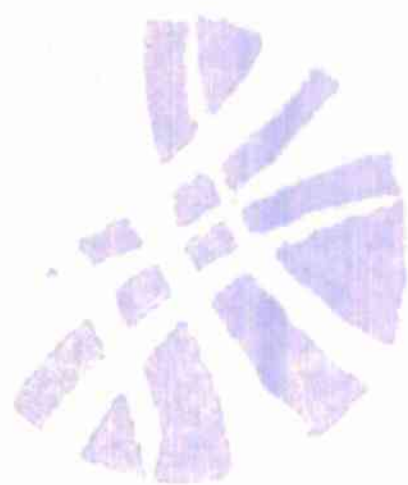


NARGOTHROND



WUSH



Put out by Tri-State Publishers whenever we damn well feel like it. For 30¢ an issue or 4 for \$1. Also available for letters of comment and contributions. Send art work to Alan Thompson and articles and fiction to Rick Brooks; letters to either.



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Random jottings and books by Brooks crowded out this issue due to a shortage of masters and deadline.

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WHO AM I

All About Alan G. Thompson

by Alan G. Thompson

As most people who will be reading this publication have never heard my name before I felt a brief introduction was in line. I am at present in my last term of Electrical Engineering at Tri-State College in Angola, Indiana. I enjoy science fiction very much, tho to be completely honest, I have read very little. Most of my contact with the field is thru television, mainly because college and my other interests leave me little time. Now, with this magazine I don't think I'll even have time to sleep anymore. Don't get me wrong, I like life that way. Among my other interests are electronics (of course), contemporary music (rock 'n' roll, if you insist), and radio DX-ing. I enjoy color TV, some of the programs I like are STAR TREK, AVENGERS, MISSION IMPOSSIBLE, HAPPINING '68, ROWAN & MARTIN, THE SAINT, and SMOTHERS BROTHERS, therefore most of my editorial space and articles will cover topics along these interests. Another thing to keep me busy is a part time hobby-type business I operate. I have built a big, elaborate sound and light system I use for Dec Jay-ing at dances. This is a lot of fun and provides little income. I would appreciate letters from anyone with hobbies and interests similar to mine. Letters of comment for the magazine are very much appreciated also, of course.

For a quick comment on my past I was born and raised in East Lansing, Michigan. Upon high school graduation I went to Ferris, a state college about 60 miles north of Grand Rapids, Michigan, for two years in a pre-engineering program. Having run out of engineering courses and finding the school rather undesirable I transferred to Tri-State College where I have been the last three years. I find Tri-State an excellent engineering school and will be receiving a B.S. degree this June. I'll end this article here as I'm sure I have told you more about me than you were really interested in anyway.

LOOKING

FOR

OLD

RECORDS



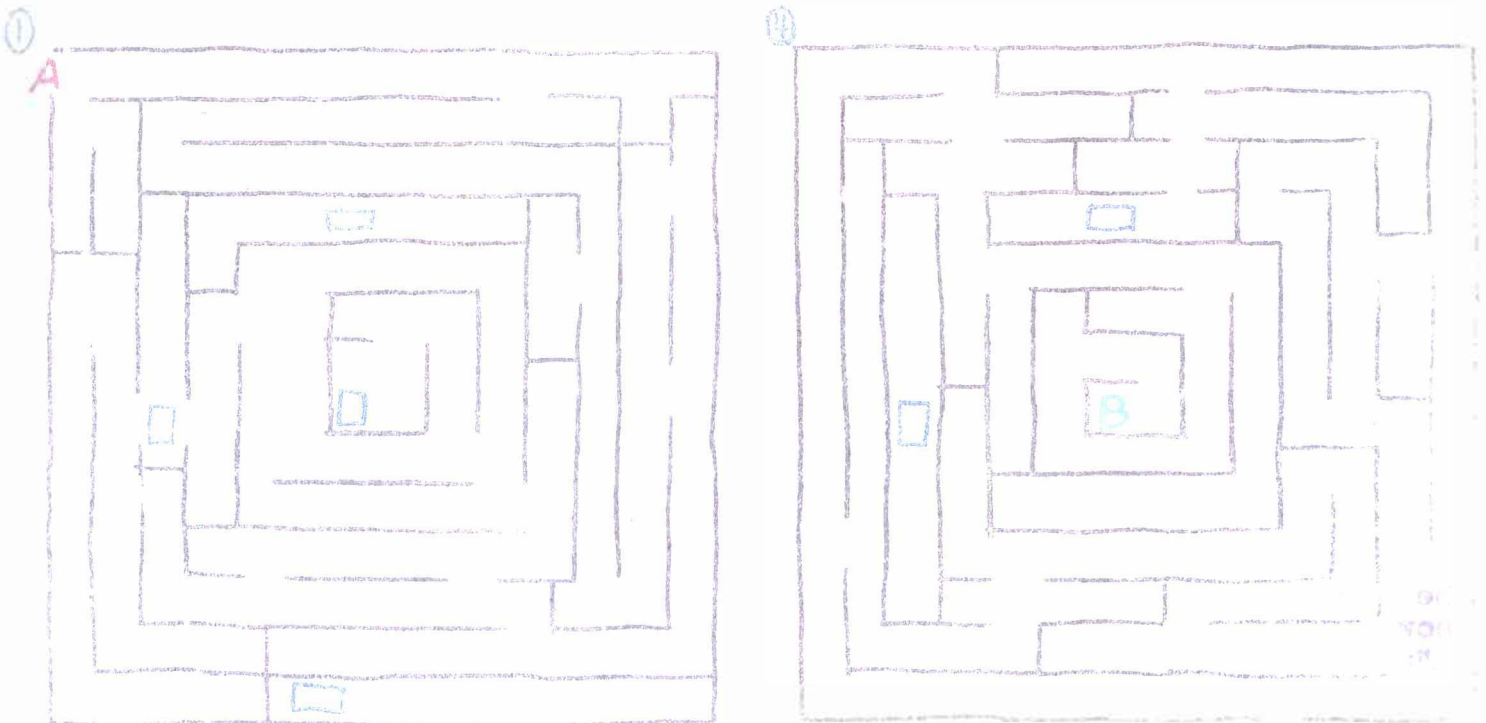
I have a record collection that is now about 3000 strong (45's). I always have current and old records I am interested in trading for other records I don't have, also I have a number of sources to obtain oldies from, and if you have a particular record you are looking for I would be glad to keep an eye out for it. If you are interested in exchanging records or anything along this line, just drop me a line. Also, I collect record surveys so if a "pop" station in your area puts one out I would appreciate a copy. My present address is 615 S. Elizabeth, Angola, Indiana 46703. This is subject to change this June 1st, my address after that is of yet unknown.

New Address:

Alan G. Thompson, P.O. Box 78 North Aurora, Illinois 60062

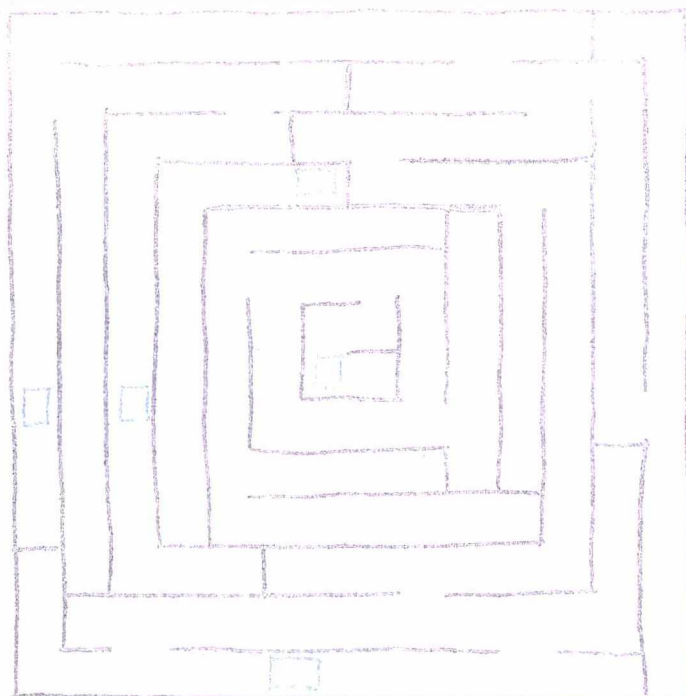
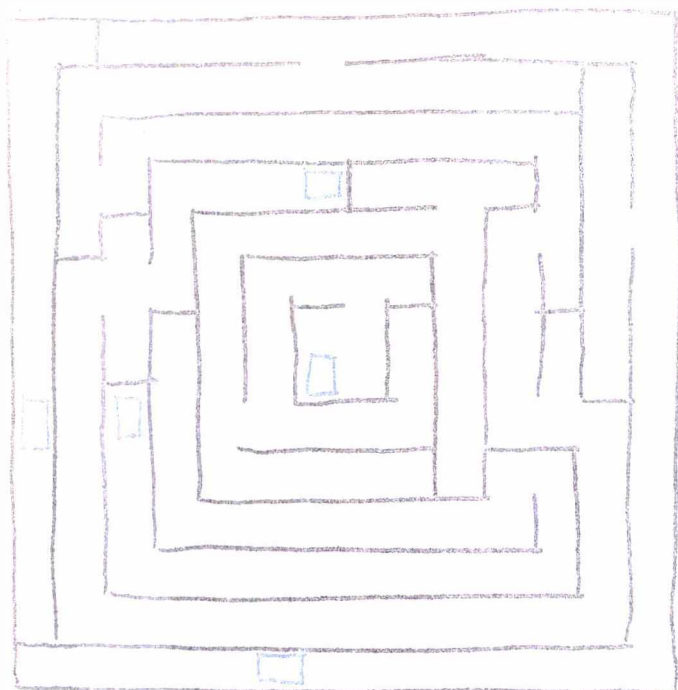
3-D MAZE

At Expo '67 last summer I toured a pavilion called the "Labyrinthe". It consisted of several identical levels of mazes which we passed thru between viewing two different multi-screened movies. The maze had mirrored walls that gave a sense of infinity. On the sides were strings of colored mini-lights that varied in intensity with electronic music that seemed to come from everywhere. This "show" along with the 3-D Chess game used on STAR TREK gave me the idea for the 3-D maze. Because I am limited to the two dimensional surface of the page a little imagination is needed to place one level over another. Be sure the upper left corners are directly above each other, that is, do not turn any level or the channels between levels will not line up. When you get to a channel you can travel to any other level that channel is represented on. Start at point A and travel to point B. The solution will follow in the next issue. Good luck!



Other two levels on next page. Cut along blue dotted line to view all levels at same time.

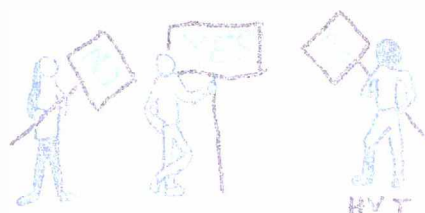
3-D maze continued.



PROTEST

TIME

AGAIN



I was very delighted, as I'm sure most of you were, when the news came thru that STAR TREK had finally been renewed. I well remember when this news first came to me. I had just gotten out of a class that was dismissed early and was lounging at a desk in the hallway with a number of other students. A news report was coming over the radio from CKLW, top rated, powerhouse station from Detroit (Windsor actually). No one was paying any attention to it until the name STAR TREK was mentioned, then quiet fell over us as we listened to the details of the program's renewal. Several cheers and applause followed.

So much of the renewal, now comes word (via Bjo's Newsletter) that the network is planning to run the show Friday at 10:00 P.M. As you know, weekend nights spell doom for STAR TREK. Now that we have proved a "write in" campaign can save the show (for one season, anyway) I think we should all write in against a time that will more than likely cause continued rating problems. I plan on writing and hope you will all do the same. If, for some reason, you don't have the address: Mort Werner, Head of Programming, NBC-TV, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 10026; of course letters to the usual other parties, stations, sponsors, RCA, etc. are always helpful.



TYRN GORTHAD

5

ON VULCAN CULTURE AND HISTORY

by Rick Brooks

The Vulcans have an ancient culture, yet unlike ours, theirs doesn't seem to be technologically oriented. There has been no mention made of Vulcanian star ships and little of other Vulcans working on or serving on star ships. Mr. Spock is a legend on his own world ("Amok Time"). Yet what is odd considering this immensely proud race is that Spock is only a First Officer on a human star ship, altho the best First Officer on the fleet. This seems to suggest that not only do Vulcans have any star ships - as a star ship captain of their race commanding one of their own star ships would be much more famous than a Vulcan who merely served a human on a human star ship - but also that the Vulcans have few people with Spock's technical abilities.

It is quite probable considering the Vulcan telepathic abilities that they concentrate heavily on what we call the social sciences and have succeeded in raising them to the level of a science. The Vulcan training of emotional control is a good example of this. But why do Vulcans consider emotional control to be as necessary as they seem to? It is risky to evaluate the motivations of an alien culture, but from the glimpses we get, it seems to be understandable in terms of ours.

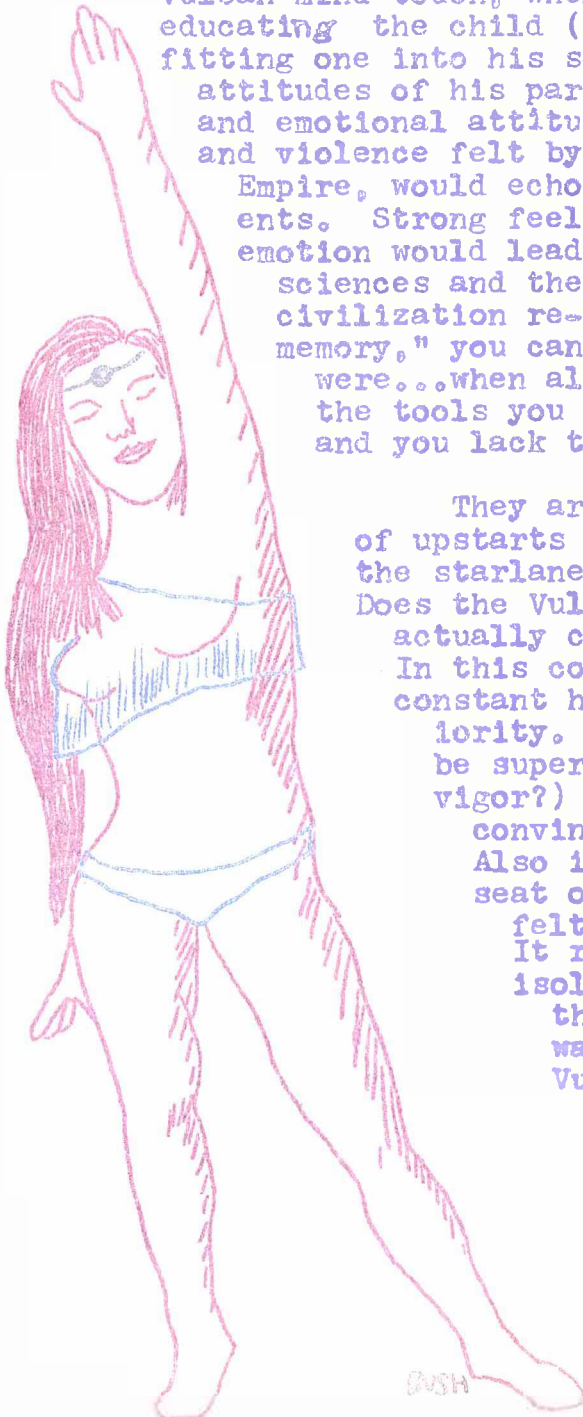
There is a race called the Romulans that are related to the Vulcans ("Balance of Terror") and are a very warlike race. It is my contention that these two races were once one and haven't evolved very far apart. In the Romulans, we see an approximation of the Vulcans of the remote past and gain an idea of the Vulcanian need for emotional control.

Vulcan is an old desert world and long before Mother Earth was able to support life, alien life forms filled the seas of Vulcan. While one celled animals became many amid the fertile seas of Earth, an erect biped strode the surface of Vulcan. When the first fish braved the hostile air of Earth, the Vulcans were braving the far more hostile reaches between the worlds.

Yet now this elder race's technology which once strewed them across the starlanes now barely suffices to keep their world habitable. Yet the Vulcans do not seem to be either decadent or near-barbarians. The reason for this lies back in the history of this once warlike race when they had spread themselves among the stars and colonized the world from which the Romulans later traced their origins. There must have been an unthinkable vast natural catastrophe, or most probable a war that swept across the starlanes and saw the reduction of this promising race to an eons long struggle for bare survival.

Undoubtedly, they were as careless of their natural resources in the early days of their first civilization as we are and have been. According to Hoyle, (Fred Hoyle, noted astronomer) a second civilization building on the ruins of a previous one would have a much more difficult task due to the depletion of vitally needed ores, oil, and minerals which would have disappeared from all easy to reach locations (INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE - Shklovskii and Sagan, p. 414). It is quite probable that most of Vulcan's ore came from other planets or asteroid belts in their own and nearby systems. If so, this would give Vulcans a strong impetus toward developing the social sciences.

Another factor would be the natural result of their telepathic ability which could function as a sort of racial memory. I see the Vulcan mind touch, when used in childhood training, as not educating the child (in the broad sense of education as fitting one into his society) but also giving the child the attitudes of his parents to some extent. A very powerful and emotional attitude such as the revulsion against war and violence felt by the once over-proud survivors of the Empire, would echo down thru the minds of their descendants. Strong feelings about the misuses of unfettered emotion would lead to the development of the social sciences and their by-product, emotional control, once civilization re-arose on Vulcan. (And despite "racial memory," you cannot build up overnight to where you were...when all the tools to make the tools to make the tools you need are destroyed almost completely and you lack the materials to manufacture them.)



They arose to find that a young brash race of upstarts had outstripped them and controlled the starlanes that use to be part of the Empire. Does the Vulcan claim of cultural superiority actually cloak a nagging feeling of inferiority? In this context, it is interesting to note Spock's constant harping on the theme of Vulcan superiority. (Interesting thought: could Spock be superior to the average Vulcan due to hybrid vigor?) It sounds like Spock is trying to convince someone besides his listeners. Also interesting is T'Pol's turning down a seat on the Federation Council as tho she felt that it wasn't good enough for her. It reminds one of the Japanese who once isolated their "superior culture" from those inferior cultures whose technology was far ahead of the Japanese. The Vulcans act like they are overcompensating for their feelings of inferiority due to being a minor race in a small corner of what use to be an empire

larger than the Federation (Romulans come from outside the Federation volume of space) and due to their racial memory of their race's fall from glory.

Since no culture is homogeneous (tho telepathy would tend to make it more nearly so), we can expect some individual Vulcans not to share this attitude so strongly. It is significant in this respect that little is heard of Vulcans in space (a brief mention by Other-Spock in "Mirror, Mirror" of his Vulcan aides, Sarek in "Journey to Babel," and the Vulcans "manning" the Intrepid in "Immunity Syndrome") except for one that happens to be half human. It might be that Vulcans associate space with their ancient loss. In this respect, it would be hard to understand Spock's fame among his people if it were not for his high standing in the fleet. If he were just another crewman of the Enterprise, he would probably be despised and ignored by his chosen race. But as the best First Officer in the fleet serving just under one of the best captains, Spock bolsters the Vulcan need for appearing superior. Vulcans might also forsake space so that their "superiority" might not be tested too far where humans have the upper hand.

The Romulans differ from the Vulcans, especially mentally. In "Balance of Terror," the Romulans seemed unable to sense the death of one of the crew. The death of the rest of the crew didn't seem to affect Spock, but the death of his fellow Vulcans on the Intrepid hit him very hard at a much greater distance.

In support of the Empire theory, I have (thanks to Shirley Meech and her ST tapes) Spock's quote from "Balance of Terror" in which he states that "Vulcan, like Earth, had its aggressive colonizing period--savage even by Earth standards. And if the Romulans retain this martial philosophy, then weakness is something that we dare not show."

The Romulans not being as peaceable as the Vulcans could be due to less need for co-operation to survive. Despite the fact that Romulus would undoubtedly have more natural resources. Vulcan would have greatly exhausted her resources by setting up at least one interstellar colony. Since the Romulans survived in good enough shape to go star-faring, it is possible that they were the best favored of several colonies; the winners of an interstellar "game of Russian Roulette" (Kathy Bushman) as it were.

Vulcan telepathy could well have developed in the aftermath of the Final War. As destructive as radioactive weapons are and the need of atomic energy for interstellar flight undoubtedly nuclear weapons were used on Vulcan. (The planet as seen from space still looks like a king-size slag heap.) The matter-anti-matter drive which is the only known source of power great enough for

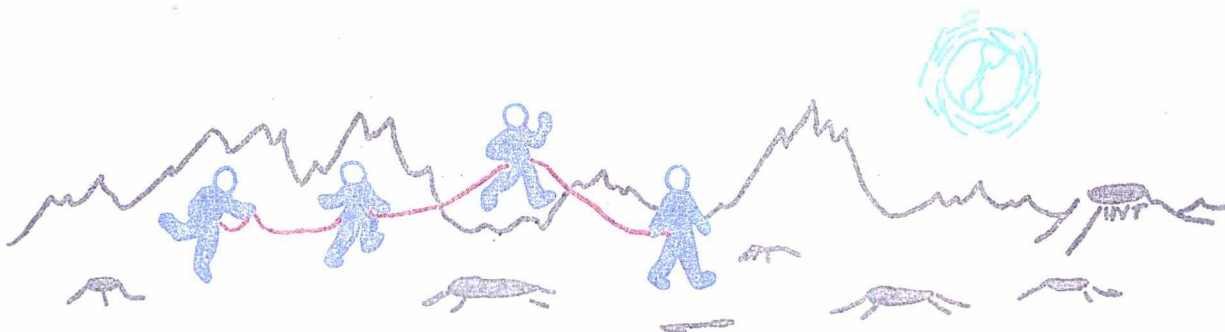


rapid interstellar flight involves the total conversion of matter to energy, ie. radiation. And radiation causes mutations. With what we've seen of the blasted and wasted surface of Vulcan, it is a tribute to the toughness of the Vulcan race that they survived.

The emergence of telepathy just after the Final War would account for the survival of the violent mating customs displayed in "Amok Time" as a previous mental attitude surviving because of its high emotional content as well as due to the conservative Vulcan respect for tradition. (The mind touch which would tend to give the young Vulcan the outlook of his parents would tend to freeze the culture and would lead to a highly conservative attitude.) This is a remote possibility that Vulcans are basically more emotional than humans(?) and thus have a greater need for emotional control. (For the opposite view, see Kay Anderson's letter.)

A final War between Vulcan and her rebellious colonies of which only (?) Romulus remains seems to be the most logical explanation for the facts before us. It would account for the instinctive distaste Spock showed for the Romulans which he doesn't show for wierder life forms (Kay Anderson).

Maybe Vulcan had grown weak in building up her colonies, or maybe the colonies had outside help in carrying the brunt of the war to Vulcan. We shall probably never know.



"Printed in cheap paperback issues at sixty cents each, the Tarzan books [are] read in offices, factories - and read to the peasants by one of the educated villagers..."

From an Associated Press dispatch from Russia, April 17, 1924, quoted on page 133 of The Big Swingers by Robert W. Fenton.

Thus proving that the Russians not only "invented" the paperback before we did, but that they also thought of the sixty cent paperback long before we did.

PULP CORNER:

ON WHISTLING DAN BARRY

by Rick Brooks

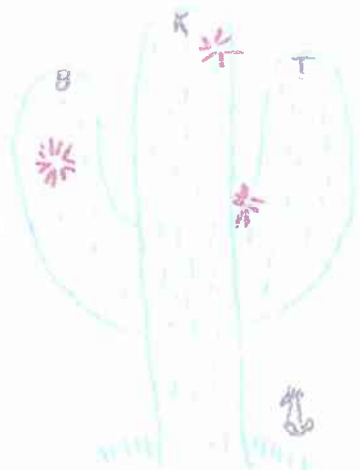
One of the most powerful themes in fiction is that of a man relentlessly driven to destruction by his personal Fates. Add to this the theme of a mutant superman with superhuman strength and reflexes and as alien to humanity as the beasts of the forest and plain and you have... a powerful science fiction story? No, you have Whistling Dan Barry, one of the most unique western heroes ever to come off the pen of any author.

This remarkable character was the first of many created by Frederick Faust under the pen name of Max Brand. The first novel on Whistling Dan Barry was The Untamed which "proved so popular with readers that [Faust] turned out two sequels, and eventually a companion title, Dan Barry's Daughter. When it appeared in Munsey's ALL STORY WEEKLY tens of thousands of readers acclaimed The Untamed one of the greatest western novels ever written." (S. Allen McElfresh and Darrell C. Richardson in Max Brand: The Man and His Works)

One wonders what sort of a mark Frederick Faust would have made in the literary world if he had become a "word-pi" instead of one of the pulp's most prolific writers. The Untamed shows a high degree of literary polish for a first novel. The story starts out slowly enough with a quiet desert scene under the baking sun. Then the story starts to come to life.

"Over the shoulder of a hill comes whistling which might have been attributed to the wind, had not this day been deathly calm. It was fit music for such a scene, for it seemed neither of heaven nor earth, but the soul of the great god Pan come back to earth to charm those nameless rocks with his wild sweet piping. It changed to harmonious phrases loosely connected. Such might be the exultant improvisations of a master violinist."

Then around a rock appears Black Bart, the huge wolf-dog who is more than dog or wolf just as Dan Barry is more than man. He is followed by Whistling Dan atop Satan, the black Stallion. While the horse is a majestic Arabian Stallion, Dan Barry is a slender girlish person of average height (in marked contrast to all the other tall muscular heroes who stride thru the pages of Brand's westerns).



Dan had been found as a child by Joe Cumberland, his foster father, one Spring day walking and whistling across a rise between the sunset and the stars following a flock of wild geese north. Old Joe raises Dan along with his daughter, Kate, but he is afraid to let Dan have a gun or get in a fight. Joe speculates that Dan is a throwback to the primitive when man's muscles had to be stronger and his feeling is strengthened by Dan's taming of Satan and Black Bart and the uncanny bonds between them.

But Whistling Dan runs afoul of Jim Silent and four of his gang outside a local saloon. Jim Silent is a giant of a man with a catlike grace and a draw that has never been beaten. He looses a bet when Dan shoots four silver dollars out of the air at once with two borrowed guns.

Silent tries to provoke Dan into a fight, but Dan is polite to the point of cowardice until Silent swings on him. "Dan stood perfectly still and watched the blow coming. His eyes were wide and wondering, like those of a child. The iron-hard hand struck full on the mouth, fairly lifted him from his feet, and flung him against the wall with such violence that he recoiled and fell forward onto his knees. Silent was making beast noises in his throat and preparing to rush or the half prostrate figure. He stopped short.

Dan was laughing. At least that chuckling murmur was near to a laugh. Yet there was no mirth in it. It had that touch of the maniacal in it which freezes the blood. Silent halted in the midst of his rush, with his hands poised for the next blow. His mouth fell agape with an odd expression of horror as Dan stared up at him. That hideous chuckling continues. The sound defied definition. And from the shadow in which Dan was crouched his brown eyes blazed, changed, and filled with yellow fires."

Dan springs and manhandles the giant Jim Silent as though he were a child. With a desperate effort, Silent breaks loose and hits Whistling Dan with a chair, then flees with his men just behind him.

Whistling Dan and his two non-human companions prodeed to track down and destroy Jim Silent's gang. Finally Dan faces Silent in hand to hand combat which only Dan survives.



But this story is more than just another western. In the words of S. Allen McElfresh (from the Fabulous Faust Fanzine, p. 171), "the story of Whistling Dan Barry in The Untamed details the poignant exile of Pan among the mortals and his efforts to adjust to the mortal world."

Dan feels a strong attraction toward his foster-sister, Kate, but his restless nature gets the better of him. Kate refuses to hold him against his instincts as she feels that he must always be as "free as the wild geese that fly past the moon." So Dan leaves.

"Far off, above the rushing of the wind, they heard the weird whistling, a thrilling and unearthly music. It was sad with the beauty of the night. It was joyous with the exultation of the wind. It might have been the voice of some god who rode the northern storm south, south after the wild geese, south with the untamed."

According to Darrell C. Richardson in the chapter on "Fantasy in the Writing of Max Brand," (p.117), "the other two novels in the trilogy, The Night Horseman and The Seventh Man further depict the effort of Pan to adjust to the mortal world. He tries and fails. Dan Barry is not so much super-man, as he is an alien. He truly loves Kate, and at times the human nature of his soul has the upper hand. But the life of a mortal is not for him. The Seventh Man, (Argosy, Oct. 1, 1921 6pt.) is a tragedy—a poetic moving tragedy. Tho Dan Barry dies at the end of the book, it would be more accurate to say that his exile on the alien earth is finished, and he has departed to resume his place with the gods."

The second book, The Night Horseman, (Argosy, Sept. 18, 1920, 6pt), concerns MacStrann whose brother Jerry tried to gun down Dan Barry and dies for his pains. Mac Strann is a trapper of a solitary nature with affection for his younger brother his only apparent link with humanity. Strann is not a tall man, but very bulky and every ounce of that bulk is muscle; almost like a bear that has taken on a similitude of humanity. And he is the only man in the area that could out fight and out draw his brother, Jerry.

Mac Strann has killed every man who has harmed his wild younger brother by provoking them into a fight either with hand or gun; Strann's only fear that of being entangled in the toils of the courts. Dan Barry (because he hated to disappoint anyone who wanted trouble that bad) waits for Mac Strann in a nearby saloon as Jerry Strann breathes his last.

But Dan is lured away by Buck Daniels and Strann follows him to the Cumberland Ranch. Strann wounds Black Bart and sets fire to the barn where Satan is trapped in his box stall. Dan and Buck Daniels who

owes Dan his life manage to rescue Satan and Black Bart. As soon as Black Bart is ready to take the trail Dan Barry follows MacStrann.

He meets Strann on a rainy night where "the air was filled with parallel lines, as in some pencil drawings - not like ordinary rain, but as if the sky had changed into a vast watering-spout and was sending down a continuous flood from myriad holes. It was hard to look up through the terrific down-pour, for it blinded one and whipped the face and made one breathless, but now and again a puff of the rare wind would lift the sodden brim of the sombrero and then one caught a glimpse of the low-hanging clouds, with the nearest whiffs of black mist dragging across the top of a hill."

When Dan comes whistling joyously through the storm, MacStrann's nerve gives way and he flees with Dan at his heels. When Strann fails to ford a flooded river, Dan Barry and Satan haul him out to continue the fight. Dan hands MacStrann one of his guns and waits, the feral yellow light swirling in his eyes. But Strann drops the gun and refuses to fight. Whistling Dan puzzledly watches the receding back of the foe he has failed to kill. As the storm crashes unnoticed about him, Dan momentarily wonders if the old wild life is withdrawing from him.

But he is unable to hold any such feeling for long and when he returns to the ranch his coming is heralded by a whistling that almost defies comparison. "Give the eagle the throat of the lark, and after he has struck down his prey and sent the ragged feathers and the slain body falling down to earth, what would be the song of the eagle rising again and dwindling out of sight in the heart of the sky? What terrible pean would he send whistling to the dull earth far below? And such was the music that come before the coming of Dan Barry."

Dan and Kate follow the wild geese south together leaving behind all mortal care. At the end of the second book, Whistling Dan seems to have come to terms with his love of violence. But in the third book of the trilogy, Dan Barry's wild nature proves his doom.

In The Seventh Man (ARGOSY, Oct.1,1929; 6 pts), Dan and Kate have lived in the wilderness long enough to have a young daughter. When Dan seems to overcome his wild streak, he aids Vic Gregg who happens to be escaping from a posse. Vic's horse, Grey Molly, is

almost spent, but Dan promises to bring her back all right.

But while Dan is leading the posse away from Vic Gregg, a long shot by Sheriff Pete Glass wounds Grey Molly. Dan's reaction is intense. "They had killed a horse to stop a man and to him it was more than murder. What harm had she done them except to carry her rider bravely and well? The tears of rage and sorrow which a child sheds welled into the eyes of Dan Barry. Every one of them had a hand in this horrible killing; every one of them was, to that half animal and half childish nature, a murderer.

"The yellow which had glinted in his eyes during the run was afire" as he promises Molly a man's life for hers, then puts her out of her misery. Then Whistling Dan turns to the posse.

"It had all happened in very few seconds, and the posse was riding through the river, still a long shot off, when Barry drew his rifle from its case on the saddle. Moreover, the failing light which had made the sheriff's hit so much a matter of luck was now still dimmer, yet Barry snapped his gun to the shoulder and fired the instant the butt lay in the groove. For another moment nothing changed in the appearance of the riders, then a man leaned out of his saddle and fell full length in the water."

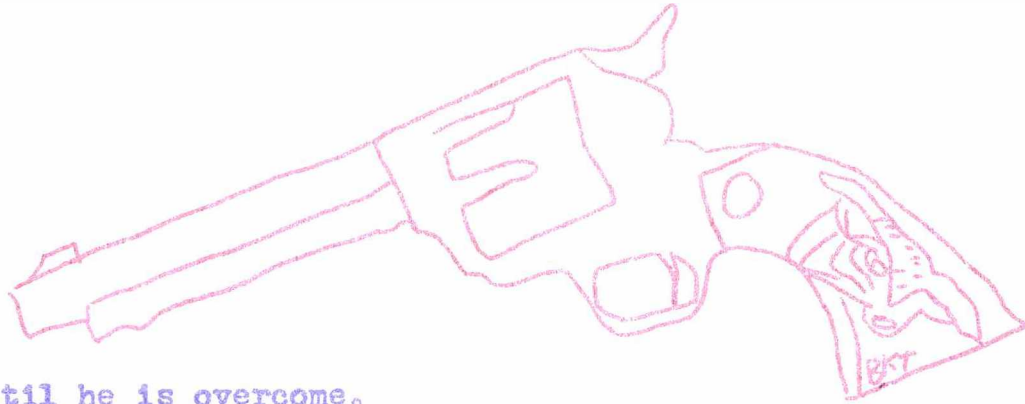
Whistling Dan had shot Molly's man between the eyes. The posse loses Dan, but on their way back they run into Vic Gregg. Under pressure, he agrees to betray Dan Barry to the posse.

In the meantime, Buck Daniels and Lee Haines, another partner of Dan's from the Jim Silent days, arrive at Barry's cabin. They try to get Dan to stay as his wild nature is impelling him to move on, forgetting Kate and all else. Dan is still there when Vic Gregg arrives. Vic Gregg breaks down and admits the plot to Dan. Dan is so angered by this underhanded trick that he vows that all five possemen and Vic Gregg will also pay for Grey Molly's death.

Whistling Dan escapes in the uncertain moonlight, but he fires one shot and another man is down with a bullet through his head. Three possemen decide to ambush Dan and take his horse. Dan accounts for one of them, and Black Bart and Satan handle the other two.



Buck Daniels and Lee Haines wait at the cabin and try to comfort Kate, but all three of them are sobered by the knowledge that this is the first time Dan has killed honest men who have done him no physical harm. All Whistling Dan Barry's wildness has come to utterly control him, and they know that it is a matter



of time until he is overcome.

Dan rides into the town of Alder where Sheriff Pete Glass is having a posse tested. Dan's shooting gets him in to see the sheriff. Pete Glass had never met his equal with a gun, yet Whistling Dan shoots him before he can get his gun out of its holster. But the sheriff's assistant telegraphs ahead and posses set off to supply with horses and help the specialists Pete Glass had gathered.

Satan runs ninety miles with his master on his back and Black Bart running ahead scouting out ambushes. At last, Satan's stride begins to falter. Whistling Dan Barry throws away his saddle and bridle, his rifle and his gun, his boots and even the sombrero from his head. The Asper River fed to a raging torrent by melting snows is at his front and the fifteen men of the posse gaining at his rear.

Dan Barry decides the slightest chance of escape is better than letting the posse take them. He turns Satan toward the river and gestures to Black Bart. With hardly a pause, the wolf-dog turns and hurls himself into the torrent with Satan and Dan at his heels. Black Bart reaches the shore and catches Dan's arm. Dan gets his feet under him and grips Satan's mane. The three manage to gain the bank and stagger up it into shelter as the posse rides up shooting.

But although he escapes the posse, Dan is brought down with Satan and Black Bart escaping back to the wild. "The long companionship of the three was ended and the seventh man was dead for Grey Molly".

Dan dies with Kate at his side. "As she closed the eyes, the empty hollow eyes, she heard a distant calling, a hoarse and dissonant chiming. She looked and saw a wedge of wild geese flying low across the moon."

According to the editor of Argosy, Albert Gibner (quoted by William F. Nolan in Max Brand: The Man and His Works p101), "We never carried a series with more popular appeal than the Dan Barry yarns. When Faust killed off Barry in the Seventh Man readers kept demanding more."

Part of this popularity was undoubtedly due to Max Brand's writing style. In the words of Carl Brandt, Brand's friend and literary agent (quoted by Darrell C. Richardson in Max Brand: the Man and His Works, p 16), "No matter how simple a concept might

be - and it had to be that to be a successful pulp yarn - there would be a passage of such beauty that it would make your senses tingle."

The three Dan Barry stories had many such memorable passages, especially the last volume as it inexorably moves toward its tragic climax. But Brand's main asset was his ability to tell a story. Brand's characters - and Satan and Black Bart are definitely included in this term - are all drawn larger than life. They perform fantastic feats which all seem reasonable as Brand's singing prose carries the reader along. The rapport between the three - man, wolf-dog, and horse - is almost as that which forms the basis of so many of the excellent stories of Andre Norton.

But the central point of the series is the character of Dan Barry, and his troubled relations with his fellow men. In the words of Darrell C. Richardson, Barry is "not so much super man, as he is an alien".

In the trilogy, the first two novels are mainly concerned with Dan's attempt to come to terms with the world of men around him. While the man - horse - wolf and/or dog team are features of many other Brand yarns, most of his heroes have been big men. And most of them have, at least by the end of the story, gained the acceptance of their fellow men. Whistling Dan shares neither of these characteristics. He is always a misfit, a loner.

In many Brand stories, the hero runs afoul of the law and all comes out well in the end. But none of these have shot innocent men. From the moment Dan kills the posse member until the climatic moment when Kate faces him, gun in her hand determined to protect her daughter from sharing his wild life, we know there can only be one end to the story.



So in the third novel we have abruptly switched from the "alien among us" theme to the old Greek theme of a man pursued by the Fates. Since we no longer quite believe in such things, it is difficult to come up with an effective treatment of this theme. But as Dan Barry's doom gathers over him, we see the inevitability of it. Dan's nature makes him incapable of grasping what is happening to him, and he refuses to bow to society's conventions.

In short, Whistling Dan Barry deserves a place in fandom's affections along with the Slan and the Star-begotten as one of those who bear the brunt of society's wrath because they are different - and better than their fellow men.

So say goodbye, goodbye to the most gallant, poetic romantic characters that ever walked across the pages of fiction. Say goodbye to all the singing prose, and all of the hours he gave you, and all the pleasure, for the song is done now, and the music has stopped."

-Steve Fisher, "A Farewell to Max Brand"



CAPSULE BOOK REVIEW

by BUCK COULSON

THREE SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS BY JOHN TAINE:

THE TIME STREAM

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE

THE PURPLE SAPPHIRE

Dover, \$2.00

Three science fiction novels by John Taine are a bit much to be read in one dose, as I found out. The problem isn't helped by having them arranged in precisely the reverse order of quality, either. THE PURPLE SAPPHIRE is a moderately good example of the "lost race" fiction so popular 40 years ago (it was first published in 1924). There is, as seems to be usual in this type of book, a fair amount of race prejudice, but it can be borne. (Taine may comment from time to time on the superiority of Europeans, but he refrains from introducing native "comic relief", and he shows the various races behaving with approximately equal intelligence.) This lost race is hidden in Tibet, possesses the broken remnants of a vast science, and in general is a pretty typical example of its breed. I enjoyed it, despite the awkwardness Taine shows in getting into the plot. THE GREATEST ADVENTURE brings in a deceased "lost race", along with mutated dinosaurs and a fair amount of mysticism, of the "there are Things that Man was not meant to Know"

variety. This one has an excellent beginning, a moderately exciting middle, and a disappointing finish. The dinosaurs, tablets of the vanished race, etc., are located in Antarctica, a continent less well known when the novel was published in 1929 than it is today. But while the vast volcanic-heated craters are impossible, the white continent is still being explored...THE TIME STREAM seems to be pure mysticism and philosophy; maybe Taine enjoyed getting away from the dry statistics of math. Time is a circular stream, and certain men can, by force of willpower and thinking the right thoughts, move back and forth in it. The plot concerns the shuttling back and forth of a group of men between the San Francisco of 1906 and the death throes of a grandiose civilization in our future/past. Mostly, no matter in which place they find themselves, they stand around speculating instead of doing anything useful; possibly the entire theme is that no man is master of his fate. I could have done without it.

NYCON REVISITED

The booming Metropolis of Angola is advanced enough to feature one east-west bus a week. Some of my favorite horror stories concern buses. Such as the trip that took over two days to get me from Bangor, Maine, home on leave and finished up by shunting me northwest from Cleveland to Toledo, then southwest to Fort Wayne, then north to Angola with sizeable stopovers. But buses fit the fannish budget. So I reached the hotel dead beat around noon time.

Being a fake fan, I headed straight for the hucksters' room to renew an old friendship between Howard Devore and my wallet. I bought a copy of Harlan Ellison's latest book which he then bought from me on the grounds that he hadn't seen it yet.

Harlan has said that at a convention you make your own scene. To some extent this is true. But you can always have help in making your own scene. As far as I'm concerned, NYCon III did an uneven job. Of course they couldn't help the assininities of the hotel or the fact that the con was so overrun with people that you could hardly find anyone you wanted to see.

Friday morning's festivities opened up with the noted occultist who

holds a Ph.D. in physics, John Boardman, conjuring up a homegrown demon. Legend only has demons siring humans instead of the reverse so students of the art will be indebted to John for this demonstration.

The dialogues were a good idea, but overdone. Two good talkers such as Harlan Ellison and Ted White or John Brunner and Fritz Leiber or Sam Diary and Roger Zelazny can carry off one, but if just one member of a dialogue is carrying the load, the thing drags. Dialogues are best suited to an interview or, as in the Harlan Ellison - Ted White dialogue, some topic on which two major views predominate and each speaker holds one of them. A broad topic such as where is SF going or how is SF coming should have a panel representing a number of views.

I attend most of the program at a convention. Why, I don't know, as it is usually available in a "Proceedings..." book. This I thoroughly approve of.

The hotel was a bad one in terms of the management. Al Lewis had an involved story to tell about all the trouble they went thru in the LA suite to get a couple of baby beds for the Trimble's kids. The elevator operators were lousy. It is a real blast to walk down fourteen flights of stairs. Bill Mallardi got into one elevator at the main floor in the middle of the night. There were about three people in the elevator and no sign of more approaching, but the operator refused to go because he was supposed to have "a full load". Now Bill is a drinker to be proud of. He even carries a cup around with him so that he doesn't stand a chance of getting cheated with these silly undersized paper cups. As Bill is careful to carry enough fuel to get himself to the next party, he had a little to offer the operator. I don't know what Bill had in his cup, but it was enough to get the elevator up to the floor he wanted in a hurry.

The low point of the convention was when I left the Hyborean Legion muster and found the forces of evil had us surrounded. The Scientologists were starting their "Sanity Convention". They later set up on the mezzanine by the elevators so that we had to go by them to get to the program, the hucksters' room, and the art show.

The Hyborean Legion muster had been quite fascinating. Afterwards I talked with a few of my favorite authors including Jack Williamson. I started reading SF with the January 30 issue of ANAZI and Jack's "The Prince of Space." I cornered Ted Johnstone for a discussion of his MAN FROM UNCLE books. The books still have the humorous touch that characterized the show before the network made it into a semi-serious show and ruined it. Ted had some interesting ideas on the characters that I'm looking forward to seeing in print.

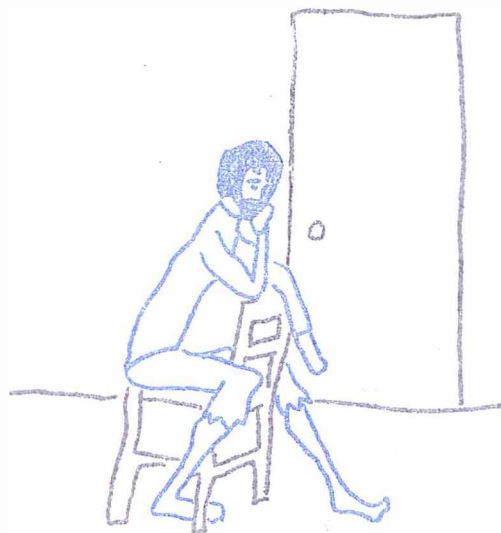
The Second Galaxy of Fashions featured a lot of skin, a kimona made of material that had been banned in Japan, and an off the busom number whose owner came skipping down the runway to accentuate the positive. Barbara Silverberg had on an electric bikini with flickering lights. I had a lot of fun trying to figure out where the power supply was.

Which brings up another fault. The Costume Parade has finally limited the photographers so that everyone can enjoy the show. At the Fashion show, one cameraman almost blinded me with a bank of lights as the girls came down the runway. As in the Costume Parade, it should be possible to either use regulations like the Costume Parade having the camera bugs with blinding lights in one area, those with flashes in another and the regular audience in a third, or if this proves impractical, to have extra run-thrus for the cameramen.

My main gripe with NYCon III was that, unlike either Pittcon or Tricon, they didn't have a big open party. Tricon had a special room set aside and it was a wonderful place to meet people that you were looking for as sooner-or-later almost everybody wandered thru. In contrast, NYCon III had many small room parties where you sat in each other's armpits and liquid refreshments ran dry in a hurry. I will have to admit that there were too many people for even a big party except in the ballroom. But almost anything would have been better than the hotel rooms.

NYCon had a Star Trek film showing of "Amok Time" and a film of Star Trek bloopers. This was good. High points included the picture fading to black and white as the announcer says "brought to you in living color," the Enterprise flying upside down, Kirks standing outside Yeoman Rand's door as the announcer intones "...to boldly go where no man has gone before." Spock standing looking down at something outside our field of view and saying, "Really, Captain, you should get more exercise." The field of view widens to Kirk wrestling

The shortest



The last man on earth sat alone in a room.

Science fiction story...



Bug-eyed monsters from space?

There was a knock on the door

on the floor with an attractive crewgirl. Finally a shot of those mighty engines that power the USS Enterprise at astounding multiples of the sluggish speed of light, and there is a member of Scotty's crew...shoveling coal like crazy.

My brother attends Rice University in Houston. It seems that, contrary to popular belief, the most discriminated against minority in Texas is a group known as the Aggies. In fact, books are published full of slurs against the students of Texas A and M college. One finds the charming information that the Aggies are not allowed to swim in the Gulf of Mexico because they leave a ring, that only two pallbearers are needed at an Aggie funeral since a garbage can only has two handles, and that an Aggie's finger can best be broken by hitting him in the nose.

So I was quite surprised to see the Aggie group at NYCon. I had the impression that Texas A and M was about as hard up for women as TRI-State College and its 100 to 1 ratio. And who shows up from Texas A and M but a guy, three girls that weren't at all hard on the eyes, and one girl's mother. Unfortunately, I've forgotten their names. After all, with 1450 people and most of them strangers, it is a little hard to keep names straight.

Some of the parties weren't bad, tho all were crowded, except the Spockanalia collating party. In fact, St Louis' room party got so crowded that only a timely phone call reporting belly dancers in action on the second floor (there was a Turkish group besides L. Ron Hubbard's merry men. So much for campaign promises) thinned out. Several room parties stretched out into the halls with the rooms being almost impassable. I finished up one evening (would you believe early morning) looking over Loren and Shirley Meech's scrapbooks on Star Trek. When Kathy Bushman, Steve Silverberg, and I left, several Dianetics goons (obviously unfannish) were coming up the hall with fire axes and what one claimed was a harpoon. Tho at that hour of the day it could have been anything.

...with a happy ending.



The business meeting was too damned short, but they always are. George Seithers did a magnificent job of keeping the meeting moving. George comes the closest of any fan to being indispensable on a con committee. As I've had a class in effective speaking, I found most fans disappointing in their conduct at the meeting. I got applause on a couple remarks mainly because I had something to say, faced the audience and said it audibly and briefly.

Too many fans are only heard by a part of the audience. Others are clearly heard, but seem to be assembling their thoughts as they talk. This is where my speech class training came in handy as I am used to getting what I want to say in order while listening to a debate and used to condensing it down so that the instructor wouldn't get after my hide.

One issue that I found rather annoying was that of voting restrictions. Especially after LA losing their con bid after putting much more work into it, has the cry gone up that irresponsible voters should be muzzled? Not being of too liberal a cast myself, it is not the idea so much as its consequences that I deplore. Elliot Shorter,

NYCon Sgt.-at-arms, had a hard time checking out all prospective voters and all he had to do was see their pretty yellow badges. Think of how hard it will be not only to draw the line between responsible and irresponsible voters, but to check up on all voters as they come in to vote. The con committee will have to get all their friends and neighbors to help them, or the vote will take up half the convention.

This also ties in with complaints of several competing groups in '71 that they have no chance to make an overseas con. My solution is admittedly rough on those who like a lot of free booze and a bit on the con committees. I feel that the next con site should be voted on by mail just like the final Hugo ballot is. Anyone who pays their money ahead of time should get a voice in where the next con is. The con committee would have to get around early, but most start campaigning a couple years early anyhow. And this cuts down a bit on the regional overbalance of voters at a con especially the overseas one. This would cut out World con bidding parties, but I feel that the con committee, bid committee, and probably the winning group should hold some sort of get together for the socially inclined every night.

There was also a good fight over the Hugo categories. That the NYCon committee got fandom's back up over by trying to sneak in two

new fannish catagories under the name of Pongs. This mainly raised up a storm because fans got the idea that Ted White (a slightly controversial figure) and company were trying to force some-thing down our throats. Fans tend to resent having things done to them "for their own good." I must admit to prejudice on this matter ever since Ted White and Arnie Katz shouted down Bill Mallardi at Marcon after Ted had leveled an attack on Bill for Bill's opposition to the Pongs. Low point of the whole affair was Ted's taunting Bill with the small number of votes in the primary Hugo ballot. This not only was priviledged information known to Ted only because he was on the NYCon committee, but it had nothing to do with the issue at hand.

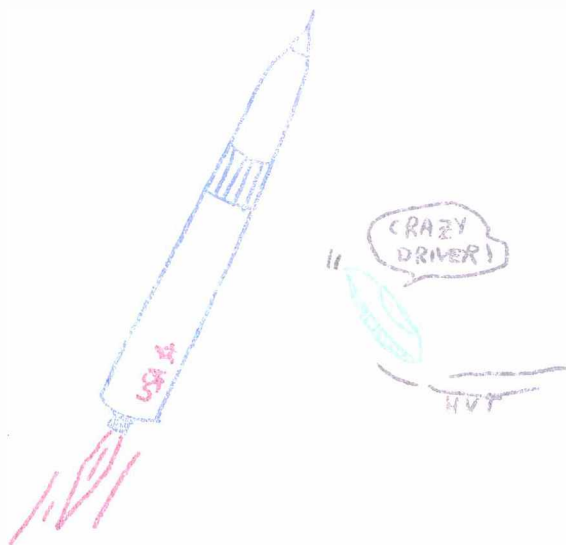
As for the catagories we now have of Best Prozine, Pro Artist, Novel, Novelette, Short Story, and Fanzine; each con committee is allowed two open awards presumably (at least in the case of Baycon) for Best Fan Artist and Best Fan Writer. But sooner or later, some con committee is going to want to shove in a special catagory like Best All-Time Series which Asimov's Foundation series won at Tricon. Then who do they drop?

The main complaint against more Hugo awards (and not very many people seem to worry about cheapening the awards by having too many) is that Hugos cost too much to manufacture. I favor finding a cheaper substitute and substituting for all catagories instead of just the fan ones from then on.

I must admit that it was a little embarrassing to one of my convictions to find that on every vote of the business meeting I was either voting with John Boardman or Ted White or both.

The Banquet was held Monday noon which is a very poor time. Most people there had to leave right after the Banquet. Fortunately the hotel gave us an extension on the chäck out hour which was about the only decent thing that they did for us. Roddenberry had already left before the Banquet as had some other West Coast fans. The Banquet and most of the main parts of the World con should be held on Saturday and Sunday for those who have a ways to travel and not much time to do it. But I'm not against Thursday thru Tuesday World cons as long as I can make them all.

The "21st Century" TV show won a well deserved plaque for its work on science popularization. It is one of my favorite shows. Sam Moscovitz was incredibly longwinded in delivering the First Fandom award despite (or maybe because of) Harlan's trying to hurry



him. So the First Fandom award speech ran at least five times as long as the Hugo award speech for best novel. This is bad. Del Rey's guest of honor speech was delivered very well. Lester had obviously put quite a bit of work into it and hardly used an unnecessary word. He attacked all of the New Wave that are more interested in being arty and cute than they are in writing a story. Bob Tucker obviously had not put much into his speech. He rambles and was even dull in spots. But good old Harlan Ellison was willing to tell us about his sex life when things got dull which was quite often.

The NYCon committee was good enough to provide all true fans with pretty round yellow buttons that were sizeable enough so that you could tell us from Dianetics or belly dancing fans. And they amply provided us with something to gripe about. And as it says in Gilbert and Sullivan, "Isn't life extremely flat with nothing whatever to grumble at?"

"One breath of New York air
And you're ready for Medicare"
-Tom Lehrer

at small Pond 3/2/71

and we'll prune some of the deadwood from our mailing list. All written contributions should be sent to me. I'm chief writer-editor where Al is editor-publisher. We have nothing against fan fiction...or at least Al doesn't yet, but we prefer articles and we need artwork.

And we will accept a wide assortment of articles. This issue I have ones on STAR TREK, a Max Brand Western series, and a sort of combination con report and critique. Also any article I'm too lazy to develop or even to finish gets thrown in "Random Jottings" as do short essays on anything that strikes my fancy and any short quotes I happen to stumble on.

Articles on Tolkien, Captain Future and maybe even a book review on Space Hawk by Gilmore, a sort of space going western that was one of the first three years of Astounding should be in the next issue.

My policy on trades (Al isn't too interested) is I'm willing to try them, but if I don't care for your zine, I won't trade. I'm sending you a free copy of our zine, so if you're interested in trading, send me back one of yours. NARGOTHROND will be available for letters of comment. Subs will be 4 issues for a dollar or 30¢ each.

The death of Martin Luther King robbed America of a great leader. Even when I disagreed with his actions (his attempted boycott of Alabama which would have gouged the poorest class, mainly Negroes, before it hurt anyone else, and his stand against the Vietnam war), I had never been able to fault his motives. His trying to mix a civil rights crusade with an anti-Vietnam war crusade lost him some of both groups. But unlike so many softheads today, he was against the Vietnam war because he believed that any war and all wars are bad wars.

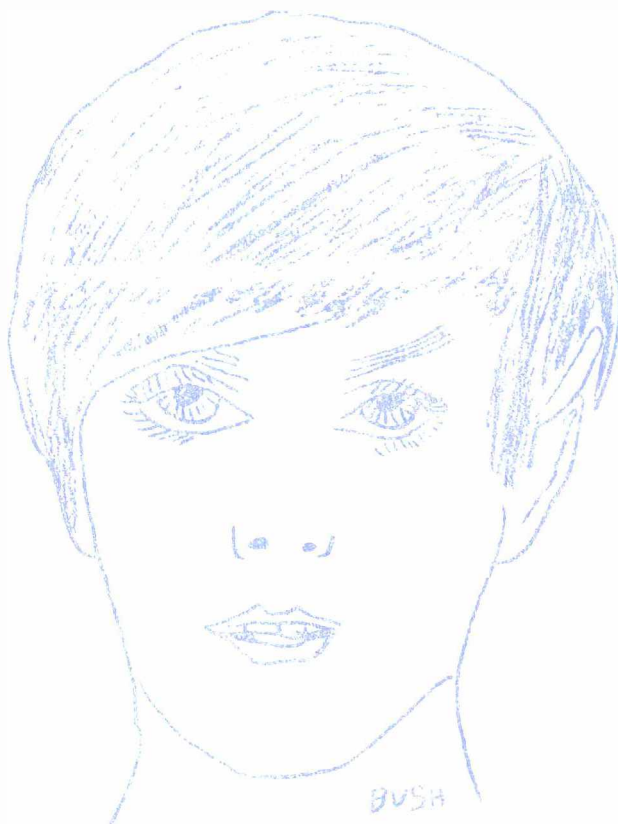
One of the things that made Martin Luther King great was his simplicity. He stripped issues down to their essentials. When he looked at the Constitution, he saw a great and noble document. He also saw that all men, not just Caucasians and not just citizens of a particular nation, were created equal. He followed this vision the rest of his life.

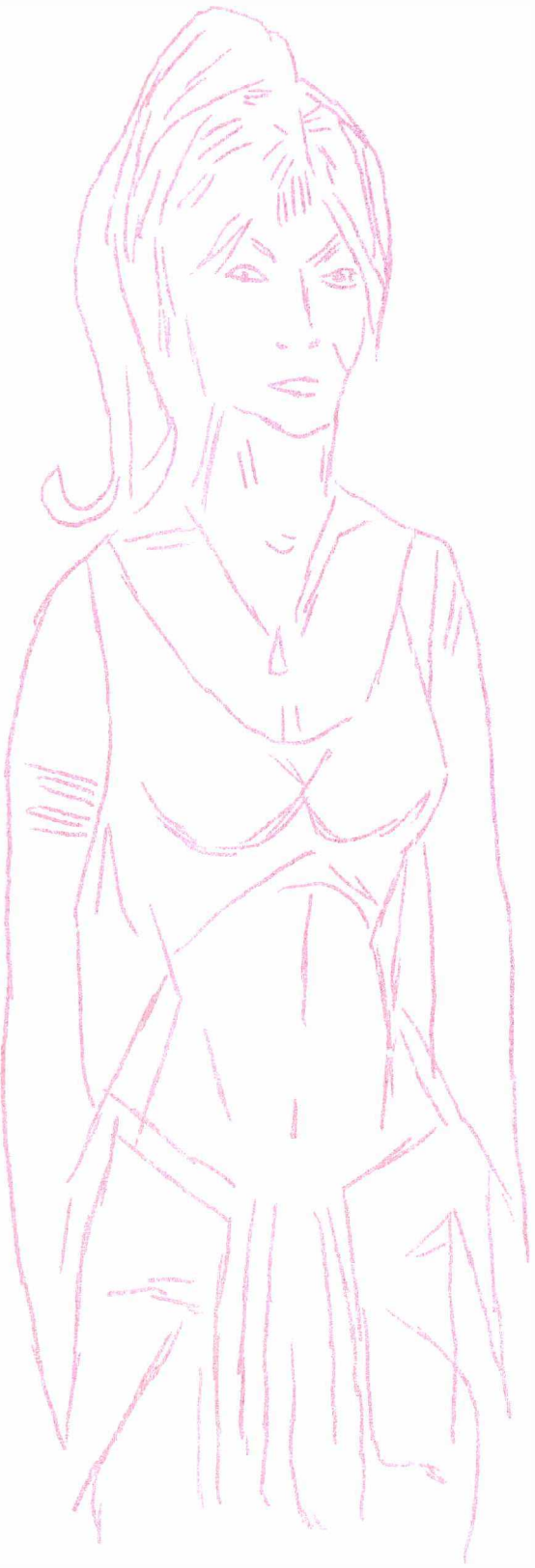
He was killed because he was a good man and his whole life was a reproach to those who considered themselves his enemies. The white racists can tolerate people like Stokely Carmichael or H. Rap Brown who are no better than they are and also preach violence as the answer to racial problems. They could not stand a man who was so obviously their better.

Martin Luther King deserved his Nobel Peace Prize just for having kept the Negro revolution peaceful in its early stages. Without him, the racists, black and white, may succeed in their desire to shed blood...and the blood of innocent bystanders.

I refuse to share the hand wringing by those who feel a sense of guilt over Martin Luther King's death. Besides most of these people will moan and wail and write letters to the editors until their sense of guilt is gone. They will not treat their black-skinned associates any better or at least not treat them better for long.

My sociology instructor is an anti-war Canadian who avidly supports McCarthy. He holds that Carmichael and Brown have been misquoted by the press and that they just urge the Negro arm to defend himself.





And the above points out our major problem today, ie. the slanting and interpretation of news material. And to some extent, the bulk of the news material. People tend to rate the importance of the news items by their previous biases and pick magazines, newspapers, etc. that tend to lean to their biases to read. An especially annoying sub class will show their openmindedness by reading the most extreme publications of the viewpoints they oppose and then proceed to point to those views as typical of anyone who opposes their views.

For, as Crabbe pointed out in a passage (TALES, preface, para 16) not often enough quoted, "a grim and distressful tale may offer a complete escape from the reader's actual distresses. Even a fiction that rivets our attention on 'life' or 'the present crisis' or 'the age' may do this. For these, after all, are constructed entia rationis; not facts on a level with the here and now, with my disquieting abdominal pain, the draught in this room, the pile of examination papers I have to mark, the bill I can't pay, the letter I don't know how to answer, and my bereaved or unrequited love. While I think of 'the Age' I forget these"

-CSLewis, An Experiment In Criticism
page 69.

"In art or literature, it is better to err on the side of over-flamboyance or exuberance than to prune everything down to a drab, dead and flat level. The former vice is at least on the side of growth; the latter represses or even tends to exterpate all growth."

-Clark Ashton Smith

MENEL TARMMA

which is a short letter column this issue, mainly made up of excerpts of letters from the people (except for Shirley Meech and her invaluable ST letter who helped me with my ST article) CB

Ray Anderson (2/5/60)
234 Shangri-la Dr
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87104

[illegible]

they might never have gotten themselves into a final war. Afterwards they would have developed their powers to prevent another war. (Remember what Spock said in "Immunity Syndrome" about if we'd been able to feel another's pain, perhaps we'd have had a less bloody past.)"

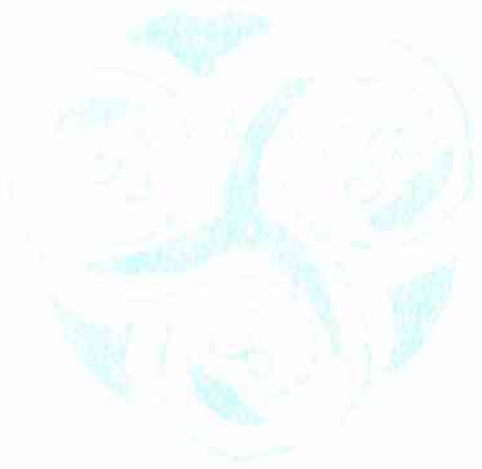
Sherma Comerford (11/4/67)
83 Lincoln Ave.
Newark, New Jersey 07104

In " "In "Errand of Mercy, " the Klingons were not at all surprised to see a (supposed) Vulcan merchant. They just thought that Spock ...didn't look like a "storekeeper."

((Sherma's comment above is one of the few glaring loopholes in my theories, but I choose to ignore it until there is more evidence in that direction. "Journey to Babel" does not deal with other than Vulcan ambassadors, tho it does show that Vulcans do get a large amount of respect from other races. Which does seem a bit odd for a largely planet-bound race. --BB))



Celtic, date unknown



Celtic, 8th c. AD



Figure 1. 10-10-18