had looked forward to that meeting. He knew that I had looked forward to it. The result bugged us.

In 1968, retirement loomed up, and accumulated leave was to be taken. Seabury lived now in Boston. He had finally remarried. The second Mrs. Quinn was an important person in an advertising agency. This was interesting, but had she been the Witch of Endor it would not have entered into my reckoning, no more than had she been the Queen of Sheba---I was wondering if there'd be another hoodoo... I was on edge until, phoning from the lobby of their hotel of temporary residence, I heard the voice. This was the Old Master himself, and he sounded like the Old Master.

Seabury was so frail that even with a cane, he was not too steady on his feet. This was not the ruddy, straight-up-and-down, radiant person who had welcomed me, 35 years previous---not as to appearance. Yet there remained the magnetism, the heartiness, the outreaching good fellowship of long ago; the warm welcome---and, he seemed, somehow, no longer so frail. Quinn-de Grandin took over. No magic

could roll back the years or erase the disasters they had wrought--yet, neither the years nor their devastation entirely prevail against
the magic of the man.

There was the wit, the sparkle, the whimsy, and the Presence, as of old. For 5 years, I had written of the day when we would "open wine." So, I presented a bottle of good Spanish sherry, which we had no need to open---not with Quinn-de Grandin at the controls. And I presented a copy of my first hard cover book, STRANGE GATLWAYS, autographed and "Chopped."

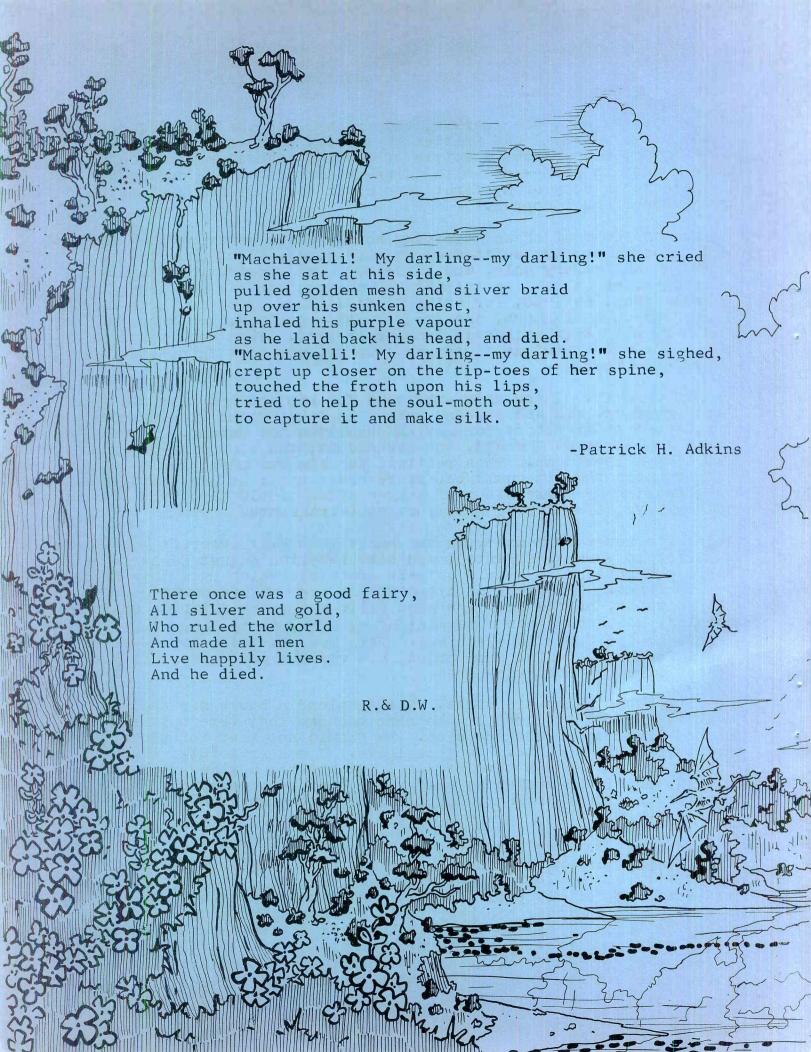
We ate on the roof of an adjoining hotel, where we overlooked Boston. With good light, transmitted by so much glass, I got some casual pictures of Seabury solo, and of Seabury and Margaret. Yes, flash gear blew, as it will on critical occasions, and I'd not brought reserve gear, as I do, for critical occasions. Back in their hotel, I gambled on a few more, and despite all handicaps, got a few of him and her, with that authentic honey-moon glow. This was beautiful to see. She was a good deal younger than he, yet that "glow" was the great equalizer.

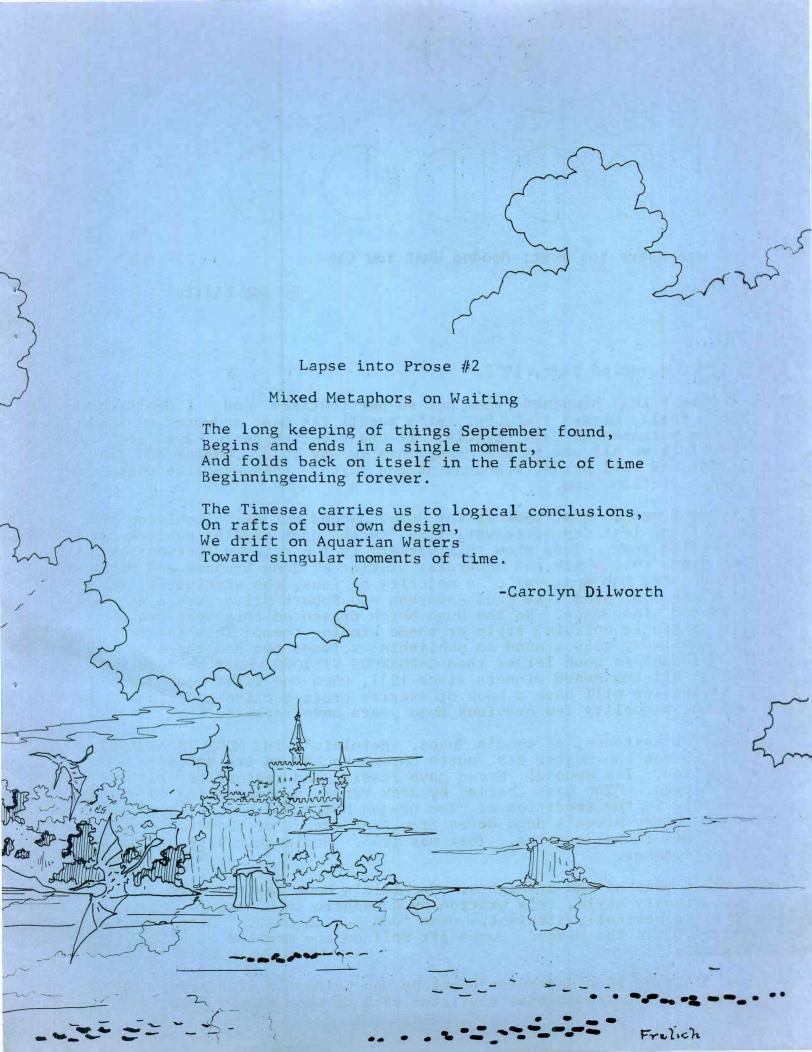
We had made it. I was very sure that for him and me, this was the last round up: sad and solemn, yet, a most happy and glowing occasion, brightened by gratitude for having outwitted the hoodoo. I recited, in as few words as I could, the background, and how Quinn-de Grandin had always loomed up. This recital, for his new wife, would be far richer music than it could be, if reserved until he was entirely past hearing my expressions of appreciation of old days, and of the Golden Days, of which we were surviving fragments.

Quinn was never my mentor, in the sense that H.P.Lovecraft was mentor and hero to young, tallented, and school-boyish August Derleth. There was nothing so simple as mere gratitude which made this meeting so important. Its great importance came from the re-creation, for a little while, of the long ago good fellowship, the Quinn-de Grandin complex, which had been a segment of my life, forty years earlier, before he and I met face to face. This was Mr. Weird Tales---this was a Presence, behind whom stood, not visible yet there, all the Absent Ones we both remembered.

The sun was casting his hints. These splendid hours had depleted Seabury's vitality, and all the more because they were splendid, and he had lived up to the occasion. We should not meet for dinner, and so, we did not wish to. We took leave. I was grateful. Mission accomplished. Hoodoo outwitted. I had hoisted a glass with the Old Faster, I had spoken my eulogy, in his presence, and in the presence of the charming young lady, his most honeymoon glowing and solicitous wife.

Old Master? Nothing literary, nothing artistic, implied. Each, of those days, was an individual; comparisons were meaningless. I see him simply as one looming up, with his following, and with the mass and frequency of his publications. And, there was something in his genial, his generous, his hospitable and most kindly character which makes me think of him as "The Old Master"; something, indeed, in the man's very presence. I salute his memory. I make three of my most precise, 90 degree bows, as at the coffin of a Chinese dignitary. I bow three times, and move on, with my memories.





HUGO HODDO

Or: Hugo Where You Must; Hoodoo What You Can

by Guy Lillian

T WAS a varied year, 1968.

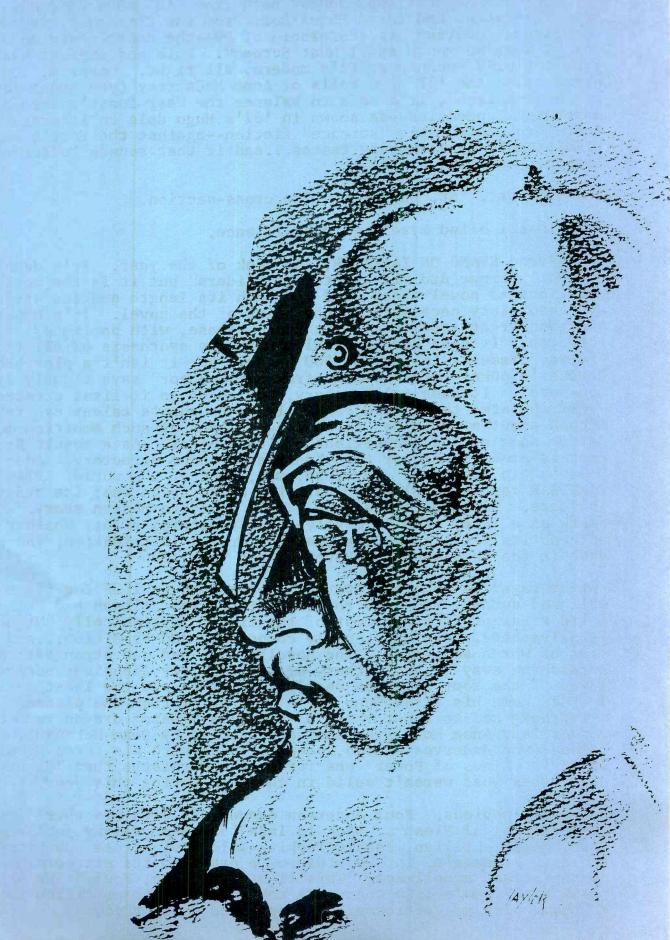
A lot of things happened; some not so particularly good. I don't think anyone really misses 1968, but let's recall its most enduring quality for the purposes of this article. It was a varied year. Just look at the events we all see in our heads when we say 1968...horror and glory, disgust and real pride, abandonment and faith. 1968 was like that in science fiction, too.

Varied, I mean. Just look at the Hugos handed out at St.Louiscon that magnificent last day of August, 1969, to the best stories published the preceeding year. They show that variety in the science fiction field. They prove that while the modernist writing of John Brunner and Harlan Ellison have the approval of a majority of fans, the straighter, story first prose of pros like Poul Anderson and Robert Silverberg also gloms votes and wins Hugos. So the Hugo batch presented this year was one with no single unifying style or theme binding them. This is great. When Doubleday gets around to publishing volumes two and three of THE HUGO WINNERS--a book larger than DANGEROUS VISIONS would be required to enclose all the award winners since 1961, when the first book was published--we will have a book of stories cross-sectioning science fiction, a quality few previous Hugo years have realized.

Look, for instance, at 1966's Hugos. Heinlein's THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS won the Master his fourth chrome rocket on its second nomination. Its second! Nycon gave itself good reasons for letting that happen. "The Last Castle" by Jack Vance, a human/alien bug-battle chronicle in the tradition of "The Dragon Masters", won the novelette award. Larry Niven's Hugo dates from that year, for "Neutron Star", one of his finest stories. That was 1966. Harlanquin already had a Hugo, remember.

It was a year of the straights. Heinlein's book has the most revolutionary style, it's written by a Lunatic in Lunese (or whatever). But it is basically straight. Damn good but straight. Ditto the Vance story. Ditto the Niven. Hugos sit well on the mantles of all. Straight.

LORD OF LIGHT is a modernist novel by Dan Galouye's standards, shared by many of the traditional stylists--each of whom should write so well



as Dan does. He's right. LoL would not have been written ten years ago, five years ago. In theme it can be called modern, if not so much in technique. The first of the two novella winners at Baycon was Phil Farmer's "Riders of the Purple Wage" and Fritz Leiber won the novelette Hugo for "Gonna Roll them Bones" both from DANGEROUS VISIONS. Harlan took his second and third Hugos home from the Claremont, in addition to the plaque honoring his editorship of DV--the short story honor was his for "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream". This masterpiece has a story line but wild technique; it's modern, all right. Despite, then, the presence on the '67 Hugo rolls of Anne McCaffrey (you great lady) and her Weyr Search", it's safe to balance the West Coast's seeming modernist tendencies--as shown in '67's Hugo dole to literary, and therefore modernistic "science" fiction--against the East's seeming traditional, non-literary tastes...and if that sounds ludicrously simple, just wait a line.

The mid-west. St. Louiscon. The cross-section.

Sometimes I blind myself with brilliance.

Look: read STAND ON ZANZIBAR, the book of the year. It's damned long and Phil Farmer did "it" better in "Riders" but it is the most ambitious of novel since DUNE and both its length and its style fit-are absolutely necessary to the point of the novel. It's McLuhanesque and incoherent -- seemingly, but read, please, with patience. You'll catch on. It does have a problem with the synthesis of all those diverse elements in its 500/600 pages. But it isn't a plot book. As Brunner's pukey-cute "Message from our Sponsor" says rightly it's a non-novel. It does tell a story, but to do so it first creates a world --extrepolates this world, as fully as Brunner's talent can take it. A book about a world has to be long; a book of such ambition must assume some of the proportions of its subject. As a result Brunner's opus is probably bigger than Zanzibar's phone directory. And diverse? Doesn't tie together? Why sure, man, look at the world. ZANZIBAR can be completely justified as to technique; its story line is there. So much for defense. It's a modern modern story. It's a spark on a fuse. And it must've done something right: whether for its bulk or its brilliance, its ambition or its intimidation, you and I gave it the Hugo award as Novel of the Year, 1968.

"Nightwings" by Robert Silverberg won a Hugo in 1968 for its too-much-maligned author, who used to room with Harlan Ellison and writes good solid straight fiction, most of the time. Stylistically "Nightwings" is Silverberg...exciting, newly compelling and sensitive...and that must be worth something. The novella Hugo had the strongest contenders scratching away at each other--or should I say flapping; notice that three of the four nominees deal with flight--and the least sure winner. To take home his first Hugo for a work of fiction the pleasant Mr. Silverberg had to shunt ahead of a Nebula-winning dragon yarn by that wonder lady Anne McCaffrey and good stories by Dean McLaughlin and Chip Delany (who deserves a Hugo, people, to go with his three Nebulas). Delany's "Lines of Power" was far more modernistic than "Nightwings"--yet tastes just weren't solid in the Hugo voting this year.

Oh, sure, obvious. Poul Anderson danced off with his third Hugo for "The sharing of Flesh". Back in late '58, when Galaxy published this yarn, I--me, Lillian, lookit lookit--told Poul across the Little Men's table at Brennan's, in the midst of a paean to its extraordinary restraint and excellence, "This'll win the Hugo, Poul." He said, "Um, thank you." He's like that. He takes praise and criticism both with the same pleased deference. I suspect he doesn't give a damn. Who

cares? I was right I was right. Anderson's story is Anderson clear through. It's a tribute to the whole family. If you don't know Karen you can't breathe and feel that story. It's guts, human guts, a subdued guts. Anderson's worst fault is too much of his best quality-strength of nerve. "The Sharing of Flesh" has nerve in the unmistakable Anderson current, but compassion and fear and the beauty of human weakness-there is such--too. It is a consummately brilliant achievement. Yay Poul.

And it is straight fiction. Tough and living and real and full of wham. Straight. As old in soul's meaning as Beowulf. Older. Of Poul's best.

New, though, was Harlan's latest Hugo-winner. Are you ready for this title? Sit down first. It is almost longer than the titles to the first four Hugoed novels, for whatever worth that has. You set? Listen. "The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World." Nuts. Sorry. I'm playing Phann of Steal making fun of Harlan Ellison. We lost him, or a good part of him, forever at St. Louiscon, because he was the star of the show and he was fun to play with. You ever read "Try a Dull Knife?" How about MEMOS FROM PURGATORY? Harlan's a victim of his popularity. I heard one kid's anecdote about how he bumped his tape recorder into Ellison's stomach. Wild. You should hear mine about getting adopted by him. Wild, too. You'd hear his name at St. Louiscon whenever two kid superfannywanny types are together. Neither of them/us probably know him. They see him in clown suit and "understand" him in anecdotes. For "they" read "we." Harlan Ellison is no man of steel. He's in agony. And so he writes. Why we vote him Hugos we can only guess at. Maybe we like him. Maybe we like his stuff. Whyever it is we've given him four of the things, more than any other writer save Heinlein. This time it was for "The Beast That Shouted Love,"

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lines in the midst of the entire
exercise--but the medium, here,
is the message. Wheel and hub,
metaphor lovers. "New Wave,"
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Serious and goddam interesting
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Brunner's thing in many ways-it tells through example; it
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After this just-gone con
Harlan may never win another
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See "A Boy and His Dog." It
is personal science fiction
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CRYPTOZOIC!, by Brian W. Aldiss

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The story centers itself around a young artist named Edward Bush, who is millions of years away from home, "sketching the desolate landscapes of the Devonian age." He gets there by a form or temporal transference which is mental rather than physical -- a process called "minding". This process is carried out by injecting a drug known as CSD into a vein, which puts the traveller into a coma-like trance. His body stays in his present age, while his mind and mind's concept of his body travel back in time, the amount of time determined by the dosage. A traveler, then, is only there in a mental sense; he cannot actually touch the physical environment, although he can see it. The environment is sealed off by a kind of thin, glassy shell.

Some of the concepts in this book, philosophic and otherwise, are so beautifully worked out that, in Judith Merril's words, "The very attempt at analysis shatters it." From the psychological standpoint, there are many fine details that one does not properly realize are there until one has read the book twice and then given it careful thought. Why CRYPTOZOIC! was not even nominated for a Hugo, much less win one, boggles my mind. It merits reading at least twice.

-Lawrence Zeilinger

THE GEEK, by Alice Louise Ramirez

Essex House \$1.95

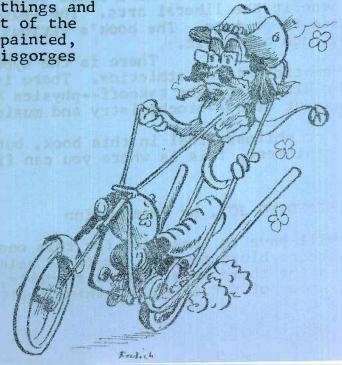
This book is pornography. Hard core. It opens in a circus, with the description of incredibly perverted acts. The dwarf is shown trying to hump the fat lady (the narrator prefers the word "hump" to its less acceptable alternatives), and succeeds only in a manner of speaking. The acrobat brothers perform strange, almost unnatural, homosexual contortions. And the snake charmer—three guesses what kind of a kind of a queer he is.

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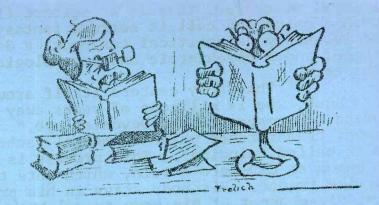
We gave Hugos at St. Louis to the Apollo 11 crew and some science fiction people. Different people, differing people, differing stories, styles, ways of writing and life. So be it. SF may be the last truly liberal discipline—it really might be, some sick someday—where all ideas are, as all ideas must be, examined. The University has this function—it may lose it to the power of the club and the gas grenade in the future. I don't think it will. But keep alive, science fiction, in your magic variety and splendid encompassing compassion and composition. We have far to go before the last galaxy is reached.

In the meantime, does it impress you to know that this article was composed with Harlan Ellison's very own Parker pen? No kidding. Stole it myself from the banquet table in St. Louis. No kidding. Impressed? Great.

Now, how much am I bid?



EDE TRACKS



FOURTH MANSIONS, by "Aloysius" Raphael A. Lafferty Ace Special 75c

Python, Toad, Falcon, Badger: symbols of God's forces locked in the deadlock of a recurring cycle; each opposed to the others, each sure that he is the epitome or righteousness. Only one person could break the ancient deadlock and go on to...what? FOURTH MANSIONS is, like all R.A.Lafferty books, strange. It is not a book for people without endurance. It is a book that will stand as a whole, a unit in your mind, to haunt you with the search for a new world.

-Craig Shukas

THE SINISTER RESEARCHES OF C.P. RANSOM, by H. Nearing, Jr. Curtis

750

If the title of this book and the blurb on the back are intended to be funny, they fail. If not, then the Curtis Book blurb writer is out of his gourd. Looking at the outside of this book, one gets the impression of a not-too-imaginative science fiction horror novel—the kind you see a dozen times each week and generally ignore. What is inside is a set of quasi-connected humorous short stories, which makes the packaging seem very curious indeed.

The schtick is that, in order to save his job, a math professor at a small college must find some way for science to benefit the liberal arts. The reason his job is on the line is too absurd to go into. The book's various episodes concern his efforts to find such a benefit.

There is the Hyperspherical Basketball-mathematics aiding athletics. There is the Factitious Pentangle, an
Edgar Rice Burroughs takeoff--physics helping sociology. There is the
Malignant Organ--biochemistry and music. And more.

There is nothing deep or philosophical in this book, but if your mood is light entertainment, this is where you can find it.

-Don Markstein

THE STANDING JOY, by Wyman Guinn

Avon

75c

You will have to look hard for this one, since there is only a tiny Silverberg blurb to tell you it is science fiction. Super man through sex is the theme here. It is readable, even enjoyable, although it has the flavor of E.E.Smith preaching mysticism instead of super science.

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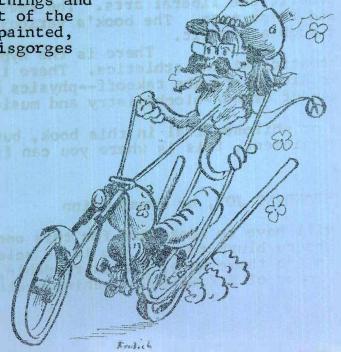
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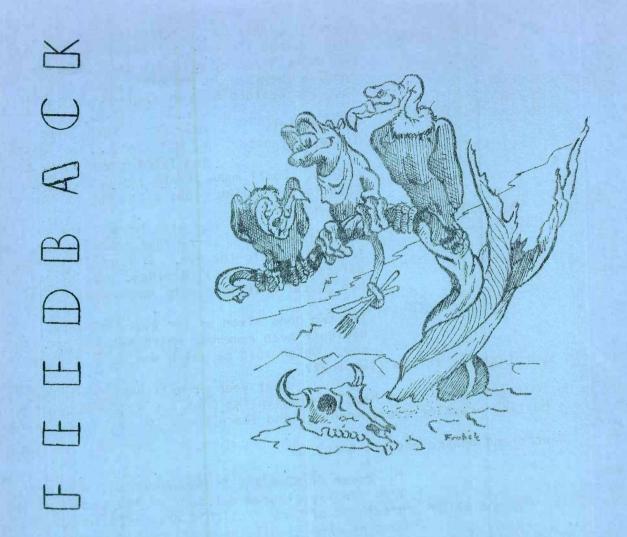
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And the best part is--it's told from the point of view of the chicken.

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Poul Anderson 3 Las Palomas Orinda, California 94563 Karen and I agree that New Orleans would make a wonderful site for the 1973 world convention. Not only would we welcome an excuse to visit your city (if any were needed!) but by all accounts, the last convention held

there was an outstanding success. By all means, use our names as endorsers.
****As you now know, the mad dogs have kneed us in the groin. We appreciate your support and hope wo'll have it again in '77...or '78...or whenever our turn comes round again.****

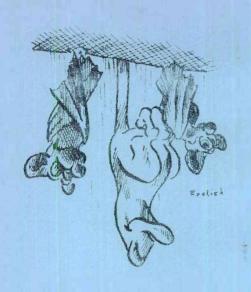
Ned Brooks 713 Paul Street Newport News, Va. 23605 I don't see how anything could have a "freer format" than a fanzine, but I guess you know what you are doing. ICARUS is a good name, anyway. It is not recorded in the Pavlat-Evans Fanzine Index, oddly enough. **How about

"ICURAS"?*** I much prefer your proposed SSPA Constitution to that of Irvin Koch. The only objection I would have to this Constitution is that it sets a specific date for the DeepSouthCon. This has previously been left to the discretion of the host city, and I do not think it should be in the constitution in any case.

I can see I will have to read Lafferty's SPACE CHANTEY. I thought REEFS OF EARTH was better then PAST MASTER, but how Panshin's juvenile RITE OF PASSAGE could win the Nebula is beyond me.

The "Selected Bylaws" are almost as good as the inane things that used to appear in TWILIGHT ZINE as the official acts of the MITSFS.

Perry Chapdelaine's article on computer teaching was interesting. I'm sorry he doesn't like wine, women and song, but these have always been a traditional part of the con scene, and I doubt you will find much support for any change now. And if you get a few "grannie-ladies in tenny-runners", as Raki calls them, to the convention by not



mentioning this part of the activities, think what a shock the poor old dears will get when Don Walsh appears, with a bottle of booze in one hand, a femmefan in the other, and singing "God save the Bastard King of England".

R.A.Lafferty Dear Don: Thanks for the copy
Tulsa, Oklahoma of Nolazine. That fellow on
the front cover is my kind of
people. Don't make ICARUS too good. These
magazines are like eggs: a bad one is funnier
than a good one.

Was glad to meet the people in New Orleans. I'm sorry that there is less to me than appears to the eye. (I have this personality defect: I'm a slob.) Besides, none of the places had goats' milk, the only temperance drink.

had

the two Dons mixed up for quite a while. I couldn't even remember which was the good-looking one. Walsh told me which was once, but can be

trusted with appraisals on things like that?

Next year we will have four Nebula winners in New Orleans, even if we have to ring in the Dons for a couple of them.

Take a little batting practice every morning, and learn to go to your left for those deep ones.

Upward and onward and all such.

Bob Roehm 316 E. Maple St. Jeffersonville, Indiana 47130 The cover of NOLAZINE 9 was wonderful! And I think I've finally figured out part of the secret of the greatness of Dany Frolich's art: it's in the shading. Does he stencil all (or most) of his own art? It

would seem to indicate that he does, or at least he would indicate what type of shading to use. ****Up to now, Don Markstein has stenciled almost all of NOLAZINE's artwork. Dany indicates percentage of shading, usually, and Don takes it from there.****

Heinlein would never write something like "We rot in the molds of Venus..."!, so said I when I read your verse. So I checked the story. Embarrassing, isn't it? Dany's right, your verse is good.

I think you may be wrong about the Dallascon Bulletin. From what I've read, it seems to have impressed everyone. (But then, it impressed me, but it also worried me.) For all I admire the Dallas crowd, I am disconcerted about what they may do to the worldcon-the science fiction worldcon. I don't want to seem bigoted or anything, but they do have an awful lot of movie and comic fans. 光光Some of my best friends are comic fans, but...** Did I make my point clear? It's not that I mind them taking over the huckster room so much as the program. Baycon was all right with only two mornings of monster and comic fans. (Both



rather dull, as it turned out, but that's beside the point.) I am very much in favor of movies being shown at cons, by must they be monster and horror films? What's wrong with all the classic of films?...Metropolis, Things to Come, Just Imagine, Five, The Day the Earth Stood Still, etc., etc., etc. Get what I mean? But we get Frankenstein, Dracula, the Fly and the like.

Buy AMAZING! It's

fantastic. ***No, it's Amazing. *** I have a new respect for Ted White.

Got a zine

from England today and it had an article on Magnus—Robot Fighter, saying how good the stories and art are. I went out and looked at a copy. Is he kidding? The art is atrocious! I hope the story line is better. What is the feeling in comics fandom about it? ***What we have here is a failure to communicate. For you non-comics fans out there, Magnus recently changed artists...then folded, the new artist was so drastically inferior. While it lasted Magnus was the last of the really good science fiction comics (as opposed to super-hero comics). The first issue quoted Asimov's Three Laws of Robatics and the serial in the back of the comic took its theme from Leinster's "First Contact".****

Heard the new Mama Cass record, "Getting better all the Time"? It's beautiful!! ****Rock music fandom strikes again.***
I heard a song today called "In the Year 2525." Not bad, either. But the record to buy is the cast album of Hair.

Justin Winston
Panola Street
Or Emma Johnson. Or even Josephine Icebox.
New Orleans, La.
It seems that in

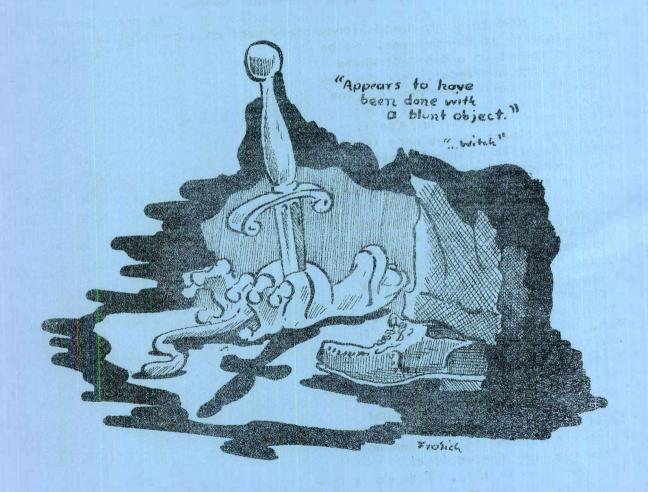
1896 this guy named Sidney story went on a campaign to clean

up the whore situation in New Orleans. So he had a law passed to set up a district where screwing a good bitch was legal. For obvious reasons it got to be called Storyville. The front of Storyville was back-o-town along Basin Street between Iberville and Conti. Here was where the finest pussys were to be had in the most magnificent whorehouses ever built in America. The cheapest houses charged a dollar for a fuck and a young man with hot nuts could empty his balls at the same time he emptied his wallet at the better places. They always had a band in the expensive houses. The music they played they called jazz (or jass, or jas, or jaz) because at the time jazz (jass, jas, jaz) meant fucking and that's what the band played when the patrons were balling their chosen wench. At any rate we had, here in New Orleans, the one and only Red Light District (the only legal one) ever in this country. There is a good case that says jazz music was born there.

And what happened to it? The Navy, that would always rather make somebody kiss its ass than do anything the normal way forced it at gunpoint to close down in 1917. Then in 1948 they fore all the houses down but four and made another goddaum project.



Herewith, installment four of THE NIGHT FALLS, Patrick H. Adkins realistic novel of witchcraft in feudal England, fully illustrated by Stan Taylor, A.I.E.



It was Sunday. Mass had been heard and breakfast had been eaten. Joan sat before the little mud hut, looking down at the fields below. Her brothers were off somewhere, and Henry was in the house with Shirley. Joan was alone and wouldn't be needed for an hour or two. And she was thinking of Malmose.

The hot dust of the road burned her bare feet as she crossed toward the forest. The forest closed about her as she sought an almost indiscernible trail. She hoped she would find him at his cave, but feared she would not. She determined to go there any-Moving alongside a sluggish, muddy stream, she finally reached a hill that ran along through the woods. Following the hill, she moved north. The green was above her, blocking the bluewhite sky; and the cries of birds sounded from the tall trees; leaves of small bushes brushed against her. And then she found the cave, the large boulder rolled in place in front of it, blocking the entrance. "Malmose," she cried very loud; she did not think he would be inside, but she called just to be sure. "Malmose." There was no answer. Where would she find him? Where would she look now? Turning slowly, she looked at the trees stretching away from her. She wondered if she should wait for him to return, or if she should hunt for him. But she did not have time to wait. Since she had come from the north, she now moved south, going slowly and calling his name. "Malmose." She looked at the giant tree that reached upward. She approached a clump of "Malmose." she cried again, as she picked one, smelled it, and placed it in her hair, smoothing down her hair with her hands. "Malmose." she cried, and she thought she heard somea rustling in the brush; maybe Malmose coming toward her. A moment later a bearded man appeared with a large dog in front of him. Wolf crashed through some foliage just in front of the girl, and rubbed its head against her. Joan petted the animal's head. Now Malmose was beside her, a bow in his hand and a quiver of arrows on his back, and a dead rabbit in his left hand.

"Joan," he said as he stopped beside her, smiling. "I hoped it was you." He was breathing hard as from running.

"I thought I'd come visit you again. I hope I didn't ruin your hunting."

"No, hunting was poor today; I only got this one rabbit, and I got him a long time ago. Wolf chased him out of a bush right toward me where I could catch him with my arrow."

"I always wanted to learn to shoot a bow. Would you mind teaching me?"

"No, here, I'll show you," he said, restringing the bow and handing it to her. He drew an arrow from his quiver and placed it across the bow, showing her how to hold both arrow and bow and how to pull the arrow back. Her first shot went wild, finally landing in some brush twenty-five yards away. They went toward it slowly, Wolf already there, bringing it back in his mouth.

"He is a hunter, isn't he?" she said.

Malmose nodded. Joan shot again, the arrow disappearing behind a low clump of bushes. Wolf leaped after it, but when the two

joined the dog it still had not found the shaft. Malmose and Joan searched for a few minutes, and then Joan said, "Well, I guess I'm just not a huntress."

Malmose laughed. "With my arrows, you're sure not."
They sat on the side of a slight hill, a few hundred yards
from the opening to his cave, the dog sitting just in front of
them, laying its head against the girl's legs. A slight wind
rustled the leaves of the trees. "You must get lonely out here,
all alone," the girl said.

Malmose nodded. "Yes, I get a little lonely. That's why I'm glad you decided to visit me. I want you to come in my cave and have something I made--some cake."

"Cake," the girl laughed.

"That's right--a cake; and don't you laugh. I stole a little flour from a serf--no, not from your father. I added my own ingredients and baked it. Come on, have some with me."

They rose together and walked toward the entrance. Once inside, he led Joan to a table, pushed the chair under her, and went over to the cabinet. "It's a day old, but it's not stale yet. I hope you like it." He extended a covered clay bowl toward



her. "Wait a minute and I'll brew something to drink with the cake." Taking a six inch long root from a bowl in the cabinet, he returned to the table where the girl After placing the bowl sat. containing the cake on the table, he drew a long knife from the scabbard at his side, and began to slice the root lengthwise, being careful not to sever it entirely from the remainder of the root. When he had finished, he held it up to show Joan; it resembled a brush, having a handle about an inch and a half long and bristles about four and a half inches. With the flat palm of his hand, he pressed against the bristles. flatening them out so that they formed a rough circle. "All this," he said, "just to make it brew faster." Setting a small pot of water over the little stone fireplace he had built, suspending the pot from a steel rod over the fireplace, he dropped the root into the water and added some fuel to the fire; the fire leaped

"How'd you ever learn so much about cooking?"

"Living in the woods, I have to experiment. I've found a lot of things most people wouldn't expect. You'll see when you taste this brew; it's delicious. And all it is, is a root boiled in water. I've used lots of roots, but I like this one best."

Joan watched him through wide brown eyes. The girl had found a companion and was content. If only all her time could be spent like this, she thought. But she knew it was impossible; she was forever bound to her brother and her lord. There was no escape from it for her any more than there was for her brothers or for any other serf; they were all trapped—until death.

Finally the brew was complete and he served it in two clay cups. It was an amber liquid. Smoke rose from it as she watched the cup. "You make these cups yourself, too?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, "I make them all myself. Don't drink it yet, though. It'll scald your tongue. Let it cool."

"And you know how to use other roots and berries and things? Would you show me how sometime? It could be very useful."

"I'll think about it. But remember, I jealously guard all my secrets. But I might make an exception in your case." He was smiling. "I might teach you a few of my lesser secrets."

She was blowing on the liquid in her cup. Wolf lay at her feet, rubbing his head against her bare feet. "Look at Wolf," she laughed.

"That dog of mine really likes you. I've never seen anything like it. Usually he doesn't like people. I remember once just after I found him, I took him back into town with me. I didn't get into town. The first person he saw, he wanted his throat. You've never seen Wolf when he's mad--I swear, you can't tell the difference between him and a real wolf. He's just like one. And growl--he opens that big mouth of his, showing those long teeth, and growls. The hair on his back seems to rise a little and the tail is out behind him. I had a time keeping him off of people. I was afraid when I brought you here last time for just that reason. I thought he'd give us trouble."

"I guess I'm just his type. Or maybe he doesn't attack girls."

"Maybe."

"You said you found him. How was that?"

"I found him when I first came in the woods. He was a pup then, wandering around. It had just rained and I found him. He was all wet and very ugly looking. I thought then that he was a wolf cub, but he didn't give me any trouble. Came right toward me and rubbed up against me, just the way he's doing you. Never seen a wolf yet that would do that." He took a sip from the cup before him.

"Then for all you know, he may be a wolf?" she said, seeming pleased. She lifted her cup, the warmth penetrating to her hand. She tasted it; it was still too hot to drink, but that one sip tasted good.

"I guess so. For all I know he could be a werewolf. Maybe he changes into a man during the full moon."

"Or into a girl." She smiled across at him.

"I doubt it, the way he's rubbing against you. If he changes into anything, it's got to be male."

Joan smiled again.

"Do you always wear a flower in your hair like that?" he asked, nodding toward her ear.

"No. Don't you like it?"

"Yes, I like it, but I was just wondering if it was usual. Both times I've seen you, you were wearing a flower. Last time

I saw you you put it in your hair, remember?"
"No, I don't wear it all the time, but only because I don't get the chance to go and pick a flower every day. But I like it. Don't you think it improves my looks?" Her eyes seemed to smile now; her lips were straight.

"I don't know if it improves them, but Malmose shrugged.

I like it."

Joan raised the cup to her lips again, tasting the amber liquid with her tongue. "This is good."

"Thanks. I drink it most of the time. It's my favorite

drink."

She took a bigger sip now.

"Go ahead and eat your cake," Malmose said, lifting the cover from the bowl before him, breaking off a piece of cake and handing it to the girl, and then breaking another piece for himself. He sat on the corner of the table, cup in one hand and cake in the other.

"You're really something -- a boy who lives in the woods all alone, with just a dog for company, and who can bake a cake and knows how to do all kinds of things with roots and berries." She took a piece of the cake in her mouth, breaking it off from the rest she held, and chewed it slowly; it did taste peculiar, she thought, but she said, "And the cake is good, too. you do it?"

Malmose shrugged, his eyes watching her. He ate a small "The cake's not very piece too, washing it down with more brew.

good," he commented when he was finished.

"It is good," she said. The cake had tasted unusual, she thought, and she felt peculiar herself. She wondered what it was. A strange flush crept over her. Her heart beat faster and she felt very warm.

Malmose was at her side now. "What's the matter?" he whispered, his voice low and his face almost touching hers. "You look strange." She was standing, and he held her by the shoulders. Looking into his face, she tried to notice if he looked different, if he seemed to be hot. Sweat collected on her brows. But he appeared normal, his countenance looming near her, just before her, the lips almost on hers. The voice came again--low, somnolent, somniferous, like light rain upon the roof of her hut--lulling. Now he had his arms about her, he brought the lips down toward hers, they touched, they burned into her. Her heart pounding within her, beating against her sides, he pressed her softly against him, heat filling her face. She responded, she drew him closer, she pressed her lips against his tighter. And then the lips were gone, the cheeks were side by side, his voice--soft, low, lulling--like a soft persistent tide gently striking the boulder on the shore--his voice whispering in her ear, "I love you, Joan; I love you." could not think; her cheek was welded against his by an inner force and was beginning to sweat.

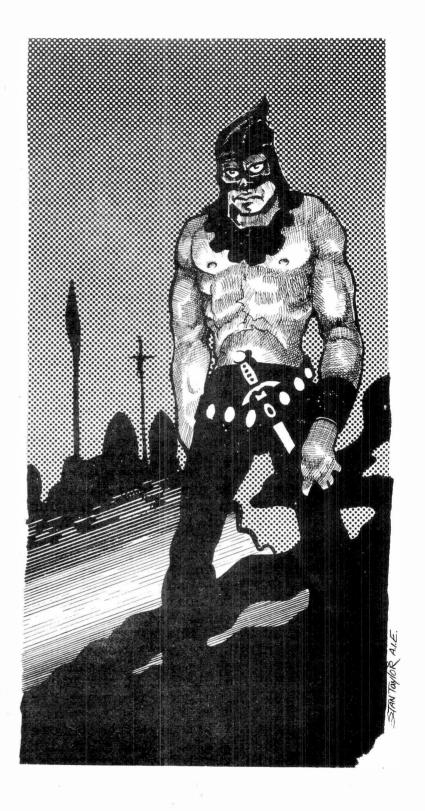
"Malmose," she whispered in reply -- that was all. "Malmose." Thought was lost with the first embrace. Again the lips touched, the girl's hands caressing the hair of his head, running slowly down his back.

Again and again came his voice--"I love you, Joan." And then he said, "This is freedom; this is better than death." Her

cheek was against his. rasping against the beard that covered the lower portion of his "You can have face. this and more--you won't have to worry about anything; just come with me to the Black Mass. You'll be free of it all--wed yourself to Satan and give up the problems of life. Don't look for death; you can have happiness now, here on earth. Come with me, Joan; come to the Black Mass."

She pulled herself from him, her eyes
round and staring. She
tried to think. "Black
Mass--my God, you're a
warlock--- You're a
warlock," she screamed
at him, backing quickly
away, toward the narrow
entrance of the cave.

"Yes," he whispered--his voice low and lulling -- "Yes. I'm a warlock, and you'll be my witch. Come with me, Joan; come to the Black Mass --we'll be happy in this life. If anyone hurts us, we'll curse them and bring them to ruin. I'll teach you to seduce and murder with a piece of cake and something from the victim's body. I'll be happy and teach you to be happy. We'll be subjects of Satan and happy in sin. God is for the rich--he cares



only for the rich and for his fat priests. Eut Satan-King of Devils, Prince of Darkness-he is our lord and master; he is our savior." He was moving toward her, and she was moving toward the door. Wolf was at his side, the dog seemingly transformed: its ears raised, its body low, its tail extended. Malmose's hand sat upon its head. "You see," he said to the girl, "even Wolf--and he is a wolf--knew that you were destined to be one of us. He knew it and liked you. You can't run from it--you were chosen ages ago when the world was divided in the

eyes of God: We are on His left side; you've been joined with us from the beginning and will be for all eternity. And we'll all roast forever after--but it will be worth it."

"My God," she cried, "save me--" She was at the entrance, starting to back cut through it. "Get away, get away from me."

"You can't run. It was destined always, and even if you go now, you'll come back. I could see it in your eyes from the first; you've always been one of us. I'll see you at the Black Mass." He stood very straight then, the wolf at his side, both seeming like creatures of a dream; yet Joan believed in them-the world believed in witches and warlocks and demons.

She was out of the cave, in the open air, running toward home. Her hand struck the flower from her hair; it fell behind her upon the ground. Her face was flushed and her hair streaked behind her; her dress caught in a bush of thorns, ripping slightly, and she tripped over a low creeper and sprawled upon the earth, and then she was up again, running, glancing over her shoulder. The forest that had been alive with beauty was now a ghoul-haunted abode of horror. She ran. She tripped, she was torn by thorns, but she never stopped. She lifted herself from the grass-covered earth and ran again. Then the forest was behind her and the blue-white sky was above her; she was running up the first hill across the dust road, she was going down the other side; and she stumbled to the bottom.

For a long time she sat huddled against the hill, shivering slightly, the words reverberating within her. She could not believe that he was a warlock; he had been so friendly and nice. She remembered the stories she had heard, the tales of horror, of the Black Mass--of the riotous celebration and wild defiance of the lord--of the evil of Satan's followers, the spells they could cast. She remembered hearing her father talk of his sister who had been bewitched, who had suddenly become insane just short of maturity. And Malmose -- the name sounded evil and mysterious, like a warlock--had said that she was destined to be a member of the Satanic cult: She would dance the witch's dance, giving herself over body and soul to the Prince of Darkness. Again Joan shivered. She remembered stories of the incubi, demons who came at night to haunt women and lead them to Satan. remembered the image of Satan her father had described to her. A man had stumbled upon the Black Mass in progress and seen the idol they worshiped: the huge figure of a naked man with the head, hands, and feet of a goat, and the mocking smile.

It was a little while before Joan finally rose and started toward the hut. She had missed the second meal of the day and knew Shirley would be angry with her. She had meant to return in time, but the morning had gone by too quickly. Stopping just inside the door, she called, "Shirley," in a low tone.

Came the noncommittal voice of the older girl: "You're back."

Somehow the afternoon passed. Joan went about her routine household tasks, mindlessly doing the things she had done, it seemed, every afternoon of her life. At one point she asked Shirley, as casually as possible, "What do you know about witches." The older girl responded with a grisly tale of babies murdered for their fat and of old crones roasted alive, slowly, to force from them a confession to the crime, a confession which never came. Shirley had heard the story from a friend, who had it from a cousin, but the story was probably true. That such

things did happen, Joan could not doubt.

Joan felt a little better after talking to the other girl. Shirley had seemed friendly, and the young girl needed a friend. Soon the evening meal was ready and everything happened over again, just as it had happened every day before: The men came in, settling themselves around the table, talking noisily, paying no attention to Joan. And suddenly the girl sank back into her former depression that Shirley had momentarily lifted; when the men were around, their loud voices shattering the quiet of the mud hut, she felt again like a little child. The world was too big for her, and she thought of not having to be here, in the little mud hut. She thought of Malmose and his parting words—her thoughts suddenly reverted to him—and Joan was afraid.

For a long time after the meal, the men sat around the table, talking of the happenings of the day and the troubles of the serfs. Soon it was dark and they rose a few at a time and settled down in their rags; Monday would come early, and serfs must be rested to work. Joan settled herself in her corner, first propping her back against the wall and then settling herself down on the hard dirt that was only slightly padded by the torn rags. The darkness was intense, the moon obscured by clouds, and suddenly Joan was afraid again. There were the sounds of the night, exaggerated by her imagination -- soft rustling, snoring, a cough. The girl thought of warlocks. drew her legs up over her stomach until they were almost tucked under her chin, and she pressed her eyes tightly closed. Thought was a curse: Restless, tossing slightly, mouth dry, she remembered the prediction of Malmose; and she wondered if she would become a witch. Her lips were tightly pressed together in the darkness, and she tried to swallow. And she remembered her seduction -- the soft voice, the lips, how easily Tossing slightly, she turned to face the it had been done. wall, twisting her body into a more comfortable position. Opening her eyes, she saw nothing--complete blackness enveloped her; and now she turned back away from the wall. Pressing her eyes tightly shut again, pillowing her head on her right arm, she stretched her left arm across her eyes. But her imagination was alive: In the dimness was a demon, a seething, formless chimera, grotesque, hairy, hairless, wavering, jaws wide and crimson tongue extended, lupine--growling; and there was Malmose; and there a witch stripping flesh from a baby, and the same witch writhing over a fire. But Joan was not yet asleep -- another came, very real, the voice from the blackness its harbinger: into my arms," it whispered; "come to me and give up your troubles." Chilled, the girl lay very still. Was it real? "Come," whispered the low, soft voice again, a voice like that of the warlock; and then warm, slightly moist fingers touched her shoulder. The girl tried to scream, but her vocal cords would not respond. She could feel the warm, noisome breath as it spoke -- "I will solve your problems." And then she screamed -and screamed -- and screamed -- until one of her brothers struck her lightly in the face with his open hand, as he shook her violently by the shoulder. Suddenly she stopped, slipping back to the floor, sobbing silently. It was a long time before she finally fell once more into sleep.

